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Kitchen-Klatter

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Magazine

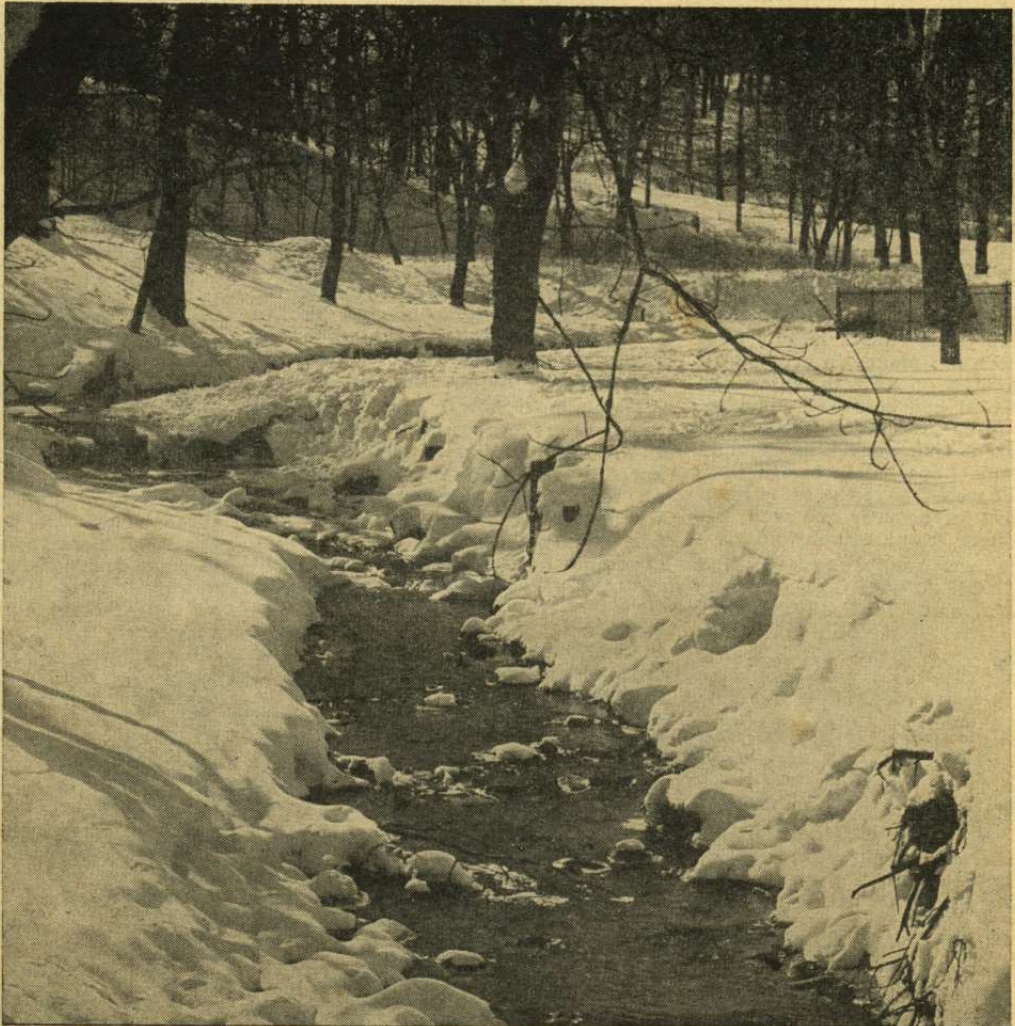
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.

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PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR

I do not ask, God, that you fill
This coming year with bliss.
Without some struggle and some rain
A sun-drenched winter day like this
Would seem less bright. I only ask
For strength and courage, power to
give
Unstintingly of self, the will to work
With eager hands, to smile, to live
With those I love, content to know
The depth of quiet simplicity
To greet the brand new year with joy,
And walk its length accompanied by
Thee.

Anita Sams

(From Ted Malone's Scrap Book)

My Dear Friends:

You will be reading this letter just before the beginning of the New Year. Time is one thing in our lives over which we have no control, and it is one of the three things in our lives that concern us: money to provide for our necessities, health to enjoy the blessings God has bestowed upon us, and time to live and enjoy them. Some have more of this world's goods than others. Some have better health than others, but we all have the same number of days in the year and what we do with them is our responsibility.

Did you ever really check to find out what YOU do with these precious days God gives to you? I'll confess I never have, but we mothers know that many hours are spent in the loving care of our families. There should be time for rest and meditation and time for church and community activities. It might be a good idea to keep track of our use of time for a week! Probably most of us would find that we should plan to use it more wisely.

Worry and overwork have ruined the health of many mothers. You don't want this to happen to you. Try to take things quietly. Do the necessary things first. Sit down and listen to the radio a little while in the middle of the morning. Rest after the dinner work is over. Don't give up *all* the things you enjoy doing so that the children can be free to enjoy themselves. This makes them selfish and inconsiderate. Let them have a share of the work in the home.

A friend sent me this New Year's Resolution when our children were little, and I found it very helpful.

I DON'T WANT TO BE SUCH A GOOD HOUSEKEEPER—

That I have no time to enjoy my children.
That I am too busy to be a neighbor and friend.
That my inner life shall starve and shrivel from neglect.
That my children's friends shall not be welcome even if they track in mud.
That an unexpected dinner guest will make me forget the true meaning of hospitality.
That I cannot find time to be a pal and a sweetheart to the Only Man in the World.

I hope nothing happened to mar the happiness of the holiday season at your house this year. It is always especially sad when trouble comes at Christmas time. As a family we have had our sad Christmas seasons and our happy ones, but the happy far outnumber the sad and we like to think back on those days when our seven children were growing up. It was a really happy time.

I remember how I once worked all day baking and frosting cookies. When I was finally done I stacked them carefully on a large tray and put them on top of the refrigerator so they would be out of the way. While getting supper I opened the refrigerator door and the tray, which was partially resting on it, fell with a wham to the floor breaking all but a few of the cookies. I had spent hours decorating them. Now, of course that wasn't *real* trouble, but it was disturbing—to put it mildly! Naturally I made more cookies the next day and was more careful where I set them!

Your next letter from me will probably be written from Florida. We have no definite plans for we can get ready to leave in a very short time. My husband is an expert packer and he needs to be when it comes to loading two wheelchairs and several suitcases into our car. Why do I have to take two chairs? Well, one is the regular-sized chair that I "live in," and the other is a small chair about the size of a kitchen chair that will go through the narrow doors you sometimes find in hotels and motels and bathrooms.

Just now the fire whistle started blowing! It used to be we could call the telephone operator and she would tell us where the fire was, but with the growth of our town that service

had to be discontinued. Of course, with the improvement in fire departments, both men and equipment, they can easily handle the fires. Many, many years ago they often needed more volunteers and that is why we learned where the fire was and if more help were needed. Now I look out of the window and wonder if it is anyone I know or if it could even be the home of one of the children or even the Kitchen-Klatter office! Well, the nearest we ever came to having a fire was when I left the flat iron on while we were away for a few hours and burned a hole through the ironing board. Careless me! It was a lesson well learned, for I have not forgotten. *Never set the iron on the board and always pull the plug*—then you will be certain that you are safe on that score.

There isn't much family news this time. Right now we are all well and very busy. Don and Mary Beth had a wonderful vacation in Florida but were glad to get home again. They would like to have us come through Indiana on our way to Florida, but we think we had better go straight south and get out of the cold as soon as we can, for winter storms can make driving very difficult. We know about this for one winter we, with several hundred other cars, were blocked by snowdrifts in Oklahoma. They were not equipped with big snow plows like we have in Iowa so it took the road maintainers hours to dig out the drifts. There was a little roadside grocery at the corner where we were waiting and as time dragged on they did a thriving business.

We thought surely we would soon be able to move on but in the late afternoon Howard, who was driving for us that time, decided to get our car turned around. We drove back to a little motel where there was a vacancy sign. It was not equipped for winter travelers. The water pipes were frozen and there was no heat at all. But we got into bed, putting our coats over us for additional warmth. At three o'clock we heard the folks in the room next to ours getting ready to leave and decided we too would be more comfortable in our car, so we got up and drove into El Reno for a very early breakfast. We were told the road was opened for travel a few hours after we had turned around and went back to find a motel. One experience like that is enough and I think about it every winter when the papers are full of blizzard conditions.

This has been a sort of chatty letter, just the kind I like to sit down and read from you folks, so won't you write to us soon?

God bless you and your loved ones this coming year.

As ever,

Leanna

All great ages have been ages of belief. I mean, when there was any extraordinary power of performance, when great national movements began, when arts appeared, when heroes existed, when poems were made, the human soul was in earnest.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

HOW WILL YOU GROW THIS YEAR?

By
Mabel Nair Brown

(Note, I wrote this devotion for a Birthday Tea sponsored by our church Guild, but it will be equally appropriate as a January devotion service recognizing the birth of a New Year.)

SETTING: If possible, use a large reproduction of the picture "The Boy Christ In The Temple" as the center of interest for the setting. On either side, place two tapers which are lighted before the service begins (or they may be lighted as each one of the four measures of growth are mentioned). Print in large letters each of these words on four 4x6 cards—BREADTH, DEPTH, HEIGHT, GRACE. Place Cards in front of base of each candle-holder with words from left to right in order given; a needlepoint holder holds them firmly upright. Flowers, greenery, or gilded leaves may be used around the base of candles and below the picture.

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Soft music, "Happy Birthday Song").

This Year Is Mine

Ahead lies a brand new year
It is all my own to spend
In wisdom or in foolishness
Until its very end.
I know that I can use it
To approach a worthy goal;
And by the way I serve my God
To sanctify my soul.
Or I can choose to let it pass
Another year along the way
With nothing much accomplished by
What I may do or say.
Yes, I can feed my appetite
And lean against the fence
Or I can make a better world, a
friend,
With true benevolence.
This year is all my own to take, or
give.

But it is only mine I know
Because God lets me live!

—(Sunshine Magazine)

SCRIPTURE: Luke 2:40-52 (Music, "Close To Thee").

LEADER'S MEDITATION: "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man."

"How many of us can say as we light a new candle for another year that we have truly *grown*? Oh, not in the number of wrinkles, not in how much gray hair, not in social prestige, not in a larger bank account, not in the physical improvements made in your home. I mean, have you really *grown* in a manner to be proud of, in the ways that truly count?"

"How proudly we would light, AND COUNT, the candles on our birthday cakes if each candle would stand for a way in which we had grown, as Jesus did! Then let us think for a few moments on these things. How do we WANT to grow—each day—each year?"

BREADTH: "Yes, first I think we should grow in breadth. That doesn't mean to grow according to the way we solve America's greatest Arithmetic problem, COUNTING CALORIES!! BUT are we growing in the breadth of understanding, in tolerance, in kindness, in friendships? Is the breadth of



Kitchen-Klatter friends who have been with us for a long time will recall many references to Kathy Powell, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Powell here in Shenandoah. She does much of the holiday decorating at their home and here is putting up the figures used every year for Epiphany (Twelfth Night). This passway is cut into a paneled living room wall and enables Elaine Powell, Kathy's mother, to keep an eye on things while she is cooking.

our daily life only our own little home circle, our own church group, our own club clique, our own country, our own race?

"No, that isn't the breadth of growth that Jesus knew as a part of God's plan. I'm reminded of the great scout for a big league team, who, when asked why he had picked a certain player, replied, 'I chose him for his team work.'"

All have a share in the beauty,
All have a part in the plan.
What does it matter the duty
Falls to the lot of man?
Someone has blended the plaster
And someone has carried the stone.
Neither the man nor the master
Making a roof from the weather,
Or building a house for the King—
Only by working together, with God,
Have men accomplished a thing.
(from Church bulletin)

DEPTH: "Does each year find us growing in DEPTH?—Through the deepening of our spiritual life? It is so easy to get in a rut, to 'jell in the mold,' to get so complacent! But each year should see us following closer in Jesus' footsteps through family worship, through prayer, through fellowship with other Christian workers, through the reading of more Christian literature. Let us never grow complacent, content just to jog along in the same old rut in our religious life.

"Calvin Coolidge once said, 'All growth depends upon activity. There is no development physically, intellectually, or spiritually without effort, and effort means WORK.' That work is spelled in capital letters! Religion is meant to effect a change in every detail of our life. There is a story told of a certain maid who 'got religion.' She was asked how she knew she had 'gotten' the real thing. She replied, 'Because I no longer sweep the dirt under the rug.'

"If you have religion in your everyday life, you, and OTHERS, will know it!"

