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## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

Vol. 18

JANUARY, 1953

Number 1



Photo by Verness.

A Very Happy New Year from the Driftmiers

MISS JOSIE PFANNEBECKER  
RT 1 BOX 143 MAR 53  
SIGOURNEY IOWA





LETTER FROM LEANNA

## KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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Bristol, Rhode Island

Dear Friends:

Although you will read this letter in December I am writing it the day after Thanksgiving, for one glance at the calendar tells me that what we call our "dead line" is right here. And before I say another word about our trip I must tell you that we are having a wonderful vacation here in New England. The weather has been sunny and not too cold — what I call "suit weather".

As many of you know, we left Shenandoah at 8:00 o'clock on Thursday, November 13th. We crossed the Mississippi river at Keokuk about two in the afternoon and drove on to Havana, Ill. where we spent the first night. I always enjoy the ride through Illinois on Highway 136 for one passes through wonderful farming country, as is proved by the large houses and barns and well fenced and cultivated land.

As we drove through Hillsboro, Indiana I wrote in my notebook a sign that I am sure has amused many people: "The home of 600 happy people and a few old sore heads."

About 3:00 o'clock on Friday we reached Anderson, Ind. where our youngest son, Donald, is employed as an engineer by the Guide Lamp Co. When we telephoned him from a filling station he told us that he had engaged a motel at "Travelers' Rest" and we found it easily. As soon as he was through work for the afternoon he came out and we had a good visit. Then we went back to the home where he lives and had our evening meal. Mrs. Hittle, the woman in whose home he lives, was most gracious to us and we feel grateful to her for the many kind things she has done for Donald.

On Saturday we were able to spend the day with him for he doesn't have to work. We drove around Anderson to see all the big factories, beautiful homes and country clubs, and then went over to Muncie to see its big factories and the Ball Teachers' College; it is one of the best of its kind in the country.

Sunday we drove down to Seymour, Indiana where Mart's parents were reared. He especially wanted to visit the old church and cemetery to take photographs, so we stopped at a farm home to inquire the way — and believe it or not, but those people were distant relatives by marriage!

When we arrived back at the motel we had a telephone call from Frederick telling us that he would meet us at Irwin, Penn. rather than in Indianapolis as we had originally planned. We were glad to hear that he could pick us up on the Penn. Turnpike for the drive into Bristol because bad weather was forecast. And sure enough, by the time we reached Irwin we had heavy rain and it continued to rain without let-up until we arrived at Frederick's home.

All along the way we found very nice motels. Most of them offered both television and radio in addition to the standard shower baths and inner-spring mattresses. I don't know if it was because we were traveling at a time when comparatively few tourists were on the road or if we just had luck, but these comfortable motels cost us \$5.00 or \$6.00, which is considerably less than we've paid in other sections.

We drove on the New Jersey Turnpike from Philadelphia to New York City. These turnpikes are a wonderful time saver, and with a 50 mile per hour speed limit they are quite safe. We did see one terrible accident in the roadway parallel to us, but the driver was going at a terrific rate of speed, far beyond the legal limit.

As we drove into Bristol in the afternoon we saw Mary Leanna just leaving the school yard, so we stopped and picked her up. When we reached Frederick's house our mileage registered 2069 miles, but at least 200 miles of that was spent sight seeing with Donald in Indiana.

The weatherman has been cooperating wonderfully well with our plans since we have been here. Our days have been sunny and not too cold. It seemed strange to be out with only light coats on and then return to the house to hear reports of your severe blizzard that struck just before Thanksgiving.

One day we drove out on Cape Cod almost to Provincetown. The peninsula is very narrow with highways along the north and south shores. Many of the houses we passed date back to the early sixteenth century and are still occupied. In fact, these old houses are much more valuable than the newer ones! We saw countless "Cape Cod" and "Salt Box" types that have been well weathered by the storms of many years.

Tourists are the main industry on the Cape. During the summer months they come by thousands, and there are numerous artists' colonies because painters find much inspiration in the landscape. We saw cranberry bogs here and there, but of course the crop had been harvested for this year by the time we arrived.

On this trip we ate dinner at Orleans. The dining room had once been an old carriage shed but was refinished, of course, and it certainly had a great deal of atmosphere. I think that one of the nicest things about trips is the opportunity to eat in various kinds of restaurants, and I always keep my eyes open for good dishes that I can get the recipes for and share with you. Thus far we've had a really wonderful blueberry pie and an Indian pudding. I'll enclose the recipes for these that the chefs gave to me, and perhaps Lucile will find a place in this issue where they can be tucked in.

Our Thanksgiving dinner this year was eaten at Ashaway, Rhode Island where we were entertained by Betty's parents. Other members of her family were there and we certainly had a wonderful time — plus a delicious dinner. In the afternoon Mr. Crandall, Betty's father, showed colored movies of their children and grandchildren — these movies had been taken at previous family gatherings and we thoroughly enjoyed seeing them.

We had expected to leave Bristol on December 1st, but our car had to be taken in for work and consequently it will be December 4th before we leave here for Washington.

In Washington (we plan to allow two days for the trip) we will stop at a motel that Philip Field (brother Henry's son) has engaged for us. He and his wife, Marie, and daughter, Billie, plan to take us sight seeing, and since Lucile reported on the confusing streets and heavy traffic in Washington, we will surely appreciate their help.

From Washington we plan to take it slowly down to Florida. I don't know just where we will go. Some good friends of ours from Massachusetts (we first met them in California) are going to be at Lake Worth, so we will go there first. Beyond this we have no plans whatsoever.

I've been urging Dorothy for at least three years to write an article about smocking, and I'm glad to hear that she will get it done for this issue. I told Betty just now as I let down a hem for Mary Leanna that I doubted if any grandmother let down more hems than I do what with Juliana, Kristin, Emily, Alison and Mary Leanna growing up so fast.

The children tell me that they plan to have a family gathering at our old home on Summit Avenue. All of them plan to be there, with the exception of Donald and Frederick. I don't know where we will be on Christmas Eve, but our hearts will certainly be back there — that's certain.

A happy, happy Christmas to you and your loved ones. May this New Year bring you joy and peace.

Affectionately yours, Leanna



## A GARDEN POTPOURRI

By Lucile

This snowy winter afternoon when I sat down to think about our garden I found that the above title simply flashed into my mind. After I had it down in black and white it looked a little funny to my eyes, so I got up to consult Webster. And this is what he says:

"Potpourri"—A Medley or mixture; a mixture, as of spiced flower petals in a jar, used to scent a room."

In view of the fact that I intended to use the word in conjunction with a garden, I felt I'd never been so fortunate in turning to Webster and locating a definition.

Memories and imaginations are the ingredients we must depend upon these days when snow blows wildly through the air and at times every loved and familiar shrub and tree are blotted from sight. In spite of the fact that our wall behind the pool is a good seven feet high, I couldn't even see it a moment ago when I went to the window.

Those of you who have visited our garden can visualize this pool and wall. But, come to think of it, I don't believe that I've ever said very much about it in these pages; so this is as good a time as any to tell you how it was made.

We've known a number of people who built pools and it always sounded to us like a lot of work. Furthermore, in some cases those pools sprang a leak and the luckless owner went out on a fine morning only to find his goldfish dead — and not a drop of water in sight.

We didn't want this to happen to us. And in addition, Russell had hauled tons of dirt to make the various levels of our garden and he was in no frame of mind to haul anymore. That is why we dismissed the idea of building a conventional concrete pool.

A stock tank, the biggest one made, was what we finally settled on. This was delivered to our side terrace on a fine day and there it stood until Russell had time to dig out the area where it was to be located. This excavation was quite a job for the surface had to be exactly level, and since a thick layer of cinders was put in, an axe had to be taken to break it down — again keeping it level.

When the time arrived to install the tank in its prepared area, I stood by helplessly while Russell turned it end over end. Such moments constitute some of the greatest crises that we ever experience in our lives! It was terrifically hot that day, the tank weighed a ton (figuratively speaking) and was about as easy to handle as a full grown elephant. I can never recall feeling greater relief than the moment when it was balanced precariously on the brink — and then settled down.

However, one important detail has been omitted and I should go back now and explain that while the tank was still standing on the terrace it was given two coats of waterproof enamel in sky blue. This was supposed to keep it from rusting out. Within



And a happy journey, Mother and Dad! This was taken as the folks left for Bristol, Rhode Island, their first stop on a winter trip.

twenty-four hours after it had been filled with water that paint started flaking off in great sheets. It has continued to do so.

There is nothing particularly attractive about the stark edges of a stock tank in plain sight, so the next step was to give it a coping, or edging, of marble slabs. We have Aunt Helen Fischer to thank for these beautiful marble stepping stones that once formed a path through her garden. She rearranged things, had no further use for the marble, and passed it on to us.

We had a walk of our own made with these marble slabs, but they were so exactly what we needed to edge the pool that we tore up the walk and replaced it with concrete slabs that once constituted part of our business section sidewalk. When Shenandoah went through the throes of a major street improvement program it was necessary to unload quantities of old concrete slabs, and we were lucky enough to get some.

