



TX1  
K57Y  
C. 2

# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

20 CENTS

VOL. 35

JANUARY, 1971

NUMBER 1



—Photo by Barton Studio

71

NOV

NOV 1971





LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

### EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,  
Lucile Driftmier Verness,  
Margery Driftmier Strom.

Subscription Price \$2.00 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.  
Foreign Countries \$2.50 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

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

Published monthly by

THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY

Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

Copyright 1971 by The Driftmier Company.

## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

There is never a time throughout the year when our family is unaware of printing deadlines, but the January issue which you are holding in your hands right now really has us wishing that our letters didn't have to be written before Christmas. However, there is no earthly way this can be managed — if we didn't pay attention to printing deadlines you'd be getting *Kitchen-Klatter* at all kinds of odd and unexpected times!

Of course I would have loved to spend this holiday with Juliana, Jed, James and Katharine, but it's just too long a trip for a short visit; and if I went to Albuquerque at this time I couldn't stay more than two or three weeks. Certainly they couldn't come back here now that Jed is working long hours on an engineering job, so we just made our peace with Christmas in New Mexico and Iowa this year.

My major gift to James was a fire engine pedal carcomplete with ladders, revolving red lights (these are operated by batteries) and all the rest. I'd love to see his eyes when he spies it on Christmas morning! Incidentally, I had that shipped out in early December and it's a good thing I did because Jed had quite a job assembling it. There was no clue at all from the catalog that parts of it would have to be put together, so it's a lucky thing I took action early.

Eula and I are having quite a time these days with a very lively new member of our household whose name is Abe. He is a darling little Chihuahua who will be three months old on December 13th, and he has certainly livened up the place. I'd forgotten how entertaining a little dog can be.

It took me a long, long time to make up my mind as to whether I'd ever have another pet. I set so much store by Jakey-Boy that his unexpected death was a genuine blow to me and I wasn't a bit sure that I wanted to get attached

to another little Chihuahua. But after mulling it over at great length and thinking about it from every angle, Eula and I decided to go ahead and get Abe. Once we had made up our minds we were all atwitter waiting for the day to come when he would arrive from Maysville, Missouri, with Dorothy and Wallace Way who raise Chihuahuas. We could hardly wait for him to get here.

I said in advance that I most certainly wasn't going to spoil him the way I'd spoiled Jakey-Boy. He was accustomed to commercial dog food and that's what he was going to continue to eat. Well, he's been with us about six weeks now and he thoroughly enjoys all of the tasty things that go from our table to his dish! It took us just around three days to do a 100% job of spoiling him completely, and in spite of all my resolutions I had suspected that this would happen.

I wish we had had some way to weigh Abe when he first got here. Eula and I think that he probably weighed around 14 ounces — possibly 16 ounces, or one pound. I've no idea how much he weighs right now, but everyone who comes in thinks that he has grown a great deal. We had a little pen made for him at the end of the kitchen where there is a warm air register (Chihuahuas need a very warm, snug place at all times), and since he is still a baby he sleeps for long stretches curled up with pieces of blanket and an old red wool sock that came with him. But a number of times during the day and evening we open the door of his pen and he has a wonderfully wild "running fit" that takes him around and around the other rooms. I've never seen a little dog tear about so swiftly — it's worth your life to catch him.

All in all, we're very glad that we have Abe. He's a constant source of amusement and entertainment, and even though he's so tiny he shows every sign of developing into a good watchdog. Prowlers will take a great big dog any day to a high-strung barking Chi-

huahua.

This winter we are much enjoying two jars of caladiums that stand on tables in the living room. Eula brought these in from the outside window boxes before we went to Albuquerque in September, and when we got back six weeks later we were both astonished to see that they had thrived beautifully and were developing several new leaves. I think they make wonderfully attractive houseplants and I don't know why it never occurred to me before to use them for this purpose. One caladium has green and ivory leaves, and the other has stunning scarlet and green leaves.

Another thing we're enjoying these days is a lovely arrangement on the dining room table of bittersweet that Frank searched for in his timber and sent down with Dorothy in November. There used to be a great abundance of bittersweet all around their farm, but this year he found only the one small vine. It looks stunning in an unusual blue jar that Russell and I bought in Canada nine or ten years ago, and until just this last week I had ceramic pheasants that are brilliantly colorful standing beside it. Now they have gone back in the china closet and there are Christmas decorations on the table.

Last year we had a great big Christmas tree because James was here to be dazzled by it, but this year I'm just bringing out some of the decorations that we've had for a long, long time. Mother will have a nicely trimmed tree since we're having our traditional Christmas Eve gathering at her home, so I'll just enjoy that and call it enough of a tree for this year.

These days we're all holding to the idea that we'll have good weather just before Christmas so that Wayne and his family won't have any trouble driving through from Denver. Traveling can be mighty tricky at this time of the year and we've sweat out many an arrival by plane or car. One time Russell and I met Juliana in Omaha on the very last plane that was in or out of the airport for 48 hours — I've never forgotten THAT particular arrival.

Katharine is six months old now and is a constant source of joy and pleasure to Juliana and Jed. She has several teeth, is creeping, and takes a lively interest in everything that goes on around her. James has gotten over his jealousy, thank goodness, and really enjoys playing with her when she is down on the floor, so Juliana can get quite a lot done in the kitchen when they are in the adjoining room where she can keep an eye on them.

Aside from occasional colds they are healthy youngsters, but for some reason both of them develop bad ear infections whenever they get a cold. I told Juli-

(Continued on page 23)



## MARGERY AND OLIVER HOME FROM TRIP TO THE SOUTHWEST

Dear Friends:

It is difficult to make myself believe that this is a December day for the weather is what I would call almost balmy! I suppose we've had December days such as this in past years, but offhand I can't recall them. Perhaps the strong wind that is whistling around the corners of the house is going to bring a change in the weather.

When I wrote to you last month Oliver and I were getting ready to leave on a trip, winding up our last two weeks of vacation before the end of the year. About the last activity before we struck out for the Southwest was entertaining at a family get-together. Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert made a trip up to Iowa from their home in Arkansas, so the clan gathered at our house for a turkey dinner. (Some of the pictures in this issue were taken that evening.) As soon as the dishes were washed and put away, we got the suitcases out of the closet and started packing.

Our first destination was Dallas, Texas. Because we were leaving on Saturday and didn't want to battle Saturday night traffic in unfamiliar territory, we stopped north of the city and drove on into Dallas early Sunday morning. Our goal was to arrive in time for the service at Casa View Methodist Church. We had seen a film about this church and its activities and we were anxious to worship there. Incidentally, one of the members is a *Kitchen-Klatter* subscriber, so we had an unexpected pleasure of a visit with her.

Oliver and I very much enjoyed our stop in San Antonio. We stayed at a hotel across the street from the Alamo, and as soon as we had checked in we walked over to go through it. It seems a miracle that it is still standing, and if it hadn't been for concerned citizens, it might not be, for it is in the very heart of the city. What a blessing it wasn't torn down to make way for business! But there it was, preserved for posterity. That afternoon we took a bus tour of the beautiful old missions, Old San Antonio, the Mexican Quarters, the Market Place, the Governor's Palace, and many other points of interest. Oliver and I are *strong* on taking bus tours of cities whenever they are available. They aren't expensive, and certainly one can get a good view of all the important sights with a running commentary by the guide.

The Paseo del Rio (River Walk) is delightful. Many of the shops and cafes have entrances along the walk. The landscaping was beautifully done, and we enjoyed strolling along the river as many others were doing. Boats take



James' favorite book of the month was about to get a reading by his great-aunt Margery when Juliana snapped this picture.

people to and from various places also, something that is quite unique in our country! We've vowed to make another trip to this city when we can stay longer, but on this trip we had a tight schedule and much as we wanted to linger we had to be on our way.

Our next stop was Corpus Christi. By the time we reached this lovely city, we felt we had spent a lot of time in Texas. It is such a huge, huge state! And we weren't even out of it yet. The countryside is so varied that one couldn't possibly tire of it, however. We drove over the John F. Kennedy Causeway to Padre Island. This island is maintained as a National Seashore to be left untouched. The sand dunes were very picturesque. From there we drove north along Mustang Island. Here we could see much damage from the devastating hurricane of last spring. I might mention that we saw little of the damage in Corpus Christi for most of the city has been cleaned up. Just in outlying sections could we still see evidence of the destruction. Of course this was our first trip there, and we had nothing for a comparison. We enjoyed the drive from Corpus Christi to Fort Stockton. Some might think that it is desolate, monotonous country, but we thoroughly enjoyed our observations. We looked for new varieties of cactus, wildlife, wildflowers — pointing out a hawk or a jack rabbit or what we decided *might* be that "Yellow Rose of Texas"! After our overnight stop in Fort Stockton we drove up to Carlsbad Caverns. We took the long walking tour which required 3½ hours, but which included areas not visited in the shorter trip. Words can't describe the King's Palace and the Queen's Chamber! I've never seen such magnificent, intricate formations! Our legs ached for a couple of days afterwards, but we felt the strain worth it. In other words, we'd do

it again.

We checked out of the motel (we had stayed at one near the entrance to the park) bright and early the next morning and headed for El Paso. This highway takes you through the beautiful Guadalupe Mountains and down through the salt flats where a fierce battle was waged in 1877. We reached El Paso before lunch, so that afternoon we went over the border to Juarez to shop in the old city market, the Arts and Crafts Center and in little new shops nearby. We didn't make a lot of purchases, but we did get a few interesting items for Christmas giving. The next day we took the bus tour over so we could see more of the city with a guide feeding us information. This was a morning tour which included a bull ring, the old cathedral, a pottery shop, glass-blowing factory as well as residential sections. We had lunch back in El Paso at the beautiful Hotel Paso del Norte, and then took an afternoon bus tour of the city of El Paso which was also very interesting.

Now, the truth is that Oliver and I had planned to spend another day in this part of Texas, but we *couldn't wait* to get up to Albuquerque to see little Katharine Elizabeth so I called Juliana and Jed and told them that we would be there a bit ahead of schedule. We arrived around mid-afternoon that Sunday and although Katharine was asleep, Juliana said that we could safely slip into the bedroom and take a look without waking her. After that quick look I could hardly contain myself until she awakened from her nap so I could really see what she looked like. We decided that James remembered me from my visit at their house in February, for he made up to me so quickly. But Oliver was his favorite; I think he would have taken his hand and gone anywhere with him!

We stayed in Lucile's house across the street from Juliana and Jed. It was so convenient to be able to slip across the street to see them and, since we had no schedule to adhere to, we could run over and stay with the children so Juliana could run errands. Actually, we didn't plan special activities to any great extent. We made only one little side trip and that was to the little town of Golden to purchase some pieces of Indian jewelry at the trading post. We had some good visits and a lovely dinner with some dear old friends, and spent part of each day, of course, with Juliana and her family.

On Friday we drove to Denver. This was a wild trip! We stopped at Fort Union to see the remains of this historic old fort and some very visible tracks of the old Santa Fe Trail, but didn't linger because there was a little

(Continued on page 22)





## The Merry Heart

### A NEW YEAR'S PROGRAM

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** Make the setting an arrangement of something lovely — a bouquet of flowers, a beautiful plant, seashells, a painting, anything to give the spirit a lift.

**Background Music:** Arrange for a record player to play cheerful, light instrumental music softly offstage.

**Leader:** The Scripture for our meditation today is taken from Proverbs: *A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance; but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken.* Let me repeat that, while we think about the words for a moment: *A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance; but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken.* (Pause) Every day is a fresh beginning, Every morn is the world made new. You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,

Here is a beautiful hope for you.

We realize this truth more easily on the first day of a new year. Yet, how often has the hope failed to materialize. The new year turns out to be as full of troubles as the old one.

Have you heard the story of the woman who prided herself on the good clothes she gave to the various organizations trying to help the less fortunate, but who, before she gave, always cut off all of the buttons and thriftily stored them in her button box?

How many times a day in a year do we cut off the buttons?

The president of an organization can cut off the buttons by withholding generous, unqualified praise when she says, in effect, "You lined up a grand program this year, Mary, but then that's a vice-president's job, after all," or, "I enjoyed your lesson today, Jean, and think it the best one we've had, but then you don't hold down a full-time job so you have more time than the rest of us."

Though she be ever so efficient and faithful, an employee cuts off the buttons by chronic grumbling.

Although a machine or a household appliance be ever so good looking, if workmanship and construction have been faulty and poorly done, then the buttons of its usefulness have been cut off.

How often have we given service, or praise, or a gift; performed our daily tasks; fulfilled our duties to church or club groups; then begrudgingly cut off

the buttons?

How different things would have been if we had maintained a merry heart. (Name) has some thoughts to share with us about living with a merry heart.

**Meditation:** A MERRY HEART is that person who always takes the positive attitude, who hunts for good in everything, who calms, rather than stirs up, the troubled waters of life.

As a wise man walketh towards the sun,

So should he be that beginneth a new year,

For then the shadows are all behind him

And the way before him is a path of light!

How do you see the new year ahead? It takes a merry heart to see the path of light in these days of trouble. We are apt to cut off the buttons by giving in to fear and discouragement. T.V., radio, and newspaper headlines daily hurl stones of unrest and disorder, of unemployment, of youths' following the mob, of old values shattered on all sides. Let's look at the news with a merry heart.

How about the many young people who are diligently at their studies (often holding down part-time jobs), and taking an active part in church and worthwhile community activities? How about the young people who give long, extra hours of work with retarded youngsters, to be "adopted" grandsons or daughters of residents in nursing homes and retirement homes, who give up summer vacations to work in an Appalachia settlement or as settlement workers in a city slum area? They may not make the headlines, but they're in there where it counts, and in big numbers. What a light they bring to the picture of youth as we see it today! Let's not sell them short by cutting off the buttons!

