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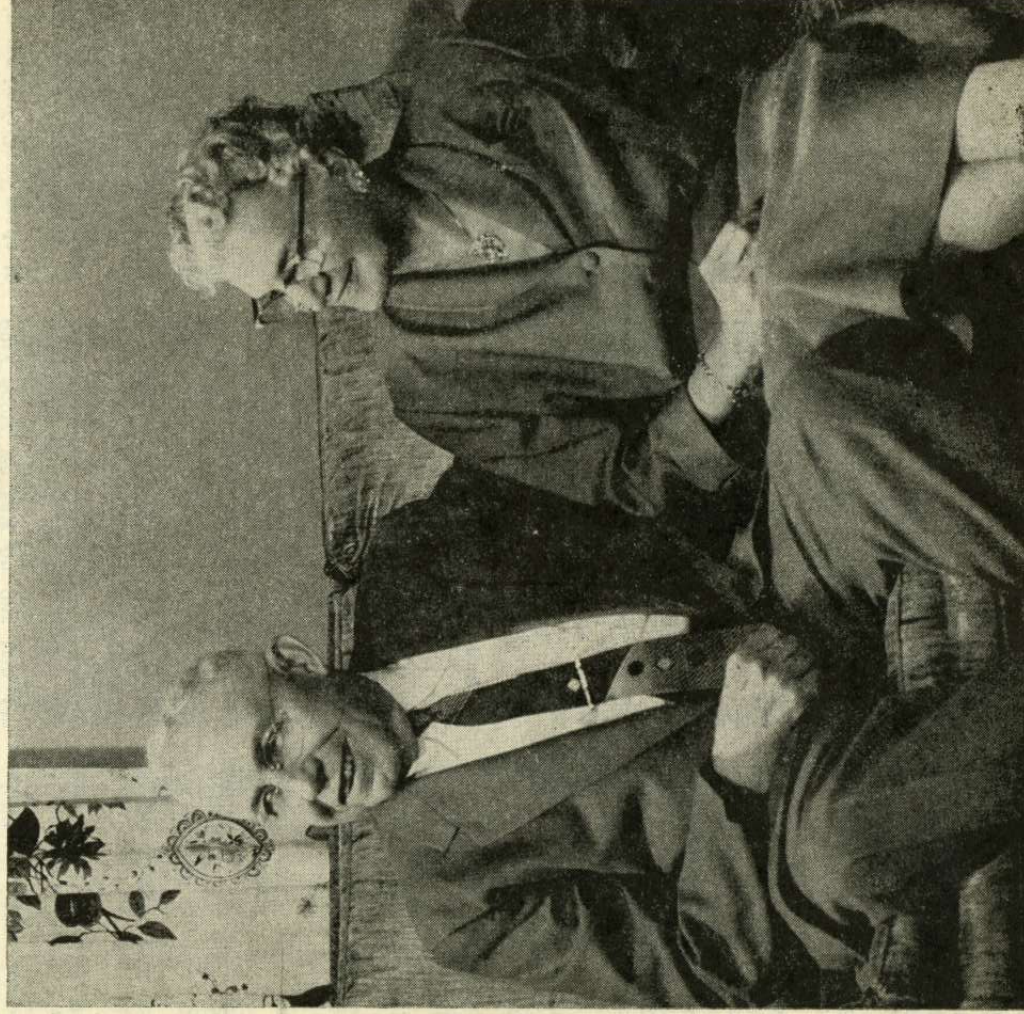
Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Driftmier

Photo by Dyer

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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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Redlands, California
 1727 Miles From Home

My dear Friends:

This sounds almost fantastic, but it took the same number of hours and even minutes to drive from Shenandoah to Redlands, Calif, and the front entrance to the LaPosada Hotel as it did when my sister Jessie came out with us two years ago.

We agreed that this was the most enjoyable trip we have ever made to California. No snow or slippery roads at the beginning, no dust blowing on the desert, and no fog or rain to greet us here.

For the benefit of those who may be contemplating this same trip I will list the highways we used, for we feel that we have found the easiest route between Iowa and California. I kept a daily record, as I always do, and here it is, in part.

The family came to help. Dad pack the car only to find that he had the job finished! He'd done most of it the night before, unknown to them. We drove on No. 2 and No. 75 to Topeka, Kansas where we picked up the wonderful new Kansas Turnpike. We had expected to stay the first night at Wichita, but the Turnpike shortened the time and miles so we decided to drive on to Enid, Oklahoma before calling it a day. There we stayed at the Holiday Motel which had a nice cafe.

On No. 60 we went as far as Clovis, New Mexico where we stayed at the LaVista Court. It also has a coffee shop. All through Oklahoma and Texas one could see the effects of the dry weather they have been experiencing. It has been especially hard on the peanut crop around Portales, N. M., and the cotton also was hard hit. Some cotton they had not even bothered to pick. In comparison, we Midwest farm people have much to be thankful for.

The third day of our trip took us from Clovis to Las Cruces, N. M. on No. 70. By this time we could put our top coats in the back of the car and turn off the heater. Before we left Clovis we set our watches back an hour, and we did this again at Blythe, Calif.

I always enjoy the part of this third day that we spent driving through a very long and narrow valley where the Apache Indians live on their reservation. From the stream that flows

through this valley they irrigate small farms. There are many cherry orchards, small patches of grain and some livestock. We saw many Indian women in their colorful squaw dresses, some carrying a papoose on their backs.

From this reservation the road leads gradually up to the summit (7,800 ft.), the only real mountain range we drove through. Here there was snow, the only snow we saw on our trip. On this summit there is a lovely restaurant surrounded by tall pines. The road gradually descends to Alamogordo, where (as probably you know) they have the large Holloman Air Base and White Sands Proving Grounds for testing guided missiles. From the highway you can see the Base and bombing range.

On a previous trip we stopped and drove through the White Sands, one of the world's strangest deserts with huge gypsum dunes of purest white. They look like snow drifts. I want to say here that the highways through New Mexico are wide and smooth. Between Alamogordo and Las Cruces you go for thirty miles on a perfectly straight road, the beautiful Organ Mountains towering up in front of you. You wonder where you will cross through for you know there is a pass that leads down a long gradually sloping road into Las Cruces.

We spent that night at the Broadway Motel. This town holds special interest for us because Mart's mother went there for her health long years ago.

We took No. 70 on west through Safford, Arizona where we stopped for inspection. One is not allowed to transport any fruit, trees or growing plants into Arizona because of the chance of spreading plant diseases. We had had some pears in the car, but knowing the law, we ate them all before we arrived at the inspection point.

The drive through Globe and down the rocky, picturesque canyon to Mesa is always one of the scenic high points of our trip. The highway used to be rather frightening as it wound along the ledges of the canyon, but it has been rebuilt in recent years and now the road is so wide and safe that one can enjoy it.

In Mesa we found the weather warm and springlike. Flowers of all kinds were blooming profusely.

Wayne's wife, Abigail, has a brother

in Phoenix so we called him and he came over to Mesa to have breakfast with us. We took time out for a good visit, and then started on the last lap, the fifth day of our safe and happy journey. We had to stop again for inspection when we entered California. There at Blythe it was really California weather, and as we drove along we noticed folks enjoying their swimming pools.

As I said before, we drove up to our hotel at exactly the same time that we arrived two years ago. We found we were to have the same room that we have enjoyed in past years, and the same wonderful friends to welcome us. Mart has things stored in the closet and dresser drawers, and our luggage is out of sight.

We found a letter from Margery waiting for us and soon our Shenandoah daily paper will be arriving. My, how we enjoy the home town news. I found that I read it much more thoroughly when I'm out of town than when I'm right there where everything is happening.

There has been no rain here as yet and this is supposed to be the rainy season. There is no snow on the mountains that surround Redlands either, and it is badly needed for irrigation. All in all, I am inclined to agree with recent articles that state we are facing a grave water situation in our country, and that it will be one of our biggest problems in years to come.

I brought my ivy cross-stitch tablecloth with me and after a good rest I'll be working on it. I had made great headway on it before I left home, so it won't take too much longer to complete it.

We had a wonderful holiday season before we left Iowa and were so glad to be with our children and grandchildren. Work when you are young and able to do it, and reap your harvest of love in your later years when these happy memories mean so much to you.

We are looking forward to seeing Fred Fischer before long. He will visit his daughter Louise and her family at Claremont, and then we hope that he will come to Redlands and spend some time here at the hotel with us. That will really make it seem like home since we spend so much time together when all of us are in Shenandoah. He might even enjoy going with us to northern California to visit my brother, Sol Field and his wife, and my niece Jean Field Johnson and her family.

Tomorrow I hope to see Mary Conrad Lombard, Sue's daughter, and before long we hope to see our niece Frances, Sue's eldest daughter. There are old friends to look up here and there, so there is much to anticipate in these coming weeks.

Well, I must get this letter in the mail or you won't be reading it in the February Kitchen-Klatter. The old saying about time and tide waiting for no man really applies to a printing schedule also!

So until my next visit with you in March, I am

Always your friend . . . Leanna

COTTONWOODS

By
Josephine Boring

The cottonwood has been called the pioneer of the plains. It is a friendly tree with wide spreading branches and softly rustling leaves.

Before putting out spring foliage, she provides for a new growth of cottonwoods. Very early in the season her purple catkins are swinging from her leafless branches. In those long catkins are borne the little, brown seeds that are to produce the new growth, so in April or May the bursting catkins are drifting through the air and littering the ground below.

Each brown seed set free is tipped with a bit of soft, shining cotton fiber, that, caught by the breeze is carried to new ground. The seeds settle to the waiting earth and a new grove is in the making, as the leaf buds on the parent tree are opening to the sun.

Sometimes, when the seed crop is very abundant, the cotton wrapping, drifting till it strikes a barrier, piles up like thin snow to whiten the green grass and tangle in the shrubbery. Of nature's plans for seed distribution the cottonwood has one of the best. By midsummer little cottonwoods may be springing up anywhere and everywhere.

With reproduction responsibilities ended early, the trees give their summer to new growth. Their fibrous roots spread farther and farther. The wide spreading crown of glossy triangular or heart-shaped leaves soon furnish a canopy of welcome shade. And it is for shade mainly that we grow the tree.

Cottonwoods are quick growing trees and, like most such trees, their wood is soft and weak. Pioneers, who found them growing along the streams, soon learned that they must seek out oaks or walnuts for strength and endurance. But the cottonwoods had a place in furniture making, and they could be used for many wooden articles needed about the farm. The wood is also valuable for boxes, crates, excelsior and wood pulp.

These trees are found in every state east of the Rocky Mountains. In the plains states they grow abundantly in the lowlands. Here and there a clump may establish itself on higher ground, but they prefer moist, loamy soil. They are good at making the best of hard conditions. Where other trees give up easily, this native of the plains grows and thrives. It prefers full sunshine.

Covered-wagon travelers camped in their friendly shade and felt that some of the loneliness of the long journey was relieved by the gentle whispering of the glossy leaves. Establishing homes on the almost treeless prairie, they found the cottonwood was the first tree to give the new home a comforting look.

Many cottonwoods attain a height of eighty or ninety feet and live to be fifty or even seventy-five years old. The older trees show deep fissures in the dull gray or brownish bark, which is usually two or three inches thick. They are comparatively

free from disease and insect pests. Towering above its forest neighbors, a cottonwood is often a target for lightning. Half torn away, the old tree may stand for years with white scarred trunk and lopsided top.

This is the American variety of the poplar tree. In many places it is known as the Carolina poplar. Like others of the family it has rather long leaf stems flattened laterally and seeming to hang loosely on the branch. A slight breeze—almost no breeze at all—sets them trembling. They whisper together as if engaged in confidential conversation. In a high wind their loosely hung leaves hold on as firmly as others and their fluttering motion produces a deep roar.

Sometimes on a hot, summer night the cottonwood near your window may trick you into a momentary, pleasing delusion. You have gone to bed hoping for rain. Waking suddenly, you hear the soft patter you have longed for. You go to the window for a breath of the cool, moist air. Then you know that the old tree has been up to its tricks again! There is no rain. But you will appreciate the shade when tomorrow's sun comes up as bright as ever. After all it is for shade we have it growing there, shade and the intriguing spring blossoming and the carpet of gold its leaves will furnish in October.

