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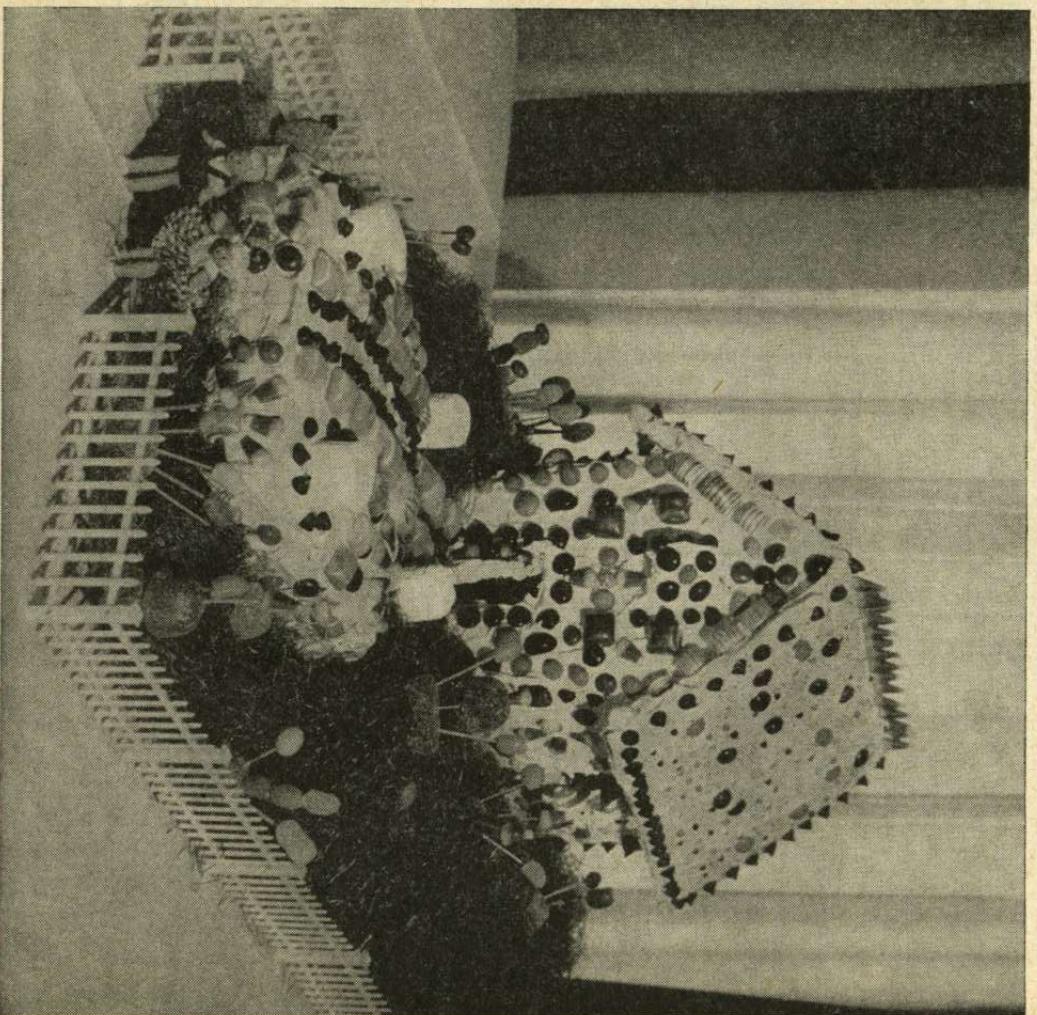


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Kitchen-Klatter®

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

Magazine

VOL. 22

MARCH, 1958

NUMBER 3



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNESS, Associate Editor.
Subscription Price \$1.50 per year (12 issues) in the U. S. A.

Foreign Countries \$2.00 per year.
Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937 at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa

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LaPosada Hotel,
Redlands, Calif.

My dear Friends:

In my last letter I told you how we changed our plans almost on the spur of the moment and came out to California for the winter months. We shall miss seeing our good friends in Florida, but there will be another time for this.

I haven't told you anything about our trip West which was the most enjoyable one we have ever made. Perhaps we found it so extra pleasant because we promised ourselves not to draw up a day by day schedule before we started but just decided to take our time.

The first day of a trip is usually the most tiring for the driver, so Mart completely loaded our car the night before we left. This is quite a job when you plan to be gone for several months.

We awakened the morning of our departure to look out on a dreary, damp, misty day, but at least no sign of sleet or snow. Our children were not too anxious for us to start out, but we promised them that if driving were difficult we would simply stop someplace and stay there until it improved.

However, it was not too unpleasant and by eleven o'clock we were on the Kansas Turnpike which took us south of Wichita to the Oklahoma line. Before too many years I am sure we can make the entire trip West via these wonderful four-lane roads. We drove on to Enid, Okla. where we stayed at the South Gate Motel.

The second day the sun came out and we drove under bright skies through Oklahoma and Texas to Clovis, New Mexico. The roads were wonderful. Green fields of winter wheat spanned the highway and we noticed how well the cattle looked since there has been plenty of rainfall and green forage for them this year.

At Clovis we stayed at the LaVista Motel. During the night there was quite a high wind that filled the air with dust. We hesitated about getting on the road, but by nine o'clock the air was quite clear and much colder. The wind had piled tumbleweeds high on the fences and sometimes they broke loose and rolled down the road ahead of us! The land around Roswell, N. M. was being prepared for

cotton and peanut crops and the wind whirled clouds of dust high into the air.

I always enjoy the ride from Roswell to Alamogordo for the road turns and winds through the hills, following a little stream that is used to irrigate the apple and cherry orchards that spread out until you reach the big pines that grow on the higher elevation of the Apache Pass. Although the elevation here is 7500 feet the highway ascends so gradually and the roads are so wide and easily managed that one doesn't notice he is climbing toward the top of the mountains.

We had lunch at a roadside cafe run by some Apache Indians. Descending on the western side of the mountains there are piles of rocks as big as houses and many spectacular views. The "White Sands" around Alamogordo look like fields of snow drifts! This town used to be a rather forlorn looking place but now, due to the activity of the missile-testing base, new life has changed it very much. Many fine new motels and new buildings have been constructed and hundreds of new little homes stretch for blocks in every direction.

As we neared the Missile Base military police stopped traffic on the highway for thirty minutes. We heard the roar of an explosion, but it was so far from the road we didn't see anything.

Las Cruces, where we stayed in the Neff Motel, is a good-sized town of more than 15,000 people in the fertile valley of the Rio Grande—only 44 miles north of El Paso, Texas. The attractive homes are of Pueblo and Spanish style, and the streets are shady and well kept. This is the home of A & M College which has many students housed in hacienda type dormitories. The climate here is very mild all the year around. We spent the forenoon at Las Cruces and that day drove only as far as Lordsburg.

It is only 153 miles from Lordsburg to Tucson, so we spent that afternoon with our two very dear friends, Mona and Mary Ellen Alexander who grew up next door to us in Shenandoah. They both have new babies whom we had never seen, so getting acquainted with them, plus Mary Ellen's husband, Mike Dier, whom we had never met, and enjoying coffee and cookies made the afternoon pass all too quickly. We were certainly glad that Mona's hus-

band, Gordon Overstreet, happened to be at home although he had to leave early to officiate at a basketball game at Tempe. Mona's little four-year-old, Gary, feels quite grown up now and is very proud of David, his new baby brother.

It had been some time since we had driven from Tucson to Redlands through Yuma and the wonderful Imperial Valley which boasts the richest and most productive soil in America. They have the largest irrigation project of its kind—the great American Canal which carries water from the Colorado river to the many acres of sugar beets, cotton, alfalfa, and vegetables of all kinds.

There was a wonderful highway clear through the valley, and we noticed signs "Litter Cans, 1/4 mile"—if travelers don't use them they are fined. It seems to be the only way they've found to keep the countryside free of trash and debris. Some of my friends who live along Iowa highways would appreciate such a law, for one woman told me they had actually gathered up a truck load of refuse from the road that runs by their farm.

Our mileage was 1817 miles from Shenandoah to Redlands over highways so smooth and safe, scenery so diversified and weather so perfect that it seemed like a very short trip. I might add also that the roads are well patrolled by highway police. We saw them stop several who were not obeying speed limits or safe driving laws.

I have spent most of this letter telling you about our trip and I hope that those of you who have hesitated to start out will see how safely and happily you can cover so much ground.

We had a lovely dinner last Sunday with our niece, Mary Conrad Lombard and her family. It seemed to us that Steve (who spent last summer on Dorothy and Frank's farm back in Iowa) had grown several inches since we'd seen him! In this issue there will be a picture of Christopher Lombard, Mary's youngest son, that we snapped after dinner was over. Don't those flowers look lovely on a winter day?

We were glad we had at least one day with Louise Fischer Alexander and Jeanne before both of them left—Jeanne to go back to her sophomore college work at Oberlin College in Ohio, and Louise to be with her father, Fred Fischer. We were not in any way prepared for the news that Fred had fallen and broken his leg just below the hip and were certainly worried when the telephone call came, but from all reports he is making a fine recovery at this date. As I write this, Louise is back in Shenandoah spending her days at the hospital with her father, and the evenings with members of our family.

I spend my days cross-stitching on the patio and am making great headway on another bedspread. Both Mart and I have enjoyed meeting old California friends and some of you Kitchen-Klatter friends who were traveling through and looked us up.

I must close now and will mail this when Mart and I go out for a ride.

Affectionately yours, Leanna

COVER PICTURE

Not long ago I received a letter from Illinois that really surprised me. This is what it said:

"I thought you might like to know, Lucile, what wonderful use we made of your letter in the April, 1949 issue of Kitchen-Klatter. Our club wanted to have a big party in January to celebrate our 25th anniversary and we wracked our brains to think of a centerpiece that would be really unusual and appealing. I was on the committee for this and when I showed them the picture of the candy cake house and read your description of how it was made, the others decided that it was exactly what we wanted.

"I know you made it for Juliana's birthday cake but it certainly is wonderful for a centerpiece and I wrote this because I thought maybe others had never thought of making it to fill the kind of a need that we had. If you still have the picture and maybe could make it a little bigger, I think it would be real helpful to many people. This is just an idea, but I did want you to know how successful it was for us."—Mrs. E. G., Ill.

Well, it had never occurred to me to use the candy cake house for anything but a little girl's birthday, but I could see instantly that our friend in Illinois had a good idea we should pass on.

I dug through a huge box of pictures and was fortunate enough to turn up the right one. The photograph we used back in 1949 was so small it was hard to see details and that's why we decided to make it big enough for the front cover. It's a good thing I put down full details at the time we made this for I could never remember them now! So, here is my description of the original candy cake house to go along with a picture big enough to be really helpful.

"Juliana's Hansel and Gretel birthday cake was such a delight to the eye that I decided to tell you in detail just how it was made. It seems to me that perhaps you will want to try this yourself in days to come, so here goes.

First we made a house of cardboard and taped it together with heavy masking tape (available at any drug store or hardware store). These were the dimensions: width at bottom of house, 5 inches; width at top of house where roof rested, 6 inches; the house itself was 10 inches high and 10 inches long; the two roofs were 7 inches long from ridge pole to the edge, and 11 inches long. These measurements will give you a little house with the quaint lines of an illustration in a child's book of fairy tales.

After the house was all made I covered it entirely with white boiled icing. (Every good fairy I ever had stood at my elbow while I made those two batches of icing—never have I had such success!) While it was still soft we sprinkled tiny colored Christmas candies all over the roof, outlined the roof, corners of house, etc., with chocolate buds, and practically plastered all four walls with various kinds of bright candy. The little jagged line



In this day and age it's not often we have any idea who opens letters, takes care of orders, and keeps track of the mailing lists. But Kitchen-Klatter is the exception. Here are all of the people who are concerned in one way or another with our magazine and our radio program. In the front row at the left is Dad, M. H. Driftmier (he's sitting in the chair where I sit when I read your letters!); next to him is Mother, Leanna Driftmier. Then seated in the foreground are Margery Driftmier Strom who writes to you every month and helps with the program; Mae Driftmier (Howard's wife) who manages our Kitchen-Klatter office; and Dick Hickman, such a dependable, fine high school boy who takes mail to the postoffice and helps in many ways. Standing behind at the left is Oliver Strom, Rosa Lee Kamman, Reatha Seger, Helen Betz, Helen Laughlin, Mary Lou Mika and Mildred Staten. All of these wonderfully faithful girls do a thousand and one things in our office. Howard Driftmier is sitting at the right, and standing beside him is Russell Verness — who sees that everything keeps going. (O yes! I was dashing around in the kitchen preparing a big meal for the people in this picture! — Lucile.)

you see on the ridge pole was made by sticking candy corn into the soft icing.

I forgot to say that a door was cut in front, and two windows were also cut, one on each side. These were left standing ajar and decorated lavishly.

This candy house was next placed on a cooky sheet, and then the cooky sheet was elevated by putting boxes underneath to get just the right height. In front of it went the birthday cake, a two-layer yellow cake covered with pale green icing. The top of this cake was decorated to resemble a garden, and with chocolate buds I outlined a path right across the top leading to the door of the house. Three pink candles on each side of the path were lighted when "Happy Birthday" was sung.

Now around both the house and the garden (birthday cake) we put quantities of the green shredded paper such as is used in Easter baskets. In this grass Juliana and Kristin placed the fantastic flowers they made by combining various colored jelly beans on toothpicks. White marshmallows served as toadstools with long green jelly beans as the stems. A white picket fence enclosed the entire thing, and at the very foot of the birthday cake stood Hansel and Gretel, miniature dolls sent by Grandmother Driftmier. Their arms will bend in any direction, so we had them standing hand in hand as though they were just going to start up the path to the house.

That white picket fence really needs a little explanation. I'm not one who buys anything unless there is a crying demand for it, but just before Christmas I saw that fence in the Five and

Ten (it comes in sections and can be hooked together in any needed way) and figured vaguely that Juliana would enjoy having it to go around her doll house. I bought it then and there, something positively unheard of for me to do! Well, that fence is priceless for decorative uses. It has fenced in a woolly white lamb cake, it fenced in the Hansel and Gretel house, and goodness knows what all it *will* fence in through the years to come."