We have all worked in organizations where arguments have arisen over differences of opinion, tempers have flared, and often a good cause has been lost. Have you ever known someone with a merry heart who has put in some well-pointed words to soothe ruffled feelings, and guide the discussion into constructive channels? Have you known someone with the magic touch to ease a tense situation? I have, and what a joy it is to know such

a one!

A singer sang a song of tears,  
And the great world heard and wept.  
For he sang of the sorrows of fleeting years

And the hopes which the dead past kept;

And souls in anguish their burdens bore,

And the world was sadder than ever before.

A singer sang a song of cheer,  
And the great world listened and smiled,

For he sang of the love of a Father dear.

And the trust of a little child;  
And souls that before had forgotten to pray,

Looked up and went singing along their way!  
—Sunshine Magazine

How about it? Are you willing to try harder to sing a song of cheer throughout 1971? Perhaps it's so hard to get persons to serve as officers or on committees, or to go into social work or the ministry because we have grown to be constant grippers, fault-finders, and grumblers. Sure, there's heaps of work in these jobs, but isn't there lots of fun as well as the wonderful chance for fellowship and the making of new friends? Let's spend more time praising and less time cutting off the buttons! That's what I see the merry heart doing in '71.

**Leader:**

The old year's dead,  
We've lived it through;  
There's light ahead —  
A year that's new.

The past is dead,  
All things are new;  
Full steam ahead,  
I say to you!

(Name) has agreed to give us more ways of the merry heart.

**Second Meditation:**

The lookouts are ever on the prow of the ship,

They scan the great deep with keen eyes,

They never look backward along the wake,

But their gaze is set on the sea before them.

I like that line, "The lookouts are ever on the prow of ship". It's a person with the "forward look", the person with her face ever turned toward the light, the best, the truest, the most challenging, who keeps all the buttons on!

What do we gain when we always look back at old intentions and mistakes, old misunderstandings and grudges, old prejudices and hatreds? The forward look would look fine on all of us in 1971.

(Continued on page 21)



## A MINISTER'S LIFE IS A BUSY ONE

Dear Friends:

As I sit here in my church study bright and early on a Monday morning, I am looking at my datebook and saying: "Please, God, don't let me panic!" Every hour of every day and every night is booked up with meetings of one kind or another. Not only do I have all of my church meetings to attend, but there are all the school meetings, and social agency meetings, as well as regional and state meetings of various denominational interests. Except for my regular summer vacation, I almost never take a day off. When we entertain at the parsonage it is almost always on church business. Yes, it is a busy, busy life that we lead.

When one is the minister of a large community church, one is expected to be present at many social and cultural affairs deserving public support. If the Adult Education Program has a graduation exercise, I feel I should be there. If the public library is having a special program, I know I am expected to be there. If the Museum of Modern Art is having a special viewing of some new masterpiece, the people anticipate my presence. When there is a symphony concert, I know that my church people will be looking for me there.

Not only are the minister and his wife expected to be present at all kinds of community functions, they also are expected to support every worthwhile cause. My position requires that I give generously to dozens and dozens of good causes. In one two-week period, Mrs. Driftmier and I had to buy tickets to four special dinners, costing us a total of \$66.00, and every week we are doing that sort of thing. We love to be a part of the community, and we would feel badly if we never were invited to some of the cultural affairs, but at the same time it does get to be a burden. We go for days at a time without ever eating a dinner at home.

Am I complaining? Indeed I am not! We would not trade our life in the ministry for any other life that we know. We love to be of help and to be of service to others, but sometimes I wonder if we are strong enough for it. My doctor insists that I go to the YMCA at least three times a week for strenuous exercise as a means of making my heart strong for the strain. Evidently the exercise does the job for my last heart checkup showed considerable improvement.

While we were eating breakfast this morning, we saw the funniest thing. A big bluejay flew down onto the driveway and picked up what appeared to be a coin. He cocked his head this way and that, took a few running steps for-



Frederick (right) discusses banquet with Child & Family Agency officers.

ward and backward, and then flew straight up to land on a large dead branch of an overhanging maple tree. Just as he landed on that very large branch there was a crash and the branch fell from the tree. Of course it would have fallen whether or not the jay had landed on it, but Mr. Bluejay was positive he had done the deed. He dropped the coin, let out a frantic cry, and flew off into space. I went out later and found that the coin was a five-cent piece. I am sure that that is one bluejay that will never again pick up any coin of any size.

We are about to do a big job in the parsonage basement — the painting of the walls. Before they can be painted, they have to be scraped, and that is going to make so much dust and so much confusion. Many of the basement walls are lined with shelves, and of course they all have to be emptied so the painters can get at the walls. One entire room is filled with wood for the fireplaces, and all the wood has to be moved into a big pile in the center of the room for the same reason the shelves have to be cleared. Our basement has four large rooms, one of them being very large, and there are a couple of small rooms in addition. In a twenty-four room house there are always some rooms that need painting, and while the painters are there working on the basement, we probably will decide to do something upstairs too.

By the time you receive this letter we may be into 1971. I wonder what the decade of the seventies will bring our nation. Do you know that the most learned men in Boston were way off

course in their predictions for the decade of the sixties. When in December 1959 a local newspaper asked these learned university professors to predict what the sixties would bring America, they predicted many things, but not one of them predicted any of the following:

1. The big-city ghetto problem.
2. The Vietnam War.
3. The landing of men on the moon.
4. Student unrest.
5. The drug problem.

If the wise men could have been so far off in their predictions, we wonder just how far off you and I could be in trying to think of what the seventies will bring? Whenever I am speaking with someone who believes in his or her ability to predict the future, I wonder why such people are never rich. Have you ever known a rich fortune-teller? I never have, but I am sure that if I had the power to see into the future I would make some money out of it.

Did I ever tell you about the strange lady who kept coming to see me with information that she received from a gypsy fortuneteller? Well, each week for two or three months this lady would come to the church study to ask my advice as to whether or not she should use the information given her by the gypsy fortuneteller. One day she made an appointment and then failed to appear. The next morning I had a letter from her telling me that the fortuneteller had instructed her to murder me! It was only a matter of hours before our local police took the matter in hand and ordered the gypsy band to leave

(Continued on page 20)





## HAPPINESS IS A PLATE OF HOMEMADE COOKIES

by  
Mrs. Vivian Dickerson

At least that's what happiness is to little boys and others I know. Those from the home oven might be compared to little girls: sugar and spice and everything nice. Homemade cookies, the kind of gift money can't buy. They have no lasting qualities, however, once their presence is known.

No woman ever has too many good cooky recipes. Collecting the formulas and testing them for ease of baking and flavor afford great satisfaction. And this hobby need not be as expensive as some other "collectibles". It pays to put the recipes on file cards, with the type of cooky, such as rolled or drop, entered in one corner. A brief comment can be written on the back.

We have all heard that variety is the spice of life. That holds true in cooky making. Unusual ingredients include dry fruit gelatin, potato chips, dry instant coffee, liquid coffee, black pepper, cooking oil, rose water, vinegar (not used to sour milk), cooked rhubarb, tomato catsup, cornmeal, rum, wine and brandy. (Salad dressing and mayonnaise are used in some cake recipes. Possibly I shall find a cooky recipe using these ingredients some day.)

What would we do without the wonderful variety of Kitchen-Klatter flavorings for cooky making? As the ladies say, we all have our favorites. Almond and black walnut are especially helpful for those who can't have the nutmeats for dietary reasons. Readers and listeners are aware that the Kitchen-Klatter recipes are tested, for which we are grate ful.

Here are some ideas for cooky bakers. Keep two sets of measuring spoons, one for flavorings and the other for dry ingredients. Date baking powder cans. Baking powder should not be kept more than a year. Trays are convenient for quick-chilling refrigerator cookies. Dust surface of the board and rolling pin with a mixture of two parts of flour and one part sugar instead of all flour. Place a layer of the kitchen standby, aluminum foil, on the too-thin cooky sheet before placing the dough. A timer is a good investment if your stove does not have a reliable one. It is better than clock-watching and sometimes avoids ruining a sheetful. A piece of

bread in the cooky jar will soften them. Use a pie stripper for a fancy edge on rolled cookies. Dough mixed with an electric mixer will be softer than hand mixed. My favorite butter cooky recipe is sometimes used for molded, pressed, or refrigerator type, also. There is no change in the ingredients except in flavorings.

Perhaps it isn't necessary to say there is nothing more frustrating than to have a lost article stay lost when time is limited. For want of something better, a shoe box holds many of my "cooky aids". A #2½ sized can, with the top and bottom removed, makes an inexpensive king-sized cutter for cookies to please those little king and queen cooky-jar raiders. For molded cookies, a large percolator top, an old-fashioned jelly glass, a vinegar cruet, or the fine side of a vegetable grater make unusual designs. These may be dipped in dry fruit gelatin, sugar and cinnamon or nutmeg mixture, or powdered sugar.

Cookies have an amusing variety of names. The fancy name of Fourteen Karats has been applied to a drop-type carrot recipe. Methodist cookies (molded) seem especially appropriate for that denomination, but Prayer Bars and Mite Box (rolled) cookies would surely be welcome at any church gathering. These American-titled cookies sound tempting for all localities: Missouri Mud Hens (bar), Pennsylvania Pumpkin (drop), Oregon Brownies, Vermont Maple (drop), Texas Stars (rolled), and Minnesota Bars. Also Hoosier Honey Bars, Oklahoma Rocks (drop), Hawaiian Pineapple Bars, Boston Cookies (drop), and Pennsylvania Dutch Pfeffernuse (molded). And there are "action" cookies: Twinkling Stars (rolled), Chinese Chews (bar), Lace Roll-Ups (drop, then wrapped around a wooden spoon handle while warm), Busy Day Drops, Thumbprint (molded), Magic Carpet (rolled), and Stir-N-Drop Oatmeal cookies. Dew Drops (molded), Honey Candy Bites (molded), Sparkling Gingersnaps (molded), Melting Moments (molded), Stop and Go (molded), and Puffed-Up Tea are some more cookies.

Cookies are truly international. From the country we associate with windmills

and bright tulips comes the origin of the word. The Dutch placed small portions of cake batter in the oven to test the heat. In their language *koe kze* (pronounced koo kee) means cake, so we have little cakes or cookies. The characteristics of cookies from other lands are unique. The French are the fanciest in appearance. German cookies are supposed to be the spiciest. Italian "little cakes" frequently have an anise oil base and contain almonds. Russian cookies are often fried. And the English type are not over sweet and are sometimes massive. It is almost impossible to describe a typical American cooky; we like them all.

Names of recipes from foreign countries are interesting. From Austria — Kippel (rolled), from Denmark — Brune Kager (rolled), from England — Almond Meringues, and from Finland — Finska Kakor (rolled). From France — Chocolate Meringues and Gateau Bon Bons (filled), from Greece — Kourabriedes (molded Easter cookies), from Egypt — Egyptian Rose Leaves (rolled). From Germany there are several — Nurnberger (rolled), Pfeffernuse (rolled or molded), Lebkuchen (rolled honey cakes), Springerle (made with a specially stamped rolling pin), and Spitzbuben (rolled). From Holland — Jan Hajel (bar), from Hungary — Jelly Tea Cakes (rolled), from Iceland — Eier Kringel (rolled). From Italy — Neapolitans (refrigerator) and Pine Nut cookies (drop), from Mexico — Polvorones (thick rolled type) and Spicy Orange Thins (also rolled). From Norway — Mandel Kager (rolled), Spritz (means spurted from a press), Berliner Kranser (molded into a wreath, and it means Berlin wreath), and Kringler (molded). From Poland — Mazurek (bar) and Chruscik (rolled and then fried), from Portugal — Cinnamon Wreaths (rolled) and Filhos (fried). From Scandinavian countries — Mandelformar (molded) and FattigmandsBakklis (fried). From Smyrna, located in Turkey and now called Izmar, the molded cooky called Koulouria. From Sweden — Pamparkakor (rolled ginger cookies), Sandbakelsar (we call them Sand Tarts), and Almond Wafers (rolled). And from Germany and Switzerland — Zimtsterne (a rolled cooky).

Chinese Fortune cookies didn't originate in China, nor were they created by the Chinese, according to the story. Japanese immigrants on the west coast made rice cakes and put messages inside. Not being of a firm texture, they soon crumbled. The present recipe remains a secret to the public. The messages are the reason for their popularity, and they can be bought at some supermarkets.

Now that I have this written, I had better go to the kitchen and try to fill up that empty cooky jar.



# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It doesn't seem possible that two months have slipped by since I wrote a letter to you, and so many things have happened I hardly know where to begin. Since there isn't much farm news to report, I'll tell it first and then tell the other events as they happened.

Harvesting this fall has been a real headache in this area. Most of our beans are still in the field as I write this, and all of the corn. According to the last report only twenty percent of the corn in Lucas County had been picked, and sixty percent of the beans. Of course since it has been too wet to harvest, it has also been too wet for fall plowing. The last time I was in Shenandoah and had an opportunity to read your letters I found that this condition exists in much of Iowa and Missouri. We have one thing to be thankful for here. We haven't had a heavy snow-storm as yet.

A few days before I left for New Mexico to drive Lucile and Eula back to Shenandoah, one of Bernie's neighbors called to tell us Bernie had fallen and broken her right leg. She was trying to get some painting done on the outside of her house before winter, and the stool she was standing on tipped, and as she fell she twisted her knee in such a way that it broke before she hit the ground. This neighbor heard her call for help and rushed to her assistance. Bernie's car was parked just a few feet from where she fell, so they managed to get her into that. Before they started to the hospital they called us, and Frank and I went right in. The doctor didn't want to put a full-length cast on until the swelling was down, but they did put a temporary one on the next morning so she couldn't move it. This also cut down considerably on the pain.

Frank and I discussed whether or not I should go on to New Mexico, and decided that since Bernie was going to be in the hospital for awhile, and there was nothing I could do except visit her, it would be much better to go then than after she got home. She had so much company during the day that Frank and I waited until evening for our visits and then we would stay a couple of hours.

