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Magazine

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

I believe you'd laugh if you could see me sitting here at the dining room table writing this letter to you, for I'm surrounded on all sides by boxes, stacks of maps and pieces of luggage. Tomorrow morning we start out on a winter vacation and everything has been piled up here to make it easy to load our car in the morning.

As a rule we always know exactly the road we're going to take to reach our destination, but this year we're simply starting South and making our plans as we go along. Right now I have no idea where we'll be tomorrow night for we haven't yet decided what highway to start on! We have no idea how long we'll be on the road since we may feel like stopping at any point and spending some time there. Eventually we'll reach some town on the Gulf Coast or Florida and make our headquarters there for a short spell, but it would be my guess that we won't stay in any one place for more than a week or ten days at a time. I'm really looking forward to this type of a trip because it's quite a change from what we've done in the past.

There seems to have been quite a bit of coming and going around here in recent weeks now that I stop and think about it. My sister Martha has just now returned from her happy trip to visit Dwight's family in Westfield, N. J., and we had this bright January day together. In fact, she has been of great help to me getting my clothes together for the trip that we start tomorrow.

Sister Sue left this week for California, her first trip by plane. She has been here with us for the past month and made great strides in regaining her health—I'm sure her many friends will be very glad to know this. Mart, Fred Fischer and Martha all made the trip to Kansas City with her for she boarded her plane there. Just imagine, she left the Kansas City airport at 12:55 noon and reached Los Angeles at 7:00 in the evening. I still marvel at this.

We don't know how long Sue will be gone. She is making her headquarters in Redlands with her daughter, Mary Conrad Lombard and her family. Those of you who were reading Kitchen-Klatter last year will probably recall the letter written by Mary in which she described life on a California ranch. Since that time she has moved to the big Lombard

family home in Redlands, so there is plenty of room for Sue and also a beautiful yard to enjoy. Her other daughter, Frances, lives just outside of San Bernardino and will be able to see her mother frequently.

Jessie and Martha are now together again in Clarinda and plan to stay "put" during these winter months ahead. Fred Fischer had thought he might get away for a short visit to his daughter Louise and her family in Claremont, California but there are so many problems involved in leaving a house during the winter that he may decide against this.

Mart and I felt very fortunate to have our house problem solved when Howard, Mae and Donna offered to move in here during our absence. They were the only members of our family who were really in a position to make such a move, and we're mighty glad that they hadn't yet purchased a house. I guess that some people just drain the pipes, turn off the heat and lock the doors, but in our climate this is definitely hard on a house. Yet it isn't safe to go away and leave any kind of a fire going when the place is empty, so all in all we're lucky to have one of our children able and willing to live here while we're gone.

Our new baby, Wayne and Abigail's little Clark, is taking all honors for being the best baby we've ever had. He's never had any formula troubles, and just plain eats and sleeps to the point where Abigail sometimes finds it hard to remember that there's a baby in the house. He is now six weeks old and beginning to notice what goes on around him, so we'll see a great change when we return.

In this issue you will find a letter from my niece, Jean Field Johnson, brother Sol's daughter. Jean and her father have always been very close companions and have shared a mutual love for camping, hunting, horses, and all other aspects of outdoors life. Recently Sol married Mary Brown, formerly of Shenandoah, and we had an opportunity to talk to all of them during the holidays. At that time they said that they planned to go from their home in northern California to see Sue in Redlands just as soon as she arrived, so probably within this next week they will all be together.

Christmas is only a memory now, but it's the first time I have had an opportunity to tell you in my letter about any of the details.

We gathered here on Christmas Eve for our usual family party, and this year Howard played Santa Claus. The only quiet person present was little Clark and the activity around him reached such a crescendo that it's a wonder he didn't tune up. Juliana has reached the place where she could help Martin, Emily and Alison assemble toys, wind up music boxes, etc., and it was a treat for us grown-ups to watch all of their excitement.

Howard was happy to receive a gun! This gun has become a family tradition for it dates back to the years when he was a small boy and pleaded every Christmas for a real gun, something strictly forbidden in our family. His Dad started giving him "pop" guns and every year for a quarter of a century there has been one under the tree for him. In view of the fact that Howard went through World War II in an Infantry Regiment you can imagine how appropriate it is for him to open a package now that contains a little red "pop" gun!

On Christmas morning we had a chance to see Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger and her husband who drove down from Iowa City to spend a few hours with Fred. We were fortunate in having nice mild weather all through the holiday period, thus giving people a chance to drive where they wanted to go. Donald was with us for almost a week, and Dorothy and Kristin came down on Christmas day, so all in all Mart and I felt very blessed to have so many of our children with us and all in good health.

Just before the old year ended we finally achieved something that we'd wanted to do for a long time—we managed to get our car under cover! Back in the 1920's we built a double garage at the rear of our lot, but when Kitchen-Klatter grew out of the office here in the house we had to move out there. This meant that we installed heat, insulation and fixed it up really comfortably enough to live in. (Oh yes, we even built on two additions!)

Eventually we grew out of this and moved our offices down town, but there was still so much equipment and over-flow that we had to leave the "garage" as it had been all of those years. This meant, in turn, that our car had to stand unprotected the entire twelve months, and of course this is not exactly desirable.

About a month ago Mart had carpenters come and remove the siding and re-install the original overhung doors. It took a lot of moving around, discarding, etc., to make space, but finally he managed to clear enough room that our car can go inside at night. If your car had stood on the street for over twenty-five years you'd be as glad as we are to have it under cover at long last.

Mae has just come in to ask me some details about things in the kitchen, so I must stop writing now and tell you goodnight. Next month I'll be able to give you an idea of where we've been on this trip that begins tomorrow.

Always sincerely,
Leanna

THE WORLD WAS MY GARDEN

Reviewed by Olga Rolf Tiemann

(Editorial Note: This wonderful book furnished Russell and me with some absorbing reading two winters ago. I had intended to tell you friends about it in this February number, but before I started to write down my impressions I had occasion to go through my files of Kitchen-Klatter in search of a certain recipe. In February, 1945 I found that Olga Tiemann had reviewed the book, and she did such a competent job that I decided then and there to use this for the thousands of new friends we've acquired during the nine years since it first appeared.

If you love gardens, read this book. If it isn't in your local library I am certain that you can get it from your state library. Just ask your local librarian to write for it.—Lucile)

David Fairchild's "The World Was My Garden" is an autobiography. The book is lavishly illustrated with photographs taken by the author. In his search for new plants and seeds, he takes us to strange lands—lands daily becoming more familiar to us as citizens of our country travel to all parts of the globe on official and unofficial business.

Before David Fairchild was 20 he had lived in Michigan and Kansas, studied in Iowa and New Jersey, and at last had accepted a position with the Department of Agriculture in Washington. Under the hot rafters in the ugly, brick building he studied rots, parasites and plant diseases brought to the department's attention.

Enroute to Italy some four years later to take charge of the Smithsonian "working table" at the Naples Zoological Station he met Barbour Lathrop who, in the author's words, was to "direct my destiny," although he did not then realize it.

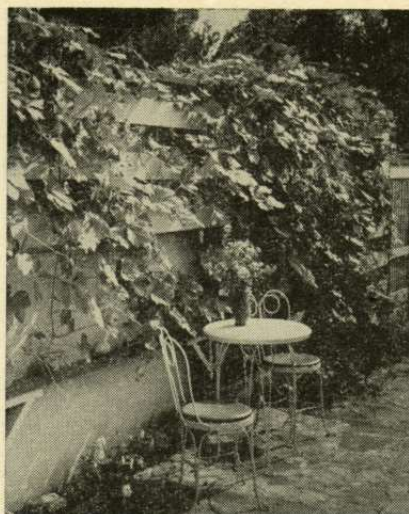
While studying deep-sea alga which grew in the Bay at Naples, he was startled one day to have Mr. Lathrop call and calmly announce that he was going to give him \$1,000 as an investment in science to take a much desired trip to Java. Mr. Lathrop made later "investments in science" to "Algie" or "Fairy" as he affectionately called Fairchild, and when we realize the many plants Mr. Fairchild introduced into the United States through these trips, we know that it was money wisely invested.

In Java he became interested in ants and termites and their mushroom gardens and spent almost his entire time studying them.

Then followed eight years of travel with Mr. Lathrop. Singapore, Australia, New Zealand, the Cannibal Islands, Hawaii, the West Indies, South America, England, Egypt, China, Finland, Arabia, Japan—these were only a few of the places visited.

During an interlude in the United States, Mr. Fairchild met Alexander Graham Bell (inventor of the telephone), Mrs. Bell and their daughter, Marian, who later became his bride.

The young couple bought 40 acres in the woods of Maryland which Mr.



On icy February mornings when we have our morning coffee huddled over the register, it's nice to pick up this picture of our terrace on a balmy summer morning and marvel that we actually have had our coffee out there! ("We" means Lucile and Russell.)

Lathrop promptly named "In the Woods." Visitors flocked from everywhere—China, Argentina, Persia, Mexico, the Philippines, Manchuria, Hawaii, and from every state in the Union. The questions and problems they brought with them were as varied as the countries they came from. The days were so full that Fairchild wrote, "There was never time to be bored."

It was not strange that they later bought property in Florida, for many of the plants and seeds collected were tropical and flourished there. They had two daughters and a son. One day Grandmother Bell took Fairchild to task for not seeing more of his son, and the result was a paid father-and-son vacation to Panama, a gift which Mr. Fairchild said had much "to do with my son's career for he learned to love the jungle, not to fear it, and saw in its changing life a great field for discovery."

In the closing chapter he writes: "At some moments my life has been expressed in powdery mildews on the lilac leaves and at others expanded to encompass desert sand or the dense, tropical jungle . . . I have ranged from high rock passes in the Andes to strange scenes on the ocean floor. . . ."

"I have heard . . . voices speaking many languages, including the harsh guttural of Arabs, the soft whisper of Malay, the staccato tongue of southern Italy and the high, nasal sing-song of the Chinese. I have looked into the eyes of many races of men . . . races as distinct as the Fijian cannibal and the tow-headed blue-eyed Scandinavian . . . each experience has given me greater interest and powers of understanding, so that I stand each day more for the next."