Back in 1949 we'd never heard of such a thing as the gingerbread house mold, but in these times you might want to use two or three of these cakes rather than a cardboard base. But regardless of how you decide to create the centerpiece, I hope that these ideas will be as helpful to you as they were for the club in Illinois.

—Lucile

DEAD WEIGHT

I've been a dead weight many years around the church's neck,
I've let the others carry me and always pay the check;
I've had my name upon the rolls
For years and years gone by,
I've criticized and grumbled too;
Nothing could satisfy.

I've been a dead weight long enough upon the church's back.
Beginning now, I'm going to take a wholly different track.
I'm going to pray and pay and work
And carry loads instead;
And not have others carry me
Like people do the dead.

—Unknown

WORD FROM LUCILE AND UNCLE FRED

Dear Friends:

This is the kind of a winter day that I like — nippy, not too bad underfoot, and a heavy sky that certainly carries the promise of snow. Such a day makes me feel sort of snug and cozy. I like to think about food, look at cookbooks, pick out something to test, clean out drawers, get clothes pressed that have been kicking around too long, and pick up my current handwork project for a few minutes.

I've done all these things today, and when I finish writing to you I plan to go out to the kitchen and make up a ham loaf. That was the recipe I decided to try. Then after supper we will settle down to read the evening paper and look at what TV has in store for us. Probably Juliana and Kristin will make some popcorn, and then about 10:15 after the late news and weather we'll lock the doors and go to bed tired and contented.

There will be quite a crowd at our table tonight: Russell, Juliana, Louise Fischer Alexander, Dorothy, Kristin and myself. Our house isn't too big and this number of people means that every single bed is filled! Louise has been here for quite sometime, but it's a weekend trip for Dorothy and Kristin. They visited with you radio friends this morning and expect to have one more visit on Monday before the train leaves from Red Oak at 1:33. Louise will board the train with them since she expects to go on to Oberlin, Ohio to visit her daughter, Jeanne, who is a sophomore at Oberlin, College.

Aside from the ham loaf we will have scalloped potatoes, a vegetable plate with green beans and baby lima beans (frozen), hot rolls, guava jelly, a salad that is even now getting firm in the refrigerator, and an angel food cake that Kristin made this morning from a package of prepared mix.

I love to cook for more than just Russell and Juliana! I've often thought it was downright ironic that I, who love to experiment and put on big meals, didn't have a family of seven or eight to cook for! Oh sure, it gets tiresome when you must do it three times a day, day in and day out, and I know what I'm talking about for I did a great deal of cooking back in the years before I was married and lived at home, at least for spells of several months at a time. We always had a big crowd at our family table and so I know that there are days when you have no enthusiasm whatsoever. But I do love company and I get real solid pleasure out of putting in table leaves, getting out a white damask cloth and serving a good meal.

Louise has been here for quite a spell, as I said, and really, I don't know when we've had anyone around whom we enjoyed more. She has a wonderful sense of humor and I don't believe I've laughed so much for years as I've laughed in these recent weeks. For one thing, she has a fine memory and it's interested me to see how many, many things she recalls that had long ago escaped my own mind. Little things like this . . .



I know it's hard at first glance to figure out what this is! The last time the mail truck came to get the enormous pile of mail sacks that carry our Kitchen-Klatter magazine we asked the photographer to come and get a picture. He tried his best, but it was one of those almost impossible things to photograph. At any rate, it's Kitchen-Klatter headed to the postoffice!

When I went out to wash the dishes the other evening she came out, picked up a dish towel and said, laughing: "Lucile, tell me a Bobbsey Twin story!"

"A Bobbsey Twin story," I echoed.

"Oh dear," she said, "don't you remember how you got Dorothy and me to wipe dishes without grumbling years ago because you always told us a Bobbsey Twin story?"

Well, I'd forgotten this altogether, of course, but instantly the gates of memory swung open and I could see us at the sink in our home in Clarinda, and I could almost hear my own voice rambling on and on about Bert and Nan, Flossie and Freddy Bobbsey! In a way, it's almost like reliving entire periods of one's life to spend leisurely hours with someone who lived through those periods with you long, long ago. I can tell you right now that we hate to see Louise leave.

But she won't be gone too long for she has promised her father to return when he is established at home, and then we will see her again, although probably not in the way we've seen her in these recent weeks for then Uncle Fred will be at home and she will be there with him rather than at our house or at Margery's house.

Uncle Fred is a remarkable man. He is now eighty-eight and is making a wonderful recovery from his fall. His type of accident happens so frequently to people in their later years that I thought perhaps you would get some information from him that could possibly be helpful in time to come. Most of us never know how such injuries are handled in this day and age until they come to people in our family. Then we realize how little we know about such things.

While Louise was here she took down Uncle Fred's dictated account of what had happened to him. He has countless friends scattered far and

wide and this seemed the best way to let them know about the accident that had overtaken him. That's why he wrote this and decided to have it printed, so I prevailed upon him to let me use portions of it in this issue—it seemed to me that many of you might find it informative and interesting. This is an extract from what he has written.

Word from Uncle Fred

It can happen to anybody. It happened to me. It was about 1:45 in the afternoon, the sun was shining bright and the weather was mild. I had gone out to see what the street men had done with the pine branches that were left over from Christmas decorations—for many years we have received them from the city to place on our border to keep the plants from starting up too early in the spring.

I hadn't gone more than twenty feet from the house on the sidewalk until I noticed that I was uncertain on my feet, and I fell with the result that I broke a bone in my leg just below the hip joint. I realized at that very moment that I was seriously hurt. I couldn't get up and I saw no one on the street except a twelve year old girl dressed in boy's clothes. I requested that she give the alarm that I was seriously hurt and required help.

My housekeeper, Mrs. Clara Bohn, was upstairs and as soon as she was told by the little girl that I was lying on the ground and needed help, she came out. Someone called the chief of police and he, in turn, called an ambulance.

They soon had me on a stretcher and in the ambulance and on the way to the hospital. Dr. Kenneth Gee, who had been treating me, was in California, so Dr. Robert Powell was called and came at once. He fixed a date for the surgery on the following Tuesday at 9:00 o'clock, and this afforded me an opportunity to get over the first shock of the accident.

I have heard that the operation was one of the most skillful. They could not tell me in advance how long it would take to do the surgery because of the method used in putting in the steel pin. This meant taking x-rays throughout the operation so that the direction which the steel pin was following could be checked. This is a very particular piece of surgery and the x-ray pictures which were shown to me later indicated the skill with which this nail was driven through the bone so accurately that it made a perfect fit.

On the fifth day after the operation I was able to sit up in a chair, and after a week the stitches were removed. Now I am beginning to get up into a walker; it was ten days after the operation that I tried it for the first time.

We have a fine hospital and I was able to be kept free from all pain following surgery. Before surgery I was in great pain most of the time and didn't know too clearly just what was going on. I attribute fine nursing care for the fact that I've had so little discomfort since the operation.

(Continued on page 20)

WITH AN IRISH AIR

By

Mabel Nair Brown

You'll whisk your guests right into the spirit of "the wearing of the green" if, when they enter your living room, they find cut-out green paper harps fastened to the walls. On each green harp paste a strip of white paper upon which you have drawn the opening measures of familiar Irish songs and tunes (no words). Number each harp. Provide the guests with pencil and paper and see how many songs they can identify from the music. Tell them they can sing or hum the different songs to see if they seem to fit the opening notes written out. It may be a noisy place for a while, but it will be fun and quite a medley of song!

HARP ON IT is another laughter provoking game. Upon slips of paper write the names of various Irish objects such as blarney stone, shillalah, potato, pipe, shamrock, harp, etc. Let each guest draw a slip. Then taking turns, each guest must stand and give a short talk (harp on it) on whatever object is upon his slip. Give a small prize for the speech receiving the most applause.

FOOD FOR THE IRISH can be very colorful and appropriate, yet easy to prepare. You might consider your menu from some of these foods: Irish Stew with parsley dumplings, potato salad, clover leaf rolls, cabbage salad with green pepper rings, tossed green salad, or green seedless grape and banana salad, lime sherbet and shamrock-shaped sugar cookies iced in green and white.

IRISH PADDY FAVORS of potatoes are clever. Simply use a nicely scrubbed potato for the head, slicing off one end so it will stand upright. Carve a face upon the potato or put on raisin eyes and nose, pimiento for mouth, etc. Make a high hat from green foil paper. Add a ruffle of green paper for a collar around the base of the head. You can make a more elaborate head by adding yarn hair and eyebrows and half of a peanut for ear. Then into Paddy's mouth stick a pipe made by using a pipe cleaner and a green gumdrop.



Mother mentioned snapping a picture of Christopher Lombard after dinner in Redlands. Here is the snapshot to which she referred.

blarney about the person whose name appears at the top. He folds the paper and passes it to the next person on his left and that person in turn writes an Irish compliment about the person whose name is at the top of the list. This continues until each person gets his own name back again. When the person reads aloud his compliments, you will find the results flattering—or amusing.

Who Stole St. Patrick's Pig?

Cut out a tiny pig from a piece of cardboard. (It must be small enough to be concealed in the hand.) The person who is "it" stands in the center while the players secretly hand the pig from one to another. When someone calls "Who stole the pig?", the person tries in three guesses to determine who is holding the pig. If he is correct the two change places.

Irish Words or Names:

For a paper and pencil game see who can write the longest list of either Irish words or Irish names. Such words might include emerald, green, blarney, snakes, pipe, potatoes, and so on. Or Irish names might include O'Brien, Rooney, Mike, Dooley, Patrick, Kevin, Kerry, Calligan, and others.

Answer the Questions with Words Found in "Saint Patrick"

1. You know it's wrong. (Sin)
2. Used for catching animals—or husbands. (Traps)
3. Iron will do this. (Sink)
4. Not easy to teach old dogs. (Tricks)
5. Don't say it in front of your grammar teacher. (Aint)
6. Helps an old barn or a woman's face. (Paint)
7. Parent's badge of authority. (Stick)
8. Seeing double. (Pairs)
9. Between a hop and a jump. (Skip)
10. Read it or wear it. (Print)

'Tis No Blarney

Write each guest's name on a slip of paper and have each person draw a name other than his own. Each must write three complimentary things about the person whose name he drew. Collect the papers and read them and

see if the guests can identify each person by the compliments.

Blarney Stone Fortunes are Fun!

You may purchase tiny rocks such as are used in fish bowls or you may color tiny rocks. These various colored stones are placed in a black hat and each person must reach in and take one rock. When each person displays the color he has drawn you may tell his fortune as follows:

Red denotes temper so that person is soon to quarrel with a friend. Blue is moody and that person will be unhappy—soon. White is love unstained and a great love affair is awaiting. Green is envious and means that person is soon to envy another person in the room. Black is a bad disposition which must improve immediately. Yellow is cheery and that person is to experience good fortune tomorrow. Brown is noisy and that person is soon to find himself in a noisy throng. Orange is changeable and that person is to change his mind about an important deal. Gray is tattle-tale and that person is to be gossiped about in the near future.

Tossing the Blarney Stone:

Cut a large shamrock from cardboard and number the leaves 5, 10, 15, and the center 20. Each player tosses a green stone at the shamrock and his score is totaled after five tosses.

Ireland:

Using the word "IRELAND" place each letter on a separate line. Then divide the sheet into three parts headed COUNTRY, STATE, CITY. Then taking the first letter "I" name a country, a state, and city starting with the letter "I". This might be Ireland, Iowa and Indianapolis.

A BIT O' IRISH

(There is GREEN in the answer)

1. Makes much easier to come by, of course. (Greenback)
2. The home of Robin Hood. (Greenwood)
3. A novice for shure, now. (Greenhorn)
4. Some there be as do say a moon be made of it. (Green cheese)
5. Shure and it makes for fine eating. (Greengage plum)
6. Tender and loving care for beautiful things. (Greenhouse)
7. Shure and it's a bit of a prick it might be a-gin' to ye. (Greenbrier)
8. 'Tis a bit of a monster 'twould make o' one. (Greeneeyed jealousy) (You'll Have It Down PAT to find the answer)
9. It might be the Irish dialect. (Patter)
10. On the right track for shure. (Path)
11. A very touching story. (Pathetic)
12. It would mend it. (Patch)
13. A blow on it might be fatal. (Pate)
14. A privilege granted. (Patent)
15. It might be an attitude. (Paternal)
16. Shure and it could find trouble. (Patrol)
17. The perfect example. (Pattern)
18. Is most certainly devoted. (Patriot)
19. Could be a part of your home. (Patio)
20. Shure it will get you all the answers. (Patience)

GAMES FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY

By

Mildred Cathcart

Find the Pig in the Poke:

Cut a tiny pig from very thin paper and put one pig in each balloon. The balloons are the "poke" which the contestants must blow up and burst to find the "pig in the poke." You may give a prize to the person who gets the first pig and give a lucky prize to the one who finds the Irish pig. This lucky pig is made from green paper.

A Bit of Blarney:

Paying an Irish compliment may be flattering and again it may be just a bit of blarney. Each person writes his name at the top of a sheet of paper, then passes the paper to person seated at his left. That person writes a bit of

FREDERICK VISITS WITH YOU

Dear Friends,

Strange and wonderful things are always happening to me! Who would have thought that one day I would have evidence that the Russians actually agreed with me? It is quite a story and it all began last summer when I was going by train from Moscow to Leningrad.

I had paid for the very best sleeping accommodations on the train. Of course you understand that Russia has a "so-called classless society" and so there is no "first class or second class" where travel is concerned. Instead, the sleeping cars are called "soft cars" or "hard cars." Well, when we went aboard our train that evening it was obvious that we had a "hard car." It was neat, it was clean, but it was very, very hard. The seats were made of sheet metal and there was not a sign of a spring. Over the piece of metal there was a thin mattress-like cushion, but no springs.

