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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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Happy New Year!

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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.



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This December day is so extremely dark and forbidding looking that in spite of my resolution not to worry about it, I find myself downright apprehensive whenever I glance outside.

Ordinarily such a day wouldn't fret me in the least, but very soon now Dorothy, Eula, Abe (our little Chihuahua) and I will be heading out to Albuquerque for the holidays. There are worse things than being stranded in a motel (for instance, getting caught on the highway in a long, long line of cars is really bad), but when you're all set to arrive someplace at a given time it's disheartening not to be able to make it. Well, no matter what happens you'll have a full report in my next letter.

Most of the time our living room is quite orderly for the best reason in the world: only Eula and I use it, and since we both feel fretful if things are strewn around we make a real effort to avoid confusion of any kind. However, these days it's a different story because we're stacking up on a davenport the stuff that we hope to be able to get into the car when we start out for New Mexico.

One of the things that probably cannot be managed at the last minute is a box that contains quite a conglomeration of dishes. The explanation for this is the fact that when Marge and Oliver returned from their late fall trip to visit Juliana and Jed they brought with them a big, heavy box that was supposed to contain the crystal I'd had in my Albuquerque house.

When that box got back here and we opened it I found that it held just a few pieces of crystal right on top, and the rest of the space was occupied by various dishes that I had not intended to have back here. In the terrible commotion of unloading my house, plus Juliana's house, there were so many boxes involved that nothing could be done except to stack them in the garage at

Juliana's and Jed's new home. Not until Marge and Oliver got ready to leave was there a chance to get into the whole thing, and since this one particular box had the top layer of crystal it was simply assumed that the entire box held crystal.

So . . . now the dishes that belong with the rest of the service must be carted back to Albuquerque somehow, and I have the strong feeling that we can never, never find room for that particular carton. Probably in 1972 I'll have to wrap all of it very carefully and send it out by truck. And hope that from here on out those dishes stay in New Mexico!

Speaking of china reminds me to tell you that one of our Kitchen-Klatter friends sent me a very interesting clipping not long ago about a store in Princeton, Illinois, that specializes in discontinued patterns of china, crystal and silver.

Those of you who have tried to find discontinued patterns will probably be happy to hear about this place, so I'll go ahead and tell you that the owner is J. Allen Murphy, and the name of the store is Hoffman Jewelry and Patterns of the Past, Princeton, Illinois.

The clipping states: "Around 1950 all the china and crystal makers changed patterns and I was stuck with discontinued stock. People began to inquire about it and buy it.

"Then I started buying this type of stock from other jewelers or from estates that were being sold. It was rather an accident but I've been buying this ever since."

Who knows? Perhaps you'll be able to track down what you've been searching for in Princeton, Illinois.

And one more thing about dishes . . . I was aware of them at a very early age for I was only four years old when I loved to have oatmeal out of a certain bowl at Aunt Anna Driftmier's house in Clarinda. I thought that bowl was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen and I always asked for it when I visited her.

Many years later I asked her if she

remembered those wonderful dishes and she said that she certainly did. "You made such a fuss over them that I surely couldn't forget them," she said.

"Where did you get them?" I asked.

And with that she really began to laugh and explained that they had come as a premium with a certain brand of oatmeal! This goes back to about 1913 or 1914, so it must have been one of the very first premiums offered in such a way.

Juliana's letters bring the news that every day James draws a line on the calendar to see how many days are left before we arrive. I think that his greatest anticipation is to see Abe once again. Abe writes to him all of the time, you know, and those cards and letters are put up on the bulletin board in his (James') room.

In the card that went out yesterday Abe told James that if he had a chance to talk to Santa Claus he wanted him to know that a new ball, a new squeaky shoe and a small sack of candy would be wonderful to find in his sock on Christmas morning. It would be my guess that Abe's simple wishes will be fulfilled!

Three is such a marvelous age for Christmas! Probably in one more year James will have some unexpressed doubts in his mind, but this year he can look forward to the entire thing without a shadow of disenchantment. Santa Claus is arriving and he is bringing new toys for a little boy who has tried hard to be a very, very good little boy.

My! I wouldn't miss this Christmas for anything! I hope the weather is good so he can get outside and enjoy his main gift: a bright red wagon. Juliana says he'll be able to entertain himself for hours at a time hauling stuff around in it from one point to another in their big yard.

I surely hope that Juliana's oven is functioning by the time I get there so I can do some baking that I have in mind. That was the only catastrophe in all of the moving: oven conked out when they'd been in the new house less than a week. I don't know that moving the stove actually had anything to do with it, but it was a good stove that had had almost no use whatsoever since I spent very little time in Albuquerque, so I can't help but feel that something was jarred loose in the moving process.

Dorothy plans to be at the wheel on this forthcoming trip and it surely will be a mighty short trip to New Mexico for her since she plans to turn right around and fly back to have Christmas in her own home. When she comes back for us in early January it will be a longer stay, and at that time she will see Kristin and her family in Durango.

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MARGERY AND OLIVER VISIT RELATIVES ON TRIP WEST

Dear Friends:

A heavy mist hangs over southwest Iowa this morning. Every tree and shrub is covered with a coating of hoarfrost, creating all the appearances of a fairyland — a beautiful sight! I played "The Nutcracker" on the phonograph while eating breakfast — music that seemed appropriate on such a morning.

The minute I come home from the office I put some records on the stereo, and in recent weeks, of course, I've been playing our Christmas records. We try to add one or two albums each year, so our collection is growing.

You are reading this letter after the holidays, but as I write it we are in the midst of Christmas plans. Decorating at this house started shortly after Thanksgiving for Wayne and Abigail brought a gorgeous wreath for our front door. It is white with green balls and satin ribbon. Oliver selected a tree early before they were too "picked over", but we kept it on the back porch for a while. We don't decorate our tree as early as some do, but we leave it up until after New Year's.

I mentioned in my letter last month that Oliver and I were leaving for a trip to New Mexico and Colorado. Crews were busy putting up Christmas lights in some of the towns we passed through, although I assume that many communities don't turn them on until after Thanksgiving. We're glad Shenandoah is still able to observe one holiday at a time! Some towns don't and I think that is unfortunate.

Oliver and I had an easy drive to Albuquerque, although it might not have been if we had followed the route we planned when we left home. It was our intention to take Highway 54 when we got off the Kansas Turnpike at Wichita, but the weather report on the car radio changed all that. To avoid some severe ice storms we headed on south to Oklahoma City and went west on Route 66. This brought us into Albuquerque just a little later than we planned but not much. Juliana and Jed knew we would turn up before dark and we did.

We are the first members of the family to see Juliana's and Jed's new home. We think they were very fortunate to find a house so quickly that seems *just right* — lots of room, space for a garden, away from busy streets, and close to schools.

After "Did you have a good trip?", "Run into any bad weather?", etc., Juliana asked if I had brought my little sewing machine. Indeed I had, and squeezed in between trips around the area I did get drapes made for two rooms and gave Juliana a few basic instructions so she could tackle curtains



Margery and Oliver enjoyed a few days in Denver with Abigail and Wayne. The weather was still holding out beautifully so they were able to include a drive through Estes Park where this was snapped.

on her own. Although she has done a great deal of embroidery, she's never turned out anything on the sewing machine.

The trips around the area that I mentioned included a drive up to Golden to look at Indian jewelry at the trading post, a visit to the shops in Old Town, a day at the zoo and a picnic in the mountains.

After a week in Albuquerque, and with the weather in our favor, we decided we could do a bit of sight-seeing between there and Gallup. A letter from a listener about the Acoma Indian Reservation whet our curiosity to stop and see "the sky city", said to be the oldest continuously inhabited site in the country. It is just a short jaunt south of 66 on State 23. The pueblo is on a high mesa — hence the name "Sky City" — but a road, steep but good,

COVER PICTURE

The youngest member of our big family is Katharine Elizabeth Lowey, and this picture was snapped by her Great-Aunt Margery Strom out on the patio of the Lowey's new home in Albuquerque.

Those of you who remember our cover picture of Katharine when she was only 24 hours old will agree that in 18 months there most certainly are tremendous changes.

She is talking fluently now, still eats everything in sight and tries her best to keep up with James. And this is a losing proposition, of course.

Recently she had a chance to get reacquainted with her Grandmother Lowey, and very soon now she'll have a chance to get reacquainted with her Grandmother Verness, better known as Granny Wheels!

takes you to the summit. A lovely guide took us on a tour around the pueblo, showing us the church, the oldest homes, the rock cisterns which catch rain water, and the ovens where they fire their beautiful pottery. Since this pueblo was built on solid rock, every bit of dirt used in home construction, etc., was carried up by basket. They worked their farms below, returning each night to the pueblo for protection from their enemies.

At Grants we again left the highway to visit El Morro National Monument, commonly known as Inscription Rock. As Spanish soldiers, priests and other travelers passed this way enroute from Santa Fe to some of the Indian pueblos, they carved their names and messages in this huge soft sandstone formation. This was a logical place to camp because of an enormous waterhole beside the formation. Because of natural protection from wind and rain erosion, the inscriptions are in perfect condition. Oliver and I spent a couple of hours on the trail around the rock. You can check the alphabetical listing at the Visitors' Center to see if names of any of your ancestors appear on the formation.

We stayed on State 53 for it took us to Zuni where we visited that pueblo. They have built a new headquarters building since Lucile and I stopped several years ago. Oliver and I enjoyed looking at the jewelry there as well as in the shop of one of the leading silver-smiths.

We stayed overnight in Gallup and then drove to Durango, Colorado, where we stopped to visit my niece Kristin and her family. We had hoped to see my niece Alison and Mike, but they were in Denver at that time so we missed them.

As you've read in Dorothy's letters, Kristin and Art are very busy with their respective jobs. Kristin's work takes her to towns in the surrounding area and such a drive was scheduled for that afternoon. Andy was in school so we didn't get to see him until later in the afternoon, but she dropped Aaron off at the motel so he could be with us for the short time she was gone. He is extremely bright and although not yet three years old when we were there, he could direct us to some of the places of interest around the town. When we got to Fort Lewis College he could point out the building his mother's office was in. Later in the day the whole family joined us for dinner and a good visit.

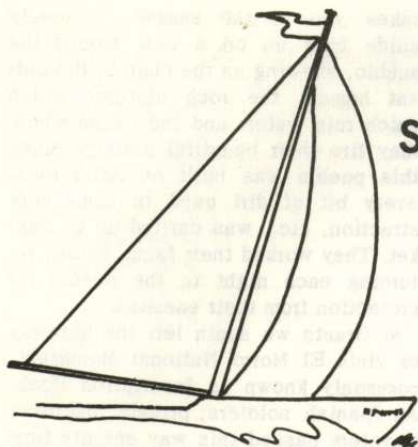
We would have stayed in Durango longer but for two reasons: Kristin had to leave at noon the next day for some state meetings in Denver, and our son Martin had flown to Denver to see his

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Dare to Set Your Sails and Move Out!

A NEW YEAR'S PROGRAM

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Setting: Drape a small table with a pretty cloth and place a miniature sailboat on it. If you cannot locate one of the decorative or collector's models, fashion a simple sailboat out of paper.

Theme or mood music immediately before the program begins might be recordings of old sea chanties, or sailing songs, such as "Sailing, Sailing" or "Blow the Man Down".

Leader: Today I open our New Year's program by offering you a dare:
Dare to be yourself!

Facing the wind, defy it
To drive you from your course!
Inch by inch, 'spite tattered sails,
Creep toward your haven —
Your truer self.
Run not before the winds
Of chance and ridicule
But, rather, sewing new sails
As old are burst to bits,
Dare die, if need be,
Out of sight of land —
Though land lies there ahead —
This land of your real self.
Spirit wafted —
If sighted not before —
Your earth-free soul shall find it
As the wind, the sky
And as stars the night.

Beginning a new year is like setting out on a journey in an old sailboat — it's bound to be an adventure and a challenge right from the start. Where you go, how you ride the waves, how you come through the storms — it's all up to you. It's YOUR BOAT.

As you prepare to begin your journey, probably your first job will be to clear the deck. I think (name) has something to say to us about that.

First Speaker: There is something exciting, and challenging in the thought of a brand-new year; in fact, about any new beginning, be it a new untied day, the first day of the month, or a new direction in life. What a priceless blessing is this being able to make new beginnings! And one of the first tasks of the new year, like the beginning of the trip in the boat, is to clear the deck for new beginnings. But let's

do a bit of thinking before we make that clean sweep.

Among the legendary Irish jokes is one about Pat, who was an employee of the Chicago Northwestern Railroad back in the days when workers and executives mingled freely as they went about their work. It seems that Pat was receiving more and more criticism of his work. The reproofs were piling up until finally came a month when Pat had had it, and said so. The climax came when he went to Mr. Weston's office and asked for a pass to visit his brother during his vacation.

"Mr. Weston," Pat said briskly, "I want you to give me a pass to Springfield to visit my brother."

"That's no way to ask a favor," Mr. Weston replied, as he frowned at the smiling redhead. "You might remove your hat and say 'Please'. Why don't you come back in a half an hour and see if you can't ask for the favor in a better manner?"

