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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

20 CENTS

VOL. 37

JANUARY, 1973

NUMBER 1



—Merrill Goff Studios

Lisa and Natalie Nenneman

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W. E. PEARSON  
302 HAMBURG AVE  
ST JOSEPH MO 64505



# 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:

It's been a long time since I've written to you when I was poised on the brink of departure, but that's the story today.

Unless the present snow flurries turn into something far more threatening, Howard and Mae will come down tonight to load the car, and then tomorrow morning we'll get started towards New Mexico. Eula, Abe and I will have the back seat and it's a great relief that Abe is a very good traveler. I always thought that Jake was exceptionally good in the car, but Abe is even better.

It was just about this time a year ago that we started for New Mexico (Dorothy was at the wheel on that trip) and I haven't been there since, so you can see why I feel a little bit keyed up. We'll stop overnight at Salina, Kansas, the first night, and at Tucumcari, New Mexico, the second night — and then into Albuquerque.

In one respect this particular trip will be quite different from the one last year. At that time I occupied the guest room in what I think of as the main house, but this year Eula and I will be established in the guest house, a completely self-contained house located on the other side of the big brick paved patio.

That house was one of the prime reasons why Juliana and Jed bought their property last year, but I couldn't use it until they had had the front door widened, the bathroom door widened, carpet put down in the living room, a ramp built at the front door and a cement walk poured down to the patio. A handsome flight of steps was the only access to the guest house formerly, and you can imagine what this meant to someone who lives in a wheelchair.

I'm delighted to think that Eula and I will have our very own kitchen with a brand-new stove, for this means that we can cook up all kinds of surprises when the notion strikes us. There wasn't any way last year I could pro-

duce something totally unexpected when Juliana was right at my elbow in her kitchen! Between having my very own kitchen, plus a desk and typewriter, I'll be all set to go.

Oh yes . . . I'm going to have Juliana bring out her ironing board so I can pitch in and help in that department. Last year I was hard at it on a big stack of the children's clothes when one of her friends arrived and was introduced to me for the first time.

"Why, you're just like my mother!" she exclaimed. "She hardly gets through the front door when she comes to visit before she asks me to put up the board and get out the ironing!"

This brings to mind something I read that struck me as very funny. A visiting mother said to her daughter: "Why don't you take down the ironing board?" And the daughter said: "What for? We're not moving."

James and Katharine are old enough now to look forward to our arrival with great anticipation. In fact, James was sufficiently stirred up last week to dictate his very first letter after Juliana told him that she would write exactly what he said, word for word. It was addressed to Abe, and I thought it was so amusing that I'm going to share it with you.

(For the benefit of brand-new readers I should explain that Abe is a little two-year-old Chihuahua that Eula and I have had since he was six weeks old.)

"Dear Abie: I am looking forward to having you come for Christmas. I am so glad you are coming. I am going to get a little doggie present for you, Abe. I can go out in the snow with you and let you in the guest house too. I am going to get you another present too. A little kitty cat.

"Granny Wheels, I am going to get a present for you too.

"Auntie Eula, thank you for coming for Christmas too. Give good weather to Abie and stuff.

"The other thing is, a little nother thing for Abie, I have been playing outside and going to school. I burned tumbleweeds outside with my father. I

raked. The trench is now filled up with gravel from the gravel pits.

"Abie, thank you for all your letters. Katharine says thank you too. We like to get your letters.

"Well, give good love to all of you. Your loving friend, James"

You can be sure that this letter will go into the big box that holds Juliana's letters. I think I'm a very, very fortunate mother to have a daughter who writes such long and detailed letters week in and week out.

All plans involving Christmas hinge upon the weather in our part of the country, so all we can say is what we HOPE to do given clear highways.

If December 24th dawns bright and clear, Mother, Marge, Oliver and Martin will drive up to be with Dorothy and Frank for a couple of days. Howard and Mae will be in Omaha with Donna and Tom, and their two little granddaughters, Lisa and Natalie. And I'll be in Albuquerque.

Abigail and Wayne expect to observe this Christmas in La Paz, Bolivia, (of all places!) with Emily and Clark. Frederick and Betty will have both Mary Leanna and David with them in Springfield, Mass., and Mary Beth and Donald will be at home in Delafield, Wisconsin, with Katharine, Paul and Adrienne.

There! I guess that accounts for all of us during the Yuletide season with the exception of Dorothy and Frank's daughter, Kristin, and Wayne and Abigail's daughter, Alison. Kristin will have a two weeks' vacation from her teaching and will relish this time to be at home in Durango with her family! Alison and her husband will "house sit" in Denver for Wayne and Abigail. (Incidentally, there is a possibility that they will be living in Albuquerque after the first of the year.)

I was absolutely overwhelmed by the letters from you friends who wish very much to have us reprint *The Story Of An American Family*. I had no idea that so many, many people would be interested.

However, I want to make one thing clear: when I said we would bring it up to date I meant that we would simply account for the family as it is today . . . just a record of where we live, what we do, etc. If we were to go into more than these straight facts we'd have another book even longer than the original book! We're going to reprint the original book exactly as it stands, and then just add the facts.

But before this can be tackled we must get the cookbook finished and ready to go on its way. A lot of people have written to say that they're scared they'll not know about it and miss out on getting a copy. Goodness no! When that cookbook is finished (and we'd

(Continued on page 22)



## MARGERY DESCRIBES REDECORATING PROJECTS

Dear Friends:

Since I didn't write a letter to you last month, there will be some catching up to do in this issue.

The redecorating is done — at last! It seemed as if we had been torn up forever, but actually the work progressed rather quickly once all the time-consuming jobs, like the plumbing and carpentry, were out of the way. Since we had to do some repapering, I spent many hours looking through wall-paper books. I'd decide on something, and then change my mind and start all over again. We finally settled on pale gold for the living room, television room and halls. Our selection for the dining room was soft Wedgewood blue, a shade that blends perfectly with my good china.

The downstairs bath fixtures are in harvest gold, and the new paper is a print in gold and brown on white background. The upstairs bath has new blue fixtures, and the new paper is a blue print which contains an identical shade of blue. Since that bathroom is unusually small, we put in some white wicker shelves which avoids a crowded look.

I've been busy this past week hanging pictures. Now that the walls in the larger rooms are perfectly plain, picture arrangements are easier to manage.

We stayed with the same color, Plantation White, for the woodwork. This is an off-white that seems to blend with everything.

We hadn't hung new drapes for years, and that was probably the most difficult decision to make. After hours of looking at fabrics, I finally found an attractive floral print that picked up the colors of the furniture and walls in all the rooms. They are made to draw, but during the winter months we need all the light we can get, so have sheer panels between the drapes. They are "no see through", so there is no need to draw the drapes. This gives us lots of daylight, yet filters the brightest rays of sunshine.

Martin brought a friend home for the Thanksgiving holidays, a fellow student from Switzerland who is in this country on an international scholarship. Francois's native language is French, coming from the French-speaking section of the country, and although he has been here for only a few months, he is getting along fine with his English. Occasionally Martin would have to explain a word or phrase we used, but on the whole there were few problems in communication. We hoped Francois could come for the Christmas holidays as well, but he had already accepted an invitation to visit a friend in New York City.



—Photo by KMA Guide

One of the genuine pioneers in radio is Gertrude May, a life-long resident of Shenandoah. With her husband, Earl E. May, she pitched right in to help with the programs that gave KMA such a big audience all over the Midwest. Any writer who contemplates doing a study of the early days in radio would find Mrs. May a gold mine of information.

This Christmas will find the Driftmiers pretty well scattered, but we'll be in close touch with each other. Oliver and I are pleased that Martin can come home. Last Christmas he was serving his internship in the church in Montana and couldn't be with us. This year he is assisting in a church in a suburb of Minneapolis, but will be able to spend a few days with us.

The picture on this page will be of interest to many of you who remember the early days of radio, for even if you live many hundreds of miles from Shenandoah, you probably remember the days when there were few radio stations and our local stations could be heard in places so far away that it seems unbelievable now. Mrs. May was honored recently for her many years of

service as a member of the board of trustees of our local hospital.

Mrs. May's grandson Eddie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward May, is a freshman student at Doane College in Crete, Nebraska, where our son Martin did his undergraduate work. The college has an exceptionally fine Communications Department which, of course, is Eddie's main interest, coming from a broadcasting family. Eddie is a fine young fellow and Oliver and I always enjoy our visits with him when he comes home. It is good to hear the latest news from the college since we were so closely associated with it when Martin was a student there.

The picture on page 22 has an interesting story behind it. Margaret is the wife of one of the radio engineers, Norman Kling. Norm told us about this carpet project when it was started, and kept us informed as to its progress when he performed his engineering duties with us. This was a two-year project and Margaret said it was worth all the effort to put it together, costing little except her time. It started when she came into a number of carpet samples of all types and colors. She cut them into various sizes and shapes and then glued them on canvas. The last room tackled was the front entrance hall, and in the center she incorporated in block letters of carpet the word "HOME". I dropped by to see her the day the job was completed and thought it was a fascinating piece of work. I can't imagine how many hours it took before the living room, dining room, TV room and hall were finished, but it must have run into the thousands. I doubt that Margaret counted them.

Just thinking about Margaret's big project sets me to thinking about some I should be doing myself. One of them is using the leftover paint to paint some picture frames. I bought some plain wood frames a while back for some prints we picked up at the Nelson Art Gallery in Kansas City early last year and I think it's time I got busy with the paint brush.

There appears to be quite a bit of wallpaper left — incomplete rolls, of course — and I've been wondering what I could do with it. I always like to keep some on hand in case we should have some sort of disaster and need it, but we never seem to have that kind of crisis. I'd like to hear what you folks have done with leftover wallpaper. There probably are a "jillion" things to do with it if I had a good imagination!

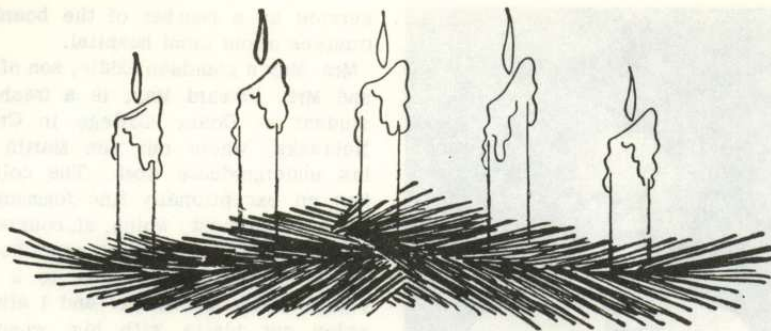
I think my space is filled, if I can judge accurately, so I'll wind this up with Happy New Year to all of you good friends!

Sincerely,  
Margery

## COVER STORY

When you see small children frequently you simply don't realize how much they've changed unless you compare a new picture with an earlier picture. I'm sure that all of us thought that Lisa and Natalie Nenneman hadn't really changed much in appearance until this new portrait arrived. One glance at it told us how big a difference there is between it and the picture you'll see on page 11. Lisa and Natalie are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Nenneman of Omaha, Nebraska, and the only grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa. —Lucile





## YOU Must Add Grace

A NEW YEAR'S PROGRAM

by

Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** Arrange five tall tapers in holders on a small table. Tuck greens around the bases of the candleholders. Stand large gold letters, spelling out the word G-R-A-C-E, in front of the candles, one letter in front of each holder. The candles are lighted as indicated in the program.

**Prelude:** Medley of such songs as "I Believe", "The Impossible Dream", "Blowin' in the Wind", "I'd Like to Teach the World to Sing", any songs of hope and love, either old or contemporary. Continue the music softly during the opening verse.

**Leader:**

Though your years be many,  
Though your years be few,  
All that truly matters  
Is what you do.  
Though you have but little,  
Or a lot to give,  
All that Life considers  
Is how YOU live.

The Book of Psalms contains several hymns which were sung in the Temple by the worshipers at the beginning of each new year. This was a time when they thought deeply about God and His will for them. It was time to think anew of their own lives and God's charge over them, and of the wondrous fact that no matter how often they stumbled in reaching their goals, still God was with them. His love sustained them always. It was a time for joy and thanksgiving and praises to God for the new year ahead, and choirs and worshipers joined in song to express their joy. Let us listen now as some of these old Psalms are read.

**Scriptures:** (Read by two readers responsively.)

LET THE NATIONS BE GLAD AND  
SING FOR JOY, FOR THOU DOST  
JUDGE THE PEOPLES WITH EQUITY  
AND GUIDE THE NATIONS UPON  
THE EARTH. LET ALL THE PEOPLE  
PRAISE THEE.

*Sing to the Lord, sing praises to His name, lift up a song to Him who rides*

*upon the clouds; His name is the Lord, exalt before Him!*

LET ME HEAR WHAT GOD THE  
LORD WILL SPEAK, FOR HE WILL  
SPEAK PEACE TO HIS PEOPLE . . .  
FAITHFULNESS AND PEACE WILL  
SPRING UP FROM THE GROUND, AND  
RIGHTEOUSNESS WILL LOOK DOWN  
FROM THE SKY. YEA, THE LORD  
WILL GIVE WHAT IS GOOD.

