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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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*"I said to the man who stood at the
gate of the year,
'Give me a light that I may find
my way
Into the unknown.'
And he said: 'Go forth into the
darkness
And put your hand into the hand
of the Lord
For that will be better for you
and safer
Than a known way.'"*

Dear Friends:

These lovely lines by an unknown writer are the ones that I have chosen to share with you at the opening of 1957. It seems to me that they contain depths of profound meaning, and they have crossed my mind again and again since they were sent to us by one of you friends.

Those of us who have lived for seventy years know that there is no positive course of defense against the most cruel troubles, and that no one can order his life in a rigid way and expect to have it work out. Truly, Faith and Trust are better and safer than any known way.

December was a busy month at our house and a very happy month. The high points of Christmas itself are still ahead, but I can go ahead and tell you what we plan to do, for only the most unexpected event could alter these expectations.

On December 20th we will have a buffet dinner for the loyal girls who help us at our office, and the ones who are married will bring their husbands. Lucile, Margery, Abigail and Mae will take care of the cooking and they have their menu all worked out: roast turkey, twice-baked potatoes, hot rolls, preserves, relishes, cranberry salad, fruit cake and ice cream.

All of the food, plus the dishes and silver, will be arranged on the dining room table and each guest can help himself. Then we will have card tables throughout the house so that no one will have to balance a plate on his lap. Following the meal we will have a "Grab Bag" Christmas exchange and some games that are appropriate to the season. All in all, it should be a happy evening and we are all looking forward to it.

We will also have our usual Driftmier family party, although as I write this the final date hasn't been set. Certainly we're going to miss our

nephew, Gene Rope and his family for it will be their first Christmas in California. You may recall the picture of their four small children that we had in a recent issue of Kitchen-Klatter. In their absence we will have only our own grandchildren, plus little Curtis and Marianne Otte whose picture was in the December issue. This is one family gathering where the grownups far outnumber the children!

In early December I entertained one of my clubs for their annual Christmas meeting and we had a very pleasant afternoon. My niece, Doris Otte (her two youngsters are Curtis and Marianne) came from her home on a farm outside of Clarinda to give an extremely interesting and helpful program on Christmas decorations, wrappings, favors, etc. Doris is a very busy, hard-working young woman and I was most appreciative of her willingness to drop her usual routine and come over for this program. Incidentally, we hope to see more of her and her family in the future for they will soon be moving to the farm formerly occupied by her parents—this adjoins the highway between Shenandoah and Clarinda, so it will be much easier for all of us to get back and forth.

Margery and Abigail were my assistant hostesses for this meeting and they prepared the refreshments and served them. We had a frozen fruit salad filled with red and green cherries, open-face fancy Christmas sandwiches and coffee.

Of course our Christmas tree wasn't up so early in the season, but on our television set in the living room I used a lovely arrangement of white candles and madonnas that Sister Sue made for me the last Christmas before she left us. Then Lucile loaned me their unusual and beautiful Fantasias (I believe that she described them and had a picture of them in her letter last December or January) and these stood on the buffet.

Christmas is just about my favorite month to entertain—it's cold enough that people enjoy eating, and you can fix special things without wracking your brain to carry through seasonal ideas.

Before long we'll be quite widely scattered. Sister Jessie has already gone—she spent several weeks with Ruth and her husband and little girls, visited in New York, and was present at a family dinner for Thanksgiving

at the home of Margery Conrad Sayre in Montclair, N. J. In addition to the Sayres' four children, Ruth's family was there and Mary Fischer Chapin and her family drove over from their home at Glen Gardner, N. J. We thought it was very nice that the Eastern branch of the family could get together—that is, the ones who were within driving distance.

Jessie has now gone to Captiva Island off the coast of Florida and will be there for the rest of the winter. Sister Martha will leave soon to spend Christmas with her son Dwight and his family at Westfield, N. J. Fred Fischer made a trip back to Glen Gardner, but arrived home just in time to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us.

If the weather permits, Mart and I expect to leave for Redlands, Calif. around January 1st. We hope that the motels won't be too crowded because of the Rose Bowl game, but if it looks as if they will be, we'll probably delay our departure for a few days. We expect to go back to the same hotel in Redlands where we have always been so comfortable, and are anticipating seeing old friends who will also be out there for the worst of the winter months.

At least we'll have one "home" face around us quite a bit of the time for Fred Fischer expects to take a plane out to Claremont, Calif. in January to visit his daughter Louise and her family. After he has spent some time there he expects to join us in Redlands.

Fred's grandson, Fritz Harshbarger, wrote such an interesting Christmas letter from Oslo, Norway where he is spending a year doing research in the Department of Chemistry at the University of Oslo. I am not able to understand what he is doing because he put it this way: "I am using the technique of electron diffraction to study the molecular structure of an organic molecule in the gas phase." It sounds like Greek to me!

He is making his home with a Norwegian family and only Norwegian is spoken. Fritz says: "As a result I can speak the language quite fluently—that is, I think I can. None of the natives can understand me." He also said that by the last of December they would have sunlight only from 10:00 in the morning until 2:00 in the afternoon, but that people in southern Norway always remembered that those in northern Norway have no sun at all.

At the time I am writing this we have had only one good snow. Somehow it always seems more like Christmas if we look out on a white world, so we are hoping for a nice, light snow around the 25th. I say "light" because I realize how many people drive home for Christmas and hope for good highways. We will have our Driftmier family party around the tree on Christmas Eve, and then on Christmas day Dorothy and Kristin will join us.

May 1957 be a good and happy year for you. Please keep in touch with us just as frequently as you can.

Sincerely yours,
Leanna

GARDEN CHATTER

By
Lucile

It won't be long now until the mailman's load will include all kinds of seed and nursery catalogs, and if there's anything that can make us forget snow and ice for at least a few short hours, it's leafing through those pages.

In most of these catalogs you will find what we think of as the good, old dependable standbys. However, so much has been done in the last decade to improve these things that I often think there would be ample justification for giving the plant a brand new name!

Cannas, for instance. I wonder if you look back to your childhood and remember the kind of thing that I remember where cannas are concerned? This name always called up to me a short, stiff plant, covered with dust, that stood in a straight row around some statue in a park, lined up in martial order on the postoffice parking, or making a lop-sided circle (somehow it always looked sad) in front of a hospital or courthouse.

That's the way I thought of cannas until recent years.

Well, recent years have brought great changes. No one would ever recognize the present-day canna for the plant that we knew several decades ago. It is now a tall, lush-foliaged beauty with enormous, tropical looking blooms in a variety of brilliant colors; and it fills needs definitely connected with our own gardens rather than public grounds. Not that public grounds can't make even better use of it, you understand, but it fills a distinct purpose in our average garden plots.

On this page you will see a picture of my nephew, Martin Strom. He is standing beside an *Ambassador* Canna that we planted just outside the garden gate. (If you have ever walked through our gate you can visualize exactly where this is.) All through August and September this canna bore enormous cherry-red flowers, and against the bronze foliage it made a stunning sight. I can't tell you exactly how many weeks it made a wonderful accent point, but I do know that it went on for a long, long time.

Cannas are something that *anyone* can grow—if you start with good quality bulbs. They go into the ground comparatively late—you must be sure that there is no chance of future cold snaps or frost. They multiply beyond all belief. About a month after this picture of Martin was snapped, Russell dug up the *Ambassador* bulb to store it for winter, and he was so flabbergasted by the sight that he called me out to look. The one stalk that you see in the picture had produced a root system and division that half-filled a bushel basket. If we wanted an entire "screen" planting of these next year, we would have enough to take care of it.

In addition to *Ambassador* I would like to mention two others that we used elsewhere in our garden as a



Martin and the Ambassador Canna that I mention.

background planting and much enjoyed. *Yellow King Humbert* has yellow flowers spotted with red; *Hungaria* has beautiful peach-pink flowers that are simply exquisite.

There are a hundred and one different uses for the modern variety of Cannas, but be sure that you keep them at the back where they serve as a lovely background for a full two months. Anyone fortunate enough to have a brand-new home should certainly put them against the blank wall of an attached garage or house. At the end of the season they will give the area a "settled, lived-in look"; and as I said previously, they multiply so profusely that a collection of one dozen bulbs would give you scope to do almost anything you liked the next year.

What To Do With Your Christmas Poinsettia

The holiday season brings many beautiful Poinsettias to many people, and in January there are countless requests for information as to how the plant can be cared for in order that it may continue to live and bloom again.

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

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

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

Suggestions For A Club Program

It has been quite some time now since we mentioned our kodachrome slides, and from the letters of inquiry

that have reached us recently I can see that this information should be repeated.

We have four different sets of kodachromes that are available to you friends for any kind of a social gathering. (Many P-TA groups have used these during the past few years.) There are approximately 50 slides in each set, and it would be my guess that the average time taken to show them is about 30 minutes; perhaps a little longer if you go through them slowly and discuss them.

Each set has a complete printed "lecture" with it; every slide is accounted for and explained. They are in natural color, and to show them you need a 35 mm. projector and a screen suitable for showing any type of film. We would like to make it very clear too that these are not movies, so don't start searching for a movie projector.

In most communities there is at least one person who has a 35 mm. projector and screen who will lend them to a responsible group. We've also been told that many County Agents have this equipment, as well as schools.

For Garden Clubs we particularly recommend our collection titled *Midwestern Flowers*. However, there are so many flower shots in another collection titled *Hawaii and Our Southern States* that it is almost equally suitable. In addition to these two sets we have *The West and California*.

There have been so many requests for these collections that we want to emphasize the fact that it is wise to set a date quite some time in advance. We always do our best to sandwich in requests, but you'll run much less risk of being disappointed for a given date if you give us plenty of time to make the necessary arrangements. We ask too that you return the slides within 24 hours after using them.

The only charge we make is \$1.00 rental per set to cover the cost of handling them and getting them into the mail.

If you have been looking around for a different type of program, perhaps one of these collections would answer your needs. I keep the file on our kodachromes and will try to answer all requests promptly, so address me as follows: Mrs. Russell Verness, Box 67, Shenandoah, Iowa, if you are interested.

Sensational Petunias

Keep your eyes open for two dazzling brand-new Petunias, *Glitters* and *Red Satin*. *Glitters* is the first brilliant red and white bicolored Petunia that is unique in pattern: an intense crimson forms a star shape with snowy white stripes spaced at five-point intervals. *Red Satin* has flaming red flowers for months in spite of heat and drought conditions. Don't fail to try these in 1957.

Doing an injury puts you below your enemy. Revenging one makes you but equal with him. Forgiving one sets you above him.