HEIGHT: "How TALL can we

grow? How filled with the fullness of God? There is no limit. With the inexhaustible riches of Christ to draw upon *there is no ceiling.*

Give me hard tasks, with strength that shall not fail;
Conflict, with courage that shall never die!

Better the hill path climbing toward the sky,

Than the languid air and smooth sward of the vale!

Not for a light load fitting shoulders frail

Not for an unearned victory I sigh;
Strong is the struggle that wins triumph high,

Not without loss the hero shall prevail;

Give me hard tasks, with strength that shall not fail!

God is our refuge and our STRENGTH—with him we cannot fail. With him there is no ceiling!"

GRACE: "Will this year find us growing in GRACE? Ephesians 6:24 reads, 'Grace be with all them that love our Lord Christ Jesus, in sincerity.' Another place we read that blessed in grace are those who serve the Lord.

"Can we grow in grace as we go about our daily living? I think so. Listen and think on these Beatitudes for a housewife:

Blessed is she whose daily tasks are a labor of love, for she translates duty into privilege.

Blessed is she who mends stockings and toys and broken hearts, for her understanding is a balm to humanity.

Blessed is she who serves laughter and smiles at every meal, for she shall be blessed with goodness.

Blessed is she who preserves the sanctity of the Christian home, for hers is the sacred trust that crowns her with dignity."

LEADER: (Music softly to the end, "A Charge To Keep I Have"). "How will we grow this year? Shall it be as Jesus did, in wisdom and stature, in

(Continued on page 19)

FREDERICK DISCUSSES TESTS

Dear Friends,

What a busy but interesting day this has been for Betty and me!

We left the house at nine o'clock this morning to drive through twenty miles of congested traffic to the little suburban town of South Hadley, the site of the famous Mount Holyoke College. Today was inauguration day for the new president of the college and there were many festivities. We were among the hundreds of invited guests because Betty was acting as the personal representative of the president of her alma mater, Alfred University.

As the representative of Alfred University she wore her full academic regalia—cap, gown, and hood—and marched in the procession and sat in the reserved section. As her husband, I was permitted to attend all the festivities. One of the nicest things about the whole affair was the opportunity we had to meet many of our friends who were also there representing educational institutions all over the world.

Last week I flew down to Pennsylvania to conduct a service in one of the large churches of the United Church of Christ. I was interested to note that the Pennsylvania people seemed very much like Middlewesterners. Even though I am from Iowa, I have lived here in the East long enough to notice that when I am outside of New England I hear quite a different accent. The Pennsylvania people talk like Iowans. Twenty years ago I thought that it was the people of New England who had the accent and that Iowans had none! It would seem that like so many other matters in life, it is all relative. I pride myself on the fact that I have no accent at all, but when I say this, my friends just laugh!

One day next week I am going to speak to several hundred high school students in one of our large public schools, and sitting here at my desk tonight I have been trying to decide on a subject. You know how all young people—and most adults too—simply despise tests of any kind, and so I think that I shall give them a talk about tests. I don't know why it is that most people always think of school the very minute they think of tests, because actually most of the tests we have to take are outside of school. I shall probably tell the students about a little incident that happened when I was in the navy during the last war.

Did I ever tell you about the time I lost my navy chauffeur and had to get a new one? The boy I had to drive for me left the service and so the Executive Officer told me that I could take any boy out of the mess-cooking detail and assign him to the job. Now mess-cooking is one job that no navy boy likes, and being the driver for a chaplain is one job that most boys would love to have.

That noon when I walked down the long serving line in the mess hall I had my eyes open for just the right boy for the job. Of course, the boys



Somehow this picture looks as if it had been taken long ago, but it wasn't. Only a few days before Wayne's family moved to Denver, Juliana went down to the photographer's studio to have this taken with Alison.

did not know what I had on my mind, and as usual they were a grouchy, complaining lot, throwing food onto the trays as though they were shoveling coal, and slopping everything up in good shape, but there was one boy on the end of the line who was different. He smiled and said: "Good afternoon, Chaplain. How are you today, sir? Would you like to have a second serving of ice cream?"

Well, that was the boy for me! I took the second ice cream all right, and then told him to report to my office for new duty as my personal driver. From then on every boy on the mess-cooking detail treated me like an Admiral! It was so amusing to see the exaggerated good manners used whenever I went down the serving line. "Good morning, Chaplain! Would you like some more meat, Chaplain? I heard that you gave a wonderful sermon last Sunday, Chaplain! etc., etc." But for them it was too late. Only one of them had passed the test, and I had my man. The point of the whole story is that the boy I chose never knew that he was being tested when I went through the line looking for a new driver.

Don't you think that the students will get the point when I tell them that story? You know, there is a place in the Bible where Jesus says that we should always be on our guard because we know not the day nor the hour when we shall be taking our final exams with God. As a matter of fact, we are being judged by God all of the time and by other people much of the time.

I remember what a Chief Gunners Mate in the navy once told me. He said that he had been studying and drilling on navy guns for 17 years. "Just think of it," he said. "For 17 years I learned how to handle the big guns. Day after day and year after year I went through the routines of practice firing. And do you know how

much I actually used them in combat? Well, after 17 years of learning, I had just 17 seconds of combat. But in those 17 seconds I was tested on every lesson I had learned about those guns in the whole 17 years!"

What a story! And what a moral! All of our lives we learn how to make a living, how to get along with other people, how to use our heads and be guided by our hearts, and when the real tests come we may have to use every lesson we have ever learned.

Three different times this evening ambulances have roared past my office windows with their sirens going full tilt. So many of them go by in the course of a single day that I rarely look up from my work, but tonight I did look out to see one of them that was held up in traffic right beside the church. There on the stretcher I could see a small child, and seated beside the stretcher was an adult—probably a parent—with a tortured expression, a look of sheer anguish. I thought to myself that of all the tests any parent ever has to pass, probably none are more difficult than the tests of courage in times of family emergencies. Ah, what courage we need to be parents!

Some day I am going to write a sermon about courage, for the tests of bravery we all have to pass at one time or another. Courage is an elusive quality, hard to define, but there is not a one of us who does not know courage when he sees it. There is the courage of combat. Certainly it does take courage to meet the oncoming charge of an enemy attack, but it also takes courage to stand by the bedside of a little child seriously ill with a disease over which one has absolutely no control! There is the courage that it takes to crawl through an enemy mine field on a midnight patrol, but there is also the courage required to carry a crippled body or blinded eyes for years after the people one meets have forgotten the way in which one got those scars. Yes, we know courage when we see it—the courage to die decently and the courage to live manfully!

Most of you reading this letter will remember my telling you about Mrs. Alice Bell Morgan, that dear, dear friend of the Driftmiers who became nationally famous when she appeared on the television program called "The 64 Thousand Dollar Question," and later on a program called "The 64 Thousand Dollar Challenge." She was the aged New England Yankee woman who answered questions about finance and banking. Just last spring we had her as our guest here in Springfield, and since then she has been travelling back and forth across the country giving lectures to university groups and clubs of all kinds. Today she is critically ill in a hospital. For several days there was some question if she would ever be able to leave the hospital, but just this evening I received word that there has been some improvement. She is a perfectly wonderful person, a true Christian, and I hope that some of you will remember her in your prayers.

Sincerely yours,
Frederick

FROM MY DESK

By

Leanna

Question: "I belong to a small social club that has been meeting twice a month for almost ten years now, and last week something happened that made me feel as though I should drop out and never go again. One member has never been really cordial and friendly to me but I didn't give it too much thought until this last meeting when I was dreadfully embarrassed. She had just returned from a trip to Mexico and brought every single woman a gift except myself. These were brought to the meeting and each person opened it then and there. Naturally I felt terrible to be left out so conspicuously, and the others were embarrassed too. The woman who brought the gifts just sat there and smiled. I made an excuse to get up and leave early—the only thing that made me feel better was when several of the others called and expressed their sympathy. What would you do if you were in my place?"—Nebr.

Answer: It's hard to believe that anyone could do such a thing as this woman did. Is it possible that someplace along the road you hurt her feelings knowingly or unknowingly? Under any conditions her behavior is inexcusable, but if I were you I would ask myself this question: do you enjoy the club and do you find real companionship and friendship from the other members? If so, go right ahead and act as if nothing had happened. I wouldn't give up something that meant a great deal to me because one individual had broken all the laws of social behavior.

Question: "Our daughter who is going to school in Chicago has been invited to her room-mate's home for the end of the first semester holiday. We appreciate this because otherwise she would be alone there and since it is her first year away she has been homesick off and on. Now I am wondering if we should send a nice gift to show our appreciation, or just what would be the thing to do?"—Kansas.

Answer: I would write a nice letter of appreciation to the parents of your daughter's room-mate, but I would not send a gift at this time. I believe it is more or less taken for granted that hospitality of this kind extended to young people is acknowledged by returning the hospitality. Tell the parents that you are looking forward to having their daughter in your home during the summer vacation and make it clear that your home is always open to her.

Question: "In January we will welcome a new minister and his family to our church and since he is replacing a much loved pastor who has been with us for over fifteen years we are wondering if we should have a reception for him or a church dinner—covered dish?"—Ia.

Answer: No matter how hard we try to make a reception completely relaxed and "easy going" there somehow always seems to be more or less



Mother gets to do so few "out-of-the-way" things that all of us were pleased when we saw this snapshot taken with Wayne in Denver. Wayne's work as general manager of the Wilmore Nurseries takes him through the fields on a small tractor, and it was low enough that Mother could board it and go on a tour with him.

of a formal strain involved. I think that a covered dish dinner would be a very heartening and gracious thing to do and would permit both the minister's family and the congregation to feel more at ease and congenial.

Question: "Seven years ago I was divorced when my little girl was only two years old. Three years ago I remarried and my husband has been a very good father to my daughter—has taken a real interest in all of her activities and problems. My first husband's parents always felt very badly about our divorce and certainly stood by me through hard times. I am grateful to them for this, but now I have a real decision to make. My little girl is their only grandchild, and they have written offering to pay all of her expenses to visit them over New Years in Seattle if I will allow her to go. My husband is opposed to this. He thinks that a nine-year old could become confused about what has happened in the past, and that we shouldn't disturb the peace of our present home by permitting her to visit them. But I feel guilty not to let her go. She is their only grandchild, as I said, and they are getting old. What do you think?"—Mrs. J. K., Mo.

Answer: I think that this kind of problem is a very hard thing to face and to decide about. There are so many good arguments on both sides. However, in the final accounting I believe I'm inclined to agree with your husband. His kindness and earnest attempt to be a real father cannot be minimized. Why don't you write a detailed letter to her grandparents and explain that if they will wait a couple of years you will gladly permit her to visit them. Assure them that there are no hard feelings and that you sympathize with them, but

that when she is eleven years old she will be much better able to travel alone and to spend a holiday away from home. I hope that I am expressing the right ideas on this. There can't be a truly happy solution to such human problems.

Question: "Such an unfortunate thing happened this last Thanksgiving, Leanna, and I'm not able to make up my mind as to whether I was right or wrong. The only relative my husband has within driving distance is a sister who lives 150 miles from here. She wrote in October and asked us to come and have Thanksgiving dinner with her, but when the letter came my husband thought he would have to work (he's a maintenance engineer for the power company) and so I wrote back and explained how it was, thanked her for inviting us, and said that maybe next year we could get together. Then on the night before Thanksgiving my husband had a call from one of the engineers who said he wanted to trade holidays with him—work on Thanksgiving and have Christmas off. This man has done many favors for us and my husband didn't feel free to refuse him. This gave us the day to do as we pleased, so we packed up the children and drove 150 miles to my sister-in-laws. When we got there we found quite a crowd of their friends and were given anything but a warm welcome. In fact, both my sister-in-law and her husband acted so put out and cool that we didn't enjoy ourselves at all and left as soon as we'd eaten. My husband says we'll never go there again, that after making a 300 mile round trip we could at least have been treated cordially. I hate hard feelings like this and it leaves me not knowing if I should side in with him or say that we were in the wrong. What do you think about it?"—Ia.

Answer: It seems to me that there is something to be said for everyone mixed up in this. People who drive 300 miles are entitled to a warm welcome, no matter what. Your sister-in-law was obviously upset by your unexpected arrival when she had her plans all made, but she should have risen above her irritation and realized how far you'd come. On the other hand, you were definitely in error by not notifying her. Why didn't you pick up the phone and call? It wouldn't have cost much and it would have prevented all this trouble. I think both you and your husband should put the whole thing out of your minds and go on as if nothing had happened. And it should be a lesson to all of us never to turn up at the last minute when we've said earlier that we couldn't make it.

