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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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Photo by Stern

MISS JOSIE PRANNEBECKER
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

This is a cold winter night, the wind is blowing, and all the sounds outside tell us that January is here—the days have begun to lengthen and the cold has begun to strengthen.

I told you in my last letter we'd be leaving for California right after Christmas IF our plans worked out. Well, they didn't work out. At this date we're still right here at home and probably will be for at least a little while. It's the first time we've been at home in January for a good many years and we are really enjoying it—had almost forgotten what a January in Iowa is like. As soon as Margery's back condition has cleared up we'll try to get away, but until then you can think of us snugly here in our old family home rather than in a hotel 'way out in California.

Probably our daily routine is very much like yours if you and your husband are both retired and all of the children have gone out into the world to make their own homes. We get up around 7:00 o'clock, still grateful after all these years that we have automatic heat and the house is toasty warm. Most children growing up today will take automatic heat for granted and never question a house that's warm without anyone lifting a hand, but I still remember my father starting all the fires on winter mornings back at old Sunnyside farm. And for many, many years after I was married the first sound in the morning was when Mart shook down the furnace and shoveled coal.

After breakfast we slick up the house together and I do some cooking. Then Mart goes down to the Kitchen-Klatter office around 10:30 to get our mail and pick up whatever groceries we may need. If it isn't too cold or too icy we like to get out and take a little drive in the afternoon—may go out to the farm or over to Clarinda. By 4:00 we're home again, have a light supper around 5:30 and then spend the evening reading, looking at TV once in a while, or visiting with old friends who drop in. I do most of my sewing during the day when the light is better.

As you can see, this is a very quiet routine. I wonder how it compares with yours?

Jessie is at home in Clarinda this January too after quite a few years

of being in Florida, California or back in the East with her daughter Ruth. She and Martha have a daily routine very much like ours—quiet and almost no commotion. Martha has made really remarkable progress in learning to get around again, although she had a setback last month when she slipped and fell getting into her wheelchair from her walker. Fortunately, there were no bones broken and no need to be hospitalized. Poor Martha had so many months in the hospital that it still seems wonderful to her just to be at home again.

Abigail's letter is missing this month because she and Wayne were on a vacation in Phoenix just when it was time to get things in to the printers. Abigail's brother, Clark Morrison, lives in Phoenix and she and Wayne were very anxious to visit his family and to see little Ann for the first time. Probably next month she will tell you something about their trip.

Mary Beth's letter for this issue just arrived and I can certainly imagine what they've been through at their house with little Paul having so much trouble. It's a good thing this didn't flare up while they were trying to get moved—that would have been a real struggle. I wish Mart and I were close enough to help out but feel very grateful that Mary Beth has her parents near at hand—they've always been right on deck when they were needed.

Lucile told me on the telephone just now that she told you about their big remodeling project in her letter. They're going to be pretty much torn up for a long time but have the various stages organized so it won't be too hard. I'm relieved to see Lucile have a nice modern kitchen—she does a lot of cooking and testing and I've never figured out how she managed in that cramped inefficient kitchen.

If you're a native Iowan you know how undependable the weather is, but we keep watching for a forecast that would make it seem sensible to start out for a weekend with Dorothy, Frank and Kristin. That's just about as far as we'd try to go in January. It's a temptation to look for a forecast that would permit us to go to Anderson, Indiana, but that's far enough away to let a person run into real trouble and I think we'll have to put off that trip until Spring.

On the Driftmier side of the family I can report that Mart's sister, Adelyn Rope and her husband had a wonderful trip to California over the holidays. Their two sons, Merrill and Gene, both live in Southern California and you can imagine what it meant to Adelyn and Albert to be able to spend Christmas with them and with their only grandchildren, Gene's four children. We were so happy they had fine weather to drive through and no trouble of any kind on the highway.

We had a chance to see our other Driftmier relatives over the holidays but didn't have our annual party and gift exchange. We're hoping now that we can get together and celebrate some birthdays a little later.

