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Kitchen-Klatter®

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 20

JANUARY, 1956

NUMBER 1



Katharine Driftmier smiles a Happy New Year to you.

MISS JOSIE PFANNEBECKER
RT 1 BOX 143 MAR 57
SIGOURNEY IOWA



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

I wish that you could drop in and have a cup of nice hot tea with me this afternoon — and a cooky too. Margery just sent Martin down with a plate of the best sugar cookies. These are the ones made with six egg yolks, etc. And for the benefit of our new friends who are now reading their first copy of Kitchen-Klatter, I should go ahead and explain that Margery is our married daughter who lives up the street just one house — and Martin is her eight-year old son.

As I write this at the dining room table I can look out of the window and see the hill south of us. Last year it was a corn field, but today big machines are digging out basements for more new houses. This is the addition where my nephew, Frank Field, has his new home. It overlooks "Sleepy Hollow" where my brother, Henry Field, had his first Seed House and where Frank lived as a little boy. It seems strange to me to see new streets and houses in what was open country for so many years.

Many new houses have been built in the south part of Shenandoah and, unlike many modern developments, there are no two alike. Since this is the largest nursery center in the world it is not surprising that lovely trees and shrubs have already been planted and in a very short time will make a beautiful setting for these new homes. When you come to Shenandoah next summer I am sure you will enjoy a drive around town.

It is snowing today, but we are surely grateful for all this moisture since it gives us more hope for good crops next year. I am looking forward, as I do every winter, to tulip time next spring. We plant some new varieties every fall and particularly look forward to seeing these in bloom. Let me suggest that when you plant new bulbs or plants you put a marker by them giving the name and the date planted. If your memory is like mine, you will appreciate having this information handy.

Here you are reading this after Christmas and I haven't told you about our Thanksgiving. We had a very happy family party and are really thankful as the years go by that we can be together once more. There are so many of us that we decided not to try to crowd all the grown-ups around the dining room table, but to seat part of the crowd

in the living room. There was a third table for the small children. Everyone had plenty of "elbow room" and enjoyed their dinner. We had my sister, Martha Eaton and my brother-in-law, Fred Fischer, as our guests.

Mart was especially happy to have a visit by telephone with his brother Harry and his wife Edith who live in Glendale, Calif. They called from Denver where they were visiting their son Harold and his family.

We won't visit Harry and Edith this winter for our plans are to leave for Maitland, Florida by the middle of December. When you read this we will be at the El Rancho Motel where we will meet friends whom we've made in former years, and with them will enjoy resting and visiting in the sunshine. Several of our children can't come home for Christmas this year, and others are expecting holiday guests or are attending Christmas Eve parties with "the other side of the house". This is to be expected when your children are married and have their own homes and their own Christmas traditions to establish.

So — when there comes a spell of good weather we will be on our way. In my next letter I will tell you about our trip South. We will try a different route this time.

A friend in Missouri is quilting my "Blue Bell" quilt. I made this one for Abigail and Wayne. I hope to start another one when we get settled in Florida, but my husband thinks I should rest more and is trying to talk me out of it. The trouble with me is that when I start something I work at it too steadily. Perhaps if I promise to curb my ambition and do just a little each day he won't think that I am working too hard. I am fortunate that my sight is good.

I had a nice letter from Frederick's wife Betty this morning. You who are minister's wives will know what she means when she says: "Keeping my house in order, giving time to the children and their friends, doing my share of our parish work and social obligations takes so much energy you will forgive me for not writing often." After spending some time in their home this fall I can really appreciate how busy her life is. We hope to see her and Frederick this summer for they plan to come to Omaha, Nebr. to a national church meeting. Although we wish they could

bring Mary Leanna and David along, I believe that present plans call for leaving them with friends.

I just now noticed that my Monstera vine has grown up to the top of the windows and started across the end of the library. I may have to cut it back. Margery has promised to keep it watered while we are in Florida, and it is amazing how many quarts of water it drinks in only a week's time. This vine, plus a big grape ivy, are the only plants I have in the house during the winter months. I would love to have more, but am not able to care for them.

Very soon now I suppose that most of you will begin taking down Christmas decorations and storing them away for another year. I surely hope that it has been a happy holiday for you and yours, and that no sorrow came to mar the spirit of the season. Accidents that occur during the holidays always seem doubly hard for they point up the sharp contrast between the light spirits that reign in one home — and the sadness that darkens another home.

We are almost at the beginning of a new Year, and I find it virtually impossible to believe that 1956 is almost upon us. How clearly I recall going from 1899 to 1900, the opening of a new century! And now we are over half-way through this century. My head simply swims when I think of the vast changes that have taken place in my life time.

As we go into this new year I would like to share with you something that my sister, Helen Field Fischer, wrote back in 1902 when she was a student at the University of Nebraska. We found this in sister Sue's papers after her death last year, and now that both my oldest and my youngest sisters are gone these words have double meaning for me.

"I do not care to write a book, but if God gives me the strength and skill I hope some time to give to the world a single message. It must be so brief and joyous that it will come to the heart with one happy impulse like the perfect tone of a bird call, yet so potent that the music will linger through the months and years and return like an echo when it is half-forgotten. I would have it carry such strength that those who go forth to the day's task will keep it always in mind that it may give purpose to the beginning of toil and benediction to its close. Yet it must be so simple that a child who finds it and puzzles out its words will thrill with a new, unknown desire and tuck it away among his treasures to be discovered and read with tears when the child is grown. And, above all, it must be a message so personal and so plainly from the heart that maidens will save it to read to their lovers in the twilight, busy men will clip it from their papers to show to their wives and the aged will put it away in their Bibles between pages so full of hope that they are frayed and thin."

To each and everyone of you, a New Year filled with hope, strength and prayer.

Affectionately yours,
Leanna

HOUSE PLANTS FOR EVERYONE

By

Esther Matthews

It hasn't been too many years ago that most of the homes we entered had only one or two green plants during the winter months — geraniums and ferns. How vividly many of us can recall a big Boston fern that stood on a pedestal or table and seemed to be almost a member of the family! It was a handsome sight, to be sure, and the geranium lovingly cared for was cheerful and gay . . . but all plant lovers would agree without a moment's hesitation that it was a pretty limited collection.

Today there is a very wide variety of plants that can be grown indoors with great success, and they add so much to any home during these months when we must wait for our spring gardens to burst into bloom, that I'm hoping every woman will start *something* this January.

Probably the single most-loved house plant is the African Violet (Saintpaulia) for it will flourish the year around in a north window. Furthermore, its beautiful blooms are a constant joy, and there is a real thrill in seeing a plant develop until it has produced a gorgeous crown of flowers that almost hides the foliage.

A very light soil is a "must" for African violets, but if you are starting with a cutting passed on by a generous friend you'd probably like to hear about first things first.

There are two ways you can handle this single leaf from which you expect so much. A drinking glass filled with water and covered with paper in which a hole has been cut to hold the leaf stem will work nicely. Or you can support the leaf with pebbles in a dish of water. Regardless of which method you use, it won't be very long before the little leaf stem starts to grow.

Every African violet grower has his own favorite method, but the one I've found the most successful is to use a pint Mason jar with a thin layer of dirt on the bottom and about one inch of coarse sand on top. After you have moistened the dirt and sand, put your cutting in, screw on the top, and let it stand while the root system forms.

Once the root system has formed I transfer it to a pot in which I've used equal proportions of sand and peat moss. In case you don't live close to any supply of peat moss you can use a mixture of garden soil and manure with a sprinkling of bone meal. Also, if it's at all possible, mix in a little chick-sized charcoal for this is most helpful in keeping the soil open and sweet. But remember: whatever goes into the pot, the most important thing is to have a loose, light soil. And use an ounce of prevention by sprinkling a little coarse sand around the crown of the plant. This helps to keep down crown rot.

Many people have tricky new gadgets that permit them to water safely from the top, but I have stuck with water in the saucer where the plant stands. Incidentally, don't let the



Aunt Bertha Field (Mrs. Henry Field) has a marvelous collection of African violets in the north window of her living room.

water reach up to the sides of the pot, but check an hour after watering and pour off any excess that the plant hasn't absorbed.

The desirable room temperature for best success with African violets is 70 degrees and there should be high humidity, yet few of us are really comfortable in the dead of winter with a room that is only 70 degrees. That is why you'll have the best results if you keep your violets in a north window as close to the glass as possible. And since light is very important, do sacrifice curtains and shades in this one particular spot if you have a sizable collection of pots. After all, a riot of lovely bloom is as attractive as any curtain that was ever hung!

Episcia

This is an unfortunate name for a very beautiful house plant. You may be able to locate a handsome specimen at your florist's or at some nursery where house plants are a specialty. But if you have a friend who has one that is doing nicely, a small cutting can give you a start. Equal parts of sand and peat moss placed in a jar and moistened will serve as a good rooting medium. When it is ready for potting, use equal parts of sand, peat-moss and leafmold or other rich soil.

Sunless windows are the correct location for any of the several varieties of Episcias. And since it's not a fussy plant, apartment dwellers can enjoy just as much success as those who can go to all sorts of lengths to coax along their treasures. Just remember to give them a weekly feeding of liquid fertilizer and enough warm water to keep the soil moist. And if it's a question of erring one way or the other, they can stand being too wet much better than too dry.

Philodendron

There are around 240 species of this attractive plant, but the chances are that you'll end with *Philodendron cordatum*, for this is the great old favorite. However, if you are really interested in growing a variety that is a little more distinctive you might keep in mind the *P. Ilsmanni* with its deeply-notched designs in colors that

range from a vivid marbled green to white; or *P. cruentum* that is bright red on the underside of the leaves; or *P. Mamei* that has bright pink stems.

All Philodendrons should be fed with liquid fertilizer once a month, watered thoroughly whenever the soil begins to get dry, and their leaves should be kept free of dust. They will flourish in shade or full sun.

Caladium

My! what showy plants these are with sunlight filtering through their brilliant coloring! There seems to be an endless variety of leaves, and some of the most handsome ones I've ever grown were nearly white with striking green veins.

I like to use a damp sponge for the bulbs; place them topside down and leave them there until roots start close to the crown. At this point reverse the plant and cover with 1 inch of soil. A 3- or 4-in. pot with a mixture of 1 part light sandy soil to 4 parts of humus will take care of one bulb nicely, but if you are using a large pot, allow 1½ inches of space between the bulbs. Keep the plants warm and give them plenty of water after top growth starts. Good light is needed at all times, but full sun isn't necessary.

When warm weather arrives you can use your Caladiums to fine advantage outside in a partially shaded area. They are highly attractive on a porch or terrace, and will make splendid growth through the summer.

Gloxiniias

These huge, dashing beauties have become extremely popular in recent years. They require a light room, but never put them into direct light. And never let them get chilled! They thrive in a warm, moist atmosphere and ask for a goodly amount of water — but take care not to get the leaves wet on their upper surface.

Early January is the right time to pot them. A 5-inch pot is a good size and be sure to put about an inch of charcoal in the bottom. Then fill with a mixture made of 3 parts leafmold, 1 part rich garden soil, 1 part of sand and about 1 tablespoon of a good plant food.

Their gorgeous big flowers in a brilliant range of color will last for a long time. When their flowering period is over, allow the plants to dry off and then store in a cool, dry place until the following January. At that time you can bring them into fresh growth by watering the bulbs, and then you're off to another season of stunning bloom.