*Light dawns for the righteous, and joy  
for the upright in heart. Rejoice in the  
Lord, O you righteous, and give thanks  
to His holy name!*

I WILL SING OF LOYALTY AND  
JUSTICE: TO THEE, O LORD WILL I  
SING. I WILL GIVE HEED TO THE  
WAY THAT IS BLAMELESS. . . I WILL  
WALK WITH INTEGRITY OF HEART  
WITHIN MY HOUSE.

PRAISE THE LORD: SING TO THE  
LORD A NEW SONG . . . PRAISE HIM  
WITH TRUMPET SOUND: PRAISE HIM  
WITH LUTE AND HARP! . . . PRAISE  
THE LORD!

(Parts of Psalms 67, 68, 85, 97, 101,  
149, and 150.)

**Hymn:** (By all.) "Come, Christians,  
Join to Sing", or some similar hymn of joy.

**Prayer:** God of all days, as this new year bursts forth, help us to greet it with joy and the inspiration of Thy love. Help us not to dwell on the threats of the future, the despair and failures of the past, but to draw on Thy enduring fund of goodness and hope. Guide us to take inventory of our characters and our relationships, and teach us to make deposits of honesty, kindness, humility, and joy, thus adding that blessed ingredient of grace, or love, to every day of our lives. Amen

**Leader:** A lady once gave a recipe to a friend. It specified so many cups of this, so many teaspoons of that, and the length of baking time, and then she said, "However, dear friend, if you want the recipe to be truly a great success, you must add grace."

When we apply this to life, adding

grace is adding love — doing the little extra. It is fine to follow duty, to act with honor and common sense, to do that which is expected and that which must be done, but "the true sweetness of living comes only when we add grace". It takes love to bring out the full flavor of life. Let your thoughts join with ours as we meditate in these moments and light our candles of grace for the new year — who knows, perhaps for a new you, a new me.

**"G":** (lighting candle "G") I light our first candle for GUARD. I think one of the ways we add grace to life is to go the extra mile in guarding our thoughts and our tongues. We guard our thoughts when we determine not to let the evil and the unjust prevail over the truth. What grace is added to everyday living when we learn to guard our tongues! Think of the gossip and the heartache that would be avoided. Think with love; guard your tongue with love.

Take a board,  
And when you speak  
An unkind word  
Pound in a nail!  
Then for every kindly word  
Remove one without fail,  
Until not a nail remains  
The board to mar,  
Then you will say  
"Well done!"

Until I remind you  
There still remains  
The scar!

—Church paper

**"R":** I light the second candle of grace for REJOICE. How wonderful to be with those who find reasons for joy in all the business of everyday living — who greet each "dawn as the overture of the new day, giving the key to the whole song!". Finding it good just to be alive, to have food and shelter and clothing sufficient unto one's need, to have friends, to gather one's family around the dining table, to see a cardinal out the kitchen window, to see a golden sunset, to read a good book, to be able to lend a helping hand, to share in a good laugh with a loved one. How truly blessed the person who learns to find joy at every turning of the road! That can come only when love guides the heart. John Sheffield said, "Love is the salt of life"; unless you add it, you never know the full, true flavor of life at its best.

**"A":** This third candle I light for the candle of AGING WITH GRACE. We have often spoken of people's growing old gracefully. I wonder, do we mean they are acting their age or dressing their age? Perhaps we mean they accept their age and the passing of time. But "aging with grace", or aging in what we might say love-light, is what we want to think about today. Each day we live does indeed mean we are another

(Continued on page 21)



# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

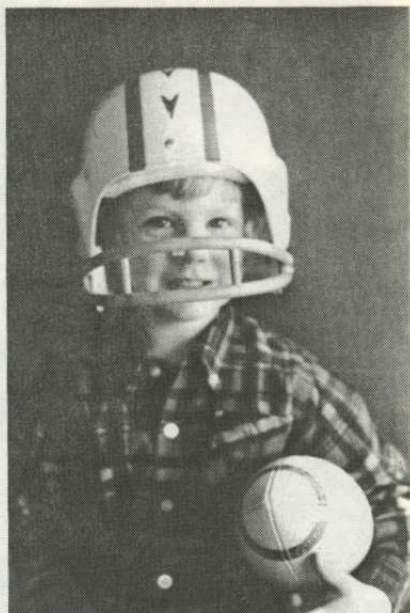
I guess there have been other years like this when the large majority of farmers throughout the Middlewest have been unable to get their crops harvested at the normal time, but it has been a long, long time since this happened. It is not unusual for small sections of a state to be late with their harvest, but in reading the large amount of mail that goes over our desks at the office every day, it is apparent that this is the general rule in a large section of the country this year.

There have been a few years in the past when we didn't finish picking the corn until after the first of the year, and I even remember one year when we picked it in April, just in time to get the new crop planted, but this is the first year we have been unable to combine the soy beans. We lost a lot of our beans when they were flooded in the middle of September. The ground finally dried out enough to hold up a combine and we were going to start on the last day of October, when it rained in the night. It has either rained or snowed most of the time since, and the heavy wet snow just about finished any hopes we had of getting the beans. As I write this, we are still hoping the ground will freeze eventually, so we can get the corn crop out.

I was happy to be able to meet so many of our good friends in the Sioux City, Iowa, area recently, when a dear friend of mine, Angie Conrad, and I drove to that city to attend the 16th annual Christmas Fair, which was sponsored jointly by the Y-Wives of the YWCA and the Woodbury County Extension Home Economics Committee. It is always a great treat for me to visit with our radio listeners, as well as those who have followed our activities for years through the pages of the *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine. They never seem like strangers to me.

We were hoping to have beautiful weather for our trip, but the morning I picked her up, a little before seven, we could see it was going to be just like all the other days we had had for weeks — cloudy and damp. It wasn't raining, however, and the sun did peek out for a few minutes as we were driving along. It didn't last though and the last 100 miles we drove in pouring rain.

Armada Swanson had left word at the motel for us to call her when we were



Aaron Brase, Dorothy's and Frank's youngest grandson, watches football along with his daddy, and has become such an avid fan that he takes his football to bed with him.

ready to go to the fair and she would come after us, Armada, whose home is in Sioux City, has been writing the "Come Read with Me" page in our magazine for years, but this was the first time I met her. What a lovely visit we had during our two-day stay there! Mrs. Jack Dowd, president of the YWCA board, and Mrs. H. L. Bollman, the executive director of the Y, were two other women who made our trip there so enjoyable.

Angie and I were certainly impressed with the magnitude of this fair, and all the work and planning it took to put on something like this and do such a marvelous job. The cooperation of the entire community and the rural women is something everyone benefits from. We were amazed at the terrific crowd that attended, considering that it rained all day and all evening. I met a lot of women who had driven great distances to see the fair, so you can see it is an event that is really looked forward to every year.

The main floor of this lovely YWCA building was full of Christmas exhibits by different firms and groups, with every kind of idea imaginable for decorating the home, and for gifts to make. These items were not for sale, but there were many women available to answer questions and give helps for making the things ourselves, and telling us where we could get the materials needed.

## 3 LITTLE (MAGIC) WORDS

- 1 — "Please."
- 2 — "Sorry."
- 3 — "Thanks."

Use each frequently for top results.

There was one table called the Ecology display, where everything was made of something old or discarded. There was a lampshade made of plastic egg cartons, with colored lights inside; doll furniture made from tiny strips of tin cans upholstered with velvet; candleholders made from stacked gears from old farm machinery and sprayed gold; all kinds of Christmas tree ornaments made from tin can lids cut in strips and shaped like bells. One 4-H group had decorated a Christmas tree entirely with ornaments they had made. There were flash bulbs painted red and green, hanging from fine wire; plastic tops of detergent, window cleaner, and hair spray bottles, which had been glued together and sprayed gold; painted spools decorated with sequins, braid, and stars. There was no end to the ideas they had to make a tree beautiful with little expense.

In the basement there was every kind of handcrafted items you could think of for sale by different clubs, churches, and groups of all kinds. They had rented space to display their articles to make money for their organizations. There were potted plants, foods, doll clothes, beads, wall hangings, candles of every shape, size and description; toys and dolls, ceramics, knitted things, aprons, etc. You name it and it was there.

In another room in the basement there were demonstrations going on all the time, presented by home economists and the extension service from Iowa State University. We could learn how to use leftovers, low-cost holiday foods, dough art, holiday fashions, needle weaving. Also other demonstrations on batik, quilting, decorating foods, and pillow making. There were several of these I would like to have attended, but I was busy upstairs greeting our many friends.

After reading the schedule of activities available to people who are members of the YWCA in Sioux City, I was impressed with how much an organization like this can mean to a community. I don't have the space in this letter, but in some future issue I do want to mention some of the classes and fun things they have going on all the time, not only for women, but for youth of all ages and for family groups.

Many of you know that my Aunt Jessie Field Shambaugh wrote the beautiful Country Girl's Creed used by 4-H girls everywhere, but did you know that at the time she wrote it she was National YWCA Secretary, Rural Division?

I want to close my letter by wishing you the best in the coming New Year.

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*



## FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Each morning in our little family devotions I thank God for our lovely home, and during these winter weeks I never fail to thank Him for the warmth of our home. We live in a big parsonage with three living rooms, and six bedrooms, and seven bathrooms, etc., etc., and it is quite a problem to keep it comfortably heated in our cold, New England winter climate. Actually, we have two heating systems — one steam, and one hot water system — and both of them use natural gas. It is clean heat, and very dependable, and since here in New England the cost of oil heat is the highest in the nation, we do not find gas heat any more expensive than oil heat. We also heat our large church with gas. The cost of heating the two parsonages and the church comes to about \$7,000.00 a year.

There have been so many changes in our manner of living during the past fifty years, and most of those changes plug into something. What a modern miracle the electrical plug is! Even our gas furnace depends on some electrical current. In the old days when people went camping, they found themselves away from all things that plug in, but no more. Most of the modern campsites I have seen have some electrical facilities. Perhaps you and I can remember when we did not have all of our electrical conveniences, but our children cannot.

Did you see that cute story about the grandmother who was explaining to her little granddaughter how the grandmother never had television when she was a little girl? After listening with wide-eyed amazement the granddaughter asked: "Well, Granny, what did they turn off when you were bad?"

One of the most astounding statistics to come to my attention this past year is the fact that the amount of energy used by each one of us in a typical day is the equivalent of each of us having 230 personal servants! If someone were to provide an American child with 230 personal servants, we would declare that person insane, and yet each one of our children does have 230 personal servants in terms of the energy that feeds, and clothes, and warms, and entertains and transports, and protects, etc., etc. For example, think of the energy needed just to provide you with this *Kitchen-Klatter* letter!

A few miles down the river from our house there is a new firm about to manufacture a "Peddle Car". I saw a picture of the first one, and it fascinates me. Using an ingenious system of gears, the inventors of this car have made it possible for a person to pro-



Frederick and Betty are fortunate to live in such a large parsonage for they entertain many large groups and frequently have overnight guests.

vide enough energy to move the car at a speed of fifteen miles an hour just by pushing some pedals with the feet. The car itself is about one-half the size of the smallest foreign compact sports car, and it is made of a very light plastic. The inventors say that the car can be made to go up a steep hill with no more human energy expended than would be necessary to walk up that same hill. How about that? Very soon I am going down to call on the inventors and actually try the car. If it is everything they say it is, I intend to be the first person in Springfield to own one. If I do get one, you will have a picture of it as soon as possible. Incidentally, the car is expected to sell for about \$500.

I don't know how you feel about lotteries, but I do not like them at all. It makes me quite sick at heart to realize that our state of Massachusetts is now using a lottery as a means to increasing the state's revenue. To explain to our children in the Sunday school how big an element of chance is, I showed them ten pennies that I had numbered one to ten with a bit of adhesive tape on each. I put the pennies in a paper bag and shook them up, and then I had one of the boys try to take the pennies out of the bag one at a time in sequence.

Before he tried to draw them out, I explained that his chance of drawing No. 1 on the first try was a chance of 1 to 10. His chance of drawing No. 1 and No. 2 in succession would be 1 in 100. His chance of drawing 1, 2, and 3 in succession would be one in a thousand. His chance of drawing 1, 2, 3, and 4 in succession would be one in

10,000 and so on, until his chance of drawing No. 1 to No. 10 in succession would reach the unbelievable figure of one chance in 10 billion!! Just think of it. Most people who spend their money on lottery tickets do not think of it, or if they do, they have no comprehension of how big a figure one billion is.

Do you comprehend how much one billion is? Only the other day I read that a billion dollar bills laid end to end would encircle the earth nearly four times. Or to put it another way, if you made 38 trips between Chicago and Omaha you would cover the approximate distance of nearly one billion inches! To put it yet another way, the propeller of an airplane traveling 300 miles per hour would turn a billion times if the plane would cruise continuously — 23 hours a day — for nearly two years!

I wonder how many of our congressmen understand the size of a billion dollars? When we read that the military spent four or five more billions of dollars designing an airplane than they had intended to spend, it makes us shudder. That is an enormous amount of money.