Pat left very quickly, but in half an hour was back to stick his head in Mr. Weston's door.

"Mr. Weston, sir," he called.

"Yes, Pat, come in. What can I do for you," Mr. Weston asked graciously.

"Not a bloomin' thing. You all kin go to blazes! I've got me a job an' a pass on the Wabash line," shouted Pat.

How often have you wanted to do as Pat did — just slam the door, say you're through, and walk out to begin anew? Little irritations on the job build up to big troubles. Disagreements and disharmony in the home make it all look hopeless. Everything goes wrong; nothing goes right. You are on a committee where everything is picked to pieces, and nothing is acceptable. But we cannot slam the door and walk out on life. You don't just say, "I'm through", and slam the door on your home, your job, the committee, and refuse to try any longer.

Instead, if we are to face up to life we must work to bring harmony out of the old situation. We must make new beginnings, trying to leave the handi-

caps behind. We cannot erase past errors, but we can try to sweep them aside so that we can grasp future opportunities. We can sweep away old grudges, attitudes, and prejudices so that we can see the other fellow's viewpoint more clearly. In fact, it might even come to look pretty good in the light of new understanding and tolerance! We can sweep away self-centeredness to let in the wisdom that comes from past defeats and failures.

As we enter the new year, we'll find we do not have a new job, a new home and family, new friends. We will have to learn to get along with the old ones — and what a wonderful experience that can be if we are willing to clear the deck and make new beginnings. God knocked on the door of my heart one day

And I looked for a place to hide;
My soul was cluttered and choked with debris

And things were untidy inside . . .
There were tasks neglected, long overdue;

Cobwebs to be brushed from the wall;

Rugs to be shaken and windows cleaned up —

I had not expected His call.
I stood with my hand on the latch of the door

And gazed at the mess in the room;
When I opened the door my soul blushed to see

God had left on my doorstep — a broom. (Author Unknown)

Leader:
Roll up your sleeves, man, and begin;
Disarm misfortune with a grin;
Let discontent not wag your chin —
Let gratitude.

Don't try to find things all askew;
Don't be afraid of what is new;
Nor banish as unsound, untrue,
A platitude.

If folks don't act as you should choose
Remember life is varied; use
Your common sense; don't get the blues;

Show latitude. (Selected)
I have asked (name) to tell us about setting our sails in the right direction.

Second Speaker: Every day we live presents opportunities for adventure — a little trip to another town, an unexpected letter, a beautiful view from our kitchen window, a fragrant flower, a visit with a friend, a chance to share with someone in need, a sick friend who needs cheer. The opportunities are there if we but set our sails and head in that direction.

Here at the beginning of the new year we come "smack dab" up against the time for decision — the time to say "Yes" or "No" as we set our sails. Will we go backward, move forward, or
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FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Would you think that a visit to a telephone office could be a "conversion experience"? It was for me! I was converted to a more patient, a more humble, and a more grateful user of the telephone. Sixty men in our church met at the church for a delicious dinner, and then we all drove down to the big seven-story headquarters building of the New England Telephone Company and had a guided tour through the building. What we saw there is beyond my powers of description, but let me say that I never in all my life have been so overawed by complicated, technical, electrical systems. The very next time I meet a telephone repair man I am going to shake his hand. How much they have to know!

It was thrilling to watch the telephone operators working on long distance calls. While I was standing beside one operator, I heard an incoming voice saying: "This is Hong Kong. Would you please connect me with your supervisor." I asked if the telephone company had Springfield operators who spoke different foreign languages, and I was told that it was not necessary. With the exception of a few calls coming in from Canada, all foreign calls are received in English. We were surprised to learn that when we dial "information" here in Springfield, most of our calls are answered by an operator at the information desk in a town sixty miles away. The information operators in our town are too busy taking all the information calls from fifty other towns in western Massachusetts. What a complicated business it is.

We are so accustomed to thinking of the first day of January as New Year's Day that we find it hard to believe it has not always been so. Mortal men made New Year's Day, and they have observed it on a variety of dates. Some of the most popular have been September 21, December 21, and March 25. The fact is that January 1 has been New Year's Day for only two or three centuries. In England it was not until the year 1752 that January 1 became the first day of the legal year. Ever since Roman times it was the popular beginning of a new year, but it was many centuries before governments got around to recognizing it officially as the beginning of a new year.

Of all the sounds of bells, I don't think there is any bell sound more moving than the peal which rings out the old year. I have never heard it without deep emotion. Actually, the tick of the clock that bridges one year



Frederick (left) recruits churchmen in collections for the fall rummage sale. This is one activity which involves every member, and what fun and fellowship they have.

and the next is physically no different from any other tick, but it is the most unusual person who does not feel it to be different. It always has been difficult for me to be happy and gay on New Year's Eve, and I think that that is because of the sadness I feel about the fact that time never can be relived. When it is gone it is gone, and nothing can turn back the clock.

There is one memory of a New Year's Eve of long ago that comes back to me each time I hear the bells ringing out the Old Year, and that is of my mother sitting in her wheelchair near the radio listening to Bing Crosby singing: "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas". It was New Year's Eve 1943 when she had three sons in the South Pacific with the Army. I had just returned from Egypt to be home for the holidays. Mother had been so brave through all the sad business of seeing her sons go off to war, but as she sat there by the radio on that New Year's Eve, the tears were there too.

Don't you think that God was wise in so designing our human experience that we can not see into the future? As I look back over the year 1971, how glad I am that in 1970 I did not know what 1971 would bring! It would have worried me to death to know in advance what was about to happen. Surely it is much better that we live in faith more than in fear.

With the beginning of each new year I resolve to be more faithful about dieting and exercise. I even go so far as to write my doctor and promise him in writing that I shall take better care of my heart. You've heard of Dr. Paul D. White, the bicycle-riding heart specialist whose good advice is quoted often in the press. Well, we came across a yellowed clipping from the *American Heart Journal* of October 1931, and saw why someone had saved it. In an article by the good doctor and a colleague about angina pectoris appeared this

sensible report: "The treatment, consisting primarily of rest with long convalescence and a careful life afterwards was generally much better carried out in patients who survived than those who did not."

Because of the great number of public speeches I have to give each year, it seems that I never am out from under pressure. Every minute of every day I am giving some thought to something I am going to say somewhere. One thing I always do when I get up to speak is to turn my watch five minutes ahead so that I shall be sure to stop my speech on time. There is nothing I dislike doing more than speaking overtime. I am something like the man who asked how he had managed all his adult life to keep such a relaxed and pleasant disposition. He replied: "By avoiding unnecessary pressure. Years ago I decided to set my alarm clock fifteen minutes earlier and enjoy taking my time. It worked so well I've been doing it ever since."

When the pressure of work becomes too much for me, I run down to the YMCA and exercise in the gymnasium. Then I take a Swedish sauna bath and lie under a sunlamp for a few minutes. That kind of treatment so relaxes me that I have on occasion fallen asleep under the sunlamp and been burned! I so often get hurt in some violent game at the YMCA that Betty tells me I would be a lot better off if I did not try to relax! With the good common sense of a wife she asks: "Why don't you just give fewer speeches?" But oh how hard it is for me to say, "No" when I am asked to speak to some church or civic group.

Here in Springfield I maintain that my reputation is as follows: "If people cannot get the speaker they want, they get Driftmier." The reason I say this is the fact that I am so often called at the very last minute when some speaker calls in to say that he has had an accident, is ill, or is otherwise unavoidably detained and unable to be present. Three times I have been asked to speak as a substitute for one of our congressmen from Washington. The last time I was called for an emergency speech I was given only a fifteen-minute notice, but I managed to get to the auditorium on time, planning my speech as I drove through rush hour traffic. When I am asked to speak to hundreds of people on a fifteen-minute notice, the pressure really builds up!

Not long ago someone asked me how I manage to overcome my nervousness when I get up to speak. He said: "I wish I could be as calm and collected as you are when you speak. How do you manage to be so relaxed?" He was surprised when I told him that I never

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INVITATIONS

If you'd like to send written invitations to this special party they might read thus: As 1971 is soon to leave us to take up permanent residence in the Past, I am inviting a few friends to a farewell party on (date) at (time). Will you also bring along some gift which 1971 has given you and help us have an interesting display table? (signed)

DECORATIONS

Sundial Cake Centerpiece: Ice a large round cake with white icing and mark off the hours in Roman numerals. Inside the circle of numerals inscribe "Count Only the Sunny Hours", using a decorating tube. Cut the "hands" of the sundial from heavy cardboard and paint gold.

You can make a **Top Hat Punchbowl** by setting a small bowl inside a paper top hat. Arrange flowers or favors around the hat brim.

GAMES

Let's Reminisce: (A good mixer to begin the party) As they arrive, the guests are given numbers which are pinned to the dresses or coats — odd numbers to the men and even to the ladies, if yours is a mixed group. Have ready slips of papers on which directions are written such as: "Describe to Number 8 the most exciting ball game you saw last year", "Find Number 6 and tell her how you spent last New Year's Eve", etc. Allow about five minutes conversation time. You might hand the slips out to the girls first and then have ready a second batch of slips to give out to the men for their five minutes' worth.

Gift Display: The gifts the guests have brought can provide a great deal of the entertainment. One guest might bring along a new recipe for candy — and a dish of the candy. Another might sing one of the year's popular musical hits or play a hit record. A flower lover might bring a picture of some new flower introduced to her garden this year. Some may bring programs to a favorite theater performance or to a ball game. If there's been a new baby in the family, the birth announcement or a picture might be shown. Perhaps it will be a wedding invitation or a graduation

Welcome to the New Year

by
Mabel Nair Brown

announcement that will be displayed.

After all of the gifts have been displayed, pass out slips of paper upon which each guest is to write a gift he or she will give to Old Man 1971 to take into the past. The slips are collected and the list of "donations" is read aloud with the guests trying to guess who made the donation. This list might include such items as: "My tendency to loose my temper", "My irrepressible giggle", "My old wig", "My two lost golf balls", etc.

Can You Quote This? To play this the various items mentioned below are numbered and arranged on display. These suggest quotations which the guests are to write down on paper, numbering each for identification.

1. A rose labeled "tulip" (A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.)
2. Candle (How far that little candle throws its beam, so shines a good deed in a naughty world.)
3. Toy horse (A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!)
4. Feathers (Fine feathers do not make fine birds or Birds of a feather flock together.)
5. Sock with hole in it (A stitch in time saves nine.)
6. Teapot (Tempest in a teapot.)
7. Empty goblet and pair of eyeglasses (Drink to me only with thine eyes.)
8. Stone (A rolling stone gathers no moss.)
9. Short story (And thereby hangs a tale.)
10. Heart (Faint heart/ne'er won fair lady.)
11. Purse (Who steals my purse steals trash.)
12. Soap (Cleanliness is next to godliness.)

Bell Quiz: You'll find "bell" is the clue in each statement.

1. Form of announcing (Doorbell)
2. Used by doctors (Belladonna)
3. Leader of the flock — sheep (Bellwether)
4. Most vocalized ("Bells of St. Mary's")
5. The opposite of peaceable (Bellucose)
6. A grandmother (Beldam)
7. "Not with it" (Dumb-bell)
8. A resonant sound (Bellow)

9. Most popular with the children (Sleigh bells)
10. Not polite (Belch)
11. Can restrain one (Belt)
12. Quick to help (Bellhop)

Calendar Charades: Divide into groups and give each group a slip of paper with the name of a month written on it. Each group must act out something appropriate to that month and let the others try to guess the name of the month.

Time Marches On: A quiz (answers found on a timepiece).

1. Used before. Second hand.
2. Cherished by the bride. Ring.
3. With what we do our work. H-hour hand.
4. A woman's choice adornment. Jewels.
5. Part of a flower. Stem.
6. Wanted in a bed. Springs.
7. Done by the secretary. Minutes.
8. Fortunetellers have them. Crystals.
9. Mt. Rushmore has one. Face.
10. Light work accomplished by several, they say. Hands.

LISTENING IN ON THE PARTY LINE

(January, seated at the telephone, calls up June, for a little talk fest.)

January hums a little tune,
Gets long distance, asks for June.

January speaks so brisk and gay,
"June? You sound so far away!"

January laughs. "Busy? Very?
Well, June, this is January.

Stop and talk with me awhile.
How I'd like to see you smile!

Do you know I've heard folks say
I should be all bright and gay

And rose-sweet just like you?
What? Of course I know it wouldn't do.

Roses your specialty? Sure enough.
I weave snow of frailer stuff.

Your broad fields are red with clover?
Well, mine are white and frozen over.

Christmas sleds would grow mighty
rusty

If I, too, were dry and dusty!

Skaters would sing some doleful tunes
If my lakes were all like June's.

Yes, and skis and snowshoes, too,
Will you tell me what they'd do?

Months go by an appointed plan?
Each must do the best he can?

We're both right — so let's stay so?
Well, I just wanted *you* to say so.

Goodbye, June, time's so fleet,
Seems too bad we never meet!"

