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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

When my little grandson, James Lowey, was first learning to talk he pronounced the word "home" as if it were spelled "hone", and whenever we came back from a drive he always said cheerfully: "Well, we're HONE again!"

Since that time Eula and I have always said when we returned from any kind of a trip: "Well, we're hone again." And that's what I say today: "We're hone again."

Our two weeks in Albuquerque flashed by so swiftly that we look around now and wonder if we were really gone. Once you return and settle down, almost instantly, into the old and most familiar routine, it's difficult to believe that it was ever broken.

Our trip out to Albuquerque was pleasant and completely uneventful. We made the usual stops at Salina and Tucumcari, and then pulled into Juliana's driveway in Albuquerque at exactly 11:30 A.M. on a Monday morning. My, it was a joyful arrival and I was truly happy when Katharine came running to greet us and threw her arms around us and hugged us tightly. (This meant that her Great-Aunt Dorothy, Eula and I all had a big bear hug.)

James came from school in a few minutes, put down the mail (he always gets the mail out of the box 'way out in front of the house when he returns from school) and said to his mother: "There's nothing here but advertisements and bills" and then came in to give us a warm, warm welcome. He's old enough now, plus being all boy, to feel just a little hesitant about "kissing and hugging", but after a moment's indecision he gave us the same kind of a greeting that we'd had from Katharine. Oh, it was so wonderful to be with my two little grandchildren once again.

Juliana had a delicious lunch all fixed for us, and as soon as we'd unloaded the car and taken our stuff into the guest house we felt ready to make

a real survey of the new dining room-library.

I said to you in one of my recent letters that I found it very difficult to try to visualize the actual construction of that room, and I'm glad I didn't have any firm preconceived ideas about what had been done because it was very much different from what I had vaguely anticipated.

The appalling thing is that even though I've been there and seen it with my own eyes, I still simply cannot describe it! Furthermore, I'm at a loss to know how it can ever be photographed. Given these circumstances I guess I can only say that it is a most unique and beautiful room and not in any way like any other room I've ever been in.

Juliana inherited her father's great knack for being able to visualize how things would look even before one finger was lifted to start the project, and I kept thinking over and over again how much he would have enjoyed this had he been privileged to live and see his daughter's handiwork.

As I told you earlier, one section of the room is a dining room and the other section is a library. All of the new construction is adobe scored lightly to give the effect of bricks. It is painted dead white and furnishes a stunning contrast to the wood that is used in all the shelves.

Many niches were made for Juliana's and Jed's favorite Indian objects (jars, bowls, sculpture, etc.), and shelves were built for house plants, mostly rare and unusual varieties of cacti. I simply had no idea there were so many, many varieties of exotic cacti — things that I'd never be able to begin to describe.

One last detail that I think might interest you . . . massive big timbers used in that room were salvaged from an ancient Santa Fe railroad bridge abandoned many years ago. It had weathered beautifully through the decades and certainly is much more stunning than any brand-new timbers could be no matter how cleverly they might be treated.

(When I first went into the room and looked up at the ceiling I asked Juliana if it hadn't been a huge job to put that one great weight-bearing timber into the ceiling. She groaned and said: "You'd better believe it! It took thirteen men to hoist that into position.")

Juliana had told me that I'd scarcely know the children because they'd changed so much, and she was right. It took me a spell to realize that these were the two little children I'd spent Christmas with in Albuquerque last year, and the same youngsters who came to Shenandoah for a brief visit in early March.

James, of course, is going to public school; and as all of you mothers and grandmothers know, that makes a tremendous difference. Always before we'd known exactly where he was and what he was doing, minute by minute. Now he has a "gang" of playmates and goes out with them immediately after a short rest following lunch.

At first I fell into the old habit of saying "Where's James?" only to have Juliana say: "He's out with the kids." And that's where he was . . . out with the kids and having a wonderful time. They have all kinds of places to follow their own pursuits without being tormented by the grown-ups, and sometimes when Juliana dragged him in after one of these glorious afternoons he looked to me like a real Huckleberry Finn.

When I made the mild comment that he looked pretty derelict she told me that he went through a pair of shoes in about three weeks, and that his pants and jackets were in tatters and rags before she could turn around twice. In short, although he looks somewhat like a child not husky and robust, he is mighty powerful when it comes to physical activities.

He is good at "fixing things" and I noticed that for several days he wore a hammer in the waistband loops of his pants. He told me that the hammer used to belong to his father, but the head came off; so, James reported, "I glued it on and it works fine."

But underneath this surface he puts on to keep up with his playmates who are eight years old (James is five) he still has the gentleness and sweetness of nature that has always characterized his personality.

Repeatedly while I was there he said to me: "Granny Wheels, can I give you a hand pushing this wheelchair?" And when I said "yes", as I always did, he'd say: "Now watch at this corner — it's a sharp turn"; or, "Take it easy here — I'll help."

He works like a Trojan bringing in the daily firewood, offers to set the dining room table, runs errands without

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MARGERY WRITES ABOUT SOME INTERESTING PROJECTS

Dear Friends:

Last month I wrote that we were expecting company and were worried about their arrival due to inclement weather. As it turned out we had reason to be anxious for they drove the last 100 miles on very slick roads. Fortunately, the weather cleared and we had a wonderful weekend together, time passing all too quickly.

Since then we've had an overnight visit from our son Martin and a friend from Minneapolis, and a Thanksgiving visit from our cousin Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger and her husband Clay. They frequently drive from their home in Iowa City to join the family for holidays, and if they don't have out-of-town company for Christmas, they promise to join us around our tree.

This magazine is printed before Christmas so I can't tell you just who will be arriving for the holidays, but we expect Wayne and Abigail and two of their children, Emily and Clark, from Denver, as well as our Martin, who will drive down from Des Moines if travel is possible. Juliana (Lucile's daughter) and little James and Katharine are hoping to come after Christmas for a short visit with us. Meantime we'll keep busy making plans for these happy reunions with loved ones and hope that nothing interferes with their trips home.

There is a wonderful project going on in one of our local churches that I thought would be of interest to you friends. Perhaps it is an idea you might promote in your own church or with a group of churches. We are not members of the Episcopal Church, but some of the members of our family were very active in St. John's for a number of years, so we are interested in all of their activities.

The local priest, Father Calvin Hedelson, is a former Nebraskan, coming from the Valentine area. He served several parishes in Nebraska before moving to Shenandoah, so perhaps his name is familiar to some of you readers. While in Nebraska he helped establish a retreat which is now owned by the Diocese and is one of the finest ones of its kind. Recently, he heard of a farmhouse which was for sale and it occurred to him that it would be a wonderful idea for his church to purchase the property to use for a local retreat, not only for his own members, which consist of 70 families, but for the use of other churches in our area. His congregation was very receptive to the idea so, with the help of their friendly banker, they took the plunge!

This is a unique project for a small local church, and I don't believe there is another such undertaking in our



This farmhouse with its spacious lawn has been turned into a retreat by members of St. John's Episcopal Church of Shenandoah.

state. The property consists of an 8-room house, a large barn with a marvelous strong-floored hayloft and three acres of ground.

The congregation pitched in to work on the house with enthusiasm such as you've never seen. They papered, painted, laid linoleum and carpet, and even paneled some walls. These jobs were tackled by young and old alike, day or night, whenever time was available to work.

The house can sleep twelve persons at a time and will be used by men's groups, women's groups, couples and youths for retreats. In this day and age, with such pressures about us, it will provide a peaceful setting for spiritual renewal.

I mentioned the barn; it will be used too. Father Hedelson said it will be great for meetings for larger groups, with space in that fine hayloft for discussions.

The farm is called Hillsdale Episcopal Retreat, named after the Hillsdale country school which used to be a landmark across the road.

Oliver and I have enjoyed some wonderful church suppers at St. John's. Although it is a small church, they can serve about two hundred, but seat only 50 at a time. One we attended this year was an Italian spaghetti and meatball supper. Fred Galardi, an engineer with the Eaton Corporation, the huge new factory next to our own plant, is a marvelous cook and offered to plan the menu and prepare the food. I believe he fixed it at home and transferred it to the church just before serving time. It amused me that he figured out the

COVER PICTURE

The moment we saw this new picture of Aaron Brase, Dorothy's and Frank's younger grandson (they have just Aaron and Andy) we said that we surely wanted to use it on the cover of our January issue. This was taken when he was four.

amount of food by computer, which was so accurate in its estimations that after the 200 had been served, only two loaves of garlic bread and three meatballs were left! How is that for accuracy?

Oliver and I enjoy visiting other churches and, having close friends in several denominations, we've attended some delicious dinners in other churches. Most recently we were invited to a covered dish dinner at the Presbyterian Church in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Basinger and their lovely family who are on furlough from their work in Japan. We heard Mrs. Basinger speak at the worship hour, and after dinner enjoyed seeing colored slides they had brought with them. Mr. Basinger's work is in rehabilitation and Mrs. Basinger, a nurse, works with the blind.

In conversation with Mr. Basinger later, we learned that he had spent a couple of weeks in Des Moines at Younker Rehabilitation Center, next to Iowa Methodist Hospital, in connection with his work, and had met our son Martin when he had sessions with the hospital chaplains. Life is just full of interesting coincidences, isn't it?

Since I'm on the subject of church dinners, I just must mention one more. Lucile brought home an edition of *The New Mexican*, an Albuquerque newspaper, that contained an interesting article. Eight families in Santa Fe and Los Alamos were opening their homes so that 100 guests might share an Advent Feast prepared by a Los Alamos gourmet cook. The lady is the wife of a physicist who has donated her time and talent to prepare the food for 12 fund-raising dinners. Now wouldn't that be a big undertaking? This particular event mentioned was to benefit Liturgy Center in Santa Fe, of ecumenical membership, which holds workshops for clergy and laymen, people attending from all over the United States and Europe. The menu she was preparing for that dinner, when guests were to witness the lighting of Advent wreaths, was chicken cacciatore, homemade French bread, mixed green salad and peach-almond tortoni. Wouldn't it be a great experience to attend one of these dinners?

Before writing this letter to you friends I took some cookies out of the oven which are for coffee break at the office this afternoon so, since it is almost coffee time, I'd best be on my way.

Sincerely,
Margery

God is the only being who has time enough; but a prudent man, who knows how to seize occasion, can commonly make a shift to find as much as he needs.
—James Russell Lowell



Will the Real Me Please Stand Up?

A NEW YEAR'S PROGRAM

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: On a bulletin board or easel, placed in full view of the audience, arrange a display of faces — happy, sad, angry, hungry, determined, and worried faces. These can be simply circles cut from white paper (or use red, yellow, black, and white to represent the races) and sketching in a few lines to give the different expressions. Fasten them to a paper background which will show them up effectively.

If you like, placards can be arranged among the faces with such words as "positive thinker", "worrier", "flexible", "pessimist", "prejudiced", "loving", etc.

Leader:

If life is not what you wish it to be,
If labor of day brings naught of reward,
If night brings only dread of the morrow —

Then search yourself for the answer.

If friends seem to fail when you need them most,
If smiles disappear and frowns take their place,
If laughter is lost and tears crowd the eyes —

Then search yourself for the answer.

If doubt rules your day and fears enter in,
If truth becomes ill and honesty fails,
If all of your world seems cloudy and drear —

Then search yourself for the answer.

You will find that happiness comes from within,
And that to have friends, you must friendly be,
Today is your day, make every hour count —

For the answer is found in yourself.

—Sunshine

Song: "I Believe".

Leader: "The unfolding of a life is

never in neat patterns but in constant movement between deep valleys and unexpected heights. The growth of a person is never in one steady push but in the constant struggle between arid wastes and fertile green."

—Richard Cookson

As we leave behind us the old year and stand on the threshold of the new, it is time to take inventory. We are at the point so aptly put by an unknown writer: Lord, we ain't what we ought to be. Lord, we ain't what we wanna be. Lord, we ain't what we're gonna be, but thank God we ain't what we wuz!

Yes, it is time to take inventory. What is your *real* worth? What is the *real* you? What do you "wanna" be? What are you "gonna" be in the new year ahead?

Reader One: WILL THE REAL ME PLEASE STAND UP? Which face is real me?