WORDS

Keep a watch on your words, my friend,

For words are wonderful things—
They are sweet like the Bee's fresh honey;

Like the Bee's, they have terrible stings.

They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,

And brighten a lonely life,
They can cut in the strife of anger

Like an open two-edged knife.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello! Good Friends

You would never guess in fifty years what I finished doing just before I sat down at my desk to write to you! And in view of the fact that I can't hear what you *might* guess, I'll go right ahead and say that I have just finished dressing four geese. They are now in the freezer and ready for company meals during the holidays.

Last year for Thanksgiving we had roast goose — and believe me, there's quite a story behind that simple statement. I thought when I ordered the goose that it would be all dressed and ready for the oven, but this was a misunderstanding on my part for it arrived terribly alive and simply huge. In this crisis I turned for help to Mary Spears who has never missed a Saturday in nine years of arriving here with eggs, and chickens and ducks whenever I wanted them. She let me bring the goose out to her farm, even though it was at night, and together we picked it and cleaned it. We decided then and there that in the future we'd work together (and not at the last minute!) when there were big geese on deck.

Well, today was the day we settled on to tackle this year's geese, and you might have been surprised if you could have seen me an hour ago for I was sitting in a basement room at Mary's house with boxes of down and feathers around me. We were quite proud of the fact that in two hours we finished four big fowls that dressed out to about 8½ lbs. each. We were also proud of the fact that we didn't break the skin in even one place! All in all, I found it a rewarding experience to do this work and if I had my choice between buying these geese down town all ready for the oven or fixing them myself, I'd take the latter course of action.

These days we are keeping our fingers crossed for good weather and clear highways on December 23rd, for if everything goes well we expect Richard Verness and his family to arrive on that day. If you read my letter in the December issue you recall that I referred to Julian's four cousins in Minneapolis: Richard, Jr. Thomas, Boletta and Terrie Jean; but now I must tell you that there are five, not four. We were greatly surprised to have a telephone call on December 2nd telling us that James Russell, weight 10 lbs., had just been added to the family. No one had peeped a word about it and we didn't dream that a new baby was in the offing!

But Richard and Arleigh are perfectly willing to put his basket in the car and bring him along, so if we just have decent weather we'll have our Christmas with Russell's family for the first time in many years.

Since I last wrote to you I had the pleasure of hearing an excellent book review at a program that followed a lovely luncheon. It always seems to be quite a problem to find books that lend themselves to entertaining reviews, so I'm happy to suggest that if you have this responsibility coming



Christmas is over! Down comes the tree and all of the ornaments and trimmings. Children always hate to see the dismantling for the next Christmas seems centuries away. Here is Martin looking over some of their Christmas tree decorations before they go to the attic.

up you locate "Papa's Wife" by Thyra Bjorn. It is amusing and quite different, as far as a family situation is concerned, and I believe that your group would find it as interesting as the sixty women who heard it the day I was present.

Another good book for reviewing purposes is "We Grew Up In America" by Alice Hazeltine. This is a compilation of autobiographical sketches by people who have made their mark in one way or another on the national scene. You can find just about any field of work covered, and most of the articles are well written and graphic. (I particularly enjoyed the most unusual childhood described by Sol Bloom.)

I wonder how many of you have daughters who are growing as fast as Julian? Almost everything she started wearing to school last September is now too short, and it seems to me that practically every time I do a laundry there is something else that must be passed on. She is now taller than I and wears the same size shoe! I look at her these days and wonder what in the world became of "my little girl"!

My current sewing project is a new skirt for her to replace the "giraffe" skirt that had to be passed on last month. Perhaps you have purchased some of this nice cotton material where the cutting lines for 16 panels are all printed right on the cloth. Last year I bought the "giraffe" material, and this current skirt is a Siamese kitten print. It won't take too long to make up once I get at it — which will probably be later today.

If Santa Claus left a shiny new tricycle at your house this year you no doubt hope for a spell of moderate weather in the near future — and clean sidewalks. In case this doesn't happen, you might like to ponder for a moment on a story that a Washington friend told us when he was here briefly last summer.

Government business took him to Alaska last year in December, and for three days he was stranded in a far northern town waiting for the weather to clear enough that his plane could take off. (Incidentally, his destination was the single most remote place in Alaska.) Finally weather conditions improved to the point where he could board a big cargo plane — he was the only passenger. He said that he sat on a box and studied the moun-

tains of freight piled all around him, but the one object that he couldn't get over was a shiny new red tricycle lashed to the highest point of all those crates.

"I knew that there weren't even sidewalks in the town where that tricycle was going," he said, "and they were practically buried in snow and ice the whole year 'round. But some little child had pleaded for Santa Claus to bring him a tricycle — so there it was!"

As things turned out he never did get to see the tricycle unloaded, for after flying several hours and circling endlessly over the airport, they had to give up their attempts to land and return once again to the point where they had started. By this time he had such urgent business awaiting his attention in Washington that he had to give up on Alaska and leave without further delay — but he never did forget that lonely looking little red tricycle lashed to the top of the freight in that big plane.

We have had much pleasure on recent winter evenings making some of the decorations that I described in the December article about "The Christmas Tree Lady." We found felt in a wide variety of colors and also some styrofoam objects already cut out. Fortunately, Julian didn't inherit my fingers that are all thumbs, and left to her own devices she turned out some lovely bells, wreaths and reindeers. I first realized that she had real facility for this type of thing when she made our Easter egg tree last spring, and I can't tell you how pleased I am that she has a genuine knack for decorations.

We are now in the process of getting our house fixed for Christmas. All of the stars have come out, all of the tree ornaments are being refurbished, and Julian's creche is standing once again on the chest of drawers in the dining room. Almost every evening now we play our Christmas carols, and somehow this lovely music calls up the true meaning of the season more than any other one thing. If you have a phonograph at your house, I do hope that you will get at least one recording of our old and much-loved carols.

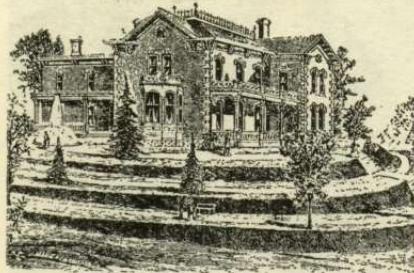
Won't it be a joyful thing when our days once again grow longer? It always seems to me sort of unnerving to have a good full two hours of darkness when we begin the day — and all of the lights on around four o'clock as our comparatively few hours of daylight draw to a close.

Shortly after you read this we'll all be saying farewell to 1955 and starting out on a brand new year. May it be a happy, *good* year for each and everyone of you whom we number among our faithful friends.

As ever . . . Lucile

TRUE GREATNESS

To serve unnoticed,
Work unseen,
Say little,
Serve all,
Pass on,
Use a sharp knife on yourself
And forget the faults of others.



RESIDENCE OF BOX, FRANK SCHMIDT, MARYSVILLE, MARSHALL COUNTY.

THEY BUILT A CHURCH WITH FAITH AND WORK

By
Frances R. Williams

On the morning of May 8th, 1955, an inspirational procession took place in Marysville, Kansas, for on that day the congregation of the First Baptist church met for the last time in their old white frame building that had served them for 65 years, and then marched together to the new church six blocks away that they had built with their own hands. As they marched they sang "Onward Christian Soldiers."

Perhaps the story of their victory will open up some new vistas of thought to other congregations that are hard-pressed for more room. And when nice days come again, perhaps you can drive to Marysville and see with your own eyes how a new church was built from an old Victorian mansion. In countless towns there are just such houses, and possibly one of them in *your* town holds the answer to your problem.

The Frank Schmidt home, built in 1874, was once the show place of the town. But it deteriorated with the passing years, and eventually the spacious grounds were filled with rubbish, terraces and drives were overgrown with seedling trees and brush, and the interior of the house was in lamentable condition. Everyone agrees that it required great imagination on the part of the building committee to envision the Old Schmidt property as a complete church plant.

But S. C. Schmidt was approached, and he agreed to sell with but one stipulation — that the property would always be used for church purposes. The sentiment he held for his pioneer parents' home, plus the assurance that it would always be used for Christian services, prompted him to accept a price about one-third less than its commercial value. (Incidentally, although Mr. Schmidt is not a member of the congregation, he gave freely of his advice and was honored guest at the dedication service.)

The great undertaking of this congregation of thirty families was started on November 1. From that date until May 8, the day of dedication, a group of fifteen to twenty-five members of the church, men, women and even the children, worked every evening (except Sunday and Wednesday, which are worship nights) and on many afternoons and Saturdays. A conservative estimate of the labor do-

nated by the congregation exceeds 9,000 man hours.

And right here, before I describe the work that was accomplished, I must say that the youthful pastor of the First Baptist Church, Reverend Tyra Talley, carried a full load every inch of the way.

When he accepted the call to the Marysville pulpit in September, 1954 he found his small congregation in the doldrums. Their small frame church, built in 1890, was not only inadequate but it was also badly in need of repair. Many of the congregation were convinced that the greatest inhibiting factor in the church's program was the lack of adequate facilities. A new church building had long been planned, but for one reason or another was postponed. They had managed the purchase of a house for a parsonage three years earlier.

"But it took \$600 to move the new minister's family from the Black Hills Parish in South Dakota and that took a large part of the money we had on hand," declared one loyal member in relating the story of their great undertaking.

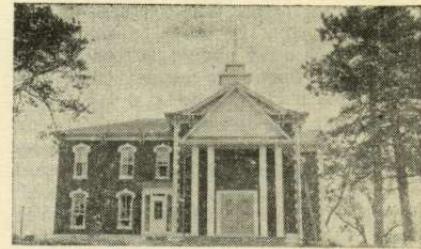
However, a short time after Reverend Talley preached his first sermon a decision to take dramatic action and build immediately was made at an open session of the congregation. A great spontaneous upswing in faith began with this important decision, and before much more time had passed the old Schmidt property was purchased.

Bulldozers first cleared away the grounds, and then began work on the house itself. The repair of the roof, spray painting and water-proofing of exterior walls was followed by tearing away three large porches on the east, west and south; several fourteen-inch thick brick wall partitions; wainscoting beyond repair, old plaster on walls and ceilings; wallpaper, and innumerable coats of paint and varnish on solid walnut woodwork. Plaster and brick were shoveled out the windows to fill four old cisterns with the debris!

The first part to be completed was the sanctuary which, with the chancel, baptistery and pastor's study, occupies the entire south wing. (This accounted for a former parlor, a wide hall with open stairway and two bedrooms.) It was necessary to tear down the brick wall partitions, close a few doorways and make other changes, but when completed the 11 ft. ceiling (reinforced with enclosed steel beams marking the location of old partitions) gives the 25 by 40 ft. sanctuary an illusion of spaciousness. One-hundred and fifty people can be seated in it.

Colonial pews of mahogany, bone white walls, tall windows hung with heavy silk, crimson carpeting, velvet chancel curtains and gleaming brass lighting fixtures make it a beautiful sanctuary.

As the Reverend Talley took me through the church he pointed to the lighting fixtures and said: "This is one thing on which we did not economize." The unique brass lamp hanging from the ceiling of the entrance was formerly a feature of the Schmidt



This handsome church built by the Baptists of Marysville, Kansas was constructed from the old Victorian mansion illustrated at the left.

parlor. The solid brass cross which graces the top of the spire was handmade from material of former light fixtures.