I took the plane to Denver and once again we flew over clouds all the way, so I have yet to see the terrain from



Mother (Leanna Driftmier) visits with two sisters-in-law, Clara Otte and Adelyn Rope, after a family dinner at the Stroms' home. The Ropes, who live in Arkansas now, were in Iowa visiting relatives and friends.

the air between Des Moines and Denver. My plane was on time in Denver, so this made it possible for me to telephone Abigail and have a nice long visit with her. She was sorry my schedule brought me to Denver just a few days before Kristin was going to be there attending a conference. Kristin told me of this trip when I talked to her, that she planned to have dinner with Wayne and Abbie on Saturday evening and wished I would be there too. It just didn't work out that way.

I arrived in Albuquerque at 6:00 and went right out to Lucile's. After we had eaten I went across the street to see Juliana and family and had my first look at Katharine, who is just adorable. Since we have two grandsons Jed had to kid me just a little bit, and when he showed me Katharine he said, "This is what is known as a girl."

I took the bus to Roswell the next morning to spend three days with Edna and Raymond Halls, Frank's sister and husband. This four-hour trip went quite fast because I had an interesting seat-mate to talk to, a young law student from Tasmania. His parents are professors in the University. When he told me he was twenty and that he was ready to enter his third year of law school, I remarked that he must have graduated from high school awfully young. He explained that at their University a student could enter law school when he started to college, that he didn't have to have several years of college first, but had to go for six years. The last two years every law student has a job as either a barrister or a solicitor, and is able to earn a little money to help with his expenses, along with gaining experience. Every summer for several years he has been working in a tin mine

where he received pretty good wages, and had saved what he could, over and above his college expenses, to make this trip to the United States and Canada this summer. He made the trip over here by boat, which took three weeks, and was thrilled by every minute of it. He had been all over the United States and Canada by bus, was to fly to Europe where he would get a bicycle and see the European countries that way. He said there were thousands and thousands of young people from the other side of the Atlantic touring our beautiful country this summer. One bus he got on leaving New York didn't have a single American boy or girl on it. He said they had a travel book with them telling where they could eat good wholesome, but inexpensive, meals, and the best places to spend the nights. My friend tried to get someone to part with a book so he could have one, but no luck. He managed to jot down a few helpful hints out of it before he parted company with them.

I had a very pleasant three days with Edna and Raymond, and got to meet several of Edna's friends in the court where they live. The weather was lovely, so one day Raymond took us for a long drive through country I hadn't seen before. We passed a big pecan ranch which has 1345 acres of trees. A lot of the trees were planted just two or three years ago so they weren't all in production this year. The trees are planted four to five feet in the ground, and, until they get large, cotton is planted between the rows. Raymond says the pecans are picked with a machine. They have a large canvas that covers the tree, then the machine shakes the nuts off into the canvas. I would like to have seen how this works

(Continued on page 20)



## ABIGAIL SELECTS AN UNUSUAL WEDDING GIFT

Dear Friends:

How many of you find that you also receive quite a jolt each time it is necessary to add another number upon the advent of a new year? Recently I had occasion to write down a date for October 1995 and that really sent my mind reeling.

The motivating force which prompted my computing this date twenty-five years in the future was a wedding gift that I was wrapping. A few weeks ago we received the announcement of the marriage of a goddaughter of mine. I very much wanted to send something to acknowledge this happy event but what to send was a challenge! This bride comes from a very affluent family. I knew her mother would see that she was provided with absolutely everything a bride should or could bring into a marriage.

Also, this bride is in her late twenties and has lived in apartments for years as she pursued a career. Therefore, she would have acquired virtually everything needed to equip a small household. Additionally, I have not seen this goddaughter for many years so I had no idea as to her tastes for artistic creations. I rarely hazard the selection of an item that reflects such personal preference for even an intimate friend.

Just as I had reached the conclusion that probably I would have to select something that wasn't unique and just another duplication, I remembered the gift a friend of mine received. When she was married many years ago an old family friend presented her with a cake for her twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. That cake must have made quite an impression on me because never before or since have I known anyone to receive such a gift. Anyway, it struck me as being a singularly appropriate gift for a godmother to give, so I looked through my cookbooks and in my old reliable cookbook (one of my wedding presents, incidentally) there *was* such a recipe. Basically, the cake is a very dark fruitcake and the instructions for keeping it twenty-five years are as follows: "Keep the cake covered with sugar and in an air-tight container." Since these instructions pre-date the advent of aluminum foil or plastic wrap by many years, I figure it should be no trick at all to keep the cake. Back in the days when this recipe was devised, no one gave a thought to the possibility that the marriage might not last twenty-five years, but nowadays almost everyone that I have mentioned this cake to has reacted by asking "What if the marriage doesn't last that long?" Well, that's the reaction you'd expect



It is very likely that Oliver Strom and Howard Driftmier were discussing football games when this picture was taken, for it is a sport both enjoy.

when you live in a county with one of the highest divorce ratios in the country. However, since Wayne and I will be celebrating our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary in this new year, there isn't a doubt in my mind but what this new marriage can be a lasting one also.

Not so long ago Margery and Oliver were here for the weekend and one of the main dishes I prepared made quite a hit with them. Because we live in a large city I was able to buy a fresh salmon at one of the city's fish markets. Now I realize that not many of you readers live in a metropolitan center where fresh fish is flown in several times a week. But during the winter I also buy frozen salmon and large pieces of halibut, suitable for poaching or baking, in the local supermarkets. I'd be willing to bet that this winter you could arrange with the manager of your local branch of a supermarket chain to get in large pieces of frozen halibut or salmon occasionally.

Personally I consider the large pieces much more preferable to the packaged fish filets that are available in almost every frozen food counter. The flavor is usually fresher and there are usually leftovers which come in so handy for salads or croquettes or casseroles.

I had planned to poach this particular salmon using my turkey roaster and rack in lieu of a regular fish-poaching pan. But an almost-six-pound salmon turned out to be too long to fit into even that pan. Instead, I covered the fish almost entirely with a double thickness of aluminum foil and it fit diagonally across the shelf in the oven.

After washing the fish, place in the center cavity and along the outside, thin slices of lemon and onion, three or four bay leaves broken in half, two or so stalks of celery complete with leaves, and sprinkle with garlic salt.

Bake in a 400-degree oven approximately ten minutes per pound. Remove seasonings before serving and garnish with parsley and lemon wedges. With this was served a sauce made by stirring a teaspoon or two of prepared horseradish mustard and lemon juice into about three-fourths cup of mayonnaise.

The reference to garlic salt reminds me to mention that garlic does the same thing for fish that it does for chicken — enhances the flavor. However it should be used during the cooking process rather than added just before serving. This way there is no strong, distinctive flavor of garlic on the delicately flavored meat.

This talk of food also reminds me that at this time of year there seem to be two recurrent topics of conversation among the neighborhood housewives. Either we are talking about getting out of our cooking ruts and preparing some new dishes — or we are talking about going on a diet to lose weight. These two topics don't necessarily have to be contradictory but often that seems to be the case.

A few months ago I managed to lose some of my excess pounds and there have been quite a few inquiries as to my "secret formula". I wish I had one, but I don't! In my opinion each person must investigate a number of possible methods of losing weight and then select the one best tailored to his individual needs. He should then seek the approval of his doctor. Generally most doctors are so eager for their patients to lose weight that they will approve almost any means that includes common sense.

In my own case I decided on the high protein, low carbohydrate diet combined with a considerable amount of  
(Continued on page 22)





## Surprisingly, Some Resolutions Are Kept

(Anonymous)

At this time of the year, with an unspoiled twelve-month period just ahead, our hearts shine with resolutions to make the next year something special.

Uncounted numbers of us take the making of New Year's resolutions in the same spirit and attitude that we employ in picking over the raisins for the traditional fruitcake. Almost every one of us will be giving the same sober consideration to the untied year that is about to descend upon us as we did the then unknown 1970, 1969, 1950, and so on.

However, as the passing years assume jet-speed proportions, it brings the sharp realization that if we don't really do something about these things which we resolve to do at this early season of a new year, it is going to be, alas, too late; that the resolution to be more patient, less critical, be a better companion, a sweeter parent, a better correspondent, a more thoughtful neighbor, would be vastly appreciated by our families and friends and associates; and that we could do much to make small patches of Heaven-on-Earth if we would really take seriously our New Year's resolutions.

It is true that we often come up lacking in the quality set forth by Robert Burns:

"Oh wad some power the giftie give us,  
To see ourselves as others see us."  
But sometimes we do have a quick revelation as to how we really appear to others, and for me that glimpse is all too often unpleasant and even shocking.

However, last year-ending of 1969, I thought on the above ideas and sternly set myself to improve some of my all too obvious character defects. It would be presumptuous, ridiculous, and patently untrue to declare that the attempt has been an unqualified success, but there has been some improvement, and I have kept some of those lofty year-end resolutions.

I have always wished I could afford to "adopt" one of the 100 Neediest Families that are publicized every Christmas season, but their needs were always so great and I never had that much money. But this year of 1970 I found that it was possible to "adopt" a Christian Children's Fund child, who, I am told, has been benefited for a small amount of money each month. Some friends and relatives in nursing

homes have found life a little happier by this desire of mine to "get in gear". It is easy to visit and send postage stamps and gumdrops frequently even when one can't afford anything magnificent.

Realizing how most of us love to receive mail but enjoy considerably less answering it, I resolved to throttle the idea that I just don't have much of interest to write, since, deep down, I knew that relatives and certain loyal friends welcomed word from me even though it was sparse. In view of this I set up a regular system of correspondence. Certain spontaneity may be missing in the disciplined writing to my son and mother on Mondays and Thursdays, but I have not, in this 1970, let a personal letter go unanswered for more than a week, and somehow I'm more conscious of the importance of dredging up something passably interesting. From all response my regularity is appreciated. As a result of keeping this resolution to be a better correspondent, associations that have for years been a once-a-year contact, usually at Christmas, have been more frequent.

Realizing that apparent lack of concern for others contributes to so much of the loneliness in the world, I have made it a point to make miniature celebrations of some honor or piece of good fortune that has come not only to close friends, but to strangers who might become friends if I made some efforts by writing notes or calling them on the telephone. This last I consider a sacrifice because I do not enjoy, as a rule, visiting on that strident little talkbox.

Definitely the most gratifying accomplishment of the past year has been spiritual. I had some terrible soul challenges, some of which are unconquered and will be worked on in 1971, but others of which have come through the fire with a deeper faith and awareness, as attested to by now regular-and-nolapses-countenanced prayer, meditation, and Bible study, and consequently my prayers are more gratitude than "gimme".

I'll probably be the rest of my life perfecting this one, but I *have* made a dent this year in the old forever judging someone else's motives, deeds, and actions. I feel I've made some progress from "Of course I know we shouldn't be critical, but . . ." to the fact that far more often it seems I have accept-

ance of others AS THEY ARE, not as I, in my UNinfinite wisdom, wish they were.

This character-building resolution is still discouragingly honeycombed with flaws, but by ruthless and as honest as possible review and sharp assessment of self, the New Year's resolutions of last year and those in the making for 1971 may pay off — benefiting my own soul and perhaps contributing to the enrichment of some of the lives that touch mine.

## FIGURINE FANTASIES

by  
Dagney Tinkey

What do *you* do with those charming ceramics you have acquired? Store them hodge-podge on shelves and only take them down to dust?

My friend Lila uses her collection to create lively pictures.

Sometimes bright hens, roosters, ducks and geese strut around a pan of candy corn on a children's party table.

A naughty cat stares slant-eyed at three birds on her kitchen windowsill.

Pixies are glued to the edge of ashtrays.

A miniature fisherman has his line in the fish bowl. Sometimes a mirror is used a lake and then a wading bird gazes into the water while a frog sits complacently on a nearby lily pad.

A pastel-hued colonial miss becomes Mary Quite Contrary strolling down a path by an appropriate flower arrangement. The same young lady can become Little Bo Peep by adding ceramic sheeps.

An eagle, a mountain goat, a burly brown bear and a rock or evergreen branch can create a forest scene on occasion.

At Christmas time, the various animals are an addition to a small Nativity scene for the mantel. A flag and the eagle make a 4th of July decoration. Chickens enliven an Easter scene.

Lila never uses too many of her little "friends", as she calls them, together. A few are amusing, a lot make clutter. She changes them with seasons, and to fill needs, and finds figurine arranging especially interesting when flowers are scarce.

"We never get too old to enjoy playing with dolls," she comments.

## COVER PICTURE

On many, many January mornings we drive to our Kitchen-Klatter plant down streets in Shenandoah that look like this. It's always hard to remember at such times that Spring is actually on the way!



## AN ANSWER

by  
Evelyn Birkby

It is a bitter cold winter day and the landscape outside the big sliding glass doors is bleak and gray. I like winter if I can build a fire in the fireplace and look out at it; getting on a heavy coat and boots and venturing into a sharp wind and coping with icy roads or snowdrifts, however, is another matter!

So I am happy to sit with the wire basket filled with letters in my lap and keep the fire glowing brightly to ward off the chill. Your interesting letters make the day bright, and the wire basket which holds them brings back many memories. For years this particular basket held the mail on my father's desk. His busy life as a minister contained much correspondence, so the basket was used constantly. Now I use it for radio letters and sometimes recipes and notes.

Several of the letters in the basket ask the same question, so this cold winter day will be a good time to answer.

"When and how," the letters inquire, "did Evelyn get started with Kitchen-Klatter?"

My acquaintance with Kitchen-Klatter started long ago in the same manner it did for many of you friends. When I was a senior in high school we moved to Sidney, Iowa. Via the radio Leanna began coming into our home. I used to listen to her homemaker programs right along with my mother.

Later, after going away to college and working for several years, I married and returned to southwest Iowa to find my radio friend, Leanna, continuing her broadcasts. Now I had added interests, for the daily Kitchen-Klatter visit brought me many suggestions which helped smooth the rough spots an inexperienced homemaker faces. As my own family grew, my interest in the area of homemaking also grew, and Leanna's radio visits became a daily part of my life.