"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES"

These are the mysteries—the beautiful things

I must lift up my eyes to see:
The glory of dawn's gold awakening,
Pink bloom on the old apple tree;
The sun and the moon and the
millions of stars

Adorning the velvet of night—
Majestic old mountains that lift up
their heads

In snow-crested glistening white.

New leaves on tall trees—new green
on the hills—

Grey geese winging swiftly on
high;

Great ancient redwoods, whose
verdant crowns brush

The clouds in a vast, azure sky.
Bright flashes of lightning, awesome
but grand—

Lighthouses on treacherous
shore—

Little white church spires wearing
the cross,

And the rose that climbs over my
door.

Is it strange that the vines or seeds
of the flowers

Are urged from cold clay to
warm sun?

Or that mountains are clad in a
thousand small pines

Growing straight to the sun—
every one?

Then, lifting our eyes to nature's
grand things,

It must not—it cannot seem odd,
That climbing and stumbling, and
climbing again,

The soul of man reaches toward
God.

—Lola Taylor Hemphill

CHOOSE THE ANSWERS

- Five of our Presidents had the same first name. Was it
A. John
B. James
- Virginia was the native state of how many Presidents?
A. 4
B. 6
C. 8
- Texas is the largest State and California is second. Which is third largest?
A. Montana
B. New Mexico
C. Colorado
- Which state is known as the Beaver State?
A. Oklahoma
B. Oregon
C. Ohio
- Which of these was the last of the thirteen original States?
A. North Carolina
B. Rhode Island
C. Tennessee
- How many states in the United States before 1800?
A. 13
B. 16
C. 20
- What is the only state with the name of a President?
- What four state capitals carry the names of Presidents?
- Which of these states was the last admitted before 1950?
A. New Mexico
B. Oklahoma
C. Arizona
- Ten vice-presidents have later become Presidents. Which of these never became a President?
A. Chester Arthur
B. John Adams
C. Richard Johnson

Answers

- James.
- 8.
- Montana.
- Oregon.
- Rhode Island.
- Sixteen. The thirteen original plus Kentucky, Tennessee and Vermont.
- Washington.
- Jackson, Miss.; Jefferson City, Mo.; Lincoln, Nebraska and Madison, Wisconsin.
- Arizona. February 14, 1912.
- Richard Johnson. He was vice-president under Van Buren.
—Grace Stoner Clark

"Let us not forget that the cultivation of the earth is the most important labor of man. Man may be civilized in some degree without great progress in manufacture, and with little commerce with his distant neighbors. But without the cultivation of the earth, he is in all countries a savage. Until he gives up the chase, and fixes himself in some place, and seeks a living from the earth, he is a roaring barbarian. When tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers, therefore, are the founders of civilization."—Benjamin Franklin.

"THIS IS YOUR LIFE"!! February Thoughts and Meditations

By
Mabel Nair Brown

(Should you like to use this meditation as a devotional service, set up an arrangement featuring the motto, "This is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday." Then let several persons take various parts of the service, one to read the scripture, after the leader has read the opening paragraph, another to give the thoughts on "time to keep silence" and another to sum up how we can really live our life so it will count TODAY. Appropriate poems and music can be introduced to help point up the service.)

"Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday." A friend gave me the above motto on a little wooden easel several years ago and it has stood on the radio where I have seen it many times daily—saw it, yet didn't really get the true significance of it. If I had—well, I wonder?

Let us think a bit first on these words found in the third chapter of Ecclesiastes.

"To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven: A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted; A time to kill and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to weep and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance; . . . A time to get and a time to lose; a time to keep and a time to cast away; A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence and a time to speak . . ."

"A TIME TO KEEP SILENCE"—I've begun to wonder if we here in America, haven't gone "noise happy"? We actually seem to be afraid, or at least embarrassed with silence, with peace and quiet! We actually brag that the television set or the radio "is on from the time I get up 'til I go to bed," or, that "I'm on the go every minute, believe me there are no files on me—no time for 'em to light!" Again, we hear others who seem to think it proves their social standing or intelligence or popularity to be able to say, "Oh, I haven't gotten to bed on time for weeks—why, we've had to go someplace every night the last two weeks!"

HAD TO GO? HAVE TO HURRY? HAVE TO BE FIRST? HAVE TO BE ON THE MOVE EVERY MINUTE? Where has this constant hurry, the ever-present tension, this continual PUSHING of ourselves gotten us?

It was the notes on the Christmas cards that came to our house this past holiday which crystallized my thoughts on this PUSHING age of ours. In one day's mail alone came notes from six old friends of ours saying that in this past year they had suffered a long serious illness—some had had surgery—and ALL had been told by their family physician that they must SLOW DOWN, must quit burning the candle at both ends, must take more time to be them-



Back on December 20th we had a very happy Christmas dinner at the Driftmier family home for all of the people who help see to it that your magazine reaches you every month. We haven't room to name everyone, but they all feel that they know you!

selves—to do some of the things they really enjoyed doing! And every one of these persons was barely middle-aged or in his early thirties!!! Because I, too, had heard my own doctor say those same words to me this last year and have since had long quiet hours to think on the subject, I could read between the lines on the Christmas cards.

"A time to build up, and a time to weep and a time to laugh . . . a time to lose and a time to get, a time to keep and a time to cast away . . . a time to keep silence and a time to speak . . ."

It is indeed time for everyone of us who has become a part of this **PUSHING, HURRYING, SEEKING** age to pause and take stock of ourselves. **THIS IS OUR LIFE**—what are we doing with it? Have we allowed it to become so cluttered with the constant strive to "keep up with the Jones," to have all the modern conveniences, to be "in on everything going on" that we haven't time really to be ourselves? Have we lost the art of finding enjoyment in simple family pleasures? Have we lost the will and imagination of providing our own amusement, relying completely on the "canned" variety? Have we lost the wonderful soul-refreshing ability to enjoy moments of quiet solitude and meditation, to enjoy our own thoughts?

It is time for us to decide that we need more time for silence, more time for wholesome "homemade" laughter. It is "time to cast away" all the trivial things, the unimportant details that we have allowed to so fill our lives that we have gotten to the place where we "cannot call our life our own." **THIS IS OUR LIFE**. We are living it today. Let us take more time to be our real selves, to enjoy the most precious of all pleasures—those of everyday living with our families. **TODAY IS THE TOMORROW YOU WORRIED ABOUT YESTERDAY—LIVE IT!**

Oh, yes, it will mean for you what it has meant for me—you will have to cut out many of those **EXTRAS**. Maybe you're a working wife and mother who will need to ask yourself if the better furniture, the more conveniences your extra salary buys is worth the wear and tear on your nerves, the lost hours with your family. Perhaps you're one of those busy, busy executive types who has allowed yourself to get a job in about every organization in your community. Don't let a nervous breakdown teach you that no one person is indispensable! Try letting others pitch in and share the load—maybe you'll be surprised, as I was to learn what wonderful abilities others had to do the jobs I thought I alone just HAD to do!

In these last few years, in spite of all the so-called "labor saving" devices, we have found ourselves increasing our living tempo instead of letting our "conveniences" give us more time for enjoying the genuine treasures of everyday living. You will find it hard, no doubt, to call a halt. But if you will only give a bit of serious thought to what is really important in your life, to you and your family, I'm sure you'll decide today to cease "spreading yourself too thin."

You'll realize that **NOW** is the time to enjoy and **LIVE WITH** your family. Remember that twenty years from now your children will not be telling your grandchildren of the beautifully waxed floors that grandmother kept, that she worked herself to a frazzle for a walnut drop leaf table and wall to wall carpeting, or that she held every office in her lodge or aid, at some time. Oh, no. Instead, the grandchildren will hear of the aroma of fresh rolls that came from grandma's oven when hungry youngsters came from school, of the wonderful family jam sessions around the old piano, that grandma always had time to help plan for impromptu picnics or cook-it-yourself kitchen parties for the teen age gang—providing, of course, you **DO** live your tomorrow **TODAY!**

WHAT A MESSAGE FREDERICK GIVES US!

Dear Folks,

I have just come back from a sliding expedition with David and one of his little pals.

A short distance down the hill and across the stream and over the hump there is a wonderful place for children of all ages to try out their new Christmas sleds, and that is what we have been doing this morning. For the first half hour the children could not persuade me to take a really fast sled ride, for I remember the two broken ribs that I got doing that last year, but finally my willpower weakened, and I joined in the fun. Ah, what a tonic it was! There we went—three of us on one sled—zipping at a fine clip up and down over the bumps, dodging in and out between other sleds, and all of the time shouting our lungs out. What fun!

I really think that I am ten years younger as a result of it. There were no broken ribs this time; indeed, I think that I may try it again late this evening when the day's work is done. What a wonderful way to begin the new year—just being a kid again.

In difficult and troublesome times like these, it is a good thing to get out and play like a child! I think that my few hours on the sled helped to give me a new perspective. Today it is too easy for one to dwell on depressing problems. There are cold wars and hot wars, limited wars and rumors of war that somehow manage to creep into every adult conversation, but out there in the snow today, no one was talking about war.

Yesterday I stopped to chat with my garage mechanic, and in just no time at all we were talking about ship wrecks and train disasters, automobile accidents and tenement fires, but the children on the hillside this morning were talking about none of those things. Last night I made a parish call where we spent the entire time talking about sickness, loneliness, and family problems that have saddened that home and so many others, but out where the air was crisp and the sun glistened on the new fallen snow and the merry shouts of children's laughter filled the air, there was not one word of gloomy conversation. The air was clean and crisp with a zing to it, and every breath of it just did something for me. Now as I sit here in my office it occurs to me that I must have more of this sort of thing if I am not to grow old too soon.

Each day of my life I become more and more convinced that we spend too much of our lives painfully fretting over problems we create for ourselves. Going sliding with the children taught me that all of us would be a lot happier and wiser if we learned to spend more time enjoying the simple pleasures that are so very near to us. The reason we are so slow to learn this lesson lies in our inability to escape from the little barrier of pseudo-sophistication that late adolescence helps us to build 'round ourselves. For the most part we live such defensive lives, always guarding



We realized how fast Mary Leanna is growing up when this new picture (taken at school) reached us.

against loss of face, loss of prestige, and loss of influence, that we have no sight of and no inclination for the simple pleasures that lie about us.

The holiday season is always an unusually busy one for the wife of a clergyman, but Betty claims they get busier each year. Last year we had forty some students in for the afternoon and a buffet supper, and this year we had sixty. I did not think that we would be able to get that many into our house at one time, but we managed somehow. Betty served a light holiday supper with sandwiches and goodies of all kinds.

Just two days prior to the open house for students, we entertained twenty clergymen and their wives at a formal dinner in the main church dining room. There were forty of us at the tables, and a few more came in after dinner for the games and other festivities. We had a caterer for that dinner, and Betty was only responsible for the decorations and table centerpieces. We had six beautiful Christmas trees around the room, and in the center of each table we had a magnificent holly wreath with a large silver candlestick and one burning candle in the middle of the wreath.

Incidentally, if you want a good tip on how to entertain a group of clergymen and their wives, note this: We played the old-fashioned game of "Pit." You can buy Pit games at any toy store, and everyone at the party is sure to enjoy it. Three times recently we have given Pit parties for various church groups, and always they have been most successful. As a matter of fact, in all of my experience, I have never known a Pit party to fail. It is the perfect game for a large party of non-bridge players.

We have been having some clear, cold weather, and it has been exceedingly dry. We have had a few inches of snow, but it has been very dry snow. Our house has an electric humidifying system, and recently we have had it running a great deal of the time.

One cold night last week after I had put the car into the garage, I stood by the back porch for a few minutes and just soaked up something of the beauty of a winter night. A few yards away the hills of Forest Park make a dark, irregular shadow against the lighter darkness of the sky, and the stars hung low and bright over the duck pond in the valley. It was so still that I thought I could hear the water running in the little brook that empties into the pond, but if it were the water I heard, there was something uncanny about it. I know that sounds travel far on a cold, clear night, but I wonder just how far?