Question: "Did you ever send children home when your own children were growing up? We have a terrible problem with neighbor's children who keep things stirred up constantly, fight, break toys, etc., and it happens everywhere they go to play. All the other mothers complain about it but no one does anything because the woman has a very sharp tongue and

(Continued on page 17)

JULIANA REPORTS ON A ONE-DAY TRIP

Dear Friends:

I'd like to tell you about an interesting trip the Y-Teens took because I found it such a wonderful experience, and it might give other Y-Teen or Girl Scout Troops an idea for something similar.

I'm a member of the Y-Teen group in Shenandoah and we have many good times. Recently the YWCA sponsored an all day trip for us to various Omaha churches.

At 7:30 on a Saturday morning, 54 sleepy-eyed Y-Teens climbed aboard a school bus driven by the Reverend Paul Beaver, pastor of a local church. Traveling with us were four YWCA sponsors and I think they were very brave to be turned loose with a busload of teenage girls.

After about two hours of driving we reached the first church on our list. It was the Greek Orthodox church, a very unusual and beautiful building. The first thing that caught our eyes was the lovely altar of gold and silver. We also were impressed with the wonderful walls and dome that were painted in soft pastels portraying incidents from Jesus' life.

Our next stop was the brand spanking new First Methodist church, and I found it breathtaking. It is made of grey stone in a very modern type of architecture. The inside is just as beautiful as the outside. The altar is done in gold and the altar drapes are in a red and gold design. The stained glass windows have a gold leaf inlay.

Adjoining the nave is an education department. It is very large and has a special section for children of all ages—even a nursery for small babies. The High School section was very interesting to all of us, of course. I told my mother about the big kitchens and she said that it sounded as if they were equipped just like a hotel is equipped, but they serve enormous crowds and need to be completely organized.

Right across the street from the Methodist church is the Jewish Temple, the Temple Israel. At noon we attended a Jewish Youth service which we all enjoyed immensely. Afterwards we observed the Kiddish with the young people. Later we had a chance to talk to the girls and heard the latest news from the Omaha schools and even picked up some new fads. I felt very fortunate to have this opportunity to be in a Jewish Temple for my folks had told me not long ago that they regretted they had never had such a privilege and felt that it was important to know about all churches.

After visiting this church we heard the welcome cry "FOOD." Of course we raced for the bus as fast as possible. We stopped at the Fireside Inn for lunch. On one wall was an array of food in smorgasbord style. Everyone was just famished and many plates were piled high three times. Mine was just heaped with meat, vegetables, salads, pie and gelatine molds. I'm afraid I made a pig of myself,



When Juliana saw this picture of Ricky Kieser (he was on the cover last month) reading "Little House on the Prairie" by Laura Ingalls Wilder she said: "Oh, I'll bet he was excited when he got to that part about the terrible Indian scare!"

and I think the people who own the Fireside Inn must have lost money on our crowd.

The climax of the afternoon came when we visited Boys' Town. I still can't get over how big it is. We took a guided tour through the Trade School, Field House, and both the Catholic and Protestant Chapels.

The Trade School was huge. Even though this was not a school day and no work was in progress, we found it all very interesting. We were also impressed by the Field House with its big field which can be converted into a track or a basketball court. Everyone in our crowd oh-ed and ah-ed over the large indoor swimming pool.

The chapels were exceptionally beautiful and very simple and modern. They must be an inspiration to a lot of boys. Boys' Town is open to all creeds and the boys are taken to the church of their own choice.

Our last stop was a very quick trip to a big shopping center. For 30 minutes we could be seen running around to the departments where we wanted to pick up something. I bought a new pair of badly needed school shoes and it was the fastest I ever made up my mind in my life. I don't think that clerk spent more than three minutes with me.

At 6:30 we pulled into Shenandoah and were awfully tired but very happy. It was really a perfect day and gave me much inspiration for it was wonderful to be able to go through those churches and Boys' Town.

I've used more room than I was supposed to, so I'll have to put off telling you about the Christmas decorations I made. Probably I'll wait and write about it next December because Kristin will write to you in February and no one can get very interested in Christmas when March rolls around, and that's when I'll write to you again.

Very sincerely yours—Juliana

WHEN MONEY IS A GIFT

By

Mildred Cathcart

There are many occasions when a gift of money is the thing we know will be the most welcome—and most of the time we simply tuck a bill or a check into an envelope. This works out all right, of course, but there are occasions when we want to add a personal and unexpected touch.

I suppose for a child the most common way is to give a bank with coins enclosed in an envelope so the youngster can have the fun of dropping in the very first money. However, for the older boy or girl it would be a great thrill to have the money deposited in his account in the "real" bank, and then the bank book mailed to him showing him that he now has a bank account all his own.

A little boy would be excited if he received a small toy truck filled with shiny pennies. A little girl would like an inexpensive pocket book with money inside, and a package containing a little toy cake pan filled with shiny pennies would have great appeal.

Most children love balloons, but think how happy they will be when the balloon bursts and a dollar bill falls out! They will also be excited by finding a dollar bill in an English walnut. Open the walnut carefully, gilt each half of shell, enclose money and then glue shells together. Add a gay bow for a jaunty touch. Wishbones are good luck pieces and even more so if they are gilded or enameled. Glue coins to ribbons and tie to the wishbones.

What about tying your money in the corner of a hanky? Boys would like a red or blue bandana, while the girls would like something fancy—possibly with a crocheted edge.

A bit of bright nail polish will help form a "money head" for Mr. and Mrs. Coin. Glue the coin on heavy cardboard. This will form the head; then draw a body and color it as you wish. A bit of nail polish may be used to form the features on the "coin head."

Dad always seems to get the proverbial socks, but you might fold paper in half and cut out a sock. Paste up the sides and tuck a bill in the sock. You could also make a clever tie by using a scrap of very bright material; cut out a tie and then add real coin dots over it.

For mother there might be a pie tin, a bowl, a rolling pin, or any piece of inexpensive equipment which could have a design on it made of coins. A set of measuring spoons will hold a half dollar, a quarter, a dime and a penny. If you cover one side of the coin with heavy water color paint, they can be glued in an artistic design on a paper plate.

With a little forethought and a few simple materials you can make your cash gift more than just a bill or a check.

He who allows a day to pass without practicing generosity or enjoying life's pleasures is like a blacksmith's bellows—he breathes but does not live.

DOROTHY HAS SOME VARNISH REMOVER SUGGESTIONS

Dear Friends:

The main activity around our farm this past month has been corn picking. In our locality everyone has been very late in getting their corn harvested because it has stayed so wet. We thought the corn never would get dry enough to crib! But I am glad to report that we had a bumper crop for a change and Frank had to build another corn crib. In the few drives that we have taken around the country we have noticed a lot of new cribs being built.

If you could have walked into my kitchen any evening in the past two weeks you would have found me at the kitchen table busy making peanut pixies. One Sunday when the folks were visiting us Mother and I were talking about pixies and she said so many of you friends had written and asked about these little pixies that we use as favors and with our table decorations during the holidays. She suggested that if I had the time to make them I might put a "little ad" in the Kitchen-Klatter magazine so that those of you who were interested could order some and get acquainted with these cute little fellows.

From the mail that I have been taking out of my mailbox every day I was amazed that so many of you were interested in them. It has really kept me hopping to get enough pixies made to fill the orders every day! I hope you have as much fun with them as we have always had.

When Frank's sister, Edna, was here for dinner Sunday she was telling me about a table centerpiece she had seen in a magazine the other day where they had used peanut pixies. The tall tapers that were used on the table had a pixie at the top of each one with a match in his hand as if he had climbed up there to light the candle. I thought that would be a cute idea, not only for Christmas but it could also be used any month for a birthday party since pixies could be lighting the candles on the cake.

Edna also reminded me of the big fish fry she had one summer when she had invited several of their friends. Her placecards were pixie fishermen, each one holding a pole and line made with a round toothpick and cord. At the end of the cord was a small card with the guest's name on it. The pixies were sitting on the nutcups.

In one of my recent letters in Kitchen-Klatter I mentioned that Kristin was going to have to refinish some furniture this year for her 4-H project, and asked if anyone knew of a quick and easy way to remove varnish. I have had several helpful letters from friends and thought I would pass along some of this information to you since I know that many of you mothers have daughters in 4-H whose project this year is also Home Furnishings. Kristin and I have not yet had time to try out these methods, but the women who wrote have tried them and have had great success.

One friend writes from California



Our most recent picture of Kristin. She is having her freshman pictures made from this so she can exchange with fellow students at the Chariton High School.

that she uses a varnish remover made by adding one-half cup sal soda to each quart of thick laundry starch, made the usual way. Stir sal soda through the hot starch and let cool. Spread on a small section of the furniture, scrape and wash off after 15 minutes. Stubborn parts may need two applications. She says her son-in-law is a painter and he says it works very well. This would certainly be a lot cheaper than buying prepared varnish remover.

Another friend from California wrote that after she had applied regular varnish remover with a brush and had let it stand the length of time the directions called for, she soaked a large rag in paint thinner and went over the area with that. She said it came off so easily that it wasn't really a job. She had refinished an old table and chairs her son had given to her and the legs would have been awfully hard to do if she hadn't done it this way.

A friend wrote from Colo, Iowa and said that when removing varnish from places that were hard to scrape such as carvings, etc., she used a small steel brush.

Kristin and I wish to thank all of you who wrote and during the next few months we will be keeping you posted as to her progress.

I rode to Des Moines yesterday with Edna. She is redecorating two of her bedrooms and wanted to go and shop for some things she needed for these rooms that she hadn't been able to find in our local stores. She has an old iron bed which she is going to paint black to look like wrought iron. For this she found a bright red cotton quilted bedspread which will be used with a full white dust ruffle. Kristin has several little painting jobs waiting for her at Aunt Edna's when she can ever find a free week-end to spend at her house. I can hardly wait until Edna gets this one room finished

because she always has such good decorating ideas and this one sounds so attractive.

I bake many cookies at this house and have found that most of the men who have coffee with us when they come to help Frank with some job, seem to be partial to oatmeal cookies. I found an oatmeal cookie recipe the other day that we are very fond of. Maybe you would like to try it out on the men folks at your house.

Oatmeal Cookies

1 cup raisins	2 eggs
1 tsp. soda	2 cups oatmeal
3/4 cup water	2 cups flour
1 cup shortening	1 tsp. salt
1 cup sugar	

Combine raisins and water in saucepan. Cook five minutes. Drain. Measure five tablespoons juice and combine with soda. Cream shortening and sugar until fluffy. Beat in eggs. Stir in oatmeal, salt and raisins. Add juice and soda mixture. Stir in flour. Drop two inches apart on a cookie sheet that has been well greased. Bake at 350 degrees for about 10 minutes.

I washed my hair this evening before starting this letter, and now before I go to bed I must sit under the dryer for awhile. Until next month...

Sincerely,
Dorothy

A CRUTCH

A crutch seems such a useless thing,
No power to work or move,
No fancy carvings, jeweled tips
Or ornaments of gold.
But what a comfort one can bring
When injury or pain,
A broken bone, a nasty bruise
Afflicts our fellow men.

I'm useless too, just like a crutch,
I've lost my power to fight
In battle lines where danger lies
And men are men of might.
But Lord, perhaps when one would fall
From poisoned arrow's dart,
Or suffer from the fowler's snare
I, yet, may play a part.

Just like the crutch, help me to be
By Life, by Faith, by Prayer,
An instrument of usefulness
When suffering, men must bear.
The world is sick, the strife is long,
Men wounded from the fray,
Though I can't fight, yet fight I
would,

Make me a crutch, I pray.

—The Wesleyan Methodist

I WILL NOT HURRY

I will not hurry through this day!
Lord, I will listen by the way,
To humming bees and singing birds,
To murmuring trees and friendly
words;

And for the moments in between
Seek glimpses of Thy great Unseen.

I will not hurry through this day,
I will take time to think and pray;
I will look up into the sky,
Where fleecy clouds and swallows fly;
And somewhere in the day, maybe
I will catch whispers, Lord, from Thee!

—Ralph Spaulding Cushman

DRIFTWOOD

By

Hallie M. Barrow

J. V. Rensing was a talented wood carver at his home in Cologne, Germany, but he was advised to come to America where his finished pieces would bring much better prices.

The young man first went to South America, then later came to the United States and eventually opened an unusual and beautiful gift shop on Highway 40, just east of the city limits of Kansas City, Missouri.

You know the moment you enter that you are in a most artistic atmosphere. The entrance doors are beautifully carved and all through the rooms are graceful shelving and decorative woodwork. Mr. Rensing's masterpiece, "The Last Supper," is a huge carving which has brought him national fame. Other wood carvers, art editors, critics and lovers of fine handwork come to see this exquisite carving. But the average tourist stops because of the big post in front adorned with grotesque pieces of driftwood and a big sign on it that reads, "Driftwood."