With that we answer "Aloha" to Dr. Fairchild and close his book. It is a fascinating account of monumental accomplishment.

"Be happy with what you have and are, be generous with both, and you won't have to hunt for happiness."—William Gladstone.

GLASS JAR GARDEN

By Delphia Myrl Stubbs

In a reminiscing mood I climbed the attic stairs one winter afternoon. I had no particular object in mind other than the desire to be in close companionship with familiar scenes and things of earlier years.

A tall, round, wide-mouthed glass jar, with a dusty, round crystal knob on the glass lid, seemed to hold my attention. I kept looking at it until an idea just seemed to leap right out of the bottom of the jar! Before I realized it, I was practically running down the stairs to the kitchen sink, hugging the jar as I went. All the time the words of my mother, when she passed this "out-moded sugar jar" to me, kept racing through my mind.

"Child, take this old, heavy, always-in-the-way jar and make a place for it somewhere around your home."

Mother knew how I loved to get my hands and half of my arm in that old jar when I washed it before we refilled it with sugar in the days when we were all at home. I can still see the big many-colored soap bubbles coming out its mouth when I filled it with dish water.

After washing away the attic dust, I knew exactly what I was going to do, and that was to make me a "glass jar garden". First, I put in some pebbles, enough to cover the bottom of the jar. On top of the pebbles I put a mixture of sand, soil and a small amount of powdered charcoal to sweeten the soil in the absence of drainage.

The homesick mood still overpowering me, I climbed the attic stairs again in search of the little brass scoop that was always in the sugar jar. I finally located it and found it still handy to the old jar's need, for it held the exact amount of mixture needed to cover the floor of this new garden.

Using a long-handled wooden spoon, (also brought down from the attic), I tamped the soil in place, and built up hills and carved tiny valleys for the dwarf plants I was going to use. Sprigs of green moss and two woodland ferns went into the valley floor. I had to shop for two miniature cactus plants which I used on the hills.

Then, I wanted a screen for one side, or a background display for this miniature garden. So I transplanted a dwarf marigold and a dwarf balsam. After patting the soil down with the spoon, I sprinkled the area with tepid water, and then I put the lid in place and left the garden alone.

To my amazement, green shoots were peeping in the valley and the cactus looked fresh as dew when I lifted the lid on my glass jar garden. In time the marigold was a mass of green, lacy foliage, and made a lovely setting for the other plants. Blushing pink, the balsam finally stepped into view but not before the moss had completely covered the floor of this house.

The ferns did well, and now my hands are fairly itching to dig out a wooden sugar scoop of Grandmother's day, and see just what I can do with it.

HERE'S TO THE MEN IN OUR LIVES!

—AN APPRECIATION PARTY

By Mabel Nair Brown

How about a Valentine Party with a new slant this year? Is your club or aid society one of the many women's organizations which entertains the menfolks of their respective families at some time during the year? Then February offers the perfect setting for such an "appreciation" party.

"But the men won't like anything fancy or fussy," I hear some of you protest. "No hearts and flowers stuff for them!"

Don't kid yourself! In spite of their protests to the contrary, I'll wager they will thoroughly enjoy being in the spotlight for an evening of fun, so rally your ladies together and decide how you can plan a love-filled, fun-happy evening out with the men in your lives.

For invitations, cut men's mittens from construction paper and on each mitten write this invitation. "No, we really aren't giving you the mitten! Instead, we're smittin' with the better halves of our wedded pair, so we want you to be our guest at dinner at the home of Margaret and Harry Clark on February 14th at 6:30 P.M. (signed) The Friendly Club." Of course you will put in the names, dates, etc. to suit your party.

It will add to the fun if you can arrange to have the women actually drive the men to the party in the family car. In that case, the invitation can say that "someone will call for you at 6 P. M."

Perhaps your group will decide that an evening party will fit their schedule better than a dinner party. In any case, the suggestions given here can be adapted to either type with perhaps some changes in the menu if it is to be a tray lunch instead of the dinner.

For individual favors or for uses as menu and program booklets (if group is large enough to use them) cut men's mittens or gloves from brown, grey or blue construction paper and cut ladies gloves from white and pastel colors of the paper. Tie together with ribbon. If used as place cards, write man's name on man's glove; if a woman, on the ladies glove. If used for program, extra white sheets cut to match can be stapled to the colored gloves and the program and menu written thereon. Pinking shears are nice for cutting these.

Another idea is to fashion men's hats from felt scraps or crepe paper and ladies hats with bits of veiling, ribbon, feathers, etc. These can be hung on a miniature hat rack at each place. (The racks are simply colored toothpicks stuck in large gumdrops.)

In fact, I would incorporate both ideas and hang the glove booklets on the hat rack to dangle below the hat.

For table decorations use large red paper doilies cut into a heart shape as place mats. Or, did you have a plain red tablecloth for Christmas? It would make a lovely Valentine



Here is the newest member of our family, Clark Field Driftmier, at the age of one month. We had to print the picture this way because of space limitations, but if you'll turn the magazine sideways you can see plainly enough that he is lying on a blanket.

cloth with the delicate tracery of white paper doilies or hearts placed on the red cloth for decoration.

For a centerpiece, let's carry out the sweetheart or "pair" idea. One idea would be to use a heart cut from white plastic foam as a base. To it pin a ruffle of red and white paper or use wide satin ribbon for the red ruffle with another top ruffle of lace or net. (Pin the gathered ruffles right around the base at lower edge). On the foam base place large silhouettes of an old-fashioned colonial couple (made by covering cardboard figures on both sides with black paper.) Character dolls would be lovely in this Sweetheart arrangement, too.

Over the silhouettes or dolls make an arch of strips of cardboard and wire. For the wire use a couple of wire coathangers. Sew strips of cardboard between the arched wires to get a lattice effect. Cover the arch with white crepe paper, or paint with the gold paint, lightly touching the edge of the lace ruffle of the base with the gold paint, too. Entwine paper green leaves on the lattice and add small red felt or red or gold paper hearts for the flowers on the arch. Two hearts might be tied just over the heads of the couple beneath the arch.

You might prefer the "double wedding ring" idea instead of the doll figures to be used under the arch. In that case cover two embroidery hoops with the silver foil to resemble the wedding rings. For the ladies ring, cut tiny leaves from the foil and glue on to resemble engraving. Place the rings upright in an overlapping or entwined arrangement on the plastic clay and fasten into place with fine wire.

If nut cups are used they might match one of these centerpieces; for example, the sweetheart design would call for a nut cup covered in red crepe paper with a pipe cleaner handle. Tiny hearts matching those on

the arch should be tied to the handle. If the ring motif is used, then make tiny rings from wire wrapped in the foil and tie to the nut cup handle with narrow ribbon.

Hearty foods are the rule when the men are our guests. How about ham loaf, escalloped potatoes, harvard or orange beets, cole slaw, pickles or relish tray, hot rolls, jelly, and cherry pie a la mode? Another suggested menu would include baked ham, mashed potatoes, gravy, fresh (frozen) creamed peas, cranberry sauce (jellied and cut with heart cookie cutter) waldorf salad (apples, celery, nuts, bananas, tokay grapes—leave red peeling on at least part of apples for eye appeal) pickles, hot rolls, jelly and cherry pie.

If your party calls for a tray lunch, you might have heart shaped sandwiches (big ones, though and plenty of them!) with meat filling, potato chips or potato salad, pickles and cherry pie a la mode.

PROGRAM:

Toastmistress: (welcome) "Really, I imagine that many of you men thought that, since this was to be your party, it would be the one time you were sure to have the last word. I'm sorry to disappoint you but, as usual, we women have a few things we'd like to get off our chest. This time we hope will be one time you enjoy having us take the floor!"

"We are genuinely pleased to have you here with us and hope you find the answer to the question we often hear you ask on club day (or aid, or lodge as case may be) 'Now, what in the heck were they doing all afternoon and why hasn't she any appetite for supper?' May I propose a toast to these dear men of ours? Here's to the men working for us from morning to night. Here's to our men with courage to live, the courage to learn, to love, to forgive.

Response by one of the men: "Madam toastmistress, our hostesses and friends—They told me when I married her my ardent love would fade away; But, as I buy her gowns, I find my wife grows dearer every day!" Have you heard of one man's definition of a woman which says that a woman is a magician who can turn a man into a monkey and at the same time make him think he is a lion?

"I think toasts are in order so I will say: here's to women, so much like a clock—a pretty face, pretty hands, pretty movement, and hard to regulate when they get out of order! Seriously, ladies, our thanks to you for, not only this lovely evening of fellowship together, but for all that you do to make of our house a HOME. Someone, who is far better than I, at words has summed up what home means to us. Perhaps you womenfolk do not spend as much time "in your place" as your mothers and grandmothers before you, still to you goes the credit for making of our home what it is.

HOME

"It is more than brick and mortar with a roof to shed the storm; it is more than walls and windows, with a hearth to keep us warm.

(Continued on page 13)

DOROTHY SENDS NEWS FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It is just beginning to get light outside as I sit at my kitchen table and write to you this morning. Frank has gone out to start his chores, Kristin and Juliana stayed all night with Bernie last night so they could make doughnuts, and the house is so quiet I decided to get my letter written to you before I tackle my jobs for the day.

Christmas has come and gone and it will seem strange to you to read about Christmas party helps in a February magazine, but I'm afraid if I don't tell you about a couple of things I baked this year to serve at holiday parties I will forget to tell you at all. Frank's sister Edna was chairman of the refreshment committee for the Christmas party of an organization that she belongs to. I helped her make the cakes that we thought were quite attractive. She had to prepare for fifty, so I made two of the anniversary cakes and baked them in square cake pans. These we cut into approximately 2½ inch squares and frosted them all over with white icing. We sprinkled coconut all over the outside and then each cake was placed on top of two small candy canes so that they looked like small sleds. On the top of each cake we put a little peanut pixie man.

