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LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

# MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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My Dear Friends:

I don't know that I've ever before planned to write to you in two different installments from two places, so this is a new experience for me.

We had planned by this time to be settled in Florida, Corpus Christi or California but right now I'm here at my own dining room table just waiting for Mart to come home with final word as to where we are going tomorrow morning. Our suitcases are all packed and it will only take us a few minutes to get them loaded into the car and start out, so while the house is quiet I'll catch up on some correspondence and write most of my letter to you.

Let me thank all of you first for the beautiful Christmas cards that came to our house this past holiday season. Every year I'm always surprised all over again when you folks remember us with best wishes for a happy Christmas and a good New Year. These greetings mean a great deal to us and all of the family join me in thanking you.

I have finished all the handwork I had started when I wrote to you the last time, and also did cross stitchdesigns around two little red Christmas jumpers my sister Jessie was making for her small granddaughters, Cindy and Stacy Shambaugh, Bill's and Ella's little girls. They live in Des Moines and we're hoping to have a picture of them with their two brothers in some issue of Kitchen-Klatter before long. I used black and white thread on the red material and it looked very nice. After we're settled down for the winter I want to make one like it for Frederick and Betty's Mary Leanna.

My sister-in-law, Bertha Field, spent an afternoon with me recently and brought along her sewing basket so I could see all the things she had made. I just wish you could have seen the darling little suit she had turned out for a great-grandson who is less than six months old! The little shirt was an exact replica of a man's dress shirt and the little pants were complete right down to the tiny zipper in front. I don't know when I've seen anything so clever.

Bertha also had made a lovely threecornered scarf with knotted fringe that could be worn over the head or as a shoulder wrap. Her present hobby is crocheting hats—I think she has made eight of them. The one she made for me is of a soft white yarn with a silver thread running through it. It fits down snugly on my head and the turned-up rim has three rows of popcorn stitch on it—a very pretty finish. I know I'll wear it a lot this winter.

The other morning my next door neighbor, Eltora Alexander, brought over a tablecloth to show me, one that she had made for her daughter in Tucson. These cloths are quite popular around here right now and make a beautiful cover for a table when a coffee, tea or buffet luncheon is the occasion. They are made of net and are to be used over taffeta. The cloth Eltora made was of brown net to be used over brown taffeta, and she decorated the net over-cloth with felt butterflies and flowers hemmed in tiny pearls and sequins. The butterflies in lovely shades of blue, green and lavender were scattered around about eight inches above the hem, and the edge of the net was finished in a lovely gold and brown rick-rack. It certainly made a gorgeous cloth-made me want to try one like it.

In this issue you will see a picture of a group of friends who held their annual December luncheon at our house. We decided on a Chinese theme just for variation and had a lot of fun preparing for it. A wall paper store gave us two old sample books and in it we found sheets of brilliantly colored paper, some of them with genuine Oriental designs. I used these particular pages to make Chinese lanterns by folding a rectangular piece and cutting narrow strips on the fold to within a half-inch of the top. Then I unfolded them and pasted the long sides together, pressed the top and bottom together like an accordian and attached a handle to hang it by. These made pretty good substitutes for Chinese lanterns and we hung them from the chandelier over our dining room table, between double doors, etc.

From other sheets of wall paper samples we made the Chinese hats you'll notice in the picture. For these we cut pie-shaped pieces from a circle and pasted the edges together with sticky tape. Bright ribbons were attached to hold them firmly in place. We were a funny looking crowd when we all got these on—and the picture is proof of it!

Russell and Lucile loaned me their collection of lovely Chinese figurines that they bought in Chinatown when they lived in San Francisco and we put two of these in the center of each card table. At each place we had a small Japanese fan, a pair of chop sticks and an Oriental place card that had been brought from China by a missionary friend. On our dining room table we used a Chinese tablecloth that the children gave to us for Christmas several years ago. Taking it all in all, we managed to create quite a bit of atmosphere.

For our food we served chicken chow mein on fried noodles, Mandarin orange salad, wafers, and for dessert, cookies and tea. The tea was poured from an antique Chinese tea pot, so you can see that it was a different kind of a party and lots of fun.

Some of you may want to make chicken chow mein some time so here is the exact recipe I used.

I cooked two chickens, removed the meat and cut it into bite-sized pieces. This was mixed with four cans of the mixed chow mein vegetables, an extra can of bean sprouts, two small cans of mushrooms and two cups of diced celery which had been cooked until just tender and then drained. The next step is to thicken with cornstarch the chicken broth and juices added from the canned vegetables. Season it with salt, pepper and Soy sauce to taste. (Some like just a mild flavor of Soy sauce so I pass the bottle if anyone wants more.)

The last step is to combine the chicken and vegetable mixture with the broth mixture and bring it to the boiling point. Serve it hot on rice or on Chinese noodles—the kind you buy in cans. I like to serve this quite often when we have company because it can be prepared long in advance and then just combined with the rice or noodles at the last minute. The amount I gave you here serves sixteen nicely.

Well, surprise! Mart just now came in and said that he'd talked to the hotel manager in Redlands and they have our old room for us and will be looking for us. I thought that California would probably be the final decision even though we've spent a lot of time discussing Florida and southern Texas. We feel that all of us are getting on to the place where we should spend as much time together as possible, and we have Mart's brother Harry and my brother Sol in California. There are nieces and nephews too-all much younger, of course, but family. So, I'm glad that it's to be California and am looking forward to spending these next winter months in the La Posada Hotel which is a very homelike and comfortable place to stay. They have a good coffee shop in the building so if it does rain we don't need to go outside at all.

Now there are many things to do and goodbyes to say to the children, so I must say goodbye to you too at this point. The minute we get to Redlands I'll add a postscript to let you know we're safely there.

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## PIONEER FAMILY PARTY

By Mabel Nair Brown

These long winter evenings are ideal for family good times together so what could be more fun than a church night family party? A party planned with a pioneer theme can be most entertaining (and informative!!) for the youngsters, and can set the oldsters to reminiscing and exchanging "do you remember when" or "did you ever hear how?"

#### Food

Since the evening will probably start off with a cooperative supper, let it, too, carry out a true pioneer flavor in choice of foods and serving. The menu might consist of big stoneware crocks of home-baked beans, baked ham (or a variety of meats prepared in the old-fashioned manner such as pressed chicken, head cheese, sausages, etc.), corn bread or homemade rolls or bread, cole slaw (with dressing of sour cream, sugar, vinegar and pinch of salt), homemade pickles, jellies, and pumpkin and mince pie for dessert. Of course you will need to provide plenty of good coffee, and milk or cider for the youngsters.

Serve the meal family style and let

Serve the meal family style and let those who are able to eat dessert after this hearty meal just help themselves to pie directly from the pie pan! Perhaps some hardware will loan you enough old-fashioned tin cups (such as are loaned to farm sales) to serve the beverages.

The food committee will make out the menu and then solicit certain families for the different items and make suggestions as to how it is to be prepared, serving containers, etc., in order to carry out the party theme.

If you want to make this a real party occasion, after an evening of fun with active games, folk dances, etc., you might consider serving pop corn balls, home-made pulled taffy and cider for late evening refreshments. In that case, remember to serve the pop corn balls in true pioneer style—from a big wicker clothesbasket! Doughnuts, too, would be another typical delicacy to serve, especially if they can be handed out from an old-fashioned iron kettle borrowed for the occasion.

# Decorations

Begin by rounding up some old kerosene lamps and lanterns and oldfashioned candleholders to use on the tables and about the dining room. If you can locate some large iron soap kettles, fill them with ears of corn as decorations for the corners of the room. Checked red or blue tablecloths might be used on small tables, or draped across the top of the piano. Do see if you can locate spoon holders for each table, the kind that were used on the tables back in pioneer days. And of course, some ornate glass or china toothpick holders. Pioneer homes usually had gourds, herbs and onions hung to dry from rafters or walls so these too will add a decorative touch if used as part of the decorations in dining room or fellowship hall. A water pail and dipper might



In Mother's letter on the opposite page you'll find a full explanation of this picture. All of these women are long-time friends and Mother has certainly enjoyed their club parties through the years.

stand on a stand in one corner. (There will be many youngsters present who will ask what it is, I'll warrant!) Be sure to include a set of sleigh bells in decorations.

Other decorations to be considered include a miniature covered wagon, an old spinning wheel, and an old musket hanging on the wall along with the powder horn.

Table center pieces might well be beautiful old milk glass or cut glass compotes filled with arrangements of fresh fruits, since an arrangement of fruit and the pretty molds of homemade butter and jellies, along with the spiced apple pickles provided the eye appeal at great-grandmother's table.

Why not ask the guests themselves to contribute to the pioneer atmosphere by wearing their colorful print cotton dresses and overalls, with red and blue bandannas adding accent? Who knows, perhaps neighborhood attics will yield such interesting items as high button shoes, sun bonnets, fur muffs, etc.?

If you feel these more authentic decorations are beyond your possibilities, then create the patriotic pioneer effect through use of old-fashioned paper chains of red, white, and blue paper, stars cut from same color, flags and streamers.

# Program

An old-fashioned spell down and the grand old game of charades should surely be included on the program. There will probably be many among the group who will recall the "Literary Society or Social" of yesteryear when there was sure to be some one "delivering an elocution" and other local talent putting on such thrilling old "mellerdrammers" as "Wild Nell The Pet Of The Plains." If such numbers are included on your program they will be sure fire hits. For the elocutions use such old readings as "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," "Annie And Willie's Prayer" or "The Little Match Girls," given in all the dramatic style and verve of grandma's day.

#### Games

Blind Man's Bluff, Wink 'Em, Pussy in the Corner, etc., are old, old games that still entertain the young folk. Perhaps you can play some of the old musical folk games such as, "Jennie Cracks Corn," "Oh, Susanna," "Looby Loo," "The Virginia Reel," etc. Game books to be found in your local town or school library will probably include these, plus many others that can be used.

Include some of the old pioneer songs in group singing just before the evening concludes with devotions and benediction.

# KRISTIN'S VALENTINE IDEAS SOUND LIKE FUN

Dear Friends:

Since I only write to you every other month I certainly have a lot to tell you. First of all, I hope you had a wonderful Christmas. I sure did!

I was in the Y-Teen Christmas play, "Why the Chimes Rang." I'm sure a lot of you probably have read this beautiful Christmas story. It is one of my favorites.

The Y-Teen girls also had a treetrimming party in the high school cafeteria from 3:30 to 7:00 which was lots of fun. After decorating the tree and part of the school, we had a meeting and a delicious supper was served by the officers.

At our December 4-H meeting we had a gift exchange and I gave a demonstration on how to make Christmas candles.

Attention fellow teenagers! Is it your turn to have the gang in for a party? Why not have it during February and make it a valentine or a heart party? There are a lot of games you can play using candy hearts. As soon as everyone has arrived give each guest a paper sack containing twenty candy hearts. Any time she uses the pronoun "I" she has to give a heart to the person to whom she is talking. At the end of the evening see who has the most candy hearts.

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# NEWS FROM THE DENVER DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends,

Lucile has suggested that with so many people moving about these days you might be interested in reading some of our experiences. They must be very similiar to those of your own relatives and neighbors who have gone to different parts of the country. Certainly one of the most persistant characteristics of the United States is that its people have always been on the move. And if there are no longer great new geographic frontiers to open, there are many, many new economic frontiers. We have found it a fascinating experience to make the change from a small town where the population has remained almost the same for the past twenty years to a good sized city that is "booming" beyond its fondest dreams.

Both Wayne and I have always lived in small towns and many have wondered how we would like living in Denver, Colorado, which has a population of approximately three-quarters of a million people. Frankly we love it, but not because we live a "city" life. As a matter of fact, we actually have more of a rural way of living than we did in a small town!