The last thing Mr. Rensing ever expected to do was to add what some folks call "junk" to his art work, but the average tourist who stopped often asked, "Have you anything made from driftwood?"; so he secured several pieces and made a few lamps. In no time at all he was in the driftwood business, and his wood carving seemed to be more of a side line! In fact, very shortly his gift shop became known as the *Driftwood Shop* and he put up a sign to that effect. Not only does he make lamps, tables of all kinds, picture and mirror frames, wall brackets, containers and assorted knick-knacks, but he sells just plain driftwood by the truck load! While we were there, a half-dozen out-of-state cars stopped and tourists asked to see pieces of driftwood.

"The made up pieces are inside and if you want to pick your own pieces, just go 'round back to the boneyard," said the clerk.

That boneyard was a sight! It looked as if tons of driftwood had been dumped there. For all practical purposes it looked like a pile of skeletons, but customers were clambering around looking for odd-shaped pieces.

Perhaps we should be more specific in describing what driftwood really is. Mr. Rensing says that farmers bring him all sorts of odd shapes of old dead wood, gnarled tree stumps, etc., and think they have a real "find." The dictionary says that driftwood is found floating in water or has been washed ashore. Real driftwood must have been soaked for years until nothing is left but just the structure. On the other hand, deadwood still has some substance which will continue to rot for years. So hunt for driftwood along a river's edge, especially after a flood. If you could see some of the beautiful articles made from driftwood in Mr. Rensing's shop, you would never pass by a desolate pile

of driftwood near the water's edge without hoping to find a real treasure.

Now perhaps we should give some comfort to the many deadwood collectors who have mistakenly called their pieces driftwood. Although these may continue to dry rot, you'll find no more attractive containers for ivy and philodendron than the gnarled, oddly twisted deadwood forks to be found on 'most any farm or along the highway. The best way to give your piece of wood a genuine weathered look is to soak it overnight in undiluted liquid bleach. Then it may be sanded down, waxed and polished, or left natural. These containers, deadwood or driftwood, are sure naturals for autumn arrangements where corn tassels, bittersweet, corn shuck roses, milk weed pods, weeds and grasses are used. You can glue on a small last year's bird nest and attach ceramic birds to the branches.

Mr. Rensing thinks that this do-it-yourself hobby makes many sales out of his "boneyard." The men want large pieces of driftwood for floor lamps, coffee tables with plate glass tops, patio furniture, etc. The women usually buy the smaller pieces for wall brackets or containers for African violets, artificial flowers or garden flowers.

Furniture made from driftwood is now a national trend and the strange story of how it became commercialized parallels the experience of Mr. Rensing—neither he nor the Wall Street broker who makes furniture started out to work with driftwood. Back in Cologne, Mr. Rensing had never heard of driftwood, much less dream that it would become a business for him. Neither did the Wall Street broker envision the boom in driftwood when he made a lamp quite by chance and eventually started driftwood into Big Business with capital letters.

This stock broker was forced by ill health to retire while yet in middle life. After living quietly in Florida for a year he was sufficiently improved to enjoy fishing. One day while fishing off the Florida Keys he stood on an old half-buried tree at the water's edge in order to cast his net further. It was not very sure footing—he fell and bruised his foot. As he sat on the sand and nursed his stubbed toe he could not help but note the beauty of the old branches. He had seen a few pieces the natives had made from driftwood, so he decided to take home a piece of this tree and make a lamp. He was quite pleased with the finished lamp and his landlady admired it so much that he gave it to her and started another.

Soon he was making driftwood lamps for all his friends. Then a Miami gift shop snapped up one for \$25 and ordered more. Later he took a collection of twenty-five lamps to a New York dealer and his line became very fashionable at once. At that point he started a company and by the time his business was three years old he had grossed a quarter of a million dollars. These days he even hires a plane for his driftwood spot-ter!

TO GIVE AWAY

By

Gladys Niece Templeton

One thing that is most certain to occur to you today is irritation. Well, a scattered few refuse to be irritated—and who are these few?

You might say that they are the people who live alone and like it, and yet it doesn't work out that way. Nine times out of ten, those who live alone are the ones most easily disturbed.

Those at the head of large families or institutions are usually able to handle problems with the least friction; they have so little time for irritation. Their vision isn't cluttered with transient shadows; they have learned to put issues in their proper sequence.

Perhaps the quick perception of good or bad and the deep understanding in meeting it is an attribute of strength. As disturbing situations arise one learns this strength must come from within. Inner strength must be developed by the individual, but how is that to be accomplished without the petty irritations? The average man calmly meets tragedies and calamities but his mastery is overcome by trifles: the ringing telephone, restless children, squeaking doors, barking dogs and the like.

The face is the map of one's thoughts, we are told. If that be true we think at once of those loving persons whose faces seem never to age but remain radiant, a beacon to those seeking friendly warmth. They attract like a magnet.

Man has been likened to a thermometer registering only the temperature about him, when he should be likened to a thermostat controlling the conditions about him.

It would seem that one's mind must be filled with spiritual serenity and inner peace before he is able to meet daily problems, if he is to have zest and radiance to give away.

LAMPS

I met a stranger in the night
Whose lamp had ceased to shine.
I paused to let him light
His lamp from mine.

A tempest sprang up later on
And shook the world about,
And when the wind was gone
My lamp was out.
But back to me the stranger came—
His lamp was glowing fine.
He held the precious flame
And lighted mine!

—Lon Woodrum

(Sunshine Magazine)

Through this toilsome world, alas,
Once and only once I pass,
If a kindness I may show,
If a good deed I may do
To a suffering fellow man,
Let me do it while I can.
No delay—for it is plain
I shall not pass this way again.

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

As I have been sitting here at my desk meditating on Christmas many thoughts have crossed my mind, many scenes of homes throughout the world. True expression of Christ's birth comes from the heart rather than the purse and should not end with the burning of the Christmas wrappings. Indeed, it should flow on throughout this new year on an even keel. Let's all make that resolution right now.

Every year I ask myself the same question: "Where has this past year gone?" The older I become, the faster the years pass by. Now is the time to reflect on this year, just gone by, but not for long, of course. It is far more important to consider the future. I suppose that is why we are so prone to make New Year's Resolutions.

Thinking back over past years I recall that my resolutions used to be more concerned with material and tangible things. "This year I want to buy thus and such." "This year I want to save a certain amount of money." "This year I want to be more prompt about getting the ironing done." I could go on and on and so could you. But THIS year my thoughts seem to turn more and more to the beautiful prayer written by Mary Stewart which is used throughout the Federated clubs and many other organizations as well.

"Keep us, O God, from pettiness; let us be large in thought, in word, in deed.

Let us be done with fault-finding and leave off self-seeking.

May we put away pretense and meet each other face to face without self-pity and without prejudice.

May we never be hasty in judgment and always generous.

Let us take time for all things; make us to grow calm, serene, gentle.

Teach us to put into action our better impulses, straightforward and unafraid.

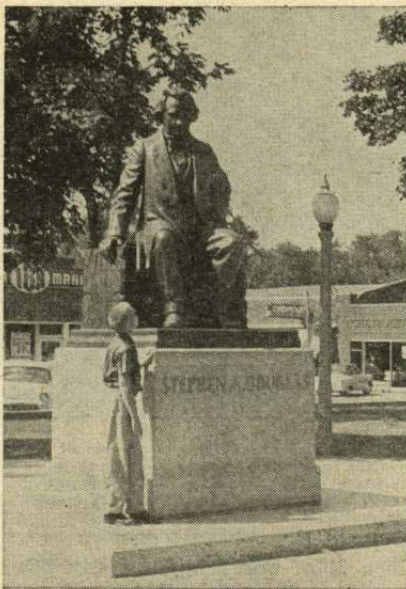
Grant that we may realize it is the little things that create differences; that in the big things of life we are at one.

And may we strive to touch and to know the great common heart of us all, O Lord, let us forget not to be kind."

I hope you will do as I have done and put a copy of this prayer where you can read it at the start of each new day.

There have been a great number of letters thanking me for passing on to you the ideas that have been used for programs, dinners, etc., that I have attended. Some of you write that it has provided good help for you for your own groups. Consequently, I will pass on a few more.

The theme for one club meeting was Antiques. Each member responded to roll call with "An antique I would like to acquire." Everyone brought an antique and after displaying it asked a question, such as: "What country did this come from?", "How old is this?" or "What is it for?", etc. On



Margery and Oliver always take many pictures on their trips—a wonderful way to make history real to children. Here is Martin beside the statue of Stephen A. Douglas in Winchester, Ill. In this town Lincoln made his famous speech in 1864 on the Kansas-Nebraska question.

a slip of paper we had been given, we were to answer the questions. A prize was given to the one who had the most correct answers. It was a great deal of fun and prompted some interesting discussions. The program was given by Mrs. Win Brown of Shenandoah, who is very interested in beads and has one of the finest jewelry collections in this part of the country.

At a Christmas meeting in another club everyone was to bring something she had made for Christmas, such as a centerpiece, decorations, candles, greeting cards, Christmas dishes or what have you. My, such a beautiful array of items! So many new ideas, too. You might keep that in mind for a December meeting in 1958.

The "Pig Dinner" I mentioned last month was a huge success. The festivities began at 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon with entertainment for both children and adults. Each church member served on some committee and since all the food was donated there was no charge for the dinner.

The invitations were very clever. They were pigs made of construction paper and gaily decorated. Two were cut out and glued together around the sides with the top left open. Sticking out was a slip of paper that said "Feed Me". There we put our checks or contribution to the church in place of the large public bazaar we have had for a number of years. Oh, yes, whole roast pig and roast beef were served with all the trimmings.

Martin is very busy with his Cub Scout activities. Instead of having a den mother serving the entire year, the mothers of the boys are taking turns, serving a month at a time. This is working out very well because the mothers keep in such close touch with one another and no one is at a loss to know what is going on. I can see where it might not always work out but under favorable circumstances

such as ours it has. My turn will be rolling around before long, so if you have any suggestions to pass on to me they would be much appreciated.

Martin has started another hobby which has proven interesting to Oliver and me also. One evening not long ago he collected all the change in the house and arranged it in order by the dates minted. We told him that there were folders for coin collections and some day it would be nice to start one. I happened to be in Omaha one day and found the Lincoln Head folders which I brought home for a surprise. Martin couldn't have been more happily surprised either. He carries the list with him at all times and also a little change so that he can trade for the coins he needs. Every time I come home from shopping he checks the pennies left in my purse. When he finds one he needs you would think he had found a five dollar bill! We are starting a search for Indian Head pennies now and have enough that we will soon start the Indian Head coin folder. We consider this a family project and that makes it interesting and fun for all of us.

The big project on the house this year is going to be carpet for the living room and dining room. We've been studying samples for several months. There are so many to choose from with the wide variety available now in blends, textures and fibers, as well as colors, that it is hard to make up one's mind. We don't plan anything more for the inside of the house this coming year, for Oliver tells me that more repair work is needed outside. That is the arrangement we have at this house—I take the inside and he takes the outside for final decisions. I suppose most of you do the same.

This is the month of the year I try to find odds and ends to do around the house. I've been looking for some new pictures to use in some old frames I have. You can find so many in magazines now that are suitable for framing. When Christmas is over and the house seems bare after the tree and decorations are down I like to find some interesting houseplants. I have some lovely planters that Aunt Susan Conrad made before she passed away that I like to use after Christmas. When I don't use them year around they seem so special the months I do use them—real treasures.

After a couple of attempts I finally did get to visit school. Probably it was my own fault and I should have asked Martin what was lined up for the afternoon. The first time I went the children had just left for the music room and would be gone for a considerable length of time, followed by recess. It certainly didn't seem like a good day to visit, so I decided to come back another day. The next time the children were in the auditorium for films and lectures. This last time I decided to play it safe and inquire of Martin as to the afternoon's schedule! As a result, everything went fine and I did get to see the children in their regular class routine, which was what I wanted most to see.

(Continued on page 17)

ADVENTURES IN READING

By

Myrtle E. Felkner

Recently a teacher in our local school system remarked to me, "I try to do more than merely teach the children to read; I try to teach them to *want* to read."

Lucky the children whose teacher succeeds in this endeavor! No part of a child's modern heritage brings the soul-satisfaction that is to be gained by an understanding and love for the fine arts. He does not have to become a musician, an artist, or an author; but to appreciate fine music, art, and literature is to establish a background of culture which will influence his personality, his character, the whole fabric of his life. On, then, toward the adventure!