Is mine the face of skepticism? While not admitting I'm actually afraid of what will happen in the new year, I doubt if any good can come of it. This is a terrible world we live in. There is nothing you or I can do. We're too small. It takes the "Big Wheels", and they have all been pulled into the mire of despair, selfishness, and destruction. We've made many mistakes, and we'll keep on making them. If God loves us, as you keep saying, how can He let this mess happen to us? Why doesn't He keep us from making mistakes? Why doesn't He see that no one goes hungry? Why doesn't He stop war? Who is going to stop all the drug addicts, the blood-thirsty gangs, and the hoodlums? I know you say we must do something about our slums and about our ghettos, but who is going to do it? It's all gotten out of control. Happy New Year? Well, I doubt it!

Toil and struggle, wear and tear.

Nothing much to be done about it —

I'll just end up with more grey hair!

Reader Two: Oh, but I'm a POSITIVE THINKER. I am only one, but I *am* one, and what I need to do I *will* do. "I can count. No one can count more. I can cast one vote. I can set one example. I can fill one seat. I can add support, encouragement, effort. I can desposit one life and bear dividends for God. By the divine arithmetic of God's purpose and plan, my life, joined to other lives, invested by God in His work, brings rich returns." I can make a difference. I do make a difference. Mine is a face of goodwill and optimism.

The joy of life is living it and doing things of worth,

In making bright and fruitful all the barren spots of earth.

In facing odds and mastering them and rising from defeat.

And making true what once was false, and what was bitter, sweet.

For only he knows perfect joy whose little bit of soil

Is richer ground than what it was when he began to toil.

—Unknown

Reader One: One of my faces is that of a worry-wart, the face of foolish fears. I'm afraid to take an office in church, in my club, in PTA, because I might fail at it. What if I couldn't get the members to work with me? What if we started a project and it was a flop? What would people say? I worry about meeting new people. What if they don't like me? What if we have another Great Depression? What will happen to my family then? What if we have a third world war? How can we step out and take a positive stand on the issue facing the commission? What if we were wrong? How can we know what is right?

What if we let our treasury get low and then need money badly for some project? Maybe we ought to let some other group sponsor the blanket drive, or the new library addition, or the mitten tree. We might not have enough workers in our group.

I'm like Charlie Brown in the cartoon, where he says, "I've a new philosophy: I only dread one day at a time." There are enough fears in one day to keep me on edge or down in the dumps!

Reader Two: The present moment is often like a battleground between the past that haunts us and the future that frightens us. But how pathetic are the persons who spend their time fretting over the mistakes of the yesterdays that cannot be changed, or worrying about an imagined future that may never come to pass. The purpose of today is to give us the opportunity to keep on keeping on. I wear the face of PRESERVERANCE. Today has its own

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Sequoyah

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Today many of us are trying hard to learn all we can about other races which have done much to make our country great. I was enchanted with the story of a great American Indian, Sequoyah.

Sequoyah belonged to the Cherokee tribe. He was born in Georgia about 1770, as near as anyone could learn. This primitive American, with no schooling whatsoever, was to become the only person ever known to perfect a system of reading and writing any language. It is a fascinating story, proving again that truth is stranger than fiction.

His boyhood was spent hunting, fishing, and taking part in the Indian games and sports. At that time, as we have read in our history books, the Indians had no alphabet as we know it, no metal tools, and the wheel was unknown to them. It was still a tomahawk, bow-and-arrow world. As he grew older he came under the influence of the white traders and missionaries who visited his people.

When he became a grown man he took up the trade of silversmithing, and it is said he was a true craftsman, making many beautiful things. The white man had introduced paper to the Indians, and Sequoyah was fascinated with it. He soon designed brushes of wild animal hairs fastened to sticks and drew pictures on the paper, making his paints from the dyes his people made from native plants and bark. He drew the objects he saw around him — the Indian wigwam, the people, and deer and other wild animals of the forest, as well as pictures of the Indian ponies and scenes around an Indian village or camp.

He was married, with a family, by the time the missionaries came to begin a school for the Cherokees, but the intelligent Sequoyah was much taken with the ideas the white men brought, and somehow got hold of a speller. He studied and studied the alphabet, no doubt pondering the fact that the Cherokees had no writing system and no alphabet, so there was nothing for the Cherokee school children to read in their own language. And of course nothing was in the English textbooks

about the Cherokee history, or that of any other Indians, for that matter. Sequoyah was determined that his people should have an alphabet, and that the Cherokees be able to write in their own language. Weeks became months as he studied and thought about it.

Finally Sequoyah took our familiar alphabet, changed the letters somewhat, added to them and came up with 86 signs which would be the alphabet for the Cherokees. How happy he was! But his tribe members would have nothing to do with his strange signs. What good would those little marks on paper do to the mighty Cherokee warriors?

In the meantime, government laws were enacted ruling that the land the Cherokees had in Georgia belonged to the state, and that the Cherokees must move west of the Mississippi. Some of them did go west, while others resisted the ruling for years.

Disappointed because his tribe would not accept his alphabet, Sequoyah took his five-year-old daughter Ay-Yoke with him, and in the year 1818 joined a group of Cherokee going west, where they settled in Oklahoma and Arkansas. As is so often the case, the young people were more willing to accept new ideas than their elders, so Sequoyah taught his Cherokee alphabet and writing their native language to the children and youth in the new settlements in the West.

In 1821 he returned to Georgia, carrying with him letters from the tribe members in the West to their relatives in Georgia. When he ran out of paper, he had his Cherokee friends write their messages on tree bark or deerskin.

Imagine his great disappointment when, after reading a letter written by one of the Western Indians to his father, the chief of the Georgia tribe, the Council jeered at him, and said he was merely repeating things he remembered from his visit to Arkansas. Sequoyah was determined they should understand, but what could he do to convince them? Then he brought in his daughter, now eight years old, and she read the letter to the Council. That did it! The Council was anxious to begin at once to learn the alphabet. Then they began to write down tribal rules,

and one of the new rules was that each Cherokee child should be taught the Cherokee alphabet and how to write their language.

By 1828 the "Cherokee Phoenix", a newspaper in the Cherokee language, was being published, and through it the scattered Cherokee tribe was held together and learned news of each other. The New Testament of the Bible was translated into Cherokee.

Many honors came to Sequoyah because of his great contribution to his people. He represented his people in Washington, D.C. The Cherokee Nation voted him a yearly salary for what he had done, and continued to do, for the Nation.

In July, 1864, Congress enacted a law establishing a national Statuary Hall. The name was given to a historic chamber in the United States Capitol in Washington, D.C., formerly used by the House of Representatives, which was to be used to house the statues of notable Americans. An invitation was extended to all states to contribute statues, each state being permitted to place a marble or bronze statue of two of its most distinguished deceased citizens, men or women. How wonderful that Oklahoma chose to place the statue of Sequoyah as one of their statues!

But Sequoyah also has a living memorial in the great sequoia trees in California. These trees were named in honor of Sequoyah, the great Cherokee benefactor. His English name was George Guess, but I hope he will always be remembered as SEQUOYAH, a great American.

MARY ANN

I've studied my tables o'er and o'er;
Backwards and forwards, too.
But I couldn't remember six times nine
And I didn't know what to do.
Till Sister told me to play with my doll
And not to bother my head;
"If you'll call her Fifty-four, for awhile,
You'll know it by heart," she said.
So I took my favorite, Mary Ann, though
I thought it a dreadful shame
To call such a perfectly lovely doll
Such a perfectly horrid name.
But I called her my dear little Fifty-four,
A hundred times 'til I knew
The answer to six times nine as well
As the answer to two times two.
Next day Miss Elizabeth Wigglesworth,
Who always acts so proud,
Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two,"
And I almost laughed aloud.
But I wished I hadn't when teacher
said,
"Now, Dorothy, try if you can."
I thought of my doll, and sakes alive.
I answered, "Mary Ann." —Old rhyme

FREDERICK IS IN LOVE WITH NATURE!

Dear Friends:

You would never guess what I was doing last night! In the center of the busy downtown section of the city, and within a few hundred feet of the church, I was photographing a family of six big raccoons. When some apartment dwellers nearby told me about the raccoons coming to the roof of an apartment house next door to feed each night, I couldn't believe it, but now I have pictures to prove it. A little detective work on my part revealed that these freeloading cousins of the bears are actually living in an empty tenement building, coming out each night to forage in the neighborhood garbage pails. The few people who have seen them are helping to keep them around by putting out dog food for them.

Out in the rural sections of the country, the raccoons can be a destructive nuisance, but here in the city they are nothing more than fascinating little beggars who tanatalize the city-bred dogs, and drive domestic cats wild with excitement and fear. How they manage to survive in the heart of the city under conditions so foreign to their natural habitat is truly an amazing example of adaptation. There was a time some years ago when it was believed that the raccoon, like the pine marten or the American sable, would finally disappear before the advancing civilization of our populous New England, but I guess they are too smart for that. In spite of the fact that raccoons need a rather large space for a hiding place or bedroom, and in spite of the fact that they are persecuted everywhere and at all seasons both by men and dogs, these little black and white rascals are not only holding their own, they are on the increase. Today they are even being found in parts of the country where they never before were known.

On my local radio broadcast this morning, I told about the raccoons, but I deliberately avoided telling where they were to be found. Soon enough they will be discovered when someone goes in to inspect that empty building, and what a shock the inspector is going to have. Just imagine how you would react if you went into an empty room on the third floor of a big building in a downtown area and were confronted with six big raccoons hissing at you and showing their teeth!

You would have had a good laugh watching me fill my bird feeders yesterday. I was trying to pour cupfuls of sunflower seed into one of them, when all of a sudden a chirping little black and white chickadee decided to try to perch on my glasses. What a talker he was! I am not sure what he was saying



A church member took this picture of Betty and Frederick at a church party. We think it is very good of both of them.

to me, but it did not sound very nice. I just have a feeling that he was using some strong bird language in an attempt to make me hold out my hand with some seed just for him. There are times when those cute little things have absolutely no fear of human beings. Because of the terrible things human beings have done to God's other creatures, I am always flattered when a bird or wild animal shows no fear of me.

If you want to make friends with the birds you feed, there are two good rules to follow. One of them is always to talk softly to them as you approach. The fact that you are talking seems to reassure the birds that you are not trying to sneak up on them with harmful intent. If possible, try to say the same things to them each time so that they become accustomed to your sounds. And the second rule is to learn to stand or sit absolutely still until the first ones come to you. Any movement at all will most often make them fly away. Don't even swallow while a bird is watching you, because your swallow seems to indicate to the bird that you are getting ready to eat, and perhaps to eat him! Once birds have become accustomed to your presence, slow, quiet movements on your part are permissible. I wish you success, for there is something almost painfully delightful in convincing a wild bird that it is quite all right for it to land on your outstretched hand.

My love of nature has done more to strengthen my faith in God than any other of my many interests. The more I learn about the world around me, the more sure I am that there is a loving God "Who's got the whole wide world in His hand." It took thousands of years of civilization before humans discovered electricity, and all of that

time certain eels and rays were discouraging their enemies and killing their prey with healthy jolts of electricity. Today even little children know that the military's sensational radar in its simplest form has been used by bats for millions of years. Only in recent times have we learned that whales, and porpoises, and other sea dwellers have been using for millions of years a sonar system similar in many respects to the sonar used by our ships and planes. So what's really new? Isn't all of our education a human process of discovering what God placed in this world long, long ago?

We have several friends who are electronic engineers involved in the computer business. The things they tell us about the miraculous ability of modern computers are truly amazing, but their most amazing revelations are nothing compared to the things we are learning about the computing ability of birds. All of the multiple banks of electronic devices used to navigate the modern jet liners and space vehicles fade into insignificance when compared with the incredible navigational accuracy of a tiny bird that flits from north to south and from south to north finding its way back to a particular nest in some vast forest where it was born a year previously.

I have a friend who knows a great deal about the world of nature, and the other day he was telling me something about the little, pesky, dog flea that I found to be inspirational. A flea, inspirational? Really, I mean it, and one of these days I am going to write a sermon about it.