We immediately notified the railroad and travel officials that we had been given the wrong accommodations. We had paid for a "soft car" and we had a "hard car." After much shouting, waving of arms, and threats of an international incident, nothing happened. We rode to Leningrad in a "hard car." It does not get dark that far north until about midnight and the sun was up the next morning at three o'clock, and so we did little sleeping anyway, but it was the principle of the thing that bothered us.

Believe it or not, seven months later the Russians decided that we were right. We really had ridden in a "hard car," after we had paid for a "soft car," and so each of us received a check in the amount of \$13.00 as a refund on our tickets. The money was paid to our travel agent in New York who in turn sent the checks on to us.

Generally speaking, I can recommend the railroad accommodations available in Russia. A friend of mine told me that I should always make it a point to ride in the upper berth on a Russian train for the simple reason that the bedbugs seldom bother people in the upper berths. They always attack the lower berth passengers and are so well satisfied with them that they never get up any higher. On our trip the other people could not understand why I was always so very anxious for an upper berth, but as it turned out, my fears were needless. We saw no evidence of bedbugs anywhere.

In all of my travels abroad the only time I ever experienced the humiliation and discomfort of bedbugs was in a very fine hotel in Venice, Italy. When I complained about them to the management, you would have thought that I had threatened to blow up the place with an atomic bomb. They were so certain that I was wrong that they threatened to sue me for making such a complaint. They were positive that I had simply been bitten by mosquitos that "lived under the bed because of the hot rays of the disinfecting sun."

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE, MARCH, 1958

If I could wave a magic wand, do you know where I would wave it first? I would wave that wand wherever I knew there to be a sick child. In all of this world there is nothing I hate to see more than I hate to see a sick child. It just breaks my heart to see the children's wards of our hospitals, and of course, I see them every week.

This winter was a very hard one in our own home because of David's sickness. It all started out with the Asiatic flu, and then it went on into various secondary infections. I must say that David is always a very good patient, never complaining, always good natured, never demanding. We are grateful that he enjoys his phonograph and he will play records at his bedside hour after hour.

We have one of the finest children's hospitals in the country right here in Springfield, and then in Boston there is the world-famous "Children's Hospital." Just after last Christmas I went up to the large Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children here in Springfield to give it one of the two enormous poinsettias that we had to decorate the church. Those poinsettias actually were the largest I had ever seen except for those growing out of doors in the tropics. The children at the hospital were thrilled with the one I gave them. It was so big that it took two of us to carry it.

Earlier this evening before I sat down to write you this letter, I met with the Benevolence Committee of the church. In spite of the fact that we were having a raging snow storm, the whole committee was there, and some of them had to drive eight and nine miles to make it. I don't know how it is in your church, but here at South Church our committee members are always so faithful. When we announce a committee meeting of any kind for any purpose, our people on that committee do their duty. Four times a year I meet with my Advisory Committee of thirty-three members, and the meetings are always on a Sunday afternoon. Invariably they fall on the most beautiful afternoons of the year, and yet the attendance is almost 100%.

The way the snow is falling tonight I know that the children are going to get some skiing tomorrow. When I was a child living out in Iowa, I don't think that I ever saw a person use skis. I wonder if they ski out there today? They certainly do a lot of it around here. A very dear friend of ours, the mother of several small children went skiing last year and fell and broke her knee. She was in a cast for several months. Believe it or not, she went skiing again this year and at the same place, on the same mountain, she fell and broke the ankle of the same leg, and once again is in a cast.

Betty says that she absolutely forbids my trying to learn to ski. She does ski, and does it beautifully, but she doesn't want me to begin because of the danger of a beginner getting hurt. Do you know that on a busy Sunday afternoon one of our more popular ski runs will have as many as

30 people break some bones? They actually keep one or two ambulances at the ski run during a busy afternoon. Considering how I can get hurt just riding on a sled, I think I can understand Betty's reluctance to let me learn to ski!

One thing I did get to do this past winter that I had never done before, was ice fish. It is quite a popular pastime here in New England. The best way to do it is to go to some lake where a fishing guide provides all of the necessary comforts. Out across the lake there were dozens of little houses about the size of a public telephone booth. The houses had small stoves in them. Right in the center of the little house we used there was a big hole in the floor, and that hole was right over a hole in the ice. We fished through that hole. Whenever we caught a fish, it was thrown outside on the lake ice to freeze for storage. It was quite a sport, and next winter I am going to do some more of it.

The minister of a downtown church always has many people coming in to counsel with him on a large variety of problems. Just today a lady was telling me of her nervousness and inability to sleep because of terrible fears that torture her mind day and night. She is afraid of something frightful happening to her and is convinced that before 1958 is over she will be killed. Now I don't pretend to know all of the answers to anyone's problems, not even my own, and I certainly did not try to convince this woman that I or the church could help her, but I did tell her something that I want to pass on to you.

Like mountain climbers who, when they are worried about the trail ahead, look back down the trail to see what they have already accomplished, all of us need to stop on occasion and look back at the trail behind us. It is good that we should take time to remember the past for, while there are some things that are best forgotten, memory as a whole can be a source of power if we read the past in the light of the guidance of God.

Whenever we find ourselves fearful about the future, and when we become uneasy thinking of all the opportunities the future presents for trouble and misfortune, for trial and error, for heartache and sorrow, we need to look back at where we have been and then say to ourselves: "If God in His mercy has seen fit to bring me through every storm of the past, He will surely see me through everything that lies ahead, and neither life nor death can separate me from the love of Christ."

In any one year of a lifetime there can be so much of happiness and so much of sorrow, and the Christian is one whose heart searches for the leading of God in every phase of life. A Christian is not oblivious to the possibility of sorrow and trouble; he sees the black clouds ahead; but behind every cloud he sees a ray of sunshine. A Christian knows what it is to walk through the darkness, but there is no night so dark that he cannot see a light that leads the way home.

(Continued on page 18)



This comfortable looking white house is where the Birkby family carries on all the strenuous living that Evelyn describes every month. It is on the highway not far from Sidney, Iowa about 20 or 22 miles west of Shenandoah.

CHILDHOOD "TRAGEDIES"

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

Childhood can hold some very tragic moments within its small hand. One such bit of stark grief came to our Bobby last week.

He is given a weekly sum of ten cents called, naturally, "allowance," and he can do just as he pleases with that money. Often it goes for candy or gum. Sometimes he has a saving spree and hoards it carefully, chuckling over an advertisement for an expensive toy or eyeing the picture of a pony longingly. Two weeks ago his small amount of capital went with him to the dime store. He looked at the bright display of color books, he drooled a bit at the candy counter, he went 'round and 'round the toys and finally the momentous decision was made. This time he would spend his dime on a kite.

We arrived home just in time to prepare supper and get the children ready for bed; and despite Bobby's pleading to put his kite together ("I can do it all by myself, mama, it won't bother you a bit!"), we said no. It might get torn before he and daddy could fly it, and besides we didn't have any string or tail ready for it as yet.

Bobby is a patient little boy for only eight. He waited. The day came when daddy was home long enough to be of help in case of dire necessity, such as kite flying. They put the kite together as instructed. They got the string holder, made lovingly four years ago for another kite-flying expedition. They fastened on the tail. Excitement mounted. Would the wind blow right? Would the kite sail high in the sky? Such a beautiful blue kite surely must be the very best kind for the wind to elevate into a white and blue firmament!

Off to the crest of a hill Bobby and his daddy ran. The wind seemed just right. Bobby held the kite vertical and daddy played out the string. They both ran. "Now!" yelled daddy. Bobby threw the kite hard, he threw it straight up. Crash... tear... crunch. "Daddy, daddy, my sleeve caught on the kite, it is torn!" And Bobby burst into the sobs of the greatly distressed.

The cross sticks, which were not especially strong anyway, had caught on Bobby's coat sleeve. No amount of repair work could possibly mend the

sad, torn, blue kite. For a time it appeared that nothing would repair the broken heart of one little boy who had looked forward so long to the day when he and his daddy would go kite flying.

By the time the two trooped into the kitchen, the tears were dry. Daddy had convinced his son that a home-made kite was much sturdier than the store-bought kind. When Bobby came into the kitchen I was just putting a cherry pie in the oven. If any added cheering was needed, the sight of the cherry pie did the job.

As soon as dinner was finished, pie and all, off the two went to the lumber-yard to get the wood for their very own kite. As they happily sawed and hammered, Bobby looked up with sparkling bright eyes. "Look, mama, we can make our own kite and save lots of money too!"

Daddy muttered under his breath, "Forty cents worth of wood and a half-day's work for a homemade kite!" He reached over and gave Bobby a hug. "It's worth every minute of it though. Every minute!"

Tragedy in a different form came to Bobby when he was almost four. When our new baby chickens arrived on a bright spring day he was naturally fascinated with the little yellow fluffy babies. We taught him how to hold them carefully, explaining how weak and tiny they were and how we feed and water them. The day after the baby chickens arrived Bob was working near enough to their new house so we felt safe in having Bobby out watching them. Bob watched for some time and reported that he held them very carefully, cuddled them close to his face and sat very quietly observing the tiny fluffs of life.

A few minutes later Bobby came running into the house crying deep, heart-broken tears. Something hurt him, he insisted. I looked everywhere over the little body and could find no sign of injury.

Finally, with tears streaming down his face he asked, "Mama, do chickens die?"

"Why yes, they do," I said.

And then, with a sudden flash of memory back to my own childhood I knew exactly what had happened.

"Did some of the chickens die?" I asked.

He sobbed, "Yes, two did." And he dissolved into tears. But the hurt was over. As I held him tight I remembered many times when I had done something that made me hurt the kind of hurt that could only be relieved by telling mother all about it.

Life for a child may seem easy and full of happy carefree moments, but very early comes sad uncertain times. The knowledge of right and wrong, of death and sickness and the need to hold tiny baby chickens and kites carefully indeed can bring childhood tragedies to the very young.

You have not lived a perfect day, even though you have earned your money, unless you have done something for someone who will never be able to repay you.



Here are two of the Birkby boys who keep things stirred up in the nice white house! Bobby and Jeffrey have had a lot of fun in the snow this winter.

JULIANA REPORTS ON SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

My! So many activities have been going on recently that I hardly know where to start! There have been several parties and exciting basketball games, and this means I've had to cram a lot of homework into fewer hours.

I guess I will take first things first and tell you about our Y-Teen party. Every year we have a Y-Teen Mother and Daughter party and this year the theme was the "roaring twenties." Everyone dressed up as a flapper or some other character out of the twenties. I wore a blue felt skirt and a black velvet top, one that was made about 1925 and really looked like the pictures of things I've seen from that period.

When all the guests had arrived a game similar to Bingo was played. You had twenty-four blanks to fill by getting people's signatures, and after this was done the names were called and the first person with five names in a row was the winner. Several other games were played and then refreshments were served.

I was on the refreshment committee. We fixed a delicious fruit punch and also prepared several different kinds of cookies. The punch was made of concentrated fruit juice and gingerale. It had a very zesty flavor which everyone liked. All in all, it was really a lovely evening and everyone went home feeling that she'd had a good time.

This year I have been very lucky in getting to out-of-town games. Either a school bus for students has gone, or a private car has taken a screaming mob of kids. My hat is off to the brave parents who take these cars! Everyone enjoys an out-of-town game and I have met many new friends on these occasions.

One of our most outstanding basketball games was played at Atlantic. Everyone who lives near Atlantic should really be proud of their gym.

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ABIGAIL DESCRIBES A NEW COMMUNITY

Dear Friends,

One of the very nicest aspects about moving to a new and growing area is that almost everyone else is new also and very friendly. At least that must account in part for what is known as "Western cordiality." I have always found people in small Midwestern towns friendly. But here in this section of Denver, it seems as though people actually work twenty-four hours a day making the latest newcomer feel right at home in the neighborhood.

Within just a few days after we moved, almost every family living near had come to call. Many have invited us to be guests at their club groups and to become members. We particularly appreciated this cordial welcome at Christmas time because it certainly helped make our first holiday season away from family and old friends a much happier occasion for all of us.

Having always lived in a small town, I am still surprised that it is such a rare thing to meet the same people at two different functions. One result is that everyone soon learns to carry on a lengthy conversation with complete strangers; another is that you must learn to remember unfamiliar names at first introduction.

The houses and the people are all new to this section of Denver and so are the churches. The Wheat Ridge Methodist is the only one that looks pre-war built. Our own St. James Episcopal Church celebrated its sixth birthday last December. Probably its growth is rather typical.

The state organization helped the small congregation purchase a large corner site that contained an old house and barn. The barn was remodeled for the first services; but then the congregation grew and moved to the reconditioned house. When these walls bulged, the education building was erected and is currently being used as the church. The barn is rented to the county for a branch library and the house is used for the pre-school and primary department class rooms. Now the walls of the education building are beginning to bulge. But the building is neither completely finished nor paid for so the erection of the church proper will have to wait.

There are few community type buildings in these new sections so the churches earn a little additional income by renting their facilities to the many clubs that meet throughout the week. The members of the churches also donate a great deal of time to build, finish, repair and expand their buildings, just as the members do back in the rural and small town churches.

There is much still incomplete at St. James. The building is a very plain, rectangular, concrete block structure. The stained glass windows extend from floor to ceiling. They are made of square and rectangular pieces of brilliant, clear-toned, colored glass put together in a geometric pattern. The rear of the chancel and the altar are natural-finished redwood.



It seems that most youngsters have school pictures taken these days, and Alison sent this one with great pride to her Grandpa and Grandma Driftmier. She and Emily are very happy in their Denver school.

This completely modern church building seemed a little strange at first, but now we feel completely at home in its atmosphere. There are no pews as yet so we sit on borrowed folding chairs. The floor is bare concrete and kneeling is a rather dusty affair if you happen to wear a plain dark suit or dress. Perhaps there are some inconveniences in joining a new, unestablished church, but the challenges of being a small part of a vital, expanding Christian group are tremendously inspiring.