I have quite a few sewing projects underway—like to keep several things going to avoid getting bored with any one thing. I'm cross-stitching two samplers, working on an appliqued dogwood pattern quilt (this is for Mary Beth and Donald's new home), and helping Jessie with dresses for her little granddaughters. Lucile doesn't have time to sew anything on her machine, so I keep it up here and find it a great help when it comes to running up seams. I thought for a while I'd enjoy having one just like it, but Lucile says that would be foolish when she doesn't have time to use hers and that I can keep it "indefinitely." It would be foolish to spend money for a machine under these conditions, so I'll just go ahead and use it.

Both Christmas and New Year's are now only memories and belong to the past, but I'd like to mention a few things connected with them.

We had our annual office party just before Christmas—everyone who works with Kitchen-Klatter was there and we all had a good visit. On Christmas Eve our family went to the program at the church and then came back to our house to open gifts and have our decorated cookies and cups of piping hot coffee. It gave us a strange feeling this year not to have any little children to lend excitement to Christmas Eve. Donna is a college senior, and Juliana and Martin both seem very grown up—those are our only grandchildren here in Shenandoah. However, I must add that we carried through one tradition we've never missed: Howard received his annual pogpun!

On New Year's night Mart and I attended a club dinner at the hotel and then went to the home of one of the members to see the old year out. We hadn't been present for this annual party for ten years or more, so it was a real pleasure to attend.

I see that it's almost time for the late news and we try never to miss it. I must say goodnight—and goodbye. If circumstances permit us to go to California I'll tell you all about it next month.

Affectionately yours,

A CONTINUING STORY

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

Last month I wrote about the Chicago Temple, the First Methodist Church of Chicago. It was the story of a building: the sky chapel, the parsonage, the sanctuary. But no matter how much of a "personality" a church may possess, it is essentially the *people* who make it what it is.

Since February is Race Relations Month it seems fitting to continue the story begun last month. Certainly the story of the people who come in through the ever-open door of a city church is an absorbing one, and only space could limit the stories to be told.

Here is a glimpse of two of the people who walked in through those doors.

Alfred Wong came to the Chicago Temple for the first time because he was interested in photography. A beautiful Chinese wedding was the occasion and Alfred, a friend of the groom, came to take the wedding pictures. Dr. Goff, the minister of the Chicago Temple, was also a camera enthusiast, so after he had pronounced the young couple man and wife, he and Alfred found a quiet corner where they could examine cameras and compare notes. I was on hand for the wedding, so I met Alfred and joined with Dr. Goff in inviting him to drop into the church some time—perhaps to attend some of the young people's meetings.

Little did we know that day how much Alfred would come to mean to us and to the church! It was through knowing him and growing to love him that we found a much deeper understanding of his race.

About three weeks after the wedding, Alfred walked in with his broad smile, his happy face with glasses perched jauntily on his nose, and the ever-present camera slung over his shoulder. The young people were delighted with his ready wit (which included some horrible puns!) and his happy intelligent interest in all that went on. He came to many of our meetings and soon became a cog in the wheel of the Temple youth activities.

One of the most interesting trips our group of young people ever took was Alfred's doing. We trekked down to Chicago's Chinatown at his heels. We saw the pagodaed roofs, the small incense-filled shops, and the city hall full of ancient symbols of the Chinese people. These gorgeously-colored and delicately-fashioned wall hangings, vases and carved items were all a sample of the wonderful artistry of a great race. It was an unique experience to be in the meeting chambers of their lawmakers and we heard much of their philosophy of living. We also gazed upon the breathtakingly lovely altar which had been brought from China and placed in the city hall for the use of those who still followed the Buddhist religion.

In a small Protestant church down the street from the city hall we met and visited with the minister and a group of Chinese Christians. It was a



We think this is a lovely picture of Aunt Jessie Shambaugh and five of her little granddaughters. (See page 13 for the sixth one missing from this group.) From left to right are Cinda Shambaugh, Jennifer Watkins, Heidi Watkins, Wendy Watkins and Stacey Shambaugh. Cinda and Stacey (Bill's and Ella's little girls) are wearing the cross-stitched jumpers made by their Grandmother and Great-Aunt Leanna Driftmier.

meeting of hearts and minds as we listened to their hopes and dreams for the tiny, humble church they had helped build. Here it was that Alfred spent more of his church time, helping to build a Chinese youth group.

