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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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—H. Armstrong Roberts.

MISS JOSIE PFANNBECKER
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Maitland, Florida

Dear Friends:

As I write this on a February afternoon I have my ears perked up waiting for a car to pull into the driveway here at our motel. We are expecting my sister, Jessie Shambaugh, and her friend, Mrs. Edna Parkins, for they are traveling together to visit us and to spend some time in Florida.

As all of you old-time friends know, Jessie lives in Clarinda, Ia., but since December she has been in Greenwich, Conn, with her only daughter, Ruth Watkins and her family. Ruth and her husband Bob had their fourth little girl, Nancy, in December, and Jessie was there to help look after Wendy, Robin and Heidi while their mother was in the hospital, and later busy with the new baby. Immediately after I wrote to you last month I had word that Jessie had been hospitalized herself with pneumonia, and after she recovered she decided that Florida sun would do her some good. She went to Maryland to pick up an old and dear friend, and the two of them are now on the road to see us. Perhaps they'll arrive before I finish this letter!

About the time you read this we'll be starting plans for our return trip to Iowa. Probably we'll stop in Anderson, Ind. to see Donald and his family — and I'm sure that we'll find Katharine has changed a great deal since we were there for her christening last fall. We are very hopeful that Donald, Mary Beth and little Katharine can come out to Iowa this summer for a family reunion while Frederick and Betty are there.

I have almost completed a tablecloth for Mary Beth. It is white linen embroidered in three shades of pink and two shades of gray. The design is called "pom-pom" and the flowers (lazy-daisy stitch) look like snowballs. I hope it is long enough for their table, but if it isn't I think that I'll just keep it for myself and make them another one this summer.

I imagine that all of you have read or heard about the cold weather here in Florida this winter. Neither the fruit, vegetables or flowers were frosted here in central Florida — at least none we saw. It was cool in the mornings but there has been only one day (when it rained) that we haven't spent several hours in the yard. And we have eaten practically all of our meals on a patio. Our old friends, Sadie and Frank Judge, have moved

their cafe and because of the steps leading into the new location they fixed up a table on a protected patio where we can get in and out very easily. We surely appreciated this consideration, and it has been pleasant to eat outside.

During these past few weeks we have had many enjoyable trips. If I had to choose just one place to go in Florida I would settle for the Cypress Gardens. Of course we always enjoy the water carnival, but the gardens with their winding paths, hidden pools, tropical shrubs, and trees and flowers from all parts of the world make it perpetually interesting and beautiful.

The restaurant at the Cypress Gardens is famous the country over for its pecan pie. I got the recipe to share with you and you'll find it on the recipe page — also a very delicious avocado-seafood salad that we surely enjoyed a great deal when we were invited out to dinner last week.

Another thing I'm sure you would enjoy is the impressive model railroad display located between DeLand and Daytona Beach. It shows mountains and valleys, bridges and tunnels, and there are 50 kinds of locomotives that pull over 500 cars of all types. There are also over 2000 little trees and shrubs planted among the miniature houses. It is really quite a sight, and particularly when the room is thrown into darkness and lights come on in the houses and trains. We enjoyed watching the headlights of the engine illumine the rails of 2000 feet of track. Do keep your eyes open for this if you are in the Daytona Beach vicinity.

Since we were here two years ago many thousands of acres of little orange trees have replaced forests and grass lands. In spite of this, there are still hundreds of square miles of pine forests standing. We also noticed the increased acreage in lettuce, celery, cauliflower and other vegetables grown and shipped north. Everyone interested in agricultural progress would find it interesting to drive through these fields, and those interested in building would enjoy driving through the many little new villages and shopping centers that are springing up on every side.

Mrs. Hazen Harris of Sherburne, Minn., called this past week. (I first met her about 30 years ago). Her husband is working at an orange concentrate plant while they are here.

We also had a visit with Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Carlbloom of Mountain Lake, Minn. and Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Marquardt of Nickerson, Nebr. The Reverend and Mrs. John Friedrichs of Lenox, S. Dakota have been our next-door neighbors for two weeks and we enjoy hearing about his church activities. We feel that you people in that vicinity are very fortunate in having such enthusiastic and consecrated young people in your community.

Old California friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bever, are here this winter and they invited us over recently for dinner when baked corn on the cob was served. I asked about this and found that the corn was placed in a 400 degree oven (husk and all) for about 35 or 40 minutes — depending on the size of the ears. When you cut off the end and remove the husks, the silks come off with them. The flavor of the corn is delicious. Try it some time. (Use young, tender ears and of course those free from worms!)

The other day I had an amusing letter from my little granddaughter, Alison. She is four years old, so her mother wrote it for her. Among other things she said: "Please, Granny, bring me just a wee little alligator, and if you can't catch an alligator please catch a monkey, and if there are no monkeys please go to Africa and get me a lion." I'm afraid she will have to be satisfied with Woolworth's examples of these animals! Years and years ago we had some neighbors who had a small alligator and I suppose that they found it entertaining, but I can think of pets that I'd rather have. Down here the huge alligators sometimes cross main highways and hold up traffic.

Our friends, Dr. and Mrs. Lynn Ward of Golden, Colo. have found a nice little apartment in Winter Park. We are to go there for a fried chicken supper tonight, but first they will show us a drive they have taken near their house where there are at least two dozen peacocks that wander along the road. This makes it necessary for you to stop your car and give them time to get out of the way. That is something we shall have to see! (Iowa highways seem comparatively dull with only livestock to keep an eye out for rather than alligators and peacocks!)

Well, Mart is waiting for me to finish this and come out in the sun with him. No sign yet of Jessie and Mrs. Parkins. There is such heavy traffic on the highway they're taking that I can't help but worry just a little bit, and it will be a great relief when they turn up safe and sound.

Off to the garden now. Affectionately yours,
Leanna.

EASTER

For resurrection living

There is resurrection power,
And the praise and prayer of trusting
May glorify each hour.

For common days are holy

And year's an Easter-tide
To those who with the living Lord
In living faith abide.

—Unknown

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS WITH THE WAYSIDE GARDEN CLUB

1930-1955

By
Velma Rhoads

(Lucile's note: When Mrs. Rhoads sent this sketch to me — she didn't have publication in mind — I found it such an interesting history of a typical Garden Club that I thought others would enjoy comparing it with their own Club accomplishments. This was prepared for their 25th anniversary celebration.)



Uncle Fred Fischer (at the left) will be glad when the folks get back from Florida so he and Dad can have their Sunday afternoons together.

After the din of the noisy twenties died away, some of the women of East Grand River Township in Madison County (Iowa) began to look around and take stock, so to speak, of the appearance of their community. What they saw, for the most part, didn't meet with their complete approval. They began to talk it over, and whenever two or more women got together the conversation sooner or later turned to community improvement.

One hot day in early August the Farm Bureau speaker was Miss Vivian Evans of Van Meter who told of her landscaping and garden club work. Then and there two women concluded that a garden club was the answer they had been seeking and decided to take action.

On August 21, 1930 a meeting was held for the purpose of discussing plans for such action. Attendance was good and interest was strong, so that very afternoon the Wayside Garden Club was organized with thirteen original members. (Today we have thirty-one.) During the first year a Rose and Iris Show was held in June, and a Fall Flower Show was also held. Miss Evans, who had been instrumental in the club's organization served as judge. (With the exception of three years when adverse weather conditions prevented our having flowerers, a Fall Show has been held each year.)

At the expiration of the club's first year the members felt well satisfied with their achievements. In considering these club activities now we remember they represent much more work and inconvenience than the same accomplishments would require today. At that time only about one-half of the members drove cars, there were no hard-surfaced roads and Number 70 was under construction. Many times the only possible transportation was team and wagon — or to walk. But come rain, come snow, come fair weather or foul, this little group carried on, determined to make their organization the success of which they had dreamed.

The first Rose and Peony exhibit was a thrill for Hybrid Tea Roses were just coming into their own and several members had nice rose gardens. With changing weather conditions the Rose, Peony and Iris exhibits finally became our present popular Guest Day.

During the first three years the Club members worked especially hard to improve their knowledge of flowers and gardening. They subscribed to the State Traveling Library and be-

came affiliated with the State Federation of Garden Clubs. And then "hard times came a-knocking at the door" and these were given up.

However, the members didn't allow a low treasury to dampen their enthusiasm but kept right on trying to interest others by such means as having flower growing contests among school children—with seeds furnished by the club. They did some charity work also such as giving food baskets to the needy. By this time the club had become quite well known for the community improvement it had done.

Everyone was proud in December 1934 when one of our members was invited to help judge a Christmas decoration contest in Winterset. And since that time quite a few other members have been invited to serve as judges.

These were known as the "drouth years" and the club worked very hard at study plans arranged by committees, had attendance contests — just anything to keep up interest even though there were no gardens. With determination strong and courage undaunted, reward came in the fall of 1935. Autumn gardens were a riot of gorgeous bloom and farm products were bountiful. So a two-day Flower Show and Farm Products Exhibit was held. And it was probably the biggest show we ever held because everyone went all out to bring displays; and all classes, even dish gardens, miniature gardens, shadow boxes and table settings, had not one or two but many entries.

In December of 1935 we had our first Christmas decoration contest. Much interest was shown, but our plans were wrecked by bad weather and roads which prevented the judges from inspecting the entries.

In the Spring of 1936 we launched a civic project. We beautified a vacant lot in Macksburg with a picket fence, gravel walk, bird bath and flowers, but here again we were hampered by the weather. However, we kept it up until 1939 when it became impossible to care for it any longer. And even yet, after 15 years, we thrill with pleasant memories each spring when the yellow Iris, the last remnant of our little garden, bursts into bloom.

In 1936 we held our first Christmas party and invited our husbands. It was such an enjoyable meeting that we made it an annual event. In fact, it became so popular and the attendance was so large that we gave up trying to hold it in a home and simply moved to a hall.

In the spring of 1939 we made a trip to Miss Vivian Evans' home near Van Meter. This was an experience long to be remembered by all who were privileged to make the trip. It was a thrill to see the acres of landscaped grounds with pools, rare specimens of trees, shrubs and flowers, many of them imported from other lands. And the 240 varieties of lilacs were almost unbelievable. We all came home inspired.

During 1940 and 1941 we deviated considerably from our usual routine with many basket dinners, picnics, and even a card party or two. While all of this was very enjoyable, still our real purpose was in functioning as a Garden Club, so we recognized the handwriting on the wall and redirected our footsteps back into the beaten path.

Then came December 7, 1941. Our activities naturally slowed down during the next three years. We decided to meet but once a month because of gas rationing. But we did what Red Cross work we could and sent gifts and cards to the girls and boys of our community who served their country.

It was not until the years of 1946 and '47 that we had recovered enough to get back into the swing. We had never raised our dues, so from time to time we did various things to raise money such as having food sales, plant and shrub sales and lunching farm auctions.

Our biggest financial undertaking came in 1947 when we had a food stand at Macksburg's Diamond Jubilee. This netted us nearly \$200.00, and shortly afterwards we donated a flagpole to the Macksburg City Park. We had previously made donations to the W.R.C. and to the Busch Memorial Park.

All through the years we have contributed to all worthy causes, Easter and Christmas seals, Red Cross, Polio, etc. We have given baby blankets to many mothers, flowers and plants to sick members, and gift boxes to sick children of our club members.

We have entertained and have been entertained by other clubs. We have purchased and divided among our members many shrubs, seeds, plants and bulbs. At Easter we give a blooming Lily to each church to be used in their Easter services and later to be taken to some ill or elderly member of their respective congregations.

Five times we have been called upon to say farewell to our Garden Club sisters. And some of the men who helped us so cheerfully and willingly through the years are no longer with us. We have, as a club, had our ups-and-downs, our joys and disappointments. But we are proud that we have survived all adverse experiences; we hope that we have profited by them; and certainly we hope to continue as a Garden Club for a long, long time.