Our church women's group earns the money for their projects by taking turns with other similar groups in serving the weekly dinners to the Lions Club. Many of you do the same sort of thing and you might find the menu served the last time I helped of some use. Broiling-size chickens cut into quarters were placed in large flat pans, skin-side up. These were sprinkled with crushed potato chips and cooked in a slow oven for three hours with no further attention. The chips supply all the salt and fat needed and this is a terribly simple way to prepare a large amount of chicken. Savory rice prepared with the giblet broth, buttered cauliflower, tossed salad, garlic bread, apple pie and coffee completed the meal. It made a big hit with the men and was so simple for the women to cook and serve.

Right along with new churches go new schools and Emily and Alison experienced no difficulty in switching to Wheat Ridge Elementary School. This beautiful building is only a very few years old. Its cheery, sunlit rooms must surely make school a delight to both students and teachers. There are three sections of each grade from kindergarten through sixth. Adjoining the grade school property is a combined junior-senior high school. A magnificent new high school is presently under construction several blocks west of this one and should be com-

pleted in another year or so. It is situated on the crest of a ridge that overlooks the entire Clear Creek Valley and sweep of mountains beyond.

Instrumental music instruction begins in the fourth grade. Emily was eager to start and chose the flute. The instructor felt this was an appropriate instrument for her and apparently she is making satisfactory progress. Neither Wayne nor I are musicians and we have a difficult job in assisting or judging her practice sessions!

Alison's first grade teacher is a charming girl with a very pronounced deep Southern accent. This, combined with Alison's own Eastern accent (she fails to pronounce r's) and her basic Midwestern speech characteristics, really do make her sound like a true daughter of these United States.

The Jefferson County Board of Education has a tremendous responsibility in supervising the education of these thousands of children in the unincorporated sections west of Denver. Fortunately, they are very dedicated people and can take genuine pride in the work they are doing. Not only are they providing the actual buildings needed for this tremendous population growth, but they are also maintaining a high academic standard. Plans are now underway, for instance, to introduce foreign languages in the lower grades next fall. There is already an excellent science and language program in effect in the high schools.

Emily and Alison are transported both ways on the school bus since we are more than a mile distant. They eat lunch in the school cafeteria. I had hoped that this experience would broaden their food tastes, but I haven't noticed a spectacular improvement at home yet!

Most of my grocery shopping is done at either of two huge super-markets located within easy driving distance. There is a small neighborhood grocery near the nursery for fill-in items. Meat and dairy prices are considerably higher than in Shenandoah. Fresh produce is lower in cost. We particularly enjoy the very fine quality hot-house tomatoes during the winter. These are grown right here and actually taste like tomatoes for they are allowed to ripen almost completely before picked for local sale. The cost is not great when used only in salads. About the only other difference I have noticed is a much larger variety of specialty items, particularly those used in the preparation of Italian and Mexican recipes. We were told of an excellent source for poultry products, but we have yet to find any of the thick, country cream that Wayne likes for his cereal and fruit.

The large and very complete Lakeside Shopping Center is not far and it is a rare occasion when we go to downtown Denver for shopping. Most of the large stores have branches in the Center. There is hardly anything that can't be found either here or in one of the stores located along the main streets of the nearby area.

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TABLE TOP CALENDAR PARTY

How often have you wished for a different ice breaker at P. T. A. or something new for church family night or the family night at your club?

Remember the popular song of a few years ago, "If I Knew You Were Comin' I'd Bake You A Cake"? Let that phrase be the key to planning this party feature, adapting the suggestions given as will best fit in with your own group.

Suppose your P. T. A. meets for the regular business meeting and program feature to be followed by the recreation and lunch hour afterwards. The social hour committee will get together well in advance of the meeting and assign a table for each month of the year to a committee made up of two couples chosen to act as hosts for a certain month. Thus there will be twelve sub-committees working under the general committee. Each of these twelve will arrange to have someone bake and decorate a cake as the centerpiece for their table. They will also provide napkins to go with the theme of their month.

In the afternoon or that evening before the meeting, these couples will meet in the school lunch room and set up the tables and arrange the centerpieces. At our meeting, the spoons and cups and napkins were placed on the tables too in advance. Following the adjournment of the meeting, the members were asked to go to the dining room and find their place at the table of their birthday month—this very effectively "mixed" the group up most informally. The hosts at each table then served coffee from carafes and also cut and served the cake.

Plenty of time was allowed to find your proper table so that everyone could see the decorations on all of the tables.

Of course there was much fun and visiting as birthday dates were discussed at each table—ages, too, of course!!

If desired, each table group might be required to put on some impromptu "act" representative of their month for the entertainment of the rest of the crowd.

The master of ceremonies might lead in some interesting fun by finding out how many were born in other states, who was born in another country, who has the most children, the most grandchildren, the newest baby, who has been married the longest, etc.

Here are suggestions for cakes for the various months:

January—Big jolly snowman standing on a round tray or mirror. White reindeer and white branches might figure attractively in this arrangement.

February—Valentine heart cake. Make a big layered white cake and ice in pink. Decorate with white rosebuds and scrolls. Make a large arrow of cardboard. Cut in two. Wrap each end in foil, then insert in cake as if piercing the heart.

March—Shamrock cake made by arranging three round cakes as the "petals" of shamrock. The pieces of cake cut to form the curves of leaf can be used to form stem. Ice the



Winter comes to our garden! When Russell and I look out our south living room window these days, this is exactly what we see. How hard it is to believe that on hot summer nights we sit by the pool that is directly underneath the solid ornamental section of fence at the right!

whole cake in white and trim in green. Or one might make an Irish paddy's hat cake.

April—There are such pretty possibilities here—Easter Egg cake, Easter Bunny cake, or Milady's Easter Bonnet cake with Easter eggs and flowers used to accent the hat.

May—An angel food cake fashioned into a large colorful Maybasket with a pretty handle and filled with candy or icing flowers. Or make a Maypole cake—larger cake with maypole in center with ribbon streamers out to beautifully decorated cupcake May baskets.

June—Of course this table will feature a beautiful wedding cake topped with miniature bride and groom or sugar bells.

July—Jelly roll or other cake decorated as a firecracker. Or one might have a drum cake trimmed in red, white and blue.

August—This cake might feature "vacation on dude ranch" idea. Use a rectangular loaf cake iced in brown and with a fence around the edge (use tiny plastic toy fencing from the Five and Ten.) Cowboy figures might be made using cowboy cookie cutters and decorations with icings, or use small plastic ones.

September—Cake decorated to resemble the Little Red Schoolhouse, or a loaf cake decorated like an old-fashioned slate with letters of alphabet around the edge.

October—Large pumpkin-shaped cake decorated in orange icing with a jack-o'-lantern face if desired.

November—Football cake, or one decorated with Pilgrim figures surrounded with fall leaves, candy turkeys, etc.

December—Christmas Tree cake, or one decorated to resemble Santa's face. Or you might make a star-shaped cake.

There will probably be swiping of slices of cake between tables just as there will be of the recipes among the cake bakers present!

WINTER FAIRYLAND

When I went to bed last night
The earth was brown and dark,
But when I wakened with the sun
I saw a fairy park;
The trees outside my window
Were silver in the dawn,
The bird-bath was a huge mushroom
Upon a snow-flake lawn.
The roofs were giant ice cream cones,
The shrubs were woolly sheep;
The fairies had a busy night
While I was fast asleep!

—Gladys Niece Templeton

THE SEED

Enola Chamberlain

Down in the ground a little seed said,
"Will I ever be able to get out of bed;
Will the sun ever come to melt the
snow,
So I can begin to swell and grow?"
A sleepy root whispered, "Why, yes,
little seed,
The warm days will come and fill
every need;
And you will burst open, your roots
will grow fast,
And you will reach up toward the
warm sun at last.
But now just a bit more of sleeping
we'll do
For God knows what's best for me
and for you."

GRACE FOR GARDENS

Lord God in Paradise,
Look upon our sowing,
Bless our little gardens
And the good green growing.
Bless the blossom
And the fruit,
Bless the seed and the root.
Give us sun, give us rain,
Bless the orchards
And the grain.

—Amen.

DOROTHY GIVES YOU A WONDERFUL RECIPE

Dear Friends:

Kristin and I have been sitting at the dining room table making pixies and I told her that she could take a breathing spell for awhile because I simply had to take time off to write my monthly letter to you. She was glad to stop because in cleaning up her room today she ran across a piece of material in a box that she had put away in her closet, and she was anxious to make it up into an apron. She is looking forward to helping her Aunt Bernie some in her cafe this summer and wanted a pretty apron to wear.

I want to take this opportunity to thank all of you who took the time to write me such nice letters when you sent for your pixies. Kristin has also read them all and it pleased her very much when she came across some reference to her own letters. It made her feel as if now she really belongs to the Kitchen-Klatter family.

Right now I want to answer a question that several of you have asked. In Kristin's letter about candle-making she failed to tell you what we use for the wicks. When we made our first candles I didn't know what to use either, and since I had quite a few tapers that had either become bent in warm weather, or broken, I melted these down and used the wax in new candles and used the wicks over again in the new candles.

However, this year when I bought my wax at the creamery I asked them if they sold wicks too and since they did I used all new wicks. I know a couple of women who like to make their candles now while they have the time to do a really beautiful job instead of waiting until the holiday season rolls around. It seems as if we can get ourselves so involved with all the things there are to be done, and preparations for Christmas, that we can't take the time to decorate them the way we would prefer. These women make candles to be sold at the church bazaars.

About a year ago I told you in one of my letters that we had just gotten a nine by twelve wool braided rug for our living room. Several of you have written that you were contemplating getting a rug of this kind and wanted to know if it was hard to keep it clean. Ours has been down a year now and has really had a good test because all of our rooms get a terrific amount of traffic through them, and I honestly don't feel that it is any harder to keep clean than any other rug. Our rug is reversible and I have turned it just once. It is easy to vacuum, and once every few months I use a powdered rug cleaner on it to brighten it up. The hardest part of our rug to keep looking decent is the black border about three and a half inches wide around the outside edge. It shows every dusty footprint, so if you are buying a rug I wouldn't recommend one with a black border, especially if you live on a farm where so much dirt is tracked in every day.



When Juliana saw this new picture she said with great feeling: "Oh, I'll always remember Granny Driftmier with fancywork in her hands!" This was taken on the patio Mother mentions in her letter, and the fancywork is a cross-stitched bedspread.

Many of you have asked me to please put more recipes in my letters because you have liked all the ones I have given you. That is quite a reputation to live up to but I feel very safe in giving you this one and it is also the one I have had the most requests for—Edna Halls' rolls. Kristin bakes all the rolls at this house so I asked her to get me the card out of her recipe file and I will give it to you exactly as she has it written.

Aunt Edna's Rolls

2 T. shortening	1 t. salt
2 cups warm water	1 cup sugar
1 cake yeast	2 eggs
1/2 cup cool water	7 to 8 cups flour

Melt shortening in warm water. Add yeast which has been dissolved in cool water (warm water if dry yeast is used). Beat eggs, salt and sugar together. Add the yeast mixture. Stir in the flour. Let rise until it has doubled in size. Poke it down and make in to rolls. Let rise again. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 or 20 minutes.

One of our friends gave Kristin a lovely camera with flash equipment for Christmas so we are in hopes we can get a few pictures once in awhile that we can share with you. The last time she spent a weekend with Edna and Raymond she took some pictures of her room that she and Edna have been fixing up just the way Kristin wants it. These haven't been developed yet but we are so in hopes they will be good.

Speaking of Edna and Raymond . . . they were here for dinner today and Edna said she was so anxious for us to come down so I could see her pixie tree centerpiece she has on her dining room table. She has a beautiful piece of driftwood that she uses a lot with different arrangements. Right now she has her pixies doing acrobatic stunts all over it while her tiny little Swedish birds in bright colors are perched on the limbs looking on. It must be charming.

I haven't mentioned anything about what we have been doing around our house because, frankly, we haven't gone anywhere or done anything to write about. Kristin has had all of her

usual activities and we take her and go after her, but aside from that I spend every minute of my time at the dining room table with the pixies. I have made over 4000 of them. Mother calls me her "pixiated daughter." Tomorrow I must take time off to do a washing or my family is going to disown me. I have such a big washing to do that it will probably take me all day.

Frank has been busy getting a good warm place ready to shut the sheep up in at night. We have had beautiful warm weather the past week, but in a couple of weeks when the ewes are supposed to start lambing the temperature is sure to drop to zero or below. It always does. So he has been getting his heat lamps out and checking everything over to be sure there are no shorts in the wires, etc. He also built a pen on one side of the shed so the sheep can be outside during the day.

We haven't had any hogs around the place for quite some time, but since our milk cow has just come fresh and we have more milk than we can possibly use ourselves, Frank went to a sale the other day and came home with some Hampshire hogs, so we are back in the hog business again, and we have no problem about what to do with the extra milk.

It is late and I must get to bed so I can face that stack of dirty clothes in the morning . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

DID YOUR VISIT CHEER HER?

By

Mildred Cathcart

We get so busy with our daily routine that quite often we forget those who are ill and need a bit of cheering. I am sure we always try to say things that will make the convalescent happy, but quite often there are things we can do that will cheer the patient after we have left the bedside.

Far too often we send one bouquet or plant and that is all. How much nicer to take one fresh flower for a rose bowl every day! Or a tiny corsage that could boost the morale of one who has been hospitalized for some time. Flowers from one's own garden are very nice for they show the patient just what is in "season."

Children, especially, enjoy little favors for their trays; and often these tend to perk up lagging appetites. Small dolls or animals made from pipe cleaners, acorn men, seasonal favors . . . all of these tiny things interest a child at meal time. Perhaps a new plastic drinking cup will be incentive enough for him to drink his milk. Bright colored drinking straws seem to make beverages more tasty to the young, and pretty napkins also add interest. Even an adult who must be bedfast during a holiday would enjoy a tray that has been fancied up with seasonal trimmings.