Gradually my ears picked up another sound, and there was no possible doubt about its source. It was the hushed, furry whirr of several small owls that live on our side of the park and who patrol their hunting reservation with keen efficiency. As my eyes pierced through the darkness of the deep park woods, I thought that I could see the white birches where the owls have their nests, but whether I saw them or not, I knew that they were there, bending over the brook in a graceful loveliness.

As I stood there in the winter stillness I found myself praying—not aloud, for any human sound would have been a sacrilege—thanking God for the sheer joy of being alive on such a beautiful night. For a few moments at least, I was almost overcome with gratitude for the earth I live on and the wonderful sky I live under. As the moon hid itself briefly behind a plume of cloud, I turned and went on into the house, my heart filled with a deep content. Wouldn't it be a grand thing if one could bring each of his hectic days to a close in just such a way? Perhaps you already do, and if so, I say: "God bless you. You have mastered one of the secrets of life." And if you don't, I wonder why? Are you like me, just too busy and too rushed, and too tired most of the time to open the door of your soul to the beauty that waits without? In 1957 why don't you and I do something about it?

Have you seen one of those big billboards that has on it a picture of two lovely children along with the words: "Take them with you to church this Sunday and give them a faith to live by."? Of course, that is exactly what our going to church is supposed to do for us—give us a faith to live by. One thing that our going to church gives us that we get nowhere else and that we dare not do without for peace of mind and ease of soul is a firm and unshakable belief in the ultimate victory of righteousness. It gives us a belief in the ultimate goodness of life; a belief that has given strength and courage to Christian people through nineteen hundred years of struggle for survival against the evil and suffering that has always plagued us. In the darkest night of sorrow a good church member is armed with a belief that sees through a veil of tears how all things work together for good to them that love

(Continued on page 9)

COME FEBRUARY

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

Come February and the snow is piled high around the little white house with the green trim. Outside the big dining room window, which we call our "picture window", the trees stand black and awkward in their nude gauntness. Here and there a slanting branch is softened into modesty with a garment of snow. White drifts stretch out below until they drop into the crevass which is formed by the creek, now iced into silence. The tiny sparrows hover close under the wide eaves of the house. Surely any of the little creatures must find the going cold and the feeding difficult when everything is so thoroughly frozen. Silver Dog stands as a sturdy white sentinel on the steps, his coat only a few shades darker than the snow.

But inside the little house the days are full of sunshine, regardless of the climate without. Craig, breaking every record of the Birkby children, began walking at the unheard of early age of eleven months (exactly!). It had been part of my conviction, bolstered by three children who began well after their first birthday, that late walkers were easier to handle. They just seemed to have a little sense as to the articles they could and could not use as playthings. Now I'm more than convinced. We have pulled Craig off of every chair in the house, from the back of the davenport, off the beds, fished him out of the bath tub and picked him off the center of the table. Just as I am sure Jeffrey, who is almost three, can be kept from items he should not have only by the process of hanging them from the ceiling, surely the only way to keep Craig in a safe place is to add him to the list and fasten him in a high location. The way he enjoys height this would be much to his liking.

So, we had an experience we never enjoyed before . . . a first birthday with a child who could walk into the room on his own two little feet. It gave me a real twinge to see him so grown up. Could it really have been a year since the happy December 20th birth date? His birthday and Christmas became joyously intertwined. His excitement over the candle on his cake extended to the wonder of the tree with its bright lights and shiny baubles. And Craig still, and always will be, the finest Christmas gift this home has ever had.

Now we are involved in the process of Craig's self-feeding program. This seems to come at a time when baby foods pall in their tastiness and new independence asserts itself. Comes a time when that boon to busy mothers, strained baby food and an easy to use can opener are not acceptable.

In desperation we finally presented food to Craig which he could pick up and stuff into his own little mouth. A huge bib, newspapers spread on the floor and a handy wash cloth became essential equipment. Huge quantities of toast began disappearing. Ground roast from dinner and pieces of vege-



Emily, Clark and Alison get out for some winter fun.

tables well cooked provided good food for little fingers to pick up and stuff in. The reason babies put everything in their mouths is easy to explain; it keeps them from starving when they tire of strained foods!

Soon Craig made exciting discoveries. Carrots make beautiful orange streaks when squashed with a closed fist and pushed at a great rate of speed across a tray top. Tiny squares of potatoes are just the right size to throw, a target being completely non-essential. Little plastic plates are just right for cutting teeth, especially when freshly filled with cottage cheese. Once in a long time he will let mama spoon wobbly jello and slick custard into his mouth, but beyond that he will not go. But the crisis is over, that is, as long as I keep a constant stream of edible pick-up-ables placed in front of him.

One last word about the feeding situation. A large amount of patience and tolerance is needed to cope with it. It is easier to clean up after such "do-it-yourself" feeding, however, than to come suddenly up against an 18 or 19 month old child who, by all means, should be feeding himself and find that so much stress was put on neatness when he wanted to pick up and stuff that he's given up the battle and lets mama go ahead and do all the work herself.

Jeffrey is in the happy, contented period of three . . . in fact his birthday comes on February 25th, the same day as Juliana's. He is over most of the stubborn, difficult to handle spells and is amiable, easy to handle and spends pleasant hours with his playthings. A big brown teddy bear is his constant companion and shares all his escapades. His love of books continues to develop. This comes in handy on busy, busy days. A National Geographic magazine, for example, can be counted on for approximately twenty minutes of peace (this is worth the cost of the magazine alone!) When he is not playing or reading he "helps" around the house. Sometimes I need to stop and remind myself of the wonderful privilege it is to have a three year old helper, albeit the mop

must come out more frequently, the dusting must be done over and the carpet sweeper must have an extra push after the young assistant is tucked safely into bed.

February does not stop the long hikes which Bob and seven year old Bobby enjoy each Sunday afternoon. A week ago the snow was pretty and clean and white when they started out, bundled warm against the wind. They drove the two miles south to the beautiful Waubesa State Park. After they parked the car in the big area for that purpose at the top of the bluff, they started out on the path. The snow stretched smooth and unmarked ahead, unmarred by footprints. Down the long winding trail they walked, knocking snow from the tree branches, making marks with long sticks, watching for birds and the tiny creatures who spend their winters in the open. When they reached the picnic section of the park they brushed the snow from a table and sat down to rest for awhile. Not once did they see anything resembling civilization. No people wandered into their view on this beautiful Sunday afternoon.

After they had exhausted the trails they went up to the bird feeding station which the park superintendent, Mr. Johnson, has built near his lovely white house. The birds were plentiful and Bob and Bobby enjoyed identifying those they knew and memorizing colors and sizes to remember till they could get home and look them up in the bird book. Mr. Johnson came out to visit and invited them into his pleasant home. While they were sitting in front of the fireplace talking a bit about camping days in the past, Mr. Johnson said,

"It's a strange thing. So many people come here in the summer, they look at the park and remark how pretty it must be in the winter when everything is covered with snow. They say they would like to come see it, but they never come back. If they do come in they turn around and drive out without ever getting out of their cars. You are the only visitors we've had come and enjoy this beautiful white snow. To me it is as pretty in its own way as the park is in the summer all green and warm."

My two hikers came home bubbling over with the exciting afternoon they enjoyed together in the snow. Over a big fluffy pan of pop corn and a platter of black walnut fudge they recounted their afternoon to the stay-at-homes of the family. We said that it did seem unfortunate that people fail to enjoy their state parks in the winter just as much as they do in the summer.

So the winter gallops rapidly by, never lonely, never boring. In the country something new is always happening, a new bird, a tiny animal, a sunset different than any seen before, new abilities developed by growing children, moments to read, time to play favorite records bring calm moments of delight as February comes for a short stay with us.

Keep your fears to yourself. Share your courage with others.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

How much I have enjoyed the letters that you have written to me about your experiences in buying the first groceries that went into your kitchen! No one seems to have had exactly the same experience that I told you about last month, but there are some accounts that touch pretty close to it.

Sometimes I feel that I have been most fortunate in having so many, many friends (friends whom I've never met face-to-face) who feel free to tell me things that can scarcely be mentioned to anyone in the circle of friends and acquaintances. It has given me countless glimpses into people's secret lives, so to speak, and at least a sneaking idea of the problems that are carried in silence.

For instance, one of the letters that came to my desk this past week said the following:

"When I read your account of buying your first groceries I started to laugh, and then all of a sudden I found myself crying because I have been married for fifteen years and I have never yet had the pleasure of buying any groceries. Circumstances have compelled us to live with my husband's parents from the day we were married, and although we've all made a real effort to get along harmoniously, there are so many little things I feel that I have missed.

"My mother-in-law is a very good cook and a very efficient woman. She told me when I came into her home (I was only nineteen and very inexperienced) that she would do all of the cooking and I could do all of the cleaning up. Of course I accepted this—there wasn't anything else to do. But sometimes I think that it would be the most wonderful thing in the world just to go into a store and buy exactly what I wanted in the line of food, bring it home and cook it as I preferred. The last year or two it has really started to make me feel depressed, and none of my suggestions about changes are listened to, so you can see why I would almost envy you the experience of buying those first groceries."

That letter is going to haunt me for a long, long time. I'm afraid I won't be able to go up and down the aisles of my particular super-market for months to come without remembering it. I've dragged down those aisles in a poor frame of mind more than once—the problem of what to buy, what to cook for a change—you know the whole story—but I daresay that I won't be quite so easily discouraged in the future when I think of the woman who had never had the privilege of buying her own groceries.

Then there was another letter that settled down in the back of my mind. This came from a woman who told me that she often was assailed by the idea that life had a great deal of irony in it! When she was a child the family was desperately poor—her mother had been left a widow and they had a terrible struggle just getting from day to day. Many times

they were actually hungry, and she said that it was sheer torture to pass by a bakery or to stop and look into windows at grocery stores.

Today, many years later, she is married to a man who owns an entire chain of big markets. Practically anything available in the line of food is hers for the asking, but she has a severe stomach ailment that keeps her curtailed practically to milk toast and tea!

"When I think how hungry I used to get for a good meal," she said, "and then how I could have anything today—but can't eat anything today, it seems to me very ironic!" I agree. Life is full of such ironies.

As a final comment about mail that has crossed my desk recently, I will quote from a letter that came from a friend who was married in 1911.

"I still have the bill for both our furniture and hardware written on brown wrapping paper. At the hardware store our bill was \$98.00 and it included a Majestic Range, all the kettles and pans, everyday silver, spoons, ladles, strainers, tub, wringer and wash board, roaster and such things.

"At the furniture store our bill was \$95.00 and this included two iron beds, dresser, commode, dining room extension table and six chairs, two kitchen chairs, a glass door cupboard (it's still my pride and joy in the kitchen) and a 12x12 rug with great big red roses in it that never went with anything."

Such details interest me very much—I can't imagine a better reflection of changing times. Just think how far you'd get today trying to purchase those items with the amount of money that she quoted.

Even though Christmas is now a thing of the past, I must tell you that we enjoyed for the first time a big box of beautiful holly—such a brilliant crisp green with myriads of intense red berries. It came air express from our good friends, Dessa Nelson and her mother, Mrs. Flora Claybaugh who live in Washington, D. C. I had never before had such a wonderful quantity of fresh holly to use in decorations, and it was certainly a joy.

We also received a box containing perfectly marvelous fruitcake and mincemeat from some Pennsylvania Dutch friends whom we met this past summer. They make this their big annual project and ship boxes all over the United States—I believe they said that they had about thirty people on their list. We didn't dream that we'd "get on" their list, so you can imagine our surprise when this gift arrived. They start the mincemeat in October—use venison in it and everything under the sun—never have you tasted such mincemeat! The fruitcake is also beyond description, and perhaps I can get my friend to send the recipe before next autumn rolls around.

Before long now semester exams will be held and the first half of the school year will be over. Juliana is getting extremely impatient to start her work in home economics. I told her that I envied her this chance to learn to sew correctly right from the

start. For some reason I missed this course and have always regretted that I didn't get in on the ground floor for details that bother me to this day.