In closing this Twenty-Fifth Anniversary celebration I would like to say this: A Garden Club will ever be—An aid to a community—where women's hands set beauty free. A Garden Club serves everywhere—as women loose with loving care—New life and color in the air.

NEWS FROM THE SPRINGFIELD DRIFTMIRS

Dear Friends:

It has been a cold, cold winter here in New England. Not in many years has there been as much good skating ice as we have had this winter, and every store in the city that sells ice skates has not been able to keep up with the demand.

Just two blocks through the woods from our house is a municipal skating area. It is a frozen lake several blocks long and wide, and at night it is flood-lighted for the hundreds of skaters young and old. Our little David has not yet learned to skate, but Mary Leanna often joins the happy throng. At intervals along the frozen shore of the lake the city has erected cute little "warm-up-huts" where the children go when they get too cold.

We have not had very much snow. Each major snow storm predicted has turned into a heavy rain storm, and of course this has been disastrous for the hundreds of hotels up in the mountains to the north and west of us, for they depend upon the "ski trade", and when there is no snow there is no skiing. We had hoped to do some skiing at a local club, but even that has been quite impossible. Personally, I do not like snow for any reason, but for the sake of the children, I would like to see more than we have had thus far.

Two weeks ago I was officially installed as the Minister of the South Congregational Church. On a Sunday afternoon all of the Congregational churches in this vicinity sent their clergymen and several lay delegates to examine me and determine my fitness for the position. After being questioned for more than two hours by more than 100 persons, I was told that I had been approved and that the Installation Service planned for that evening could proceed. Those who examined me were the guests of the church for supper, and then we had the service. It was one of the largest affairs of that kind ever to be held in this part of the country, with more than seventy church dignitaries marching in the procession down the long center aisle of the church.

Each summer we have adopted a lovely dog to keep with us all through the vacation at our summer cottage. When we leave the cottage in September we return Mickey the beagle to his winter-time owners who live on a farm near our woods. Recently a death in the family made it necessary for that home to be broken up, and we were asked if we would like to keep Mickey all of the year instead of just during the summer. We were thrilled with the thought of having him for our very own, and on the very next day I drove back to Rhode Island to get him.

It was a hard trip through rain and sleet and fog, and the last stretch of road through the woods was very bad, but I finally made it only to discover that just five minutes before arriving there, the dog had gotten out of the house and run off into the woods. Although very anxious to start home be-



Here are some of the members of Cub Scouts, Pack 214, Den 5 who planted many bulbs last fall as part of their successful "blue and gold" project. From the left at the back are Bud Poland, secretary of the pack committee, Martin Strom, Gregg Jones and Jimmy Davis. In the front row are Ricky Hall, Gary Connell and Dennis Castle. Don Drake, cubmaster, is at the right.

fore the storm became any worse, I had to wait for several hours for the dog to return. The children were carried away with excitement when I finally reached home with Mickey under my arm, and for the past few days they have done little else but play with him.

Just imagine what it means to a four year old dog who never in all his life has been out of the woods, literally, to find himself suddenly living in the city. Back at the cottage he used to see perhaps one or two automobiles a day, and here he sees them by the thousands. At the cottage he spent his entire day running through the woods and along the lake shore, but here he must be kept on a leash except on rare occasions. At least we shall see to it that he gets at least two months of the year in the woods, and if we had not taken him he would never have seen his favorite haunts again.

Now that the political season is here once more, we are going to be hearing a great many speeches by a great many men making a great many promises for a great many things. And what will it all mean? In all of these speeches there will be one phrase that we shall hear repeated over and over: "The great faith of the American people."

I wonder how many of these politicians could define just what that faith is? Most people think that the faith of the American people is a faith in democracy, a faith in freedom, a faith in the so-called American way of life. This gives us Christians some reason for concern, for if the faith is nothing more than faith in the American way of life, it isn't enough to bring the world into a realm where all men are brothers living together in harmony and the spirit of brotherly love.

I think that when President Eisenhower asks for a renewed recognition that faith is our surest strength and our greatest resource, he is asking us to recognize that no democracy can withstand the forces of evil at work in the world today unless it is galvanized and strengthened by a resurgent faith in the Christ ideal that undergirds all that is decent and honorable in our civilization. He is asking us to recognize that no amount

of freedom can save people who are not aware that human freedom is rooted and grounded in the Christian idea of divinely endowed dignity and worth.

I think that for too long we have permitted theological confusion to blind us to the fact that in the Christian religion there is a basic faith that can be accepted by all people of good will—a faith that can give us a "purpose and a direction, a steadiness and a power adequate to every need of life that really matters." In the ideological warfare of the world today, we of the democratic countries who wish to remain free must have a cause that unites us, a cause in which we can believe with a passion and a zeal, a cause that will be welcomed by the suppressed peoples of the world everywhere, and that cause is the cause of Jesus Christ—making real in our lives, making dominant in the pattern of history the love of God and the brotherhood of man.

Sincerely, Frederick

TAX-EXEMPT INVESTMENTS

A tax assessor came one day to a poor minister of the gospel to determine the amount of taxes the minister would pay.

"What property do you possess?" asked the assessor.

"I am very wealthy," replied the minister.

"List your possessions, please," the assessor instructed.

The minister replied: "FIRST, I have everlasting life (John 3:16). SECOND, I have a mansion in heaven (John 14:2). THIRD, I have peace that 'passeth understanding' (Phil. 4:7). FOURTH, I have joy unspeakable (I Pet. 1:8). FIFTH, I have divine love that never faileth (I Cor. 13:8). SIXTH, I have a faithful, pious wife (Prov. 31:10). SEVENTH, I have healthy, happy, obedient children (Ex. 20:13). EIGHTH, I have true, loyal friends (Prov. 18:24). NINTH, I have songs in the night (Ps. 42:8). TENTH, I have a crown of life (Jas. 1:12)."

The tax assessor closed his book and said, "Truly you are a very rich man, but your property is not subject to taxation."

—From a Church Bulletin

CORONATION

Think of—
Stepping on shore, and finding it Heaven!

Of taking hold of a hand, and finding it God's hand;

Of breathing a new air, and finding it celestial air;

Of feeling invigorated, and finding it immortality;

Of passing from storm and tempest to an unbroken calm;

Of waking up, and finding it Home!

—Unknown

And He once said, who hung on Calvary's tree—

"Ye are the light of the world" . . . Go! Shine — for me.

THE LOVABLE SHELTYE

By Hallie M. Barrow

On this trip, we're asking Kitchen-Klatter readers to accompany us to the Sunny Slope Farm of Mrs. Herbert O. Young at Rocheport, Missouri, to admire her kennel of some fifty Shetland Sheepdogs.

I'm sure your first observation would be that they look just like small Collies. And so they are . . . a toy or miniature Collie, but their official name is Shetland Sheepdog or, as they are more affectionately known, "Shelties." Now what is the reason for this small breed of collies known for hundreds of years in their native home, the Shetland Isles, but a newcomer to us?

There is a reason for most of our breeds of horses and dogs; that is, they must fit into a plan on their home grounds. Last month in Kitchen-Klatter, I wrote about how the Nez Perce Indians bred their spotted horses for speed and special intelligence in hunting and war. Overseers on southern plantations wanted a certain gaited animal and worked to that goal until they had developed the Tennessee Walking Horse. Draft horses, mules, jumpers, race horses and ponies — all were developed to fit the special needs of certain owners.

And so with dogs. Quail hunters will have only bird dogs, foxhunters demand hounds, rabbit hunters their Beagles, coyote trappers want greyhounds, Alaskans their huskies, and on through to sheep herders who want dogs that have had the herding instinct bred into them for hundreds of years.

As for my personal opinion, the Border or working collies show some of the highest intelligence known in the canine world. The thing I should most like to see, if I were ever to visit Europe, would be the national sheep dog trials held in Scotland, England and Wales in late summer after the lambing season is over. In these sheep dog trials, the dogs are asked to do almost superhuman acts with their band of twelve sheep, the last test being that the dog must be able to count and stop every third sheep as it passes the flock master! This is the heritage of the "Sheltie", except that centuries ago when he crossed over from Scotland to the Shetland Islands, he changed a little so that he might better fit his peculiar country and environment.

For life on the Shetland Isles is just a bit different than anywhere else. They make up a chain of rocky, mountainous islands north of Scotland where tourists seldom land. There is nothing to see but rocks and deep fissures that the turbulent sea has eroded into their sides. Vegetation is sparse and people and animals living on these bleak, barren, isolated islands thrust up from the sea tend to become of smaller stature; only the hardiest survive. The small home-sites are known as crofts and the workers as crofters. Perhaps we are most familiar with Shetland ponies, and parent stock from this home-land is bound to be very small. In our lush land, these



This handsome Sheltie is one of many at the Sunny Slope kennel in Rocheport, Mo.

ponies in time become fat and of larger build; consequently ever so often some of the wee ponies are imported again from the Shetland Isles. Strange as it may seem, the little ponies there are not used primarily for farming or pleasure but only in the mines. There is a diminutive breed of cattle in this land of cliffs, and the sheep are small and much harder than in lands where living is easier. Even the ewes have horns! But they produce a most superior wool and maybe you can remember when the cherished dream of most every grandmother who rocked patiently by the fireplace was to have a Shetland shawl around her shoulders. That is the country the Sheltie comes from.

What was this American farm-wife doing with such a breed? Well, she was not training her Shelties to jump from crag to crag to outwit mountain-climbing, horned ewes for the Shelties have a very different future in our country. They are valued for companionship and, being small, readily adapt themselves to restricted quarters. It is their nature to obey and they have keen and all but human intelligence and understanding. They are not a hunting dog at all, but are good general farm dogs, excellent as pets for children and most admirable as companions for older people. Many owners say that only one lesson is needed to house-break a young dog.

If you should give a Sheltie puppy to a child, the youngster may think his cuddly teddy-bear has come to life because of the small bright eyes that peer out of its baby coat of curly fuzz. And what color might this young puppy be? Mrs. Young tells us that the American Shetland Sheepdog Association, organized in this country in 1929, permits any color except brindle or solid white, the usual colors being sable, black and blue merle marked with varying amounts of white and tan. The height should be no less than twelve inches nor more than sixteen inches at the shoulder. If it stands beside a regular collie, it looks to be about half the size of the larger dog.

Many of the traits the crofters bred into their Shetland Sheepdogs for

generations are still retained. Even though the American Sheltie will seldom (if ever) see a sheep, the dog will continue to stay close to its master. This inclination to heel often shows up even in an apartment. The Sheltie is seldom more than a few feet away, waiting for something that will require attention. For alertness and willingness to follow orders are necessities if a dog is to keep a flock of sheep under control. Another trait the Sheltie seems to have acquired from his life with the Shetland crofters and their flocks of past centuries is that he is not a fighter. A Sheltie will seldom start or become involved in a fight because for centuries he was forbidden. This does not mean that the Sheltie will not rise to the occasion to kill snakes, notify parents of danger to their children, attack dogs or prowlers intent on mischief.

While we were visiting with Mrs. Young, she was called to the phone for a lengthy message. When she returned, tears were in her eyes and she apologized for being detained so long but said one of her friends had had a death in the family. It was their beloved Sheltie bought several years ago from Mrs. Young for their small son. The dog had given its life to save the child. Neighbors and terrified spectators had seen a truck dash into the driveway where the toddler was playing. The brakes screamed as the dog nudged the child out of danger but paid with its own life. The owner called Mrs. Young to tell her of the brave act and to say the Sheltie had had a fitting funeral for a hero.

WHY JOIN THE AID?