Speaking of billions, do you know how old the earth is? There are three theories about its age — two astronomical and one geological — and all three theories come up with the same answer. The earth is 5,500,000,000 (five billion, five hundred million) years old. God works slowly, doesn't he? I am glad that He does work so slowly, because it took billions of years to get us where we are today, and I rather like where we are.

(Continued on page 17)



# Let's Have a "Snow" Ball

A JANUARY PARTY

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



Use a winter wonderland decoration theme, gay costumes and jolly games, and come up with a festive ball. (Let's call our party a "ball", just for fun!) It will get the new year off to a happy start for sure.

## DECORATIONS

Use snowflakes in all sizes cut from lace paper doilies, silver foil or tissue paper, icicles of foil or tinsel, snowmen, snowballs, reindeer, winter snow scenes — the list is a long one.

Give your house a real "snow" job — fluffy cotton snow piled along the window ledges and over doorways. Snowflakes suspended from ceiling and doorways and pinned to drapes or fastened to window panes. If you have a round occasional or dining table, spread it with a red or green cloth and pin large paper snowflakes hit-and-miss fashion to the overhang.

You'll want plenty of snowballs, possibly fashioned into snowmen — one on the front steps or porch to greet guests as they arrive — jolly grinning snowmen standing in the corners of the party room, and for table centerpieces. Large round baskets or other containers can be covered with cotton batting to form snowmen, and have fun making different humorous expressions on the snowmen. For smaller ones, use popcorn balls in various sizes. Place some of these popcorn snowmen on candy cane skis, adding paper hats and gay scarves cut from scraps of material.

Room decorations might also include string streamers which are then hung thickly with silver foil icicles. If you plan ahead you can have some lovely delicate "ice castles" for room decorations by making some cinder (or brick) plants.

It isn't necessary but it certainly would add to the fun if the guests were asked to come in costumes appropriate to the winter wonderland, or New Year theme.

How about *Snowball Place Mats* (or tray mats)? Cut white shelf paper into mats with pinkish shears, and using a marking pen, draw the smiling faces of Mr. and Mrs. Snowman on the mats.

**Table Centerpiece:** For the snowman's head fill a huge glass goblet with white or flesh-colored cotton balls, sketch features on the glass with washable paints, add a jaunty black paper hat, and tie a red ribbon bow around the stem for his tie.

**A Sleigh Centerpiece** would also be lovely, especially if it is filled with surprise favor packages for the guests.

**Nut Cup Sleighs or Snowmen** are easy to make. For the sleigh, use small red or green cups and fasten to tiny candy canes (the runners); or cut out cups from egg cartons to use as the sleighs, spraying with bright red paint; then fashion graceful back and front "braces" for each sleigh and the runners from white pipe cleaners, or chenille-covered wire. For the snowmen cups, use cotton balls to make the snowmen, which sit down over small cups. Glue on felt facial features. Add fabric scarf and paper hat.

## ENTERTAINMENT

**Match Persons (born in January) and Events Quiz:**

1. Franklin Delano Roosevelt
2. Daniel Webster
3. James Watt
4. Paul Revere
5. "Stonewall" Jackson
6. Benjamin Franklin
7. Franz Schubert
8. Robert Burns
9. Alexander Hamilton
10. Joan of Arc
11. Mozart
12. Edgar Allan Poe
- a. Famous Revolutionary rider
- b. French martyr
- c. Famous American poet
- d. American writer, statesman and financier
- e. Great Southern general
- f. Scottish poet
- g. President of the United States
- h. German composer
- i. Inventor of steam engine
- j. Austrian composer
- k. American statesman and orator

Answers: 1-g, 2-k, 3-i, 4-a, 5-e, 6-d, 7-j, 8-f, 9-l, 10-b, 11-h, 12-c.

**Snowball Hunt:** Snowballs of three different sizes (these can be of cotton or paper) are hidden around the room before guests arrive. The object of the hunt is to find one of each size. The first one to do so may receive a prize; then let the hunt continue until most of the hidden snowballs have been found. Award a prize to the person having the most "triplets" — sets of the three sizes.

**New Year Gab Session** (Could also be used as an icebreaker or get-acquainted game): Give each person a sheet of paper on which he draws a large clock face, writing the numbers in correct position. Then tell each player to get the signature of another guest (of the opposite sex, if yours is a mixed group) for each hour of the day. When all have their twelve autographs, the leader announces topics of conversation for each hour of the day. As each hour's topic is announced, the players must hunt up the name written on their paper for that hour and converse about the topic until the whistle blows, and the next topic is announced. Some suggested topics are: My worst accident; my favorite teacher and why; my hobby; my most interesting trip; my pet peeve; my most embarrassing moment; the person I admire most in public life; my worst habit; a sport I enjoy.

**Scrambling the New Year:** Beforehand, write the names of the months on correspondence cards, making two sets of cards, or if group is large, make three or four sets. To play the game, divide the guests into groups of twelve. The leader then passes out one set of cards to each group, each player receiving the name of a month. At leader's signal, players are to line up on either side of the leader, with January next to the leader and the months lined up in proper order after that. The first to get lined up wins. If there are more than two groups, other judges may be appointed, or you can just let it be a mad scramble to see which of three or four months of the same name gets into position first. Then reverse and have them line up backwards.

**Grand March:** If you have made this a costume party, at the stroke of midnight have a grand march (choosing partners, if you like) as all sing "Auld Lang Syne". At this time, too, it might be fun to have a huge cotton snowball placed in the center of the room, with the grand march forming in a circle around it. At the stroke of midnight have the winner of the prize for the best costume open up the snowball and pass out inexpensive noisemakers (which the hostess has hidden in the snowball beforehand) to each guest.





## MARY BETH USES GAMES IN TEACHING

Dear Friends:

I shall be typing and thinking rapidly tonight. I have papers to grade and it is already seven o'clock. My class, small as it is, (and it has grown to the enormous size of twelve now) is at just that age level where they have to do things which are very completely planned out for them. I cannot say, "Go research a paragraph on Antarctica." They are eager and willing to do whatever I ask, and they can use an encyclopedia, but it has to be totally directed. While I direct one group, the others are usually just completing whatever I gave them to keep them busy for 45 minutes or more.

The best laid plans of any teacher are to find a fast group of children who successfully whiz through what the teacher dearly wished would have been a stumper, and then stare at her with searching eyes for the next thing to do. Fortunately, we have a reasonably good supply of library books on the shelf in my classroom, but the length of time they stick to one book is limited with this age, so even this is not an answer every time.

Anyhow, I have papers to grade from the work which the children did today in class. I have an unwritten code of ethics within me which insists that anything which they write out for me, I will look at, and in turn give them a mark on. Those who strive well deserve to have their efforts acknowledged, while the slackers would get away with poor work indefinitely if I didn't keep close check on what they turn in each day.

I must tell you about the fun we have been having lately in class. One of the goals of any teacher, I am sure, is to keep learning as much fun as possible and still get the material across. We've been working on the combinations of numbers through 19, and some of the children are weeks ahead of the others. One can drill and drill on the different ways to add these just so long until paralysis of the mind sets in.

One weekend I was pawing (and I mean it literally) through one of the children's closets at our house when I came across the old game of Clapper. Paul had it in third grade when his teacher tactfully suggested it as a fun way of learning his number facts. Clapper is a game which is on the market if any one is interested. They have these games available in two sizes. One of them has numbers which go from one to nine and the other goes through twelve. The object of the game is to throw two small dice onto a cork apron inside a rectangle of two-inch high collars of wood. The child must add up the num-



Snow isn't always welcome when the Donald Driftmier family has to rush around and scoop before leaving for school on a cold winter's morning.

bers of dots on the face of the dice pointing up, and then he must cover up the numerals which are exposed across one end of this rectangular box. The numbers which he covers up must come to the total of the dots which he threw. This teaches two different combinations of numbers for the same sum. He continues throwing the dice until he can no longer cover up any more numbers because he either has too great or too small a number left. This becomes the child's individual score and the game goes on to the next player, with his turn beginning with all the nine numbers exposed.

I offered them the opportunity to play this game as soon as they had completed this page of assigned arithmetic drill papers which they were expected to do each afternoon. You wouldn't believe how this motivated these once-dilatory students into becoming speed demons. One day I had all the class playing the game around our big octagonal reading table, and the excitement was just what I had hoped for. They were adding and figuring faster than I would have believed possible, and even the shyer ones were so caught up in the fun of the thing that they were competing and they were really trying hard.

We've been working on grammar and the different parts of speech. Words like common noun, proper noun, verb, adjective and adverb are just words unless one can make them come alive. I got to thinking about the fun I had as a teenager when we played charades at all the parties we had, and I knew how to play it after I knew the parts of speech. So why not teach the youngsters the parts of speech by playing charades? Children that age are great actors and they love nothing more than dividing into teams and competing against each other. I think for the first couple of games I shall have the titles of books and songs already made up, so they won't get bogged down with the problem of thinking of titles, but after that they should be able to bring some

good ones from home.

We've enjoyed our vacation, needless to say. I have been enjoying the freedom from driving to school every day. Paul decided to go out for basketball, and although he was too lacking in experience to be on the varsity team, he nevertheless attended as many after-school practice sessions as any one else. As a result Donald and I start out separately in different cars in the morning and he stays at school until basketball practice is over to bring Paul home. I, on the other hand, leave school as soon as Adrienne is through with gymnastics class, which is after school, and Katharine's volleyball practice, which is also after school. Then, would you believe it, Adrienne and I start out on her substitute paper route. I simply cannot allow a little girl (even though she is nearly my height) to start out on her bicycle to do her paper route for her brother. If people had to wait for their evening papers until Paul was home from basketball practice, they would probably not even get them.

When basketball season is over Adrienne will be free again (although it was her idea to keep the route for Paul rather than drop it entirely) and so will I. Fortunately she has only about 34 customers right in our neighborhood, but it certainly makes for a late supper. And then there is the extra money for Adrienne. She feels as rich as Croesus, and on the days when she collects and gets a nickel tip from someone, it is absolutely more precious to her than any nickel ever was in the entire world before. I am supremely grateful that our young ones appreciate a small amount of money. I am frequently stunned at the nonsense they will spend their hard-earned money for, but better to make their nonsense expenditures now and learn the pitfalls before they get into the bigger money brackets.

Until next month —

Mary Beth



## Life, Loneliness, and New Year's Resolutions



by Mary Feese

That time of year has come 'round again we think, even in passing, of the tradition of New Year's resolutions. Through the years that have come and gone, we have made — and broken — a thousand or more, and are apt to approach this new year with the cynical thought, "What's the use? I'm only one person, anyway, and what can one person do, to improve either myself or the world in general?" And so saying, our good resolutions die a-borning.

But need they die? And is our assumption correct, that one person can do nothing of value in this world that consists of millions of people? That assumption must be wrong, for surely you believe, as I do, in the uniqueness of human personality, the worth of the individual. Besides, if there is one characteristic held in common by all human beings, it surely must be the throbbing ache of loneliness. Some know it, some don't, but all are searching for a comfort beyond themselves. Those with an abiding faith fare best of all, for there is reassurance in knowing that our Creator cares for us with a love that passeth all understanding, that we are His sons and daughters.

Yet all of us need reassurance from other people, too, real people who have lived through similar joys and similar troubles, and who can extend a warm hand of understanding when it is needed. But the self-sufficiency of this modern, plastic age cuts us off one from another — the business, the routine, the appearance of having all that anyone should reasonably want. Material things, perhaps, we do have. Creature comforts, though, can never replace the longing to know that someone cares.

"What has all this to do with New Year's resolutions?" you ask. Simply this: meet the new year with an open mind, an open heart, to the needs of others. Not always those things that

cost money, nor those we lump under the heading of charity, but simply an affirmation that life is good, and yes, that someone cares. During Christmas season, which we have just passed, we reach out to others to send greetings to those whom we have neglected all year. Must it be so? One rose to the living, symbolically, has much more meaning than the greatest mass of flowers on someone's grave when they are dead. When it is far too late, it is the things you didn't do that remain to haunt you forever.

The things to do are such little things that they hardly seem worth the effort of a special resolution. A pleasant phone call to the little old lady who lives alone, and whose relatives are all far away, for instance. A cheerful greeting to the mailman. Try saying "Have a good day" to those whom you meet during your day: you'll be surprised at the involuntary smiles and half-shy answers you receive. Somehow, it shocks people to be wished a good day, yet what is more reasonable? A totally happy life is out of the question, but a good day today is possible. Enough good days in the course of a lifetime can swing the balance to the side of happiness. At the very least, wishing someone a good day reaches out the hand of caring, to momentarily lift them from that loneliness we all share.

Sit down and think of those for whom you care, relatives, friends, and chance acquaintances. If you can't see some of them in person, send a letter. Even if it's just a note. After all, a letter needn't be a complete resume of everything that has happened since you've last seen each other. If your life is pretty routine, this can be so boring as to defeat the purpose you had in writing. What purpose? Well, after all, the idea is to let the letter's recipient know that you care, isn't it? That's all

it takes, really it is. I have a friend who writes perky little notes, sometimes only fifteen or twenty words, tucked into an envelope with a clipping she knows I'll enjoy. And I never fail to feel that special glow that she thought of me, and cared enough to take the time to let me know it. Simple? Of course it is. So simple that this "instant communication" is too often overlooked.