These little pixies are awfully cute, easily made, and make wonderful conversation pieces at parties. Take a whole peanut in the shell. With an ice pick or a large darning needle punch a hole clear through the center where the peanut sort of divides. Punch another hole through as close to the bottom as you can without breaking the peanut. Cut a pipe cleaner in half and use one part for the arms and the other for the legs by pushing them through these holes you have made. Bend the ends to make hands and feet, and bend them again to make knees and elbows. With red sealing wax make a little pixie cap on top, and put a little on the hands and feet. Draw on faces with pen and ink.

Kristin took a dozen of these to school to put on their Christmas tree and the children were just crazy about them. She came home and said they all wanted one, so I made enough for each child. For the Christmas party at school I made cup cakes and frosted them all over with white icing. Crushed peppermint stick was sprinkled on top and a tiny little candy cane stood up in the center of each one. Sitting on top of the cake with his arms hugging the cane was the little pixie man.

We generally entertain the Johnson family at our house for the Christmas Eve party, but this year since Father Johnson wasn't able to leave the house, we had it at his house. Kristin and I took the train to Shenandoah Christmas morning and had dinner with the Driftmiers. We stayed a few days and then Juliana came home with us to spend the rest of her vacation from school.



Dorothy and Kristin leave for home after their Christmas visit with the family.

The girls have been having a wonderful time ice skating. Frank found a good safe place on the creek close to the house and the only time we see them is at meal time. It has been so warm here in the afternoons that the ice gets too slushy for good skating, so from after dinner until dark they have been busy making what they call "shacks". They spent two days making one that they tore down as soon as it was finished because it wasn't big enough. The second one was quite fine made with a wagon box that had been set off on to the ground. I had to go out and call on them yesterday and make a tour of inspection. You have to go through a tunnel to get into it which of course they can do easily on their hands and knees, but which necessitated practically a stomach crawl for me.

Since I mentioned in one of my recent Kitchen-Klatter letters about what a good filter we have for our cistern I have had many letters requesting information about it. I have not had time to answer all of these letters in the detail that is necessary, so decided to tell you about it in this letter.

Our filter is 2½ x 2½ x 3 feet deep and is lined with brick and plaster. The corner nearest the cistern has a four-inch tile leading into the cistern and the mouth of this tile is covered with a fine wire mesh. (This tile was put in before the cistern was lined with brick and cemented.) The filter itself is filled with charcoal and small rocks—a layer of charcoal, then a layer of rocks, a layer of charcoal, then a layer of rocks, and so on almost to the top of the filter. (Instead of small rocks you can use real coarse gravel. We used rocks because it was easy for us to get all we needed.)

On the top is a good tight cover with a hole just large enough for the rain pipe to go into it. Be awfully sure that your charcoal is a real good grade because if it isn't the first time you clean out your filter you will find some rotten wood instead of the charcoal you thought you had, and this will make your water have

a bad odor. Your filter should be cleaned out each time your cistern is cleaned. This is quite a tedious job, but necessary. Take out all the charcoal and rocks and wash it in clean water, then you have to separate it and put it back in layers.

The 4-H project in Lucas County this year is Nutrition, so Kristin has been doing her first real baking all by herself. Yesterday she made some Chocolate Chip Blonde Brownies that were delicious and she was very proud of them. While they were still warm we took them down to the farm because she wanted Grandpa, Daddy and Luther all to have some with their afternoon coffee. Some of you may have this recipe but in case you don't you might enjoy trying these brownies:

Chocolate Chip Blonde Brownies

- 1 cup sifted flour
- ½ t. baking powder
- 1/8 t. soda
- 1/2 t. salt
- 1/2 c. chopped nut meats
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1 c. brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 t. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1/2 package chocolate chips

Sift flour, baking powder, soda and salt together. Add nuts and mix. Melt shortening in sauce pan; remove from heat. Mix in sugar. (Add 1 T. hot water, if vegetable shortening is used.) Cool. Stir in egg and vanilla. Add flour mixture, a small amount at a time, mixing well. Spread in greased 9 x 9 x 2 inch pan. Sprinkle chocolate chips over the top. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cool in the pan. Cut in 24 bars.

While Juliana has been here I finished a turquoise blue corduroy skirt for her that I started a long time ago. I think Lucile had probably given up on that skirt and will really be surprised when Juliana wears it home. I brought the material home with me when I was in Shenandoah just before school started. Of course the corn picking interfered with my sewing, but I finally got it cut out and started it when I was in Shenandoah at Thanksgiving time. Now it is finished and ready for Juliana to take home with her. Kristin got a lovely quilted skirt for Christmas that was too long and I have promised her I will get that shortenend so that she can wear it to school the first day after vacation.

I must stop now and get the breakfast dishes done and the house straightened up. Until next month...

Sincerely,
Dorothy

COVER PICTURE

The most famous home in the United States is Mount Vernon. Every year thousands and thousands of people travel great distances to see it. Even a brief time spent there brings to vivid life an entire period of our nation's history. Last year in February we showed you the rear entrance and explained that it is the view all travelers see when they first arrive. This year we want to show you the front facade, the conventional "portrait" of Mount Vernon.

A HEART-Y PARTY

By Mildred Cathcart

Hearts are always appropriate for a February party but many of you who have written for ideas for wedding showers will find some of these ideas equally appropriate for your entertainment, too.

Cut your invitations so that the front of them opens back like two little heart doors. Keep the heart doors shut by cutting a slit in each heart and slipping a golden colored arrow through to hold the doors shut. Use white paper, decorate the heart doors, and when they open the invitation may be seen written in red ink.

You might include a verse something like this:

"Open my heart's door
Big and wide,
A heart-y invitation
Is right inside."

If you are giving a shower write the honored couples' names on each of the hearts and include an invitation similar to this:

"Cupid shot an arrow straight,
Now his job is done;
For he has pierced two hearts
And made them beat as one."

For decorations cut hearts of graduated sizes and glue them on strips of red ribbon. Let these hang from the lights or in the doorways. Red and white streamers may be hung from the center to the four corners of the rooms. Bouquets of red flowers in white containers are pretty. If you have geraniums in bloom they are an ideal decoration. Wrap the pots in white crepe paper to carry out your color schemes. Red hearts make an attractive trimming on white curtains, too.

HEART'S FORTUNES

For this game you will need as many different designed hearts as you have guests. Vary the hearts by choosing different colors or by adding different designs on them. As you make a heart write its description on a piece of paper and write a fortune to accompany the description. Perhaps the yellow heart tells of gold and the finder of this heart will become wealthy. A heart with a shoe on it tells of travels—the one who will become the biggest bum. The heart with the circle is the marriage symbol and the possessor will be the first to wed. You will know your crowd and will make fortunes that are suitable. Hide the hearts in difficult places and each person searches until he finds one heart. Or you may let the guests draw a heart out of a sack. As soon as your guests are seated you describe a heart, the finder holds it up, and you read his fortune. These are always so far wrong that it makes the game all the more humorous.

A HEART STORY

This is all for fun and if you have a large crowd you will find it advisable to let them work in pairs or small groups. You must have copies of the story all ready and then provide each group with one old magazine, scissors, and paste. The blanks you have left in the story are to be filled in with words or phrases found



When we saw this new picture of Kerry Lee Cathcart we all said, "My, isn't she growing up!" I believe she was just three when we showed you her first picture. Her parents are Mildred and John Cathcart of Jerome, Iowa.

in the magazines and because of limited time (not more than 10 minutes) you will have some very amusing stories. When time is called, each story is read aloud and the crowd will vote for the best story so you can award the prize.

Here is the story:

THE HEART-Y STORY

One day Bill (use real names at a shower) stopped by to see his fiancée, Jane. He was driving his car. He honked loudly and Jane came down the steps. She was wearing her new and her brown

Bill gazed into Jane's eyes and said ".....".

He had eyes only for Jane and as they started down the street he didn't notice the red stop signal. Brakes squealed and a man leaned out of his car and yelled, "Where do you think you're going, you?" After that Bill kept his eyes on the

Jane smiled happily and said, "Just think, Bill, tomorrow we will be married. Won't that be?"

"You will make a bride," answered Bill. "And on our honeymoon we will drive our car to Then we'll board a to And when we come home we will live in a beside the"

"And we'll never be lonely because we will have a dozen to keep us company," Jane added.

TAKE A HEART A PART

Give paper and pencil and see who can be the first person to make two dozen words from the word "HEARTS." To help you—he, hear, hears, are, art, arts, tar, rat, star, hart, tea, teas, ate, eat, the, tear, tears, share, hare, hares, shear, sear, era, eras, and so on.

REFRESHMENTS AND TABLE DECORATIONS

Now is the time to bring out your red table cloth and a dainty border of lacy hearts cut from paper doilies.

Or you can use a white cloth and red hearts. A heart bouquet is an ideal centerpiece. Use a piece of screen wire cut heart-shaped to hold the flowers in a low container. Use a border of red flowers and fill in the center with white ones. Artificial flowers are simple to make if real ones are not available. Place a golden arrow through the center of the bouquet. Paste a red heart and gold arrow in the corner of the napkins. For nut cups place a red cup in the center of a small paper doily, draw the doily over the sides of the cup. Hold in place with a red ribbon and add a small golden arrow.

You will find it easy to serve your favorite refreshments. Heart-shaped sandwiches, decorated cakes, ice cream with strawberry topping, heart-molded salads, or heart-shaped cookies.

If you wish to choose partners cut a heart and in the center draw a small arrow. Then draw an arrow that will fit exactly in the heart. Make no two arrows the same size or shape. Partners are found by matching the arrow with the arrow in the girl's hearts.

If you are having a shower you might hide the presents and have little golden arrows point the way to the gifts. All of the packages should be placed in a large cardboard box that is decorated to resemble an old-fashioned valentine box. Perhaps each package could be wrapped in red and white and decorated with hearts.

TO GIVE AWAY

By Gladys Niece Templeton

The other morning I dropped in upon a friend via the kitchen door. I found her making a large gelatin salad and inquired if she were on a committee or entertaining.