Two things influenced the later pattern of our relationship. I began writing a weekly column for the Shenandoah daily paper. Also, for a time I had a daily radio program on one of the Shenandoah stations. Pressures of farm life and my family made it impossible for me to continue the constant daily broadcasts longer than two years, so I "retired" to the farm to take care of my important responsibilities there.

In the summer of 1955 Leanna sent word that she wanted to talk to me. As soon as possible I drove to Shenandoah, rang the doorbell, and was greeted by Leanna in her usual beaming, friendly manner.

When we were settled in the cheery



Winter does not stop Craig Birkby's outdoor fun. He enjoys going ice fishing with his homemade equipment. The flag situated on the board in his hand waves back and forth when a fish strikes on the hook dropped through the hole in the ice.

sunshine of her sun porch, Leanna said, "Evelyn, I've been reading and enjoying your articles in the Sentinel for four years, now. I wondered if you would consider writing a monthly article for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*?"

For over an hour we visited and when I rose to leave I knew we had become close personal friends. I also had agreed to write for the magazine.

So it was that the first article of mine in *Kitchen-Klatter* was published in September, 1955. It discussed the feelings involved in sending a child off to school for the first time. Needless to say, the resource material came from my own home: Bob was five and just starting off to kindergarten, Jeff was one year old and Craig was not to appear on the scene until the next December.

It was another year before I did any broadcasting for Kitchen-Klatter. Leanna had gone out to California to spend several winter months away from the cold and snow of Iowa. Lucile and Margery were doing the radio broadcasts when suddenly Lucile was faced with the need for surgery. Knowing that I had done broadcasting, Lucile phoned to see if I could pinch hit during her absence.

I'll never forget that morning when I first sat in Leanna's small broadcasting room. Margery looked at me nervously; she had never worked with anyone outside the family. I looked at her with apprehension; I had done interviews but this was my first experience with the two-person visit which had become the format of Kitchen-Klatter broadcasts.

Well, Margery and I survived! For two weeks we held the fort until Lucile was ready to come back on the air.

That was the beginning. After that emergency session, whenever circumstances made it necessary for one of the regulars to be away from the microphone, a phone call would tell me I was needed and off I would go to Shenandoah.

This has been a fine arrangement for my own family, for it has not been a day-after-continual-day responsibility. I can work the needs of my family in with the testing of recipes, my writing here at home and the part-time broadcasting which is so very enjoyable.

It has become a most rewarding and enjoyable relationship. I am always glad when I broadcast for joyful reasons: Lucile goes to New Mexico to visit Juliana, Jed and the grandchildren, or if Margery is off on a trip with Oliver. But when sickness or accident or sorrow do come along I am grateful I can help out at such times as well.

Only once in all these fifteen years have I been unable to make the sixteen-mile trip between Sidney and Shenandoah! Lucile had called on a Thursday evening to state that it had been some time since I had been on the air and could I come over for a visit the following morning.

During the night an ice storm hit our area. I awakened to find nothing moving, not even the very dependable road maintenance man who lives across the street from us. (He is the one I depend upon to clear the roads for me!) I did creep east to the top of the high hill where the road dips down towards the Nishnabotna River. The pavement was just like an ice-skating rink — ice laid down in a thin glaze. Nothing was moving on that road!

I skidded into the driveway of a farm-  
(Continued on page 22)





## My Mother's Piano

by  
Helen Harrington

I remember when I first saw it. It was not really my mother's piano, then. It was supposed to be mine, a "surprise" for my birthday. And it *was* surprising me! It was being pushed through the living room door by my mother. Her face showed around an edge of it like a hopeful question. I know, now, that she was anxious I be pleased with my gift.

My reaction was flat. I had wanted a piano a few months before. I had made my position clear in a rather childish way. When my mother asked me why I didn't play our organ more, I complained that I didn't like an organ. I liked pianos. (My cousin had a new piano and I suppose I envied her.)

By my birthday, though, I had almost forgotten the whole thing. I don't know what I was expecting, or hoping for, but it certainly wasn't a piano. It looked so large and unlikely, coming through the door that I simply stared at it.

I don't remember if I showed much appreciation. I hope I did. For my mother's piano was costly with love. She had paid fifty dollars for it, and for her, during the depression, that was a sum not easily come by. Also she had built a piano bench to go with it. (My mother was handy with tools. She was proud of the fact that she had had to hire nothing done except jig-sawing out the pattern of the lower shelf.) It was a sturdy bench, off-color from the piano but glossy with varnish.

I played the piano as a matter of course. The sheet music I still have testifies to that: big ragged sheets with such titles as "Send the Word to Mother" and "Moonlight Bay" to which I added more modern pieces, "At Sundown", "Out Where the West Begins", "The Pagan Love Song". Always in the background my mother hovered, looking gratified. Sometimes she played hymns.

Later I married and had a little girl of my own. We lived next door to my mother, and Dixie Lynne and I would go over to "Grandma's" with our two terrier pups and waltz about with them to tunes that Grandma played. Sometimes Grandma rocked and sang Lynne to sleep while I played "Carry Me

Back to Old Virginny". When Lynne grew older, we moved the piano to our little house, so she could practice more often. But it was always in connection with Grandma's house that the piano seemed most homey and natural.

Then my mother died. It was a great grief to us; we had trouble getting over it. But the years passed. We moved into Grandma's house, taking the piano with us, of course, establishing it where it had stood before. There Dixie sat, lovely in her teens, gazed out the window and smiled at me and played.

There was a certain wistfulness mingled with our pleasure. Perhaps it was the piano. It had an odd melancholy twang and was often, at some unexpected key, off tune. Its veneer was cracked and darkened. We decided we needed a better piano.

We got one, secondhand but highly presentable, with a strong, pure sound. We loaned the old piano out. Before it went, though, it stood on our porch and Dixie and I sometimes left the new instrument and went out to play the old one "one last time". We did hate to see it go. It was like parting with something dear of the past, though we did not admit this then.

Dixie Lynne tried to like the new piano. Yet gradually I noticed that she wasn't playing it. I asked her why. In an outburst of feeling she confessed that she missed the old piano! "Can't we get it back?" she pleaded. "Can't we? I want it back!"

It was an emotional scene reminiscent of my own complaints when I had wanted a piano instead of the organ, and then hadn't wanted it when I got it! Dixie felt guilty. She had caused us considerable trouble and expense and now she was proposing to cause us more! The new piano was fine. Yet she wanted the old one with all its flaws.

Fortunately, we understood. We talked about it, analyzing our feelings. We agreed that it was as though, getting rid of the old piano, we had got rid of Grandma, too, of the past and its happiness.

It wasn't easy to get back that old piano! The folks who had borrowed it had moved away and left it out in the

rain. It was a mess, with loosened felts and knocking hammers. My husband brought it home, left it on our porch, ready to give it up as a bad job, I think! One cold day while Dixie was at school, I got it back into the house, rolling it in over a baseball bat! I kept remembering my mother as she had looked pushing it through that same door! What Herculean efforts we are capable of where love and loyalty are concerned!

We were a two-piano family for some months after that. We stared, appalled, from one instrument to the other, compared tones in despair, but with undiminished determination to stick by our decision. Finally we sold the new piano and had the old one repaired.

It took two months and cost as much as the new piano had; the tone wasn't quite right, even with what it had been. But it was enough. Dixie Lynne began playing again; I sat near listening, smiling and nodding! Gradually the piano regained its old mellow, plaintive tone.

We have never regretted all that it took to make us realize that past happiness is an invaluable part of present happiness and shouldn't be gotten rid of! We have never regretted all it took to regain the past, to return it to its rightful place in our lives. In a way, it is as though we have Grandma back, with all she gave us.

---

### ZEST FOR LIVING

Years are rolling down the highway  
Of a life beyond its prime,  
They are filled with retroflection  
Of the good times and the trials  
That beset all human beings  
In this world where much is fine.  
And the goodness and errors  
Intermix and interwine.  
Always out beyond the morrow  
There are new tasks to be done.  
Growth and hope and satisfaction  
Give life zest for striving on.

—Alice G. Harvey

---

### ARMCHAIR GARDENING

I have a favorite pastime  
At this season of the year,  
When the hustle and the bustle  
Of the holidays disappear.  
Though the sky is dark and gloomy  
And the air is filled with snow,  
I'll draw closer to the fireside  
And just let the cold wind blow.  
There is beauty all about me  
And I know it's here to stay,  
It was delivered to my mailbox  
In seed catalogs today.  
As I view each luscious berry  
Or rows of lovely flowers,  
I give thanks to armchair gardening  
For spending many pleasant hours.

—Mrs. O. Snodgrass



**NEW LAYER SALAD**

- 1 can (8½ oz.) crushed pineapple, drain and reserve 1¼ cups syrup (adding water if necessary)
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1 3-oz. pkg. regular or low-calorie cream cheese, softened
- 1 cup whipping cream

In small saucepan, combine reserved 1 1/4 cups pineapple syrup, lemon juice and lemon flavoring; bring to a boil. Stir in lime gelatin until dissolved. Pour into oiled 1½- or 2-quart mold. Chill until firm about 2½ hours. Meanwhile, combine lemon gelatin, boiling water and pineapple flavoring; stir until dissolved. Chill until thickened but not set, about 45 minutes. Blend cream cheese and whipped cream until smooth; add crushed pineapple. Fold pineapple mixture into thickened gelatin; pour over lime gelatin in mold. Chill until firm, about 2½ hours. —Margery

**STUFFED MEAT ROLL**

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1/2 lb. ground fresh pork
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 can tomato soup
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 1 egg, beaten
- 3 cups bread cubes
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. sage

Combine meat, 1 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. pepper and soup. Turn onto waxed paper and pat into a 14- by 9-inch rectangle. Cook onion in butter; add to beaten egg with remaining ingredients. Spread over meat and roll up like jelly roll. Bake in shallow pan at 350 degrees for 1 hour. —Margery

**REUBEN PIE**

- 1 8-inch unbaked pie shell
  - 1 8-oz. can sauerkraut, well-drained
  - 1 can corned beef
  - 2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
  - 1 Tbls. chopped red pepper
  - 1/2 cup grated Swiss cheese
- Drain sauerkraut well to remove all excess liquid. Line bottom of pie shell with sauerkraut. Combine corned beef, green pepper and red pepper. Spread over sauerkraut. Top with grated Swiss cheese. Bake at 400 degrees for 20 minutes. Makes 4 servings. —Margery

**FILLED FUDGE CAKE**

- 1 8-oz. pkg. softened cream cheese
  - 2 Tbls. soft butter
  - 1/4 cup sugar
  - 1 Tbls. cornstarch
  - 1 egg
  - 3 Tbls. milk
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
  - 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- Combine all of these ingredients in a small mixing bowl and beat until creamy. Set aside.
- 1/2 cup soft butter
  - 2 cups sugar
  - 2 eggs
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
  - 4 oz. melted unsweetened chocolate
  - 1 1/3 cups milk
  - 2 cups sifted cake flour
  - 1 tsp. baking powder
  - 1/2 tsp. soda

Cream together the butter and sugar. Add the eggs, flavorings and melted chocolate and beat well. Sift the dry ingredients together and add alternately with the milk, beating well after each addition. Spread one half of the batter in a greased and floured 13- x 9-inch pan. Spoon the cheese mixture over the batter and spread carefully to cover. Spread the remaining batter over the top. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 50 to 60 minutes. When cool, frost with a seven-minute icing. —Dorothy

**SOFT RAISIN COOKIES**

- 1/2 cup margarine or shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 cup cooked raisins
- 1/4 cup hot raisin juice
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup rolled oats

Put the raisins on to cook in a small amount of water, and while they are cooking cream together the margarine and sugar. Beat in the eggs, flavorings and salt. Drain the raisins, reserving 1/4 cup of the hot juice. Dissolve the soda in the juice. Add the raisins and juice to the batter. Blend in the flour, cinnamon and rolled oats. Drop onto a greased cookie sheet and bake 10 to 12 minutes in a 350-degree oven. —Dorothy

**GROUND BEEF SUPREME**

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/4 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1 beaten egg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 1/3 cup finely chopped celery
- 1 can celery soup
- 1/2 cup water

Combine the first seven ingredients and shape into an oval patty about an inch thick. Brown on both sides in a skillet with a small amount of butter. Combine the celery soup and the water and pour over the meat. Cover and cook slowly for 25 minutes. —Dorothy

**WHIPPED HOT CHOCOLATE**

- 1 quart milk
- 1-inch stick cinnamon
- 3 Tbls. strong coffee
- 3 squares sweet chocolate
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Dash of salt
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg

Heat milk to boiling with coffee and cinnamon. Remove cinnamon stick. Dissolve chocolate in hot water. Add to hot milk. Add remaining ingredients, stirring and heating until scalding. Remove from fire and beat until foamy. Serve at once. A spoon of whipped cream or whipped topping may be spooned onto the top of each cup for a festive touch. (One or two sweet milk chocolate candy bars may be used if the chunky squares are not available.) —Evelyn



**PARIS PUFFINS**

1/3 cup butter or margarine  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 2 eggs  
 1 1/2 cups flour  
 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter  
     flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. nutmeg  
 1/2 cup milk

Combine shortening, sugar and eggs. Mix thoroughly. Combine dry ingredients and add alternately with milk. Stir in butter flavoring. Fill well-greased muffin tins 2/3 full. Bake 20 to 25 minutes at 350 degrees. Prepare the following:

**Topping**

1/2 cup sugar  
 1 tsp. cinnamon  
 1/2 cup butter or margarine, melted  
 A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter  
     flavoring

Combine sugar and cinnamon in a cereal-type bowl. Butter or margarine may be melted in a small deep pan and then combined with a little Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.

As soon as the muffins come from the oven, roll in the melted butter and coat with sugar-cinnamon mixture. Serve warm.