Emily and Alison ride to school on the school bus, our mail is deposited in a big rural mailbox (complete with red flag) by the mailman who drives his route in the familiar truck, and not more than one hundred yards from our house stands a big field all plowed and waiting to be planted when the ground warms this coming spring. And yet, just ten or fifteen minutes drive from our house are all the huge department stores, banks, office buildings, one-way streets and no parking zones of a city. Or if we prefer, and we usually do, we can spend ten or fifteen minutes driving in the opposite direction and find ourselves deep in the mountains.

The Wilmore Nurseries, where Wayne is the general manager, are located in the western part of Denver in what is known as Wheat Ridge. Our house is eleven blocks from the main nursery on the fringe of the adjoining area known as Lakewood. Both Wheat Ridge and Lakewood are unincorporated and our government is administered by Jefferson County. In addition to the county government, we also have sewage districts, water districts, fire protection districts, school districts, telephone and postal zones. None of them share the same boundaries and each is extremely independent of any other.

There are probably some additional districts and zones that concern us too, but we've only lived here since last August and we find it both difficult and confusing to learn by whom and at what tax and assessment cost we are governed. One result is that few people take an interest in local and county matters. Another result is that certain services we had always taken for granted are not present to enjoy. For instance, we have no street lights in the outlying residential districts; there are few sidewalks; and



This isn't a brand new picture, but Mary Beth, Donald, Katharine and Mother all look so happy that we wanted to share it with you.

snow removal is strictly up to the homeowner and the sun. Police patrol protection is almost non-existent although most of the merchants in the area do hire private police to watch their buildings. Fortunately, most everyone has been quite law-abiding.

House-hunting was very frustrating. There were so many available and all the houses that were just perfect were just too expensive. A good view of the mountains adds about two thousand dollars to the price of a house; we do not have a view of the mountains. However, when the trees are bare in the winter, we can see from the front yard the mountains southwest of our house, including Pikes' Peak on clear days.

The contrast between our home in Shenandoah and the one here is about as extreme as possible. We moved from a big, two-story, with basement, Victorian frame house into a brick, one-story with no basement, two year old house. As carton after carton was unloaded, I fretted as to where it would all fit for we had quantities of closet and cupboard space in our old home. I am still flabbergasted because room was found for everything except the vases and there are still two empty drawers left. Probably room could be found for the vases even now, but I would like to add two wall cabinets above the washer in the utility room for washing supplies and the vases would be much handier if located here too.

Our house faces west. The front door opens into a central hall with a coat closet on one side and a planter box cut into the other wall. A right turn from this hall takes you to the three bedrooms, a linen closet and the bathroom. The latter seems luxurious to us for it has gray fixtures, pale yellow ceramic tile on the walls and a built-in lavatory with cupboard space beneath. There are also three tiers of drawers ranging in size from narrow, shallow ones to wide, deep drawers for towels. These are separated by the

counter-top to form a dressing table. The floor and the continuous counter-top are covered with a black spatter-dot linoleum. I hope to locate an old, round piano stool to use under the dressing table.

The living room is to the left of the central hall with the garage on beyond to complete the front of the house. Straight ahead from the front hall is the dining room. The remaining area at the rear of the house is taken up by the kitchen which is large enough for a sizable breakfast table, the utility room, and a half-bath. For those of you who are wondering where I dry clothes without a basement or automatic dryer, I should add that I hang them out-doors the year-round. I wondered about this problem too, but everyone out here assured me I could get along very comfortably with only Mother Nature to do the drying. So far their assurances have been correct.

The kitchen cabinets and almost all of the exposed woodwork in the house are Philippine mahogany finished in a warm, medium brown. This is one of the more inexpensive woods that can be finished naturally and we like it very much. Actually, there is very little exposed wood in the house other than the kitchen cabinets and the doors, for the windows are the steel casement type which have no framing around them. The walls are all painted plaster. We found we had to get completely different ideas for Christmas decorations; the old faithfuls just wouldn't work in the new house.

We brought most of the old curtains with us but not the living room drapes which had had ten years of hard wear and sunfading. The windows in the old house were very tall and narrow; here the windows are much shorter and wider. Our old dining room curtains were straight panels made of an off-white rice cloth (a rather rough woven transluscent material). Several years of exposure had changed the color to a sort of natural-looking tan, but, fortunately, the color changed quite evenly!

By shortening and sewing the panels together, I was able to hang them at the one, very large, living-room window for temporary duty. There is no shade or blind at this window so we planned from the beginning to replace them with lined drapes. These were made professionally because I lack enough confidence in my sewing ability to risk ruining so many yards of material. However, I am making the other drapes and curtains.

When the new drapes were completed, I moved the old curtains to the dining room which has a Venitian blind. Perhaps I should explain that the sun is amazingly bright. There are few large shade trees in these new residential areas so it is necessary to take extreme measures to filter the glare throughout the entire year.

Mother has already told you about the applique she did for our bedroom curtains. Some of the same white material (a lightweight Indianhead) was left. I combined it with a red Mexican print Dorothy had given me

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# FROM MY DESK

By Leanna

Question: "My husband and I have been terribly upset recently because our oldest boy, seventeen, has dropped out of high school and refuses to go back. He has always had a hard time with his studies and has never enjoyed school, but we've talked and talked about how important it is these days to have an education. The superintendent talked to him also, but our boy won't listen to anyone and says he will never go back. He has a job now in a filling station where they also work on cars. He has always liked being around machinery and is really handy at fixing almost anything. But we feel that he is ruining his entire future and wonder what to do to make him come to his senses."-Minn.

Answer: Countless parents have this problem and no two cases ever seem to be just alike. If your boy has always been unhappy at school and had a hard time making his grades, then it's plain to be seen why he feels that he wants nothing more to do with it. It seems to me that you are up against a stone wall where his future schooling is concerned since he feels so keenly about it. I think I would have one last talk with him at which time the superintendent should be with you and your husband. Point out to him how close he is to graduating and repeat how much it may mean to him in years to come. If he still refuses to go back, then tell him that you never want to hear "he didn't have a chance." With the superintendent present, he will always remember the conversation and will think twice before he blames you in years to come.

Question: "I've wondered if anyone else has this problem? We have a rather small church organization, about thirty active members, and it's a constant struggle, of course, to meet all of the demands made upon us. Responsibilities aren't clearly outlined and somehow it has always been the custom for the secretary to send flowers when members are ill or when a close member of the family passes away. I am the secretary and it's gotten to the point where I feel that I can do one of two things: never send flowers or pay for them out of my own pocket and not present the bill. I think it's dreadful to hear so much complaint from the treasurer about these things and no one ever speaks up and defends me even though the others feel that we should show our sympathy by sending flowers. I've tried to resign as secretary, but they won't accept my resignation. Can you give me any pointers as to what can be done?"-Mo.

Answer: Surely you have an annual meeting when officers are elected and committees are lined up. At that time I'd suggest that you propose to have a flower committee in the future with the Treasurer as chairman. Probably there won't be more than two or three on the committee. When ever a need for flowers arises, call the Treasurer because she is chairman and ask her opinion on the matter. When put to her in this way she will probably say



Last November we showed you the changes time had brought when Dad picked up the equipment to carve a Thanksgiving turkey. This month we wanted to turn back to our February issue of 1949 and give you contrasting pictures of Mother and her two granddaughters, Kristin Johnson and Juliana Verness. Human beings are more indestructible than material objects—the globe has been broken and the davenport has been discarded—but Mother and her two granddaughters are going strong!

"Yes, go ahead." Then when the bill is presented she won't say a word because she approved it in the first place. I think this will work. At least give it a try.

give it a try.

Question: "I don't want to sound like a complaining grandmother, but I wish you could write something about thoughtless grandchildren and perhaps it will set people to thinking. These modern cars are very hard for me to get in and out of and I can't manage the back seat at all without a real struggle. I live alone and my son's family is nice enough to come on Sundays if the weather is good to take me for a drive. I don't get out much and appreciate it, but this last year these rides have been anything but a pleasure because my son's wife and my granddaughter, fifteen, sit in front and leave me to try and climb in and out of the back seat. I've thought surely they would see how hard it is for me and offer to let me sit in front, but they never do. I hate to say anything to them and thought that if other elderly people have the same problem it might help everyone if you'd print my letter."-Kans.

Answer: I'm glad to print your letter just as you wrote it. I can sympathize with this grandmother because it is practically impossible for me to manage anything but the front seat. I've heard many able-bodied people complain about the difficulty in getting in and out of the back seat in these new cars. So, let's be thoughtful of older people and make it easy for them without a word needing to be said.

Question: "Shortly after Christmas

something happened at our house that my husband and I have had many words about. We have a neighbor next door who has always been very cross and irritable about our three children, and because of this we never see her in a friendly way and never speak. Our ten year old girl had her sled outside and when I stepped out on the porch I heard her "sassing" the neighbor who ordered her out of the driveway. I called her in at once and told her that she must never speak that way again to anyone. My husband usually stands up for what I say, but this time he sided in with my daughter and said that the neighbor had it coming to her and not to pay any attention to my opinion on it. We still argue about it and I'm asking you now for your viewpoint on this trouble."-Minn.

Answer: Regardless of what the trouble might be, your husband was wrong in not sticking by you in front of your daughter. Parents can disagree and thresh out matters when they're alone, but in front of the children they must always stick together. Anything else leads to real trouble. I feel that you were right in your viewpoint. The neighbor may be completely disagreeable and impossible to get along with, but young people must learn that nothing is ever gained by rudeness and "sassing," as you put it. More than one person has lost his job as an adult because he let loose and said what he pleased just as if he were ten years old talking to a disagreeable neighbor. We can sympathize with them in our own private

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# SUGGESTIONS FOR CHURCH ACTIVITIES

# Fun For A Church Group

A good many years ago we published a suggestion for making a little money and having fun at the same time. We've been told, of course, that people save Kitchen-Klatter and referback to it again and again, but even so we were just a little surprised to have a letter recently from a friend in Missouri who said that she had used this for a "change in pace" when she was chairman of the last luncheon. It was a great success, she reported, and everyone wondered where she had ever found the idea.

Naturally we have countless readers now who weren't with us years ago, so we are reprinting it in the hope that it will solve the problem of what to do that's different, a lot of fun, and also can raise a modest sum of money. No doubt all of the prices would need to be raised slightly since there have been such vast changes since this was printed originally.

Use cards tables for this supper instead of your long tables that are generally used. Then print up the following menus and ask each guest to give his order to the waitress. She'll have a duplicate card in her hand with the real names of the foods printed on it. Serve everyone as fast as possible, and be prepared to serve some people a number of times if they choose only iced tea and a cracker thinking that they're going to get a great deal more.

Serve the various dishes accompanied by a slip of paper with the price written on it, and let everyone pay the total of these slips to the cashier. Some people will order the entire menu just to be on the safe side, and others will be very cautious. You can see how much fun it would be. After the tables are cleared off it would be nice to have games and real puzzles for your guests to work.

Remember that only the waitress will have this complete list, while the

guests get the puzzlers.

1. Fodder (celery) .01; 2. Chopped Food (potato salad) .03; 3. Hoten (cake) .05; 4. Prote and Smear (bread and butter) .04; 5. Big 400 (pie) .05; 6. Spring's Offering (water) .01; 7. Chanticleer Between Slabs (meat or chicken sandwich) .05; 8. Cold Wave (ice-cream) .05; 9. Lovers Delight (pickles) .01; 10. Sleep Restorer (onion) .02; 11. Fire Starter (potato chips) .02; 12. Fourth of July Celebration (cracker) .01; 13. Peace Offering (olives) .02; 14. Cause of the Fall of Man (apples) .02; 15. Boston Soup (coffee) .03; 16. Autumn Showers (fruit) .05; 17. Ten Degrees Below Zero (iced tea) .01; 18, Chief of the Kitchen (cookies) .02. Total price of menu, .50.

