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Magazine

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Photo by Stern

New Years' Greetings from our
Family to Your's



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

Almost everything I do these days is sandwiched in between trips to the kitchen, and my letter to you this month is no exception — I'm waiting for a chicken to cool down to the point where I can take the meat from the bones and make up a kettle of Chicken A La King.

My children tell me that they haven't seen me in the kitchen so much for years, and I guess they're right. I decided to fix many things for the freezer to carry us through the holiday season, and of course with a family our size this means a great deal of cooking. By the time I've sent portions of everything up the street to Margery's family, down the alley to Howard's and Lucile's families, and two blocks over to Wayne's family, the batch is gone.

We expect Donald soon and I always like to have things on hand when he is with us for I know that he gets tired of restaurant meals. About fifty percent of the time he is out traveling on the road, and then he just takes what he can get since he has no way of knowing where he can go to depend upon good food. The other half of the time he eats at hotels and restaurants in Anderson, so all in all I like to give him home cooking in abundance on the rare occasions when he can be with us. I believe that his plans call for being here two days in the immediate future, and about a week through the holiday period.

Our big news these days is the arrival of Clark Field Driftmier, 7 lbs., 15 oz. to Abigail and Wayne on November 30th. He was born about eleven in the morning at our fine new Hand Memorial hospital here in Shenandoah, and I can assure you that he received a very warm and loving welcome from his parents, two sisters, grandparents, and all of his aunts, uncles and cousins.

We have often laughed and said that it would take any youngster born into our family a long, long time to get everyone straightened out, and I'm sure we're right. Alison, who was two in July, is just now beginning to have all of her many relatives fixed into their proper places.

And this reminds me that we were all so amused with her the morning that Clark was born. With a big family, you know, there is always someone to jump forward in an emergency, so when Abigail called Howard at 2:30 in

the morning and asked if he could come over and sit with Emily and Alison, he went to their house immediately. At 7:00 Margery went over to get breakfast for the children and to see that Emily left for school on time. She told the youngsters that their mother had gone to the hospital to get their new baby, and Alison was so excited by this that she ran up to everyone all morning and told them where her mother was and why she had gone.

When Emily returned from kindergarten at noon she was told the news, and I guess it was a long wait for her until the next morning when she could go back to school and proudly announce that she had a new brother.

Clark is an adorable baby and his Grandmother Driftmier is going to enjoy him to the utmost. Next month we will have pictures of him to show you. We tried our best to get one for this issue, but the lighting conditions in the hall were so difficult that Russell wasn't satisfied with his first attempts. But you can depend upon seeing a picture of our newest Driftmier in the February number.

(Oh yes, I must tell you that as nearly as we could figure, Clark would arrive just *after* the absolute deadline for this issue. We all laughed and said that he had started to cooperate early by arriving before I had written my letter, the last thing that goes to the printers!)

Today's mail brought a nice long letter from my sister, Martha Eaton. She is now in New Jersey visiting her son Dwight, his wife Wilma, and their two little boys, Craig and Douglas. It's a trip that Martha has anticipated for a long time, and I know that she's going to have a happy winter.

Sue and I are both to be grandmothers to new babies at about the same time. Clark is here, of course, and Sue is waiting hourly to hear that her daughter, Margery Conrad Sayre (New Jersey) has had her fourth baby. I have a nice new picture of Sue that I want to share with you next month. She is feeling much better these days and is still thrilled over the wonderful honors and recognitions that were accorded to her at a big garden meeting in Ames about two months ago.

All of you friends who have followed the ups and downs of the Field family for many years will be happy to see a letter from my niece, Letty Field Bianco, in this issue. Probably many of you recall seeing pictures of her as a chubby little girl for her father, Henry

Field, photographed her constantly as she was growing up. We think that little Jean looks very much as Letty did at the same age. So many of you young people (yes, and older people too) are working on your own homes these days that we thought you'd find many experiences in common with Letty and Ray.

I don't know yet what Fred Fischer's plans are for Christmas, but if he is here in town he will be with us, of course. Fred's and Mart's friendship extends back through almost a half-century, and they much enjoy the many evenings that they spend together. Those of you who have read *The Story Of An American Family* know that I met Mart at Fred's and Helen's home — he roomed with them when he was manager of our local telephone company.

We expect to have our annual Driftmier party sometime around December 20th — dates are always a little uncertain when there is such a strong possibility of roads being covered with ice and snow. More than once we've had to make last minute changes.

On December 23rd we will have our annual office party. Last year we had to miss this because we were in Florida and could only send a telegram to be read during the evening, but this year Mart and I will be here to sit down to a big turkey dinner at seven in the evening. All of us draw names for a Christmas exchange, and we all share alike in our gifts of turkeys and boxes of candy, so it will be another happy evening for all of us who take care of your letters that are addressed to Kitchen-Klatter.

I'm ashamed to confess that I am far from finished with my Christmas shopping. I envy people who tie the last package by December 10th — I can never seem to get things rounded up that early. If there's any excuse for my last minute flurry it's because there are so many of us to think about!

Margery is happily settled in her new home and looking forward to a fine holiday season when Oliver will be back from a Texas trip. Russell, Lucile and Juliana are all busy getting their house decorated for they always put a lot of thought and time into this, and Howard, Mae and Donna are also enjoying this Yuletide season to the utmost. It is Howard's first Christmas in his own home and he is busy finishing a major piece of furniture as a gift to Mae. Russell says that he hesitates to try and photograph any of Howard's beautiful furniture because he's afraid that justice can't be done to the wonderful detail, but we're going to try and get something in the line of pictures during 1954.

1954! It's hard for me to believe that this date is actually true. I remember vividly the big Watch party I attended when the century turned, and at that time the very word "1954" sounded as unreal as 2,000 sounds today.

Well, I do hope and pray that 1954 will be a good year for your family and for our family. With prayer and faith it can be.

Affectionately yours,
Leanna

A FEW NOTES ON HOUSE PLANTS

By
Lucile

This is the time of year when our gardens almost fall into the bracket of a myth and a legend. Whatever we enjoy now is in the house, and it's to be hoped that every single person who reads this has at least one growing plant on which he can anchor his winter attention. Even a lowly sweet potato or carrot top that is growing away industriously can do more for your spirits than you realize consciously.

If someone gave you a Cyclamen for Christmas and you want to keep it as long as possible, remember that this plant needs an extremely cool location. Place the pot in some kind of a container that will hold water and let it creep up through the drainage hole in the pot. Under no circumstances permit water to get on the flowers, crown or foliage. Don't feel badly if it droops and dies in spite of all your loving attention, for Cyclamens are far from easy to carry through the summer.

Anyone receive a Jerusalem Cherry? Here's a plant that wants a cool location but doesn't tolerate chilling drafts. If you cook with gas or heat your house with gas, be prepared for trouble. It's unusually sensitive to gas in the air.

Azaleas are perfectly beautiful during the winter weeks when they bloom. Last year we had our big plant container full of gorgeous rosy colored flowers.

For these beauties you want a good light but a cool temperature—around 60 degrees. They need a great deal of water. When warm weather comes they can be moved outdoors to a spot in light shade. If you'll water them faithfully and feed them, you'll be rewarded with a profuse formation of buds that will bloom wonderfully well a second winter.

Last year we received a Primrose for a gift. We kept it cool and moist and enjoyed its bloom tremendously, but we felt badly when it dropped by the wayside and thought perhaps we'd done something wrong. We didn't. You can enjoy it while it blooms, but after that time make your peace with discarding it.

There was a time when I frankly disliked Geraniums and didn't want one around. I suddenly realized one day that the reason I didn't care for them was because I always associated them with a rusty tin can and a tomato label! When I was a little girl I knew someone who had quantities of these tomato cans around (label still intact) filled with sullen looking plants that never bloomed.

In recent years I've come to appreciate their gay, gallant beauty. We've found that they need lots of sun and temperatures from 60 to 70 degrees. We've also found that they're best kept a little dry.

Once a month, after your plants are growing well, mix up some liquid plant food made by combining 1 teaspoon of a 4-12-4 fertilizer to a quart of water. Give each plant 1 cup of this.

We've had exceptionally good success



Mother's Ivy gets faithful attention during these winter months. The large leaves above belong to a Monstera that Aunt Helen Fischer enjoyed for years—this is just a new clipping from it.

with our Begonias and perhaps I can pass on a pointer or two to those of you who would like to start some.

When potting Begonias, set each plant with the crown barely above the soil, and never in depressions where water can collect next to the stems. The soil is important. It should be light and porous, slightly acid, and should contain some peat. Additional food is needed, and we mix up a teaspoonful of a balanced plant food to a quart of warm water. This is fed to each plant at the rate of one-half cup-full over a month.

When you get ready to repot Begonias, water well and then keep in a cool place away from the sun for several days. Spray twice a day but do not saturate the soil.

CARE OF POINSETTIA AFTER BLOOMING

Everyone who receives a beautiful Poinsettia during the holidays wishes that he knew how to care for it, so here are the important pointers you should know.

By the month of February your Poinsettia is ready to rest. If ferns were planted with it, remove them to another pot. Then place the pot containing the Poinsettia in a dry, warm cellar. Let the Poinsettia remain bone dry until settled warm weather—June first is about right.

At this time it should be cut back to the place where you would like to have it branch and repotted in good rich soil in which you have allowed for good drainage. Place in a semi-shaded location and start watering gradually. The tops you cut off will take root in moist sand and will also bloom by Christmas.

Bring Poinsettias in ahead of other House Plants as they are very sensitive to cold.

I never see a Poinsettia here in Iowa without remembering the shock it was to see fields of them blooming in California. All of my life, until we moved to California, I had thought of Poinsettias as an individual bloom in a pot, so it was an astonishing thing to find them growing up as high as second-story windows in Los Angeles. And it was even more astonishing to see them blooming in fields, just a solid, flaming sea of color. How I wished I could pick enormous bundles of them and fly them back to Shenandoah for the folks to enjoy during the holidays!—Lucile.

FOR YOU

The things you loved I have not laid away
To mold in the darkness year by year,
The songs you sang, the books you read each day
Are all about me, intimate and dear.

I do not keep your chair a thing apart,
Lonely and empty, desolate to view,
But if one comes a-weary, sick at heart,
I seat him there and comfort him for you.