—Virginia Thomas



REMINISCING ON A WINTER'S EVENING

by
Adeline L. Lush

On a farm thirty-five miles from Zurich, Switzerland, and about ten miles from Lucerne, a family conducts experimental work with animals: cows, sheep, hogs, and chickens. This is part of the Swiss system of agriculture conducted by *Die Eidgenossische Technische Hochschule*, or the agricultural institute.

As the only woman in a group of men lunching at this farm, I was invited by the mistress of the place to see the kitchen. This included a walk-in deep freezer, a laundry room, and a closet for cleaning equipment.

Regularly there are twenty-one people at the table on this farm. This includes the family of four and a collection of unmarried students and workers who have quarters nearby. The two children are daughters, fourteen and sixteen years old.

In the freezing unit there were hampers of meat from various types of animals. The mistress of the house showed

me the electric machine with which she cuts a carcass ready for use.

On shelves outside the freezer were hundreds of jars of canned fruit — half-gallon jars. There were rows of jellies and jams, marmalade and preserves. Peaches, plums, cherries, and grapes from the farm had been put thus into the food program of this farm.

In the laundry room there were bins with names taped on them. Above the bins were shelves for the laundered articles. The twenty-one people who lived on the farm had thus the means of staying clean.

Every window in the house above the basement level had a flower box. Petunias, geraniums, and begonias seemed to ooze out of each box in wild profusion. On the grounds there were seven arches covered with rambler roses.

The mistress of this establishment has no help except the two daughters who must, of course, be absent when they are in school.

Electricity is available on all Swiss farms, since there is abundant electrical power generated in all of Switzerland. Wood is used in this kitchen, which I mention as it seems to be used in most Swiss kitchens. The floor is bare wood as are the table tops and shelves. Scalding water from a hose is used freely to keep everything clean. We were informed constantly that every tree that is cut must be replaced at once so the country continues to be wooded.



BELLS

by
Marjorie A. Lundell

Have you a special memory of "home", one that stands out in particular? For me, it is a small village in the rolling hills of the Midwest. And, among special memories, lingers the sound of faithful steeple bells, ringing for almost any occasion. My favorite was the gala double bells of an old-fashioned church, ringing out the night before the Sabbath. But there were also solemn tones of the daily Angelus calling men to silent prayer. Especially memorable this time of year, were the clanging bells of New Year's Eve; bursting with joy, they announced the beginning of a brand-new year. How we struggled to stay awake for this late hour of merriment!

Bells, it is said, have been in use since ancient times when Egyptians used them to drive evil spirits from their sacred temple. They were not shaped as the bells of today, but were, instead, bars of metal resembling cymbals. The cup-shaped bell, as we know it, had its beginning in the 4th Century and was used mainly to summon devout

Christians to worship.

One of the first bells in existence is still preserved in Belfast, Ireland. Known as the "Bell of St. Patrick's Will", it is only 6 inches high and was made about the year 550.

The largest bell known to exist is the "Great Bell of Russia"; weighing nearly 200 tons, it was cast at the place it was to be permanently hung. A great Moscow fire caused a sizeable piece, 11 tons in weight, to break off. Thus, Russia's huge bell has never been rung.

During the 13th Century it was the fashion to mold large bells and place them in special towers. Such is England's pride, Big Ben, which rests in the clock tower of the House of Parliament in London. Weighing almost 14 tons, its deep booming sound has been heard by radio the world over.

Our own country proudly displays the famous Liberty Bell which pealed forth news of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Cast in England in 1752, it cracked shortly after it was hung. Recast twice, then cracked again, it has been rung but once since. This ceremony took place on D-Day, June 6, 1944, when Philadelphia's mayor tap-

ped it lightly with a rubber mallet, first, for each letter in the word Independence, and then for each letter in the word Liberty.

Have you ever heard the bells which are hung in a tower of the well-known Mayo Clinic, in Rochester, Minnesota? This outstanding carillon of 23 bells claims a combined weight of 36,988 pounds. Cast in England of purest bell metal, they were played in the presence of the late Archbishop of Canterbury before shipment to this country. Regular carillon recitals for the pleasure of residents and visitors are heard throughout this famous community several times a week.

HAPPIER THAN A PRINCE OR PRINCESS

by
Evelyn Witter

Happy Days! Most of us have plenty of 'em.

Unhappy days! Some boys and girls may have a few — now and then.

This tells you about some boys and girls who had many unhappy days — in fact, whose whole lives were unhappy.

Strangely enough, they were not poor children but sons and daughters of royal blood.

Princess Francoise of France, was the daughter of a great king. She wore pearls in her hair and fine silken gowns. But she had to wear stiff splinters at her waist which dug into her tender skin. And under all the elegant, but scimpy, dresses she often froze, and her young heart was empty and lonely and sad.

Prince Louis XIV of France, as a boy of twelve, had to please the mobs of Paris. They even forced their way into his bedroom at night to look at him when he tried to sleep.

Maria Theresa lived alone in a big, gloomy Spanish palace. She had no books to read and wasn't allowed to play with other children. Being a princess, she had to learn stiff court manners. Day after day she had to bow and bow.

Prince Edward VI of England, as a boy had to put all his time into serious study, not going to school with other boys. Alone! By the time he was fourteen he could speak in four languages. He knew philosophy, logic, and political science. But he was not happy!

Which one of us would want to change places with any of these rich and royal boys and girls? Happiness is not in money or in pride or in fame or in fine possessions.

Happiness is down deep in the heart. And God can put it there. It's one of the best gifts He gives us. We have it. We thank God for it.



MARY BETH SHARES NEWS OF FAMILY ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

This is a cozy, glad-to-be-inside kind of day that finds me writing you this month. There is a slow fire burning here in the living room (we moved the desk and typewriter from the cold piano room into the living room this year . . . much more pleasant) and there, stretched out in a state of drugged sleep, are the dog and cat who are not even tempted to venture out into the cold wind. Usually our lion and lamb will not lie down together, but the fireplace makes them both a little more generous in their feelings.

Katharine is due home soon after another ticket-selling stint at school. Their Drama Club is presenting *Puss 'n Boots* in several weekend offerings, and the response has been terrific. Seems other people are just as eager to take their children to wholesome plays as our family is. The students and faculty have all had great fun putting this play on. Katharine decided after being chairman of finances for this play she would have time to take an acting part in the next one, which will begin performances in late February. She has such a heavy schedule with her cosmetic selling and her homework and her horse (and she now is a reporter on the school newspaper) that the idea of play-practices and then the presentations rather scared me. But that part of school is the fun part, so we'll see how it works out. I must say that I think the part of all of this which suffers most is her house-keeping chores! Mercy, but the girls' bedroom looks like a family of swine lived there most of the time.

This will be yet another breathlessly busy week for all of us. One of the highlights of the week will be a dinner meeting downtown tomorrow after school at the monthly meeting of the Milwaukee Society. They bring in fine speakers always, but this month the speaker, Mr. George Roche III, is really special. The Academy has decided to send the entire senior class to the dinner and speech. They wanted them to have the opportunity to hear this man. We're taking Katharine because we are mutually looking for a college to satisfy all of our desires, and I like the sound of this young man's thinking.

George Roche III is the newly invested president of Hillsdale College in Hillsdale, Michigan, a liberal arts school with an enrollment of 1100 students. He is only 35 years old, so he has youthful appeal to these young people, and he is part of the "now" generation. Just on the outside chance that there are those among you who are



Katharine receives much pleasure from participation in extra-curricular activities in high school, as you will note in Mary Beth's letter.

also on the horns of a dilemma, trying to locate a college which is still offering a moral atmosphere, you might take an interest in this gentleman's thinking and the college's philosophy.

Dr. Roche was installed October 11, 1971, and I noticed that among the Iowa educators who attended the ceremony were Dr. Roderick Riggs of Iowa State. Hillsdale College was established in 1844 and has the distinction of having had among their first students the founder of a Negro college, Clinton B. Fisk, and the first degree conferred by the school was given to a woman, Elizabeth Camp, in 1851.

One of the first acts by Roche was to restate the policy of his predecessor, Dr. Phillips, by saying that attendance

LOOK FOR THE BEAUTIFUL

So much there is that is ugly.

Yet, if you see only the ugly, you must become part of it.

Too, there is much that is beautiful.

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

A "COULD" YEAR

It was a very "could" year,

For I tried and I strived,

And I found that I could!

The failures known are gone —

Forgotten deeds of could not —

In other words, would not.

Now, another new year:

Another good year to succeed

With the wish of would.

Plan then with me to do —

To dare the trials of success

And count another "could" year.

at Hillsdale College is a privilege, not a right! Any act of violence or intimidation, any seizing of any portion of property, or any unauthorized activity which prevents the normal functioning of the college in any way by any individual or groups will be considered in direct opposition to the operation of the college, and action sufficient to the cause will be taken immediately, including the possibility and probability of suspension or expulsion . . .

In 1962 the board of trustees adopted a "Declaration of Independence", which states that the school accepts no federal monies, which means it can remain free of political influence. Although this stand has cost the college an estimated \$1 million in federal funds over the last eight years alone, Dr. Roche believes that it has been made up by contributions from private sources who admire their stand.

Dr. Roche asserted that education should have strong religious overtones, which statement sounds good to me, coming from a college president. Dr. Roche holds a bachelor of science degree from Regis College of Denver and both a master's and a doctorate of philosophy from the University of Colorado. He taught for three years at Colorado School of Mines.

It is almost time to wind this up and think about some gourmet treat for the family. This is a bit of sarcastic wit, because one thing my family doesn't get much of any more is gourmet anything. Cooking is simple and quick because often I stick things into the oven before we leave for school in the morning . . . and other times I whip up some hopefully nutritious meal after four in the afternoon, when we usually roll into the house.

Did I mention to you that we have a twenty gallon aquarium in the kitchen? We have a neighbor who has a lovely large aquarium filled with many interesting tropical fish, and his two children also have small ones in their bedrooms. We decided this was a fascinating subject to pursue, so we dug our leaker out of the basement where we used to have our thousand and one mice running about when we were in the mouse stage. This leaker proved to be one we could repair, so we filled it with air pumps and the dozen other little pieces of equipment that are necessary for a thriving tank, and last of all we added plants and fish. I remember years ago when I first went to Lucile's and Russell's for a holiday dinner they had an active aquarium in their dining room, which was a thing of absolute beauty. Well, anyway, we put our aquarium in the kitchen where it is a source of great pleasure for all.

More next month,

Mary Beth

CONTENTMENT IN A CIRCLE

by

Grace V. Schillinger

Recently I gave a program for some elderly ladies in a rest home and I called it MY LESSONS IN CONTENTMENT.

I arranged the chairs (some wheel-chairs) in a circle and put my chair at one edge. "Everybody is to join in my talk," I told the ladies, whose ages began at 75 and climbed to almost 90. Questioning glances came my way, so I went on, "When I mention something that strikes a bell of memory with any of you, tell us what you're thinking of."

"This fall," I began, "our four-year-old grandson Danny taught me a thing or two about contentment. He was on a beautiful kick. Everything was beautiful. When he and I walked up the hill south of our house to the vegetable garden to pick some calico beans, and he saw the pink- and white-speckled beans in the pods, he said, 'Oh, look, Grandma . . . beautiful beans!'"

(I handed out small packets of the beans in plastic wrap to the ladies.)

"Later he brought me a small, flat stone that he found in the driveway. Still later, while he and I gathered burr oak acorns for a table centerpiece, he told me in a loud voice how beautiful they were. So they were, all of them — the beans, the little stone, and the acorns, all creations of God. I know our little four-year-old hadn't read my rustic sign on the end of the bird feeder, BLESSED ARE THEY WHO CHERISH COMMON THINGS, but his mother had, and she taught him. (I gave each lady a few of the burr oak acorns.)

I suggested that we must learn to be contented with the strength we have at different ages. A young mother must clean her house, take care of the children, bake, do the laundry, and help her husband in many ways.

A hand went up and a thin little lady said, "I helped my husband milk cows . . . and I raised a big garden when I was young."

From that moment on the talk was theirs. Several told of the work they did when they were young — running a clothing store, raising special flowers to make money for children's needs, getting a commercial laundry started — so many ways they helped their husbands. The years seemed to vanish from their faces as they shared their experiences.

"And then there's four-year-old Danny," I began when the time was right. "He told me about his strength. He said he could open a pop bottle all by himself with just one ugh!" (Grunt.)

"My neighbors teach me contentment, too," I told them. "Last week Esther Ryan, who lives across the road,



Katharine was more interested in her great-aunt Margery's beads (which James called "neckowaces") than the magazines her brother held. Margery made Katharine's dress, which is pictured on page 17.

brought us over a crusty loaf of bread, cheese-flavored and still hot from her oven. And she brought me a booklet of poetry which she received from her record club. It's called *Through the Kitchen Door*. Reading through it I found that I have so many more things to make me contented — food, friends, music, good books to read."

The lady who was nearly 90 held up her hand. "I have a friend who brings me something baked every Saturday. She tells me it's for my Saturday night treat. Isn't that nice?"

Then I told them about my 81-year-old neighbor, Maggie. "She lives on a little farm, high on a hill, with a winding lane leading to the house. She still keeps a few cows. Until just four years ago she still milked them, but now she just lets them raise their calves and sells them. Maggie's legs are rigid with arthritis and she always walks with two heavy sticks when she goes outside to tend her chickens."