Believe it or not, the leap of the flea can carry him nearly eight inches into the air across a distance of thirteen inches. Size for size, an equivalent jump for a human would propel him two hundred and seventy-five feet up and set him down four hundred and fifty feet from where he started. The flea takes off with an acceleration of one hundred and forty times the force of gravity which is fourteen times the acceleration that would cause a man to black out. The flea does not rely on muscular strength to fling itself into the air; rather, it depends on the spring-like rebound action in an untiring elastic protein called resilin, which is peculiar to insects.

The flea is a marvelous creature. Indeed, it is one of the most wonderful of all God's creations, and we humans are so intolerant of it. In some ways it is so much stronger than a human being, but there is a difference. You and I may not be able to jump like a flea, but we could spend the rest of our lives talking twenty-four hours a day and still not have time enough to

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Last month I was so busy helping with the corn harvest and getting food prepared for the freezer for Frank to use when I drove Lucile and Eula to New Mexico that I didn't get my letter written to you. I really had lots of things to tell you, short trips I had taken and luncheons I had attended, which I will postpone now. They can be told later, and I'm sure Lucile will be telling you about our delightful trip, so I will tell you about some of the interesting things I did.

After spending a day and a half with Juliana and her family, I took the bus to Roswell to spend several days with Frank's sister and husband, Edna and Raymond Halls. Edna had a delicious chicken dinner all ready when I got there, and we had so much to talk about we spent the rest of the day getting caught up on all the local news.

One of Edna's good friends, Mrs. Larry Knoedler, who owns the mobile trailer court where Edna and Raymond live, invited me to attend a P.E.O. coffee meeting the next morning. Twice before when I had been in Roswell she had invited me to attend meetings with her, but I was going to be there such a short time that I didn't go. This time, since I planned to be there for a week, I went with her. The program was inspirational talk with a Thanksgiving theme given by the busy wife of a rancher in the area, who had taken time from her active schedule to prepare a message which left us with much food for thought.

After lunch we went for a drive around town. First we went to a small shopping area called the Stage Coach Stop. All the shops are small, rustic in design, facing on a small courtyard, and contain mostly arts and crafts articles for sale. One shop, named Grannie Annes, has things people have made and wish to sell on consignment. Raymond has become interested in leatherwork, has made many beautiful purses, belts, and billfolds, and has sold several of his articles through this shop.

There is a shop specializing in Indian jewelry, a knitting shop, an import shop, an antique shop, and others. The Gourmet Cookery Shop carries all kinds of unusual cooking utensils, many in copper, and all kinds of herbs.



Edna and Raymond Halls, the relatives Dorothy visited in Roswell.

A small dress shop, besides carrying ready-made things, also had some custom-made clothing. They had some clever blouses that are apparently all the rage now, that I hadn't seen before. They started with a man's permanent press blue work shirt, and using cute calico prints had appliqued flowers and other designs on them. The collars, cuffs, down the front, and around the bottom were trimmed with a bias strip of the same calico and edged in lace to make them feminine. They were expensive, but a girl with a little imagination and a flare for sewing could decorate her own quite inexpensively.

Our next stop was the lovely Roswell Museum, where they have a lot of Peter Hurd paintings on exhibit. Frank and I are both fond of this western artist's work, and last year for Christmas Lucile gave Frank a large framed print of his painting "The Long Fence". In the basement of the museum is the complete workroom of the American rocket engineer, Robert Goddard, who as early as 1919 published a short book proposing a rocket that might reach the moon. From 1930 to 1942 he worked in New Mexico, where he accumulated more than 200 patents related to rocketry. Edna said that when Andy visited them, he was fascinated with the Goddard display of rockets.

From the museum we drove out to Bitter Lake National Wildlife Refuge. This is a 23,000-acre tract just a few miles from Roswell, and from October through March large concentrations of waterfowl and sandhill cranes can be observed on the refuge water areas and croplands. These water areas are shallow lakes fed from artesian springs, and were formed by the construction of a series of dikes. Since these beautiful

waterfowl can be a problem to farmers in the area, the refuge grows 200 acres of irrigated crops to help keep the birds away from private farmlands. Winter barley, millet, and grain sorghum are the principal crops grown. The refuge personnel use the same methods of farming as everyone else, except that waterfowl and cranes do the harvesting, with a little help from deer, pheasants, quail, rabbits, and other animals. Since the refuge was established in 1937, 278 different species of birds have been observed there. Many of them are migratory birds that just pass through the area in the spring, but many of them remain to nest. Peaks of 100,000 ducks, over 6,000 geese and as many as 70,000 of the spectacular sandhill cranes have been observed at one time during the fall, so this is really quite a sight.

The weatherman really cooperated with us for my visit. It was a little nippy in the mornings, but got up into the high seventies in the afternoons. On one of these golden days Edna and Raymond wanted to take me somewhere, so we decided on White Sands National Monument near Alamogordo. The drive there through a fertile canyon with lots of apple orchards and on up into the mountains was delightful. There was still lots of color in the leaves and some of the desert shrubs were in bloom. We went by way of Cloudcroft, and stopped for lunch in a coffee shop there. It happened to be the first day of their deer season, and the traffic was heavy. The waitress said the weather was a lot different than it was a year ago on opening day, when they already had a lot of snow in the mountains.

Thirty-two years ago Dad and I drove to California via the southern route, where the highway took us past just the edge of the white sands. The ground was white, but you could see a lot of brush growing, so I thought this was probably what it all looked like. I wasn't prepared to see acres upon acres of nothing but pure white sand. I had the feeling when we went around the curves in the road that we were on slick icy pavement, and would start skidding at any moment. Children in bright clothing, climbing up and sliding down the huge drifts, made a colorful picture against the pure white sand. It is certainly a spectacular sight.

We stopped in Ruidoso Downs for coffee and pie, and got home just before dark.

We had two more interesting days before I returned to Albuquerque, but I see I have used up my allotted space for this month, so will have to continue this next month. Until then . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

January Entertaining



WATCH NIGHT PARTY

Invitations: For each invitation cut a white posterboard disk, and, using a red marking pen, mark the disk as the face of a wristwatch. For the watch-band use a length of inch-wide green ribbon. Make two slits in the opposite sides of the watch disk, through which the ribbon is run to form the band. Write the hour, date, place, etc., on the band.

Placemats: From white shelf or wrapping paper, cut large round mats with pinking shears. Use red and green marking pens to mark clock faces. You might write "Happy New Year" in the space where the brand name is usually found.

Current Events Calendar Quiz: Provide each guest with a sheet of paper on which is a calendar of all the months of 1973. Before the party, cut from newspapers and magazines pictures of important events of the past year. To play the game, display the pictures (minus news captions, of course) in a prominent place. Number each picture. Players look at the pictures and mark the number of the picture on the month in which they think the event took place. The one with the most correct answers might be given a calendar towel for 1974.

Using the same sheet of paper, they can play another game. See who can get the most birthdays autographed by other guests in the correct place, say in three minutes. The time limit will depend upon the number of guests you have; the more guests, the more time allowed.

Watch Contest:

1. Used before. (second hand)
2. Part of the circus. (ring)
3. Fifteenth wedding anniversary. (crystal)
4. Caesar, Mark Antony, and Brutus. (Roman characters)
5. Welcome to a caller. (h-hour hand)
6. Women love them. (jewels)
7. Summer resort favorites. (springs)
8. Breadwinners. (hands)
9. Accurate ones invaluable. (minutes)
10. Away from the front. (back)
11. Part of a flower. (stem)
12. Having it charged. ("on tick")

13. Reminds one of bicycle. (balance wheel)

14. Part of a policeman's duty. (watch)
—Mabel Nair Brown



NEW YEAR'S BRUNCH

Some of our friends live in a neighborhood where it is customary to entertain at a New Year's brunch. Usually two or three families host the affair, and alternate from year to year.

Being a New Year's hostess is definitely a "yes or no" deal. Many women feel completely exhausted with all the pressure of the holiday activities. Still others find it an ideal time to have guests in. The house is already decorated, and has such a festive air that it just suggests a party. Your hours will vary, no doubt, in various localities. One friend says they have open house from eleven until one, since most of them are late sleepers.

Whatever hours you prefer, plan your menu so that preparations are at a minimum so you can relax and enjoy your guests. Sweet rolls may be prepared ahead of time and frozen. These may be baked and served warm as guests arrive. Various kinds of jellies should be provided. Always delicious and decorative are bowls or plates of fresh fruit arranged attractively. Or you may wish to serve ham, omelets, and toast. Waffles can be cooked and served quite easily, too. Be sure you have "gallons" of hot coffee on hand, as well as juices. If children are included, a kettle of hot chocolate should be provided.

If you wish to add extra decorative touches, white or silver bells may be hung in doorways, or tiny bells may be added to your wreaths or garlands. White flowers and candles are pretty, too.

Perhaps a clock motif is more to your liking. Draw clocks, add smiling faces, and hang them about the room. For fun, you might give each person a slip of paper with a time of day on it. Place clocks in strategic places and have the alarms set for different hours. When an alarm sounds, the guest with the near-

est correct time may be given a small prize. Calendars would make most appropriate gifts.

Entertaining your friends is a gracious way to begin the New Year. Provide plenty of steaming coffee, comfortable chairs, and let your guests relax after the hectic past weeks. It will be a pleasant way to welcome the brand-new year. —Mildred D. Cathcart



TWELFTH NIGHT PARTY

For a Twelfth Night party you will want star-shaped invitations, and they might read: Your presence I would now request; On Twelfth Night kindly be my guest, For 'tis the time when men of old, Brought frankincense, myrrh, and gold. (Signed, and give time and place.)

The decorations could be an abundance of greens and sparkling silver stars and candles. (Silver, white and green make a beautiful color scheme for such a party.)

The first game might be "Follow the Star", which is the old game of hunting small paper stars which have been hidden around the room. Award a pretty star candle to the one finding the most stars.

The hostess might have an "Astrology Hour" next. For this, have ready many almanacs and booklets and pamphlets on the subject, and then read aloud the future of each guest according to the guest's zodiac sign.

Have ready a large star formed of greens amid which are entwined a string of tree lights. Below it, on a small table, you might have a Twelfth Night cake, which is a cake in star shape, decorated with red candles — twelve of them — one for each month of the year.

When ready to close the program part of the party, turn on the lights of the star, light the candles on the cake, and then have a carol sing of the well-known Christmas carols. This might be followed by a "burning of the greens" ceremony, when each guest breaks off a small branch of the Christmas tree, tosses it into the fireplace, and makes a wish for the new year.

The cutting of the cake may be done at refreshment time with much ceremony by the host. In the cake are baked a bean and a dried pea. The guest who finds the bean is designated (have a paper crown ready) king or queen of the new year, and the person finding the pea will have the best fortune in the new year.

—Virginia Thomas



SHIFTING GEARS

by
Evelyn Birkby

My nose is cold, my toes are cold and my fingers are cold. I just came in from an errand — a trip which meant walking seven blocks to the post office. This is great when the weather is warm, but the wind was sharp today and seemed to increase in velocity and chilling quality the closer my footsteps brought me to the hill where our house is situated.

This business of conserving fuel is changing my pattern of living in a variety of ways, and walking more is definitely one of them. The rest of the family have always walked or ridden on bikes wherever they could. Robert has walked or biked the mile to his office anytime he did not need the car during the day. He did this as a health measure as well as to save wear and tear and gasoline expense on the car.

Through the years the family has nagged me to get out and get more exercise. It makes me feel guilty to think that it has taken a national energy emergency to get me to do the walking which good sense told me I should be doing long ago.

It would be interesting to see statistics on how many more pairs of long underwear were purchased this year than last. The pretty flowered "longies" for girls to wear under slacks surely must have increased the sales in that department in recent weeks.

I can remember when I was a little girl and wore long underwear during the winter months. It seemed to me that long after every other girl I knew was "old enough" to go without, my parents insisted that I continue to wear the hateful things. No slacks were worn to school in those days, and how does one fold the bottom of floppy, long-legged underwear to look smooth under long stockings? (Answer: One doesn't! They bulge and wrinkle and look just awful. At least, that is the way I felt about them.)

The fact that I had weathered a bout with rheumatic fever made my parents extra careful of my health. Surely keeping me warm in the winter showed their loving concern for my welfare.

Now the new knits fit snugly and neatly around one's ankles and the styles for outdoor wear are mostly bright, attractive pants suits which cover any bulges underwear might produce. Since conserving of energy and keeping warm go hand in hand, we're back to the good old days of wearing more clothing. Perhaps having cooler temperatures in our houses and walking more are both ways to a healthier way of living.