I do not go apart in grief and weep,
For I have known your tenderness and care;
Such memories are joy that we may keep,
And so I pray for those whose lives are bare.

I may not daily go and scatter flowers
Where you are sleeping 'neath the sun and dew,
But if one lies in pain through weary hours
I send the flowers there, dear heart, for you.

Life claims our best; you would not have me waste
A single day with selfish, idle woe.
I fancy that I hear you bid me haste
Lest I should sadly falter as I go.

Perchance so much that now seems incomplete
Was left for me in my poor way to do.
And I shall love to tell you, when we meet,
That I have done your errands, dear, for you.

—Unknown

A WISH

I do not wish you joy without a sorrow,
Nor endless day without the healing dark,
Nor brilliant sun without the restful shadow,
Nor tides that never turn against your bark.

I wish you love and strength, and faith and wisdom,
Goods, gold — enough to help some needy one,
I wish you songs, but also blessed silence,
And God's sweet peace when every day is done.

—Unknown

A HAPPY NEW YEAR'S PARTY

By Mildred Cathcart

If you have never entertained at a New Year's party, this would be a good time to gather in your friends and spend the last evening of 1953 in happy companionship.

Most invitations are telephoned these days, but there's something "extra" about anything received in the mail and it doesn't take much time or money to send out something such as the hour glass booklet.

Buy dark construction paper, fold into booklet form, and on the front paste a white hour glass. If you can spend just a little more time, cut this hour glass of cellophane or plastic making two for each booklet. Sprinkle sand on one piece, place the other piece over it and seal the two together with a hot knife. Now paste this cellophane hour glass between two sheets of heavy paper, and cut away the front sheet so that the plastic or cellophane hour glass shows through. It doesn't take much time to do this and the results are clever.

On the inside of the booklet you might write this verse:

'Ere the "sands of Time" slip by
We'll bid old '53 adieu;
But after we sing "Auld Lang Syne"
We'll welcome the New Year too.

Probably your Christmas decorations will still be up, so there won't be much needed in this line. Later in this article I'll suggest an appropriate centerpiece or two.

A good "mixer" game to get the party started is HOW MANY HOURS? Prepare for this by taking large white envelopes, one for each guest expected, and drawing a clock face on it with heavy crayon. A sizeable quantity of cardboard squares, each bearing a number from one to twelve, are hidden here, there and everywhere. At a signal, all guests are turned loose to hunt for these squares. At another signal they stop searching and turn in their envelopes into which they have put their squares. The person who comes the closest to having a complete clock face with all of the hours accounted for, is the winner.

TIME MARCHES ON. Look through old papers and magazines and find a collection of pictures of people who have made front page news in 1953. Provide each player with a pencil and paper. Have someone hold up these pictures, one by one, and allow 30 seconds for the players to identify them and write down the names.

RIDDLE SEARCH. Two sets of papers are needed for this. Make up one collection of separate slips on which the riddles are printed. Then fold them over tightly and place in a hat. Half of the guests march by, drawing out a slip and wait to open it until the other half of the guests have marched by and drawn out slips that contain the answers. At a given signal, all guests open their slips and then must search until the couple has been found that have the matching riddle and answer. As soon as each couple has been found, they step to one side. At the end of the time limit there will probably still be people frantically trying to match up the riddle and answers!



Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Strom and son, Martin Erik. Margery thinks we should explain that Martin's mouth looks so unnatural because all of his front teeth are missing and he is very self-conscious as a result!

Here are the riddles to be printed on one set of papers and the answers to be printed on another set.

1. What makes a striking present? Clock.
2. When is a clock dangerous? When it strikes one.
3. What day of the year is a command to go forward? March 4th.
4. When the clock strikes 13 what time is it? Time to have it repaired.
5. What is always behind time? Back of the clock.
6. What is time and yet a fruit? Date.
7. What does the proverb say time is? Money.
8. What waits for no man? Time and tide.
9. What relative tells the hours? Grandfather clock.
10. What bird would you consult to get the time? Cuckoo.

STOP THE CLOCK. This is simply a silly game that makes for fun, but it shouldn't be played if your crowd wants to remain dignified.

At intervals during the evening set off a good loud alarm clock, and notify everyone in advance that the moment the alarm rings each person must hold the position he happens to be in and remain in that position until the clock is silent. You will have some grotesque and hilarious predicaments—mouths open, heads thrown back in laughter, hands gesturing, etc.

TIME'S HEAVY HAND. At the time you issue your invitations ask each guest to bring a baby picture of himself. Arrange these on a table, face down, and when it's time to identify them, give each person a pencil and slip of paper. Allow the player a certain length of time to identify them—turn the pictures up just at the last moment so that guests cannot study them in advance. This is a good game for older people, needless to say.

TEN YEARS FROM NOW. One player goes around and whispers to each person the name of a place. Another makes the rounds and gives

him the name of a person, while a third party tells him something he will be doing ten years from now. Each player must then repeat what has been told to him. It will be quite interesting to know that Sam Jones will be in Cairo, Egypt with Mamie Eisenhower picking chickens ten years from now!

WATCH CONTEST. This is good to sandwich in between active games.

FOUND ON A WATCH

1. Used before. (Second hand.)
2. Fifteenth wedding anniversary. (Crystal)
3. What we give our friends. (H-our hand.)
4. Women love them for adornment. (Jewels.)
5. Read by the secretary. (Minutes.)
6. Supports a flower. (Stem.)
7. Sometimes, they claim, it stops a clock. (Face.)
8. Opposite of front. (Back.)
9. Places where water bubbles up. (Springs.)
10. Something a lawyer tries. (Case.)

A pretty clock centerpiece may be fashioned from a circle of cardboard covered with gold paper. Make two black hands point to twelve o'clock. Each number is a tiny flower, but 12 o'clock is a large, brilliantly colored flower. Flank this with gold candles.

Another extremely effective centerpiece can be made by using the gold clock for the foundation, and arranging around it small decorations that represent the months of the year. January could be a snowman, February a heart, March a shamrock, April an Easter bunny, May a May basket, and so on. This is colorful and unusual.

The chances are that you will probably serve your refreshments buffet style. However, if you serve sandwiches, why not make one tray full of fancy clocks? Cut these with a round cookie cutter, spread with soft cheese, and use bits of olive, pickle or pimento for numerals. Cream cheese tinted red and put through a pastry tube will make fine clock hands.

Cup cakes or cookies can also easily be decorated to look like clocks, using tinted icing forced through your pastry tube to make the numerals and hands.

White napkins should have a clock drawn on with crayon in one corner. Make hour glass nut cups from two cone-shaped drinking cups. Cut the pointed end off of one cup and turn it upside down for the base. Fit the point of the other cup into this cut-off end. Fill the top cup with candy.

Just before midnight give each guest an inflated paper sack with instructions to pop it just at the first stroke of twelve. When the sack pops it will contain balloons, confetti, serpentine and other favors and noise-makers for the crowd.

No New Year's party should ever end without the entire crowd joining hands to sing "Auld Lang Syne." A happy, happy New Year to you and your guests!

I am an old man and have known a great many troubles, but most of them never happened.—Mark Twain.

LETTY FIELD BIANCO WRITES FROM ILLINOIS

Dear Aunt Leanna:

My resolution this year is to write to more people, more often, and to keep in touch with those we love and appreciate.

Ray and I are both well and happy. Ray left, as usual, at five o'clock this morning for his job of delivering milk to stores. He came back at six-thirty for his breakfast and now he won't be back home until between three and four this afternoon.

Jean Ann is a happy little four year old these days. She has just acquired a Siamese kitty from her Aunt Josephine and has named it Tuffy. He keeps her busy demanding attention and she loves it. I heard her ask her Matilda doll awhile ago if Tuffy could wear some of her clothes. I'm wondering how the kitty will like wearing a doll dress!

We are still busy working some every day on our new home — I say new even though we recently completed our first year of living in it. There is quite a lot of finish work to be done yet but we feel rather proud of all we have accomplished thus far. It is such a satisfaction to realize the many things we have learned by doing the work ourselves. Of course, Ray is responsible for most of it, but he did trust me with some of the details.

Several of our experiences seem mighty funny to us now although at the time they were anything but funny. After the basement and shell of the house were completed, it was turned over to us to finish. We were certainly a couple of greenhorns about it all but game to try anything.

We still almost itch when we think of how the fiberglass insulation fairly crawled down our necks that hot summer weather as we put it in every nook and corner of the walls and rafters. And the last night before we moved in was a night to remember. We spent the evening hooking up our gas pipe to our gas cook stove, running the pipe through the floor in just the right place, and we thought we were through. The gas company was coming the next day to check it but we thought we had better test it ourselves first. All we needed was a bit of soap and water to put on the pipe to see if it would bubble, but do you think we could find any soap? No indeed! At one o'clock in the morning we had to drive a mile back to where we lived just to get a little piece of soap.

We have enjoyed every bit of the work though. When those heavy pieces of plasterboard were placed on the two by fours that made up the partitions, the rooms began to take shape. At that point I couldn't help but start to plan where each piece of furniture would be placed and wonder how it would look. Even though I never held a paint brush in my hand before, I soon learned how to varnish the wood frames of the windows and how to sand between the coats of varnish. Soon after that I managed enough nerve to climb a high ladder to help Ray put the siding on the out-



This is little Jean Bianco, daughter of Ray and Letty Field Bianco.

side of the house. I found that it is some trick to paint siding and still hold on to the ladder! I also learned how to varnish and sand our beautiful inside flush birch doors that show the grain of the wood in all sorts of interesting patterns.

Our two archways were hard to do. It sounded simple when a man told us how to cut a square board diagonally and place them in the corners of the doorway, thus making the corners rounded a bit. But it didn't look right to us, so after experimenting a bit we finally ended up with metal arches from the local lumber yard. Ray filled them in with plaster and after several coats of plaster and sanding in between, they are smooth and even.

All of the wiring was done by Ray and I guess he'll never forget the two Sundays he spent putting in the two three-way switches. It took at least fifteen blown out fuses before he figured them right. (That's where an amateur loses a lot of time on his work.)