Think, too, of those who in your past have been an inspiration to you, through their lives and actions. But have you ever told them so? If not, do it now! Yes, Virginia, I know it's hard to open up and be so frank with another person, but it will do you both good. Try it a few times. So often, you will find that the other person was feeling depressed (yes, lonely) and she will brighten magically when that feeling of "worth-while-ness" surges through her like a stimulant.

Caution and prudence have their place in life, we all know, but not here. In this business of reaching out to others you'll find yourself relying, often, on impulse. You've read an article you're positive your mother would enjoy? Clip it, stuff it into an envelope with a note, and send it? Why not? Or a paperback book, for a friend. Sort your old-time mementoes, and divide a few with your favorite granddaughter: somehow, they are more yours than ever, with the continuing cycle of life on this earth. Someday she may, in turn, touch the locket or the pen or the silver spoon with gentle fingers, saying to another girl, "This was from your great-great-grandmother," and will pass it on, with love, to continue that cycle. This defies loneliness, as it defies death, for the memories live on drenched through and through with love.

But not only relatives, grandchildren or not, for it has truly been said that we are all involved in mankind. "There is only one way to be happy, and that is to make somebody else so," said Sidney Smith. The "somebody" may be a chance acquaintance, or even a total stranger. It may be someone whom you'd thought you disliked. All the better, for both of you will afterwards be happier. Stephen Grellet must have known what it means to reach out to another in his loneliness, for he has left his creed in these immemorial words: "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Only one person, and what can you do? Don't you believe it! Not "only" one person — rejoice that you ARE one person, unique in this world, and the

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## A NEW INTEREST FOR '73

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Outside the window snow is everywhere! It came heavy, wet and fast on the heels of a great north wind. It was such an intense storm one entire side was split from the evergreen which stands at the north corner of the house. This is sad, for the tree has a twin at the south corner and the two have stood, growing tall and sturdy, for almost nine years — every since we moved into our "new" house.

The tree which was broken has never been as symmetrical or as tall as its mate, for the cold north wind caught it in its grasp each winter to twist and retard its growth. But now almost half the trunk has split off along with the limbs and green needles. We will wait until spring to decide on any remedial steps, but the damage brought by the heavy ice and clinging snow will be almost impossible to correct.

It has been such a struggle for the farmers to get their crops out of the field this year, a few broken evergreen limbs probably seem like a small problem to many. Our concern has been with all who had their crops flooded; then covered with heavy snows which kept the pickers from reaching what was still good. Some of the fields in this area also suffered hail damage earlier in a freak storm which sent chunks of ice the size of baseballs sluicing down! Some fields had crops completely destroyed in this unexpected onslaught. No wonder farmers are such a sturdy lot, both physically and philosophically, as they tighten their belts against this new series of difficulties which nature has tossed their way.

My vote for the creature who enjoys the snow the most goes to Attu. He gets out in the heaviest snowstorm, gets a gleam in his blue eyes that must have originated with the first husky ever to pull a sled across the white expanse of Alaska, and proceeds to romp in the snow with the greatest delight. He runs and leaps and turns as he goes around the house at top speed. Finally, he plops flat in a snowbank with a delighted expression on his face (I call it a grin but Robert insists a dog cannot grin!) Next he digs his nose deep into a drift and tosses clumps of white winter high into the air. Even at the height of a blizzard, Attu will leap up on top of his large doghouse, turn his face toward the sharp, icy wind and look as if he is dreaming of faraway stretches of frozen tundra.

A husky may not seem like a patient type of dog, but Attu tries every way he can to get Ahab to get out into the snow and play with him. Ahab disdain-



Photographs can be an excellent source of material for family records. This picture was taken on the Golden Wedding Anniversary day of Thomas Newton Corrie and his wife Nancy, who were literally surrounded by their grandchildren. Evelyn (Corrie) Birkby is in the arms of her grandfather. Evelyn's sister, Ruth, is second from the left on the front row. The adobe house in the background is similar to many built in western Kansas and Colorado during the early western days and was the Corrie home (near Walsh, Colorado) for many years.

fully pulls his nose down into the ruff around his neck, wraps his furry tail more tightly around his feet and lets Attu know that any offers to gambol in the snow are quite beneath his tabby dignity. We have noticed, however, on the coldest night Ahab will pussyfoot into the doghouse and share the warmth of Attu's furry white coat.

By the time you read this the holidays will be over, the tree down and the needles (hopefully) all vacuumed from under the davenport and out of the corners of the room. The calendars will be turned and soon the schools will be opening their doors for the beginning of a new year's study. Craig looks forward to this second half of his junior year in high school. Jeff will be home a bit longer before returning to Nebraska Wesleyan University for his second semester. We are counting the days until Bob will be back from his bicycle adventures. He promised he would be home for his January 7th birthday, so our family gatherings have one more to go!

While I love every minute of December and the excitement of the month, it is good to have January arrive with a simpler routine for daily living. Once I get caught up with the dusting and laundry I'll take out the photograph albums and scrapbooks. This is a *must* during January or I would *never* keep up.

A new interest has caught our attention this year and it promises to be a fascinating pursuit. For years I have tried to collect stories told by our parents and grandparents, aunts and uncles, feeling that it is important that such details should not be forgotten. The names and dates of relatives have been carefully marked on a simple "family tree". But now our knowledge in genealogy has been increased by a most interesting discovery.

One branch of Robert's family, the Perry Carters of Kensington, California, began an intensive search that reached back from the present members of Robert's maternal family until they traced it back to 1389 to a John Marler in England. Also on the family tree is Giles (or Gyles) Love, who was born in 1518. His son Edward had a daughter, Mary Love. Mary married William Brewster, who was born in Nottingham, England, and came to America on the Mayflower! The family has documented material that traces this family down to the Carters and Robert's very own mother, Lucretia Isabelle Carter Birkby!

As I read back through the pages of family genealogy I came across the most fabulous collection of names: Love Brewster, Wrestling Brewster and Fear Brewster. (Naming a son Love after the maternal side of the family might be understood, although it must

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## POPCORN IS BIG BUSINESS

by  
Hallie M. Barrow

No matter what part of the world you travel now, you'll likely be able to satisfy that hankering for a favorite American item of food, hot, buttery popcorn. The five-cent sack of popcorn has now advanced to the ranks of "Big Business" with international markets. Popcorn was introduced to the Pilgrims by the Indians, but it took our armed forces and a second world war to start the popcorn-eating habit with folks in many foreign lands.

Uncle Sam decided that one of the best ways to provide a homey atmosphere for his G.I. family was to start corn a-poppin' at the PX. So the output of one of the largest manufacturers of popcorn machines followed the boys into Australia, Newfoundland, Alaska, South America, and across both oceans. When G.I. Joe opened the door, the familiar, merry sound of popping kernels and that delicious fragrance of fresh, well-seasoned popcorn was a real home tie. It also made popcorn converts out of foreigners who heretofore were unfamiliar with this truly American tidbit.

Not all the popcorn sent overseas, however, reached the soldier through his PX. Home packers found the best insurance against fruitcakes' and boxes of cookies' being crushed, was to cushion them in a box with at least an inch of popped corn on every side. Quantities of shelled corn, too, were included in the overseas boxes for the boys to pop themselves. Farm boys used to popping corn of evenings in a black pot on the wood cook stove, city boys used to long-handled poppers to use in a fireplace, and apartment house boys accustomed to an electric popper — all turned Yankee and got the job done somehow.

They rigged up poppers out of discarded cans, buckets, or exploded shell cases; they depended on those with Boy Scout training to provide the fires. One boy wrote home and said he remembered reading in his *St. Nicholas Magazine* about how the Indians popped their corn. They heated sand very hot, mixed in the corn, and stirred vigorously for a few minutes; then the popped grains would come to the top. Don't ask, please, where this boy got his sand. He was at the time on the edge of the Sahara Desert!

Possibly because sand wasn't always available, those first settlers soon discarded the Indian method of popping corn, and a corn popper with a long handle was a familiar utensil at their big fireplaces. For many years, popcorn was strictly a home product. It was first sold commercially at circuses and was a complement to the pink lemon-



—Photo by Merrill Goff Studios  
These were our little cover girls for the May issue, 1971. See the Cover Story (page 3) for a further explanation.

ade, which created quite a furor in the refreshment line when introduced about Civil War times. At the beginning of this century, popcorn began to assume its position as an article of commerce. The old-time popcorn wagon was usually a sort of homemade arrangement which was pushed along like a baby carriage. The operator was either a cripple or an elderly man eking out a meager income. He popped the corn over the yellow, sooty flames of a gas jet, and poured on melted seasoning from an old tin teapot.

Selling popcorn became a real business with the advent of outdoor sports events and jumped into the big business bracket with the growth of the movie industry. For with the exception of the deluxe theaters in a few large cities, popcorn is an important part of the entertainment for movie theater patrons. The records of the Fox Mid-West Theaters, Inc., show that for the past year each movie patron had averaged 3¢ per person for popcorn! The deluxe theaters may yet install modern, electric poppers in their foyers. Besides their profit value, they really make an attractive furnishing with their highly polished metal parts and shining plate glass windows. As to cleaning up, almost any usher would prefer sweeping popcorn off the floor than prying off wads of gum!

Another objection to popcorn, its greasiness, has now almost disappeared for the seasoning now is placed in the deep popper drum and heated before the corn is added. Each grain is seasoned but not soaked — a decided improvement over the teapot method when the top grains were drenched with grease and the grains in the lower half of the sack were tasteless and dry. Even the kind of seasoning is an improvement over the highly perishable butter.

An even greater improvement has been

## THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

by  
Fern Christian Miller

It seems the years roll by more swiftly as I go down the west side of the hill. My 1973 resolutions read differently from my 1930 list. In 1930 I was a young farm girl of 20 years, teaching my third year in a one-room country school. My resolutions were simple and all-encompassing. 1. To instill the true love of learning into my beloved little pupils. 2. To be a good daughter to my parents, and a good sister to my brothers and sister. 3. To teach my small Sunday school class to the best of my ability. 4. To learn all I could from a writing course I was taking by mail. 5. To try to be a more interesting and more attractive person.

As the years passed the list changed. Some years I was too busy to even make resolutions. A struggle was necessary to even keep step with Time. Good years. Bad years. Happy, rewarding years. Sad hard years. How swiftly they all passed!

Today I see goals I have worked toward become attainable. Other goals have slipped away into the mists of time. I resolve to do some of those interesting things I have always wanted to do. A few of these little fun hobbies make the big important goals come easier. I resolve to understand and help those I live and work with if I possibly can.

New Year's — once again God has given me this wonderful gift of Time. How many more New Years will I see? Who can tell? I must use my time as best I can.

In 1920 I resolved to learn to skate as well as my older brother. I almost did after many a spill and plenty of bruises. In 1932 I resolved to be a good wife and a good mother to my new baby. Reading here and there in my journals through the years showed me how some resolutions were kept, while others were impossible to begin with. I find myself adding another resolution to my list. I resolve to write better articles that will help, cheer, or entertain my readers.

As I sit meditating down through the years my mind comes back full circle to the present. How dear were the ten grandchildren at Christmas! What a wonderful time all 21 of our dear family had, all home together for the day. My mind darts back to my own good parents — to my grandparents — without sadness. A deep, happy feeling of life's continuity sweeps over me. I find myself forgetting all about New Years' resolutions. I thank God for life, for loving families, for the chance to love and be loved. All worries have evapor-

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# Recipes

## Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

### CHICKEN-BROCCOLI CASSEROLE

1 10-oz. pkg. frozen broccoli spears  
Salt

2 chicken breasts, split and boned  
1/2 cup mayonnaise  
1/2 tsp. lemon juice  
1/2 tsp. curry powder

1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of chicken soup  
1/2 cup shredded Cheddar cheese  
1/4 cup soft bread crumbs  
2 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted

Cook broccoli in boiling salted water as directed on the package. Drain and arrange in a shallow 1 1/2-quart baking dish. Simmer chicken in a small amount of salted water until tender, about 35 minutes. Drain and arrange on top of broccoli.

Mix mayonnaise, lemon juice and curry powder with the cream of chicken soup and pour over the chicken and broccoli. Sprinkle cheese over the top and the bread crumbs which are mixed with the butter or margarine over the cheese. Bake in a 350-degree oven until bubbly and browned, about 25 minutes. Makes 2 or 3 servings. This is very good served with rice or with baked sweet potatoes. —Mae Driftmier

### DROP SOUR CREAM COOKIES

1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed  
1/2 cup vegetable shortening  
1 beaten egg

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter  
flavoring

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar  
flavoring

1/2 cup sour cream

1/2 tsp. salt

2 cups sifted flour

1/2 tsp. nutmeg

1/2 tsp. soda

2 tsp. baking powder

1/2 cup chopped pecans

Cream the brown sugar and shortening until fluffy. Add the beaten egg, flavorings and sour cream and beat well. Add sifted dry ingredients and nuts, stirring until well blended. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet and bake about 15 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

### HAM-AND-EGG BALLS FOR A RELISH PLATE

1/3 lb. cooked ham (no fat)

2 hard-boiled eggs

Small lump of soft butter or  
margarine

1 Tbls. catsup

Salt and pepper (go easy on the salt)

Mayonnaise

Put the ham through the food grinder 3 or 4 times using the finest blade. Press 2 hard-boiled eggs through a sieve. Mix remaining ingredients together adding just enough mayonnaise to hold it together. Refrigerate overnight.

