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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

25 CENTS

VOL. 39

JANUARY, 1975

NUMBER 1



-Stern Studio

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Margery Driftmier Strom

Subscription Price \$2.50 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries \$3.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post
office at Shenandoah, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly by
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Now that 1974 is coming to a close and in a few days I'll be putting up a brand-new calendar, it's a good time to reflect on this past year.

How blessed we feel that we're all in good health. A few members of the family have had bouts with illness, but everyone is up and functioning now.

A new baby joined the clan in early summer, so we have Mary Leanna's darling Isabel to love. How precious these new lives are and how thrilled we are when a little wee one arrives.

We feel fortunate to have had visits with relatives and friends from other parts of the country. You've read about those happy occasions in past issues of the magazine.

And as we think of each member of the family, young and old, we're grateful that they have found life exciting, interesting and worthwhile. It isn't always so, you know, and how sad it must be for those who are always dissatisfied and discontented. Life is short, so must be filled with enthusiasm and sunshine. When sad and dark times come, we must look for the rainbows. (It helps to have been raised by cheerful, optimistic parents!)

Oliver and I have been fortunate this past year to have enjoyed some little trips. Some were to attend conventions, or to take care of business matters, but we make every trip away from home a vacation! No matter where we go or for what, there is time to look around, observing people at their work, looking at different scenery, and hunting up local places of interest.

In November I had to make some calls in Texas and New Mexico, so Oliver took his remaining days of vacation from the office and went with me. With appointments in Dallas and Abilene in Texas, and Roswell, New Mexico, we had the opportunity to see some of these cities. We'd passed through Dallas once on a trip south, but hadn't been in Abilene and Ros-

well. Dorothy's sister-in-law, Edna Halls, and her husband live in Roswell, so we lingered there longer in order to visit them. It had been several years since we'd seen them, so had lots to talk about.

After my business appointment there was over, we began to feel more like vacationers. Without dates and deadlines to think about, we could relax with maps and start looking for highways with points of interest. We decided that we'd take the more scenic route to Albuquerque instead of the most direct and headed for the Lincoln National Forest area.

We stopped in the little town of Lincoln because this is where Billy the Kid made a dramatic escape in 1881 and the town has restored some buildings, put up a monument to mark historical events and opened a museum.

We also stopped at Capitan where Smokey the Bear came from. And did you know that Smokey is still living and is in a zoo in Washington, D.C.? It is my understanding that when he dies he'll be buried back near the spot where he was found as a badly burned little cub. It has been about 23 years since that bad forest fire took place at Capitan.

Another point of interest was the Valley of Fires State Park. You can see miles and miles of black lava beds and it was eerie looking countryside. From that point on to the interstate we were in lovely, but desolate, land — no sign of civilization for at least 60 miles!

How happy we were to see Juliana, Jed and the children, and soon after our arrival to see Mary Leanna and the baby. I couldn't wait to get my hands on little Isabel for I was seeing her for the first time. We were afraid she might have reached the age where she'd be leary of new faces, but she gave us a warm smile the moment we spoke to her. She is a beautiful baby and has a very happy disposition.

Juliana and Mary Lea have worked out a wonderful schedule for helping

one another with the children. Mary Lea has classes at the university on Tuesdays and Thursdays and leaves Isabel in Juli's care on those afternoons. Katharine's nursery school classes are held on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, so Mary Lea takes the responsibility for delivering and returning Katharine — a big help to Juliana. With the girls living so near each other, they can help out at other times too.

Oliver and I thoroughly enjoyed our days in Albuquerque. Not only do we have the two nieces and their families there, but we also have very dear friends living in Albuquerque and had some time with them.

When the weekend rolled around, Juliana, Mary Lea, Katharine and Isabel and I drove down to Juarez. It is always fun to go "over the border", but I particularly enjoyed this trip because Juliana did the driving. Driving in Mexico is not my cup of tea! When we didn't use our car and took a taxi, we had Mary Lea's proficiency in Spanish. Having someone along who is bilingual was great when it came to haggling over prices during shopping.

Dickering over prices is taken for granted *except* in the government-controlled arts and crafts building. This is in the Pronaf Shopping Center just over the border. (Incidentally, our motel was located in this center, too, so we confined most of our shopping right in that area.)

The museum of arts and crafts has all the appearance of a museum, but the articles are for sale. They are beautifully displayed and the merchandise is all lovely quality. It is my favorite place to shop in Juarez. The city market, on the other hand, is like the name implies — a market — and here the haggling goes on at a great rate!

If you are wondering what the men were doing while we females were gone, you may have guessed — watching a weekend of football!

We drove to Denver after leaving Albuquerque, stopping at old Fort Union on the way. The remains of this very large fort on the Santa Fe Trail are fascinating.

Our three days in Denver with my brother Wayne and his wife Abigail were filled with more "going". We stopped to see Alison and the little farmhouse she and Mike are renovating, took a tour through the interesting school Alison is attending, (I think she'll write a letter next month and tell you about her activities), and also spent a day driving into the mountains.

The best news of all since I wrote last is that our son Martin has accepted a call to serve Bethlehem United (Continued on page 22)

FREDERICK GIVES US HOPE FOR 1975

Dear Friends:

A few moments ago our phone rang and an impassioned plea came over the wire: "Dr. Driftmier, we have a big beaver in our backyard and we don't know what to do?" Actually, the person calling me lives in a beautifully wooded section of the city where a small stream flows through a little dingle connecting two parks. After congratulating my friend on the appearance of his wild guest, I suggested that he throw out some apples and put up a strong guard against any prowling dogs. Some years ago, one of our neighbors in Nova Scotia had a great time using apples to train wild beaver to answer to his whistle. Any of God's wild woodland creatures can be trained to accept free gifts of food. Remember that old saying: "He who feeds a bird on a winter's day is a host to God!"

Just before the winter weather hit us full blast, Betty and I drove up into the country to call on two dear friends who have the most beautiful home. They love to feed wild birds, and while we were there we saw more than a hundred evening grosbeaks, dozens and dozens of chickadees and purple finches, and even some wild turkeys. When I went out to take a closer look at the feeders, I must have had two dozen little chickadees flitting about my head, and even sitting on my shoulders.

Last night I was doing something that I am required to do quite often; I was speaking to a church group in one of our neighboring towns. Whenever and wherever I speak, I always try to give people some bit of faith and optimism. It is so easy to be discouraged in these times of inflation, high taxes, and increased crime and terrorism. Bad as things are, the end of this world is not near! There are many areas of enlightened progress of which we can be proud, and for which we can give thanks to God. Consider the matter of mental health, for example. In that area there has been a dramatic change in recent years.

Our state of Massachusetts always has been proud of its beautiful hospitals for the mentally ill, but for the past twenty years we have been working to get them closed for lack of patronage. The population of our mental health hospitals twenty years ago was 24,000, and today it is down to 7,000, and we continue to reduce the number by about 15% a year. Of course there are still serious problems in this field for the patients not in hospitals do not always get the best of care, but at least we are making progress in a gratifying way.

Frequently in your letters to me you



Isabel Maria, Frederick's and Betty's dear granddaughter, is a healthy, happy baby.

mention the big medical bills your family has had. Believe me, I know what you are talking about. Betty has just had surgery for the fourth time in five years! We can thank God for health insurance. Ten years ago we didn't have either Medicare or Medicaid. Now we have major help to the elderly and to low income people in paying for health care. These systems are not perfect, and right now there is a major debate shaping up in the Congress over the issue of health financing. Medicare and Medicaid are complicated. They leave a lot of gaps. The coverage does not extend to the lower middle income group, and there has to be something done to blend the coverage into people of all income brackets, but we have made major progress in this area.

It is hard to believe that nearly 80% of the population of this country does not have any memory of the Great Depression of the 1930's! Well, I remember it, and so do many of you. That was when the top tune on a program called the Hit Parade was "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?". Remember that? If you think business conditions are bad now, how about those years when it was complete disaster? In 1931 the unemployment rate reached 16%. In 1932 it reached 24%, and by 1933 one-fourth of the Americans were out of a job. I believe it because I can remember it, but what I find so hard to believe is the true fact that even in 1940 our unemployment rate in this country was 15% — at least it was that here in New England, and I believe nationally.

COVER PICTURE

Martin Strom had his portrait taken before leaving for his first pastorate, Bethlehem United Church of Christ in Maple Lake, Minnesota. He spent a few days with his parents, Margery and Oliver Strom, before starting his new position.

I was in high school in the worst of the depression years, and one of my sharpest memories is that of buying a suit with two pairs of pants for \$12. We could get a delicious hamburger sandwich for five cents, and we could get a cup of coffee with two doughnuts for just ten cents. And how about those wonderful motion pictures we used to see for just twenty-five cents? Those were the days when we had magnificent "movie palaces" and the people would stand in line for hours to get a ticket to a show. People saved their pennies to indulge in a few hours of escape from the hard times.

When I think back to those depression years, I always wonder at the way my mother and father managed so well, and when I wonder, I end up saying a little prayer of gratitude. I thank God for all those strong, good, faithful persons who kept their trust in God and fought and prayed their way to better times. It is when the best of our plans fail and we are caught helplessly in a flood of events over which we have no control that we realize how much all of us need God's help.

In this new year of 1975 I celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of my ordination as a minister of the gospel. I was ordained in a beautiful chapel at Yale University in 1945, and how much I have learned since. As a matter of fact, I marvel that I somehow managed to believe then that I had a good education. Now I realize that my real education was only beginning. Oh! how much I have learned as I have labored to serve God in my humble and often inadequate way. Life has taught me so much more than I ever learned in the classroom.

I am starting out this new year by reminding myself of the most important lesson the years have taught me. Again and again it has been impressed upon me that we must accept the facts of life as they are. This is a world created by God in such a way that there has to be a possibility of evil if there ever is to be a possibility of good. All of life is contrast — youth and age, day and night, summer and winter, happiness and sorrow, beauty and ugliness, prosperity and depression. This is life! If we are to be truly alive, we have to learn the meaning of death. Our years are precious because we know that they are limited. We hate pollution only because we are acquainted with purity.

Just think of this for a moment. Isn't it true that the things you prize the most in life have been given their value by the existence of the very things you hate the most? How could you admire good character if there were no possibility of anyone ever having a bad character? How could any of us

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Program for a Birthday Tea

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Many groups have an annual birthday tea, often held in January or February, at which time the birthdays of all members are celebrated. Often, too, this is a guest night affair. There are twelve tables set up, each decorated appropriately for one of the months of the year. Guests seat themselves at the table of their birthday month.

To come up with a program for such an event often proves to be a bit of a job; hence, the following suggestions are offered in the hope that they may be a bit different from what you have had for programs in the past.

Flower Power: This will be a nice little ceremony to break the ice as the party begins. Instead of favors at each place, have ready two shallow wicker baskets filled with leis, which two pretty girls (perhaps dressed in Hawaiian costume) carry around, giving a lei to each guest as the mistress of ceremonies explains that each guest will take the lei and place it around the neck of her neighbor sitting to the right, as she says, "Hello, and love, too," after greeting her by name. These leis can be made inexpensively from paper flowers (cleansing tissue carnations, tissue paper flowers, etc.) or they may be purchased (of a paper rope-like material) at novelty shops or decorating stores. As the girls are passing out the leis, have some Hawaiian music, instrumental or vocal. After the greetings have all been given have someone give a *history of the lei*:

The giving of leis is a charming old Hawaiian custom which keeps the flower business flourishing, not to mention romance, and in addition helps to make visitors to the islands remember it truly as a "sentimental journey". This custom of bestowing the floral garlands upon visitors or loved ones

dates back to ancient Polynesian settlers. They lived in an island paradise where it was only natural that they adorn themselves with the loveliest, most fragrant blossoms.