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

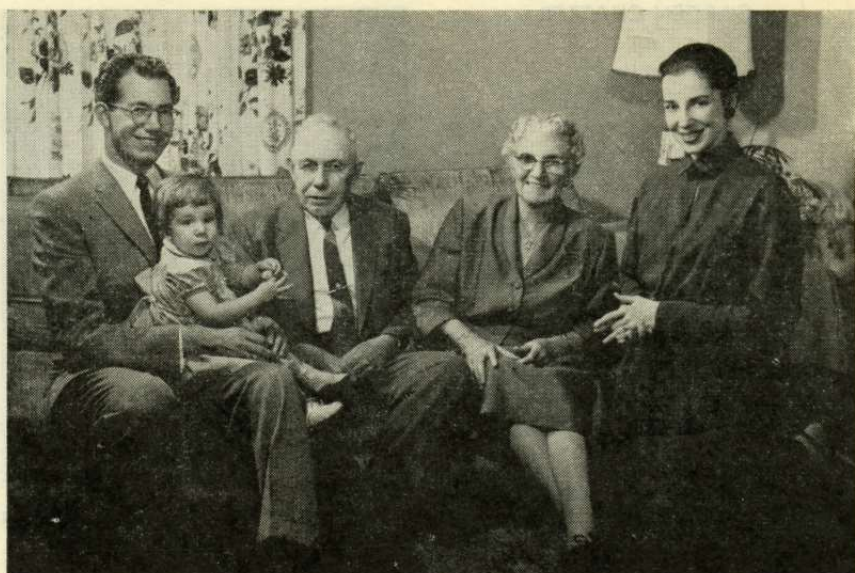
If all the winter days could be as beautiful as this December day I would never complain about winter again. I am one of these people who don't like winter. I don't remember that I had any strong feelings about it when we lived in town, but on the farm it seems to me that everything you do is twice as hard and takes twice as long. But I wouldn't trade places with anyone in town because the rest of the year more than compensates for the long hard winters of emptying ashes just when you think you have your house all cleaned up.

Saturday was such a beautiful day and the forecast for Sunday was more of the same, so I called the folks Saturday night and urged them to come up on Sunday since it might be the last warm Sunday we would have before they left for California. We had a lovely time. Mother has a new project going—she wants to make me a big braided rug, so while she was here we got out all my boxes of old drapes and other things I had been saving for just such a project and she went home well fortified for a good start on the rug.

In the afternoon Frank took Dad to see some of the damage the beavers have been doing along the side of our lake. Dad said he had always thought that beavers were smart, and had heard that they could cut a tree so that it would fall right where they wanted it, but after seeing the work they had done he didn't believe it any more. There is one place where they have worked hard to cut down four huge cottonwoods and everyone of them got hung up in other trees so after all their work they didn't get one thing for their labor. Trapping season is now open so we will see what can be done about it.

Frank is not like me—he enjoys winter. He loves to hunt and trap and he also likes to work in the timber. I can't take the cold and he can't take the heat. I honestly think that as long as he was moving around he could stay outside indefinitely and his feet would never get cold. As soon as the temperature gets below forty my feet get cold and they stay cold all winter. I told Mother the other day that Frank and Kristin always have several colds during the winter and it has been at least two years since I have had a cold. She asked me if I knew the explanation for this. I said I didn't know how to account for it unless it is because I'm cold all winter! Frank can work up a sweat when he is busy outside even with the thermometer standing at zero.

Kristin and I went to Shenandoah for Thanksgiving and spent all of Kristin's vacation there. We took cream and turnips along with us and I fixed escalloped turnips for dinner. One evening Mother let Kristin take Juliana and two other little friends to the show and come back for a slumber party. Just before they came home we popped a big pan of popcorn, fixed a plate of cookies and



The minute we saw this new family group picture we made up our minds to share it with you. Donald is holding Katharine, next are Mother and Dad, while Mary Beth is at the right. This was taken in Donald's and Mary Beth's living room in Anderson, Indiana.

some cokes for them to take upstairs with them. I warned them to be as quiet as possible and if they didn't keep Mother and Dad awake maybe they could do it again at Christmas time. Mother said the next morning that she didn't even hear them.

Frank was going to have his Thanksgiving dinner with his Uncle and Aunt up the road, but Ruth came home from Kansas City unexpectedly so Bernie came out and they had dinner here. Edna and Raymond had dinner with Raymond's family.

I have shown the folks' Hawaiian pictures at two P. T. A. meetings this month, going to Derby, Iowa the first of the month, and to Norwood last week.

I said in my last letter that we were expecting Juliana, Wayne and Abbie and the little girls the next day and they all arrived on schedule. Wayne and Abbie were supposed to arrive in time for dinner but things came up that kept them from getting the early start they had expected so they didn't arrive in time to eat with us. Ruth had brought us some quail the weekend before and I had roasted these, but we saved some for them and they ate them before they started on to Iowa City. It was the first time I had ever eaten quail. We have some here on the farm but Frank doesn't believe in killing them and doesn't allow others to hunt quail on our farm. He feels that they are a very beneficial bird to the farmer and doesn't want them destroyed.

Sunday was Emily's birthday, the first one she had ever spent away from home. Wayne and Abbie said they would be back in time for a birthday dinner before they started home, so I baked a big birthday cake. I asked Emily before I baked it what kind of cake was her favorite and she said, "Oh, just a plain white cake." So I made a white layer cake. When I went to cut the cake at the table I found out that what she meant was angel food but it was too late then!

It had rained on Saturday night so everyone who came and went from our house had to be met with the jeep. Gladys Kiburz called me from Lucas about noon and said she would love to come out if she had a way to get there. It had been so long since we had seen her that Frank was more than happy to go and meet her. She sat in the kitchen and visited with us while I went ahead and prepared dinner. We didn't expect Wayne and Abbie until 2:00, and we couldn't talk Gladys into staying for dinner because she had a lot of ground to cover before dark. So we talked fast and furiously while I fried the chicken. Frank took her back to her car just as Wayne and Abbie arrived. It was beginning to get foggy and misting rain, so they only stayed a couple of hours. I wish you could have seen them when they all got in the jeep ready to leave. Kristin wanted to ride out with them too, so that made seven people plus all the luggage piled in that little tiny jeep. I would have given anything for a picture of it but there was no film in the camera.

I did take a picture that Saturday that I hope is good enough to share with you. I took it with Juliana's camera and so I haven't seen the finished pictures. Mary Ann Haase was here that afternoon and Frank had all five little girls on Bonny at the same time. Juliana had one exposure left in her camera so I ran out and took a picture of them. I hope it was good.

This year has been a good one for us in many, many ways, and I hope it has been for you too. Frank, Kristin and I hope that the coming year will be a good year for you and your family, and we wish you all a Happy New Year!

Sincerely, Dorothy

Our days are like identical suitcases; all the same size, but some people can pack more into them than others.

HELP YOUR CHILD TO PRAY

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

A group of young mothers was discussing the way in which to teach their children to pray.

"Sometimes I think my youngsters just say words," said one mother.

"I know my little girl doesn't get anything out of the prayers I've taught her," spoke another.

"Johnny is always saying he's too tired to say a prayer when I put him to bed. I feel that a lot of his resistance is because he doesn't understand," said the third.

A grandmother had been sitting quietly listening to this conversation. Finally she spoke up. "I shared the room of my six year old grandson last night. After the lights were out I knelt by my bed, praying. He said, 'Grandma, what are you doing?' and I told him, 'I am talking to God.' He said, 'I talk to God too, Grandma, I like to talk to God.'"

The first mother exclaimed, "Maybe seeing you say your prayers did much to make him realize his own were important. I don't remember ever saying a prayer where my children could see me. Perhaps the reason I can't get my children to enjoy praying is because I've never learned to do it easily myself."

The third mother spoke again, "I guess we can't expect our children to do something we don't do. If I prayed more and Johnny knew it, it might be easier for him."

"Yes, I've heard that religion is caught, not taught, maybe this is what it means."

And the idea began to grow and develop that here was a realm of teaching which was most interesting, important and truly vital to the life of our children. In reality, we are teaching for all eternity when we succeed in helping souls to develop. Just where do we start? How can we progress in this important task?

First, we need to look at the home in which a child is reared. We cannot tell a child that God is everything in his life and then fail to show God in the only life the youngster knows . . . his home. We can tell him God is love but if we do not have love in our own lives, if we become overly impatient, if we talk disparagingly of neighbors and school we show that love is not important. We can tell him the Bible is a book vital to good living but if we leave it unused upon a shelf the children know it has no real value. We can tell him wonderful stories such as the one of the Good Samaritan and then show prejudice in a hundred little ways. We can say it is important to keep one day a week set aside for God and then use that day to put on window screens or mow the yard and we show that it is more important to catch up on chores than to go to God's house. We cannot teach what we do not know ourselves. We must experience God in our own lives before we can begin to show Him to our children.

What is that old saying . . . "What you are speaks so loudly I can't hear



Clark is the happiest boy in Shenandoah when he can put on his green snow-suit (he looks like a pixy in it!) and get out with his very own snow shovel to work hard.

what you say."

So, everyday we are showing our children what God means to us; in the way we act in our homes, in the way we treat our friends; by our appreciation of nature and by the things we put first in our lives.

It all begins when a child is a tiny baby. One mother I know said, "From the moment I brought the baby home from the hospital I tucked him into bed saying, 'God bless you baby, and may you always stay close to Him.' The whispered words seemed to have a quieting effect and I felt that I was rededicating my baby to God each time."

When this same little boy was a bit older he was going for a walk with his mother. They came to a garden full of bright colored blooms. The small boy looked at them for a long time. At last he said, "Thank you, God, for this whole mess of pretty flowers." In his own words he was giving a real prayer to the creator of the beautiful.

If we, as mothers and fathers, can learn to say some of the wonderful phrases of the Bible when we ourselves see beauty it will bring it alive to our children and help them to share with us spontaneous thankfulness. "How wonderful are Thy works, oh God." . . . "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands." . . . or a happy song such as "When I'm very happy, this is what I sing, thank you God, I thank you, just for everything." The rhyme isn't important, you and your children can make up the words, it's expressing love and happiness in a thankful way.

We show God to our children when we recognize Him in daily living. We need to take time to become as a little child when we see a sunset, hear the song of a bird, discover a rainbow, express in a kind deed love for someone in need, and taking God into our everyday conversation.

What easier way do we have to recognize God's presence than a daily habit of thanking Him for our food?

It is a time when the family is all together. Sometimes we take turns, sometimes we thank God silently, sometimes it is in our own words and again it may be a memorized prayer. Prayers at bedtime are another simple habit we can help our children develop. What better chance to get to know what youngsters are really thinking than the quiet time before they are tucked in? How natural to slip into thanking God for these happy times.