There is within the church a sprout, A sisterhood with hearts devout, United by a single creed, Intent upon the church's need, Who serve the Lord as best they can And strive to be of use to man, Who by their charity and love Prove they belong to God above, Whose faith is like a shining light That keeps their Christian virtues bright,

Who follow Scripture as their guide And scatter good deeds far and wide. This growing sprout—the ladies' aid—In every church its place has made. And should you ask, "What does it do?"

The answer lies within this clue: It does not just collect your dues And promise that it will amuse; It does not merely sit and meet To play a game or drink and eat. Oh, no! The Ladies' Aid does more. It learns from saints of Bible lore—As Mary sat at Jesus' feet With consecrated heart complete, As Martha served her Lord in deed So that He would not suffer need, As Lydia lodged the holy men And bade them stay and come again, As Dorcas to the poor gave alms And brought them clothes and healing balms.

So Christian women everywhere Have gladly always done their share. And so the Ladies' Aid today Seeks but the Master to obey.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

I don't know if it's possible to have a day on which the weather reporter could actually say: "Wind velocity — zero"; but if that IS possible, then that's exactly what we have here today. An hour or so ago when I went up to the folks' house to broadcast I noticed that every chimney had a fluffy white plume of smoke going absolutely straight up — didn't waver even a fraction of an inch. In view of the fact that it was 13 degrees below zero you can see why every single chimney wore a smoke bouquet.

But if I can be inside on such a day I certainly don't mind these severe temperatures. It's another story when you have to go out to do chores, drive children to school (or to meet the school bus), or do all of the shoveling because the man of the house is physically unable to do so — or is sick. Then you really have something to comment about.

These winter nights I like to have the dishes done and the kitchen cleaned up by 6:45. Then I look at the news on TV, and if there is something that we especially enjoy we look for another hour or two hours. But by 9:00 I'm usually in bed and settled down for several hours of reading. I feel that I have to "make hay" with my reading during the winter months, for during the summer I'm too tired at night to do more than glance at the headlines of the morning paper!

Recently I've come across three books that struck me as serving a definite purpose. The first is titled *Hentz—Of Things Not Seen*, and the author is Harriet H. Houser. In some respects this is a curious book, but I think the thing that makes it interesting is the fact that an ordinary woman, a woman such as you and I, sat down and wrote a simple and moving account of how she faced the terrible tragedy that came to her only child. She doesn't pretend to be a woman of great wisdom or a woman possessed of great skill as a writer. She merely records her struggle to find the courage and faith to keep going from day to day through almost four years of heartbreaking anguish.

If you know of anyone who has had his life torn asunder by a comparable tragedy I think that you should recommend this book — or, better yet, if you can afford it, buy a copy and give it to her. It would help anyone to know that another mother has battled the same despair. (Incidentally, Hentz is the name of the boy — thus the title.)

In a much different vein is *Still-meadow Daybook* by Gladys Taber. She has the most delightful sense of humor! You'll love her theory on what happens to things that disappear, and one of these days I'm going to sit down and tell her that when she discovers the country where her missing dog door is now reposing, I'd appreciate it a lot if she'd take a quick look around to see if she could find — guess what?

But this is a book to read and enjoy and then pick up again for a quiet



Clark has changed considerably since this was taken last winter, but we think that it's a good picture of two little sisters and their brother so we wanted to share it with you. Emily is holding Clark, and Alison is at the right.

chuckle or a bit of sensible philosophy. I remember that several years ago I strongly recommended her book *Especially Father*, and those of you who read it will be happy to meet Father now and then in the pages of this new book.

If you belong to serious study groups where carefully prepared book reviews are expected you might well consider a recent study of Longfellow by Edward Wagenknecht. This is the first genuinely comprehensive study of Longfellow that has ever been done, and it would be my guess that the author must have spent eight or ten years on it.

The first section of it would be of primary interest to college students who are doing a major paper on his work, but the balance of the book is a very detailed and interesting account of his entire life. I realized as I read along that I really had known absolutely nothing about him as a man, and I think that you'll get the same reaction. He was a singularly reserved and solitary human being, but I doubt if any other writer who ever lived felt such a tremendous responsibility to the vast public that loved his work. Yes, this book is definitely worthwhile.

Well . . . to get down to this particular morning, I just wish you could smell the pot roast that is simmering away in my big old black iron kettle. A pot roast *always* smells good, but on a bitter winter day it smells even better! This time I added some of the spices that came in our wonderful Christmas box from the friends whom we visited in Pennsylvania last summer. I'd almost forgotten that rosemary and paprika and cumin could smell so FRESH!

Speaking of that incredible collection of spices, pickles, jams, jellies, etc., I now have a question to put directly to you. Among the jars in that Christmas box was rose petal jam made in France, and it is just plain beyond belief. It smells like a rose garden in June and the petals taste

the way it smells. Is it possible that anyone reading this has actually made rose petal jam? And if so, would you write and tell me exactly how it is done? If you've ever visited our garden in the summer months you know full well that at least I have the rose petals to start out with! It certainly isn't anything that you'd make in quantity, but a glass or two would really be something to have on hand . . . make no mistake about that!

I'm sure that those of you who enjoy crocheting new and unusual things will be very happy to see directions for the clever slippers that are illustrated in this issue. Many of you have expressed an interest in having such a feature added to Kitchen-Klatter, and we finally rounded up a highly reputable Art Needle Work company that can supply it. They sent me two of these charming little slippers and they are really original and clever. They would certainly look attractive on a party-table for they could serve as individual place cards, favors and nut cups. Next month we'll keep you knitters in mind and have something in that line for you.

So many of you have commented about our two big black cats that you saw when you visited our garden, that I feel free to go ahead and tell you about India's disappearance. He was the all-black one (Saccafrass has white paws and a partially white nose) and he looked like a full-blooded Persian. Juliana weighed him and he tipped the scales at 14 pounds; she also measured him and he was 42 inches long and 18 inches high — quite a cat! Well, India disappeared in the last week of December while Juliana was visiting her cousins in Minneapolis and we've never seen hide nor hair of him since. He had been sick just before he vanished and we are certain that he went somewhere to die. It was quite a blow to Juliana for we had had him going on four years, and he really was a very gentle and lovable cat. (Saccafrass isn't!) So, this summer when you come you will see only one black cat — providing that one is still around.

Even though I write our nursery catalog and know every comma in it, I'm still just like my friends: on cold winter days I like to look through it and think about the things we want to plant when Spring once again rolls around. If I can get Russell to build it (which means the time to do the job) I want a window box filled with Fire Dance Petunias — they are so big and brilliant that it's hard to believe they're Petunias! I also have a great yearning to see if I can outshine Elaine Powell when it comes to Snapdragons! Last summer she produced hot-house quality flowers from this new Tetra-Snap seed and I'm going to do my best (in a good-natured way!) to see if I can produce even bigger blooms.

Before you get too rushed with chicks and housecleaning I do hope that you'll have time to write to me.

Always your friend—Lucile

Not what we give, but what we share, for the gift without the giver is bare.

ALLELUIA! HE LIVES!

Easter Devotional

By

Mabel Nair Brown

The hymn "He Lives" or "Christ Arose" can be used as a musical prelude, and then can be played very softly during the call to worship.

CALL TO WORSHIP:

"How do I know the Lord Christ lives?
I see Him in each life that gives
Its love to God, and bravely too
That men may learn God's work to do.
How does the Lord Christ live anew?
In kindly acts His followers do.
The deeds of service that I see
Bring his spirit near to me."

Singing of the hymn, "He Lives" by the audience.

Easter Litany (read by two persons responsively, or by leader and audience).

For the springtime and the newness of life it brings

We Thank Thee, O GOD

For the gentle, refreshing, life-giving rain that causes all grasses and grains and flowers to grow

We Thank Thee, O GOD

For the beauty of the earth, the sky and the seas — the wonders thy hand hath wrought

We Thank Thee, O GOD

For Palm Sunday, and its story of our blessed Redeemer

We Thank Thee, O GOD

Most of all for Easter with its beautiful message of joy, triumph and immortality

We Thank Thee, O God.

SONG: "Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee".

SCRIPTURE: Matthew 28:1-8.

PRAYER: "Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the wonderful message of Easter, a message of hope and joy and love. Give us the vision to see the need in the world today and to be willing to consecrate ourselves and our means to that need. Make us to be ready to hear, to answer, to obey Thy will. Bless all peoples everywhere and may the joy and peace of the Easter season be with each and everyone, Amen." (Soft Easter music should be played during the prayer.)

"HE LIVES!" (Candlelighting service for reader and six candlelighters; or each person may speak the appropriate words as she lights her candle and the reader can be omitted.)

Have six white tapers arranged in a semicircle with clusters of small flowers arranged around the holders. Cut the letters of the word EASTER from cardboard. Cover with gold paper and stand a letter at the base of each candle. (If the letters are placed in a piece of styrofoam they will stand upright.) Easter hymns should be played softly throughout the service.

"E — is for the EVERLASTING LOVE of the Heavenly Father who 'gave His only begotten son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life'."

"A — is for The Ascension of Jesus into the heavens when he said 'I go to prepare a place for you. In my Father's house are many mansions . . . That where I am there ye may be also'."

"S — is for the Savior who gave His



Just before the folks went to Florida last December, Aunt Martha Eaton came over from Clarinda for a final weekend visit. Here she and Mother are looking at the big quilt Mother made for Abigail and Wayne. It had just been returned from the woman who quilted it so beautifully.

life that we might have life everlasting. 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and on the earth again shall stand. I know eternal life He giveth, that grace and power are in His hand'."

"T — is for the Triumph of our Lord over the tomb, and the angel said unto them, 'He is not here. He is risen!'"

"E — is for the Eternal joy that should be in every heart at the Easter season — hearts o'erflowing with praise and thankfulness to Him who gave himself on Calvary for us. Eternal hope of a life hereafter."

Alleluia! He Lives! CON'T -----

"R — is for the reverence with which we offer the Easter prayer that the hope, the joy, the faith that is such a precious part of the meaning of Easter to us, may live on in our hearts all the year through, that we may so live that we may say 'Christ liveth in me'."

Reader:

"We bring the flowers, light the candles

Let songs ascend on high,
Rejoicing that if man repent
He nevermore shall die,
Flowers, light and song
Sign of Eternal Life are they,
A life triumphant over death—
Rejoice, this Easter Day."

Song: "Christ The Lord Is Risen Today"

Benediction: May the joy and hope of Easter abide with each and everyone and may there be God's sweet peace in each and every heart. Amen.

CHURCHES

Beautiful is the large church,
With stately arch and steeple;
Neighorly is the small church,
With groups of friendly people:
Reverent is the old church,
With centuries of grace:

And a wooden church or a stone church

Can hold an altar place.
And whether it be a rich church
Or a poor church anywhere,
Truly it is a great church
If God is worshipped there.

Anon.

A FESTIVE LOOK FOR EASTER

By Virginia Thomas

EASTER-EGG CAKE: Bake your favorite butter cake in two greased melon molds, or in two oven proof mixing bowls. Put the two cakes together with icing to form egg shape. Then ice the outside in white or in a pretty pastel and decorate to resemble a large candy Easter egg with the inscription "Happy Easter" in the center.

We have an April birthday in our family and one year the birthday centerpiece was a large Easter Egg molded from our favorite cereal candy recipe (the one calling for melted marshmallows, butter and Rice Crispies). We covered the egg with an icing of melted chocolate bits to which had been added a tablespoon of melted paraffin and a tablespoon or two of milk to each two packages of chips. The egg was then decorated with white "fluting" of icing and tiny pink and yellow rose-buds and leaves of icing. We also wrote "Happy Birthday" on ours. You might prefer an Easter greeting.

SUGAR BELLS OR BASKETS: In a dry mixing bowl combine 4 cups granulated sugar and 2 tablespoons egg white until smooth and shiny. Coat molds (for bells use a paper mache bell as a mold and for the basket use a custard cup) with cornstarch. Fill with sugar and egg mixture. Let dry an hour or so — until it drops from the mold. Then scoop out inside to get bell or basket shape (this can be used to make more bells or baskets).