From time to time you friends who have called at our garden have commented about the beautiful white marble edging. I never hear such nice comments without remembering back to the scalding summer afternoons when I sat out there and polished each one with a steel brush. They'd better gleam!

Although our own nursery can supply us with just about everything imaginable in the line of stock, we don't have tropical water plants, so we sent away for a goodly collection of things. As a matter of fact, we ordered too much for in our inexperience we didn't realize how quickly and luxuriantly some of those things grow. Within one season we had enough for several pools.

We also ordered all kinds of fish and turtles. These came by express in a huge bucket (there was a label

attached to that bucket asking us to send it back by return express — we did), and it was an exciting afternoon when we turned all of these things into our pool.

Frogs were not included in the shipment, but it wasn't long until they turned up from someplace, and then on almost every summer night we heard a chorus that made us think we were in some marshy woods.

I suppose, everything considered, we've never had a spot that we enjoyed more than our pool. There are chairs around it; the wall, plus a Russian Olive and the Lombardy Poplars, furnish shade; and somehow with the water, and the pattern of light and shadow, it always seems ten degrees cooler there than it does anywhere else in the garden. On moonlight nights when our lilies are open, it is truly a lovely and enchanted place.

I said earlier that memories and imagination are what we call upon at this season when we think about our gardens. Just now I went to the window to see what that pool really does look like on such a stormy day, and I couldn't see it at all! All of the goldfish are in three big tubs in our basement, and the turtles are in a big dish upstairs.

There's one occupant of the pool that is right out there underneath the ice. When we moved everything in about two months ago we unearthed an enormous frog, one so big that I looked at his legs wistfully and thought how good frog legs had tasted the last time, five years ago, when we enjoyed them in Florida. We can't imagine how *any* frog could have grown so huge in one short summer and have concluded that he was a big-sized fellow when he moved in.

Well, have you forgotten for these few minutes about the frozen, desolate world outside? I hope so. And I also hope that if you have ever wanted a pool but didn't feel up to tackling the concrete variety, you will consider our solution to the problem. From experience we know that it works.

## THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE.

The last chime has rung in the old year's face.

His hours ticked off in time and space. The last second has passed into the beyond

Carrying memories troubled or fond.

The whispering wind has carried away The dream filled night and the busy day.

Has carried too, the worries and fears; The pain and suffering; the sorrows and tears.

We turn lifes' pages to one unused and clean.

We close the book on what might have been

And take up our living. Our souls can borrow

From the treasure chest of a bright tomorrow.

Old grief, old troubles, old problems are few

When we ring out the old and ring in the new!

—Phyllis Johnson Pasqualetti



## FREDERICK WRITES FROM BRISTOL

Dear Friends:

It doesn't seem possible that the year 1952 is now to be placed in the catalogue of memories. Twelve months ago we wondered what the year would hold for us, and now we know. The future became the present, and now the present is to become the past.

In anticipation we wondered how we could ever meet the troubles and the heartaches of 1952; in retrospect we wonder why we ever worried. The old, old lesson is still true — God gives us strength for every need. We don't know what is in store for us in 1953, but we do know that nothing will be too difficult when God is by our side. The year 1952 was a good year for the Driftmiers in Bristol. It was a busy one, an active one, and a satisfying one. Of course there was much that we did not get accomplished, things that we wanted to do that we never did, trips that we wanted to make that we never made, money that we wanted to save that we never saved, expenses that we want to cut that we never cut, but still it was a good year. We love our church; we love our town; and our love for each other is greater than ever. What more do we need for 1953?

In my December letter to you I quoted at length from a sermon that I had preached in our church last fall, a sermon that told of the sacrifices of the boys in Korea. Just a week ago I received a letter from Korea signed by fifteen Marines of the First Marine Division. One of the boys had been sent a copy of the sermon and he had passed it around to his buddies. Here is the letter those boys sent to me:

Dear Mr. Driftmier:

You preached a sermon sometime ago on the subject, "Forgive Us Our Debts". You were expressing the feeling of many who have not the chance nor the means of telling their countrymen what this war means to them. It is a lonely feeling to be engaged in a war that no one wants and no one understands.

It is even more difficult to comprehend the attitude of those who benefit from our service in Korea. You have said in words simple and direct the inner thoughts and deepest frustrations of many who are waiting for the war to end and watching for the next enemy move.

Officially we cannot complain nor can we cry out to the newspapers about our feelings. Only through men like you can the people hear our cry. When we return to civilian life the war will be over and men will want to forget the ravages of war.

Old men will make the peace that young men have died to win.

We hope and pray that some will always remember the lessons of this war.

(Here followed the signatures of 15 Marines).

You folks know that I have travelled rather extensively all over the world. My trips have some times been exciting and sometimes been dull. Believe it or not, one of the most exciting trips I ever made was just this winter

when I flew out to Pittsburg to meet my mother and father and drive them back to Bristol. How could such a common-place journey as a flight to Pittsburg be exciting? Just wait until I tell you!

In the first place, the trip to Pittsburg was supposed to be a trip to Indianapolis. My parents were to meet me at the Indianapolis airport on a Sunday evening. Saturday night I had to call them and explain that a funeral in my parish would delay my departure until Tuesday evening. It was then planned that we would begin driving from Indianapolis on Wednesday morning. However, on Monday I had to call mother and dad and explain that a second funeral in the parish would delay my departure until Wednesday evening. It was then decided that time would be saved if my parents drove on as far as a little town of Irwin, Pennsylvania on the turnpike just east of Pittsburg. I was to fly to Pittsburg Wednesday evening and meet them at Irwin Thursday morning.

My plane out of Providence was behind schedule, and as we were leaving the ground the pilot announced through the loud speaker system that we would be in New York in fifty-five minutes. I immediately rang for the steward who was busy serving dinner and told him please to inform the pilot that I had to catch a plane out of New York for Pittsburg in fifty minutes. Believe it or not, the pilot brought us into LaGuardia Field at New York in forty minutes. They let me off the plane first and told me to run to the airplane that was just preparing to pull away from the airport terminal. The plane crew on the Pittsburg flight was just closing the door when I dashed up the steps.

As we taxied over to the take-off strip the stewardess looked at my ticket and said: "I see that you are going to Pittsburg. Didn't they tell you that because of the bad storm that we are heading into tonight that we may not land in Pittsburg?"

I told her that I had not had an opportunity to talk to anyone in the office and asked what would happen if we could not land at Pittsburg. "Oh," she said, "we shall take you to Columbus, Ohio and put you on a train for Pittsburg tomorrow morning."

As we flew over New York City there was no sign of any storm as yet, and so I sat back to enjoy the flight and make the best of what might prove to be a bad situation. It was the first time I had seen New York from the air by night, and I can't begin to tell you how beautiful, how thrilling it was. Just as far as we could see out of either side of the plane there were millions of lights. It was a fairy land come to life. The pilot very obligingly tipped the plane first to one side and then to the other so that we could look right down on the tall buildings and the rivers of lights that marked the city streets and traffic-filled avenues.

That beauty did not continue for long, and just a few minutes out of New York we ran into some nasty, bumpy weather. All of us were in-

structed to keep our seat belts fastened all the way to Pittsburg, and after the first few minutes of rough flying no passenger had to be reminded of it.

We appreciated the additional security of the belts. As we came over the city of Pittsburg the storm let up long enough for us to land, but as we stepped out of the plane into a driving rain and wind, I marveled at the extraordinary skill it must have required to land in such difficult weather.

I met my parents on schedule the next morning and then drove them all day long through the rain. Since we had to drive through the mountains we considered ourselves very fortunate indeed that we encountered no ice and snow. By three o'clock the next afternoon we were safely at our journey's end in Bristol.

The bad weather that you had out in the Middle West around Thanksgiving missed us completely here in Rhode Island. As a matter of fact we had good weather practically the entire time that mother and dad were in Bristol. While they were here I was kept busy with my parish duties, but we did find the time to take several short trips to various points on the New England coast. I did most of my writing and studying late at night after the rest of the family had gone to bed.

How would you like to take a family of seven children from New England to Florida on a small oyster boat? One of our church families is on its way now in just such a fashion. The mother and father have their bunks in the wheel house, the boys are sleeping in the engine room, and a small one room cabin was built on the stern of the boat for the girls. When they sailed from Bristol the family car was tightly lashed to the forward deck. The father of the family is an oyster fisherman by trade, and he intends to look for work in Florida.

I certainly admire the courage and the faith that those parents had to have to make such a long trip under such difficult conditions. Just before they left I suggested to one of the family that I be asked to bless the boat in a little farewell ceremony. The suggestion was very kindly rejected with the reminder that the last time I blessed a boat in Bristol it had an accident twenty minutes after the ceremony, had another accident the following week, and was finally wrecked and sunk in a storm!

Sincerely,  
Frederick.

## NEW RADIO SCHEDULE

for your

## KITCHEN-KLATTER VISIT

Our Kitchen-Klatter radio visit can now be heard on KFNH and KFEQ at 9:00 A. M. and on KOWH and WJAG at 11:00 A. M.