Our furnace was easy to install. It has the new small size of pipe and is gas with a forced air blower. We appreciate this luxury after shoveling coal into an old furnace.

Ray put in his own plumbing too which took a lot of time. One of the last minute worries was fixing the kitchen sink so it wouldn't leak. He found he had the washer on the wrong side and then had to add a piece of string around the pipe to make it fit!

There is a great deal to do yet to finish the plasterboard walls and ceilings. Each seam and nail head must be covered with plaster a few times and sanded between each coat until it is perfectly smooth. Ray puts on the plaster at night, and then I use a small electric sander on it the next day. The sanding isn't much of a job with the electric sander. When it comes to the ceiling, I wear goggles so the plaster dust won't go in my eyes.

We have two rooms almost ready for paint. One is Jean Ann's bedroom where we have started everything. We

figure that is our practice room and that by the time we are out where it shows, we'll be good. The kitchen is the other room about done. We plan on finishing the kitchen before going on to another room. With the unfinished walls and no covering on the floor, it is hard to keep clean.

Our house is small but just right for us. It has three bedrooms, living room, kitchen and bathroom. My kitchen is a lazy man's kitchen. You don't have far to walk for anything in the small narrow space. The dinette where we eat is at one end of the kitchen in front of the huge archway into the living room. Oh, yes, and I have my window over my kitchen sink which I always wanted. Ray can't understand why I want a window when I'm supposed to be washing dishes!

In the living room, we have one of those huge picture windows which gives a lot of bright morning sunlight and makes the house seem cheerful at breakfast time. One of my chief joys is the number of closets we have. Each bedroom has a closet and then there is one near the living room door to hang heavy coats and hats. Near the bathroom door is the linen closet with lots of shelves; it has an opening from inside the bathroom in case you forgot your towel.

We're having fun deciding on the colors for the rooms, although I never realized before that there are so many factors to be considered. One article I read said that if you like a certain color and want it, that's reason enough. I have had my heart set on a yellow kitchen to go with my white cabinets and their cherry red cabinet tops. For Jean Ann's room I'd like pink with bright colored curtains to match the covering on the old toy chest. It will be fun fixing up a little girl's room. She also needs a number of shelves for her extra toys and boxes.

The problem of dressing up the windows is a difficult one for there are so many interesting styles and kinds of materials to choose from. I plan on having draw drapes throughout the house some day but until all the painting is done I think it is safer to use the old curtains.

One room at a time will be finished with paint, inlaid tile blocks and the final pieces of woodwork.

The neighborhood where we live is a new addition to the town. Almost every house has been built just within the last few years. There are about a hundred homes and more new ones are going up all the time; there are four new ones being built now all within a block of us. This morning I looked out of the window and saw men busy sweeping the snow off the frame work of one so they could work on it today. Since our new addition is outside of city limits we have our own water system from an artesian well. Just recently everyone helped to buy a new pressure pump and all helped to install it.

Ray was proud of his lawn last summer. When we first started working on our house there were huge dirt piles covered with morning glory weeds, and for a long time we referred to our place as Morning Glory Hill. We looked at those dirt piles all winter and

(Continued on Page 11)

A SILVER ANNIVERSARY

The twenty-fifth wedding anniversary (or the silver anniversary as it is usually called) is one of the very loveliest because silver blends so beautifully with any color scheme you may choose. Often the couple's wedding color is combined with the silver to determine the choice of colors used in the decorations.

Personally, I am extremely fond of pink and I feel sure I shall use that color when and if we celebrate this occasion. However, lavender, blue, pale green or other colors are equally effective. One friend who is very fond of red was bold enough to use red and silver, and I can assure you that it was lovely.

In writing about this, I shall refer to pink and silver for a color scheme—you substitute your favorite.

Invitations

For your invitations use plain white folders and print with silver ink. Tiny gummed numerals are available at most book shops and a silver "25" may be pasted on the front of the folder. The flap of your envelope may be held securely with a tiny silver bell seal.

Decorations

Cut narrow strips of pink crepe paper, crinkle the edges and loop from the center of the room or light fixture to each of the four corners. Silver tinsel or icicles such as you use for Christmas decorating may be hung over the streamers. Use pink and silver crepe paper for tie backs for your curtains. Hang large cardboard "25's" in your doorways—the cardboard numerals may be sprayed with aluminum paint or covered with silver crepe paper.

Use pink doilies or make scarfs of pink and silver crepe paper for your tables, piano, etc.

Bouquets of pink flowers in silver containers or in vases covered with silver crepe paper may be placed about the house. A large silver basket filled with pink flowers and a pink bow on the handle is pretty, too.

Table Decorations and Refreshments

Where there is a large crowd it is easier to serve buffet style. Use your best white table cloth and decorate it with tiny silver bells and pink rose-buds. You will find silver paper lace doilies available at most stores and these look attractive under your various dishes.

An easy to arrange centerpiece is made by painting a silver frame on an ordinary kitchen mirror. Place a low container of pink flowers on this and use tall pink candles in silver holders.

Serve pink and white mints in a silver bon bon dish and place your dishes of pink and white ice cream on a large tray covered with a silver doily. White cakes may be frosted with pink and white and you may outline a wedding bell or make a "25" in silver shot on the top of each.

If you have a large cake it will be attractive with white frosting, pink roses, and touches of silver shot to form scallops, etc. Place the cake



Do you remember this picture of Emily when she was just past two?

on a large cake dish with a silver doily and surround the base of the cake with tiny real pink rose-buds. To "top" your cake you can find a most appropriate decoration at any store that carries Dennison crepe paper supplies. Or you could make a similar one. It is a silver wreath with a large silver "25" in the center.

Use pink napkins and add small silver bells or "25" in the corner.

If you serve punch and find your glasses very commonplace, fancy them up by pasting a large silver number "25" on the side of each. We used the large fancy numbers when we were called upon to help with a celebration, and they are most unique. Those who do the serving may wear dainty pink aprons and caps with silver bows or rosettes for trimming.

Do be sure that you provide extra chairs, especially for the older guests, and for all others while they are eating.

Entertaining

The type of entertainment provided depends upon the number of people you have planned to invite. At an Open House you can plan on various musical numbers. Often the church choir will provide either group or solo numbers. You may have appropriate phonograph recordings, or you may ask various musicians to play during the receiving hours. I think it is a nice and suitable gesture to ask the minister of the church to speak. And to me, it would not be quite correct to end such an occasion without hearing some one sing, "Bless This House."

I think one family planned a most unusual program and I know their parents enjoyed it immensely. They presented a program built around the twenty-five years of their parents' marriage. It began with the wedding march and a mock wedding. They even recalled the incident of their father's nervousness and the nearly lost wedding ring. All the outstanding incidents of the family were reenacted and the humorous and precious family traditions were portrayed. Movies were taken and I KNOW this has proved to be a priceless gift to the parents.

Gifts

One family who wished to present money to their parents used this novel form of presentation. Across one side of the room a rainbow was formed of crepe paper. The end of the rainbow was at a gift table. (This could be covered with a pink cloth trimmed with silver.) The money, of course, was in a silver pot at the end of the rainbow. Other gifts were placed upon the table.

Money trees are always popular and may be made of real branches painted in a harmonizing color. Each coin may be wrapped in silver foil and tied with pink ribbon to the tree. And if you remember the very large-sized tin cans we cut in strips a few years ago and used for a flower tree you will have another way to make a money tree for a silver anniversary. Cut from the top of the can (close to the seam) to the bottom. The top and bottoms are removed first. Then cut the large tin sheet into many, many very tiny strips and fashion them into a pretty shaped tree. Tie the coins to this silver tree.

Be sure that you have a book handy and keep an accurate record of the giver of each gift.

I think a "Memory Book" would be a fitting climax to such an occasion, and certainly it would be one of the most treasured gifts children could give to their parents. Include clippings, pictures, personal stories, poems,—anything concerning the family. Later you could add the story of this anniversary, a list of the guests, and perhaps interesting comments made by the various guests, pictures of the occasion, gifts, and so on.

Final Notes

In many cases the relatives who are giving the Silver Wedding party will not want to send out individual invitations but will hope that all good friends can find it possible to attend. In this event it is perfectly correct to ask your local newspaper to carry an item stating the time, place and date where the Open House is to be held. It is equally correct to ask the pastor of the honored couple's church to mention this when he reads the notes of coming events at some time during the morning services.

At any anniversary affair, Silver or Golden, the honored couple should stand near the front door to greet all guests. Their children and grandchildren should stand slightly to one side and should welcome the guests as soon as they have spoken to the parents.

In the event that the honored couple do not have children, the relatives or friends who have assumed responsibility for the affair should stand in the place that would be occupied by the children under other conditions.

And one last note . . . if you're helping with a Silver Anniversary, don't get so bogged down with details that you can't enjoy the joyous occasion. Make complete arrangements in advance, do all possible work on the day before the big event, and then turn up in festive spirits prepared to have a happy time.

NEWS FROM THE RHODE ISLAND DRIFTMERS

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter to you on a Sunday evening. The children are in bed, Betty is addressing Christmas cards, and I am sitting here in my study.

Sunday is always a busy day for a clergyman, and this has been a typically busy Sunday for me.

After a quick breakfast I drove the seven blocks to the church and had a short conference with our sexton. It was cold today, and I wanted to make certain that there was enough heat in the little children's Sunday School rooms. From the church I went across to my office in the parish house and made a few last minute changes in my sermon. Before I knew it the children were coming in for Sunday School and I stood at the door to greet them. I led the singing in the Junior Department, gave a short talk, and then dashed across the street to the church to meet with my Standing Committee for a half-hour. By then it was time for the church service. After the service I had a short meeting with my Board of Deacons.

I went home long enough to eat a good roast turkey dinner and then went out to make a few calls upon the sick and the aged. I spent an hour in the office and then had a short meeting with some of the other clergymen in the city to discuss plans for some union services. By then it was supper time and I was back at the house.

I had to eat my supper very quickly for at six-thirty I wanted to attend the Sunday evening meeting of my church young people. I left that meeting and went up to the Baptist Church where I gave a short sermon at a union service and showed a motion picture on my machine. (I own one of the few motion picture machines in town, and it is in constant demand.) I have just come back from there, and now I am writing to you. Wouldn't you call that a busy day?