"I know Maggie," one of the women said. "Tell us some more about her." Everyone in the circle leaned closer.

"Years ago she taught grade school in a small country school. This was back in horse-and-buggy days," I said. "She told our daughter Sharon, who's a gymnastics teacher in a big city school, that she'd like to give her all her old teaching books. Sharon was touched by her offer, although they'd not be useful in her classes.

"Let me tell you about Maggie's October saying," I went on. "She always says, 'I love October. Oh, I hope I go in October . . . when the sap is down . . . and the leaves are bright!'"

The lady who knew Maggie said, "I've heard her say that. Sounds just like her."

Next I told them about last winter when Maggie asked me to take her to see her lawyer. The day we decided to go was blustery and her steep lane was a sheet of ice. I called and suggested

that we could go another day.

"We'll make it, Grace," she said. "Just come on to my house." I should have known better than to try to talk her out of something. She's a very determined person. So I drove to the entrance of her lane and cautiously turned up its icy road. Three times I tried and didn't make it, so I left the car on the main road and walked to her house.

Maggie was standing on the sidewalk just outside her kitchen door. Her brown eyes twinkled as she smiled at me. "I'm all ready. See? I've got the clamps on my boots," and she pointed to the iron clamps with the spiked bottoms that a friend made her to fasten over the toes of her boots so she wouldn't slip.

"How will you get down to the car?" I wanted to know.

"I've got a way," she said. She stepped into her little old-fashioned wash house and brought out a five-gallon cream can, put it on the icy ground, leaned over and began to walk. "Come on, Grace," she said. "Just watch your step so you don't fall."

The bottom of the cream can had a sharp edge and it cut into the ice so she could walk without being afraid. But the sight of 81-year-old Maggie bending over that can, making her slow way down the hill on her stiff legs, made an aching lump rise in my throat.

We made it down the icy hill. She took the ice clamps off her boots, and put them and her cream can in the back seat of the car. Then I helped her get in and closed the door on her side of the car.

I started the motor and she reached over to touch my arm. "Oh, Grace . . . when you take me to town . . . it's just like a vacation for me." Her words made my effort worthwhile.

"So my dear Maggie certainly teaches me what being content with little really means," I told the ladies in the circle.

Next we talked about how reading brings contentment. One lady liked fiction best. Another said she read only nonfiction. And all told how much they loved the Bible and other religious literature. After we'd visited about books, I said a little benediction that I'd found on a calendar.

May the presence of God, and Father, Son and Holy Spirit

Be above you to overshadow you,

Be underneath you to uphold you,

Be before you to lead you,

Be behind you to encourage you, and be within you

To live within you — today, tomorrow, and forever more. Amen.

The reason the women enjoyed the program was that they participated. I didn't talk at them. I visited with them. Each one contributed something, and thereby enriched all our lives.

1971 A MEMORABLE YEAR FOR THE DENVER DRIFTMERS

Dear Friends:

1971 has been an eventful year for our family. And because these events have been happy, fulfilling occasions, we bid adieu to this particular year with reluctance and gratitude.

The year began with Emily's graduation from the University of Colorado and ended with Michael's graduation from Fort Lewis College. In the spring we acquired Mike as a most satisfying addition to our family group. In the fall we bid a reluctant farewell to Emily when she departed for a projected two years' service in the Peace Corps in Brazil.

If you look on a globe, it is readily apparent that Brazil is a dreadfully long distance from Colorado. This gaping geographical separation is especially acute to Wayne and me because we expect Clark to be departing for Brazil also before the New Year is very old. However he'll be gone only about nine or ten months. This is a much more tolerable separation than two years.

Clark has been accepted as an exchange student by the Rotary Club of Brazilia. This brand-new city, the national capitol, has been under construction just since the end of World War II and imaginative architecture and design alone make it an exciting and fascinating city.

Portuguese is the language spoken in Brazil. Trying to find instruction in this language here locally has proved most frustrating. We can only hope that all the years spent in the study of Spanish will be helpful in learning this sister language rapidly.

Brazil is a huge country, larger than the continental United States. So it would have been quite possible for Emily and Clark to be separated by several thousand miles while living in the same country. Fortunately it appears they may be only a few hundred miles apart. Emily expects to be assigned somewhere in the state of Bahia where she completes her training. This state is in the same general area of the country as is the Federal District.

1972 will be a milestone for this mother because after twenty years, I will no longer have someone enrolled in the local schools. There are undoubtedly a great many of you who have experienced these same feelings of nostalgia while attending your last local school Christmas program in which your child is a participant and other similar occasions.

Under such circumstances new interests and activities are in order. To this end I mentioned previously signing up as a volunteer worker at the new



Clark Driftmier, who plays the tuba and trombone, has just started learning to play the guitar.

Denver Art Museum. Besides spending one afternoon a week as an information and hospitality hostess, I have spent a few extra hours each week in recent months learning a little about the items housed in this magnificent building.

My education and aptitude for art is so lacking that I have a real interest in improving my knowledge about this media. I enrolled in a class sponsored jointly by the Museum and the University of Colorado's Division of Continuing Education. Under the guidance of the Museum's Curator of Education we toured each of several departments. Usually the curator of each particular department gave us a lecture about the major items located within his department and something of the background of the art of his area of interest.

The museum building is located in the heart of the city, adjacent to the capitol building as a part of the Civic Center. This central location put a decided limit in the amount of ground available on which to construct a building. As a result, the new building is vertical in design, not horizontal as are so many art museums. It isn't necessary to walk through several galleries in order to reach the particular exhibit you wish to visit. You just take the elevator to the floor housing that exhibit and only a few steps bring you to each gallery. This is especially appreciated by those in wheelchairs or with a difficulty in walking.

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

Give up worry.
Begin each day with a prayer.
Don't greet people with suspicion.
Accept your limitations.
Control your appetites.
Don't envy the other fellow.
Get a hobby.
Read a book a week.
Spend some time alone.
Take physical exercise.

—Rabbi Feinberg

The basic design of the building is that of two cubes joined by a central core. The latter houses elevators, stairway, restrooms and small lobby and outside balcony for each floor. There are two main galleries on each floor except for the sixth floor. It has only one with the other side devoted to a large open deck. Hopefully at some time in the future funds will become available for its development for use by the membership.

The various collections housed in the museum are displayed mostly according to their geographical area of origin. Thus the art of Asia is located on the fifth floor, European art on the fourth floor and the art of the Americas on the third floor. However what is probably the museum's most outstanding collection is that devoted to the North American Indians and it occupies much of the second floor.

The two galleries on the main floor are reserved for temporary exhibitions. For example, during the holiday season one of these galleries houses an exhibition entitled, "Through the Eyes of a Child", a display primarily of antique toys. The other gallery is devoted to an exhibition by various Colorado artists. Also located on the main floor are a cafeteria (with a terrace for use in warm weather) and a shop stocked with art books and magazines, reproductions and unusual gift items from all over the world.

Many people on their first visit to the museum take the elevator up to the sixth floor. The gallery here houses a collection of quilts, lace, weaving (including some from the Incas of Peru, the technique of which has never been discovered) and a growing collection of outstanding fashion designs.

After a brief stop and perusal of each floor the visitor can then decide which galleries to visit again in more depth. The museum is closed on Mondays, open from 9-5 on Tuesday through Saturday, 1-5 Sundays and 6-9 p.m. on Wednesday nights. Admission is free of charge.

I'm including all these details because many of you will be coming to Denver shortly after reading this for the Western Stock Show held the middle of January. If we experience our traditional "stock show weather", I can't think of a better place to escape the bitter temperatures than the Denver Art Museum. And the same would apply to those of you traveling to our city for other reasons during the next few months. It really is a beautiful and exciting place. Even the exterior is a kind of sculpture as both natural and artificial lights make it change throughout the day and night.

Sincerely,
Abigail

A GREAT EVENT

by
Evelyn Birkby

"Have you recovered yet from your silver wedding anniversary?" a friend asked me just yesterday.

"No," I laughed. "And do you know what I have discovered? I can get a lot more mileage out of this anniversary for a long time to come. In fact, several opportunities have already arisen in which I've said, 'This is our 25th year, remember? Why don't we count this as part of our celebration?'"

"Poor Robert," my friend commiserated with my long-suffering husband. "That makes it hard to argue with you!"

Hopefully, we can keep the glamour, excitement and glow of our celebration bright throughout this silver year of our marriage and make it a great year, not just an event that happened on one evening.

The beautiful cards which came from so many relatives and friends (many, many of them from you Kitchen-Klatter friends) are still in an important place in my study drawer. If I feel the need for a cheery lift to my spirit I take them out, look at the lovely designs and read again the notes filled with friendship, greetings and best wishes. We deeply appreciate *every one*.

Occasionally I take out the lovely silver bound book which was our gift from nieces and nephews in Arizona. The first picture is my favorite of Robert and me taken beside the tea table. My white dress has two bands of silver decoration around the skirt and is belted with silver. (My shoes are silver, too, but they don't show in the picture.) Robert's gift corsage was fashioned of white sweetheart roses tied with silver ribbon. The silver and turquoise jewelry I am wearing was a gift from my sister and her husband, Ruth and Paul Gerhardt and was made by the Indians of northern Arizona. Robert's thunderbird bolo tie was their gift to him. It was made by the same Indian tribe.

Robert's shirt has a silver-trimmed yoke to match the silver bands on my dress. He wore a black belt with silver buckle, my gift to him. Even his trousers were dark blue to blend with our color scheme of royal blue and silver.

The table, as the picture shows, was beautiful! It was centered with a silver bowl filled with white carnations tipped with royal blue. The candles and flowered circlets were blue and held by silver candleholders. The tablecloth was white linen embroidered in gray cross stitch and looked silver once the silver items were upon it. The gorgeous creamer and sugar set with its own delicately decorated tray which came



No one enjoyed their silver wedding anniversary more than the honorees, Robert and Evelyn Birkby. They stood behind the lovely tea table to pose for a picture a few moments before the first guest arrived.

from the Kitchen-Klatter office staff had a place of honor on the table. (I tried to think of some way to use the elegant silver butter dish Lucile gave to us but finally gave up and put it on the gift table!)

The napkins were a deep blue printed in silver with the two connecting squares which is the national square dance symbol. The printer had added a 25 to the design along with "Robert and Evelyn". The white frosted cake squares were decorated with the same design — two connecting squares in dark blue with the 2 and 5 inside.

White punch (pineapple sherbet and ginger ale with a little Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring), iced tea, coffee and white and blue mints completed the food items served.

I'm sorry we did not get a picture of the bulletin board to paste in our memory book. My sister, Ruth, arranged it as a complete surprise and it was definitely unusual. She made it in the form of a family tree. First were pictures of Robert's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Birkby, and of my parents, the Rev. and Mrs. Carl M. Corrie. Next were pictures of Robert and me as children. Mine showed a plump two-year-old in the latest style of romper and Robert's was of a shy little boy seated on a table and holding a ball. A large picture of our entire wedding party followed (all but three of the people involved were able to attend the anniversary!). Underneath were pic-

tures of our four children as small youngsters — Dulcie Jean, who died when she was five and one-half years old, Bob, who is now 22, Jeff, almost 18 and 16-year-old Craig. Around the edges of this "family tree" Ruth had fastened the most hilarious pictures she could find of our years together. I'm not sure we have forgiven her yet, but it was a riot!

Our own local square dance club prepared a delightful surprise in the form of a money tree. It was a large branch sprayed silver and placed in a Christmas tree stand covered with blue paper. Placed on a table near the bulletin board, it blossomed with green and silver, cards overflowed the table underneath where delightful gifts and bouquets of flowers also appeared. One friend asked if please she couldn't have a start from that tree — seemed like a plant every family should own!

Now the bright silver branch is tucked back in the storeroom of our basement after taking a turn at being our recreation room Christmas tree. I hope I can keep it intact and use it for years in various ways. (Incidentally, Robert and I are fixing up the recreation room as our silver wedding gift to each other, but that is another story.)

Another picture in our anniversary album shows Robert's brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Birkby from Portland, Oregon, as they walked in the door during our anniversary party as a complete surprise. The look on Robert's face is a marvelous expression of complete amazement.

Many non-square dancing friends came to the open house to wish us well. Their names are down in the book for our joyous memories along with the list of square-dancing folks who came from surrounding towns to follow Dennis Boldra's spirited calling.

All three of our sons were present. Bob had ridden his bicycle down from Sioux City, 150 miles, to mark the event with this achievement (something he has wanted to do every since he started to Morningside College). They helped provide part of the fun of the evening; each of the boys played the piano. A friend also gave an impromptu rendition of "The Anniversary Waltz". All in all, it was a great evening of fun, fellowship and visiting.

I'll shut the book, now, and tuck it away in the drawer with the glittering cards. Celebration or no, the washing needs to be done, the boys will be coming home from school soon and should have some fresh cookies to greet their arrival and I am planning to complete the final rounds of the big braided rug to go under the dining room table before January fades from the calendar. This will all be a part of our 25th year, too.