She replied "Oh no, but it's so easy to make two pans of it at the same time, then I can have something to carry to a neighbor."

Good idea, very little cost or time was involved, but what a wholesome feeling for the giver as well as the lucky recipient. That gave me a valuable lesson.

We enjoy doing for others. Surely no one is inherently selfish, but we forget that it's the little things—those spontaneous sharings which bring the most pleasure.

Why wait until crepe is hung on the door or a fire has swept away his home to run over to a neighbor with a pan of salad? She had a workable idea.

We don't all have the makings for a deluxe recipe, but surely a package of gelatin and a few vegetables gave her the pleasure of having something

TO GIVE AWAY

MIRROR, MIRROR

Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who is fairest of us all?
Wise and fair is any maid
Who knows that outward beauties fade.

Loveliness and youth are kin,
But lasting beauty blooms within!

—Mildred Hoskinson

FREDERICK WRITES FROM BRISTOL

Dear Friends,

One resolution that I have made for the new year is to do some big things. For most of us, most of the time, life is just a series of little things—little tasks, small talk, and petty worries.

As I look back over 1953 it seems to me that all of the thousands of things I did were done on a small scale. No wonder there have been times when life itself seemed to be a little tedious thing. You know what I mean—I want to do some big things to save me from the tyranny of the little things.

During the Christmas holidays an idea occurred to me that prompted the first big thing for 1954. As a clergyman I am busy from morning to night doing lots of little things for the sick, the aged, and little children. I do so many little things that I had lost the joy of it. I needed something to pick me up out of the well-worn rut of doing good. I needed a shot in the arm, so to speak.

I got exactly what I needed by making it possible through the help of some friends for a young school girl to visit one of our best shops and completely outfit herself with new clothes. I had already given this girl from a very poor home of another church a piece of clothing for Christmas, but what did one little sweater mean, when the girl needed everything in the way of clothes? When I gave her the sweater I suddenly felt ashamed and I said to her mother: "I know the sweater isn't enough, and I promise you that she will get everything she needs," and right then and there I started out to make that possible. It was the first new clothing the girl had ever owned, and it was a great thrill for me to take her shopping.

No matter how good and decent our life is, it can become little and petty and trying and tiring if we do not on occasion do some big thing, something really thrilling and unusual. For that very reason mountain climbing has always appealed to me as a sport. Every once in a while I just have to climb up something very high to get a big view of things. It is hard to do that here in Bristol! The mountains are a long way away. I am going to do something about that this year. I am going to take lessons and learn how to fly a helicopter. Now don't laugh for I am really serious about this!

I have further resolved that during the year 1954 I shall not be afraid to change my mind. You may think that that sounds a bit queer, but think about it for a moment. Isn't it true that with every additional year of age we become more and more reluctant to admit error? Several times last year I was chagrined to find myself clinging to an idea or a belief that down deep in my heart I knew to be wrong. I knew that it was wrong, but I just couldn't bring myself to a confession of either error or stupidity.

Long ago someone said: "Never change horses in the middle of the stream." Now that sounds pretty

good on the surface, but the honest truth is that many times in life we do have to change horses in the middle of the stream, and we have to do it without getting all wet in the process. Often we haven't the time to think a thing through before acting, and then when we do have the time to think we see that we have acted wrongly. It is at the precise moment of that conclusion that we need to change horses. Dr. Joseph Fort Newton once quoted an old clergyman as saying that the wisest prayer for anyone is: "O Lord, give me the wisdom to change my mind quickly in the face of new facts." It is a good prayer for the new year.

Our little David has reached the "carpenter stage." Everything he can carry in his hand becomes a hammer, and every piece of furniture in the house becomes something that needs to be "fixed". Recently he has really "fixed" some pieces that will never be the same again. The other day he was watching the carpenters work in the new parsonage, and almost before we knew what had happened he had taken a hammer and driven a nail into an electrical outlet. Why he wasn't knocked down by the electrical shock I shall never know. It must be true that guardian angels watch over children at least part of the time.

Tonight at dinner he began "fixing" the top of our new table with a silver knife, and when we finally had him under control Betty commented: "For the next couple of years all I can ask of the Lord is strength to survive one day at a time."

When a very strong wind is blowing, there are some people who like to take shelter and stay under cover until the wind abates, but that is not so with my family. When the wind is blowing a real gale, I take the family for a ride down to the ocean shore to watch the enormous breakers roll in against the rocks. On one bright sunny day recently we had a very cold wind blowing in like fury off the ocean, and so we all drove to the shore. The waves were enormous and the white spray was rising high into the air. Standing there in the wind, Betty and I were chilled to the bone in no time, but the children in their snow suits didn't seem to mind it a bit. I thought that when the salt spray was freezing on their faces they would want to get back into the car, but the colder it became the better they liked it. Children are certainly a strange combination of ruggedness and frailty!

Speaking of the frailty of children reminds me of a conversation I had recently with a friend who is an undertaker. He told me that fifty years ago it was not uncommon for an undertaker to have a child's funeral every week, but that today one such funeral a year is the average. In all of our worries about the health of our children that is one of the great blessings we too often overlook. Every now and then there is the great sorrow of a child's death, but how wonderful has been the great advance in medicine. It would seem that we are almost at the point of conquering polio. Because God has to

work through the minds and hearts of men the progress is sometimes slow, but surely the prayers of millions of parents through the centuries are being answered.

As I write this letter there is over my typewriter a picture of our church taken about fifty years ago. I wish that you could see it. The entire church building on all sides from the ground to the eaves is covered with a lush, green ivy. Today we do not let the ivy cover all of the church, but we still have quantities of it. Most of our old stone buildings here in the East have ivy-covered walls, but I don't think that that is so further west. Beautiful as the ivy is, particularly when the leaves color in the fall, it does present something of a problem. Each year our church has to pay forty to fifty dollars to have the ivy cut back from the windows. What tremendous power a growing piece of ivy has! If we are not careful, the ivy on our church will actually manage to get under the window frames and force them away from the wall. If we human beings had as much strength proportionately as a twig of ivy, what could we not do?

In my mail this week was a letter from a friend who wanted some advice on the choice of a hobby. What would you have suggested as a hobby for a man in his late sixties? I would like to have suggested my own hobby of photography, but in this instance I did not. Instead I told him of two elderly gentlemen in my church who have as their hobby the raising of gladioli. They raise not just the ordinary gladioli, but the most beautiful and exotic specimens that ever existed. In the spring they have the pleasure of planting them. In the summer they have the joy of giving flowers to their friends, to the sick, and to the church. In the fall they are kept busy caring for their bulbs. During the winter months they study catalogues and make plans for new planting and new experimenting in the year to come. And all year long they always have an interesting subject for conversation.

If the health and activity of these two men can be used as a criterion for measuring the good effects of the gladioli hobby, I do not hesitate to recommend it to any man or woman. It is both mentally and physically stimulating; it is not expensive; it can be accommodated to anything from a window box to a large garden; and it is tremendously rewarding and satisfying. The interest in the gladioli hobby is growing all through the East in both young and old alike.

Until next month, I remain,

Sincerely yours, Frederick

ACCEPTANCE

God gives us joy that we may give;
He gives us joy that we may share;
Sometimes he gives us loads to lift
That we may learn to bear.
For life is gladder when we give,
And love is sweeter when we share,
And heavy loads rest lightly too,
When we have learned to bear.

THAT NEW SPRING DRESS

By Mabel Weber

The earth is getting ready for a new dress, so why not you! If you've ever sewed at all, late winter is an excellent time to make a new frock. We're tired of dark winter hues and the shops are full of brighter, lighter colors in bolts of new materials that are crowding the dry goods shelves. My fingers itch to begin, don't yours?

I've glanced through the new pattern books for fashion trends. The slim skirts with a back kick pleat for easier walking take my eye. You may like the fuller skirts. Either kind is high fashion.

My neck is short, so I look for necklines that plunge just a little or the new shutter or keyhole kinds to carry the eye away from my neck. If your neck is long, look for high necklines, with stand-up collars, if you wish. Average necks can take any style necklines. Heavy upper arms are covered nicely by three-quarter length sleeves. If your waistline is slim, don't overlook the new beltless or high waistline styles. I like to wear my clothes for years, so classic, simple designs are the ones I choose. Of course the occasions on which you plan to wear your dress will dictate the style. If you are a novice at sewing you will study the easy-to-sew patterns most companies feature since there are fewer pattern pieces with which to wrestle.

Our local stores carry designs from five pattern companies. Your town may have just one brand or none at all. You can buy quarterly pattern books from four of the nationally known makers. Usually one company's patterns will fit you better than the others, even if all are cut to U. S. Department of Agriculture measurements. I have been buying one kind for my own clothes for years. Just recently, I tried another manufacturer's pattern. The particular neck detail that took my eye has won me compliments, but the dress just doesn't feel right although it fits my measurements. My favorite brand rarely lets me down!

What size pattern will I buy? Authorities recommend buying the bust size and adjusting the pattern to fit out-of-proportion waist or hips. Your correct bust measurement is taken over the center of the breast with three fingers between the tape measure and body under the arm. You must have someone help you with this.

Next comes the selection of material. This will be the best I can afford. The mail order houses are featuring fabric clearance sales and they offer many materials suitable for spring or year 'round wear. The department stores are also offering much higher priced goods at prices often under a dollar. In 45 inch material this means my new dress will cost less than \$5 including the pattern and findings. Most pattern envelopes give lists of materials suitable for their particular designs. I follow these suggestions closely. If the fabric is launderable, I will check its shrinkability.

For my fuller figure, I will choose



Aunt Sue spent several weeks with Mother before she went to California, and we snapped this picture during that time.

a subdued darker color. There are lovely slimming dull blues, grays, greens available. Navy blue is always good for spring. Pink and black-and-white will be high fashion this year. I'm tired of black, but it is always smart if it is kept cleaned, free from make-up smears, and is worn over a black slip. The color you choose will be governed by the colors of your spring coat and the accessories you already own.