Evening has long been talk time in our little white house. It is certainly not the ONLY talk time of the day when an imaginative six year old, a loquacious two and one-half and a boisterous nine months are members. But the time when I really can sit down and listen and answer questions more completely comes in the evening when the lights are lower and active little bodies slow down just a wee bit before going to sleep.

Well do I remember such a conversation some four years ago when our Dulcie Jean was four and one-half years old. We had talked about many things that particular evening, the bulbs we planted and when would they bloom, helping daddy with the chores and pulling two year old brother in the wagon. Finally Dulcie began asking questions about God. We talked a bit about the greatness of God, of the many things we do not understand but the wonders we can feel and recognize as His handiwork. The wind seemed a good illustration, for we can see what it does, we can feel it and yet we cannot see the wind itself. Dulcie had a wonderful time listing all the things she enjoyed which God had given to her. She started with the baby kittens and went through a long list which ended with the swing in the yard.

Then Dulcie came back to the question which had been bothering her. "But how can God be everywhere?"

"Well," I said slowly, trying to think through such a profound question. "There are many things we do not know or understand about God, but we do know that God is love. You have love in your heart for Mama and Daddy and Bobby right here in this house and you know it is here. You also love Grandma and Grandpa, way over in Sidney and you love Grandma Corrie in Shenandoah miles away. So your love can be here and in Sidney and Shenandoah too."

A quiet stillness settled in the little room as this idea was milled over in the minds of the two who were there. Then Dulcie said, "You mean God is here and with Grandma too, just like I love you and I love Grandma?"

"Yes," I answered, "God is everywhere."

"You can go out and shut the door now. I can go to sleep. God will be right here beside me."

As I went out and quietly shut the door I breathed a prayer of my own. "Dear God, help me to have the childlike faith which knows unshakably that Thou art with me always."

This is a simple illustration and far from perfect, but we both were far

(Continued on page 15)

WHAT WILL YOU WEAVE? MEDITATIONS FOR A NEW YEAR

By
Mabel Nair Brown

SETTING. If it is at all possible, display a piece of tapestry or a hand-woven article on the wall directly behind the members who will participate in this program. Or perhaps someone in the group has a small loom or frame of some kind that could be placed on the table at which the speakers will be seated. Beside it could be a work basket filled with many colored yarns or ribbons, and as the various meditations are given, the speaker might pick up one of the bright yarns or ribbons and weave it through the loom.

Leader. "We are weaving the threads of our life's tapestry day by day, and its colors are sometimes somber, sometimes gay. For we dye it with every passing thought, and with words and deeds is the pattern wrought."

"The pattern will grow in likeness of our creed. If the thoughts be loving and tender, fair the deed, it glows with a beauty rich and rare, and its fadeless colors are passing fair."

"But alas! if interwoven oft with sin, and the somber threads of evil woven in, the pattern is marred as the shuttles fly, and the colors fade as the days go by."

"We are weaving the webs of eternity day by day. If we make the pattern beautiful, as we may, the Master Weaver will, one by one, test the glowing colors and say, 'Well done.'"

"Our weaving days will vanish by and by, and the busy shuttles will motionless lie. God grant that each weaver may do his best, and his finished fabric may stand the test." (Sunshine magazine.)

"Before us lies our life's tapestry stretched upon the frame of Time. That portion of it marked 1957 is the next portion we are to work upon. What pattern or design will you weave there? That is our thought today—what will you weave into life's tapestry in 1957?"

Scripture: Proverbs 15 is excellent for this program. If everyone can participate it is better, so plan to use this as a responsive reading in which the group reads alternate verses. Or, if you prefer, let the Leader give the opening verse and then move around from individual to individual.

Leader: "Life itself cannot give you joy unless you will it. Life gives you time and space, but you must fill it. This is a strenuous life that we live today. Brotherly love makes a good topic for essays and conversation, but we're all too busy to practice what we preach! Far, far too many of us are so busy *grabbing* that we forget to *give*."

"Do we want to put before our youngsters the idea that life is merely a grabbing and a getting? What kind of pattern for life are we weaving? Let us think for a few moments on this pattern as we listen to . . . (name of member)."

First Meditation. "The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom;



Birthdays are New Years too. Here Clark blows out his three pink candles.

and before honour is humility.' Thus saith the Proverb. Yes, our Lord is our pattern and our example.

"How many of you have a beautiful heirloom quilt made by a mother or grandmother? Well, before grandmother began that quilt she looked for the most beautiful pattern she could find. Then with painstaking care she followed the instructions for cutting the blocks and sewing them together."

"With tiny stitches she carefully pieced the blocks together. Then came the time to quilt it. Once again she diligently and carefully plied her needle to make the tiniest stitches possible, and prided herself on concealing every knot so that often as we look at these lovely quilts we proudly say, 'Just look at the backside of this quilt! It's as lovely as the right side!'"

"How would you like to turn the tapestry of your life wrong side out? Would it stand inspection? How many knots would be showing? Every unkind act, every selfish thought, every evil deed, every deceiving smile and false word puts an ugly knot in our life's tapestry for God to see and mars the beauty in the example we set before the world, however much we think we can hide it from others."

"So we must choose that perfect pattern and then follow instructions, seeking them in humility to build a better *you*—to build a better world, yes, but praying all the while 'Lord, make this a better world and *begin with me!*'"

Music: 'More Like the Master' or 'Have Thine Own Way, Lord'.

Second Meditation. "Strickland Gillilan once wrote: 'Just stand aside and WATCH YOURSELF GO BY.' Have you ever walked along the street and seen yourself reflected in a store window? Probably you found yourself squaring your shoulders, lifting your head, or perhaps tilting your hat at a more becoming angle!"

"If you had paused at the corner and looked back you probably would have noticed other passersby reacting in the same way to that particular store window where the light fell just right."

"How different we would all be if we really were as we try to make ourselves believe other folk see us, as we would have ourselves look our best in the glass! So in this year of 1957 let us take a closer look at ourselves and I'm sure we'll find the faults of others dwindling by comparison and

our own souls growing in understanding and tolerance."

Music: 'My Task' or 'Help Somebody Today'.

Third Meditation. "We see that it is pointed out to us in the Proverbs, and in the music, that it is in our daily living with others that we fill in the bright spots in our tapestry. How much time do we take every day to speak the kind word, to give 'the soft answer'? How many ugly knots we weave into our life through unkind words, thoughtless acts!"

"It is said that an unkind word is like a killing frost—no matter how much it warms up later, the damage is done. How sad the words 'too little, too late' for how often they sound the knell to all our good intentions."

"And 'too busy' . . . how often do we use these two words to excuse ourselves for not doing the good things, the kindly things, the little errands of mercy and cheer that would make our small corner of the earth a brighter, happier spot? *Too busy to have the merry heart and cheerful countenance* for those about us? The merry heart filled with love, goodwill, hope and tolerance for all mankind—what a priceless possession! Each day of this new year may we be picking up bright strands for our tapestry through service to others."

Leader: "So we see that only as we give of ourselves, not grab for ourselves, will we find the brightest spots, the most beautiful designs in our tapestry. Only as we begin to live in the pattern that Jesus set for us to live will our tapestry grow strong and firm, the hues warm, vibrant and beautiful."

Music: 'The Prayer Perfect' or 'An Evening Prayer'. (The latter begins with the words, 'If I have wounded any soul today,' etc.)

Leader: "We are weaving the threads of eternity day by day. If we make the pattern beautiful, as we may, the Master Weaver will, one by one, test the glowing colors and say, 'Well done'. God Grant that each weaver do his best, and his finished fabric stand the test. Amen."

NOTE: In this issue are a number of New Year's thoughts and poems that could be used to good advantage at various points through the program. With the basic framework given here we felt that each group could work out additional music and material.

PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR

Anything, God, but hate . . .
I have known it in my day
And the best it does is to sear your soul
And eat your heart away.
We must know more than hate
As the years go reeling on,
For the stars survive
And the spring survives . . .
Only man denies the dawn.
God, if only one prayer be mine
Before the cloud-wrapped end . . .
I am sick of hate and the waste it makes—
Let me be my brother's friend.

—F. H. Lea

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Greetings, Good Friends:

Here we are, starting a brand new year; and once again I sit at this desk and wish you the best of everything good in the months that lie ahead.

I don't think that there is anyone alive who doesn't feel just a tinge of awe when he contemplates the closing of one year, forever and ever, and the opening of a new year. Certainly we all hope to do better! And since human beings are so frail, it is to our eternal credit that we lament our failures and try, earnestly try, to greet a new span of Time with the determination to improve.

As I write this, Juliana and her friend, Suzie Henshaw, are out in the kitchen cleaning up the supper dishes and singing at the top of their lungs. It sounds very cheerful! We had what I would call a "good" meal tonight—Swiss steak, mashed potatoes and gravy, fresh broccoli, Waldorf salad, hot whole-wheat rolls with peach jam, and for dessert a pumpkin pie with whipped cream. This is a Monday night, and the meal I have just described was supposed to be Sunday dinner, but we were twenty-four hours late with it because so many unexpected things turned up yesterday that kept me out of the kitchen.

The first week in January Russell and I will have been married twenty years, and I don't know just what we'll do to celebrate the occasion. Nothing, probably! We have the lingering feeling that we might just as well conserve our energies and wait until the 25th anniversary—and then take proper notice of it.

When I think of the changes in these past two decades my mind simply reels! Minneapolis, for instance, where we began our married life is scarcely recognizable now for the city that we once knew so well. I remember most vividly taking the old streetcar out to Russell's parents' home, and for many blocks on 42nd Street there was only open country on the right hand side as we looked out the window. A few adventurous souls had built houses for a couple of blocks here and there, but mostly it was just open country and a lake.

The last time we were in Minneapolis we were astounded to see that the city had been built up for miles beyond this point that we had always thought of as the final outpost. Certainly it made even more of an impression on Russell because when his parents built their new home they were considered hardy pioneers in the wilderness beyond the city! The school that the Verness children attended was brand new, and eventually they saw their entire section built up into a compact suburban neighborhood. Families moved in there and reared their children in a lovely, peaceful sort-of-small-town atmosphere where everyone knew everyone else and kept track of the comings and goings.

My, how that street has changed! Many of the original families still remain, but it is a neighborhood now of elderly people and one of the problems



Mother and Dorothy start out on a "shopping spree"—nothing fancy—just groceries.

Richard had when he moved back into the family home with his own children was the fact that they had no playmates—they were the only small youngsters in what had once been a neighborhood teeming with children. The "new" school was outgrown years ago; all kinds of additions have been made. And the address of the Verness family home that once seemed so far, far out is now considered very close to down town. This great change Russell and I have seen for ourselves in the years that we have been married.

(Incidentally, even the old streetcar marked "28th, N. S. Emerson" is gone! We understand that there isn't a streetcar left in Minneapolis.)