Prior to the dedication, a new Hammond organ and a new piano were installed. Mrs. Talley, a talented musician, is church organist and director of the two choirs.

One outstanding change in the former arrangement was the closing of the main entrance on the south in favor of a new entrance on the west. The narthex occupies what was formerly a huge bay window. The outside walls of the vestibule, together with the Colonial pillars and porch, are the only portions built entirely of new material.

The entire building is connected with a loud-speaker system, and is air-conditioned.

One is impressed with the practical use of all available space.

"We have approximately 5,000 square feet of space now," said Reverend Talley, "while the old church provided only 1600 square feet."

When one enters by the east door (formerly a back porch) he sees the old kitchen transformed into a fully equipped nursery. The adjoining bathroom fixtures are scaled down to toddlers size, and a former butler's pantry has been completely equipped for the basket babies and crib set.

The old dining room is now the church parlor and is furnished with Victorian antiques. The center of interest is the fireplace and mantel which were formerly in the Schmidt parlor.

Fellowship Hall occupies the same space on the second floor as the sanctuary on the first floor. It is reached by a former "back stairway" that features a hand-turned balustrade of solid walnut. In the hall is a square Steinway grand piano of carved rosewood, bearing the date 1859, that was acquired with the property. It was found to be in perfect condition after it was tuned.

Opening off from Fellowship Hall is a modern kitchen equipped with two big double sinks, counter space, cupboards and two stoves. (An iron fire-escape stairway also opens off of it.) Other second-floor rooms are used by different Sunday School departments.

The work is far from finished, according to Reverend Talley. Plans for the future include a women's lounge, men's room, recreation and hobby rooms, and a meeting place for

(Concluded on page 17)

Dear Folks:

As is so often true of the letters I write to you, this one is being written on a Sunday evening after a very busy day. Certainly Sunday is no day of rest for a clergyman!

At eight o'clock this morning I was the guest speaker at a communion breakfast for men in one of the local Episcopal churches. At nine o'clock I was giving my radio broadcast over one of the local stations. At ten o'clock I had a brief conference with some of my assistants at my own church. At eleven o'clock I conducted our Sunday morning service for a congregation of 630 persons. At twelve-thirty I had a business meeting with the Executive Committee of the church. At one-thirty I was back home for lunch. After making some hospital calls in the afternoon, I met with the young people of the church for a supper meeting, and now I am home writing to you. Do you call that a day of rest?

As much as we love to live in small towns, we are finding many advantages to city living. Just a five minute drive from the house will take us to three of the finest art museums in all New England. One block from our church is the enormous public library which last year proved to be the most popular library in the United States. (The popularity of a library is judged by the number of books checked out per thousand residents.)

Every week there are symphony concerts or classical recitals held in the civic auditorium. Each month we have medical lectures given by a panel of prominent doctors, and at the lecture last week there were more than 2,000 people in attendance. On those rare occasions when we want to go out to dine there is a perfectly fabulous number of fine restaurants from which to choose. Of course, in all of this there is a certain amount of frustration, for Betty and I don't begin to have enough free time to take advantage of all the wonderful things we would like to enjoy.

Has it ever occurred to you how close tragedy may be without one's awareness of it? A few nights ago Betty and I were sitting by the fireplace reading when we heard an airplane pass over the house quite low. At the time I said to Betty: "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we were in that plane on our way for a vacation somewhere?" Little did we know that the plane at that very moment was in desperate trouble and was about to crash. We did not know it until we turned on the television some minutes later to get the final newscast of the day. It was then we learned how that very plane had crashed into the river only a short distance up the valley causing two deaths and the serious injury of the other passengers.

A couple of weeks ago I took Betty and the two children down to visit friends in Bristol, Rhode Island. When we were about to leave the home of a person very dear to us, the friend told our David that there was a box of marshmallows out on the kitchen table that he could have to eat in the car on the way home. I was very pleased when, in a most polite



Mary Leanna and David Driftmier with their parents, Frederick and Betty Driftmier. This was their Christmas card picture in 1955.

way David replied: "Oh, no thank you. I couldn't do that." Again she offered him the marshmallows and urged him to take them, and once again David insisted that he just could not accept the gift.

Thinking that the boy's politeness deserved to be rewarded I said: "Oh yes, you may, David. It will be all right for you to accept the gift. You go out into the kitchen and get the marshmallows off the table." He looked at me in the most innocent fashion and said: "But Daddy! I have already been out there and eaten them all up!" It is a perfect illustration of the truth that goodness should never be rewarded until the motive is known!

I am planning to wage a one man war in this community against Santa Claus. It isn't that I have anything of a personal nature against the gay old boy, but it is because I object vehemently to his early arrival. Do you know that old Santa Claus actually made his first public and official visit to this vicinity on last Armistice Day? Isn't that incredible? Since November 11th he has been sitting on a big throne in some of the department stores taking orders from boys and girls. I think that there has to be a limit to that sort of thing. It is bad enough to have him arrive on Thanksgiving Day, but to have him parading the streets two weeks before Thanksgiving Day is simply too much. If that rushing of the Christmas shopping season continues, it will not be long before Thanksgiving Day is forgotten in the mad pace of Christmas. It seems to me that each year it is becoming more difficult for an intelligent child to believe in Santa Claus unless the child is under two years of age.

One of the big jobs of a clergyman is counseling with persons who come to his study seeking advice on any one

of a hundred different concerns. On two different occasions during the past month I have had young men come to me with what amounted to the same basic question: "What is the use of my making every sacrifice to get a college education when the world is in such an unholy mess? If things keep going the way they are isn't it most likely that I shall end up losing my life in an atomic war?" To both of these boys I said something like this:

"You are absolutely right, what is the use? For all I know, there may be no use at all. I know some young people in school right now whose presence there is completely useless. It all depends upon whether or not you are going to college for the one great reason that you want your life to be of more use to others. If one thinks of education as something purely for his own aggrandisement, there is no use in it at all. If any young man who asks the question "What's the use?" has never been taught that the value of an education lies not in what it can do for him personally, but rather in what it will enable him to do for others, then it is easy to understand why the question is asked.

"In the eyes of God there is no use to anything which does not prepare us to live for others. I know that in many of our colleges and universities today there are men and women who should not be there. What's the use of being in school if one is there only to gain some advantage for himself? The more people we have going to college for self-interest, the more we have people becoming part of the world's problem instead of part of its answer."

I went on to tell the boys that when the British Eighth Army was retreating across the desert toward Egypt

(Concluded on next page)

A NEW YEAR'S INSPIRATIONAL

By Mabel Nair Brown

SETTING:

On a pedestal or table, have a large scrap book which is opened to two blank pages. In a semi-circle to the back of the book place five unlighted tapers. White flowers, plastic foam snowballs, white plastic reindeer or a white painted tree branch can be used in this arrangement to suggest a winter time scene. Perhaps a small calendar could be used in this arrangement also.

LEADER: "Before us lies the brand new year — 1956. In our Book of Life the pages allotted to 1956 lie open; the pages smooth and white — not a blot, not a blemish, not a mark of achievement, not a record of duties well done. As the year goes by, we, ourselves, must determine what will be written there.

"Will it be a record of service, love, courage and honor written in lines of gold? Or will it be pages blotted with tears of regret, lines smudged with the erasures of mistakes and deeds crossed out with black marks of selfishness and greed? In our hands and in our hearts lie the answers.

"What shall our goals be for the New Year? What are we seeking? What tools will we need to achieve our aims and aspirations? Let us spend a few moments in thinking on these things.

"Mrs. _____ will read for us the poem "Aspiration" by Cora Day".

ASPIRATION

I love the uphill roads the best; For as I top the crest
Who knows what glad surprise shall greet my eyes?
The level roads no hidden lure can hold — so safe, so sure.
Dull commonplace they hold for my heart bold.

Give me the up-hill ways to climb that lead to heights sublime!
Who knows what worlds to win up there begin?
Come, comrade, up the hills with me, up where the wind sweeps free!
Up there I'll find, with you, my dreams come true."

—(Blackwood Brothers Scrapbook).

LEADER: "Don't we all love the "glad surprise" at the crest of the hill? We find our greatest joys in the anticipation of "things to come", and in planning for things "hoped for". We cannot all reach the "top" in every endeavor, we cannot all be leaders in the field. A leader is no good without good followers. We cannot achieve our goals. We need friendships along the way, a helping hand now and then. But where're we are, what e're we do, we can *do*, and *be*, our best.

"I like the poem, "Be the Best", by an unknown author. I'm sure many of you have heard it, but let us listen as Mrs. _____ reads it to us and see if it hasn't a special New Year's message for us".

BE THE BEST

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,
Be a scrub in the valley — but be
The best little scrub by the side of the rill
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

We can't all be captains; we've got to be crew;
There's something for all of us here.
There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,
And the task we must do lies near.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail,
If you can't be the sun, be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or fail —
Be the best wherever you are.

LEADER: "So we see we cannot achieve that which we want written upon our Book of Life for 1956 by just sitting still. It is said that when you sit and do nothing, you are sitting on the lid of the box that holds the answer to your problem! So let us resolve to choose an uphill road for this new year, anticipating the surprise view at the crest of the hill.

"And let us make a wise choice in the aids or "tools" that we use on this journey of Life; to paraphrase the scripture verse — 'by their tools ye shall know them'. For these tools which we will try to take with us all through 1956, let us light a candle for remembrance."

FIRST CANDLE-LIGHTER: "The Bible tells us to "love one another", and "the greatest of these is love". Love is that sweet bond that will bind up the wounds of our despair and our heartaches, and will bring to us the great joys of sharing with others. So I light the first candle for LOVE".

SECOND: "Friendship," someone has said, "is the way God has chosen to walk with us daily here on earth." How wonderful to have friends who clasp our hands in the rough places, who rejoice with us when we are happy! So I light the FRIENDSHIP candle. May friendliness always live in our hearts for all men."

APPRECIATION: How often have you heard the expression, "It's the little things in life that count"? How true it is, yet how often we neglect the "little things" because we are too bound up with the big ones! Little things like greatfulness for deeds of neighborliness or for a friendly handshake; appreciation for goodness in others, for those who serve us daily — the postman, the teacher, the telephone operator—yes, and to the members of our families for their love and understanding. So for the many blessings of Life I light the candle of APPRECIATION."

COOPERATION: "How often as we face the trials and undertakings of Life, do we feel insignificant and helpless in ourselves! Alone we realize we can accomplish little. But by uniting together in Cooperation we can achieve great goals and do great things. So for COOPERATION, the key to much of Life's success, I light this candle."

TOLERANCE: "As we journey along with others on the road of Life, we are constantly aware that toler-

ance and understanding are truly the "OIL" that keeps the wheels of Friendship and Neighborliness turning. Tolerance keeps us aware that we are all Brothers, that we are *one* in God's sight. For TOLERANCE I light the last candle."

Solo: "I Would Be True", "Others" or "If I Have Wounded Any Soul Today" would be nice numbers to be used in this spot.

LEADER: "Shall we clasp hands in a friendship circle and sing "Blest Be The Tie That Binds" together." Some one might offer a prayer at this point or the program might close with the benediction, "The Lord Bless Thee And Keep Thee".

FOR THESE I PRAY

Dear Lord, I pray for strength each day
To do those tasks that come my way.