KFNH—SHENANDOAH, IA. — 920  
on your dial 9:00 A.M.  
KFEQ—ST. JOSEPH, MO. — 680  
on your dial 9:00 A.M.  
KOWH—OMAHA, NEBR. — 660  
on your dial 11:00 A.M.  
WJAG—NORFOLK, NEBR. — 780  
on your dial 11:00 A.M.



## THANKFUL HANDS IN GOD'S HOUSE

By Mabel Nair Brown

Often we wish we could find some tangible way to say a special "thank you" to God for His many blessings, and it is hard to imagine a better way to do this than by putting our hands to work in God's house. Oh, of course we help out with the Aid duties, and the church suppers and socials, but there are other tasks for willing and thankful hands to do.

I wonder how many of us take it for granted that when we come to church on Sunday morning we will find God's house spotless and shining, tall tapers glowing in gleaming candelabra, hymn books in every rack, a lovely anthem by the choir? Most of us, I think!

Some of the large city churches are financially able to have paid labor keep the church home tidy and running efficiently, but I am sure there are far more churches who must "dip and deal" on a slim budget, and who rely on faithful members to do many of the "extras".

Then, too, there are always those who cannot contribute financially to the church but who welcome every opportunity to use their hands in service for God and His church. Here, also, are the opportunities to give the elderly or partially handicapped a chance to share in the housekeeping in God's house.

These are some examples of the way willing and thankful hands can serve in the church other than in the regular church services.

Not only must the candles on the altar be replaced when burned down, but often each fresh candle must be pared down so that it will fit the holder. The candelabra must be kept polished and shining, as must the altar cross, too. The cushions in pulpit chairs must be cleaned (vacuumed, perhaps?) and aired frequently. Yes, a pair of thankful hands could work wonders in keeping the altar and pulpit furnishings in order.

Who oils the church bell or cleans the organ pipes in your church? Could you offer to run your vacuum cleaner over the church carpeting at regular intervals to keep it clean and to prevent particles of grit from being left in the carpet to wear it out?

Willing hands can be at work before prayer and song. How nice if some special person, or committee, checks the hymnals and the church music frequently and mends torn pages with transparent tape. If there is a goodly amount of choir music, the choir organist and director would appreciate having it catalogued and filed so that any piece might be readily found at a moment's notice.

Some man who is handy at carpentry work might be glad to make a filing cabinet to hold this music if your church needs such a cabinet. Perhaps one of your high school lads might be eager to do this in his Manual Training class as his contribution to his church.

It is always nice if some older member of the congregation will take the



Uncle Bert Driftmier and Aunt Anna Driftmier, Dad's brother and sister, both of whom live in Clarinda, Iowa. Uncle Bert operates a mill, and Aunt Anna is a retired librarian.

Junior Choir under her wing and see that their robes are kept in good repair.

Flowers add so much to the beauty of a church. Perhaps this would be the place for your hands to serve if you have a special knack for arranging them. One friend of mine makes it a point to grow flowers and potted plants so that she can supply flowers for the church every month in the year.

Do you love to keep records and scrapbooks? Why not do this for your church? If old records have been lost or poorly kept, you can earn the gratitude of your fellow members and future members, if you visit the older members and learn the facts and history of the church and get them down into a neat record book.

And how lovely it would be if such a book could be illustrated with photographs — church fairs, church floats in town parades, exceptional programs. All these, plus the routine list of members, baptisms, etc., would make your book a treasure chest for church members.

Speaking of scrapbooks or record books, is there a member in your church who makes a hobby of book covers or scrapbooks? Perhaps that person would make a Guest Book for your church. It is so nice to have such a book where church visitors can write their names and address, perhaps a comment or two, if they wish.

I hope your church has special members designated each Sunday to welcome visitors, learn their names, introduce them to others and see that they find their way to Sunday School classes if they care to go. Given such a warm welcome I am sure they would sign your guest book gladly and leave your church with a warm glow in their heart for the friendliness and spiritual goodness that your church offered.

Handwork that the teachers of nursery and kindergarten classes can use to keep their small charges constructively occupied all during the Sunday School hour might be prepared by some member of the church. Former public school teachers often have mimeographs or hectographs they can use for this purpose.

Yes, THANKFUL HANDS can find much to do in the church, for it takes "elbow grease", as well as prayer and money, to keep God's House beautiful.

## RING IN THE GLAD NEW YEAR

By Mabel Nair Brown

It is always fun to point up special days by an interesting centerpiece or buffet arrangement and here are some decorating idea that are sure to please your friends and your family during the New Year's festivities.

TIME MARCHES ON might well be the theme for a table arrangement which features a child's toy drum placed on its side in a bed of greens. On each side of the drum use a crayon to draw the face of the clock with the hands pointing to twelve o'clock. Lay the drum sticks criss-cross on the top of the drum and fasten there with scotch tape. For a place favor choose a bright red apple and use white icing in a pastry tube to draw the face of a clock on one side of the apple. This apple clock might be a candle holder with a piece of stick candy stuck in it for the candle. Or small birthday candles might be used and at an appropriate time the guests might light the candle, each in turn, and make a New Year's resolution or wish.

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU says the gay arrangement which uses greens, a string of bells entwined among them (how about grandfather's old sleigh bells?) and three cotton snowmen placed among them for accent. Add two or three of the toy or miniature horns, and noisemakers to welcome in the New Year. Provide gay paper hats as favors.

If you have the bell cake molds, why not mold two popcorn New Year Bells? Use small red candies to write 1953 on each bell. Place the bells on your largest tray or glass plate and add a large red bow at the top. If you have a few sprays of holly to tuck in the ribbon bow, it will add an extra festive touch. Favors might be bell-shaped cookies or individual cakes frosted white with the red candies used to outline the edge of the bell and to write the year.

## THE OLD AND NEW YEAR

The weary traveler old and worn  
In faded coat and sandals torn;  
Has journeyed a year by night and day,  
The lamp of wisdom lighting his way.  
A babe is trudging by his side  
With youth and hope and New Year pride,  
Now that the old man's journey is done  
With blessings he leaves the little one,  
Happy New Year!  
—Elfriede Schutt

Look not mournfully into the past;  
it comes not back again; wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.  
—Longfellow.

## COVER PICTURE

What could be more wonderful for four little cousins than to have a whole afternoon together to enjoy the first snow of the season and a new sled? Juliana, Kristin, Emily and Martin are the lucky cousins.



## IF YOU WANT TO SMOCK, READ THIS

Dear Friends:

In times past I have had many letters from mothers of little girls asking me for information about smocking. Unfortunately, since this is a subject that cannot be answered in just a few words, I'm afraid my answers to these requests have been very inadequate. By the time you have worked all day in an office, and find your evenings taken up with routine matters at home, there is little time left for writing long and detailed letters.

Since there is not much activity on the farm to write about these days, I decided to devote my letter to you this month to the subject of smocking beautiful dresses for little girls.

It has long been a standing joke in our family that if you have a household gadget which suddenly refuses to work, just drop it in Dorothy's lap because she won't give up on it until she has it mastered. Of course, since most household gadgets today are electrical, I gave this up quite some time ago. But it is true that I do love to figure things out, and puzzles just fascinate me. I am mentioning all of this because if it hadn't been for this eccentricity of mine, I probably would never have learned to smock. I might add that I now call smocking my hobby, the only genuine hobby I have ever had.

One afternoon in Hollywood about a month before Kristin was born I stayed at home to baby-sit with Juliana while Lucile went shopping. When she came home she showed me this pattern for a beautiful smocked dress and the lovely pink batiste she had gotten with which to make the dress. There was no doubt in my mind but what Lucile would figure this new stitch out and make this darling dress, because Lucile had always been the seamstress in our family and could do gorgeous embroidery; whereas the extent of my embroidery, until this date, had been a set of cross-stitched tea towels for Mother one Christmas.

When I dropped in to see Lucile that evening I found her with a piece of scrap material with lots of dots on it, and the instructions. She informed me that she had been struggling with it for an hour and was getting nowhere and asked me to take a look at it. There was much arguing but eventually I had a look at it. To me it was just a wonderful puzzle to be figured out and by the end of the evening I could smock!

Since that time I imagine I have smocked at least sixty dresses for our girls, nieces, and friends. So if you want to learn how to smock don't feel that you have to wait until you find someone who can teach you, because if I could learn from the directions that come with the transfer, believe me you can too.

There are two different kinds of smocking transfers available. You can buy either a dress pattern with accompanying transfers, enough for this one dress, or you can buy envelopes that contain sheets of trans-



We turned back into our old photograph book to find this picture of Kristin Solstad, Kristin Johnson and Juliana Verness. All of them are wearing dresses smocked by Dorothy. They were three years old at this time.

fery. As a beginner I would suggest you buy both of these because you are going to need something to practice with so that you will have your basic stitches mastered on practice material before you tackle your dress.

Complete instructions will come with these transfers, not only a description of how to do each stitch, but also a photograph showing the exact size of the stitch and how it should look. I am not going to try and describe in detail how to make these stitches because without the transfer in front of you to look at you wouldn't know what I was talking about, and their explanations and photographs are far more clear than any I could give.