Do you have a vivid memory of the first time you went out to buy groceries after you were married? I certainly do because it was an unusual expedition, no matter how you look at it.

Russell and I didn't have a car at that time so we took a streetcar down to a store on Hennepin Avenue where our friends told us there were always good bargains. To our dismay we found the store closed and a sign tacked in the front window to the effect that it would open the following week under new management. While we stood there thinking over our next plan of action and regretting the two streetcar tokens we'd spent in vain, the front door opened and a man came out.

"We'd hoped to buy our groceries here," Russell said, "and we're disappointed to see that you're closed."

"Well, come on in and look around," the man said. "I have some bargains here that might interest you."

So we went in and he directed us to three big cartons filled with cans of all sizes and kinds, but the unusual thing about those cans was that not a single one had a label, not a scrap of any kind to indicate what the contents might be.

"I can't sell those without a label,"

he said, "but I know they're good, whatever they are, because the stock that was in this store when I bought it was all good brand names—those labels have just come off. If you want the whole works for a dollar you can have it."

A dollar! We said instantly that we'd take the "whole works" and then explained that these were the first groceries we'd ever purchased and, lacking a car, would have to call a cab to get them home.

"Where do you live?" he asked. We told him. "Why, that's not far," he said. "Look, my car is out in back and I'll just load them in and take you home. I like to see young people get off to a good start, and believe me, you've got a lot of food there!"

So we piled into his car along with all of the cans and went home. My! what an adventure to have such a collection of unlabeled cans! We never knew what we were going to discover when we reached for the can opener—it might be creamed corn or it might be olives, but everything was good, just as he said, and it added a lot of spice to cooking never to know what you were going to have!

Do you wonder that I recall so vividly the first time we went out to buy groceries?

Oh yes, that same day after we had stowed away all of the cans we went out to a store within walking distance and bought a roasting chicken and a roaster. It was blue enamel, I paid 50¢ for it, and this very minute it is standing on a shelf out in the kitchen. Frankly, it's now in wretched shape and Russell is always urging me to throw it out, but I have so many warm associations with that little old roaster that I can't bring myself to part with it. Do you have something comparable in your kitchen?

What changes there have been in cooking during these past twenty years! No one had even heard of frozen food back in the mid-thirties, and although I had an electric refrigerator right from the beginning, it never occurred to me to freeze left-overs of any kind in the ice-cube unit. As far as I know, it didn't occur to anyone else either. We shopped several times a week and cooked pretty much from meal to meal. I remember that I bought butter in stone crocks! And I remember too that we allowed \$7.00 per week for food and ate very well. This was in Minneapolis. A couple of years later in California we budgeted \$5.00 per week on food, and because of the unbelievably low prices for fresh vegetables and fruit, ate equally well. I'm not depending upon my memory for these figures because not long ago I came across some loose-leaf notebooks in which I had written grocery lists and menus, but even with the evidence right in front of me I could scarcely believe it.

If any of you have been assigned a book review on some aspect of the Civil War I would like to suggest "So Fell the Angels" by Thomas and Marva Belden. This is an absorbing

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ENTERTAINMENT FOR JANUARY PARTIES

WHO WAS WHO IN 1956? This is a good ice-breaker for your New Year's party. Collect pictures of people who made news in 1956 and paste them on a sheet of paper. Number each picture. As your guests arrive, pin one of the sheets to the back of each person and caution them not to tell anyone whose picture he is wearing. Supply each person with a pencil and paper. Set an alarm clock for 5 or 10 minutes and announce that they have until the alarm rings to make a complete list of the pictures.

FIND THE MONTH. For this game you hide paper objects to represent the various months. Cut out pictures (or make them) of bunnies, hearts, shamrocks, flags, turkeys, Christmas trees, Santas, brides, wedding rings, school slates, pumpkins, witches, icebergs, tulips, etc. You'll need a sizable collection of these pictures or drawings because the idea is for each person to find one thing suitable for each month. If he were to find things appropriate for Christmas, for instance, he may take only one. The first person to find twelve things for each of the twelve months is winner.

A MONTH QUIZ. The idea of this very simple game is speed. All of the contestants will know the answers; therefore you must determine the winner on the basis of speed. These suggestions will give you an idea—you may add others.

1. How many months end with "er"?
2. How many months end with the letter "y"?
3. How many months have more than five letters?
4. How many days are there in July?
5. How many days are there in February?
6. Name the months that begin with the letter "J".
7. In what month does Spring begin?

HUNT FOR TIME. The letters T-I-M-E, a hundred or so of each, are hidden around the room or house, and the contestants find as many as possible in an allotted time—ten minutes probably—not stopping to see what letters they have found. At the end of ten minutes all sort their letters out into as many "Times" as possible. The one having the most "Times" is declared winner.

RACE AGAINST TIME. To play this game, seat the contestants either by couples or in two long lines facing each other. A bowl of white beans and yellow corn, thoroughly mixed, is placed between each two persons. One chooses corn, the other beans, and at a given signal each begins sorting what he has chosen, taking one at a time. Three minutes are given for this, and then each counts what he has sorted. If one finds a bean (or corn, depending upon what he has chosen) in his winnings, he loses one point.

AGE CONTEST. Time brings Age, so give your guests a chance to relax after such games as "Hunt for Time" and "Race Against Time" by



Mae had just finished putting up brand new drapes when this was taken in their living room. Howard was reading the evening paper. All of this furniture, aside from the bookcase, is Howard's handiwork.

letting them work on this contest.

1. A poor immigrant's age? (Steerage)
2. A brave man's age? (Courage)
3. A nobleman's age? (Peerage)
4. An old man's age? (Dotage)
5. The age of slavery? (Bondage)
6. The age that bought a birth-right? (Pottage)
7. The age required by a letter? (Postage)
8. The age for which women struggle? (Manage)
9. The age for board of health? (Garbage)
10. The age of the mint? (Coinage)
11. A lonely man's age? (Hermitage)
12. A real estate dealer's age? (Mortgage)
13. A gardener's age? (Cabbage)
14. A butcher's age? (Sausage)
15. A scavenger's age? (Forage)
16. A flower's accompaniment? (Foliage)
17. A storm's age? (Ravage)
18. An army camp's age? (Message)
19. A cannibal's age? (Savage)
20. An age that probably applies to all of us? (Average)

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS. This is a variation of the old game sometimes called "Going To London." Start around the circle and have each person state a resolution. The first person might begin: "I resolve in 1957 to feed the cat." The second person would say, "I resolve in 1957 to feed the cat and to sweep the front porch every day." The third person would repeat these two things and add his own. The object is to see who can remember the most resolutions. People will drop out along the way, so the last person who remembers the most is the winner.

HIDE THE ALARM. If you can borrow a collection of alarm clocks, this is a lot of fun. Hide them as completely as possible and have them set to go off at various times. As each one rings, all guests will scramble to be the first to locate it. The one who scores the most "finds" is winner.

SPLIT PROVERBS. Write half of a proverb on one slip of paper and the other half on another. Allow each guest to draw two or three slips from the basket. Then set the alarm clock for 10 minutes and see who can get the most complete proverbs by trading. Here are a few suggested proverbs:

"Make hay while the sun shines."
 "A stitch in time saves nine."
 "All that glitters is not gold."
 "Better late than never."
 "A watched pot never boils."
 "Birds of a feather flock together."
 "Every cloud has a silver lining."
 "A barking dog never bites."
 "The mills of the Gods grind slowly but they grind exceedingly fine."

MAKE THE CLOCK'S FACE. Give each guest a paper bearing the face of a clock drawn on with black crayon. Then begins the hunt for the hours of the day. These slips of cardboard or paper, each bearing an hour on them, are hidden here, there, and everywhere, enough of them that each player can complete the face on his clock. Those who find two cards alike can trade with others who have found duplicate numbers. When each player has found twelve numbers he must stop hunting, no matter what numbers are on his cards. When time is called, all stop hunting or trading and see who has all twelve of the numbers required for a perfect clock face.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Take twelve fine, full-grown months, see that these are thoroughly free from all old memories of bitterness, rancor, hate and jealousy; cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick of all specks of pettiness and littleness; in short, see that these months are freed from all the past—have them as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of Time.

Cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time (so many persons spoil the entire lot in this way), but prepare one day at a time, as follows:

Into each day put twelve parts of faith, eleven of patience, ten of courage, nine of work (some people omit this ingredient and so spoil the flavor of the rest), eight of hope, seven of fidelity, six of liberality, five of kindness, four of rest (leaving this out it like leaving the oil out of the salad—don't do it), three of prayer, two of meditation, and one well-selected resolution. For a better flavor put in about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play, and a heaping cupful of good humor.

Pour love into the whole and mix with a vim. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat; garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy; then serve with quietness, unselfishness and cheerfulness, and a Happy New Year is a certainty.

COVER PICTURE

Five cousins pile up on a sled for a wonderful afternoon outdoors. Martin furnished the steam for a good start down the hill, and Alison, Emily, Kristin and Juliana were appreciative. Our only regret about this picture is the fact that Clark couldn't be included, but the picture was snapped at 3:00 o'clock when he was sound asleep for his afternoon nap.

FREDERICK GIVES US MUCH FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Dear Friends,

We did something the other day that we have been wanting to do for quite some time. We took our children on their first train ride. It is quite descriptive of the age in which we live to mention the fact that our children have flown hundreds of miles in airplanes, but until last week they had never been on a train.

Our six year old David sat down in the train seat and after a few moments of frantic searching said: "Daddy! We better sit somewhere else! This seat doesn't have any safety belt." (In an airplane he would have had to fasten a safety belt, and he thought that a train seat ought to have one.) He referred to the doors between the coaches as the "escape hatches."

If I gave you fifty guesses, I don't think that you would be able to guess what happened to the train we were on. It ran over two cows, and one of the cows was so jammed under the car ahead of ours that it took some time to get the train under way again. You can well imagine that this made quite an impression on the children! After the train ride was over they both decided that airplanes were less bumpy, more comfortable, and much, much safer, because as David said: "there are no cows to run over up in the sky."

One thing that I would like to do for the young people of high school age here in our church is to take them all for an airplane ride. We could get tickets for New York at a very reasonable price, and I think that in this air age it is part of one's education to have had an airplane ride.

Last night here at the church we had a meeting of all the parents of our teenagers, and I was asked to speak to them about some of the problems their children face in boy-girl relationships. I began by congratulating the parents for having such fine children. I am not nearly so surprised about all of the delinquencies of our young people of today, as I am surprised that they are so good. When we consider the kind of a world that we adults have made for our children, we should not be surprised that some of them get into trouble. What ought to surprise us is that many more of them are not in trouble.