If you prefer making muffins in the paper liners, the tops may be dipped into the butter mixture and then into the cinnamon and sugar. A very quick and delicious coffeecake-type muffin.

**VARIATION FOR A POT ROAST**

3 to 4 lb. pot roast  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1/8 tsp. pepper  
 1 tsp. gravy concentrate  
 2 tsp. caraway seeds  
 1 1/2 cups water  
 2 bay leaves  
 6 small carrots, or 3 large ones cut  
     in half  
 6 small onions  
 6 small potatoes  
 2 stalks celery, cut in 1/2-inch diagonal slices  
 6 cauliflower flowerettes

Brown pot roast on all sides in small amount of cooking oil. Add salt, pepper, gravy concentrate, caraway seeds, water and bay leaves. Bring to a boil, then reduce heat and simmer, covered, one hour. Add vegetables and continue to simmer about one and a half hours longer. Remove meat and vegetables to hot platter; discard bay leaves. If desired, thicken cooking liquid with flour which has been mixed with a small amount of water to make gravy. I prefer not to make gravy but instead to use this liquid in making soup from the leftover meat and additional vegetables. —Abigail

**WINTER SALAD**

1 3-oz. box lemon gelatin  
 1 1/2 cups white sugar  
 1/2 cup vinegar  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon  
     flavoring  
 1 cup diced pineapple  
 1 cup broken nutmeats  
 1/2 cup sliced sweet pickle  
 Cook the sugar and vinegar until it spins a thread. Dissolve gelatin according to directions and pour while hot into the hot syrup. Set aside to thicken, then add remaining ingredients. Chill until firm. —Margery

**CANADIAN CREAM SCONES**

2 cups flour  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 3 tsp. baking powder  
 2 Tbls. sugar  
 1/4 cup butter or margarine  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter  
     flavoring  
 1/2 cup cream  
 1 egg  
 1/4 cup raisins (optional)

In a bowl combine dry ingredients. Cut in butter or margarine. Beat egg and mix with flavoring and cream. Mix into dry ingredients lightly with a fork. Add raisins if desired. Turn onto lightly floured bread board. Knead lightly four or five times. Pat out into a round about 3/4 inch thick. Cut into triangles and lay on greased cooky sheet. Sprinkle top with sugar. Bake at 400 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes, or until lightly browned.

This may be baked on a pie tin or a pottery pie dish. Pat into round shape. With the back of a table knife score into wedge shapes. Sprinkle with sugar and bake as directed. This will need a longer baking time than the separate scones, so bake until golden brown. Break apart to eat.

This is a very delicious hot bread, and yet it goes together easily.

**CORNEBEEF & RICE CASSEROLE**

1 can cream of mushroom soup  
 1 can cream of celery soup  
 2 cans water  
 3 grated carrots  
 1 small onion, diced  
 1 can corned beef, cubed  
 1 cup raw rice  
 1 bay leaf  
 Salt to taste

Combine all ingredients in a casserole. Bake, covered, for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Uncover and continue baking another 30 to 45 minutes or until rice is tender.

This makes a large, economical casserole. It can serve 10 or 12 generously. If the amount seems too large, freeze part of the cooked mixture and use at a later time. —Evelyn

**ONION-CHEESE RING**

2 1/2 cups sifted flour  
 3 tsp. baking powder  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/2 cup vegetable shortening  
 1 4-oz. pkg. shredded Cheddar cheese  
 1/2 cup chopped onion  
 1 egg  
 3/4 cup milk  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter  
     flavoring

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt into a bowl. Cut in the shortening with a pastry blender. Stir in 3/4 of the cheese, and the onion. In a small bowl beat the egg and combine it with the milk and flavoring. Pour this all at once into the cheese and flour mixture, stirring just until moistened. On a large greased cooky sheet, drop the dough by heaping tablespoonfuls that just touch each other, forming a large circle. Sprinkle the top with the remaining cheese. Bake in a preheated 425-degree oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve warm. —Dorothy

**ONE LOAF OF BREAD**

1 pkg. dry yeast  
 1/4 cup lukewarm water  
 1 small potato, diced  
 1/2 cup potato water  
 1/2 cup evaporated milk  
 1 Tbls. shortening  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1 Tbls. sugar  
 1 Tbls. mashed potato  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter  
     flavoring  
 3 cups flour (about)

Combine yeast and warm water and set aside. Cook diced potato in water to cover. When tender, drain potato water into cup. Mash potato. Add evaporated milk to fill cup with liquid. Bring to scalding. Stir in shortening, salt, sugar, mashed potato and butter flavoring. When cooled to lukewarm, stir dissolved yeast into milk mixture. Add enough flour to make a dough you can handle. The less flour used the lighter the bread. Knead on floured breadboard. Place in greased bowl, turn once to grease on both sides, cover and let rise until double. Punch down and knead out well. Pat flat with hands or rolling pin. Roll up firmly, tuck ends under and place in greased bread pan. Pull over to one side of pan. Let rise until double. Bake in 350-degree oven about 40 minutes, or until done. (Thump the top and the loaf will have a hollow sound when done.) Turn out on rack to cool.

This recipe is excellent for dinner rolls as well as the loaf of bread. After the first rising, make out as rolls and let rise and bake as directed, use less baking time for rolls, however. —Evelyn



**UNUSUAL COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD**

1 small carton cottage cheese (small curd)  
 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin  
 1 small can crushed pineapple, drained  
 1 can Mandarin oranges, drained  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring  
 1 small pkg. whipped topping

Sprinkle dry gelatin over cottage cheese. Stir to dissolve. Add well-drained fruits, flavoring and whipped topping which has been prepared according to directions. Spoon into pretty bowl and refrigerate until time to serve. The salad does become firm but not hard enough to turn out as a molded salad. Serve directly from dish in which it has chilled. This makes a very quick and unusual salad. It may be varied with different flavored gelatins, Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavorings, and any fruits desired. —Evelyn

**BANANA CAKE**

1/2 cup shortening  
 1 1/3 cups brown sugar, firmly packed  
 2 well-beaten eggs  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring  
 2 cups sifted cake flour  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/2 tsp. soda  
 1/4 cup buttermilk  
 3/4 cup mashed banana

Cream the shortening and sugar until fluffy. Add the eggs and the flavorings and beat well. Add the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the buttermilk and banana, beating well after each addition. Bake in a greased and floured 11- x 7-inch pan in a 350-degree oven for approximately 50 minutes. Cool and frost. —Dorothy

**DELICIOUS ONE-DISH MEAL**

1 1/2 lbs. diced round steak or stew meat  
 4 tomatoes diced (or 1 can)  
 1 medium onion, diced  
 6 medium potatoes, diced  
 1 tsp. chili powder  
 1 Tbls. shortening  
 Salt and pepper to taste

Cover meat with salted water and simmer until tender. Add onion to hot shortening and saute until golden. Add remaining ingredients. Simmer until potatoes are almost done. Combine meat mixture and potato mixture and continue cooking until potatoes are tender. Thicken slightly with a little cornstarch in cold water if desired. (I use 1 Tbls. cornstarch to 1 tsp. water.)

Canned tomatoes may be used in this if fresh are not available. 1 to 2 cups may be used as you desire, so the size of the can is not given. As you can see, this is a versatile recipe and may be stretched by adding more tomatoes, potatoes or meat. A nice variation from the usual stew. —Evelyn

**FROZEN CRANBERRY SALAD**

1 16-oz. can whole cranberry sauce  
 1 8 3/4-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained  
 1 cup dairy sour cream  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring  
 1/4 cup sifted powdered sugar

Combine cranberry sauce and crushed pineapple. Stir the sour cream and powdered sugar together and add to the fruit mixture. Add the flavoring. Line a 3-cup refrigerator tray or long narrow pan with foil and pour in the mixture. Freeze until firm. —Margery

**UNUSUAL LIME FRUIT GELATIN**

1 6-oz. pkg. lime gelatin  
 Fruit juice plus water  
 1 can pineapple tidbits  
 1 can peaches, sliced or diced  
 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, cubed  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

Drain juices from fruit. Add enough liquid to make 3 1/2 cups. Heat and stir in gelatin. Cool until syrupy. Fold in fruits, tiny cubes of cream cheese and mint flavoring. Pour into salad mold. Refrigerate.

This is a very pretty salad for the bits of fruit and the tiny cubes of cream cheese are very colorful in the green gelatin. Other fruits may be used if desired. A few fresh or well-drained blueberries would add an interesting touch of color.

This kind of salad would take nicely to a cream cheese type topping. A little cream cheese combined with salad dressing could be spread over the top just a short time before serving.

—Evelyn



We're only kidding, of course; we really don't make kraut flavoring. But we do make the other sixteen **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** . . . and we're proud of every one. All are delicious and fragrant, and never bake out or steam out. Economical, too, so you can stock them all, ready for any emergency or experiment.

If they're not available at your grocer's, send \$1.50 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Jumbo 8-oz. vanilla is \$1.00, and all are postpaid. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

# KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS



## MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

The wind is whistling ominously outside and I wonder what kind of weather it will bring us during the night. Since I wrote you last we have co-hosted a party at the school for the high school youngsters and it was really a lot of fun. Because the school enrollment is small we didn't feel too unnerved about having all the students. There were around 50 children who were invited and *everyone* was invited. We had asked the Headmaster of the Academy if we could use the multipurpose room with its attached kitchen and he said, "Of course," so we had a big area in which to operate. Fortunately we had a great ground-cover of snow and the guests were warned beforehand to bring their sleds and toboggans. This kept them vigorously occupied for quite some time and when they came inside we had a light supper ready for them.

We had gallons of chili and an adequate mountain of crackers. Then for the heavy-eating boys we had ham sliced into medium-sized buns with any kind of relish they might want. We had pans and pans of brownies made up for them to slice and enjoy, which they did!

While they were eating we had the husbands go around and put adhesive-backed name tags on the area between their shoulder blades and from asking questions which could be answered only by yes or no they had to determine who they were and whom they belonged to. There were television families and some famous families from fictional classics. This kept them busy for almost as long as we had expected, and then they went on to the next project, which was scavenger hunting in teams. These were made up of their family groupings from the name tape game. We had managed to think up some really weird items for them to hunt, and it was such as to tickle the fancy of these nearly grown youngsters. We didn't plan any dancing for them, but we did bring along a record player for their use because they are accustomed to constant music. We had a large pressurized tank of soft drink in ice for them later in the evening and they managed to drain it dry. This age group surely does consume a lot of eatables!

We were more than willing to co-host this party because we had enjoyed two unusually nice events during the weeks prior, which rather filled up our cup of joy. The two events were both musical and quite a treat for Don and me because that is something we don't get enough of.

We were given tickets to a Zither Club concert. I didn't dream there even was a Zither Club, but there is, and it is one of the few still in existence. I



This is the lovely little group of children Mary Beth teaches this year.

understand from one of the members of the club that there was a Mandolin Club and many others like it in the heart of the German section of Milwaukee. The Zither Club was founded in 1942, and for 28 years they have had a spring and fall concert. The auditorium was filled and the music was simply beautiful. The numbers were mostly light classical numbers. There were nine first zithers, four second zithers, three violins, two mandolins, four guitars, one alto zither, one cello mandolin, and a bass.

During the middle part of the concert an intermission was held at which time everyone adjourned to another room for a bite of food. Such GOOD food — things German which made me wish I could afford the calories to eat and eat.

The second half of the concert was on a lighter note and they played musical pieces which this obviously sentimental audience could not help but join in singing softly. "The Merry Widow" by Franz Lehar was sung and as I listened in delight it dawned on me that these people were all singing in German. I really believe Don and I and the children were the only ones not singing German.

After a number of encores the concert ended and these people again adjourned for more food. Then the more popular zither players brought their instruments down on the floor of the auditorium and hooked up microphones and settled down for a more intimate, friendly concert. The people were singing words to waltzes I didn't know there were words for, and still in German. I don't know how long this friend-

ly group sang and enjoyed themselves because we had to tear ourselves away. The one sad note about the entire affair was the average age of the zither players. There were only three really young folk in the group, which probably means when the rest of this talented group is too old to continue playing together there will no doubt cease to be a Zither Club. This was certainly an evening in Old Milwaukee.

The second musical treat was the gift from our star-boarder, who lived with us while his parents were gone, of a pair of tickets to the Florentine Opera Company's presentation of "Barber of Seville". We had not been to the new Performing Arts Center for any of their programs, so it was a double treat for us to get to see the inside of this unusual building. The opera was entirely in English, which was a break for us, but really I must admit that by the time the singers have whipped through some of their lines with the correct timing I could not understand their words, so English or Italian it would not have mattered much. But it was a lovely evening and well worth the drive from Delafield to the lake front.

The Performing Arts Center looks for all the world to be a cubist impressionistic artist's brain child. It isn't what my traditional eyes are accustomed to but the inside of this building was *very* pleasing. Frank Lloyd Wright would have loved this building, I am certain.

I must close and supervise the wild commotion that seems to be coming from the other end of the house.

Until next month . . . Mary Beth





### "WHAT'S WRONG NOW?"

by

Carole Hefley Reese

One of the most frequent admonitions we wives hear from the experts goes something like: "Don't meet your husband at the door each evening with a dreary recitation of your day's troubles".

What a beautiful thought! It inspires in every woman a lovely picture — that of herself, perfectly groomed, greeting her husband with a kiss with the uncluttered living room in the background and the little ones magically tucked away somewhere out of sight and mind.

However, it's a little difficult to always put this wonderful idea into practice. There can be so many things go wrong in a woman's day that many a husband becomes accustomed to asking, "What's wrong now?" after just one glance at his wife's frustrated expression. But even if we are good actresses there are some things we just can't hide or put out of mind. For instance, if the front doorknob falls off in hubby's hand, right away he's going to get suspicious that it has been one of those days around his castle. Or he may already have noticed the uprooted flowers as he came up the walk, and he wonders whether his two-footed or four-footed friends were responsible. Other things difficult to conceal are broken windows, spilled paint, and a sick cat.