It is said that the word lei means "Hello, good bye, and love, too". The sentiment and the good wishes are a very important part of lei giving, regardless of the commercial angle, as Hawaii has known a flourishing tourist business in recent years.

In the islands the leis are worn by everyone, young or old, men and women, on all gala occasions, such as marriages, birthdays, graduations, or parties. Men give them on special occasions to the ladies there, much as men here give corsages. The vanda orchid is probably the most popular flower to be woven into the lei, but dozens of other tropical flowers are used also. There is even a special Lei Day celebrated in Hawaii each May 1. Hawaiians claim it is the most unusual and the happiest of all holidays.

When tourists leave the islands they are given an "aloha lei" as a farewell gift "until we meet again". Often this is done when one visits a home there, also.

"Hello, goodbye, and love, too." Isn't it a lovely custom?

Happy Birthday Around the World: Let's go to a birthday celebration in Africa. The Yoruba tribe on the west coast of Africa celebrate their birthdays as an age group. Their party is often an outdoor feast under the trees, and the favorite food to serve is a tasty soup served with rice. They also serve a treat called fufu, which is something like our sweet potatoes. There is music and dancing and games. They like to play a game like our "hide and seek" and also a pantomime

game played like charades. Of course their dancing is done to the beat of drums. When the dancing is over, all join in singing "Happy Birthday to You".

In Holland the Dutch children give cookies, candies, and biscuits (like our snack crackers) to their schoolmates. They give their teacher a special gift, and she gives the children birthday cards. Dutch children love a birthday party, too, where games are played and good food is served. There are sure to be lollipops, for that is a favorite treat. Balloons, paper hats, and candies in a paper basket are also passed out to each guest. In the summertime the parties are often held in the family orchard and part of the fun is eating fruit from the trees! At parties for older children the entertainment is often a puppet show and for adults they often show home movies. Teenagers enjoy birthday boating trips or a birthday dinner out, followed by going to the movie or the theatre.

In Germany it is customary to plant a tree on the day a new baby is born. It is supposed to bring the baby good luck. The German child's birthday begins with breakfast, when the child will find his chair piled high with birthday packages. What fun it is to guess what is in the package before it is opened! Usually there is a special birthday dinner with the birthday person's favorite food. Usually one of the foods is the strudel (a pastry), and the mother pricks the child's name in the crust before baking. The candles on the birthday cake are placed in a circle around the outside edge, one for each year and "one to grow on". This last candle is called the "Light of Life" candle. The sixteenth birthday is considered a very special one, so often a very elaborate party is planned for this birthday.

England is another country where the giving of the gifts at breakfast starts off the birthday. Friends and relatives call during the day to bring cards and gifts. The English children, too, often have birthday parties with cake and candles which are blown out as everyone sings "Happy Birthday". On the 21st birthday the person is given a key to the home in a special ceremony, symbol of adulthood.

The Chinese and Japanese have an ancient custom where everyone adds a year to his or her age on New Year's Day. The Chinese New Year, however, does not fall on the same date each year. In China a baby's first birthday is celebrated when he is thirty days old and then again when he is one year old. Then no birthday is celebrated again until the person is ten years old. That first birthday celebra-

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THE CASE OF THE MISSING CANARY

by
Don Beckman

It was a stormy, rainy day, and I had stayed home from work with a cold. Armed with orange juice, a steaming kettle of tea, and a good Mary Roberts Rinehart mystery, I settled down on the divan for an enjoyable afternoon of reading.

About mid-afternoon, when I was deep in the story and my cold seemed to be a little better, my attention was suddenly attracted to the sound of faint peepings coming from the handle of my living room door, which led onto a covered alcove.

What, I wondered, could be peeping so persistently? I placed my book aside and went to investigate. It was a tiny yellow canary, much too small to be out alone in this kind of weather. He was nearly drowned, and hungry.

"Oh, dear little bird," I said as I carefully opened the door, "You just sit right there and I'll bring you in." When the door was open, in he flew, like a tiny yellow angel, and landed high on a curtain from where he viewed the contents of his strange surroundings.

By this time Baby, the cat, was in a state of turmoil, and I was forced to lock her temporarily in the bathroom closet. After she was safely behind closed doors, I was ready to collect my wits and figure out what I was going to do with the canary. Then I remembered seeing an empty cage in the storeroom, which I quickly fetched and put back into use. After the bird was fed and watered I sat myself down for a badly needed sip of tea, content that everything was under control and in good order.

At this point my thoughts of my own illness had subsided and my entire attention was centered on the bird. Surely someone would soon be missing him. In fact, someone, this very moment, was probably heart-broken at his absence. After it stopped raining, and I got to feeling a little stronger, I would make some effort to find his owner. Or, on second thought, I might just keep him for myself. After all, if people were careless enough to let little birds escape from their cages in this kind of weather, they were not responsible, and therefore should not have little birds in their possession. By keeping him I would be doing him a favor.

But just as I was about to convince myself that "losers are weepers and finders are keepers", my phone rang. It was my best friend and neighbor, Doria, wanting to know how I was feel-



Our niece, Emily Driftmier, will soon be winding up her third year in the Peace Corps in Brazil and heading back to the States. Emily is the daughter of Wayne and Abigail, who live in Denver, Colorado.

ing. Before I could issue any personal complaint, however, I proceeded to tell her about the canary.

"What are you going to do with it," she asked.

"I haven't decided yet," I said. "I may just keep it here and watch the paper for an ad."

"Wait a minute," she said. "What would you say if Baby got lost and the person who found her did likewise?"

"I wouldn't like it," I answered.

"Of course you wouldn't," she said. "When you find a lost bird, the best thing to do is locate its owner as quickly as possible, so that there will be no broken hearts or hard feelings."

"You are right," I said. "I have to go to the store for cat food, so I'll ask and see if anyone has lost one."

"Bundle up good when you go out; and let me know what happens."

It was four o'clock when I ventured forth into the storm. I gathered the few items I needed, and asked the clerk if anyone had been in looking for a lost canary.

"There was a lady here a few moments ago asking about one," she said. "She left her address." (It was just a few short blocks away.) "She was wearing a green coat," the clerk said as I started out. "I hope you find her."

I had just turned the corner of her block when I saw the lady getting into

a car. "Yo-hoo!" I called. "Are you the lady who lost the bird?"

"It doesn't belong to me," she answered. "He's my 87-year-old mother's best friend. She's been ill, anyway, and his absence has made it all the worse. She's been worried sick about him. You wait here; I'll go get his cage and come for him this minute."

"I don't understand why he got away," the lady continued. "My mother does allow him free rein of the house, but he has never once been known to fly away. This morning, however, when I opened the door, out he flew, and there was no stopping him. You would almost believe he was going on some important errand."

"They get notions in their heads, like everyone," I said.

That evening, after I had fed Baby and settled her down for the evening, and was back to my mystery, the phone rang again. It was this same lady.

"I thought I would let you know what I found when I got home with the bird," she said.

"I certainly would like to know," I said.

"Well, when I got back to the house I found Mother, who insists on living alone, lying on the floor, badly hurt. I had bedded her down for the night before I left, but after I was gone she tried to get up, apparently grew dizzy, fell, and struck her head against the corner of a chair. You can imagine how I felt."

"I certainly can," I gasped. "I'm so terribly sorry to hear it."

"It could have been fatal, though," she said. "If it hadn't been for the little bird, she would probably have died."

"Do you mean the little bird somehow saved her life?"

"You might say he did," she said. "If you hadn't arrived when you did, I wouldn't have returned to her house until morning, and by then it might have been too late."

"Goodness, goodness," I said, and breathed a sigh of deep relief. "Isn't it strange how things do happen?"

After she hung up I immediately called Doria to tell her the outcome, as she had requested.

"The little bird is back in his own cage, the injured lady is resting comfortably in the hospital, and everything has turned out well," I reported.

"What are you talking about?" Doria asked. "Are you out of your head? Has your cold grown worse? Do you have a fever?"

"I feel fine," I said. "The lady who owns the bird would probably have died on her bedroom floor had he not flown to her rescue. Come over and I'll tell you all about it."

"I'll be right there, she said.

EACH SERVED JUSTLY

The best does not always go to the righteous. Neither does the worst go to the evil.

Yet, each in his own heart receives that which is deserved.

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It is time once again to sit down at my typewriter and get off my monthly letter to you. It seems only last week that I wrote my last one because time goes so swiftly between issues.

It has been quite a while since I caught you up to date on Kristin and her family. They are still living in Livingston, Montana, but in a different house. When they moved to Livingston, Art's mother bought a house there and moved also. She has a sister living in Billings who was anxious that she move closer to her, so this past summer she decided to sell her house and move to Billings. About this time Art and Kristin had an offer from a young couple who were interested in buying their house, so they sold theirs and bought Mrs. Brase's and got moved in before school started. They were happy to move to the other part of town, because not only is the house larger, but it is located closer to Art's work, just three blocks from Andy's school, and two blocks from the school where Aaron started kindergarten this year.

Andy is in the fifth grade and it doesn't seem possible. He is just the age Kristin was when our little rural school had to close for lack of pupils, and she started riding the school bus to town school. He is doing well with his bowling, and we are glad he has found a sport he takes such a lively interest in. Aaron likes school, and has made some new friends in his neighborhood. Most of the children his age in their other neighborhood were girls, so we are glad he has some little boys to play with now.

Andy has been writing his own letters to us for a long time, but the other day we got our first letter from Aaron that he printed himself. He also enclosed some of his school papers for us to see. It had been a long time since we had sent the boys anything, so when I answered their letters I slipped a dollar bill in each one. Kristin said when Aaron opened his letter and saw the money he said, "I guess Grandma and Grandpa liked my letter so well they paid me for it, so I'll have to write them some more letters." She said they had a little talk about letters and she explained that he would probably get lots of letters from



Andrew Brase, the elder of Dorothy's and Frank's two grandsons, is a fifth grader, loves to bowl, and recently won a trophy.

Grandma that wouldn't have any money in them. I had to laugh because right after this happened he had a birthday, and every card and letter he got had money in it. He surely must have thought his mother didn't know what she was talking about.

We were certainly glad last summer when the Board of Supervisors officially closed the road going south from our house. No one lived on the road, which was not graveled beyond our driveway; a bridge had washed away completely when we had all the floods a year ago this past summer; and a portion of the road had caved off into the creek at the same time, making it impossible for a car to even travel the road. It was terribly dangerous, and we lived in fear that someone would try to go around this thirty-foot cave-off into the creek and get killed. The county had put up a partial barrier with a big "Bridge Out" sign on it, and had also put a "Bridge Out" sign up a half mile north of our house, but we came to the conclusion after watching car after car, day and night, drive right past the signs and down the road that they either couldn't read or had to see for themselves. If it was the least bit muddy they usually got stuck turning around, and walked back to our house to get Frank to take the tractor to pull them out. There is now a fence clear across the road with a big "Road Closed" sign on it. There is a gate so Frank can get to our fields. If he leaves the gate open when he goes to the field to work, people will still go down the road.

We had some major roofing jobs that had needed to be done for a long time, so we were relieved to be able to find someone to get them done before winter set in. Frank has usually done all the shingling on the house and small buildings when they needed it, but this time it was the big barn that needed new shingles, and he decided that someone a bit younger and more nimble

than he had better do it. Bernie and I heartily agreed, and she found a fellow who would take on the job. While he was here we had some of the other buildings shingled, and he also did some repair work on our house. We have had a couple of bad leaks that no one has been able to find, but we hope he got them taken care of so we can do some papering next spring. We'll probably have to wait until spring and the first few good hard rains before we will know if we have the leaks stopped or not.