Young people today must face many more temptations than most of us had to face when we were in our teens. Once in a great while we might have seen some cheap and degrading motion picture, but our young people today see far more of that kind of thing on television. And just listen to some of the so-called love songs that one hears on the radio today! Is it any wonder that some of our youth pick up a wrong suggestion now and then? Indeed it is not. Considering the sex-stimulating world that our young people must live in today, I think that they are a wonderfully strong and self-reliant group of persons.



This was the Driftmier family Christmas card in 1956. Frederick and Betty are in back. Mickey, their beloved Beagle, isn't hard to spot—so important to the children he had to be included. Mary Leanna is in front of her mother. The young girl in the center is Sigridur Sigurdardottir of Iceland—she spent three months with the family. David Lloyd is at the right.

You know, there is a point of worry and concern beyond which parents can not go. It doesn't do any good to worry about what our children are doing when they are out of our sight for an evening. When they are away from us they can do what they please. All that we can do is to worry about whether or not we have prepared our children for what they must face in the way of temptation. We need to worry more about ourselves than about our children. Are we giving them the right attitudes? Are we teaching them how to resist temptation? Are we helping them to know what they should do in a difficult situation when it is a case of their standing out against a crowd? If more parents worried about the kind of parents they are being to their children, the less worry they would need to give to the activities of their children.

I think that most parents today know how important it is to provide their children with the right kind of a book that gives them the facts of life in a manner suitable for their age group. But such information is never enough. You know that American young people know more about sex today than their parents did at the same age, and the American people generally are better informed about the biological functioning of the human body than Americans were fifty years ago, but there is just as much indecency in our society as there ever was in the past. Certainly sex knowledge by itself is no panacea for human ills.

Recently I came across a very interesting quotation to verify this conclusion. Dr. Richard C. Cabot in his book: *CHRISTIANITY AND SEX* said this: "Medical students, by reason of their studies, have to know the facts of anatomy, physiology, and disease on which many of the teachings of what is called sex hygiene appear

to depend . . . ; but I have never found that their knowledge of these facts made them any more chaste than other people, or any less so — rather, it left them just about the average men. Now, if the full knowledge of facts could hold people straight and make them behave themselves, medical students ought to be an ideal body of men. But they are not."

The popular English author, C. S. Lewis in his book: *CHRISTIAN BEHAVIOR* said: "They'll tell you sex has become a mess because it was hushed up. But for the last twenty years it has not been hushed up . . . Yet it is still in a mess. If hushing up had been the cause of the trouble, ventilation would have set it right. But it hasn't."

All information must be accompanied by the right attitudes, and it is right there that so many parents fall down. Too often we don't help the young people to know what kind of an attitude they should take toward some particular situation, but if we were to do the more important thing and see to it that they had a good basic attitude toward all things sexual, this other would come much more easily. Young people who get into trouble very often do not need to have a new set of rules. They already know the rules. What they need most of all is a new point of view. They don't need a new code; they need a new vision of the sacredness of life.

Not so very long ago a mother came to me all disturbed and quite emotionally upset about some extremely unfortunate situation her grown daughter had gotten herself into. Worry about the problem was driving the mother to a complete nervous breakdown. It was an unusually difficult situation where nothing could be done to help the daughter; she had gotten herself into the trouble and only she could get herself out. There was absolutely nothing the mother could do, and I told her that if ever she needed to trust in her faith in God, that was the time. It is the Christian faith that God will never let his children face any hour of life alone. No matter what our problem, no matter what our difficulty, if we have the kind of faith in God that Jesus Christ had, God will give us the words and the wisdom to meet our need.

There is nothing in our religion that provides us with a rule or law that is applicable to the many difficulties with which we may be faced and those who search through their Bible for some precept equal to every occasion are bound to be disappointed. The genius of our faith is that we are not guided by law, but are guided by spirit. We depend for our strength and for our guidance on that which St. Paul called: "The spirit of life in Christ." In any family crisis there is no law that reveals God's wisdom to us, but there is a spirit—the Christ-like spirit of patience, courage, and hope.

To any parent who has been sorely grieved by the misconduct of a child I say that the testimony of the ages is that God's will is known not

(Continued on page 14)

"Recipes Tested

in the

Kitchen - Klatter

Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

SUPPER POTATOES

- 3 cups mashed potatoes
- 3 Tbls. melted butter
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 2/3 cup hot milk
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1/2 cup flour
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Bacon

Add hot milk and butter to mashed potatoes. Beat until smooth. Add eggs and beat. Sift together the flour, baking powder and seasonings. Add to potato mixture. Pile in neat mounds on greased baking dish. Over top of each mound place 2 small strips of bacon. Bake for 15 minutes in a 450 degree oven until bacon is cooked. Remove and fold to resemble Parker House rolls. Serve while hot. Makes 8 "rolls".

SWEET-SOUR SAUCE FOR GREEN BEANS

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup vegetable stock
- Melt butter, add flour; then add liquid gradually. Stir until sauce is boiling and then add:

- 2 Tbls. vinegar or lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- Salt as needed
- 1/4 tsp. paprika

This really peps up green beans and I'm certain that your family will enjoy them prepared this way.

SALMON CHOWDER

(A nice change from clam chowder)

- 3 cups milk
- 1 cup flaked salmon
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. paprika
- 1 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 1 Tbls. chopped stuffed olives
- 2 Tbls. chopped celery
- 2 ounces fine noodles

Scald milk. Add all other ingredients in order given. Simmer 10 to 15 minutes, until noodles are tender. Makes 4 servings.

BROILER FROSTING

- 6 Tbls. butter, melted
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup cream
- 1 cup shredded coconut
- 1/2 cup nutmeats
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Combine in order given, spread over warm 9-inch cake and brown under broiler. Watch it closely for it takes only a minute or two.

DIFFERENT APPLE PIE

- 9-inch unbaked pie crust.
 - Mix:
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 1 Tbls. flour
 - 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- Peel apples, cut in slices and put in pie crust. Sprinkle the sugar mixture over the apples and sprinkle with 1 Tbls. cinnamon candies (red hots).

- Mix:
- 4 Tbls. quick oatmeal
- 4 Tbls. brown sugar (heaping)
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 5 Tbls. melted butter

Sprinkle this mixture over the apples and bake, covered, in a 400 degree oven for 15 minutes; then lower temperature to 350 degrees and bake until apples are done. Remove cover, to brown topping.

CORN BREAD DELUXE

This is not a new recipe. We have printed it in the magazine before but since it is the finest corn bread recipe we have ever run across, we decided that it was well worth repeating for those of you who do not have it.

2 cups yellow corn meal (white may be used, but yellow is better).

- 2 tsp. salt
- 4 Tbls. sugar
- 4 egg yolks
- 2 cups boiling water
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 4 Tbls. shortening
- 4 egg whites.

Combine corn meal, flour, salt, sugar and baking powder. Add shortening and boiling water. Stir until shortening is all dissolved. Add beaten egg yolks at once and beat well. Fold in egg whites which have been beaten until stiff. Pour into greased baking dish (a large one) and bake in a 400 degree oven for 25 minutes or until done. Speed is important in this recipe. Don't stop for a lengthy telephone conversation while making it!

COCOANUT BLANC MANGE

- 4 cups milk
- 1/2 cup cornstarch
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 3 egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup cocoanut
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Scald the milk, add the cornstarch mixed with the sugar and cook for 10 minutes; then add cocoanut, vanilla, the stiffly beaten egg whites and the salt. Pour into a wet mold and set aside to chill. When cold, turn out, decorate with cocoanut and serve with lemon sauce made from 1 cup sugar, 2 tsp. cornstarch, 2 cups hot water, 1 Tbls. butter, 1 egg yolk and juice of 1 lemon. Mix the cornstarch with sugar, add the water gradually and cook 8 minutes, stirring constantly. To this add the grated rind and strained juice from the lemon, butter and yolk of the egg. Cool before serving. If your family doesn't care for grated lemon rind, add 1/2 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring in place of the rind.

APRICOT SALAD

- 2 pkg. orange gelatin
 - 2 cups boiling water
 - 1 cup pineapple and apricot juice
 - 1 large can apricots, mashed
 - 1 large can pineapple, diced
 - 10 marshmallows, cut fine.
- When firm top with the following:
- 1 cup pineapple and apricot juice
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 2 heaping tablespoons flour
 - 1 beaten egg
 - 2 Tbls. butter
- Cook until thick and when cool add:

1 cup cream, whipped. Spread over the firm gelatin and top with grated cheese. (There will be 2 cups juice when you drain the fruit. Combine and use 1 cup in each mixture.)

HEAVENLY FOOD

- 2 eggs
- 2/3 cup white sugar
- Scant 1/2 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup dates
- 1 cup nuts, chopped
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- Pinch of salt

Beat egg yolks well, add sugar, beat well and add vanilla and salt. Sift flour and baking powder and add to mixture. Add fruits and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in 8-inch pan in slow oven, 275 degrees, for 1 hour. Cut in squares and ice with butter icing if desired.

CABBAGE AU GRATIN

- 1 quart boiled cabbage
- 2 cups medium white sauce
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

This may be made from leftover boiled cabbage. Butter a baking dish and put in a layer of cabbage, a layer of white sauce, a layer of grated cheese and a sprinkling of salt and pepper. Repeat until there are three layers of each. Put the buttered bread crumbs on top and bake in a moderate oven for about 25 or 30 minutes.

NEW TOPPING FOR GINGERBREAD

- 2 medium fully ripe bananas, mashed
 - 3/4 cup sugar
 - 1 egg white
 - Dash of salt
- Combine all ingredients and beat until thick and fluffy and serve on top of squares of gingerbread. This is also very nice on spice cake or anglefood cake.

CHIPPED BEEF ON CORNBREAD

(Very nourishing these cold days.) I make cheese sauce and add to it about 1/4 pound of chipped beef and serve it on squares of hot cornbread. This is one of my favorite quick noon meals.

CARROT RING WITH PEAS

- 1 cup grated carrot (cooked)
- 1 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 5 Tbls. flour
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 2 eggs

Melt butter; stir in flour until it boils. Add milk and cook until smooth and thick, stirring constantly. Combine with salt and carrots. Stir in 2 egg yolks and cook for 1 minute. Cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into well-oiled mold; bake in slow oven (300 degrees) for 40 minutes. Turn on to a hot platter and fill center with buttered peas.

LUCILE'S NEW TOMATO DRESSING

- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. dry mustard
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 1/2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tsp. onion juice
- 1 can condensed tomato soup
- 1 1/2 cups salad oil
- 1 cup salad vinegar

Mix dry ingredients. Add the Worcestershire sauce and onion juice and mix together. Stir in the tomato soup and beat in the oil a little at a time. Add vinegar. Makes 1 quart.

TWO PART SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- 1 1/2 cups cottage cheese

Dissolve lemon gelatin in water, cool slightly and beat until light. Add cream, beat and add cottage cheese. Pour into mold. Let set until firm.