The two basic stitches that I consider the most important are the cable stitch and the one-step wave. Not only are they the two easiest ones to learn, but they are used in practically every smocking pattern that I have ever seen. You will find stitches called the two-step wave, three-step wave, and so forth — these are merely variations of the basic one-step wave.

For your practice material, and also for the first few dresses you make, be sure to use a plain material and one that is light in color. I mention this because the maze of dots that you will see on your transfer will be a dark blue and you want each and every dot to stand out clearly.

I learned my lesson on this the hard way. I was going to teach a friend how to smock and the material she brought up for me to cut out and stamp for her was a white background with a tiny little figure of yellow and brown flowers, and also lots of little tiny brown dots. Knowing that my transfer was dark blue I thought surely it would be easy to see the difference in the dots. The upshot of it was that all the dots looked just alike, and it ended up with me smocking the dress and it took me days and days to finish it.

When you first start on your practice material don't be discouraged if it looks bad, because you will have to have considerable practice before you will find out just how tight to pull your thread so that all of your stitches look exactly alike.

Once you have mastered the basic stitches you are ready to start your dress, and when you open this pattern and take out the transfer you won't be frightened by all the dots because by this time those dots will make sense to you.

With each dress that is to be smocked comes a piece of pattern that is called the smocking guide. This guide is the size of the finished garment throughout the section that is smocked. You use the tissue pattern to cut a second pattern from heavy wrapping paper, the heavier the better.

The first row of dots on your transfer will be the gathering row, and will come between an eighth and a quarter of an inch from the top edge of your material. With ordinary thread gather this row until the top of your dress fits the top of the smocking guide. Now you sew the dress to the brown paper across the top, around the arm holes and down the sides. You do not smock right through the paper. The guide simply holds the material firmly and makes it much more simple to pull your threads tautly.

When the dress is completely smocked, remove the paper guide, but do not remove your gathering thread until you have put your dress together; otherwise you will have difficulty getting the material to fall into beautiful folds at the shoulder and the neck.

Now as to the kind of material and the kind of thread to use. Stick to cottons and use cotton embroidery thread because they are the easiest to work with. If you use a fine batiste for a baby dress, use three strands of

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## A VERY HUMAN PROBLEM

By Hallie M. Barrow

Not long ago the Public Forum Department of a large city newspaper asked this question: "What do you do with a retired husband?"

Probably the editors of that department were amazed at the avalanche of letters that reached them from their readers. Many of these letters carried a bitter complaint of having a husband at home all the time and underfoot. Of course, in a city apartment there is not much for a man to do and he is likely to be restless and unhappy.

Some of these wives stated that during the years their husbands spent their days at an office or factory they had built up a life of their own and belonged to numerous organizations and social clubs. Now that the husband was home and unhappy he expected his wife to give up all these interests and concentrate her attention on him.

There were a few wives who took the other side and said they were glad to have their husbands home, but unfortunately they were a very small minority.

At the height of this controversy a fine letter was written by a man who specializes in problems of older people. He said that in his long experience with human relationship problems he had observed this:

It was too late to start a congenial companionship when the husband retired if a couple had not worked from the beginning of their marriage to have common duties, pleasures, friends, church activities, hobbies, and plans for leisure periods and vacations. The ideal couple was one that had many things in common all during the years when perhaps there was no extra money or time. The ideal couple planned and hoped for various goals and worked and looked forward to carrying out these plans when the husband retired and there would be sufficient time. For such couples this period of retirement when dreams could materialize might well be the happiest time of the marriage.

I decided to look around our small town and regard the status of retired husbands. Were they the nuisance so many retired city men were? A small town is a good place to look into this subject of retired men because the population of many small towns nowadays is composed of farm couples who have retired and moved into their home town. They do not want to live in a city but prefer small towns.

I made the rounds carefully and I can assure you that there is no retired husband problem here. I don't know if this is because the people I talked with are retired farm couples, or simply because this is a very small town — but in these parts a retired husband is a distinct asset.

Who else could be found to mow the grass, cut weeds, set out flowers, care for a vegetable garden, gather and help prepare fruits and vegetables for canning or freezing, feed the chickens and, if they keep a cow, do the milking? Our retired men put up stoves



These three little cousins had two wonderful days together at a beach near Wilmington, North Carolina. Kristin Solstad is now tall and slender, in contrast to the chubby three-year old you can see on the opposite page. Paul Solstad, aged four, amused Juliana by singing all of the well known Marine songs.

in the fall and take them down in the spring, beat carpets, shake rugs, help with the washing, and do all the odd jobs of carpentering and repairing. They go up town twice a day for the mail. They probably stop on their return trips for a session of our Chair Warmers Club at the produce house and take home to their wives all of the local news. Most of them go to church Sunday morning with their wives. In fact, these retired men in our parts lead as full a life as they ever did and couldn't understand the fretting of women who say that their husbands have nothing to do.

We think the reason there is no retired husband problem in small towns is just exactly the answer given by the human relations expert: on the farm they developed common interests.

A farmer's business is no mystery to his wife. She knows as well as he does how many hogs, calves, cows, horses and sheep are on the place. She likely has helped out occasionally with the field work and knows as quickly as he does when they need a new tractor or hay baler. He has given her a hand with the poultry and her vegetable garden. Neither of them has had the time or the opportunity to cultivate wholly individual interests that cannot be shared by other members of the family. It's pretty much a group proposition all the way through — mutual responsibilities and mutual pleasures.

To us, that was a very touching ceremony when the minister at The Little Brown Church in the Vale took the newly married couple to the vestibule, put their hands on the bell rope and told them to pull together — and to pull the rest of their married life in the same way.

We think there is great truth in this motto we saw worked on an old sampler: "Coming together is a beginning; keeping together is progress; working together is success." Most farm couples have this experience of keeping and working together, and their retirement requires no great adjustment to each other.

As a matter of fact, regardless of where people live they can lay the groundwork through earlier years for a happy retirement period if they work at it. Married couples who've spent many years in a city apartment with working hours that took them from each other from quite early in

the morning until night, will definitely not have the natural opportunities to share the day's activities together that farm or small town married couples have . . . so it stands to reason that they must use imagination and foresight to create mutual interests that will stand them in such good stead when the time comes to retire.

We do have our problems in our small town, but how to keep a retired husband from being a nuisance is not one of them.

The big problem, the tragic problem in any size town is the lonely plight of widows and widowers who miss their mates so keenly and must travel a very lonely road.

## FUN FOR AN "INDOOR DAY"

By Mildred Cathcart

During these winter months you will surely be up against quite a few days when the children must stay indoors, and there are times when mothers feel as if they cannot possibly drum up another bit of entertainment to answer that all-too-familiar plaint: "Well, what can we do now?"

Most of us, until we learn better, figure that the new Christmas toys will solve our problems for a long, long time to come. In fact, I'm sure that one of the great disillusionments we experience as mothers comes when we realize how quickly new toys can lose their charm. It's at such times that three simple items you are sure to have on hand can really come into their own. And I'm thinking of spools, oatmeal cartons and milk caps.

First, let us take spools. Tick tacks are fun even though it is not Halloween. Then spools of all sizes make wonderful building material. Towers, castles, houses, and numerous things can be erected. Small children enjoy stacking various size spools on top of each other, sorting out according to size. If you provide a heavy cord with an end dipped into nail polish to make it firm, the children can string the spools. And even larger children will enjoy making spool dolls. The older girls may paint the spools, add tiny artificial flowers and presto!! they will have "place cards" or favors for their next party.

Moral: never, never throw away a spool!

If you are short on spools, let us consider oatmeal cartons. By turning the box sideways and cutting out a section you can make a doll cradle, and little girls will be delighted to make fancy bed covers for such a cradle. If no small doll is available, suggest a clothes pin dolly for the cradle.

For brother the oatmeal carton may be converted into a drum. The box may be covered with brown paper and it may have stripes painted on it or pictures painted on it.

The older children can make fairly substantial wren houses from these cartons by shellacing or varnishing them and hanging them in a protected place. Such a house will easily

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### FROM MY BLACK NOTEBOOKS!

Sixteen years ago this month when I was first married, I spent many winter evenings making some cook books. I used inexpensive, rather small black loose-leaf notebooks, and since I was clipping many recipes from magazines, I often cut out and pasted in the glamorous colored illustrations.

These little cook books have been right beside me through all of these years. I now have quite a complete collection of fine cook books, but nothing has ever taken the place of my little cheap home-made cook books. They stand on a shelf in the kitchen and their appearance is disgraceful...you can see plainly enough that they've been consulted again and again AND again.

But they're crammed full of my favorite old standbys, so this month I'm passing on to you some of these recipes.—Lucile.

#### LIGHT-AS-A-FEATHER GINGERBREAD

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1 beaten egg
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 3/4 tsp. ginger
- 3/4 tsp. cinnamon

Pour boiling water over shortening. Add remaining ingredients and beat until smooth. Batter will be very thin but do not add more flour. Bake in greased, 8-inch square pan in a 350 oven for 35 minutes.

I've tried countless gingerbread recipes and I've never found one that compares to this. Just last week we had it for dessert with whipped cream on top—a wonderful wind up to supper on a cold winter night.