Give me faith to meet each trial,
Keep me smiling all the while.

Send me guidance from above
To help our children grow in love.

Help me show by word and deed
That I am friend to those in need.

Give me courage when I pray
To say, "Dear Lord, have thine own way."

Make my life be such that men may see
The joy that comes in serving Thee.

And when at last my time must come,
I pray to hear Thee say, "Well done."
by Mildred Cathcart
in Lyrical Iowa, 1954

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

in the last great war, I once heard a New Zealand officer say to his men who were being ordered to fight the rear-guard action: "Don't ever think that our sacrifices tomorrow will be useless ones. Why, for some of you fellows this will be the first really good thing you ever did in your lives!" I think that that can be said about getting a college education too. If one is actually trying to get an education so that his life will be of more use to his community and to the world, then that is just about the finest thing one could be doing. Even though education does not necessarily make a man a soldier, the fact remains that the most useful soldier is an educated one. You do not have to be a scholar to lay down your life for a friend, but if you are a scholar, your knowledge may help to make it unnecessary for your friend to endanger his life.

One of these days I am going to write an entire sermon on this subject. Whenever I hear a person saying: "What's the use?", I am always quick to take him up on it for, believe me, there is very little use to so much that we do and say. Which brings me to say that I hope there is some use in my writing you this letter tonight!

Sincerely,
Frederick

JANUARY, IT'S WONDERFUL!

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

If the New Year began in the country in August, I, for one, would never be able to stand it! Fortunately for the likes of me, it starts in wonderful January.

This is the time when the land is muted and patient; when the quick drop of night means a long, slow-paced evening giving a sense of leisure. After the rush of the holidays and before the frantic haste of spring comes this blessed calm of the New Year. Now comes time to read the books and magazines laid aside during earlier, busier days. Now comes time to pull the sewing basket piled high with mending (plus a few tantalizing new patterns) close to the easy chair, turn on the big lamp and relax after supper. The fire shines warm and bright, and peace and contentment settle on the little white house with the green trim.

January is the time to enjoy to the fullest the fruits and the vegetables, the packages of fries that we labored in summer heat to prepare for the locker. Now we can feel the exaltation of knowing that not one more chicken needs cleaning, and not one more growing plant in the garden is casting a chastising look in our direction.

January is the time for rich, hot dishes that give their fragrant secret to anyone who opens the outside door with frost cold fingers. Thick brown stews, big crusty-topped meat loaves or a deep dish chicken pie with yellow gravy is food fit for a king.

Try cooking together 1 cup chopped celery, 7 or 8 small onions (or the equivalent of the large diced onion) until tender. Melt 4 tablespoons chicken fat or butter, add 4 tablespoons of flour and combine with 2 cups chicken stock. (Milk or cream may be substituted if chicken stock is not available.) Stir constantly until thick, season to taste. Now arrange alternate layers of 4 cups of cut-up chicken and the cooked celery and onions. Pour the hot gravy over all and top with fluffy light biscuits. Bake in a hot oven, 400 to 425 degrees, until the biscuits are well browned. Serve with a big smile and watch the beaming faces of your family!

January is the time when the heavy cold of winter comes down from Canada, across Montana, South Dakota, into Nebraska and right up to the snug little Iowa farm house. Now comes the saving grace of a slow dawn which means that rising can be done a little later than when the sun comes bright, early and hot. It takes the enticing thought of hot coffee flanked by a steaming plate of bacon and eggs to coax me from between the warm blankets on a below zero morning.

One such morning arrived with a heavy blanket of clean white snow. The only company we could expect on such a day would be the welcome visit from the mail man. The snow was full of sparkles as Bobby, Silver and I started down the lane to the rectangular box. We walked fast. The air felt invigorating. The ends of our



Bobby Birkby gets right out into the snow with the shiny red tricycle that Santa Claus left for him.

toes and fingers tingled. Silver pranced along with his head and tail high, floundering ludicrously in the deeper drifts. He was so white it was hard to distinguish between him and the snow. He pranced and jumped and romped with his six-year old companion.

Down the lane, across the road to the mail box I continued, my boots making big prints in the soft snow. Good, magazines! In the summer a magazine may get as far as the kitchen table, have a cursory reading and then go into storage. In the winter, however, each one becomes a welcome friend to be carefully ushered back up the lane, minutely leafed through and read and reread until reluctantly stored when the next issue arrives.

The wind seemed sharper as we returned. The grade up the lane made walking difficult. Two tiny airplanes flew overhead looking for all the world like crystal birds. We heard a low heavy drone and finally located the wide white vapor trails with a flying "box car" only a speck in front. The countryside was wrapped in the stillness of January but we did not find it lonely. A romping boy, a frisking dog, a magazine or two and the pilots far, far in the clear blue of the winter sky were friends indeed.

Sometimes during January the mail box contains those bright harbingers of spring, seed catalogues. Just at that psychological moment when I am sure winter will last forever the box offers up its contents of brightly illustrated flowers, fruits and vegetables. Evenings now become exciting. Sheets of paper are filled with diagrams of the garden and the yard. Lists are made of the amount of seed needed for the various varieties of this vegetable and that fruit. The list grows as enthusiasm waxes. Come April when the planning and digging begin in earnest and that energy vanishes all too soon, but in January the gardening is all done easily on paper and the plans are glowing masterpieces.

January usually presents the farm family with some new life before the month progresses far. The first one of the year was a fine big red calf. Bobby insisted that I come out and see it. I'm forever amazed at the strength of newborn animals! Although still steamy and wobbly this ten minute old creature was on its feet saying "Hello" to its mother in low calf bleats. The calming "Moo" of the cow sounded almost like a caress. I observed to the rest of the family that cows are surely among the best mothers in the animal kingdom.

The next project was a trip with the wagon down to the creek to empty refuse. We put it in the place which is eroded, hoping that the tin cans, branches, and various cast-offs of the farm will build up a spot strong enough to keep the water from washing away more of the precious soil. Since I was out of doors anyway the family insisted that I ride with them.

Off we bounced over the rutted and snowfilled lots. The dark ridges of fall plowing showed black against the white of winter. Near the fence the dark red buck brush berries were still clinging tenaciously to the strong bushes. Myriads of tiny rabbit tracks criss-crossed in the snow. We drove the tractor right up to edge of the creek with its high banks and the sentinels of cottonwood. We didn't linger long by the ice covered stream, but it was a happy jaunt and we were glad for an excuse just to ride out over the field together.

As we turned back to the farm house we could see the big windmill situated beside the pole which holds the transmitter for the electric power. Bob said, "There it is, the life blood of the farm all grouped in one place, wind, water and electricity."

January is the time when I become acutely aware of the quickly vanishing months. Sometimes in a movie the leaves of a calendar will go fluttering past the viewer's vision to denote the passage of time. As I took down the old calendar with a lonesome December 1955 dangling from the staples, I had the feeling that I was watching time flutter past as swiftly as the movies designate.

Now a New Year goes up, all fresh and shiny and slick. This calendar holds twelve whole months, fresh, un-tarnished, exciting, waiting to be lived. No new resolutions to be made here. I'll bring out a few of the old ones, dust them off and see if I can do better this year!

But I can bring a sincere New Year's wish to each one of you. I hope that each of your days may be lived to the fullest, richest, and most complete extent possible. That you may face each day positively and with confidence, knowing that no matter where you live, what your job may be, no matter what your circumstances, there are opportunities for growth and thankfulness in each day.

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered for they are gone forever.

Dear Friends:

By the time you read this Christmas will be over at your house, but while I'm writing to you we are still making holiday plans. Every year we alternate spending Christmas Eve with Oliver's family and mine. Last year was a "Strom year" and I assisted with the big Christmas Eve dinner and party. This year we had planned to spend Christmas Eve with my side of the family but since Mother and Dad are going to be in Florida we will be with Oliver's family again and with my brothers and sisters on Christmas Day. We are hoping that Aunt Martha can join us for Aunt Jessie is in the East with her daughter Ruth.

We have very little "hiding space" so most of the presents are going on the top shelf in our bedroom closet until the tree is up. There is a big "No Snooping" sign on the closet door which is being given proper respect. How well I remember what a snooper I was, so we decided that the best solution is to gift-wrap the packages the minute they are brought into the house and get them up on that top shelf!

Every year Martin takes more interest in decorating the tree. This year he started on the first day of December to make his novel decorations. We try to buy a few more lovely things each year to replace the broken ones. How precious they become with time! Martin likes for us to remind him each year how long we have had this one and that one. We like to look at the ornaments each year at Grandmother and Grandfather's house too, for some of them date from my childhood. They are losing color and sometimes a part is missing, but nevertheless they go on the tree each year.

I hope that all of the Driftmier relatives will be able to come to our house for the Driftmier exchange. Mae and Howard wanted to help entertain so we are preparing the food together. We haven't set the date for that as yet.

Oliver celebrates his birthday December 20th. Many of you have asked how old he is. This year he will be forty-two. Although it is so close to Christmas we always make a great deal over his birthday. Usually his brothers and sisters come to spend the evening.

This is what we refer to as "Bazaar Week" in Shenandoah. Three of the local churches held this annual affair the first week in December. For the first time I was put on the luncheon committee. (Usually I am in the sewing division.) I enjoy lovely handmade gifts for friends and a bazaar is the perfect place to look for them, next best to making them yourself.

Our redecorating has reached a stand-still. We decided to stop during December because of the many activities before Christmas but hope to start on Martin's room after the first of the year. Our decision to do his room next was a wise one for that will take us into the early spring days for the two larger rooms. Then we can have the house open some of the time.

I put the same white curtains back at the windows in our bedroom, but



Margery looked up from ironing a very full skirt for just a second—and that's when the camera clicked.

treated them a little differently. The idea came from Abigail. I still had on hand some yardage that matched my bedspread. I had thought I might cover a bedroom chair with it, but instead, I made a deep ruffle for the top of each curtain. I bought the double rods for this so the ruffle is separate from the organdy curtains. I like the effect very much, and perhaps some of you would like to try it. I had enough material left to recover the dressing table bench also, but I'm still looking for the right shade of turquoise for the lamps on the dressing table. The ones I have are white and if I can't find the right shades for the lamps, I may buy material and cover them myself. I've never attempted anything like that before and in spite of the fact that I am usually all thumbs when I try anything of that nature, maybe it won't be too difficult.

When I lived in California one of my neighbors, Elsie Lambrighter, took a course in making lamp shades. I believe it was a high school night course. I wish now that I had taken the course with her but I was expecting Martin then and was busy making baby clothes. If Elsie were still my neighbor she could give me some pointers, but she is far away in California. Maybe you have taken a course such as this through your extension agent. The idea is wonderful and many of our Midwest women have discovered new talents because of them. There are so many things to learn to do. Time is my big problem—and it is probably yours too.

One cold blowing night recently, I started my scrapbook of decorating ideas. For some time I have been saving clippings from newspapers and magazine pictures and articles on Early American furniture and its use in decorating. These I saved in the bottom drawer of the antique chest in the living room, but now I am trying to get them in some kind of order. I decided the most logical way would be by rooms.