This is being written on a Sunday—in the evening, to be specific. We had something unusual in the line of meat tonight—deer steak. It tasted very delicious and was a rare treat for us. As a matter of fact, I don't believe that I'd eaten deer steak since I lived in Wyoming so many years ago. In the particular home where I stayed they had all kinds of mountain game just as routinely as we have beef and pork, and I liked all of it.

What are your big projects for these months ahead of us? We are hoping to get this study redecorated and, if time and money hold out, the dining room as well. Both the dining room and study walls are covered with burlap and we expect to paint all of it. I'm glad that a friend passed on a tip that will save us considerable money for we found several years ago when we painted the living room walls that it took a LOT of paint! Now we expect to put on a sealer coat first. This will achieve the same effect as paint and will cut down on the expense considerably.

Many of you will be starting soon on trips to warmer climates. I hope that you have good weather and good roads, and that you're pleased with your accommodations when you arrive at your destination. But for everyone who goes, there are about a hundred left right at home! I'm among this group and since I've never been a person who got excited about winter, I'll join you in hoping for an early spring! We need snow very badly through most of our Midwest, so perhaps one of these mornings we'll be lucky enough to wake up and find a good old-fashioned storm howling away. It complicates daily life—no two ways about it—but when you need moisture so badly it isn't very becoming to complain.

The clock says that it's far past bedtime, so goodnight—and good luck to each and every one of you. I do hope that you'll write to me soon.

Always—Lucile

I MUST HAVE GOD

I must have God—
I couldn't walk this thorny way
With stone beneath and cloud above,
Or meet the struggle of each day
Without His love.

I must have God—
I couldn't stand the hours or night
Or troubled day with all its length,
Or overlook what others say
Without His strength.

I must have God—
I couldn't carry on my lips
A song of cheer, a word to ease
The aching of another's heart
Without His peace.

I must have God!
I couldn't share the grief of those
Who need my help along life's way,
Or comfort one in need of peace
Unless I pray.

—Amy Wellington

TOTEM POLES ARE HER HOBBY

By
Hallie M. Barrow

At a recent exhibition of Indian art, we were intrigued by a display of paintings, dolls, Indian costumes and totem poles made by Inez Arnold Campbell, who lives on an Indian reservation near Hiawatha, Kansas. The reason we particularly wanted to meet her was to ask about a colorful charm string she had made from gourds, pine cones, seed pods and many other items.

At Hiawatha, they were using her display in the bank for that week, we saw a totem pole she had made at a motel, and consequently were more anxious than ever to meet her. We were directed eight miles north-east and when we came to a small house with a very tall totem pole near the door, we knew this was her home. We had anticipated meeting an interesting woman but little did we dream of the scope of her ambition . . . to preserve Indian art for the future.

As far as Mrs. Campbell knows, she is about the only woman living on a reservation thus engaged. Research workers (hired by the government and private parties), museum personnel, college professors and historians are doing similar work with Indian life and customs. Mrs. Campbell works to some extent with all these agencies, has taken several correspondence courses on Indian life and art, has a world-wide correspondence on this subject and a steady stream of visitors interested for various reasons in Indian life and art. She visits other tribes and many a pow-wow has been held in her own home by visiting chiefs for the purpose of helping her preserve accurate records of rites, ceremonials, tribal life and customs.

Mrs. Campbell is not an Indian herself. Born near Pawnee, Nebraska, she early took an active interest in the Indians on nearby reservations. Her state, her town and many towns, rivers and lakes nearby, all bore Indian names. There were Indian mounds in the flat country along the river and, like many another naturalist and student of Indian life, she pondered why, when and how they had been built and marveled that these mounds followed the rivers . . . first the Missouri, then the Mississippi and on down into South America.

Like the rest of the neighborhood children, she had a big collection of arrow heads that had been picked up in the sand hills, former hunting and camping grounds of many tribes. Sixteen years ago she married Clarence Campbell, a full-blood Indian who was born on the Ioway reservation. They make their home on this reservation and much of her information is gleaned from her daily life with members of the Ioway tribe.

She is an artist herself and has painted many pictures of Indian life. For instance, the Navajos who are weavers, are pictured raising their sheep, dyeing the wool, etc. As each squaw wove her blankets and rugs, she copied no set pattern but used



The three riders are Clark, Alison and Emily.

her own design. The Indians did not use letters and words to spell out their stories but used signs and symbols. Mrs. Campbell has compiled a small booklet of the Indian signs and at once can translate many of the ideas the original weaver used in her design.

Of course, Mrs. Campbell makes Indian dolls with every detail of that tribe carried out in the dress. We were simply fascinated by her charm strings! She is very interested in gourds, raises many, and is a member of the American Gourd Society. She paints them and keeps them for as long as fifteen years. She uses okra pods, squaw corn, various colored popcorns and other material from her garden besides the gourds and collects pine cones and all kinds of weed seed pods to weave into these charm or Ramona strings. She is consulted often by people wanting correct Indian costumes for parades, plays and stunts, and keeps on hand large containers of eagle and turkey feathers for the headdress. She had made a dozen of these for the baton twirlers in the Hiawatha High School band. It really was something different in a band uniform!

Mrs. Campbell talks more about the totem poles she makes than any other form of Indian art. "To the average person looking at a totem pole, it might just look like a meaningless jumble of fantastic figures," explains Mrs. Campbell. "But to an Indian, it is a complete record of the life of some chief and his tribe. It really is an early American family crest! Before the white men came, the Indians did not have a system of writing and so left no written records. But they had a sort of writing or way of preserving their records, using pictures, signs and symbols instead of letters. These records were made on totem poles and an Indian of that era could read or decipher the achievements of his chief and tribe, the floods, droughts and wars his tribe had endured, their triumphs and disasters.

"Records show that the first of these totem poles to be observed and noted was 1790. To read the story on a totem pole, you start at the top and read down. The first figure was of course the chief and then his life story; below that his wife's story. The region of the totem pole was the northwest. Canadian Indians introduced the ceremony known as the Potlatch. When the totem pole had

been elaborately carved and painted and was ready for setting, neighboring tribes were invited for a two or three week festivity. At the end of this joyous time, valuable gifts were given to the guests amid much feasting and dancing. These potlatches often ran far into the thousands of dollars of expense, often left the family impoverished and public charges, BUT with great honors!

"As the white man introduced their ways, totem pole history changed too. Each Indian family wished to erect a more elaborate totem pole than his neighbor . . . a sort of keeping up with the Jones family, one of our own regrettable modern customs. At first it was only the chief who might have a totem pole; later it was any Indian family that had the money to have one made and it became a criterion of the social status of the family. No telling where this craze for the finest totem pole might have led, except that in time totemism, poles and potlatches were suddenly barred. The British law ordered that there should be no more potlatches, which were deteriorating more or less to an orgy. Then, the missionaries in United States and Alaska could not sanction the religious angle of totemism. Believing all animals and birds of dual personality, the Indians carved them into quasi-human figures on their poles and these were worshipped and deified more like heathen idol worship. So as the tribes became converted to Christianity, the missionaries ordered the totem poles destroyed.

"In 1938, the United States Government began to hunt, restore or duplicate the totem poles under a CCC program. The government had learned that about the only available history of the early Indian life was that recorded on their totem poles. So many were restored and removed to prominent sites in cities and parks until there has been a revival of interest in the strange, unearthly appearance of their twining and grotesque figures and somehow the mystical significance of the far past again thrills the viewer."

And this we can readily believe as Mrs. Campbell ends her story and her plea to regard the totem pole as a sacred, dignified record of some famous Indian character or tribe. Now when we see one, we will realize it is really a condensed story of the joys, sorrows, triumphs and defeats of some chief, possibly a story several hundred years old.

Mrs. Campbell makes totem poles for Indian pageants, art displays and often customers want one to attract attention to their place of business. It is a work of loving art to her. Her husband cuts soft pine poles for her to carve and paint. But first the design . . . no meaningless array of crazy figures. She selects from her files a thrilling story of some tribe, consults her book of Indian symbols and for the tribe she selects to honor, their saga is told, accurate and correct to the smallest detail. It is her contribution towards saving this interesting form of Indian art for future records.

NEWS FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

The holiday season is over and now we can all settle down and get back into our everyday routine. Tomorrow the tree comes down and furniture put back where it belongs. We leave our tree up until after New Year's day and hate to take it down even then. I heard so many people say this year that their trees shed so badly that they had to take them down a day or two after Christmas, but our tree has been up since the 14th of December and is still just as pretty and green as it was the day we put it up.

Of course we used a cedar tree from the timber and someone told Frank that if he split the trunk a little ways with an axe, and then put it in a bucket of wet sand and kept it damp all the time, that it would stay green—and it certainly did. We always have a very large tree because our ceilings are so tall that we think a little tree looks kind of funny. We thought our tree this year was exceptionally pretty and we all hate to see it come down.

Our Christmas festivities started a little early for us this year with the 4-H Christmas party at our house on the 15th. The girls had their meeting and their gift exchange, and then spent the remainder of the afternoon decorating 75 Christmas cookies which I had previously baked and these were then delivered to the Lucas County Home for the patients' Christmas dinner. I baked close to 300 Christmas cookies this year and we ended up without any for ourselves. Kristin was very unhappy about this.

Frank's sister Ruth certainly gave the three of us a lovely gift just before Christmas. She sent us a beautiful 9x12 wool braided rug for our living room. We have wanted one for a long time but just couldn't see our way clear to get it. Previously we just had throw rugs on our hardwood floors. Since we put it down our floors seem so much warmer, and of course, now I'm anxious to redecorate.

We had Christmas a few days early at our house since Ruth was not going to be able to come on Christmas day. All the Johnsons came to our house on Saturday evening and we opened our gifts; then, before they went home, I served hot gingerbread and whipped cream and coffee. We dressed two ducks on Saturday morning and got them into the oven early Sunday morning. Everyone came back out for dinner at noon.

By having our own Christmas early, Kristin and I were able to drive to Shenandoah on Monday morning and spend our first Christmas Eve for thirteen years with my family. Frank wanted to go but our cow is awfully hard to milk and he didn't want to ask anyone to come and do it for him, but he was very insistent that we go—so we did. We all had Christmas dinner with Wayne and Abigail and the children. On Wednesday evening we got to attend the Driftmier family party at Aunt Clara and Uncle



When the picture of this sweet little girl arrived (Bettie Ann Lacey, age three) I read aloud to Juliana the accompanying letter from her grandmother, Mrs. J. L. Randall of Chariton, Ia. Bettie Ann is being reared by her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Edd Halferty of Chariton because her mother died shortly after her birth. In such a crisis Bettie Ann's two sisters, Sherry and Caryl (then 11 and 13) pitched in and kept the home for their Daddy and Grandfather. They have done all the work, washing, ironing, canning, cooking for extra hands, and still kept up their school activities in Chariton. The next time your teen-age daughters feel abused, just read this to them!

Paul Otte's. Kristin was in Shenandoah last year when they had the party, but it was the first time I had been able to attend one for fifteen years.

We drove home on Thursday and brought Juliana back with us to spend the remainder of her vacation. The girls stayed all night with their Aunt Bernie on Friday night. As soon as they came home the next morning Frank took them rabbit hunting but they didn't have any luck. Juliana kicked out one which ran right between her legs but Frank was too far away to shoot at it. There were two things Juliana wanted very much to do while she was here this time—one was to stay all night with Bernie, and the other was to visit Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond Halls. So on Saturday evening I put them on the train to Allerton where Edna met them, and on Sunday Frank and I drove down for dinner and brought them home late in the afternoon.

Monday the girls spent the day with Lois Jean Hutchison in Chariton. We put Juliana on the train at 5:20, then brought Lois Jean home with us to spend New Year's Eve and New Year's day. Frank had sawed wood all day and was too tired to watch the old year out and the new year in. I stayed up until I heard the New Year festivities in New York. Then I popped a big pan of popcorn for the girls and went to bed. Frank said he woke up at a quarter to twelve and got up to fix the fires and the girls had Kristin's radio on and were still going strong. I don't know what time they finally went to sleep.