The baskets can be filled with dainty candies or ice cream to use in Easter time refreshments — later as May baskets, too! They must have pipe cleaner handles, with a tiny ribbon bow added. The bells might be used as Easter bells in a table centerpiece, or they are beautiful to use on a wedding cake. Of course they are fragile and must be handled with care, but they are worth the time and effort if you are looking for something to be a genuine conversation piece!

PUSSYKINS: Use the fuzzy grey buds from the pussy willow to make the tiny pussies. Add tiny triangles of pink or white paper for the stand-up ears and a snip of a pipe cleaner for a tail. Perch a cute little pussykin on a name card, on a cup handle, water glass, atop a cupcake or on a decorated Easter egg.

SPOOL RABBIT: The youngsters can make these cunning bunny favors or decorations. Cut bunny's head from construction paper (we use grey or pink) and glue to one end of a spool. On the other end glue a fluff of cotton for bunny's tail. Spools can be covered with a strip of paper, painted, or left natural color.

Don't be afraid of wasting time by learning something you are not required to know.

The tiniest dewdrop hanging from a blade of grass in the morning is big enough to reflect the sunshine and the blue of the sky.

OUR "NEW LOOK"

By Evelyn Corrie Birkby

Life at the moment is bounded on the north by diapers, the south by feedings, the east by washings and the west by short cuts in cooking dinner for the family. It is a happy busy existence which makes the days (and the nights) go by quickly.

Even the house itself has taken on a "new look." The corner of the bathroom, which formerly held a clothes hamper, now contains a bathinet and a high double shelf which holds an array of bath equipment. The shelf is used instead of the pockets of the bath table because Jeffrey's main two year old occupation at the moment is picking up and carrying anything which is not firmly fastened. The only way to be absolutely sure he cannot reach an object is to hang it from the ceiling. Finding this impractical, we compromised by placing the shelves on the wall at adult height. What with scales, cotton tipped sticks, oil, powder, soap, cream, safety pins, a quilted pad, a towel and a wash cloth there is scarcely room for Craig. The water, of course, can go into the tub section, so eventually we accomplish most efficiently the cleaning of said child.

Our new look has spread to the desk. Normally it is just a desk, holding forth as a receptacle for recipe books, farm records, receipts, and cancelled checks. This is no longer true; it is now a piece of bedroom furniture. Each drawer is filled with small pieces of wearing apparel. On top of the desk rests the family bassinet. It is the basket which was purchased long ago as part of a buggy. The three children of the L. V. Birkby family (including the daddy of the present occupant) took their airings in the buggy. When the wheels became worn they were discarded. Bob's sister then used the basket for her four infants and it is now holding our fourth. Its background is a long happy one and it looks sturdy enough for many more years — maybe for our own grandchildren!

Needless to say, the addition of the bassinet surely did change the appearance of the desk. Oh, yes, it is more difficult at the end of the month to get the records and reports from a box in the closet but the desk is a fine solution for making more storage space for the baby's things.

Naturally, our new look has included a number of unexpected innovations. We just hadn't planned on the long path of powder which Jeffrey unwittingly trailed through two rooms as he brought the box to me, upside down and opened prematurely. The baby doll looks entirely different wrapped in a retired diaper and carried head down or dumped unceremoniously into the doll buggy for a bumpy ride. Vital articles have a way of disappearing into the most inaccessible locations. Elbows and knees take a real beating when it becomes necessary to fish elusive safety pins from under the davenport.

No matter how carefully supper may be planned we find our new look



Mother soaks up the Florida sun. Just look at the size of those poinsettias!

running all over the house at that time. Jeffrey insists on helping with both food preparations and dish washing procedures. Bobby, even in his six year old maturity, wants help in getting the windows set into the brick house he needs to complete at the same moment the gravy needs stirring. And Craig always awakens with unerring timing and demands his supper just as ours is in the last vital stages of preparation. About this time Bob walks in the door and says with a twinkle in his eye, "And what have you been doing all day?"

You would be sure something unusual had happened in our family just by seeing daddy helping around the house. He just does not go about hanging up the freshly washed clothes except in cases of dire emergency. His common complaint at the moment is, "How do you wash-ladies get rid of rough red hands? Maybe we need a milder wash day detergent!"

Regardless of the kidding, it is wonderful to have such good help. Before long his assistance will not be needed and the domestic work will all revert back to me. But we will continue to divide the fun of the baby between us. While Bob may soon abandon his household chores, Baby Craig will soon discover that his greatest friend and ally is his big tall daddy Bob.

So, gradually, order is coming through the added necessities for daily living with a new baby. Most of the order has come through the process of moving daddy's things over, around or into the closet and basement. I had to make more room in the house somewhere, didn't I?

The minute the calendar turns from February to March my thoughts turn to housecleaning. If possible, it is most convenient to complete this task before April arrives. The gardening and out door work just will not wait. But the weather makes such a difference in such tasks as window washing and curtain drying that too often the cleaning goes right into the spring work.

I have never been able to follow the wise advice given by the magazines for efficient housecleaning. All sorts of methods such as the one-room-a-month or all-the-windows-at-one-time sound very fine but they just don't work for me. I drag everything in the middle of the floor, sit in the center

of the pile and start sorting. It proves exciting. The scrap book I started in high school beams up at me with faces long gone from the neighborhood. The package of quilt pieces optimistically cut before the first baby arrived in the family turns up underneath the worn blanket. The blanket is folded back into the closet; "someday" it will make a nice lining for a little boy's snow suit. No matter how many resolutions I make the pile of things to keep always is higher than those things to throw or give away. It must be the conscience I developed during the lean years of my girlhood when everything was made over or used in some way. It may be a good attitude, this frugality, but it makes housecleaning more difficult.

When everything has been cleaned and polished and rearranged (I like to change the furniture when I clean, seems to make it look more as if a thorough job has been accomplished!) it is such a satisfaction to sit back in admiration. Homemaking, more than any other occupation, gives us the opportunity to live with the results of our work. With a warm sun coming in through the big window of the dining room, a hot cup of coffee, a big piece of chocolate cake on the table and a friend to talk over the day's happenings, contentment has the upper hand, definitely.

A friend dropped by the other day and remarked, over the aforementioned cup of coffee, "I like winter better than spring." I was so surprised at the moment I didn't ask why. I've wondered since if it might be the temperamental changeableness of March which made her dislike it so. But March is the prelude to spring.

The very uncertainty of a new March day makes its approach one of breathless anticipation. It can unfold into any kind of a day, a backward nod to winter's frigidness or a tantalizing taste of coming balminess. Even the coldest, windiest, most disagreeable day serves a purpose. How else could we appreciate spring to its utmost?

And the same wind which sweeps the earth so clean can whisk from our hearts the dried regrets, the residue of sadness, the accumulation of slights and prejudices and leave room for the fresh vital upsurge which is the newness of spring.

CONTRAST

The trees that all last summer tossed
Their emerald leaves on high,
Now stand gaunt and naked
Against the winter sky.
The pond where shouting skaters
skim

Not long ago was a place to swim,
And under the deepening bank of
snow

There my purple violets grow.
Though the outside world is cold and
drear

Inside is firelight, warmth and cheer,
And through all trials winter brings,
Our hearts hold close the thought of
Spring.

—Lula Lamme

Dear Friends:

Along about this time of the year, I begin to think what a joy it will be to have the first days of spring and it really won't be so long, either. This year I won't have as much spring cleaning to do as usual, for the rooms we redecorated got their cleaning done for me. Isn't fresh wallpaper and new paint wonderful? As soon as those rooms were done I washed the windows and the venetian blinds and gave the floors several coats of wax so the rooms are as fresh as they can be. All I need to finish up Martin's room is a new slip cover for his bedroom chair. I hope I can get at that before very long. I washed the old one and put it back on the chair so it will do until I get a new one made.

Martin is very pleased with his room, but he'll be even happier when the bunk beds arrive. They are on order now and should be coming before long. I appreciate the letters you friends sent in about bunk beds. Some of you were so enthusiastic about them that you sat right down and wrote to me about your experience.

Our next big project will be the living room and dining room. Before we start with the papering we have to remove all the old paper, repair the plaster, sand the woodwork and move the ceiling light. Our dining room table is not in the exact center of the room but the ceiling fixture is, so we had to have it moved so it centers over the table. We are putting in a new fixture while we are at it. It is the Early American type on a pulley so it can be lowered and raised according to our wishes. One of my friends has a similar one and likes it very much.

We don't plan any other changes except for the paper and paint. Of course we haven't set a date yet for going ahead so we might possibly be at a standstill for a few weeks. We start a room as the spirit moves us and when I get the house nicely straightened up after the last upheaval it is nice to sit back and enjoy some order for a little while.

Wayne and Abigail are doing some work on their home right now — they are redecorating what they call the "family room". It is an extra room downstairs at the back of the house that overlooks the garden. They are moving the floor registers up on the wall, laying plastic tile on the floor, putting in a block ceiling, painting and papering. It will be a lovely room when it is finished. They are doing part of the work themselves, just as we are. The paper they have chosen is a beautiful shade of brown with a companion paper in a small print for the large closet off of it. Their kitchen is going to get a new coat of paint too. I can't think of any room I would like less to be torn up than the kitchen, can you? I just can't function in a torn-up kitchen and Abigail, feeling the same way, isn't looking forward to it either.

We've had some nice snows now — the long-looked-forward-to-ones. What a relief it was to all of us! We needed the moisture so badly and it is a joy to have the drabness covered



This is the deacon's bench in Margery's and Oliver's dining room. Martin is answering the telephone.

with a cloak of white. I can never complain about the tracking into the kitchen when we needed moisture so much. I keep newspapers by the kitchen door and they catch most of the snow from the kiddie's overshoes. What fun they had building forts for snowballing and playing "Fox and Geese". We have such a big yard that the games do not interfere with one another. Emily and Alison were anxious for the snow to pack down because they received some double-runner ice skates for Christmas and when Wayne was home he supervised their skating.

Speaking of Emily and Alison, I do want to mention one plaything they have that I believe is fine for all youngsters. They have a picture puzzle of the United States that they enjoy so much. I was surprised at how rapidly Alison, who is only four and a half years old, could put it together. She can name many of the states as she fits them into their proper place. It certainly is educational.

Are you active in your local P.T.A.? Perhaps this next year you will be put on the program planning committee. I thought that this month I would tell you what our programs have been in case you could adapt them to your own group.

In September the program was "Our Responsibility in the Development of a Child". Some of the mothers put on a little skit on types of discipline. There was also a short film on "Principles of Development".

In October the theme was "Watching the Child's Health". There was a panel discussion by the school nurse and three local doctors. This was followed by a question and answer period.

Since Education Week came in November, open house was held at all the Shenandoah schools. This gave the parents an opportunity to visit school and learn what their children were doing. In each room the children had their workbooks on their desks and my, how proud they were to show their parents around the school. The November business meeting was led by one of the local ministers and the theme was "Providing a Safe Environment". This was "Dad's Night" and I understand there was a nice turnout.

The January meeting was concerned with the process of learning. We were very fortunate indeed to have a gentleman visiting the Shenandoah schools whose home is in Uruguay. (He was assigned to Iowa by the In-

ternational Teachers Exchange.) He discussed the education system in his country as compared to ours in the United States, and it was a most interesting meeting. A film was also shown on modern methods of teaching in our schools.

At this date we have not had our February meeting but the scheduled program is to be based on the social life of a child and I understand that the Brownies are to give skits and demonstrations.

Since I probably will not bring up the subject again this year, I will give you the programs for the balance of the school year. The March meeting will be "The Cultural Development of a Child". At this meeting there will be a roundtable discussion on music, art and the library. At the March meeting we hold our annual election of officers.