Our Birthday Club served another dinner recently at the Lucas Community Hall to enrich our treasury a little. There is no eating place in Lucas, so the people in town are always anxious for us to have one of our dinners. In fact someone said the other day she wished we would do it every day. Once or twice a year is about our limit. We enjoy doing it because we get to see people we don't see very often, and we just have fun being together, but it is a lot of work, since there are only thirteen of us. We donate the salads and pies and buy everything else. We appreciate the fact that a lot of our friends drive the eight miles from Chariton to eat with us, and also come in from the farms in the area.

The first time we went to Albia to visit our friend Gerald Griffiths, we passed a large deserted house on our way to the farm, and after I got home I called my friend Marilyn Jones, who grew up in Albia, to see if she knew anything about the house. She told me it had been the summer home of some people she knew in Albia whose granddaughter came every summer from her home in Florida to stay a few months. She and Marilyn were the same age and Marilyn had very happy memories of the slumber parties and dances they had out there in this beautiful home. She said the house had been sold and she would love to go into it once more, since she had heard it was to be torn down soon. The two of us decided we would make this little excursion sometime soon. Marilyn is a very busy person and I guess I am too; at any rate we had a hard time finding a date we could both go, but finally got the job done a few weeks ago. Marilyn's mother, Mildred Hickenlooper, made the arrangements for us and we went through the house. Marilyn said later she wished she hadn't gone because it made her feel so sad. She preferred her memories of the gay curtains and chintz-covered furniture, and grand piano and the pretty lamps, the beautifully kept yard with its large shade trees. Since I had no memories like this, I was glad I got to see the house.

We had a surprise visit from our deer-
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THE SEEDS WE SOW

by

Donna Ashworth Thompson

We have many legends and stories that have come down through history which may or may not be true. Among them is one about John Wesley. It is said that in his lifetime England was a barren and ugly land. There were no flowers, and the lives of the people were dreary and without beauty. John Wesley saw this situation as he traveled, preaching through the country, so he carried with him flower seed which he scattered everywhere he went. As the rains came the flowers grew, and England became a bower of beauty.

Whether or not the story is true, I do not know, but true or not, today England has flowers everywhere, from the tiniest yard of a few feet, with roses growing in profusion, to the vast estates with their formal beds and wealth of beautiful shrubbery. Many of the highways are walled with rhododendron, which in bloom makes a gorgeous landscape, all giving credence to the story of John Wesley's simple action and kindly thought.

Almost everyone, in going through our own country, has come to places beside the road where there are no houses, but there are flowers — gigantic lilac bushes, beautiful syringas, fragrant honeysuckle, and bright orange trumpet vines clambering over everything. There will also be orange yard lilies in fence corners and clumps of pink and white phlox in clusters of bloom. In the spring there will be peonies, daffodils, tulips, and iris.

Approaching such a spot, we say, "This must be an old house place." And if we look, we will usually find a foundation or perhaps an old cellar hidden beneath the tangle of flowers and vines.

Someone planted the seed and bulbs and plants. It was someone who loved beauty, and possibly carried "starts" of these from place to place, to live long after the original tenants and the houses in which they lived were gone.

So it is with our good deeds. The good deeds we do live long after us. I remember well a song we used to sing in Sunday school. It had a lilt to the music, but the words I have never forgotten.

"Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve."

Those words have stayed with me a lifetime. I think when I first learned them they did not really mean much, because it was only the lilt of the music and the rhythm that interested a little girl. But now the rhythm of the



We think this is especially good of Mother and Howard. As most of you know, Howard is the eldest of the four Driftmier sons.

music is long forgotten and the words remain.

In this troubled world in which we live, we can sow seeds of kindness, as the song says, in the morning, in the evening, and at noon time. They do not have to be big seeds, just small seeds that come from a kindly thought and wish to help others.

According to the dictionary, being kind means being "benevolent, well disposed; also showing kindness, tenderness, graciousness." So when we speak of kindness, all these things are included, such as "an act of good will, compassion, gentleness, goodness and generosity."

These are really beautiful words, so when we sow seeds of kindness or deeds of kindness, whichever we want to call them, it is evident that they come from a kindly spirit, all of which are good things to give to the world. What seeds shall we sow? What are seeds of kindness?

We can mail a letter for someone who can't get out to mail it; take someone to market who has no transportation; take someone to church who could not go without someone to help him; write kind words to people in time of trouble; write letters for people who are not able to write their own; make a cheerful telephone call to someone who is lonely and who needs help; take something appetizing to someone who is ill, and listen to those who want to pour out their troubles to us.

We can take a magazine to a friend because we think it will interest her, and mail clippings from the paper to friends we think might like to have them. Magazines taken to nursing homes are always welcomed by those who live there. We can remember special days for someone who has no one

else to remember them. And, like the flower seed which John Wesley scattered as he went along, our seeds of kindness and thoughtfulness will live far longer than we ever dreamed.

People remember, and they in turn sow seeds of kindness to someone else because of our kindness to them. One seed or deed of kindness multiplies many times over, and we never know how far reaching the results may be — how far around the world someone we never knew will be happier because we planted a kindly seed back home.

It is something to think about. Johnny Appleseed went through our own country planting apple trees. John Wesley went across England scattering flower seed. And you and I, in our own small way, can spend some time each day "sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve."

Our children, seeing our example of kindness to people and animals, will in turn plant similar seeds of kindness, and their children will do the same.

Just one seed of kindness or one act of good will and compassion will grow and spread, so that the world will be a better place because we have lived in it.

PARADE OF MONTHS

January's piled with white, fresh snow —
Sledding and sliding we will go!

February's weather is far from tame —
There's so much cold and freezing rain.

March is windy all the way —
Good for kites and good for play.

April softens the good, sweet earth —
Early flowers are springtime's mirth.

May brings grass, bright and green —
Playgrounds are a busy scene.

June's wedding bells ring tone-deep clear —
Happy guests all come from far and near.

July sends lazy-loll vacation days —
We pack to travel the long highways.

August is still, hot and quiet —
Garden goodies improve our diet.

September is when schools start —
Studying hard's the important part.

October with color turns ablaze —
Athletics reach the football phase.

November's for feasts and thankfulness too —
Skies turn a bleak, steel-like blue.

December's for shopping and Christmas joy —
Bringing glad tidings to each girl and boy.
—Mrs. Wm. Witter

HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW—

by
Leta Fulmer

Snip and clip — peer and poke. Once again I was struggling through the chore of trimming my own hair. The current rise in prices had suddenly got my dander up. In depression times, I'd not only cut my own hair, but my husband's and son's as well. Inadvertently I whacked off a spot that I meant to leave long enough for a curler. I grinned wryly at the lock that thrust upward like a tuft of Johnson grass and remembered another incident of years ago.

Times were really rough. My husband supplemented his full-time job with a hit-and-miss income from cab driving. The ramshackle home place in the country was slowly becoming habitable — what with weekend repair work. But it took every spare cent we could manage to patch crumbling plaster and leaky roofs, strengthen leaning sheds and sagging fences. Rather than fight the battle of a baby sitter, I took in fur repairing at home. The kids stroked the furs with a "nice kitty" appreciation, then dove madly for scissors, razor blades, needles and pins. Oh, it was a hectic affair — but at least I was home with my family. And always that colorful rainbow dangled just ahead of us — someday soon we could move to the farm!

It had been a flustering day. Two fur coats were really rushes. If all those customers who declared they must wear their coats to funerals were honest, the obituary columns would have been a mile long! Nevertheless, they must be ready. With the air of being a jewel of a husband, Jimmie had brought me a pair of hand clippers, insisting that they would cut my hair-trimming chore in half. He insisted that I give them an immediate trial run.

"I can't do it right now. I've got these coats to finish. I get twice as much done with Rosie asleep. Oh, I know Johnnie needs a hair cut." I pushed back his protest, "I'll do it later."

And so I stitched and measured and made great progress. The first indication that another operation was in progress was when I heard a slight whimper from the area of the back porch. Though I cocked a listening ear, I heard nothing more and returned to my task. Suddenly a violent shriek split the air, followed by muffled sobbing and childish protests.

"Stop it Daddy, it pulls. Please Daddy, it hurts!"

Throwing the mink stole aside, I rushed in the direction of the porch, only to face my husband in the kitchen. The barber's clippers dangled from his



Aaron thinks he is quite a big boy now that he is in school. It is fun to bring home papers to mail to Grandma and Grandpa Johnson.

big hand and his face was a study in indecision and frustration.

"You'll have to do something ---," I left his words hanging in the air as I sped to Johnnie's side. And a more pitiful sight I never beheld.

Perched precariously on the kitchen stool, Johnnie stared at me with beseeching eyes. Tears streamed down his face, marking a trail through the masses of cut hair that littered his cheeks. And his head! Here a hunk left. Here a hunk gone. And oblong spots so closely sheared that his scalp shone pinkly through. The neckline was so ragged it might have been shaped with pinking shears. Runny nose, red weepy eyes, loose hair all over the place — I held the desolate little creature close and turned to face Jimmie defiantly.

"What under Heaven possessed you to try to cut his hair?" I accused. "You never even thought of such a thing before!"

"Well," he stammered, red-faced, "with the clippers it was supposed to be real easy and fast — and you were too busy." His shoulders slumped as he turned to go. "I was only trying to help."

Dustings with powder, blowing with my own fevered breath, finally washing with soap — it took this and much more to remove even half of the traces of the sticking hair from the little boy's face, neck and clothes. By then, Rosie was screaming her head off in her crib, demanding to get in on the action. I set her on the floor and she toddled in to stare curiously at Big Brother who was once again perched on the kitchen stool — this time for a possible repair job. Her chubby little face creased into a delighted grin as she circled and recircled the stool. As she pointed a wagging finger, Johnnie angrily stuck out his tongue and succeeded only in getting a mouthful of hair. Much like the baby, I circled around my son, appraising him from all directions, de-

bating on a course of action. Then shrugging in defeat, I yelled at Jimmie who had sensibly disappeared into the bedroom.

"You'll just have to take him to a barber. I have no idea even where to start. This is beyond me!"

Jimmie appeared fully dressed for his shift at the cab company. He settled his cap on his head, thrust the fistful of change into his pocket and insisted impatiently.

"I'm going to be late if I don't get going. You'll have to fix it. Anyway, it will grow out." With those prophetic optimistic words, he was on his way. And I mumbled angrily, "Thank goodness for helpful husbands!"

Well, it did grow out. But the barber whose doorway we entered almost conked out with laughter before he settled down into turning Johnnie into a reasonable facsimile of a billiard ball. I did get the coats done. And the first Goodwill man who came along was gifted with a slightly used pair of barber's clippers! Though I really doubt that Jimmie would ever again have thought that those tools would automatically turn him into a barber-first-class!

The hair I've been cutting now is mostly streaked with grey. I eyed the badly trimmed tuft that perched raggedly above my left ear. The door opened and friend-husband grinned as I ruefully pointed to the unruly thatch.

"That's too bad," he chuckled, with a twinkle in his eyes. "If you'd only waited, I'd have been glad to cut it for you!"

How about that? Guess farm husbands can remember too!!

MS.

Call me "Grandma",
"Mama" too.
Almost any name will do.

Call me "Missus",
Call me "Miss".
Call me anything but this!!!

—Leta Fulmer

THOUGHTS FOR A NEW YEAR

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. He is rich who owns the day, and no one owns the day who allows it to be invaded with fret and anxiety. Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in. Forget them as soon as you can, tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This new day is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterday.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson



The New Year Bird Watchers

A SKIT FOR CLUB FUN

by
Mabel Nair Brown

In center stage place a bird feeder on a pedestal. Beside it stand a large sack of bird seed. You might like to "fly" your club yearbook from a length of dowel stick, like a flag, on top of the bird feeder.

As the narrator mentions the different birds, each, in turn, comes on stage and circles the feeder, eyeing it with speculation as she uses exaggerated actions and facial expressions to get the narrator's point across.