Make into tiny balls and garnish the top of each with a thin shred of pimiento and snip of parsley.

These should be as smooth as velvet and make a very attractive addition to any Lazy Susan of relishes, or on a small platter. —Lucile

### CHEESY POTATO CASSEROLE

8 cups cooked potatoes, diced

3/4 cup salad dressing

3/4 cup soft American cheese, diced

3 Tbls. minced onion (I use more.)

6 slices bacon, cut into four pieces  
each

Stuffed olives

Mix potatoes, salad dressing, diced cheese, and onion together and spread in a buttered 9- by 13-inch pan. Arrange bacon slices over the top and center each bacon slice with a stuffed olive. Bake at 325 degrees for one hour.

—Mae Driftmier

### DEVILED EGG SALAD

1/4 cup water

1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French  
dressing

1 envelope plain gelatin

1 tsp. salt

2 Tbls. lemon juice

1/4 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

Dash of cayenne pepper

3/4 cup mayonnaise

1 1/2 tsp. grated onion

1/2 cup finely diced celery

1/4 cup finely diced green pepper

1/4 cup chopped pimiento

4 hard-boiled eggs, finely chopped

Combine water with French dressing and add the gelatin. When softened, place over low heat and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Remove from heat and add the salt, lemon juice, Worcestershire sauce and pepper. Let mixture cool. Then stir in mayonnaise and the rest of the ingredients.

Pour into one 3-cup mold or into 6 individual molds. When ready to serve, top with mayonnaise and a snip of pimiento and green pepper.

This easy-to-fix comparatively inexpensive salad makes a great hit for potluck luncheons or suppers.

—Lucile

### BLUEBERRY GRAPE SALAD

2 3-oz. pkgs. grape gelatin

1 3-oz. pkg. pineapple gelatin

3 cups boiling water

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple  
flavoring

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry  
flavoring

1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple

1 21-oz. can blueberry pie filling

Dissolve the gelatins in the boiling water. Add the flavorings. Cool until it begins to thicken; then add the pineapple, juice and all, and the blueberry pie filling. Stir until well blended and pour into a large mold. Chill until set. This has a different texture than ordinary gelatin salads and is absolutely delicious. Your family will like this.

—Dorothy

### GREEN BEANS

3 Tbls. cider vinegar

1 1/2 Tbls. tarragon vinegar

1/2 tsp. salt

1/3 cup pickle relish

1/2 cup salad oil

4 cups cold, cooked green beans

Combine first five ingredients. Mix well. Pour over green beans. Toss to mix. Makes six servings. —Margery

### RAISIN PUFFS

1 1/2 cups raisins

1 cup water

1 cup butter or margarine

1 tsp. soda

2 eggs

1 1/2 cups sugar

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla  
flavoring

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar  
flavoring

3 1/2 cups flour

1/2 tsp. salt

Combine raisins and water in a heavy pan, bring to a boil and then turn to simmer until there is no water left in pan. Watch it sharply for it can scorch easily.

To the hot raisins add the butter or margarine and the soda. (This sounds strange but it is right.)

In a separate bowl beat the eggs, sugar and flavorings.

Fold cooled raisin mixture into this. Lastly, add the sifted flour and salt and mix thoroughly. (Do not try to use the mixer for this.)

When ready to bake, form into balls, roll in granulated sugar, and place on greased cookie sheet. Bake in a 350-degree oven for about 15 minutes.

The friend in Everly, Iowa, who sent this recipe said: "These cookies are moist and have a wonderful flavor. Hope you will like them." Indeed we did — everyone who tasted them (about 20 people) thought they were exceptionally delicious. —Lucile



**CHINESE BEEF**

- 1/2 cup onion strips
- 1/2 cup celery slices
- 1/2 cup green pepper slices
- 1 1/2 Tbls. vegetable oil
- 1 large or 2 small beef filets, cut into 1/4-inch strips
- 1 4-oz. can sliced mushrooms
- 3 Tbls. soy sauce
- 3 1/2 tsp. cornstarch
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup water
- 1/3 cup thinly sliced water chestnuts
- 1 firm medium-sized tomato, peeled and cut into wedges
- Cooked rice

In a heavy skillet, fry the onion, celery and pepper in vegetable oil. Remove from skillet. Add meat to hot skillet and brown quickly, add mushrooms and saute. Mix the soy sauce, cornstarch, sugar and salt with cup of water and add to skillet. Cook, stirring, until mixture thickens and bubbles up.

Add reserved vegetables, water chestnuts and tomato wedges and heat gently for about 2 minutes. Serve over hot cooked rice. This will serve two or three people.

—Mae Driftmier

**BROCCOLI CASSEROLE**

- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen broccoli spears
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped broccoli
- 1/2 cup commercial sour cream
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can mushroom soup, undiluted
- Grated cheese
- Paprika

Cook broccoli until almost done. Drain well. Place in baking dish. Combine sour cream and soup. Pour over broccoli. Sprinkle with a little grated cheese and a little paprika. Heat in 350-degree oven for 15 or 20 minutes until bubbly and cheese is slightly browned. Serves 8-10.

—Margery

**NOODLES AND —**

- 4 ozs. medium-sized noodles
- 1/2 cup chopped celery and leaves
- 1/4 cup diced mushrooms
- 2 Tbls. margarine or butter
- 1 envelope onion soup mix
- 2 cups sour cream
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup cream
- (or 1 cup half-and-half)
- 2 cups diced turkey, chicken or shrimp
- 3 Tbls. Parmesan cheese

Cook noodles. Saute celery and mushrooms in margarine about 5 minutes. Stir soup mix into sour cream. Beat with egg beater and add milk and cream or half-and-half. Combine all but cheese in a 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle cheese on top. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Serves 6-8.

—Margery

**EASY HAMBURGER CASSEROLE**

- 2 lbs. hamburger
- 1 1-lb. pkg. frozen potato balls
- 2 3 1/2-oz. cans French-fried onion rings
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can Cheddar cheese soup
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup cold water

Spread hamburger in a 9- by 13-inch pan. Add the potatoes, onion rings, and the two soups, spooning the soup over so they will be mingled together. Pour the water over the top of the soups.

Bake uncovered at 350 degrees for one hour. Let set for 15 minutes, cut into squares and serve. The recipe will serve eight.

—Mae Driftmier

**CANNED BREAD**

- 1 pkg. yeast
- 1/2 cup warm water
- 1/8 tsp. ginger
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1 14 1/2-oz. can evaporated milk
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 4 to 4 1/2 cups flour

Dissolve yeast in water in large mixing bowl. Blend in ginger and 1 Tbls. sugar. Let stand in warm place 15 minutes. Stir in remaining sugar, milk, salt, oil and flavoring. With mixer at low speed add 1 cup flour at a time, beating well after each addition. Last cup or cup and one-half may need to be beaten in with wooden spoon. The dough is heavy and stiff but it is sticky.

Grease two tall 1-lb. coffee tins. Spoon half of dough into each can. Cover with greased plastic lid. Let rise in warm place until double in bulk. Usually the lid will pop off when the dough is ready for the oven, but this may not happen if the lid fits very tight so check when you think the dough should be ready.

Remove lids and bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes, or until a dark brown. Remove from oven. Brush top with butter or margarine. Let cool 10 minutes, then loosen loaf and slide bread out onto cooling rack.

This is marvelous canned bread. It is fast because it does not have to be kneaded. It can also be frozen *raw*. Simply cover the can and put in freezer. Remove from freezer 4 to 5 hours before time to bake. When doubled in bulk, bake as directed.

We have been looking for a bread which could be frozen unbaked. However, do not plan to keep frozen more than 2 weeks before using. This is a great recipe for small families who would like homemade bread prepared in smaller quantity.

—Evelyn

**QUICK BANANA CAKE**

- 2 ripe bananas
- 1 regular-sized pkg. yellow cake mix
- 1 3 3/4-oz. pkg. instant vanilla pudding mix
- 4 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 1/2 cup vegetable oil
- 1/4 tsp. mace

Peel the bananas and cut into small chunks. Put all the ingredients together, including the banana chunks, into the large mixer bowl and stir to blend; then beat at medium speed for five minutes. Pour batter into a well-oiled large angel food cake pan and bake 65 to 70 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Cool 10 minutes on a rack before you turn the cake upside down to remove it from the pan. This cake is very moist and delicious and can be served plain, dusted with powdered sugar, or frosted.

—Dorothy

**BAKED OCEAN PERCH**

- 1 lemon, sliced thin
- 1 medium onion, sliced thin
- Salt and pepper
- 1 1/2 lbs. fillets of ocean perch
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- Salt to taste
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard

Set oven for hot, 400 degrees. Cover bottom of baking dish with lemon and onion slices. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Lay fillets on top. Cover. (If pan does not have a cover, use foil.) Bake 20 minutes. Remove cover; combine remaining ingredients; spread over top. Broil 3 inches below heat until browned. Makes 4 to 5 servings.

—Margery

**PAGODA PEAS**

- 1 1-lb. can peas, drained (save liquid)
- 1/2 cup liquid from peas
- 1 1/2 tsp. chicken broth or soup
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 Tbls. salad oil or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 tsp. cornstarch
- 1 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1 can water chestnuts, sliced thin
- 1 2-oz. can mushrooms (stems and pieces are fine)

Combine the liquid from peas, broth, ginger, sugar, salad oil or margarine, and butter flavoring. Blend the cornstarch with the soy sauce and add, cooking until thickened slightly. Add peas, sliced water chestnuts and sliced mushrooms. Serve hot.

—Margery



**DELICIOUS SHRIMP CASSEROLE**

- 1 10½-oz. can cream of shrimp soup
- 1/3 cup rich milk
- 2 cups cooked rice
- 1 cup chopped, cooked celery
- 2 4½-oz. cans large shrimp
- Buttered crumbs

Dilute cream of shrimp soup with milk. Now combine all of the remaining ingredients except crumbs and add to soup. Turn into a well-buttered casserole, top with crumbs and bake at 350-degrees for 20 to 25 minutes.

This is obviously a very quick and easy casserole, but it has an unusually good flavor and texture. If rice can be cooked in chicken broth rather than in plain water it adds to the flavor. Serves four or five generously. —Lucile

**BRUSSELS SPROUTS AND CELERY**

- 1 10-oz. pkg. Brussels sprouts
  - 1 1/2 cups cut celery (1" pieces)
  - 2 1/2 cups of your favorite medium white sauce
  - 1/2 cup blanched, shredded almonds
  - 1 cup grated American cheese
- Soak sprouts in salted water for 20 minutes. Drain. Cook until tender. Cook celery in small amount of water. Drain, saving water. Make white sauce using celery water and milk. Combine vegetables and sauce. Sprinkle with almonds and cheese. Serves four.

—Margery

**CHICKEN BREASTS SUPREME**

- 4 chicken breasts, halved, skinned and boned
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 1/2 cup slivered blanched almonds
- 1 cup wild rice, cooked
- 1 2-oz. can sliced mushrooms
- 1/4 cup chopped pimiento
- 1/2 of 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/2 cup chicken broth
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. white pepper

Brown chicken breasts in butter or margarine; remove. Brown onions and remove. Brown almonds, and then mix rice, onions, almonds, mushrooms and pimiento. Place in a greased casserole and arrange chicken breasts on top. Mix soup, sour cream, broth and seasonings. Heat, stirring, until smooth. Pour over casserole and bake at 325 degrees for one hour. Serves eight.

—Mae Driftmier

**BETTER YET COOKIES**

- 1 1/4 cups white sugar
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3/8 cup cream
- 1 egg
- 2/3 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 5 Tbls. cocoa
- 2 1/2 cups quick oats
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 cup black walnuts

Cream together the sugar, butter or margarine, butter flavoring, cream and egg. Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and cocoa. Add remaining flavorings and blend in flour mixture. Lastly, stir in the oats and nuts. Drop by teaspoon on ungreased cookie sheet and bake at 350 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes.

—Margery

**GLAZED ONIONS AND CARROTS**

- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 5 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- 1 1-lb. can small onions, drained
- 1 1-lb. can small carrots, drained

In a large skillet add brown sugar to melted butter or margarine and cook until sugar is dissolved. Add onions and carrots and cook very slowly, shaking pan often to keep onions and carrots from sticking or burning, until they are thoroughly hot and lightly browned on all sides. These are even better if small fresh carrots and small boiling onions are available. If fresh vegetables are used they should be cooked separately and drained before glazing. Serves six. —Mae Driftmier

**DELICIOUS SAUSAGE CASSEROLE**

- 2 lbs. country-style sausage
- 1 large green pepper, chopped
- 3 cups celery (cut in chunks)
- 1 pkg. dry chicken noodle soup mix
- 1 cup uncooked rice
- 1/4 cup soy sauce
- 1 cup sliced almonds (optional)
- 8 cups boiling water

Brown the sausage and drain off all the fat. Combine this with all the other ingredients. Bake in a large casserole for one hour in a 350-degree oven. This will serve about 20 people and is a good luncheon dish.