Webster says, in part, that an adventure is a "remarkable experience," and so it may truly be. Sadly enough, the most remarkable thing about the reading experience is that the majority of Americans fail to participate in the adventure. Nowhere in the world are books so plentiful, so available, and so economical, yet 61 per cent of us have not read a book in the past year. If we wish our children to do any better, it seems to me that their teachers must see to it that Johnny *can* read, and his parents must see to it that Johnny *does* read.

The opportunity for the child to possess and to read a few good books is the basic preparation for a lifetime of enjoyment in the field of literature. With it must come the willingness to accept self-discipline for the sake of the pleasure derived. Reading requires an investment of self, and that investment is most pleasing to the child when it brings pure fun into his life. Later he may want to read because he wants some particular information; he may want to read in order to understand the world and the people in it; he may want to read in order to be more successful socially or scholastically; but in the beginning, Johnny wants to read because it's fun.

Very early in life this will mean that Mother, too, must enjoy a shared reading experience. If the parent reads to the young child reluctantly or with a show of irritation or impatience, that attitude is all too easily adopted by the child. Make your reading periods a time of rest, enjoyment and mutual pleasure. Soon the cover of each new book will be exciting to your child. Undoubtedly you will weary of his favorites; children love their old familiar friends and may want some particular book read over and over and over. Chin up . . . you can always beat a retreat to the public library for some "new" favorites! Any good librarian will be glad to list for you the titles and authors most popular with the youngsters.

When shall our children read the classics? When they are seven . . . or ten . . . or twelve . . . or even in high school? (Believe it or not, some English teachers assign "Treasure Island" as required reading for high school freshmen!) In our family, I began to read the classics to our girls



Joan and Barbara Felkner took one of their favorite books along when they went to visit the photographer. They live with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Felkner, on a farm outside Centerville, Ia.

when they were two and five. The younger child's attention span was limited, of course. But now, at four, she listens as eagerly as her older sister. Barbara has listened to such favorites as *The Wizard of Oz*, *Black Beauty*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Peter Pan*, *Heidi*. In the near future we plan to read such titles as *Gulliver's Travels*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare*. We read all of these books in the unabridged editions. I do not believe that such extensive reading aloud will make lazy readers of the children; as a matter of fact, I feel sure that their "satiableness curiosity," like that of the *Elephant's Child*, will lead them to fine titles of their own choosing in the years ahead. All this for fun!

Secondly, I believe we must instill in the children a love of facts. Not theories or guesses or summaries, but cold, honest, living facts. We use a good dictionary at our house, a set of new encyclopedias (there went Mother's Easter outfit!), several Bible commentaries, plus reference books of every description, and we use them almost daily. Sometimes it takes colossal patience to leave the dishes in mid-stream while we look up Benj. Harrison or some such, but invariably we are rewarded.

The other evening we tried to find a picture of a harp. Barbara was amazed at the descriptive passage which stated that "the harp like the violin but unlike the piano, can play the appreciable difference between C sharp and D flat." She has had a year of piano lessons, so she is eager to see the piano tuner on his next trip to Centerville; she wants to know which tone she is *actually* playing on her piano.

The purpose behind such fact-giving is twofold, of course; to teach the youngsters accuracy in speech and thought, but just as important, to stimulate the curiosity which in turn invariably leads to the bookshelf. You cannot leave this guidance in the hands of the schoolteacher.

Thirdly, in order to love books, a child must have books. Most of us cannot afford to own every book we see or hear about or want. Often we parents may have to give up a book

we desire in order to purchase juveniles. Frank C. Baxter, the famed TV "Liberace of the Library," calls the juvenile classics "the Vitamin A of the intellect." They are as important to your child's mind as the comparable vitamin is to his body.

Surround your child with books. Build him a bookcase, give him bookends for his chest or desk, pile them on his bed or under his chair or behind the davenport, secure a library card for him, squeeze "Swiss Family Robinson" out of next week's grocery money. But expose him to books and inevitably he will read, and in reading he will grow in culture, in intellect, and in that understanding which is wisdom.

Hurrah for you! Now, then, have you read the latest . . . ?

A HUMBLE PRAYER

"I knelt to pray when day was done,
And prayed: 'O Lord, bless every one;

Lift from each saddened heart the pain,
And let the sick be well again.'

"And then I woke another day
And carelessly went on my way.
The whole day long I did not try
To wipe a tear from any eye;

"I did not try to share the load
Of any brother on the road;
I did not even go to see
The sick man just next door to me.

"Yet once again, when day was done,
I prayed, 'O Lord, bless every one.'
But as I prayed, into my ear
There came a voice that whispered clear.

"'Pause, hypocrite, before you pray;
Whom have you tried to bless today?
God's sweetest blessings always go
To hands that serve Him here below.'

"And then I hid my face and cried,
'Forgive me, Lord, for I have lied;
Let me but live another day
And I will live the way I pray!'"

—Author Unknown

LISTEN!

If you should see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd, a leader of men, marching fearless and proud, and you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed—it's a pretty good plan to forget it. If you know of a skeleton hidden away in a closet, and guarded, and kept from the day in the dark, and whose showing, whose sudden displaying, would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay—it's a pretty good plan to forget it. If you know of a thing that will darken the joy of a man or a woman or a girl or a boy, that will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy a fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy—it's a pretty good plan to forget it.—Unknown.

Elaine's

FAVORITE RECIPES

Through the years many of you Kitchen-Klatter readers and radio listeners have heard me mention all kinds of good food in connection with my long-time friend, Elaine Powell. In fact, "Elaine's Molded Salad" has become an old standby in countless kitchens, and I've laughingly introduced Elaine to some of you if you happened to be in our garden when she arrived, as "Mrs. Elaine Molded Salad"!

Elaine is a wonderful cook. We've had innumerable delicious meals at her table, and she has brought an endless array of things to our house to share with us. Until this autumn she cooked for five people, her doctor husband, her two daughters, Georgiana and Kathy, and her son, Robert Powell, Jr. Now Georgiana is away at school, but Elaine keeps right on turning out big meals for the others, plus many guests.

This month I asked her for a collection of her favorite recipes. I've eaten everything listed here and always "aimed" to get a copy of the recipe, so now, at last, I'll have them in one place where I can refer to them. And I'm sure that you'll enjoy having them too.—Lucile.

BAKED PORK CHOPS

- 6 thin chops
- 1 can whole kernel corn
- 1 egg
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 2 Tbls. flour
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 cup milk

Combine celery, onion and green pepper. Fry to a golden brown in about 3 Tbls. butter. Add well-beaten egg, corn and bread crumbs. Season with salt and pepper. Make a cream sauce by blending flour with butter and adding milk. Place browned chops in a buttered baking dish. Spread vegetable mixture over top, pour cream sauce over all. Bake in a 325 degree oven for 45 minutes.

MACARONI MOUSSE

- Scald 1 1/2 cups milk
- Add 4 Tbls. butter
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 1 cup cooked macaroni
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 3/4 cup soft cheese, grated
- Salt and pepper

Turn into buttered casserole, top with bread crumbs and bake 40 minutes in a 350 degree oven. (Grown-ups like this, but kids don't, Elaine says. They take their macaroni *straight*!)

CHICKEN-RICE RING

- 4 lbs. chicken, stewed
- 2 1/4 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 3 cups milk or 1 1/2 cups of milk and 1 1/2 cups chicken broth
- 4 eggs, well beaten

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

SAUCE

- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 pint chicken broth
- 1/4 cup cream
- 1 small can mushrooms
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 tsp. chopped parsley
- 1/4 tsp. lemon juice

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

(Lucile's note: Elaine fixed this for us on January 1, 1956. It is absolutely delicious, and a wonderful dish to serve for company or to take out to a covered dish luncheon. She turned the rice ring mold out on a big round turquoise chop plate, filled the center of the mold with tiny green peas, and passed the sauce in a bowl so each person could help himself.)

CHURCH MEAT LOAF

(We've given you this recipe before, but Elaine and I have both made this many times for meals at St. John's church and when she included it in the present collection I decided that new readers would enjoy it. You can serve about 15 people—it's a huge loaf.

- 3/4 lb. ground ham
- 3 1/2 lbs. ground veal
- (If veal is not available, use 3 1/2 lbs. ground beef)

- 1 1/2 cups bread crumbs
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 1/2 cups mushrooms
- 2 tsp. salt
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 6 Tbls. catsup
- 6 Tbls. horseradish
- 8 slices bacon

Mix all ingredients together. Put 4 slices of bacon in bottom of roaster. Turn in meat loaf. Cover with remaining slices of bacon. Bake in a tightly covered roaster for 3 hours in a 300 degree oven.

THANKS

Thank God for dirty dishes,
They have a tale to tell,
While others may go hungry,
We're eating very well.
With home, health and happiness,
I shouldn't want to fuss;
By the stack of evidence,
God's been good to us.

—Unknown

MEAT BALLS CHILDREN LOVE

- 2 lbs. ground hamburger
 - 1 onion, chopped
 - 1 green pepper, chopped
 - 1 cup uncooked rice
 - Salt and pepper to taste
- Mix all ingredients together and shape into balls the size of walnuts. Now pour over this mixture 2 cans of tomato soup diluted with 2 cans of water. Bake covered for 1 1/2 hours in 350 degree oven.

Children who shy away from spiced foods always seem to eat big helpings of this.

OUR FAVORITE CORNED BEEF HASH

- 1 can corned beef

About 4 or 5 potatoes boiled with jackets on, then skins removed when cool. Grind both meat and potatoes. Combine and place in skillet with a chunk of butter and enough milk to make it moist—about 1/2 cup. Let simmer until heated through. Stir occasionally.

(We often have this for breakfast on cold winter mornings.)

BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES

- 1 cup butter
- 4 cups brown sugar
- 4 eggs
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 tsp. soda
- 6 1/2 cups flour

Cream butter and sugar; add well beaten eggs. Then add flour sifted with dry ingredients. Make in loaf and let stand overnight. Slice thin and bake on a greased sheet about 8 minutes in a 350 oven. (These icebox cookies made first by Aunt Vera are wonderfully good—easy to make and easy to eat.)

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE SAUCE FOR ICE CREAM

- 2 sqs. chocolate
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 3/4 cups of water

Melt chocolate and butter in double boiler, add flour and sugar mixed together. Then add water. Stir well until thickened (about 20 minutes over low fire). Serve cold on ice cream—top with a spoonful of whipped cream.

PIMENTO CHEESE SPREAD

- 1 lb. cheese
- 1/3 cup pimento
- 1 1/2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 cup salad dressing

Grate cheese on large side of grater. Mash pimento and add to cheese with the sugar, salt, vinegar and salad dressing. Add more salad dressing if necessary to make a nice spreading paste.

ALICE'S KEEFLIES

(This is an expensive recipe but extremely unusual and delicious. It takes time too, but is well worth it. Make these the next time you want to turn up with something really new and different.)

- 4 cups flour
- 1 lb. butter
- 6 egg yolks
- 1/2 pint sour cream

Mix flour and butter like pastry; add beaten egg yolks and cream. Work until dough is smooth. Roll into long rolls as for icebox cookies. Chill in refrigerator for 24 hours. Cut in one-fourth inch slices. Cut these into four pieces and roll in palm of hands into balls. Put on slightly floured board and roll each one paper thin. Fill with following nut filling.

NUT FILLING

- 3 lbs. nuts, not shelled
- 1 lb. powdered sugar
- 6 egg whites

1/2 tsp. lemon juice

Shell and grind nuts; add sugar and stiffly beaten egg whites, also lemon juice (if desired). Put tsp. of filling on each little round of dough. Roll up like jelly roll and curve into horse-shoe shape. Bake at 350 degrees until light brown for about 20 minutes. Can be sprinkled with powdered sugar.

(Men who do not get enthusiastic about most dessert type food will come back again and again for these.)

FRENCH FRIED WIENERS

- 1 cup pancake mix
- 2 Tbls. cornmeal
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 2/3 cup water

Important: Beat with rotary mixer for 2 minutes to break down raising action of pancake mix.

Dip cold wieners in batter, drain for a second or two, and then deep fat fry at 375 degrees for 2 to 3 minutes.

BOHEMIAN CHEWY SQUARES

Part 1

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup flour

Blend until creamy. Pat into pan 8"x16" and bake until a light brown—about 12 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

Part 2

- 1/2 cup cocoanut
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Combine all ingredients and pour over part 1. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. When cool spread with the following:

- 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. orange juice
- 1 tsp. lemon juice

Combine all ingredients. After spreading it on, sprinkle with nuts. Cut into about 24 squares when ready to serve.



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GLAZED ONIONS

- 18 medium size white onions
- 4 tsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 6 Tbls. melted butter
- 1/4 tsp. paprika

Peel the onions and cook for 15 minutes. Drain and arrange in a shallow baking dish. Combine the sugar, mustard, salt and butter and pour over onions. Sprinkle with paprika and bake in a 350 degree oven for 20 minutes. To serve 2 or 3, make 1/2 this recipe.