It will add greatly to the fun if each "bird" wears a crazy headpiece concocted of some sort of feathers, or a paper bird costume. Some can have long orange beaks, some bright red top-knots of fringed crepe, paper tail feathers and wings, etc. — the crazier the better!

Narrator:

I'm a bird watcher and I love it!

I have fun galore

Watching them gather at my feeder,

Fill up, fly away, and then come back
for more.

Birds are marvelous creatures

And I can hardly wait

To tell you what I've noticed —

They have almost human traits!

Just keep your eye on the birdies

And listen! I'm sure you will agree
The resemblance 'twixt them and us
Is not hard to see.

1. The run-o'-the mill *SPARROW*. You know, the kind we see the most often at the feeder, and far too often in our club meetings? Always around where everyone else is, but no definite stand-out, and easily frightened off if a bigger bird or one with more prestige shows up — filling up the space, eating the feed, but never taking a stand, never seeming to come up with something bright and interesting. What can you say but "just there for roll call"?

2. Here comes the *ROBIN* "a-bob, bob, bobbin' along". So cheerful to have around, bobbing up whenever we need an extra hand, or someone to work on committees. What a bright spot in the day to hear the robin's gay

"Cheer-up"! And isn't it wonderful to work with someone who takes a look at the positive side of life, and in being busy? What's more industrious and busy than a robin as she tugs and strains to get that big juicy worm out of the ground to carry off and feed the babies in the nest? Oh, we do enjoy the robins in our crowd who bob up whenever there is a job to be done, and with a smile and a word of encouragement as they do it!

3. Then there is the jaybird! The *BLUEJAY* is a beautiful show off, frightens others away by the flashy ways and loud talk — much ado about nothing! What are dashing clothes and big talk with little "do"?

4. There is the *SAPSUCKER* — how that bird can try the soul of a saint! This bird is always happiest when feeding on the soft inner bark and sap of trees, sometimes ringing a tree with a row of small holes, sapping its very life. Have you ever seen a sapsucker at work in our group — snipping away with a sharp tongue at someone's privacy, snipping at the work of a committee, downgrading the performance of the officers? My, what a good recycling job couldn't do on those birds — putting all that energy to something constructive!

5. *DOVES* are such a joy to have around! Gentle, unassuming, working quietly behind scenes, letting others take the bows and the encores. Just to hear the gentle cooing of the dove quiets jangled nerves. Thank God for the doves quietly at work in our club and in our community!

6. The *LARKS* are such a joyful addition to the flock around the feeder! Who is not inspired and thrilled by the song of the lark? Dull, ordinary tasks become fun when done to the accompaniment of the lark's song. Optimism, words of praise, generous "thank you's" and "count me in on that job" are the cheerful notes our larks bring to our group. Warble on sweet larks!

7 & 8. The *CATBIRD* and *POUTER PIGEON* are two we can sort of shoo

on their way. Catty remarks and sharp claws have no place in our new year prospects. Deliver us, too, from the strutting self-importance of the pouter pigeon, who is quite bound up in self and can only find fault if someone else does the thinking. Maybe we could surround them with enough loving doves they would come out recycled! Wouldn't hurt to try.

9. The *OWL* would never appear at our feeder in the day time. So it is with some of our bright club owls. They are quite content to stay hidden most of the time, but we are most grateful for their "hoot" of wisdom when we need it.

Perhaps you are thinking of other "birds" among us who regularly flock together, such as the *hawk*, the *faint-hearted quail*, the *honker goose*, the *fast-passing swift*, the *mockingbird*, but on these we will wind up our session at the bird feeder and hope you get the point — enough so that you will calm your beruffled feathers and join in a good laugh with all the fine-feathered friends as you quietly resolve to be a cheerful, singing, optimistic, busy bird around our club feeder in this new year ahead.

But let us remember, too, that the flash of the cardinal and the splash of the bluejay show up the brighter because of the contrast with the quiet tones of the sparrows and the chickadees around the feeder. The harshness of the mockingbird and shrill cry of the catbird are tempered by the cooing dove and the lark's trill. All must learn to get along together. That's part of the great Creator's plan. The wise old owl nods his head in agreement.

Today is new; it is mine.

It is mine because I can use it as I wish. I can waste it, worry about it, or work it profitably by adding to my knowledge, skill, enjoyment, or service to others.

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HERE IS THE CHURCH AND HERE IS THE STEEPLE . . .

by
Evelyn Birkby

Back in the *olden days* when I was a little girl, one of my favorite finger plays was the familiar, "Here is the church and here is the steeple. Open the doors and see all the people."

Assuming that everyone knows how to do this little game is risky; someone reading this just might not know how it is done. If you do not find it familiar, please hurry to the nearest grandmother and ask if she will explain it to you.

Churches have always been an important part of my life. As I sorted through pictures to paste into scrapbooks for my usual January project I discovered many, many prints of churches. Some are congregations to which we have belonged through the years. A number are snapshots of churches we have visited on trips. Since making scrapbooks is a fine mid-winter hobby, it came to me that a special book using pictures of church buildings and related activities would be interesting.

Scrounging through the basement, I unearthed a scrapbook which Craig had started some years ago for a Scout project. It has been abandoned, but has enough unused pages to recycle for this new idea.

I'm still debating how to organize the pictures and text. I could put in a series of pictures of the churches my minister father, the Rev. Carl M. Corrie, served during his lifetime. This would begin with the Talmo, Kansas, mission charge and conclude with the Farragut and Madison, Iowa, Methodist Churches which were his final earthly appointments.

Perhaps a scrapbook would be of more general interest if I began with the most primitive or simple and worked toward the more elaborate and ornate styles of architecture and worship settings.

My sister, Ruth Gerhardt, sent me a picture she and her husband, Paul, took this past fall of an aborigine's mission church far back in the Australian bush country. This might well go into the scrapbook first.

Along with the most simple of churches would belong pictures of the homes of the Amish near Kalona, Iowa. The preaching services are held once every two weeks in homes of the members. From 15 to 30 families make up a district and the families of the district take turns holding the services.

A picture of the long church building in Middle Amana, Iowa, could go in next. The simple interior of the Amana



One of the many lovely country churches which are still active houses of worship is Maple Grove United Methodist Church just west of Des Moines, Iowa. This picture was taken on a spring morning at the conclusion of the Church School hour.

Church has scrubbed wooden walls and benches. A table with a green cloth stands at the front of the room from which the presiding elders conduct the services.

A snapshot of the Quaker Meeting House at West Branch, Iowa, will have a place of prominence in the scrapbook. This simple church building stands near Herbert Hoover's birthplace, museum and gravesite. The dividing partition inside the building indicates that one side was for the men, the other for women.

As we stood this past fall in the West Branch Quaker Meeting House, I was reminded of a Friend's service I attended north of Chicago when I lived in that city. The quiet individual devotions and the moments of shared thoughts and music when a member felt moved to stand and express such inspiration must have been similar to the services in President Hoover's early experience.

The Washington Prairie Methodist Church was built in 1863 of native limestone and stands just seven miles southeast of present-day Decorah. This building was restored recently and may be visited as a part of the Decorah Norwegian American Museum complex. It stands as a valuable memorial to the Methodist Norwegians. The quiet cemetery and peaceful, primitive church building are reminiscent of hundreds of such small churches which dot the countryside. Its picture will go into my book as a memorial to all the early settlers who created houses of worship from the building materials at hand — often with great sacrifice and tremendous physical effort.

Another picture for my book shows a white frame country church with a red door. It is easily seen from Interstate 80 just a few miles west of Des Moines, Iowa. A few maple trees stand

nearby, indicating the origin of the name — Maple Grove Church. My father was minister of this church a number of years ago.

My scrapbook will include pictures of some of the great houses of worship, the Basilica of St. Francis Xavier at Dyersville, Iowa, for example. On our fall trip around Iowa Robert spotted the regal twin towers of this magnificent edifice and turned off the highway so we could see it more clearly.

Another church building will have a picture situated in my book near the one taken at Dyersville. This one is the San Xavier del Bac Mission near Tucson. The great Jesuit missionary, Francis Xavier, was honored by each of these buildings — the mission was erected in 1783 to serve the Indian population in the southwestern desert and the Dyersville church was built in 1887 (it became a basilica in 1956) by the German Catholics who settled in the lush, rich countryside of northeastern Iowa.

The Grotto of the Redemption at West Bend, Iowa, was another place of inspiration we visited last fall. It will be difficult to choose which pictures to include in my book, for the Grotto is full of interesting and symbolic places of worship. St. Peter and Paul's Church stands near the Grotto and includes the beautiful Christmas Chapel — a grotto-type alcove at one side of the sanctuary decorated with many precious stones and holding carved Nativity figures made of white marble from the Appenines in Italy.

The Chicago Temple (First United Methodist Church of Chicago) must have a prominent place in my book. It was in this Skyscraper Church in the heart of the Chicago Loop that I worked as Director of Young Adult Activities for several years before my return to Iowa. One minister commented that working in the Temple with its constantly varied congregation was much like ministering to people on an escalator!

The list continues: a picture of a beautiful Jewish Synagogue, an unusual Greek Orthodox Church and the Bahai Temple at Wilmette, Ill. One picture of the Buddhist Temple in Japan where Craig spent a typhoon-threatened night during the Scout World Jamboree will certainly be included.

Our country gives us the freedom to express our faith as individuals. We are diverse as people and our houses of worship show the value of that freedom and the many ways in which they are expressed. I trust my scrapbook will convey the wonder and beauty of each religion included.



MARY BETH WRITES ABOUT FAMILY ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

The fierce kitty, Simba, is snuggled deep into the down cushion on the davenport in our bedroom, making herself look very helpless. She is in great hopes that I will not notice her and throw her off. This old two-piece sectional is a holdover from our first years of marriage, and I never could bring myself to throw it away. Now I am delighted to have it in our bedroom . . . not too many houses we have lived in were blessed with bedrooms large enough to accommodate a davenport. This kitty is a lonesome creature, who, although she has many unfriendly habits, still craves people. She sticks around me much of the time when I'm home from school, and the house is empty tonight with the balance of the family off to a basketball game.

Paul is very much involved with basketball, and Adrienne, too, with girls' basketball. Donald is involved also, because, since we are the only people from the fringe area west of the school, he finds himself chief driver to and from games. As often as possible we stay in town and cut down on these trips. I am amazed at the length of the basketball season now that my dinner schedule and almost my entire life is adjusting to the hours that are necessary to this athletic endeavor. I wonder at the women whose sons start in August with football and then run right head on into basketball.

The news from Texas and Katharine is a little unusual. She told us last fall of her great delight at being selected by her advisor, Dr. Johnson of the biology department, to help him with his newest project — to help rid the Rice campus of the nuisance birds. It seems that when the migrating birds finally leave Oklahoma and Arkansas, they feed in Houston during the day, and then settle in the trees on the campus at night. They are there by the several hundred thousands, and, as you can imagine, they create staggering problems. This biologist determined to try to enlist the aid of these blackbirds' and cowbirds' natural enemy, the barn owl. Katharine's immediate job is to feed the pair of owls that have been sent to the college from the Smithsonian Institution.

These owls will be housed on the roof of the chemistry building, and Katharine will feed them until they are contented with their new home. She cannot, however, touch any of the food that reaches them lest her scent be picked up by the owls. If the owls get the idea that food comes from people, they will eventually become a bother to people when they are released to



Katharine Driftmier, who transferred to Rice University in Houston, Texas, to continue her education in mathematics, is enjoying some new experiences.

get their own food — which hopefully will be the blackbirds. Even if the owls, which will eventually rear a family to assist in the task, are outnumbered by the blackbirds, many birds will be frightened away by the mere presence of the owls. Katharine will be feeding them rats and mice and whatever else barn owls eat — my memory fails me as to all their diet. (I did a bit of a mental gymnastic act when I heard she was feeding them rats — I am feeling grateful that it is wrong to touch them.)