#### MY FIRST CRANBERRY SALAD

- 1 pkg. cherry gelatine
  - 1 cup hot water
  - 1/2 cup cold water
  - 1 small orange, cut in small pieces
  - 1/2 cup pineapple pieces
  - 1 can of whole cranberry sauce
  - 1/4 cup chopped pecans or almonds
- Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Add cold water. When partially thickened add orange, pineapple, cranberry and nuts. Serve on crisp lettuce leaf with salad dressing to which a small amount of honey has been added.

## "Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

#### VEAL PAPRIKA

- 2 lbs. veal steak, sliced
- 3 Tbls. shortening
- 1 onion, sliced
- 1 cup boiling water
- 3/4 cup thick cream (sweet or sour)
- 1 1/2 tsps. paprika

Melt shortening and gently brown onion. Cut veal steak into individual serving pieces, dip in flour, and then fry slowly until brown. Season with salt and pepper. Lower heat and add boiling water. Cover tightly and simmer slowly for about an hour. Stir in cream and paprika and serve with:

#### FRIED NOODLES

- 1/2 lb. fine noodles
- 2 Tbls. shortening

Cook noodles until tender in boiling salted water. Drain thoroughly. Fry until crisp in shortening.

Comments: When I first made this dish years ago there were no commercial chow mein type fried noodles on the market, so I always prepared my own as mentioned above. These days, particularly when I'm in a hurry, I use the commercial product.

If I'm serving this for guests, I like to add 1/3 cup of almonds, blanched and cut into small pieces—these are mixed with the noodles. If I don't have almonds at hand, I like to add 2 tsp. of poppy seed—this gives an unusual and delicious flavor.

#### POPOVERS

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. melted shortening

Sift flour, measure, add salt and sift again. Beat eggs until light and thick. Add flour and 1/3 of milk; continue to beat slowly until all flour is moistened—about 30 seconds.

Add remaining milk and liquid fat gradually, beating until mixture is free from lumps—1 to 2 minutes. Pour into greased glass baking cups — 1/4 cup of batter in each cup. Bake in a 425 degree oven for about 40 minutes.

This makes 8 popovers that actually pop up to spectacular heights.

#### QUICK PEPPERMINT TOPPING

A quick filling and topping for a chocolate cake can be made by whipping 1 cup of cream and adding to it 1/2 cup crushed peppermint candy. For spice cake use peanut brittle in cream.

#### SAUERBRATEN

- 4 lbs. bottom round of beef
- 2 cups vinegar
- Water (see below)
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1 Tbls. pepper
- 4 bay leaves
- 12 peppercorns
- 16 whole cloves
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1 bunch sliced carrots
- 13 ginger snaps

Select meat with a layer of fat, cut off part of fat and save. Place meat in vinegar, add water to cover, add bay and peppercorns and leave in the refrigerator for 3 days. (It looks peculiar at the end of 3 days but this is all right—it should look that way.) Dry meat thoroughly, then rub with flour and brown in fat that has been cut from meat. Add spices, vegetables and 2 cups of the liquid. Bake in a 300 degree oven for almost 3 hours, or until tender. Crumble exactly 13 ginger snaps into the liquid about one hour before meat is done. Add more of the original vinegar liquid during the baking period if necessary.

I must tell you the origin of this recipe that I have prepared many, many times, always with great success for people who like "different" food. I first tasted this at a dinner 16 years ago—the woman who entertained us was a marvelous cook, the kind who thinks nothing of working for two days to prepare a fine meal. She told me that she wouldn't give me the recipe unless I promised faithfully to prepare it EXACTLY as it was given to me. I have her copy pasted in my little black cookbook and just now when I copied it I noticed again that 13 ginger snaps is heavily underlined!

Plain boiled potatoes are served with this — the gravy made as the meat cooks is as smooth as velvet — that's why the carrots must be cut fine and the ginger snaps crumbled into it about an hour before it is served. Remove the whole cloves, bay leaves and peppercorns before serving.

#### APRICOT DAINTY PIE

- 1 1/2 cups dried apricots
- 3 cups water
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. ginger
- 1 Tbls. gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water

Soak apricots in water until soft. Add sugar, salt and ginger. Cook to a thick pulp and then press through a coarse sieve. Add gelatine that has been dissolved in cold water. Cool until it begins to thicken. Then beat until fluffy. Fold in 3/4 cup whipping cream. Turn into a baked pie shell and chill.

I never thought very highly of apricot pie made with dried apricots, so when I came across this and tried it I felt that I'd found a new way to sneak up on dried fruit during the winter months when it is inexpensive.



**PINEAPPLE CHEESE CAKE**

- 3 egg yolks
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup syrup from can of sliced pineapple
- 2 Tbls. gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 3 slices of pineapple
- 1 lb. cottage cheese
- Juice and grated rind of large lemon
- 3 egg whites
- 1 cup cream, whipped

Cook in double boiler until thickened the 3 egg yolks slightly beaten, sugar, salt and syrup. Soak gelatin in cold water and add to hot mixture along with the 3 slices of pineapple that have been cut fine, cottage cheese that has been put through a sieve, and the juice and grated rind of large lemon. Fold in 3 egg whites that have been beaten until stiff, and the 1 cup of whipped cream.

Pour into a 7 x 11 inch pan that has been lined with a mixture made by combining 2 cups of fine graham cracker crumbs, 1/2 cup melted butter, 4 Tbls. sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon. Reserve 3/4 of a cup of this mixture to sprinkle over the cheese mixture. Place 6 slices of pineapple on top and chill for several hours.

When I have a dozen people to entertain I like to make this — I've never yet had anyone eat it who wasn't highly enthusiastic about it. (People who don't care for cottage cheese are always flabbergasted when they ask for the recipe and see that it has the cheese in it — they didn't suspect it.)

**MY BEST MEAT LOAF**

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 lb. ground pork
- 1/2 lb. ground veal
- 1/3 cup finely chopped onion
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 2 1/2 tsps. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 3/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 4 slices soft bread, cubed
- 1 cup warm rich milk

Mix meats thoroughly, add seasonings, celery, onion, mustard, eggs and Worcestershire sauce. Mix. Soak bread cubes in milk and mix into meat mixture. Pack into a loaf pan (5 1/2 x 10 1/2 inch) and bake for 20 minutes in a 350 oven. Then turn out on a greased shallow baking pan and pour 1/2 cup boiling water around loaf. Bake uncovered in a 350 degree oven for 1 hour. Baste every 15 minutes. This loaf keeps its form and doesn't crack.

**BEEF AND HORSE-RADISH RELISH**

(I like this for hot pot roast or a platter of sliced cold beef. It's easy, attractive, and snappy in taste.)

Mix 1 cup of chopped cold cooked beets, very well drained, 3 Tbls. prepared horse-radish, drained, 2 Tbls. lemon juice, 2 tsp. powdered sugar, and salt to taste.

**TANGY SALAD**

- 1 package lime-flavor gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple
- 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup diced celery

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Drain pineapple and measure the syrup, adding enough cold water to make 1 cup. Stir syrup-water mixture, pineapple, horseradish, salt and celery into gelatin mixture. Chill until syrupy. Pour into a salad mold and chill until firm. Unmold salad on to lettuce-lined salad platter. Serve with mayonnaise.

**SUGARY APPLE MUFFINS**

- 2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 1/2 tsps. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 4 Tbls. shortening
- 1/2 cup plus 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup finely chopped, pared apples

Sift flour with baking powder, salt, 1/4 tsp. cinnamon and 1/4 tsp. nutmeg. Cream shortening and 1/2 cup sugar. Stir in egg, then flour mixture alternately with milk. Fold in apples, then fill greased muffin pans almost full. Sprinkle with remaining 2 Tbls. sugar, 1/4 tsp. cinnamon and 1/4 tsp. nutmeg that have been combined. Bake in greased gem pans in a 425 degree oven from 20 to 25 minutes.

**CHOCOLATE CHIFFON PIE**

- 1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 2 squares melted chocolate or 6 Tbls. cocoa
- 3 eggs, separate yolks and whites
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1/3 cup evaporated milk or whipping cream

Soak the gelatin in the cold water for 5 minutes. Mix the chocolate or cocoa with the boiling water until smooth. Add softened gelatin to this and slightly beaten egg yolks, 1/2 cup sugar, salt and vanilla. Cool until it begins to congeal slightly. Whip egg whites and fold in the remaining 1/2 cup sugar. Whip the evaporated milk which has been chilled, or the whipping cream and fold into chocolate mixture. Pour into a 9-inch baked or graham cracker crust and chill.

**CRANBERRY RELISH**

(This is the easiest and I've never found an improvement on it.)

Remove the seeds from 2 oranges and put oranges through a food chopper with 1 lb. of cranberries. Mix well; add 2 cups of sugar and the juice of 1 orange and 1 lemon. Let stand for 24 hours before serving.