If the poor man manages to get inside the front door without spotting anything out of the ordinary, his wife has half a chance to greet him properly. Of course he might notice her bruised arm received when she fell off the stepladder. Broken bones are rather conspicuous. So is a sick child bedded down in front of the television with the five-dollar bottle of medicine leering at him from the mantle. Not to mention his mother-in-law's largest suitcase displayed in the entranceway.

Barring any of these usually rare occurrences, the couple may be able to

sit down for a few minutes of relaxation and conversation. But if they have been married for any length of time at all, then even the best of actresses won't be able to conceal her concern about hidden troubles — like the puddle of water beneath the automatic washer, or the refrigerator that no longer refrigerates. So it isn't long until her husband asks, "What's wrong now?" She might assure him that nothing is wrong, but as soon as he goes to the refrigerator — and doesn't he always? — he is going to wonder why it's dark inside.

I finally came to the victorious conclusion that the best way I could give my husband a happy, carefree greeting was for me to pick him up at work. This way I could leave behind all the mishaps to limb and property. I could doll myself up like the experts suggest, and just driving to his place of employment would perk up my spirits regardless of what had gone wrong at home that day.

I started out with jubilation. "Maybe I'll tell the experts about this method", I thought, "and they can pass along this ingenious idea of mine to other wives." All went well until I was within four blocks of meeting my husband. Suddenly the car jolted, coughed, sighed, and settled down to a steady knock, knock, miss, miss. It didn't die, but I had a feeling the end was near. With the accelerator all the way down, I lumbered on at the exhilarating speed of ten miles an hour and was surprised to actually reach my destination.

My husband walked toward me, his ears picking up the suffering noise of the motor, and his first words of greeting were — you guessed it — "What's wrong now?"



### SECOND TIME AROUND

There's a train in our attic.  
It's been there awhile, since the  
Days when our world was young,  
When the boy who is grown was  
A tottering tyke, and Dad  
Had all of the fun!

Daddy made figure eights  
And slammed on the brakes and  
Scrambled around on the floor.  
Though the young'un fizzed out,  
Dad was still going strong as he  
Crouched over switches to find  
What was wrong.

Now that young'un's a  
Man with a son of his own.  
And that train will be  
Chugging again. While baby  
Is sleeping, Young Dad will  
Be keeping old cars on old tracks —  
Like before!!! —Leta Fulmer

### MEMORIES ARE FOR KEEPING

by

Mary A. McKee

Cedar chests may have passed the peak of their popularity, but they are still safe depositories for memories. My chest has drawers, three of them. It is made of cedar wood from the state of Washington, and not only holds memories; it is itself a memory.

The top drawer holds enough for a one-man show, each article tissue-wrapped and labeled. One cannot imagine the return of handmade wool baby shirts. A fancy baby bonnet, made from a sixth-grade piano recital dress, that had in its turn been made from my mother's cream-colored challis wedding dress, brings my mother back to me. With our air-conditioning, what use now for the large white ostrich fan even though it could still grace an evening costume? The contents of the cedar chest are not only memories; they are antiques.

Antique gathering is a serious subject to myriads of people. Have you ever wondered how this interest in old things first got started? There are some interesting facts about the beginnings of antique hunting. There was a time in America when there was no such thing as an antique; the country was too new. It took time for things to grow old. But Europe held the answer for us. The sons of rich 18th Century Englishmen finished their education by making the Grand Tour of Europe, especially Italy, where they bought Grecian and Roman art. They took pictures and statuary by the coach load and hurried back to England to decorate their stately homes.

Americans who had made their first million were doing the same thing 150 years later. But by this time many English estates were being sold, and cherished pieces of art and furniture went with the sale. Neither the Curiosity Shops, described by Dickens, nor the few secondhand furniture dealers had thought of labeling their old pieces "antiques". When these English purchases came to America in large numbers, the antique dealer came on the scene.

William Hearst had a fabulous collection, much of it stored in warehouses in New York. He had furnished four estates. Antiques must have been more interesting to him than the stock market, for he would read a catalog of sale and wire his agent to buy the entire offering. Entire steamships would be chartered to bring these antiques to New York. Part of the Hearst collection was auctioned off at Gimbel's in 1941. The entire fifth floor of the store was used.

(Continued on page 20)





## A Twelfth Night Burning-of-the-Greens Party

by Mabel Nair Brown

In many homes the gaily decorated Christmas tree and the greens used in decorating the home are traditionally taken down on Twelfth Night, January 6.

Some churches hold a "Burning of the Greens Ceremony" on that date, with the big bonfire symbolizing the light from the Star which the wise men followed. Around the fire there is the final singing of the beloved carols for the year. In recent years many cities have sponsored such a ceremony.

This year wouldn't you like to start a new tradition of a party on Epiphany, or Twelfth Night, in your home?

The word Epiphany means the coming of the wise men to the Christ Child, or the manifestation of Christ to the world. What better way to express His spirit among us than in happy fellowship with family and friends, setting aside a few moments for quiet meditation while the burning greens cast their dancing shadows? If you cannot arrange for an outdoor bonfire, you can still carry out the symbolic rite by burning a few branches in the fireplace, or even in a hooded grill set up on the patio or terrace.

Invite several families among your friends to come in time for dessert and spend the evening. The time might be set at seven o'clock.

Make this a real family-sponsored party and let the children help in the planning, in greeting the guests, serving refreshments, and directing the games.

You will want to leave your pretty holiday decorations up for the party, of course, but you will need to dismantle the tree and have the branches ready for burning.

Arrange a pretty buffet table with a wassail (punch) bowl and dessert. The dessert might be some of your holiday fruitcake and cookies or fruit- or nut-bread with an assortment of cheese.

When serving the bread, pick up an old European tradition and bake a bean or a dried pea into the loaf. Whoever finds the bean might receive a prize or wear a gold paper crown for the evening. Fortune favors might be baked into the bread, or a penny, or other miniature favors.

Serve one of the hot spicy beverages or cider in the wassail bowl.

After everyone is finished with dessert, some games will be in order before the greens ceremony.

**Birthday Bingo:** Have ready sheets of paper, prepared with squares marked off on each sheet — nine, twelve, or fifteen squares, depending on the number of guests who will be playing. Provide each guest with one of the sheets and a pencil, with instructions to get the autograph and birthday date of a different person in each square on his paper. (If some of your guests are too small to write, you might have them shake hands with everyone present and wish them Happy New Year.) The leader will have the guests' names written on slips of paper and placed in a paper bag. When time is called, the guests seat themselves and the leader begins drawing names out of the bag. As he reads a name, the players make a check beside each corresponding name on their sheets until someone bingos by having a line of checks in a row, as in regular bingo. That person is awarded a prize if he remembers to call out "Happy New Year" instead of "Bingo"!

**Confetti Picture Futures:** In this game each guest will be making a picture on a memo card. (Pieces of paper cut to uniform size might be used.) Beforehand write a title for a picture on each card, each title different. Use titles such as "Boy in Springtime", "Picnic in the Park", "June", "Old Swimmin' Hole", "First Day of School", "Harvest". When ready to begin, the leader places a dab of paste and a handful of confetti on each card. Allow the guests ten minutes to form their pictures. Have these displayed and numbered and let the guests vote for first, second, and third place winners.

**Peanut Toss:** For this game you will need an even number of players on each team. The teams line up opposite each other. Those on one team are given paper bags, while those on the other are given pans or boxes filled with peanuts — about a pint of peanuts for each pan. Be sure that a pan holder lines up directly across from a bag holder — if possible about ten feet apart. Someone plays some lively music on the piano or a record player. While the music lasts, each pan holder tosses as many peanuts as possible, one at a time, into the bag held by his partner opposite. The partner can move the bag around to aid in catching the peanuts but may not catch them in his hands. Whenever the music stops suddenly, no peanuts can be thrown, even

though the hand be in midair ready for the throw. If a nut is thrown after the music stops, a point must be deducted. When the music starts, the contest is on again. After most of the peanuts have been thrown, the game may be stopped and a referee counts the peanuts in each bag, deducts any points lost, and declares the winning partners.

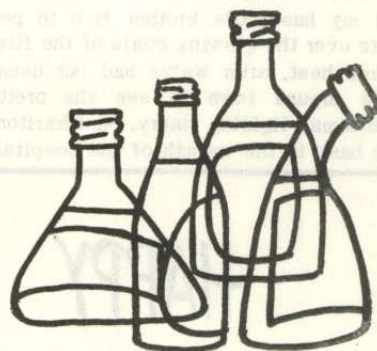
### BURNING OF THE GREENS

Father might begin by reading the story of the wise men as found in Matthew 2; then one of the older children tells something of the meaning of Epiphany and some of the legends and customs that have grown up about the day, down through the centuries.

Next comes the ceremonial burning of the greens. Each person may be given a small branch of the tree so that each in turn may make a wish for the new year and then toss the greens into the fire.

In conclusion, while the fire is burning, have a last singing of the carols. There is a Twelfth Night carol you might like to use which begins "Here we come a-wassailing".

\*\*\*\*\*



### Are you a four-dressing family?

Dad insists on vinegar and oil, Mom likes Roquefort, Junior dotes on Thousand Island, and Missy won't touch anything but French? There's one sure way to bring them together: **Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Salad Dressing.**

It's a completely new taste: not too sweet, not too tart, not too tomato-y. Just right for everyone, young or old. You'll be amazed at how the whole family will go for salads drenched in its spicy goodness. (Great as a marinade, too!)

**Kitchen-Klatter  
Country Style Dressing**





## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

Remember that opening sentence in *Little Women*, when Jo was grumbling because Marmee thought it best not to buy any presents that year? "Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents," were Jo's words.

Let me change that sentence to express my holiday feelings to read, "Christmas wouldn't be Christmas if we didn't travel to see our dear relatives." We journey to Humboldt, Iowa, where my mother and family live; then to Des Moines, to see my husband's mother and family; and to Chariton to see more happy Swanson relatives.

Mother has the knack for decorating her home with the old-fashioned, homey look, and that big farmhouse holds many precious memories for me. Yes, there was the usual lutefisk dinner! At Des Moines, it has become tradition for my husband's brother Bob to pop corn over the glowing coals of the fireplace heat, after we've had our usual ride around town to see the pretty Christmas lighting finery. At Chariton, we bask in the warmth of the hospital-



Visiting in the living room at the Stroms' after a family dinner are Mrs. Howard Driftmier, Uncle Paul Otte and Uncle Albert Rope.

ity of our Swanson aunts and uncle. Aunt Dorothy's scalloped oysters and Aunt Erma's cherry pie are special treats. So now we begin a new year. May it be a good one for you and yours.

Anything and everything about New England fascinates me, so I was delighted to find *Life in an Old New England Country Village* (Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$10) by Catherine Fennelly at our branch library. New England draws forth much emotion, perhaps for what it was than for what it is. New England of the early nineteenth century was a place blessed with broad rivers, abundant forest and farmland, thriving villages, and energetic people.

Catherine Fennelly has used the buildings and collections of Old Stur-

bridge Village as a base and has created a detailed portrait of daily life in old New England. Her journey into the past is full of the human details so often left out of our schoolbooks. Readers will experience firsthand the daily drudgery of the farm housewife, from her early rising to replenish the fire, to her never-ending "kitchen and buttery" tasks, to the making of her own soap and sausages. They will "sit in" on a Meetinghouse sermon in the days of the Great Awakening, join scholars in the one-room school, and visit a representative New England residence.

The creation and growth of Old Sturbridge Village is a dramatic tribute to the appeal of pre-industrial New England. Turning off a high-speed highway, within a few moments one can be amid the sights and sounds of the rural countryside.

Both for the lover of New England and the visitor to Old Sturbridge Village, this book is a rare opportunity to learn more of early America. Catherine Fennelly, the author, has worked at Old Sturbridge for seventeen years and is an authority on New England history.

In 1964 the Religious Heritage of America chose Dale Evans for their Churchwoman of the Year Award. After reading her book *The Woman at the Well* (Fleming Revell Co., Old Tappan, New Jersey \$4.95), it is easy to see why. Her account is one of a modern woman at the well — the testimony of an extraordinary woman of faith who drank deeply of the water given by Christ.

A sincere book, simply written, *The Woman at the Well* sparkles with the personality of Dale Evans, wife of Roy Rogers. She tells of her early life and then, after her marriage to Roy, their compassion for children — crippled or well — from every creed and nationality — which led them to adoption. She shares tragedies turned into victories.

Her first book *Angel Unaware* was an immediate success. Seven other inspirational books have followed. Dale Evans is a supporter of many benevolent groups, including Exceptional Children's Foundation, National Association for Retarded Children, and World Vision, Inc. Her life and her books attest to her strong faith and trust in God.

### WORDS

There are words that cause the heart  
To sing.  
Words that cause the heart  
To sting.  
Words that hinder from  
Carrying on  
When the battle is not  
Yet won.  
Words that singe and sear,  
Words that comfort and cheer.  
Above all the words a  
Human needs —  
Are words that are formed into  
Good deeds.

—Sara Lee Skydell

# HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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

A special welcome to our new readers. Perhaps the magazine was sent to you as a gift in 1970. Do you have a friend to add in 1971?

\$2.00 per year — 12 issues  
\$2.50, foreign subscriptions

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





## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

The moment has arrived when the All-America Selection winners can be announced for 1971. They include two zinnias, one dianthus, a hibiscus, a new snapdragon and a new dwarf double hollyhock for the flower enthusiasts. The only vegetable to win an award is a new F1 hybrid sweet corn called Early Xtra Sweet. It won the AAS Bronze Medal. It is two weeks earlier than Illini Xtra Sweet and it is truly sweet. The new corn has ears that are 7 to 9 inches long and 1½ to 2 inches in diameter. It has 12 to 16 rows of kernels per cob and the stalks grow 5 to 6 feet in height. Its sweet flavor is the outstanding feature. It is claimed that once you try it, you will not grow any other sweet corn. You should plant this corn away from other corn which has tassels that may mature at the same time.