Spring prints are always intriguing. Slim figures look nice in small or large designs. Larger bodies are better in all-over mixed-up designs. If your heart is set on a spring print, be sure your pattern design is suitable. It should be simple, made of few pieces, since intricate details may be lost in the fabric design. Be sure to buy adequate yardage for your pattern.

The pattern pieces will be measured to check them with my peculiar measurements and adjusted accordingly. My shoulder line is about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch shorter than most patterns, so I lay a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch dart in front and back bodice shoulder lines before cutting. My hips and waist are a little larger than my pattern allows, so I will allow extra material at the side seams. I have a chart of my measurements — waist, bust, hip, arm one inch below the armpit, whole sleeve length and from shoulder to elbow and elbow to wrist, shoulder from base of neck to "bump" where shoulder socket is, across shoulders in back, across lower back, back blouse length from neck to waistline, under arm blouse length, front blouse length from center shoulder to waist over the center of the bust, and skirt length from center front waist line to floor. If you have no one to help you take these measurements, use a dress that fits you well and measure its seams. You will find this chart invaluable in saving work and time and your clothes will usually fit beautifully.

Now to the cutting! Some persons trim the printed patterns but since they don't bother me, I leave them on until the cutting process. Be sure to lay out (following the printed diagram) and pin all the pattern pieces to the material before cutting a stroke. Check the straight of the material on each pattern piece, and cut the notches out instead of in so the seams will not be weakened.

After cutting I will baste my garment together for fitting. Button-front dresses, collars, cuffs and other parts that need firmness will be interfaced using organdy, nurse's cloth, the new washable feltlike interfacing, or tailor's canvas — depending on the weight of the dress material. I will press my seams as I go along so my dress needs only a little pressing when it is finished.

Since my dress has buttonholes, I will increase its value by making bound ones. I could do hand-worked or machine-made ones but my dress wouldn't look as custom-made. My buttons will be self-fabric covered, either at home or at the sewing service shop. Or I may buy some good quality plastic or metal buttons. (A well dressed person I know buys dresses of good material on sale and replaces the cheap buttons with better quality ones thus adding much to her appearance.)

Belts too may be made at home or ready made. The new washable belting works well — some are thin enough to cover on both sides, while the thicker ones are covered only on the front. I always buy 7 inches more belting than my waist measures. Buckles are easily covered at home, many styles having a metal tongue. Then either metal or handworked eyelets are used — one in the right spot and one more on each side of it to allow for growth or shrinkage. Fabric or thread belt carriers are another custom-made touch.

Much controversy over skirt lengths has been started by Christian Dior. Actually most American women will wear theirs at their own most becoming length. Measured from the floor to the first bulge, this will vary with the individual's height and figure structure.

With our dress we will wear a color accent in just two parts of our costume. Either in shoes and bag, bag and hat, hat and gloves, gloves and shoes, and not shoes, hat, gloves and bag all of the same accent color. Most persons buy one hat a season and wear it as a uniform for every occasion. Our new dress will seem new each time we wear it if we have several hats to perk it up.

With our frock, carefully planned as to style, color, and material, and beautifully fitted and sewed, we will be lovely to look at this Spring, whether our years are few or many! Good luck!

WALK WITH GOD

When place I seek or place I shun,
My soul finds happiness in none,
But when I turn to God as guide,
I find true joy where I abide.

—Gertrude M. Robinson



QUICK ANGEL FOOD CAKE

Assemble the ingredients, set the oven at 425 degrees and put a 10-inch tube pan in the oven so that it will be hot.

- 1 1/2 cup egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 cup cake flour
- 1 tsp. vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. almond flavoring

Sift the powdered sugar and cake flour 5 times. Beat the egg whites until frothy. Add the salt and cream of tartar and beat until it will stand in stiff peaks, but not dry. Fold in the granulated sugar, 2 Tbls. at a time. Fold in the flour-powdered sugar mixture a little at a time. Add the flavoring. Put into the hot pan and bake exactly 23 minutes. Turn upside down until cool.

MACARONI LOAF

(a good supper dish)

- 1 1/2 cups macaroni, uncooked
 - 3 eggs, beaten lightly
 - 1 cup grated cheese
 - 1 cup milk
 - 1 cup bread crumbs
 - 1 green pepper, chopped
 - 1 onion, diced
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 tsp. pepper
 - 1 can tomato soup, heated
- Cook the macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Add salt, pepper, eggs, bread crumbs, milk, green pepper, onion, and cheese and mix thoroughly. Form into loaf and put in baking dish. Bake in oven 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Just before serving pour tomato soup over loaf and put in oven for 5 minutes.

COCKTAIL SAUCE FOR SEAFOOD

- 8 Tbls. tomato catsup
 - 2 Tbls. vinegar
 - 1 1/2 Tbls. horseradish
 - 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 - 1/4 tsp. black pepper
 - 2 drops tabasco
- Combine ingredients and chill thoroughly.

GLAZED ORANGE MUFFINS

Mix 1/2 cup orange juice and 1/2 cup orange marmalade and put 1 tsp. of mixture in bottom of greased muffin tins. Mix favorite muffins and spoon into tins on top of orange mixture. Bake in 425 degree oven for about 20 to 25 minutes, or until muffins are done.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

BEVERLY'S CELERY CASSEROLE

- Big bunch and a half of celery
- 2 cups medium white sauce
- 1 can blanched almonds

Cut celery in 1/4 inch pieces and cook in salted water until not quite done. Drain. Add almonds and white sauce and mix lightly. Spoon into buttered casserole dish. Sprinkle with cracker crumbs and bake for 20 minutes in a 350 degree oven, or until well heated through and crumbs are brown.

CHINESE EGG NOODLES

Break 2 eggs in a bowl and add 1/2 cup water. Sift together 3 cups flour, 2 tsp. baking powder. Blend in egg mixture. Don't add salt. Knead on a floured board until velvety and smooth. Divide dough in half and put half in refrigerator. (It will keep for a few days). Roll remaining half paper thin. Cut into 2-inch squares. Then cut or slice squares in 1/2 inch strips. Fry in deep fat. Drain and salt. (An easy way to do this is to shake in paper bag with salt as for sugaring doughnuts). This recipe makes a lot so it is usually divided in half, saving the remainder for a few days.

FRENCH FRIED ONIONS

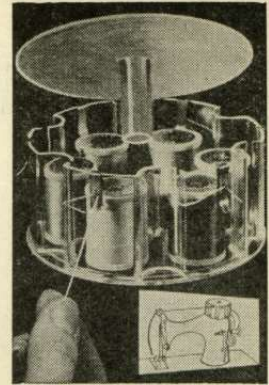
Peel onions, cut in 1/4 inch slices and separate into rings. Dip in milk, drain and dip in flour. Fry in deep fat (350 degrees). Drain on brown paper and sprinkle with salt.

SAUSAGE WITH APPLE DRESSING

- 1/2 lb. link sausage
 - 2 cups bread crumbs
 - 1 1/2 to 2 cups finely chopped apples
 - 1/4 cup chopped onion
 - 1/4 cup brown sugar
 - 2 Tbls. melted butter
- Fit sausage into bottom of baking pan. Make a dressing of other ingredients using enough apples to bind dressing together. Pack in closely over sausages. Bake 45 minutes in 350 degree oven. Drain off fat.

BANANA FRENCH TOAST

Mash a ripe banana. Add 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 tsp. grated lemon peel, 1/4 tsp. salt and a dash of cinnamon. Beat well. Heat 2 Tbls. margarine or butter in a skillet. Dip bread slices in banana mixture and brown slowly on both sides in the hot butter. Serve with maple syrup or fresh berries.



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SORRY, NO COD'S-NO STAMPS

JOSEPH J. BLAKE

"The Gift 'n Gadget Man"
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GILROY, CALIFORNIA

LEANNA'S THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

- 1 cup mayonnaise
 - 1/4 tsp. salt
 - 1 hard boiled egg
 - 1 Tbls. chopped green pepper
 - 1 Tbls. chopped olives
 - 1 Tbls. chopped pimento
 - 1 cup chili sauce
 - 1 Tbls. chopped pickle
- Mix pimientos, olives, pickle, salt, pepper and chopped egg white together. Add grated egg yolk. Add mayonnaise and mix well. Add chili sauce. Serve on quartered lettuce.

APPLES WITH CREAM CHEESE STUFFING

- 6 tart apples
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 3/4 cup water
- Peel and core the apples. Boil water and sugar for about 3 minutes. Add whole apples and cook until tender.

Stuff with the following mixture:
1 pkg. cream cheese
1/4 cup chopped nuts
1/4 cup chopped raisins
2 Tbls. cream

COCOONS

(This is not a man's cookie, but a lady's tea cookie)

- 2 cups flour
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 5 Tbls. powdered sugar
 - 1 cup butter
 - 1 Tbls. water
 - 1 tsp. vanilla
 - 1 cup chopped pecans
- Mix flour, salt, sugar and butter to coarse meal. Add water and vanilla and nuts. Roll into pieces the size of dates and bake on ungreased cookie sheet in a 300 degree oven for about 1 hour. Remove from oven and roll in powdered sugar.

FRANCES BRADLEY'S STEAMED PUDDING

(This was served at our Kitchen-Klatter Christmas dinner in 1953, a wonderful conclusion to a wonderful meal.)

- 2 cups dry bread crumbs
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups plumped raisins
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 cups hot water
- 2 Tbls. butter
- ½ cup flour
- 2 level tsp. soda
- 2 level tsp. baking powder
- ½ tsp. cloves
- ½ tsp. cinnamon
- ½ tsp. nutmeg
- ½ tsp. allspice

Mix the bread crumbs, spices, raisins and flour together. Cream the butter and sugar together. Add the eggs and beat well together. Now combine the bread crumb mixture with the butter, egg mixture, alternately with the hot water. Turn into a mold, cover and steam for two hours. Serve hot with the following sauce:

MAPLE SAUCE

- 2 cups brown sugar
 - 1 cup cream
- Boil together until it seems creamy. Serve hot over the pudding and top with whipped cream.