Living in the North, I never realized that these migrating birds do surely stop flying somewhere, and of course they must be a nuisance if they gather in large numbers. The farmers in Wisconsin that live near the Horicon Marsh were driven nearly insane by the birds who began migrating early in the season because of the unusually early cold weather, and then stopped at the marsh as they do every year. But this year the corn was still in the fields, albeit half frozen, and the birds gorged themselves on these crops.

Katharine is also collecting dead birds. Some of the live birds they band for numbering purposes in next year's count. I'm not too sure what they do with the dead birds. I'm not sure I even want to know!

My year at school is going smoothly. This little class of predominantly boys is such a nice group. We were even blessed with a new boy just before

You cannot *teach* the young to live by the Golden Rule.

You must *live* it and the young will learn.

Christmas. He was six, I believe he had a birthday over vacation, and he came into the class well able to hold his own in reading. His spelling needed catching up on, and grammar was all new to him. But his penmanship was a thing of beauty; he writes left-handed with the most beautiful script I almost ever saw. He is also the closest I've ever come to being challenged to teach a genius. I have no idea of his intelligence level, but he adds, subtracts, and can divide in his head. After I got over the initial shock of watching and listening to his mathematical mind operate, I began to wonder how on earth I could challenge him in class.

You can imagine my surprise when I realized that although he could do all these monumental calculations he did not have the first idea of how to write down an arithmetic problem, not even the most elementary addition. So we set out together and I taught this bright little fellow how to put down numbers in a column and draw a line and bring down the sum. Needless to say it did not take him long to pick up this bit of knowledge, and now I must confess I cannot see much necessity of requiring that he slow himself down with the mechanics of so much writing. I don't know where we will be by the end of May, but it surely is an interesting interlude in my teaching year.

One interesting thing I have learned to do this year is to service my own automobile. In the press of austerity on our home front I decided to get a service manual, which I ordered from Detroit, Michigan. In this relatively high-priced, paperback book of many thousand pages, I have learned to change the oil (to be perfectly honest I had Paul help me since he is more slender than I and can squiggle under the car with greater ease). I also learned where to buy the oil at discount, after carefully reading which weight oil to buy for winter conditions, and, most saving of all, I put on a new transducer to replace the one which was inoperative when I received the car last summer. Now a transducer is the magic brain that allows you to put a car on cruise control and drive comfortably with your foot off the accelerator. It was all there in the wiring diagram, and so easy that I wish everybody could have one of these splendid manuals. I am not trying to cut the garage mechanic out of his job, but economy begins at home and it's very easy to follow this book. I also added my own antifreeze last November. Now if I could just get a hoist I could do my own lubrication. I wonder how Paul would enjoy that prospect?

Until next month,

Mary Beth

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

LEMON FIZ CAKE

- 1 regular-sized box lemon cake mix
- 1 box lemon instant pudding mix
- 4 eggs
- 3/4 cup salad oil
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 10-oz. bottle 7-Up

Combine all ingredients except 7-Up and mix well. Add the 7-Up and mix again. This batter will foam up some as you add the 7-Up. Bake in a greased and floured 9- by 12-inch or 11- by 15-inch pan at 300 degrees for 50 minutes.

Frosting

- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 stick margarine, melted
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Mix together and boil until thick. Use a double boiler as it will burn easily. This makes a large cake and keeps well. —Lucile

BING CHERRY PUDDING

- 1 1-lb. can Bing cherries
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 Tbls. melted butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Remove the pits from the cherries, tear the cherries in halves and let them drain well, but reserve the juice. In a bowl mix the sugar, flour, soda, egg, melted butter and flavoring. Stir in the cherries. Add enough juice to the mixture to make a rather thick batter. Add the nuts and pour into a greased 7½- by 12-inch glass baking dish. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 30 minutes, or until it is firm to the touch. This is good served warm with ice cream or whipped cream. —Dorothy

ELTORA'S BANANA BREAD

- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 cup mashed bananas
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup chopped black walnuts

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and soda. Cream the sugar and shortening; add flavorings and eggs and beat well. Add flour mixture alternately with the mashed bananas and beat smooth. Fold in dates and nuts. Bake in greased 5- by 9-inch loaf pan, 70 minutes at 350 degrees. —Margery

PORK STEW WITH PINEAPPLE

- 1 1/2 lbs. fresh ham steak
- 1/3 cup soy sauce
- 1/4 tsp. ground ginger
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 1¼-lb. can pineapple chunks packed in juice
- 1 4-oz. can mushrooms, stems and pieces
- 1 1-lb. can mixed Chinese vegetables
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 cup cold water

Early in the day, trim fat from meat and cut into 1-inch cubes. Put meat in a non-stick skillet with 1 Tbls. of the soy sauce. Heat meat over medium heat until the liquid evaporates and the meat starts to brown in its own fat. Lower the heat and brown the pork on all sides.

Add the ginger, rest of soy sauce and the 1/2 cup of water with the liquid from the pineapple and mushrooms. The drained pineapple and mushrooms should be covered and refrigerated for later use. Bring the meat mixture to boiling, cover, and lower heat. Let simmer until the meat is tender, about 1½ hours. If it is necessary a little more water may be added as the mixture cooks. Remove from heat, cool slightly and refrigerate for several hours, overnight if desired.

A few minutes before you are ready to serve dinner remove meat from refrigerator, skim the fat off, and reheat to boiling. Add reserved pineapple chunks and mushrooms, Chinese vegetables, onion and cook, uncovered, about five minutes to heat thoroughly. Combine cornstarch with the cold water and stir into the meat mixture. Cook stirring constantly until the sauce is thick and cooks for about a minute. This is good served with hot buttered rice. Serves six. —Mae Driftmier

CHICKEN CASSEROLE

- 2 cups finely chopped celery
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of chicken soup
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 4 cups diced chicken or turkey (salmon or tuna)
- 1 large pkg. potato chips (reserve enough to sprinkle on top)
- 3 or 4 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/4 cup chopped pimiento, drained
- 1/2 cup sliced water chestnuts, drained

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Mix all ingredients together. Put in a roaster or large skillet. Bake uncovered for 40 to 45 minutes. Serves 8 to 10 generously. —Lucile and Betty

FAMILY FAVORITE CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. hamburger
- 1/2 tsp. minced onion
- 1 cup diced celery and leaves
- 1 10½-oz. can mushroom soup
- 1 10½-oz. can Cheddar cheese soup
- 1 cup Minute rice
- 1 cup water
- 3 Tbls. soy sauce

Brown hamburger. Sprinkle in onion and celery and simmer until celery begins to cook. Add soups (undiluted) and remaining ingredients. Simmer over very low heat for 1/2 hour, or bake in in very slow oven for 30 to 45 minutes. If put in oven, you may sprinkle potato or corn chips over top. Mushrooms or sliced water chestnuts can also be added. —Margery

RASPBERRY AND BEET SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 4 Tbls. sugar
- 1 cup drained juices
- 1 1-lb. can or jar of pickled beets
- 1 8¼-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Drain all fruits and save juice. Dissolve gelatin in the cup of boiling water. Add sugar to hot gelatin. Cool until slightly congealed. Add cup of drained juices. Let stand in refrigerator until slightly thickened and then add beets, pineapple and flavoring. Pour into mold or 9-inch square glass pan. Serve with the following dressing:

Horseradish Dressing

- 1 cup sour cream
- 3 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 3 Tbls. creamed horseradish
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Beat cream until thick. Add mayonnaise, horseradish and salt. Beat well and refrigerate. Put on salad when serving. This is also good for vegetable salads or even meat. Many uses. —Lucile

BAKED MEATBALLS

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 2 cups fresh bread crumbs
- 1 pkg. onion soup mix
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 Tbls. dried parsley flakes

In a large bowl mix all the above ingredients and shape into 1-inch balls and arrange in a single layer in a 9- by 13-inch baking dish.

Sauce for Meatballs

- 1 cup catsup
- 1/3 cup lemon juice
- 1/3 cup grape jelly

Mix together and pour over meatballs. Bake in a preheated, 350-degree oven, for 45 minutes or until done. Spoon off excess fat. This makes about 50 meatballs and they will freeze beautifully. If frozen just place in the top of a double boiler over simmering water until they have thawed and heated through.

—Mae Driftmier

BEGINNER'S BREAD

- 4 pkgs. dry yeast
- 2 Tbls. salt
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 2 1/2 cups warm water
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 7 to 8 cups flour
- 1/2 cup cornmeal
- 3 Tbls. sesame seed (optional)

Follow the directions on the package for the yeast. Add salt, sugar, lukewarm water and butter flavoring. Stir in enough flour to make a stiff dough. Knead dough well until it is completely smooth and elastic, adding more flour if necessary.

Place dough in bowl. Dust top with flour. Cover bowl with a damp cloth. Let rise in a draft-free place until dough has doubled bulk, about 40 minutes.

Punch it down. Divide into 3 or 4 pieces. Shape by stretching and rolling each piece of dough into a long sausage about 1 1/2 inches in diameter. Place loaves, well apart, on ungreased baking sheet which has been sprinkled with the commeal.

Slash each loaf diagonally across 3 or 4 times. Brush with water. Sprinkle with sesame seeds if desired.

Place on lowest rack in a cold oven. Turn oven on and set at 350 degrees. Bread will rise in oven. Bake 60 to 65 minutes, or until it is a deep golden brown.

Makes 3 medium loaves.

This bread is a crusty, delicious water bread. Young people or beginners particularly enjoy making it because it is so quickly and easily learned.

Since it is a water bread without any shortening, it can be kept only a day or two. However, it freezes as well as any other bread.

—Lucile and Betty

SPINACH SOUFFLE

- 1 cup cooked spinach (or canned), drained
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/3 cup cream or milk
- 1/3 cup liquid from the spinach
- Salt and pepper
- 2 eggs, separated

Drain spinach. Make a white sauce of the butter or margarine, flour, cream or milk, spinach liquid and seasonings. Mash spinach fine and add to the white sauce. Beat egg yolks thick and add to mixture. Beat egg whites stiff, but not dry, and fold in. Pour into buttered baking dish and bake in a slow oven about 20 minutes. Serve immediately.

—Margery

JUMBO BLACK WALNUT COOKIES

- 1 cup water
- 2 cups raisins
- 1 cup shortening
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup nuts, if desired

Combine water and raisins. Boil 5 minutes. Cool. Cream shortening and sugar. Beat in eggs and flavorings. Stir in cooled raisin mixture. Sift dry ingredients together and stir into first mixture. Add nuts. Chill well. Drop by tablespoons to make big cookies. Bake at 400 degrees about 12 minutes, or until nicely brown.

These are fine, moist cookies. Black walnuts would be great, but with the flavoring, other nuts may be used and the flavor of the black walnut will still come through. A little more flour may be needed to make of proper consistency, it depends on the amount of moisture remaining on the raisins exactly how much is needed.

—Evelyn

SAUERKRAUT CASSEROLE

- 1 1-lb., 11-oz. can sauerkraut
- 1 1-lb. can tomatoes
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 5 strips bacon
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 2 Tbls. chopped celery
- 1/2 cup catsup

Drain the sauerkraut well and place in a large bowl. Add the tomatoes, juice and all. Fry the bacon crisp, drain and crush and add to the mixture. Add all the rest of the ingredients, place in a large casserole and bake about three hours in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

COLD WATER COCOA CAKE

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 1/3 cup cold water
- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 cup cold water
- 3 egg whites
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 1/3 tsp. soda

Small amount of boiling water

Cream together the shortening, salt, 1 cup sugar, and flavorings. Blend together the cocoa and 1/3 cup of cold water and add to the first mixture. In alternate portions, add the cake flour and 1 cup cold water and beat well. Fold in the three egg whites which have been beaten stiff with the 3/4 cup of sugar. Last add the soda which has been dissolved in the boiling water, and stir in thoroughly. Pour into a greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan and bake in a 350-degree oven about 35 minutes.