1972 SOUNDS OFF

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

**RASPBERRY MALLOWS DESSERT**

- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen raspberries, thawed
- 1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 16 large marshmallows
- 1 cup cream, whipped (or 1 2-oz. pkg. whipped topping mix, whipped)
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Drain raspberries. Reserve juice. Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add 1 cup raspberry juice. Put in top of double boiler over hot water and add marshmallows. Stir until marshmallows melt and mixture is smooth. Remove from fire and turn into mixer bowl. Beat with electric mixer until cooled and peaks form. (This will take about 20 minutes beating time.) Chill a few minutes until slightly thickened. Fold in whipped cream or topping, flavoring and drained raspberries. Spoon into sherbet dishes and chill until time to serve.

A vanilla wafer placed in the bottom of each sherbet glass and one placed on top of the fluffy raspberry dessert is a nice addition. This may also be made into a pie by spooning the raspberry dessert into a baked graham cracker crust or in a vanilla wafer crust. Chill until firm, cut and serve. A marvelously light, fluffy and delicious dessert.

—Evelyn

QUICK AND ELEGANT STEAK

- 1 lb. boneless sirloin or top round steak
- 2 Tbls. cooking oil
- 1 green onion and tops, thinly sliced
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/2 cup crumbled blue cheese

Slice steak on the diagonal in thin, bite-sized strips. Heat oil in large skillet. Quickly brown steak on all sides; push to side of pan. Add onion and saute two minutes longer. Mix together steak and onion and sprinkle with salt, pepper and blue cheese. Stir thoroughly and serve immediately on crusty rolls or sourdough bread. Serves three.

—Abigail

SAVORY GREEN BEANS

- 1 small onion, diced
- 1/4 cup diced green pepper
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1-lb. can tomatoes
- 1 1-lb. can green beans
- 1/2 cup grated American cheese
- 3/4 cup bread crumbs

Cook onion, green pepper and celery in a small amount of water. Melt butter or margarine in saucepan, add flour, salt, butter flavoring and tomatoes; cook until thick. Combine with green beans and cooked diced vegetables. Stir in cheese. Place half of the bread crumbs in a buttered casserole. Pour in bean mixture. Top with remaining crumbs. Dot with butter. Bake for 35 to 40 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Margery

SOUR CREAM CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- Mix this all together and let cool while mixing the rest of cake.
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder

Combine the sugar and cream and beat well. Add the eggs and flavorings and beat again. Stir in the salt and chocolate mixture. Add the flour and baking powder and beat for about two minutes either by hand or with electric mixer on medium speed. Pour into greased and floured pans, either layer or loaf, and bake in a 350-degree oven until done. Layers will take approximately 25 minutes, and the large loaf pan should take 35 to 40 minutes.

ORANGE PORK STEAKS

- 6 blade or arm bone pork steaks (2 1/2 lbs.)
- 4 medium sweet potatoes, peeled and cut in 1/2-inch thick slices
- 2 medium oranges
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- Dash ground cinnamon
- Dash ground nutmeg

Trim excess fat from steaks. In skillet, cook trimmings till about 1 Tbls. fat accumulates. Remove trimmings. Cook steaks slowly just till browned; season with a little salt. In 9- x 13-inch baking dish arrange potatoes. Slice one of the oranges thinly; place atop potatoes. Cover with steaks. Squeeze the other orange, adding water to juice to measure 1/2 cup. Combine orange juice, flavoring, brown sugar, salt and spices. Pour over steaks. Bake, covered, in 350-degree oven for 45 minutes. Uncover; bake 30 minutes more. Makes 6 servings.

—Margery

MARY BETH'S OXTAIL SOUP

We have just about cleaned out the freezer of last year's beef, and I'm finding myself with lots and lots of oxtails. The family simply loves a hearty vegetable soup made with the stock from pressure-cooked oxtails. I also have some shank bones which do just as nicely.

- 1 oxtail or 2 or 3 shank bones
- Salt
- 3 bay leaves
- 5 whole cloves
- 4 medium carrots
- 3 stalks celery
- 3 medium onions, cut into eighths
- 3 cups canned tomatoes
- 1/2 cup whole barley
- 2 cups cut green beans
- 2 medium potatoes, cubed
- 2 tsp. salt

Cover the meaty bones with 2 quarts of water. Season with salt and add bay leaves and cloves. Pressure cook for one hour at 15 pounds pressure. Allow the pressure to come down naturally after the time is completed. Separate the meat and the broth and while you remove the meat from the bones, it is a good idea to quickly chill the broth in order that the fat can be skimmed from the top.

Cut the carrots and celery into bite-sized pieces and add with the onions, tomatoes, barley, green beans and cubed potatoes. Add to the meat stock, season with salt. (Add a little oregano if you like it.) Replace the lid on the pressure cooker again and heat to 15 pounds pressure. When it reaches this, cook for no more than four minutes. When ready to serve, add the meat which has been taken from the bones.

SUNDAY BREAKFAST BREAD

- 2 cups biscuit mix
- 3/4 cup rolled oats
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup golden raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 beaten egg
- 1 1/4 cups milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Stir together the dry ingredients. Add the fruits and nuts. Combine the beaten egg, milk and flavorings and stir into the dry mixture and beat until blended. Turn into a well-greased 9- x 5- x 3-inch loaf pan and bake in a 350-degree oven about 50 to 60 minutes. Remove from pan and cool on a rack. Wrap in foil and store overnight before slicing.

—Dorothy

RICE AND BROCCOLI CASSEROLE

- 1/3 cup salad oil (or melted butter or margarine)
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sharp grated cheese
- 1 large egg, beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 1 small onion, diced
- 1 cup rice, cooked
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped broccoli, cooked

Mix oil, salt, cheese, egg, milk and onion. Blend with rice. Add broccoli. Pour into buttered casserole. Bake 1 hour at 350 degrees.

—Margery

SOUR CREAM OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 2/3 cup quick-cooking oatmeal

Sift together the dry ingredients. Cream together the shortening and sugar. Add the egg and flavorings and blend well. Add the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the sour cream. Fold in the raisins, nuts and oatmeal. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet and bake 8 to 10 minutes in a 425-degree oven.

—Dorothy

PARTY FARE MEAT BALLS

- 1 lb. lean ground beef
- 1 egg
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3/4 cup very finely chopped onion
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Cooking oil

Combine these ingredients and form into very small balls. Fry in oil and then drain.

In another pan, heat together 1 cup of pineapple juice with 1 Tbls. of oil and then add the following ingredients that have been mixed well together:

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 Tbls. soy sauce
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 6 Tbls. water

Cook this mixture, stirring constantly, until it thickens. Then add the meat balls, 1 8 1/2-oz. can of drained pineapple bits and 1 large green pepper cut in strips. Bring this just to the point where it is good and hot but do not cook or the color and crispness of the pepper will be lost.

I first ran into these at a buffet supper and thought that I'd never eaten anything better. It's an inexpensive dish since it calls for only 1 pound of good quality ground beef.

—Lucile

**EASY POTS DE CREME
AU CHOCOLAT**

This is a chocolate dessert which requires no more than three-ounce servings to satisfy the largest sweet tooth. The "Pots de Creme" is French for small covered pot or cup of creamy, smooth dessert. In this case it is chocolate flavored. Katharine first made it for the family and they are most enthusiastic about it. It is elegant enough for any fine company occasion. This is intended to be made in a blender but I am sending the recipe for regular mixer or hand mixing, too.

—Mary Beth

- 3/4 cup milk, less 2 Tbls.
- 1 cup semi-sweet chocolate bits
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Big pinch of salt

Heat milk just to boiling point. Place all the remaining ingredients in the blender and give them a whirl until well blended. Add the hot milk and blend at low speed for one minute. Pour into six muffin cups and chill for several hours. Peel off the paper cup before serving.

For a hand mixer again heat the milk to the boiling point. Place all the remaining ingredients in the top of a double boiler and stir them vigorously until well mixed. Add the hot milk and beat until smooth. Again pour into six paper muffin cups and refrigerate several hours.

BANANA MARMALADE

- 3 cups mashed bananas (about 10)
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/3 cup maraschino cherries, finely chopped
- 6 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1 bottle Certo fruit pectin

Measure mashed bananas into heavy, large saucepan. Add lemon juice and cherries. Stir in sugar. Place over high heat. Bring to full rolling boil and boil hard for 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, stir in flavoring and Certo pectin *immediately*. Ladle quickly into jelly glasses or jam jars. Cover with melted paraffin. Makes about 9 glasses.

This is a fine marmalade to make in the winter when fresh fruit is not growing in the garden. When your homemade jelly supply is low or when you grow tired of the commercial products, try making your own with this interesting recipe.

—Evelyn

COMPANY HAMBURGERS

- 6 slices bacon
- 1 lb. hamburger
- 1/2 cup shredded American cheese
- 3 Tbls. onion (chopped)
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 Tbls. catsup
- 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper

Place bacon side by side on waxed paper. Combine remaining ingredients. Shape into roll. Place on bacon slices; wrap bacon around roll evenly. Slice between strips. Broil 8 to 10 minutes on each side. Yields 6.

—Margery

MEAL-IN-A-DISH

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. ground cumin
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 medium potato, pared and cubed
- 2 medium tomatoes, peeled and diced
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas
- 1/4 cup water

Cook the ground beef and onion in a heavy saucepan until the meat is browned. Stir in the seasonings, potatoes, and tomatoes. Add the frozen peas and water, cover tightly and cook over low heat about 20 to 25 minutes, or until the potatoes and peas are tender. This dish should be moist, but not soupy. It is good served with steamed rice. This is the kind of meal that can be stretched to fit the size of the family by just adding more vegetables.

—Dorothy

HERB PORK ROAST

- 1/2 tsp. thyme
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- 3-lb. pork loin roast
- 1/4 tsp. garlic salt
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 4 or 5 whole cloves

Mix the thyme and oregano together by rubbing them between your fingers. Using the tip of a sharp knife, make holes about 1/2-inch deep over the surface of the roast one inch apart. Push the herb mixture down into the holes and push shut with fingers. Sprinkle the roast with the garlic salt, salt and pepper. Push the whole cloves into the roast. Put the roast on a rack in a shallow pan in a 325-degree oven. For your baking time, allow about 40 minutes per pound. If you use a meat thermometer, your roast will be done when the temperature reaches 185 degrees. Remove the cloves before carving.

—Dorothy

MARVELOUS BLACK BOTTOM PIE

- 1 9-inch pie shell, baked
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3 cups milk
- 6 egg yolks, beaten
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 square unsweetened chocolate
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 4 eggs whites, beaten stiff
- 1/2 cup sugar

Prepare baked pie shell according to your favorite recipe. Cool.

Combine cornstarch and sugar in saucepan. Slowly stir in milk. Cook over low heat until mixture begins to thicken. Gradually add some of hot mixture to beaten egg yolks. Add to milk mixture. Continue cooking over

low heat, stirring, until mixture coats spoon. Remove from heat, add vanilla and almond flavoring. Put 1 cup of hot custard into small bowl. Stir in chocolate and burnt sugar flavoring. When well blended and almost cool, spoon into pie shell. Chill.

Dissolve gelatin in water. Stir into remaining hot custard mixture. Cool rapidly. (Set in pan of cold water or a little chipped ice.) Stir occasionally. It thickens more as it cools.

Beat egg whites until clear look is gone and they begin to have shape. Gradually beat in 1/2 cup sugar and continue beating until firm peaks are formed. Fold into cooled custard mixture. Spoon over chocolate layer in pie shell. Chill until time to serve.

This may be made several hours ahead of serving time — or can even be chilled overnight. Grated chocolate may be sprinkled on top for a pretty garnish.

—Evelyn

CIRCLE SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange-pineapple gelatin
- 1 3/4 cups water and pineapple juice
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 cup finely diced celery
- 1/2 cup pimiento cheese spread
- 1 cup whipped cream
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise

Dissolve gelatin in hot liquid. Add flavorings. Chill until syrupy. Fold in remaining ingredients. Chill in round mold until firm.

—Margery

TOPPING FOR CARAMEL ROLLS

- Roll dough
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/4 cup corn syrup
- 1/3 cup butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Make up your favorite roll recipe. Let rise once. Knead down and roll into long oblong as for cinnamon rolls. Sprinkle generously with sugar. Roll up as for jelly roll. Combine remaining ingredients. Boil for 1 minute. Spoon into greased pans, cool. Slice rolls and place in syrup in pans. Let rise until almost double. Bake at 375 degrees for about 25 minutes or until done.

This recipe is enough for 3 dozen delicious rolls. Cinnamon may be added as well as butter when the sugar is sprinkled on the dough to make cinnamon rolls. Pecans may be sprinkled over the caramel topping when it is spooned into the baking pans to create delightful pecan rolls.

—Evelyn

WE NEED 4 MORE MONTHS!