SPINACH SOUFFLE

- 1 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1 1/2 Tbls. flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 3 cups spinach, cooked and chopped fine

4 eggs, beaten separately
Salt, pepper, paprika

Melt butter and add chopped onions. Fry until light brown. Add flour; mix well, then gradually add milk. Mix thoroughly, then add grated cheese, stirring until cheese is melted. Remove from fire and pour over the chopped spinach. Season with salt and pepper. Add the unbeaten yolks of eggs, one at a time. Mix thoroughly and add the stiffly-beaten whites of eggs. Pour into a well-buttered baking dish and bake 1/2 hour, at 350 degrees, setting baking dish in a pan of water.

PUNCH COOKIES

- 1/2 lb. butter (no substitute)
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Combine ingredients and roll into small balls. Punch a hole in the middle and fill with jelly. Bake in a 300 degree oven for about 20 minutes.

(This recipe came from a Guild member whose native home was in Greece. It is a very rich, very unusual cookie.)

MOTHER POWELL'S RUSSIAN DRESSING

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- Juice of 2 lemons
- 2 cups salad oil
- 1 cup catsup or chili sauce
- 1 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 Tbls. grated onion
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1 tsp. paprika
- Salt to taste

Boil sugar and water together until thick. Cool. Then add lemon juice and beat with a fork until it jellies. Add remaining ingredients. Store tightly covered and shake before using. Very delicious for a big tossed salad.

SALMON CASSEROLE

- 1 cup flaked canned salmon
- 1 cup diced celery
- 2 tablespoons quick tapioca
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tablespoon minced onion, if desired
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1/4 teaspoon salt

Dash of pepper and paprika

Mix and put in buttered casserole. Bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven, remove and put little baking powder biscuits on top. Then return to oven and finish baking in a slightly higher temperature.

MAYONNAISE

(Very good, but tricky!)

- 1 cup salad oil
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. salt
- Pinch of red pepper

- 1/3 cup flour
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 Tbls. melted butter

Mix together and cook the flour, water and melted butter. Pour this hot into the oil and egg mixture; beat until smooth. Do not beat oil and egg mixture before adding hot cream sauce.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

*Greetings, Good Friends,
This First Month in 1958!*

This bright winter morning I'm glad that we have a calendar and a good steady way of observing the days. Modern science has ripped to shreds all the old concepts of Time and Space, and I find this a chilling thought. Some people may get comfort out of the fact that there is no end to anything, Time and Space included, but I'm not among them. It gives me a much more secure feeling to think that January 1st is actually January 1st, 1958, and it seems to me a very healthy proposition to have a brand new year in which to do better.

I no longer make run-of-the-mill resolutions such as sticking to a strict diet, not yelling at Juliana, not taking on more than I can do without plunging myself into a fit, etc., etc., because I know only too well my many weaknesses. But with every New Year I *do* make an earnest resolution to pay more attention to my fellow men while there is still time to do so.

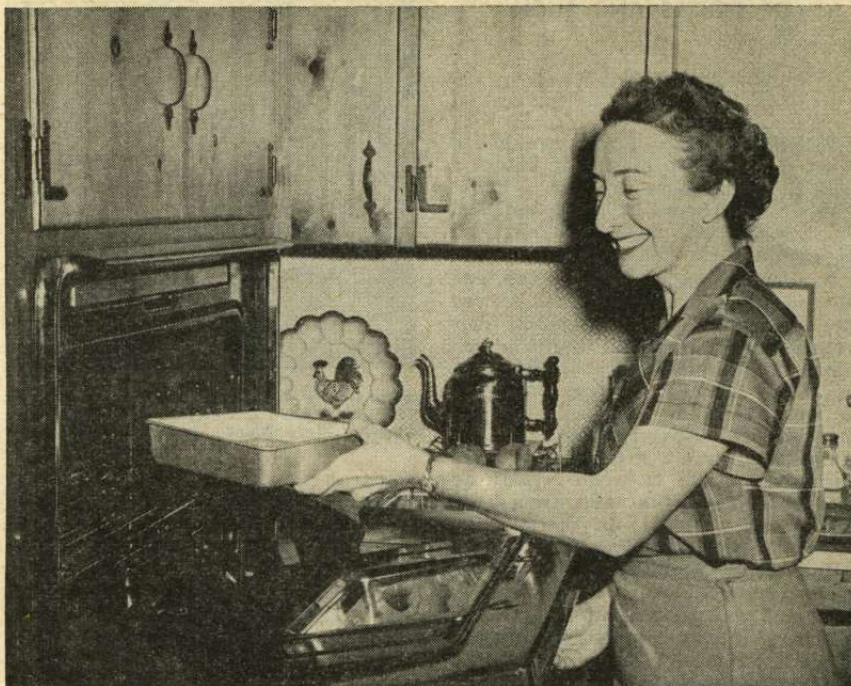
I thought I'd learned long ago that it is dangerous to put off speaking the kind word, making the gesture of appreciation, but every year something happens that shocks me because I had not taken time to carry through my good intentions. This last year a woman died, a woman who had once shown me a great kindness by coming to express her concern when I was submerged in despair. I heard she was ill and had every intention in this world of going to see her, of telling her in spoken words how much her sympathy had meant to me. But I was busy. I put it off, thinking that when things quieted down a little I'd get to the hospital without fail. Well, there was never a trip to the hospital because by the time things quieted down and the "convenient" moment arrived, it was too late.

I hope that I *never* have to be taught this lesson again. Surely, *this* year I can keep clearly in mind that the time to express appreciation and concern is the time I first hear that it is needed. It is my only Resolution for 1958 and I pray that I have grace enough to keep it.

In December we had a happy evening at our house when the people who help us with Kitchen-Klatter came to have a Christmas party. My dining room is far from big and there's never any possibility of getting more than ten at the table—and even then it's mighty crowded. So we used the table to hold all the food, and then put up our Monroe folding table in the living room, plus card tables.

At one end of the dining room table we had the identical arrangement you saw photographed in Kitchen-Klatter last month—our Christmas lamb and candelabra with big red candles in them. On the wall above this was the beautiful mirror Russell's mother gave us for our birthday in 1957—I just wish she might have been there to see how brilliantly the candles were reflected in it.

Since we served buffet style I tried



Here is Elaine Powell putting into the oven Part 1 of the Bohemian Chewy Squares (see opposite page). This is a beautiful brand new house with a wonderful kitchen—all knotty pine, a built-in wall oven and a built-in combination refrigerator-freezer. Aside from being a fine cook, Elaine has a green thumb, and the south kitchen windows look out over her lovely roses and perennials.

to plan food that wouldn't be too difficult to manage. On one big platter we had slices of baked ham with pickled crab apples around it. In addition to this we had escalloped potatoes in a cheese sauce, frozen Ford Hook lima beans with a sour cream dressing, hot rolls, cherry preserves, a relish dish with pickles, olives and stuffed celery, and a large platter containing individual molds of frozen fruit salad. Dessert was a slice of angel food cake accompanied by a serving of vanilla ice cream dotted with red and green cherries. Plenty of coffee, of course, and salted nuts.

I'm not about to say that it wasn't any work to prepare this meal for a good-sized crowd, but I love to cook and I did enjoy getting it all together. Russell and I belong to what now seems to be an old-fashioned crowd—we like to entertain people in our home. I can count on one hand the number of times some drastic emergency has compelled us to take people out to eat. I know it's much more simple to let some restaurant or hotel do the cooking and the cleaning up, but we like to have friends break bread with us at our own table.

This reminds me of something I read in the paper last year that I've thought about a good many times.

The French government sent a party of professional men to this country on some kind of a mission—there were eight men involved. They spent one month here. When they left they were interviewed, and this is what they said:

"You have a big and wonderful country, but we regret that we had no opportunity to see how you live in your homes. We were entertained royally every night of our stay, but we were never once asked to have a meal at anyone's home. Hotels and

fine restaurants and night clubs are pretty much alike the world over and when you've been in only a few of them you've really seen them all. But each home is different and homes reflect how people do their daily living. We appreciate the hospitality that was extended to us, but we wish we might have been asked to eat just one home-cooked meal with one American family."

I wish those men had come to Shenandoah! I would have considered it a genuine opportunity to cook a meal for them and to give them a glimpse of how a typical Iowa family goes about this business of daily life. Well, such an opportunity may never come to me and may never come to you, but if it ever does, let's remember that the most gracious thing we can ever do for people is to ask them to share food at our table.

We are halfway expecting Russell's mother sometime in January. She said on the phone not long ago that she was getting the "itching foot" and wanted to start out once again. There are always a number of set stops when she starts out on these trips.

First there is a sister to visit in Las Vegas. (This is the sister who stood beside Russell in the picture we showed you of the old-time electric car.) Then she goes to Carlsbad, N. M. to see her only living brother, Henry Verness. From there she comes to Shenandoah, and although she always announces in advance that she's going to take it easy and not get mixed up with sewing, about the third day or so she begins looking at my sewing machine—and before we know it, she's busy stitching us up. I've never known *anyone* who can turn out something so fast—and so perfectly done. You long time friends may recall that I

(Continued on page 16)

OF DOORS AND SUCH

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

Practically every farmhouse has a front door, an opening that enters a hall, living room or foyer of a home. But whoever heard of anyone, friend or stranger, who goes into the front door of a farm house?

It seldom fails but the day the lady of the house has the clothes well strewn in piles around the porch floor preparatory to washing, then a knock comes. Or perchance it is a bit later in the day and the washing is hanging in wet inanimate shapes along the lines strung across the porch. When a knock comes now it takes a veritable Sherlock Holmes to wend a path to the door and at the same time keep from getting slapped in the face by a pair of wet overalls. It is always well for only familiar faces to appear at such a moment.

When I was growing up in a village parsonage I was completely unaware of this complicating factor in the lives of farm families. We always kept the rooms near the front of the house in order and only the back part was open territory for our childish clutter. We knew that at any time of day or night someone might come for a wedding, to call the preacher to a sick bed or to stop in with a news report for next week's bulletin. The living room had to be neat to meet all of these people on their various errands.

It proved to be a most startling experience when I joined the ranks of the farm wives to realize that the entire house was now under surveillance. For now the back porch came into view first, then the kitchen, and finally the other rooms of the house in rapid succession. Only the sanctity of a second story could make unavailable to the visitor's eye any corner of the house.

For a variety of reasons this situation always seems to reach a climax on the day a group of club ladies are due to gather for a meeting. Some place must be found to put the usual odds and ends that are not needed or do not particularly add beauty to the house. In many homes they are duly delegated to the out-of-bound area of the back porch. Out of bounds? Not for the farm wife. (The skeptical must remember that most older farm houses are not blessed with basements or attics.) Perhaps when the guests arrive they will enter by the front door, but come time to leave and someone will surely start the group headed toward the rear door. Visions of murder may dance in the poor hostess' head, but out onto the back porch and through the back door they'll go, regardless.

My most embarrassing back porch moment came one day in the midst of a flurry of housecleaning. A big family dinner was in the making and for this the house had to be spotless. My usual routine was to start in the living room and work the cleaning process back through the house, ending on the back porch with all the papers to be burned, sweepings to be emptied



Aunt Bertha Field gave Santa Claus a hand when she dressed this doll for her little granddaughter, Jean Bianco, Letty's little girl.

and rugs to be shaken. Just as I swept the last of the kitchen clear and stepped out on the porch ready for the final fling the screen door opened and in stepped three of the fine ladies of our church dressed in their calling best. Over the tops of the wastebaskets I smiled a weak greeting.

"Do come in . . . if you can," I urged, pushing rugs aside with the broom to make a path. They finally made it.

One of the ladies broke the ice by saying, "You certainly are accomplishing a great deal today . . . at least so far!" We all laughed and my embarrassment vanished. But I just *knew* those ladies had never been met at the door with such a wild array of cast-offs nor a more disheveled hostess!

This pattern of entry is not discouraged by the way most farm houses and their driveways are laid out. Lanes deliberately head around to the rear of the house. Gates open onto a path that leads only to the back porch steps. Many times a path or walk to the front door is completely nonexistent or, at best, difficult to find. The ears of many a farm planner must be red from the words spoken against his house arrangements by the wife who must live within its confines.

Perhaps we need a Farm Wives Union to advocate houses built with lanes curving attractively up near the front door where the flowers are the prettiest, the grass the greenest and the view the nicest when opening the door. Until that day many of us will try and put our best foot forward, all washing, dirty clothes, separators and storage equipment notwithstanding.