At any rate, most everyone I know is doing everything possible to help con-



Sometimes the Birkby boys celebrate their three winter birthdays together to coincide with vacation at home. Here Bob is nearest the cake. Next to him is his cousin, Tom Barnard. Jeff, Robert and Craig are helping or watching as candle flames are extinguished.

serve energy. Hopefully, we can make enough impression on all groups and individuals to cut back on power usage so no one will really suffer during the cold winter months.

As I write this all three of our sons are home. Holidays are wonderful! They arrive just at the right time for weary scholars and tired workers. December holds so many activities it seems to be the shortest month of the year. Then January 1st arrives with a loud, resounding crash: gay parades, bright costumes, colorful floats, clashing cymbals, myriads of football players, great numbers of marching bands and a gathering of the Birkby clan at Grandma and Grandpa's house.

From the first moment that Robert's parents purchased a colored television the pattern was set. Each New Year's Day finds our family hurrying to get down to Grandpa's before the parades begin. Ruthella Barnard (Robert's sister) and her family arrive as soon as they can manage to get around. Adults settle into the chairs; the younger members sprawl on the floor.

In glorious living color the flowers on the floats come into the living room. Soon the glittering trim on horses' bridles and saddles comes into view. Following closely are cowboy shirts in shining design, bright uni-

GRANDMA'S STEW

I like jelly. I like jam.
I like good old country ham.
I like biscuits, cornbread, too,
But best of all is Grandma's stew.
I like ice cream, chocolate cake.
I like tender sirloin steak.
I like yams and green beans, too,
But best of all is Grandma's stew.
I like coffee, hot and black.
I like pancakes by the stack.
I like country sorghum, too,
But nothing beats my grandma's stew.
Now Grandma is a special cook,
No instructions from a book.
She glances gratefully above
And adds that extra dash of love.

—Mrs. Alvin Highley

forms on the musicians and the beautiful people in gorgeous costumes, who wave so smilingly at each of us as they pass by.

Grandma Dulcy traditionally makes a chicken (or turkey) pie for our noon meal. She simply thickens the broth with a little flour and puts in generous chunks of the cooked meat. In a large baking dish the rich mixture goes. Topping it are big, fat, fluffy, homemade baking powder biscuits. Absolutely no one else can make this New Year's Day pie taste the same as Grandma's!

Ruthella and I bring salads and desserts, and with quantities of coffee we gather at the table accompanied by the shrieks and shouts of football combatants who have now taken over the colorful screen in the living room. (The men insist on sitting at the table in such a position so they can see every play that takes place. On New Year's this is permissible.)

It always comes as some relief to get into the kitchen following the meal. One can take only so many football games without falling into a stupor. So, as we women do the dishes together, we visit and contemplate the remainders of the meal to see if enough is left for a light supper before the evening viewing of musicals and plays brings the day to a proper conclusion.

The 2nd day of January comes with the impression that the holiday season ended just in time. It is great to have a month like January follow December! The calm and routine of this first month of the year is a necessity for me, and I shift gears into a slower speed with gratitude. The routine of a quiet daily schedule is welcome. Even soup beans and cornbread taste great after the rich menus of Thanksgiving and Christmas.

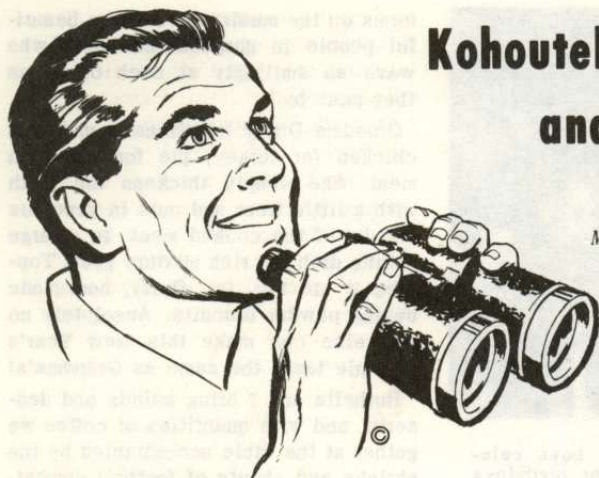
Now comes the time to take down the decorations, hang up the fresh new calendars, clear the decks of unnecessary activities and dig into a backlog of neglected household tasks. The washing machine will have extra work for a few days. The ironing board will be put up in a prominent position. The sewing basket will stand nearby with needles and thread ready to put buttons on shirts and patches on jeans.

Even the weather in January brings us down to earth with a resounding thump!

Bob and Jeff will be home for a few more days before returning to the University of Arkansas and Nebraska Wesleyan University. We'll have time to talk, play the piano and celebrate Bob's birthday while we are all together. Whenever possible we'll go out and look at the evening sky to see if we can catch a glimpse of the great comet, Kohoutek. Hopefully it is a good omen for the year of 1974.

Kohoutek's Comet -- and God's

by
Mary Feese



Christmas is over, and so is the excitement. Or is it? Not so, if you believe that the earth is the Lord's, and the heavens declare His handiwork. Because the greatest show on earth is here — a spectacular new comet! Named Comet Kohoutek after its discoverer, Lubos Kohoutek of West Germany, it was first detected March 7, 1973, as the astronomer was studying photographic plates he'd made of asteroids. Daily it grew brighter in these telescopic photographs. Excitement rose as all calculations showed that the comet was inbound, its path expected to approach the sun closely enough to create a stunning display.

The word spread rapidly, and worldwide, telescopes swiveled to study the newcomer. This chance for continued observation of a really great comet has created an enthusiastic response; astronomers had counted on the return of faithful Halley's Comet in 1986, but the opportunities for learning from this one are immediate, the comet itself of far greater magnitude.

What, though, does it mean to you and your family, with no expensive telescopic equipment, a lot of interest, but very little training? Well, after December 28, the comet makes a U-turn around the sun, which brings it closer to earth, for us to see it gleaming and glittering in the southern sky. For best observation, find a high viewing point with nothing to block the southwestern view. Binoculars will add to your enjoyment, if you have them. Although Comet Kohoutek will be visible (in varying degrees) from the end of November to near the end of February, it will be at its best from about 5:30 p.m. January 10-14, shortly after sunset but before moonrise.

Each year, about five to ten comets are observed, most of them only faintly through telescopes. It's been said that the chances are good that you'll see at least one large, bright comet during your lifetime. Three cheers for us, then, because we've got a ringside seat for Kohoutek's Comet coming right

up, then "Old Faithful" Halley's Comet is expected to stage a re-run in 1986. (You senior citizens may even remember its last visit in 1910.)

Since Halley's Comet is a name known to most everyone, let's talk about it for a bit. First: why is it the most famous of all, since it's nowhere near the most spectacular? The answer, of course, is that it's the only great comet that returns at intervals of less than several hundred years, and visible without telescopic equipment. This means that any person with a normal lifespan can anticipate seeing it at least once. Halley, the great 18th century astronomer, made a systematic study of comets, collecting all information available on their positions. At length, his collected records covered several centuries, with twenty-four comets. His analysis then showed that three of these, of 1531, 1607, and 1682, followed nearly identical paths; he thought it very possible that rather than being three different comets, it could be the same one returning at intervals of approximately 75 years. Based on this theory, he predicted the return of the comet about the end of 1758. Edmund Halley, though confident of his theory's validity, did not live to see its fulfillment; he died in 1742. But on Christmas night, 1758, the comet arrived just as he'd forecast, and has been known ever since as "Halley's Comet". Collected studies by world astronomers since that time show that it was first reported in 240 B.C.

One astronomer rather wryly remarked that comets were "the nearest thing to nothing that anything can be and still be something." Though phrased in homely language, it's still an exact statement. The tail of a comet has great volume, but precious little actual mass. In 1910, for instance, it was possible to see through more than 40,000 miles of the head of Halley's Comet, to see the stars beyond it. By contrast, only five miles of air at normal breathing density would reduce those stars' light by half; 100 miles of

the same air would make even the most brilliant stars invisible to us. Also in 1910, our earth went through the tail of Halley's Comet; astronomers, knowing the time in advance, were watching intently. Yet they found no evidence of the tail, whatsoever, in our sky — for our air had brushed that vaporizing tail aside as though it were nothing at all.

What, then, does a comet's tail consist of? What causes it, and what causes the variation in the shapes of the tails on various comets? Years ago, many termed them "hairy stars"; in fact, their name is a derivative of the Greek *komē*, which means hair. To simplify, the heads of comets while they're in outer space (with a temperature there barely above absolute zero, hovering at minus 460 degrees F.) are from about one to a few dozen miles across, and contain frozen gases — carbon dioxide, ammonia, methane, and common ice — sprinkled with fragments of meteor dust. When eventually the path of a comet brings it near enough to the sun to be affected by the sun's heat, frozen gases begin to evaporate from the comet's permafrost surface. First they jet out violently, then turn filmy as they're blown back by the "solar wind" created by atomic particles swarming from the sun. The result is that the comet's tail always points away from the sun, rather than indicating (as one might think) the comet's direction of travel. A comet going toward the sun moves in the direction it is "pointed"; as it leaves the sun, the tail glows before it much as headlights shine ahead of a car. The farther the separation from the sun, the more the tail dwindles and the light fades; as it re-enters the deep freeze of outer space, it vanishes until another orbit brings the comet near the sun again.

Comets' tails, then, are gigantic "vapor trails", diffused into an area that may be hundreds of millions of miles long. A good deal of their shine is from reflected light, of sunlight on the dust particles; then, too, ultraviolet rays from the sun cause the gases to glow like fluorescent lamps.

Comet tails formed by radiation pressure from the sun, just described, are usually curved; the convex (outwardly curved) side of the tail faces the direction that the comet follows in its orbit around the sun. Bombardment from charged particles from the sun may also occur; often sunspots are the visual evidence of the disturbed area from which electrons, protons, and possibly other ions also, are ejected. These ions travel at such high velocity, the resulting comet tail will be almost straight, a marked contrast to the curved tails formed by radiation. If a situation occurs when both radiation pressure and particle bombardment

(Continued on page 20)

ALISON EXPERIENCED HER FIRST HURRICANE

Dear Friends:

The last batch of chocolate chip cookies is out of the oven, miraculously unburned (it seems as if I always burn the last few!), and after they cool they'll be quickly off to the freezer. Not letting my food succumb to humidity was something I had never worried about in my arid southwestern home, but it is something I am very conscious about now. This is just one of the many small reminders that surround me daily and keep me so aware of the adjustments I've had to make since moving to this location last fall. Mike and I are currently living in Beaumont, Texas, while he finishes his final year of schooling. One of the reasons we chose this location was that neither of us had ever lived near the water, and it was so new and appealing that we just couldn't resist.

As none of my family have ever lived in the "deep south", or even spent much time vacationing in this part of the United States. I thought I might share with you some of the things we have seen, felt, and discovered — all of which have helped us to better understand the types of people, places, and ideas which must all be incorporated when we use the broad term "America."

For those of you who are unfamiliar with this part of the country, Beaumont is located in the far southeastern part of Texas, approximately 30 miles inland from the Gulf of Mexico, and about 20 miles west of the Louisiana state line.

I think the one thing that has made the greatest impression on me has been the climate. The humidity is extreme, hovering around 90% most of the time . . . when it isn't raining, that is! The only figures I was able to locate revealed that this area had received 72 inches of rainfall from January 1st through October 20th, 1973, with the "rainy season" (the winter months) still to come. One can readily see why rice is the agricultural mainstay here. So take heart, all you Midwest farmers, in the thought that there were other areas getting even *more* rain than you last spring!

We had scarcely moved into our home when we experienced a new "first" with regards to the weather — hurricane Dehlia. I guess it was correctly termed Tropical Storm Dehlia, since it never reached hurricane force. The last really frightening storm I had been in was a wind and sand storm that came rolling across the west Texas desert and prairie land, and hurricane Dehlia certainly was a radical departure from that!



Heather Watkins, our cousin Ruth's youngest daughter, reminds us of Alison and her love for horses. This youngster spends her outdoor time with Josie.