Our little David is just three years old, and of all the many things that can impress a three year old, he is most impressed by sunsets. As soon as the winter landscape begins to show the colors of a setting sun, he becomes very excited and wants to walk down to the water's edge to watch it.

One night last week he was most excited, for the sunset was more vivid than usual. He grabbed his coat and hat and begged me to take him where he could see it better. Although we are only three-hundred yards from the harbor, there are many trees and a house or two between us and the shore making it impossible for us to see a sunset in all of its glory. That night I took him in the car down to the other end of town where we could see the harbor from one end to the other, and really, never in my life have I seen a sunset quite like that one. The entire harbor was bathed in a dark brown color with a slight reddish tinge. The buildings all along the shore appeared to be on fire with every window flashing a red reflection. I don't know who was the more impressed—David or I.



Here is Alison, just past two, wearing the same dress.

Do you have wonderful sunsets where you live? I suppose that you do, for it has been my observation that most places in the world do have lovely sunsets occasionally. I think that the only place I have ever lived where there were few really nice sunsets was in Egypt. Once in a great while there will be a beautiful sunset in desert country, but not often.

The most gorgeous sunsets I have ever seen in my life, however, were in Central Africa during the rainy season. You really need to have some clouds for a particularly beautiful sunset, and while Egypt has few clouds, further south in Africa there are many clouds during the rainy season. On the other hand, the finest sunset photographs I have ever taken, I took in Bermuda and in Honolulu. I have never taken a sunset photograph here in Bristol because I have never been able to make up my mind as to where I should take the picture.

How has your health been this winter? In our family we have had one vicious cold after another. Bristol is a good place to catch a cold because here we have much damp weather with heavy fogs, but I have been told that all over America the colds have been unusually severe this fall and winter.

I don't think that any of us here ever had colds that hung on as long as the ones we have had this year. The children seem to be quite well during the day, but every night they wake up several times with their coughing. Some of the people in my parish have even had to go to the hospital with extremely severe colds.

A few miles up the road from my church is another church of just about the same size, a church with approximately 325 members. Three weeks ago that church began a campaign to raise the sum of \$100,000 to build a new parish house. At that time, I wondered how a small church like that could possibly raise so much money, but do you know what they did? They actually raised \$150,000! Isn't that wonderful? Believe me, there must be a real spirit in that church!

Just the other day I read in the paper about an even smaller church out in the Middlewest that raised the sum of \$20,000 to make repairs after a damaging storm. On the Sunday that the minister announced to the people that the full amount had been raised, he asked his people to make a thank offering to God in appreciation of the fact that the church had been able to raise the required amount. An offering was taken up then and there and the people gave an extra \$2,000, all of which was to go toward their missionary budget. Now what do you think of that? When I told some of my friends about it, I commented that we never know what a church can do until a real sacrifice is demanded of it. When the members of a church make up their minds to sacrifice for the Lord's work, they can work wonders.

One of my activities outside of the church is to serve as the treasurer of the Salvation Army. Every year the Salvation Army sends baskets of food to the underprivileged in the community, but this year I decided to try something a little different. Instead of taking the food to the people, I wrote a letter to each of the families and told them that we had put a certain amount of money to their credit in a local market and urged them to go to the market and pick out anything that they would like to have for their Thanksgiving dinner. In that way we would save the people the embarrassment of having their neighbors see us deliver the basket of food, and it would guarantee that each family would have exactly what it wanted to eat. From all reports it was a most successful experiment.

If you are a member of some organization that is planning to give a Christmas party for some orphanage or children's home, permit me to give you a suggestion. Give the children a party at the orphanage or the home, and don't take them all to some club room or other facility. Wherever the children are living is their home, and Christmas is always nicest at home. It is much more fun for the children to wake up in the morning and find your gifts in their stockings and under their own tree than it is for them to receive the gifts in some strange place, no matter how nice the place. It would probably be more fun for you to have the children at your place, but it definitely wouldn't be more fun for the children. I learned this lesson the hard way when I was a chaplain in the navy. Too often at many parties for orphans I have seen little ones off in a corner weeping because they were frightened by so many strange people in strange surroundings.

Sincerely,
Frederick

Life itself can't give me joy
Unless I really will it,
Life just gives me time and space,
It's up to me to fill it.—Unknown.

A PROFOUND TRUTH

Wm. Penn said: "Those people who are not ruled by God will be ruled by tyrants." And from Herod to Hitler history has proved him right.



SOFT MOLASSES COOKIES

- 3/4 cup sour milk
- 1 1/2 cups molasses
- 1/2 cup melted butter
- 1 3/4 tps. soda
- 5 cups flour
- 2 Tbls. ginger
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup chopped raisins

Mix molasses, butter and milk. Sift flour, ginger, salt and soda together. Add to molasses mixture slowly, stirring constantly. Add floured raisins and roll out to 1/4 inch thickness on lightly floured board or pastry cloth. Keep the dough as soft as possible. Bake in 350 degree oven for about 20 minutes. Makes about 4 dozen.

OVEN MEAT CROQUETTES

- 2 cups ground cooked meat
- 1 cup grated carrots
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup grated onion
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 cup melted butter
- Dry bread crumbs

Combine all ingredients except dry bread crumbs and butter. Mix well. Shape into 6 croquettes. Roll in melted butter and bread crumbs. Place on greased pan and bake in a 350 degree oven for 40 minutes.

HICKORY NUT DROPS

- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups cake flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 cup chopped hickory nuts

Cream sugar and shortening. Add eggs, and vanilla. Then add the dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Lastly, stir in the nutmeats. Bake on greased cookie sheet for 15 minutes in a 375 degree oven.

PINEAPPLE FRITTERS

(Apples may be used)

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 2 eggs
- 1 Tbls. melted butter
- 1/2 cup milk
- 6 slices of pineapple

Sift the flour, salt and baking powder. Add the eggs, butter and milk. Dip the slices of fruit in this mixture and fry in deep fat. The temperature of the fat should be 370 degrees if you have a deep fat thermometer.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA and LUCILE

DELICATE CHOCOLATE CAKE

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

Cream together the shortening, sugar, salt and vanilla. Mix cocoa with 1/3 cup cold water and add. Now add alternately the cake flour and 1 cup of cold water. Beat the 3 egg whites until foamy and add to them the 3/4 cup of sugar. Continue beating until stiff. Blend well into the first mixture.

Lastly add the soda which has been mixed with boiling water. Stir in very well so there are no streaks.

Bake in two layers at 350 degrees for 25 minutes, or until done according to your own testing method.

FRESH OYSTER STEW

Pick over 1 pint fresh oysters; put in colander; pour 1 pint cold water over them, drain; put this liquor in granite kettle, boil and skim; when clear add oysters; cook until plump and well ruffled; set over very low heat, adding 1 pint hot milk, butter size of small egg, salt and pepper. Serve hot with crackers.

CREAMED SLAW SALAD

- 3 cups shredded cabbage
- 2/3 cup thin cream
- 4 Tbls. sugar
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- Salt and pepper to taste

Mix and serve at once. This can be changed by adding sliced tomato or minced peppers.

Date Dumplings

- 2 1/2 cups water
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- Bring to boil in large pan that will go in the oven.

- Mix:
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup dates
- 1/2 cup nut meats
- 1 cup flour
- 2 tps. baking powder
- Pinch of salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Drop by spoonfuls into the hot syrup in pan. As dough swells, put into the oven and bake until dumplings are done. Serve with heavy cream or whipped cream.

"FOOD FOR THE GODS"

- 6 egg whites, beaten stiff
- 2 cups sugar
- 10 soda crackers
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 1 tsp. Leanna's vanilla
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup nuts

Beat egg whites until stiff. Gradually beat in the sugar. Add flavoring. Roll soda crackers into fine crumbs and mix with baking powder (amount given, 1 Tbls. is correct). Mix with dates and nuts. Pour into an oblong buttered pan, 12" x 14" and bake for one hour at 300 degrees. Cut in squares and serve with whipped cream. Very nice party food for twelve people. This raises and then shrinks as does any torte.

APPLE-ORANGE DROPS

- 2 3/4 cups cake flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup shortening
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 large apples, pared and cored
- 1 cup seedless raisins
- 1 Tbls. grated orange rind
- 2 tsp. baking powder

Sift flour with salt and baking powder. Cream shortening with sugar. Add vanilla and eggs and beat well. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture alternately with combined milk and orange juice and mix thoroughly. Put raisins and apples through food chopper. Add grated orange rind and fold into mixture. Drop from teaspoon onto well-greased cookie sheet. Bake for 12 to 15 minutes in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees).

LIMA BEANS SCALLOP

- 1 1/2 cups dried lima beans
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup diced celery
- 2 Tbls. green pepper
- 1 cup tomato soup
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 Tbls. butter
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/4 cup buttered bread crumbs

Soak lima beans over night. Drain, cover with boiling water and cook until tender. Add salt during latter part of cooking. Drain and add diced celery, green pepper, tomato soup, water and butter. Salt and pepper to taste. Pour into greased casserole, sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs and bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

BAKED PORK CHOPS

- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 6 pork chops, 1/2 inch thick
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper

Put fat in frying pan. When hot add pork chops and sear to a golden brown. Place these in a baking dish. Make gravy of flour, fat from pan, water and salt and pepper. Pour over the chops, put on cover and bake in a slow oven about one hour.

MEXICAN TAMALES

(Fine economical dish for a bitter January night)

- 1 cup corn meal
- 4 cups water
- 1 tsp. salt

Measure out 3 cups of water and bring to a boil. Mix 1 cup of the cold water with cornmeal; then add boiling water and salt and place in top part of double boiler. Cook over boiling water for 45 minutes, stirring frequently.

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1 medium sized onion
- 1 green pepper
- 3 Tbls. shortening

Melt shortening. Brown meat in it, and then add onion and green pepper and cook for about 5 minutes. Add 2 1/2 cups tomatoes, 1 tsp. salt, and chili powder to taste.

Line a greased baking dish with half of the mush. Put in meat mixture. Cover with mush and bake for 30 minutes (or until lightly browned) at 375 degrees. Serves eight.