In April the theme is "The Development of Moral Values." There will be dramatizations on moral values taught in the schools by the principal, moral training in Bible and Sunday School by a local minister and moral training in the home by a mother.

I might mention too, that at the close of each meeting some of the grade school youngsters give vocal or instrumental selections. We always follow up with light refreshments served by a scheduled committee of parents. There is a little dish on the serving table for a silver offering, a dime or so. This has helped a lot toward buying a hot plate to use in preparing the coffee and a lovely coffee service has been purchased. Our yearly dues are very small so that all can afford to pay dues, but everyone is welcome to attend the meetings, whether they have paid dues or not.

I'm delighted we were able to get such a good picture of our new deacon's bench for this issue of the magazine. It certainly was a nice addition to the dining room and I don't know when I have had a Christmas present I enjoyed more. We consider the new bunk beds that are coming as my birthday present.

This has been dentist month for us. We all made our winter visits to have our teeth checked. Martin had his first experience of actually having repairs made on his teeth. He was well prepared for what to expect for he has been visiting his dentist since he was three years old. He was very interested in how his little tooth was filled. Our dentist's family are members of our church and we occupy the same pew every Sunday so he and Martin have long been great friends. This was a big help and Martin was completely at ease. I think it is extremely important for children to know in advance exactly what is going to happen and what it will feel like. When we left the office Martin turned to me and said, "Mother, everything was just exactly like you told me it would be, even the vibration tickled and it didn't really hurt."

Well, it seems that each time I write I run out of space before I run out of words! I'll visit with you again next month.

Until then, Margery

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

CYPRESS GARDENS PECAN PIE

- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup corn syrup
- 1 cup dark brown sugar
- 3 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup pecans
- 1 9-inch pie shell, unbaked

Combine in order given. Spread pecan meats in the pie shell and pour filling over them. Bake in a 450 degree oven for 10 minutes; then in a 325 degree oven for 40 minutes or until a knife blade comes out clean after being inserted into the center of the pie.

ELEANOR'S AVOCADO SEAFOOD SALAD

- 2 Tbls. lime juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of Tabasco sauce
- 1 Tbls. chili sauce
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1/2 cup homemade mayonnaise
- 1 1/2 cups shrimp
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 2 avocados

Add lime juice, salt, Tabasco sauce, chili sauce and mustard to mayonnaise; mix well. Put seafood and celery in mixing bowl. Add mayonnaise mixture and toss lightly. Chill one hour. Cut avocados in half lengthwise; remove pit. Spoon seafood mixture into avocado halves and serve immediately (Four servings).

HOME-MADE MINTS

- 1 1/2 cups white sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 cup white corn syrup

Combine ingredients and cook to 238 degrees (firm soft ball). Add coloring and flavoring. ("I used 1/4 tsp. oil of peppermint and 1/4 tsp. green food coloring. Oil of wintergreen, cinnamon or cloves could be used, as well as lemon and color to suit the flavoring.") Beat until creamy and drop by spoonfuls on to waxed paper. Set bowl in boiling water when you start to drop as this hardens quickly and mints will be rough looking if bowl is not kept over boiling water.

Lucile's note: June Walters of Murray, Ia., sent this recipe and also a box of the mints. They were soft and creamy and highly attractive. This type of mint is expensive when you buy it, so do try your hand at them the next time you entertain. For an added touch they can be decorated with a rosebud on top.

CHICKEN VEGETABLE MOLD

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 2 cups chicken stock (If you don't have the chicken stock, use 2 cups water and 2 chicken bouillon cubes)
- 1 cup cooked, diced chicken
- 1/2 cup cooked, drained peas
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 2 Tbls. diced pimiento
- 1 Tbls. finely chopped parsley (If I don't have parsley, sometimes I add a bit of green pepper instead.)

Sprinkle gelatin into 1/2 cup cold water to soften. Heat the remaining water with bouillon cubes until cubes are dissolved or heat the chicken stock if that is what you used for the liquid. Remove from heat and stir in softened gelatin until dissolved. Chill to unbeaten egg white consistency. Fold in the chicken and vegetables. Place in large ring mold or individual ring molds and chill until firm. Makes 6 servings.

INDIVIDUAL CHICKEN ROLLS

(Nice for a luncheon)

- 2 cups flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 Tbls. shortening
- 1/2 to 3/4 cup milk

Sift flour and measure. Add salt and baking powder and measure again. Work shortening into the flour. Add milk gradually and mix together until a medium-soft dough is formed. Toss on a floured board and roll out into a piece 9 by 12 inches. Cut into 3 inch squares, making twelve squares in all. Spread each square with chicken mixture, roll and place on baking sheet, seam down. Bake in a hot oven 425 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes and serve with hot mushroom sauce.

Chicken Mixture

- 1 1/2 cups ground chicken
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 3 Tbls. chicken gravy

Mix chicken, gravy and seasonings all together. Spread 1 spoonful of mixture on each pastry square.

Mushroom Sauce

- 1 can Cream of Mushroom Soup
- 1/2 cup milk

Blend well in a saucepan. Heat but do not boil. Serve over the hot Chicken Rolls.

FISH PUFFS

- 1 can Cream of Mushroom soup
- 2 ounces of mild cheese
- 3 eggs, separated
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 1/2 cups flaked cooked fish (bass, halibut, flounder, trout, or pike)

Put soup into a sauce pan. Add cheese and heat until it has melted. Stir in one egg yolk at a time and mix thoroughly. Remove from fire and add the soft bread crumbs and fish. When cool, fold in the beaten egg whites. Pour into individual buttered casseroles and bake about 50 minutes in a moderate oven, 350 degrees. Makes 6 servings.

CARROT COOKIES

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1 large egg
- 1 heaping cup grated carrots
- 2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Cream the sugar and shortening, add the egg and grated carrots. Sift the dry ingredients and add; lastly add the flavoring. Drop by teaspoon on greased cookie sheet and bake for about 10 minutes in a 350 degree oven. While still warm ice with powdered sugar icing made with orange juice.

CHERRY CRISP DESSERT

- 2 1/2 cups tart red cherries (Do not drain)
- 2 1/2 cups crushed pineapple (Do not drain)
- 1 to 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/3 cup Minute tapioca
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Cook above ingredients until clear and thick. (About 5 minutes).

- 3/4 cup butter
- 1 cup Bran Flakes
- 1 cup quick oats
- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Crumble all together. Put over half in large buttered baking dish, 9 x 13. Spread fruit mixture over and cover with remaining crumbs. Bake for 30 minutes in a 375 degree oven. Let stand overnight. Cut in squares and serve with whipped cream or ice cream. This makes a large amount and will serve about 15 or 18.

GOLD FROSTED BARS

- 1 cup butter
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 3 egg yolks, beaten slightly with 1 Tbls. water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. baking soda
- 1 package chocolate chips

Cream the shortening and sugar. Add egg yolks, water and vanilla. Sift dry ingredients and combine with above. (This will be a stiff dough.) Pat out evenly in a 10 x 14 x 1 inch pan. Spread the chocolate pieces evenly over the top and press down into the dough. Then make a topping of;

- 3 egg whites
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar

Beat and spread over the chocolate pieces and bake for 30 minutes at about 350 degrees. Cool thoroughly before cutting. These may be placed in pieces for serving on a cookie sheet and heated just before serving.

PRIZE EGG YOLK COOKIES

(Repeated by request)

1 cup butter
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 6 egg yolks
 2 1/2 cups flour
 1 tsp. baking soda
 1 tsp. cream of tartar
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 Cream shortening and sugar. Add the 6 egg yolks which have been beaten and the flavoring. Combine the sifted dry ingredients and add. Make into small balls and dip in sugar. Place on a greased baking sheet and press down with a fork or the bottom of a glass. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 8 to 10 minutes. This makes about 5 dozen cookies.

CHEESE AND RICE

3 cups cooked rice
 2 cups grated American Cheese
 Butter
 1 1/2 cups milk
 Alternate layers of rice and cheese. Dot with butter and pour milk over all. Bake in a slow oven, 300 degrees for about 2 hours. This is a delicious, substantial dish and I hope that all of you will try it. It is simple and requires so little attention due to the long baking time that I'm certain you will prepare it again and again.

STUFFED MEAT ROLL

1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
 1/2 lb. ground fresh pork
 1 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 1 can tomato soup, undiluted
 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/3 cup chopped onion
 1 egg, beaten
 3 cups bread cubes (6 slices)
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/8 tsp. pepper
 1/2 tsp. sage
 Combine meat, salt, pepper and soup. Turn onto waxed paper and pat into a 9 x 14 inch rectangle. Saute onion in the butter and add to beaten egg with remaining ingredients. Spread mixture over meat and roll up like a jelly roll. Bake in a shallow pan in a 350 degree oven for 1 hour.

TWENTY-FOUR HOUR SALAD

2 cups white cherries
 2 cups crushed pineapple
 2 cups diced oranges
 2 cups diced marshmallows
 1/4 cup almonds
 Be sure the fruit has drained well. Then fold into the following mixture:
 2 Tbls. sugar
 2 eggs, well beaten
 1/2 cup light cream
 Juice of 1 lemon
 Cook until thick and smooth and let cool. Then fold in 1 cup of heavy cream which has been whipped and the fruit and nuts. Let stand in the refrigerator for twenty-four hours before serving.

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BANANA BRAN MUFFINS

(These will whet the appetite!)

1 cup sifted flour
 3/4 tsp. baking soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 cup sugar
 1 cup bran
 1 egg, well beaten
 2 Tbls. sour milk or buttermilk
 2 Tbls. melted shortening
 2 cups thinly sliced ripe bananas (3 or 4 bananas)

Sift together the flour, soda, salt, and sugar into mixing bowl. Add bran and mix well. Combine egg, milk and shortening with the bananas. Add to dry ingredients, mixing only enough to dampen all flour. Turn into well-greased muffin pans and bake in a 375 degree oven for about 35 minutes, or until muffins are done. This makes 8 large or 16 small muffins.

CONNECTICUT GREEN BEANS

2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
 1 No. 2 can green beans (2 1/2 cups)
 Salt and pepper

Brown butter or margarine; add nutmeg. Drain beans; combine with sauce. Heat. Season with salt and pepper.

PORK CASSEROLE

6 serving size pieces of pork steak. Season and brown well in deep skillet or roaster. Pour off extra fat. Cover meat with thick layer of sliced onion, a layer of sliced carrots and a layer of sliced potatoes. Season the vegetables in each layer. Pour over all a can of tomato soup which has been diluted with 1/2 can of water. Cover and cook on top of the stove until the vegetables are done. Pour 1 cup rich milk over all, turn fire low and simmer a few minutes.

FISH LOAF

2 lbs. haddock
 2 cups soft bread crumbs
 2 cups rich top milk
 2 Tbls. grated onion
 3 beaten egg yolks
 1 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 1/2 tsp. celery salt
 3 stiffly beaten egg whites

Thaw fish and flake. Combine with all ingredients except egg whites. Fold in the 3 stiffly beaten whites and bake in a 6 x 8 inch greased baking dish, which has been placed in a pan of hot water. The temperature should be 350 degrees and the baking time 1 1/4 hours.

ANYONE ELSE HAD BEAVER AND FOX TROUBLE?

Dear Friends:

I have just finished folding and putting away the last of the washing that I did two days ago. My, how I do dislike to wash in the wintertime! If we had a basement where we could hang the wet clothes it wouldn't be so bad, but we don't have and so I use a clothes rack and as fast as they dry I put them away and hang up some more. With an ordinary washing this doesn't take too long, but we have been so short of water (as who hasn't!) that I wash out most of Kristin's things by hand as she needs them, and when I finally get down to our last bath towel and last sheet, I roll out the washing machine and spend almost the entire day getting everything in the house washed.