# Food For Thought

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

I thought perhaps you'd be interested in some of the changes our church group put into practice last



Christmas brought us this very good picture of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bianco and their daughter, Jean of Marseilles, Ill. Old, old family friends know Mrs. Bianco as Letty Field, the youngest of Uncle Henry Field's eight daughters.

year. We're just an average size membership (around 110 families) and the last few years we'd been disappointed in the final results of our bazaars, bake sales, etc. A lot of work was poured into these affairs and our food is always good, so we decided our biggest trouble must be that we were competing with all the other churches in a few short weeks before the holidays.

It was decided (with only a few diehard skeptics holding out for the old ways) to serve a church dinner in late September—we had a fine crowd and everyone seemed to appreciate a chance to attend when there weren't other church dinners being held.

On the two Saturdays before Christmas we served chili, hamburgers, soup and pie to the public between 12:00 and 1:30—picked up a lot of Christmas shoppers who liked the idea of just running in to eat without feeling compelled to buy anything on the side. This was our only December activity.

Then at the end of January we went all-out and served the big turkey dinner that had always been given before in connection with our December bazaar. People had gotten over all the Christmas rush, turkey tasted real good again, and they welcomed a chance to get out after a month when nothing much had been going on. This was a real success.

In April we served a spring dinner—had it just before May 1st when we could use May baskets and spring flowers for decorations. This was held on a Friday evening and we served fish as our main dish in respect to our many friends who do not eat meat on that day. (Meat loaf was available to those who do not care for fish.)

In May we advertised a "House Cleaning Bake Sale" and took orders for casseroles, salads, pies, cakes, etc., to be delivered to women who were torn up cleaning house and going easy on cooking. This idea had never been tried before and although it was more work than an ordinary bake sale, it was a real financial success.

On a Saturday morning in July and again in August we had a bake sale downtown, and since these sales fell at a time when people don't want their ovens going very often we cleared everything out in short order and

everyone said it was mighty nice to be able to get homemade food at an unexpected time.

All in all, we felt really gratified by our figures at the end of the year. We hadn't done a great deal more than usual but we'd made a lot more. It proved to us that our trouble before had been in scheduling events when everyone else was busy with the same type of thing.

We'd say to any church group: forget the conventional dates for putting on dinners, bake sales, etc. Come out with your affairs when things are quiet and people are ready to stir themselves and get out. We're following the same general plan this year and are making out fine while other groups are complaining that their affairs aren't going over as well as they'd hoped."—Kansas.

Who Can Furnish Pointers on This?

"We are wondering if any of your Kitchen-Klatter readers have had experience doing quilting for people?

In our Aid Society we have quite a few older women who say that they'd like to get together two afternoons a week and quilt to help raise money. They do nice work. But on inquiring around here we don't find anyone who needs to have quilting done.

If other groups have this activity we'd appreciate knowing how they line up work, how much they charge, what they furnish in the line of materials, where they put up the frames and any other details that would be helpful to us. Thank you so much for any help anyone can provide."—Minn.

# WHAT DO I OWE GOD?

"What do you owe God?" you ask, Suppose He sent you this bill: One hundred thousand dollars For the sun upon the hill.
Two thousand for the little brook That runs along the way; Five thousand for the night time And a thousand for the day.
These are the bills which people Of every clime forget—
If God should charge you what you owe.

You'd always be in debt,

—From the First

Methodist Church News

# PERHAPS SOME OF YOU CAN GIVE FREDERICK AN IDEA

Dear Friends,

Here it is the very middle of winter in so many ways, and yet it is almost spring! Does it seem possible to you that in a few weeks the planting will begin all over again? Where have the days and weeks gone that last November seemed to stretch ahead of us so endlessly?

I sometimes wonder if there really is anyone for whom the days drag slowly by? If you are a person who finds each day as long as a week, and each week as long as a year, I wish that you would write to me and tell me why. Just address your letter to Rev. Frederick Driftmier, the South Congregational Church, Springfield 5,

We have had all of the usual fun that goes with winter in New England. When the snow has been deep and the days crisp and cold the children and I have taken our sleds and gone next door to the park where we have slid down the hills to our hearts' content. You will remember how for the past two winters I have hurt myself playing with the children and their sleds, and this year I am pleased to say that the biggest kid of them all has survived wonderfully well! I haven't had one accident of any kind.

I am writing this letter from my office after having spent the past two hours talking with a young soldier who has just returned from two years of duty overseas. He came to me tonight very disturbed by some of the things he had observed in the different Christian churches he had visited in more than a dozen countries. Do you know what was bothering him? He could not understand how one Christian church could worship in one way and believe one thing about Jesus Christ, and another Christian church of a different denomination or of a different nation could believe something entirely different, and yet both of them be right. This soldier said to me tonight: "I saw so many different ways of worshipping and so many different kinds of Christians that I have just about given up believing in anything."

Well, of course I couldn't let him leave the office without doing something to help and so I tried to point out that while there may be many differences between Christian expressions of faith, there are also certain basic similarities. Just because three different orchestras may play one of the great master works three different ways giving the same music three different interpretations does not mean that any one of the orchestras is wrong. There is very little resemblance between a 16th Century orchestra and one of today; there is the difference in instruments, numbers and kinds. The modern symphony orchestra simply cannot reproduce the music of the great masters exactly as it was written. One interpretation of the music may produce one result and another rendition another result, but through both of them one hears the great themes of the composer, and the basic harmonies and melodies are

When devout people of today try to live the Christian life as they have been inspired to live it by a variety of influences, there is sometimes little resemblance between the Christian faith of one group of persons and the Christian faith of another. What you and I believe about Jesus Christ may be utterly unacceptable to the other. Our interpretations of the great themes of the Christian faith may vary, but the themes are eternally true. The way we live the Christian life may differ from one group of Christians to another, but through all our lives there run the basic melodies and harmonies of the music of Christ's life and work.

If one of the Disciples of old were to see the Christian faith lived today in all of its varieties and in all of its interpretations, he would probably be shocked and most certainly puzzled, but of one thing we can be certain; he would recognize the great themes of Christian brotherhood, the sacredness of each individual soul, and the hope in Christ that knows no defeat and no end.

Just this very moment as I write these lines to you I am having an inspiration for a story to tell to the children in our church school. Each Sunday morning when our service begins we always have all of the children seated with their parents in the sanctuary. After an opening hymn, invocation, and anthem, I tell a story to the children, and then during the singing of a hymn they march out into the parish house for their Sunday School session.

Here is the story that I shall tell them next Sunday to teach them that it is not enough just to call one's self a Christian. It is not enough just to go to church and read the Bible. I want to teach the children that to be a Christian means following the teachings of Jesus Christ.

Here is the way I shall do it. When it comes time for the children's story I shall reach under the pulpit and pick up a violin and some music. Then I shall say: "This story, boys and girls, is just for you. It is a story about you and a story about me. Here in my hand I have a lovely violin, and here on the pulpit I have the music to the hymn: 'Away In The Manger'. Now if our Minister of Music will kindly accompany me, I shall play 'Away In The Manger' on the violin."

I shall start to play, but of course, since I cannot play a single note on a violin, there will come forth nothing but squeaks and squawks. Then I shall stop and look down at our church violinist seated near the organ and say: "There is something wrong with this violin. It sounds simply horrible!" The violinist will reply: "Oh no, sir. That is a very good violin!"

Once again I shall start to play, and once again I shall stop after a few squeaks and squawks and say: "Well, if the violin is all right, then there must be something wrong with this music. The man who wrote the music must have been all wrong." At this point the church violinist will step up into the pulpit beside me and say: "The trouble is not in the violin and it is not in the music. The trouble is that you are not playing the music. Here, let me show you how this music ought to be played."

The violinist will play the hymn through beautifully, and then I shall say: "This teaches me a lesson, boys" and girls. It teaches me that if I want to be a violinist I must learn to play the music. Just having a good violin and some music is not enough to

make me a violinist.

"In the same way, I know that to be a Christian it is not enough just to go to a nice church and to read the Bible. To be a Christian one must follow the rules of life that Jesus gave to us in the Bible. If we live the way Jesus said to live, we shall be Christians, but if we do not, then the most beautiful church in all of the world and the most beautiful Bible that was ever printed cannot make us Christians.

You can well imagine that it is quite a task to think up a story for the children each week. This is the first time I have ever thought of one while writing a letter to you. Perhaps I should write to you each week with the hope that just like tonight I shall have a good Kitchen-Klatter inspiration!

In my children's stories I usually have something in my hand to catch and hold their attention. We have such an enormous church, and some of the children sit a half a block away, so I have to do something out of the ordinary each Sunday to focus their attention on the truth I am trying to teach. In weeks past I have had in that pulpit with me, owls, fish, swords, cake, candy, balloons, radios, magic paper that disappears, dolls, stuffed animals of all kinds, airplanes that actually fly, phonographs, and babies.

I have been told that the adults in the congregation enjoy the children's story as much as the children. At first I found them very hard to tell. It has never been difficult for me to talk to children, but to talk to children in the presence of adults was a different matter. Since I have had to do it here, I have learned to love it, and now I would rather tell a children's story than give a sermon any

If you ever have any good ideas for a children's sermon, please send them along to me.

> Sincerely, Frederick

# WHERE WE WORSHIP

Beautiful is the large church, With stately arch and steeple: Neighborly is the small church, With groups of friendly people; Reverent is the old church, With centuries of grace; And a wooden or a stone church Can hold an altar place. But whether it be a rich church Or a poor church anywhere, Truly it is a great church If God is worshiped there.

# MIDDLE AGED HEART CAPERS

A Valentine Party for Married Sweethearts

By

Mabel Nair Brown

This is the time of year when many members of women's clubs decide to entertain their husbands, and it's also the time when Sunday School classes made up of married people want to do something off the beaten track, so here are party plans that can be lots of fun and just the thing to spice up an "every day as usual" routine.

First, to get the theme for your party, just think back to the days of high school and courtship for your generation. It may be that the corner drugstore was your favorite meeting place, or perhaps it was school dances or monthly church class parties. Possibly your old gang gathered in a candy kitchen back in the twenties. But wherever your favorite meeting place might have been, you can be sure there was music, fun and laughter, so you'll want to provide plenty of that for your party.

Some people just plain don't enjoy getting rigged up in any clothes out of the ordinary, but it would certainly get your party off on a hilarious note if you could persuade them to come dressed in things typical of their

courtship days.

## Invitations

Visit the Five and Ten stores and look through your scrap bag to gather up lacy paper doilies, bits of ribbon and lace, tiny flowers, red paper hearts and cupids that will be used to make the most sentimental and elaborate Valentine invitations you can concoct.

On the cover draw a music staff and glue on it small red hearts for the notes; black crayon can be used to draw the flags on eighth notes, and also for various music symbols. Below this music staff write the words: "Backwards on the Wings of Song".

On the inside of the invitation folder write this verse:

"Bring the Valentine you married To a party at our house;

Bring a record that you swooned to 'Ere she was your happy spouse."
Add the date of the party and the names of the host and hostess. If it's going to be a costume party, then add something like this: "We're going back to Smitty's" (or the name of your favorite hang-out) in the garb we used to wear, so wear the duds you wore in 1930, there'll be romance in the air." Of course these invitations are to be mailed to the men.

#### Decorations

The living room should set the mood for many happy recollections and with a most romantic accent. Use many candles, lots of the old records played on a phonograph for background music, and decorations of lacy hearts and clever cupids wherever possible.