Unless you have everything you want and just as you want it I suggest that you start a collection of

ideas. I am of the opinion that we need something to work toward, so frequently I start thinking about the piece of furniture I would like next if all I had to do was choose! I get out my pile of papers and have the pleasure of looking through them and making up my mind. Last week I saw a picture of a dining room with a long bay window such as I have in my dining room. In the bay sat a deacon's bench. I decided then and there that I was on the look-out for a deacon's bench. Perhaps some day I will find one. Currently I have my desk in that bay window but I'm certain the desk would make way for the deacon's bench. Mine would be more comfortable than as in days of old, however, for it would have a gayly covered foam rubber cushion. With the same print I would make cushions for the dining room chairs. I think my dining room drapes will last for some time yet, so when I have these other items (plus the new wallpaper) I can let my dining room rest and tackle the living room.

When we take down our decorations after Christmas, the house always seems very bare, so this year we are going to make something that I saw last year and fortunately remembered. This friend had made a snow hill out of cotton. With a match box and some pipe cleaners she made a sled. On the sled she had two little snowmen made out of marshmallows. There was a bit of scarf around each neck which (with a little help from a fine wire) were whipping along behind them. She made use of her little false evergreen trees in the arrangement and the entire thing was as cute as could be. She had it on the table in the dining room during the month of January. She has three little youngsters and makes such sweet table decorations for them.

During December we have had a sheet of white plastic foam with evergreen stuck in for greenery and a little candle fawn peering through at a snowman who is standing proudly complete with pipe and high hat. The fawn looks as if he were about to say, "What in the world is that creature?"

Going back to November for a moment: "Martin built a log cabin with his Lincoln Logs and he arranged his little candle pilgrims and a turkey nicely around it.

I've enjoyed my new red Christmas tablecloth so much this year. I'm glad that I made it the way I did with the pretty white strip covered with Christmas motifs separate from the main cloth for I plan to use it again in February. In fact, I'll probably use it many times during the year.

May I take this opportunity to thank you for your letters? Our very best wishes to your family for a happy and prosperous New Year!

Sincerely,
Margery

Even the pessimist might enjoy the good things he has if he weren't kept so busy grumbling about the disagreeable things he expects.

A man is just as big as the thing that makes him angry.

“Recipes Tested

in the

**Kitchen - Klatter
Kitchen”**

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY**MONDAY PIE**

1/2 cup diced celery
1/2 cup diced onion
1/4 cup chopped green pepper
2 cups cubed left-over beef roast
1 cup cubed left-over potatoes
1 cup cubed left-over carrots
1 No. 1 can peas
1 cup gravy
4 slices dry bread, cubed

Brown celery, onion and green pepper in hot fat. Combine with meat, potatoes, carrots and peas. Add gravy and season to taste. Pour into casserole. Top with bread cubes which have been browned in butter. Bake in a 375 degree oven for 30 min.

BAKED LIMAS

3 cups dried limas
2 Tbls. light molasses
3 Tbls. brown sugar
1 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. dry mustard
4 slices bacon

Soak limas overnight. Drain and cook in fresh water until tender. Drain. Reserve the liquid. Place limas in greased casserole. Combine molasses, brown sugar, salt and mustard. Add liquid from beans to make 1 cup. Pour over limas. Arrange bacon over top. Cover and bake in a 350 degree oven for 2 hours. Uncover to brown.

YOUNGSTERS CHOICE

2 cups cooked macaroni
1 1-lb. can salmon, flaked
1 Tbls. chopped onion
1 Tbls. chopped green pepper
Salt to taste
1 1/2 cups thin white sauce
Buttered crumbs

Alternate layers of macaroni and salmon in greased casserole. Sprinkle each layer with onion, green pepper and salt. Pour over white sauce and top with crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, for 30 minutes.

HOMINY PIE

Brown 1 1/2 pounds hamburger in hot fat. Add 1 Tbls. flour, 2 cups canned tomatoes and salt and pepper to taste. A little chili powder, (about a tsp.) is good also. Brown 2 1/2 cups hominy and a medium-sized onion in hot fat and add to the meat mixture. Place all in greased casserole and sprinkle with 1/2 cup grated American cheese. Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 30 minutes. The family will ask for a repeat on this!

APRICOT CAKE RING

1/2 cup milk
1/4 cup butter
5 egg yolks
1 cup sugar
1 cup flour
1 tsp. baking powder
Dash of salt
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
1, 1-lb.-13 oz. can of apricots

Combine milk and butter and heat until butter is melted. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Then add 1 cup of sugar gradually. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt.

Add scalded milk mixture to the egg yolks alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Add grated lemon rind and vanilla flavoring. Mix just until smooth. Butter a 6 1/2-cup ring mold, pour in batter and bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 to 35 minutes. Allow to stand 10 minutes before turning out on rack.

Drain apricots. Remove pits. Push through fine sieve or colander. Add 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla to apricot pulp. Now cover entire warm cake with this apricot mixture. Just enough will soak in to give the cake a rather glazed surface as it stands.

Fill the center of the cake with ice cream when ready to serve. This is a highly delicate cake that makes a stunning looking dessert when brought on with the ice cream piled in the center.

**DELICIOUS HAMBURGER
CASSEROLE**

(Fine for company)

1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
1/2 onion, minced fine
1 cup of chopped celery
1 small can of mushrooms
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 can cream of chicken soup
1 can Chinese chow mein noodles
Put a small amount of fat in skillet and brown the ground beef lightly. Then add onion and celery and cook for about 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Mix together the two canned soups, plus the mushrooms. In a buttered casserole place the soup-mushroom mixture that has been mixed with the meat and vegetables. Cover the top with a can of Chinese chow mein noodles and bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 minutes. This dish has a most unusual and delicious flavor and turns ground beef into a company dish.

BLACK-CHERRY SALAD

1 No. 2 1/2 can pitted Bing cherries
1/3 cup lemon juice
1 pkg. orange-flavored gelatin
3/4 cup chopped pecans
10 or 12 stuffed olives, sliced

Drain the juice off the cherries and add enough water to the cherry syrup and lemon juice to make 1 3/4 cups liquid. Heat and pour over gelatin and stir until dissolved. Chill until partially set, then add cherries, nut meats and olives. Chill until firm. Serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise.

IRISH-ITALIAN SPAGHETTI

1 onion, chopped
2 Tbls. salad oil
1 lb. ground beef
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
Dash of red pepper
1/2 tsp. chili powder
1/2 tsp. Tabasco sauce
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 can tomato soup
1 pound long spaghetti
1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
Brown onion in hot fat; add meat and seasonings; brown lightly. Cover and simmer 10 minutes. Add soups, cover and simmer 45 min. Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse with hot water and arrange on hot platter. Pour over sauce and sprinkle with cheese.

CHOCOLATE-CHIP TORTE

2 beaten egg yolks
2 1/2 Tbls. sugar
2/3 cup milk
Dash of salt
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
2 beaten egg whites
2 1/2 Tbls. sugar
1/2 cup coarsely chipped semi-sweet chocolate

1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Beat egg yolks and sugar. Add milk and salt. Cook in double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Add vanilla and gelatin which has been softened in water. Chill until partially set. Fold in egg whites beaten with remaining sugar. Fold in chocolate. Pour into graham cracker crust and chill until firm. Spread with cream and sprinkle with additional grated chocolate.

MARGARET'S DESSERT

Soften 1 1/2 Tbls. gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water. Dissolve in 3/4 cup boiling water. Add 1/2 cup sugar, 2 cups sieved apricot, pulp and juice. Slice 2 bananas into 1 Tbls. lemon juice and 1/4 cup pineapple juice to prevent discoloration. Drain juice and add juice to apricots. Line mold with banana slices; add apricot mixture alternately with remaining bananas. Chill. Serve with whipped cream.

**SWEET AND SOUR RED
CABBAGE**

1 large head red cabbage
4 Tbls. bacon fat
1 medium onion, chopped coarsely
2 tart apples, cored and sliced
1/2 cup vinegar
1/3 cup brown sugar

Remove outer leaves and hard core from cabbage and chop coarsely. Heat bacon fat in skillet and slowly cook onion till tender. Add cabbage, season and cover and steam for 10 minutes. Add apples and 1/4 cup water, cover and simmer over low heat 1 hour or until cabbage is tender. Add the vinegar and sugar and cook 15 minutes longer. Serve hot.

CAULIFLOWER WITH TOMATOES

1 medium head cooked cauliflower
1 tsp. salt
Few grains pepper
1 No. 2 can tomatoes
1 cup grated American cheese
Soft bread crumbs
Butter

Place cauliflower in greased shallow casserole. Add salt and pepper to tomatoes; cook rapidly until almost all of the juice has evaporated, then pour over cauliflower, top with cheese and crumbs and dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven, about 325 or 350 degrees for 15 minutes.

ROYAL APRICOT BARS

1 Recipe Apricot Filling (see below)
1 Tbs. lemon juice
1 cup cake flour
1 cup brown sugar
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup shortening
1 1/2 cups rolled oats
3 Tbs. milk
1 Tbs. grated lemon peel

Prepare the Apricot Filling and add lemon juice just before filling is removed from heat. Cool. Sift flour with sifted sugar and salt. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles meal. Add rolled oats and mix well. Add milk, grated lemon peel and blend. Pack 1/2 of dough into 8 x 8-inch greased pan. Spread Apricot Filling on top and cover with remaining dough. Bake 40 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool. Cut in bars 1 x 2 inches. Makes about 32 cookies.

APRICOT FILLING

1 1/4 cups sugar
3/4 cup water
3 Tbs. flour
1/8 tsp. salt
2 1/4 cups chopped dried apricots
Soak dried fruit until soft enough to chop finely. Combine ingredients in order given and cook over low heat, stirring frequently, until the consistency of marmalade. Cool thoroughly before using.

SPICED DROP COOKIES

1 cup shortening
1 1/2 cups brown sugar
2 eggs, beaten
2 cups cake flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. soda
2 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 tsp. cloves
2/3 cup sour milk
1 1/2 cups rolled oats
1 cup raisins or chopped dates
1 cup chopped nuts
Cream shortening and sifted sugar. Add beaten eggs and mix well. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with sour milk to the creamed mixture. Add oats, raisins and nuts. Drop by teaspoons onto greased cookie sheet and bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, for about 15 minutes. This is a large recipe and one that I know your family will enjoy. Since we don't all have sour milk on hand, you could use sweet milk and leave out the soda.

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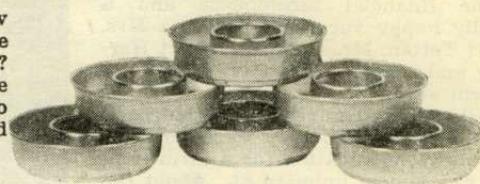
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Cooking means the patience of Job, and the persistence of the Pilgrim Fathers.

It means the endurance, the long suffering and the martyrdom of Joan of Arc.

It means the steaming and the stewing, the boiling thrice daily, spring, summer, autumn and winter, year after year, decade after decade.

It means perspiration, desperation and resignation.

It means a crown and a harp, and a clear title to an estate in Heaven.

—Unknown

A RECIPE FOR A HAPPY DAY

A little dash of water cold,
A little leaven of prayer,
A little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolved in morning air.
Add to your meal some merriment,
And thoughts for kith and kin,
And then, as prime ingredient,
A plenty of work thrown in.
Flavor it all with the essence of love,
And a little dash of play,
Then a nice old book and a glance
above

Completes a Happy Day.