It has been snowing off and on all day today. I expect we have had three or four inches of snow since sometime after midnight last night. When Kristin went to school this morning she was in hopes it would snow so hard that they would have to send the busses home at noon, and then she could ski this afternoon. It didn't snow that hard and I'm sure the bus will get here without any trouble this evening.

I saw Frank walk across the meadow awhile ago with his axe in his hand so I expect he has gone down to cut some of the brush along the road. He started on this job a few days ago and it was coming along fine when he ran into a stretch that was almost solid with wild grape vines and this slowed him down considerably. Other jobs came up that had to be done so today is the first opportunity he has had to go back.

We had a nice surprise visit from Juliana recently. Kristin had a letter from her saying that she was bringing her ice skates and for us to meet the train on Friday. The ice had been perfect for skating and then just two days before she came we had a three inch snow.

I made a big batch of doughnuts before time to go meet the train and you should have heard them yell "doughnuts" as they opened the kitchen door and smelled them. After the girls had each had a couple of glasses of milk and a half a dozen doughnuts they took shovels and started to the lake. They worked until dark cleaning off a spot of the lake big enough to skate on. Frank said if he had given them each a shovel and asked them to scoop a path for the car or something they would have thought they were killed.

Saturday it was terribly cold with the thermometer hovering between zero and five above all day — not what you would call ideal skating weather, but this didn't dampen the girls' spirits any. They spent practically the entire day either skating or skiing, coming in once in awhile to get warmed up.

Saturday night it snowed again. Sunday the girls were on top of the big hill skiing when Frank went up to look at a fox trap he had set. He



If this were in color we could see the good tan that Dad has picked up in Florida.

discovered he had had a fox but the chain had broken on the trap and the fox and the trap were both gone. The three of them decided to track him down in the snow to see if they could find the fox and recover the trap. Pretty soon here came Juliana to the house with a long face. In crossing a ditch she had stepped into a pile of brush covered up with snow and one of the sticks had snagged a big hole in her brand new overshoes. She felt so badly about it she just came home. When Frank came in he said he had tracked the fox to where he disappeared into a hole straight down into the ground.

The next morning Frank's Uncle August came down and after Frank finished telling him about it they decided to go look and see if the fox had ever come out of the hole. It had, so Frank started following it again and finally caught up with it about a quarter of a mile from where he had started. The fox had gone in a complete circle and the amazing thing was it had gone through at least 15 fences, most of them woven wire, and why it didn't get caught with that trap on its foot we will never know.

We have had some beaver on the creek this year for the first time that Frank can ever remember. I can certainly see now where they get the old saying, "busy as a beaver", for it is amazing how many trees they can cut down in a single night.

When they straightened the creek and cut the new channel they didn't get the new channel nearly as deep as the old part of the creek because they expected with a few hard rains it would soon cut itself. Of course we haven't had enough rain to get this job done, so last summer when the creek reached the level of the new channel and stopped running the back water was quite deep for I expect a half a mile. Frank and a couple of the neighbors dynamited the new channel and started the creek running again. The next morning Frank went down to see if it was still running and during the night the beavers

had noticed that the water level was dropping and had built a big dam at the entrance into the new channel. Frank got busy and opened it up and the next morning it was dammed up again. This went on for days until Frank just gave up.

Frank caught one of them the other day, so there will be at least one less beaver to work on the dam. This was the first beaver I had ever seen and I didn't realize that they were so big, and that their back feet are so much bigger and so different from their front feet. My! but the fur is beautiful. How I would love to have a beaver coat!

I hope to get some Spring sewing done for Kristin this next month. I met her in town after school the other day and let her pick out a couple of dress patterns and although we spent some time looking at material, she hasn't found just exactly what she wants. The stores are getting in more new materials all the time and so I hope we can find it soon so I can get started.

I stopped in the middle of this letter and took time out to bake a spice cake to have with coffee in case anyone dropped in — someone did, and now it is time to get supper. It is hard to think of what to have when I am full of fresh cake, but Kristin and Frank are hungry so I must stop now and think of something.

Sincerely, Dorothy

PLANS GONE ASTRAY

I had planned to do so many things

On these cold Winter days,

But now that Spring is nearly here

I doubt that planning pays.

I had planned to piece a quilt

All made of pink and white,

I had hoped to make a rug

Of old rags dull and bright.

I had planned to sort my recipes

And file them oh! so neat,

I had thought I'd fix a rocker

And re-cover the back and seat.

I had planned to do some fancywork

To put away in a drawer

And use throughout the whole year

through

For the birthdays and showers gal-

lore!

I had planned to paste my snapshots

In a large black "photo" book,

But it seems that all I've gotten done

Is wash dishes, bake and cook.

And wash and iron, and patch and

mend,

And clean and scrub and dust,

It seems I can't find time to do

The things I WANT, for the things

I MUST.

I had planned to make new draperies

To hang at my windows this

Spring,

I had planned to sew new dresses

In colors that fairly sing!

I had planned to tie a comforter

Made of pieces bright and warm,

I had thought, I'd read some books

These cold days here on the farm.

But now Spring's just around the

corner

And Winter is nearly through,

I think back on all my hopeful plans

And wonder—WHAT DID I DO?

—Mrs. Howard Dean

KNOWING YOUR ELDERS

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Not long ago I overheard a conversation in the beauty parlor. Two women were discussing a lovely young girl whom I know, and one of them made the remark, "The nicest thing about her is that she likes her mother so much."

Startling as that statement may seem, it does emphasize the fact that many young people do not seem to like their elders. I strongly suspect this is because they have never been taught to appreciate them. We are too apt to shrug off the possibility of friendship with those who are not our own contemporaries, and thus we miss some very rich and rewarding friendships. So, too, are our elders robbed of one of the chief rewards of maturity . . . the right to share their experiences and wisdom.

If it doesn't seem important to you, stop to consider the young people who can't get along with their parents, the young married women who feel irritable around their mothers-in-law and ill at ease at the Woman's Club, the middle-aged matron who bickers with her elderly neighbor. Problems of adjustment between age groups are apt to arise at any age level. Consequently, how is one best to meet them?

First of all, I believe we must learn to enjoy our elders and to be interested in them. I don't believe I can bear it if, at old age, some patronizing person pats my hand and asks, "Well, now, dear, what have you been doing all day?" Yet how often that very thing occurs! Many elders who are alert both physically and mentally must resent such treatment.

Is your new friend or neighbor retired? From what? Has she an avocation? Have you common interests . . . church, friends, a pet charity? Surely you can find some plateau of interests from which you two can advance to real friendship!

I met a charming elderly woman recently, a retired librarian. I know very little about library work, but simply the fact that we both love books made us interesting to each other. Later we discovered that we belong to churches of the same denomination, had mutual friends, and had traveled to many of the same places. The hour I spent visiting with this stimulating elderly woman is precious to me. Such persons merit more from young people than a casual "How-do-you-do?"

I met another elderly woman at a luncheon. She asked me to guide her fork to her salad plate because she was partially blind and couldn't find it! Awed by such fortitude, I found it almost impossible to start a conversation. But my new friend wasn't so awed, and soon I learned that she had recently written her first book . . . at 80!

Another elderly person, a man of 85, stopped at our house to buy chickens. Before he left, he fixed my ailing sewing machine. To my delight, he stopped back a month later to show me pictures that he had taken on a vacation trip to the Rockies.

Your elders are interesting!

Old-fashioned good manners are attractive at any age. Many elders consider the casual manners of young moderns to be in bad taste. Personally, I'll cast my vote in favor of rising when an elder enters the room, of addressing her with proper name and title, of extending all courtesies due her. To neglect to do so can make a young person appear very thoughtless.

I shall never forget one Memorial Day as a child. My mother was visiting with a friend whose daughter approached and, wishing to get through the crowd, said to her mother, "Move your carcass, Mom."

My own mother was more indignant than shocked; it would be hard to forget the lecture she delivered to us girls on the way home. Surely we were given to understand that courtesy and respect are a better part of wisdom.

Do not be afraid to approach your elders for advice or encouragement. They have goodly stores of both; it is their inalienable right to give it, and yours to receive it.

I never accomplish even a small thing that I do not receive a note from an elderly pastor who means much to me. His encouragement is a fine thing in our lives. On a recent trip we visited the pastor and his wife. She thanked us for stopping and added, "Our riches are our friends."

Do you deny yourself the rich experience of knowing . . . and loving . . . your elders?

BEYOND THE STORM

Beyond the storm of winter glows a star—

That gleaming, burning light whose way is sure;
And now I know, though winter may be long,
Faith can endure.

Beyond the storm of winter there is yet

The rainbow of God's promise in the sky,
And now I know, although the storm be fierce,
Hope need not die.

For there, beyond the clouds, still shines the sun,
And light breaks through after tempestuous rains,

Look up! And find, whatever else be gone,
God's love remains.

—Ruth Margaret Gibbs
(From Moody Monthly)

COME UNTO ME

I did not drive the cruel nails
Or plait the crown of thorn;
I did not pierce His blessed side
Or look at Him with scorn.

But when I will not yield my life
To say, "Thy will be done;"
I just as deeply wound my Lord
As they who crucified God's Son.
—Mildred Cathcart

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KFEQ—ST. JOSEPH, MO. — 680
on your dial 9:00 A.M.

GEOGRAPHICAL QUIZ

Questions

- Which of our forty-eight states extends farthest north?
- Lake Superior is the largest of the five Great Lakes. Which lake is second in area?
- Residents of one of our large cities cannot vote. Name the city.
- In what state is the northernmost end of the Mississippi River?
- Did London Bridge ever really fall down?
- Which is larger, Canada or the United States?

Answers

- Minnesota.
- Lake Michigan.
- Washington, D. C.
- Minnesota.
- Yes. It was carried away by a storm in the year 1091.
- Canada.

—Margaret Barnett

MAKE YOUR HOUSE A HOME

It isn't the house you're living in
Or your furniture or your car,
That makes folks enjoy your company
But only how friendly you are.

You may not have gorgeous paintings
Or tapestries on the wall;
But you, yourself, are the reason
Why people continue to call.

Why worry if money is scarce
Or things you have are old,
Your hospitality to friends
Means more than all the gold.

You'll always have friends about you
If laughter is gay and sincere;
But you'll find a house isn't a home
Unless it is filled with good cheer.

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HELEN STRAYHAN

1412 Great Northern Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

The grand essentials of happiness
are: Something to do, something to
love, and something to hope for.—
Chalmers.

If you must make mistakes, it will
be more to your credit if you make
a new one each time.

The three big stumbling blocks to
advancement are; carelessness, non-
cooperation, and laziness.

SNAPPY APPLIQUE

By Mildred Schmidt

Applique is certainly a very attrac-
tive addition to any woman's sewing
skill, but it isn't as popular as it
might be because the usual way of
handling it is difficult, tedious and
time-consuming. Recently I came
upon quite a simple way of prepar-
ing applied decorations when I
made a pocket for a small boy's cow-
boy jacket.

The pattern called for putting a
horse with spindly legs on this
pocket, and the usual instructions
were given for turning under the
edges and then whipping down by
hand. I was so exasperated at the
time it took to do this that I did
some experimenting before I tackled
the second jacket.

My experiment was to cut two
identical pieces from the applique
pattern, sew them together from the
wrong side and leave a small space
unsewn for turning the design to the
right side (much as one would a
small rag doll). After turning the
horse, it was carefully pressed and
the appliqued version turned out to
be "one neat bucking bronco" as my
boy put it.

These broncos were made of plain
material with a small embroidered
saddle.