CHOCOLATE BREAD PUDDING

(A cousin of Oliver's discovered this in California about 10 years ago and it has been a favorite with her family ever since.—Margery)

- 1 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1 square baking chocolate, grated
- 2 cups milk, scalded
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Mix bread crumbs with the chocolate. Add to scalded milk in saucepan. Stir over low heat until chocolate is melted. Add butter and cool slightly. Add rest of ingredients and mix well. Pour into buttered 6 cup casserole dish and bake at 375 degrees for 1 hour, or until knife comes out clean. Serve with whipped cream—or cold, as this family prefers.

DIFFERENT EGG SOUFFLE

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 pint cream
- 5 hard boiled eggs
- 1/2 Tbls. grated onion
- 1 Tbls. minced parsley
- Salt, pepper and paprika
- 5 eggs, separated.

Make a white sauce of the butter, flour and cream. Put hard boiled eggs through a ricer and add to the sauce. Cool and season with the salt, pepper and paprika. Add the egg yolks which have been beaten light and then fold in the 5 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a greased and floured ring and place in a pan of boiling water and cook in a moderate oven until firm—about 30 minutes.

OLD-FASHIONED BEAN SOUP

- 2 cups navy beans
 - 1 1/2 cups diced raw carrot
 - 1 medium-sized onion, finely chopped
 - 1 cup chopped cooked ham
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 1/8 tsp. pepper
 - 1 1/2 quarts water
- Soak beans overnight. Drain, place all ingredients in kettle and cook until tender. If desired a ham-bone may be used in place of the ham, or used in combination. When using pressure cooker, set at 15 pounds, and cook 20 minutes after pressure is reached.

ORANGE LOAF

- 1/2 cup orange juice
 - Rind of one orange, ground
 - 1/2 cup boiling water
 - 3/4 cup raisins
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 1 tsp. baking soda
 - 2 Tbls. butter
 - 2 tsp. vanilla
 - 1 egg, well beaten
 - 2 cups flour
 - 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 - 1/4 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 cup pecans, chopped
- Place orange juice, rind, boiling water and raisins in a bowl. Add sugar, soda, shortening, vanilla and egg and mix well. Add sifted flour, baking powder, salt and nuts and beat until smooth. Bake in a well greased loaf pan in a moderate oven. Ice with a thin confectioner's sugar frosting, if desired.

BOSTON CREAM PIE

- 1/3 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream butter and 1/2 of the sugar gradually, beat until light. Add remaining sugar to well beaten eggs. Combine mixtures. Sift flour, salt and baking powder. Add alternately with milk to the first mixture. Beat thoroughly, add vanilla. Bake in a round, deep 9-inch pan for 20-30 minutes at 375 degrees. Cool, split and add filling. Sprinkle the top with powdered sugar.

FILLING

- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2 cups scalded milk
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Mix dry ingredients, add scalded milk gradually. Cook for 15 minutes in top of double boiler, stirring frequently. Add slightly beaten eggs and cook 3 minutes. Cool. I sometimes put a paper doily on top of the cake before sprinkling with powdered sugar. This would be very nice to serve the next time you have club.

FRAME THAT RECIPE

By Marion Ullmark

Do you have a cooking specialty that is always greeted by enthusiastic cheers when you serve it? Most of us who have kept house for a few years do have at least one favorite dish of this sort. Invariably it seems that when anyone eats something that they especially enjoy they ask for the recipe.

Sometimes writing the recipe out for everyone is a problem but this is a problem that I have solved to my own satisfaction, at least. My specialty is a small and very rich cookie that a neighbor of my mother's gave us when I was a little girl in Iowa. Aunt Cissy, as we all called her, was a wonderful cook and these mouth-melting little cookies were famous all over our town. She was as generous with her recipes as she was with her food, and I still have the yellowing sheet of note paper with the "receipt" for Tea Dainties written in her clear lady-like script.

I hit upon this plan for giving everyone who wanted it this particular recipe. I took a large, old-fashioned picture frame, enameled it bright red to match the kitchen accessories, and cut a piece of white cardboard to fit it exactly. Then I sat my son down at the desk and informed him that I had need of his talents for a few minutes. He copied Aunt Cissy's "receipt" on the cardboard in large clear black letters.

AUNT CISSY'S TEA DAINTIES

- ½ pound butter creamed thoroughly
- 4 tablespoons powdered sugar worked into the butter
- 3 cups sifted flour. (Work this into the creamed butter and sugar. The more you beat the better.)

- 2 teaspoons vanilla

After you have everything well beaten, roll the dough into small balls. They should be about an inch in diameter. Bake in moderate oven, (350 degrees) for fifteen or twenty minutes, or until a golden brown. Cool slightly and roll in powdered sugar.

When the recipe was copied, we enclosed it in the frame and hung it on the kitchen wall in the dining alcove. Now, whenever anyone asks for the recipe for "those delicious cookies" I just march them out to the kitchen, put them down at the table, hand them a pad of paper and a pen and point to the framed recipe on the wall.

I can't begin to tell you how much comment my "framed recipe" has caused. Many of my friends now have their specialties framed and ready for the copying. Why don't you try it with your own favorite recipe?

CINNAMON PRUNES

- 1 lb. prunes
- 2 slices of lemon
- 1/4 cup sugar
- Stick of cinnamon

Cover prunes with cold water, soak overnight. Add cinnamon, sugar and lemon. Cook slowly until tender. Remove stick of cinnamon and serve. This really makes prunes a treat!

JEAN FIELD JOHNSON WRITES FROM CALIFORNIA

Dear Aunt Leanna:

It hardly seems possible that nearly a year has passed since we visited Iowa and had such a grand time. If you'll remember, Harvey and I had just sold our beloved old ranch and bought the Proberta General Store at Proberta, California, and we sandwiched in our trip before we tackled the huge job of moving into the Store. Well, Dear Ones, that was months ago and there have been countless hours of paint, work and goodwill building done since then.

Our store is located in a semi-residential and ranching district on Highway 99 between Corning and Red Bluff. Across the front it says in nice big letters—Proberta, California—General Store—Harvey H. Johnson.

We used a wagon wheel motif in doing the store all over in soft greens, yellows and white. It just sparkled when we were through, and had just enough western charm to set it all off.

Of course, while all of that was being done downstairs in the store (and it's really good-sized), we were trying to get unpacked and moved in upstairs. I loath moving and there really was confusion, hustle and bustle around here for seven long weeks. We did not close the store while we were re-decorating because we couldn't! There is a Post Office in the Building, so you can draw a fairly good picture of the state of activities at the Johnson's. As I said, it took seven weeks before all was in order and then we held Open House. It was wonderful—over 1000 people attended and everything went off nicely.

We find it simply delightful to have our home and work all under one roof. And how nice it is for Harvey not to have to fight the elements anymore on that butane route.

We haven't tried to bear down on the word super-market—save, save, save line of thinking and advertising. Don't you think people would like a return to the old-time principles of the country store? I know that prices must be in line and we have done that, but how nice it is to give some penny candy to the kids when Daddy pays the bill! How nice it is to take the time to visit a little and care a little about other folks' problems! Anyhow it must work, for we have shown a 33% increase in trade.

During the holidays we paid special attention to store decorations, and perhaps other people with stores of this kind would be interested. We used those areo-spray guns on the windows and had Santa's going everywhere—popping out of chimneys, peeking from behind trees and spreading his merry old charm just everywhere.

One novel thing we have is a revolving table, quite large and on a center aisle between two big pillars. At Christmas time we had a miniature tree in the center of the table and decorated it beautifully. Around the table we had seven large red and black Mexican trays heaped with goodies. We invited the public to an



Jean Field Johnson and her husband, Harvey, tote up the day's receipts at their general store.

old-fashioned treat—hard Christmas candies, 700 cups of coffee, 1200 home-made cookies, and 200 candy canes for the kiddies—not nearly enough, we found!

Presiding over all of this was a huge, fat, genial Santa, complete to the last whisker. He was a gentleman from the South and Harvey and I were tickled to death when we overheard him saying to some child: "Honey-chile, what would you all like for Santa to bring you?" Unless you've heard Santa from the Deep South, you can't imagine how funny the accent sounds under these circumstances!

Harvey and I were absolutely amazed at the beautiful gifts our wonderful neighbors brought to us. You would love the people here for they just never stop being the last word in neighborliness. Time and time again they've turned up with something from their gardens or something they've just cooked, and it's certainly heart-warming to have such friends.

One of my Christmas gifts is about to appear and I've worried about it for a good reason. What would you do if someone promised you a woolly little black lamb with a red ribbon around his neck? I can't figure out what I'll do with a black lamb in a General store, and I haven't yet informed Harvey as to the situation. But since he is of a more practical nature he'll jump to agree that we should give him to Dad and Mary. They live only nine miles down the highway so we share their company many times. Then when my brother Solomon and his wife come up from Sacramento we really have a good reunion.

We have gotten Dad and Mary off on a hobby, and it's sort of funny the way it started. About two years ago when we still lived at the ranch I had some beautiful Dutch Iris. Harvey walked by them one morning and said how nice it would be if we could enter them in the big flower show that was about to be held in Red Bluff. He should never have mentioned it! Two days later found him submerged in countless flower arrangements, and the Iris were

simply lost in the shuffle for they turned out to be only the means toward the end of a wonderful story.

Dad had given me from time to time little odd pieces of wood from the hills, small hollow logs, pieces of gnarled wood, etc., and by using these we won ribbon after ribbon. One arrangement that attracted a great deal of attention was a little log filled with red roses and wild oats! Another was an old-fashioned pitcher pump with a spray of climbing roses and a piece of twisted driftwood like a picture frame thrown in. Anyhow, Dad has been collecting more and more pieces for me and last night when I went down to get them I found that he wouldn't give them up—the bug has bitten them too!

One piece that Dad recently brought to me was a small hollow shell, sort of a burl or stump. I worked several hours debarking it, sanding it and shaping it up. When I had it to suit me I ran a small night light in under the bottom and filled the shell with delicate apricot colored dahlias. The light shining up through them made them exotic—like some rare and chisled jewels. We are going to take a number of these pieces to San Francisco to some of the bigger shows.