A Catholic mission meeting in an old unused store building was of great interest. I have been in beautifully decorated Catholic churches, but here the sacred symbols were as revered and holy as in the richest cathedral. The good people who attended that meeting impressed us with their sincerity and great desire to develop their church, although they had few material means with which to start.

Alfred had ordered a Chinese meal for us in one of the restaurants seldom frequented by tourists but a favorite of the Chinese. Oh, how we did eat! . . . soup, tiny fish cakes, egg rolls, sweet-sour pork, little pink shrimp in a sauce that defied analysis, green pepper-tomato-beef in a mixture that was taste-tantalizing, rice, tea and a final course of fresh fruit and tiny almond cookies. We felt like Chinese royalty, at least, by the time we finished!

Not long after that lovely day Alfred came to the office to tell us goodbye. He was going to be a part of the U. S. army, the army of his own country. We never saw Alfred again. He was coming home on his first furlough with radiant plans to marry the lovely Chinese girl who had been his neighbor, friend, and now his sweetheart. The train in which he was riding was wrecked and the boiler exploded, burning him so severely he lived only a few minutes.

Alfred may be gone in body, but his spirit and influence will always be with those who knew him. He taught us a rich, happy, Christian approach to life. He showed us glimpses of the beauty and value of his heritage. He proved his sincerity as an American. The little church in the heart of busy

crowded Chinatown was his last stop to the final resting place, but those of us who knew his work at the Temple knew that the story was ever continuing.

One Sunday after church a young sailor was sitting in the back of the sanctuary. Ted had the sad, lost expression of one who is alone in a large city for the first time. I invited him to be a part of the young people's groups that were meeting that day. He came. Down the street we went to a little restaurant where we all ate dinner together; then on a tour of the great University of Chicago, our afternoon tour project for that day; then to the regular evening church service; then up, up, up, the twenty-four stories to the roof of the great building to stand beside the inspiring lighted cross-topped spire. Standing beneath the bright stars with a large group of young people, Ted sang the hymns so near and dear to those who have had a meaningful church life.

Some of these young people had come from large city churches but most of them had grown up in small town or country areas. No matter where they came from, a feeling of oneness with each other and with God came over the group. No petty jealousies, no hatreds, no dissatisfactions—just a sense of the love of God and the worth of man.

When at last the day was over Ted came to me and grasped my hand with a grip which showed his depth of feeling.

"I can never thank you enough for this day," he said. "It has been a time to bring back my faith in people and let me know that God *does* care even in the midst of all this war and hate. I don't know where I'm going from here, but because I've been here I won't be afraid anymore."

I never saw Ted again. I've often

(Continued on page 13)

FROM MY DESK

By

Leanna

Question: "What have other adult children done to honor their parents on a Golden Wedding anniversary when it would be difficult to entertain on that winter date, and when it is known in advance that all of the family will be at home (from service out of the States) during the summer—about eight months before the actual date. We wish this party to be as much, or more, in honor of the parents rather than those in the service family who will be returning. It would be an Open House at a small church in the town where the parents still live. This is in no way to be a bid for gifts, but an opportunity to meet old friends and to honor the parents."—Ia.

Answer: It seems to me reasonable to go right ahead with all plans you have made for the Open House during the summer and to keep the emphasis strictly on the Golden Wedding anniversary. Old friends will be most happy for your parents that all of their children could gather, even the ones from overseas. But there won't be conflict between the two events in the minds of old friends—you are simply gathering to honor your parents at a season when it is much better for everyone concerned, and you are all happy that the family long absent can be back again.

Question: "I've always had a poor opinion of women who poked their noses in their children's lives, but believe me, I'm worried about my daughter. I taught her how to cook, clean, sew, etc., and she knows how to be a real homemaker. But I can't figure out what's gotten into her these last few years. She has three children, six, four and two, and a devoted husband, a hard-working lawyer, but I don't know how he puts up with the dirt and turmoil—or how much longer he will be devoted. He comes home dead tired at night to find the kitchen full of dirty dishes, the children all needing attention, nothing started for supper, baskets of dirty clothes all over the place, and so on. She didn't used to be so indifferent—this has been coming on gradually since the last baby was born. If I speak to her she flies off the handle—says all of her friends keep house the same way. (I've been in some of those houses and must confess she hasn't exaggerated.) I feel sorry for her husband and children, I feel ashamed for my husband and myself, and I surely hate to think what her husband's mother must be thinking when she goes there and sees her son trying to get a meal, trying to iron his shirts, etc. Please tell me what you'd do if this were your problem."—Mo.