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 1 cup pineapple diced
- 1/3 cup stuffed olives, sliced
- 1/3 cup nutmeats

Dissolve lime gelatin in water and pineapple juice. Cool. Add pineapple, olives, and nutmeats. Pour on top of first layer. Let set until firm. We like to use a ring mold for this and serve it on a lettuce-lined platter.

LIMA-HAMBURGER CASSEROLE

Peel 4 or 5 potatoes, cube and put in bottom of baking dish. Fry 1 pound hamburger, scrambled up, and 1 medium onion and put over the cubed potatoes. Add 1 can lima beans on top of meat. Then add enough water to cover. Bake about an hour. A little tomato may be added if desired.

MEAT LOAF RING

Instead of making the usual meat loaf, try baking it in a ring mold. When ready to serve place it on a large platter, fill the center with a green vegetable. Surround the ring with browned potatoes.

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**HAM OR CHICKEN SOUFFLE**

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. mustard
- 1/8 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk
- 3/4 cup minced cooked ham or chicken

4 eggs, separated
1/2 tsp. baking powder
Blend the butter or margarine, flour and seasonings in a saucepan. Gradually stir in the milk, cook and stir until boiling. Cool for 5 minutes. Add the ham or chicken. Separate the eggs. Beat the whites stiff, beat in the baking powder. Beat the yolks until creamy. Stir the sauce into the yolks. Fold into the whites, but don't beat, merely blend. Turn into an ungreased 2 quart dish and bake 1 hour in a 325 to 350 degree oven.

**HAM BAKED WITH TOMATOES
AND CHEESE**

Place a thick slice of smoked ham in a baking dish. Pour over it 2 cups canned tomatoes and cover them with 1/4 pound of sliced American cheese. Cover the dish and bake in a moderate oven until it is tender. This takes about 3/4 of an hour. Uncover it for the last 10 minutes of cooking.

VEGETABLE PATTIES

- 1 cup finely chopped carrots
- 1 cup finely chopped potatoes
- 4 cups moistened bread crumbs
- 1 large onion
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/2 tsp. sage
- 2 Tbls. bacon drippings
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 egg

Mix together, form into patties, then put in well greased frying pan. Fry slowly, covered, for 40 minutes.

ESCALLOPED SPINACH

- 2 cups cooked spinach
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1/2 cup buttered crumbs
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup milk

Cut spinach in small pieces, add all ingredients except the bread crumbs and put in a greased baking dish. Cover this with the crumbs and bake in a moderate oven until brown.

LEFT-OVER PIE CRUST?

Spread left-over pie crust with peanut butter and roll it up like a jelly roll. Cut in slices a quarter of an inch thick and bake it in a 400 degree oven.

MARGERY DESCRIBES HER CHURCH BAZAAR

Dear Friends:

Last month I wrote my letter to you from Wayne and Abigail's dining room table for Martin and I were staying with Clark while the rest of the family was out of town. I feel now that I should report on that week-end.

Clark was the best little boy, a very easy child to take care of. Of course we had the usual behavior of a three year old. Looking back on that week-end, I remember one particularly funny incident. Clark went to the kitchen for a drink and when it suddenly dawned on me that he had been gone much longer than necessary I investigated. He had pulled a chair over to the sink where dishes were standing in the draining rack and had run the sink full of water. I'm sure he had added almost half a box of soap powder for the water was almost thick as starch! He looked at me with that sweet innocent smile of his and told me that he was washing the dishes again! Well, by the time he had washed the dishes and I had washed the soap off of them we had the cleanest dishes in town.

Isn't it funny how quickly you forget the stages children pass through? It certainly took me back to when Martin was three and reminded me of that Christmas when he appeared in his first program at the church. All of the youngsters were on the platform where they were taking part in a pageant. The final scene was a beautiful prayer and all the children were very reverent with the exception of Martin. He was *trying* to be and had his eyes shut and his little hands folded but he was near the steps and couldn't resist crawling up and down them backwards. Believe me I had a few uneasy moments right then. I expect you have had similar experiences yourselves.

Martin's Cub Scout Den has had some busy times this past month. One Saturday the boys picked up corn on a nearby farm and raised thirteen dollars for their group. It was rather a nippy day but the sun was bright and Martin reported that they had so much fun they didn't notice the cold. After the corn picking they went to the church for cocoa and popcorn. The cubs also sponsored a bake sale this past month which turned out very well financially. The pack meeting this past month was a gay one for the boys had made some South American instruments—drums, rattles, etc.—and had an orchestra with some South American records to help them. They were in costumes so that added a lot of color to the act. Martin received his first year star, something the boys are very proud of. Before this month is over he will have his Bear badge and will start working for extra arrow points. I would certainly like to hear from those who are working with Scouts.

Our school had open house not long ago. I had a very busy evening for after visiting the school I went to a workshop in copper jewelry which our

club had at the Y. W. C. A. hall. I was a bit late to the workshop because of the open house and left before the other members so that I could get the coffee on. The club came to our house for refreshments. I was sorry that I didn't get to make a piece of jewelry but did watch for a while and it looks like a very interesting hobby. Juliana has one of the complete outfits, kiln and all, and has offered me the use of her equipment so one of these days I am going to try my own hand at it. I have received some lovely things friends have made and I think there is nothing so nice as hand-made gifts.

Our minister and his wife held an open house since I last wrote. The church had recently redecorated the parsonage and they were anxious that we see what had been done. Mrs. Lotte asked me to help in the dining room. Those who helped were given beautiful organdy aprons that she had made. Mine is a bright red one which I am going to call my Christmas apron.

Speaking of Christmas, I realize that it is just over as you receive this magazine, but we are still in the planning stage as we get the magazine ready for the printers. The creche is always put up first, then gradually we bring things out. I don't like to decorate the house all at once, but prefer working up to Christmas gradually. Martin has his own tree this year. He had a small one of his own when he was five and has never forgotten it. He is busy making his own decorations for it out of construction paper and pipe cleaners. He draws around the Christmas cookie cutters to get the bells, stars, Santas, etc.

The Stroms have a family dinner on Christmas Eve and have a gift exchange. We will go to that and then to Mother and Dad's to open our family presents and have a carol sing. The youngsters write a little play every year, working on it for days before Christmas. Clark will still be the youngest child there so will play the Christ child again. The older children are hoping that he will stay in the cradle this year for last year he kept climbing in and out and the children would lose their places in the confusion. "Silent Night, Holy Night" had little asides such as "Keep your eyes closed, Clark." We adults always anticipate this little program.

Our Church Bazaar was a huge success and every year it seems more beautiful. We held it in the basement of the church with a huge Christmas tree in the center of the room. There were comfortable chairs around the tree where mothers could hold sleeping babies and others could visit with friends. One side of the room was devoted to sewing articles, another with baked goods and the other with art and novelties. Mother and I made a hundred peanut pixies which sold for five cents each. They made a great hit with the children. We use large peanuts and put pipe cleaners through for arms and legs and sealing wax for caps, hands and feet. They can be used in so many different ways such as tree decorations, favors and the

like. We also made some prune turtles. They are cute on salad plates. We use a prune for the body, a raisin for the head and whole cloves for the feet. Children like to make these so you might keep it in the back of your mind for entertainment one of these winter evenings when they ask, "What can we do now, Mother?"

We added several new features at our bazaar this year. Instead of the usual fishing pond for the children, we had a booth where we charged twenty-five cents admission and then had games and contests for the youngsters, awarding little prizes in the games. Another feature that the children enjoyed along with the adults was new to us. One of the church members has a camera that develops the pictures in about a minute. A large screen was set up with a big wreath on it. You could sit in front of the wreath, or hold it in front of you and have your picture taken for a souvenir. The picture was mounted for you also. This idea would work at any church affair, I should think, using props other than the wreath. I believe they charged 50 or 60 cents for the mounted picture.

Shenandoah is very antique minded. As a matter of fact there are several clubs for antique lovers. We had one booth where antiques were sold. I bought a lovely one which is a combination planter and magazine holder. The planter is an antique wash basin and the magazine holder is an old pressure cooker. The planter and holder stand in some kind of an old medical cart which is painted with a flat black paint and decorated with gold. It is a very unusual piece and I am enjoying it in my living room bay window.

Our dinner menu was ham loaf, potatoes baked in foil, escalloped lima beans, relishes, hard rolls, ice cream, cookies and coffee.

I hope that you will write in about your bazaars while the details are still fresh in your minds.

As many of you know, Pansy Barnes, our dear friend and neighbor for twenty-five years, passed away this fall. We were greatly saddened by her passing. One of our friends purchased her lovely brick home. Pansy had so many rare and beautiful shrubs and flowers that I know our friends will appreciate the beauty which surrounds their home.

I hope this coming year will be a very happy one for all of you. May your days be full of joy and may your joy radiate to those around you throughout the year.

Sincerely, Margery

A NEW YEAR

Here's a clean year,

A white year,

Reach your hand and take it.

You are the builder,

And no one else can make it.

See what it is

That waits here,

Whole and new;

It's not a year only,

But a world

For you!

A BOY NAMED MIKE

By

Elaine Derendinger

When Mike was close to 365 days old, he decided to wedge his head between the bars of his crib. I was naturally frantic, until I discovered that by simply climbing in the crib myself and holding him bottom-side-up by the feet he slipped out easily. It seemed really laughable later, and I thought I would keep a list of his "little accidents" for the Baby Book—something to mull over later on. Well, my list grows with each passing year, and I would appreciate information on extermination of the little Jinx that follows him around!

At age one and one-half, he was playing on the basement steps (where he shouldn't have been) and fell seven steps down to the concrete floor knocking himself unconscious. I, stiff with fear, picked him up, called my husband, and rushed him to the doctor, where we found, by some odd quirk of fate, that he didn't even have a bruise! That same year, his two and one-half year old sister conked him over the head with a sand-shovel. Hard. He proudly showed me the blood, and he has a neat scar to show for that one.

By the time he was two, Mike was a chubby little boy. He didn't seem to realize he was fat, and was forever squeezing into places meant for a thin child. I seldom had to scour the neighborhood for Mike—he stuck close to home! In fact, he continually got stuck between the wall and cedar chest, sofa and wall, wall and bed, table and wall, etc., etc.

At three, he drove the car alone! I dressed him to go "bye", as we called it, and sent him out to sit in the car which was parked on the little hill in our driveway. I happened to glance out the window and wondered idly why the car was out in the middle of the road, parked crossways. Then I came too and dashed out, only to find Mike and sister calmly waiting in the car. How he got the car turned out of the drive without hitting the mailbox (as my husband sometimes does) he never saw fit to explain.