**BANANA CAKE**

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup mashed bananas
- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 4 Tbls. cream
- 1 tsp. soda

Cream shortening and sugar and add the well-beaten eggs. Dissolve the soda in cream and add to previous mixture. Stir in the flour and baking powder that have been sifted together. Lastly stir in the mashed bananas. Bake in a greased loaf or tube pan in a 350 degree oven for 45 minutes. Or bake in 2 round layer cake pans for 30 to 40 minutes. This cake improves upon standing; I always let it wait a day before I cut it.

**CUSTARD SAUCE**

- 4 egg yolks
- 4 Tbls. sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 pint milk
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1/2 pint whipping cream

Beat egg yolks slightly, add sugar and salt. Scald milk in top of double boiler, then pour slowly over first mixture, stirring constantly. Return to double boiler and cook just until coating forms on spoon. Remove from fire, chill and flavor. Fold in whipped cream just before serving.

If there is any not-too fresh cake in the house, uniced, this whips it into a good dessert.

**MOTHER'S NEW ENGLAND RECIPES****BLUEBERRY PIE**

- 1 pt. blueberries (can be fresh, frozen or canned)
- 1/2 pt. cream, whipped
- 3 egg whites
- 1/2 cup sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Whip the cream and add the beaten egg whites. Fold in the other ingredients. Turn into a baked shell and chill before serving.

**INDIAN PUDDING**

- 1 qt. milk
- 3 Tbls. yellow corn meal
- 1/3 cup molasses
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 Tbls. butter, melted
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Scald 3 cups of milk and stir into the molasses and meal. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and add sugar, beaten egg, butter and spices; mix thoroughly. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake in a 300 degree oven for 30 minutes. Add remaining cup of milk and stir well. Return to the oven and bake 2 hours longer. Serve warm with heavy cream.



## BIRTHDAY PARTY IN A CRISIS

By Mildred Cathcart

Have you ever found yourself in the unenviable position of having promised a birthday party for your youngster, and then finding, when almost the very day arrived, that everything in the world had gone wrong? That's what happened to me when Kerry Lee was to be six years old. She had looked forward to the party for weeks, and I just plain didn't see how it could be managed with the complications I'd had, and was having.

But a promise is a promise, and birthday parties are one of the long remembered joys of childhood, so we had one, even the kind she wanted, for she said to me: "And Mother, I do not want just an ordinary party. Please, could I have flowers and candles like you do at club? And may I please have a birthday cake that is different?"

That seemed like a pretty big order under the circumstances but fortunately we can do some planning while we go about the less glamorous tasks of dishes, laundry, and formulas.

The cake was the first obstacle and since I did not get to bake one, I purchased a loaf angel food cake and cut it into large-sized pieces. These pieces were covered with various pastel colored frosting—pink, blue, yellow, green, and so on. On each "individual cake" I placed a flower, fancy candle-holder, and candle. (These decorations came from the dime store). My large cake plate was of milk china and I arranged the colors harmoniously and in such a way that the lattice china border could be seen. If you could have heard the "Oh's" and "Ah's" when we brought the cake out you would know the little girls thought the effect most attractive—and so did I.

As the guests sang "Happy Birthday" I lighted all the candles and Kerry Lee blew them out and made her wish. Then when each child was served, we relighted the candles and they blew them out and made a wish. Of course, there is something magic about a wish made over a birthday candle. When you are in just the first grade you KNOW such wishes will come true!

With the cake I served ice cream in three colors according to the three flavors—strawberry, chocolate, and vanilla. Candy, nuts, and orange-ade completed our refreshments. Ice cubes with a bright cherry frozen in it made ordinary orange-ade a party drink.

We had no crepe paper streamers or regular decorations but I knew that six year old girls do appreciate niceties. Consequently, we used our lace tablecloth, our nicer dishes, and our good silverware. A floral centerpiece arranged from our own garden and matching yellow candles were used. Nut cups and place cards just like grown-ups did not go unnoticed.

Some sort of entertainment was my next problem. Kerry Lee and her cousin from Wyoming had played paper dolls all summer, and I knew that Juliana and Kristin both enjoyed them



Another hem for Mother to let down! Dorothy brought some of Kristin's dresses for lengthening when she came to tell the folks goodbye.

immensely too, so that seemed to be the solution. I secured enough dolls so each youngster could have one doll and its wardrobe to cut out. This delighted the girls and they were not through cutting out clothes and comparing them when time was up. It pleased the children too, when they had something to take home with them.

Balloons always seem to have a fascination for children, so these provided favors and were fine amusement. It always intrigues boys and girls to blow up a balloon, tie it, rub it vigorously across their sleeves and put it on the wall where it will stick for a long time.

I had selected a story and some children's records to use in case interest lagged, but these were not needed.

We took several outdoor pictures and also a few flash photos. These delighted the children, especially when we promised to give them one later.

All in all, the children had a nice time, Kerry Lee thought she had a delightful affair, and I did manage a certain "party air" when I was sure I could not possibly find time for a party.

The whole secret seems to lie in the fact that a few minutes fore-thought and a little work will turn our everyday things into something festive.

And best of all, the children's enjoyment and remembrance of these childhood parties make it all very worthwhile.

## IT'S FUN TO WRITE LETTERS

By Grace Stoner Clark

"You write even if I don't. I just love to GET letters but I'm such a poor letter writer! Don't you stop writing just because I don't write often."

Did you ever say that, sort of wistfully and apologetically? And did you get more than one or two letters from absent friends or relatives unless you answered them?

To write an interesting letter takes skill just as does making a good meat pie. Each is composed of many ingredients, to be seasoned well with imagination, as well as with salt, pepper and onions.

Almost anyone can learn to cook, or sew, or play the piano, or nurse—and like it, though of course each of us likes some art better than others. By the same token, anyone can become a good letter writer—and enjoy it, finding recreation and relaxation doing it. Great are the rewards thereof!

One gremlin of the letter writer is to sit down to write and, presto! the brain and memory go blank. You exhaust the weather, how you feel, and where your GI boy is now and you can't think of another thing. You either throw away the sheet in disgust or perhaps mail it with distaste and hate letter writing more than ever.

Or, maybe, your pen seems inspired and you effortlessly cover several sheets only to come to "Lots of Love" with the uneasy feeling you told Jane most of that once before. And was it Jane who asked for some recipe—let's see, was it for currant jelly or for that new macaroni dish? And where on earth had you laid her letter anyway?

Probably all you need is a system. Here is one that is fun and practically no bother. Keep a scratch pad and pencil in the kitchen; another set near your favorite reading or sewing chair.

Now, whenever some item of interest for one of your family or letter friends pops into mind, you jot it down RIGHT THEN if possible. Each little item goes on a separate sheet. They need not be neat, or lengthy—just reminders. When you receive letters with items of interest for someone else too, jot down on your pad a reminder to refer back to that letter.

Read the home paper with pencil handy to check each item you'll clip after the rest of the family is through with the paper. These clippings are of especial delight to any of your friends who have recently moved from "Home Town" and to absent members of your family.

Get extra snapshots whenever you use your camera for their heart warming interest to absent dear ones.

Your notes will record all sorts of homey items—color of your new hat; lunch with Sally; baby's 3rd tooth; Dad's 5 lb. fish; new book; apples falling; Jr. at camp and so on and on for a long list.

Now you find a few precious minutes for letter writing and you go over your notes, clippings and snapshots and lay aside the ones of interest to this particular friend. After you have used the notes, write her name and date on them so you won't repeat them to her next time. They are still valuable for other letters yet.

This next is SO important! Decide on a place to keep all letters received and keep them there until answered. Re-read a letter just before answering it. Answer every question; congratulate, sympathize or comment as indicated. Ask about that family and then tell about yours.



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

One of the most gratifying experiences on the trip that we took in October was to wind down a beautiful mountain road and see below us Norris Dam. This dam is something that we had seen photographed countless times, had read articles about, and had hoped to see some day. It is one of the great dams of the world, you know, and if you don't believe that it has revolutionized life in that entire section of our country all you need to do is drive through there and see with your own eyes what it has done to improve the standard of living.

We had hoped to go to Oak Ridge, you may recall, but the traffic moving in that direction was so heavy that we decided to turn east, drive over the Norris Dam, and go directly to Knoxville. As we approached the city we saw feverish activity in one of the fine residential suburbs where a forest fire had moved right up behind some handsome homes — truly that whole country was a giant tinder-box.

Gatlinburg, Tenn. was our stop that night. It is strictly a resort town and fortunately we had sense enough to stop about four o'clock and settle down in a motel. In another hour I don't think there would have been a thing available. And furthermore, when we started out in the morning we discovered that where we had stayed was only about a block or two from the entrance to the Great Smoky National Park, a road that we certainly wouldn't want to tackle except in broad daylight.

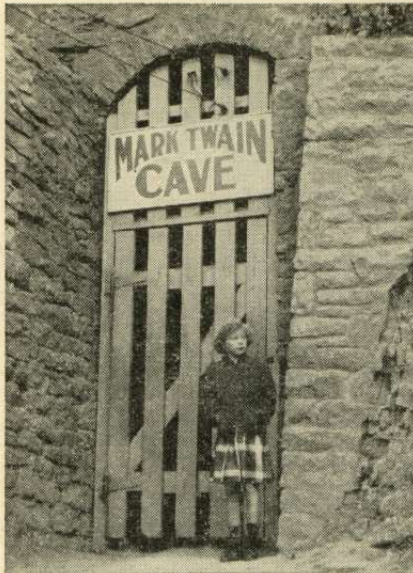
When I remember back to the Great Smoky National Park I can only wish that somehow each and everyone of you could get there! It is really beautiful beyond description, so beautiful, in fact, that we're determined to get there again when our entire vacation can be spent in that area.