—Dorothy

**DATE PUDDING**

- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1 1/2 cups dates, chopped
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder

Pour the boiling water over the chopped dates, butter or margarine and soda, and let stand for awhile. Beat the egg, salt and vanilla flavoring together. Add the sugar gradually, beating well until thick. Stir in the date mixture. Beat in flour and baking powder. Pour into a greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan and bake in a 350-degree oven for 35 to 40 minutes.

**Topping**

- 1 cup chopped dates
- 3/4 cup water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- Pinch of salt
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cook all ingredients except nuts until well blended and slightly thick, stirring constantly. Add chopped nuts. Spread over cooled pudding-cake, and serve with whipped cream.

—Dorothy

**PUZZLE:**

## CAN YOU NAME THE 16 KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS?

Before you start, remember that these are the ones that add flavor and fragrance to so many things: salads, stuffings, drinks and desserts. They never steam out, and they're so economical because a little goes a long way. Ready to try to name them? OK . . . make your list; then check it below:

Mint, Raspberry, Almond, Blueberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Burnt Sugar, Maple, Pineapple, Banana, Coconut, Vanilla, Orange, Lemon, Butter, Black Walnut. The watermelon? we just drew that in to confuse you.

## Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

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



## WHAT HAPPENED TO SUNDAY DINNER?

by  
Irene L. Fey

Perhaps it went out with high button shoes, kerosene lamps, and the dependable old cob-burning cook stove.

Most farm families enjoyed three meals each day, but tradition decreed that Sunday dinner should be special. The efficient hostess usually called her prospective guests the middle of the week, if she were fortunate enough to have a telephone, which she cranked, and luckier still, to find a time when the lines weren't busy. Visiting on party lines was both a necessity and a virtue. The faithful telephone operator was praised and condemned according to the whims of the caller on a particular day. If the lady contacted accepted the invitation, it meant some extra hurrying and scurrying to get all the little extra things done.

Part of the fun was to get out the long white linen tablecloth, smooth and shining, without a crease. Occasionally, had the cloth been stored too soon after ironing, a little moisture made tiny wrinkles which had to be erased with a flatiron. Along with the cloth came the large, hand-hemmed napkins (paper had not come into its own yet), and had a bold hostess dared use a paper napkin, she would have been the center of a whispering campaign, and censured for her indolence.

The graceful silver castor set, filled with various condiments, centered the table. Each piece, shining and clean, was later the envy of antique collectors. The castor not only added dignity and beauty to the table, but a little spice to the sumptuous dinner. After the meal, it held the table cover which was spread over the table after each use.

Extra chairs had to be rounded up. The youngest guest always got the baby's high chair. A temporary makeshift was improvised by stacking Montgomery Ward catalogs, one on top of another, to get the desired height. (How easily T.V. trays take care of that today.)

The company silver had to be polished. It seemed easy compared to what Grandmother went through, when she had to scour her wooden-handled knives and forks in wood ashes.

Now for the meal. The term "menu" had not yet come into common usage. It was always easiest to have company after the butchering had been done. Tender, well-marbled beef made a combination no gourmet could resist. Roast beef called for mashed potatoes. If the children helped with peeling the potatoes, they were warned to be careful to get all the eyes. If neglected, they were

bound to make dark spots, which were inexcusable. A wooden masher was preferred over a wire one, since lumps had less resistance to their impact than that of a newfangled wire one. Gravy must be smooth and well seasoned, rich and golden brown.

What should there be for a vegetable? Baked beans could hardly be improved upon for one choice. They had to be soaked a few hours on Saturday. Later, they were seasoned with molasses, a plump onion, strips of bacon, and salt. They were put into a gallon crock and baked slowly in the reliable old oven for the rest of the day and night.

Bread was important, too. The potato water was saved at noon on Friday. Later a cake of Yeast Foam was added. Eventually, the necessary flour, sugar and shortening made a concoction fit for a king. It was customary to make a pan of light biscuits with the same dough. Although not as light or sweet as our popular rolls, they disappeared as if by magic when passed around the table.

But what was homemade bread without fresh butter? Before separators, cream was skimmed by hand with a tin skimmer, perforated with tiny holes. It was put in a crockery churn, centered by a wooden dasher. Many boys and girls got plenty of exercise raising and lowering the dasher.

Later, barrel churns, and after that, glass ones took their places. Collectors now eye crockery churns, and any sale which lists one will have eager bidders. Good butter not only had to be churned, but "worked" so to speak, until all trace of buttermilk was gone. This kept it palatable longer. Without refrigeration this was something to be considered. For special occasions it was pressed into wooden mold which had a fancy design in the bottom.

(Continued on page 17)



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.
KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
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.



## SPAGHETTI'S BEST FRIEND

The best friend spaghetti ever had is a bowl of crisp, icy salad, sprinkled with a tasty dressing. Not just any old dressing, but a special one that complements any main-dish serving. Like **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings!** Whether you prefer French or Country Style, you'll agree that both are just what fresh greens need. Not too tart, not too sweet. Spicy, of course, but not tongue-bruising. The perfect blend of vinegars, oils and expensive spices.

And if you don't like spaghetti, you'll be glad to know **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings** go great with steak, fish, chicken and pizza, too!

## Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings



## WITHIN THE HEART

by

Evelyn DeMoss

Part-time Job,  
Full-time Fun

by

Deleta Landphair



Overworked friends who hold jobs and toil at household duties at night have often made me feel that they enjoy neither their job nor their home. This is the reason that, after our children were born, outside employment never waggled an enticing finger.

For me, long working days, inability to keep up with the children and their activities, and not enough time for house and yard work take away all the joy of extra income.

Then a local businessman offered me part-time employment, three days a week. When I related the news to my family, my high school senior son asked, "Why not go back to work? Bet you can't earn a salary again!"

"Of course I can," I retorted, "but I need to be here when you children come home from school."

"Naw," our youngest, ten-year-old Tim, assured me. "Dad's around when we get off the bus."

Stymied momentarily, I considered. My husband did arrive home early. And I wouldn't leave in the mornings before the children were on their way.

"Take the job," my husband advised. "It's the type of work you enjoy, and three days out of the week aren't too many. Cut down on coffee klatches and phone calls, and you'll have your housework done in half the time," he predicted with a grin.

I've always been confident of being able to hold a job again if necessity forced me to do so. But first-morning jitters stirred up a swirl of doubts. Could I learn new procedures and become adept with unfamiliar office machines? Were my mental processes still sharp enough to take hastily dictated letter? Could I handle home duties and secretarial work simultaneously?

I could and did. And it was infinitely easier because my schedule contained a three-day, rather than a five-day, working week.

The first week was typically exhausting, both from a change in schedules and the strain in adjusting to a new job. By Thursday, I was ready to stay home. Prior to beginning work, I'd given the house a thorough cleaning and frozen extra casseroles. Subconsciously, my pattern was set for meet-

ing all demands on my time.

Only light housework is done during the evenings of working days. Dinners usually come from the freezer. "At home" days are spent in housecleaning, preparing meals ahead, and, in summer months, tending the yard and garden. Honesty compels me to admit that my husband was right in saying that home chores could be telescoped into three days.

My schedule fortunately does not force me to miss any of the children's activities. We attend athletic events at night or on weekends. P.T.A., 4-H and church youth meetings all fall in the latter part of the week — the time when I'm at home.

One specter haunted me. Several friends confessed they wanted to quit their jobs but couldn't afford to get along without the extra income. My husband's salary is only average, but I've always prided myself on being able to live within its limitations. Would my extra pay check tempt us to raise our standard of living?

Temptation teases me less in the form of a check than in cash. So three checks each month are endorsed into a savings account for the children's college expenses. The fourth check is deposited in the "Foolish Fund". This fund is the carrot which keeps the donkey (me) working. We spend it on small luxuries. (Remember, only one pay check per month, so luxuries must be small.) The entire family enjoys deciding what to buy when the Foolish Fund reaches a satisfactory amount. Our largest expenditures have included a secondhand pool table and paneling for the basement family room.

Side benefits of my part-time work continue to delight me. For instance, dinner conversations sparkle. Our busy office is a veritable fount of amusing incidents to share. My husband summed it up flatteringly: "You're more interesting than you used to be."

A business office isn't the only employer of part-time workers. A quick survey of employment needs in our area reveals openings for part-time clerks, medical receptionist, floral shop assistant, domestic help, bookkeeper for a small firm, and hospital aide. Two of

May I tell you of two heart-warming experiences? I broke my foot some eight weeks ago. Being in a cast from my toes to my knee I felt pretty helpless. After much hobbling and awkward moving about, I got pretty handy with a walking cast.

Four weeks passed and I decided to venture downtown. It seemed ages since I'd been shopping and I felt like a freed prisoner as I drove to our variety store. Before I could get to the entrance, an old gentleman (much older than I) hurried ahead and opened the door for me. I motioned for him to go in before me, as I moved slowly, and I've been taught "age before beauty". Well, he was well taught too. You know the old saying, "Ladies before gentleman." At his insistence I entered the door first and smilingly looked up at this old fellow. Then he took the time to ask me how I'd hurt myself. He was truly concerned.

Finishing my shopping and laden with several large packages, I did pretty well getting them to my car, but I couldn't get to the car keys without placing my packages atop my car. Finally succeeding, I started the four-mile trip home. I left Main Street and was driving directly home when I noticed a car following closely. The driver, a lady, waved to me, and I waved back. Do you know this suspicious follower ended up right out in front of my home as I drove into the driveway. She jumped out of her car and pointed to my car top. There lay my billfold, exactly where I'd placed it. She had spotted it and driven all the distance to keep her eye on it.

I wondered if these things I had experienced in an hour's time happen to others! In these trying times it is a comfort to know there is still chivalry and honesty around without searching for it.

It is said God created man in his image, and yet we know there are no look alikes. It must be the goodness that lies *within the heart*, that makes man into a Godly image. One hour, one hobbling disabled lady, two kind people. To me this is tangible proof of God's existence in the hearts of men.

And what big hearts some people do have!

my friends, a nurse and hairdresser, work part-time to keep up with new methods and technological advancements in their professions.

Suggestions have been made that employers give three-day weekends to employees. I like mine even better — a four-day weekend!



**FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded**

I suppose that I am one of the last to wish you a very Happy New Year, but my wish is a sincere one. I love the mystery of the New Year. Not one of us knows what 1973 will bring in the way of blessings or misfortunes, but surely each of us knows it all is in the hands of a loving Heavenly Father. I do not know who wrote this little verse, but it expresses my sentiments:

I know not the way I am going,

But well do I know my Guide.

With childlike trust I give my hand

To the mighty Friend by my side.

And the only thing that I say to Him

Is, "Take it and hold it fast,

Suffer me not to lose my way,

And bring me home at last."

Sincerely,

Frederick

**WHAT HAPPENED TO SUNDAY DINNER?**

—Concluded

Apple butter was another popular addition to fresh bread. It was made from carefully selected apples, spiced with cinnamon and a touch of clove, and cooked very slowly in the oven for at least a day and a half. A test for its being done was to watch for a heavy, glossy crust forming on the top.

When gelatin came into common use, it was a rare treat. Most recipes called for bananas and oranges. Pineapple was not very common and quite expensive. This ambrosia, as it was sometimes called, was generally topped with real whipped cream, delightfully flavored with vanilla and sugar. This was a very good dessert, but what hostess would have Sunday dinner without pie? Although she might have home-canned peach sauce, cake and cookies, nothing took the place of a good, flaky, two-crust pie. No one had ever heard of calories, so no one feared them.

Coffee was home ground as needed and "settled" with a well-beaten egg; the idea being that this produced an ultra clear beverage. The grinder was usually square with a handle on top, and was held between the knees for ballast. Later, newfangled glass ones were fastened on the wall. Both creamer and sugar bowls were generous in size, and knew no competition from today's substitutes.

Father sat at the head of the table and returned thanks for their many blessings, and asked guidance for the footsteps of his offspring, who sat with heads bowed and hands folded.

Mother blushed at the many compliments that came as her delicious food was passed, and humbly apologized for not having had as good luck as usual with some.

No radio interrupted with the noon weather forecast, nor did T.V. monopolize with football games. After dinner



James Lowey was a very excited little boy when the man came to preschool to take the children's pictures. He could hardly wait to bring his home to his parents.

the men retired to the parlor, while the ladies did the dishes. Later all enjoyed the newest stereoptican views and the photograph album.

Yes, each week still has a Sunday. People still eat, but with all our modern packaged foods and efficient equipment it is easier to say, "Let's go to the Redwood Inn for dinner."

America lost something when we put Sunday dinner "in mothballs".