Kristin is starting to do her room over. She got new carpet for the floor for Christmas. Her Aunt Ruth has promised her a new bed and wrought iron bookcases for doing some nice things for her, and I'm making her some new curtains out of white batiste that her Aunt Margery gave her for that purpose. We plan to let her pick out some new paper and we will get that put on this Spring. She has been unhappy about her room for a long time and now is terribly excited about it because it looks like she is going to get something done. She wants to be here when we put the carpet down so we hope to get started Saturday.

I am very anxious to paint my kitchen, but painting is not one of my accomplishments. Everything I have ever painted has looked far from good when I finished. So many women do all of their own painting and papering and do a really professional looking job. Edna, for instance, is always painting woodwork or cupboards or something, and Margery loves to hang paper and is good at it too; and Aunt Delia Johnson is a wonderful paper hanger. This week I have become enthused after watching the painters redecorate our office in the court house. They were using a paint with a rubber base and were painting it up and down and crosswise, starting and stopping whenever they felt like it, and it was the smoothest paint job on walls that I have ever seen. The painters reassured me that I couldn't miss doing a good job with that kind of paint, so now I'm all enthused and want to pick out my colors and get started. They still prefer an oil base paint for woodwork but they think you can't beat this rubber base paint for walls.

I hope next month that I can report some progress on these things we want to get done. Until then . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

God and believe in the ultimate triumph of God's will for the world and all humanity.

If you were to ask me what we church-going people have that most others do not, I would say that it is a faith in the fact that life is good and God is on our side. We rest in the faith that the world is not a grinning skull and crossbones, but is rather a monument to what mankind with God's help has done, and is also the raw materials for the building of a Kingdom of God.

No matter what may go against us, we know that God is working with us in every effort to better our world, that He is still sovereign, and that He will not permit the defeat of the final purpose of creation. It is the patience of time that teaches us courage; it is the strength of the sun that lends us poise. And so we should give thanks for life's glories, for the teaching of earth and all her joys.

Sincerely,
Frederick

On the road between the homes of friends grass does not grow.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

SAUSAGE-MACARONI CASSEROLE

4 ounces elbow macaroni
1 lb. pork sausage
1/4 cup sausage drippings
1/3 cup chopped onion
1/3 cup chopped green pepper
3 Tbls. flour
1/4 tsp. salt
1 1/2 cups milk
1 1/2 cups shredded American cheese
Buttered bread crumbs
Paprika

Add 2 tsp. salt and macaroni to 3 cups boiling water. Boil rapidly, stirring constantly, for 2 minutes. Cover, remove from heat and let stand 10 minutes. Meanwhile, brown pork sausage and reserve 1/4 cup drippings. Pour drippings into saucepan, add onion and pepper and cook 5 minutes. Stir in flour, salt and add milk gradually. Cook until thickened, then remove from heat and cool slightly. Drain macaroni. Add cheese to sauce, stirring until melted. Drain excess fat from browned meat and arrange one layer in bottom of lightly greased casserole. Cover with layer of macaroni. Repeat layers two more times. Pour cheese sauce over macaroni. Sprinkle with crumbs and paprika. Bake in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes.

APPLE MACAROONS

Butter an 8-inch baking dish. Put in 3 cups thinly sliced apples and sprinkle with 1/2 cup sugar and 1/4 tsp. cinnamon. Cream:

1 Tbls. butter
1/2 cup sugar
1 egg

Sift and add:

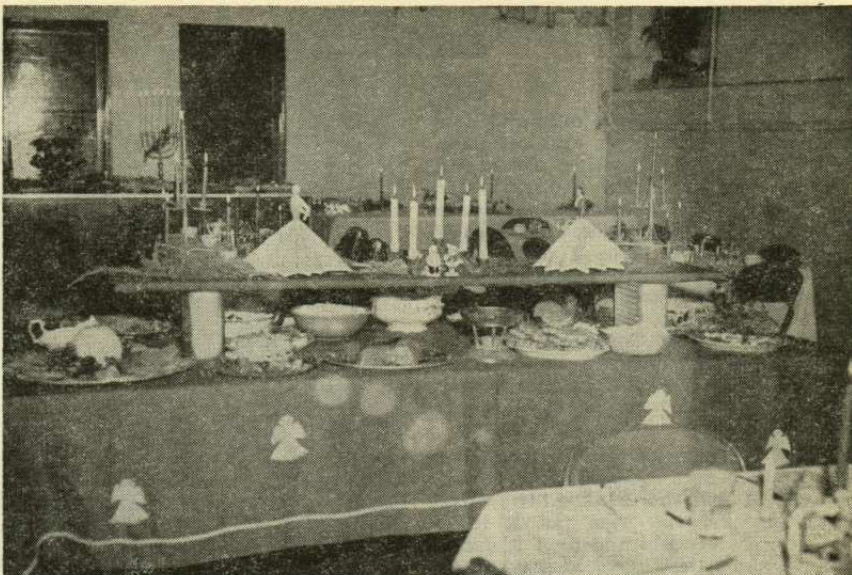
1/8 tsp. salt
1/2 cup flour
1/2 tsp. baking powder

Spoon this mixture over the apples and bake for about 30 minutes in a 375 degree oven. Cut in squares and serve with whipped cream.

VEGETABLE SUPREME

1 can string beans
2 eggs
1 1/2 cups liquid (bean liquid and enough milk to make the amount)
4 slices bread, cubed
1 cup grated cheese
Salt and pepper

Combine well-beaten eggs, milk, and pepper. Alternate layers of beans, bread and cheese in a buttered casserole. Add milk mixture and bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes.



This is one of the Smorgasbord tables Margery describes in her letter on page 13.

GLAMOUR PIE

Graham cracker crust
6-ounce can frozen lemonade concentrate
1/4 cup water
1 package raspberry gelatin
1/2 cup sugar
1 cup undiluted evaporated milk

Make up a graham cracker crust following your favorite recipe. Combine lemonade concentrate and water. Save out 2 Tbls. for whipping evaporated milk. Heat remainder to boiling and dissolve gelatin and sugar in it. Cool, stirring several times. Chill evaporated milk in refrigerator tray until crystals form (about 15 minutes); whip one minute. Gradually add reserved lemonade concentrate and continue whipping until very stiff. Fold into cool gelatin mixture. Spoon into crumb crust. Chill for about 2 hours before serving. If topping is desired, whip remaining 2/3 cup evaporated milk adding 1 Tbls. each of lemon juice and sugar. Just before serving, garnish pie with topping and some extra graham cracker crumbs.

CINNAMON CRUNCHIES

1 cup sifted flour
1/4 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. cinnamon
1/3 cup shortening
1/2 cup sugar
1 egg yolk
2 Tbls. milk
1/4 tsp Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
3 Tbls. sugar
1/4 tsp cinnamon
1/4 cup chopped nuts

Sift together the flour, salt and cinnamon. Cream the shortening and sugar. Blend in the egg yolk, milk and vanilla. Gradually add the dry ingredients and mix well. Spread mixture in ungreased 7x11 inch pan. Beat 1 egg white slightly and spread over surface of dough. Combine the sugar, cinnamon and nuts and sprinkle evenly over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes, cut into bars or squares while still warm. Makes about 24 bars.

BARBECUED HAM BALLS

1 lb. ground ham
1 1/2 lbs. ground pork
1 cup cracker crumbs, rolled fine
2 eggs beaten
1 cup milk
Mix well and form into balls.

Sauce

1 1/2 cups brown sugar
1/2 cup water
1/2 cup vinegar
1 Tbls. dry mustard

Heat the sauce on top of stove. Pour over the balls in a baking dish. Bake uncovered in a medium slow oven, about 325 degrees, for about 2 hours. Turn and baste balls frequently.

RIBBON ASPIC SALAD

Tomato and Cheese Layers

Soften 1 envelope plain gelatin in 1 cup tomato juice 5 minutes. Heat 1 cup additional tomato juice; season to taste. Add gelatin, stirring until dissolved. Chill in refrigerator until mixture begins to thicken. Line a loaf pan with waxed paper and carefully pour tomato aspic into paper lined loaf pan.

Season 1 cup cottage cheese to taste with Worcestershire sauce, tabasco sauce and salt. Place layer of the cheese on the tomato aspic layer as soon as the aspic is firm.

Perfection Salad Layer

1 envelope plain gelatin
1/4 cup lemon juice
1 1/2 Tbls. sugar
1 3/4 cups hot water
1/4 cup raw green pepper, finely chopped
3/4 cup raw cabbage, finely chopped

1/2 cup raw carrot, finely chopped
Soften gelatin in lemon juice 5 minutes. Add sugar and hot water; stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add chopped green pepper, cabbage and carrots to gelatin mixture. Chill until thickened. Pour over cheese layer. Allow to set until firm. Unmold on garnished platter.

ITALIAN HAMBURGER

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 1 cup 2-inch pieces spaghetti
- 2 cups cooked tomatoes
- 1/2 cup grated American cheese

Brown meat lightly and add salt, pepper, onion and spaghetti. Pour tomatoes over all and cover tightly. Cook over low heat for 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove lid; place in serving dish and sprinkle with cheese.

ORANGE DATE NUT LOAF

Cream together until light and fluffy:

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar

Add and beat well:

- 2 eggs
- Sift together:
- 2 cups flour
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 3 tsp. baking powder

Add alternately with sifted ingredients and beat until smooth:

- 1 tsp. grated orange rind
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 3/4 cup milk

Add to mixture:

- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup chopped dates

Pour batter into well greased loaf pan and bake about 60 min.

CHEESE SCALLOPED CARROTS

- 12 sliced carrots
- 1 minced onion
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 cups buttered soft bread crumbs
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 cups milk
- 1/4 tsp. celery salt
- 1/2 lb. sharp cheese

Cook carrots until barely tender.

Cook onion in butter, slowly add flour, salt and mustard; then milk, add pepper and celery salt.

In a 2 quart casserole arrange a layer of carrots, then a layer of cheese, repeat ending with a layer of carrots.

Pour on sauce, top with crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 45 minutes. Serves 8.

SPICE CHERRY CAKE

- 1 cup drained canned cherries
- 1 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup butter
- 2 cups flour
- 4 Tbls. thick sour cream
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. nutmeg

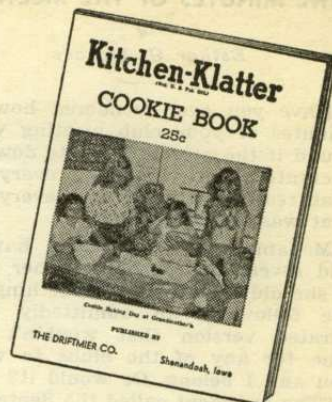
Cream sugar and butter, add soda and sour cream and beaten eggs. Sift dry ingredients together and add. Then add the cherries. Nut meats may also be added. Bake in loaf pan 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

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ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

- 3 cups cooked asparagus, drained
 - 2 hard boiled eggs
 - 12 crackers, rolled fine
 - Salt and pepper to taste
 - 3 Tbls. butter
 - 2 Tbls. flour
 - 1 cup milk
 - 1/2 cup asparagus juice
 - 1 can condensed mushroom soup
 - 1/4 cup cheese, cut in small chunks
 - 1 1/2 cups potato chips
- Place asparagus, eggs and cracker crumbs in a 6 x 10 inch baking dish. Make a white sauce of butter, flour, milk and asparagus juice. Pour over asparagus and over this spread can of condensed mushroom soup. Add the cheese and sprinkle crushed potato chips on top. Bake for 30 minutes in a 325 degree oven. Take from oven 15 minutes before serving.

LOW CALORIE SALAD DRESSING

- 1 cup canned tomato juice
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/8 tsp. pepper
 - Juice of 1 lemon
 - 2 drops Worcestershire sauce
 - 1 dissolved sweetener tablet
 - 1 Tbls. tomato catsup
- Mix thoroughly and chill. Shake well before adding to salad. Makes about 16 servings at 5 calories a serving.