A book, magazine (preferably a copy
(Continued on page 17)

"Recipes Tested

in the

**Kitchen - Klatter
Kitchen"**

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

BAKED CHEESE

(A favorite dish with children)

1 cup grated American cheese

1 cup bread crumbs

1 cup hot milk

1 beaten egg

1 tsp. butter

1/2 tsp. salt

Dash of pepper

Mix all ingredients and bake in a
greased casserole for 1/2 hour at
350 degrees.**HAMBURGER PIE**

1 pound hamburger

1 can tomato sauce (8-ounce size)

1 medium onion

2 Tbls. cooking fat

2 Tbls. catsup

1 tsp. salt

1/4 tsp. pepper

2 cups prepared biscuit mix

Chop onion fine, cook in fat until
brown, add meat and brown well. Add
tomato sauce, catsup and seasoning.
Pour into casserole. Make a topping
of the biscuit mix. Bake 25 minutes.
Serves 4.**SALMON ROLLS**

1 recipe baking powder biscuits

1 1/2 cups flaked salmon

1 small onion, chopped fine

1 green pepper, chopped

1/2 tsp. salt

Roll biscuit dough to 1/4 inch thickness on floured board. Combine salmon, onion, green pepper and salt, moisten slightly with salmon liquid, mix well and spread mixture on dough. Roll as for jelly roll and slice 1 1/2 inches thick. Bake in greased pan in hot oven, 400 degrees, for about 30 minutes. Some like just a little relish added to the salmon mixture for variety. Serve with a white sauce to which some salmon liquid has been added and a dash of paprika.

BAKED SHRIMP

2 cups shrimp

2 hard cooked eggs

1 cup coarse bread crumbs

3 Tbls. butter

1 1/2 cups canned tomatoes

Salt and pepper

Brown crumbs in butter. Arrange alternate layers of crumbs, shrimp, sliced eggs, tomato pulp and seasonings in baking dish with crumbs on top. Pour in tomato juice. Bake in 400 degree oven for 20 minutes.

SWEET-SOUR CABBAGE

5 cups shredded cabbage

4 slices bacon

2 Tbls. brown sugar

2 Tbls. flour

1/2 cup water

1/3 cup vinegar

Salt and pepper to taste

1 small onion, sliced

Cook cabbage in boiling salted water for 7 minutes. Fry bacon and remove from skillet, add sugar and flour to bacon fat and blend. Add water, vinegar and seasoning. Cook until thick. Add onion, diced bacon and cabbage. Heat through. Serves 4 to 6.

TUNA AND EGG CASSEROLE

2 cups tuna fish

2 Tbls. lemon juice

4 sliced boiled eggs

1 cup cooked peas

1 cup grated cheese

4 Tbls. butter

2 cups milk

1/4 tsp. pepper

1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

2 Tbls. flour

1/2 tsp. salt

1 cup bread crumbs

Drain tuna and save oil. Add lemon juice and arrange in alternate layers with peas, eggs, and cheese. Make white sauce of milk, butter, flour and seasonings. Pour over layers, cover with crumbs and oil which was drained from the tuna. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

HARVARD BEETS WITH RAISINS

1 large can of diced beets

3/4 cup beet juice

1/4 cup vinegar

3/4 cup sugar

3 Tbls. cornstarch

1 cup raisins

Juice and grated rind of 1 orange

Combine all ingredients except diced beets. Simmer for 20 minutes, stirring. Add beets and serve.

SOUTHERN CORN CASSEROLE

2 cups corn

1 cup bread or cracker crumbs

3 Tbls. chopped green pepper

1/2 tsp. salt

1/2 tsp. sugar

1/4 tsp. paprika

1/4 tsp. celery salt (or celery seed)

1 egg, beaten

2/3 cup milk

Mix all ingredients, pour into a buttered baking dish, and bake for 25 minutes in a moderate oven.

SWEET FRENCH DRESSING

1 cup sugar

1/4 cup vinegar

1/4 tsp. mustard

1 tsp. paprika

Pinch of salt

Boil above ingredients together 1 minute. Cool and add 1 Tbls. grated onion. Beat in 1 cup salad oil and add 1 tsp. celery seed. This is especially good on chopped red cabbage.

CRUNCH DROPS

Sift:

2 cups sifted flour

1 tsp. baking soda

1/2 tsp. salt

In a large mixing bowl, cream:

1 cup shortening

1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed

1 cup granulated sugar

Add:

2 eggs

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Add flour mixture, then add:

2 cups quick oats

2 cups crisp rice cereal

1 cup shredded coconut

This is a very stiff dough and you'll save a lot of time if you use your hands rather than a spoon when it comes to adding the last 3 ingredients. Shape into small balls in the palms of your hands, place rather far apart on a greased cooky sheet and bake for 12 to 15 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

LEMON BREAD PUDDING

3 eggs

1/2 cup sugar

2 cups milk

2 slices white bread

1 lemon, juice and rind

2 Tbls. raspberry jam

3 Tbls. sugar

Separate eggs. Beat yolks and sugar until lemon-colored. Add milk. Cut bread in small cubes and put in buttered casserole. Add the grated rind of lemon, then custard mixture. Bake in pan of water at 350 degrees for about 1 hour, or until set. Make a meringue of egg whites and 3 Tbls. sugar. Flavor with a few drops of lemon juice. Spread jam on the pudding, cover with meringue and bake until brown. Serve with thin cream. Serves 6.

BLUEBERRY COFFEE CAKE

Mix together:

3/4 cup sugar

1/4 cup soft shortening

1 egg

Stir in 1/2 cup milk

Sift together and add:

2 cups sifted flour

2 tsp. baking powder

1/2 tsp. salt

Carefully add 2 cups well-drained and washed blueberries. Pour into a greased 9-inch square pan. Top with this crumb mixture:

1/2 cup sugar

1/3 cup flour

1/2 tsp. cinnamon

1/4 cup soft butter

Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 50 minutes.

CHEESE-NUT SPREAD

1 cup Cheddar cheese, grated or ground

1/2 cup cream

1/2 cup nuts

1/2 cup chopped stuffed olives

Beat cheese and cream until well blended. Add nuts and olives.

DATE-NUT STICKS

1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
3/4 cup sifted flour
1/4 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. nutmeg
1 cup chopped dates
1 cup chopped walnuts

Cream the shortening and stir in sugar gradually, beating until fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift flour, baking powder and nutmeg together. Stir into creamed mixture. Gradually mix in dates and nuts. Pour into a greased 9-inch square pan. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, 30 to 40 minutes. Cut into narrow 2-inch sticks. Remove from pan while warm. Frost if desired.

PECAN DROP COOKIES

1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup butter
2 1/2 cups brown sugar
2 eggs, beaten
2 1/2 cups flour
1/4 tsp. salt
1 cup pecans

Mix in order given. Drop on greased cooky sheet and bake 12 minutes at 350 degrees.

CORNED BEEF CASSEROLE

1 10-ounce pkg. noodles
1 12-ounce can corned beef
1 1/2 cups milk
1/4 lb. American cheese
1 can cream of chicken soup
1/2 cup chopped onion
3/4 cup buttered crumbs

Cook noodles and drain. Add corned beef, diced cheese, soup, onions and milk. Bake 1 hour at 350 degrees or until golden brown. This is a good dish for busy house-cleaning days!

SCALLOPED CHICKEN

1 quart chicken (5 lb. chicken)
1 cup chopped celery
1 cup soft bread crumbs
1 cup cooked rice
2 tsp. salt
2 beaten eggs
2 cups chicken broth

Cut chicken in cubes. Mix in order given. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour. This serves 12 to 15 and is very nice for a luncheon.

CLUB SALAD

1 pkg. lemon gelatin
1 pkg. lime gelatin
2 cups boiling water
1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple
4 Tbs. sugar

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water, add pineapple and sugar and bring to boiling point. Cool until slightly thickened.

2 cups cut marshmallows
2 cups grated cheese
2 cups cream, whipped
1 cup salad dressing

Mix and add to the gelatin mixture. Pour into two loaf pans and set in refrigerator. Serves 24.

YOU ASKED FOR IT!!!!

WE FOUND IT!!!!

Yes, Folks, when we asked you what you'd like for a new premium you said that you needed good quality food saver bags. We knew just what you meant because our own supply was practically exhausted — and we were downright shocked at how much they cost in most places.

It took a lot of figuring, but here's what we came up with and we think it's a terrific bargain — don't know where you'd ever turn to equal it. These are good sturdy plastic bags that will hold up for a long, long time, and here's exactly what you'll get:

For only **50¢**, plus **3 BLACK STARS** from the back label of any Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring, or 3 bottom lines from our new label, you'll get **20** plastic bags in the following sizes: **2** (4x2x12); **4** (9x15); **3** (6x3x15); **4** (12x15); **4** (8x4x18); **3** (10x8x24).

HURRY! DON'T MISS OUT!

Send to KITCHEN-KLATTER, Dept. 99, Shenandoah, Iowa

WHAT ALL GOOD COOKS KNOW

Just a little difference in ingredients can make a BIG difference in results.

USE LEANNA'S Kitchen-Klatter FLAVORS

★ Vanilla
★ Lemon

★ Maple
★ Almond

Look for Leanna's favorite Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring on your grocer's shelves. If he doesn't have it, send \$1.25 for any 3 flavors postpaid, to Kitchen-Klatter, Dep't. 99, Shenandoah, Iowa. Unconditionally Guaranteed — Kitchen-Klatter Flavors will not bake out or freeze out.

The Flavoring With The Quality You Can Taste

ANNIVERSARY CHOCOLATE CAKE

2 cups sugar
1/2 cup butter
4 squares unsweetened chocolate
2 eggs
1 1/2 cups milk
2 cups flour
2 tsp. baking powder
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 cup chopped nuts

Melt chocolate over hot water. Cream butter and sugar. Add beaten eggs and chocolate. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with liquid. Add vanilla and nuts. Bake in a long loaf pan 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

FROSTING

1/4 cup butter
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 1/3 cups powdered sugar
1 egg
Dash of salt
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 tsp. lemon juice
1 cup chopped nuts

Melt butter and chocolate together. Add beaten egg, salt, sugar, vanilla, lemon juice and nuts.

GOLDEN EGG SALAD

9 eggs, hard cooked
1/4 cup green pepper, chopped
1/4 cup celery, chopped
2 Tbs. pimiento, chopped
1 Tbs. parsley, chopped
2 Tbs. onion, chopped
1 1/2 tsps. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
3 ounces cream cheese
1/4 cup mayonnaise
1 Tbs. chili sauce or catsup

Combine eggs, vegetables and seasonings. Blend mayonnaise and chili sauce. Add to egg mixture. Mix thoroughly. Pack lightly in molds and chill 4 hours. Unmold on bed of endive and serve with extra mayonnaise and chopped olives.

SOUR CREAM CHOCOLATE COOKIES

1 cup brown sugar
1 egg
1/4 tsp. baking soda
1/4 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. baking powder
1/2 cup sour cream
2 squares melted chocolate
1 1/2 cups flour
1 cup chopped nuts
Mix in order listed, drop by teaspoon onto greased cooky sheet. Bake in a 400 degree oven. Makes about 2 dozen cookies.

MARGERY EXPRESSES HER IDEAS ON HOUSE CLEANING

Dear Friends:

Last month I wrote that the members of my high school class have been making plans for a reunion this coming summer. The first of our series of letters has been mailed and the response has been even better than we had hoped for. Almost every mail brings a letter from one of our classmates and it is so interesting to learn about them and their families. The committee has frequent coffees to read the latest letters for it is difficult to wait until the next scheduled meeting to get the news.

Almost everyone we have heard from plans to be here for the big event so it looks right now as if we will have a successful reunion. One of our readers wrote me that since reading about our plans she has gotten together with some members of her class and they are making great headway for a reunion also.

I received a letter from a friend last week saying that it hardly seems possible that spring is almost here—time for spring housecleaning and she hadn't done her fall housecleaning yet! That started me thinking that probably most of us don't have regular spring and fall housecleaning schedules anymore. I know I don't. Oh, yes, if I have a big cleaning upheaval some time during the spring or fall I say that I'm housecleaning, but the truth of the matter is that with the modern methods of cleaning we have these days it isn't necessary to go through the commotion that was the accepted rule in the days of our parents and grandparents. When floors need waxing, I wax. With the marvelous waxing products, applicators, etc., it isn't nearly the job it used to be. I just take a day off from the regular routine, rent a waxer from my grocer and wax my floors.

Gone are the days that we have all the furniture and rugs out of doors and give them a brutal beating! It just isn't necessary when we have vacuum cleaners with attachments that rid the furniture and rugs of dust with weekly cleaning. Mattresses don't have to be heaved and tugged outdoors when you have box springs under them and mattress protectors. (Lucile and Dorothy and I always got the giggles when we were in the middle of the stairs!) Now you throw open the windows on a bright fresh day to air them and save them from the beating!

When I have a room more or less torn up with waxing or polishing (or perhaps just changing the furniture around, which is done frequently at this house) it is a simple matter to take down the curtains which are made of a marvelous new man-made fiber, rinse them out and hang them up again. Wash over the woodwork and the room is fresh and clean again. It happens not only in the spring and fall, but also in the summer and winter and just whenever the spirit moves us. I'm not trying to say that I think I'm extra clean, but I'm just trying



In this shuttered house in Springfield, Ill., Abraham Lincoln knew the peaks of glory and depths of despair. Margery snapped the picture on their trip last summer. Martin, Laura Strom (Oliver's sister) and Oliver are in the foreground.

to put across my point that with today's conveniences, housecleaning is not seasonal.

At this house there is almost always a big upheaval of cleaning right after Christmas when the holiday decorations come down. I suppose it is because there are certain places that can't easily be cleaned or dusted where decorations have been. At that time I wiped down the walls, washed curtains, waxed and polished furniture, cleaned out some drawers and a number of other extra jobs. Now that I think of it, I wonder why I didn't schedule a meeting at my house right after Christmas!