MAE'S CRANBERRY SALAD

- 2 pkgs. cherry gelatine
- 3 cups boiling water
- 1 small can crushed pineapple
- 2 cups ground cranberries
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 oranges ground
- 1 cup white grapes
- 1/2 cup nuts (any kind)
- 1/2 cup finely chopped celery

Put cranberries through food grinder using fine blade. Cover with sugar and let stand while you dissolve the cherry gelatine in boiling water and put it aside to cool. When cool add all of the remaining ingredients. Oranges are put through the grinder with peel and all. This makes a large batch of delicious salad. We serve it on squares with lettuce and use a salad dressing to which whipped cream has been added.

RICH CRESCENT ROLLS

(For the Adventurous Cook)

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup soft shortening
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs

Mix together with rotary beater until smooth. Stir in 3/4 cup lukewarm milk. Crumble into mixture 2 cakes of compressed yeast and stir until dissolved. Beat in 4 cups of sifted all-purpose flour. Turn into bowl, cover with damp cloth and let rise until double. Then turn out on floured board or pastry cloth and roll into a circle about 12 inches across. Cut into 16 pie-shaped wedges, spread with softened butter, and roll up. Place in greased baking pan and cover; then let rise until double. Bake at 425 degrees from 12 to 15 minutes.

This dough looks and acts funny! You'll think you've wasted your ingredients when you first try the recipe! But stay with it — the rolls are wonderfully rich and light. This recipe is credited by Betty Crocker to the Lowell Inn, Stillwater, Minn., a fine place to eat — we know from experience.

Leanna Says - - GIRLS . . .

You'll LIKE my flavorings.

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KITCHEN-KLATTER, DEPT. 49, SHENANDOAH, IOWA

**FRENCH ONION BREAD**

The friend who wrote and told us about this said that she had served it at three different chili suppers during the fall months and that people were still calling and asking her how to make it. Obviously it was a great success.

Her instructions call for slicing a large loaf of French bread almost through just as though you were going to serve it as usual — but be careful not to break through the bottom crust. Separate the slices carefully and spread generously with butter. Between each buttered slice place a very thin slice of Bermuda onion. Now press the entire loaf together, brush top with soft butter, and slide into the oven on a cookie sheet. Bake for 10 to 12 minutes at 400 degrees. The onion gives the bread a wonderful flavor.

AND SPEAKING OF CHILI SUPPERS

Most people are enthusiastic about chili and it is comparatively inexpensive to serve in this day of extremely high food prices. But never a week passes without at least a half-dozen letters from people who don't know what to serve with it when they are entertaining.

We have had more than one chili supper at this house when I prepared the following. Judging from the appetites and comments of our guests I can only conclude that it is a successful menu.

- Chili
- Garlic Bread
- Big Tossed Salad
- Lemon Chiffon Pie
- Coffee

You need the green salad to balance the heavy chili, and the tart sweetness of the Lemon Chiffon Pie is a perfect conclusion. The next time I'm going

to try the French Onion Bread as a substitute for the Garlic Bread.—Lucile.

SPLIT PEA SOUP

("I'm surprised how few of my friends, all good cooks, never utilize a ham bone and leftover scraps of ham to make Split Pea Soup. It is delicious, economical and a meal in itself. This is the way I make it."—Nebr.)

Place ham bone and any scraps of ham in a large kettle with 2 medium sized onions that have been cut into small pieces. Pour over it 2 quarts of boiling water. Add 1 lb. of split peas that have been washed thoroughly. Cook gently for about 1 1/2 hours. At the end of 45 minutes, add 1 1/2 qts. of any leftover vegetable liquid, chicken broth or water. Continue cooking until peas have disintegrated.

WONDERFUL RAISED DOUGHNUTS

- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 2 pkgs. of yeast or 2 cakes of yeast
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 4 cups flour

Scald milk; add sugar and salt and cool to lukewarm. Add yeast and stir until dissolved. Add eggs and butter and stir. Add flour gradually and beat. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Knead in about one more cup of flour — enough to handle dough easily. Let rise again until doubled. Roll dough and cut on floured board. Let rise on board until light; then fry in deep fat (400 degrees) until brown on both sides. Drain on absorbent paper and sprinkle with sugar and a dash of cinnamon, if desired. Makes 2 1/2 dozen.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

On my desk today is the material you will read in this issue, and at the moment I have just finished looking at the short article titled "I Resolve" by Mildred Cathcart. I agree heartily with every word she says, but I'd like to add something that goes into my own resolutions for this brave new year that stretches before us.

In 1954 I am NOT going to tackle jobs that must be crammed into too short a period of time when those jobs don't make any real difference. This thing of rushing right up to the last split second is such a subtle, vicious habit that we're not even aware of the tension it creates until something cataclysmic happens.

Today, for instance, I suddenly realized the ridiculous state into which I had fallen when the following incident took place.

Virtually every morning I leave my house at 8:30 to go up to Mother's house for our daily radio visit. With almost the same clock-like regularity I return to my own house at 9:45 and spend the rest of the day right there — I go out very little, you see.

Well, common sense should have told me long ago that if I don't get the breakfast dishes washed before I leave, the house isn't going to rise up, shudder, and then collapse in a heap. No, the house is going to greet me intact when I return, and the dishes are going to be waiting. This is common sense.

All right, what have I done about it? Why, I'll tell you what I've done. I've had my family in a nervous fit while they gulped down their breakfast — so I could wash the dishes! I didn't even realize this until Russell said mildly the other day that it would be nice to have morning coffee in a restaurant where the cup wouldn't be snatched away while it was still half full.

On top of all this, I geared myself to a lot of other last minute jobs such as trying to put up the ironing board to iron a couple of pieces between 8:25 and 8:30. (Those pieces probably wouldn't be needed for a week or more, you understand.) I tried to scrub the lavatory between 8:27 and 8:30. I tried to get a little dusting done between 8:20 and 8:30. In short, there was scarcely a thing I didn't try to cram into those comparatively few minutes before 8:30 when I grabbed at my coat, snatched up my papers and roared out through the back door!

The climax came today when I decided at 8:11 that I'd better get the refrigerator cleaned. It had defrosted overnight, you see, and I wanted to get it all fixed up, the morning's milk put away, and the thing turned on and clicking well before I left the house.

In my great rush I spilled water out of the ice-cube trays, I dropped a sack of apples on the floor, I knocked over a jar of pickles, and as a final straw I nicked one side of a glass dividing shelf. At 8:23 I screamed frantically to Juliana to COME QUICK and give me a hand. She came all right and one look at her face told me how badly I'd alarmed her with my high-pitched yell!



Juliana isn't a bit happy about the picture of herself on the cover this month, so I promised her that we'd use this one where both she and Kristin have on their "best" summer dresses. Dorothy and I made the lace-trimmed outfits.

At exactly 8:29½ I had my goal accomplished, but at what a cost. The full implications of Juliana's reaction to all this came at noon when she said to her father as we ate lunch. "You've never seen anyone in your life move as fast as Mother did this morning. She scared me. I thought something terrible was going to happen but I didn't have time to ask her what was wrong." Then she turned to me and said anxiously: "What was wrong, Mother?"

What was wrong? Nothing in the world except the fact that Mother had become the victim of senseless, stupid, last-minute hurrying — that's all. But that's enough to wreck all tranquility and serenity, I've learned, and henceforth there's going to be no more of it around here. In 1954 I'm not going to tackle a hundred and one inconsequential jobs before 8:30 A.M., or before any other hour of the day when I know that I'm leaving the house. It's going to be nice to leave this door without looking and feeling as if I'd been exploded from a cannon.

Christmas will have come and gone by the time you read this, but our date with the printers demands that I get this letter to them before the holidays, so I cannot give you a detailed account of what happened at this house.

However, I do know right now that Russell and I gave each other a mutual gift — a new coffee table. We've always been great ones for passing up personal gifts in favor of things for our home, and we prefer it this way. Jewelry has no charms for me if I can have a piece of furniture. And nothing in the line of clothing or personal property could ever give me half the gratification I'd get from china or silver.

I don't know what we'll achieve in the line of Christmas decorations this year. Russell is very clever when it comes to thinking up new, original things (I'm not!) and I can usually depend upon him to have a real flash of inspiration about December 20th.

(Incidentally, remember my account of the missing Christmas angel in last month's letter? We took time to clean

the storeroom recently and made a final search up there for this angel that disappeared. I'd always had half a notion that it had somehow fallen into a box in the storeroom, a box that we never had occasion to touch. But I was mistaken. It was not up there.)

Recently I finished a book that was of absorbing interest, a biography titled *Mary Lincoln* by Ruth Painter Randall. Anyone interested in Abraham Lincoln should make it a point to read this book, for it's the first time that an overwhelming mass of completely authentic material has ever been published concerning his wife.

This is a long book and not one to pick up on the run, but it's a tremendously rewarding book. As I read it I couldn't help but ponder upon the enormous strides we've made in treating mental illness since the 1860's. Poor Mary Lincoln stood desperately in need of competent psychiatric care, and in those days practically nothing was known about serious emotional problems. Certainly she was a most tragic woman, and any mother who has ever lost a child will feel a great wave of sympathy for that bereaved woman whose terrible suffering is now only a note in history.

And Lincoln! It is to be doubted if any man ever carried a more dreadful burden of sorrow than he carried through the years that he was president of our country. I had no idea until I read this book that in addition to the staggering problems of the Civil War he also carried such a heavy load of personal anxiety and grief. Well, read *Mary Lincoln* and find yourself regarding all people in high places with more Christian charity and tolerance.

Another book both Russell and I enjoyed very much was *Venture To The Interior* by Laurens Van Der Post. It is completely off the beaten track — not at all like any other book we've ever read. Briefly, it is the account of a trip to the interior of Africa where two mountain explorations had to be made for the British government, but it is also the account of a human heart and mind, and is beautifully written. You'd enjoy this if you like something that you can "get your teeth into" and think about.

Thus far I've gotten two pieces of sewing done for Christmas: a pair of red flannel pajamas for Russell, a real blazing, fire-engine red, and an equally red flannel nightgown for Juliana. At least they'll look warm on bitter winter nights.