The dining room might be decorated as the old corner drugstore. The buffet or dining table can be the soda fountain, and bridge tables can be used to take care of cozy foursomes



All women who live alone would find it an inspiration to stop in and see Aunt Bertha Field! She still spends much time cooking and preparing things for the freezer in her handsome new remodeled kitchen. Uncle Henry worked right with her when he was with us, and now she continues all of these activities and shares so much of it with the family and friends.

at refreshment time. Borrow some advertising posters from the local druggist to place about the room for atmosphere, and make up a big old-fashioned looking menu to tack up on the wall.

### Refreshments

What could be more appropriate for refreshments than ice cream sundaes or sodas, bottles of coke or cups of hot chocolate? If more than this is wanted, a variety of sandwiches and potato chips can be offered and it would be a lot of fun to let people "order" from menus placed on the individual tables.

Place card favors at each place are huge eighth notes cut from a double fold of heavy white paper. Glue a small red heart on the note. On the front, write the guest's name and on the inside write the title or line of a song which is particularly fitting for that person. Someone who loves to fish would find "Row, row, row your boat" written on his card, or a car dealer might open his to read: "In My Merry Oldsmobile."

Autographs

Prepare little red heart-shaped booklets for each guest and throughout the evening have them collect autograph sentiments reminiscent of their schooldays; thus each will have a sentimental souvenir to take home at the close of the evening. If several in the group have some old autograph albums stored away, ask them to bring them to the party where they can be read and chuckled over all evening. And if old pictures are rounded up before the party, they, too, will provide much amusement and reminis-

# Entertainment

Your guests may be having so much fun visiting about 'way back when' that you won't want to start them on any organized activities, but here are some suggestions in the event you want to play games.

Tying Up a Beau: This game to be

played by couples is hilarious. Take a woman into the hall or next room, blindfold her and lead her back to a man-he is forbidden to speak at any point so she doesn't know who he is. Give her a necktie and tell her to tie it on her partner as quickly as possible. The woman who does the best job in the shortest time is winner.

Heart Hunt: Hide a large quantity of small candy hearts throughout the rooms. These are to be searched for by couples. Set an alarm clock for 10 minutes. When it rings, the couple with the most hearts is the winner.

Broken Hearts: (A good 'warmer up' to start the party.) Make large red hearts out of construction paper, one for each couple. Cut each heart in a different way so that the two pieces will make a perfect heart when put together, and distribute a piece to each guest being sure that when the two pieces are put together you will have a couple and not two men or two women. It will take the crowd quite a while to fit the hearts together and they'll have a lot of fun doing it.

Pass the Heart: Once in a while grown-ups enjoy playing "kid" games that involve scrambling around. Arrange chairs back-to-back in two rows as if you were going to play "Going to Jerusalem." Start a large red heartshaped box (the kind candy comes in, for example) down the row as music is played. When the music stops, the person who is holding the box must remove his chair and leave the game. Chairs cannot be pushed together to fill the gap, and as more and more players drop out it makes for a wild scramble to get the box down the row. The last survivor is the winner, of course.

Post Office: This old, old game becomes hilarious when played grown-ups-be sure you include it in your party plans.

Pairs: After the activity of the above games it would probably be a

(Continued on page 18)

### LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Tonight when I sat down to write to you I had to shove a microphone to one side, and that reminded me immediately to tell you right at the beginning of this letter about a change that has been made—a change that means a great deal to me.

Until this winter I have always had to get out of the house by 8:30 every morning and head up the hill towards the folks' house for our daily radio visit with you friends who are in range of our voices. Through the years there have been countless mornings when we only made it by the skin of our teeth. It wasn't a question of time, you understand, but deep snow and dangerous ice. I remember once when every single inch of the ground was covered with so much ice that even able-bodied people couldn't keep on their feet. That time Russell spent an hour gathering up gunny sacks from everyone in our neighborhood and spreading them out from the car to the folks' back door so I could make it into the house.

You're never supposed to sound flustered and upset when you broadcast, you know, but there were mornings when I wondered if I'd be able to sit there and talk calmly after going through one of those nerve-wracking experiences with ice underfoot. I have a severe physical handicap, you know, and it seemed to me that one thing I just plain couldn't afford would be a broken arm or leg—or worse yet, a broken hip.

Well, I'm mighty thrilled to tell you now that these Eliza-On-the-Ice expeditions are a thing of the past. This year when the folks closed their house before leaving for California we moved the broadcasting equipment down to my house, and now I can just look out the window and laugh when the skies unleash ice and snow. I wonder if you have any idea how much it means to me not to be compelled to venture out when it's so hazardous underfoot? Yes, I think you probably have.

Of course there really wasn't room for any of this equipment in our poor jammed-up study but we just crowded it in anyhow. I described this beat-up room for you one time so I won't go off on to that again. However, I really should add that we haven't yet gotten the room redecorated or changed, but I can think of worse things to put up with, believe you me, and I'm just grateful to be able to visit with you folks without running the risk of breaking my bones on the way to the microphone.

The one thing we're enjoying the most this winter is our gas furnace that was installed last July. I honestly believe that we were the last people in this end of town to give up an ancient coal-burning furnace and replace it with gas. It doesn't seem too many years ago that one of the sounds we were accustomed to hearing all through the neighborhood was the rattle of coal as it was thrown into various chutes, but that sound has now disappeared entirely along with

the thud of horses' hoofs. Russell always did the firing so probably he is enjoying the new furnace more than I, but it's certainly nice not to have a thick layer of coal dust all over everything.

January brought our 21st wedding anniversary and along with it an incident that struck me as very funny. (At the time I was mad, but now it seems funny.)

The first winter we were married I made some cookbooks-bought some loose-leaf folders at the Five and Dime and then pasted down recipes clipped from magazines and wrote in recipes that appealed to me. Among these was a recipe for a frozen pudding and accompanying it was one of the most scrumptious looking color photographs I have ever seen in my life. It showed a beautiful pale green ring mold turned out on a round silver dish with preserved fruit (whole) decorating it. I pasted the picture down alongside the recipe and longed mightily to try this elegant looking dessert.

Well, I could never quite bring myself to giving that recipe a fling! It called for expensive candied fruit, a pint of whipping cream, other fruits and nuts—and I don't know what all. I always felt sort of scared when I thought of tossing in so many "luxury" ingredients when I couldn't be sure of the results. Time and time again I studied it, almost made up my mind to take the plunge, and then backed down and turned to something tried and true.

But when it came time to plan our wedding anniversary dinner I suddenly decided that if I ever expected to make up that frozen pudding I'd better close my eyes and leap—just stop torturing myself and make it! So I did. It looked perfectly gorgeous when I had finished late in the evening and Juliana was very much impressed when I called her out to see it and said:

"Now before you go to school in the morning you take this up to Granny's house and put it in her Amana freezer. It's good and cold tonight so I'll just cover it carefully and put it on the back porch to hold until morning."

She agreed to do this and we all went to bed peacefully (my own frame of mind particularly good because after so many years I had finally broken down and made the pudding).

The next morning when we got up I realized instantly that it was unusually warm in the house and quickly I opened the backdoor to see if the worst had happened. Yes, it had. A totally unexpected warming spell had struck us and our back porch was just as balmy and comfortable as anyone could ask for on a spring morning. The frozen pudding had separated, the syrup base had turned into liquid and the cream was sour.

MY!

I just don't know when I've felt so let down. As I say, it made me real mad at the time, but now when I think about it I can't help but laugh. You talk about an anti-climax!

Well, that can never happen again, thank goodness, because we now have a fine new Amana combination freezerrefrigerator. My old refrigerator, small and without any freezing unit aside from enough space for ice cubes, chugged its last after twelve years and called it quits. Several times during the holidays it gave me bad scares when it rattled and coughed and began to defrost without warning. But I wanted it to hang on until the 1958 models were available and by the closest of shaves it struggled through.

This is the first time we've ever had any kind of a freezing unit in our house and I'm enjoying it tremendously. When it was installed Juliana said: "Well, thank goodness I won't have to run back and forth up the alley to Granny's freezer anymore.' And when I thought how many times through the years she'd been asked to 'just take this package up to the Amana, dear', I couldn't blame her for feeling so relieved.

The second semester of school is just beginning to get underway and already Juliana is looking forward to summer vacation! She wants to go to Denver this summer to spend some time with her Uncle Wayne, Aunt Abigail and the children. She misses Emily, Alison and Clark very much and can hardly wait to see them again. Both of us regret that she can't get away from school in late March or April when her Aunt Mary Beth could so well do with a helping hand. But a freshman in high school can't just up and leave, no matter how much she'd like to do so.

Mother Verness' plans are still hanging fire and we don't know at this time if she'll be able to visit us or not. The folks want her to come to Redlands and spend some time with them while they are there—Twentynine Palms isn't so far from Redlands but what they can go and get her and then take her back. When Russell and I were first married years ago we didn't dream that someday our parents would all be in California.

Juliana has some friends in tonight and they want me to find Adella Shoemaker's recipe for those delicious Puffs so they can make some right away. I wouldn't mind eating one myself, come to think of it.

So until next month . . . Lucile

## TREES

See if you can guess these trees from the description given below.

- 1. This tree might be a flower from Holland.
- 2. This tree is often used in a bottle.
- 3. This tree sounds like a coat trimming.
- 4. This tree is associated with tears.
  5. This tree might be a very neat person.
- 6. This tree might be a pleasing person.
- 7. This tree could be an insect.
- 8. This tree could be something to chew.
  - 9. This tree could be a couple.
  - 10. This tree could be a kind of fish.

# Answer:

1. Tulip; 2. Cork; 3. Fir; 4. Weeping Willow; 5. Spruce; 6. Poplar; 7. Locust; 8. Gum; 9. Pear (pair); 10. Crab Apple. — Betty Cooper

### NEVER A DULL MOMENT

Bu

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

Surely the above phrase was written by a mother with a houseful of active, busy offspring. It should be tucked in beside "There is no place like home . . . absolutely no place" "This is the happiest time of my life, if I can just live through it!" and the like.

I am the only woman in a houseful of men. (My dear friend Mary Ann wrote when I gave birth to my third son, "I've always wanted to surround myself with handsome men. Seems to me you've found the formula!")

Living with a houseful of such "men", big and little, is an engrossing occupation with many sidelines. Being a mother may begin with warming bottles and changing pants but it soon becomes involved in collimating telescopes, explaining sputnicks, finding milkweed pods to take to school, removing splinters, retrieving lost balls, picking up constantly, and mending tears. If all the tears which have been dried were added together they would form a river. If placed end to end the radiance produced by tiny smiles would be blinding.

The oldest of my masculine brood, junior-grade, is Bobby, who turned eight on January 7th. I sit and look at the tallness of his frame, the blueness of his eyes and think of the wisdom accumulated in his few short years and am amazed that this tall, dark-haired second grader is mine.

He must know all the answers to everything which exists in his world! When the real world becomes too mundane his imaginary world takes over. People with knights in castles, Peter Pan, Alice and her Wonderland and pilots on their way to Mars—he goes from one location to another with a blink of an eye. Sometimes he takes his brothers along on these flights of fancy. If they are not cooperative he drops them without compunction and goes his own merry way.

Reading is Bobby's greatest pleasure, whether at school or at home. We couldn't be more pleased. From the Encyclopedia and National Geographic magazines to Little Black Sambo and the Robert Louis Stevenson poems he is trying to make his own way. Only requested help is accepted from his parents . . . no volunteer assistance is tolerated. And if you don't know how broadening this is to parents' education you've not had an eight year old to stimulate you into detailed learning. Come to think of it, seems like I'm learning more this session of second grade than I gained from my first experience.