Because Beaumont lies somewhat inland, we escaped the tremendously damaging tidal waters which inundated the coastal cities and towns, and mostly what we experienced of the storm were high winds and torrential rainfall for several days. We felt extremely fortunate that our house is located on high ground, as many parts of the city were flooded. As it was, we were able to sit in our warm and cozy home and watch the action outside our window, feeling quite safe. During those few days we kept glued to our television sets and watched the frequent news broadcasts. The local newsmen did an excellent job of filming the storm, and since the coastal highways were all closed, we saw effects of the raging tides that we would never have been able to see otherwise. It seemed to us that the people in the area kept smiling and laughing faces throughout the storm, and even those evacuated from their homes treated the whole ordeal with a degree of nonchalance. It seemed as if they had an "oh it's just another hurricane" attitude, and I suppose if you grew up on the Gulf Coast it was, indeed, "just another hurricane". I must admit that we had a difficult time instilling this attitude in our parents, though, especially when the national news broadcasts kept showing films of frightening scenes filmed only 15 or 20 miles from our house.

I might also add that we have discovered a local hobby which we have never encountered elsewhere — that of hurricane tracking. Tracking charts are available almost everywhere. Anytime there is any kind of tropical disturbance off the Gulf, no matter whether it

Happiness is the mental state of contentment which comes from successful adaptation to the world as it really is. It comes from being useful or contributing to the welfare and happiness of others.

—Author unknown

be near the Yucatan, Florida, or Texas, the weather report always gives the latitude and longitude readings periodically, so the devoted groups of hurricane trackers can keep their charts up-to-date.

Another incident comes to mind concerning a "first" we encountered in this unique part of the country. Mike and I enjoy going to the beach on weekends, and it is just about as close to drive to the Louisiana coast as it is to drive to the Texas coast. However, the Texas coast is quite industrial and the closer you get to Houston the more people you encounter, although the beaches are never crowded. On the other hand, the Louisiana coast is quite wild, with large areas of swamp land, and, most appealing to us, there is seldom a soul on the beach. In fact, the beaches are so desolate that I am usually afraid we'll get our pickup stuck in the sand on a Sunday afternoon, and no one will come along to help pull us out! Anyway, my brother Clark and a Brazilian exchange student, Victor, were visiting us and we decided to take them to the beach and roast hot dogs, since Victor had never been initiated in this great American pastime. Victor, Clark, and Harvest, our Irish setter, were riding in the back of the truck when Clark started yelling, "Stop the truck! Stop the truck!" When we pulled over to find out what the problem was, Clark told us he had seen an alligator! Of course we thought he was just pulling our leg, but, sure enough when we pulled over there was, indeed, an alligator. He was sitting (can alligators sit?) in a small marsh pond not 15 feet from the highway. He was several feet in length, and I must admit I was quite relieved when the beast decided to submerge when we approached. After that, we had Clark and Victor riding lookout for alligators, and we stopped to look at each one until we had seen so many that it was time to continue toward the beach and our wienie roast. When Clark returned to Colorado, I'm sure he had a few good stories to tell the boys.

As a short aftermath, I might add that about a month after this incident the alligator-hunting season officially opened in the state of Louisiana and the largest alligator nabbed during the season was taken in the very same area where we had seen our alligators!

Well, I can see that after having barely begun, it is already time to end my letter. Perhaps I'll have a chance in the near future to share with you more of the discoveries and enjoyable moments we have been given by this part of the United States.

Until then I am . . .

Sincerely,

Alison

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

WHITE HOLIDAY PIE

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 3/4 cups milk
- 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 3 egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup cream, whipped
- 1/2 cup coconut
- 1 9-inch baked pie shell
- Nuts and colored candies, for decoration

Blend in pan the 1/2 cup sugar, flour, gelatin and salt. Gradually add milk, stirring until smooth. Cook over medium heat until mixture boils; then boil for 1 minute, stirring constantly. Place pan into a pan of cold water to cool down quickly. When mixture is cool, blend in flavorings. Make a meringue of the egg whites, cream of tartar and remaining 1/2 cup sugar. Fold into cooked mixture. Gently fold in whipped cream and coconut. Put into pie shell. Sprinkle nuts over the top if desired, or trim with colored candies to suit the holiday (confetti or candied sequins would be great for New Year's, candy hearts for Valentine's, red cherries for February, shamrocks or green leaves for March, etc.). A versatile and delicious holiday pie.

—Evelyn

CHICKEN BREAST CASSEROLE

- 2 large chicken breasts, halved
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 2 Tbls. chopped canned pimiento
- 1 Tbls. dry onion soup mix
- 1/2 cup water

Place chicken breasts in casserole. Blend soup, pimiento, dry onion soup mix and water. Pour over chicken; cover. Bake at 375 degrees until chicken is tender, about 1½ hours.

Serve with rice. The sauce is delicious over it.

—Margery

EASY-BUT-GOOD MAIN DISH

- 3 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 of 10½-oz. can cream of tomato soup
- 1 cup shell macaroni, cooked

Put oil in a heavy skillet and brown ground beef; push to one side and cook the chopped onion until tender. Then add the two soups and cooked macaroni; cover and simmer for 30 minutes.

This is something you could fix in the morning and then reheat for the evening meal. The two soups combined in it make for an unusually tasty dish. Will serve 4 or 6, depending upon what else you are having for the meal.

—Lucile

PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

- 2 cups crunchy peanut butter
- 1 lb. powdered sugar
- 3 cups Rice Krispies
- 1 stick margarine
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 1 large Hershey's semisweet chocolate bar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Small amount paraffin

Mix first four ingredients together with your hands and form into balls.

In a double boiler melt chips, chocolate bar and paraffin. Add flavoring and mix well. Dip balls into mixture and place on waxed paper to set. Makes 36.

—Margery

GOURMET CHEESE SAUCE

- 4 Tbls. onion, chopped
- 4 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups milk
- 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1 cup cheese, cubed

Cook onion in butter or margarine until transparent. Stir in flour and dry mustard. Continue cooking until smooth and bubbly; add flavoring and milk. Stir until sauce begins to thicken. Add remaining ingredients. When sauce is thick as gravy and cheese has melted, serve over toast. Bacon and tomato slices add color and make a pretty luncheon plate.

Drained tuna fish or salmon added to the sauce makes a rich main dish served over biscuits or Chinese noodles. Smoked beef may be cut into bits and added to the sauce and served over hot mashed potatoes. Leftover roast or cooked chicken may be added for another variation.

—Evelyn

RUTH'S DELICIOUS RYE BREAD

- 2 pkgs. yeast
- 2 cups lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 2 cups milk, scalded and cooled
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 2 1/3 cups rye flour
- 5-6 cups white flour

Combine yeast, water and teaspoon of sugar. Let stand until bubbly. Add remaining ingredients in the order given until a sticky ball is formed which can be kneaded. Knead several minutes on well-floured breadboard. Dough remains sticky! Grease two bowls. Divide dough, place half in each bowl, turning to grease all sides. Cover and let rise until double. Punch down. Make out into four loaves. Place in greased bread pans. Let rise almost until double. Bake at 375 degrees for 40 minutes or until a hollow sound is made when the loaf is thumped. Turn out on wire rack to cool. Grease top of loaf for a soft crust if desired. My sister Ruth Gerhardt brought this recipe from Arizona and it is truly a delicious bread.

—Evelyn

DELICIOUS POTATO SALAD

- 8 boiled and salted potatoes, cold (diced or shredded)
- 2 heaping Tbls. sweet pickle relish
- 2 heaping tsp. salad mustard
- 1 small onion, diced
- 1 cup Miracle Whip salad dressing
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 4 eggs, hard-cooked and diced
- 1 tsp. celery seed

Mix all the ingredients together and cool in the refrigerator.

—Dorothy

FRANK'S FAVORITE MEAT LOAF

- 2 lbs. ground chuck
- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped celery
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. minced garlic (optional)
- 1/2 tsp. poultry seasoning
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 4 slices bread, cubed
- 1 cup warm milk
- 2 eggs

Thoroughly mix together the beef, onion, celery and all the seasonings. Soak the bread in the warm milk. Add the eggs and beat with a rotary beater. Combine the meat and egg mixtures. Place in a baking pan and cover with the following sauce:

- 3 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1/4 cup catsup
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. dry mustard

Bake for one hour in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

BUTTERMILK POUND CAKE

- 2 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 4 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 3 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1 cup buttermilk

In large mixing bowl combine sugar and butter or margarine and cream until very smooth and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flavorings. Stir flour and soda together and add alternately to the creamed mixture with the buttermilk. Turn into a well-greased 10-inch tube pan and bake at 325 degrees for approximately 1 hour and 15 minutes. Cool in pan for 10 minutes and then turn out on rack and let cool completely.

The Shenandoah friend who sent this recipe said that she made the entire cake in her mixer, but I put it together by hand. This cake has a very fine texture and tastes very good.

I sent it down to the plant for a birthday cake to go with the 3:00 o'clock coffee break, and since it was a festive occasion I frosted it with whipped cream slightly sweetened. Under other conditions I wouldn't use anything in the line of a frosting.

—Lucile

BLACK WALNUT-DATE DESSERT

- 1/2 lb. pitted dates, chopped
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 well-beaten egg
- 1/2 cup black walnuts
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

In mixing bowl combine dates, butter or margarine, hot water and soda. Let stand about 5 minutes. Sift together the sugar, salt, flour and baking powder. Stir into date mixture. Then add egg, nuts and flavoring. Mix well and pour in 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 375 degrees for 30 minutes.

Topping

- 1/2 lb. dates, chopped
- 3/4 cup water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup black walnuts
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Combine dates, water, sugar; cook until thick, stirring frequently. Add nuts and flavoring. Spread over cake while still warm. Serve with a dab of whipped cream over top.

—Margery

SHRIMP-CHICKEN CURRY

- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 medium apple, peeled and finely cut
- 3 to 4 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 10½-oz. cans chicken à la king
- 2 tsp. curry powder
- 1 4½-oz. can deveined shrimp, drained
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- Cooked rice

Saute onion and apple in the butter or margarine. Add chicken, curry, shrimp and lemon juice; heat well. Serve over the cooked rice.

—Margery

HALF-A-BUSHEL COOKIES

- 3 cups flour
- 3 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 4 eggs
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- Additional flour

Sift 3 cups flour and sugar into a large bowl. Cut in butter and shortening. Beat in eggs. Combine soda, sour cream and vinegar. Stir in flavoring. Add to creamed mixture. Add nutmeg. Add more flour until dough is consistency to roll out on floured board. Cut with cookie cutter. Bake on greased cookie sheet about 10 minutes at 375 degrees. Remove from cookie sheet and cool on wire rack or paper towel. This dough keeps for several days in refrigerator and it rolls out more easily when chilled. Excellent for decorated cookies. Equally good when rolled into a ball, placed on cookie sheet and flattened slightly.

—Evelyn

RICE AND BROCCOLI CASSEROLE

- 3/4 cup rice
- 2 10-oz. boxes frozen chopped broccoli
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 4 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of chicken soup
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of celery soup
- 1 small jar Cheeze Whiz
- Paprika

Cook the rice in lightly salted water until just tender. Drain well. Cook the broccoli according to package directions and drain well. Brown the celery and onion in the butter or margarine. Add the soups and cheese and stir until well blended. Place the rice in the bottom of a large buttered casserole. Spread the broccoli over the rice. Pour the soup mixture over the broccoli and sprinkle with a little paprika. Bake in a 350-degree oven about 30 minutes, or until bubbly and light brown.

—Dorothy

SPARERIBS CANTONESE

- About 4 lbs. country-style pork spareribs, cut in serving pieces
- 1/2 cup soy sauce
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 cup orange marmalade
- 1/2 tsp. garlic powder
- 1/4 tsp. pepper

Place spareribs in a large, shallow pan. Blend soy sauce with water, orange marmalade, garlic powder, and pepper. Pour over the spareribs. Marinate overnight, turning ribs once or twice. To cook, place spareribs in a heavy roasting pan or Dutch oven. Pour marinade over meat, then cover and place over a medium heat for 1 hour or longer. Baste occasionally with the marinade. Serve hot. Makes four to six servings.