Speaking of doors makes me wonder just how many different kinds of doors a person opens in a year's time. Maybe your doors are little ones, big ones, revolving, Dutch or the "see-through" type which open as you approach. Possibly the doors which you opened today stuck and defied pulling and tugging. Or luckily, they may have opened with a slight push or turn of the knob.

I wonder what doors you opened—a bedroom door, a kitchen door, the door to a porch, your car door, the big heavy door which goes into a store or a hospital or an office. It would surely be interesting to know, and yet I'm sure most of us open doors day by day and hardly realize we are doing so.

The doors which are so simple for us to open were not always taken for granted. The simple process of turning the knob on a grocery store would seem like a miracle to the pioneers who struggled to grow their food from the reluctant soil. If they wanted meat they raised or shot it. If they wanted bread they put together the ingredients and kneaded it. Even the yeast was "homemade" and carefully nurtured. It has not been too long that hospitals and fine doctors have had their doors within easy reach of a large number of people. And what about the door to the school house? Many folks had little or no chance to go to school or had to stop before even grade school was completed. Now we accept as a commonplace the large groups of our high school graduates who take for granted the fact that they will go on to college. Almost anyone who really wants a higher education now can find a way. We can make a long list of inventions and discoveries which have opened doors in our lives to new beauty and health and ease.

In fact, when we stop to think about all that has been accomplished in various areas, it would seem that so many doors have already been opened that very little is left which we need to do.

And that, at the beginning of this New Year, leaves us with ourselves. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who said, "Many people die with their music still in them." Why is it some people develop their abilities to such a great degree and others do not? For one thing, it is easy to miss the doors of opportunity. We may be too busy looking back, regretting things which are past; we may be busy looking at ourselves, patting our backs proudly; we may be looking critically at other people, trying to find flaws and weaknesses in them. So we let the doors go by unopened, untouched and sometimes unnoticed.

No matter where we are, no matter what our circumstances, we can find opportunities for growth, for letting out the music which is within us. The very word "opportunity" in its root meaning is "the open door." Even handicap and sickness may be a door into a new area of living. A very dear friend of mine was bedfast for years, completely paralyzed, yet she had the most alive spirit of anyone I've ever known. One day she said that the most blessed thing about her illness was the fact that when she was flat on her back the only way she could look was up. We all know of such people who overcame their handicaps in a glorious way and in so doing are a real inspiration to those who know them.

My New Years' wish, then, is not so much that we find doors of opportunity in the coming months, for the doors will be there. It is that we shall recognize them when we see them and can say with the writer of Revelations, "Behold I have set before you an open door which no one is able to shut; I know that you have but little power and yet you have kept my word and have not denied my name." (Rev. 3; 8).

"THE WISHBONE"

By

Esther Sigsbee

According to most anatomy charts, the human skeleton is made up of such items as tibias and fibulas, humeruses and iliums, several vertebrae and a couple of carpals. These charts are very scientific but they don't even mention the most highly developed bone in the female body—the wishbone!

The wishbone is a legacy from Mother Eve who, after eating of the fatal apple, became dissatisfied with her home in the garden and started the precedent of hankering for things she couldn't have. Wishing has been a major pastime for women ever since.

I do lots of wishing and although I know that the popular song of a few years ago states the case a bit too optimistically when it claims that if we wish long enough a day will come when wishing will make it true, I sure wish some of my wishes would start giving me some results.

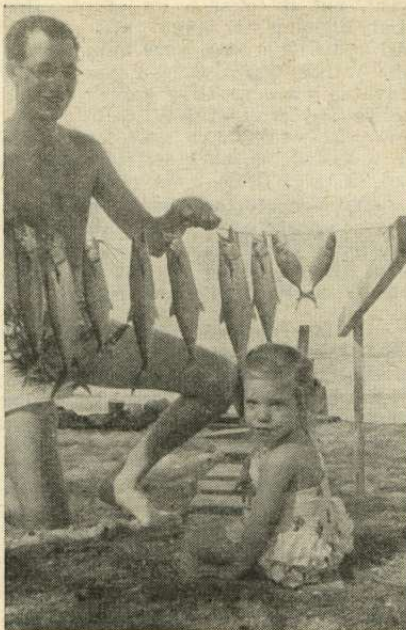
I wish I knew all the words to the Star Spangled Banner, how many sheets of paper there are in a ream and how many tablespoons in a cupful. I wish I could always remember what 8 times 12 is right off the bat without pausing to consider, and I wish I could remember telephone numbers. I wish I knew what I have done with my typewriter eraser.

I wish I had a widow's peak, or absolute pitch, or corns that ached when a rain was coming up so that I could bring the wash in on time. I wish I had a Dagwood sandwich right now because I'm hungry, and I wish my decent looking shoes felt as good on my feet as my disreputable flat boats. I wish I could find a four-leaf clover or that spare gasket I had for my pressure cooker.

I wish I did not have to get up in the morning and I wish I did not have to go to bed at night. I wish I didn't have to pin-curl my hair or remind the kids, *for goodness sake pick up your clothes*. I wish I had my book report for church circle all prepared, and I wish I didn't have to say "no" to anyone.

I wish an ice cream cone tasted as good to me now as it did when I was 10 and I wish I could remember how to play jacks, from Commies to Around-the-World, with no mistakes. I wish I had the waistline, the sense of silliness and the anticipation of great things in store I had when I was 16—without the pimples, the self-consciousness and the insecurity.

I wish I could write an article without wishing I had something to write about. I wish the idea would spring into my head fully developed and that I wouldn't have to sit here worrying and rearranging it. I wish I could drive a car or ride a bicycle, sew a dress or run a duplicator without getting ink all over myself and the copies. I wish I could speak a foreign language. On second thought, maybe the wish that I could just use the English language and always be sure of the who and whoms would be a better wish.



Fish fry tonight! Donald pulled in many a fine catch when he was in Florida—these are Spanish Mackeral and 2 small Pompano. Katharine is in the foreground.

All of us at one time or another, have wished we had, wished we could do or wished we could be something that somebody else has, does, or is. At the very same time others are wishing about us. There is a law of compensation that evens things up. I couldn't make a flat-felled seam if you paid me for it, but if I do say it myself, my apple pie is pretty good and I have a way with beef stew.

I can't play tennis or golf but I'm pretty sharp at parlor guessing games. I can't read the alto part well in a chorus but on a sustained note I *sure* have a lot of breath. I couldn't possibly squeeze into a size 9 dress although I sometimes wish I could. But thanks to a boarding-house reach developed while being reared in a large family, I'm very good at grabbing things from high shelves and there is plenty of compensation in that.

I wish I had naturally curly hair like some of my friends do. I envy them a little, but then not a single one of them can throw both of their hips out of joint like I can. And, though I don't know how this fits in with the theory of the law of compensation, I can probably eat more macaroni and cheese at one sitting than any other living person!

Wishing is a harmless pastime, so far as I can see, as long as we use the proper subjects. The real needs of human existence—health, happiness, courage, security, peace and understanding for our loved ones and ourselves shouldn't be wished for at all. These things should be prayed for.

No doubt we sometimes get confused about this and offer up to our Maker, not a true petition but a mere list of whims we would like to have granted. And, too often, we stand around wishing we could be better persons when we should be on our knees about it.

Upon thinking it over, that song I mentioned a few paragraphs back is

not only overly optimistic, it is downright misleading. Wishing never made anything come true. Praying does.

A HOUSEWIFE'S PRAYER

God, give me faith to glorify
The little daily tasks at hand,
That I may not too often sigh
Or doubt, or fail to understand.

My daily bread—pray let it be
A source of comfort and delight,
And let my head rest peacefully
Upon a loved one's arm at night.

While stars in their mysterious way
Move unaware of mine and me,
I rise to see the light of day
Through windows of eternity.

So keep the curtains of my heart
Fresh-laundered to the morning sun,
And gloom and I shall walk apart,
For I have living to be done.

—Jessie Lane Thomas
(Christian Herald)

MEMORY

The ear has memory as well as the eye.

Remember the sound of your baby's first cry?

And Mother's voice as she soothed your pain?

(What wouldn't you give to hear it again!)

Or the welcome sound of rain after drouth,

And the warm crackle of fire on a winter's hearth.

Remember the mournful wind in the night,

As you sat by a sick bed until first light,

And the wonderful, joyful sound of a train

That carries you safely toward home again!

These sounds are unimportant, no doubt,

But wouldn't you hate to live with-out?

—Lula Lamme

THE TWO SINGERS

A singer sang a song of tears,
And the great world heard and wept,
For he sang of the sorrows of fleeting years

And the hopes which the dead past kept;

And souls in anguish their burdens bore,

And the world was sadder than ever before.

A singer sang a song of cheer,
And the great world listened and smiled,

For he sang of the love of a Father dear,

And the trust of a little child;

And souls that before had forgotten to pray,

Looked up and went singing along their way!

—Unknown*

(Sunshine Magazine)

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LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

once said she could cut out, make, and have on Juliana's back a beautifully tailored suit in the time it would take me to lay out the pattern!

From Shenandoah she goes up to Minneapolis to visit Richard's family, plus another sister and many friends of years' standing. Richard and Arleigh wanted us to have Christmas with them this year and we wanted to go, but the prospect of big blizzards scares us when we think of driving that far north. If Richard ever gets transferred 450 miles to the south, we might actually make it sometime.

I'm always behind times in thanking you good friends for information that I've requested. Let me say now, belatedly, that we were certainly grateful for the cards and letters you wrote about various radio stations. We hope in 1958 to reach more of you with our daily Kitchen-Klatter

visit, but it takes a lot of planning and figuring to make this possible. All of us have been very happy about the warm, warm welcome you folks gave us when we first started coming to you by way of KWBG in Boone, Iowa. It would have been a pleasure to acknowledge each letter, but until scientists go to work on Time and tell us that henceforth we're to think of a day composed of 48 hours rather than 24 hours, we'll have to say "thank you" in the pages of this magazine and trust that you understand.

Juliana received two books for Christmas that all of us think are absolutely invaluable. Hurlbut's "Story of the Bible" is a wonderful book, one that I wish we'd heard about long ago. These 168 stories that tell of the principal events in both Old and New Testaments are written in such a fresh and powerful way that many things I'd somehow forgotten are now vivid and clear in my mind. It's a handsome book too, with many lovely full color plates and unusually fine drawings. It seems to me that although anyone would enjoy this splendid book, Sunday School teachers would find it almost priceless.

The other book Juliana received (but we've all poured over) is a brand new Rand McNally Bible Atlas. I've wished many, many times that we had a complete Atlas of Bible geography, particularly in recent years when those ancient lands so crowded with significance for all of us have become more and more prominent in the news. If anyone is looking for the one perfect gift to present to a faithful minister, or to a church library in memory of a departed member, this is certainly the answer.

I finally tracked down a book that is the answer to a problem that had always puzzled me. I don't know how many times I've had letters from friends who had to give a history of gardens for a Garden Club, and could I tell them, please, where to turn?

Unfortunately, I always had to reply that I simply didn't know. The few things I'd ever seen on this subject were so weighted down with scientific facts and complicated botanical details that I couldn't see how the material would be sifted down for program purposes. In view of this, I'm glad to tell you that a new book titled "Men and Gardens" by Nan Fairbrother is just what I've been looking for.

It is a very human and very satisfying book—the kind it's a pleasure to review for club purposes, or just to read and enjoy. If you're building up a library of books on gardening, this certainly belongs in it.

Well, I've used up much more space than I intended to use, but when I once get started on a letter it's always hard to stop. In a manner of speaking, I'm as bad as people who stand endlessly at the door trying to say "Goodby"! And now that I've admitted it, I'd better take my leave this very minute.

A good year to all of you—Lucile

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October in the Rockies! Wayne snapped this happy looking picnic group—that's why he's missing from the picture. On the left are Abigail and Clark. On the other side are Mother, Dad, Alison and Emily. Deep snow covers all of this now.

FROM MY DESK—Concluded

could make life miserable for anyone who crossed her. I don't think we should put up with it indefinitely—and I don't like to have my own children see such rudeness and hear such profanity. I wonder if you ever had this problem and what you did about it?"—Mo.

Answer: I think that sooner or later most mothers have this problem. I solved it by sending the offending children right straight home. I called and explained what had happened and always said: "If my children ever create trouble at your house I will appreciate it if you send them home and call me to tell me what happened." I never had any trouble of the kind you seem to fear with other parents. I think it's because I made it clear that my children weren't without their faults and that I'd welcome hearing about their misbehavior. It's when we get up on our high horse and take the attitude that our own children are blameless that we get into neighborhood trouble.

I am interested in follow up comments about situations I've tried to help with in "From My Desk" and think that you might be interested also.