Bobby has started piano lessons, practicing happily on the old reed organ which graces our living room. Even a little knowledge of a musical instrument will give added pleasure to life, so I'm hoping all the boys may have some background.

Jeffrey is our happy, serious, almost four-year-old. His birthday arrives on February 25th. While he still contains the placid, happy disposition



Snow, plus a Christmas sled and skis get Bobby and Jeffrey Birkby outdoors for a wonderful time.

of three, yet I know full well that some of the stubborn individuality of four will soon be showing up. Four, it seems to me, is another two, only on a different level.

Which reminds me, why is it the particular age through which your child is passing always seems the most difficult? A neighbor exclaimed to me the other day, "If I can just live through the phase Johnny is in now I'm sure I can stand the next one! He is in the getting-into-things stage and he's about to drive me crazy."

It does help to have lived with these situations before, because Johnny will get through it. True, the furniture and mama may be a bit more battered than Johnny by the experience. Sometimes we forget that our child would never grow into an interesting adult if he didn't have these spurts of getting into things; which is a way of exploring and learning and developing the keen mind we are so proud he owns.

In the tremendously helpful books ("The Child from 1 to 5", "The Child from 5 to 10" and "The Child from 10 to 15"), Dr. Gesell gives us courage when he insists that some of the "worst" days are the times when the child is learning and growing the most. If he stayed placid and sweet all the time, which might be the adult conception of a perfect child, he would not develop at all. So the next time Johnny has a particularly bad day of pulling out all the drawers, throwing anything loose over the porch railing or down the drain his mama can say, "My, but Johnny did advance in his development by leaps and bounds."

(Which somehow reminds me of my dear friend Rosie Greene who would say to her two small lively girls at the end of an especially difficult day, "It's time for you to go to bed now, Mama's tired!")

Which brings me back to Jeffrey and the knowledge that we are living on a peaceful plateau which will undoubtedly soon vanish in a mountain peak of stormy development. Now he plays contentedly, cutting and pasting and painting strident-hued pictures with his water colors and brushes. He shapes forts and boats and airplanes and the like with bricks and

blocks and spends hours and hours and hours listening to his beloved phonograph records. Surprisingly, it is even fun to tuck him into bed now. (That time, I thought, would never come.)

He talks incessantly, hitting the floor in the morning going strong and never stopping until sleep makes it impossible to continue. Looking at books, listening to stories and singing everything from "I've Been Working on the Railroad" to "Jesus Loves Me" in a clear sweet voice, are probably his special pleasures at the moment. He has urged us into the old-fashioned habit of singing around the organ for a few minutes each evening and we are finding it one of the pleasantest times of the day.

Craig's second birthday zoomed by on December 20th and we sadly said to each other, "Now we don't have a baby anymore." He is industriously trying to live up to that statement, too! He is really a big boy who can talk and play and run and get-into-things-all-the-time.

It has never been in my line of experience to raise a relative to a monkey, but I'm having it now. To date nothing has stopped Craig's passion for climbing. Easily he crawled out of his high-sided crib when he was 9 months old. With complete fearlessness he pushes a chair over to the high chest of drawers and proceeds to add himself to the articles placed on top. Without any concern for his own safety he clambers over the yard fence and the porch railing. Since we live alongside a busy, busy highway this is a REAL matter for concern. The center of the kitchen stove and the middle of the kitchen sink and the far reaches of the kitchen cupboard are simply interesting territory for explorations. The top bunk bed came off its posts and is now on the floor beside the bottom bunk, for fearless Craig discovered he could climb over the end and onto the top bunk. Since it doesn't seem to us an appropriate place for a two year old to frolic, the high bed came down.

Now he is rapidly losing his baby chubbiness and a little of its charm. Stubborn streaks and NO NO NO are coming more to the fore in his disposition. But he is still easily deflected by a tractor, a wagon and a few blocks or his precious "Copy Kitten" book. Craig's conversation is rapidly becoming more understandable. It's especially fun to spot the little boy coming through the baby habits.

But when he gets tired or is hurt he reverts to every baby trick seemingly forgotten. With his little sweet head snuggled into the depression in daddy's shoulder, he cuddles unashamed. Bob and I understand as never before how quickly these little ones grow up and away. We would not stay them for a minute, but enjoy we must each fleeting moment of their childhood . . . stubborn, trying, exasperating, sweet, simple, gay, rambunctious, bubbling, smiling, crying, arguing, helping, sharing, loving and filling each second to full and running over.

# Recipes

# FROM A SALAD LUNCHEON

Here are the wonderful salad recipes that I promised you a couple of months or so ago!

Here in Shenandoah it has been quite popular to have this type of refreshments during the past year and it seemed to me that perhaps many of you friends would like to try something comparable for the sake of va-

riety and interest.

Every member brought a salad to serve about six people and even though no advance plans were made, there were only one or two duplications. The salads were arranged buffet style and we helped ourselves before we sat down at card tables where hot butterhorns, butter and preserves were already placed. The committee in charge furnished coffee and a variety of cakes for dessert.

These are some of the recipes brought to the luncheon and I know you will enjoy having them all in one issue. They will be handy to refer to the next time you want to try something you haven't made before.

-Margery

# MERRY CHERRY DESSERT SALAD

- 1 cup drained, diced canned peaches
- 1 cup drained pineapple bits
- 1/2 cup maraschino cherries
- 1 pkg. strawberry flavored gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/2 cup combined juices from fruit, plus 2 Tbls. maraschino cherry juice
- 1 3-ounce pkg. cream cheese
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 1 cup small marshmallows

Drain fruits and chill. Save juices. Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add the fruit juices and chill until the gelatin starts to congeal. Blend cheese, lemon juice, salt and mayonnaise. Beat very well. Fold cheese and fruits in gelatin. Pour into mold. Chill well. (This can be frozen, if you wish.)

-Mabel Kramer

## FAMILY FAVORITE

1 pkg. lime gelatin

Drain a small can crushed pine-

apple, saving juice.

Dissolve gelatin in 1 cup of liquid, using pineapple juice drained from fruit and water to make up the balance. When the gelatin starts to congeal, add the crushed pineapple, 1/2 cup nuts, 1/2 cup maraschino cherries and 1 cup commercial sour cream. Chill in mold until firm.

-Mary Van Fleet

### ELEGANT CHEESE SALAD

1 jar pimiento cheese spread

1/2 cup salad dressing

1 small can crushed pineapple, drained

1 small can fruit cocktail, drained

10 marshmallows, cut up 1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Blend the cheese spread and salad dressing. Add the pineapple, fruit cocktail and marshmallows. Fold in the whipped cream. Freeze.

-Zoanna Fishbaugh

### FROZEN WALDORF SALAD

2 eggs, slightly beaten

1/2 cup sugar

1/2 cup pineapple juice

1/4 cup lemon juice

1/8 tsp. salt

2/3 cup chopped celery

1/2 cup drained crushed pineapple 2 medium apples, peeled and diced

1/2 cup broken English walnut meats

1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Combine the eggs, sugar, pineapple juice, lemon juice and salt. Cook over low heat until thick, stirring constantly. Cool. Add celery, pineapple, apples and nuts. Gently fold in the whipped cream. Spoon into 8-inch square pan and freeze. Cut in squares to serve. You will need to let the salad stand out at room temperature to thaw slightly before cutting. Serves 12. -Gwen Klepinger

# CUCUMBER SALAD

2 pkgs. lime flavored gelatin

1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple

3 medium sized cucumbers, diced very fine

1 can blanched almonds, slivered

1/2 pint heavy cream, whipped

1/4 cup salad dressing

Prepare the gelatin in usual way using the liquid from the pineapple for part of the liquid. When gelatin starts to set add the pineapple, cucumbers and almonds. Blend the salad dressing into the whipped cream and fold in. Chill until set, cut in squares and serve on lettuce.

-Margery Strom

#### MOTHER'S TOMATO SOUP SALAD

1 can tomato soup

1 1/2 envelopes unflavored gelatin

1/2 cup cold water

1 8-ounce pkg. cream cheese

1 cup chopped celery

1 cup chopped nutmeats

3 slices onion, grated

1/2 cup green pepper, chopped

1/2 cup sweet pickle, chopped

1 cup mayonnaise

Dissolve gelatin in the water and add to hot soup. (Do not dilute the soup.) Work the cream cheese into the mayonnaise at low speed on electric mixer, or very well by hand. Add the cooled gelatin mixture. Into this add the other ingredients. Pour into mold and chill. Serves 6 to 8.

-Mary Alice Johnson

## MANDARIN ORANGE SALAD

1 pkg. orange flavored gelatin

1 cup boiling water

1 small can orange concentrate (NOT frozen juice)

1 small can crushed pineapple, juice and all

can drained mandarin oranges Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water, then add the orange concentrate and pineapple juice. When gelatin starts to congeal, add the pineapple and orange slices.

-Eltora Alexander

## SALAD FOR CLUB

2 pkgs. lime flavored gelatin

4 cups liquid, using pineapple juice for part

1 medium can crushed pineapple

2 large sliced bananas

1/2 cup nuts

18 marshmallows, diced

1/2 cup salad dressing 1/2 pint thick cream, whipped

Dissolve the gelatin and when it starts to congeal add the marshmallows, fruit and nuts. Blend the salad dressing into the whipped cream and spread over the top of the salad. Sprinkle grated cheese over the top.

-Mildred Miller

## PARTY SALAD

1 pint boiling water

1 pkg. lime gelatin

1 pkg. lemon gelatin

Add when cool and starts to thicken:

1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple

(Do not drain)

In another bowl, mix:

1 pint box cottage cheese

1 can sweetened condensed milk

1 cup salad dressing

1 tsp. horseradish

1 cup chopped nuts

When gelatin has begun to set, add the remaining mixed ingredients. Chill, then cut in squares and serve.

-Eleanor Longman

## CRANBERRY RELISH

2 pkgs. cranberries, stem and wash 3 small oranges, partly peeled and cut in wedges

3 Johnathan apples, cored and cut into 8ths

3 cups sugar

Grind, using medium blade on food grinder, the cranberries, oranges and apples. Add sugar and let stand in refrigerator over night before serving. -Louella Miller

# APPLE-STICK RELISH

3 unpared tart apples, cored and cut into small strips (3 cups)

2/3 cup chopped onion

1/2 cup chopped dill pickle 1/2 cup sugar

1/4 cup vinegar

Mix apples, onion, and pickle. Com-bine sugar and vinegar. Toss with apple mixture. Chill. Serve as meat accompaniment.

-Mildred Whitney

#### APRICOT SALAD

2 pkgs. orange gelatin

2 cups boiling water

1 cup pineapple and apricot juice, mixed

1 large can apricots, mashed

1 large can pineapple, diced 10 marshmallows, cut fine

When firm top with the following:

1 cup pineapple and apricot juice, mixed

1/2 cup sugar

2 heaping Tbls. flour

1 beaten egg

2 Tbls. butter

Cook until thick and when cool add:

1 cup cream, whipped

Spread over the firm gelatin and top with grated cheese. When you drain your cans of fruit you get 2 cups juice. These you combine and use 1 cup in each mixture. This is a very large salad, serving 16-20.

-Eltora Alexander

# SHRIMP SALAD

1 No. 1 can shrimp

1 Tbls. lemon juice

1 No. 2 can peas

2 sliced hard-cooked eggs

2/3 cup thinly sliced celery

Salad greens 1/2 lemon

4 stuffed olives

Thin mayonnaise with 2 Tbls. liquid from shrimp and the lemon juice. Add drained shrimp, peas and remaining ingredients. Mix lightly. Place on salad greens and garnish with sliced stuffed olives and lemon wedges. Serves 6.