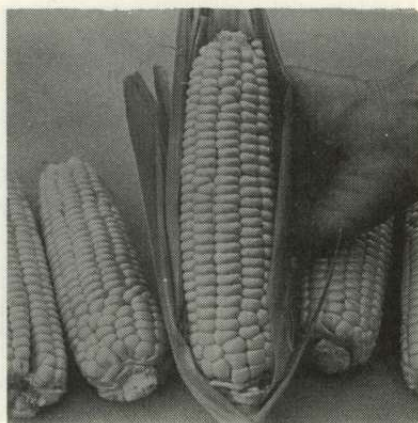
Zinnias "Peter Pan Plum" and "Peter Pan Pink" broke all previous All-America Selections records. Both scored higher than any entry in almost 40 years of judging thousands of flowers and vegetables. And both received Gold Medal awards. Giving such honor to two flowers in one year is quite unusual as the last time this was done was back in 1935. The last zinnia to receive a Gold Medal was "Thumbelina" in 1963.

The two new Peter Pans are markedly superior in that they combine large flower size with dwarf plant habit. They are the best zinnias to date for bedding plant handling. Both are easy to start from seed and will give homeowners a long season of bloom. The plants show a great deal of hybrid vigor and the individual flowers measure 3 to 4 inches across. Peter Pan Plum is a fine lavender rose or plum color and Peter Pan Pink is a coral pink — almost a two-tone with deeper salmon rose at the center, changing to lighter salmon pink at the outer edges.

Dianthus chinensis "Queen of Hearts" received a Silver Medal. It is the first F1 hybrid dianthus and provides a mass of brilliant scarlet red single flowers all season long. It is a hardy annual in the north but may winter over in warmer areas.

Hibiscus moscheutos "Southern Belle" is a Silver Medal winner also. It produces immense blooms in crimson, red, rose, pink, and white, and white with a red eye. Perennial in habit, the plants die down after a hard freeze but will come up and bloom again for many years.

Snapdragon "Little Darling" won a Bronze Medal award. It is similar to Bright Butterflies, a previous winner.



Double Sweet Hybrid Sweet Corn  
'Early Xtra Sweet' — 1971 All-America Selection.

Hollyhocks "Silver Puffs" is a true dwarf hollyhock, growing only 2 feet tall. The delicate silvery flowers are a soft orchid pink. Our plants bloomed last year from seed started indoors in early March.

### THAT GENEROUS YEAR

Earth, that year, began to give us what we needed most to live well and happily. It was, for some, Spring on time, showers come in right proportion to sun, and bloom never thwarted by frost. Perfume filled the air; flowers sprang up wild with color; more birds sang with greater gusto sweeter songs. Good will righted several wrongs that year quickly, as though they had to give way when so much was glad. Peace was plentiful as grass; love was something none could pass. Thought ran beautiful and free and truth was something all could see, it seemed (or so it seemed to me, who was — that year — possessed of such an eagerness to give so much).

—Helen Harrington

### IMPROVING THE FLAVOR

I baked a cake and liked the taste  
When I consumed a slice,  
But when I shared some with a friend  
It tasted twice as nice.

—Flo Montgomery Tidgwell



Power to clean — deep clean — without scrubbing, without leftover foam. That's what you can expect from **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**.

Power to go into solution the instant it touches water (even hard water). Power to lift dirt, even greasy dirt, out and wash it away. No rinsing needed.

And, because it's biodegradable, **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** does not dump suds or foam into streams, septic tanks or sewage systems.

Put this power to work for you right away. You'll find it at your grocer's.

**Kitchen-Klatter  
Kleaner**



JUMBO  
50c PACKET  
ONLY **5¢**

## GIANT CHAMPION RADISH

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

**Earl May Seed & Nursery Co.**  
1131 Elm St., Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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

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



**FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded**  
the city.

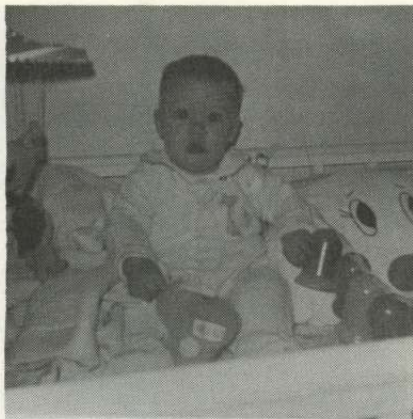
God has done so much to make life good, and one of the kindest things God ever has done for His human children is to make it impossible for us to see into the future. Life would be incredibly painful for us if we knew that the future held the accidents to come, the sorrows to be faced, the pain to be endured, the risks to be taken. When you say your prayers tonight, remember to thank God for keeping the future a surprise.

Speaking of prayers, I have bought several hundred beautiful little wallet-sized prayer cards to enclose with



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

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.



No matter how hard Juliana tries, Katharine just will not smile for the camera. She is too interested in what is going on!

some of my letters to church members. On the card in attractive script is that reverent prayer by Saint Francis which I am sure you have heard and read many times. Whatever your religious faith, take this prayer to heart and make it your prayer for 1971:

"Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.

Where there is hatred . . . let me sow love.

Where there is injury . . . pardon.

Where there is doubt . . . faith.

Where there is despair . . . hope.

Where there is darkness . . . light.

Where there is sadness . . . joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek

To be consoled . . . as to console,

To be understood . . . as to understand,

To be loved . . . as to love,

For,

It is in giving . . . that we receive,

It is in pardoning, that we are pardoned,

It is in dying . . . that we are born to eternal life. Amen."

Sincerely,

Frederick

**MEMORIES — Concluded**

After the first Chicago World's Fair the large department stores in New York put in antique sections. By now women had become interested in the business, and many a successful shop was run by a woman who had got her start at Wanamakers. But buying in these shops or elsewhere was a luxury enjoyed, for the most part, by the wealthy until the idea took hold that antique hunting could be fun. Then it turned into a almost national pastime. And what fun it can be!

To come back to cedar chests, yours and mine. They may not hold things that qualify as legal antiques, but what matter? They are not for sale. They are memories, and memories are for keeping.

**DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded**

but it wasn't harvest time. Frank's sister Ruth is visiting Edna and Raymond now and she wrote that she got to see them pick the pecans and it was interesting.

We drove through Lincoln, the town where Billy the Kid became famous for his many daring and deadly exploits. The old Lincoln County Courthouse still stands and is now a state monument. Once a year the town people reenact Billy the Kid's last escape from the jail as tourist entertainment, but the town was quiet when we went through.

We had lunch in Capitan, well known because of Smokey the Bear. The town of Ruidosa is a beautiful resort town high in the mountains, and is a lively place during the summer months, especially because of the Ruidosa Downs race track. This is a unique track because it is located 6500 feet high in the Sacramento Mountains, right on the edge of the Mescalero Apache Indian Reservation.

We drove back to Roswell through the beautiful Ruidosa Valley where the important business is growing apples. I have never seen so many apple trees and every one was simply loaded with beautiful big apples. There were all kinds of fruit and vegetable stands along the road and we stopped at one so Raymond could get half a bushel of apples.

I have already run out of space and didn't begin to tell all the things I wanted to, but there is always another magazine next month. I did want to mention that Bernie was able to get her cast off and come to our house for Thanksgiving dinner, so we were especially grateful for that.

We are hoping Kristin and the boys will be able to spend a few days with us during Christmas vacation, even though Art will be unable to get away. This is still indefinite and will depend a lot on the weather, so we probably won't know for sure until the last minute.

From our house to your house Frank and I hope you have a prosperous and happy New Year. May 1971 be a good year for everyone.

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*

May you ever have enough — health . . . understanding . . . humility . . . success . . . work . . . love . . . tears . . . justice . . . laughter . . . desire . . . fulfillment . . . respect . . . liberty . . . responsibility . . . long life with meaning . . . and with them will you find a very merry and a happy 1971.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!



## JANUARY DEVOTIONS — Concluded

Another way to keep a merry heart is to use the old formula, "Take one day at a time".

"A lifetime consists of years, months, weeks, and days, but the basic unit is a single day," I heard a wise man say. "We need only perform successfully, each act of a single day to have that day successful. Repeat this each day for a week and you have a successful week. Thus such weeks become successful months and years."

We shouldn't run around in circles trying to do an impossible number of things. It isn't the number of things we do that counts — but *how* we do them. How much better for us to concentrate on one or two projects, performed in fellowship, than to attempt a dozen projects in discord, bickering, and begrudging of the time spent.

The grass is so much greener —  
where you ain't.

The world is so much cleaner —  
where you ain't.

The air's so much serener, the people  
there  
are keener

And you fancy their demeanor —  
where you ain't.

Brace up and make it better  
where you are!

There's no room for a fretter  
where you are!

Throw off the blues that fetter,  
make each day a red-letter,

There's room for a go-getter —  
where you are! —Selected

Let us each resolve this day to put  
the cheery heart in action right here  
and now — where we are!

## Leader:

It matters not where you begin;  
Take one plump gal, another thin;  
A tall one and a short one, too;  
Then give each one some work to do.  
Place on each face a pleasant smile.  
And add to this all things worthwhile.  
Sift carefully each spoken word;  
Let not an unkind thing be heard.  
Don't spare the sugar and the spice;  
The finished product must be nice.  
Spread more than just an ounce of fun,  
And when your recipe is done  
Give thanks that you have found a way  
To live and love, to give and share,  
While serving others this fine fare.

—Iowa Clubwoman

**Closing:** Dear Lord, give us each a  
mind unafraid to travel, even though  
the trail be not blazed, an understand-  
ing heart, a sense of humor, and work  
to do without which the world would be  
the poorer; and, O Lord, keep us ever  
with a "merry heart and a cheerful  
countenance". Amen.

No matter what you do, resolve to do  
better tomorrow than you did yester-  
day.



A hobby show at Frederick's church  
is enjoyed by young and old alike.

## PERSPECTIVE

The days I walk with eyes downcast  
My path is bleak and gray . . .

If I shun smiles  
Or helping hands

My thoughts are debts to pay.

But days I hold my head up high  
The path gleams bright as gold . . .

If I trade smiles  
And helping hands,  
I find I'm rich ten-fold!

—Faye Tanner Cool

## A GLAD NEW YEAR

The new year brings its burdens  
And rugged hills to climb,  
But from it's treasury there spills  
The priceless gift of time.

And from the measured portions,  
The day and weeks and years,  
You weave your tapestry of life  
In smiles and toil and tears.

Then make the colors splendid,  
The texture firm and true,  
For precious sweet the recompense  
That God has planned for you.

## IN 1971 I WISH FOR YOU —

Work for your hands,  
A straight path for your feet,  
Sunshine on your windowpane in the  
morning,  
A song in your treetop at sunset,  
Soft rains for your garden,  
A coin in your purse,  
The hand of a friend on your latch-  
string,  
Love at your hearthstone,  
God in your heart. —Author Unknown

## TO WINTER

You come with drifting snows and  
leaden skies  
To clothe in regal robes each  
thing in sight,  
To hide earth's naked scars from  
searching eyes  
Within your snowy breast of un-  
stained white.  
You change the barren trees with but a  
touch,  
And add your fluffed meringue to  
every bough,  
Then seize the frisky wind with icy  
clutch  
To fluff the pillow drifts of pow-  
dered snow.

On silent heels you wander through the  
night,  
To listen to the whispered wind's  
refrain,  
And then with brushes silver-tipped  
you write  
Your glittering story on each win-  
dowpane.

You gently kiss each thing with snow-  
jeweled lips,  
And change the world with magic  
fingertips.

—Mary Margaret Trapp

## Henry Field's SEED & NURSERY CATALOG

NEW! BIG! COLORFUL!

Now 128 Pages! Loaded with Bargains and Ideas!

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

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

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

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

**FREE!**

TEAR OUT AND MAIL NOW!

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

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

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

P.O. \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ (ZIP) \_\_\_\_\_

"For Over 75 Years!"



# STOP

Don't  
throw  
away  
those



## Christmas Cards

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

### PACK-O-FUN

PACK-O-FUN is the only Scrapcraft magazine. Each of its ten exciting issues a year is crammed with nearly a hundred fantastic ideas for turning throwaway like Christmas cards into baskets, favors and decorations... for converting odds and ends like plastic bottles, spools, newspapers, milk cartons, etc., into Gifts, Toys, Games, Bazaar Items, Knickknacks, Place Cards, Household Items... plus Skits and Stunts.

PACK-O-FUN magazine is edited especially for Hobby-Crafters, Teachers, Den Mothers, Group Leaders, Church Workers, Therapists and Entire Families. SUBSCRIBE NOW!

### FREE \$1.00 BONUS BOOK

With your subscription to PACK-O-FUN.



"Gifts to Make from Odds 'n' Ends" is packed with quick, easy gifts for fun and profit. Over 100 money-making, money-saving ideas: jewelry, planters, decorations, dolls, banks, novelties. Wonderful for bazaar workers and homemakers.

### SEND NO MONEY

Just mail coupon. We'll start your subscription and send your free \$1 book. After looking over the first issue, if you decide not to continue, tell us and you owe nothing. Free book remains yours to keep.

PACK-O-FUN, Dept. 2111, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

Rush my free \$1 book and start Pack-O-Fun coming to me for:

- ☐ 1-Year, only \$5 (10 Issues) ☐ 3-Years, only \$10 (3-yrs. for the price of 2)
- ☐ I enclose payment. (We'll add one extra issue. Money-back guarantee, of course!) ☐ Bill me later.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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



Oliver and the tour co-ordinator visiting for a few minutes in front of the Alamo before the sight-seeing trip around San Antonio.

### MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

snow in the air and we began to get nervous about going over Ratón Pass. Normally the pass is nothing to worry about, but when we reached it the light snow had become a blizzard! The pass was open, but traffic was moving about 10 miles an hour. Some trucks had jackknifed, many cars had slid over to the side of the road unable to go on, but our snow tires saw us through without difficulty. On the other side of the pass the oncoming traffic was stacked for a couple of miles. We drove out of the worst part a little north of Trinidad, but around Colorado Springs it got bad again. We couldn't see the mountains at all and again traffic was stalled in spots - cars in ditches, in the median, and patrolmen plentiful, trying to assist where they could. We plodded along,

### ABIGAIL'S LETTER - Concluded

physical exercise. To me, counting each and every calorie is a bore. The grapefruit-egg diet had little appeal because the former doesn't agree with me and I'm not terribly fond of the latter.

Meat and cheese are real favorites, however, so I decided to stick with lean meat and the low carbohydrate vegetables. The county extension service provided a copy of the United States Department of Agriculture Home and Garden Bulletin Number 72 which was most valuable in calculating the composition of almost every basic food item.

In my experience exercise is as helpful as correct diet. By burning stored-up fat, it shortens the dieting period substantially. Equally valuable, it restores tone to the muscles so that skin is not loose and sagging - a real problem when you are no longer youthful.

Having included both topics of conversation in this letter, I'd better stop while there is still space to wish each of you a Happy New Year.

Sincerely,  
Abigail

taking our time, and made it into Denver around 5 o'clock. We had a delightful dinner with Wayne and Abigail and Clark and then went to see the musical "1776". It was cold and blowing in Denver, but it wasn't snowing.

We were fortunate to see two good football games while we were in Colorado. This was a special treat for Oliver as he is very fond of football.

Another special treat was seeing Emily, Wayne's and Abigail's eldest daughter. We hadn't seen Emily since long before she left for her year's study in Mexico City. She is finishing up her college work at the University of Colorado, and since Boulder is such a short distance from Denver, she borrowed her roommate's car and came home for a few hours on Sunday afternoon.

We drove back to Shenandoah on Monday, happy to be home again safe and sound. Catching up on work at the office plus making preparations for Christmas has kept us pretty busy since then.

Before I close, I want to thank the friends who sent smocking patterns and transfers. I bought material for two more dresses for little Katharine and can scarcely wait to get started on them. There is little spare time these days, but I'll hope for more after the holidays to do some sewing.

Now I must close and tackle a little cleaning.

Happy New Year!

Margery

### LITTLE THINGS

What beauty God has given me to see;  
The ice-clad branches of a drooping tree.

The smoke, spiral blue, into the morning air;  
The rabbit's footprints from its frosty lair.

Flashes of brilliant red reveal,  
The cardinal searching for its evening meal -

Such little things give beauty that is free,

I know that God is sharing them with me.

-Irene Liles

### AFTER THEY HAVE GONE TO SLEEP

My children seem so innocent

In their beds at night -

Suzie with her elbow bent,  
Johnny's toe in sight...

I turn and leave them sleeping there,  
In the night light's glow.

Their prayers are said, and now my prayer,

Like tears, is warm and slow:

"O God, please lead them all the way;  
May their lives be long.

Renew their courage every day;  
And may their faith grow strong."

-Helen Sue Isely

### AN ANSWER - Concluded

house and phoned Lucile. She said, "Evelyn, you stay at home. I'll phone Margery and she can get down to my house without difficulty. The safest place for you is at home."

After having navigated that road through rain, wind, snow, flood and some ice, I was certainly thankful the one time I could not get through Margery was close at hand and could pinch hit for me!

It seemed almost providential that I was in the right place at the time Kitchen-Klatter needed someone. I am extremely grateful that the opportunity was offered to me and that it has developed into such an abiding and enjoyable relationship. It has led me into many new areas of endeavor and brought me an ever-widening circle of friends. My happiness (and wire letter basket) runneth over!

Friendships begin with deeds of friendship.

Your deeds...



## "LITTLE ADS"

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

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

**THE DRIFTMIE COMPANY**  
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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

**47 Money-Making Specialties.** Latest conveniences for home, car. Send no money. Just your name. KRISTEE 166, Akron, Ohio 44308.

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

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

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

**FREMONT FAMILIES FAVORITES.** cookbook compiled by Farm Bureau Women. \$2.85 postpaid. Mrs. Lloyd Lorimer, Route 2, Farragut, Iowa 51639.

**DOUBLE N COOKBOOKS.** Pretested recipes — Send \$1.00 to Double N Club, Bertrand, Nebraska.

**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.

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

**SINUS & NASAL ALLERGY SUFFERERS** — I used to have sinus headaches, nose would swell shut, bleed and I used to take a cold every time I turned around. I suffered over 30 years. Let me tell you what I did to help my condition — easily prepared, simple home ingredients. Send \$3.00 and self-addressed, stamped envelope to: R. O. Nifong, 215 Stanton Dr., Winston-Salem, N.C. 27106.

**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.

**OVER 100 tried and tested cookie recipes** — great for holidays. Only \$1.25. Soles Cookie Capers, Rt. 2, Windsor, Mo. 65360.

**FOR SALE:** Wool crocheted pony tail caps — \$5.00 each. Christmas breads — \$1.00. V. Burginger, Sanborn, Minnesota, Box 251, 56083.

**COOKBOOK:** American & Czech recipes from Czech Capitol of Kansas. \$1.50 postpaid. Lavange Shiroky, Wilson, Kansas 67490.

**WANTED** — Kitchen-Klatters, 1940 to 1949. Entire years or scattered issues. Write: Martha Bragg, LaPlata, Mo. 63549.

**ALL PERSONALIZED** with your name and address! Stationery — 100 sheets, 50 envelopes, white vellum 5½ x 7", blue ink, \$1.50; 100 correspondence postcards — \$1.25; 1000 name, address, zip code labels — \$1.00. The Gift Fair, Box 1125-K, Oak Park, Illinois 60304.

**RUGWEAVING:** Unprepared materials — \$2.25 yd. Balls — \$1.40. SALE: 50" rugs — \$3.25. Rowena Winters, Peru, Iowa 50222

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

**SEND FOR MAGNETIC REFRIGERATOR PATTERNS.** Skunks, fisher boy & girl, fox, bantle rooster & hen, Peanuts gang, cookie jar, clown — \$1.25. Ask for set 16-KK. Mrs. Edwin Schroeder, Garner, Iowa 50438.

**HANDMADE JEWELRY** becomes heirloom. I'll create your design in sterling. With or without polished semi-precious stones. Western-Antique-Modern. Club emblems. Inquiries welcome. **HANDWROUGHT BY MERLE**, Route 3, Fremont, Nebr. 68025.

**RECIPES:** Fifty 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 62-K, Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613.

**SHELLED ENGLISH WALNUTS.** Black Walnuts, Pecans, Almonds, Cashews, Brazil \$1.75Lb. Sassafras, Dried Mushrooms \$4.50Lb. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 60624.

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

**FOR SALE:** Old copies of Kitchen-Klatter, Guides, Signal and Homemaker. Mrs. Herman Soderberg, Burt, Iowa 50522.

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

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

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

### LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

ana the last time I was out there that she should be exceedingly grateful for today's antibiotics that clear up such infections swiftly — mastoid operations are almost unheard of in these times and I can remember when they were a commonplace. She said during this conversation that she couldn't imagine how we used to stand the nerve strain of worrying about polio, and I told her there wasn't a mother alive who didn't dread to see hot weather come because of the terrible fear of that horrible disease. Whenever we get discouraged about conditions that exist today we can at least be humbly grateful that polio has been wiped out.

We haven't yet made final plans for Christmas dinner but I'd like to have the family here at my house if the weather is good and Mother can get out. I ordered a goose last week and would like to fix it a very different way — a recipe that's intrigued me for at least fifteen years! However, just to be on the safe side I'll roast a turkey too because there's a limit as to how much you want to tamper with a traditional holiday dinner.

1971 lies ahead of us. May it be filled with God's blessings for you and your loved ones.

Faithfully always . . .

*Paul*

There are more than three thousand different languages spoken on earth today.

But the one universal tongue spoken by all is a smile.

## QUILTING PATTERNS, Quilts & Quilting Frames

Charming Quilting patterns that win admiration wherever seen. So unusual. So different. Leave no permanent marks. Send 50¢ in coin, we will send sample Quilting Pattern, also newest Catalog of patterns and quilter's supplies.

### NEEDLEART GUILD

2729 Oakwood, N.E., Grand Rapids, Mich. 49505



## 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 ZIPERS in assorted lengths and colors, only \$1.00 Money-back guarantee. Order NOW!** LACE, Dept. nl-155, Box 662, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE  
100  
BUTTONS

## 1000 GOLD STRIPE LABELS 35¢



SERVICE! Money-back guarantee. Order NOW! TWO BROS. INC., Dept. b961, Box 662, St. Louis, Mo. 63101

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

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 \_\_\_\_\_



## GET THE POINT

by Agnes W. Thomas

"See a pin and let it lie,  
You'll need that pin before you  
die."

This was one of the many little rhymes my mother used to quote in her efforts to make me a thrifty person. But my father had other ideas on the subject of pins:

"Needles and pin, needles and  
pin;

When a man marries, his trouble  
begins!"

I don't know the origin of these little ditties, but have thought of them often since becoming a wife and mother. Modern children seem to have little use for pins; they use zippers or buttons for their clothing, and paper clips or staplers for their papers. Our ancestors had a much deeper regard for these little shiny spikes.

Pins, in some form, have been used since earliest times. Strict necessity, the proverbial mother of invention, brought the pin, with its many interesting developments, into the field of dress. The most primitive form of the pin goes back to the thorns and fish bones used to fasten skins together for clothing. It is said that Gypsies used thorns which they boiled in oil to make them stronger. Early American Indians used spines of honey locust for their fasteners. As soon as cloth appeared, pins were used as ornaments to decorate clothing. During the Bronze Age the crude pins fashioned by hand were an imitation of the earlier bone and thorn pins.

In Egypt, Sparta, and Cypress, stiletto pins six to eight inches in length have been found. These were used both in clothing and for holding curls in place. Roman pins had big heads, usually decorated with a miniature of some divinity, a bust, or an animal. The ruins of Pompeii have yielded many Roman pins with unusually beautiful heads.

Although the exact date of the invention of the common pin is uncertain, we do know that pins were used in France and England during the fourteenth century. A record of 1347 tells of the delivery of twelve thousand pins for the wardrobe of a French princess. From such a report we realize that a large number of pins were required for women's clothing, and it is not surprising that at times a great scarcity of pins prevailed. The prices mounted so much that the people were taxed to provide the queen with money to buy pins. When pins became so scarce and

expensive, merchants sold them in "open shop" only on the first and second day of January of each year. They were so costly that husbands gave their wives special allowances with which to buy this luxury item. As they do today when there is a sale, women flocked to the stores to make their purchases. The term "pin money" is said to have originated with the practice of saving money for this particular purchase. In that day a gift of two or three pins made a woman very happy.

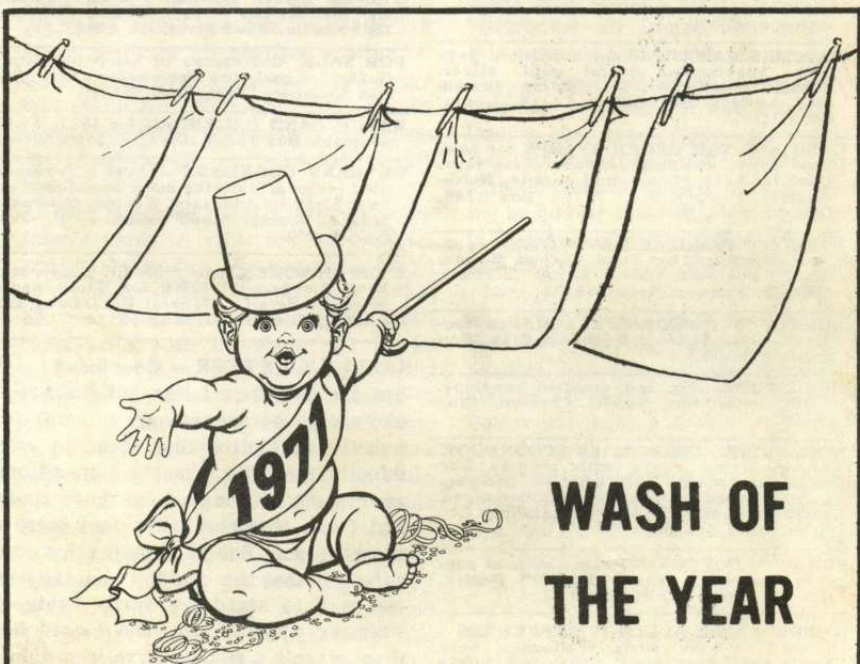
Although the zipper has replaced the pin for fastening clothes, millions of brass and steel pins are still made daily in America. Although few women use pins in their hats today, a good strong hat pin is a pretty effective weapon for women to carry in their purses.

Police use pins with colored heads to indicate on their maps where traffic accidents occur. Some churches stick pins on their population maps to show where its members live. Pins are commonly used on maps and bulletin boards in schools.

In addition to the plain straight pin, there are fancy kinds of pins like fraternity pins, class pins, and old-fashioned stick pins. Needles and safety pins are closely related to straight pins, but they have a history of their own.

So, have a little respect for these useful objects, and remember that some of these rhymes may still have a bit of truth in them:

"See a pin and pick it up,  
All that day you'll have good  
luck."



## WASH OF THE YEAR

1971 will go down as the year thousands of homemakers discover a great new way to wash. A laundry "system" if you please: **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops and Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach.**

This team of two hard-working laundry products will assure you of the cleanest, brightest, best-smelling wash you ever had . . . no matter what you've used in the past.

**Blue Drops** is a low-suds wonder worker that deep-cleans everything from dad's coveralls to the baby's diapers. And **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** is just that: a bleach that's actually safe to use on every washable fabric, whatever the color, even filmy synthetics.

Shouldn't you start the new year right, with the perfect laundry system?



**KITCHEN-KLATTER**  
**BLUE DROPS &**  
**SAFETY BLEACH**