Harvey has just reminded me to tell you about the really huge man who came in the other day and bought six nice bananas. He refused a sack, picked them up in his hand, moved back from the counter and started munching contentedly. As the skins began to mount I offered him another sack saying that I would take them and dispose of them. He looked me right in the eye and said, "No, by gum! I bought and paid for these and I'm a keepin' 'em." Well, that will larn me, by gum! If folks are quiet and contented, leave them alone.

My grandbabies, daughter Jacqueline's little ones, were home with me for a day during the Christmas season. Chris is close to three and Lynda is close to two. What adorable little ladies! We let them choose two huge Teddy Bears from the toy department, plus some other loot, and then in the final moments of the day Lynda tossed all of it aside for her old raggy doll.

Our apartment is quite comfortable and nice. We have six big rooms with a long hall running down the middle. As I sit here now in front of the huge dining room windows which look down, out and over the valley, I wish that you, too, could share the beauty of this scene with me. It is nearly spring in California and the rich, vast country about us is softly green. About the huge oaks there is a haze of pink which denotes swelling buds.

At this moment it is nearly even-tide and I am looking down below to the great highway which connects this part of the country with the south. Now the traffic is coming on quite heavily and the lights of the cars are flickering on, making a scene comparable to shimmering jewels on a long ribbon.

(Continued on page 13)

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

Well, the Vernesses are at it again! Once more we're in the throes of major repair work and life is lived amid clouds of plaster dust, the sound of hammering, and the anticipation of an all-pervasive smell of paint.

It was just about a year ago at this time that I first started to tell you about our major work downstairs and I knew then that the awful reality of the upstairs was staring us in the face. Russell wanted to go ahead with it last year, but I was so sick and tired of being torn up that I put my foot down. (Many times in the months since then I've regretted my stand and wondered why I didn't pluck up courage to go ahead and get it all over with once and for all.)

When we moved into this house almost eight years ago (actually it has been that long) we found upstairs two rooms and two tiny closets. This is really a story-and-a-half house, so those rooms have sloping walls and nothing above them. They needed a knock-down, drag-out job done on them then and there, but we had so much else to do that we just slapped paint over the wall-paper and let it go at that.

For a good two years now we've known that something desperate had to be done, but we were loathe to settle for any make-shift expedients and simply made up our minds to wait until it could be done right. "Right" has meant practically rebuilding the second floor.

For one thing, there isn't a speck of insulation up there and on summer nights we've had the happy sensation of climbing into a 350 degree oven when we dragged up to bed. In fact, even though we purchased one of these big window fans last summer we've actually had to give up and sleep downstairs when the temperature really soars.

So the problem of insulation has to be tackled. All of the plaster, and I mean all of it, was ready to fall if we looked at it cross-eyed, so Russell's first big job has been to remove every bit of it and haul it out. In spite of exhaustive precautions the house has simply been filled with plaster dust, so this means that when we're finally through upstairs we'll have a terrific cleaning job to do downstairs.

There is to be no more plaster put on upstairs, or anywhere else in this house, for that matter. Russell is using plywood to build the new walls, a job that will be done only after quantities of insulation have been put in the aforementioned walls.

The two closets I mentioned are so tiny that even a mouse would be crowded for space, so along one wall in each room will be a solid closet (approximately twelve feet long) with sliding panels. All odd corners will be filled in with built-in drawers, and Juliana's room will have all kinds of shelves, plus drawers, to hold her various collections.

Thank goodness we're spared the necessity of buying furniture, so the only thing we'll have to do in that line is to get the floors carpeted,



Juliana and Kristin hoped for snow during the Christmas holidays, but all of their time outside had to be spent with a bicycle and stilts.

plus the staircase. I haven't settled on any color scheme for our room, but Juliana has asked for pale rose and white. In view of the fact that it's her room, that's precisely what she will get.

We are expecting Russell's father down here very soon to lend a hand with the job. He offered to come (and since he has completely retired from business he's free to do so) and Russell was overjoyed. As he said to me: "What a relief to have someone here to hold the other end of a board." I've been virtually worthless when it came to major building projects—willing and good-natured, you understand, but worthless. I'm sure that the work will go twice as fast with Russell's Dad here to help.

I believe the only thing we'll have to hire done is a rewiring job, and Russell may yet surprise me on this. He says that other people build their entire homes and figure out such jobs, and from experience I know that such a comment is the preface to mastering hitherto unknown problems.

During the time that all of this work is going on we'll not be having anyone in for meals! After all, we had to move downstairs hook, line and sinker, and you might just as well hear the homely details! We will turn the davenport in our study over to Father Verness, we have turned the living room davenport over to Juliana, and Russell and I sleep on our twin beds set up in the dining room! Russell measured the dining room before he brought the beds down and figured that if I don't gain anything I can still squeeze through. Yes, we're going to be in cramped quarters for a while around here.

But my! how wonderful it will be to move back into a brand-new upstairs! I can put up with a lot to achieve the completion of this dream and I know that all of you friends who've done extensive work on old houses understand exactly what I mean. As I write this we are just starting to get underway, so you can be sure that you'll hear more about our progress in following letters.

I'm just now beginning to get a real grip on cooking, and by a real grip I mean enthusiasm for testing new recipes. We felt so sated after the holidays that I just couldn't muster up a hearty interest in desserts of any kind. In the old days we didn't have this situation, but with modern products to keep foods oven-fresh, plus freezers, you can string along for weeks with cake, cookies and candy. That's exactly what we did too, so only now am I back to the point where I respond to the sight of a new recipe like the proverbial old fire-horse responds to the bell.

For a long, long time I've been interested in the fact that for some mysterious reason things seem to move in a definite pattern. For instance, have you too noticed that when you're driving on the highway you can go for miles without meeting any traffic, and then all of a sudden you meet an entire string of cars at once? This is particularly apparent when you're driving through desert country, or in any lonely section where there isn't much traffic at any time. Russell and I commented on this over and over again when we lived in southern California and took many weekend trips into sparsely settled areas.

Good fortune seems to descend in a lump and bad fortune seems to descend the same way—it's only rarely that one particular incident isn't attended by a number of comparable incidents.

In the same fashion I am impressed by the fact that the letters addressed to me seem to come in a cycle. If I get one letter from a discouraged woman who is battling too many problems, I get a dozen in the same week. If I get one long, newsy, interesting letter from a happy woman, it is followed by a big collection of comparable letters.

Six weeks ago I was startled to receive nine different letters from women who wanted to know if I honestly felt that a double-sink was the right type to buy. I know that I haven't mentioned my sink for a long, long time, and it struck me as odd that all of a sudden nine different women wrote for my opinion in one and the same week.

Within these last ten days I've had seven letters from perplexed mothers who want to know if I've ever found any book that really sounded sane and sensible on this subject of living with children. I've never before had anyone ask me this specific question so I think it's strange that seven women wrote within ten days to ask my opinion.

Well, I'll say flatly that I don't think any book is much of a crutch to lean on when it comes to tackling the problems that arise in every single home where there are children, but I have read with profit a book titled "The Parents' Manual" by Anna Wolf. A number of times I've turned to it in the hope of finding sound, common sense suggestions for coping with various situations—and I've found them. Mother gave me this book when Juliana was born, so

(Continued on page 14)

PATRIOTIC PARTIES

By Mildred Cathcart

Patriotic parties are most appropriate for February and are so easy to plan.

If you decide to honor the Father of Our Country, you may write your invitations on white paper and decorate with tiny cherries and hatchets. The main part of the writing may be done with blue ink while the date, place and time are written with red.

Red, white and blue streamers are most decorative and so are flags. A large cherry may be the center of attraction. Select a good shaped limb and wrap the branches in green paper. Red gum drops would make pretty cherries, although the tree will no doubt look quite barren before the evening is over! A small harmless hatchet might lie at the foot of the tree.

For your table use your plain white table cover. Add a border of blue and red crepe paper. Your centerpiece could be a miniature cherry tree made similar to the large one. A large plastic tree such as many of you have is ideal when the branches hold small red gum drops. If you wish, you can find very small plastic trees at the ten cent stores to use at each individual place.

Your place cards may be plain white folded paper with silhouettes of Martha and George Washington pasted or painted on them. For favors use a large gumdrop, make a slit in the top and insert a miniature hatchet cut from heavy paper and colored brightly. On plain white nut cups paste a paper branch with red cherries and green leaves.

Cherry pie and ice cream seem to be the most appropriate of refreshments.

"I Can Not Tell A Lie" will be a very amusing game to play. Give each player twenty-five paper cherries. Each person is to ask questions of the other players. The person questioned must reply, "I cannot tell a lie", whereupon he must give the true answer or, if he prefers NOT to tell the truth, he must forfeit a cherry. The winner will be the one who has collected the most cherries in a given length of time. Why not give a box of chocolate coated cherries for a prize?

"Telling the Truth" is a game to test the historical knowledge of your guests. Make a list of questions about the life of Washington, the Declaration of Independence, or of life in the early colonies. (You may have to borrow the children's history book to refresh your memory or, better still, have the children help you). As each contestant is given a question he must answer correctly. If he fails to "tell the truth" he is eliminated from the game.

If you are entertaining children, hide a number of paper hatchets and cherries about the room. Score two points for each cherry and five for each hatchet.

If your party is to be in honor of Lincoln's birthday, you must keep your decorations and refreshments as

plain, as common, as the life of this beloved statesman.

Your centerpiece may be a log cabin made of corrugated paper or of Lincoln logs. Add a touch of color by having a tiny forest nearby. Sprigs of evergreen will make realistic looking trees.

For this party you will like to use your old-fashioned red and white or blue and white checked table cloth. Place cards will be plain white cards with a tiny flag in the corner. For favors use red gumdrops with a flag stuck in each.

Refreshments, too, should be very simple. Why not serve corn bread and beans with your fancy pickles or relish? Whatever you choose, serve it plain with no frills.