—Unknown

CHICKEN-RICE RING

4 lb. chicken, stewed
2 1/4 cups soft bread crumbs
1 cup cooked rice
1 1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. paprika
3 cups chicken broth or milk (or equal parts)
4 eggs, well beaten

Remove cooked meat from bones and cut up. Add bread crumbs, rice, seasonings and milk or equal parts of broth and milk. Stir in eggs. Pour into a greased 2-qt. ring mold or baking dish. Bake at 325 degrees for 1 hour, or until firm. Serve hot with following sauce.

1/4 cup butter
1/4 cup flour
2 cups chicken broth
1/4 cup cream
1 3-oz. can sliced mushrooms
1/4 tsp. paprika
1/2 tsp. chopped parsley
1/4 tsp. lemon juice

Make a white sauce from the butter, flour and liquids. When thickened, add remaining ingredients.

To serve this delicious dish, cut a portion from the ring mold that has been brought to the table on a large chop plate, and pass the sauce in a gravy boat. We've never eaten a better chicken dish!

FARM SITTERS

By Hallie M. Barrow

Three retired farm couples in our small town have developed a hobby which affords them great pleasure, some financial recompense and a really happy vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Totten, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Harlow and Mr. and Mrs. Alva Boyer are "farm sitters."

All of them can remember that back in the days when they were farming, a two-weeks vacation for a farm family was almost unheard of. About the only trips a farm family had then were of a day's length. There were Sunday School picnics, a day at the County Fair, family reunions on Sundays and an occasional shopping spree in the nearest city the day the hogs or cattle were trucked there to be sold. Of course, a neighbor might always be willing to come at chore time for a few days, but most farmers want some reliable person "on the premises" while they are gone. And it must be another farmer because a "city greenhorn" could easily wipe out a year's profits in one day! No inexperienced person need apply for such a job!

Well, when a farmer in our community asks one of these three families to come and stay while he is off on vacation, he already knows their qualifications: — a lifetime of farm experience. These farm sitters don't need bulletin boards telling them what to do, either for routine work or in case of an emergency. They can administer a dose of castor oil, debeak a cannibal in the poultry yard, teach a calf to drink out of a bucket or call the vet. If a fine cow (supposed to freshen after the owner's return) fails to come up with the rest of the herd in the evening, these farm sitters know just what has happened. That cow has her calf and has it hidden in the pasture, and it must be found even if it requires hunting with a flash light! If an old hen slips out from under the barn with a dozen fluffy, new-hatched chicks, it doesn't overwhelm our sitters with surprise! Such unexpected arrivals happen just ever so often even on the best managed of farms. These farm sitters are post-graduates of livestock courses and take anything out-of-the ordinary in their stride.

It's really just a lark for them to get back to a farm and do light chores for, like most retired farmers, the only reason they sold out and moved to town was because they were unable physically to continue heavy farm work. None of them have a set price for farm sitting — it just depends on how much there is to do. Most farmers plan a vacation during slack field work time. Some vacationing farm families just want some one always about with yard and house lights on at night as usual to discourage prowlers. Maybe there is no milking to do at all, just gathering eggs and seeing that hoppers, feeders and watering troughs are kept full. Sometimes there is no stock of any kind, — just house-plants and pets to be cared for.

Of course, the sitters get their meals off the farm and always are urged to



On the very last bright autumn day these three youngsters sat on their front steps for a "last of the season" picture. The chances are that that many of you have seen Alison, Clark and Emily Driftmier sitting just like this when you drove by their home.

help themselves from cellar, smokehouse, garden, orchard and freezer. My, it's a treat for these farm sitters after living in town without their usual cow, hog and chickens, to have access to all the butter, cream, eggs, cured and fresh meat and chickens they want.

As a rule, when people get together who have similar work they compare notes and "talk shop." We have heard that when a group of baby sitters hold a session, they gossip about different families, their homes and how their children behave or misbehave. When Mesdames Totten, Harlow and Boyer meet on Sunday (for all three families of our farm sitters return to Clarksdale for church services) here are some of the experiences we have overheard:

"Sure takes me back to old times to be sleeping on a feather bed again. I'd almost forgotten how to make them up! I believe it's a real art to get them plumped up high and smooth. They still keep geese and keeping those dirty geese out of the chickens' drinking water is the worst job we had this week."

"Well, while I wouldn't trade my electric range for a wood stove, yet, we cooked on a wood stove out in the summer kitchen and I must say that a good bed of coals from cobs does bake a pan of biscuits just right."

"This dry spell sure did make the early apples fall! — of course they didn't leave word for us to do anything with them, — but I just can't bear to see anything going to waste. So we just got out an old black kettle and made apple butter outdoors one day, and I don't think there ever was a more enticing odor than spiced apple butter a-simmering over a chip fire outdoors."

In many cases the farm wife's pet hobby is her African violets and all three of our farm sitters have green thumbs.

The men farm sitters will discuss the live stock — how closely they must be watched to keep them out of corn fields or sweet corn patches in the garden. Perhaps it's even been necessary to yoke a more persistent cow! And hogs that get out and can't re-

member where the hole in the fence was until hit with a stick and then instantly they find that hole and return to their lot or pen . . . well, the men say that is no idle theory. They tell about the dog that's so much help with the stock and it reminds them of one they had! They miss the horses and mules but are glad so many farms have ponds now — because it makes the watering job much simpler.

When the farm family returns, what a joy to find everything in order, the stock thriving, eggs and cream marketed, house clean and either a meal ready or else a dressed chicken in the ice box and a pie or cake on the shelf. In fact the farm family is so grateful to their sitters that they usually just load up their car with garden stuff and fruit, and insist they take enough perishables to last them for a day or two.

It's hard to tell who has had the best time . . . the farm tourists or the farm sitters who were so happy to have another taste of farm life. I think Pearl Boyer sums it up when she says, "After you've spent a lifetime on a farm, you can move that couple away from the farm but you don't ever move the love of farm life away from that couple. It'll always seem to me at four o'clock in the afternoon that I should start gathering the eggs and getting the milk pails ready."

Are you a farm family who would love to get away for a real vacation in 1956 if only you had someone to look after the place while you're gone? Or are you retired farmers who would get a lift by breaking the routine of town life with two weeks back on the farm? I'd like to think that this account of "Farm Sitters" will be the opening wedge in making your wish come true!

GIVE ME A FRIEND

Give me a friend, and I'll worry along.
My vision may vanish, my dream
may go wrong;
My wealth I may lose, or my money
may spend,
But I'll worry along if you give
me a friend.

Give me a friend, and my youth may
depart,
But still I'll be young in the house
of my heart.
Yes, I'll go laughing right on to the
end,
Whatever the years, if you give
me a friend.

—Unknown

PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR

Dear Lord, I do not ask a place
Of honor or of fame;
I only ask to find a place
For service in Thy name.
I would not ask to wear a crown
For some heroic deed;
But give me, Lord, a place to serve
Where there is greatest need.
To dry a tear, to lift a load
And all my blessings share;
To lose myself in work for Thee:
Kind Lord, this is my prayer.

—Unknown

Dear Friends:

All the long-range weather predictions have been for a long hard winter and from the looks of things I'm afraid they are going to be right this time. We have had January weather in November and this morning when we got up the ground was white with snow and it has been snowing all morning.

When Kristin came home from school last night her Daddy told her he had checked the ice and it was solid enough for skating. It didn't take her long to get her skates out and be off to the lake. This morning when she looked out the window and saw the snow she said, "I didn't want it to snow yet and ruin the skating, but since it has I guess I might as well hope it will snow hard all day and make the skiing good." Frank and I groaned. Winter used to be my favorite season when I was Kristin's age and a little older. When I look back and think how we used to stay outside coasting two or three hours at a stretch I wonder how in the world we ever did it. Fifteen minutes outside now finds me scurrying to the house to get my feet warm.

By the time you read this letter Christmas will be over, but I'm going back and tell you what we did in November because we had a very full and interesting month.

During the Iowa State Teachers' meeting Kristin didn't have to go to school on Friday so we took advantage of the extra long week-end and went to Shenandoah after school on Thursday. Kristin was happy to be there for Emily's birthday so she could help Juliana and Abigail with the birthday party. It was the first time we had seen the folks since they returned from their Eastern trip so we had lots to talk about.

When we got home Sunday I was happy to find that our new little kitchen heater had arrived and Frank had it set up and a fire in it. The way our house is arranged we need some kind of extra heat in the kitchen. When we moved here Bernie had left her mother's combination coal and gas stove which we used all last winter. Bernie and I never did like the oven in that stove, and also the grates on the wood side were all worn out. Frank and I decided last Spring to take the stove out and move our own gas stove in and then to get some kind of a wood burning stove for heat this Fall. We found just what we wanted — a white porcelain, two-burner stove the same height as our gas stove and they look very nice sitting side by side in the kitchen.

On Friday night the girls from our 4-H Club gave a very nice program at the Farm Bureau meeting. From our small club we had two vocal solos, a clarinet solo, piano solo, ballet dance and a reading. (Kristin gave the reading and also a report of our club activities for the past year.) They plan to give the same program at the County Home sometime before Christmas.

Bright and early on Saturday morning the three of us drove to Aplington, Iowa to spend the week-end with our very good friends, the Clarence Mey-



Frederick Driftmier with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Driftmier.

ers and Clarence's mother, Kate Meyers. The purpose of the trip was to be there for the opening day of the pheasant season. It had been six years since we had spent a week-end in Aplington and Frank promised Clarence this summer that we would be up for opening day. It is so hard to get Frank to go anywhere for over night! He says it takes him so long to get everything lined up so it will be easy for someone else to do his chores that he would just rather stay home and do them himself.

We were in Aplington by 10:00 o'clock. Sylvia got an early lunch so we could be in the country ready to go at 12:00. We went first to the Roy Alberts farm and it was nice to see Mr. and Mrs. Alberts again. It was on their farm that we hunted six years ago. They don't live very far from town and we could hear the noon whistle blow. A couple of minutes before we heard the whistle we heard the first gun go off and from then on for the next half-hour it sounded just like an invasion. I have never heard anything like it before in my life. Mr. Alberts and his son went with us, and with the four of us it didn't take long to cover the cornfields. Before we left the Alberts' farm Frank and I both had our limits. Clarence had told us that Mr. Alberts had been doing some Fall plowing and when he heard we were planning to come he quit plowing so there would be plenty of corn stalks left for us to hunt in. We certainly appreciated his thoughtfulness.

After we left the Alberts we went to the Ted Stubbe farm and then on to the Henry Krominga farm. Mrs. Stubbe and Mrs. Alberts are both long-time Kitchen-Klatter readers and it was so nice visiting with them. It didn't take Clarence and Sylvia long to get their limit on these two farms. When we got back to town Mrs. Meyer took our picture with the birds and I was in hopes we could have one to share with you this time, but if it

turned out well maybe we can print it in some future issue.

Kristin didn't want to go hunting with us so Mrs. Meyer introduced her to some lovely children who live next door to her, Betty and John Cocking. She spent every minute playing with them and thought she had a wonderful time. She especially enjoyed going to Sunday School and Church with them Sunday morning.

We had a delicious pheasant dinner Sunday noon and then went hunting again. Saturday had been such a beautiful day that Sylvia and I really enjoyed going along, but Sunday it turned very cold and was misting heavily. We went along but must admit we spent most of our time in the car with the heater on while the men did the hunting. We went back to the house, ate the rest of the pheasant and then started home, arriving about 9:00.