"Be at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbors, and let every New Year find you a better person."

—Benjamin Franklin

**BELIEVE IT OR DON'T**

The capitols of the United States have been located in nine different places: Philadelphia, York, Lancaster, Germantown, Princeton, Trenton, Baltimore, New York, and finally Washington, D.C.

## 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 non-operating model 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. 4422, Beltone Electronics Corp., 4201 W. Victoria, Chicago, Ill. 60646.

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## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

Although poet Jane Merchant died on January 3, 1972, we are still able to enjoy her poetry books. *The Greatest of These* (Abingdon Press, 201 8th Ave., So., Nashville, Tennessee, \$1.75) is a collection of devotions in poetry and prayer using the theme of Paul's "hymn to love" in I Corinthians 13. Jesse Stuart has remarked that Jane Merchant has written some of the finest religious poems that are being written in America today. *The Greatest of These* was given the first prize for the best book of poetry by a member by the National League of American Pen Women. Here is one poem from the book:

### NOTHING LOVELIER

The world is full of lovely things  
And gentle sights to see.  
There is delight in redbird wings  
And peace in every tree,  
And there is rapture in the rush  
Of winds along the way  
And healing in the holy hush  
That softly seals the day.

Yet there is nothing lovelier  
In all the world than words,  
Not all the gentle winds that stir  
Nor all the winging birds.  
The trees their ancient peace impart  
In accents ever dear,  
But words can heal a wounded heart  
And free a soul from fear.

A second collection of meditations in poetry is called *Think About These Things* (Abingdon Press, \$2). In this



This recent picture of Mae and Howard Driftmier was snapped by Frederick on his last visit at home, and we think it is one of the best we've ever had.

book Jane Merchant speaks of the gifts of love and mercy. The enduring faith in "whatever is true," the abiding conviction in "whatever is just and pure," are lightened with the clarity of a new voice raised above the hubbub of the world. In the preface of the book, Miss Merchant wrote, "We have all learned that thinking of the many excellent, pure, praiseworthy things in life makes the unjust, ungracious things seem less tremendous, and helps us deal with them in a better spirit, and more effectively."

Using the Scripture "I have learned, in whatever state I am, to be content." — Phil. 4:11-13, a poem called "To Be at Home" follows:

### TO BE AT HOME

I am at home with winter.  
I understand the thin  
Determined trees, and all the calm,  
Bare fields and I are kin.  
All hearts must master silence  
Before they learn to sing,  
Must be at home with winter  
To be at home with spring.

*Petals of Light* (Abingdon Press, \$2.95) by Miss Merchant contains verses "for those who cherish bright blossomings in the earth and sky, for those who practice matrimony and those who merely have opinions on the subject, for parents and grandparents and their friends."

Shelley sees poetry as "the record of the best and happiest moments of the best minds." There are many such moments in *Petals of Light*. Enjoy with me the following:

### HOMEMADE

A dash of this, a pinch of that —  
Nothing goes to waste —  
And everything she cooks becomes  
Pure goodness to the taste.

Her rules for flavoring food with joy  
She never can impart.  
She cooks, she says, from her own head;  
We say, from her own heart.

### UNJUST DESSERTS

Now tempt me with no sight or whiff  
Of cake or pie, lest I be grabby.  
Oh, why does starch make fabrics stiff  
And people flabby?

Miss Merchant was a remarkable woman with great talent and even greater courage. In spite of being physically handicapped, she led a life that was rich and full. What a marvelous record of that life she has left us in her books of poems.

(*The Greatest of These* © 1954 by Pierce & Washabaugh; *Think About These Things* © 1956 by Pierce & Washabaugh; *Petals of Light* © 1949-65 by Abingdon Press. All are published by Abingdon Press, 201 8th Ave., So., Nashville, Tennessee.)

### LIFE, LONELINESS, AND NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS — Concluded

things you can do and the love you can give cannot be replaced by anyone else's deeds nor anyone else's love. Only little things? What, then, is life made up of, but the sum total of a multitude of little things? God knows that little things are important; He knows that we dream of big, important accomplishments, but often what we achieve is a series of also very important Little Things.

Can we even judge what things are little, and what are big, when life is totaled up? I, for one, say we can't. To ease the loneliness of life, be it our own or that of others, we simply must seize on the little things. And do them now, this minute, today. For we pass this way but once.

And Tomorrow never comes . . . . .

May the bright and joyous light of Christmas shine in your heart throughout the New Year.



# 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 1972. Do you have a friend to add in 1973?

\$2.00 per year, 12 issues — \$2.50, foreign countries  
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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

Zinnias and marigolds top all other garden flowers as the most popular among home gardeners in America, and for 1973 both these important classes are represented among All-America Selection winners.

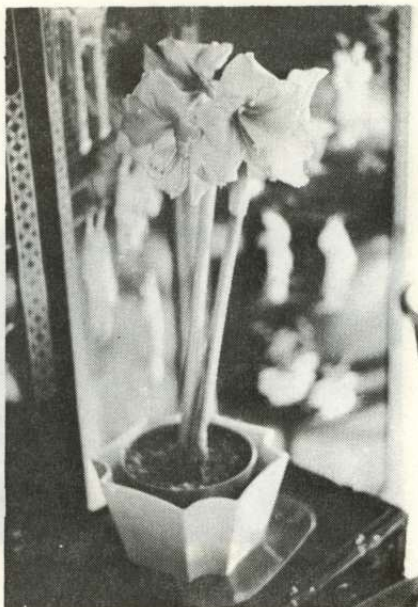
The two new All-America winners are Peter Pan Scarlet Zinnia, a magnificent new color in this unique class of large-flowered dwarf border hybrids, and Happy Face Marigold, a prolific deep golden yellow "hedge" type marigold.

Peter Pan Scarlet Zinnia, a silver medal winner, is a beautiful new addition to the Peter Pan series of hybrid zinnias, and only the third color to be introduced in this unusual class. The other two are Peter Pan Plum and Peter Pan Pink — both winners of All-America gold medals in 1971. Peter Pan Scarlet combines attractive large flower size with dwarf plant habit, a combination that more and more gardeners are demanding. Individual flowers are well-doubled and measure 3-4 inches across. Seldom growing more than a foot high, the first flowers appear when the plants reach six inches. They remain neat and compact, tolerate rough weather with ease and cover themselves with bloom. Use them for beds, borders, container growing and as a patio accent. The plants remain showy all season long.

Happy Face Marigold, a bronze medal winner, belongs to a class of hybrid marigolds known as "hedging" marigolds because of their neat uniform habit of growth. Happy Face has deep golden yellow fully double flowers measuring up to 4 inches across on 26-inch high plants. Earlier than the Jubilees, more double than Apollo and Moonshot, Happy Face stays colorful from the end of July until frost, branching and rebranching with fresh blooms.

One new vegetable variety, a hybrid zucchini squash called Aristocrat, has been named to the All-America Selections for 1973. It won a bronze medal for its extra earliness, prolific yields, and the quality of the handsome, dark green, glossy fruits which don't fatten up and spoil as fast as other varieties of zucchini. First fruits can be had within 48 days of sowing seed directly into the garden. Fruits are straight with rounded ends and taste delicious.

Zucchini squash is now one of Amer-



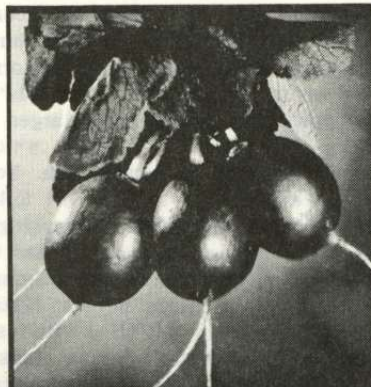
When our brother Wayne visited here this fall, he brought each of us an African lily bulb. They bloomed around Thanksgiving time.

ica's most popular classes of vegetables and it is not surprising why. Easiest of all vegetables to grow from seed, they are quick to mature, and yield their edible fruits over a long period of time. Fruits are best picked when 6-8 inches long. They can be steamed, baked or sliced raw for fresh salads as a substitute for cucumbers. They make a gourmet dish when sliced lengthways, dipped in egg and rolled in fine bread crumbs. Brown the slices in butter and sprinkle with Parmesan cheese for a new twist.

Your most important competition is you as you were a year ago.

To beat the competition, improve on last year's you.

One is judged by what he has done, not by what one thinks he can do.



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Walking Dogs! 3 for 39¢

All folks are fascinated by these clever Little Walking Dogs as they skirt across the table or desk in lifelike motion, then halt abruptly at edge. Terrific for Fun, razzes—Door-Openers, 3 for 39¢ or 12 for 99¢.

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Visit us when you're in St. Louis



It has been a special pleasure to have our cousin Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger and her husband Clay for holidays in recent years. They live in Iowa City, which isn't too far to drive if the weather is favorable. This picture of Gretchen was taken on their last visit.

### THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR –

#### Concluded

ated. I shall enter the new year with joy and thanksgiving. Each day will be a fresh challenge to do the thing that seems the most important. Surely I shall enjoy and make the most of every precious moment of 1973.

We are but minutes, little things,  
Each one furnished with sixty wings  
With which we fly on our unseen track;  
And not a one of us ever comes back.

We are but minutes; use us well,  
For how we are used we must someday  
tell;

Who uses minutes has hours to use  
Who loses minutes – whole years must  
lose.

—Anonymous

### POPCORN IS BIG BUSINESS – Concl.

made in the kernel itself. The experiments being made with hybrid field corn are just one step ahead of those being made for a larger, more tender popcorn. There won't be any more "old maids"; the popped grain will be much larger; a creamy color; and of a texture which will almost melt in your mouth. You won't even be able to hear the folks behind you at the movie "crunching" their corn! For years, popcorn had to pop 15 times the volume of the original unpopped corn to pass buyers' tests. Few buyers now are satisfied with less than a 25 test, and at Manhattan, Kans., and Purdue, Ind., where experimental work is being done on a large scale for new, improved varieties, the goal is a popcorn that pops 50 times its volume.

The five-cent bag of popcorn hasn't merely "gone to town"; it's on its way around the world.

### YOUR OWN STORY

Has anyone told you  
That every thought you think  
Makes lines just like the little lines  
You write with pen and ink?

And thought of anger, fear, and hate  
Will spoil the prettiest face  
By making ugly lines  
Which nothing can erase.

But thoughts of love and kindness  
And joyousness and cheer  
Make very pretty little lines  
All fine and firm and clear.

And by and by your face becomes  
An open storybook  
Which everyone can see and read  
Each time they chance to look.

So if you want your face to tell  
A story sweet and fair,  
You must see that only good thoughts  
Do any writing there.

—Unknown

### NEW INTEREST FOR '73 – Concluded

have been a difficult name for a boy to carry through life, but whatever prompted a couple to name a son Fear? A story there, somewhere, if one could find it.)

On down the line we come to Fitch Loomis (male) and Zerciah Loomis (female). Also in the Loomis family were Asahel (male), Daniel, Hannah, Joel, Reuben, Bennoni (male), Phoebe and Ruth, a Caleb, Enoch, Damaris and Electa. (Those people were Bible readers!) In the Brewster family were Orson, Othel, Oramel and Celesta along with Peleg and Jonah! A Charity Signor and Solomon Kingsley are on the family tree along with Lucretia Adams Vail (the great-grandmother whose first name Robert's mother acquired.)

Now that we know so much about one branch of the family it behooves us to begin the search for the other lines of our family tree. Robert's paternal family runs back through Thomas Birkby and Virginus Jobe. Add to that my side of the house: Thomas Newton Corrie and his wife Nancy, daughter of Wiley Manson Edmondson, and George Washington Drago and his wife Mary, daughter of James Hedges Shawhan. Good grief! the search could go on the rest of my life!

Undoubtedly there are ways of proceeding with such a project and techniques for finding statistics needed. I am beginning by writing letters to our relatives to find out how much information they have already in their possession. From there we'll continue in whatever direction seems most fertile. It should prove an interesting new hobby, one which may not turn up any more Pilgrims but might provide some interesting people (and a few characters, no doubt) on our family tree.

This promises to be a lifetime search, for I'm not blessed with the kind of time or temperament to concentrate for long stretches on such an avocation. But I'll do as much as I can for I feel it important to my sons to have as much knowledge as possible of the wonderful people who preceded them.





**JANUARY DEVOTIONS — Concluded**

day older. Do we begrudge each added day as a day lost, or do we accept it with grace?

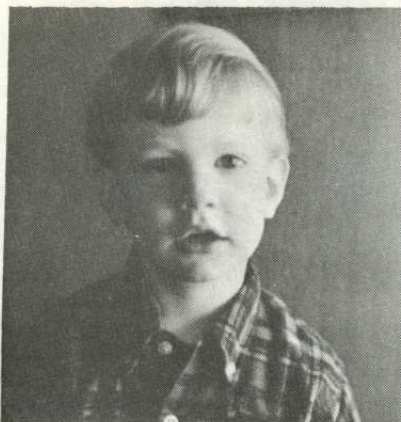
Age is a quality of the mind;  
If you have left your dreams behind,  
If hope is cold,  
If you no longer look ahead,  
If your ambition's fires are dead,  
Then you are old.