MEXICAN CORN CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. hamburger
 - 1 medium onion finely chopped
 - 1 cup macaroni, cook (measure before cooking)
 - 1 can cream style corn
 - 2 cans tomato soup, undiluted
 - Salt and pepper to taste
 - A little chilli powder if desired
- Brown the hamburger with the onion. Add the cooked macaroni, corn, soup and seasonings. Pour in a baking dish, sprinkle with grated cheese and bake in 350 degree oven until bubbling and cheese is melted. Slice olives on top when you serve it.

SAVORY POTATO BEEF HASH

- 2 cups raw potato, coarsely grated
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 3 Tbls. fat
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/2 cup minced onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1/4 cup chili sauce

Brown beef in hot fat, add grated potato and balance of ingredients except chili sauce. Cover skillet tightly and cook for 20 to 25 minutes. Remove cover and spread top of hash with chili sauce. Place under broiler to brown and crisp top of hash.

THE MINUTES OF THE MEETING

By

Esther G. Sigsbee

Have you ever wondered how the minutes of your club meeting would sound if the secretary wrote down an accurate report, including everything that really happened and everything that was actually said?

Madame Secretary would have to add several more pages to her notes if she did. It might go something like the following, an admittedly exaggerated version that wouldn't hold true for any of the clubs to which you and I belong. Or would it?

"The president called the September meeting of the Jolly Joiners Women's Club to order," the real minutes might start. "Fifteen members responded to roll call."

The candid additions might say that Madame Chairman herself was 15 minutes late and when she arrived she had to pound her gavel for another five to get the members to stop the conversation.

When Mrs. Lena Gulch's name was called from the roll, she was reported ill. There was 10 minutes of lively discussion on whether or not Mrs. Gulch could possibly be expecting again. Lucy Lockett was absent, also. She couldn't get a baby sitter. The unreliability of sitters, with six detailed examples, was discussed.

"The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved," says the written report—but it wasn't really that easy. Mrs. Agatha Earp said she did not second the motion to discontinue serving mixed nuts with the lunch. It was Lizzie Tizz. Lizzie Tizz said it was Annie Amber, who stoutly denied it. Mrs. Amber distinctly remembered making the motion to donate 50 cents to the home for sick cats and that she hadn't otherwise opened her mouth all afternoon. Then Mrs. Earp spoke up. She guessed she did second the motion, after all. So the minutes were approved as read.

"The Treasurer reported \$7.23 in the social fund, \$2.18 in the benevolent fund and \$.63 in the greeting card fund," says the minutes. What actually happened was that Mrs. George Smith, jr., was busy chatting with Mrs. Tom Jones, sr., and she didn't hear the report so she asked to have it repeated. Mrs. Smith, jr., then objected to the amount in the greeting card fund. She told the club that she had tonsillitis for three whole days and nobody sent her a card. If they were that careful about who they sent cards to, said Mrs. Smith, there should be more money than that left in the fund.

At the word "tonsillitis," Annie Amber perked up. Her boy, Alphonse, had been having tonsillitis and what did Mrs. Smith, jr., do for it? The pros and cons of tonsilectomies during childhood were thoroughly discussed. Madame Chairman finally had to pound her gavel and yell for quiet.

Then, according to the secretary's report, "The president asked if there was any unfinished business." What business there might have been is still unfinished for it was at that moment



This is our latest picture of David Lloyd Driftmier, and I'll confess that we agree with a comment in his mother's letter: "Have you ever seen such a straight mouth in your life?"

that Laura Luscious arrived wearing a brand-new fur coat. The meeting broke up for expressions of admiration and a few remarks of envy on the side.

"New business consisted of a motion by Mrs. Tizzie Lizz that the members hold their annual dinner party for their husbands. Mrs. Agatha Earp seconded the motion and the motion carried," is the way the minutes have it. But really the party was discussed hardly at all. At the word "dinner," Mrs. Tom Jones, jr., told the members about her never-fail recipe for fruit cake and several ladies had to copy it down. Sarah Stirpot said she made the same cake last Christmas only she thought her recipe was a little better.

Christmas reminded Bertha Banniger of the cute thing her daughter said about Santa Claus. Mrs. Earp told what her grandson did on Halloween and, like a chain reaction, there were forty-seven tales about offsprings.

"There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned," says the report. *Don't you believe it!* There was more business conducted after the meeting closed than there was during the official session. The club voted on flowers for the hospital, decided on committees for the husbands' party and switched the next regular meeting to the home of Mrs. Smith because Annie Amber was expecting company!

"Light refreshments followed" — chicken salad, hot rolls, butter, jam and marmalade, pickles, olives, celery, pumpkin pie with whipped cream, fudge cake, coffee, tea or milk, and assorted mints and nuts. The hostess said she hadn't gone to a bit of trouble.

"The remainder of the time was spent in social conversation," concluded the secretary's report. The whole club meeting took a mere 6 hours and 40 minutes.

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THE GENIUS OF THE RURAL MAIL CARRIER

By

Evelyn Witter

After twenty-one years of living on a rural route, I am still astonished at the deciphering ability of our rural mail carriers. The fact that I have received certain letters during all these years proves that mail carriers have a keen insight on human nature, they are excellent mind readers, and certainly hieroglyphic experts.

My name is basically simple . . . Mrs. William Witter. Still it seems to confuse many letter addressers. In their confusion they have altered my station in life and even given me new personalities. But they can't confuse the mailman. He has a sixth sense about those things.

For example, I have (mailingly speaking) been married off to two poets . . . Whittier and Whitman. Being addressed as the missus of these two makes me quite an old lady since both gentlemen passed away a long ago as 1892.

Another spelling that put me in the antiquated class was a missive addressed to Mrs. Whitney. Land! The inventor of the cotton gin departed from this world in 1825!

One would think the mailman would be completely confused, knowing that he had neither poets or inventors on his route. But no. He figures out who those people in New York or Los Angeles meant, and delivers the letters to the exact person they were really intended for!

But my old age is of short duration. Maybe the next day a letter will come to lop off twenty years. I've gotten more than one advertisement addressed to MISS Evelyn Witter. That one is easy for the carrier and gives a boost to my morale.

Our mailman must have gotten a chuckle out of a sales letter I got not long ago addressed to, "Evelyn Withers." Taking the statement in its literal sense it means: Evelyn fades. My reaction to that one was: "Don't we all?"

Then there was that letter calling me Mrs. Witty. Nice compliment, but you'd think such misspelling would cause a "no such person" stamp on the envelope. Not so with our rural mail carriers and their keen deciphering powers!

Today I got a letter that made me marvel all the more at our rural mail carriers. It was from an old high school friend whom I haven't heard from in years. She evidently remembered that I live on R.R. 2, but the name of the man I married must have escaped her completely. The letter came to "Mrs. Chester Twitty." The amazing thing is . . . it was delivered!

That was the finest bit of mind reading I have ever seen. That's one reason why I am impressed with our rural mail carriers. Not only are they veterans of storm, sleet and hail, but they have address-comprehension that has no equal anywhere!

You can save yourself a lot of trouble by not borrowing any.

A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

A cold, cold wind is blowing to remind us that even though we've had a mild winter thus far it still can get cold in January, but the sun is shining brightly so I would say this is a cheerful day.

This month I am writing my letter on the folk's dining room table. Our house is so torn up that we just decided to move out. Our timing was perfect, for the day the workmen came Mother and Dad left for their trip to California so when they moved out we moved in. I didn't know exactly when the work would start for several months ago I asked them to come in January whenever they could work it into their schedule. I don't know what prompted me that day for we usually leave our Christmas tree up for quite some days after Christmas, but like most trees this year it started to shed needles sooner than usual and I decided that what I wanted to do that day if I didn't accomplish another thing was to get the tree down and do a knock-down-drag-out cleaning job. I had just put the vacuum away when the paper hanger came to the door and said they could start working the next day. Of course the cleaning had all been in vain but at least we didn't have to start dismantling the tree at that point! Instead we moved the furniture out of the living room and dining room (carrying as much as we could to the basement and the rest piled into the bedroom) and had things pretty well under control for the work to start.

In case you haven't been with us before, I must tell you that last winter we redecorated the two bedrooms and bathroom and this past summer did a great deal of work on the upstairs apartment. We would have started the work on the rest of the rooms downstairs if Margery had been able to come to some decision on wallpaper. Well, the paper was finally ordered so there is no changing of mind again.

If it had been so simple as painting and papering we could have lived in the mess, but that wasn't the case. The walls had been painted over many layers of paper so all that had to be steamed off. Then you might guess the next part of the story—plaster! Yes, a great deal of plaster came off with the paper. Also, we knew the ceilings were not in very good shape so decided to have block ceilings put in. The woodwork will have to be sanded down before it can be painted so it will still be several more days before the paper goes on the walls.

Oh, yes, I forgot to mention what we call the "problem of the sliding doors." The one between the dining room and Martin's bedroom just plain didn't work anymore. The track is so worn (this house was built in 1908) that the door kept coming off the track. What to do? We considered many different type openings and finally decided on louvered doors. This was no easy decision to make for our openings are unusually tall since we have such high ceilings; they just wouldn't take the standard size doors.



These are the four committee chairmen who worked so hard on the successful Smorgasbord. From left to right are Vera Ahlgren, Margaret Welty, Caroline Wilson and Margery Strom.

After checking prices to have them custom made to our requirements or to lower the top of the door we decided that it would be more economical to lower the wall so that standard sizes would fit. We are replacing the other sliding door in the dining room so that both openings into the bedrooms will be treated in the same manner. We ordered plain pine and the doors will be painted to match the woodwork.

One thing we are very grateful for and that is that we can stay at Mother and Dad's while this work is going on. When it is finished we will be able to take our time about moving the furniture back so I can take care of the floors, wash the blinds, clean the furniture and, as a matter of fact, get my spring housecleaning done before spring! I've been pouring over my decorating scrapbook trying to improve upon the furniture placement. I have decided upon a few changes.

This past month our two church circles held a Smorgasbord for our circle members. First, let me tell you that there were only four of us on the committee and we couldn't have managed with only four if it hadn't been for the wonderful help we had from our husbands. One way in which they helped so much was filling the water glasses and coffee cups, and those of you who have worked in a church kitchen know how many steps that saved us. We planned our menu and then assigned some of the food such as relish plates, salads and dessert. We prepared the meat at the church—ham, Swedish sausage and meat balls. We also took care of the creamed peas, rosettes, brown beans, bread and butter. We had some help from some Swedish friends with some of it.

I wish I had space to describe the decorations in detail for they were lovely. One of our committee has great talent along that line. The serving table was tiered and in the center of the dining room. On each side of it we had three tables running perpendicular to it. Each table was decorated differently with Swedish decorations. We used hundreds of candles for, running down the center of each table, we had a number of large candles and separate candles in small gold

star holders at each place which were given as favors. When all the candles were lighted it was spectacular!

As the guests arrived they were served Fruit Soup from the punch table in an adjoining room. The focal point at the punch table was the beautiful white candle centerpiece that Aunt Sue Conrad made for Mother the Christmas before she passed away. We used a lovely punch bowl with matching punch cups. When we were ready in the dining room, the candles were lighted and the doors opened to admit the guests to the Smorgasbord. Our hours of work paid off with the oh's and ah's we heard. After dinner we sang songs and played charades on church hymns. Before our guests went home we served coffee and assorted cookies. I had made twenty-eight dozen cookies which proved to be many dozen too many for everyone was still very full from dinner. Cookies freeze well, however, so they weren't wasted.

Our circles are now in the process of planning a chili supper so I will report on that next month. I might mention that these are not money-making projects but just parties for our members.

Martin is enjoying the electric train he got for Christmas very much. (Oliver, too!) Here at the folks we have enough room that he could set up the track in one of the bedrooms upstairs so almost every evening after school finds Martin and his friends playing engineer and brakeman. Working in the kitchen below I can hear the rumbling and whistles as the train races around the track. It is a cheerful sound. When we get back in our own home we will have to have some type of permanent arrangement for the track which will probably be on our old dining room table in the basement. At least we will see how that works out. When spring rains come (and we certainly hope we get a lot of them this year) the basement might be too damp and rust the track so possibly we will have to dream up something else.