Most all appliques of plain fabrics
lend themselves exceptionally well to
this type of embroidery which is done
very easily on the sewing machine.
Six strand embroidery floss is wound
on the bobbin and the upper machine
is threaded in the usual manner with
a corresponding color of thread. This
speedy embroidery technique, has a
"boughten look," and can be done on
most all conventional sewing ma-
chines. The sewing is done from the
wrong side where the design to be
followed has been drawn by pencil.
This stitching is usually all the
decoration the applique will need, but
sequins, buttons, ribbon and rick
rack may be added to bring out the
detail of the design.

Three or four snap fasteners ap-
plied to the under side of the design
and to the basic garment will hold
the applique in place and will be
found advantageous over sewing the
design fast to the garment. The snap
fasteners will enable you to remove
the applique for easy washing and
ironing of the basic garment. The ap-
plique will not be soiled as frequently
as the dress or jacket it adorns and
when it is soiled can be laundered
easily by hand so the delicate parts
won't be subjected to the rigors of
the washing machine. You may want
to give the design a light or heavy
starch treatment depending on the
weight of the fabric.

The snap fastener treatment will
also enable you to switch designs
frequently for change or season or
mood. Little girls will especially like
"day of the week" snap-ons for their
basic cotton dresses or play clothes.
And you may make a plain white
apron for a gift or to suit your own
fancy, and turn it into an all-around
holiday apron with a set of snap-on
designs, including hearts, shamrocks,
the Easter rabbit, and of course,

Santa Claus himself, for holiday en-
tertaining. You will probably think
of lots of designs to invent yourself
besides the patterns you'll find in the
needlework books.

Padded applique is an attractive
addition to a garment, especially to
small children's clothes. A bit of
cotton stuffed under the applique of
a chubby bear cub will be an amus-
ing and useful spot on the knee of a
toddler's overall. It may even serve
as a patch for a worn place in the
garment!

Children are inventors by nature
and since they are more uninhibited
about their basic talents than grown-
ups, will provide many patterns from
their drawings to use as applied
decorations. Their drawings are usu-
ally quite concise and with clear
lines are relatively easy to copy and
sew on garments. And what will de-
light a little girl more than her very
own drawing of a doll house used as
a pocket for her new school dress
with a perky tulip handkerchief
peeping out of the window flower
box?

On certain light weight garments
or your own dress-up outfits you may
want to secure the two-faced appli-
que with a few firm stitches as well
as by the uses of snap fasteners. For
your fall wardrobe try a pretty floral
skirt with a flower cut from the
same fabric and made into a two-
faced applique to switch about from
blouse to sweater.

Once you have these wardrobes of
your children and yourself all ready
for fall you may want to revamp
some of the accessories in your home
to add new sparkle and color before
the winter months are here again.
Any plain curtains will take well to
applique for new interest, and any
number of suitable designs can be
found. Just open a current house-
hold magazine for curtain applique
ideas. Even the ads will help, and
it is here where I found and en-
larged the famous soup kids to make
appliqued boys and girls to adorn my
new kitchen curtains. Imagine how
thrilled I was when I found that a
popular iron-on transfer was also
featuring these same "kids" so I
could decorate some of my kitchen
linens to match the curtains. Once
you get an idea for a new decoration
scheme applied additions will help
it unfold for you and add new appeal
to your home.

If you enjoy having some pick-up
work on hand at all times to sew on
for a few minutes relaxation maybe
you would like to get started on an
appliqued quilt top. This is the only
exception that I would make to using
the two-faced applique. The quilt
applique is necessarily sewn tight. If
you have young children for whom
you do a lot of sewing there is no
better time than now to start a very
special appliqued quilt for them. You
can make this quilt from scraps of
material from all their garments you
turn out at home and add to it over
the years of their childhood. What
a cherished quilt they will have when
they are grown and can look at it
and say "There's the piece from the
dress Mother made me when I had
my tenth year birthday party!"

"A BOUQUET FOR GRANDMA"

By Grace Sigsbee

Grandmothers are very special people. They have all the nice qualities that mothers have plus a few extra touches. Motherhood is a very wonderful experience but when the youngsters are little there's lots of work, worry and responsibility. The time when you really enjoy children, say the ladies who know, is when you become a grandmother.

Now, I'm not a grandmother — it'll be at least ten or fifteen years before I can even hope to attain that enviable status. So until that time I can go on saying all sorts of nice things that grandmothers deserve to have said about them and nobody can accuse me of bragging!

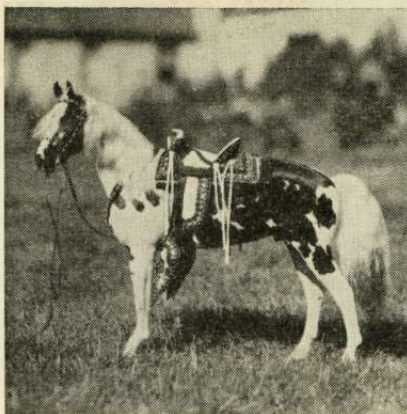
One of the reasons that grandmothers inspire so much love in the hearts of their grandchildren is that they love the little ones so uncritically. They can be perfect little fiends, according to their parents' reports, but Grandma never really believes they are truly bad — just tired, cross or misunderstood. The funny part of it is, Grandma is so often right. There are few tears she can't dry, few tempers she can't calm by a session of lap-stitting, cookie-giving or story-telling.

Some people say that grandmothers spoil children. This is an unfair, disgraceful, libelous statement — with quite a bit of truth in it. Most grandmothers don't even bother to deny it for they know that "spoiling" is one of Grandma's inalienable rights given to her automatically shortly after the birth of her first grandchild. Personally, I think that there never was a child who was spoiled by too much love from his grandmother. Or from anybody else for that matter. Neglect and then over-indulgence might do the trick, but not the understanding, steady kind of love put out by most grandmothers.

Grandmothers are people with very long memories. No matter what naughtiness a parent tells Grandma her child has committed, she can always remember some mischief fully as bad, or much, much worse that Mom or Dad got into when they were little.

Grandmothers are people with laps. The human anatomy is the same as it has always been, as far as I know, but today's mothers just don't use laps like grandmothers do. We use laps for cuddling children as they do, but I'm always amazed when one of our grandmothers parks an infant on her lap, picks up his heels and skillfully readjusts him. Three babies have made me pretty proficient at changing pants, also, but I have to have a bed or other flat surface on which to work. Grandmothers can even bathe babies on their laps, for, as one of them once told me, "Laps were invented long before bathinettes."

Grandmothers are people who think that there is some danger that the little ones may starve to death in between meals. The minute the children enter the door of her house, she says, "Let's see if Grandma can find



Have you ever seen a more lifelike looking horse in all your life? We certainly haven't! This is the hobby of Fannie Bronson, Box 5, Agate Beach, Oregon—she has become famous for her work. The talented carver says: "My horses and saddles are all hand-carved and tooled. I started this hobby to keep from feeling sorry for myself when I found that I would be permanently handicapped after a horse fell on me twenty-five years ago." I don't know the exact measurements of this particular beauty, but there were other pictures sent by Mrs. Effie Barnard, St. Mary's Nursing Home, Astoria, Oregon and two of them were of horses that measured 12 inches and 14 inches in height.

you a cookie." On those rare occasions when the candy supply is low or the cupboard kind of bare, even a piece of stale cake or a soda cracker tastes good if it comes from Grandma. And a piece of "bread and butter with sugar on" becomes a culinary triumph.

Grandmothers are just the same as they have always been but the outward appearance of some of them has certainly changed. Today Grandma can be found driving a car or enjoying the sport in bowling alleys or golf courses. Some of them fly their own planes. Many of them can dance as long as their teen-age granddaughters and they do it a whole lot more gracefully.

Grandma has traded in her little lace cap for a slightly giddy hat. Her hair may be gray but she sees to it that it is arranged so that it's more of a mark of distinction than a sign of old age. She uses cosmetics skillfully in spite of the teachings of her youth about, "painted women".

Just about the nicest thing a child can have is a grandmother. If a child is lucky enough to have more than one, as our youngsters do, he is wealthy indeed. And besides all their other wonderful attributes, grandmothers make the world's best babysitters!



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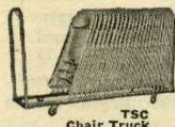
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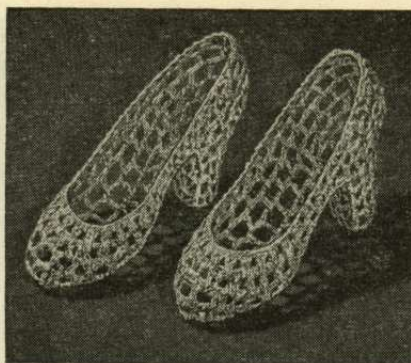
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Picture furnished by courtesy of LeeWard Mills.

CINDERELLA SLIPPERS

Use No. 27-1754 Crochet Hook No. 10. Heel: Ch 5. Join with a sl st to form a circle.

Row 1: Ch 4, *work 1 dc thru centre circle, ch 2. Repeat from * 6 times more (7 spaces). Join into the first sp formed by the "ch 4".

Row 2: Ch 4, work 1 dc in same space, *ch 2 and work 1 dc into next sp. Repeat from * around, always joining into the first sp of the row formed by the "ch 4".

Row 3-4-5: Repeat row 2.

Row 6: Repeat row 2 but do not join at end of row, leaving last sp open.

Row 7: Ch 30. (sole). Working back over ch, work 1 dc into the 6th ch from hk. *Skip 2 ch and work 1 dc into the next ch. Repeat from * across ch. This will make 10 spaces, and the last open space of the row below will make the 11th sp. Join into the first closed sp of the "heel" with a sl st.

Row 8: Ch 4. Working around heel and sole, skip the next sp and

work 1 dc into the next sp. Make one sp over ea sp of the row below and make 5 spaces in the last sp at the tip. Continue around working space over space, joining with a sl st into the first sp formed by the "ch 4".

Row 9: Skip the first sp and work space over space completely around.

Row 10: Repeat row 9.

Row 11: Ch 2, work 1 dc into the first sp and 2 dc into every sp around with no chains in between. Join with a sl st to top of "ch 2".

Row 12: Ch 2, work 1 dc into first sp *skip the next 2 dc and work 2 dc between the 2 dc of the row below. Repeat from * around and join with a sl st to top of "ch 2". End off.

Stiffening: Place 1/4 cup water and 1/2 cup sugar (good measure, almost 3/4 cup) in a small pan. Place on burner and heat to very hot point, stirring constantly, but do not boil even a little. When solution turns clear and is not sugary, it is ready. This will process 4 pair.

After crocheting slipper, fit it on plastic mold to be sure it fits. Remove, and first put them in warm water, then put in dry cloth and pat out as dry as possible. Then dip in sugar water and pat out excess solution with dry cloth that has no lint. Now carefully put them on slipper to dry. Allow for drying time 24 to 48 hours. However, carefully remove mold while slipper is still damp, shape properly, and allow to stand until thoroughly dry and stiff.

When dry, tie together and trim with your choice flowers, decorations, ribbons or any ornament to suit the occasion, such as personal greetings for all occasions, party favors, party and dinner place settings, gift package decorations, etc. Ornaments are glued or sewed on.

Material for one pair:

1 tube Tinsel Corde	25¢
1 Slipper Mold	15¢
1 Corsage	15¢
1 Crochet Hook No. 10 (when ordered with above)	10¢

The above supplies can be procured at the LeeWard Mills, Elgin, Illinois.

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- ☐ Please send me your beautiful new 1956 Nursery Catalog.

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A LETTER IN RHYME

HELLO THERE!

Have you been looking for a letter from me?

Well, I've been intending to write, But the work on the farm is so heavy these days,

And my house is really a sight! The beds are unmade, the dishes not washed,

The floors need cleaning up too, But they'll just have to wait a bit longer, I guess

While I'm writing this letter to you. Your daily visits I certainly enjoy,

And I hope you will stay on the air, Our cards and letters and orders, you say,

Are the means of keeping you there. Now that I've written, my work I will do,

But the clock I'll be watching, don't fear,

When Kitchen-Klatter time comes on the air,

I'll lend you both my ears.