During Christmas vacation Juliana hopes to go up to the farm and spend a few days with Kristin. It seems that they have a bob-sled lined up and are also banking big on a chance to ice-skate on the creek, so for their sake I hope that we don't have one of these unseasonably warm holidays. I'm not happy personally with ice and snow, but I'm a native Iowan who feels cheated if we don't have both from December 24th until January 8th. After that it can turn warm in a hurry as far as I'm concerned.

A happy, happy New Year to each and everyone of you in 1954. And let's not dash through it — let's make it go slow and easy!

—Lucile

I RESOLVE !

For many years I have made and kept only one New Year's resolution and that has been to read the Bible through once during the year.

This year I intend to make and TRY to keep one other resolution—to take time to enjoy EVERY day.

Somewhere along the way I, like many other busy housewives, developed the "hurry habit." With small children, household chores, outside activities, and numerous other things to do I had no time left really to enjoy the simple things of beauty common in our every day living.

Have you ever watched your child stand for five minutes at the sink just letting her hands dwaddle in the water and wash not a single dish?

One day when our small daughter was doing just that, I said, "Kerry Lee, hurry up or you will never finish those dishes."

Whereupon she looked slowly around and asked, "Why should I hurry, Mother? Are we going some place?"

Now when I find myself rushing pell mell through my chores for no apparent reason, I stop and ask myself, "Are you going some place?"

Too often I think that in this day of speed we get to going so fast that we quite often lose sight of where we are going.

Hurrying is necessary some times but have you, too, let it become a habit? It does not take long to slow down and look at a beautiful sunset. Just a bit of slowing down and you can hear the uplifting song of the robin in your apple tree. It takes but a few minutes to clasp the little hand pulling at your skirt tail and to help her make a few mud pies. It only takes a bit of slowing down to say a simple prayer or offer a word of praise to our Heavenly Father. And how can we know the blessedness of His "Well done" if we do not stop to hear His voice as He whispers to us?

Take a look at yourself and see if you are developing this "hurry-worry" habit which seems so common today. And if you find YOURSELF in our group, then make a resolution with me. Let us resolve to make 1954 a longer, more enjoyable year. Let us TAKE time to enjoy every single day—one at a time. We cannot be sure of tomorrow but it is our privilege to enjoy today.

Let us resolve to live 1954, Day by Day, to find something good to enjoy every single day. With so many days filled with pleasant experiences, I know that 1954 will be a more blessed, worry-free year for all of us.

—Mildred Cathcart

TEN THINGS FOR WHICH NO ONE HAS EVER YET BEEN SORRY

For doing good to all.
For being patient toward everybody.
For hearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For holding an angry tongue.
For being kind to the distressed.
For asking pardon for all wrongs.
For speaking evil of none.
For stopping the ears of a talebearer.
For disbelieving most of the ill-reports.

COVER PICTURE

We don't pretend that this is the best looking crew afloat, but at least it was a triumph to get us together long enough to take *any* kind of a group picture.

At noon on Thanksgiving Day we gathered around the folks' dining room table, although we should hasten to explain that after the picture was taken we set up two card tables and moved the kitchen chairs up to them. Anyone would question how this number of people could sit down at that one large table!

Seated at the left end are Mother and Donna Lair, Mae Driftmier's daughter. At the opposite end are Dad and Dorothy. In the foreground are Martin (who was so conscious of his missing front teeth that he kept his mouth tightly closed!), Lois Jean Hutchinson of Chariton, Iowa (Kristin's dearest friend who spent Thanksgiving with us), Emily, Kristin, Alison and Juliana.

Seated at the far side of the table are Aunt Susan Conrad, Uncle Fred Fischer, Abigail and Mae.

Standing from left to right are Howard, Wayne, Oliver, Margery, Lucile and Russell.

In case you're just now getting acquainted with us we'll go ahead and add that the only members of the family missing from this picture are Frank Johnson (Dorothy's husband), Donald Driftmier, and Frederick, Betty, Mary Leanna and David Driftmier. Perhaps someday, somehow, we can get *everyone* together for a picture.

A LITTLE VISIT ABOUT TWO PICTURES!

In case you ever get discouraged and think you're the only one who runs into snags and last minute complications, just read this and remember that you have company in the Driftmiers!

It's so nice and peaceful now to look at the pictures of Alison and Emily that you see this month, but let me assure you we were anything but peaceful when it came time to go to the photographers.

To begin with, we wanted a picture of Alison taken in the "kitty dress" (more about this later) that would be an exact duplicate of a picture taken of Emily at the same age in the same dress. We used this for a Valentine cover back in February, 1951, and we're reprinting a much smaller picture of this for the many, many new friends we've acquired since that date.

Photographers are all very busy men just before the holidays, so we made an appointment for 3:30 in the afternoon quite some time in advance. Abigail guaranteed to have the "kitty dress" freshly laundered and also said that she would take the same footstool down to the studio. Everything seemed nicely in hand.

How could any of us know that when the day rolled around for these pictures, Abigail would be in the hospital with Clark Field Driftmier just about four hours old! This meant that I had to do a fast laundry job on

the "kitty dress" and that Margery had to be responsible for dressing both children, lugging the footstool and getting them to the studio right on the dot. You can imagine the last-minute confusion that all of this entailed.

Then, because we were running against a deadline with engravers who take our pictures and make the cuts that are used when the magazine is printed, Russell had to go to the studio about 10:00 o'clock that night, look at the proofs and select the two pictures that you see.

I thought that these homely "behind-the-scenes" details might be sort of encouraging to those of you who think that someplace along the road you must be guilty of not managing efficiently.

Incidentally, I firmly believe that *anyone* who makes a dress as complicated to iron as the famous "kitty dress" should present it to the mother with a notarized statement that the giver of the dress will assume all responsibility for keeping it laundered.

I'm a "fast ironer" but it took me 35 minutes to iron that dress! The puffed sleeves and collars that you see belong to a fine-striped dimity under-dress. It has a self-bias ruffle edged with lace around the bottom and matching lace is whipped on to the collars. The pinafore part has a white pique skirt and yoke, and pique has never been a snap to iron. Those lace-edged gingham ruffles are a nightmare to tackle, and the ruffled lace whipped on around the blue apron in front is simply the final straw.

I made this dress for Emily on her second birthday. She wore it often because Abigail had only the one child and enough time to iron it. Alison has worn it about six times and I never, never expect to see it worn again now that Clark is here and there are three small children for Abigail to manage.

After my session with this dress on the day the pictures were taken I made up my mind then and there never again to present anyone with such an outfit unless I promised to keep it laundered!

—Lucile

LETTY'S LETTER Continued

planned how we would fix up our yard.

As soon as possible in the spring we had the dirt leveled, in fact, a few snowflakes fell on Ray while he sowed the grass seed. There wasn't too much rain right after that but later on there was. At first all we could see were weeds, but then the grass came up later and the lawn turned out fairly well. Certainly there was plenty of grass to cut during the summer. We are anxious to plant some pretty bushes and flowers around the house for it stands rather high off the ground and we need something around the foundation.

I must stop now and clean up the plaster dust. Whenever I sand as I did today, I have to go over everything with a dust cloth. Sometimes it even sifts through into my wall cabinets where I keep my dishes, so I'll be glad when we're all through.

Come and see us when you go through Illinois again.

Love, Letty

FROM MY DESK

By
Leanna

January seems a good time to discuss a subject that seems to be of never-ending trouble and interest: the relationship between a woman and her husband's mother. I cannot even begin to hazard a guess as to the number of letters on this subject that come to me throughout the year. If you could read my mail you would be surprised, shocked and, sad to say, very rarely amused by these letters from the mothers-in-law and the daughters-in-law.

After reading so many, many of these letters I've tried to sort out in my mind the complaints that crop up the most frequently and to pass on, as best as I can, an over-all picture of what is wrong and what can be done about it. Needless to say, it would take a full magazine about ten times the size of this one to get over all the ground, but I'll try and express my opinion on the problems that come to me the most frequently.

Here is a letter that is completely typical of many.

"I don't know what to do about my husband's constantly running to his mother. We've been married four years and unfortunately we live in the same small town with his parents. Every morning he leaves for work early enough to stop by and talk with her about everything that happens between us. Night after night I wait supper while he stops by to tell her every event of the day.

"I'm not the kind of a girl who wants her husband to stop seeing his mother but I do feel that it's not fair to me to have every single detail of our life together poured out to her. She knows everything that I do from one day to the next and doesn't hesitate to correct me at every point. I've talked patiently with my husband and tried to get him to see that this isn't the right thing to do, but it doesn't do any good. He simply says that she's interested in us and wants to help us in every way she can.

"I'm not the only one affected in this family. She has another son who does the same thing and his wife feels as bitterly as I do about it. We've both talked 'wild' sometimes and said it was enough to make a woman want to give up and separate. I'm at my wits' end and hope you can help me."

Now in case you're thinking that this must be an exaggerated situation, I can assure you that I read comparable letters all of the time. In many cases the husband telephones his mother several times a day if he lives at such a distance that he can't drop in. One farm woman said that her husband spent, by actual count, as much time on his mother's farm just talking to her, as he spent at home.

Obviously there isn't much that one can do or say to help the young women who are mixed up in such an unhappy situation. It is the older women, the mothers of the men, who must stop and take thought.

If you are a mother-in-law whose son comes running to you constantly or who telephones constantly, begin right now to discourage this. If it



Emily and Alison. See page 11.

means changing your daily life drastically, then you will have to do this. I've actually known in my own acquaintance one woman whose son went to see her every afternoon when he had finished work; and when she realized how much her daughter-in-law resented these long daily visits she simply planned to be down town at five o'clock. It wasn't convenient, of course, but eventually it worked and for the first time she had a truly happy relationship with her son and his family.

It isn't fair to any young woman to keep apron strings tied tightly to her husband. It's up to you, the older and wiser, to loosen these strings. You'll regret it sorely if you don't. Many broken marriages could have been saved if the husband's mother had been willing to let her son live his own life with his own family.

Here is another typical complaint, this time from a woman of my own generation.

"I cannot understand why my daughter-in-law is so resentful of every suggestion I make. I try not to intrude and impose my ideas, but now and then things come up that so clearly need a certain course of action that I express my opinion.