This past month I've enjoyed reading from your letters about your hobbies. Up until Christmas we all become so involved in holiday entertaining and Christmas preparations that we have little free time for our hobbies. During January and February I like to pick up my embroidery projects as many of you do also. I'm working again on my cross-stitched table cloth. I had hoped that this winter I could start in a ceramics class to try my hand at something different but so far I haven't found the time. That is one thing I will look into when other things are not so demanding. Now I'm asking myself, "When will that be?" Embroidering seems better suited to me for I can pick it up and lay it down at any time. I keep it in a sewing table where it is always handy.

Here I have been rambling on about my own activities and haven't brought you anything really constructive. I guess this month I just feel like visiting. Is it because of the time of year? I suppose we have all rushed around

(Continued on page 15)

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A QUEEN OF HEARTS PARTY FOR VALENTINE'S DAY

By
Mildred Cathcart

We have requests for party ideas for children, teen-agers, and grown-ups, so here are some general suggestions that you may adapt to the needs of your own particular group.

A "Queen of Hearts" party is most appropriate. Small children will enjoy playing they are the Queen of Hearts and the Knave of Hearts. Simple crepe paper crowns and aprons for the girls, and a heart-trimmed cap for the boys will suit the smaller children.

Invitations may be in the form of Queen of Hearts for the girls and Knave of Hearts for the boys. If you are not too artistic, look through the children's book of rhymes for pictures to copy.

Do not overlook the possibility of this type of entertainment for a ladies' club group. This would be an ideal time to invite them in just for coffee and "heart" cookies. You might try a Queen of Hearts type get-together and have the ladies help you decorate heart cookies to take to a children's home, a home for the aged, or a veteran's hospital. Or such a "heart" party could be the basis of a coffee or tea in which collections could be taken for a worthwhile project.

For the younger group, you will need some game ideas. **FIND THE HEARTS.** Tell the guests that the Queen hid her tarts so the Knave could not find them. Have candy hearts hidden and ask each to search for them. Special hearts may count more. Or you may ask the guests to keep their hearts for a few minutes so that you can tell their fortunes. A purple heart may foretell royalty, yellow ones, gold, white a wedding, pink a travel ticket, and so on.

HEARTS FOR THE KNAVES. Give the Queen a small cup of red hot and a spoon. She must feed the knave just one red hot at a time. The couple to empty their cup first is winner. Blind folding adds difficulties.

BOTTLE UP YOUR HEART. Give each contestant ten candy hearts to drop into a milk bottle. The ones getting the most into the bottle is winner.

WHERE DID THE KNAVE TAKE THE TARTS? Players sit in circles and must answer the questions alphabetically with some hiding place within the house. For example: A, attic; B, bedroom; C, cupboard; D, den; etc.

MENDING A BROKEN HEART: Make jig-saw puzzle hearts and see what person or couple can put them together first.

BE MY VALENTINE: For another quiet game, see who can make the most words from this phrase using only the letters as they appear in the phrase.

MAKING VALENTINES: It is a good old-fashioned custom to make valentines. Small children will enjoy making a pretty valentine to take home. Teen-agers will enjoy making them just for fun, or you may suggest that their valentines are to be used for a hospital, children's home, or in some other constructive way. Prizes will vary according to the

age group you are entertaining. You may find valentine candies, inexpensive valentines, jewelry, or notebooks, pencils, and other suitable objects in red and white that will make appropriate prizes.

Refreshments

You can easily make a pretty valentine table with a white cloth and tiny red paper hearts glued about it. Little red heart-shaped place mats may be used. For the centerpiece what could be more suitable than a fancily decorated valentine box? From the box, run red and white streamers to a heart place card at each plate. When the guests pull their ribbon, they will receive a valentine or a favor attached to the ribbon and hidden in the box.

Little cherry tarts would be in keeping with the theme. You might have heart-shaped sandwiches or cookies, red salad, ice cream with strawberries, or any other type of "eats" to please your group.

Plan your Queen of Hearts party and I am sure you will be the queen of the "gang" on Valentine's Night.

IT'S FAMILY NIGHT!!

By
Virginia Thomas

Many churches and social organizations plan to have a family night during these winter months. It seems that in these hurried days we do have far too few occasions which the family shares together, so why not plan to suggest such an affair to some group in your community? Here are a few suggestions to help in planning for a family party, or dinner.

February, with its patriotic holidays offers the ideal theme for such a party. How about using the beloved "America, The Beautiful" as the theme? The walls of the church or hall might be decorated with large murals or paintings illustrating the phrases of the song—"the spacious skies," "the amber waves of grain," the purple mountain majesties," etc.

Let the table decorations carry out the idea of the occupations of all the folk attending — farming, doctors, shopkeepers, implement dealers, ministers, etc. Or, if yours is a church group you may wish to bring out the idea of an America founded on religious freedom, and for all races—thus you might have miniature churches and dolls dressed to represent other races or countries, or the refugees we shelter. Free education might also be featured in miniature schoolhouses.

Here is a good place to use our American grains and vegetables in table decorations—slices of ear corn, acorn squash, or large red apples might be used as candle-holders. For mats under these holders, use pinking shears to cut graduated circles in red, white, and blue paper. Nut cups could be the traditional American horn of plenty molded from silver foil. Or perhaps you can locate milkweed pods and gild each half to make a nut cup. Of course, an Uncle Sam's hat nut cup would be very appropriate.

PROGRAM: Just as you have
(Continued on next page)

stressed all occupations and nationalities, so you can carry out these same thoughts in the program. For example, Negro spirituals in songs, American and European folk dances, Irish ballads and jigs—things of the Chinese, the Japanese, the Italians, etc., who make up this great country of ours. Once you begin considering the possibilities of such a program, you're sure to find wonderful talent in your neighborhood to provide entertainment which will interest young and old alike. The guest speaker might be some displaced person, or someone recently come to America from another land. This program is a fine opportunity to stress the wonderful talents and art we GET from other nations—that it isn't all a one way proposition with us GIVING as too often we're apt to think!

FOOD served: if this is a dinner meeting, you might feature foods with a foreign origin. Or, if it is a covered dish cooperative supper, ask different ones to bring the traditional dishes of other lands.

All and all, such a family night planned around this theme should leave all who shared it with a feeling of world-wide brotherly love—a memorable event indeed, and an occasion long to be remembered, especially by the young folk present.

YOUR MEMORIES CAN HELP YOU GROW

By
Lucille Maharry

Lately I have caught myself thinking of many instances in which truth and loveliness were passed on to me by those now gone. When I spade my garden with the usual resulting crooked rows, it really isn't correct to say, "Uncle Joe always said there is more corn or beans in a crooked row," for the saying has become part of ME.

I have had the impulse at times to tell someone something "which might be for his own good." When the temptation arises, it is quickly put down. I remember confiding this weakness to my older brother during high school days. His answer speaks to me across the bridge of time: "If ever I hear of your telling on ANYONE I shall surely whip you when you get home!"

I think twice before I plan surprise parties for birthdays and anniversaries because of an episode of long ago, related by my mother-in-law. Relatives and friends piled into wagons and buggies to surprise a favorite cousin on her birthday. The cousin, a young mother with four small children and a house in the jig-saw puzzle condition which the best small children can bring about, simply sat down on the floor and cried. How much more pleasant it would have been had they just let her know!

Also from my mother-in-law I gained an unreasonable fondness for marigolds, probably because the first bright spring days found her planting them with the happy abandon of a child.

There are many others: my fourteen-year-old pupil whose delightful sense of humor still helps me over my gray days; the grand old neighbor lady who lost a fortune but possessed treasure few realize (she sent me a hand-crocheted jabot when I graduated from high school, with an attached slip which read: "I wish it were a diamond ring"); and my own dear grandfather, who said: "Give a calf enough rope and he'll hang himself." (It's such a difficult thing for a young person to grow up to the idea of waiting on the justice of the years; I have only lately begun to realize the true wisdom of it!)

The list could go on and on, of those persons and their pet ideas which have helped to shape the heart of me. Through them I have learned to understand life for the very precious thing it is, to make light of the small grievances we all encounter, and to look always toward the gold of tomorrow.

I hope that someday my own children, when the long golden wonderful hours and the dark frightening ones alike have rolled over their heads and they are adults 'in spirit and in truth', will be able to say to their sons and daughters: "Now, children, you can't do that. As Mom used to say . . ."

I still believe firmly in the glorious promise of heaven revealed first to me as a child, and as surely as He lives in the hearts and minds of His followers, it must be one of the facets of eternity—living on in the hearts and minds and ultimately the actions of our friends and loved ones.

TO GIVE AWAY

By Gladys Niece Templeton

What is it nobody has but everybody wastes? Each declares he has no time and is certain he does *not* waste a second.

Big business has found employees do better work and their morale is higher if time is allowed them for a coffee-break or a few minutes relaxation during the forenoon and afternoon. It sounded fantastic years ago when we learned the local telephone company had created a lounge where the operators might go to rest at regular intervals with comfortable divans and chairs, magazines and soft drinks made available. This is so common today we think nothing of it; modern banks, grocery stores and other businesses have installed kitchens for the use of their personnel.

We must concede we *do* have a few minutes to call our own during each day, whether we are homemakers or business women in city or country.

If one ponders the question 'What project or hobby can I develop with only ten minutes a day to give to it?' a number of ideas present themselves. The Salvation Army and other organizations are constantly calling for discarded articles of clothing, newspapers and anything that has any value at all. Soldiers homes are soliciting rags for rug making. Orphanages are always in need of reclaimed toys and outgrown clothing.

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One busy woman gives a few minutes each day to making doll clothes for the Christmas boxes to childrens' homes. Another writes short notes on postal cards to shut-ins. Many fold bandages each day for local hospitals.

Hobbies flourish by the ten-minute-a-day plan; these in turn can be shared with Scouts, church or such groups; ceramics, painting, music, carpentry, leather work, picture framing, photography, and collections of shells, stamps, buttons, herbs—anything that fascinates you.

Much time is required for a hobby but that time can be broken into short intervals for developing an interest which insures one against loneliness when he is no longer bound on all sides by a demanding schedule. There are so many helpless people in need of our attention.

Evaluate your crowded schedule; a bit of planning will enable you a bit of time

TO GIVE AWAY

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded
so much this past month that we feel like relaxing, knowing that in a few weeks we'll be in another upheaval. With us it will be getting furniture back in place and settled in our own home again. With you it might be baby chicks or starting on spring sewing. Whatever you will be doing we would like to hear about it so won't you sit down very soon and write to us?

Sincerely,
Margery

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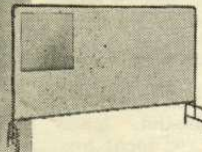
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ON THE BANKS OF PLUM CREEK
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BY THE SHORES OF SILVER LAKE
THE LONG WINTER
THE LITTLE TOWN ON THE PRAIRIE
THESE HAPPY GOLDEN YEARS

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REFINISHING REPAYS

By
Gladys Niece Templeton

Sometime ago I told you about refinishing an old, solid walnut table that had been in our family for three generations. At that time I promised to give you the refinishing process used on the rosewood parlor furniture that had been in the family for over a hundred years; it had seen generations of use before it ever came to us. In spite of the good care it had received, refinishing was a *must* before we could use any piece of it.

Removing the heavy-dark red velvet was a chore in itself — the fragile old braid was held in place by dozens of tiny, headless tacks that had to be removed without damaging the grooves in the precious wood.

Next came the layers of materials covering the genuine horsehair cushions and more wee tacks! At last the heavy webbing (no metal webbing in those days) was removed and carefully preserved as a pattern for the reupholstering job. In fact, each of these 'layers' were marked in relation to the chair. We found the numerous copper (?) coils were in perfect condition.

While the previous steps were tedious, the real work had not begun. To simplify the method, details of each step are given:

1. Remove all finish. There are numerous removers on the market, each directing you to 'scrape the surface with a metal device', but this is *not* for rosewood or mahogany which is easily scratched. Have a plentiful supply of old soft rags for this task, always working *with* the grain of the wood. Where the wood is carved and grooved this takes more than patience! Leave each coat for a very few minutes, using more coats rather than leaving it to penetrate the wood too long. Most antique finishes appear to be of a 'flaky' enamel substance, and one wonders what he is going to find underneath.