On Tuesday Frank and I went with Edna and Raymond to their new farm to attend the Richardson's closing-out sale. I think everyone in Edna's neighborhood are Kitchen-Klatter friends. I was so happy to get to meet so many of them. The lunch was served by the ladies in the Friday Club and we all commented that we had never seen so many delicious pies. Most of the women were in the house and Edna and I soon froze out outside and went in to join them. We persuaded Mrs. Richardson to play the piano for us to sing and we had a lot of fun singing all the old songs as well as a few new ones.

I called the folks on Saturday night and talked them into driving up Sunday to help Frank and me celebrate our wedding anniversary. Howard came with them and Edna and Raymond also came out. I cooked three of our pheasants and we licked the platter clean.

That evening I drove to Humeston where I had been asked to show my Dad's Hawaiian pictures at the Methodist church family night. The program was preceded by a pot-luck supper and there was so much delicious food I hardly knew where to begin.

Edna and Raymond started moving the Wednesday before Thanksgiving. I had to work in the office that day but Frank helped them load, and then went to the farm to help them unload. Thanksgiving day the Johnsons all came to our house and enjoyed the rest of our pheasants. We were glad Ruth could come home for the day. The next day we finished helping the Halls with their moving.

Aunt Delia Johnson just called and asked Frank and me to come to her house for dinner and said it was all ready, so until next month . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy



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A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO A HAPPY NEW "YOU"

By Mildred Cathcart

Very few of us are completely satisfied with ourselves, so with the beginning of a brand New Year, wouldn't it be wonderful if there were a brand new "You"?

All of us are primarily housewives so we owe it to ourselves and to our family to make our housework a source of joy. Often I find my work piling up, I am failing to accomplish all the tasks I see about me and consequently I become irritable and even unpleasant to the dearest people in the world — my family.

When I took stock, I recalled that in my teaching days we had a schedule and by following it we were able to teach two or three grades and all of their various studies.

So when I found my housework piling up, never quite completed, I decided to make out a schedule and give it a fair trial. This schedule, in black and white, sets aside one morning for washing, one for ironing, one for cleaning and so on to fit the particular needs of my family. Such a schedule, of course, must be flexible. If unexpected company drops in, I may have to change certain chores. But by following a written down order, I am able to check off the various tasks as I accomplish them. Now I do not wear myself out trying to do too many chores in one day because my planned routine takes care of designated tasks on designated days. You will find such a procedure highly satisfying. Instead of fretting and worrying over things to be done, you feel highly elated to check off each item of your list as it is completed.

Following the same old schedule day after day and doing the same old chores three-hundred and sixty-five days a year can certainly become monotonous. Change your routine occasionally. Just this morning a busy mother who is teaching school told me that she had done her washing Friday evening and thus gained a Saturday morning to do something she had never had time for. Changing the furniture when you clean, trying a new color scheme, adding a new tablecloth, — any of these things tend to give us a brighter outlook as we go about our daily chores.

A happy new you will need time for complete relaxation. And almost any good housekeeper will tell you emphatically that she simply cannot relax when the house is cluttered. Keeping a schedule will help because you will feel your goal is being accomplished as you check off the accomplishments for the day. But you will have to face the fact that housework is never done.

It bothers me to see the floor littered with coloring books, dolls, and other things. A few basic rules help. Our children are allowed to play as much as they wish. After all, we want a home — not just a house. But we do tell our girls that when they are through with one activity they must put up those things before they get out other things. And before nap time and bed time toys must be put



Before winter winds blew, Abigail and Wayne enjoyed their terrace.

in proper places. Other than that, a mother must train herself to accept the inevitable. Children who are happily at play will have a certain amount of "clutter". But how much easier it is to relax when we know that our children are ABLE to play. I believe we must train ourselves to relax under trying circumstances. It may not come easy for us to sit down and read a book while the dishes are in the sink, but how much nicer for our family to find a happy housewife and mother than a cranky woman in a meticulous house!

A "new you" must look happy, too. It is so easy to slip into some "old thing" and isn't that always the time when somebody comes? Make yourself a few neat housedresses. Very simple ones are quick to sew, inexpensive, and you can use the scraps for a matching apron and turban when you have your hair pinned up. Experiment with new shades of cosmetics, a new hair-do, and try a new color in your clothing. Take a few minutes for daily care of your hair, your nails, your complexion. Knowing you look your best helps make a happy "new you."

A happy you must have interests outside the home. We often brag about the fact that we are slaves to our family but don't be sure they enjoy the clanking chains! Outside interests makes one more interesting, more sympathetic, better able to be a good wife and mother. And we know it is far better for our children if they learn to assume responsibilities. There are church, school, and civic activities which need our services. To be really happy, you must share your talent, your time, and your abilities with others.

Nobody can be a truly happy person who fails to nourish his spiritual life as well as his physical life. Many church and civic organizations are requesting each woman in the world to pause every morning at nine o'clock for prayer. Family worship, the saying of grace, prayers, — all are an integral part of a happy well-adjusted family. Christian homes are our best weapons of defense. True happiness and beauty comes from the heart. Take a few minutes each day to read a passage of Scripture, to memorize a few inspirational lines, or to read something stimulating and lovely.

So a "Happy New Year to a Happier You!"

SMALL TALK

By Margaret Barnett

Do you steer your eager-eyed little folks away from the many fascinating inflatable toys because they are such a job to blow up? Well, if your vacuum cleaner has a blower attachment, hesitate no longer. Place a small funnel (you can improvise with stiff paper) over the opening of the toy, hold the end of the blower in the funnel, turn on the machine and you're in business!

Empty baby food jars can be useful. My husband latched on to several for tacks, screws, paper clips. I have also found them convenient containers for spices. With a little ingenuity they can be made attractive. There are inexpensive jar openers on the market that make this kind of container especially practical because it is then a cinch to lift the cap quickly without danger of bending the metal.

Baby foods are not just for babies and invalids. When making a butter-cream icing for a cake, I often add about a tablespoon of whatever strained baby fruit is on hand—the sharper flavors, such as apricot or plum, are particularly good. This blends easily and gives a little mysterious zest to an otherwise uninspired icing.

If the baby rejects certain foods and you think you have to throw the food away after a couple of days, think again—if it's a vegetable, add it to a casserole dish; if it's a fruit, it will make a delicious topping for ice cream, either as is or peped up a little.

Most babies will take just any strained food if it is mixed with milk and fed to them through a nipple (whose holes should be slightly enlarged for this purpose), where they might not yet care for the same food from a spoon. You want them to become accustomed to spoon feeding, so always give a little of the food with a spoon, but you can add more of it to their bottle at one or two feedings a day so that they get the benefit of the extra nourishment. As they learn to accept the food eagerly from the spoon, you can gradually change over to that method. Babies are fed "solids" far, far earlier than they were just a few years ago, and it is harder for them to grow accustomed to new textures and new methods of taking on food. Needless to say, you should follow your own doctor's theories regarding the needs of your particular baby, but my two little boys are thriving!

Do you have worn bed sheets? Good use can be made of them if you have small children. Even if you're not much of a seamstress, they can easily be converted into crib sheets. But I found particular value in having several smaller pieces of sheeting to put across the bed over the regular sheet where a small baby sleeps. Then you don't need to change the entire bed nearly so often.

NATURE IN THE PSALMS

The Psalmist must have loved nature for he used so many examples from nature in his writings. Can you fill in the words left out in these quotations from the Psalms?

1. He shall be like a _____ planted by the _____ of water.
2. The ungodly are not so! but are like the _____ which the _____ driveth away.
3. He giveth _____ like wool.
4. He scattereth the _____ like ashes.
5. Keep me as the _____ of the eye.
6. The _____ poured out water.
7. The hills melted like _____ at the presence of the Lord.
8. For my days are consumed like _____.
9. The trees of the Lord are full of _____.
10. He bringeth the _____ out of his treasures.

Answers

1. Tree; rivers. Ps. 1-3a.
2. Chaff; wind. Ps. 1-4.
3. Snow, Ps. 147-16a.
4. Hoarfrost, Ps. 147-16b.
5. Apple, Ps. 17-8a.
6. Clouds, Ps. 77-17a.
7. Wax, Ps. 97-5a.
8. Smoke, Ps. 102-3a.
9. Sap, Ps. 104-16a.
10. Wind, Ps. 135-7c.

—Grace Stoner Clark.

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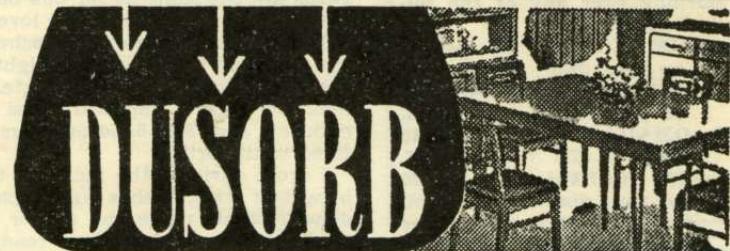
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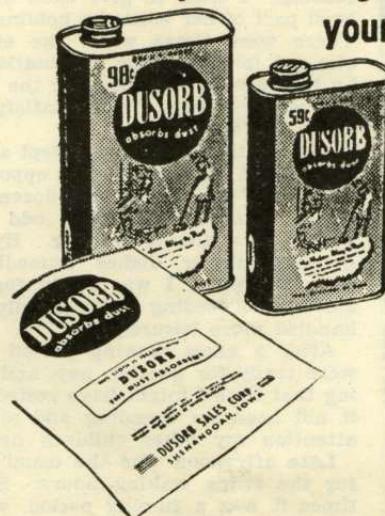
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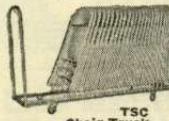
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These darling little twins are Jean Clarice and Janet Claire, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Strnad of Genoa, Nebraska.

Genoa, Nebraska

Dear Lucile:

You asked for a letter on caring for twins. To me, it seems as though I could write a book on all the trials and innumerable joys of caring for our identical twin daughters, Jean Clarice and Janet Clarie, who were born on February 11, 1953.

After the initial shock (we had no inkling it would be twins!), I found myself face to face with reality. They were mine to care for and rear into lovely young women—double trouble, but oodles of joy.

To me, the things most needed for twins are the same as for one baby—patience, understanding and love.

To start the ball rolling, I scheduled my days and nights, too, I might add, down to almost the last minute. We lived on a farm and had three older children, ages 3 to 6, so my days were filled to the brim.

I arose early in the morning to get breakfast over, dishes and separator done, formula made and dinner started before the twins were ready for orange juice and baths.

Now two baths and 10:00 o'clock feeding. I tried to give each one at least part of her bottle by holding her. There were times when the second one got impatient for her bottle, but by holding one and pushing the bassinet with my feet, I could satisfy two for a while.

After baths they usually slept a long time, and I snatched at this opportunity to do the "daily two dozen", to finish dinner and a few odd jobs which were always waiting. By doing the dinner dishes immediately after the meal, I was ready for the 2:00 o'clock feeding which usually was handled more leisurely.

After a short waking period they were ready for another nap, and during that time I might have rested had it not been for mending and all the attention my other children needed.

Late afternoon was the usual time for the twins waking hours. Sometimes it was a fussing period, which we just endured, and other times, those "never-to-be forgotten" happy hours.