—Dorothy

SAUSAGE BISCUITS

- 10 oz. grated sharp Cheddar cheese
- 1 lb. sausage
- 2 cups biscuit mix

Melt cheese in double boiler. Add sausage and stir well. Add biscuit mix. Make into 1-inch balls and freeze. When needed, bake in 425-degree oven until done. Sausage will cook while baking — when light brown, they are done.

Great for breakfast or coffee parties when something hot is wanted. Makes about 100.

—Margery

GLORIFIED SCRAMBLED EGGS

- 8 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 4 strips bacon, diced
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup

Break eggs into bowl. Scramble lightly with fork. Add seasonings. Bacon may be added to eggs. If you prefer crisper bacon, precook until about half done and then add to the eggs. Stir in milk. Melt margarine with butter flavoring in skillet. Add egg mixture and stir gently until cooked. Remove skillet from heat. Add cream of mushroom soup. Return skillet to heat a few more minutes, stirring gently, until mixture is hot through.

Excellent served over toast or served as a supper dish with bread and butter.

BEEF AND DUMPLINGS

- 1 beaten egg
 - 1 10½-oz. can condensed cream of mushroom soup
 - 1/2 cup soft bread crumbs
 - 2 Tbls. dry onion soup mix
 - 1 lb. ground beef
 - 2 Tbls. shortening
 - 1 Tbls. all-purpose flour
 - 1/2 tsp. paprika
 - 2/3 cup water
 - Dumplings
- Combine egg, 1/4 cup of the soup,

crumbs and dry soup mix. Add beef and mix well. Shape into 8 meatballs. In skillet brown meatballs in the hot shortening. Drain off excess fat. Blend together remaining soup, flour and paprika. Gradually stir in water. Pour over meatballs in skillet. Bring to boiling; reduce heat and simmer, covered, for 20 minutes. Pour into 1½-qt. casserole. Top with Dumplings. Bake, uncovered, at 400 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

Dumplings

- 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. dry onion soup mix
- 1/4 tsp. celery salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. melted butter

Combine flour, baking powder, soup mix and celery salt. Combine milk and oil. Stir into flour mixture until smooth. Combine bread crumbs with melted butter. Divide dough into 8 portions; drop by tablespoon into buttered crumbs, turning to coat all sides. Place dumplings atop boiling meat mixture.

—Margery

HONEY HILL COOKIES

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup honey
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/4 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Cream butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Add honey. Beat in egg and remaining flavorings. Sift dry ingredients together and mix in well. Chill well.

Filling

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. water
- 6 Tbls. honey
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 tsp. cornstarch
- 1 tsp. water
- 1 cup nuts, chopped

Combine butter or margarine, water, honey and egg yolk. Cook, stirring until it begins to thicken. Combine flavorings, cornstarch and teaspoon of water. Blend in first mixture and continue cooking, stirring, until thick and clear. Stir in nuts. Cool.

Roll chilled dough on lightly floured breadboard. Cut into rounds. Spread

with filling. Bake on greased cookie sheet at 375 degrees, about eight minutes, or until light brown.

Cute little beehives can be made with this cookie dough and filling. Cut circles into three sizes. Place the largest on the bottom, spread with filling, then place a smaller one on top of filling. Spread this middle cookie with filling and top with a small cookie circle. This makes a delightful beehive-shaped cookie. Bake as directed for single layered cookie.

This is a fine recipe to make by rolling the dough into a ball and then pressing flat rather than making a cut-out cookie. It keeps well and is a good-freezing cookie. This recipe is rather small and doubles nicely for a larger amount.

—Evelyn

GOLDEN SHRIMP SUPREME

- 5 cups slightly dry bread, trimmed, buttered, and cubed (8 slices)
- 2 cups cooked shrimp (3 cans)
- 1 4-oz. can mushrooms, drained
- 2 cups (1/2 lb.) grated sharp process cheese
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 cups milk
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- Dash of pepper and paprika

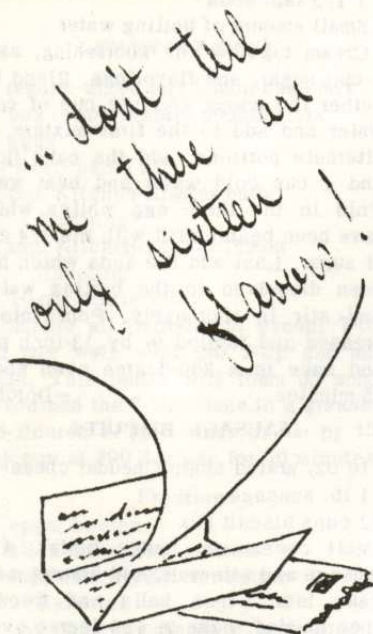
Place half of dry bread in greased 7- by 11-inch baking dish. Add shrimp and mushrooms and 1 cup of cheese. Place on top of this the remaining bread and top with remaining cheese. Beat together the rest of the ingredients and pour over the ingredients in dish. Bake at 350 degrees for 45-50 minutes. Serve with 1 can mushroom soup, using as a topping. —Margery

MACARONI PIZZA

- 2 cups (before cooking) macaroni
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 1 8-oz. can tomato and mushroom sauce
- 1 8-oz. can tomato and cheese sauce
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- 1/4 tsp. garlic powder
- 1/4 tsp. black pepper
- 1 4-oz. can mushrooms, drained
- 1 cup grated American cheese
- 1 cup mozzarella cheese

Cook the macaroni until tender. Drain well and spread in a greased 7- by 11-inch pan. Beat the egg and add the milk. Pour over the macaroni. Brown the ground beef and onion in a skillet. Drain off all the grease and add the sauces, seasonings and drained mushrooms. Boil until thick and pour over the macaroni. Top with cheeses. Bake in a 350-degree oven until the cheese bubbles.

—Dorothy



Those words were written by a friend of Kitchen-Klatter, who continues:

"Maybe you just print 16 labels, but there are so many more in there if you only use a little imagination. Like Almond-Coconut, for instance, or Maple-Black Walnut. And how about Butter-Burnt Sugar?"

It's like we've said all along: when you're working with quality flavorings like ours, there's no limit to what you can do. Great flavors and real economy. Who could ask for anything more?

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

Mint, Raspberry, Almond, Cherry, Blueberry, Strawberry, Burnt Sugar, Maple, Pineapple, Banana, Butter, Coconut, Vanilla, Orange, Lemon, Black Walnut. If you can't find them in your favorite store, send us \$1.50 for any three 3-ounce bottles. Vanilla comes in a jumbo 8-ounce bottle, too, at \$1.00. We pay the postage. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.



Katharine Lowey can't wait until Tuesdays and Thursdays roll around for those are the days that Mary Leanna brings baby Isabel to their house for a few hours while she attends classes at the university.



RING IN THE NEW

by Dorothy LaBelle

New Year's Day is the most promising day of the year. All our past mistakes and errors are erased and we can make a fresh beginning. The year is bright and shiny and the slate is clean. Most of us resolve to do better, to conquer our weaknesses and failings. Many of us hopefully put our resolutions on paper, believing that it will keep them fresh in our minds. We review the past year to see what we could have changed if we had approached our problems with more patience and understanding — and we resolve. Undoubtedly another year will find us making the same promises to ourselves, for human nature is weak, but the point is we are still trying.

As both holiday and holy day, the date and methods of celebrating New Year's Day have varied widely through the centuries. It has been observed as early as the autumnal equinox, about September 21, or as late as the summer solstice, about June 21.

In most European countries during the Middle Ages, March 25 was the beginning of the New Year, and England kept this date until 1751. The Jewish New Year, Rosh Hashana, is sometimes called the "feast of the trumpets", and it takes place in September or October. It lasts for two days.

When China was still free, the people prepared for celebration by cleaning house, paying debts and closing shops. Every person wore holiday clothes and had a supply of fruits, candies, and ornamental packages of tea to give to his friends. Everyone stayed up all night feasting and shooting firecrackers.

In Japan the holiday is celebrated with everyone getting three days off from work to visit with friends all dressed up in new clothes. Each gatepost is adorned with green pines and bamboos. Over each door hangs red lobsters, crabs, and scarlet tangerines, which are all indicative of a long life and happiness. Everyone bows and smiles, giving the season's greetings even to strangers.

In France and Scotland, New Year's Day is a more important holiday than Christmas. At Christmas, a French peasant child puts his wooden shoe on the hearth for a gift, but adults exchange presents on New Year's Day. In Scotland, the tradition is that to be the first one in a house on New Year's Day brings good luck. Midnight celebrators carry cakes and spiced ale to wish their hosts a good year.

In our own country, each New Year's Eve, millions wait expectantly for the clock to strike the magic hour. In gatherings of friends and relatives, someone always starts the refrain "Should auld acquaintance be forgot" and once more we face the pure, untouched gift of 365 days. We do not know what the year will bring in joy or sorrow, success or failure. We can only resolve to do our best. That is all that can be expected. **HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

FEELING

This New Year, '75, may you be granted . . .

Peace, that most precious gift, and the trust of mankind to keep it.

Friendship, another priceless gift, and loyalty to retain each true friend.

Contentment, that state of mind, and the determination to keep trying even though you fail.

Love, a must for everyone, and consideration for those who share it.

Enthusiasm — what would life be without it? — and understanding that "this too must pass."

Hope, or complete faith in Him, and the knowledge that you have done your best to make each next day ever better.



Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;

On open wold and hilltop bleak it had gathered all the cold,

And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;

It carried a shiver everywhere, from the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it and built a roof

'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof. —James Russell Lowell



Kitchen-Klatter Dressings have that just-right taste! Not too sweet, not too tart. The great combinations of vinegars, oils and spices your family will really go for in a big way.

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If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.25 for an 8-oz. bottle. Specify **Country Style, French or Italian.** Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay the postage.



THE COPPER WASH BOILER

by
Gladys Niece Templeton

Fifty years ago the copper wash boiler was a deluxe item for *wash* day. As I polish it today I am not thinking of the *wood* it is to hold — beside the fireplace — but of the years it served its *intended* purpose.

Memories recount the schedule of this day, thoughtfully made ready for. The boiler was filled with water and placed on the (coal) range stove in the evening, ready for an early-morning start. The machine was pulled into position (in the kitchen), flanked by a

bench holding two tubs of rinse water. The large brown bar of naphtha soap was shredded and dissolved with boiling water. The clothes were carefully sorted, the badly soiled garments put to soak overnight.

After a quick breakfast the white clothes went into the suds for a period, then into the boiler for minutes of *boiling* to "make them whiter".

The rinsing was another process in itself, requiring much time and effort. These large tubs hang in the basement — unused for thirty years. The wringer did duty also, but, it too, rests near the tubs.

Bluing came next. Some insisted ball bluing was the best, others advised the liquid. Some used a delicate blue, others urged a deep blue as "the sun absorbs bluing".

Starching was a personal problem as the heavy, thick (cooked) starch resulted in a "like new" finish for the garment but scratched the wearer.