One fine day I felt like walking over to the neighbors, so we did. Mike felt like drinking a bit of gasoline he found behind their house, so he did. Again, no ill effects.

Mike was playing in the garage at three and a half, when he stumbled across a rusty old rat-trap. Of course he tried it out by clamping the rusty teeth down on his hand. I couldn't open it, and ran like mad all over the neighborhood—dragging Mike who was dragging the rat-trap and screaming like a banshee—before I found someone who knew how to open a rusty old rat-trap. Just a bruise!

A short time later he was climbing fences and somehow caught his two feet in two squares of wire. It wasn't too much trouble to cut him out with wire-cutters, once we found the wire-cutters!

His Granny gave him a nice, new



This is Mike! Every single family seems to have a Mike. In the Driftmier family his name was Wayne—always into a mix-up of some kind when he was small.

rocking-chair for his fourth birthday. While admiring and examining, he jammed his head between the seat and arm-rests. By holding him and chair at various queer angles I released him.

Like all boys, Mike discovered matches. So, along about the age of five, I decided to follow the advice given in various articles and show him a good use of fire; the articles said that if you did this, the child would forget about the bad use of fire.

I gave him a small wastebasket of trash, a match, and said: "You can burn this to help mother, but be sure to burn it *in* the barrel."

I watched from the window and sure enough—he dumped the trash in the barrel, then he climbed in and started to light his match. Then I rushed out and burned it myself.

Now Mike is six and goes to school. Just the other day I thought to myself—why, he's growing up! I can quit keeping that list of mishaps because things so crazy just won't happen to boys this big. The very next morning I helped him dress in T-shirt, jeans, and brand-new suspenders. Almost at once, one suspender popped loose, snapped up, and the metal clamp cut him right between the eyes!

Does anyone else have a small boy who is the target for everything that happens in the family? If so, I'd really like to hear about it!

MOTHER'S DILEMMA

It's so difficult when I'm baking a cake—
The small fry watch every slight motion I make,
And because it appears I must set an example,
It's really very hard to snitch even a sample!

—Lucille Gripp Maharry

CHRISTMAS AFTERMATH

Christmas was over, or so I thought,
As I put away the tinsel and the holly I had bought.
But in my yard this morning stood a tree
Of cedar, on which some Hand felt free
To decorate and wrap in fairy frost,
Exquisite, bejeweled, at not one penny's cost!
And as I gazed this thought occurred to me—
Christmas lasts all year, for those who see!

—Lula Lamme

A NEW LEAF

He came to my desk with quivering lip—
The lesson was done.
"Dear Teacher, I want a new leaf," he said,
"I have spoiled this one."
I took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave him a new one all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled
Do better now, my child.

I went to the throne with a quivering Soul—
The old year was done.
"Dear Father, hast Thou a new leaf for me?"
I have spoiled this one."
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled
Do better now, my child.

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT

Let us walk softly, friend;
For strange paths lie before us all untrod,
The New Year, spotless from the hand of God,
Is thine and mine, O friend.

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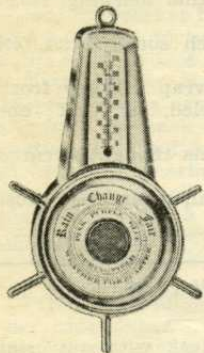
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FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

through bitterness, not through resentment, not through cursings and ravings, but through patience, courage, and hope. Millions could testify to the almost unbelievable strength and endurance, and the marvelous peace that has come to those who in faith have trusted that somehow in their worst hours of crisis God will give them the wisdom necessary to get whatever they must face.

When some member of our family is in great distress and trouble; in those hours when we find ourself wondering how we can ever learn what it is to do God's will in some particular family situation; in those moments of crisis when we are challenged for a response that will be the kind of a response that a person of Christian faith should make; at those very points in life where mountains of sorrow stand squarely before us too steep to climb yet demanding our ascent, then we must remember that there is something of God in us that makes us equal to every challenge, and strong for every fight.

Sincerely,
Frederick

HOW DO YOU MARK YOUR YEARS?

By
Evelyn Witter

Years have a way of marking themselves in your memory not by numbers, but by the events you remember. And what you remember can make you happy or miserable, young or old.

Take my two aunts, mother's older sister Prudy, and her younger sister Loretta.

I remember as a child . . . it was a nosegay of a day if we went to visit Aunt Prudy; a "duty-to-perform" day if we went to Aunt Loretta's. The reason for our attitudes was so obvious and poignant that it has always colored my life; it might color yours too when you hear about it.

Let me show you what I mean about my two aunts. At Aunt Prudy's for example, when the conversation took a reminiscent turn, she always filled in the details of the conversation with something like this: "Oh yes, I remember. That was the year I got my first model T. All new and shining it was. I was so proud of it!"

If Aunt Loretta was there she would invariably cut in with something like this: "That choke never did work right. Yes, I remember too. That was the year I kissed my sweetheart good-bye. I never saw him again."

Heavy, heavy hung the clouds of memory then until Aunt Prudy's sparkle shone through and the conversation turned right side to again.

The day I was married, as my aunts were helping me dress Aunt Prudy said: "This is like the day Paul and I were married. The peonies popped out over night as if to bloom especially for us, and mother's roses were never lovelier."

Aunt Loretta looked up from fixing my hem, "Yes, and I was the youngest and the only unmarried one so all the work fell on me. Those neighbor children smeared chocolate all over the sofa in the first parlor and I was the one who had to clean up the mess!"

When my first born began playing football I think both my aunts were proud of him. Aunt Prudy remembered that Union High won the championship when her boy played. Aunt Loretta dismissed the championship and inserted a bit about how he had had a broken collar bone.

Then as usual I couldn't help but compare the two women. Aunt Prudy looked much younger than Aunt Loretta though I knew she was older.

Aunt Prudy's face invited you to dwell with her spirit as long as you could; While Aunt Loretta's told you to state your business and be gone.

The way each had marked her years had in return marked her.

How do you mark your years?

Remember, as you mark the years so they mark you!

God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change; the courage to change the things I can and the wisdom to know the difference.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

Health enough to make work a pleasure,
Wealth enough to support your needs,
Strength enough to battle with difficulties and overcome them,
Grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them,
Patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished,
Charity enough to see some good in your neighbor,
Love enough to move you to be useful and helpful to others,
Faith enough to make real the things of God,
Hope enough to remove all anxious fears concerning the future.

—Goethe

CLEANING TIME

I have just been cleaning cupboards
And with neat housewifely art,
I have set things all in order

In the storehouse of my heart.
There are things I always meant to save

And look at every day,
And then again, a lot of things
I should have thrown away.

There were things in mild disorder,
And mixed among the lot
Were bitter things, and ugly ones

That should have been forgot,
But there are scraps of tender dreams—

A child's remembered kiss,
And a poem that my mother wrote—
Ah, how I treasured this.

I discovered though, that ugly things
Were taking too much space;
Sometimes for new and lovely ones,
I couldn't find a place!

And so I've tossed the dark things out—

The sullen scraps and tatters
Of old-time hurts and fancied wrongs,
And here's what really matters.

Now that I've tossed the dark things out—

Each cringing one I found,
The others shine the brighter—
Shed a radiance all around!

My cleaning work is nearly done,
And I suggest you start,
For you'll find it's mighty nice to have
Clean cupboards in your heart!

—Unknown

THE GREAT TEACHER

The world is a great book that He hath written, He turneth the leaves for me slowly, They are inscribed with images and letters, He poureth light on the pictures and the words, He taketh me by the hand to the hill-top of vision, And my soul is glad when I perceive his meaning. In the valley also He walketh beside me, In the dark places he whispereth to my heart. Even though my lesson be hard it is not hopeless, For the Lord is patient with his slow scholar; He will wait a while for my weakness, And help me to read the truth.

—Henry Van Dyke

Help Your Child To Pray—Concluded

richer in our experience for having that visit that particular evening.

It seems important to me also that we guard against letting our children think of God as a good fairy. We need to understand that while nature is lavish in her gifts she can also be hostile. We must understand these forces, their very dependability is one of God's greatest gifts, and that essentially goodness is back of the universe. Children need to learn to depend on their own resources and God-given judgment. After all, God put us here to grow strong and sturdy in spirit and often that growth is not easy.

Hearing the great words of the Bible spoken by those he loves, knowing God loves every home because the home shows love to each other and to people of other groups and nationalities, these contribute to a child growing spiritually. We can teach our children only those things which we truly believe ourselves. We must search for God before we can show Him to our children. We teach by example, just as the dear grandmother by her prayer led the little boy into the wonderful expression of showing that he had a good friend with whom he could visit. . . . "I like to talk to God, don't you?"

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

biography of Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, his daughter, Kate, and Kate's husband, William Sprague. Never have I read about three people who knew more of this earth's pomp and glory—and who ended with so little. I believe that you'll find it extremely interesting and thought provoking.

Now the supper dishes are done, Suzie must be taken home, and Juliana must get busy on tomorrow's assignment in history. Next semester she is to take Home Economics and she can scarcely wait for this new course to begin.

If you can possibly find time, do write and tell me what you remember about your very first groceries! I'd love to hear other accounts.

Faithfully yours . . . Lucile

The Weaver

Mankind is a weaver who, from the wrong side, works on the carpet of time. The day will come when he will see the right side and understand the grandeur of the pattern he, with his hands, has woven through the centuries without seeing anything but a tangle of strings.

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NEGATIVE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

By
Esther Sigsbee

New Year's resolutions are as fragile as pieces of crockery. They are fashioned on the first day of January and usually broken on the second. The best way to keep them is to have a copy locked up in a drawer.

Just because New Year's resolutions have a pretty good chance of being broken is no reason to keep from making them. The summing up of our faults and the recognition that we need to change have a therapy all their own.

But there is a way of tinkering a little with resolutions so that you can make them and break them quite painlessly. All of the things we hear about resolutions are uplifting, noble and very stern, so I have figured out a system (which I'm not really serious about) where you can use the negative approach and make only the resolutions that you want to break. By following it you can break a resolution without a single twinge of conscience. In fact, the MORE you break, the better you feel!

In this Negative Resolution system, everyone is on his own, but just to give you a general idea of how this system works, I'll jot down a few examples of my own.

The first item on my list is: I resolve to stay away from church. I'll not go there more often than once a month unless it is to some social affair. When the preacher touches upon one of my many failings I'll look the other way and say to myself, "He means somebody else, not me." The danger of church attendance is that it might be habit forming and from it I might get spiritual guidance, a fresh start for the new week and a sense of belonging to a congregation of people who are trying hard to live the right way.

This year I am resolving to let my kitchen cupboards, closets and dresser drawers stay messy. Fibber McGee got famous by letting things spew out of his closet every time anyone opened the door and I might also get some notoriety that way. At least, I am sure my closets are fully as miscellaneous as Fibber's.