—The Old Missourian.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Ever since the first of the year, my mail has been full of letters from shut-ins who are so appreciative for the nice things you did for them during the holiday season. They all want me to thank you, and if you could read the letters I am sure you would feel well repaid for any thing you did. Will you do a little more now? Here are some people who need the cheer you can give. Most of them cannot answer.

Betty Jo Smith, Rt. 1, Harris, Mo., has not walked in all her 29 years. She spent most of last summer in the hospital; would love mail.

Mrs. Grace Martin, c/o Weston Home, Woodbine, Iowa, is alone and so lonely. She is in a Rest Home and misses her own home so much. She is able to be up and about, inside the house. Please send cheery letters.

Judy Goodnough, Rt. 1, Marengo, Iowa, recently became shut-in. She is only 14 and has contracted one of these new diseases that we do not know too much about. She cannot go to school, but school comes to her by way of a two-way radio. Mail would help.

Miss Kay Felter, Rt. 1, Pleasant Plain, Ohio, will be 14 come May 15th. She had polio and it left her spine in bad shape. She has been in the hospital for surgery, and after two operations she is now home but is in a cast and will be for several months. Do write to her.

Bonnie Adams, Box 87, Cayuga, Ind., is a long-time shut-in who refuses to stay "down". She gets about the house a little with the help of two canes and a walker. She lives alone. To keep busy, she makes scrapbooks from used cards and nice poems to send to hospitals, also yarn dolls and beanbags for sick children. With the scrapbooks, she likes to send a hankie. She needs clean, fresh materials for her work. Please send yarn and white or red outing flannel scraps. She uses only the pictures from the cards. Be sure to put sufficient postage on all packages you send to her or any other shut-in. Most of them cannot afford extra postage.

Mrs. K. G. Crothers, 120 North Flower St., Los Angeles, Calif., is only 40 but has been in a wheel chair for six years and sick longer than that. She has the dread multiple sclerosis. Breathing is difficult for her, and she can hardly feed herself. Her husband is away at work whenever he is able, and those times she stays alone. She gets pretty lonely and discouraged, so cheery letters would help; perhaps after you hear from her, you can help some other way.

Mrs. Mary L. Rowley, Rt. 2, Sparsburg, Pa., is past 94 and is bed-fast. Her son cares for her. Send cards only.

Mrs. Earl Renn, 1839 1/4 Cordova St., Los Angeles 7, Calif., was so happy to hear from several of her midwest friends. She fell from her wheel chair and broke her hip, you will remember. She is able to sit up part of the time

now and is feeling much better. Her mother is with her.

Mrs. Libbie Ann Novak, Box 44, Elberon, Iowa, will have her 64th birthday April 10th. Let's have a birthday shower on her. She has been flat in bed for many years. She makes quilts, holding the materials up over her face.

A LETTER CAN DO SO MUCH

The daily letter you can write
And send to those alone,
Confined perhaps to beds of pain
In hospitals or home,
Could prove to be the gift they need
To brighten up their day;
Such letters pay big dividends
In friendships made that way.

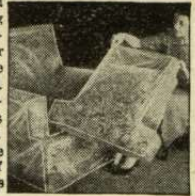
The daily letter you can write
Could cheer a heart grown sad,
Or help some one with troubled thoughts
To change to good from bad,
Encouraged by your written word
When hopes are at an end;
The ones you help will bless the day
You write and signed, Your Friend.

The daily letter you can write
And mail with little cost,
Could be for you the chance to find
Some happiness you lost
Those days when troubles weighed
you down
And you were left alone
Those days the postman did not stop
With letters at your home.

—Gertrude Marguerite Robinson

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WRITE TO DEPT. 21

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Yes, it's a coon! Tom Wessling of Battle Creek, Ia. raised "Toonie" and actually made him a big 45 lb. coon before he finally disappeared to go and live permanently with his fellow coons.

SASSY CAT

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Once there were three cats, and they all lived together because they had no one else to live with.

There was a great grey cat who did the hunting, and a big black cat who did the sweeping, and a small orange and white cat who did nothing at all, because he was so young.

The great grey cat grew very fat from eating mice, and the big black cat grew very fat from eating gophers, but the small orange and white cat grew smaller, and smaller, and smaller. This is because he did not eat properly at all.

"Perhaps a sip of catnip tea," urged the great grey cat.

But the small orange and white cat just pulled the coverlet over his head and said nothing at all. Not a word.

"Some stew, perhaps?" asked the big black cat, and he brought a lovely dishful to the smallish cat.

But the small orange and white cat tipped it on the floor, and then he wept because he was so clumsy.

"Never mind," said the big black cat. "Go to sleep," said the great grey cat.

So the smallish cat went to sleep, and the largish cats sat up to think.

"I think he needs vitamins," said the great grey cat.

"I think he needs fresh air," said the big black cat.

So they opened the window and they gave the smallish cat a double dose of vitamin extract. But the next morning the smallish cat was even smaller than before, and he had a sniffle besides.

"I think he needs a doctor," said the great grey cat.

"I think he needs a playmate," said the big black cat.

So the largish cats went out to hire a doctor and a playmate.

The doctor thumped the orange and white cat's smallish chest and took his smallish temperature.

"He is perfectly all right," he said and went away. But the orange and

white cat got smaller, and smaller, and smaller.

When the playmate came, the smallish cat ducked his head under the coverlet and said nothing at all. Not a word.

"Well, at least you're not sassy," said the playmate.

"Oh, I am! I am!" cried the small cat, and he began to giggle.

He giggled so hard that he fell out of bed, and the great grey cat had to pick him up and pat his back.

"I'm Sassy! I'm Sassy Cat!" cried the small orange and white cat.

"A name! Why didn't we think of that before? Why, all he wanted was a name!"

Then the great grey cat embroidered SASSY on a smallish bib, and the big black cat painted SASSY on a smallish plate, and that smallish kitten sat up to the table and ate and ate and ate!

Mother (at dinner), "Johnnie, I do wish you would stop reaching for things. Haven't you a tongue?"

Johnnie, "Yes, but my arm can reach farther."

THE TANGLE GAME

It takes four children for this game and one to be "it". The four players take hold of hands and form a circle. The one who is "it" is blindfolded. The ones in the circle step over each other's hands until they get all tangled up. The one who is blindfolded tries to untangle them. This is fun. Try it and see.

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ARCH EASERS**
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Sizes for Men and Women

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New Portable Pocket-Size Water Heater
Place in water; plug in socket . . . turn on switch! Hot Water! Thousands use for bathing, washing clothes, dishes, cream separators, pails, shaving, . . . Heats small quantities very quick! Heating speed of large quantities depends on quantity. Read directions before using, follow. Regular price \$2.95. However if you'll tell your friends about BOIL-QUICK to advertise it for us, we will let you now have one for only \$1.98 plus tax. **SEND NO MONEY** Just name and address. Pay postman \$1.98 plus Federal Tax, C.O.D. postal charges. Satisfaction guaranteed or return within 10 days for refund. **BOIL-QUICK, 4554 Broadway, Dept. S-223 CHICAGO 40, ILL.**



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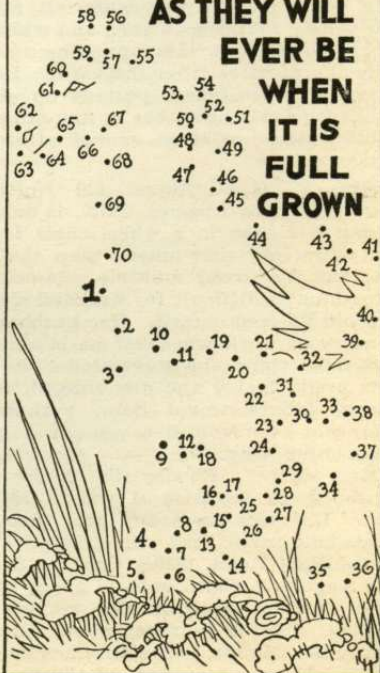
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TINIER THAN ITS
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HAS LEGS AS LONG
AS THEY WILL
EVER BE

WHEN
IT IS
FULL
GROWN



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Shenandoah, Iowa

GOOD MONEY IN WEAVING. Weave rugs at home for neighbors on \$69.50 Union Loom. Thousands doing it. Booklet free. Union Looms, 150 Post St., Boonville, N. Y.

LOOK Before You Leap! See last ad in this column.

PRESERVE YOUR BABY'S SHOES in China-like beauty. The exquisitely beautiful "Porcelynized" process, secret of our Studio, transforms baby's own shoes into shimmering fine art keepsakes. Our customers are all over the world. Write for free illustrated folder. Baby Shoe Studio, Dept. K, Richmondville, N. Y.

ENJOY HEALTHY STONEGROUND Flour, Cornmeal, Cereals. Write Brownville Mills, Brownville, Nebraska.

"MOTHER'S LOVE SONGS". A book of poems by Martha Field Eaton. An ideal gift for that new mother. Price \$1.00. Send order to Martha Field Eaton, Clarinda, Iowa.

MISPLACED Confidence Is Costly; See last ad in this column.

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

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

LUCKY MINIATURE BIBLE! 224 Pages! 50¢! Hirsch, 1301-11 Hoe, Bronx 59, New York.

NO Need To GUESS, when you can KNOW! See last ad in this column.

SEW BABY SHOES at home. No canvassing \$40 weekly possible. Tiny-Tot Co., Gallipolis 56, Ohio.

HIGHEST CASH FOR OLD GOLD, Broken Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. FREE information. ROSE REFINERS, Heyworth Bldg., Chicago 2.

"JIFFY FOOD SWEETENER," \$1.00! Equals 19 pounds sugar! Hirsch, 1301-11 Hoe, Bronx 59, New York.

WAXES FLOORS WITHOUT "WAX." New Invention. No more floor wax to buy. Sensational seller. Samples sent on trial. KRISTEE 118, Akron, Ohio.

MAKE YOUR FAVORITE POTHOLDER CLING MAGNETICALLY to stove or refrigerator. We supply genuine best quality alnico magnets. 10 for \$1.00. Magnetized potholders \$1.25 for 3. Associated, Box 1441, Dept. T, Des Moines, Iowa.

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LOVELY HALF-APRONS: Print \$1.00. Or-gandy \$1.25. Magdalen Altman, Livermore, Iowa.

EASTER SALE—for short time only, De Vince's sacred masterpiece, "The Last Supper" — reproduced by Italian craftsmen in full rich color on a lovely tapestry. A gem of unsurpassed spiritual and artistic greatness. Don't miss it — you will be delighted with it. Size: 20" x 40". \$7.95 value, Sale price \$5.95 prepaid. COR-NEE, 1330 Turner Blvd., Omaha, Nebraska.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS. Latest hits. 45 and 78 RPM. 4 for \$1.00. Slightly used. Send 10¢ for big list. Maureen Loots, Carroll, Iowa.

TPYING-SHORTHAND—LEARN AT HOME! W. C. Baise, 25 St. Francis Way, Santa Barbara, California.

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CROCHETED DRESSES — 1-3 years \$4.95. Fancy Aprons \$1.00-\$1.25. Fancy Hankies 50¢ - \$1.00. Hemstitching, Hosemending, GUARANTEED. BEULAH'S, Box 112C, Cairo, Nebraska.

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RUG WEAVING: \$1.10 yd. prepared. Cut, sew, weave \$2.00. SALE: rugs 27x50 \$2.00. Rowena Winters, Route 1, Grimes, Iowa.

HANKIES, pretty crocheted edges, 50¢ ea. Mrs. Paul Kaiser, Preston, Nebr.

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