One friend wrote that she does all of her entertaining in January for she too cleans thoroughly right after the holidays. This same friend writes that she has certain jobs lined up for weekly attention and also some that she does each month, thus saving herself long, long hours of tiring labor trying to do everything at once. Well, it's sensible isn't it? I have an idea that our generation will still go on for a number of years yet talking about spring and fall housecleaning, but to my way of thinking it actually is becoming a thing of the past and won't be a matter of concern at all when our children are grown. I thrill with excitement when I think of all the wonderful inventions yet to come to make housework even easier and faster. It will be interesting to see what the housewife does with that extra time.

One of my friends recently purchased a larger home and is in the process of getting ready to move. She said she had no idea what they were getting into when it came time to pack the accumulation in the basement. It reminded me of the last time Oliver cleaned the basement. He called me down to look at several boxes of items he had sorted in one pile and asked me point blank *why* I was saving those things. Well, honestly, I couldn't tell him and I couldn't tell you. I'm not what I call a SAVER as compared to many I know, but I suppose it is typi-

cal of everyone to accumulate *some* things that you save without knowing why. There were some old college textbooks that I hated to throw away, thinking I guess that I *might* have time someday to refresh my memory. There were some old sets of dishes—odds and ends, you might say—that I finally *promised* to put in the next rummage sale at the church. There was a beautiful old headboard (oversize) that took my fancy at an auction and only cost 50 cents, but that I realize now I can't and probably won't ever use. I must hasten to defend women on the whole, however, for I pointed out a few things that Oliver had neatly put back in place that I would have thrown out! I guess if you have the space for storage you will always store away!

Getting back to my friend who is moving, we had a perfectly marvelous afternoon recently looking over the pictures and articles we have saved on home decorating. One feature she will have in common with me is the treatment of windows, for her house is of the same vintage as mine. She had never been concerned with bay windows, for instance. Since the general room arrangement is similar to our home I have a great deal of material that was of interest to her. She is certainly in agreement with me in that it is best to live in a home for a while before you make many changes for there is less chance that you will jump to a sudden decision that you may regret later.

When spring comes one thing you can be certain that I will do and that is to change furniture around. During the winter months I must be careful to avoid placing furniture too near a hot air register, but on the other hand I can place heavy chairs in front of windows or close to a door that is never, or seldom, opened during the cold months. This time of the year I begin studying more carefully the pictures from my scrapbook to see if I can get an inspiration for a room arrangement that I haven't thought of to date. I know one thing; housework would be very dull for me if I were forced to keep furniture in permanent locations!

One bit of news I have to tell you is that Oliver has changed jobs. You will remember that his work took him all over the country, often to be gone for several weeks at a time. Now he is located in Shenandoah and will be at our table for three meals a day for seven days a week. Naturally I am doing more cooking and baking than I have in years.

We have a new pet at our house. Martin is now one of the thousands of owners of a parakeet. This bird was a gift to him from Howard, Mae and Donna. Donna had had her parakeet for several years but she is a junior in college now and with Howard and Mae both working they felt it was just too lonesome for the parakeet, that he should be in a home where he could have a little companionship. He is company for all of us and we didn't realize what fun they could be! We haven't let him out of his cage as yet

(Continued on page 17)

"ITCHING TO CONFESS"

By

Esther Grace Sigsbee

A good way to break into the freelance writing field is said to be with a confession story. You pick some lurid episode out of the past, describe the stages of sin, suffering and repentance and then send it off to an Editor. You don't get a by-line with such a deal but the money is good and since I'd much rather be rich than famous, I'm considering confessing to a magazine. And I have decided which of my guilty secrets I am going to send.

Exposing one's soul in a story of this type is not without its dangers. We're always reading where some reporter or some magazine is being sued for digging up an old scandal. I am fully aware of these dangers—in fact, I expect to face even greater hazards when I confess, for one of the co-sharers of my guilty secret is my mother. And she will simply clobber me!

For nearly thirty years this skeleton has been locked away in the family closet. It was supposed to remain there and go with its sharers to their graves. But now one of the less scrupulous members of the clan (a gal by the name of Grace) is shamelessly digging it up and exposing it to the ridicule of the world. Disgusting, isn't it, what some people will stoop to in the effort to collect a fast buck?

The night when my saga begins was cold and dreary. Our little family was huddled around the supper table, heads bowed while we gave thanks, but each eye looking speculatively at the extra pork chop on the plate. At the head of the little band was Mother, a temporary, valiant, poor-but-honest widow. Temporary widow that is, because Father was equally valiantly paying for the pork chops by working for the Power Company in Arkansas.

Excepting for an occasional pilfering of a handful of peanuts from the open jar in the grocery store or the diversion of our Sunday School offerings to purchasing jawbreakers, none of us kids had yet taken to a life of crime. But Little Did We Realize that this was the night for the fatal blow to fall. None of the four of us could sit still at the table. We squirmed, we wiggled, and we scratched.

"My Darlings!", exclaimed Mother, "You kids all act like you've got the Seven Year Itch!" She investigated. We had it!

I tell you, Mamma was simply crushed. What had she ever done to deserve this awful calamity? We had never had anything very fancy at our house, but, by golly, we were clean!

Had it been worthwhile for her to live up to her God fearing principles? Were her beliefs that virtue would be rewarded, that green vegetables were healthy for us and that nice people didn't get the Itch, but hollow mockery?

These thoughts weighed heavily on her heart and the knowledge that the four persons for whom she had gone down in to the valley-of-the-shadow to give life were sitting there digging



The day before Jeanne Alexander returned to Oberlin College she went with her mother, Louise Fischer Alexander, to spend the day with Mother and Dad in Redlands. Dad snapped this picture and we think it's very good. People still tell us how much they enjoyed the cover picture last summer of Jeanne with her Grandfather Fischer.

where it itched under their winter underwear was an overwhelming burden. But even more terrifying was the thought that somebody outside the family would find out about it!

Although Mamma hated to be the sender of sad tidings, she decided that because Daddy was the father-of-her children and her legally-espoused husband, he had a right to shoulder some of the grief. So she wrote a letter to Arkansas telling the awful truth. If she had had any appropriate stationery it would certainly have been a letter edged-in-black but it did have a warning to burn the contents immediately upon reading. It wasn't that Mamma was afraid Pop would be infected by mail, but it was because she thought there might be spies among the stenographers at the Power Company. And if the information that her kids had the Itch got into the wrong hands and drifted back to Iowa she would be disgraced for life.

The female of the species is always ferocious when it comes to fighting for the protection of her young, and you never did see anybody more militant than Mamma when she set out to lick that Itch! Seven Year variety? It didn't last that long at our house. With Mamma around, it didn't dare!

When I was young, consultation with a physician was reserved for emergencies like taking out tonsils or getting us a new baby sister. But drastic developments call for drastic moves so when we had the Itch, Mamma sent us to the doctor.

We had to be sneaky about it, though, and if any of our pals were to come around as we were going in the office door we were supposed to pretend we were just loafing. Nowadays, when I see episodes of black market dealings on television, I always think of the trip to the doctor's that time we had the Itch.

Oh, the treatment that guy prescribed! I'm sure the miracle drugs they have now could have taken care of it much less painfully. The yellow soap—how it smarted! Ouch!—how that green ointment burned! And I can still feel the nightly tubbing and scrubbing with a stiff brush. Just for good measure, Mamma added a remedy of her own—sulphur mixed with lard.

After we went to bed she washed and boiled our underwear, our dresses, our shirts and our socks. The coats and other clothing that weren't washable she baked in the oven. It was a moot question which would give out first—the Itch, our skin or our garments. We kids were laying odds that it would be our skin.

We went to school every day even though we had the Itch. Staying home without a Measles sign on the door would be a dead give-away. Besides Itch never comes out on the face, hands or other parts not covered by clothing so our affliction didn't show. However, we did smell peculiarly antiseptic and all the teachers seemed to keep the windows open a lot that winter. Each morning we left the house with the dire warning from Mamma—"Now, no matter how much it itches, don't you dare scratch in school!"

My confession story has a happy ending. We were raw and sore from the boiling and scrubbing but we did get rid of our malady and in record time, too. And long afterwards, by the process of exchanging secrets peculiar to little girls, I found out that we had not been alone in our trials. For when the truth became known, almost everybody in town had had the Itch—from the banker's son to the Wetherbee kids who went with a sideshow each summer because they all had six fingers and six toes!

So, now you, too, know my secret. Do you think it has possibilities for a confession magazine? You must admit that it has sin in it, for our malady itched like sin. It has suffering in it, both physical and mental, as witnessed by the scrubbing and the worry. The repentance is yet to come but I'm expecting to do a great deal of it right after Mamma reads this. And she's probably going to do some repenting herself, for she'll be sorry she ever gave birth to such a character as I am who has trotted out for the world to see one of our darkest family secrets.

ANIMAL QUIZ

Fill the blanks with names of animals.

1. She _____ up well under her load of trouble.
2. That foreman's frown _____ timid workers.
3. His mistake made him feel _____ish.
4. She wore _____ to rest her feet.

Answers

1. Bears; 2. Cows; 3. Sheep; 4. Mules.

A HEARTS AND FLOWERS PARTY

By

Myrtle E. Felkner

This is a party just for little girls. We planned it that way when we realized that Barbara owed several of her small girl friends a return invitation to visit her.

First of all, we decided to make this a luncheon; I have seen too many party refreshments go to waste because the excited children had no appetite for cake or ice cream. By starting the party at 12 noon, we hope the youngsters will arrive hungry enough to enjoy the luncheon.

We plan to serve to six little girls . . . chicken squares, Ritz crackers, a salad tray of celery, carrots, pickles and radishes, citrus cocktails, and for dessert, ice cream and cookies. We have made small heart-shaped stencils to fit over chicken squares and Ritz crackers; the cracker crumb topping on the squares will then be heart-shaped and so will the pink-tinted cream cheese on the crackers. The cookies, of course, will be cut in heart shapes.

Favors will be tiny corsages of rosebuds, fashioned from fiber.

Right after lunch each little girl will be shown how to make a fiber corsage for a gift for her mother. (These children are third-graders and are capable of doing nice handwork.) Fiber and directions may be obtained from most hobby shops, and the results are really eye-catching. They are simple to make, too. Have small plastic bags ready to place the corsages in, tagged and ready to deliver to Mother.

A few lively games may follow this quiet period. Arrows may be pinned on a large red heart. Smaller hearts may be "broken" into puzzles, with the first girl to paste hers together receiving a prize. Musical chairs and other indoor games may pass a few minutes.

I have learned this about parties for small fry . . . keep them short! Bring the fun to an end before the youngsters become restless. Unless the weather is suitable for a sledding session, we will close with another period of handwork, this time on marshmallows, gum drops, pipe cleaners, toothpicks, life savers, orange slices, raisins, apples, oranges, bananas and the like. Each child may assemble an animal or other figure to take home, with plenty of "ingredients" on hand for snacking, too.

Such a party is both simple and fun . . . and that's the way children like them.

ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

Many of you may remember the picture of our house here in Denver that appeared in Kitchen-Klatter. Probably you noticed immediately how poorly landscaped it was! I am overjoyed to report that something is gradually being done. Of course, we are the proverbial shoe-maker's children and it was not until last December that even a start was made on improving the sit-

uation. Several lovely balled-and-buried evergreens replaced the wrong-sized, wrong-colored shrubs across the front of the house. When Spring comes, more appropriate shrubs will be added there. Then we will start on the sides and rear of the house and along the property lines.

Evergreens are native and are used very extensively here. The strong, drying, winter winds make shrubs and trees just a little tricky. Fortunately, roses get along very well. I am very much afraid we won't have a single, early flower to enjoy this spring, and how we will miss them for we had hundreds at the old house! This sad state will last for only just this first spring. By next fall we will have all the background plantings in and can put in the bulbs. I don't think there is any flower that equals the very special joy and pleasure of the early spring blooms.

Our house did have an excellent grass lawn which has gotten very hard use this winter. The children received some fine outdoor play equipment for Christmas gifts, and the winter is so mild here that it is possible to be outdoors a great deal of the time. Emily's badminton set has provided enjoyment for all of us. Alison was given a tether-ball set, something new to me. It consists of a tall metal pole and a ball similar to a volley ball hanging by a rope from the top of the pole. Two people play and the object is to hit the ball with the fist or hand and wind the ball completely around the pole. This sounds easy but with each person hitting the ball in the opposite direction, it becomes a very strenuous game.

Clark is learning baseball with a hard plastic ball full of holes. The holes prevent the ball from being hit very far or very hard against a window or other breakable object. All this athletic activity has somewhat curtailed our exploratory ventures, but we hope to begin again soon and when we do, I'll have some information of interest to those of you who plan Colorado trips when summer comes.

Everyone speaks in glowing terms of the Colorado weather in Fall, Winter and Summer. Upon inquiry we learned that people who are able, schedule their vacations for Spring. Apparently Spring 1957 was most unpleasant for the spoiled residents who didn't appreciate one bit the very late snow storms in the city. We do know that the state government started worrying last fall about possible spring floods. 1957 yielded an unusually high amount of moisture, and the reservoirs are full before the snow-melt in the mountains has even begun. We do hope and pray that no disasters materialize and we are most grateful that we do not live on low-lying ground.

Cordially,
Abigail

Seeing ourselves as others see us probably wouldn't do much good. We would not believe it anyway.

We stamp our own value upon ourselves, and we cannot expect to pass for more.

NOTEBOOK LIBRARY

By

Erma Reynolds

Would you like a library that costs pennies but is worth its weight in gold? It's a notebook library.

Notebooks are timesavers. They provide entertainment. They're an aid when your mind plays hide and seek with your memory. They're a hostess' best friend. In fact, they can be just about anything you want them to be because you're the author.

When you store articles in the attic, pantry, cupboards and drawers, don't trust to luck that you can remember where they are the next time they're wanted. Jot down their location in a STORAGE NOTEBOOK. Make an index in the back of the book.

Create an ODDS AND ENDS NOTEBOOK. This contains crumbs of information. Is there a brand of hose that you particularly like? Jot down its name, shade and the store that sells it. Make a note of the name of an upholsterer recommended by a friend, the location of an out-of-town antique shop that you want to visit, clever names for pets, etc., etc.