It is difficult to believe that it could ever be more inspiring than when we saw it in the fall with gorgeous coloring that actually dazzled the eyes. But since then we've talked to people who've been there in the spring, and they say that those mountain sides covered with rhododendrons, laurel and azalea in full bloom is a sight comparable only to our human conception of heaven.

In Asheville, N. Carolina, the first big town after you leave the Park, we accomplished what I had so long wished to do: we visited Riverside Cemetery where the beloved American author, Thomas Wolfe, is buried, and also located the Wolfe home which was once open to the public but is now closed.

Lack of time prevented us from visiting the magnificent Biltmore estate (I believe this is considered the greatest country estate in the United States), but those of you who are not as hurried as we were should by all means take time to see it. People who have been there have told me that there is no experience like it, and from reading much material about it I am sure that they're right.

Our first destination on this trip



Juliana walked through this gate at Hannibal, Mo. into one of the great adventures of her life. If your youngsters also love Tom Sawyer, they'd be thrilled by a trip through the famous cave.

was Camp Lejuene, N. C. (located about 60 miles north of Wilmington) and we reached there around 4:00 in the afternoon. I knew that Camp Lejuene was large, but I was totally unprepared to see miles and miles and miles of it! There are 79,000 marines stationed there, and I'll bet that at least a third of those men have their families with them, so you can see what a good-sized city it makes.

Incidentally, in case you too had never heard of such a huge base I must say that there is a good explanation: it was developed after World War II and consequently there hasn't been occasion for us to hear about it as we once heard about training bases during the war years.

The housing built at such a base seemed to us really wonderful. For instance, the house occupied by Russell's sister, Boletta Solstad and her family, was one of about fifteen constructed around a large open park. All of these houses had their living rooms (one wall almost solid glass) and front doors opening out on to this park where there was fine playground equipment and lovely trees; their back doors opened on to the street. This arrangement gives small children (and there were thousands of them, I think!) a safe place to play away from traffic.

You'll be amused at our arrival in Camp Lejuene. Boletta expected her third baby in late September or early October, and it never once occurred to us but that by the time we turned up in late October the new baby would be there and everything back to normal. We hadn't heard from them for quite some time even before we spent six days on the road getting there, so you can see what a surprise it was to drive up in front and see at a glance that baby was not yet with us!

We had a big turkey dinner that first night, visited until midnight, and then went to bed. At 1:30 or thereabouts we were awakened when Boletta called in to say goodbye — she was

headed for the hospital. About an hour later she had a new sister, Kira, for Kristin, who is now nine, and Paul, who is four. Everyone said we should have turned up almost a month earlier!

While we were in North Carolina we had two wonderful days at the beach, an interesting expedition to Wilmington, and a very absorbing trip to Fort Macon, a Confederate prison that lies directly under sand dunes on the beach. We could see why it took the Union soldiers such a long time to capture Fort Macon after we had gone through it and studied the surrounding area.

Our plans had never called for spending very much time in North Carolina (we had only two weeks for everything we wanted to do), but two things cut it shorter than we had intended: the baby's arrival, plus the fact that John, Boletta's husband, received his orders for transfer only twenty-four hours after the baby was born. Unfortunately those orders were for Korea rather than any base in this country, so it meant a great upheaval for both Boletta and Russell's parents who had expected to spend the winter in North Carolina.

Six o'clock on a Sunday morning found us boarding a bus for Washington. We rode until 4:30 in the afternoon, and almost every mile of that trip was through historic country. We had lunch in Richmond, I remember, and as we drove through there we saw the most magnificent iron work I have ever seen. New Orleans is supposed to have the most beautiful iron work used architecturally, but we never saw anything there that surpassed what we saw in Richmond.

Washington was a thrilling experience — it surpassed our expectations. Those of you who have been there will agree, I think, that it is almost breathtaking to see, for the first time, such famous places as the White House, Capitol, Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial, Jefferson Memorial and Arlington — to name only a very few things. As long as I can remember I've seen photographs of these buildings, to say nothing of newsreel shots, etc., but somehow nothing quite prepares you for the actuality of being right in them.

On the very day that I write this both Mother and Dad are in Washington. Dad made a business trip there a good many years ago but it is Mother's first visit. And I imagine that her impressions of that glittering city are just about what ours were. I regret that she can't stand to look out through the glass windows in the Washington Monument, for that is by far the best way to see the great sweep of city and surrounding countryside. If we had realized how important that view is to getting a clear idea of what and where things are located, we would have gone there the very first thing instead of on our third day.

Next month I'd like to tell you something about Mount Vernon and Arlington, and then I promise you that I'll be through with the trip!

Lucile





## FOR THE CHILDREN

### THE MOST IMPORTANT ANIMAL

By Myrtle E. Felkner

One blustery winter day the animals lay in the barn. It was quite cozy upon the hay, safe from snow and wind. The animals should have been happy, but instead they were bickering about their own importance.

"The farmer could never get along without me," said the cow smugly. "After all, I furnish milk and cream for his family."

"Indeed!" said the mare coolly. "Even a good goat could do that. I am the farmer's most valuable animal. He gets a great deal of pleasure out of riding me, and I can perform useful tasks as well. Can any of you argue with that?"

The red hen flapped her wings. "Cut! Cut!" she said. "I lay so many eggs that the farmer has all he wants to eat, and a few to sell, besides. Surely I am the most important."

"And if you fail to lay your eggs," the sheep reminded her, "you are promptly put into the stew pot. Consider my value. Year after year I never fail to produce a crop of wool. The farmer uses it for blankets and warm clothing or sells it for dozens of industrial uses. I am really quite a useful fellow."

All this time the dog Rover lay with his nose between his paws, watching and listening. Now the cow said to him,

"And what do you do to earn your keep?"

Rover stretched lazily.

"I go with the farmer to fetch the cows at milking time," he offered.

"You are nothing but a nuisance!" snapped the mare. "The farmer and I could go alone just as well."

"Besides," added the cow, "we don't pay any attention to you anyway."

"I guard the children so they don't wander onto the road," said Rover.

"A good fence would be more reliable," answered the sheep.

"And the farmer wouldn't have to feed a fence," added the red hen.

"I guess I'm just good-for-nothing then," mused the dog, and he dropped off to sleep.

One morning several days later the farmer said, "This cow isn't producing enough milk. I will sell her and buy a better breed."

"There," said the other animals smugly. "You're not so important."

"On second thought," added the farmer, "I might as well sell the mare, too. The tractor does most of the work anyway, and she is too expensive to keep for mere pleasure." So he loaded the cow and the mare into a truck and sold them to another farmer.

For several days the sheep and the

red hen wrangled about their importance. Soon they were wrangling so constantly that the red hen forgot to lay her daily egg.

"It's no use to keep a lazy hen," remarked the farmer, and he loaded her into the chicken coop to take to town.

"Baaaa!" bleated the sheep. "Now I'm sure you will all admit that I am the most valuable animal on the farm."

When the farmer heard this commotion, he said, "Why should I keep just one sheep? The new miracle fabrics are just as warm as wool. I will sell the sheep and raise hogs."

"Such foolishness!" protested the sheep. "Why don't you sell the dog instead of me? He has admitted that he is a good-for-nothing."

The farmer laughed. "He is a faithful and uncomplaining friend," he said. "A man cannot sell his friend."

Then the farmer hurried off to town with the sheep and the red hen. As for Rover, he lay down on the hay, tucked his nose between his paws, and had a long, lazy winter nap.

## FOR THE LITTLE COOK

Here is a pudding that you can stir up "quick as a wink" and it makes delicious eating every time!

### "HASTY MARY" PUDDING

- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 cups boiling water

Sift the white sugar, flour, baking powder and salt together in a mixing bowl. Add the milk and mix well; fold in the raisins. Pour in a greased baking dish. Mix the brown sugar and boiling water together and pour over the batter in the baking dish. Bake for 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven. You may serve this pudding plain or with whipped cream.

—Mildred Grenier.

## A LOVE CAKE FOR MOTHER

- 1 can of Obedience
  - Several pounds of Affection
  - 1 pint of Neatness
  - Some holiday, birthday and everyday Surprises
  - 1 can of Running Errands (Willing Brand)
  - 1 box of powdered "Get up when I should"
  - 1 bottle of "Keep sunny all day long"
  - 1 can of pure thoughtfulness
- Mix well, bake in a warm oven and serve to Mother every day. She ought to have it in big slices.



Three birthday candles for Barbara Felkner of Centerville, Iowa. Her mother, Myrtle E. Felkner, writes the stories that you children enjoy so much, and it would be our guess that Barbara hears all of them before they are mailed.