—Margery

COFFEE-CINNAMON PUDDING

- 6 eggs, separated
- 2 Tbls. freeze-dried coffee
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate
- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 1/2 cups heavy cream

Beat 6 egg yolks slightly in the top of a double boiler. Dissolve coffee in 1 cup hot water. Add coffee, 1 cup of sugar and chocolate to egg yolks. Cook over simmering water, stirring, until chocolate melts. Beat until well blended.

Soften gelatin in 1/2 cup cold water. Gradually add to chocolate mixture, stirring until dissolved. Remove from heat and cool.

Beat cream cheese (it must be very soft) until smooth. At low speed on mixer, gradually beat in chocolate mixture, a small amount at a time, beating well after each addition. Chill until it just begins to thicken.

Beat 6 egg whites until foamy. Gradually add 1/2 cup sugar, beating until soft peaks form. Add flavorings and cinnamon. Fold this into chocolate mixture.

Beat heavy cream until peaks form. Fold whipped cream into chocolate mixture and when it is smooth pour into a large bowl. Chill until good and firm — preferably overnight.

This is a very rich and wonderfully flavored pudding that would make wonderful club refreshments when only a thin cookie is also on the plate. Make the servings small. It should serve 12 or 14 people.

—Lucile

SUNDAY NIGHT SHRIMP SALAD

- 1 small box shell macaroni (about 6 ozs.)
- 1 medium onion, diced
- 1/4 cup scallions (optional)
- 1 cup celery, chopped
- 1/4 cup sweet pickle, chopped
- 1 cup cooked peas, drained
- 2 4 1/2-oz. cans cooked shrimp
- 1 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing

Cook macaroni until tender. Rinse in cold water. Drain. Stir in remaining ingredients. (Add enough of the dressing to moisten, a little more or less than 1 cup.) Store in refrigerator at least 6 hours or overnight to blend flavors. Delicious served with hot rolls, fruit and chocolate cake for dessert. —Evelyn



The pizza looks great, the cold drinks are on hand, but where's the salad, for goodness sake? You can't enjoy pizza without a crisp, cold salad, drizzled with a spicy dressing!

Of course, most of us will reach for the new **Kitchen-Klatter Italian** when the pizza hits the table. But to each his own... if you'd prefer **French** or **Country Style**, help yourself.

The main thing to remember is that **Kitchen-Klatter** makes all three — and all three are delicious. The quality is the same; only the taste is different.

Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings

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CELERY CASSEROLE

- 1 bunch celery
 - 1 3/4 cups chicken broth (I used canned.)
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - Dash of pepper
 - 2 Tbls. cornstarch and cold water
 - 1 can water chestnuts
 - 1/2 cup sliced almonds (I used slivered.)
 - 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
 - 3 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- Slice celery into 1-inch pieces. Cook in chicken broth that has been seasoned with the salt and pepper, in a covered pan, about 10 minutes. Blend cornstarch with a little water and stir; gradually stir into the celery and broth. Add water chestnuts and almonds. Pour into casserole. Mix melted butter or margarine into crumbs and sprinkle over top. Bake at 350 degrees about 30 minutes. —Margery

EXTRA-SPECIAL FAMOUS FUDGE CAKE

- 3/4 cup butter
- 2 1/4 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 3 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups ice water

Cream together thoroughly the butter and sugar. Add eggs, one at a time, and beat well. Add flavorings and melted chocolate. Sift and then measure flour — add baking soda and salt to it before it is sifted again. Add alternately with ice water to the chocolate mixture.

Pour batter into three 8-inch layer pans which have been well greased and lightly floured. Bake in a 350-degree oven for approximately 25 minutes or until it tests done.

Filling

- 1 cup (6-oz. pkg.) butterscotch morsels
- 1 Tbls. water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 3 cups sifted powdered sugar
- Pinch of salt

In a heavy pan over low heat melt the butterscotch morsels to which the water and burnt sugar flavoring has been added. When melted, remove from heat and cool slightly. Beat softened cream cheese until very creamy and then add melted morsels. Lastly stir in powdered sugar and pinch of salt. Spread between the layers. Place cake

in refrigerator to let the filling get firmly set.

Chocolate Velvet Frosting

- 1 cup semisweet chocolate morsels
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup heavy cream
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 1/2 cups sifted powdered sugar

Melt chocolate morsels over low heat and then add flavorings. Remove from heat and then blend in the cream. Add salt. Gradually beat in powdered sugar.

Cover top and sides with this frosting. You have to work fast because it has a tendency to thicken. However, additional cream or milk could be added if necessary.

The friend who sent this recipe used a date cream filling, but I didn't have dates in the house when I wanted to make this — so I used the filling given above.

A truly elegant cake that surely gets raves. It is extremely delicate and really should be made in the morning if you plan to cut it in late afternoon or in the evening. —Lucile

EASY FRUIT SALAD

- 1 21-oz. can peach pie filling
- 1 13-oz. can pineapple tidbits, drained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 11-oz. can mandarin oranges, drained
- 1/2 cup diced maraschino cherries (drain on paper towel)

2 bananas, sliced
1 cup small marshmallows
Mix all the ingredients together and serve. If you want to make this up ahead of time, leave out the bananas and marshmallows until just before you are ready to dish it up so the bananas won't turn brown. —Dorothy

NEW ENGLAND BAKED BEANS

- 3 cups of the real tiny dry navy beans
 - 9 cups water
 - 1 medium onion, chopped
 - 1 cup catsup
 - 1 cup brown sugar
 - 1 additional cup water
 - 2 tsp. dry mustard
 - 2 Tbls. dark molasses
 - 1 Tbls. salt
 - 1 cup diced fresh or salt pork
- Simmer the dry beans in the 9 cups of unsalted water for 30 minutes. Allow to stand, covered, for an hour and a half or until the beans have softened. Drain and add all of the remaining ingredients and pour into a bean pot or a large casserole with a cover. Cover and place in a very low oven, 200 to 250 degrees, and bake about 10 hours.

GETTING YOUR YOUNGSTERS TO SCHOOL SAFELY

by
Joseph Arkin

Over 40 percent of all accidental fatalities in the 5-14 age group are traffic mishaps, according to the National Safety Council. How many "narrow escapes" does *your* child have on his daily trips to and from school?

That school-age youngster of yours must possess some common sense about safety if he's unaccompanied by an adult on these trips . . . but developing that *safety sense* is a parental responsibility.

Whether your child walks to school, cycles or takes a school bus, he must be guided by a code of safety values and rules.

The job of the bus driver is *driving*, not policing four dozen children. Does your grade-schooler remain in his seat as long as the bus is moving? If seat belts are provided, does he buckle-up? Keep hands off emergency doors and windows? Keep aisles free at all times? And, most important, does he keep his head, hands and arms inside the windows?

It takes just a few minutes of your time and patience to help your little man understand the importance of safety rules. Children have an acute sense of danger and surprisingly clear judgment when they have to make a decision involving their safety. But they need parental support — the security of knowing that "this is what Mom or Dad would want me to do" — if they are to make the right decision, rather than "go with the crowd".

If he's a pedestrian, your child's safety sense becomes especially important in inclement weather. He must be taught that motorists' visibility is impaired on dark, rainy or snowy days, and he should be doubly alert.

On such a day, safety begins at home. Rainy-weather outer dress should be light in color so that the children are more easily seen at a distance. A newly developed coloring process which gives fabric a luminous fluorescence is now being used for children's slicker-style raincoats.

The "glo-coat", made of waterproof fabric glows either with a bright orange or a bright yellow to warn to oncoming driver of a child in the street long before an ordinary outfit would be visible. Reports are that the new-style coats, already approved and recommended by highway safety officials the nation over, have met with parental acceptance.

No matter what the weather, children must also realize that traffic officials work to protect them, and deserve their respect. This goes for the traffic



Brother and sister wait for the school bus in this rural community. Both are wearing luminous fluorescent treated rainwear — he a coat of yellow, she a coat of orange.

policeman as well as the volunteer mother who helps him do his job. Of course, a reminder that this job becomes more difficult in rainy weather can't hurt the school-ager as he sets out for school.

Basic pedestrian rules taught in the classrooms should be reaffirmed at home:

- 1—Look in all directions before crossing a street.
- 2—Cross at corners, not in the middle of a street.
- 3—Obey all traffic signals.
- 4—In inclement weather, wear light-colored or fluorescent-treated outer garments.
- 5—Go directly to the opposite curb, don't fool around in mid-street.
- 6—Give all vehicles the right of way — they are bigger, possibly hard to stop short in inclement weather.
- 7—Never dash into the street from behind a parked vehicle.
- 8—Never try to hitch on to moving vehicles.

This last rule should also be made very clear to the youngster who cycles to school. Hitching with a bike is inviting disaster. (The same applies to sleds!)

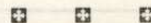
One of the best rules a cyclist can follow is simply — be courteous. If he respects the rights of pedestrians, drivers and other cyclists, he's not likely to get into trouble.

On rainy, dark days a "glo-coat" slicker will give your youngster extra needed protection, as will a headlight, red rear reflector and reflective strips on his bike.

Stunts are out — instruct against "Weaving" and the "look Ma, no

hands" gambit. Also passengers should not be carried; there should be no passing on hills, curves or at intersections and speeding. Stress the importance of *walking* the bike across railroad crossings, streetcar tracks, and at busy intersections. Traffic laws should be obeyed — with full use of hand signals and giving the pedestrians and motorists the right of way.

Tomorrow is another day of school. Make sure that your youngster has the good sense to get there and back safely. Your good sense and parental guidance can be assurance.



Welcome

to

KITCHEN-KLATTER

Perhaps this is your first issue of our magazine. Did you know that we visit with you on the radio too? Look for the station nearest you and tune in each weekday.

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When Frederick was here this past summer, he took a number of pictures around our plant. This one of Margery and her assistant, Mary Lou Mika, was taken in the magazine layout room. Although it was in color, we hope it comes out all right in black and white. We're taking a chance that it will.

OLD FASHION CHINA DOLL



KIT: Hand painted china head; arms, legs; basic pattern for body and clothes, 16" tall \$7.99 P.P. Assembled. Undressed: with patterns for clothes 16" \$14.95 P.P. Dressed: in small print cotton, old fashioned style, 16" \$18.95 P.P.

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Listen to Kitchen-Klatter.

IT'S EASY! YOU'LL SEE

by
Mary Victor

A handicraft display can be quite a chastening experience for someone who, by and large, has not gone beyond the usual amount of knitting and sewing needed to keep her family equal to the elements. With my main interests lying in a different direction, I had, for years, hovered happily on the fringes of artistic endeavour. I picked up thousands of dots for someone else to smock and knitted countless squares for someone else's rugs. I punched holes around the edges of beautifully painted strips of suede and (in case there was some doubt concerning their purpose) burned Book Mark on each one in my best writing.

In a further effort to help this same

friend, recently returned from overseas, I washed brushes in assorted jars and mixed paints in a collection of sardine tins (hastily emptied of their dejected-looking contents) and if there was nothing romantic in that, there certainly was in the lilting music of the paint names; burnt umber, sienna, cobalt blue, vermilion, terre-verte.

The artist toiled over a native head study, but when completed, it must have been rather less than expected, for after much scraping off and laying on of paint, the final result was titled, "Table Mountain at Sunset".

Those tranquil days came to a close when I joined a rural women's association and the Handicraft Secretary noticed my appreciation of a display of her own work and offered to teach me something. Protestations that results would fall far short of perfection, were waved aside, "Of course you can do handicrafts, it's easy!" she said encouragingly, cutting off my retreat with appalling finality. "You'll see, I'll have you tatting in a little while," and this remark lost no time in joining the ranks of Famous Last Words.

"I'll start you off on something fool-proof," she went on, with unconscious irony and proceeded to demonstrate the intricate plaiting of a plastic belt. With incredible patience, she laboured to fit an untalented square peg into an artistic round hole. Just as even her monumental forbearance had expired and there seemed to be some significance in the looping of a yard of plastic string, I "caught on".

There was to be no resting on my laurels however, for soon she began searching through her handicraft box,

(Continued on page 20)

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NEW YEAR! NEW GOALS! NEW PLANS!

by

Fern Christian Miller

Once more we face the clean white pages of a New Year in our life history. Where have we progressed with the resolutions and goals we outlined for ourselves last New Year's? Have we made any progress with our family plans and our personal aims and goals? Or have we just aimlessly drifted through another twelve months?