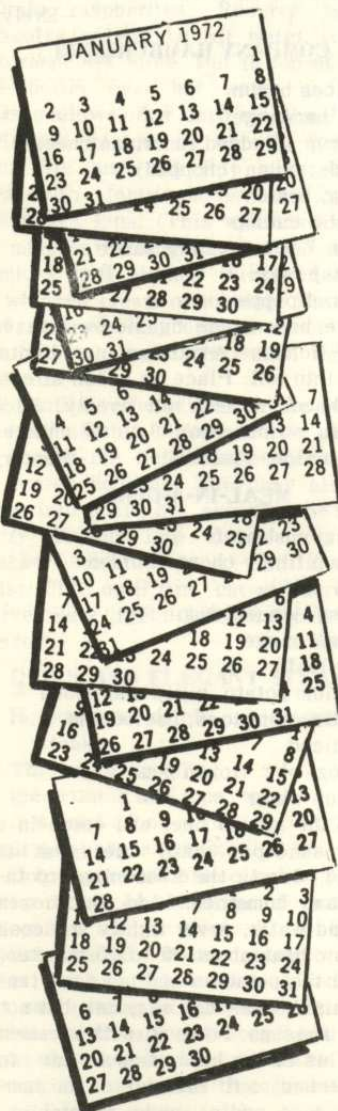
We thought it would be nice to have a Kitchen-Klatter Flavor of the Month. Perhaps January could be Cherry Month, and February Maple, and March Pineapple, and so on.

But there are only 12 months . . . and 16 delicious **Kitchen-Klatter Flavors!** Which could we leave out? Surely not spicy raspberry. Or so-smooth butter or vanilla. Can't do without the glamor of the tropics (coconut and almond), either. Nor could we neglect orange, black walnut, burnt sugar, blueberry or strawberry!

So we'll just have to have four more months. Mintuary, perhaps? Or Lem-ontober? Bananatember . . . ?

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

Get 'em at your grocer's, or order from us. \$1.50 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Jumbo 8-oz. vanilla, \$1.00. All postpaid. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Ia. 51601.



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

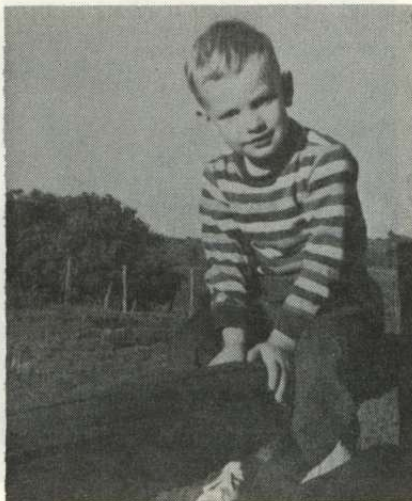
I promised myself that before I sit down at my sewing machine this morning I would write my letter to you friends. This is the time of year I get a real sewing urge, and I have accumulated so many beautiful pieces of material that I can hardly wait to "dig in" and get them made up. Right now I'm working on a winter corduroy robe for Lucile in a bright turquoise blue. It is such a beautiful and cheerful color that it has given me a lift just to work with it these last two days of wet snow and rain.

We had much to be thankful for at Thanksgiving this year, since we got beans and the corn all harvested before the rain and snowstorms. Our open-pollinated corn turned out so well we'll probably plant more of it next year.

Our friends, the Walter Grimms of Kanawha, Iowa, invited us to their house to hunt on the opening day of the pheasant season, but this was right at the time Frank was getting his corn picked, so we couldn't go. In fact he was too busy even to hunt on our own place, and this is the first year for a long time that he hasn't hunted on opening day.

I had a big box full of daffodil and tulip bulbs to be planted this fall, but while the weather was warm and beautiful, ideal for yard work, I got myself involved with various activities, and the nice days kept slipping by. Finally, at the 11th hour, I got them planted, and we should have some beautiful bright spots in our yard next spring. As I was planting them I remembered the last time I planted some, many years ago. I had 150 bulbs given to me, and was digging holes and throwing them in one New Year's Day in a snow-storm.

The bittersweet was just beautiful this year, but it seems to be getting more scarce all the time. There used to be a lot of it growing along the sides of the roads, but now that they spray the brush it has been killed out. Of course a lot of it has been dozed out when they widened roads to gravel them. We have a little left in our timber and Frank knows where it is. Every year he takes a big basket and gathers it for our families and friends. We mailed boxes of it to Frank's sister Edna and to Juliana and Kristin.



Dorothy's and Frank's grandson Aaron turned three this past November and, as is typical of boys that age, if there's anything around to climb, he doesn't miss it!

Edna wrote that she had so many beautiful bouquets of it in her house she was the envy of all the women in the court. Kristin said when she opened her box and saw the contents a wave of homesickness hit her that brought the tears to her eyes. Juliana was crazy about hers, and her box also contained a few ears of Indian corn to hang on the front door. She said James was so delighted with the corn that he had to have it in his room, so I guess we'll have to send her some more. Kristin and Edna had both received their corn earlier. When Bernie made her trip to Roswell to visit Edna and Raymond, Frank sent along some ornamental gourds, corn, and buckeyes. Edna wrote that she had strung the buckeyes and combined them with the corn to make an attractive fall door ornament.

Frank went to a farm sale recently and bought a large bobsled such as they used to have here on the farm when he was a boy. Before the days of the big road maintainers that get the snow bladed off our roads within a couple of days of a big snowstorm, bobsleds were used a great deal on the

WINTER

Cold . . . crisp, cold crunchy snow drifts hazily down in splotchy specks.

Too, cold white blankets the bare trees, grass, too, asleep in the earth.

Ice . . . frozen streaks of bright cold cling from rows of roofs

The glistening hardness, icicle sharp, hangs unreal in tinselled magic.

Home . . . kind, friendly house gives simple peopled sounds

And food smells, too, and soft comfort:

happy warmth denying freeze.

farms as a means of transportation to town. If our grandsons ever get to visit us during the winter, I'm sure they will love to have Grandpa Johnson take them for a ride in the big sled.

In my last letter I started to tell you about the train trip Andy and I took to Silverton when I visited them in Durango. I don't know who enjoyed the trip the more, Andy or I. Before the train started Andy said, "Aren't you excited Grandma? I'm so excited I can hardly stand it." Our seats were in the busiest of the coaches, I'm sure, since half of the car was taken up with the snack bar, where we could get coffee, pop, candy bars, and donuts. At first Andy was a little reluctant about getting up and walking around, but he soon got his "train-legs" under him and had a lot of fun visiting with everyone.

This Narrow Gauge Silverton Train is a real historic landmark, and if you are ever in this corner of Colorado between the dates of June 1st and October 1st, make this ride from Durango to Silverton a must on your list. It is a 45-mile trip, following the Rio de las Animas River through the heart of the San Juan National Forest, and for most of the trip you are in a wilderness region accessible only by rail. The tracks go along the rim of steep canyons, with the river far, far below. There were places where I had to keep reminding myself that this train had been operating for years and years and had never lost a passenger. The grades were steep and the curves sharp. It is a remarkable engineering feat, and was completed in 1882, the year the narrow gauge reached the booming mining camp of Silverton. It was this train that for years carried out most of the \$300 million in ore produced in the region.

By the 1950's the Silverton was the last remaining pioneer passenger train still running on schedule, and it was then it became the focus of fun and inspiration for railroad buffs and vacationers alike who rode it to recapture the romance of early-day railroading in the Rockies. The conductor told me that in the summer a lot of hikers ride about halfway and walk back, camping out as they go. There were several young people with backpacks who got off midway the day we rode the train. A little farther on the train stopped in the middle of nowhere to pick up a couple of boys. They looked as if they had been camping out for several days or weeks.

Kristin and Art suggested we ride just one way, so they met us in Silverton, where we had dinner in one of the interesting old restaurants. We spent a couple of hours wandering around the

(Continued on page 20)

THE LOG CABIN KITCHEN

by

Fern Christian Miller

The big, sunny, one-room log cabin with its two loft bedrooms was left standing just behind the new house which David built as his family grew. "You can use it for a wash room and your carpet loom, Annys Lee," he told his dignified, brown-eyed wife.

But, Annys Lee was accustomed to cooking in the beloved cabin with its rock fireplace across the south end. Soon a short passageway was built between the two. The black kettle on the

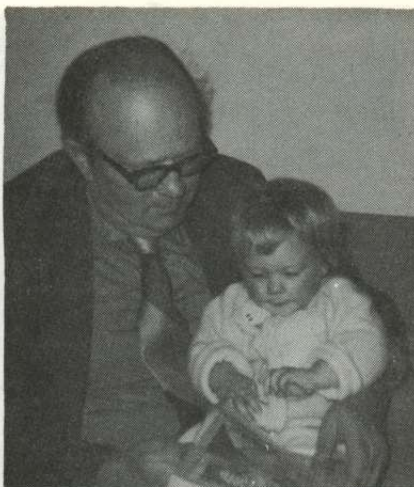


No matter what the weather
we can have a visit together!

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

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

| | |
|------|--|
| KWOA | Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M. |
| KOAM | Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M. |
| KVSH | Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 10:15 A.M. |
| WJAG | Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:05 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 - 10:30 A.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 - 2:05 P.M. |



Katharine took to Oliver immediately and would climb on his lap with a book the moment he sat down.

hook over the logs had always been filled with food cooking during the cold months. She could not seem to cook without it even though she had the big range beside the fireplace now. David had carefully put the pipe into the fireplace chimney where he pried out a round rock. In warm summer quick fires were made in the stove with wood chips and corncocks for rush meals on busy days.

Over the long oak mantel hung David's squirrel rifle and the old shotgun. On the mantel stood the big blue-and-white platter that had been her Irish grandmother's. The soup tureen and sugar bowl and cream pitcher matched it. The blue crocks had been given her by her English grandmother; also the squat brown teapot. David's heavy brown water jug also sat there, and the big white milk pitcher.

All the other dishes and cookware were in the cupboard at one end of the fireplace. The long homemade table with its red checked oilcloth, and the hickory-bottomed chairs were still used by the big family for meals. I well remember eating mushrooms, wild greens, cornbread, and hot sassafras tea at this table in spring; young squirrel or fried chicken, green beans, sliced tomatoes, fresh fruit and cold milk (from the cave) in summer; roast goose, pumpkin pie, mashed potatoes, chowchow, and cider at Thanksgiving; and baked ham, gingerbread, and cold milk in winter.

The big airy cabin with its clean, scrubbed wide floorboards, and its two outside doors and four screened windows was a pleasant place both winter and summer. So the kitchen in the new house was used as a bedroom.

Against the east wall stood the high wash bench used for wash pans and water buckets except on wash day. Two big tubs and a washboard were used then. The water was heated in a big kettle on the stove in winter and

outside in the huge black butchering kettle in summer.

When spring came the boys moved the wash bench outside against the cabin wall under the shade of a spreading elm tree. The well stood nearby with its pump. A grapevine ran up the cabin wall, along the eaves, and out over a high wire frame above the well and wash bench. This made a cool retreat where Annys Lee and her oldest daughter washed for the boys and David and the younger daughter.

Oh, the long living room in the new house was used for company and for family visiting after supper and on Sunday afternoons. It was all very nice with its new rag carpet, organ, bookshelves, library table, couch and easy chairs, as were the four neat, clean bedrooms. Staying all night with the youngest daughter was a joy to me. On a cold winter night we climbed up on the warm goose feather bed made by Annys Lee.

But the heart of the home seemed always to center in the log cabin kitchen.

Against the west wall stood the carpet loom. In winter, when her outdoor chores lessened, Annys Lee wove rag carpets for neighbors and relatives. Boxes of carpet warp and balls of rag strips torn from worn-out clothing sat against the wall next to the loom. Women furnished their own materials for this simple, but time-consuming, work. Weaving carpets and short throw rugs was how Annys Lee earned her pin money. Many things were supplied her family by her weaving earnings: the weekly newspaper and the good magazines she loved so much, and often school clothes, or necessary medicine.

For she was an educated woman with a vast thirst for knowledge. She had graduated from a Kentucky seminary before coming to Missouri with her parents. She wanted knowledge and Christian understanding for her nine children.

While her foot flew on the treadle of her loom, and her hands deftly worked at the simple materials to make a useful carpet of warmth and beauty, she must have thought on many things!

Today, as I turn the worn yellow pages of Annys Lee's Bible, I think what a wonderful woman she was - this pioneer mother who made a simple log cabin such an unforgettable place for her husband, nine children, and many grandchildren. For you see, I am one of Annys Lee's granddaughters.

?!?!?

Be content with nothing?
Impossible!
Be content with everything?
Impossible!
Be content?
Learn!

"For All the Blessings of the Year"

A NEW YEAR ACROSTIC

by

Mabel Nair Brown

(This may be used as a reading, or the letters might be placed on a table, or pinned to a backdrop, as appropriate lines are read by a narrator, or a person for each letter. It also might be used as a candle-lighting service, with a background of soft recorded music.)

A—A brand-new year before us!
Time to inventory, to take stock
Of our treasures — little blessings
That are ours AROUND the clock.

H—Take when you're blue and lonely;
Or when troubles never seem to
end.

A HANDCLASP — isn't it grand,
"When a feller needs a friend"?

A—Don't know how to express myself
'Thout the English department I
jar;

But in this "big, wide, wonderful
world"

I'm just glad I ARE !!

P—Don't always see "eye to eye";
I don't always agree,
So I never underrate the PA-
TIENCE

Of those who must put up with me!