Do you recall the problem of the woman whose neighbors always borrowed her good china and linen when they entertained? Here is an extract from a letter I received about this.

"I was much interested in your answer to the woman who was tired of having her good china and glass borrowed, Leanna, because I had exactly the same problem for years—I could have written that letter myself. One day I felt myself getting irked and nervous because I knew my neighbor was due to serve her bridge club that week and would be over. I hadn't figured out what I was going to do, when all of a sudden as she was standing in the kitchen all prepared to cart things home with her, it came to me to offer her my everyday china and linen just as you suggested. I told her that I was having company the same day and would be needing my

good things. Then I actually went right ahead and invited company—cleared up some overdue dinners.

"My neighbor declined the everyday things because her own were equally good. She came once again and I gave her the same answer. That was the end of it. She never borrowed my good things again. And she wasn't 'mad' at me—just felt it was unfortunate I needed them myself! I'm not selfish and have loaned practically the clothes from my back, but I, too, had china that couldn't be replaced and I, too, gave up other things to have nice linen and silver. I didn't see why I should continue to be in the position where people who had a better income should constantly be using my things. I hope the woman tried your idea because I know from experience that it works."—Minn.

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

We always make so much of Open House at the various school buildings in Shenandoah too. It certainly is one of the big events for the children and no parent should ever miss Open House if he can possibly help it. Oliver was very sorry that he missed Martin's big evening for he was on the east coast and just couldn't make it home in time. However, he visited school one afternoon as soon as he got home and that pleased Martin very much. I'm afraid that in most families the mothers do all the visiting. Of course, I realize that in most cases the fathers are working at jobs where it is impossible to get away during school hours for a visit, but if ever there is the opportunity don't pass it by for it will help both you and your child in showing this interest.

My, where does the space go?—And the time too! If I don't get up right now lunch won't be on the table when Martin comes in from school.

Until next month,

Margery

THINGS TO FORGET

Forget the slander you have heard,
Forget the hasty, unkind word,
Forget the quarrel and the cause,
Forget the whole affair, because
Forgetting is the only way.
Forget the storm of yesterday,
Forget the trials you have had,
Forget the weather if it's bad,
Forget the knocker—he's a freak;
Forget him seven days a week!

A DAY WELL-LIVED

Greet each morning with anticipation,
Tackle your job with determination,
Let others be your first consideration,
Kindness and service your aspiration.
Be tolerant and resist temptation,
Live each day filled with inspiration,
Run life's race with hope and expectation,
Then close each day with quiet meditation.

—Elsie M. Brownell

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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By

Gertrude Hayzlett

There is something about a new year that makes us want to do better than we ever have before. If we make a practice of helping someone every day, our own lives will be better and happier. In service we live.

Mrs. Ralph Peters, 4013 Taylor Ave., El Paso, Texas was badly hurt in an accident. She will be in bed for a long time, asks for mail, and will need postage to answer.

Mrs. Minnie Padgett, 934 Homer, Kansas City, Kansas has not walked since she broke her hip four years ago. She lives alone and enjoys piecing quilts.

Mrs. Betty Hartzler, Box 521, Bellefontaine, Ohio had spinal surgery a year ago. It left her partially paralyzed, and she suffers a great deal. Please send cards.

Miss Cyrilla Foltz, St. Vincent's Home, 4500 Ames Ave., Omaha 11, Nebr. would like to hear from you. She is ill with arthritis.

Mrs. Hester Dodge, Eventide Home, Mountain Lake, Minn. has arthritis and other difficulties. She cannot walk much and is not always able to write, but likes to get mail.

Spencer Coleman, 5 Maple Ave., Fort Edward, N. Y. has been in a wheel chair for 10 years. He collects stamps and would enjoy mail.

Mrs. Sarah Woodman, 6708 Clear Lake Rd., Grass Lake, Mich. is a total shutin as a result of spastic paralysis in early childhood. She has been out of her home only once in six years. She would love mail but may not be able to answer.

Miss Grace Burt, 10 Main St., Montague City, Mass. has arthritis and is not able to write much. Please send cards.

Mrs. Grady G. Purcell, 2801 Memorial Drive SE, Atlanta, Ga. has been ill for two years and would like to hear from you. She is interested in decoupage.

Mrs. Catherine M. Schlosser, 4117



The candle in front of Dorothy is not for show! She is melting sealing wax for her Peanut Pixies and fortunately has Kristin's willing hands to help her keep up with the demand for these clever little fellows.

Tivoli Ave., Venice, Calif. has been a shutin for a long time with heart trouble. Please send cards. She cannot answer.

Ray Christensen, Hooper, Nebr. is 22 and a polio victim. He spends most of the time in bed and does leathercraft. Writing is difficult for him.

Mrs. I. J. Chapman, 319 Orizaba Ave., Long Beach 14, Calif. is 86. She has heart trouble and a broken hip. She does lovely fancy work which she likes to sell, and also makes quilts.

Miss Alice Haberberg, 1664 St. Anthony Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn. has been bedfast for a long time. She had rheumatic fever and it left her with a damaged heart. She is not able to write, but please send cards.

Mrs. Thelma Hanson, Concord, Nebr. has been in a wheel chair for most of her life and she is nearing 60. She takes subscriptions for all magazines.

Miss Ida Holm, Windward Side, Saba Island, Netherlands, West Indies, via Puerto Rico, a semi-shutin, makes exquisite hand-drawn linen hankies for sale. Do ask her about them.

David Recollet, Blind River, Ontario, Canada is another shutin who tries to keep up his morale by doing handwork. He makes lovely copper jewelry for sale and would enjoy letters.

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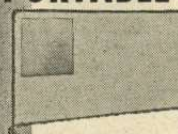
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HOW WILL YOU GROW?—Cont'd

favor with God and man? If we do, then birthdays will be happy days, grateful days, proud days. This year is all my own to take, to GIVE. But it is mine, I know, because God lets me live!"

"Shall we bow our heads for a moment of silent dedication?

"A charge to keep I have,

A god to glorify,

A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,

My calling to fulfill!

O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!"

Help each one of us, Lord, to realize we do have a "charge to keep," that we have real GROWING to do this hour, this day, this year. Amen."

NEW YEAR NOTIONS

CLOCK MOBILE to suspend in doorway or from light fixture. Make up a number of clock faces (with hands pointing to the crucial hour, midnight, of course) from lightweight cardboard or construction paper. (Since these mobiles will turn, have the two sides of each clock face the same.) Make the clocks in various sizes and designs and then fasten them together with thread to form a mobile.

A CLOCK CENTERPIECE would certainly be appropriate for the New Year party. Place a single large candle in the center of a large tray. Immediately in front of the candle place an alarm clock (set to go off at the stroke of midnight), surround with greens and add some small popcorn snowmen for accent. Perhaps the alarm sounding the midnight hour could be the signal to serve refreshments. In that case, popcorn balls used in centerpiece might be part of the refreshments.

MILK BOTTLE SNOWMEN: These are clever containers for serving chocolate milk, or other beverages for children's New Year celebrations. Stick one of the styrofoam balls on a toothpick and into the bottle cap. Cover bottle (body) with cotton. Add a black paper hat, a red ribbon scarf and glue black paper buttons down the front. Children would love these as place favors at a family New Year's dinner, too.

NEW YEAR HATS: Let the children fashion these from some of the wall paper scraps to be found in almost every home. They need only let their imagination go to come up with a variety of clever styles, from pixie bonnets to clown hats. If they can have a stapler, or a roll of scotch tape, they can fasten the hats and trimmings securely. They can cut feather-like plumes from contrasting paper, wheels and pom-poms from paper doilies, bits of foil, etc. Why not a hat for everyone to wear for some wholesome family fun while eating New Year's dinner?

NEW YEAR'S INSTRUMENT FAVORS: Using spools, cardboard tubes, small round boxes (drums), bottle caps (tambourines), etc., along with a little glue, gold and silver paint, buttons, yarn, and similar materials, you can come up with very clever miniature instruments. Attach them to one of the tin kazoo instruments, or other noisemakers and have your own party band at refreshment time.

SUGARPLUM LOAF CENTERPIECE: Make your favorite sweet roll dough into a round sugarplum loaf filling with raisins, candied fruit peels, and nuts. Ice with white icing. Insert a fat red candle in the center and add a spray of holly at the base. Light candle at serving time. This loaf would look very pretty if encircled with glass punch cups filled with hot spiced cranberry punch!

SERVING MINCEMEAT TARTS or individual pumpkin pies? Set them in a circle around a large candle and greens. Perhaps a ribbon streamer might be attached to the candle with

pins and sequins running out to the tarts.

New Year Stunts

Piling Up The Days—Really, it's piling up the matches. Give each player in the circle an equal number of matches. Hand the first player a milk bottle. He is to put one match on top of the bottle and then pass it to next in line without the match falling off. Proceed around the circle and then start over with the second match, etc. If a player's match falls off as he passes it, he must take it and any others knocked off and keep with his supply of matches. The object is to see who can get rid of all his matches first, each player getting a chance to add just one match each trip around.

Another variation is to give each player a bottle and a box of matches and see who can pile the most matches atop a bottle. No fair jiggling another player's bottle, now!

What Would You Do? Have two sets of slips of paper, numbered 1, 2, 3, etc., on each set. On each slip in one group write the question, "What would you do in 1958 if _____?" On the other group is the answer, "I would _____." Choose up sides and to one side give the questions and each player writes out a question. Each one on the other side writes an answer to finish "I would." When all are finished, each couple in turn will stand and read the question on his slip and the other will read the answer. The slips can be shuffled among the players before the reading, if desired.

You will have a hilarious time as the slips are read for you'll get something like "What would you do tonight if Jane told you she thought you had poor taste in clothes?" *Answer:* "Take her out to the city dump and leave her," etc., etc.

A "NEW" GEOGRAPHICAL QUIZ

Each of the following answers has the word "new" in it. See how many you can answer for a "New Year" contest.

1. Noah found good use for part of this city.
2. What home means to all of us.
3. An eastern city named for an enormous city.
4. What the sailor is glad to see.
5. Something most of us read every day.
6. No use to carry coal here.
7. Its buildings make canyons of the streets.
8. A material frequently worn in the winter.
9. Atom bombs are tested here.
10. A Bible land.
11. Part of this town weighs 2,000 lbs.
12. World famous restaurants are located here.
13. A Midwestern product is named for this state.
14. A big, shaggy friend.

Answers

1. Newark; 2. New Haven; 3. New London; 4. Newport; 5. Newport News; 6. New Castle; 7. New York; 8. New

Jersey; 9. New Mexico; 10. New Canaan; 11. Newton; 12. New Orleans; 13. New Hampshire (hogs); 14. Newfoundland.

FIND THE MISS

A Miss is a young unmarried girl. Here are a list of other 'Miss'es. Can you finish the word and find the 'Miss'?

1. Miss— Delegation.
2. Miss— A letter or message.
3. Miss— Show Me State.
4. Miss— One who carries a message.
5. Miss— The Father of Waters.
6. Miss— Badly shaped.
7. Miss— Lost.
8. Miss— A weapon thrown.
9. Miss— Practically always at home.
10. Miss— We pay dearly for this.

Answer:

1. Mission; 2. Missive; 3. Missouri; 4. Missionary; 5. Mississippi; 6. Misshapen; 7. Missing; 8. Missile; 9. Missus (Mrs.); 10. Misstep.

—Betty Cooper

PICK THESE BERRIES

1. A berry that is a fowl.
2. A berry that is a dark color.
3. A berry that is to grate.
4. A berry that farm hats are made from.
5. A berry that is old.
6. A berry that falls on roses.
7. A berry that is a disappointed person.
8. A berry that is used in electricity.
9. A berry that is a kind of cloth.

Answers

1. Gooseberry; 2. Blackberry; 3. Raspberry; 4. Strawberry; 5. Elderberry; 6. Dewberry; 7. Blueberry; 8. Currant; 9. Mulberry.

SNAKES ALL ABOUT US!

1. This snake is a wicked person.
2. This snake is a very dark color.
3. This snake is a fluid and Indian footwear.
4. This snake is a penny and a body part.
5. This snake is a noise.
6. This snake is used to hold up hose.
7. This snake is a ruler.
8. This snake is a color and a swift horse.
9. This snake is to sway back and forth.
10. This snake is a rodent.

Answers

1. Viper; 2. Black Snake; 3. Water Moccasin; 4. Copper Head; 5. Rattler; 6. Garter; 7. King Cobra; 8. Blue Racer; 9. Rock; 10. Gopher.

Above contests by Betty Cooper

Doctors doubt that hard work ever really killed anybody, but they have known cases where it seems to scare them half to death.

The trouble with the unexpected is that it always happens when you least expect it.