-Gretta Bellamy

#### 24 HOUR FRUIT SALAD

2 large egg yolks

1/2 cup sugar

1/4 cup cream Juice of 2 lemons

1/8 tsp. salt

Cook in double boiler, stirring con-

stantly. Chill and add:

Large can pineapple, diced

2 cups Queen Anne cherries, stoned

1/2 lb. grapes, peeled and seeded

1 cup almonds, blanched and

shredded

1/2 lb. marshmallows, cut

1 cup cream, whipped Chill salad 24 hours. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise or as a dessert with whipped cream. Maraschino cherries may be added for color. Often at Christmas time I add bits of red and green maraschino cherries. Serves 12-14.

-Ruth Adams

# CHERRY SALAD

1 quart frozen cherries

2 boxes cherry gelatin

1/2 cup chopped celery

1 cup chopped nuts

1 tart apple, chopped 1/4 tsp. celery salt (Don't leave

this out!)

Use cherry juice in liquid to make up gelatin in usual manner. Add rest of ingredients and chill. Serves 12.

-Margery Strom

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# RECIPE FOR A DAY

Take a little dash of water cold, And a little leaven of prayer, And a little bit of morning gold Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment, And a thought for kith and kin, And then, as your prime ingredient,

A-plenty of work thrown in. But spice it with the essence of love, And a little whiff of play.

Let a wise old book and a glance above

Complete the well made day.

## BOILED DRESSING FOR POTATO SALAD

3 eggs, beaten slightly

1 cup vinegar

1/4 cup water

1 cup sugar

3/4 tsp. salt

1 Tbls. butter

2 heaping Tbls. flour

Mix the dry ingredients and add to the beaten eggs. Add vinegar and water and mix thoroughly. Cook over slow heat, stirring constantly until quite thick. This may be thinned with commercial dressing or with cream. This recipe makes a little over 1 pint.

Boil potatoes until done but not breaking up. Let cool, then dice, add onion, cut fine to taste, and hard cooked eggs in amounts desired. Mix potato, onion and egg and let stand. Add the dressing about 1 hour before

-Mildred Clovis

### STRAWBERRY DESSERT SALAD

16 marshmallows

2 Tbls. strawberry juice

1 cup crushed strawberries

1/2 cup drained pineapple

1 3-ounce pkg. cream cheese 1/2 cup salad dressing

1/2 cup heavy cream, whipped Melt marshmallows with strawberry juice. Cool. Add berries and pine-apple. Mix cheese and salad dressing and whipped cream. Combine all. Place in a pan and freeze.

# CHEESE SALAD

2 Tbls. gelatin softened in

1/4 cup cold water

2 cups crushed pineapple, undrained

3 Tbls. lemon juice

1 cup sugar

2 cups American cheese, cubed

1/2 pint cream, whipped

Soak gelatin in cold water for 5 minutes. Place pineapple, lemon juice and sugar in a pan and heat to boiling. Remove and add dissolved gelatin. Allow to cool until it begins to thicken and then fold in the cheese and cream. Chill until it is firm and serve with mayonnaise.

-Leanna Driftmier

# AVOCADO SALAD

1 pkg. lime gelatin, dissolved in

1/2 cup hot water

1 cup crushed pineapple

1/2 tsp. salt

1 Tbls. lemon juice

1/2 cup mayonnaise

3/4 cup whipping cream

1/2 cup diced avocado

Drain pineapple. Stir 1/2 cup juice into gelatin. Cool. Add pineapple, salt. and lemon juice. Fold in mayonnaise, whipped cream and avocado. Serves 9. This is a very delicious and unusual

# MOLDED SHRIMP SALAD

2 Tbls. gelatin

1/2 cup cold water

3 3-ounce pkgs. cream cheese 1/2 cup stuffed olives, sliced

1 cup mayonnaise

1 Tbls. onion juice

1 1/2 cups celery, cut

2 Tbls. green pepper, chopped fine

2 1/2 cups shrimp

1 10-ounce can tomato soup

Soak gelatin in water. Heat soup, dissolve gelatin in it and beat in cream cheese. Cool slightly and add rest of ingredients. Serves 12.

Travel broadens, but not as much as chocolate cake, whipped cream and such!

# DOROTHY'S NEWS FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

After our zero temperatures the last couple of mornings the mild 40 degree reading this morning makes it seem

almost springlike.

We had a lovely Christmas at our house even though I was late in getting started on our own preparations. The peanut pixies consumed every spare minute of my time during the month of December. Those of you who have made a dozen or so for your own use know how much time it takes to make them. When I told someone the other day that to date I had made 2500 of them she gasped and said, "But when do you get your other work done?" The answer to that one was simple: "I don't."

Before I put the Christmas tree up I always like to give the house a good thorough cleaning so it will look clean and shiny until after the holidays, but this year I was lucky to get the vacuum run and the dusting done.

Kristin is a big help to me now when she has the time, but her school work must come first and there isn't a night she doesn't come home loaded down with books. I am not complaining about this because I heartily approve of making the assignments stiff enough that the young people will have to use their brains a little bit more. Also, if they are interested enough to want to make their grades they will do more staying home at nights to get their lessons, and less running around. I overheard two girls talking the other day about the basketball game that night and neither one of them was going because they didn't have all their science for the next day. When Kristin came home I asked her if she wanted me to take her in to the game and she said she couldn't go because she didn't have time in study hall to get all of her science questions answered.

I feel very strongly on the subject of schools and education, so I had better get off the topic while I am still on safe ground. I'm going to say this much though; I think our children get out of school exactly what they put into it. It costs the taxpayers a lot of money these days to put a child through four years of high school, and I think it is up to us parents to see that our children study and get

their lessons.

Trapping season is open and Frank has been doing a little trapping but not nearly so much as he has in past years. Two years ago we had some beaver move into our bayous and the creek for the first time that Frank could ever remember. He and his Uncle August Johnson had never trapped for beaver and had a lot of fun trying their luck. They caught several and were looking forward to having better luck this year because they felt they had learned a lot by experience. We saw several beavers this spring and summer but Frank says there isn't a sign of one this winter. Apparently they all moved out just as suddenly as they all moved in.

The only thing Frank feels he has



Howard and Mae look very relaxed in this picture, but they'll drink that coffee in a hurry! It's getting on to 1:00 o'clock and Mae will soon be headed for our Kitchen-Klatter office where she's manager. After Howard drops her off he'll go on to the Earl May Company where he is maintenance engineer.

time to trap for this year is muskrats. They have gotten so thick in the bayou that they did a lot of damage to the corn this year so he wants to get rid of as many as he can before next Spring.

We had cold weather so early this year that Frank has had to spend quite a bit of time getting in wood. Several of our neighbors have wood burning furnaces so they help each other back and forth for this work.

Although it has been a month since I last wrote to you it is surprising how much corn all over the country is still in the field. One of our neighbors was in the other day for coffee and said that he had had his corn tested and it was still too full of moisture to crib so he hadn't picked any except enough to feed. We were so fortunate that ours was dry enough to crib and we haven't had any spoil. Of course it was picked a lot later than usual. Frank got his new crib finished in time to fill it. He still has to put on the roof which will be done sometime this week. I understand some farmers still don't have their beans combined. In the eleven years that we have been farming this has been the latest season that we have experienced. Frank was very pleased when Edmond Stone asked him for a bushel of his corn to put in the window of his seed store in Chariton.

Frank and I were talking at the dinner table last night about how much soft corn there was in the country. After dinner I picked up a magazine and was leafing through it while I drank my coffee and noticed in the style sections how popular it is to wear long strings of beads in bright colors with your sweaters. I remembered that a few years ago I saw some beads made with corn that were just beautiful. If I can get ahold of a few ears of soft corn I think I will try to make some.

I say "soft corn" because I tried it once with corn that had been thoroughly dried and it didn't work too successfully because the kernel would split when I tried to punch the hole through the center. These strings that I saw were in an expensive shop and sold for a fancy price. I don't know how they made them but this is what I think they must have done and what I am going to try.

With an icepick I'm going to make a small hole through the center of the kernel. With a needle and just ordinary fine string I'm going to string them, placing them just a fraction of an inch apart so that when I dip them every bit of the kernel will be colored. The ones that I saw were dipped in something that was clear enough that you could tell it was corn, but there were strings of several different bright colors such as red, blue and green. I'm going to try using clear shellac and add this color pigment to it that you get at the paint stores. I'm going to dip my corn, string and all, into this shellac and then hang it up to dry. When the corn is thoroughly dry I'm going to take it off the string and restring it on nylon jewelry thread.

Of course this is going to be an experiment for me and it may not work at all but it won't cost much and I'll

have fun trying it.

Frank just came in and said the men were coming this afternoon to help him saw wood so I had better get started on dinner right away because he will want to be all ready to go at 1:00 o'clock.

> Sincerely, Dorothy

# TO SPANK OR NOT TO SPANK

Experience never seems to teach How far can be a baby's reach: Very little on babe's length depends; It seems that he can stretch both ends And land the dishes from the sink Right on the floor, quick as a wink! This does not cause HIM great despair-

HE gloats when chaos fills the air .. May some new book devote ONE page To getting children through this stage!

-Lucille Gripp Maharry

## THE RE-DISCOVERY OF THE BIBLE

By

Myrtle E. Felkner

You know, of course, that Grandpa paid twenty-five dollars for the family Bible back in 1890. What's more, someone in the family has always faithfully written down every birth, death and marriage since the first day Grandpa owned the Bible. But do you know how many Books there are in it? And does Hezekiah come before or after Amos?

Most of us know far too little about the Book which we concede to be the greatest of this or of any other age.

There was once a young boy who became king of Judea when only eight years of age. Many of his people had turned from the Lord. The temple had fallen into disrepair; images were being worshipped by many of God's people. In spite of ridicule and opposition, youthful King Josiah set an example for his people. The temple was restored to its former grandeur; once more the Word of God was respected in Judea. In the course of the temple restoration, a great discovery came to light; an ancient manuscript was discovered which was soon found to be the "lost books of Moses."

From that day on, Josiah tried to live according to the laws of Moses. He caused a great celebration to be held in coincidence with the Passover Festival, and the people were urged to rejoice over the fact that the lost books of Scripture had been rediscovered.

The church today is not so different from the early Jewish nation. Many who profess to love God have fallen into idolatrous practices; many more have "lost" the Word of God. There is a popular folk song which laments that there is "dust on the Bible" and properly suggests that the Holy Book be put to use. Lacking a King Josiah, it appears that each Christian family must rediscover the Scripture by itself. Whether your family treasures Grandpa's Bible or a splendid new Revised Edition, that Bible will help the members of your family very little unless it is put to use.

It is true that if you are not in the habit of Bible study, it is sometimes difficult to establish that family habit. Recently the superintendent of the primary department of our church school remarked to the mother of a four-year-old, "It is hard for us to find a place for your child. The fact that she has training in the home is very obvious. It would be no problem if all the children had such training, but as it is . . ."

I visited in this home to see for myself how these parents help their children to discover the Bible.

"I am grateful for a circumstance that makes it absolutely necessary for our family to study," chuckled the husband. "You see, my wife and I both teach adult classes. You have to be on your toes for that sort of thing." Later this couple showed me their library of religious books. It was small; a few well-chosen reference volumes, a well-known commentary, a Bible dictionary.



When Mother and Dad are in California they always spend as much time as possible with their niece, Louise Fischer Alexander. (This picture was taken in Redlands when she went to spend the day with them.) Louise is the youngest daughter of Uncle Fred Fischer and lives in Claremont.

But the childrens' books were another matter. They had not stinted in their efforts to secure attractive, colorful volumes. Bible story books, religious poetry for children, small prayer books, books illustrating the Beatitudes, explaining the Lord's Prayer, and many others were to be found in this home. No wonder these children were Bible students at an early age!