I hear you sigh. Ah, yes, I often feel that way, too, especially after an overabundance of rich food, company, and merrymaking during the holidays. How about taking a quiet time to meditate, rest, and almost fast? It is a pleasure to go through snapshots and slides and get them organized. Then I always answer all those Christmas cards from far-off relatives and friends that need an answer. Call those who need a reply. Relax and think about the year ahead.

Those shut-ins on your visitation list! Did you see any of them during the holidays? They might truly appreciate some of those leftover goodies, and those magazines you were going to discard. Most of all, they will enjoy your giving them your complete attention for an hour to let *them* talk. Even if it is all complaints, give cheerful encouragement, and try to turn the conversation to more happy things. (Just how would you talk if you were in their place?) I never return home after one of these calls that I am not overwhelmed by a sense of thankfulness and wonder at the full richness of my own life. It is truly I who get the greatest blessing from the call.

Have you ever offered to read to a sick child or to an old person with failing eyesight? How about offering to stay with a busy young mother's little ones while she gets out for two hours? Winter weather can be very hard on an active young woman shut in with little children day after day. Have you ever offered to help in a home where there is illness or a new baby?

Elderly people usually hesitate to ask for transportation when they really long to go shopping for personal items, pay some bills in person, or choose their own groceries instead of having a friend do it for them. When they are ill, or the weather is stormy, they appreciate having these things done for them. But how nice it is to be taken out by a patient, understanding driver when the weather is sunny! It breaks the monotony of the long winter.

How many of us are willing to give of our time to helping a handicapped child, or a retarded child? Are you like a lady I know who says she just can't



Frederick and some of the young Korean children from his church enjoyed a Sunday school picnic.

do that because they make her nervous? How well our gentle patience is repaid by one grateful, happy look. Most of our hard-working young people really haven't time for those things, so it seems to be up to us "past middle-agers who refuse to call ourselves old just yet."

A fine Christian woman I know has just died at age seventy. She retired from an interesting job just two years ago. Her husband was older, and had

been ill for some time. He died a year after her retirement. She had good health, good hearing and eyesight, owned her home, and drove her own car. But after her husband's death she simply made no attempt to adjust to a life alone. Her doctor told her son after her death, "It was her mental attitude that killed her. I could do absolutely nothing for her."

Another woman, several years older, with much less of this world's goods, no car, and few relatives to depend on, leads a busy, happy life. She is active in every project of her church, attends a senior citizens' club, helps regularly with Meals on Wheels, baby-sits when needed, alters clothing for relatives, friends, and neighbors. She quilts one day a week at her church ladies' aid, and travels when she has an opportunity. (As I write this she is attending the American Royal Livestock Show in Kansas City.) Later in the winter she is going with a special older group to Hawaii! This lively little woman lost her beloved husband in an accident fifteen years ago. She finished rearing their child, and went bravely on, although she lives all alone in her little house. She is a welcome addition in any group, for no one feels sorry for her.

Which type of person are you going to be? There, now, let's write out our goals for the New Year!

"Sonny, your little didies may be fresh and new now, but by the time the year's over you'll have put a lot of miles on them. So if you want to still look sharp a year from now, be sure your clothes are clean — safely clean.

"That means always washing with **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops**. It's a low-suds detergent with high class performance. Gets clothes really clean and fresh-smelling in any machine . . . even old-timers.

"But clean isn't enough. You'll need **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**, too, for sparkling newness, month after month. And you'll be glad to know **Kitchen-Klatter Bleach** is safe for new-fangled washable fabrics, as well as old standby prints, whites and colors.

"Use 'em both, Sonny, and you'll be clean clear through '74! Happy New Year!"

Kitchen-Klatter

BLUE DROPS and

SAFETY BLEACH



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

The latest book by Marjorie Holmes that has been winning approval is *You and I and Yesterday* (William Morrow and Co., Publishers, \$4.95). Here is all the charm of yesteryear, as she writes of childhood memories in the town of Storm Lake, Iowa, in the 1920's. Readers of that era (and some of a bit later) will recall details of their own lives with warm memories. One reviewer has written that it is en-



From one era to another a barn became a home for the Bob Watkins family in Clarinda, Iowa. Jed and Seth help with the brick wall.

riching to turn back time for a little while, so that we do not lose memories of the days that made us. He calls it restoration.

Writes Marjorie Holmes, "Time and distance always lend enchantment. Those of us who remember the Good Old Days can be expected to view them through the rosy spectacles of nostalgia. What is surprising is that so many of this generation seem to be sharing that view!"

She writes of the golden days of Grandpa's garden; the fun of playing Hide-and-Seek, and Pump, Pump, Pull-Away and Old Gray Wolf; of the days when the kitchen was the family room; the magic of the movie theater; the fun of being a king in a swing; and Moth-

er's accomplishment of the laundry.

She reminds us we're so spoiled in this rich country that we've lost the gift of sheer enjoyment — almost nothing is a treat. We have many luxuries as the refrigerator and cupboard overflow. But still we hear, "Why don't we ever have anything to eat?" Once she took her adolescent to the supermarket and told him to pick out whatever he wanted. He wandered about the place and came back with the basket, saying, "They don't have anything good either."

The writer explains that Friday night was reading-aloud time, especially in winter when the hard-coal burner "clucked and hissed and shed its rosy glow." The children would roast marshmallows over the coals of the hard-coal burner, and their mother would read through the words of Jack London, Edna Ferber, Gene Stratton Porter, and Zane Grey. Outside the wind would be howling, but "here in the snug circle of the family, here in the firelight, we were warm, safe, feasting on delight."

You and I and Yesterday tells of a town filled with uncomplicated and gentle people at a time when America knew its neighbors. This successful writer's newest book will be enjoyed by many eager readers and fans of hers.

Her hometown, Storm Lake, is a beautiful, well-kept town with its wide main street and neat homes. The lake adds to the beauty. Our family has enjoyed picnics by its shores; a good meeting place between Humboldt and Sioux City. How wonderful that Marjorie Holmes has written this ode to her hometown and people.

Sam Levenson's *Everything But Money* was a most successful book. His latest is *In One Era & Out the Other* (Simon and Schuster, Publishers, \$6.95). He says the trip took half a lifetime. He's not sure whether he got here too late for the old world or too soon for the new one.

His leftovers from the old world don't always fit into the new one. For example, money. Sam was brought up frugal: "Mama was an extravagant saver. She saved more than my father earned." He was taught to pay as he went. Now he finds if he wants to pay cash, he must first have two references: "To avoid public humiliation, I have been forced to use credit cards."

Sam's parents trained him for living with people. He's had to retool himself to live with machines.

Nobody pulls our world together (or takes it apart) the way Sam Levenson does in this funny book *In One Era & Out the Other*.

These two books remind me, with the energy crisis upon us, that we'll make it. It's been done before, and we can do it again.

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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 1973. Do you have a friend to add in 1974?

\$2.50 per year, 12 issues
\$3.00, foreign subscriptions
(Iowa residents,
please add sales tax.)

KITCHEN-KLATTER,
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



A SMALL BOREDOM CHASER

by

Mrs. Bruno Butkiewicz

From Thanksgiving to Christmas boredom affects few people. Most have so much to do that they would welcome another mind, another pair of hands, and more hours in each day.

From New Year's to spring, however, the outlook may be as forlorn as those dusty, battered Christmas trimmings awaiting the keep-or-throw-out decision. Unless some exciting event is anticipated, one's spirits may be lower than a duck's tummy.

Perhaps, too, mumps, measles, or other miserable ailments mean a child in bed who would much rather even be at school. Some interesting, quiet pastime would be a blessing to you and him.

Are those Christmas cards and envelopes still around? Some notes and letters need answers, and addresses need checking for next year. How about starting a collection of favorite cards? One friend has an impressive album of Madonnas. Several church schools want religious cards to supplement class material. Another friend uses all types of greeting cards to prepare scrapbooks for children's hospitals.

Did you notice the name labels on the envelopes? Some are eye-catching while others are plain. Several years ago I helped a minister who was making a collection of such labels. He mentioned this fact in a club bulletin, and received such a flood of material that another plea went in asking for a halt till time caught up with supply.

Christmas offers the wildest variety of labels. Would such a collection appeal to you? Little expense is involved if a loose-leaf notebook is handy, plus cement. New pages can be added as needed.

As you have noticed, these labels range from elaborate foil to plain paper. Initials, differences in print, pictures, designs, a rainbow of colors you will want pages for each type.

Your supply, of course, will mainly come from mail. Let others know about your new hobby and they will be glad to share any labels which are unusual. Just visiting about them will chase boredom, and that's what you wanted in the first place. This hobby requires little time and effort unless you want to publicize it as the minister did.

The little lamps of friendship
We light along our way,
Go shining on far down the years
And brighten everyday,
'Tis love that keeps them burning
And sympathy and trust,
God help us that no lamp goes out
Because we let it rust.

—Unknown

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Emily Driftmier, oldest of Wayne and Abigail's children, enlisted in the Peace Corps after graduation from the University of Colorado. She has been serving in Brazil, most recently in a supervisory position in Ruy Barbosa, Bahia. This picture was taken at a huge stock show. Her overalls were the uniform of those helping out. Can you see the head of a bull on the bib?

IT'S EASY! YOU'LL SEE — Concl.

stirring the riotously colourful contents, until it frothed and spilled over like the brew in a witch's cauldron.

She spoke softly in some strange and exotic tongue, "Macrame!" she murmured, then, even more mysteriously, "Huckaback!" and, looking into her eyes, I caught a terrifying glimpse of Things To Come.

KOHOUTEK'S COMET — Concluded

operate simultaneously, you'll see a double-tailed comet — one tail straight, the other curved.

There have been a few comets that haven't reappeared on schedule, but at those times meteor showers have occurred. A famous example is Biela's Comet, which split in 1846. Twin comets returned, following the same orbit, in 1852. The comets failed to return in 1872 and 1885, but both times there were brilliant meteor showers — the "shooting stars" so beloved by children.

It's been said that a great comet is one of the most awe-inspiring astronomical objects that a person is apt to witness in his lifetime. The conventional term "great comet" does not mean size visible to professional astronomers with their multimillion dollar equipment; rather, it applies to a comet, large enough and gloriously tailed, which approaches near enough to the sun and the earth to provide us with a spectacular show.

Kohoutek's comet — this winter's visitor — meets these requirements and some to spare! Termed the "Comet of the Century", there's nothing on record to compare with it. Any future newcomer would need to be magnificent indeed, to surpass its display. It's anticipated that this one will glow a fifth as brilliantly as the full moon, arch across a sixth of the skies, with its stunning, filmy tail trailing behind for tens of millions of miles. Head downward toward the southern horizon, great tail flaring upward and outward, we'll see it night after night. Though distance will create the impression that it's motionless, in actuality it zooms through space at more than 100,000 mph.

"The nearest thing to nothing that anything can be and still be something?" Correct in the physical sense only, I think. For visually, and emotionally, a display such as we're getting this season carries great impact. Even those persons who normally give little head to religion surely experience some sense of reverence, some acknowledgement of the Creator, as they view this striking sight in our southern skies. Ps. 19:1 says, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork."

So leave the TV a while. Leave your own handiwork. Leave behind the petty cares of the day, and of your life. Look up, and marvel, for here before us, as 1974 begins, is the dazzling, spectacular comet of the century: Kohoutek's discovery, but God's creation — the most awe-inspiring example you are ever likely to see, of His handiwork.

Have a happy day . . . each day in '74.

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JANUARY DEVOTIONS — Concluded

special needs to which we need to apply the "grace of grit".