If from life you take the best,  
And if in life you keep its zest,  
If love you hold  
No matter how the days go by,  
No matter how the birthday's fly,  
You are not old. —Sunshine

Are you aging with grace?

"C": The fourth candle we light for CHANGE. Each new year brings with it changes; that is the way of life. However, some of us are forever dragging our feet, refusing to face up to this fact. We say, "Oh, I liked the old ways best", or, "I liked it the way it was." The hardest of all is to accept change in ourselves. It's so easy to go along in the same old way and think in our same old patterns. But if we follow God's patterns for nature, we must see that *there can be no growth without change*. Do you greet the new year or the new day with an open mind to the changes it may bring? Do you let it be a challenge to grow in understanding, in faith, in friendship, in love, in world brotherhood, however the experience may come to you? If so, then I think each day's end might find you breathing this old prayer: Lord, we ain't what we ought to be, Lord; we ain't what we're gonna be; Lord, we ain't what we want to be; but thank God we ain't what we was.

"E": I light the fifth candle for the ETERNAL WANT — the adding of grace by holding to our faith and making the very best of what we have. A renowned philosopher once said that it is not so much a matter of what we have, as what we do with what we have, that makes the difference in what we are in this world. For some examples: Long-fellow could take a worthless sheet of paper, write on it, and make the paper priceless. That's genius. Rockefeller could sign his name to a piece of paper and make it worth a million. That's capital. A mechanic can take a few screws and bolts and metal and make it worth a hundred dollars. That's skill. An artist can take a scrap of canvas, paint a picture on it, and make it worth a thousand dollars. That's art. A singer can take a few words and a simple tune and sell a million records. That's talent. A mother can take four walls, simple furnishings, and make a cherished home. That's love. Man can till his ground, sow the seed, tend the crop, reap a harvest. That's faith. What do you want to do with what you have?



Dorothy and Frank Johnson just received this picture of grandson Aaron, son of Kristin & Art Brase.

**Leader:** Happy New Year! Let us begin this very moment to make this wish come true. Let's add grace to every day, promising that each day will be the beginning of a fuller life. No matter what we may be looking for in future, the message for today is that we love one another. We all can make our lives beautiful with aspiration and self-sacrifice. Yes, let our motto for 1973 be to "add grace".

**Closing Song:** "Everything Is Beautiful" if you want a contemporary number, or use a hymn such as "I Want a Principle Within" or "Awake, Awake to Love and Work".

**Closing Prayer:** Hear us, Lord. Give us not pallid ease. Give us races to run, mountains to climb, burdens to lift. Give us not nations to rule. Give us people to love, causes to serve, and God to know. Amen

### HAPPY NEW CHEER THIS COMING YEAR

"It was a very good year . . ."

Or so say the words of a popular song describing the memorable events in a man's life.

And in that song, the man finds something beautiful, something for which to be grateful in every age of his life.

So should it be.

For with all life's problems and misfortunes, he who would look back to a very good year must remember the kindness, the happiness, the love of the people about him. And to these pleasures of living can be anticipated another year of goodness in 1973.

But should he look back only on the ugliness of the past year — and there was plenty of it in terms of misunderstanding and bigotry and ignorance and hate and riots and wars — there will be little good to find in the coming new year.

Be then of good cheer. Do what you can as a civilized human being to make 1973 a better new year.



### NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

I'll dare to dream and keep my dreams alive,  
I'll dare to set new goals toward which to strive,  
For dreams are blueprints for success ahead,  
And goals are food on which ambition's fed. —Church paper



## The Gray Ghosts of the Laundry

Don't let gray and dingy washes rise up to haunt you. You don't have to put up with halfway clean — not when you can wash with **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops and Safety Bleach**.

**Blue Drops** are tailor-made for any washer: front- or top-load automatics or wringer type. They deep-clean in even hard or warm water, and they're low-suds and biodegradable, too! **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** is the one that guarantees whitest whites and brightest prints and colors, without the danger of old-fashioned chlorine bleaches.

Both work wonders . . . and both are so economical! They're probably side by side on your grocery shelf.

## KITCHEN-KLATTER

### Blue Drops & Safety Bleach



### MENDING FRIENDSHIPS

Mending friendships is a task,  
I've set myself today;  
The floor shall go unscrubbed for once,  
The ironing's put away.

I'll get my pen and paper out,  
And write a loving line,  
Across the miles to one dear friend,  
To say I hope she's fine.

I'll telephone another friend,  
With whom I have lost touch,  
To say, because we never meet,  
I miss her, oh, so much.

I'll put the coffee on to brew,  
And call the neighbors up,  
And bid them set their work aside,  
And drink of friendship's cup.

Neglected household chores will wait,  
But friends will drift away,  
So now and then I just must have,  
A friendship-mending day. —Unknown



—Shenandoah Evening Sentinel  
Probably the biggest jigsaw puzzle in the world is the attractive and colorful carpeting created and laid by Mrs. Norman Kling in downstairs rooms of her home. She is pictured here with her grandchildren, Melanie and Jeff, children of Mr. and Mrs. Benny Kling of Malvern, Iowa.

all perishables that Mother and Marge can utilize. I have an absolute phobia about wasting food — it really upsets me.

But before I go to the kitchen and tackle this job I want to greet all of our thousands of brand-new subscribers who are just now reading their first copy of our *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine. We hope that you'll be with us for a long, long time as we share our lives with you.

And to you old and faithful friends who have been members of our family circle for so many years, let me say once again how much we appreciate your friendship. You've brought the world to us with your wonderful letters.

May it be a happy and blessed year for you in 1973 . . .

Lucile



### THINK THESE 3 IN '73

Three things there are that once experienced can not be amended completely:

- 1 — An angry word said.
- 2 — An action stupidly performed.
- 3 — A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity neglected.

One may try to cover up these failings by apology and the promise to do better. That helps. But how much better life would be if —

- 1 — Words were sweetened by consideration.
- 2 — Actions were based on the best of one's ability.
- 3 — And every opportunity were accepted as a challenge to be met and conquered.

Try for these 3 in '73.

### OLD FASHION CHINA DOLL



KIT: Hand painted china head; arms, legs; basic pattern for body and clothes. 16" tall \$7.25 P.P. Assembled. Undressed: with patterns for clothes 16" \$13.45

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Catalogue 25¢

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San Pablo, Calif. 94806

### LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

like to have it done by Mother's Day) we'll give you ample notice in the pages of this magazine.

And about the stainless steel tableware . . . another thing I took up in "A Little Visit" in the October issue. When we knew that a lot of people were interested we wrote to place the order and found that the company we'd dealt with before had gone out of business, and no one else makes that pattern. If we ever find another pattern that we like as well as the first one we'll take action on it.

One thing left to be done today is to clear out the refrigerator and pass on

## Your Money Back if You Aren't Satisfied with These Hyacinths That Bloom in a Teacup of Water!

Imagine! Fragrant, Pastel Blooms,  
Doesn't Even Need Sunlight!

Special-  
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(4 for \$1.75)  
(6 for \$2.50)

Your whole family will have a world of fun watching these giant indoor-blooming Hyacinth Bulbs grow into gorgeous flowers right before your eyes. Need no soil. Just place bulbs in a teacup and add water. Grows fast. Soon the cup is filled with graceful waving roots and the bulb bursts into a velvety pastel colored bloom. Very attractive. Especially fragrant. Easy to grow. Make ideal gifts. **SEND NO MONEY.** On delivery, pay postman \$1.00 for two bulbs, \$1.75 for four bulbs, or \$2.50 for six bulbs, plus COD charges. We pay postage on prepaid orders. If not 100% satisfied, just return shipping label for refund of purchase price — you keep the bulbs.

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Tables, Chairs, Trucks



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Since 1892



## NEW YEAR'S DAY — HERE AND THERE

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

This is one of the oldest and most universal holidays throughout the civilized world. It was the Romans who inaugurated the day on the adoption of the Julian calendar in 46 B.C. Since they changed the first month of the year from March to January, in order that the year might have an auspicious beginning they offered sacrifices to the god Janus (for whom the month is named), and exchanged greetings with friends and relatives on January first. They also gave gifts on this occasion.

In the United States New Year's Eve and New Year's Day are given over to social entertainment, calling — and football! Many churches held watch night services and in many it has become a tradition to have a communion service on New Year's Eve.

Here in the U.S. 12 o'clock midnight is the signal for blowing horns, ringing bells and blowing whistles to usher in the New Year. The Mummer's Parade in Philadelphia and the Rose Parade for Pasadena's Tournament of Roses have become two of the most famous of the many parades held in our country on New Year's. The Rose Parade was first held January 1, 1886. The Mummer's parade dates from 1876, and more than 10,000 now participate in it. Prizes are offered for the best costumes.

It is interesting to note some of the New Year's customs in other lands, too.

In Spain little saucers are arranged on the table with 12 big grapes in each one. At midnight a grape is eaten at each stroke of the clock.

If you were a homemaker in Greece you would bake a cake and put a coin in it. The lucky person to find the coin in his cake will be prosperous in the new year.

Sweden is another place where an article is hidden in the food. In this case an almond is hidden in a rice pudding which is a tradition dish for that day. The person who gets the almond will be married within the year, providing the person finding the almond does not reveal he found it.

In Denmark there is the custom of gathering up your old dishes and, going to the home of a friend, breaking the dishes against the door. The door where there is the largest heap of broken pottery is regarded as the sign of the most popular family.

Italians usher in the New Year by flinging open all the windows, blowing horns and noisemakers, setting off fire-crackers, lighting sparklers, and throwing crockery at the front walk.

## DEEDS, NOT RESOLUTIONS, FOR NEW YEAR

Again New Year, again make new resolve

To better live each day in every way.  
Old sins of months gone by you do absolve

In words of promise never more to stray.

Some voice their vows with earnest mind and heart;

In silence, too, some swear as years before.

Still, words or thoughts like thoughtless words are part

Of good intentions: this and little more.

But what if now, instead of words, new deeds

Replace trite resolutions made each year?

This moment — now — can man not sow the seeds

Of that good life so far and yet "you" near?

Then, act together all in brotherhood  
And leave good words for books; live you for good.

## TWO WAYS TO LOOK AT IT

Drifted roads are cleared  
Thanks to snow plow's mighty blade;  
But, thanks from the kids  
Are for mountains that it made.

—Jacqueline Ritter

### BE KIND!

Into the best of his heart,  
Into his unfolding mind,  
She has written a code from the start:  
"Be kind! Be kind!"

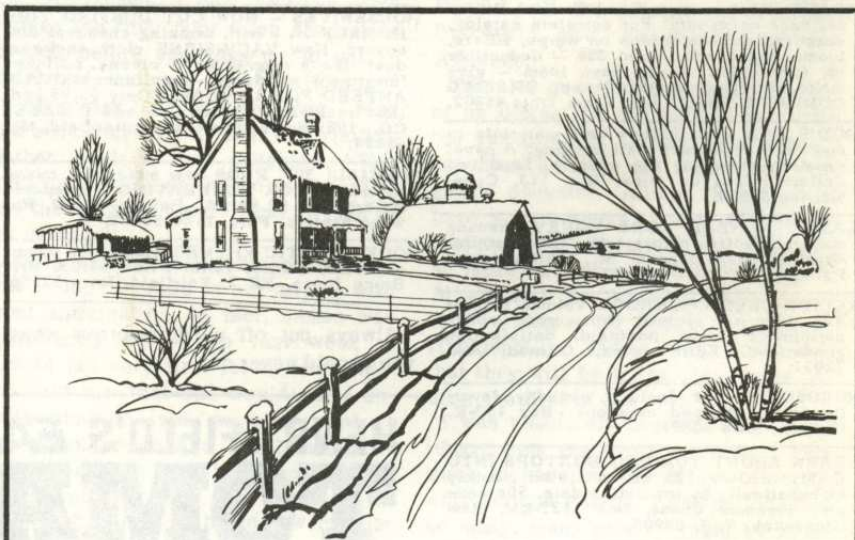
"Be kind to the sick and the poor,  
The lonely and insecure."  
One motto her will has designed:  
"Be kind! Be kind!"

The world is infected by those  
Whose cruelties poison and blind.  
Our actions can rid it of woes!  
"Be kind! Be kind!" —Author Unknown

To dare to go forth with a purpose true  
To the unknown task of the year that's new,

To help your brother along the road  
To do his work, to lift his load;  
To add your gift to the world's good cheer,

Is to have and to give a glad New Year!



## It's a Beautiful World

After a fresh snowfall, the landscape seems to be made of whipped cream and cotton candy. Nothing ugly can be seen or imagined. Unfortunately, it can't last. Soot will stain the snow. Lovely, winding roads will become scarred with muddy tracks. The garbage below will come poking through.

And we can't help it. Sorry. But we can do something about other attendant ills: The soot in the house. The mud in the hall. The stains in the tub. We can use **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. The minute it hits water, it's ready to go to work. On grease, grime, ground-in dirt. No suds to rinse off; just fast-acting cleaning power, even in hard or cold water. **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. To fight indoor pollution.

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