I tried to schedule their day somewhat so they would sleep through the evening meal and dishes. Then it was the evening feeding along with

the usual amount of burping and bubbling. Many times they did not settle down until after the 10:00 o'clock feeding, but after that they were ready for a good night's sleep.

We were fortunate to have happy, healthy babies who only demanded warmth, food and love. And I was indeed lucky to have a kind and considerate husband who helped wherever and whenever he could.

Now that the twins are almost 2½ years old, we have come through many stages, including the toilet-training period. It was nerve-racking at times to have not one, but two, who couldn't seem to co-operate, but by patience we've come through it. We've gone through chicken pox and measles, getting shots and teething. So far they have cut all their teeth and had all sicknesses within a day or two of each other. Even their first steps were taken three days apart!

To me, it hasn't been an easy task, but it's worth every bit of it when I see our brown-eyed blondes sitting on the steps, holding hands and talking to each other in their own baby language.—A Happy Mother.

Mrs. Gilbert Strnad

THE HELPING HAND

He travels fastest who travels alone.
Is an adage hoary with years.
But what does the swift one do when
the cliff

Of trouble and sorrow appears?

It is better to travel more slowly, and
walk

With one's hand in that of a
friend,
The meadows are lovelier shared with
another;
Hills easier, far, to ascend.

And we all come at last, traveling
slowly or fast,

To the Gate of the Unknown Land,
Whose latch lifts more gently for
those who've had,

And have given, a helping hand.

—Marion Doyle from
Sunshine magazine

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

If all the others came like you,
Would there seldom be a vacant
pew?

Or would the opposite be true,
If all the others came like you?

If all the others worked like you,
Then how much service would
your church do?

Would the Master's plans be carried
through,

If all the others worked like you?

—Selected.

Thank God for sleep!
And, when you cannot sleep,
Still thank Him that you live

To lie awake.

And pray Him, of His grace
When He sees fit, sweet sleep to give,
That you may rise, with newborn eyes,
To look once more into His shining
face.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

First thing, I want to thank all of you for everything you did to help on our project of making afghans for disabled veterans and other shutins. I hoped to be able to report that all the afghans had been delivered, but as I write this, our party at the hospital is still two weeks off. So the best I can do is tell you that twenty afghans are finished, pressed and boxed ready to take to Wadsworth General Hospital. In addition to this, ten have already been sent to another hospital in the east and to some needy shutins who are not in hospitals. This is pretty good, I think. And if you will keep the yarn coming, we will keep using it.

Here are a few shutins for whom you can do something more personal. Write a letter or send a little gift to some of them.

Norton T. Baker, 312 E. 8 St., Topeka, Kansas, is an elderly man who is not well and is unable to work in bad weather. He wants mail.

Mrs. Elizabeth Blomgreen, 1 Myrtle Ave., Bordentown, N. J., is nearing 80. She has been sick a long time and gets so lonesome. Her main amusement is her greeting card collection. Perhaps you can send her some views from your home town.

Mrs. Ralph Bundy, 822 W. 6 St., Cedar Falls, Iowa, has been bedfast with arthritis since 1939. She and an unmarried sister live alone. She is not able to do anything, but she can read and sometimes can write a little.

Mrs. Letha Dunn, c/o Curry Nursing Home, Arrowsmith, Ill., is 50 and has had multiple sclerosis for 20 years. She is almost completely helpless and needs cheer.

Mrs. Mary McMasters, Danville, Virginia, and her husband are both shutin. He is 90. They both like to get mail.

Mrs. Aris Overfelt, Clifton Hill, Mo., was in a wreck this summer and injured her spine. She is in a cast. There are two small children in the home. I'm sure cheery letters would help her, and perhaps a toy for the children could be sent.

Mrs. Anna Richie, 1114 Hathaway, Yakima, Wash., is a former Minnesota woman. She and her husband moved to Washington to be near their daughter. They have made very few friends as he is entirely shutin and she has to be with him constantly.

Mrs. Nettie Showalter, 701 Orange Grove, Glendale 5, Calif., has been on crutches for two years as the result of a bone disease. She is alone and would enjoy getting mail.

Just supposing we started this very day

To live our lives in a different way;

Just supposing we vowed and constantly tried

To help those in trouble on life's wayside;

If we showed by our doings a hint of His love,

Wouldn't earth be a bit more like heaven above?

—Unknown

BOWS TO BUB

By Evelyn Witter

Bub died today. He was resting on the faded green comforter that he liked to snuggle in.

It was almost fifteen years ago that we chose him from a fine litter of Coon Hounds, and brought him to Windy Hill Farm. All legs and a doleful expression (which he never lost) he was a frisky, active puppy.

Through these fifteen years he has always been on hand where anything important was happening. Plowing and planting, cultivating or harvesting, Bub was the most interested supervisor.

But he didn't always stand by just to supervise a job. Where he could be of service he went to work. Bringing the cows home at milking time was one of his regular routines. So was bringing in the paper. Playing with our toddler and guarding the house garden from the chickens were all important units of work.

Once or twice this morning he rose stiffly from his comforter and came and laid his big head in my lap. And then we reminisced a little bit, Bub and I, about all the frolics we'd had in the woods together and about all the times he'd ridden in the front seat of the truck when we hauled hogs to market. This kind of talk seemed to satisfy him, for he listened quietly, looked up at me with eyes full of trust and love, and then made a painfully stiff walk back to his comforter.

Perhaps Bub knew his time was up and was trying to tell me so. But this I know. He was satisfied and contented with his lot to the very end.

Now the clock is moving toward three and soon the children will be bounding in from the neighbors calling, "Bub! Hey Bub, we're home!"

What am I going to say, how am I going to tell them? Perhaps the only thing I can say is that we can be grateful for having such a fine friend and companion for so many happy years.

THEY BUILT A CHURCH

Boy Scouts in the basement where a modern heating plant was installed early in the project. There are also plans for landscaping the spacious grounds, widening drives, and rebuilding walls and terraces.

"We have here a church property valued at \$75,000, while our actual cash outlay, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Schmidt and the hours of labor donated by our people, has been about one-third of that amount," said Reverend Talley.

"But best of all, the spiritual health of our congregation has stabilized. This building is ample proof of the loyalty and pride we take in our church. We are now reaching church members who had drifted away from attendance, as well as those who live at a considerable distance. The future looks bright," he concluded.

It is no wonder that Marysville points with pride to the great undertaking achieved by the Baptists.

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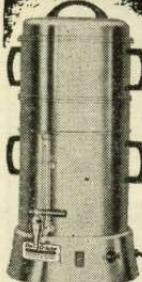


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HIDE, 55-A 9th Street, Leon, Iowa

MRS. LONGTAIL AND THE OLD YEAR

By Myrtle E. Felkner

Mrs. Longtail, the lady mouse, brushed her whiskers shiny and said to Mr. Longtail,

"Good-bye, dear. I am going out."

"Out?" asked Mr. Longtail. "Out where?"

"Out to see the New Year in," replied Mrs. Longtail. "I have always wanted to see a brand new year."

"Hmmmm," said Mr. Longtail, who was reading the Daily Mouse Gazette. "It sounds rather foolish to me. Call me if you need me, my dear."

"Oh, pooh," said Mrs. Longtail, and off she went.

Mrs. Longtail couldn't imagine where to find the New Year. She scampered along the lawn fence until she came to the hedge that grew along the meadow. Here she met a lovely red fox.

"Where are you going, little mouse?" called the fox in his friendliest voice.

"I am going to see the New Year," said Mrs. Longtail. "Tell me, have you seen it yet?"

"Oh, no," replied the fox. Then as Mrs. Longtail was about to scamper away, he called, "Wait! By and by I will take you to see the New Year."

"Oh, no, I really can't go with you," exclaimed Mrs. Longtail. "You would probably eat me, and Mr. Longtail would be terribly annoyed. Besides," she added, "how can you take me there if you haven't seen the New Year yourself?"

"Well, you see," said the sly old fox, "I am really the Old Year. Yes, I am! And I must meet the New Year exactly at midnight. I will take you along if you want to go."

"Very well, and thank you," said Mrs. Longtail. "Only I must go back and get Mr. Longtail. He will want to see it, too."

"I will meet you at this fence post," agreed the red fox. Then he bowed very low and chuckled to himself, hoping that Mr. Longtail would be very fat and foolish.

"What does the Old Year look like?" asked Mr. Longtail, who was quite a suspicious fellow.

"Hurry, hurry," gasped Mrs. Longtail, "or we will miss him. He has a funny sharp nose and lovely red fur and a long bushy tail. He is quite handsome."

"Hmmmm," said Mr. Longtail. He folded up the Gazette and put on his hat. "We must be cautious. It may be a trick."

"Oh, pooh," said Mrs. Longtail, and off she went, with Mr. Longtail right behind her. The old red fox was waiting beside the fence post.

"Come along," he said. "We haven't much time. My son, the New Year, is waiting for us."

The red fox and Mrs. Longtail and Mr. Longtail hurried along the meadow. Suddenly Mrs. Longtail heard a dog barking.

"Is it far?" she shivered. "I do not like dogs."

"Not much further," said the red fox nervously. "The dogs are probably hunting coons, anyway. Let us



Lucky little Barbara and Joan Felkner! Their mother writes the "Longtail" stories and their daddy, Paul Felkner, reads them out loud.

run closer to the hedge and we will not be noticed."

"Not at all," said Mr. Longtail. "Why should the Old Year be afraid of a mere dog? Come along, let us run in the meadow," so he ran into the meadow, and Mrs. Longtail and the fox were obliged to follow.

"My son will be angry if we are late," said the fox.

"Nevertheless," declared Mr. Longtail, "I am tired. Mrs. Longtail and I will just pop into this gopher hole to rest a while."

How angry the old fox became! He snarled and sputtered and tried to dig in the gopher hole. The dogs came closer and closer until finally he was forced to abandon the gopher hole and to flee across the meadow.

"How peculiar," murmured Mrs. Longtail.

"You see," said Mr. Longtail, "he was not the Old Year at all, but just a greedy red fox."

"How smart you are!" sighed Mrs. Longtail.

"It is nothing," said Mr. Longtail modestly. "We mice must use brains instead of brawn."

Then Mr. and Mrs. Longtail scampered home, and Mrs. Longtail made fresh ginger tea for breakfast.

THE BEST HELPER

A sunny heart is the best helper a boy or girl can have. No other assistant can do so much to get things done. Whether it be cleaning the yard, carrying papers, or writing a school essay, a sunny heart is always able to make the hardest job seem easy.

One with a sunny heart never feels disagreeable. For him, everything is simply a part of the day's work. A young person with a sunny heart wastes no time grumbling about things.

DID YOU EVER PLAY "BUZ"?

This is a counting game in which, whenever the number 7 comes up, or a multiple of 7, such as 14, 21, 28, 35, or a number with 7 in it, such as 17, 27, 37, the player whose turn it is must say "Buz." He otherwise loses a round or must pay a forfeit. When 70 comes you say "Buz" in the ordinary way, but for 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 78, and 79 you say "Buz 1," "Buz 2," and so on. For 77 you say "Buz Buz."

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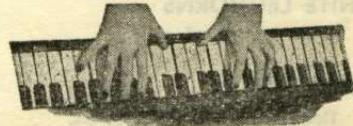
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