The wicker clothes basket was another *must*, whether or not one could

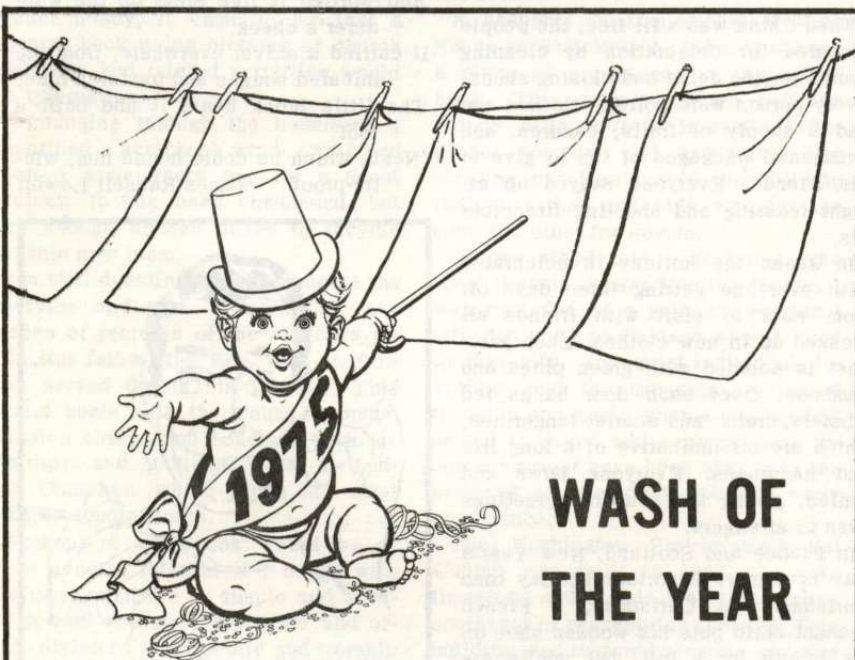
lift it when filled with wet laundry or in getting it out to the line. Of course the basket, painted white and prettied up with ruffles and ribbon, became a bassinet later. However this period was brief and the basket also retired from service. The grandchildren now ask "What is this for, Grandma?"

When the clothes were on the line the cleaning-up process began. Each tub was emptied, polished, and hung away. Yes, every bucket of water was carried to the garden area as water was precious.

The machine was cleaned, dried, and covered with an old clean sheet before placing it back in its corner. The boiler was polished like a mirror. Regardless of energy (or lack of it) this was gratifying indeed . . . the copper smiled a "thank you".

Can a fee (in cash) take this boiler — not a dent in it — from my keepsakes today? No, it was a delight to me through those early years of house-keeping and I shall keep it beside the fireplace, as an antique, today.

It continues to be a thing of beauty which grows old along with me. Perhaps the best is yet to be.



WASH OF THE YEAR

1975 will go down as the year thousands of homemakers discover a great new way to wash. A laundry "system" if you please: **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops** and **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**.

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

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

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

Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops
Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

MILK AND MUSH

Each member of our family

Was given goblet, bowl and spoon;
And when the mush was ladled out,
Warm vapors filled the room.

A pitcher, huge and white as snow,
Contained the icy draught;
And with each glass filled to the brim
No finer meal we sought.

My mother stirred the golden flow

Into the boiling pot;
So deftly did she sift and stir,
It was always smooth and hot.

I can't recall an evening meal
That gave us such delight
Unless — perhaps — it could have been
Sauerkraut and ham-bone night.

—Annie Parish Slankard

RIDDLES

1. When is wood like a king? A. When made into a ruler.

2. What do you break when you name it? A. Silence.

3. What is the strongest day? A. Sunday, because the rest are week (weak) days.

4. What is the coldest eaves-drop-per? A. An icicle.

5. What little boy is named first in a story book? A. Chap. I.

6. What season helps us read the Book of Nature? A. Autumn, which turns the leaves.

7. When is a bad shoe like a good tree? A. When it produces a corn (acorn).

8. What fish ought to be a carpenter? A. The sawfish.



HAPPY NEW YEAR, 1913

Several days ago when I was rummaging through some drawers in an old secretary, I came across this picture and told Marge that I wanted to share it with you in January, 1975.

To me there is something poignant about the story behind this particular trip to the photographer and Mother's clear printing: "Happy New Year to Grandpa."

One copy of it went out to Grandfather Field, Mother's father, who lived in Redlands, California. He had never seen the two little children his daughter had taken upon herself to rear and was understandably most interested in them. What kind of children were they anyway? What did they look like? How would his daughter make out with them? This picture must have been sent as reassurance!

The other copy went to our Grandfather Driftmier in Clarinda, Iowa, who had sheltered us under his roof for two years. He missed us sadly after we had gone and I'm sure now that it was comforting to him to see that we looked healthy, well-dressed and well cared for.

Howard is at the left and I (Lucile) am at the right. I mention this because people have said they couldn't tell us apart!

Another new year.

This one happens to be 1975.

The beauties of life remain whether they be the beginnings of a new day or the hopes for the future.

KITCHEN CHATTER

by
Mildred Grenier

SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: The words, and letters of each word, of this Bible verse are scrambled. The punctuation is also left out. See if you can decipher, and read the verse. Answer appears at end of this column.

NVAI HET ATTH RAE HET ETH FO
YHTE DNA DORL OUTTSHHG ESIW
NAAGI NOEKHTW

At the price that bread is today, even half a loaf isn't to be taken lightly.

If you plan to give a New Year's Eve party this year, you might plan a Hands-at-Midnight Clock Party. A round cake is iced in white and the clock face, with hands pointing at midnight, are made with the cake decorator. Cupcakes may be decorated in the same way, or round cookies. Invitations can be written on the back of clock faces — cut from construction paper and numbers drawn in with crayon or felt-tipped marker.

Clock face place mats may be cut from plastic, decorated and placed on the table. Clock faces may be painted on all the balloons with watercolors. Of course, they must be pricked at midnight so guests can read the prediction, or "fortune", written on a small piece of paper and tucked inside! Other games in keeping with the theme of the party can be created. For example, an alarm clock, with the alarm set, is passed from guest to guest. The guest

holding the clock when the alarm sounds must pay a forfeit.

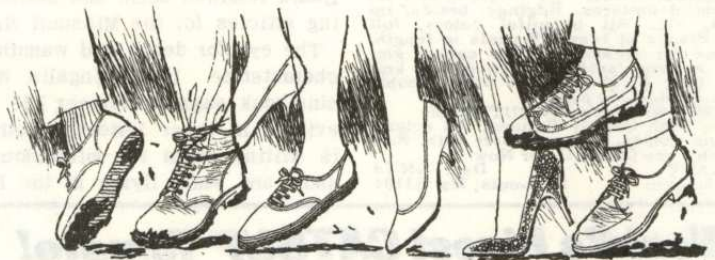
If you don't wish to give a Clock Party, how about a Smiling Face Party? You are all familiar with the smiling face symbols. Ice the round cake in yellow icing and make the smiling features of chocolate bits, or chocolate icing in the cake decorator. Decorate cupcakes or round cookies in the same fashion. To make favors for each plate, insert a lollipop on a stick into an empty spool. Cut a small smiling face and glue on one side of the lollipop.

A "Smiling Face Relay" is a game children will enjoy. Players are lined up, one behind the other, in two teams. Leaders of each team are given a "Smiling Face" button. They must run to a designated spot, back to their team and pass the button to the next player. The team that finishes the relay first wins the game.

ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: I Corinthians 3:20: And again the Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise, that they are vain.

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UNWOVEN COTTON AND RAYON—Assorted beautiful Pastel Colors. BRAND NEW—NOT Seconds—50 Towels for \$1.25, or 100 for only \$2.35! Super Quality. Plus, include 25c extra for postage & handling with EACH set of 50 Towels you buy. Make good money selling these Towels. We've sold 70,000,000 already and include sure-fire MONEY-MAKING Plans with your order. Money-Back Guarantee. No C.O.D.'s. Order NOW!
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TRACKING SEASON

This time of year, every outside step duplicates itself many times over in muddy, snowy, wet tracks inside.

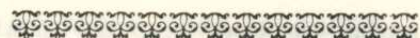
Thank heavens for **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**! Its once-over action and hard-working ingredients take the work out of scrubbing — and it never, never leaves scum or froth to rinse or wipe away.

Pick up **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** at your grocer's, and put it to work for you. Remember:

You go through the motions . . .

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

does the work!



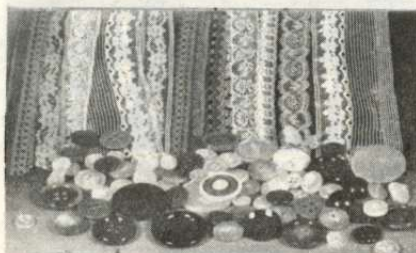
Live for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helpless vessel,
Thou canst ne'er to life be true.

—Robert Whitaker



PUTS PAIN TO SLEEP

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COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

On August 21, 1915, Laura Ingalls Wilder set out from her home in Mansfield, Missouri, to visit her married daughter Rose Wilder Lane, a reporter for the San Francisco *Bulletin*. Laura, whose travels through the Midwest by covered wagon as a child are recreated in her famous "Little House" books, recounts in these letters to her husband "Manly" her exciting trip to California and her two-month stay in romantic San Francisco. The book is titled *West from Home* Letters of Laura Ingalls Wilder, and is edited by Roger Lea MacBride with a historical setting by Margot Patterson Doss, columnist for the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

Laura describes the great ocean and the fabulous Panama-Pacific International Exposition which previewed the technological marvels of the future and displayed the cultural achievements of other countries. It was here she saw the statue of "The Pioneer Mother" by Charles Grafly, which was the first monument to be erected in honor of the women who braved the Overland Trails. She also writes of the farms she visited in that area, and of her own study of writing under Rose's tutelage. When Laura returned home she started writing articles for the *Missouri Ruralist*.

The eye for detail and warmth which characterize Laura Ingalls Wilder's nine-book saga of pioneer life are all evident in these letters, whether she is writing about the miraculous light show and stunt flying at the Exposi-

tion, the people she saw or the exotic foods she enjoyed. (A charming letter from Rose to her father about "Mama Bess's" passion for Scotch scones and alarming gain of weight is also included.) Laura, whose middle name was Elizabeth, was called Mama Bess within her family to avoid confusion with Almanzo's sister Laura.

Roger Lea MacBride, friend and estate executor of Rose Wilder Lane, found the letters and postcards which make up *West from Home*, "tumbled in a cardboard box along with old recipes, faded pictures and newspaper clippings of persons and events long gone." A graduate of Harvard Law School, he lives in Charlottesville, Virginia.

Laura Ingalls Wilder's *Little House in the Big Woods* was published seventeen years after her San Francisco visit. On September 11, 1974, the NBC-TV series, *Little House on the Prairie*, based on the "Little House" books and starring Michael Landon, began its run.

West from Home (Harper and Row, Publishers, \$4.95) is for readers age 12 and up. They will welcome this further visit with Laura and her family. Those reading her for the first time will be fascinated by her special view of San Francisco and life in 1915.

(Obtain the book at your bookstore or write to: Mrs. L. D. Lichty, Curator, Laura Ingalls Wilder-Rose Wilder Lane Museum, Mansfield, Missouri 65704, \$4.95 plus 30¢ postage and handling.)

With Rhyme and Reason by Irene M. Gogerty contains interesting thoughts and poetry gleaned from her own daily living. Contents include "Bless the Home — Bless the Children", "Have You Looked at the Calendar Lately?", "Notions on Emotions", "Essays in Variety", and "In Memoriam". She remarks that all seven of her children have given meaning to her life and are a continuing joy to her days. All the seasons and all nature's moods, her designs and patterns, have provided her with inspiration and matchless beauty. Love in its many forms and guises have provided her with music and tempo and a score for living. The love of words, the way of ideas and phrases and the capturing of moods into print are a continuing blessing to her. For the dear ones she has known and lost, including her husband, they have given her richness and strength and a will to make life worthwhile.

Mrs. Gogerty has captured with words the thoughts and feelings of many of us as we go about our daily living. *With Rhyme and Reason* will find the reader saying, "I remember those days" or "those are my feelings, exactly." (See "Little Ads" for information on obtaining *With Rhyme and Reason*.)