"Not long ago my little grandson went through a spell of stuttering. I knew from experience that if no attention were paid to it he would get over it in due time. I could hardly stand to hear my daughter-in-law work with him to repeat words, start over again, stop and think first before you speak, and all the other tactics that just made the child more nervous. After a month of this when the youngster was getting worse by the day, I took my daughter-in-law aside and tried to talk with her quietly and reasonably. She simply flew at me, told me to mind my own business, etc. I've never felt the same towards her since for I was only trying to help."

Now in this case I think that it's the young mothers who need to stop and take stock. No woman, particularly an inexperienced young woman with her first child, wants to be told by her mother-in-law how to manage things. This is only natural. But

there are many, many things that older women have experienced that might well be handed down and used profitably.

When it comes to feeding problems and things of this nature, all open-minded older women know that times have changed drastically and that modern treatment has it all over what we knew when our own children were babies. I wouldn't presume for one moment to criticize any of the care that my grandchildren receive from good doctors, and I approve wholeheartedly of all the advances and progress that have been made in rearing children.

But there are things we've experienced that time doesn't change, and the case of the child who stuttered is an example of what I mean. The grandmother was right—the best way to help the child was to ignore his stuttering. And the young woman should have stopped long enough to think this through and to respect her mother-in-law's opinion.

Perhaps this particular mother-in-law had expressed herself too frequently on things that she honestly did not know about—in that case her daughter-in-law would "fly" at her on general principles. So the lesson from all this, for both generations, is for us grandmothers to confine our opinions to what you might call behavior problems, problems we've seen our own children go through and grow out of when they were small. And for the young mothers, the lesson is to remember that any woman who has brought up children is bound to have learned a great deal along the path and suggestions from such experience should at least be listened to thoughtfully.

If you would enjoy a happy friendship with your daughter-in-law, never ask her what she has paid for anything—and this means *anything*. When she comes to show you a new dress or a new coat, don't say politely, "Why, it's very nice but did you need it?" That will spoil her pleasure once and for all. Don't criticize the arrangement of her furniture, her daily work schedule or her social life. And never imply, by look or word, that she is neglecting you and your husband for her own parents. Remind yourself daily to think well of her and to appreciate her good points. Although there may be many things you object to, this kind of positive, affectionate thinking will eventually become your genuine feeling—you will truly love your son's wife.

If you would enjoy a happy friendship with your mother-in-law, respect in her the good qualities that produced your husband. After all, you love him and he was reared by her—she *must* have many good points! Don't impose on her; respect the fact that she has her own life and activities and don't burden her with your children and their care. Try your best to be fair and square in your relationship with your own parents and your husband's parents. Alternate your visits, remember birthdays equally, etc. Your husband will appreciate this even if he doesn't say a word.

(Continued on Page 16)

AT LAST REPORT, LITTLE CHAMP IS STILL DOING FINE

Dear Friends:

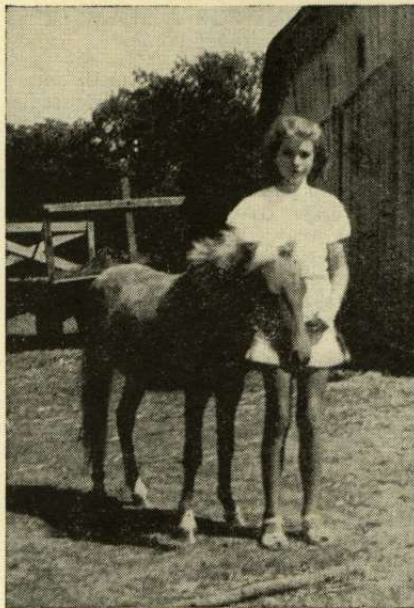
Kristin has gone to school, Frank has gone out to work, the dishes are all done and before I start on the rest of my jobs I want to get my letter written to you. I'm a little late with it this month because Father Johnson has been very ill with pneumonia and I have been down at his house most of the time. However, I'm happy to report that he is much better. He is still in bed and will be for several days yet but the doctor feels that he is improving rapidly now.

We had a very nice Thanksgiving. Kristin and I went to Shenandoah on Wednesday night before Thanksgiving and took with us Kristin's little friend, Lois Jean Hutchison. We had planned to come home on Sunday but Frank called me Friday night and told me that his father had taken ill very suddenly, so Margery and Oliver were kind enough to drive us home, in fact we were on our way within twenty minutes after I talked with Frank. I hadn't been with my family on Thanksgiving day for several years, so we did enjoy our delicious dinner with all of them.

As you all know, our little rural school closed this year and Kristin is going to school in town for the first time. I want to tell you this month about something they do in the Chariton schools that I think is wonderful. In the grades they only give out the report cards once every nine weeks and at the time they give them out they have what they call their "Parent-Teacher conferences". Miss Katherine Stack, Kristin's teacher, sent a note home with her stating the day and the time that she would like to have me come to see her for a 15-minute conference about Kristin's progress in school. (Of course either parent, or both, can go but I think in most cases it is the mother who goes because the conferences are in the afternoon and the fathers are generally at work.)

When I went to my conference Miss Stack had a folder with Kristin's name on it. Inside was her report card which was given to me. We went over this together and Miss Stack told me what kind of work Kristin was doing in each subject and what she felt she was capable of doing. Also in this folder were samples of the tests and daily work that Kristin had handed in for each subject. Miss Stack knew that the thing I would be most interested in at the end of the first nine weeks, was how Kristin had adjusted socially to town school, which of course was true. So we spent the biggest part of the 15 minutes discussing that. I had such a good feeling inside when I left my conference, not just because the report I had heard was good, but because I felt that Miss Stack and I now know each other better and that we can cooperate together to see that Kristin has a good and happy year at school. It is sometimes difficult to visit school as often as I would like to, but at least I know that every nine weeks I can find out what has been going on.

On the same day that I had my



Here is little Champ with Kristin. This is the first picture Juliana ever snapped and she is proud of it.

conference, Aunt Jessie and Aunt Sue were in Chariton. Aunt Sue came to give a lecture on Flower Arranging at the Chariton Woman's Club. The lecture was preceded by a luncheon at one of the churches and we got to sit together and had a nice visit.

When the children had a vacation from school this month while their teachers attended the state teachers meeting in Des Moines, Juliana came to spend her vacation with us. The Saturday that she was here we had Lois Jean come out for the day and the girls had a wonderful time. Frank and I joined them at noon for a weiner roast. We always have to plan at least one weiner roast while Juliana is visiting us because she loves them so and is really disappointed if we don't have one.

The Chariton Saddle Club also had a trail ride while she was here and she got to ride old Bonnie and go along. Juliana just learned to ride when she was visiting us last summer and I knew that we would probably ride 15 or 20 miles that day and I didn't know how she would make out, but aside from being a little stiff for a few days she got along just fine and thought that she had a wonderful time.

The following week 31 riders came out here to take a trail ride that Frank had mapped out through the timber. It was a perfectly beautiful warm day and everyone had such a good time. We knew that after riding the nine miles out here they would want to rest a little bit, so I met them just inside the timber where they were to start the trail, with hot coffee and cocoa and cup cakes. After the ride through the timber they came to Father Johnson's house and after the horses had been watered and taken care of we built four bonfires so that there would be room for everyone to get around one, and we ate our dinner. They started back to town about four o'clock.

We had two other events happen



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this month that weren't quite so happy. Sometime during the night of November 12th, Little Champ, Kristin's little tiny pony, got his leg broken. We were all just sick about this because he is such a pet and is so cute. Frank immediately went and got a veterinary who is very good with horses, and he put the leg in a cast and feels that it will be as good as new in six weeks. Kristin goes out faithfully every night after school and takes Little Champ some sugar lumps and fills his water bucket with fresh water. I just can't believe that his little leg is going to be straight but the doctor knows more about it than I do and he says he will bet with us that it is.

The other thing that made me very unhappy was that I lost my wrist watch one day while I was helping Frank pick corn. It was the watch Frank had given me for Christmas just before we were married and it meant so much to me. We all went out to look for it because I had only picked one row when I missed it and we thought surely we would find it. The last time I remember looking at it was twenty minutes until twelve when Frank asked me what time it was. It was three o'clock when I missed it and I had been across a hay field a couple of times and many other places, so of course we didn't find it.

We have had a wood-sawing since I wrote to you last and it is wonderful to look out the window at that nice big woodpile. Sometime in the next few days Frank has a big pile of hickory logs to get sawed into the right length for fireplace logs. It makes Frank just sick that we have all of this good hickory wood (which is the ideal thing to burn in a fireplace) and have no fireplace of our own to burn it in. We both just love fireplaces and if we ever have the good fortune to build a new home we are going to be sure it has two fireplaces in it.

Until next month...

Sincerely, Dorothy

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RESOLUTIONS FOR A SEAMSTRESS

By Mabel Weber

This is not to be read until sometime after Christmas, probably just before the New Year! The hustle of the holidays should be about over and the annual mental stock-taking in progress. The past year will be evaluated and things that might improve us thought over. I'll not tell you which of these resolutions are particularly for me, but each one will make a better seamstress of you!

During 1954, I resolve to do the following:

1. I will buy the best material I can afford. Sewing time is precious and I cannot waste it on cheap, coarsely woven, fadable cloth. If my budget is small, I will buy at clearance sales or I will make fewer clothes of better material and my family will be better dressed.

2. I will buy only pre-shrunk washable materials or shrink them myself. To do this I will put hot water into the bath tub or other large vessel, then keeping the cloth as straight as possible, slide it into the water and let it stand for a short time. I will then squeeze out the water by pressing the fabric against the side of the tub, but never, never wring wrinkles into it. I will then hang the fabric on two parallel lines until almost dry and then press carefully. The shrinking is especially important when using two different materials in a garment, such as the facing of a collar.

3. Realizing finally that plaids are tricky with which to work, I will buy them only when they are irresistible. Then I resolve to study and plan for a long time before I cut so that the fronts and back of blouses and skirts are all carefully matched. I will allow extra yardage, since many plaids are most uneven and even the best of sewers get tripped up on them.

4. To save time, I resolve to cut, when possible, several garments of a kind at once so that when a shirt, blouse or pajama pattern has been figured out, I can do almost assembly line sewing.

5. I resolve to have the measurements of all the family in my sewing notebook to make fitting sessions virtually unnecessary during 1954.