There are several rewarding ways in which Bible study may be conducted in the home with older children. You may wish to begin with a chapter-by-chapter reading of the Scriptures. The chapters or books are read as a whole, with discussion at the end of the reading. Who were the important characters in this chapter? What great truths are conveyed here? How may we apply these teachings to our lives? You may wish to appoint a family secretary to jot down your conclusions. What a wonderful record for your family to cherish through the years!

You may wish to be analytical in your approach to the Bible, studying it by verse or section. Any good commentary can be of immeasurable help to you.

It is interesting to study by characters, following each through his entire history. Joseph of the Old Testament and Paul of the New Testament are especially fine for family study. David, Samson, John Mark, Barnabas and many others will be rewarding character studies. Quite often additional reference books will add to your understanding of the times in which these persons lived.

Later in your study you will want to consider doctrines, tracing them from their early beginnings up to God's finest revelations. Geneologies, kingdoms, tribes and customs are all fertile subjects.

Bible games are effective teaching aids. The quiz-down is fun for older,

able students, but it should be borne in mind that question-and-answer games are usually fun for the ones who know the answers, seldom for the ones who do not. There are good commercial games available. One of these, "Going to Jerusalem," a Parker Bros. game, is especially fine. It affords training in reading Scripture as well as in finding texts within the Gospels. Small plastic "apostles" are moved upon a game-board by the players. Color books, workbooks, sewing cards, puzzles and a large variety of other church school aids may be effectively utilized in the home.

There is a modern adage which says, "Let's put Christ back into Christmas." Fine though the intent may be, it is apt to prove futile unless we are willing to put Christ into our lives spring, summer, fall or winter. Christ is not confined to seasons, times or situations. Just as Abraham taught those within his tents to love God, so the head of each modern family must accept a similar responsibility. The American nation, like the Jewish nation of long ago, urgently needs to rediscover the Holy Scripture.

W. A. Visser't Hooft, General Secretary of the World Council of Churches, wrote recently, "The divinity of Christ is hidden except to him who believes." By the same token, the pure, divine nature of our Lord is abundantly revealed to those families who will read the Bible with faith, study it with diligence, and teach it with reverence. The responsibility rests primarily with Christian parents.

# EXAMPLE

'Twas a Sheep not a Lamb, that strayed away, In the parable Jesus told—

Grown-up Sheep that had gone astray
From the ninety and nine in the
fold.

Out on the hillside, out in the cold,
"Twas a Sheep the Good Shepherd
sought:

And back to the flock, safe into the fold,

'Twas a Sheep the Good Shepherd brought.

And why for the Sheep should we earnestly long

And as earnestly hope and pray?
Because there is danger; if they go
wrong

They will lead the Lambs astray.

For the Lambs will follow the Sheep, you know,

Wherever the Sheep may stray, When the Sheep go wrong, it will not be long

'Til the Lambs are as wrong as they.

And so with the Sheep we earnestly plead

For the sake of the Lambs, today; If the Sheep are lost, what a terrible cost

Some Lambs will have to pay.

—Sent by Mrs. Don Lavely,
Lineville, Ia.

# A VISIT WITH MARGERY

Dear Friends:

On this blustery winter day I'm very happy to be inside with no plans whatsoever to take even one step outside my door. Martin is having hot lunch at school today because he has a walk of about seven blocks up hill all the way, so later this afternoon he'll come home with rosy cheeks from the brisk gale that is blowing outside.

When Oliver returned recently from a trip to the east coast he brought Martin some wonderful children's books on early New England history. I believe his favorite is a study of Benjamin Franklin. He treasures his books and it is obvious that he is going to prefer history just as his Daddy does. Right now he is trying to memorize "Paul Revere's Ride" by Longfellow. History is one of his favorite subjects in school and I hope it continues to be.

I think that all parents should make every possible effort toward developing patriotism from an early age. I was pleased that one of the requirements for earning the Lion Badge in Cub Scouts was learning respect for the flag and how to fold it properly. I hope all of you have a flag and display it on all national holidays. Children should also learn to stand at attention and boys should learn to remove their hats when the flag passes by. It is so disheartening to me to see even grown men neglect this courtesy to the flag of our great country.

I'm working again on my crossstitched tablecloth that I started last winter and am hopeful that I can finish it this month for I have already decided what my next big project will be and my fingers are itching to get started. There isn't too much left to do and I would be finished now if I hadn't stopped to embroider some pillow cases and make some little dresser scarves which I needed so desperately.

This new project I refer to is getting some things made for Martin's bedroom, plus new curtains for the upstairs bath and Martin's playroom. These rooms have been screaming for attention but one of my bad habits is getting another project started before one is completed so I'm trying to enforce some self-control in this respect! Do any of you have the same problem? Perhaps it is because there are so many things to be done when you buy an old house.

Next summer my high school class is going to have a 20th year reunion. In case some of you haven't worked on a reunion and don't realize how much work is involved I will say now that it is very wise to start your planning a year in advance, especially if the class is of any size. One reason is that in some cases vacations have to be scheduled early in the year and if your classmates know the date for the reunion they can have their vacation scheduled for that time. Another reason is that it takes longer than you might realize to locate everyone. Out of our class of 121 we are still trying to find four persons. We had a com-



Last year we printed a picture of the Eisenhower Museum at Abilene, Kansas. This month we wanted to use a picture Margery snapped of the new Truman Library at Independence, Missouri. She says that it is a most beautiful and impressive building. Oliver, Martin and Oliver's sister, Laura Strom, are standing in the foreground. Margery gave you details of their trip in her letters last year.

mittee of eight responsible for locating addresses of members.

We also have a general chairman, treasurer, co-secretaries and a general arrangements committee. Later there will be many additional committees for specialized jobs such as program, prizes, decorations and the like. We are fortunate that there are thirty members still living in this vicinity.

It requires many meetings to iron out details. We have had three meetings at our house so far and will have many more, I'm sure. After our meetings we serve coffee and cookies, the girls taking turns with the refreshments.

Fortunately, I found an extra copy of our high school annual so now we have a copy to "cut up." We had been wishing for one so that we could cut out our senior pictures to use on name cards and of course none of us wanted to cut up our precious annuals, so it is indeed fortunate that this extra one turned up. I found that Martin in his baby days had done considerable "writing" in this copy but he spared most of the pages containing the pictures we want to use.

My! how I wish I had been more of a saver in those days, for we still lack so many of the things we would like to have read such as the "Last Will" and the "Class Prophecy." When Oliver had his reunion last summer one of his classmates had carefully saved all of these things and they were read at the banquet. I can see now that such things are important to keep even if they don't seem so at the time. I'm sure that I'll see to it that Martin saves his high school souvenirs!

A Theater Guild has been formed in Shenandoah and they put on their first big production this winter. It was very well attended—in fact, every seat in the big auditorium was sold. It was a fine play, very well produced and we realized that we have a great deal of talent in Shenandoah that we didn't suspect was there. Everyone is looking forward to the next play.

The morning mail brought a letter from Abigail and even though she is writing to you in this issue I will quote a few additional things.

"We have apparently added another member to the family—a large brown puppy seems to have adopted us and we can't find out to whom he belongs. He looks like he is going to grow into a huge dog and already has a ravenous appetite. Other than the usual puppy traits of carrying everything away from the garage he's quite nice. The children adore him, of course!

"The house next door to us was recently purchased by a nice family with two children.

"We've had warm sunshine and occasional gusty winds which I understand is quite common this time of the year. One Sunday afternoon recently we drove up to Berthoud Pass ski area to watch real live skiing. There were hundreds of skiers all of whom looked terribly advanced to me. I got the impression that it requires much more daring than we possess! I'm more tempted to try ice skating which is also a very popular sport here. There are a few man-made rinks in Denver, but we're told that you don't have to drive nearly as far up in the mountains to get good skating as it is necessary to go for skiing,

Our neighbor, Eltora Alexander, just called and told me that she has a new batch of pictures of her three little grandchildren and is bringing them over for me to see. Alexanders have lived next door to the folks for over thirty years and I've known Mona and Mary Ellen, their two daughters, for almost as long as I can remember. Both girls live in Arizona now and I'm always hoping that sometime I can go and visit them. If any of these new pictures are sharp enough I'd like to have you see one or two of them next month.

I hear Eltora coming right now so I must jump up and put on the coffee pot. My, I'm glad I baked cookies this morning!

Sincerely yours,

Margery

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### ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

and made ruffles for the kitchen and back door windows, and a curtain and ruffle for the utility room. The red print was designed in bands which repeated every three inches. By cutting along these lines, there was enough material to sew one print band the width of each white ruffle. Two bands were sewn on each curtain panel. When all were completed and hung, they looked rather inadequate. Then I remembered ball fringe and by sewing a row of the gay red fringe along the very bottom of each ruffle, sufficient color was added to make them look right.

1958 will find me making lined drapes for both the children's bedrooms, for here again there are neither shades nor blinds. Temporarily some old organdy curtains that have been cut in half are hanging as gathered panels at the windows. They can't hold together beyond two more washings so I'm watching the sale advertisements with an eager eye.

There are two main things this house does not have and which we would enjoy very, very greatly. These are; first, a fireplace, which because of the cool summer nights, can be used all twelve months of the year in Colorado; and second, a place other than the living room for the tele-vision set. By building a "family room" on the rear of the dining room and kitchen, we can add both of these, and, as a bonus, have more comfortable sleeping space for visiting friends and relatives.

This letter has already extended to an amazing length for me. Perhaps some other time I can tell you about the school Emily and Alison attend, our church, our neighbors and "western" cordiality, and our experiences in exploring our challenging new home

> Cordially, Abigail

# FROM MY DESK-Concluded

thoughts, but we must be firm about their rude behavior as they are growing up.

Question: "We expect to observe our 25th wedding anniversary in March and I had made all kinds of plans for a big dinner and Open House. You can imagine how disappointed I was when my husband told me last week that he didn't want anything of the kind and wouldn't be present if I went ahead. My mother-in-law and I are very good friends and if I asked her to try and change his mind I know she'd gladly do so. Yet it wouldn't be a happy time for me if he didn't cooperate with everything all the way. Would you try and work around him through his mother or would you just give up your plans? I haven't invited anyone yet so I wouldn't have that embarrassment.'

Answer: You can be very glad that you haven't yet extended invitations for I can assure you that this would be anything but a happy wedding anniversary if you went ahead over your

husband's protests. Don't try and work around him through his mother. I think if I were you I would simply accept his attitude and throw my energies into something else in March. There's no point in having the kind of an affair you have in mind if both of you don't see eye-to-eye on it.

Question: "Are we living in an un-

usual community, Leanna, or is this typical? We moved here two years ago and got acquainted quickly, but we find that children are never included in any social get-togethers. Back where we came from we all took our children to each other's homes and they had a good time-no one seemed to be upset by them. But here we find that children are definitely not included in anything-everyone has sitters. There isn't anything I can do about this, of course, but I can't help but wonder if this is a different kind of community or if we are the ones who are out of step. Could you tell me what you think?"-Nebr.

Answer: I'm sorry, but I don't believe I know the answer to this. It may be that the community our friend lives in is completely typical of the way things are managed today socially perhaps their former community was the exception and not the rule. This particular situation has never come to my attention before, so it looks as if some of you friends with small children would be better able to express an opinion on the problem.

Letters continue to come to my desk about the unhappy young woman who had such an overwhelming problem with her husband's mother and sisters. I want to copy one comment because it may be read by someone who will really profit by it-and thus save future heartache in some family.