I resolve to extend my telephone conversations to at least thirty minutes. That way the other party on the line will get to use the phone hardly at all. I'll phone people up at a quarter to twelve at noon and at a quarter of six in the evening, ask them what's new and I won't identify who's calling. When I have a busy day lined up, I'll get on the phone and waste simply hours. I'll not hang up when I'm through with the subject I've called about and I'll try to call people just when they are giving the baby a bath or shampooing their hair.

During 1957, I'm not going to keep up with my mending. Fresh air is good for Father's elbows when his work shirts wear out and the kids look charmingly casual when they have a big safety pin on their coats in lieu of a button. I'm not going to

remove my make-up when I go to bed, not going to clean myself up unless I'm going to a party and I'm not going to pin-curl my hair in between shampoos. Above all, I'm going to keep Father away from that bathtub!

This year I resolve to talk more than I listen. Especially when there's a subject about which I know absolutely nothing. I'm going to interrupt rudely, fail to show my appreciation for favors, write no letters and fail to compliment any job that is reasonably well done. I'm going to point out the shortcomings in my friends and overlook their good points. When the opportunity comes for a catty remark, I'm going to say it right out loud instead of merely thinking it.

In 1957, I'm going to be the original "Yes" girl. I'll not say No to any decent proposition! If anybody needs any envelopes addressed in legible handwriting, any treasurer's work done, campaigns for funds headed, bandages rolled or doorbells rung, I am just the person for it. The only requirement is that it be something absolutely outside of my talents or time. If nobody calls to solicit my aid, I'll volunteer and to those people who have turned me down when I was out looking for workers I'll be insistent that they let me help. I have oodles of time, you know—the house and kids run themselves and the only reason I hanker to do more reading, writing and cooking and plain relaxing is to kill time.

I am going to do a lot of worrying during the coming year. I'm going to fret and fume on all subjects from Atomic Bombs to Zebras Getting Loose From The Zoo. It will put lots of nice wrinkles in my brow and more gray hairs in my bangs. I'll really go all out with my worrying when it's over something that can't be helped or something that will never happen. I might be able to develop an ulcer this way or manage a pretty fair nervous breakdown. Then I'll really have worrying material—lots of nice doctor and hospital bills.

Other nasty traits on my negative New Year's resolutions list are nagging Father, yelling at the kids, kicking at dogs, and being impertinent to salespeople. I'm going to be extravagant with my money, wasteful in the kitchen and a deadbeat when it comes to paying bills. I'm going to sleep late in the mornings and I'm going to eat until I get positively obese. I am even considering being snippy to my in-laws!

So, you see if you make these kind of New Year's resolutions, you can easily keep as many of them as you want to, but the real character improvement comes when you break them. And you can do this every single day of 1957!

Some of us feel that life is one terrible disappointment — but we want to stay here and be disappointed as long as we can!

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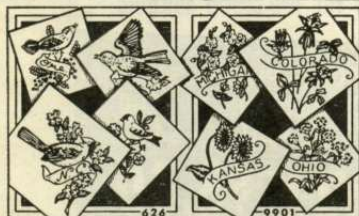
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A MYSTERY TREE PARTY

By
Mildred Cathcart

In my search for something just a little different for our children's parties, I discovered that a *Mystery Tree Party* worked out very successfully. Children love both mysteries and parties, so a combination of the two was greeted with genuine enthusiasm. Furthermore, it has the advantage of being suitable for birthday or special holiday parties, and appeals to both boys and girls in a wide age range.

For our invitations we purchased green construction paper, folded it and then cut a tree-shaped form from it. Since we were using these for a birthday party we cut out three birthday cakes with candles from heavy paper and glued them on to the branches with a tiny scrap of bright ribbon. On one cake we wrote: "You are invited to Jean Marie's birthday party." On a second cake we wrote the place, and on the third cake we wrote the date and time.

Since the tree invitations are cut double, they will open to disclose the following verse:

This Mystery Tree is bringing you

A message very gay,

Do not forget the time or place—

I'll see you on that day.

(Right here let me say that you can do almost anything with this basic idea. At Easter time, colored eggs on the tree can carry the invitation. During the Christmas season, brilliant paper ornaments may be tied to the limbs of the tree. Regardless of the season or the occasion, you can work out the specific theme that you need, and even a small child can help color the tree itself (if you use white paper) or the things that go on it.)

When the children arrive for the party they will be eager to talk about the Mystery Tree, so you must have one ready for them, either indoors or out. For an indoor tree fasten a large branch securely to a heavy block or anchor it in a weighted can. From the branches you may hang balloons, lollipops, or favors that are suitable. Or you may tie small surprises to the limbs. You will find many small inexpensive items for this purpose at your local ten cent store.

If your party is to be out of doors, you may select a real tree for your Mystery Tree. Mark it with a big red bow and place a spade beside it. Tie a bow to the spade handle and attach this note:

"I am a MYSTERY TREE.

I have a secret, too!

Take this spade and you may find

A buried treasure just for you."

Let the children take the spade and dig up a "treasure chest" containing candy, favors, or small gifts.

If the party is to be a birthday party, let each child tie the gift he brings to the branch of the Mystery Tree or place his gift at the foot of the tree.

Games played must pertain to the Mystery Tree. Since children enjoy familiar games, make these similar to their favorites. Instead of pinning a tail on a donkey, draw a large tree and have the blindfolded child place



Seven Driftmier cousins on a bright winter day. Emily, Alison and Clark are in front. Donna, Kristin, Juliana and Martin are behind them.

a bird on the tree top.

Hiding games are fun so hide paper leaves and see who can find the most. For older children, make the leaves from different colored paper and let each color count a different score. When time is called, see which child has the highest score. If children are too small to count, you may hide a few different colored leaves and tell them that these particular leaves are from the Mystery Tree. Children finding them are called "Lucky Children."

Little children like to play Drop the Handkerchief and it will be more fun if the hankie is a leaf cut from green oil cloth. This age group will enjoy playing "Here We Go 'Round The Mulberry Bush" if you change the words to "HERE WE GO 'ROUND THE MYSTERY TREE." You may let the children really dance around the mystery tree as they sing.

Tossing games are always fun and for this you cut a large tree from card board and lay it on the floor. Cut five leaves from thin wood. Have the children stand at a given line and see who can toss his leaves on the limbs. For older children, mark certain branches with the numbers One, Five, and Ten. As they toss their leaves, they will be able to total their scores to determine the winner.

To get the children calmed down before refreshments are served, you may have them all seated around the Mystery Tree. If the youngsters are small, read some story about a tree; or you may ask them to take turns naming as many trees as they know. Give the older children paper and pencils and see who can write the longest list of trees.

When you plan your refreshments, you must include the mystery tree theme. For our birthday cake, we baked a cake in the tree pan that we use at Christmas time. This was covered with pale green frosting, and "Happy Birthday" was spelled out with pink icing. Tiny candles were placed on the limbs of the trees. For other parties, we have served cookies cut with our tree cookie cutter. Sandwiches, likewise, were cut with a tree-shaped cookie cutter. Caramel popcorn may be molded in tree-shaped cake pans. Tiny plastic trees decorated with small gum drops make nice place marks for the children, or a very tiny branch from a real tree may be anchored in a large gum drop base. Sticks of gum, suckers, or other small candies may be attached.



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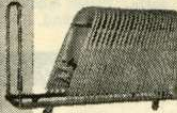
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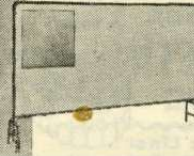
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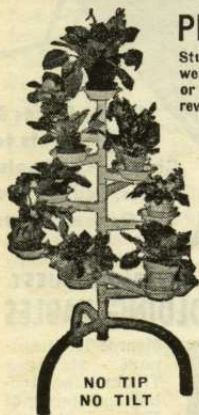
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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By
Gertrude Hayzlett

Here it is, 1957. A new year, with a new, clean page for us to record the things we do each day. Let us start with a prayer that they be all good things that we can be proud of doing. And let us resolve that there be many entries of helpful things we have done for others, such as these shutins who need cheer.

Mrs. Mae Benson, Fillmore, N. Y. is 80. She has not been well for a number of years, and was nearly blind until she had an operation on her eyes last winter. Her eyes are much better now and she would love to get lots of mail. She makes scrapbooks as a hobby.

Mrs. Lucille Irving, Box 262, Sebring, Ohio has been ill for a long time. She spends many weeks each year in hospitals but they do not seem to be able even to relieve her pain. She is unable to write now. Do send her a cheery card. She is only 35.

Mr. and Mrs. K. D. Mc Masters, 433 1/2 Martinsville Rd., Danville, Va. are both shutin. She has arthritis and suffers a lot but is up and able to take care of him. He is totally helpless. They are both near 80 and would love to get mail.

Mrs. Charles Niss, Rt. 3, Pierz, Minn. will be 55 the 16th of January. She has arthritis, is unable to write, and her sight is very bad.

Mrs. Libbie Ann Novak, Box 44, Elberon, Iowa is flat on her back in bed and has been for years. She makes aprons and pieces quilts, holding the work over her body so she can see. Quilt pieces and material for aprons are needed; her husband cuts them out for her. She is 64.

Mrs. Anna Richie, 1114 Hathaway, Yakima, Wash. is 70. Her husband has been an invalid for years and she isn't well either, but she takes all the care of him. Mrs. Richie is not able to answer, but does enjoy getting mail.

Miss Nellie Winn, 1400 State St., Springfield, Mass. wants letters. She is 63, blind and deaf, and has been in a Home for quite awhile. A friend reads letters to her on the palm of her hand.

Linda Vlaming, c/o Martin Vlaming, Sutherland, Iowa was badly hurt in a truck accident this fall. She is 7. Please send cards.

Mildred Woodbury, who has been shutin for a long time, fell and broke her hip. She is in a hospital now, but mail should be sent to her home address, St. Catherine's House, 1556 Howard St., Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rose, Star Rt., Rushville, Ill. has arthritis and is in a great deal of pain. She would like quilt pieces.

Please send cards to Mrs. Emma Ogle, 401 E. Washington, Centerville, Iowa. She loves poetry, so you could enclose some nice poems. She is unable to write at all, so do say "No Answer Expected."

Thanks for all you do for these people. May your new year be happier because of your good deeds.

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ANNA ELIZABETH WADE
2254 Tyree Street, Lynchburg, Va.

ANNA ELIZABETH WADE
2254 Tyree Street, Lynchburg, Va.
Please ship me the 48-Cup Electric Percolator and 50 bottles of your Double-Strength Int. Vanilla Flavoring (\$1.00 size) by Freight Collect. Also include enough extra bottles to cover fully the Freight Charges. We agree to remit the \$50.00 to you within 60 days.

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