6. I will learn how to alter patterns to the above measurements to produce beautifully fitting garments.

7. I will mark seam lines — especially curves of all kinds — so my work will gain a greater degree of perfection.

8. I will cut pattern notches out instead of into the garment piece. Cutting in weakens the seam.

9. I will clip or notch all curves before turning, depending on whether they go in or out. In, clip; out, notch.

10. I will read all the sewing books and articles that I can find and make a collection of magazine clippings for future reference.

11. While all patterns are supposedly based on the Department of Agriculture size specifications, every brand differs slightly, so I will try each until I find the one that fits me and my family with the least alterations. I may be happier using a half-size pattern for some of the shorter, fuller



Aunt Sue and Mother have spent hours together with their Christmas knitting and sewing.

figured members of the family. Pattern books are available at lots of newsstands and many rural sewers order patterns from the manufacturers direct or from the nearest department stores. The latter do a terrific shopping service business by mail, supplying swatches of materials, findings, notions, as well as patterns.

12. I will try to gain speed in sewing without sacrificing workmanship.

13. I will back stitch seams, darts, and the like, instead of tying threads, since the knots are more time consuming and soon break off.

14. I will press each seam before I join it to another piece of fabric. My article will then be completely pressed when I do the last stitch. This does not mean that I will jump for the iron after completing each seam. Instead I will sew all the darts and seams that do not cross each other and then press.

15. Instead of spending whole days at so-called sewing, I will sew — really sew — without interruptions for one hour a day. This may mean that I do it after my youngsters are in bed so the house is quiet, but I will be able to relax, really enjoy my sewing and accomplish as much as in a whole day of interrupted, fatiguing sewing.

16. Since I am responsible for the upkeep of the articles I make, I will choose clothing and household designs that are easy to wash and iron. I will depend on good materials and pleasing color for eye-catching distinctiveness, instead of intricate details. I will also consider carefully whether constantly dry cleaning a garment will cost more than the original cost per yard of a more expensive home washable fabric.

17. I will rip out basting threads as soon as they have served their purpose instead of leaving them to do at the very last.

18. I will sew more for the males of the family, but I will strive to avoid the “loving hands at home” look that creeps into much home sewing thru color, fit, or workmanship.

19. I will not let my sewing skill stagnate but I will learn to do or use one new sewing notion or idea each month to pep up my stitching. Most seamstresses are made, not born, and I vow to make myself the best I can!

20. And lastly, I resolve not to forget my two good friends, my trusty sewing machine and my sewing scissors. I will oil them both and cherish them for the particular jobs they were made to do.

Happy Sewing Year to you all!

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QUILT PIECES—Fast Colors, Large Pieces. 1½ pounds plus patterns and quilting chart \$1.25. Hester's Remnants, Box 261, Tusculum, 2, Alabama.

A PRETTY DRESS made when you send either print or 3 feed sacks, your measurements, placket zipper, 4 buttons & \$1.50. An apron free with orders for three. De-Chic Frock Shop, Belleville, Kansas.

300 NAME AND ADDRESS LABELS \$1 postpaid. M & M Press, Shenandoah 1, Ia.

BEAUTIFUL 11" Irish Rose Doilies. White center, pink roses, green leaves \$2.00. 13" Ruffled Doilies, any color \$2.00. Dorothy Briney, Liscomb, Iowa.

GAY NOVELTY GIFT APRONS. \$1.25 postpaid. Ada Higbee, Bloomfield, Iowa.

HEALTH REDUCING BOOK — by retired nurse. Practical easy to follow schedule and suggestions for overweight. Bloat, food charts, how to avoid the arthritis "flare up." Price 40¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

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PURE BREED TOULOUS GEESSE. Blood tested stock \$5.50 each, trio \$15. Clarence Dressman, Baileyville, Kansas.

BEAUTIFUL wool crocheted hats and bags. Write Mrs. Raymond Linebaugh, Pickering, Missouri.

HOLLOW TREE MAGAZINE, for all hobbiests. Monthly \$1.50 per year—sample 10¢. Lawrence, Kansas.

FOR SALE: Quilt tops. Mrs. A. E Dicks, Rt 3, Albia, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL 22" American Beauty Rose centerpiece \$1.00. Mrs. Dora Rueschenberg, Westphalia, Iowa.

WANTED: Souvenir Spoons. Write terms. Mrs. L. Sprenger, Jr., Rt. 4, Akron, Iowa.

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CASH FOR FEATHER BEDS. New and old feathers—goose or duck—wanted right now! For TOP PRICES and complete shipping instructions with free tags, mail small sample of your feathers in ordinary envelope to: Northwestern Feather Co., Dept. 6, 212 Scribner NW., Grand Rapids 4, Mich. (We return your ticking if desired!).

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WATCHES WANTED. Any condition. Also broken jewelry, spectacles, dental gold, diamonds, silver. Cash sent promptly. Mail articles or write for free information. LOWE'S, Holland Bldg., St. Louis 1, Mo.

LOOK: Full Fashioned Nylon Hosiery; Seconds 3 pr. \$1. Thirds 6 pr. \$1. Satisfaction guaranteed. Premier Sales, Box 8177, Chattanooga, Tenn.

NYLON HOSIERY BARGAINS: Factory rejects (Thirds) 6 Pair \$1.00. Our Better Grade (Seconds) 3 pair \$1.00. Our Select Grade (Irregulars) 3 pair \$2.00. Postpaid when cash with order. Allen Hosiery Company, Box 349, Dept. C. Chattanooga, Tenn.

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COLORFUL APPLIQUED HALF APRONS \$2.50 each — Gay Mexican; Calorie Motifs; Favorite Foods. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

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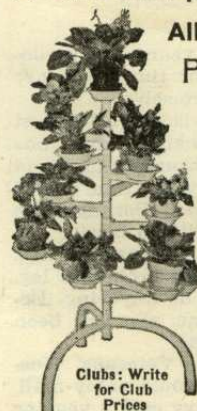
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If you want relief from all those aches and pains—if you want to feel better than you have in years, then get a bottle of Leal. For sinus trouble, headache, burns, bunions, sore itching feet. Relieves aches and pains of muscle soreness. If your druggist doesn't have it — send \$1.00 for 3 oz. bottle or \$1.89 for large economy size.
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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By
Gertrude Hayzlett

Let's start the new year right by doing something nice for those who are not able to do for themselves.

Mrs. Blanche Carlson, 117 First Street South, Marshall, Minn., has been laid up since February and would enjoy hearing from you. She was a Sibley, Iowa, woman. Perhaps the Sibley folks could write to her.

Mrs. L. R. Rush, Edgar Springs, Mo., fell last spring and broke her leg. She is still unable to do anything. Besides this broken bone, she had been shutin for a long time.

Bill Sloggatt, U. S. Veterans' Hospital, Omaha, Nebr., would enjoy mail. He has been in a heavy cast a year or more.

Mrs. Hettie Bell, Stronghurst, Ill., enjoys mail. She has been shutin for nearly nine years and suffers a great deal.

Mrs. Charles Daniels, Box 84, Adena, Ohio, is another who has been bedfast for many years, a victim of arthritis. Her husband is also a shutin. Both are elderly.

Robert Moyer, c/o Mrs. E. B. Moyer, Rt. 4, Emporia, Kans., is 10 years old. He got mixed up with a hammer-mill pulley and had his leg and arm broken and suffered a fracture of the skull. He has had surgical treatment and is getting along very well but will be shutin for some time. He would love to get mail.

Mrs. Ella Deardorff, 30 South 7th St., Kansas City 1, Kansas, has had an operation on her eyes. She is getting along all right but it will be some time before she is able to do much. Please send cards to her.

Mrs. P. M. Gerry, Box 45, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisc., is a long time shutin. She loves mail but is not able to answer, so when you write tell her you do not expect to hear from her.

Mrs. Gertrude Hess, 125 Fourth St., Belvidere, N. J., is blind and bedfast. She is able to type with the typewriter on a board across the bed, and does a lot of work for the blind in her community. They need postcards and stamps, paste, calendars, greeting cards, envelopes, fancy seals and all such things for use in their blind workshop.

Mrs. Helen Peitsmeyer, 914 North 40th St., Omaha, Nebr., is bedfast, and has been for a long time. She likes to get mail and needs stamps to answer.

Mrs. Eunice Webber, 528 Genesee St., Rochester 11, N. Y., has been shutin a long time. She loves to get mail.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wiggans, RFD 3, Atlanta, Mo., are both shutin and would much enjoy cards and letters.

FROM MY DESK

(Continued from Page 12)

Life is too short for the way most of us live it. We're all here a very brief time, and it would behoove all of us to be kindly, patient and loving. Family relationships that are also deep friendships can be infinitely rewarding, and they are worth every bit of work and care and thought that we can bring to them.

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Why risk drugs or diets that may be injurious to your health? Let us prove — AT NO COST TO YOU — that you can lose inches from your hips, abdomen, waist, thighs and other parts of your body this wonderful natural, new way. Just take 2 to 4 DietRITE tablets before your regular meals. Then in between meals when you feel a need for food, take two of these tiny hunger-easing tablets. That's all there is to it. DietRITE tablets supply a sensation of bulk that helps curb your hunger. As a result, you eat less and soon begin to lose weight naturally and effortlessly. So don't let overweight rob you of your pep and vitality. Get a supply of DietRITE today. Feel good again.

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126 Tablets

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MEN—WOMEN—WEAVE
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LAPEL PINS

Every woman wants one the minute she sees them — these shimmering, metallic beauties are that fascinating!

They're fun and so simple to make. Kit contains enough Ready-Cut material, in assorted colors, for 10 birds. With a little practice, you'll assemble 10 to 12 in an hour... they're grabbed at \$2.50 each. Make wonderful gifts! Complete kit with instructions, \$1.00 postpaid. A finished sample WEW-A-BERD included extra SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or money back. Order TODAY!

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Amazing New Scientific Discovery!

Ends mice, roaches, waterbugs, ants, spiders, crickets, boxelder bugs and other pests. Safe—sure-simple. Dust HIDE in runways. Runs 'em away. Keeps 'em away. \$1.00 per package postpaid. Money back guarantee. Free booklet included.

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