Answer: The first thing I'd do would be to stop feeling guilty. If you gave her good training, then it's not your fault that she is such a wretched homemaker. The second thing I'd do would be to stop going there. This is her husband's problem—not yours. He

is the only one who can change things in his own home. If he gets tired enough of the situation he'll do something drastic—and she'll probably come to her senses. I think you've done far too much for your married daughter, from your account that I had to omit for lack of space, and that the best thing you can do now is to pull back, find something to occupy yourself, and let things take their own course in that house. If you keep on worrying and going by all the time to check up, the situation will get worse. Don't discuss it with anyone—not even your husband. Just find a new interest for yourself as fast as possible. You may not find this advice comforting, but I really cannot see that you have any other course of action to follow.

Question: "My husband and I are terribly upset about something that happened recently. We had heard all kinds of rumors about high school girls shoplifting and simply thought it was vicious gossip—we knew the homes the girls came from and felt there wasn't a word of truth to all the talk. Then two weeks ago I decided to give my daughter's room a thorough cleaning, and imagine my terrible shock to find several pairs of hose, perfume, a sweater and some costume jewelry buried under boxes at the back of her closet. She is only fourteen and I knew somehow that those things were stolen—she didn't have the money to buy them. I talked it over with my husband first and then when she came home that evening after school we confronted her with it. She got hysterical—we had a terrible time. All of the rumors we'd heard were true, our own girl was mixed up with it and I just can't tell you how we felt. Her father returned the things immediately and we could tell by the heartbroken way she acted that nothing like it would ever happen again. Now the other parents have gotten together and have decided each girl should go to each merchant and apologize. Our daughter says she will run away, that she'll never come back to this town again, etc., if we make her do this. I know a lot of this is desperate talk, but I also know that such things can happen—even if she didn't actually run away now she might never want to come back to her hometown again once she goes to college or is out on her own. Do you think we should force her to make the rounds and apologize, or should we tell the other parents they can do as they think best and we'll handle our own problem in our own way? Please tell us what you'd do if this had happened in your home."—Kans.

Answer: I answered this letter when it reached me, but will put down here what I told the miserably unhappy parents. It seems such things are happening all over and perhaps it might help a little bit to express an opinion. I feel that these parents know their own daughter and know better than anyone else can know what should be done. I think they should do exactly as they feel is right and not join the others if they feel it would be permanently harmful to their daughter. Most of the time I think

that parents gain by standing as a group with one course of action agreed to by all, but there are exceptions, and this is one of them. I believe they would live to regret it bitterly if they went against their own strong feelings on the matter.

Question: "We have been invited to a large church wedding the last week in December but will not be able to attend because of having relatives in our home. Is it necessary to send a gift even though we don't go? I don't know the parents of either the bride or groom—the girl is a friend my daughter made when she worked in a big office. Our daughter now lives in California and cannot attend the wedding either."—Nebr.

Answer: It seems to me that your own feelings about this should decide the matter. If we are invited to a wedding of a relative, the daughter of old friends, etc., it is taken for granted that a gift will be sent even though circumstances make it impossible to attend the wedding. In the type of case you mention where a big church wedding is given and you have so little contact with any of the people involved, I think it would be all right to acknowledge with regret your inability to attend, and to pass up buying a wedding gift.

Question: "How does a person cope with criticism without letting it get him down? We simply had to put my husband's mother in a nursing home because she needed care we couldn't give her—I have four children in school and a child at home who is the victim of cerebral palsy. My husband is an only child—there was simply no one to share the burden of her care. But we've been criticized severely by the long time family friends and it seems to be the general opinion that we weren't willing to have her in our home. This has gotten under my skin to such a point that I hate to go to public affairs or see people at club, church circle, etc. How can I get into a happier frame of mind about the whole thing?"—Mo.