Today is here. I will start with a smile and resolve to be agreeable. I will not criticize. I refuse to waste my valuable time. Today is one thing I know I have equal with all others. All of us draw the same salary in seconds, minutes, and hours. Today I shall not waste my time because the minutes I wasted yesterday are as lost as a vanished thought. Today I refuse to spend time worrying about what might happen — it usually doesn't. I am going to spend my time **MAKING THINGS HAPPEN.**

Today I am determined to study to improve myself, for tomorrow I may be wanted, and I must not be found lacking. Today I am determined to do the things that should be done. I am as firmly determined to stop doing things I should not do. Today I will not imagine what I would do if things were different. They are not different. I will make a success of the material I have. Today I will stop saying, "If I had time ---." I know I will never "find" time for anything. If I want time, I **MUST MAKE IT.** Today I will act as though this were my last day on earth. I will not wait for tomorrow. Tomorrow never comes. —Newspaper clipping

Reader One: Life goes on in the same humdrum way. This is the way we always did it. I wear the face of the **UN-CHANGEABLE**, the stand-patter. I never see anything new as interesting. I like the way we have always done things in our church (club). Why bring in all these new ideas in our schools, train our church leaders in new ways, spend our time thinking up new projects for our community? Why not go along as we always have? After all we turned out all right, didn't we? Why upset the routine? Of course it may be dull, but I'll know just how and what is going to happen. I won't have to worry about learning or trying anything new.

Reader Two: Well, it's not good enough for me! I intend to be a **FLEXIBLE** person, and I certainly do not intend that my "git-up-and-go should have got up and went" for a long time yet. What fun we miss in life when we cling to the same old rut! We can find the challenges of life interesting and satisfying when we meet them squarely and courageously, determined to come out on top. We all have disappointments, make mistakes, even suffer tragedies which bring about changes in our lives. How much easier we bear them if we are flexible in our thinking and in our doing.

The story is told of the wife who cherished a beautiful mulberry-colored urn. One day she came home to find that her husband had accidentally broken

off the top section. Of course she was heartsick, but she noticed he had painted the jagged edge a soft green. The next morning he filled it with fresh garden flowers, in an arrangement that had never been possible before. As she marveled at the beauty of the arrangement, gradually a truth came to her. God has given us many possibilities in life. One disappointment does not exhaust life's possibilities; change may prove God's (and our own) greatest opportunity. If we accept life's substitutes with faith and zeal, we may find life more interesting than before.

If you can't be a wave, be a ripple.

If you can't be a forest, be a tree.

If you can't be a rock, be a pebble;

But the thing most important is to **BE!**

If you can't be a king, be a peasant.

If you can't be an "A", be a "Z".

For the joy after all is not lessened,

So long as you're just the best you can be. —Anonymous

Solo: "The Impossible Dream" or "Everything Is Beautiful".

Leader:

Courage can be silent as the sunlight,

Invisible as air,

Soundless as an oak tree in the forest,

Quiet as a prayer.

Courage has no army and no banners;

Courage has no drums.

But, softly, when the heart asks God's help;

Courage always comes. —Unknown

Reader Two:

May I lend a hand to those who cannot see,

Speak for those mute of tongue who cannot utter word,

Relate God's word my sign of love to those who do not hear,

Use my legs on errands of mercy for those not blessed to run,

Fill my mind with compassion for the least of these, Thy children,

With lesser ability of thought to do Thy will,

Make my face a face of love, radiant and kind.

Through the new year and all my days, may I give myself.

—Paraphrased from a church paper

Song: (by all, if desired) "They'll Know We Are Christians by Our Love".

Closing Thought:

May ours be a *serene* face of faith — Faith to pursue our daily work as we should do;

Faith to still all doubt when things look black within, without;

Faith to do the right when strength seems weak, and dim the light;

Faith to see behind dark clouds that are silver lined.

May yours be a *happy* face for the new year.



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If you would be the architect of your own fate, make your plans and follow them.



Here it is, midwinter. Months from spring house-cleaning time, and look at the house.

A greasy film over pictures, mirrors and windows. Fingerprints. Smoke stain. Grime. Grit. Germs, probably.

A bucket of water, a sponge and **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** can change all that. Fast! **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** goes into solution the instant it touches water. And it attacks dirt, even greasy dirt, with the same blazing speed. No froth or scum to rinse away, no bottles to break. No nothing . . . but a fast, efficient, economical household cleaner. At your grocer's.

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

grumbling, and doesn't pester Katharine the way he did at an earlier date.

Katharine has changed as much in her own way as James has. I saw much more of her than I saw of James because she is no longer in school and is at home for the full day. Juliana said that she had such a long, long string of heavy colds during October and November that it just seemed wiser to forget school this year. After all, as Juliana says, she is only three and never would have entered that nursery school at all if she hadn't been so wild to keep up with James.

Her comments tickle me half to death. One morning when I was straightening out a bottom cupboard I came across a box half full of dried cat food. Katharine was there when I took it out and said: "Well, my goodness, now that old Sam is gone (Sam was their female cat they had to get rid of because



Lucile's young grandson, James Lowey, is fascinated with all types of equipment and was intrigued with this telescope on a mountain top.

James is allergic to animal hair) "we might as well pitch this."

She said instantly: "Oh, no! Someone might come to visit us and bring a cat and then that food would come in mighty handy." So we didn't pitch it.

This reminds me of something Juliana told me that I think is very funny. When Katharine was about eight months old and crawling all over the house, Juliana was in bed with the flu and Jed was taking care of the children. He was in the living room reading the evening paper when he became aware of the fact that Katharine wasn't in the living room.

He said to James: "Please go and find Katharine and see what she's up to." James returned and said: "She's out in the kitchen rummaging around in the trash and eating Sam's food."

When Juliana got this report she made a note to tell her pediatrician about it the next time she took Katharine in for a checkup. He laughed and said: "Think nothing of it. My three

kids grew up on cat food and dog food."

Juliana said: "He was exaggerating, of course, but it made me *feel* better."

Shortly after we arrived Katharine said to me: "Granny Wheels, I'm four years old."

"Oh, no, Katharine," I said, "you're three years old."

And she replied instantly with great emphasis: "Well, I'm **PLANNING** on being four." This struck me as very funny.

We had two delightful picnics while we were in New Mexico for the weather during the first week of our two weeks' stay was wonderful for picnics. Other than this, I didn't go anywhere, and primarily because it was such a pleasure simply to be with Juliana, Jed and the children.

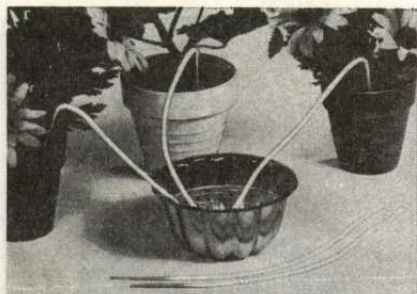
The new dining room was christened with a big and most happy Thanksgiving dinner. Dorothy had returned from her week in Roswell in time to be with us, and Mary Lea and Tony, the new member of our family, were also there. It was truly a lovely and heartwarming family time.

By the time this is in your hands we'll have had our Christmas Eve family celebration at Mother's home, and then on December 26th we'll go to Omaha to meet Juliana, James and Katharine who are coming to finish the holiday season with the home folks in Iowa.

Right now we're all busy getting things lined up for a lovely Christmas, and even though I cannot report on it until next month's issue I'll tell you all about it at that time.

A blessed and happy holiday for you and yours . . .

Lucile



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NEVER WON ANYTHING? Anyone can win Sweepstakes contests! Free details. Services, Box 644-KAA, Des Moines, Iowa 50303.

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KEEPSAKE! MOTHER'S-GRANDMOTHER'S "remembrance" Heart or Cross necklace with your children's birthstones. Cross — up to 11 stones. Heart — up to 18 stones. Gold or silver, 18" neckchain. \$4.00 each, gift boxed. (Specify choice and list birth months.) The Gift Fair, Box 1125-K, Oak Park, Illinois 60394.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
enumerate all of the things a human can do that a flea cannot do. Size for size we are not as strong as a flea physically, but mind for mind and spirit for spirit the human remains God's supreme creation. Our spiritual strength gives us a spring-like rebound action that makes it possible for us to rise above every crisis.

Here we are at the beginning of a New Year, and no one knows what the months ahead hold in store for us. Those of us of senior years have no fears, for we have lived long enough to endure the worst misfortunes and the most extreme tests life can bring. What we already have experienced in life has strengthened our faith and enlarged our confidence. In times of stress and strain we have trusted God and never found His help lacking. If only we could discover some new and wonderful way to implant in the hearts of our children what we already have gained from life!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Frederick

FACE NEW YEAR WITH GOOD CHEER

Few finer things can be done in human life than to greet the New Year with hope. Yesterday may have been hard, but yesterday is as certainly past as is the year 1973.

Today is here, and its character is not yet determined. There will be sunshine or showers according to the operations of laws which we may well control. Was yesterday a disappointment? The earth has turned around since yesterday. Face the New Year with good cheer!

You're Never Too Old To Hear Better

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

Try this non-operating model in the privacy of your own home, to see how tiny hearing help can be. It's yours to keep, free and without obligation. It weighs less than a third of an ounce, and it's all at ear level, in one unit. No wires lead from body to head.

These models are free, so we suggest you write for yours now. Again, we repeat, there is no cost, and certainly no obligation. Thousands have already been mailed, so write today to Dept. 4126, Beltone Electronics Corp., 4201 W. Victoria, Chicago, Ill. 60646.

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A WINTER THANK YOU

Thank you, dear Father,
for snow time,
The winds that whirl
in rhyme,
Crystal trees and
stay-with-us birds,
And crunching snow with
its happy words.
Thank you for each of
winter's parts.
Thank you for joy in happy hearts.

—Evelyn Witter

YOUR TIME — PRICELESS

None of us can truly appreciate the value of time — the opportunity we have each new day to live.

As one grows older, the hours become more precious. We realize time passes quickly, and only in memory can any of it be recalled.

The greatest of all wastes is the waste of time.

THE CAT'S NIGHT OUT

Tom came home from a frosty beat,
The cars lined at the curb;
He darted in between guests' feet,
Not wishing to disturb.

The room was filled with ladies fair,
And warmth, but what made him fizz
Was that one fat girl sat in the chair
Which had been always his.

Though he mewed politely, yellow eyes
Surveyed her with a chill;
He rejected, too, her hand, a prize
Proffered in good will.

But Tom lost out upon this floor,
(Continuing this tale of woe)
His mistress opened the basement door,
And deposited him below.

There the rest of the family sat,
And rose with laughter hearty;
"Welcome, Tom, to the displaced, that
Must vanish when Mom gives a party."

—Beulah M. Huey

OLD FATHER TIME

It seems to be true that as you grow older

Stairs get steeper; winters are colder.
Shoelaces are made so they're harder
to reach

Distances greater, too old to teach.
It takes longer to rest than it did to get
tired

Print gets smaller, glasses required.
But if a Boy Scout offers to help you
cross the street

Age is upon you, admit self-defeat.
—Ruth J. Jorgensen

THE VISIT

I ascend the staircase leading to
The attic where a cornucopia of
Memories lie under a coverlet of
Dust. The years roll back as hands
Reach out to finger each one. Some
Caress, evoking a smile. Others,
Prick, inducing a wince. Somewhere
A dog barks ending abruptly a visit
To the long ago. Descending the stair-
case

I am greeted by today, actively engaged
In weaving memories for tomorrow.

—Sara Lee Skydell

AUCTION

The bills were posted;
the set day arrived
to carry out her things —
to align them along the walk
or lay upon long tables
exposed to an alien world.
Curious fingers,
trying everything,
probed the boxes,
pulled the drawers
and poked through the aggregate.
Their thoughts self-centered —
none for her
who painstakingly had gathered
to smooth the corners,
to fill the vacancies
and make of the dwelling a HOME.

The auctioneer
sang his chant
praising the things
to bring a higher bid.
He cracked a joke or two
to jollify the crowd.
But I . . .
I stood behind
and watched the bidding
of the undiscerning throng
who thought that they were buying
her appliances,
her table, bed and chairs,
and the "articles
too numerous to mention" —
while I saw only
the years of mothering,
the gentle tender care,
the love that motivated her
to form of this cumulation
a warm and happy haven —
the hospitality of HOME.

—Ruth L. Hansen



In winter,
our flavoring
sales go up.

**SNOW
WONDER!**

This time of year, we get hungry for those fresh-fruit flavors we take for granted all summer. Like freshly picked cherries, or raspberries, or strawberries. We find ourselves longing for fresh fruit pies, and cobbles and sauce. And we reach for **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**.

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Burnt Sugar
Black Walnut
Maple

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Coconut
Strawberry
Vanilla

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Butter
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Mint

(Vanilla comes in both 3-oz. and Jumbo 8-oz.)

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

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings