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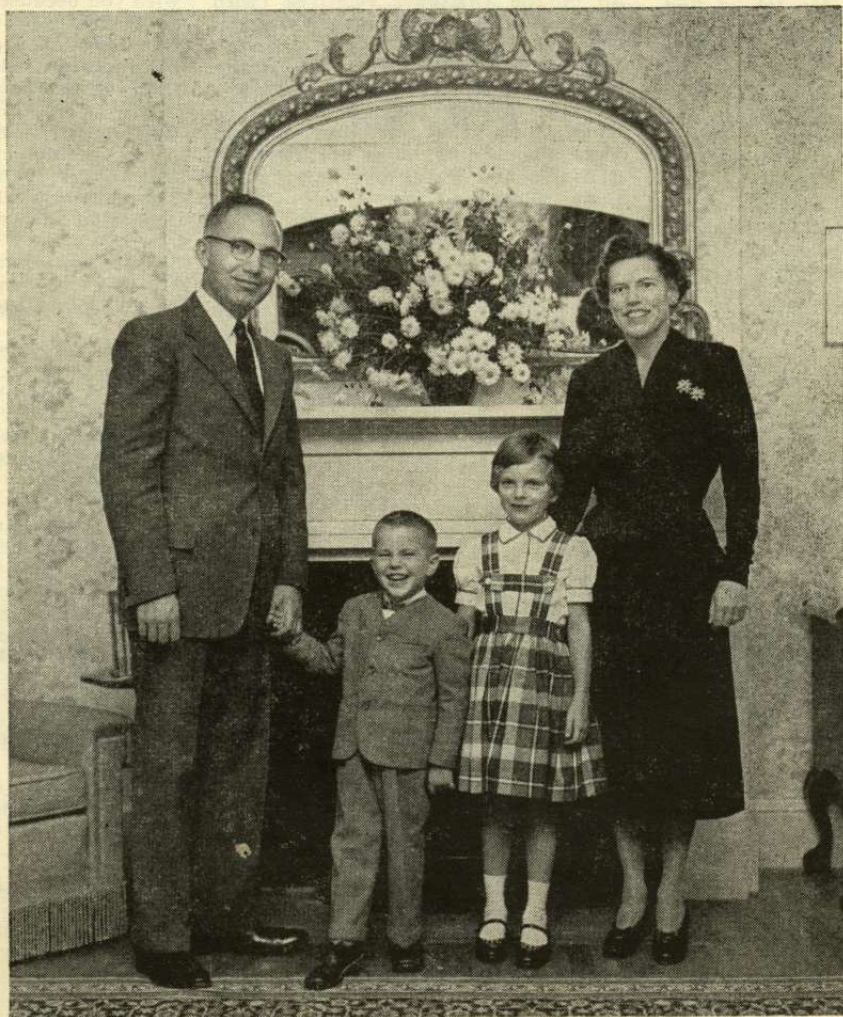
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 19

FEBRUARY, 1955

NUMBER 2



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LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.
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S. W. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.

Subscription Price \$1.00 per year (12 issues) in the U. S. A.
Foreign Countries \$1.50 per year.
Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937 at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa
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Dear Friends:

This is the last time I'll be writing to you from my little office for these winter months because tomorrow we leave for California.

Our luggage is all packed tonight and standing here in the corner until Mart packs it in the car a little later this evening. We learned long ago to load the car at night if it was humanly possible to do so—there are enough last minute things in the morning without tackling the big job of finding a place for all kinds of luggage.

We had planned to leave immediately after Christmas, but when that great storm struck the country we'll be driving through we decided to wait until there was no chance of getting marooned. Once we were stranded in Oklahoma during a blizzard and certainly don't want to repeat that experience. They don't often have use for expensive snow-removal equipment in Oklahoma, and as a result it takes much longer to get the highways cleared with inadequate machines.

My sister, Jessie Shambaugh, will be over early in the morning for she is going to California with us. We've never made a long trip with her and are looking forward to having her good company for the miles ahead of us. It's possible that Martha will come out later to be with us for a few weeks, but right now these final plans are uncertain.

Once again Mart and I will be staying at the same hotel in Redlands where we've made our headquarters so many times. Jessie will be with sister Susan at the home of her daughter, Mary Conrad Lombard. Of course I will go to see Sue just as often as possible, although my visits will have to be timed to the activities of Mary's husband and sons for the entrance to their house is difficult to manage with a wheelchair, and Mart is no longer able to get me up and down a steep flight of steps by himself.

As you know, Sue has been very ill and this particular trip is being made to cheer her up and help with her care. It was just about a year ago today that she left for California. Several months of that year were spent in the hospital, but these last few months have been spent at her daughter's home. It may be that she will have to return to the hospital for further treatment, but all of these things we don't know right now—we can only wait and see what time brings.

As I write this letter I am almost wishing that we had left a day earlier for the sky looks very uncertain. Our route will take us to Wichita, then to Amarillo, Las Cruces, Tucson, etc. We probably will be on the road for five days. Next month when I write from Redlands I'll give you some of the details.

The holidays are only a memory now, but we had a very, very happy time. The Sunday before Christmas all of the Driftmier relatives (with the exception of our nephew Darrell Otte and his family—they had to stay home because little Curtis fell victim to the flu) gathered at Mart's sister's home—Adelyn Rope and her husband, Albert. They have a lovely farm home about nine miles northwest of Clarinda, and we always enjoy going there. They had topped one of their beautiful evergreens for a tree and it was ablaze with lights. We had our usual gift exchange, and then finished the evening with a delicious lunch. Next month we will give you Adelyn's recipes for a wonderful nutbread and tomato aspic that she served.

Christmas Eve we had our tree and all of the children living here in town were with us. Both Frederick and Donald telephoned us to wish us a merry Christmas on the 25th, and then on the 26th Dorothy drove down with Kristin. She had to go back after a couple of days, but Kristin stayed and spent her vacation with Juliana.

Our house was really a Grand Central station during the holidays. I hardly know what we ate! There was constant coming and going, and the grandchildren presented an ambitious pageant that called for hours of rehearsal. When I heard all of that pounding and thumping going on upstairs I was glad once again that we had a big old roomy house! Incidentally, Clark was supposed to be the baby in the manger, but at the last minute he started to cry and Kristin and Juliana had to run for a big doll to take his place. They couldn't imagine why he should fail them in such a fashion when he had rehearsed so beautifully!

We had New Year's dinner at Abigail's and Wayne's home, and enjoyed a wonderful beef roast. Abigail is a fine cook and it is always a real treat to eat a dinner that she has prepared.

Then on Sunday, following New Year's Day, we ate dinner at Fred Fischer's home. He has been so fortunate to have Clara Bohn stay on after Helen's passing to keep the

house going. She has been there for many years now, and she loves to prepare a delicious meal and have Fred invite guests.

Oliver has just left town after spending about three weeks with Margery and Martin. Yesterday he scraped off snow to plant some tulip bulbs. Russell planted many pots of tulips and daffodils for inside bloom, and unless we're gone too long they should be just ready for us to enjoy when we return. Last year when I got home from Florida there were three pots of brilliant red tulips waiting for me.

Russell is watching a number of varieties that are highly recommended for indoor forcing. It's always hard to know how many people are interested in bulbs for this particular purpose which means, of course, that you don't know the number to order. If you are interested in planting some of these special varieties next year, perhaps you can let us know before June when we place our bulb order in Holland.

On my desk tonight is a copy of Kitchen-Klatter dated February, 1942, and in this issue is a particularly beautiful poem that I'd like to share with you because it echoes my feelings so clearly as I get ready to leave. Countless thousands of you friends have joined us since 1942 and I'm sure that you will be glad to have it.

MIZPAH

Go thou thy way, and I go mine;
Apart, yet not afar;
Only a thin veil hangs between
The pathways where we are.
And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me"

This is my prayer,
He looks thy way, He looketh mine,
And keeps us near.

I know not where thy road may lie,
Or which way mine may be;
If mine shall be through parching
sands
And thine besides the sea.
Yet "God keep watch 'tween thee and me."

So never fear.
He holds thy hand, He claspeth mine,
And keeps us near.

I sigh sometimes to see thy face.
But since this may not be.
I'll leave thee to the care of Him
Who cares for thee and me.
"I'll keep you both beneath my wings"—

This comforts, dear,
One wing o'er thee and one o'er me,
So we are near.

—Julia A. Baker.

Goodnight . . . and goodbye.
Leanna

COVER PICTURE

Last year you saw the Frederick Driftmier family outside the Congregational Church in Bristol, Rhode Island. It was the picture they used for their Christmas cards in 1953. This year we are showing you the family inside their home—the picture was taken for their 1954 Christmas cards. You can see that Mary Leanna and David are really growing up, and we certainly were happy to see both Betty and Frederick looking so well.

TUBEROUS BEGONIAS

By

Olga Rolf Tiemann

Among the summer-flowering bulbs is one which is as colorful as a rose and as exotic as an orchid. This is the Tuberous-rooted Begonia, more often referred to simply as Tuberous Begonia. It has been called the "Mocking Bird Flower" for some have blossoms like a rose, others are like carnations, and others like Camellias. Those with crested blossoms make one think of Cockscomb. One variety has tubular centers suggestive of a Daffodil, and another overlapping petals similar to a Zinnia.

Tuberous Begonias seem to be the perfect answer for shady locations, for shade, at least in moderate amount, they demand. They will grow in that difficult shaded strip along the house, a sheltered nook, shady beds and borders, shady rock gardens, or in a lath house. They may be used on porches. The hanging basket or pendant types are ideal for boxes or hanging baskets.

Not many of our flowering plants bloom over as long a season as the Tuberous Begonias. The flowers may be single or double, varying in size from an inch or two up to six inches. There is no blue but other colors are well represented—reds, pinks, yellows, oranges and white.

The underground part is not a true bulb. It is a tuber. Tubers should be ordered early for two reasons. First, early orders are filled before the supply is exhausted. And secondly, we should have them on hand in order to give them an early start in the house.

The advantage of starting them inside is that blossoms will be produced 4 to 6 weeks earlier. They are tender plants and cannot be set outside until danger of frost is past. If they cannot be started in the house, the tubers can be planted outside at tomato planting time but one cannot expect blossoms so soon.

The tubers are rough, hairy, and saucer-shaped. One side is rounded and the other has a slight depression. Roots grow on the rounded side. If it is near planting time, pink shoots may be showing on the side with the hollow center or depression. That is the side to plant up. Some growers tip the tuber slightly to prevent water for settling in this depression. If the tubers are small, it may be difficult to determine which is the indented side. In that case they may be laid sideways. When they sprout they can be righted, or left to grow in that position.

Tubers may be started into growth any time during February or March. Planting directions call for a flat 3 inches deep, or pots if one has only a few tubers. The planting medium, equal parts of sand and peatmoss, should be just nicely moist. Fill the flat loosely with the mixture and press in the tubers so they are barely below the surface. Space them about 2 inches apart to prevent the roots from matting together as they grow. Cover the tubers lightly with the peat-sand mixture.



These late winter afternoons are a fine time for children to play their own phonograph records. Alison and Emily received the phonograph as a Christmas gift two years ago, but this last Christmas brought some new records.

Begonias are natives of the warmer climates of this earth and the species from which the Tuberous Begonias were developed are no exception. Therefore we should set the flat in a warm light place but not in direct sun. The plants will be spindly if grown in too dark a place.

The starting medium should be kept moist with tepid water but avoid getting it too wet while the plants are starting root and leaf growth. When the new shoots attain a height of 2 to 4 inches, they are ready to transplant into 4 inch pots. The rooting medium will cling to the mass of roots so that they can be lifted with scarcely any root disturbance. The potting soil should be a rich, but porous soil. Place an inch of broken crockery or similar material in the pot first. Cover this with a thin layer of sphagnum moss before putting in the potting mixture.

Set the plants so that the top of each tuber will be one-half inch below the soil surface. Firm the soil around the roots with the fingers. When the plant outgrows the 4 inch pot, it will, perhaps, be safe to set them outside. If the plants are to remain in pots, the shift to a larger pot could be made before taking them outside. In either case, set the plants in a very sheltered shady location until they become accustomed to the outside air. Wind is their natural enemy so protect them with Hotkaps, or set large flower pots or other containers over the plants on days when the wind is high or when a cold dashing rain is impending. After a week or 10 days of careful watching, they should be ready for their permanent positions.

The pot method is advisable if there is any competition with tree roots. Another advantage is that the pots can be shifted around for color combinations after the plants come into bloom, or they can be carried to different locations on a porch, terrace, or patio. If the pots are set on the

ground, they can be sunk to their rims to preserve moisture. Dig out the soil, place bricks or rock underneath for good drainage, and then pack sand or peatmoss around the pots.

If the plants are to be set directly in the soil, be sure that it is in a very well-drained location. Seven or eight inches is deep enough to prepare a rich, porous soil for these shallow rooters. Set the tubers an inch below the soil surface and fully a foot apart. They may require daily watering during dry weather. On hot windy days, wet the ground well on all sides of the plants. Stake the plants as they grow taller.

This glamour flower for shade makes a colorful and spectacular sight in the garden, and is lasting as a cut flower or when used in a corsage. As cut flowers, they are often floated in low containers of water, or used low in a vase with other flowers.

The Tuberous Begonia can be used as a house plant in a well lighted window or in a sunroom for summer and fall bloom. However, they need to rest during the winter. In the fall if frosts come early, the outdoor potted plants can be brought in before they are harmed, to finish their blooming cycle.

When rest time comes, the leaves will commence to look weary and turn yellow. Then it is time to give less water. A light frost will not harm the tubers but they should be dug before a heavy frost occurs. Let the soil adhere to the roots and leave the tops on. Spread them out to dry off for a week or two. The tops can then be cut leaving 3 to 4 inches of the fleshy stem to dry up gradually. When the stem stubs can be removed with a touch, shake the tubers out of the dry soil and put them away for the winter in peatmoss, sand, or vermiculite. Those grown in pots can be turned on their sides and when thoroughly dry, stored the same as the others. A dry basement with 45 to 50 degree temperature would be about right.

Tuberous Begonias are not difficult to grow. The four essentials are: (1) Shade in a location protected from strong winds. (2) A rich soil that is porous and full of humus. (3) Perfect drainage. (4) Abundant moisture. After setting the plants in their permanent location, the critical point in culture is maintaining the moisture supply. Here the "seldom-but-thorough" rule for watering should be changed to "moderate-but-frequent" for the ever-present moisture should be in the surface soil.

A LEGEND

When to the flowers so beautiful

The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one,

All timidly it came,
And standing at its Father's feet

And gazing in his face,
It said in low and trembling tones:

"Dear God, the name thou gavest
me

Alas, I have forgot."

Kindly the Father looked him
down

And said "Forget-Me-Not."

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

I sat down at this desk ten minutes ago to start my letter to you, but to my dismay I discovered that I couldn't even begin typing until I had had a flurry of quick cleaning.

If I gave you an inventory of what is on my desk you would probably say: Now look, Lucile, just forget about the letter and light into a house-cleaning job! There is a reason for the magpie collection in front of me. We have moved our TV set into this room, and consequently we spend, as a family, much more time in here than we ever have before. This means, in turn, that "stuff" accumulates.

There are two things in front of me that are a comfort to the eye. One is a new portrait of Aunt Bertha Field that both Russell and I like very much indeed. We saw it for the first time last summer and told her then that if ever she could give one to us, we'd appreciate it. But I knew how many relatives *must* be remembered with portraits, and consequently we didn't really expect to have one. I think you can understand, knowing this, how happy we were to open an envelope just the day before Christmas and take out the portrait.

The other thing I like to look at is a calendar, a most unusual calendar sent by Woman's Day magazine to Russell every year because he once sold an article to them. There are charming drawings in color for each month, and a verse from the Bible that says a great deal in a few words.

January, for instance, has this verse from Proverbs 4:13—"Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go: keep her; for she is thy life." These few words have worlds of meaning in them, and by the time January is gone they will be engraved in my mind forever.

I won't bore you with a blow-by-blow listing of the other objects in front of me, but I can tell you one thing for sure: as soon as I've had this visit with you, I'll pitch in and make a clean sweep.

This past Christmas brought one of the most heart-warming things in the world . . . good, long letters from old friends, some of whom we hadn't heard from for seven or eight years. Such letters are always more than welcome, of course, but there's something about receiving them during the holidays that gives a special meaning to the season.

I don't know of anything that makes one more conscious of the passage of time than receiving pictures of your friend's children! We had snapshots from a friend in New York whom we haven't seen for fifteen years, and when last we saw her little girl she was only eighteen months old and just beginning to put words together. Imagine our sensations when we looked at the picture of a beautiful young girl standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum! That one gave us a real start.

We also heard from another old friend whom we haven't laid eyes on since we lived in Minneapolis in 1938.



Here are three of Juliana's cousins on the Verness side of the family. Kristin, Kira and Paul Solstad are now residents of Twenty-Nine Palms, California for their father, John Solstad, was transferred there when he returned from 18 months of Marine Corps duty in Korea.

At that time she had one child, a baby boy less than six months old when we told her goodbye. I still remember that he was lying in his carriage on the porch and we lifted the mosquito netting to get a good look at him. Well, from these friends, now in California, came a card with the picture of four handsome children—two boys and two girls. I'll tell you, such cards give you a peculiar feeling!

Right now I want to thank each and every one of you who remembered us with lovely, lovely cards and letters. One of the most heart-warming messages I've ever received came unsigned—an Omaha postmark. It reached me when I wasn't well and really needed to have something nice happen, so if the kind, anonymous friend sees this letter she will know how much her note meant to me.

Kristin was here for most of the holiday, and she and Juliana had a thoroughly wonderful time together. They spent many happy hours playing Monopoly and never once had an argument about mortgaged property, landing on hotels, etc. It seems to me that this game is excellent training in arithmetic, so if you have a child who is going through a real struggle it would pay you to invest in the game—and then invest additional time in playing it with him.

Up until this year Juliana has been 'weak' in arithmetic. She had no trouble with her other studies, but arithmetic was a chore. You can see then why her father and I were genuinely surprised when her report cards for the first semester bore only "A's" in a subject she had despised. When I asked her how she could explain it, she said: "I just decided to turn over a new leaf." But now when I look back I realize that this sudden turn for the better followed her first absorbed interest in Monopoly.

(Incidentally, we still laugh about something that happened four years ago: She came back from the home of Dr. Bunch where she had gone to play with Kathy on Christmas day, and said: "Oh, folks, I want to get the same game that the Bunch family is playing. It's called Molly-polly." We couldn't figure out for a couple of minutes what in the world this could be, and then suddenly we realized that she was referring to Monopoly.)

Only one thing went awry during the holidays, and this was my sink.

After six years of flawless performance, my double-tub sink chose Christmas day to become hopelessly plugged. I had house-guests, local guests, a big turkey dinner to prepare, etc., and there I was without a sink! For two days and a half I struggled with a bucket underneath the trap before I could get a plumber. By the time he arrived I was so adjusted to measuring each drop of water, checking the bucket constantly, etc., that it took me almost another day to get adjusted back to turning on the faucet with nary a thought.

This minor domestic skirmish was nothing compared to what overtook Mildred Cathcart. It seems that she had the house all decorated for a Christmas party when a long-distance call came from a magazine in Philadelphia asking if their photographer, already in Iowa, could call and take pictures? This meant taking down all of the decorations, and scarcely was the job completed when another long-distance call came; it was the photographer—he had had a car wreck and couldn't make it to Mildred's home on that day after all. So up went the decorations again — and down they came again a couple of days later when he arrived — and then up again! I'm glad I was spared a complication like this.

Those of you who have read articles by our faithful contributors for so long and feel that you know them, will be sorry to hear that trouble has come to two of them. Gladys Templeton (her home is at Great Bend, Kansas) was in a car accident and seriously injured — the last I heard, she was still hospitalized and would be for quite some time to come. Then word came from Mabel Nair Brown that her husband, Dale, has been having a dreadful struggle with a back ailment and hasn't been able to do any of the pressing work on their big farm. There are many serious decisions to be made and I wondered, all in all, just how Mabel managed to sit down and turn out the entertaining party she prepared for this issue. She says that this type of party has become a winter tradition in their Ogden, Iowa community, and that everyone has a grand time.

Russell just now came in with the mail and brought a twelve page letter from one of my oldest and dearest friends who doesn't often get herself down to write even a note. She said she decided to write when she was overtaken by two domestic catastrophes. In the kitchen was an enormous ironing waiting for her so she decided she'd better get at it. The first batch was to be done with a steam iron, so she plugged it in. No steam. Iron was totally defunct. Then she plugged in her "old-fashioned" iron and to her astonishment the sole broke out into huge blisters and felt like granite. With both irons gone she couldn't do anything further about that large basket of clothes, so she just sat down and wrote to me!

Don't wait until *your* iron breaks down before *you* write to me. I enjoy each and every letter that is addressed to me.

As ever . . . Lucile

SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE A Mister and Missus Party

By
Mabel Nair Brown

Once again romance is in the air for it is the Valentine season and a perfect time for your women's club group to entertain the husbands. The following suggestions are aimed at such a "His and Hers" party for married couples, but many of the ideas might well be adapted by the younger set. Here are ideas straight through from invitations to putting the words in your month (almost!) for the program.

Invitations

For each invitation you will need one red heart-shaped paper doily, one white paper heart, and a red plastic spoon. To make the invitation, mount the white heart on the larger red one and then tie the spoon in the center with a white ribbon, to represent cupid's arrow through the heart. Use red ink to write this invitation on the white heart. "SPOONING with you has always been fun, so may I show you off as my guest at our Mister and Missus party at the club house on Monday evening, February 14th at 8 o'clock? (signed) Mary." Of course you will put the date, time, place, etc., such as your group decides. Each wife should sign her husband's invitation.

If the club treasury will stand it, by all means let each lady present her beau with a red carnation boutonniere just before they leave home for the party. Or, you might prefer to make these by cutting tiny red hearts from scraps of red felt (for the flowers) and gluing them to the green covered flower wire stems, adding heart-shaped leaves of green felt. Three of these little heart flowers would make a clever boutonniere and you might like to use the same idea to make matching corsages for each lady. A bit of the "laceon" ribbon, or a small white paper doily would set off milady's corsage.

Decorations

Whether yours is a party or a dinner affair, you can fit most of these ideas to your particular needs for table centerpieces, tray favors, table arrangements, etc.

Bright Red Shelf Paper is inexpensive and can be used in many effective ways. Hearts in graduated sizes can be cut from it and scattered on a white tablecloth or pinned to the cloth as a border. Heart-shaped place mats or tray mats can be cut from it. As bases for centerpieces or under candleholders, what could be prettier than hearts of this red paper glued to cardboard hearts of same size and then a ruffle of the "Laceon" (white) ribbon tacked, or glued around the edge?

For a dinner table, a white cloth could be used and a length of this red shelf paper placed down the center. Then place white paper doilies on the red strip and on these set some of the Dresden figures, or other similar "his and her" figures in ceramics.

Want a comic touch to your table? Then cut large red lips from the shelf paper and scatter pairs of them on a



Donald and Mary Beth enjoyed playing some of Dad's fine records when they visited us in late autumn.

white tablecloth. Smaller red lips could be cut out and pasted to place cards also.

If you would like to use flowers in table arrangements, lovely Valentine fans can be made from this shelf paper to use as backgrounds (or props) with the flowers. Pleat the paper to make the size fan you will need and fasten two fans together with a ruffled edge of the "laceon" between. Glue on small gold paper hearts as a border on the fan. The bottom edge of the fan will need to be fastened securely and then can be stuck on a small needlepoint holder to hold it upright. White carnations arranged around the base (so that the fan is in the center) would make a truly lovely centerpiece.

"Dreamboat" or "Matrimonial Bark" might be the centerpiece theme you'd like to follow. From cardboard or very heavy paper make a boat and cover with the red shelf paper. Then place a small needlepoint holder in bottom of boat to hold the pole (dowel stick) and use narrow white ribbon as the boat's rope "riggings". For the sails glue red heart-shaped sails (cut from the shelf paper) to the ribbons and, of course, let a heart flag fly from the top of the pole. The boat might be filled with flowers, if desired. Small boats fashioned after this pattern could be used for the nut cups.

Cupid silhouettes cut from the red paper can be used in various ways in the decorations — on the door, on windows, mirrors or pinned to the table cloth as a border. Or mount them on cardboard to make cupid stand-ups for table or buffet.

Favors And Place Cards

The "ball and chain" idea would get a chuckle. At department stores, variety stores or stationery stores, you can often find small gold balls with chains attached. Or, you may have to find tiny chain which you can cut in short lengths yourself and then attach to small cork balls which you cover with gold paint. To opposite end of chain fasten a small heart upon which the guests name is written; thus you have favor and place card.

To make a "Sugar Daddy" favor, glue a red heart to a small white paper doily and tie a piece of red and white stick candy in the center with a bow of red and white ribbon. On the heart with white ink write "To My Sugar Daddy" and also the man's name. The ladies' favors could have "To Sweetie Pie".

Another idea for a favor place card that would be sure to become a keepsake would be to collect snapshots of

each couple (taken during their courtship days or on their honeymoon). Then mount these on Valentine backgrounds made with red paper, lace doilies, ribbon etc. At a dinner party, each guest would find his place by finding his own picture. If the couples were to be separated at the table, then names would need to be written on the cards.

This snapshot idea could also be used as a cover for a program booklet, if you wished to use one. Beneath the picture could be written "Album of (Name)", or you might use "Diary" instead of album.

Another idea for the cover of a program booklet would be to glue on each cover a cartoon on domestic life cut from some magazine.

Another cute favor idea would be to cut tiny towels from terry cloth (use pinking shears) and then use the tube paint or crayola to write "His" on the men's favor and "Hers" on each lady's favor. Each word might be encircled with a red heart.

Room Decorations

Regardless of where you hold your party, you will probably want to use wall decorations to lend atmosphere. How about a musical theme keyed to the romantic angle? Use long strips of wide white wrapping paper. On these draw the musical staff and notes with red paint. Beneath the staff write such song titles as, "You, You, You," "I Love You Truly," "Tea For Two," "Be My Life's Companion," "Silver Threads Among The Gold," "You're The Cream In My Coffee", etc. The notes on these scrolls can be heart-shaped ones. These scrolls can be fastened to the wall and interspersed with large red hearts and cupid.

Or you might want to pattern the wall decorations after the candy motto hearts. In that case, cut large hearts from pastel colored paper and on them write, in contrasting colors, such mottos as "O You Kid," "Lover Boy", "Sugar Daddy", "Dream Boat", "Squeeze Me", etc. The whole party could carry this motto heart motif by gluing the candy hearts to place cards or to program booklets. Small pastel hearts similar to those above could be pinned to tablecloth also.

How about cookies decorated to resemble the motto hearts used as place card favors? Various mottos could be written on the frosted cookies with cake decorator. A smaller heart cookie could be the base for the motto heart; this could be made to stand upright on the base by using a generous dab of thick icing.

Entertainment

Toast or Welcome: "When the pretty co-ed was asked what could be worse than a man without a country, she promptly replied, A country without a man. And because we, your wives, heartily agree with her, and wished for an opportunity to tell you how important a place you have in our lives, we invite you here tonight. Maybe you will call it "soft soaping" you, but like the perfume in the soap, we hope some of the pleasant fragrance of this evening will rub off on you and live on to be

(Continued on Page 13)

LETTERS WE WANT TO SHARE WITH YOU

"Dear Friends:

I have been much interested in this subject of what older persons can do to fill their time. I have with me an older woman who doesn't see well enough any more to read or to do any kind of handwork. She doesn't hear much any more, nor can she walk very well.

"What can I do?" she asks. 'Shall I just sit for the rest of my life?'

"I've thought and thought. I've tried everything. And I've finally come to such a surprising decision that I thought I'd write and tell you about it.

"I think the best thing we can do for older people is to *listen* to them. If we can give them our complete attention for at least one period in the day, they just thrive on it. They spend the rest of their time thinking over what they've told you.

"Sometimes their conversation is interesting. And, as we all know, sometimes it is terribly boring. But if we really want to do something for them, I truly believe the best thing we can do is to listen. And to listen with genuine interest.

Sincerely—Mrs. A. A. F.—Nebr.

"Dear Friends:

At the end of 1953 I made just one New Year's resolution, but I kept it faithfully through all of 1954. It was this:

"Every month I read the Good Neighbors column very carefully and selected from it the names of people whom Gertrude Hayzlett explained would love to get mail but could not answer. I figured that probably most people who wrote letters wanted to get letters in return, and that the ones who couldn't answer would get less mail.

"Without fail I wrote to each person listed, and when it was at all possible I tucked in some little item that I felt might be enjoyed. I don't know what my letters meant to the people who received them, but if they brought just one-tenth the joy that I experienced in doing this, then they were wonderfully welcome. I've always tried to do a good turn and I've responded to many calls for help, but in writing to these lonely people who could not answer I felt more real satisfaction than words can describe.

"Once again I am making but one New Year's resolution for this coming twelve months. You know, I'm sure, what it is!

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. J. E. T.—Mo.

"Dear Lucile:

I have been ill for about a month so have had time for some reflective thinking — there was actually time to stop and look back at my hurrying and flurrying through the past ten years. (We moved out here on a farm in western Iowa in the first hectic years of World War II. Everyone worked under tremendous pressure to meet the demand for increased production to win the war.)

"Well, I put my shoulders to the wheel with determination and also tried to keep up some side interests



Lucile, Mother and Margery — taken just before Mother went to California. Almost every morning after the 9:00 to 9:30 radio visit, we stop in the kitchen to have a cup of coffee and to look through letters that you friends have written to us.

as I didn't want to 'go to seed'. Life on a farm without any conveniences meant that I carried pails and pails of water (enough for a family of five, plus a hired man part of the time). Aslo, there was fuel, cobs and wood to carry in to the stove.

"Now that we have moved to another farm we finally have an almost modern home, so I can watch water run from a faucet and pinch myself to be sure I'm not dreaming. Possibly one thing that kept me in a state of such frenzied hurrying was that I tried to keep the pace of women who had modern homes.

"Anyway, at 42 years of age I seem to have come to a dividing line where I can look back and think how I've hurried along to reach here — and to ask myself: 'What have I accomplished? Shouldn't I change tactics since I am so far from the goals I wanted to achieve?'

"Is it kind of disillusioning to reach my age and to come suddenly to the realization that life is at least half-over . . . time is running out . . . and there are so many things one wants to accomplish? I feel now that I want to eliminate all the superfluous, useless and worthless things. One realizes again that a straight line must be the shortest distance between two points — the point where you are and the point that locates the goal you want to achieve. It takes judgment to determine which are the valueless items along the way! It must be a time to reset our sights, to be a lot more discriminating about how we spend our time.

"We live in such a fast-changing world. When I read about jet propulsion, inter-continent communication, atomic power, etc., it makes me feel that the world has moved right on and let me set!!

"Anyway, I thought I'd just let you know where my mind has been traveling through this past month when I've had time to let it travel. It must be that virtually everyone shares comparable feelings at this age!"—

Mrs. I. D.—Iowa

Dear Lucile:

I haven't any recipes or helps to pass on today, but I do feel like visiting for a little while on this hot afternoon and I thought you might be amused to hear about the reaction I always get when you mention whipped cream.

Everytime you conclude a dessert recipe by saying "Top with whipped

cream" I think back to the June of 1907 when I was a young wife of three months standing. We had been married at my parents' home in Kansas, and it was impossible for my husband's parents to be there since they lived in New York state and couldn't make such a long trip at that particular time.

We had been living in our new Iowa home only three months when my husband's mother wrote and said that they would come out and spend a week with us. I was just plain scared to death at this news for Ernest, my husband, told me that his mother was a wonderful housekeeper and the best cook who ever lived. I had never done any cooking whatsoever before I was married, and even though I tried very hard I felt that our meals were terrible.

You can imagine how I worked and struggled and fretted trying to get everything into perfect condition for their arrival. I was all but sick when the great day came, and when I laid eyes on my mother-in-law I really was sick. When she stepped down from the train I felt that she was the most regal looking woman I had ever seen — and I also thought that she fit Ernest's description of a wonderful housekeeper and "the best cook who ever lived."

If I told you *everything* that went wrong during the week they were there, it would take pages. After all these years I still cannot figure out how so many things could happen.

But to get back to the whipped cream . . . I was extremely nervous about everything that I tried to cook and with good reason too, for the food simply was awful. But I remembered Ernest saying that his parents enjoyed whipped cream, so I had a big supply of heavy cream on hand and absolutely buried my desserts in it. I whipped cream all week and used it as if my very life depended on it (which I thought it did) and as if it would somehow save my reputation as a cook.

I think you can guess what happened. On the fourth day my mother-in-law got dreadfully sick and at the end of a terrible twenty-four hours I overheard her tell Ernest's father that they would have to leave as soon as she was well enough to travel — that if she stayed out the full week she would be dead, "thanks to Edith's awful habit of putting so much whipped cream on everything".

They really did leave before the week was up, and the whole visit had been such a nightmare that it took me months and months to get over it. I know it was a good year or more before I could look at whipped cream without getting sick myself! And even now, almost fifty years later, I can't hear the words "whipped cream" without feeling a little peculiar. If anyone asks me what advice I might give to a young wife just starting out I'm afraid I'd have to bite my lips to keep from saying: "Never serve your mother-in-law whipped cream the first time she comes to visit!"—Iowa.

A pessimist is one who has been intimately acquainted with an optimist!—Elbert Hubbard

FREDERICK IS OFF TO PUERTO RICO

Dear Friends:

On this cold winter day I have been sitting here at my desk doing a little daydreaming. It must be said that it isn't often a clergyman has time for such an occupation, but this is Monday, the one day of the week when I try to ease up a bit from the usual mad pace of daily duties. Betty usually laughs when she hears me say something like this, for she is convinced that I never do make one day any easier than any other.

What fun I have had today just sitting here thinking of all the pleasant things we are going to do next summer when we have a vacation. Although we have a reputation for being a traveling family, actually we have never traveled together as a complete family unit. I have made a few trips to the West during the past five years, and Betty and I did go out west together last year, but we have never traveled as a family of four. Next summer the children will be eight and five, and I think that we will take a few short trips with them.

When I say that we are going to take some short trips, it sounds as though I had finally succumbed and accepted myself as a New Englander, for the average Yankee out here seldom travels very far from his home. New Englanders, surrounded by the nation's traditional vacationland, face the usual dilemma each year. Outsiders annually spend about a billion dollars just to enjoy what New England has to offer. Is it any wonder Yankees look twice at their road maps and frequently decide — like good Californians — that there's no reason to roam very far? Except for the magic of far horizons and great distances, almost everything a summer vacationist wants can be found within the six New England states. Believe it or not, the tourist bureaus of Maine even advertise a desert!

New Englanders are often ridiculed for their "stay at home attitudes", but when one realizes all that New England has to offer, this provincialism is easier to understand. This wonderland of 36,000 square miles has four major mountain ranges, 2,500 miles of sea coast, 5,000 miles of mountain trails, 10,000 lakes, and all are served by broad highways or picturesque rural routes. In addition, New England has charm and the spell of history about it.

One short trip that we definitely want to make is an all-day cruise to Block Island. Every summer we have watched the pretty Block Island cruise ships sailing down the bay past our town of Bristol, and always I have promised the children that someday we would make the trip. Well, this summer we will actually do it. We will take the boat in the morning from Providence. What fun it will be for us to sail among the islands in the bay that we know so well! There will be some open ocean to cross, and we shall hope for a quiet day, for on a windy day the trip is a very rough one indeed.

Block Island rises impressively out



It didn't seem fair to use a picture of Margery where her head is turned entirely away from the camera, so here is a "head forward" picture taken immediately after the one on the opposite page.

of the ocean just about twelve miles south of our most southern shore, and the arrival of the cruise boat has all the quaint excitement of docking in more distant isles—except that natives don't dive for coins. I don't know what it is, but there is something about the arrival or departure of a boat to and from an island that is so different from arrivals and departures to and from mainland points. Perhaps it is the exaggerated sense of isolation that island people have, even on islands that are no more than a mile or so from the mainland.

There is another island that we want to visit next summer, and that is the island of Nantucket. To make that trip we shall have to get up bright and early some nice morning and drive the fifty miles to New Bedford, Massachusetts, sometimes known as the Whaling City. There we board a boat for a morning's sail down Buzzard's Bay and then across the sound to Martha's Vineyard, and from there on to the island of Nantucket. Nantucket is a salty gem of old New England, well beyond the sight of land. So many of our neighbors make this trip every summer that we really feel quite left out of things whenever friends gather to talk about their most recent Nantucket trip.

One daydream that will soon become a reality is my trip to the island of Puerto Rico. The Home Mission Board of our church is conducting a ten day tour of our missionary projects in Puerto Rico, and within a very few days I shall be off for the sunny Caribbean. Two people from our church are going with me, and we plan to fly both ways from New York. I understand that the island of Puerto Rico is just about as "different and foreign" as any spot under the American flag. Beautiful, sandy beaches for swimming, palm trees rustling in the breeze, romantic side streets and ancient Spanish towns, churches and buildings to explore — all these help to make Puerto Rico a wonderful place to visit in the winter.

Some friends who have just returned from there came to show me their pictures recently, and from them I know that we shall have a simply superb trip. Of course our trip will be primarily for business. Instead of a luxury hotel, we shall be staying at a mission hospital, and from the schedule I have here on my desk it is obvious that we will not have much time to spend on the beaches. Most of our time will be taken up with in-

spection trips, and conferences with religious and government officials.

One little side trip that I do intend to make while in Puerto Rico is an excursion to the fabulous Virgin Islands. These little islands (there are more than 100) are only a few minutes airplane flight from Puerto Rico, and because they are so quaint and so beautiful, I surely intend to visit them.

One of the interesting things about the Virgin Islands is that they were discovered by Christopher Columbus on his second voyage to the New World in 1493. Since then seven different flags have flown over these rich islands, so that many cultures are reflected in their traditions and architecture. At some time or other the islands have been ruled by the Dutch, the British, the Spanish, the French, the Knights of Malta, the Danes, and the Americans. When I return next month I hope to have some interesting things to tell you. I may even have a picture or two worth printing.

There is one thing I do on Sunday morning that is a little different from what is done by some clergymen. After the service, when the people are leaving the church, I shake hands with each man, woman, and child coming out of the main door, and call each by name. We are a small church and do not often have more than 200 people in attendance on Sunday morning for the main service, but those who are there receive a personal greeting from me. I visited a church of about the same size as ours not too long ago where the minister was not able to call more than 50% of his parishioners by name. Now there was a time when I could not have done any better. I used to say that I could remember faces but not names, but I have changed all that. When I learned how much people appreciated being called by name at the church door, I made it a point to learn names. What I thought I could never do a few years ago, I can now do well with ease. When one simply has to remember names, it is possible to do so. The memory can be developed.

After five years of making every effort to improve my memory, I have now decided to put some special effort on the improvement of my forgetting. What I mean is, that the older I become, the more certain I am that there are many things in life that need to be forgotten, and much of the unhappiness that one has in life is directly due to an inability to forget. As a matter of fact, I can think of occasions when a good "forgetter" might prove more valuable than a good memory.

When difficult and unwholesome things happen to us in life, we don't want to hang on to those memories, we want to get rid of them. By its own law the human mind inclines to forget the unpleasant, the bitter, the ugly. To free the mind of the harmful—the belittling and worrying—is as necessary as to free the stomach of the poisonous or the nauseous. To hang on to bitter things, to hug a hard and unforgiving spirit, is not only unwise but unhealthy. It is right to forget pain, sorrow, unkindness, and

(Continued on Page 13)

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

CHICKEN LOAF

(Serves 14 to 16)

Cook a 5 lb. chicken with two large onions, chopped. Remove from bones. Put skin through food grinder.

Mix together:

- 1 1/2 cups bread crumbs
- 1 1/2 cups cooked rice
- 4 eggs, beaten
- 1 pint broth (add ground skin to this)
- 1 cup milk

Season to taste. (Celery salt is a good addition to salt and pepper.) Add large pieces of chicken to mixture and place entire dish in a large baking pan. Bake in a 325 degree oven until set. Cool slightly and then cut in squares. Serve with giblets and gravy made with cream of mushroom soup. This can be prepared the day before and baked when ready to use. *A most delicious dish.*

BOILED BEANS

(Good for Church Suppers)

- 4 1/2 lbs. navy beans
- 1 1/2 to 2 lbs. bacon
- 2 bottles catsup or 1 cup chili sauce
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 1 Tbls. dry mustard
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 cups canned tomatoes
- Salt to taste

Soak navy beans in cold water over night. Drain. Add boiling water to cover and simmer for 20 minutes. Drain. Cover again with boiling water. Add rest of ingredients and boil until done. Makes about 8 quarts.

FRUIT SURPRISE

- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 1 1/2 cups fruit cocktail, (undrained)
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup nut meats, chopped fine.
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Sift together the flour, sugar, soda and salt, add the beaten egg and the fruit cocktail and juice, (I use a medium size can and just add the whole thing). Pour into a greased 9 inch square cake pan and sprinkle with the brown sugar and nuts. Bake 1 hour at 300 degrees or it may have to bake a little longer. Serves 9 generously. May be served with whipped cream.

FROSTED CREAMS

(Browned butter icing is delicious on these spicy squares)

- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup water
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup raisin juice
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsps. pumpkin pie spice
- 1/2 cup nut meats

Boil raisins in water until plump. Save 1 cup raisin juice and cool. Cream sugar and shortening. Add eggs. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with raisin juice. Add nut meats. Grease and lightly flour 2 large cake pans. Bake at 375 degrees for about 25 minutes. Frost with the Browned Butter Icing.

BROWNED BUTTER ICING

(Especially good on chocolate cup cakes)

- 1/4 cup butter
- 2 cups sifted powdered sugar
- 2 Tbls. cream
- 1 1/2 tsps Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 2 Tbls. hot water

Melt butter and keep over low heat until golden brown. Remove from heat and add rest of ingredients. Stir until smooth enough to spread.

BATTER ROLLS

- 2 pkgs. dry yeast
- 1 1/2 cups warm water
- 4 cups flour
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/3 cups shortening
- 1 egg

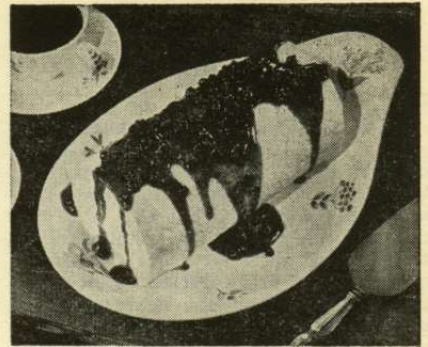
Pour the warm water into a large mixing bowl and add the yeast. Let stand a few minutes, then stir and add half the flour, salt, soft shortening and egg. Beat until smooth. Add the rest of the flour and stir in by hand until the flour is mixed in. Cover bowl and let rise in a warm place until doubled. Grease 1 1/2 dozen large muffin cups. Stir down batter in 25 strokes and spoon into the muffin pans, filling half full. Let rise in a warm place until batter reaches tops of pans. Bake for 10 to 15 minutes or until well browned on sides and tops in 425 degree oven. Remove from pans and cool on racks.

PASTRY TOPPING FOR LAMB OR BEEF PIE

- 3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 2 tsps. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup cold water

Sift together the flour, baking powder, and salt. Cut in the shortening until the mixture is granular. Add water and mix lightly with a fork.

Turn the dough out onto a lightly floured board or pastry cloth, roll to about 1/8 inch in thickness, and cut to fit the baking dish.



Blueberry Party Roll.

BLUEBERRY PARTY ROLL

Add glamour and good eating to your party table with Blueberry Party Roll that combines Blueberry Muffin Mix with vanilla ice cream to make a cake roll. Just before serving, pour warm blueberry sauce over the roll to give it that extra touch of beauty and appetite appeal.

Beat three eggs until thick and lemon colored. Stir in 1/2 cup sugar and the flour mixture from one package Blueberry Muffin Mix. Add 1/4 cup water and mix gently; do not overmix. Spread in greased and floured jelly roll pan (10 1/2 x 15 1/2 inches). Bake 10 minutes in 400-degree oven or until cake pulls from sides of pan. Remove cake from oven. Turn out on towel sprinkled with powdered sugar. Starting at the short side, roll up cake and towel together; let stand until cool.

Open can of blueberries, provided with the mix. Drain off juice and add enough water to make 1 cup. In a saucepan, mix 1 1/2 tablespoons cornstarch, 1/3 cup sugar and 1/8 teaspoon cinnamon. Stir in juice. Cook and stir until thick and clear. Reduce heat and continue cooking for five minutes. Remove from heat. Stir in one tablespoon lemon juice, two tablespoons butter or margarine and blueberries.

To serve, unroll cake and remove towel. Place a quart brick (or two pints) vanilla ice cream in center. Fold ends of cake around ice cream and put on platter. Pour warm blueberry sauce over cake roll. Makes eight to ten slices.

ORANGE RAISIN CAKE

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sour milk
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda mixed with flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup raisins, soaked in hot water before grinding
- Rind of 1 orange, ground
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cream sugar and shortening; add eggs; beat thoroughly. Add flavoring. Alternate the dry ingredients with the remaining liquid. Bake in a 10 x 14 inch pan for 30 minutes in a 375 degree oven. May be baked as cup cakes.

HOME MADE SOAP

- 11 cups strained melted fat
- 5 cups cold rain water
- 1 can Lewis lye
- 4 teaspoons oil of sassafras
- 1/2 cup liquid ammonia
- 1/2 cup borax
- 1/3 cup sugar

Use any kind of melted fat. Strain through cloth into enamel pan, or stone jar, or crock, 2 or 3 gallon size. Pour the cold water into another stone jar or enamel pan. Add the lye to the water, stir; then add the ammonia, stir; then add the borax, stir; then add the sugar, stir. With a wooden stick stir until the mixture has cooled down to a little above warm point. When cool, pour the lye mixture into the grease, stirring constantly, while pouring *very slowly*. Add the oil of sassafras and continue to stir until the mixture becomes thick and creamy (about 15 minutes, constant, but slow, stirring). Pour into mold and set in cool place for 36 hours—or until hard. Cut into squares before it gets hard or saw it into bars. It is best to let stand at least a week before using.

If measurements are accurate, and directions followed exactly, there will be no failure.

SOAP MAKING HINTS

Hard, crumbly soap is caused by excess lye or too vigorous stirring. Soap should have a smooth, velvety texture.

Hard, brittle soap is caused by too low a temperature when stirring.

A greasy layer on top of soap indicates too little lye for the amount of fat used.

Streaked soap shows that fat and lye solution were not thoroughly mixed.

White deposit on soap may be due to use of hard water in making the lye solution.

Cracks in soap may be due to too much stirring, too much free lye, exposure to drafts while setting or drying, or drying too quickly.

Make fat into soap as it accumulates and let the soap age rather than allow the fat to get too old and rancid.

A good soap will not smart the skin or injure fabrics. A good soap will not feel greasy, is practically odorless, cuts off in a curl and has a clean, uniform, attractive appearance.

Free lye in soap may be due to inaccurate measurements, faulty mixing, and impurities such as salt in the fat.

MIXER PIE CRUST

Preparation time — 5 minutes

Baking time—12 to 15 minutes

- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. cold water

Put altogether into a mixing bowl and turn speed to medium mix for 30 seconds. Bake in a 450 degree oven 12 to 15 minutes. This makes one pie shell. For a large double crust pie double the recipe.



Girls, You'll Like my flavorings

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OYSTER SUPPER

Oyster Stew
Oyster Crackers

Tossed Green Salad and Relish Plate
French Bread with Garlic Butter
Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee

OYSTER STEW

- 1 qt. oysters with liquid
- 6 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 3 cups milk
- 1 pint thin cream
- Salt and pepper to taste

Pick over the oysters, removing any particles of shell and drain. Melt the butter in top of large double boiler. Stir in flour, mixing until smooth. Gradually add oyster liquid, milk and cream, stirring until smoothly blended. Cook over boiling water until slightly thickened and thoroughly heated. Stir occasionally. Season with salt and pepper. Add the oysters about 5 minutes before serving. Cook only until oysters are plump and their edges begin to curl. Serve immediately. 8 servings.

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Webster City, Iowa

FROZEN LEMON PIE

- 3 egg yolks
- 1/2 cup sugar
- Juice of 1 1/2 lemons
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

- 3 egg whites
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 pt. whipping cream
- Vanilla wafers

Place egg yolks in top of double boiler. Beat well and add 1/2 cup sugar. Beat again and add lemon juice and flavoring. Blend well and place over boiling water. Stir and cook until thick. Remove from heat. Cool. Beat whites until stiff; add 1/4 cup sugar and beat. Whip cream until thick and add to lemon mixture. Add beaten egg whites. Pour into large pan lined with vanilla wafers and freeze.

A PATRIOTIC HEART PARTY

By Mildred Cathcart

February offers various themes for parties and if you cannot decide between the "Heart" theme for Valentine's Day or the "Patriotic" theme for Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays, why not combine the two and have a PATRIOTIC HEART party?

For your invitations make a fancy heart in red and white and stick a tiny flag in cupid's hands. You may write an invitation something like this one:

This patriotic heart

With its red and white and blue;
Means we're celebrating February

And we want to hear from you.

Games

WINDY HEARTS: This may be played in relay or individually. Give each contestant a drinking straw and a small paper heart. The heart must be picked up by placing the straw on the heart, "drawing in" and carrying the heart in this fashion to the goal. The heart may not be touched with the hands.

PATRIOTIC RELAY: For this, each player carries a paper heart on a hatchet and when the heart falls off before the goal is reached, the player must pick up the heart and return to the starting point again.

PATRIOTIC MUSIC: Seat the players in a circle and play from left to right. Each player, in turn, must name a song with the colors, red or white or blue in the title. There might be "White Christmas", "Red Sails in the Sunset", "Blue Danube." When a player fails to name a title he is eliminated.

HISTORIC HEART: This game depends upon speed. Give each contestant paper and pencil and see who can be the first to write the names of presidents beginning with the letters "H-E-A-R-T." You may have Hoover, Eisenhower, Adams, Roosevelt, Tyler—or others.

RED, WHITE, and BLUE: "IT" stands in the center of the circle and points to a player and says either "red, white, or blue", and begins to count slowly to five. The person pointed at must name an object of the color designated, before "it" counts five. If no object is named the two change places.

PATRIOTIC HEART: This is a pencil and paper game. See who can be the first to make fifty words from "PATRIOTIC HEART."

Refreshments

Refreshments for this type of party are so easy that your biggest difficulty will be in deciding which of the many things you wish to prepare. There are red, white and blue sandwiches, open-faced sandwiches shaped heart style; there are cookies, cakes, and salads in appropriate colors and shapes, ice cream, cherry pies, red punch. Just choose among the list and pick out which seems most suited to the group you are entertaining.

And before your guests depart, wouldn't it show that you truly had a "patriotic heart" if you brought out the grand old flag, gave the pledge of allegiance and sang the national anthem?



This darling little boy is Rob Johns of Long Beach, Calif., and it's not surprising that such a good snapshot won an award at the Omaha Centennial Snapshot Contest. Another picture of Rob with his great grandfather, E. M. Kennedy of Omaha, won first prize. Both pictures were taken by his grandmother, Mrs. Arthur Johns of Alhambra, Calif.

COOKING BEE

By Marion Ullmark

Are you in the market for a novel "small fry" party idea? If you are, here's a different party idea that has proved very successful—in our house. Little girls all love it, and believe it or not, most small boys will roll up their sleeves and enter into the spirit of the affair too.

When Biddy was seven going on eight we, she and I, gave our first kitchen party. We sent out invitations to an afternoon party, and asked our guests to wear dresses that would wash easily, and to bring aprons too.

The week before the party the little girls buzzed with excitement and curiosity. They just couldn't guess why they were asked to wear wash dresses and bring aprons to a party! The day of the party was a snowy, cold winter day, and the five little girls were rosy cheeked and bright eyed as Biddy led them out into the warm kitchen.

"We are going to make cookies," I announced, "and you girls are going to do all the work." This was greeted with squeals of joy as most little girls dearly love to cook.

I had provided boxes of cookie mix, as I wanted the girls to stir the cookies up themselves, and it seemed best not to have things too complicated. Of course I read the directions and measured the ingredients for them. Nothing discourages a fledgling cook like a failure, and I was determined that these cookies would be good.

Some of the girls were very adept at rolling out the dough. Cookie mix is not a rich, fragile dough and is easy to handle. Others couldn't seem to get the hang of the rolling process, so I rolled a large sheet of dough for them, and left them to the cutting.

After the cookies were cut and transferred to the pans, the girls decorated them with different colored sugars. This is not the sort of party that you can go out of the room and leave unsupervised, as kitchens are not the safest places for seven year olds on their own. So I never left the room for a minute, and to tell the truth I didn't want to. It was a heart-warming ex-

perience to watch the assorted blonde, brown and red heads bent so seriously over their work. I enjoyed every minute of it.

The putting in the oven, checking and taking out I handled myself.

What an array of cookies we soon had lined up on the kitchen counter.

There were lions, bunnys, chickens, hearts, Santas, stars and shamrocks. Of course as the cookies cooled slightly the cooks sampled them and pronounced them tops!

The baking finished, Biddy and her five guests went into the living room to hear some of her new records while I prepared the refreshments. There really wasn't too much to do, as of course cookies were part of the eats. I set the table with two big platters of fresh, baked cookies, bowls of ice cream, and cups of hot chocolate crowned with dabs of whipped cream.

The party was highly successful. Everybody had a good time. This sort of entertaining is easy on the budget too, for the whole thing cost very little. Later we tried the cooky baking idea out on a mixed group of boys and girls and found boys as eager to cook as girls. Some day when you want to give a different sort of party for your child, try a Cooking Bee. They are lots of fun.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS

SWEET PEPPERS AND PIMENTOS

"Those who have trouble keeping sweet peppers and pimentos might be interested in hearing how I handle them.

"When I open a can of pimentos I make a syrup of 2 parts white sugar to 1 part of cider vinegar, drop the peppers in this syrup which is boiling and leave them in until the syrup reaches the boiling point again—no longer. Remove from fire and cool. They will keep in the refrigerator for a long time and I prefer their flavor for salads".—Mrs. B. W., Lorimor, Ia.

LIME IN THE TEAKETTLE

Boil a cup of vinegar and a cup of water in a lime coated teakettle. This will soften the sediment and it can be easily scraped off. To prevent this formation of lime, put a small piece of white muslin in the teakettle and the lime will form on it.

ESCALLOPED POTATOES

If you have had trouble with escalloped potatoes curdling, try boiling potato slices and a little onion in salted water until almost tender. Then use in baking dish with milk, butter and seasonings as usual. Don't forget to put a little grated cheese on top!

TO WHIP THIN CREAM

Dissolve 1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin in 1 Tbls. hot water. Add to 2 cups cream and chill for a few minutes; then it should whip beautifully.

PASTRY CLOTH SLIPPING

Wipe the table with a damp cloth before you lay the pastry cloth on it and it should prevent it from slipping.

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

We have spent a nice quiet New Year's Day at home. This morning Frank helped a neighbor get some cattle home that had wandered off, so we had a late dinner. Bernie and Luther ate with us. About 2:30 Bernie and I drove into Chariton to meet Kristin who was coming home after a vacation visit with her cousins in Shenandoah.

She got off the train with a Monopoly game and a Scrabble board, so it looks as if she has fortified herself for the long winter evenings ahead. Until the newness wears off you can rest assured that we will be playing either Monopoly or Scrabble every evening after the supper dishes are done.

Frank and I made a trip to Aplington, Iowa one day this past month to attend the funeral of Onje Meyer, who was the father of our very old and dear friend, Clarence Meyer. We had our first freezing rain and snow storm the night before we were to go and the highways were a solid sheet of ice. We started real early in the morning and got there just in time for the afternoon services. Most of the trip we had to drive about 20 miles an hour. We went to the house afterwards and visited with the family and they insisted we stay for an early supper before starting home. The highways were in much better condition when we did leave, and we were awfully glad we made the trip.

We heard of another tragedy this morning that has saddened the day for us. One of our younger Saddle Club members, Charlie Farrell, was accidentally shot last evening when a bullet from a gun hit the side of the barn and ricocheted, hitting him in the head. We Saddle Club members are very fond of Charlie and have enjoyed him on our trail rides. He is a fine young boy and tonight our deepest sympathies are with his Mother, Mrs. Fred Farrell, and the rest of the family, as we pray for his recovery.

Our 4-H girls in Lucas County are studying Home Furnishings this year. We decided that when a girl entertains 4-H at her house she will fix a table centerpiece for us to see. When we met in November with Janet Curtis she fixed for her centerpiece a horn of plenty filled with fruit. Our Christmas meeting and party was held at the home of Vicki and Malinda Good and their table was very attractive for a Christmas party. In the center was a large popcorn Christmas tree with colored gumdrops scattered over it. The table was rectangular and leading out from the big tree to each corner was a row of smaller popcorn trees, each one centered on a bright shiny green paper dolly. When the girls went home they each got to take a small tree with them. There were also tall red tapers on the table and the whole thing was very colorful and pretty.

The girls didn't draw names this year but they each took a gift for an exchange. The little girl in charge of the exchange numbered their packages

as they brought them in and put them under the tree. When it was time to have our gifts she gave each girl a balloon which had a number inside of it, and the girl had to blow the balloon up until it broke; then she got the package that had the same number as the one in her balloon.

Another thing we did that afternoon that the girls thought was so much fun was a taffy pull. One day Mrs. Good and I were talking about how much fun we used to have at taffy pulls when we were the age of our daughters, and how many there were during the winter months, and now most children have never heard of a taffy pull. I have promised myself that sometime this winter Kristin is going to have one good old-fashioned skating party with a huge bonfire to keep us warm (yes, I plan to put on my skates too); one coasting party and one taffy pull. Living nine miles from town as we do, it might be a major problem to get the children and their sleds all out here, but surely somehow it can be done.

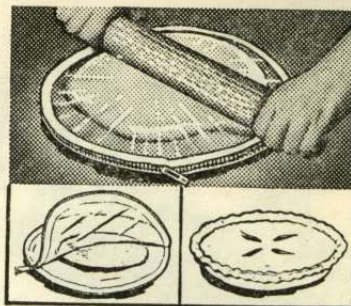
We had a very nice Christmas at our house. Ruth didn't get to come home but the rest of the Johnsons were all here on Christmas Eve for an oyster supper. After this we opened our gifts. Frank was sick in bed with the flu, so Kristin and I didn't go to Shenandoah until the day after Christmas. He was up and around by that time and just insisted that we go. I only stayed a couple of days but Kristin remained for the rest of the week. When I left for home Kristin and Juliana rode with me as far as Clarinda and spent the day with Aunt Jessie and Aunt Martha. The aunts had invited three other little girls for lunch and they spent the afternoon playing games. Both girls went to their first New Year's Eve watch parties at the home of one of Juliana's friends and thought they had a very exciting evening.

Something that we need very badly in our yard is picnic tables. The Saddle Club members ride out here quite frequently in the summer and fall and we always have covered dish dinners at noon. All this past year we have had to carry tables out from the house to put the food on, so we have decided to make picnic tables our project for this Spring. We plan to make two ten foot tables and benches, which will be rustic and not fancy painted ones. Frank got the logs cut for them the other day so at least we have a start. We hope someday to get an outside fireplace built using some of the beautiful natural rock we have around here. Since the tables are the most needed we are going to concentrate on them first. When they are finished I'll try to get a good picture of them for you to see.

Just one more day of vacation, then the children will be back in school and we can settle down and get a few things accomplished. I would love to get some sewing done and maybe I can. Until next month...

Sincerely, Dorothy

"Don't be what you ain't,
Jes be what you is.
If you is not what you am,
Then you am not what you is."



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IT'S WHITE HORSES FOR THE THOMPSONS

By
Hallie M. Barrow

What is there about a white horse that attracts instant admiration?

Perhaps as a child you went through the timeless routine of "stamping" white horses! Remember? The moment you saw a white horse you touched your finger tip to your lip, smacked it on your other hand, sealed it with your folded fist, kept track until you had several hundred and then hung a hairpin on a hitching post. Good luck was supposed to follow instantly.

Or perhaps we love white horses because they are associated in our memories with the thrills, beauty and sense of romance we experienced when we went to the circus and saw gorgeous creatures in pink tights and spangles who did wonderful acts on the slowly prancing white steeds in the ring.

Well, regardless of the reasons, white horses always draw attention, and certainly one of the most popular features at the American Royal Horse Show last October in Kansas City was the All-Girl White Horse Revue. Every day they entertained the big crowds, and the climax of their act came when one daring young girl in a striking white costume, stood and took six of the white horses over the hurdles at once! It was truly a thrilling sight. Everyone wondered, of course, where the daring girl riders and their white horses had been trained, so I did some investigating and learned that the entire act had been assembled at the White Horse Ranch near Naper, Nebraska.

Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Thompson are the owners of this famous ranch, and on its 3,000 acres are several hundred white horses. In addition to the white horses are white Shorthorn cattle, white Leghorn chickens, Chester white hogs, white Holland turkeys, white ducks and geese, white angora cats, white dogs and a pair of white peacocks! This concentration on all white stock is enough in itself to make the ranch unique, but in addition to this, there are many unique activities carried on there.

After Mr. and Mrs. Thompson were married in 1936 they settled on this ranch and began raising white horses. At that time, real white horses with a pink skin were almost impossible to find. Yet the Thompsons were convinced that in time there would be a demand for these flashing chargers if only folks knew just where to look for them.

They were instrumental in establishing the American Albino Horse Association, and their faith has been justified in the steady increase in the demand for white horses for saddle clubs, parade divisions, replacements for the famous White Horse Patrol at Sioux City, circus and movie needs, and countless other requirements.

One reason for this demand for white horses from the White Horse Ranch is because every graduate steed is gaited, knows many tricks, and has perfect equine manners for the show ring. They have been taught to kneel for the rider to mount, and also to bow graciously and accept applause! In short, these horses have been trained to the last degree of perfection.

They are not true Albinos because they do not have pink eyes. But they do have pink skins. The old-time white horse could never be depended upon as far as color was concerned. As a colt it might have been black, gray or just dullish dark. As a yearling its coat probably would have been white but with dark skin underneath. And in old age, the white horse would become a most peculiar looking specimen with its freckled, mottled coat. White horses from the Thompson ranch are pure white at birth with pink skins, and they stay white. Visitors to the ranch report that the sight of all those white mares and colts in a green pasture is a picture well worth traveling to see.

Countless visitors turn up at the White Horse Ranch in October for that is when a home-coming is held at weaning time. This is a real bargain day for many horse lovers because the off-color colts are sold very cheaply or just plain given away to those who can prove that they are genuine horse lovers and that a good home is waiting for the horse. All of the seething activity in conjunction with home-coming takes place in the White Horse bowl, a natural setting for horse shows and sales. The spectators sit on the hillside.

Before Mrs. Thompson was married she taught school, but when the ranch was established she started teaching colts. Many horse trainers prefer starting a horse's education when it is at least a year old, but Mrs. Thompson



Three little cousins pile up on a sled to have fun in a January snow. Juliana is on the bottom, and on top of her are Kristin and Martin. We are always amused when we see Martin in his Daniel Boone Cap.

starts with colts. Now again, after many years, she has added young people to her classes. But few books are involved in these classes, and the class room itself is a field, pasture, lot or barn on the ranch, plus lessons given at the bowl.

At first, it was just the neighboring children who came for riding instruction, and for advice on exercising and training horses. Then pupils began coming from far distant points to be taught plain and extra fancy riding, how to care for horses, how to develop show ring manners, etc. The All-Girl White Horse Revue that I saw in October is made up of young women from many states. White trucks with white trailers carry these riders on their tours. And when they return, Mr. Thompson may take his White Horse Troupe on the road, but one group or the other is always at the ranch to keep the home fires burning. With that many people and that much stock, chores are no small matter.

It would seem that the Thompsons had come close to reaching the limits of their White Horse Ranch activities, but now we hear that next summer a guest ranch will be put into operation for those who wish to spend a few weeks on the range. Although we don't know details about this we presume that it will probably be modeled on the dude ranch plan.

At any rate, there will probably be a white horse to ride, so take along a white cowboy ten gallon hat! Probably in the future there will be many of these hats packed in the luggage of tourists who are headed for the Black Hills and who want to include the White Horse Ranch in their itinerary.

We appreciate Margaret Hayward of Lincoln, Nebr., telling us about the place cards they used at a Legion Auxiliary luncheon lately. They were dressed paper dolls. "We were asked to send our picture to the committee and it was used as the doll's face. The luncheon menu was chicken salad, a pickled peach, potato chips, whole wheat rolls and jam, coffee and sherbet. Then the tray of fruit that was used as a centerpiece was passed."

Sweethearts On Parade

an ever pleasant memory in your hearts. Because we are going to stroll down memory's lane in poem and song for awhile, as well as do our best to make some lovely memories to add to our treasure chests, may I salute you, men, with this poem which expresses our sentiments exactly,"

Down Memory's Lane With You

"I'd like to stroll down Memory's Lane together, you and I—

And sing the songs we used to sing in pleasant days gone by. Our thoughts will bloom like flowers and we'll gather every one, We'll laugh at things we used to do; the joyous things we've done.

And then someday, if God is good, perhaps beneath the sky—

Hand in hand we'll stroll once more—together you and I."

—Author Unknown

A Husband's Response: "Tis said that the sure way to get the last word with a woman is to say 'ALL RIGHT', but I have a few things to say before I want the last word! We are sincerely flattered — soft soaped, if you prefer — to be your guests. This is once when I think we were glad you took over as boss and had your way. Maybe I should say 'our way' for I've heard that married folks should never worry about who's boss — we'll all be happier if we never find out! So we do thank you for this party, for loving us, for putting up with our frailties and our faults, but most of all for being just YOU."

For musical numbers use any of the old favorites or current popular love songs. Humorous novelty numbers such as "Tying Apples On The Lilac Tree," or "Playmates", with the singers in costume and doing actions, would be very good on such a program. And don't overlook the possibility of a ladies "barbershop quartette" (in costume, complete with mustaches and derby hats) doing some of the old barbershop melodies.

Elizabeth Barret Browning's beloved sonnet, "Perfect Love" read to a musical background, or "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" by James Whitcomb Riley (use music of "An Old-Fashioned Garden" or "Moonlight and Roses" as background for Riley's poem) would be lovely numbers to include on the program.

Games To Play

Valentine Sweetheart's Parade: Have the group divide into couples by cutting some Valentines in half and passing out one half to the men and the matching ones to the ladies. They must match them to find their partner for any games that are to be played in pairs. For the parade game, pass out to each couple some colored crepe paper, old newspapers, scraps of lace or ribbon, scissors, pins, paste and old ornaments. Then let each woman dress her partner in a becoming Valentine costume. Have the models parade to judge the best one for the prize.

Musical Love Story: The pianist will play the songs in order indicated and the song titles, if written down as played, will make a love story. Each couple has paper and pencil and the

object is to see which couple can guess the titles correctly as played and write them down and, by adding a word or two here and there, write the best love story. The story should go something like this:

"Long, Long Ago, Beneath The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree, On Mocking Bird Hill, with The Girl Of My Dreams, Ida, I was Whispering, Oh You Beautiful Doll, Let Me Call You Sweetheart, Because, I Love You Truly, I Want A Girl, to Be My Life's Companion, When I Grow Too Old To Dream, I've Got A Pocketful Of Dreams, Pretty Baby, so let's Shuffle Off To Buffalo, in our Surrey With The Fringe On Top, and I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Always."

Heart Scramble: Cut large Valentine into three or four pieces and pass the pieces out to the guests. Then see which person can get all the pieces of one Valentine together first by trading sight unseen with other players.

Matrimony Message: See who can write the best romantic poem using the letters in word "matrimony" as first word in each line of poem — first line begins with "M", next with "A", etc. Or, you might have them use the letters in the word to write a telegram.

With This Ring: Blindfold couples and hand man a ring. Then turn the pair around and move them about the room to confuse them on directions. Then turn them loose and let the man try to locate the lady and put the ring on her engagement finger. Each of the two players may walk about but cannot speak while playing the game.

Frederick's Letter—Concluded

even feelings of guilt. To keep such things in mind is to injure our lives, and perhaps to ruin our worth forever.

One of the things I want to do during 1955 is to forget what people owe me. For years I have carried a small account book with the amounts owed me by various persons who through the years have borrowed from me and never returned. From now on that is all going to be forgotten. As a matter of fact, I have thrown away the book. I am not merely going to forget that I have never been paid what is due me; I am going to forget that I ever lent the money in the first place. Oh, how many times I have wished that money I had lent, I had given as a gift outright. How much better it is to give a gift and then forget about it, than it is to make a loan and remember it.

Betty and the children are both well, and the four of us send to all of you our very best wishes.

Sincerely, Frederick

A JOURNEY

Life is like a railroad journey on a train, With a fellow traveler at every window pane. I may sit beside you all the journey through, Or I may sit elsewhere, never knowing you; But should Fate mark me to sit down by your side, Let's be pleasant travelers — 'tis so short a ride! —Unknown



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"A BUSHEL OF KISSES"

By

Arlette Palm

A tiny red and white valentine lay on the counter in the store. He was saying to himself, "Why doesn't someone buy me? Nobody wants a small valentine like me when there are so many larger ones. Look at those beautiful ones on the shelf! My, I guess I'll be put back into that stuffy old box again until next year. I never get to go anywhere. I wish I could make somebody happy. Oh, well — here I stay!"

Just at that very moment a blue-eyed girl picked him up, read his verse, "A Bushel of Kisses to You!" and smiled.

"Please buy me and take me home to your house," thought the tiny valentine.

No, back he went to his place on the counter.

Days went by. Many boys and girls picked him up, read his verse, smiled, and put him back. Here it was only one week before Valentine's Day. The valentine with the bushel of kisses still lay on the store counter. How he hoped someone would take him out of the store!

That same afternoon a boy named Mikey picked up the valentine, read "A Bushel of Kisses to You", smiled, and exclaimed, "Mom, I found a valentine that I would like to send to Daddy."

"Oh, that will be just what Daddy would like. It will fit into my envelope with my letter. It is the right size. And just think, Mikey, you'll be sending him a whole bushel of kisses! That is a lot of kisses," laughed Mother.

Away went the valentine, into a paper sack, out of the store, up to Mikey's house.

Mikey took the valentine out of the sack. With Mom's good pen he wrote very carefully, "I love you, Daddy. From Mikey."

"Daddy will certainly be happy to receive this," said Mother as she tightly sealed the envelope.

The little valentine didn't know what was happening, but he was dropped into a mailbox that very night. Away he went! Across the country on a long, long train that went, "Puff! Puff! Puff!" He was taken from one mail bag and put into another. Into a huge, silver-colored airplane he went — across a large ocean of water — far into a different land named Italy in Europe. That was where Daddy was. Daddy was in the United States Army.

Daddy tore open the envelope, read the valentine, smiled a great, big smile, and said, "Thank you, Mikey, I love you, too."

After Daddy read Mother's letter, he put the valentine into his billfold, right by Mikey's picture. Now he could see Mikey and the valentine real often!

That evening Daddy wrote Mommie and Mikey a long letter. This is what he wrote, "Your valentine makes me very, very happy, Mikey. I put it into my billfold by your picture. I look at your picture and take one kiss from



On Christmas Eve Russell snapped this picture of little Clark as he sat in his jumper chair and surveyed the chaos around him. He received many attractive toys from Santa Claus by way of loving uncles, aunts, sisters, cousins and grandparents, but all of them were shoved aside in favor of a shiny new pan with a copper bottom that his Grandmother Drifmier gave to his mother. He had a grand time fitting on the lid and then removing it.

your valentine every morning and every night. I think that there will be enough kisses to last me, Mikey, as I shall be home with you and Mommie in 60 days."

If we could take a peek into Daddy's billfold, we could hear the tiny valentine saying, "Thank you, Mikey, for sending me to your Daddy."

AUNT SUE'S JINGLES

They say some children in this town
 Eat their meals all upside down,
 Eat their pudding before potatoes,
 Or their cake before tomatoes,
 Now perhaps this may be true,
 But I'm sure you never do;
 For you know you eat your sweets
 After vegetables and meats
 Tho they sit beside your plate
 Use your self control and wait.
 For you want to grow up healthy,
 Which is better far than wealthy.

Now I've heard some girls and boys
 Are not careful with their toys
 Always leave them all a skitter,
 Set their mothers in a jitter,
 But I'm sure that you and Skippy
 Never are so wild and dippy,
 Always put your toys away
 When you've finished with your play;
 Doll, and car, and building blocks,
 Safely placed in drawer or box;
 For you know folks think you sweet,
 Only if you're clean and neat.

I'm sure you're always clean and neat,
 When it's time to go and eat.
 Although you may have other plans,
 Quickly run and wash your hands,
 For you've grown big enough, I think,
 To pull a chair up to the sink,
 (Not bother Mother when she's busy)
 And brush your hair if it's too frizzy.
 Please help little brother, too,
 'Til he gets as big as you.
 Then Daddy will say, "How sweet
 Children are, when clean and neat."

What coat is finished without buttons? Ans. A coat of paint.

What is taken from you when you get it? Ans. Your portrait.

What is that which increases the more it is shared by others? Ans. Happiness.

What bridge is guaranteed to stand any strain? Ans. The bridge of a violin.

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QUILT PIECES, 1½ lbs. Large fast-color cotton, chart patterns and gift. \$1.25. S. Howard, Adah, Pa.

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RUG WEAVING. 27x54—\$1.50. Mrs. Arthur Schneider, Cosby, Missouri.

GIFT SUGGESTIONS: Revised Standard Bible—\$3.75, Stories of Jesus—\$2.25, Religious Puzzles—\$1.25, Charm Bracelet—\$1.25, Postpaid. Viola Miller, Elmwood, Nebr.

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QUILT-TOPS \$5.00 to \$7.50. Wedding ring \$15.00. Large goose feather pillows \$7.00 pair. Ida Radke, Van Meter, Iowa.

HEALTH BOOK by retired nurse, Arthritis "flare ups" bloated, overweight, food allergy. 50¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

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PRINT APRONS \$1.25, Party Aprons \$1.75, Punch Pillow Tops \$2.00, Scatter Pins 75¢, Embroidered Tea Towels set of 7—\$3.00. Mrs. Joe A. Gengler, LeMars, Iowa.

PR. CROCHET SLIPPER PINCUSHIONS 75¢. Alma Waidelich, Shell Rock, Iowa.

PRETTY CROCHET EDGED bath towel sets \$2.15. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

PUPPET HOLDER MITT, \$1.00. Carrie Hooper, 214 North Pine, Santa Maria, California.

APRONS, \$1.—print (circular or heart-shaped) or turkish towel. Nellie Neely, Carlisle, Iowa.

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CASH FOR OLD COLORED GLASS or hand-painted china oil lamps. Write description and condition to—Simmons, 322 Grant, Clarinda, Iowa.

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LET ME MAKE your new spring dresses, skirts, blouses, etc. Reasonable prices. Barbara Rall, 1618 Main St., Saint Joseph, Missouri.

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FOR SALE: Collection of salt & pepper shakers. Mrs. Henry Blumer, Algona, Iowa.

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LADIES—\$30 Weekly, Spare Time, making studio roses at home. Easy, looks, smells real. Write STUDIO ROSE CO., Greenville 4, Pa.

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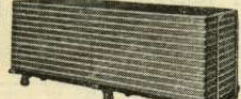
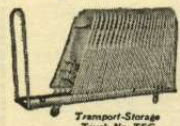


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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

How about those folks next to you, in your block, in your world, wherever you happen to be? Do they know you as a good neighbor? No man is rich enough to do without a neighbor, nor too poor to be one. Here are some people who need your neighbor.

Mrs. Lottie Hidlebaugh, Brooklyn, Iowa, has been lame for 50 years. She is 58 now, alone, and in a wheel chair, although most of her life she used crutches. She needs a friendly letter.

Michael Oehler, Rt. 3, c/o Mike Oehler, Mankato, Minn., is 9. He was badly injured in a car wreck, has been in bed for 4 months and probably will be for some time to come. He is in a hospital but his folks live in the same town, so send mail to his home. He likes pretty cards, games he can play with in bed, books, etc.

Martin Thresen, Morton Rest Home, Fairmont, Minn., is an elderly man who has had amputations on his legs and is unable to be out of the house. He gets lonely during the winter when folks cannot call.

Miss Carrie Burke, 505 W. 11 St., Bloomington, Ind., has been an invalid since she was 6 years old. She was 56 last May, and is bedfast now because of arthritis.

Bonnie Adams, Box 87, Cayuga, Ind., had polio when she was 3 years old. She is 63 now and has lived alone since 1947 when her parents died. A year ago she fell and broke some ribs and injured her spine. She is able to walk some with a cane. She would like cards and poems to make friendship booklets and nice friendly letters.

Twelve year old Linny Orpurt, 828 East Elm St., Lima, Ohio, is spastic and unable to walk or talk. He likes pictures, books, bright toys and records to play on his phonograph.

Lena King, Box 36, Home, Kans., has been shut in for 8 years and is paralyzed from the waist down. She loves to get mail. Miss King is middle-aged.

Mrs. E. Sundstrom, 11736 Gilmore St., North Hollywood, Calif., was 78 last October. She has not been well for some years and last year had a stroke. She is alone except for a son. She can read and loves to get mail, but is unable to write.

Mrs. Gertrude Welfoot, 20 Albany St., Crindau, Newport, Monmouthshire, Great Britain, has been paralyzed 20 years. The last 4 years she has been in bed, nearly helpless. She loves mail. Postage is 5¢ for a letter.

Estell Vaught, Rt. 3, Box 218, Somerset, Ky., is 79 and bedfast. He is unable to write but would like letters.

Mrs. Jane Buhler, "J" Road, Roach, Mo., is another Senior Citizen who would enjoy getting mail but is unable to answer. She is 87.

Miss Odella Roderiques, 208 Davis St., New Bedford, Mass., has been bedfast for many years. During the recent hurricanes her roof collapsed, pinning her under the wreckage, and it was some time before she was rescued. She was quite badly hurt, has had surgery and must have more, and at present wears a heavy body cast. Cheery letters would help.

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