P—What solace and what comfort
Is the precious gift of PRAYER —
Just to know He's there and wait-
ing,
That my burden He will share.

Y—One thing sure, I'm always con-
scious,
Every day, in all I do,
That I'm rich beyond all measure
'Cause I have such friends as
YOU.

N—Blessed am I for, of the morrow,
I refuse to fret and question
"How?";
Knowing God will see me through
the future —
I must enjoy the here and NOW!

E—I thank God for the ENTHUSIASM
That brightens up each day.
When it sparks the "git up and go"
It pays big dividends repay.

W—WORDS of comfort, WORDS of love,
WORDS of kindness, WORDS of
cheer,
WORDS of loved ones, WORDS of
friends

Blessing all the days throughout
year.

Y—Of all my store of treasures
Which my every day doth bless,
The best is the man who popped
the question
To which I answered "YES"!

E—For, He stands for the happiness
which
With my family I ENJOY —
Knowing they're my most priceless
treasure —
Pure gold, and no alloy!

A—As this brand-new year progresses
May I ever be AWARE
Of all that God, and home, and
friends
Mean to me—that's my New Year's
prayer.

R—Reawaken, Lord, my most cherish-
ed vision.
Rekindle the long forgotten dream—
Let this be the year I brighten the
ROAD, for others
As, together, we "follow the
gleam"!



GAPLESS GENERATIONS

When our new house was finished we
called a nursery for some landscaping
suggestions.

The girl who answered the phone sug-
gested that the young Mr. Saterfield be
consulted because he was young and
had new and more progressive ideas.

Young Saterfield came out, examined
our grounds, and drew some hasty
sketches of suggested plantings.

"Before I do the final plat," young
Saterfield said, "I'd like to consult my
father. He is better than I because he
has so much experience."

No sooner than young Saterfield left,
the senior Mr. Saterfield came, ex-
plaining that he had just seen the
memo on the stenographer's desk.

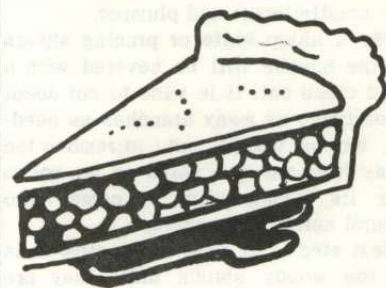
He tramped over our grounds and did
some hasty sketches. "I'd like my son
to see this before we present the final
plans," he said. "He's better than I
... has new ideas."

"Your son was just here," my hus-
band grinned, "and he said the same
thing about you in a way. He said you
were better because you have more
experience."

"Well," Mr. Saterfield smiled back,
"we work together." —Evelyn Witter



This is one of the little dresses
Margery smocked for her great-niece
Katharine. It is pale pink and is
smocked in dark rose. Very few pat-
terns for smocked dresses are avail-
able these days, but Margery (with
great hopes for their use!) bought
quite a few many years ago.



THERE ARE A FEW PLACES WE JUST DON'T FIT IN

Wonderful as it is, we can't
imagine **Kitchen-Klatter Country
Style Dressing** at home on pie or
ice cream. By the same token,
whenever there's lettuce being
broken, or cabbage chopped, or
tomatoes sliced, this new salad
dressing leaps to mind immedi-
ately.

And not just for ordinary things,
either: lot of "bite size" vege-
table chunks (carrots, cauliflower
florets, etc.) can be dipped in and
eaten as a great appetizer. Or sur-
prise your Sunday morning brunch
gang with a dollop tucked inside a
folded-over omelet!

**Kitchen-Klatter Country Style
Dressing** is not sweet, not tart,
nor sour. It's a just-right blend of
oils, vinegars, tomatoes and spices
... an appetizing flavor the whole
family will enjoy.

At your grocer's now.

Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing

BE A PETAL PUSHER

by
Erma Reynolds

Are you impatient for spring to arrive? You can have a preview of spring by bringing in branches from flowering shrubs and forcing them to open their blossoms ahead of their usual schedule.

There's a number of varieties you can use for this experiment — forsythia, pussy willow, magnolia, peach, pear, plum, crab apple, Japanese quince, spirea. In making your selection, just keep in mind that you will get quicker results from shrubs that bloom early in the season.

Choose a mild day in late January, or early February, for the cutting. Select healthy branches that have a lot of flower buds. How does one recognize flower buds? They are the ones that are usually larger and plumper.

Use a sharp knife or pruning shears so the boughs will be severed with a good clean cut. It is wise to cut about three times as many branches as needed, but be careful not to remove too many from any one shrub so as not to mar its beauty when it comes into natural spring blossoming.

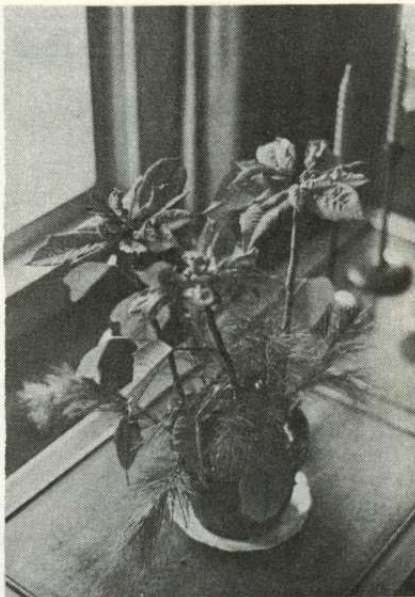
Next step is to hammer the stem ends of the woody shrubs until they are shredded to help the stems absorb water more easily.

Now immerse the branches in a tub of lukewarm water overnight, weighted down with a heavy towel so that they will be covered with water their entire length.

While the branches are wet after their soaking, they may be bent into attractive curves.

Place in deep containers of tepid water, and store in a dark cool room until the buds begin to swell and break.

Now they are ready for display in a cool, well-lighted room. Although the



The new poinsettias last many weeks.

sprays should have plenty of light, they should not be placed directly in the sun.

Change the water in their vase about twice a week, and if the room atmosphere is dry, spray the emerging flowers with water every day to prevent their drying out. One or two pieces of charcoal placed in the container will also keep the arrangement sweet-smelling.

You'll be anxious for blossoms to appear, but be patient; this is not a fast process. It will take from 10 days to four weeks to get results, depending upon branch size, variety used, the time of year. Forsythia and pussy willow, first shrubs to blossom out on the spring scene, are the speedy varieties, while shrubs that normally flower later can take up to a month, or even longer, to force indoors.

Be a petal pusher. It may be winter outside, but spring will be in your living room.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

January marks the start of a brand-new gardening year. Most of us welcome the challenge of what, when and where to plant, and how well we succeed depends on how well we plan *now* for the busy days ahead. In a short time the new gardening catalogs will be arriving and there is no more optimistic reading for a cold winter evening. If you have never kept a garden diary or garden notebook, this is an excellent time to start one. You may start your book with a diagram of your yard and a listing of all the perennials and shrubs already established. Check through the new seed and nursery catalogs and make a list of new things you wish to try this year and in the future. For many years we have kept such a log in the greenhouse and find it invaluable when it comes to planting dates, weather notations and information on various plants.

Have you checked your stored bulbs lately? Are they keeping properly? A quick check in our basement this morning found sports several inches long coming out of the dahlia boxes, indicating the tubers are too warm. I broke them off and set the boxes in a far corner of the room. Our basement is simply too warm to store most bulbs and tubers with one exception — ismenes. These must be kept in a fairly warm room or there will be little bloom later on.

If the snow isn't too deep, or the weather too cold, you can start pruning of woody and deciduous shrubs, fruit trees and grapes. *Do not* prune roses this early as there is ample time for this chore.

Last fall a reader wrote asking for information on establishing a wild garden. "I have always longed for a woody garden filled with wild flowers so dear to my childhood. I remember big white trilliums, the blue, white and yellow violets that grew along our creek, and huge clumps of fern," she wrote. "Can you tell me where to place such a garden and where to get plants?"

The north side of a house or garage should make a good location, but you must excavate all the soil in the bed 10 inches or deeper and replace it with a mixture of compost, leaf mold and peat moss. The soil for wildings must duplicate that of their native habitat as closely as possible.

If you wish a sheet listing reliable nurseries that offer catalogs and their addresses, including those of specialists, please send twenty-five cents and a stamped self-addressed envelope directly to me, Eva M. Schroeder, Eagle Bend, Minn. 56446.

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COME READ WITH ME

by

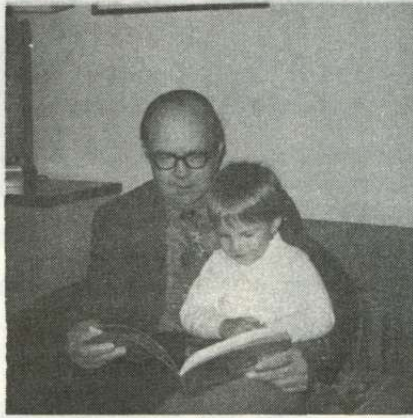
Armada Swanson

Pearl Buck has been a favorite author of mine through the years. When I was able to attend a lecture by this famous writer, my admiration for her increased. She has done so much for the less-fortunate children in the world. I respect, too, her discipline in turning out books year after year. The latest by this winner of the Nobel and Pulitzer Prizes is *The Story Bible* (Bartholomew House Ltd., \$7.95) which is the complete Old and New Testaments retold in seventy-two "story-sections". During her childhood her mother had given her a very fat volume in a brown cloth cover entitled *Stories of the Bible* in worn gilt letters. Pearl Buck remembers how much pleasure and profit she derived from reading that earlier volume. Therefore, it may be that this collection will take its place for today's readers. She reminds us:

"The Bible may be read in many ways. For some it constitutes divine teaching, and it does contain this element. For others it is the purest literature we have in the English language. For still others it is a compendium of information on suffering, struggling, rejoicing human nature. For children, it is a story book. May they read it as I read it long ago in a Chinese house on a Chinese hillside."

Presented in the language of today, *The Story Bible* combines the flavor of history with the excitement of modern fiction. It will have appeal for virtually everyone. Planned to be published in practically every country where books are sold, this English edition is the beginning of an event destined for world-wide acclaim.

Many books made famous some years ago are now being reissued for a new generation of readers. One such book is *Tomorrow Will Come* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1968, \$4.95) by E.M. Almedingen. First published more than twenty-five years ago, it was awarded the *Atlantic Monthly* Prize and critics found it "profoundly moving". This acclaim holds true as it is read today. The book concerns the courageous life of E. M. Almedingen from her birth in 1898 into one of Russia's leading aristocratic-intellectual families to her flight from St. Petersburg to England in 1922. Russian family life and what it meant to be alive and destitute dur-



James' favorite entertainment is being read to and he'll climb on any available lap just about any time of day! In this case Oliver was at hand to read "The Big Surprise" — at least that is what memory calls up, for it was a favorite book and we heard it umpteen times!

ing the Russian Revolution is vividly recounted. The hard facts of the Revolution play a small role. One becomes concerned with Miss Almedingen's survival, of how life continued amid bloodshed and starvation. She writes from her cold water garret about suffering, pettiness, generosity and the ability of the people to survive physically, spiritually and intellectually. A story of great personal courage, *Tomorrow Will Come* makes remarkable reading.

As the book comes to a close, Miss Almedingen is told by the captain on the ship, as it heads for Italy, that all is behind her now. Adequate words would not come for several years. The experience left a truth graven on the consciousness. "That truth," she writes, "could not be told in my own words. St. Paul's must be borrowed for it. 'Nothing . . . can separate us from the love of God . . .'"

Miss Almedingen has lived in England since 1922. She is a distinguished medieval scholar and author of many books on Russian history.

Touring the Old West (The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, \$6.95) by Kent Ruth is both a practical guide to the what, where and how of the existing Western frontier and a richly historic personal tour of the 17 states beyond the Missouri — welcome reading for the armchair and active traveler alike.

Mr. Ruth first takes the reader, with Lewis and Clark and many others, along the Great Trail routes, pointing out the trail side graffiti by the way — the poignant inscriptions scratched on wayside stones and cliffsides (Independence Rock, Pompey's Pillar, El Morro) by 16th century Spaniards and 19th century pioneers.

With him we then follow the once-flourishing fur trade and its relics — the trading post forts and rendezvous towns of the famed Mountain Men — from Missouri to Ft. Clatsop, Oregon, and south to Taos, New Mexico.

We are shown the early-day military forts in full regalia and visit the boom and bust mining towns where the author describes some of the famed old lodging and entertainment spots.

Always replete with pertinent information for today's explorer, Mr. Ruth guides us along the West's original railroad lines, over the mountain passes and beside the running rivers, stopping at times at Indian pueblos and other mementos of the West as it was.

He suggests that you plan to have a good trip when you start out — not *how*, specifically, just that you *are* — and he believes that you will. Remember this as you start on a tour of the Old West. This is also an armchair vacation for the Western buff who can't travel.

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 1971. Do you have a friend to add in 1972?

\$2.00 per year, 12 issues

Foreign countries, \$2.50

(Iowa residents, please add Sales Tax.)

Send your order to:

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



Juliana sees that Katharine and James get to the Albuquerque zoo often. They especially like the children's section where they can pet the animals.

DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded
town and visiting all the stores, then drove back to Durango on the million-dollar highway.

At several different places on the ride I noticed railroad ties and track down in the river. Kristin and Art said there had been a terrible flood just a year ago, and they had a paper showing pictures of the damage it had done. There was a cloudburst and the streams north of Durango swept out of their banks and through the Animas River Canyon, and in a few hours many miles of track had been whipped and tangled beyond recognition. The damage was the most extensive since a bad flood in 1911. Much of the railbed which escaped the water itself was buried under boulders, fallen trees, and deep mud slides. Crews of workmen worked at re-

pairing the track until snows closed the canyon, and resumed work again in the spring so that the historic railway and passenger service could be resumed.

I'm writing this before Christmas, and right now our plans are to be right here at home. We aren't expecting Kristin and her family.

This has been a good year and a happy one for us. When you reach our age every year is a good year if you keep well. I hope you have had a good year at your house, and may the year 1972 hold much happiness for you.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

Time lost is your loss.

LIFE IS A YEAR, A DAY

Our Birth is as the New Year, and the Dawn of a Day,

Breathing Hope and Promise, yet wrapped in Mystery.

Infancy — innocent, inexperienced, dependent on older hands and heads, As the New Year is unaware of good or ill in store —

Is unadorned, unarmed, save for the Old Year's legacy.

And the Dawn, though promising, may herald fair or foul.

Childhood — with all its pleasures, pains, laughter and tears,

Its trust, and courage, disappointments and fears.

As the Spring advances with the stormy winds of March,

The Year's first birds and flowers, all Earth awakened.

So the Day lengthens, with the busy, hopeful morning hours.

Then, longed-for Manhood and Womanhood, attained at last,

Bringing fulfilment of earlier hopes, rewards undreamed of,

And share of sadness.

Autumn sees a rich Harvest gathered in, Or ruined by the cruel storms.

So the Afternoon sun shines, Although dark, stormy clouds are hovering.

Finally, the Eventide of life, Serene and Blessed.

So many memories — so few regrets. The Year ends, and we look back a little,

Then forward to a Bright New Year. So the Day ends. Darkness for a little while,

Then a New Dawning.

Life is a Year — a Day. —Edith Davies

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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.

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Since 1892

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded
manage to overcome nervousness. The day I am not nervous before giving a speech will be the day I do a poor job. Any person who is not at least a little bit nervous before making a speech or singing a solo or doing anything else before an audience is bound to do less than his best. It is our nervousness that makes the adrenalin pour into our blood, and it is that adrenalin which makes our minds sharp. Of course the big secret of successful public speaking is to be able to conceal one's nervousness. God knew what He was doing when He made it possible for us to have "the jitters".

Betty joins me in wishing for all of you a very successful and prosperous New Year. When 1972 draws to a close, may you be able to look back to its beginning and thank God for a multitude of blessings.

Sincerely,
Frederick

JANUARY DEVOTIONS – Concluded
merely drift? "No" is a door-closing word, a static, lifeless word. Say "No" to opportunities to serve, to learn, to meeting new people and making new friends, and we close the door to our own personal growth and development. "No" turns our boat away from an adventure to bigger living and wider horizons.

"Yes" is a door-opening word. "Yes" is the word that sets the sails to catch the wind that blows life's boat out and forward – forward to new adventures, deep experiences, personal growth, experimentation.

To say "Yes" means taking on burdens, assuming responsibilities, sticking our necks out. Anything can happen, and often does, when we say "Yes" – but what a glorious adventure!

There are those who say we can rest, or merely drift, on our past achievements. Not so. As soon as the applause dies down the world raises the ante and says, "Now let's see you do it again – and better!"

In life there is not such a thing as just standing still, or just drifting. We are either going forward, or backward. If we're content to merely sit still and rest on past laurels, it is a foregone conclusion in which direction we will move. **WE MUST DARE TO SET OUR SAILS AND MOVE OUT IN 1972.** Look back and give thanks. Look forward and take courage. Look around and serve. Look up and ask God's help. Then get moving!

Set your face in the right direction of some fine and worthwhile thing. Give yourself a goal to reach for, something worth the mastering . . . We cannot all ascend the mountain's glorious height, but we can move in its direction on and upwards toward light . . . Though you reach your journey's ending never having gained your goal, it won't matter, if that moment finds you with your heart and soul facing in the right direction, laughing in the teeth of fate, turning toward the thing you've dreamed of, on the track of something great.

Leader: One last thought as we face the adventures of the new year together – we need to keep our enthusiasm high and work with what we have. To each of you I say, "Stir What You Got".

We know that sugar settles

To the bottom of the cup.

We know it does but little good

Unless we stir it up.

Enthusiasm's much the same –

You'll find 'twill help a lot,

If you will use ambition's spoon

And stir just what you've got.

You get some good ideas –

Then neglect 'em, like as not.

You will find they're lying dormant,

If you just stir what you got.
Each fella has some talents –
Pretty good ones – **MIGHT BE HOT** –
If he'd just stop envyin' others
And would stir the ones he's got.
We sit around and pray for more,
And let things go to pot,
When God done tol' us in His Book
To jes' stir what we got. (Anon.)
I challenge each one of you. Dare to be yourself! Facing the wind, defy it to drive you from your course. **SET SAILS AND MOVE OUT – AND HANG ON.** You'll have the time of your life!

BEYOND TOMORROW

A flower unblown, a book unread,
A tree with fruit unharvested;
A path untrod, a house whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's devine perfumes;
A landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies;
A wondrous fountain, yet unsealed;
A casket with its gifts concealed –
This is the year that for you waits
Beyond tomorrow's mystic gates.

—Selected

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship has welded us together,
May Time nor distance never sever
The link that love and friendship has wrought,
By dollars and cents it cannot be bought.

Dividends, by love only, measured,
Our years together, ever treasured.

—Mollie Pitluck Bell

JANUARY ACROSTIC

I n the sun
C lear and cold,
I cicles
C rack
L oud and bold.
E ach one falls, or
S lowly trickles.

GOD BLESS THY YEAR

God bless thy year!
Thy coming in, thy going out,
Thy rest, thy traveling about.
The rough, the smooth,
The bright, the drear,
God bless thy year!

—Old English blessing

Fashions Do Change!



Fashions change, hemlines change, fabrics change. Especially those fabrics! Grandmother wouldn't recognize all these synthetics, with their wrinkle resistance and permanent press.

Grandmother's laundry soap and bleach wouldn't work, either.

Today's washables demand deep cleaning, often in warm water. And the bleach must be safe, without harsh chlorines. **Kitchen-Klatter's** laundry twins, **Blue Drops** and **Safety Bleach**, are designed with next week's wash in mind. They'll produce sparkling clean, shiny bright clothes with no danger of "bleach rot" or fabric damage. Just follow directions, for the nicest Monday you ever had.



KITCHEN-KLATTER
BLUE DROPS &
SAFETY BLEACH



You're never too old to hear better

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

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

These models are free, so we suggest you write for yours now. Again, we repeat, there is no cost, and certainly no obligation. Write to Dept. 4871, Beltone Electronics Corp., 4201 W. Victoria, Chicago, Ill. 60646.



Jed Lowey and his daughter Katharine were really bundled up for the late fall picnic in the mountains near Albuquerque.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

and Frank's sister and her husband (Edna and Raymond Halls) in Roswell. We haven't yet set any date for returning, and when someone asked me the other day how long I'd be in Albuquerque I said for goodness' sakes to let me get there first! At an earlier time that trip seemed like only a hop, skip and a jump since I made it so frequently, but these days it seems like a tremendous trek.

Just now I glanced out at the glowering sky and suddenly I remembered something funny that happened ten years ago.

Juliana was then a freshman at the University of New Mexico and planned to fly home for Christmas by way of Kansas City and Omaha. On the morning of that day we awakened to hear weather reports of a terrible storm moving in, and with every report things looked darker.

These ominous reports stirred Russell to call Juliana in Albuquerque and to warn her to start out with enough money to take care of herself in case the plane couldn't land in Omaha and she'd be stranded in some city far from home.

Juliana couldn't believe a word of this because it was a brilliant and unusually warm day in Albuquerque and she simply couldn't imagine not being able to get into Omaha. But Russell was so insistent she not start out with less than \$5.00 in her pocket (her usual great cash reserve) that she agreed to stop at the bank on her road to the airport.

Well, by early afternoon the storm had hit us with full fury and we had a rigorous trip up to the Omaha airport. Eventually, and far behind schedule, Juliana's plane made it into Omaha and the three of us started back on the hard trip to Shenandoah.

However, that was the last plane into Omaha for two days and two nights . . . if I remember rightly. And I've never forgotten the man holding a ticket to

New York who came in on the same plane that brought Juliana, and who sat at the airport for that long, long ordeal.

When they finally were able to clear a runway for take-off he went plunging out determined to get on that plane, and when they told him that he had a ticket for New York and this first plane out was going to Los Angeles, he said that it didn't make any difference whatsoever . . . he'd just go to California and then back to New York! I've always thought that he sounded like a very, very desperate man.

By the time you read this I'll be in Albuquerque (weather permitting!), but until I can give you a full report from there I'll just wind this up by saying that I hope all of you will have a happy and blessed Christmas.

Next month I'll let you know how all of our plans worked out.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year . . .

Lucile

MARGERY'S LETTER — Concluded

cousin Emily off for Brazil and to be there when we arrived. We would have waited over to see Alison and Mike but for the time element and the urgency of moving on.

Martin is having wonderful experiences in his ministry in Montana. Everyone is so cooperative and eager to help keep things running smoothly. He feels especially fortunate to have chosen this situation for his internship. Our time together was short, but we made the most of what we had together. By the time we saw him off for his flight back to Billings we had talked ourselves hoarse!

Incidentally, when we phoned Martin later he said that he had had a fascinating visit on the plane with an archaeologist who had just spent several months working with Dr. Leakey in Africa. Martin was sorry the flight was such a short one as it was one of the most exciting conversations he had ever experienced!

Speaking of exciting things, Martin has plans for a real adventure but still being short on details, I'll wait until next month to tell you about it.

Sincerely,

Margery

A NEW BEGINNING

That dreams do not end in reality makes them no less valid. For in that dreaming and planning, the very striving brands Man a giant in the earth.

Stand tall, then, head high and dare to act your dreams this new year.

You have another beginning to make the improbable possible.

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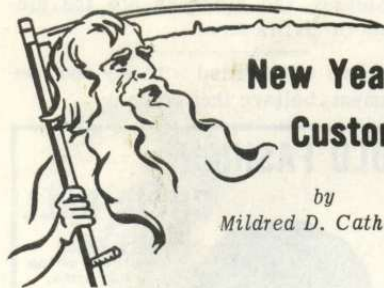
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New Year's Customs

by
Mildred D. Cathcart

We are familiar with Christmas customs in many lands, but New Year's customs are equally interesting. The Greeks and early Romans celebrated the day on December 21. Early Egyptians chose the autumn equinox, September 21, when the harvest had been gathered, thus ending that particular work for the year. In early times, England celebrated both Christmas and New Year's Day on December 25. When Julius Caesar reformed the calendar, he had the New Year begin on January 1. January was named for the two-faced god, indicating he looked back over the old year and forward to the new year.

In Scotland, New Year's Day is a most important holiday. Greeting cards are mailed to friends and visiting begins after a midnight church service. An old superstition says the first caller to a house will bring either good or bad luck to the family. To insure good luck, the first caller must bring a present.

The Chinese usually celebrate the New Year for three days, both in the home and in public. At this time of festivity, all quarrels are to be settled, all debts paid, and each person becomes one year older.

In Belgium, even though the festivities extend beyond midnight, no one is supposed to sleep late on New Year's Day. To insure early rising, the child who rises last must pay a forfeit to the rest of the family.

Children in Bulgaria drop a leaf into water on New Year's Eve. If the leaf has not withered by morning, the family is assured of good health throughout the year. In Czechoslovakia boys and girls tell their future by placing a lighted candle in a nutshell and floating it in water. If the shell stays near the edge, the person will remain near home, but if the shell floats away from the water's edge, it indicates a year of travel.

While many countries celebrate New Year's Eve in noisy ways, many of the Dutch people spend the evening in church. The important happenings of the year are reviewed and later a memorial service is held for all the members who have died during the year.

No matter how one chooses to bid farewell to the Old Year and welcome in the New Year, it is a most appropri-

ate time to give thanks again for all past blessings and to ask divine guidance for the year that lies ahead.

Lord, let war's tempest cease,
Fold Thy whole world in peace
Under Thy wings.
Make all nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone, O King of Kings.

So pass the little years,
Like wisps of song
The thrush pours on the world
At close of day.
Then let us love and laugh —
The hill is long;
We need a comrade's handclasp
All the way. —Sunshine

TIME

Time, precious time,
Ever escaping,
Ever contriving
To make me the fool.
Clocks with their hands
Pointing and asking,
"Have you the Time?
It is your tool."
Love, precious love,
Giving and taking,
Taking and giving,
Always with more
Heart-hungry souls
Looking and seeking.
Give in abundance;
More is in store.

—Mary Kurtz



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