For a "Rail splitting" contest choose two teams, give each a RAIL, and have each contestant carry the rail to a hatchet at a given goal. He must lay the rail on the hatchet, pick it up, and give it to the next one on his team who likewise carries the rail to the hatchet and then returns it.

For a more quiet game, provide paper and pencil for each guest. Have them print the letters of Abraham Lincoln's name down the side of the paper — one letter below the other. See who can provide an adjective beginning with each letter to describe Lincoln. (A—Able, B—Benevolent, R—Righteous, A—Ambitious, H—Honest, and so on.)

If you wish a hiding game you will find this a little different. Give each player an American flag with the stars missing. They must hunt the hidden gummed stars and the first one to complete his field of forty-eight stars is winner.

February, you will find, is an ideal month in which to entertain. Whether you wish something plain, or something elaborate, something humorous, something romantic, or something patriotic—then February is the answer.

—AN APPRECIATION PARTY

(Concluded)

It is more than just a tavern where hungry mouths are fed; or, when the journey's ended, where we rest our weary head.

It isn't just a hang-out when there's nothing else to do; or to which we wander slowly when the nightly dates are through.

It's a haven when we're battered by the tempest of the day; where there's peace and understanding that will chase our cares away. It's the place our hearts return to, though our errant feet may roam, it's our earthly bit of Heaven; it's that paradise called Home." (By Martin Smith)

Toastmistress: "Oh, thank you, kind sir, but 'buttering' us up after those opening remarks will not make us yield our proverbial last word, in fact several last words! Right now let's listen to a solo, 'My Hero' by -----"

Toastmistress: "And who was it said that 'men are but little boys grown tall'? Well, ----- is going to read for us that poem 'The Good Little Boy' by Edgar Guest."

"We are now to be favored by a

duet, sung for us by ----- and ----- I'm sure you agree with me that they 'make such beautiful music together' ('My Happiness', 'With These Hands', 'Through The Years', or 'You, You, You' are some of the songs which might be used).

Toastmistress might next introduce a guest speaker or perhaps the ladies will want to work up a humorous skit or pantomime for the feature of the evening.

Toastmistress: "And now let us sit back and sort of dream and let our minds wander back to days gone by as ----- reads James Whitcomb Riley's beloved poem 'An Old Sweetheart Of Mine'."

"In conclusion let us all join in singing 'Always'."

JEAN JOHNSON'S LETTER

(Concluded)

To the right of this highway are vast miles of ranching land, part of the truly old west—a strong and loyal country. To the left lies Gerber, a railroad terminal, and behind it the huge Hop ranches. Surrounding all of this are the beautiful hills, purple, blue, remote and deep. How many are the happy hours we have spent in their far away reaches, how many are the campfires around which we've sat and remembered the deer and bear and panther hunts! These are memories that no one can ever take away.

The sky is quite dark now, a deep, rich plum color. And the lights of the cars go streaming on. In the west we do not have your long twilights, for here, when the sun is gone, it is suddenly dark and the night is cold.

I cannot help but think of the miles that separate our members of the family from you. Yet it is no further than the heart is—and that, we know for a certainty, is with you. At times when the Fields back there have known illness and trouble it has been very hard to be so far away, and yet what a wonderful thing it is that we can step to the telephone and in just a moment's time you are on the line. We can still hear your voices the other night when you and Aunt Sue and Aunt Jessie said, one after the other, "goodnight . . . goodnight . . . goodnight."

And so night has set in here and the stars drift down their alchemy of silver light above a beautiful and vast country. To you dear Iowa relatives we say, "May God bless and keep you" . . . goodnight . . . goodnight." Jean

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LUCILE'S LETTER—(Concluded)

if you're of a mind to give your daughter or daughter-in-law a book on rearing children, you couldn't do better than "The Parents' Manual."

Many of you conclude your letters to me by saying: "I have an enormous ironing waiting for me and must get at it." Today I'm going to say the same thing to you. Believe me, it is an enormous ironing!

Lucile

FEED SACK TIER CURTAINS

By

Elsie Bailey

Scene: A little white frame farm house set back from a dusty gravel road. If you drove down that road you would see first the north windows curtained in prim, snowy-white, tier curtains. From directly in front of the house it is apparent the same curtains were used in the front rooms. After turning in the big white road gate, you would probably drive on to the little yard gate handy to the kitchen door. The same starched white curtains show up even more on this, the sunniest side of the house. Yes, we have copied an idea the decorators used in ranch-style houses, and have hung matching tier curtains all through the house.

The best part of this idea is that the curtains cost only the price of the thread to sew them. They were made from feed sacks.

On hand from the days when nearly all kinds of feed were sold in cloth sacks was a big box of sacks which had been white with red or blue lettering on them. The material was a better-than-ordinary muslin, and each sack was 39 inches wide and 52 inches long. For the double-hung tier curtains four sacks were used to each window. The length of the sack was used width-wise on the window in order that they might hang as full as possible. They are full, as you can see they would be, with 104 inches of material to a window frame that is 38½ inches wide overall. This fullness was of importance because the total effect must depend not on texture or color, but only on the lavish use of the plain white muslin.

First the sacks were bleached until they were free of all lettering. Next, threads were pulled to straighten the ends of the sacks so that all were exactly the same length. All sides were hemmed in a narrow "shirt-tail" hem. (The inside edges of all pieces hanging to the center of the window could have been finished with an inch hem, but the narrow hem on all sides permits switching the panels around and should make for longer use.)

Facings were cut (from another sack) for the top and bottom of each panel to get a little more length. This allows the top tiers to hang about four inches over the bottom tiers, and the bottom tiers to cover all the wood frame at the bottom of the window.

A shorter curtain would be as attractive. For instance, the bottom tiers, when finished, could just clear the windowsill; and the top tiers barely overlap the bottom tiers. The facings used were finished 1½ inches wide for the bottom edges of the panels, and 3 inches for the edges. A row of stitching centered the length of the 3-inch top facing leaves a heading on the curtain 1½ inches wide, and a casing 1½ inches wide.

These curtains, tossed in the washing machine, take to hot water, soap and bleach like a tea towel. Lightly starched, they iron flat to the crisp perfection of a white tablecloth. Gathered on the curtain rods they become as frilly as a girl graduate's first long dress.



Among Emily's and Alison's Christmas gifts was this little tent that fits over a card table. They've had a wonderful time playing in it through these winter weeks.

GARDEN OF ENCHANTMENT

Every child should have a garden
And know the adventurous task of
soil preparation,
Seed sowing and cultivation.
He will experience a lasting realization

Of the oneness with Nature
Greater than in any other childhood activity.

Every child should have a tree
And feel the real joy
Of sitting in the comfortable lap
Of its cool shade.
He will soon cherish the friendship
Of the multitude of birds
That nest high in its supple strength,
and arms

That so materially aid
In keeping him balanced
With earth and sky,
For he is a creature of both.
He should know the voice of the wind

That ripples the face of purling streams
And bows low the grasses
And broad acres of ripening grain.
He should know that
A portion of the sky's blue roof
Is his to shout against,
And that one star
Is dependable and shines for him
alone—a wishing star.

—Delphia Stubbs

THE PRAYER PERFECT

Lord, for tomorrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin
Just for today.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for today.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace
Just for today. —Unknown

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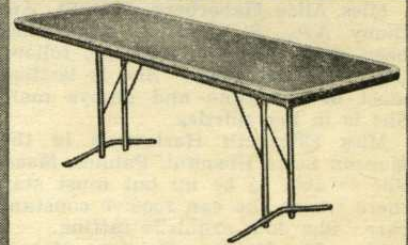
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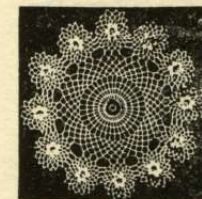
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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

It takes quite a while after a request for a wheel chair comes in to investigate the person who needs it, to locate and buy a suitable chair, and to get the money to buy it. However, since I asked your help last fall, we have purchased wheel chairs for two needy shutins, and a hearing aid besides. Please accept my thanks for your help, and the thanks of the ones who received these things. I know your hearts are happier for having helped.

We have a call for cheery letters for Mrs. Josephine Cook, 139 Cherry Ave., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. She is shutin and is not able to write.

Miss Alice Haberberg, 1664 St. Anthony Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn., has been shutin for a long time, following rheumatic fever. She is bedfast most of the time and enjoys mail. She is in her thirties.

Miss Elizabeth Harlow is in the Monson State Hospital, Palmer, Mass. She is able to be up but must stay there where she can receive constant care. She does exquisite tatting.

Mrs. Ida Mahlke, Balaton, Minnesota is 71 and has been on crutches because of arthritis for nearly 20 years. She hasn't been away from home since 1943. Mail would mean a lot to her.

Bertha Mercer, Rt. 6, c/o Loys Deaton, St. Joseph, Missouri is another arthritic shutin. Please write to her.

Mrs. Pearl Kauffman, Rt. 1, Seville, Ohio needs cheery letters. She is quite ill and gets so blue.

Mrs. Lucy Wood, 900 W. South First, Shelbyville, Ill., broke her back in a fall 6 years ago. She lives alone and has a self-service gift shop in her home. She makes corn-cob dolls to sell in her shop.

Miss Mae Young, Rt. 4, Marshfield, Missouri had polio when she was a small child. She is in her thirties now, and is not able to do much. I'm sure she would like to hear from you.

Dale Roe, c/o 428 Kishwaukee St., Rockford, Illinois will be 20 on March 16. He has been handicapped since birth. He loves all kinds of sports on radio, and would enjoy mail.

Mrs. A. Buchi, Rt. 1, Owego, N. Y. is 72. She lives on a farm and seldom gets to go anywhere. She likes to collect recipes and patterns.

Mrs. Nelle Thompson, 1510 State St., Salem, Oregon is a semi-shutin. She has a heart ailment and lives alone in a small apartment. Please write to her.

Mrs. Hallie Rise, 935 E. High St., Lima, Ohio has been shutin for many years. She suffers constantly and mail is her only pleasure.

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