Most antique furniture which is being redone for the first time needs crack filler or a good glue job, perhaps some mending and 'first aid'. This is done *after* each section has had the above wood treatment.

2. *Clean* all the surfaces to be glued. Smooth them with sandpaper so the edges to be joined will be close-fitting. Do a *thorough* job of gluing with the best quality glue. Allow plenty of time for a 'good set', using necessary clamps or bands for holding the pieces together, and making sure the pressure is evenly applied.

3. When the wood, or framework, repair is completed you are ready to proceed with the resurfacing. Everyone will tell you this is a terrific phase of the work but I would say it is the most satisfying. You *must* choose the proper sandpaper and have plenty of it. Selection of the right kind of sandpaper often means the difference between a 'home-made' and a professional-looking finish. For this wood you choose the softest paper-00000, I believe. As our furniture was carved I used the paper over a wad of cotton or my index finger,



At Christmas time we received this picture of Philip Field, Uncle Henry's son. Philip lives in Washington, D. C. with his wife and daughter and is always happy to show around visiting relatives.

always rubbing with the grain of the wood. Do not slight this step of the process. And don't be pleased with 'good enough' but sand until the wood feels like satin. You will know when this is accomplished.

5. The surface is like satin, so now use the steel wool with the grain. Perfection here is what you are striving for. You are renewing the life of this piece of furniture, thus your time is well spent *only* if you do a good job.

6. When the wood surface is satin-soft and gleaming you will clean it thoroughly of any particles of steel wool. Then, with a small *soft* brush you apply the first coat of:

3 parts of denatured alcohol

1 part of clear shellac

Blow off the bubbles. Let dry 24 hours.

7. Again go over all of the surface with the finest steel wool, clean and repeat the shellac process. Continue this routine until you have *completed* four or five coats.

8. Steel wool carefully, clean the surface with a soft cloth.

9. Apply bees wax (lightly in carvings) and rub . . . RUB . . . RUB.

10. Leave no wax deposit in the carvings as it will harden and become white.

We used the original cushions in the reupholstering as they were in splendid condition; however we did have steel webbing built in under the springs of the seats. Refinishing is *hard* work and can not be done in a jiffy, but just keep in mind, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

WHEN CHILDREN STAY INDOORS

By
Mildred Cathcart

This is the time of year when chicken-pox, colds, and other ailments often keep the children indoors for several days at a time. Recently I found these ideas fine for keeping our two youngsters entertained.

Milk cartons may be turned into favorite television puppets. Kerry Lee chose to make an "Annie Oakley." The square carton was cut off about one-fourth of the way from the top and covered with white paper. Fea-

(Continued on next page)

tures were drawn and colored. Braids were fashioned of braided crepe paper and a cow-girl hat of brown paper completed the puppet.

Oatmeal cartons and odd-sized small boxes may be covered with wall paper, old gummed seals or with bright designs cut from magazines or old greeting cards. The designs look more striking if outlined in heavy black crayon or paint. These fancy boxes may be used as string holders, jewelry boxes, knitting holders, or jewelry or stamp boxes.

Jean Marie likes to mold objects from paper mache'. To make this, merely tear old newspapers very fine and cover with water. This must stand for quite some time until it becomes the right consistency to mold into animals, toy dishes, trays, or other desired items. It takes several days for these to dry enough to paint them but they will turn out to be substantial when they are thoroughly dry.

Shell macaroni or plain stick macaroni may be water colored and formed into colorful play jewelry.

Book marks are fun to make and the children enjoy seeing them used by the rest of the family. Simple book marks are made by pasting two pieces of construction paper together and adding a gummed seal or a bright design from a magazine. Scraps of ribbon make fancier book marks. Cut two designs from colored construction paper, lay the strip of ribbon between the paper and glue them together. Jean Marie made book marks by tracing around her hand on heavy paper. Turn the middle finger down at the first joint and this fits over the page to mark the place.

Finger painting is fun and you can make the paint by mixing two cups of water with a half-cup of starch and adding food coloring. Brown sacks or heavy wrapping paper may be used to paint on.

Jean Marie enjoyed an ABC scrap book which we made of sheets of wrapping paper. Under A we printed APPLE, under B, BABY, and so on. For youngsters who are beginning to read you could make a scrapbook with such short sentences as BABY WALKS, BABY CRIES, BABY CLIMBS, BABY SLEEPS. This will help the child learn the words he is mastering in his school work.

Our girls enjoy cleaning out my jewelry box or sorting out our handkerchief cases. Even the button box is fun to poke through.

Occasionally when I am busy and they want to play a game we play guessing colors. We choose some color in the room and the one who is IT tries to guess the object. When the globe is handy, we play WHERE AM I? and as the child describes the place to which he is pointing, he is also reviewing his geography. Often we select a poem or Bible verses and say these aloud until we have memorized them.

Children enjoy making seasonal place cards and mats, and also decorating nut cups or napkins for the family dinner.

Just look about the house and you will find many ways to keep your sick child amused.

TRAIN A TRADITION

By
Elaine Derendinger

All families need to develop a happy habit or curious custom that will grow into a family tradition. Such habits and customs can begin casually, but if they are repeated faithfully, they are guaranteed to build family unity and bolster family spirit.

Our Valentine's Day tradition, like Topsy, "just grew." First, I forgot to buy the children the usual fancy valentine. So on Valentine's Eve, I was forced to take what materials I could scrape together and try making them. What I started as fancy Valentines, ended up as fancy envelopes, since I'm not the artistic type, but they were pretty: bright and sugary, with pink hearts on a lacy doily background, complete with foil arrows. These I filled to the brim with valentine candies. The kiddies found them, sealed, on the breakfast table. They proved such a hit that I make them each year. Don't ever think a personal touch doesn't appeal to children. It does!

One of the most heart-warming side-lights of a family tradition is the humorous incident that often develops. One family I know has this Easter custom—Mother rises early on Easter morning and hides the eggs, while Father gets up later with the children, and helps those who "believe" hunt for them. She wasn't quite through with her hiding last year when she heard the thunder of little feet. In her haste to hide herself, she stumbled and fell headlong off the porch. The kids burst out the door before she could get up, so she just lay disgustedly where she fell. She grew more and more amazed as they hunted the wide yard over and raced back in the house without ever noticing Mommy lying flat in the grass!

Fourth of July is perhaps the only night in the year that we would think of waking the children for anything less than a tornado. On this night, just across the river, they have a gigantic fireworks display. We wake the children about eleven, sit out on the damp lawn in our pajamas, and marvel at the cascade of color in the sky. It's a night to remember.

My friend's son insisted on a "birthday pie" the year he was five. Since then, it's an annual affair. If she dared bake a cake, it just wouldn't be his own special day. There lies the secret of family traditions—they turn everyday affairs into extra-special ones! You can create traditions around almost anything your family likes to do. One family I know goes on a blackberry hunt each July. They may not find a berry, and when they do they get a jillion chiggers—but the hunt's the thing! Perhaps your family would enjoy a trip to the woods each Autumn to collect pretty and unusual leaves, or a Spring search for wild flowers to plant in the yard.

I remember the year, long ago, when I decided to skip the Xmas Eve church service the whole family always attended in favor of a date. The evening turned flat and dull almost at

(Continued on next page)

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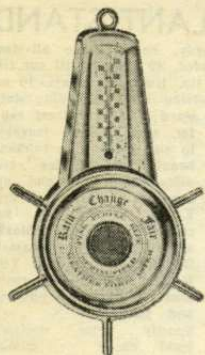


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End mice, roaches, waterbugs, ants, spiders, crickets, boxelder bugs and other pests. Safe—sure-simple. Dust HIDE in runways. Runs 'em away. Keeps 'em away, \$1.00 per package postpaid. Money back guarantee. Free booklet included.

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



The minute Clark gets into "Granny's house" he runs to "fix" her wheelchair. His favorite occupation is pushing Granny around the rooms, and he is always convinced that with a hammer and screw-driver he can make it run better.

once, not because my escort wasn't entertaining, but because I had broken our family tradition and I felt sad inside.

So many happy customs are vanishing—parlor games, reading aloud, just sittin' and rockin'—trampled in the pace of modern living. Don't let it happen! Establish your own family traditions and hang on to them. For these are the sort of memories we recall as the happiest times of our childhood.

HAPPINESS

The thread of happiness is spun
From three things woven into one.
The first winds ever through and
through
In homely strength—Something to Do.

The second gleams like stars above
A radiant thread—Something to Love.
The third entwines them both in
power—
Something to Hope For, hour by hour.

Thus happiness, in each sure part,
Lies within reach of every heart.
—Priscilla Leonard.

FLEET MOMENT

To walk with a child in a garden
Is to savor life's cup to the brim,
Sharing his eager young wonder,
Listening and looking with him.
Each blossom and bud will seem
fairer,
Each bird-note more poignantly sweet,
Knowing such moments are transient,
Knowing such magic is fleet.
Who walks with a child in a garden,
Taking time to peer under each clod,
Will find when the day is over
That one hand was held by his God.

—Isabel Tudeen
from P.E.O. Record

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By

Gertrude Hayzlett

Winter always brings on more illness, and more dreary days for our shutin friends. Here are some of them who would enjoy a card or letter or some sort of remembrance from you.

Mrs. Annie M. Brackett, Box 45, Center Lovell, Maine is 68. She has arthritis and cannot walk or even stand up. She was quite ill and in the hospital for 5 weeks in the late fall. Her hands are badly crippled but she says she can write and would love to get lots of letters.

Jimmie Compton, Milo, Mo. is 19 and has been an invalid all his life. He would enjoy cards, books, puzzles and such.

Miss Alice I. Cuddy, RFD, Monkton, Maryland is 72 and alone. She likes to get letters.

Mrs. Lena King, Box 36, Home, Kansas has been an invalid for many years, and is not able to do anything for herself. She can't possibly write, and is not able to read very much. Send pretty cards with a friendly message. She is quite elderly.

Miss Bernice Kuntz, Mahaska Hospital, Oskaloosa, Iowa had polio many years ago and has been an invalid since. She would enjoy cards, but don't mention her illness in any way.

Eleonor Matzke, Rt. 4, East Main, Owatonna, Minn. is 53 and has been shutin with a heart condition for years. She loves to get mail and when able, she will answer.

Mrs. Martel Nuttall, 128 Blaine St., Apt. 1, Syracuse 4, N. Y. had rheumatic fever a number of years ago and it left her with a serious heart condition. She is bedfast a good deal of the time. She can cut and sew quilt blocks in bed, but does not have the quilt pieces. Do you have material you can send her? Print pieces left from dresses you have made are just the thing she needs.

Mrs. Emma Ogle, 401 E. Washington, Centerville, Iowa is 90 the 25th of January. She has been bedfast for a long time, and is unable to write. Send cards, and be sure to say you do not expect an answer.

Miss Grace Sarsfield, 612 W. 6 St., Atlantic, Iowa is ill and not able to get out. She can't write much, if any. Send cheering cards. Miss Sarsfield is 65.

Mrs. Edward Scott, Tower Park Nursing Home, Oskaloosa, Iowa, will be 70 on March first. She has heart trouble and is in a Nursing Home. She can't write, but is lonely and wants mail. Let's send her a birthday shower.

Mrs. Emma Wolf, 9132 Fourth Ave., Inglewood 4, Calif. is 83 and in bed most of the time. She loves to get mail and writes the most interesting letters in return.

Mrs. Mary Ellen Finnell, Rt. 1, Cumberland, Iowa is alone and ill a good deal of the time. She has a bad heart and some other troubles, and would love to hear from you.

Mrs. Edna Eiler, 1508 S. 15 St., Lawrenceville, Ill. is shutin with diabetes and gets so lonely. She is not able to write much. Please send cards.

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 10¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 1st of the month preceding date of issue.

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CROCHETED HEART PIN CUSHIONS. Ribbon pointed. \$1.25. Pretty party aprons \$1.25. Print Humpty Dumpty "jama" bag \$1.00. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Missouri.

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