"Whenever I see a farm where a new house stands so close to what is obviously the old family home I always wonder WHY they didn't build on another plot of ground so they wouldn't be right on top of each other? What if it does mean driving or walking a little distance to the farm buildings? These days countless people live in town and drive back and forth to their work on a farm. It might be a little more inconvenient to have the new house a quarter of a mile or so from the family home, but what does this mean stacked up against years of hard feelings and lack of harmony? I'm convinced that many a marriage would have been much happier if the son or daughter who was to live in the new house had had the privacy that a little distance would provide. When our boy marries and takes over the active management of our farm we are going to see that his house is built on the far side of our land. I want to be good friends with his wife and we'll both be happier if we don't see every move the other makes."-Mrs. C. L.-Mo.

The great scientific discoveries of the past hundred years have been as child's play compared with the titanic forces that will be released when man applies himself to the understanding and mastery of his own nature.

#### KRISTIN'S LETTER—Concluded

If you have boys at your party here is a game they will like. Make a real big heart out of cardboard and paint it red. In the center cut a large hole. Hang the heart in a doorway. Have the boys make a bunch of those paper airplanes for you and standing back across the room let them test their skill by seeing how many airplanes they can sail through the hole in the heart.

I was reading through some of Mother's old Kitchen-Klatters the other day and came across this game that I thought sounded like lots of fun. Mother said she thought it would be all right for me to tell you about it because she doubted if any of you were reading the magazine that many years ago. Suspend from a wide doorway three wire hearts (cover them with red crepe paper). Above each heart is fastened a jingle: 1. Blow your bubble right through here, you will marry within the year. 2. To be engaged within the week, number two is the one you seek. 3. An awful fate for number three, a spinster or bachelor you will be.

Have a bubble blower and bubble solution on a table a short distance from the hoops. Each guest in turn blows a bubble and with a folded newspaper tries to fan the bubble through one of the hoops to learn his fortune.

Pass out papers with the following names written on them. Each word, when the letters are re-arranged, is the name of a famous lover in history.

1. Eveniangle 6. Sapir 2. Elbirga 7. Oncetall 3. Letuij 8. Tanyon 4. Eomor 9. Laptraceo

5. Neleh fo yrot 10. Deerlan Answers. 1-Evangeline. 2-Gabriel. 3—Juliet. 4—Romeo. 5—Helen of Troy. 6—Paris. 7—Lancelot. 8—Antony. 9—

Cleopatra. 10-Leander. As a last game before serving refreshments empty the contents of a sack of candy hearts in the middle of the floor and have the guests scramble

hearts wins a prize.

Well, good luck with your party. I wish I could come.

for it. The one picking up the most

Sincerely. Kristin

# **VALENTINE NOTES**

Bu

Kathleen Sexton

Last year, for the first time in twenty-five years, I made valentines. With bits of ribbon, cutouts and bright foil papers salvaged from greeting cards, lace-paper doilies from the dime store, and heavy white paper from a 25¢ drawing book, Maryann and I designed these delectable concoctions for the twelve little girls in her kindergarten class. It took long hours, it's true, but the compensation was twofold . . . the joy of working side by side with my little daughter, and the delight our offerings brought to her friends. Most of them had never seen anything except dime-store valentines.

As we worked, a thought kept buzzing in and out of my mind. When it finally took shape, here's what I came up with: Valentine's Day, a day for saying "I love you". What a perfect time for remembering our friends. And why not, also, a perfect time for gift-giving? Just about everybody these days abhors the commercialized aspect that Christmas has taken on. We discuss it with our friends and neighbors, saying what a shame it has deviated so far from the original purpose of the day. Then most of us go right ahead, rushing madly about, buying presents, decorating the house. and baking for days ahead of time. In general, we act as if it is our birthday and everybody else's, instead of the birthday of Jesus.

February would be timed about right for gift-giving, too. We would have had ample time to recover from the Thanksgiving feast. We would have paid the taxes which come due before January 1st. And who among us doesn't need something to pick us up out of the doldrums, along about February, when it seems we've had so much of Winter, and Spring still seems so far away?

I don't intend to start a campaign about this. I realize I would be ridiculously outnumbered. Besides, would we do with Santa Claus, Christmas trees, and all the millions of "Do Not Open Until Dec. 25" labels? I think it's a FINE idea, though.

# P. S. from Leanna

Redlands. California

Well, here we are, safe and sound, back in the familiar groove of life in Redlands. I know the printers are holding the press for these final lines from me, so I won't give you any details of our cross-country trip in this issue. Next month I'll tell you all about

Always your friend . . . Leanna

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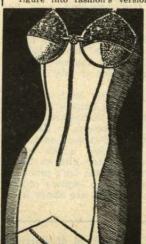
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# ARTHRITIS or RHEUMATISM

Suffered for years, now at 72 no sore stiff joints, aches or pains. Never want any. Cured myself without Doctors, Drugs or Medicines. I eat right today to be here tomorrow. I do not condemn or tell you not to buy certain foods. I learned what foods and drinks caused all my misery and makes millions of others miserable. Let me tell you how easy it is to eat my way to perfect Health. Foods which do not cause illness, are all fine tasting, reasonable and easy to get. With my 750 word easy to understand letter, you learn all the foods and drinks I quit and what I now eat and drink to have such I quit and what I now eat and drink to have such wonderful health, correct weight and good eye sight. Never expect to need glasses. Free from Catarrh and bad breath. Tell me your ailments I will explain 750 word letter and how little it will cost you. Not quite free, but almost. Rush air mail letter to me and say read ad in Kitchen-Klatter. B. G. Burt, Box 369, Santa Rosa, California.

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Dad got out his camera when the first snow struck Shenandoah and snapped this picture from the front porch. About then he won-dered if he and Mother shouldn't have started for California just a little sooner!

# FEBRUARY FUN

Hearts on Your Sleeve: Each contestant is given ten small paper hearts cut from tissue paper. He must then hold out his arm horizontally, place the ten hearts along his sleeve, carry them safely to the end of the room and shake them off on a table without dropping one on the floor. If one misses the table he must return and start over. This can be a race in relay,

Broken Heart Relay: Use same hearts described above. A large circle of paper is placed on the floor at the end of the room. Players are each given ten hearts and lined up at opposite ends of the room. The object is to see who can race to the end of the room and get all ten hearts on his circle first-carrying only one heart at a time. The hearts must be dropped on the paper circle from a standing position. Any hearts falling outside the circle are "Broken Hearts" and count one point against the player, or against a side if this is played as a relay.

Wandering Hearts: Each player is and told to find his way to stand beor picture—an object which is too high on the wall for him to locate with their hands that are above waist

A budget is a method of worrying before you spend instead of afterward!

Everybody seems to know enough arithmetic to figure out what's coming to him.



or by couples.

blindfolded and led outside the room, then brought back, turned around once neath a certain object such as a clock with his hands. If this isn't practical, forbid the players to explore objects heighth.

# TRAINING THE OTHER WOMAN'S CHILD

They all sat around in friendly chat, Discussing mostly this and that-

And a hat-Until a neighbor's wayward lad Was seen to act in ways quite bad.

Oh, 'twas sad! One thought she knew what should be done

With every child beneath the sun-She had none.

And ere her yarn had quite been spun Another's theories had begun-She had one.

The third was not so sure she knew, But thus and so she thought she'd do-

She had two.

The next one added, "Let me see, These things work out so differently." She had three.

The fifth drew on her wisdom's store: She said, "I'd like to think it o'er"-She had four.

And then one sighed, "I don't contrive Fixed rules for boys; they're so alive." She had five.

"I know it leaves one in a fix. This straightening out of crooked sticks."

She had six.

And one declared, "There's no rule given,

But do your best and trust in heaven!" She had seven.

-Gem Priscilla Club, Idaho

# MIDDLE AGED HEART CAPERS-Concluded

good idea to pass paper and pencil for a contest. Write half of the following things on one side of the paper in a straight row; next to it write the other words. Allow 15 minutes or so for each person to put the right pair together. First person through with the correct list is winner.

1. Salt—pepper; 2. Bread—butter; 3. Needle—thread; 4. Pork—beans; 5. Paper—pencil; 6. Pen—ink; 7. Bacon—eggs; 8. Black—white; 9. Day night; 10. Sunshine-rain; 11. Potatoes -gravy; 12. Richs-rags; 13. Colonel's Lady-Lily O'Grady; 14. Priscilla-John Alden; 15. Evangeline-Gabriel; 16. Romeo-Juliet; 17. Rebecca-Isaac; 18. Delilah-Samson; 19. Martha Custis-George Washington; 20. Ann Rutledge-Abraham Lincoln.

With all the group singing "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" and "Auld Lang Syne" the evening comes to a happy "note-able" close.

# THE SECRET OF A LONG LIFE

Doctor Mary B. Cornelius of Carthage, recently celebrated her 80th birthday. When asked what advice she would give to those past the middle years of life she said, "Get enough rest and sleep, eat wisely, never worry or fear. These are the two worst enemies of humankind. Do the best you can every day and leave the rest with God. I have learned the great secret of a long and happy life. 'Have faith in God, love people, be interested in them and just love life."



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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By

Gertrude Hayzlett

Through the years the Good Neighbors have had a project that many of you have been interested in. It is making wheel chair robes for veterans in our many hospitals. They are made mostly by handicapped people who feel it a privilege to be able to do something for someone less fortunate than they. Last year we turned in 30 lovely robes and we hope to do even better this year.

Here is where you can help. We need lots and lots of yarn. The robes are made in blocks and sometimes several colors are used in a block, so small pieces of yarn are usable as well as larger amounts. Do you have any odds and ends of yarn that you will give for this purpose? Any color, any kind, any quantity. We can even use old hand-knitted garments if they are clean and not too worn. We cannot use machine-knit garments as they cannot be raveled out. If you can help, we will surely appreciate it, and so will our veterans.

Drop me a card and I will send you the name of the knitter nearest you. If you can't help on this project, here are some shutins whom you may be able to cheer. Please do.

Mrs. Mary Kwasinski, c/o S. A. Balcer, Box 96, Lisle, Ill. She is 80 and her eyesight is failing. She loves cards.

Mrs. Ida Smith, Tyron Nursing Home, 706 Linn St., Boone, Iowa has been shutin 35 years and is unable to walk. She has no relatives and gets pretty lonesome. Write to her, please.

Mrs. Hans Mortensen, 687 Cottage Ave. E., St. Paul, Minn. is a long time invalid. She can have mail but no visitors. Let's send cards.

Melvin Way, 534 E. 5 St., Fremont. Nebr. is 13. He was born with a heart defect and has been sick off and on all his life. In the fall he was in the hospital for several weeks and still must be in bed. He enjoys mail.

Miss Lillian Green, 2504 W. 2 St. Amarillo, Texas is almost entirely helpless. She is in a Nursing Home. Please send cards even though she will not be able to answer.

Miss Sylvia Houfek, Rt. 1, Prague, Nebr. has never been well. She collects hankies, especially those with state maps. Can you send her one from your state? Please send cards, anyway.

Mrs. Martha Skjeie, Rt. 3, Box 6, Forest City, Iowa is alone and not well. She will be 69 on March 24th.

Mrs. Charles Tenney, 1417 N. Superior St., Antigo, Wisc. is shutin and lonely. Letters would mean so much.

You have asked for names of shutins in other countries so here are two whom you will enjoy corresponding with. Mrs. Ruth Hastie, 32 Tauroa Road, Havelock Nth, H. B., New Zealand. She was entirely shutin for many years, although now she is able to be out occasionally.

Mrs. Maysie Parnell, 11 Worcester Ave., Collaroy Bch, N S Wales, Australia is a long time semi-shutin. (Foreign letters take 8¢ postage.)

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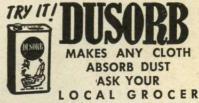
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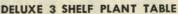
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