## CROSSING THE DESERT IN A HAMMOCK

When a human baby goes bye-bye, he usually rides in a car or baby carriage, but not so the baby camel.

He rides in a private hammock on the back of a trained nurse, in front of his mother whose big, brown eyes are watching his every movement.

Something very dreadful would happen to this nurse if he would stumble and drop the baby camel from its resting place, because it is a precious baby and is worth as much as a fine horse when it is grown. So, the owner of the camels watches out for this four-legged baby, too.

Although the little one is three feet high and weighs more than a bossy calf at birth, he is too wobbly in his little legs to stand, and without his mother's milk he would soon die.

So, when the mother camel travels fifty miles or more a day with a caravan or passenger train of camels across the northern desert floors and rocky hills of Arabia and Sahara, her helpless baby rocks along in his hammock in front of her. His nurse sometimes carries half a ton of other things along with the baby camel. Leather bags of water, bales of cloth and dates and huge jugs of oil make up this half-ton load.

You may wonder why the baby's mother does not carry him on her back. But, if she could not see her baby, she would become confused, and from her stupidity would bolt right back to the last place they camped in search of her infant. As long as she can see her baby swinging in his hammock in front of her, she follows along contentedly.

—Delphia M. Stubbs

## RIDDLES

1. What begins with P and ends with E and has more than 500 letters? Ans. A postoffice.
2. What turns without moving? Ans. Sour cream.
3. What has three feet and can't walk? Ans. A yardstick.
4. What three words are used most by school children? Ans. "I don't know."



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(Continued from page 6)

thread. For chambrays and gingham we use six strands.

Try to judge how long a piece of thread you are going to need to do an entire row because it is difficult to change thread in the middle of the row without its being very noticeable. Until you have made several dresses don't tackle an organdy or a heavily starched piece of dotted swiss because it is very difficult to get your stitches even on this type of material.

Out of those sixty dresses I have made, only two were not cotton. These two were made rather early in the game and I had so much trouble with them that I never again strayed away from cotton.

I wanted to make Juliana a very special dress for Christmas when she was two, and I found this piece of pale green light weight wool that I thought would be beautiful smocked in real dark green wool yarn. Of course the yarn had to be very fine to be able to get it through the eye of an embroidery needle, and of course you have to pull your thread tight, so consequently the thread broke about every six or seven stitches. Then I would have to take out about half of those stitches so that I would have enough thread to tie a knot.

In addition, since this was to be a very special dress, I had to use the most intricate pattern available and one that covered the entire waist front. I don't remember how long it took me to finish it, but I remember that at the time it seemed as if it would go on forever. The under side was just a maze of knots. It was the most impractical dress she ever owned. Can you imagine putting that much time and labor on a dress for a two year old that had to be dry cleaned every time she wore it?

You would naturally think that once would have been enough to teach me never to use anything but cotton, but no, two months later I turned right around and made Kristin one just like it, only this time I used pale pink wool jersey smocked in brown wool. I hadn't forgotten, but I thought that maybe the soft jersey would be easier to work with. It wasn't. I had the same troubles I had had with the green. And the sad part of it is, that I don't think Kristin ever had that dress on more than five times. Every dress I have made since has been cotton.

When I learned to smock there were very few patterns for smocked dresses on the market, so after I had made the dress up using the transfer that came with it, I used the same pattern over and over and made up my own designs by taking the sheets of transfers and cutting them apart switching the rows around in various ways so as to have a completely new effect. When you are doing this you have to be very careful to get the pattern of your dots placed correctly from row to row.

After you have learned to smock and your little girl has three or four lovely dresses, make something extra special for yourself. I have a beautiful white batiste peasant blouse with a wide band of smocking around the neck that looks just perfect with the bright blue Indian head peasant skirt that Mother made for me this summer.

You can also make darling aprons, either for yourself or for gifts. Using a straight piece of material, stamp your band of smocking transfer about two inches down from the top. Make a rolled hem at the top, and when your apron is finished you will have a cute little ruffle above the smocked band.

Don't get discouraged — be patient! The finished result is worth all the anguish you have gone through to learn how. The only drawback I found with smocking was that once I had started a dress I couldn't put it down long enough to get my housework done because by the time I had finished one row I would say to myself, "Now I am just going to start the next row so I can see how it is going to look", and for me this would just go on and on.

Well, good luck, and I just wish I could step into your living room and see how you are coming along. You may be glad I can't because I would probably make you take out a row or two and do it over again!

Sincerely,  
Dorothy.



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(Continued from page 7)  
do for one family of wrens and often they last for an entire season.

Older girls can use the smaller oatmeal boxes for knitting or button boxes. They may be painted, covered with wall paper or a sheet of gift wrappings. We have even used left over gummed seals to cover them. If you have old crepe paper streamers from former decorating, pull the strips through a block of wood with a small hole in it. This stretched paper braided and pasted on the box looks very nice.

Third comes the milk caps that can be used in numerous ways. Covered with scraps of silver or gold foil, they make play coins.

To make attractive shade pulls, paint or color the caps and paste a picture on them. For book marks, decorate two caps, lay a piece of ribbon between, and then glue the caps together.

For an educational fun game take 5 caps and number the backs from one to five. Let each player toss up all caps at once. His score will be the total of the upturned number. You may vary this by changing the numbers or by multiplying each number by a certain number to determine the scores.

For doll houses make a milk cap picture. First, paste a magazine picture on the cap and then, to be extra fancy, paste a little lace ruffle frame around the cap and add a ribbon for hanging.

With just these three simple items—spools, oatmeal cartons, or milk caps, and these few suggestions you will be able to keep your children amused on an "Indoor Day."

### FOR THE NEW YEAR

Yes, leave it with Him! The lilies all do,

And they grow;

They grow in the rain, and they grow in the dew—

Yes, they grow.

They grow in the darkness, all hid in the night,

They grow in the sunshine, revealed by the light—

Still they grow.

The grasses are clothed, and the ravens are fed

From His store;

But you who are loved and guarded and led,

How much more

Will He clothe you and feed you and give you

His care!

Then leave it with Him—He has, everywhere,

Ample store.

Yes, leave it with Him; 'tis more dear to His heart,

You will know,

Than the lilies that bloom or the flowers that start

'Neath the snow.

Whatever you need, if you ask it in prayer,

You can leave it with Him, for you are His care—

You, you know.

—Unknown

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**HAND PAINTED PICTURE,** 24x24, Moose in Forest. Mrs. John P. Gross, Rt. 2, Freeman, S. Dakota.

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**COUNTRY KITCHEN NEWS:** Recipes, contests, sample 10¢. Iris Mulfinger, Hornick, Iowa.

TRY IT!



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## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

When you get this issue you will be in the midst of the holidays, with lots of mail coming every day. Will you save the stamps that are on that mail and send them to Dr. A. W. Acton, 627 N. Sierra Bonita Ave., Los Angeles 36, California? He is the head of an organization that is helping our hospitalized veterans with their stamp collections. The stamps you send will either be given directly to the veterans, or traded with foreign countries for stamps that our boys need. Cut them off your letters or packages, leaving a little of the wrapper all around the edges of the stamps so the tiny perforations will not be damaged. If you have time, soak them in water till the stamp slips off the paper, then dry flat. If you haven't time for that, send without soaking.

This sounds like a small thing, but it is one of the occupational therapy projects highly recommended for hospital work, and they never get enough stamps. You can't send too many.

Beryl Ann Barnes, Seneca, Kansas, is 10 years old. She had polio and was in the hospital all summer. Soon after she came home, wearing a brace and using crutches, she fell and broke her hip so is now in a cast. It would give her a real thrill to receive a lot of mail.

Marie Gentry, c/o Clifford Gentry, Rocky Face, Ga., is only 9 and is shut-in because rheumatic fever affected her heart. She can't go to school and mail would mean a lot to her.

Little Butch Walters, age 7, 3137 Ave F, Council Bluffs, Iowa, whom many of you have written to, was getting along quite nicely and going to school, but he fell and injured his bad hip again so had to go back to using crutches. He is a brave youngster. Cheer him on again.

Bobby Gordon, East Corsicana St., Athens, Texas, needs a word of cheer, too. I believe he is around 18 or 20. Several years ago he was in a car wreck and has been an invalid since. He has a small gift shop in their home and sells magazines.

Miss Amy Farnham, Ladies G.A.R. Home, Anoka, Minn., has asked for jigsaw puzzles. This is a home for old people and invalids, and many of them enjoy puzzles so the ones you send will help more than if sent to just one person.

Mrs. Maude Chase, Rt. 1, South 3Room 18, Wallum Lake, Rhode Island, is 73 and has been lying on a frame for 13 years, flat on her back. Her left arm has been amputated and she does not see well and has arthritis besides. Mail is her biggest pleasure but since she is not able to write, she doesn't get much. Can we do something about it?

Will you Mason City, Iowa, folks go and see Frieda Tobbing, 413 South Carolina Ave? Do something for her if you can, and please write and tell me about her.

Little Norma Jean Hutchings, 294 South Bridge Ave., Red Bank, N. J., age 10, has been an invalid all her life, and is not so well this fall. She loves mail.

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