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

New varieties introduced each spring add interest to our gardening and make an improvement in our environment. Some of the flowers and vegetables that will be available this spring are not only new, but have been proven through extensive trials to be better.

Recently a reader wrote in to ask if I would write about the flowers and vegetables we would be starting in our greenhouses this spring. "At planting time, when I buy our bedding plants, I get confused. We always plant a bed of red, white and blue petunias around the flag pole in our yard.

"When I see several varieties of each color offered, I'm at a loss as to which are the better ones to choose. Should I buy Red Magic or Tango, El Toro or Red Cascade? Should I select Snow Magic or White Magic or Paleface or La Paloma — all good whites, I am told. For a blue petunia, is Blue Magic better than Blue Jeans? It is the same with snapdragons, zinnias, impatiens, coleus and marigolds. I can't possibly grow some of each, yet I'm never sure if I am choosing the best varieties. Can you help?"

Probably not. I become almost as confused as the reader who sent in the problem. We have learned to keep a gardening notebook handy and to write notes about the flowers and vegetables we grow in our yard and garden. Luckily, no two gardeners agree on which is the best red petunia or the best impatiens, etc. So much depends on how the plants are handled, where and when they are planted, and how much care is given them afterward.

We had a young lad who helped us in the greenhouse during the bedding plant season each spring. When he went home each night, my husband would give him a few of the plants that did not seem to be doing well or that he thought were an inferior variety. The boy took them home and planted them in his mother's garden. He gave them good care and was rewarded with beautiful flowers. I really think it is not so much the variety chosen, as it is to how the plants are planted and the care given them afterward. A bed of Red Magic petunias can be just as exciting as a bed of Red Cascade or El Toro. When new varieties are introduced in flowers and vegetables, I will endeavor to describe their qualities in this space. Watch for the All-America Selection winners coming up in the February issue.

Be thankful for the work you have to do and be thankful, too, that you have the skill, strength, and brains to do it.



Katharine Lowey likes to climb.

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Often I am unrecognized—particularly in the very young. I make the elderly suffer. So much, they may cut themselves off from family and friends . . . and they know the heartbreak of loneliness.

I rob more than 15 million Americans of much that is good. I undermine their confidence and eat away their social life.

I am equally hard on the rich and poor. I cause trouble on the job and in the home. Yet, few of those I attack do anything to fight me, because no one wants to admit I exist.

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Our niece Alison, daughter of Wayne and Abigail Driftmier, has loved animals since she was a little girl, and is fulfilling a dream by studying to become a veterinarian's assistant. There is a fine school in this field in Denver, where she and her husband, Mike Walstad, moved this fall.

MY HAPPINESS

If I have happiness,
I must supply it;
It cannot be a gift,
I cannot buy it.

So each day I look for
More to add to my joy;
I make my happiness —
I'm a DO-IT-MYSELF boy!

—Mildred Grenier

CONGRATULATIONS & BEST WISHES

I'm glad you have someone to dream
with and love;

Someone sweet to share your secret
hopes;

Someone who loves you just as you are
But who brings out the best you can
be.

Yes, I'm glad you have found somebody
to love

And my heart rejoices, my dears —
May your dreams never dim, may they
be rainbow bright shining through
a lifetime of years! —R. L. Hansen

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

hunting friends from Kanawha recently. It was a nice sunny day and they just drove down to look over the prospects for the 1974 deer-hunting season. They hadn't been here but a few minutes when six does crossed the road in front of their car. Trailing along some distance behind was a large buck, which also passed in front of their car. The four hunters will be back for the opening day of the deer season.

I've been making a new blouse for Kristin and have it all ready to mail to her except for the hook and eye at the neck, so I'm going to do that right now and get it ready to go to the post office when I mail this letter.

Until next month . . .

Dorothy

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BIRTHDAY TEA - Concluded

tion is a merry one for the family. Visitors bring the baby brightly colored eggs and, in turn, the parents present decorated eggs to the guests. The Chinese boy baby is given a gold or silver tiger charm as a sign of the strength and courage it is hoped the child will have as he grows up. A girl baby receives a gold lock charm which is supposed to keep bad luck away. The baby is always dressed in the brightest of clothes for the first-year birthday. They place the baby in the middle of a table to tell its future. The mother places various objects on the table. If baby reaches for an abacus, it means he will go into business. If he reaches for a book, he will be a scholar. If a girl picks up a piece of cloth, she will wear fashionable clothes; or, if she chooses a thimble, she will be a seamstress. There is great respect for the elderly in China and the older a person becomes, the larger the birthday celebration. All the family as well as friends are expected to attend.

Birthdays in Japan are somewhat different. There, children who are seven, five, and three celebrate what is called the Shichi-Go-San birthday festivals - the words mean just that seven, five, and three. On that day the children dress in their best clothes and go to the shrine with their parents. The birthday child receives a special "7-5-3" treat, which is a bag of candy supposed to bring them good luck. It wasn't until after World War II that much attention was paid to a child's individual birthday. Instead there was the one big celebration on New Year's Day for everyone, with the homes decorated gaily and choice foods served, and this is still traditional in many homes.

In some places in the southern United States it is customary to celebrate birthdays with firecrackers and fireworks. If you visit with people who have lived in various states of our United States, you will find that many areas have distinctly different birthday traditions.

WINTER'S STORM

Last evening when I went to bed,
I pulled the covers o'er my head
To keep out sound of wind and rain,
And noisy, rattling window pane.
Dreams came to me, in the night,
To fill my soul with pure delight,
Of roasting chestnuts, snow ice cream,
Coasting parties, it would seem
That time turned back, so I might know
The joys of childhood in the snow.
When morning comes, I wake to light,
To a quiet world, clothed in white,
The storm had passed; winter's charm
Embraced us in the first snowstorm.

Will nature's wonders never cease?
Now, I enjoy the quiet peace,
The beauty of the sunshine bright
On fields, sparkling gems of white.
For childhood's sports I do not pine,
I'm a Senior Citizen - sixty-nine!
-Carrie Wiggins

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FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

love peace and quiet if we never had the opportunity to experience fighting and confusion? The honest truth is that the people in this country who most often thank God for prosperity are the very people who suffered so much during the depression years. It is a

strange world, but it is God's world, and I don't think that any of us could have come up with a better plan of creation than His plan. I mean, how can we have people with courage if they never have an opportunity to be afraid? How can we have people who are honest if they never are tempted to cheat or steal?

To me, the most wonderful miracle of our Christian faith is the way it has given men and women and boys and girls the inspiration and the courage to deal with every aspect of evil. Certainly no other religion has done more to lead people to do so much to overcome evil and suffering. When someone asks us: "But why does God permit suffering in His world?", we need not hesitate to say that we do not know all the answers. On the other hand, we must be quick to say that we follow a Christ who suffered and died. He said: "Remember, I am with you always." St. Paul said: "All things work together for good to those who love God." We believe this, and believing it, we can face 1975 with faith, and hope, and love.

Happy New Year,

Frederick

MARGERY'S LETTER — Concluded

Church of Christ in Maple Lake, Minn. He flew home, rented a drive-it-yourself truck for transporting what furniture he could round up, and now is busy with his first pastorate. Next month I'll tell you more about this great step in his life.

Sincerely,

Margery

Arthritis, Rheumatism Sufferers!!!

Please read this true story of how I almost made the mistake of my life!

When I took charge of the 50 year old J.W. Gibson Company, I reviewed its 275 pharmaceutical and household products and decided, in the name of economy, to eliminate nearly 1/2 of them. Some of them dated back to the beginning of the company itself. Among these "old timers" was a product called ICY-HOT and I was soon to learn that sometimes the "old" ways are the best!

Even though this product had never been advertised, the letters literally poured in by the hundreds when customers found they couldn't buy Icy-Hot anymore. I was really impressed. I had just finished reading some of the letters and was looking at a jar of Icy-Hot when a friend stopped in. "What's that?", he asked.

"Icy-Hot", I answered.

"What's it do?"

"Temporarily relieves the pain of arthritis, rheumatism and muscular soreness," I said, reading the label aloud. My friend frowned. "I've heard that before."

He sounded skeptical so I handed him the jar. "Here, try



it and tell me what you think".

The next morning I no more than entered my office, when the phone rang. "I don't know what's in that stuff", my friend said, "but it's the only thing I've ever used that helped, and believe me, I've tried them all".

On the basis of the letters, and my friend's enthusiasm.

I ran a small ad. Today the letters of praise pour in and that phrase, "... the only thing I ever used that helped", is in practically every one of them. Icy-Hot has become our run-away best seller. In fact, our re-orders are so high, I make this unusual guarantee:

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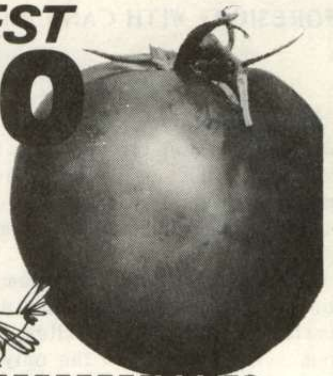
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FORESIGHT WITH CANDLELIGHT

by
Erma Reynolds

With severe storms comes the possibility of a power blackout. To be prepared for this emergency, have you gathered together your candles and placed them in a getatable location in your home?

Candles have served as illumination for man for countless centuries. In America's early days, candles, or light from a fireplace, were the only available sources of light after dusk. Colonial housewives were adept at the dipping and molding of candles, and every home had its tallow vats and candle racks.

Animal fat and beeswax were materials commonly used in the construction of the early candles. Somewhat later, spermaceti, a fat found in the head of the sperm whale, began to be used in candle making. This material had the advantage of turning out tapers that gave more light, and did not soften or bend in hot temperatures.

It was housewives of old Cape Cod who discovered a way to make candles from the green berries of the bayberry plant. They mixed the wax of the berries with ordinary candle wax, and from this combination of the two ingredients, a sweet pungent candle was created. An old rhyme states:

Bayberry candles
Burned to the socket
Bring joy to the house
And gold to the pocket.

Another candle superstition had it, if a flame burned blue, there was a ghost in the house. Or, if a spark showed in the wick of a burning candle, it signified a letter was coming, bearing good news for the person sitting nearest the candle.

Try these hints when using candles:

Candles will burn slowly, and be dripless, if chilled in the refrigerator for about 24 hours. Another way to prevent smoking, or dripping, of candles is to coat them with soapsuds by rolling between well-lathered hands. When doing this, be careful not to touch the wick. Dry the candles in holders before lighting.

If a candle is too small for the holder, wrap a rubber band several times around its end, or pad it out to proper size with modeling clay. When too large for the holder, hold the candle's end in very hot water to soften the wax, then gently and firmly press into the holder.

Should you lack candlesticks, sturdy bottles can serve as substitutes.

Clean soiled candles with a piece of cloth, or absorbent cotton, dampened with alcohol.

Don't throw away small unused ends

of candles if you have a fireplace. They will burn in the grate, and be helpful in starting a fire.

If candle wax should drop on cloth, scrape off as much of the wax as possible with a dull knife. Then, place the cloth between white blotters, paper napkins, or several layers of facial tissues, and press with a warm iron. Remove any remaining stain by sponging with a grease solvent. If safe for the fabric, pour boiling water through the wax spot. Remove any remaining stain with grease solvent.

If candle wax drops on carpeting, place a blotter on the spot, and put a hot iron over the blotter. After a minute or so, the wax should be absorbed into the blotter.

WALK BESIDE ME

Dare not walk behind me;

I shall not lead.

Dare not walk before me;

I shall not follow.

Instead, walk beside me . . .

and be my friend.

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 1974. Do you have a friend to add in 1975?

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Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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have you?"



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