A GIFT SUGGESTION NOTEBOOK is a terrific tool when buying presents for Christmas, birthdays and other anniversaries. It contains the listings of your relatives' and friends' sizes, color preferences, silver and glass patterns, home color schemes, favorite flowers, and also includes ideas for suitable gifts for specific persons. In July when Aunt Sarah mentions that she's always wanted a pink stole, note this fact in the GIFT NOTEBOOK and come Christmas or birthday, there's Aunt Sarah's gift problem nicely solved.

If entertaining is your hobby, start a HOSTESS HINT NOTEBOOK. This contains relatives' and friends' preferences and dislikes for certain foods. Also, by keeping a record of the menus you serve at company meals, you'll avoid serving repeats of food.

Do you hate to write letters because you've nothing to write about? A CORRESPONDENCE NOTEBOOK is the cure-all for this problem. Whenever a thought skimmers through your mind that you believe would interest a correspondent, jot it down in the CORRESPONDENCE NOTEBOOK on a page designated for that particular person. Include your opinions of T.V. programs, concerts, movies; a special recipe; the title of a good book you've been reading. Snip out pertinent newspaper items and clip them to the page. There's a bucketful of subjects that you can use. But—keep them where you can find them when you are ready to answer a letter—in the CORRESPONDENCE NOTEBOOK!

This lists but a sprinkling of ideas for the notebooks. Lay in a supply of loose-leaf notebooks, pencils, and paper clips and your NOTEBOOK LIBRARY is sparked for a start.

SPRING IS WHEN YOU FIND IT!

By

Lucille Gripp Maharry

On the first bright-cool day after winter's cold-and-snow routine a farm wife (and maybe a wife who lives in the city; I don't know) is likely to begin thinking about spring. It can take place as early as January or as late as—but let me tell you how it often happens to me.

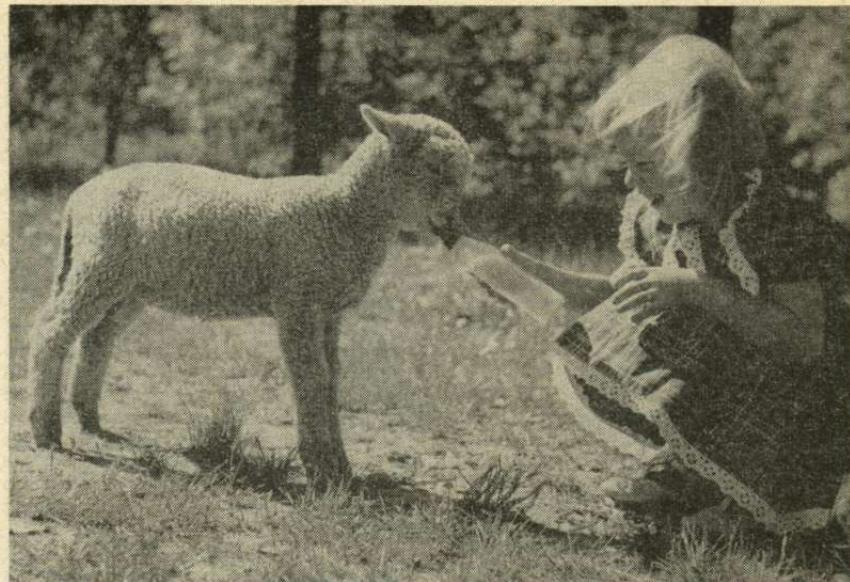
I step out onto the back porch on a morning when the air is filled with invisible diamonds, the light of which is reflected in beauty falling upon common things. I look past the screen-door which needs mending, the separator waiting to be washed, droopy houseplants I've been meaning to reset, and something undefined and undetectable, yet reliable as UNIVAC, whispers that this is spring.

A curious reversal of first happy thoughts comes upon my trek back into the kitchen. The linoleum looks not only slightly soiled but mighty worn. Curtains hang lifeless, and walls seem dingy. A glimpse of the dining room and living room beyond is not reassuring, and soon I am launched into housecleaning, as much a part of spring as robins and gardens.

Gardens! First I get out the huge packets of seeds bought sheepishly while snow was blowing, and then on a fine morning when my yearnings for green onions and lettuce and little new beans crystallize, I find myself in the garden making long rows in the soft warm earth. It is difficult to realize tiny seeds from a plain brown envelope can be coaxed by sun and wind and rain into luxuriant plants, and life-giving food. So it is with all the miracles of life. With the miracle of spring itself.

With delectable cottons and unbelievable synthetic dresses just around a breeze-laden corner, I take a second look now at magazine and newspaper diets. Their fantastic promises fail to interest me during periods of zero temperatures and snow-streaked hills, but spring—ah, spring is a different matter! I tell myself I WILL follow one of them the prescribed number of days, hoping lettuce and green onions will soon come peeking through the ground to strengthen my resolve!

Spring is a time of decisive action. A time to try the daring paint for the kitchen walls which I have mentally accepted and rejected a half-dozen times. A time to turn brilliant feed-sacks, carefully saved for several years, into striking kitchen curtains. A time to refinish a spice cabinet acquired after spirited bidding at an auction. (There are several nutmegs, one of them partly grated, in one of its little drawers; when I am forced to throw them away, I know the scent will last and last.) A time to look at my three small children and ask myself: "Will a few—just a few basic items of last year's Easter outfits be usable?" after which I make a note to visit the pattern counter and children's department of my favorite



Russell has taken thousands of pictures through the years, but this is one of our great favorites because the early Spring wind is blowing through Julian's golden hair as she holds a bottle for the little new lamb. We are using it again because through this season we get a good many letters written by women in the middle of the night while they wait to see if any tiny lambs will be brought to the house for a bottle and warm blankets.

stores. I ask myself also, "Am I doing any little thing to set apart as memorable a few hours or afternoons or days in their growing-up years?" And, finally: "Am I doing the most for my children of which I am physically and spiritually capable?"

Oh, spring is a time of wonder and excitement, of joy and rebirth, and in defiance of all calendars and schedules, it picks its own moment to enter each heart.

THE DAY THEY SOLD THE MULES

By

Elaine Derendinger

One of the saddest things about our atomic age (at least to those who were children at a time when every farm had horses and mules) is the fact that these animals can be replaced by machines. And practically all of them have been too!

I didn't think much about it when the kids came in and said that our neighbors across the road were going to sell their mules. (I was busy.) Only later did it dawn on me that I didn't know a single other family in our entire county that owned a pair.

The day the stock-truck turned into our lane I didn't want to watch, but when you know an era is ending you can't help but keep an eye out.

It was just after twelve o'clock and I could see Mrs. E. working at her sink by the window. I knew she was scraping the dinner dishes—and I imagine there were many more than usual to scrape. After all, how can you eat on the day you decide to sell two old friends?

Probably they had talked it over for weeks. At least he talked—she grew up in a day and age when women always agreed with their husbands! He probably said over and over again that

he couldn't afford both the tractor and the mules and that he could do so much more work—and faster—with only the tractor. And she would have said "yes" now and then—thinking all the while that at his age he shouldn't be trying to do more and faster work, and why did he remind her so much of a boy getting a new electric train? She probably wished some extra cash would turn up that would permit them to have both the tractor and the mules but this was highly unlikely.

Now the truck had arrived and they were removing the tail-gates so there was no use for anyone to wish . . .

Soon the men were loading the mules, and it seemed to me that they marched into the truck like two soldiers marching to the front-lines—not wanting to go, but their sense of duty urging them on.

The mules looked at Mr. E. with an odd, sad expression, and he seemed to be studying a clod of dirt intently. Mrs. E. had moved to the north window to watch. She was probably hoping they sold well, and to a kind family—not many folks used mules anymore—and that it simply didn't seem possible they'd had them for around sixteen years . . . she couldn't remember, exactly.

I could see her looking around over the farm fields. I knew she was seeing the mules plowing corn on a steamy July morning, bringing in a load of wood for the winter fires, smoothing the garden with the harrow for spring planting, and small Joey astounding the entire family by actually riding old Jack!

Mrs. E. turned from the window then, for the truck was out of sight. She lifted her apron and wiped her eyes hurriedly. The chances are that Mr. E. had never seen her cry.

But Mr. E. was walking away from the house, Mr. E. who *always* took a nap after dinner! He picked up a hammer and began rummaging in a

(Continued on next page)

box of hardware. I suppose he suddenly noticed the broken hinge on a farm building door. Everyone knows you can't have a broken hinge on *any* door.

Fixing the hinge would give him time to blink his eyes, for after all, men his age do not cry.

At that point I went to the kitchen and began wiping dishes with furious haste. In those few minutes that I had stood at my window an era had ended.

DID YOUR VISIT CHEER HER?

Concluded

of Kitchen-Klatter!) or even newspaper clippings would appeal to anyone who is ill.

Women and girls always enjoy little gifts that help them "pretty up" a bit. Hair bows, cologne, bed jackets, hand lotion or nail polish might be taken. Even inexpensive jewelry such as earrings, barrettes, or a bracelet would be nice.

Cards or letters from a school, from a club, or from any group are fun to receive, especially if a number of individuals have written a line or two. Or a group might agree upon certain days of the week for mailing a card so that the patient would look forward to receiving mail each day.

This winter when Jean Marie was ill for a number of weeks, she watched diligently for the mail man. Thoughtful friends made her happy—and me too, because when she was entertained I could get necessary work done. One day she received a get-well card with a paper doll and clothes. Another friend had clipped pictures of ponies and sent to her for her scrap book. One aunt sent her a box which she laughingly called "junk for your mother to burn." There were gummed seals, party hats and favors, an assortment of trinkets from cereal boxes, gay colored ribbons from holiday boxes,—just an odd accumulation which a six year old could put to many uses.

Perhaps you have some favorite phonograph records which you could loan in the emergency created by illness.

We usually think of visiting our ill friends to cheer them and certainly that is a fine idea. But by being thoughtful we can bring cheer to those shut-ins whom we cannot visit. After a long siege of illness such as we experienced at our home this winter, I can assure you that any little cheer which breaks the daily routine is bound to cheer those who are ill.

So do try and take a *little* of your time to bring sunshine into the day for those who cannot be free to enjoy God's wonderful sunshine.

Speak gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear.
Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.
Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well,
The good, the joy, which it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

—J. E. Utterback, Madison, Mo.

JULIANA'S LETTER—Concluded

It is very large and has a special place for the pep band and student body.

I have found that teenagers everywhere are very friendly. I find that just by speaking to these girls in other towns it is possible to make friends and almost everyone is a good sport even if his own team takes a beating. Our Shenandoah Mustangs have had to play against a twenty point lead a number of times this winter and sometimes the score has been so close that the last few seconds were almost too much!

Does everyone like a bargain as much as I do? I'm a great one for getting another bracelet (which I don't need) at half price. But who can pass by a gold slave bracelet for only a dollar? Well, I'm on a clothing allowance now and I hope to remove this temptation simply by staying away from sales. I'm afraid I'll be minus shoes or something just as important if I buy too many knick-knacks.

I hear my mother saying that it's time for lights out, so I must go to bed. Here in my room there are four birds, and believe you me, they certainly get me up in the morning if I forget to cover their cages. I have two Java rice birds and two parakeets—one is my own and the other I am keeping for a friend who is in the hospital and very ill. Both birds are blue and they surely have a lively time together since we leave their cages open and let them come and go as they please.

Seven o'clock will be here before I know it, so until April I will say "Goodbye" and thank you for the awfully nice letters you've written to me.

Juliana

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

for we aren't used to his presence enough for that and are afraid we might not watch doors closely enough. We're open for advice on parakeets so if you have any to send we would be happy to hear from you. Martin is convinced that the bird says a few words but Martin has a terrific imagination and as his mother, I hesitate to confirm this!

In this issue you will see one of the pictures taken on our vacation this past summer. We are not expert photographers but are happy that some of the pictures we took were clear enough to share with you. My, how we enjoy our pictures and I always keep a roll of film on the camera to catch anything that will mean something to us in later years.

I must close now for it is time to start lunch.

Sincerely,
Margery

Experience is not what happens to you; it is what you do with what happens to you.

A good way to widen out the straight and narrow path would be for more people to walk on it.

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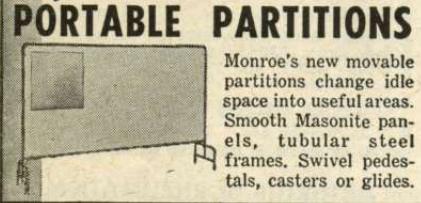


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GOOD NEIGHBORS

By
Gertrude Hayzlett

Of all the times of the year, shutins appreciate mail most during the winter when they can't get out at all and other folks can't come to see them often. Let's do our bit to bring a ray of sunshine to these folks who are really shutin.

Donald Ray Beck, 1315 Shawnee, Kansas City, Kansas was 16 last December. He has muscular dystrophy, is in a wheel chair, and has no use of his legs at all. Probably he will not be able to answer you.

Mrs. Levi Lehman and her daughter, AnnaBelle, Kidron, Ohio had polio and both are in wheel chairs. AnnaBelle was in an iron lung for a year and still has her neck, arms and legs in braces.

Mrs. Anna Richie, 1114 Hathaway, Yakima, Wash. needs some cheer. Her husband has been an invalid for years and requires a lot of care which she gives him. Now she has a severe case of high blood pressure and is almost as sick as he is.

Geo. C. Hartung, Eden Home, 631 Lakeview Blvd., New Braunfels, Texas is past 70 and all alone. He is in a wheel chair, loves to get mail and sometimes can answer.

Mrs. Jane Stubbs, County Hospital, Modesto, Calif. is completely paralyzed and cannot even feed herself. Within the last two years she has lost her husband and sister. There are no other relatives. Please send cheery letters.

Mrs. Lizzie Bouger, c/o P. O. Masonville, New Jersey is almost 88. She is bedfast and has little use of her eyes, but loves to get mail. She will not be able to answer.

Mrs. Louella Krewson, Parkview Nursing Home, Grants Pass, Oregon is 65 and has arthritis badly. She is bedfast. She is a tiny person weighing only 72 pounds, and has to lie constantly on her right side with her knees drawn up and locked in that position. She can write and her letters are most cheerful. She can also do some embroidery, although she has the use of only her left hand. Please write to her.

Mrs. Sarah Woodman, 10140 Kercheval Ave., c/o Viola Hardisty, Detroit 14, Mich. is a total shutin and has been outside of her home only once in six years. She lives alone and will enjoy mail.

Mrs. Helen Rohde, Rt. 1, Box 1570, Atascadero, Calif. is a remarkable woman. She has some sort of bone trouble and spends a good deal of her time with her leg in a cast. Some years ago she started collecting and mending dolls to give to poor children, and up to now she has given away more than 1500. If you have dolls or parts of dolls, even just a hand or foot, send them to her and she will work them into a complete doll. She also wants all sorts of materials for dressing dolls.

David E. Willson, Box 966, Athens, Texas has been in a wheel chair for 39 years. He loves to get mail but is seldom able to answer.

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

If you and I want to be reassured of the guiding hand of God through all the months and years ahead, let us turn and look back; let us observe where we have been, and we shall see that all of the twists and the turns in the trail have not been a wandering way, but a way of meaning in which all the little bits and pieces fall into a pattern that reflects the light of God's mercy and love.

Sincerely,
Frederick

THE CONTENTED LIFE

Goethe, the immortal German writer who possessed one of the greatest minds in all time, set forth these nine essentials to a full and contented life: *Health* enough to make work a pleasure.

Wealth enough to support your needs. *Strength* to battle with difficulties and overcome them.

Grace enough to confess your sins and forsake them.

Patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished.

Charity enough to see some good in your neighbor.

Love enough to move you to be useful and helpful to others.

Faith enough to make real the things of God.

Hope enough to remove all anxious fears concerning the future.

MY CHURCH

This is my Church;
a place to pray;
a place to learn
and grow - - - God's way.

This is my Church;
a place I love
from windowed cross
to spire, above.

This is my Church;
I am one part.
These hallo'ed walls
live in my heart.

This is God's home
and here lives yet
the Christ who gave all,
- - - lest we forget!

—Phyllis Pasqualetti

ROAD OF TRIUMPH

We can't leave out Our Savior
In anything we do:
His love is the foundation
Of all that's wise or true;

And through life's deepest trials
Though skies are dark as lead,
We take the road of triumph
When Jesus walks ahead.

—Lucille Gripp Maharry

Peace does not dwell in outward things, but within the soul; we may preserve it in the midst of the bitterest pain, if our will remains firm and submissive. Peace in this life springs from acquiescence, not in an exemption from suffering.

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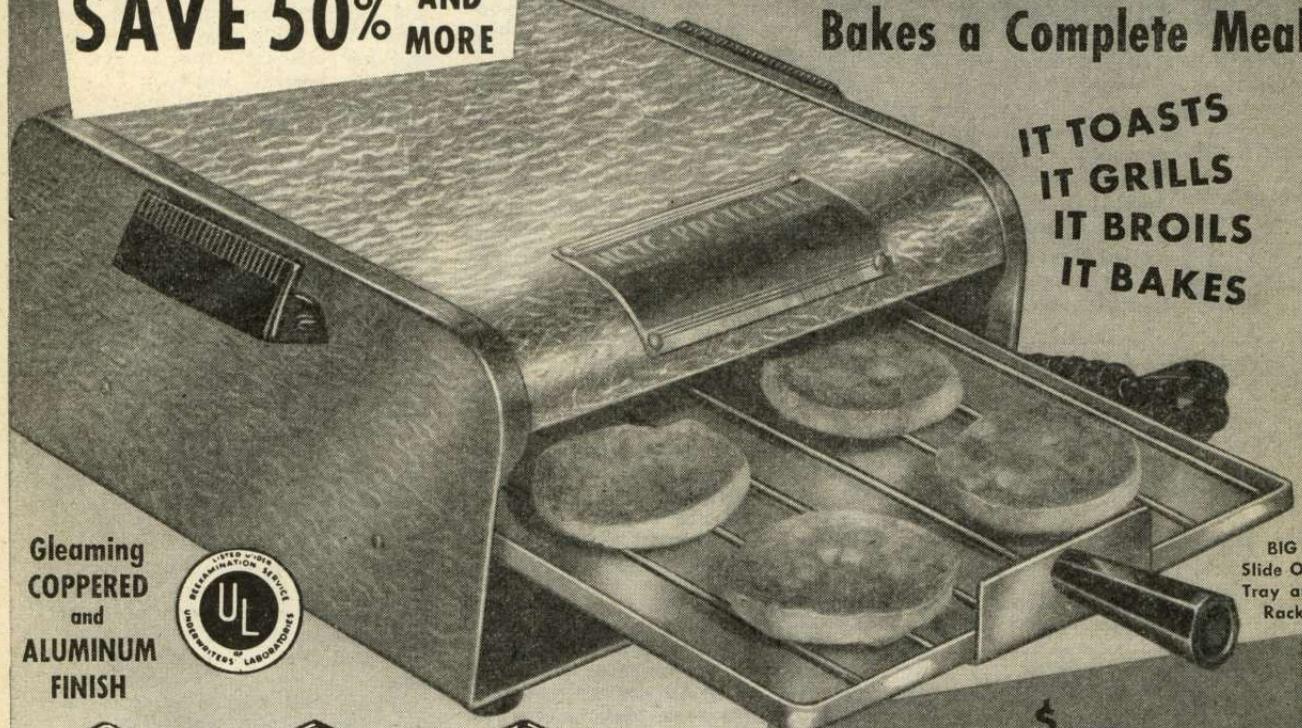
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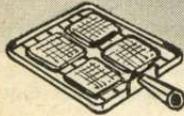
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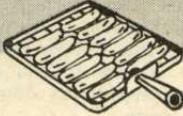
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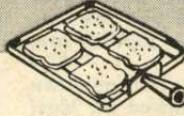
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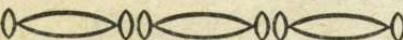
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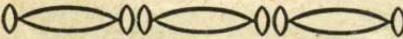
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MOM'S QUILT "PEACE"

By

Nora Butkiewicz

Flower garden . . . double wedding ring . . . nine patch . . . basket . . . necktie . . . bear paw . . . friendship . . . Joseph's coat . . . cross and crown . . . stars of various designs . . . "crazy" . . . does this collection of words tell anyone my subject?

But when I mention scraps of colorful and plain materials (left from other sewing or purchased to carry out a particular color scheme), plus millions of tiny, even stitches, everyone will know that I'm thinking about quilts and quilting.

My mother passed on last August after a full, busy, and often sad life. Today I wonder how she carried her burdens month in and month out. She bore twelve children and reared eleven of them in pioneer surroundings with very little income, and these facts meant more hardships and heartaches than we'll ever know. Church was far too distant to attend, all of our relatives were in the East, and neighbors were miles away.

How, then, did she make life bearable and more interesting?

Well, I'm sure that quilts were much of the answer. Scraps of gay material brightened her drab life. She created beauty when money often wasn't available for even the necessities of life. And certainly her handiwork served a very useful purpose, for we seldom, if ever, bought any bed covers.

Everyday quilts were tied with bright yarn while the more elaborate ones were quilted in homemade frames. Our grandma had been taught to sew in a French convent and she was very emphatic about teaching Mom, in turn, the dainty stitches that produced such beautiful work. Most blocks were sewed entirely by hand, but the machine was used for the joining and binding.

As we grew up and started our own homes, Mom's quilts followed us. Most of them were the plain, everyday type, but we each received one of her real beauties. Then as our own children started arriving she welcomed each one with soft, pretty little covers—and thirty-five grandchildren meant several dozen of those. These were a joy to her because she finally had the time and the money to make more complicated patterns and to use finer materials.

During World War One, several of her quilts were auctioned to raise money for the Red Cross, but it was only in the last few years that my sister could persuade her to enter some at County Fairs. Each time they won several prizes.

I'd like to say that a daughter or a daughter-in-law is carrying on the same beautiful work but actually, although we do make quilts, we use only the most simple patterns (plain squares of material, for instance!) and our machines do most of the work. It is just as well that the extra quilt pieces and frames were given to an old neighbor who could make fine use of them.

Quilts, then, played a very important part in Mom's life. We treasure the ones she gave to us and are thankful that the happiness she found in making them made such a tremendous difference in her life.

WORD FROM LUCILE AND UNCLE FRED—Concluded

My daughter Gretchen, although a most busy person as garden editor of Household magazine, has managed to be here on several occasions and usually stays overnight.

Mary, of course, is operating three exclusive dress shops in New Jersey and cannot come for a visit at this time. Both of her boys are in school and her husband, Jim, is also busy with his portrait work.

It was a great relief to me to receive word immediately from Louise in California telling me that she planned to fly to Omaha and would arrive the day before my surgery. She is preparing to leave as I write this, but expects to come back later.

I've been fortunate enough to have very little illness in my life, and maybe you'll be amused when I tell you that we had a most anxious moment shortly after I entered the hospital and my tray was brought. The nurse put it down and then said to me: "I'm sorry but I must inform you that you will have to remove your dentures before you eat." I had to laugh at this because I have all my own teeth and was one patient who didn't have to worry about dentures.

Uncle Fred is just as alert and competent today as he was fifty years ago and we know that with his courage and get-up-and-go he'll be back on his feet and walking again before too long.

Do try and start a letter to us before the spring work begins. We wouldn't be able to keep going without the letters that you write to us, so do see if you can at least get a few sentences down before this day is done.

Always your friend . . . Lucile

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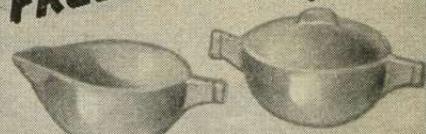
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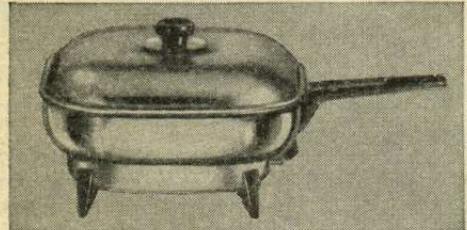
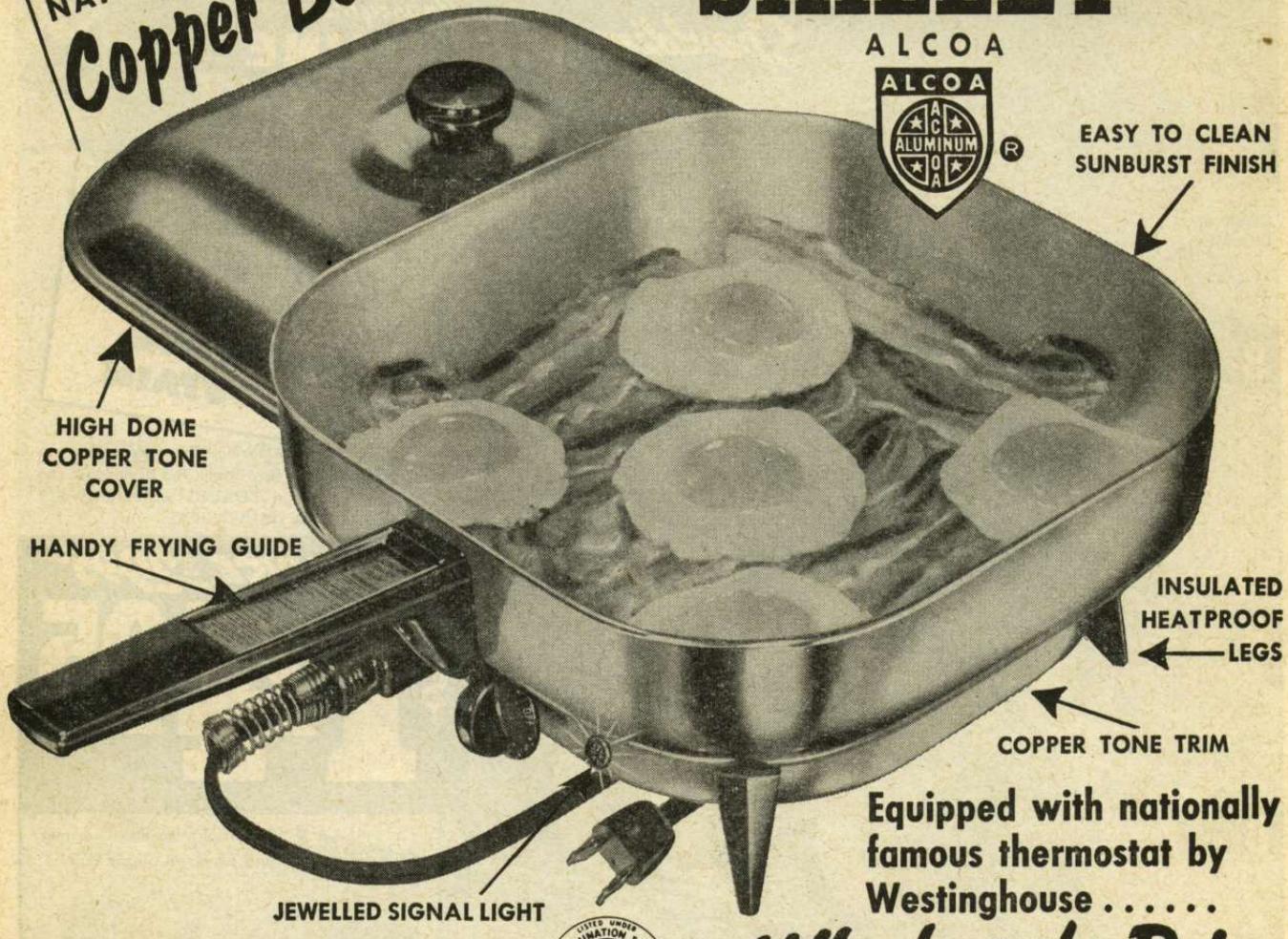
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