Answer: You can get into a more reasonable frame of mind about this by remembering that only you and your husband really understand the situation, that you have mutually agreed upon what seemed to be your only course of action, and that your personal affairs are still your personal affairs, no matter how much speculation goes on about them. People who are doing the best they can do would do well to remember this. And the rest of us should remember constantly not to judge, lest we be judged.

THE TRAVELER

I walked a mile with pleasure,
And she chattered all the way,
But left me none the wiser,
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with sorrow,
And ne'er a word said she,
But oh! the lesson I learned from her
When sorrow walked with me.

A VISIT WITH FREDERICK

Dear Friends,

A few days ago I drove down to our old home-town of Bristol, Rhode Island to have lunch with a man celebrating his 94th birthday. Until he had a recent shoulder injury, he had not spent a day in bed for illness or accident in eighty-one years of hard living! Now how is that for a record of some kind?

When I asked him the secret of his good health and long life he replied: "Doing good for other people has done me more good than anything else. The more sorrow I have had, the more I have tried to live for others, and that is what has kept me going. Whenever I meet someone who is sick and tired of life, I just tell him to get busy doing things for other people because I know that it is the best remedy for everything that can ail a man." Don't you think he has a fine philosophy?

Of all the places I have lived in this world, I really do think that I like Bristol, Rhode Island the best of all. When I drove the 125 miles down there the other day, I honestly think that the motor in my car began to purr the moment it turned south of Providence and started to head down the bay; the sky was bluer; the air was cleaner; the sun was brighter.

As I drove along I tried to explain to myself why I feel about Bristol the way I do, and it was most difficult. Of course the people in Bristol are fine people, but that alone is not the answer, for I have lived with fine people all over the world; and the people in my church here in Springfield are as nice as any I ever have known. The Bristol scenery is superb with the magnificent views of Narragansett Bay, Mount Hope Bay, and Bristol Harbor, but I have lived in Bermuda and Honolulu and several other places where the scenery is spectacularly beautiful. One of my friends has suggested that my love for the town is a result of the perfectly delightful home in which we lived while there, but we always have lived in nice homes.

Is it possible that there is some strange quality in the air or the drinking water or the soil that gets into a person's body and gives him an attachment to some particular locality in such a way that he never feels completely at home away from that place? I don't know; I merely ask the question. Surely you know the peculiar sensation I describe, for I dare say that in your life there has been some place, some home, that your soul has never quite left.

A good friend of ours who lives on the island of Puerto Rico came to spend the day with us recently. Her husband is the manager of a large industrial plant in Puerto Rico, and she came up to New England to find a good private school for her son. The educational problem is one that has to be faced when you go to live on some distant island or in some tropical paradise.

While it is true that Puerto Rico does have some good schools, the first language is Spanish, and for one to do



The Cathcart girls are growing up too! When we first saw pictures of Kerry Lee she was just a little thing not more than two years old. We shared those pictures with you, as well as pictures of Jean Marie when she came along. They are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Cathcart of Jerome, Iowa.

his best work in colleges and universities here on the mainland, all high school work should be in English with teachers whose first language is English. Every year more and more American families are moving abroad with American industry and American missionary enterprises, and all of these families have the educational problem to face if there are children.

Most Americans like the idea of having their children learn another language while living in another country, and that is well and good, providing their children can have the best of training in their own native language too. My advice to any family with growing children is to resist the temptation to accept some high income position abroad unless one can have good educational facilities for the children in their own native language, or unless one can afford to send them back home to a good school in the States.

Have you been bothered by sonic booms out your way? Every now and then we have them here in the Connecticut River Valley. The sonic boom is a shattering concussion type noise caused by a plane flying faster than the speed of sound, and it is exactly like an explosion in its effects. Some people a short distance from us claim that their windows were cracked by sonic booms, and another neighbor says that her dishes were broken. Local military authorities have told us that there is no hope of our having fewer of these sonic booms for some time.

After all, military planes do have to fly their training missions, and training in the fast speeds of today can do nothing but result in sonic booms. The biggest danger is our coming to think that every heavy explosive sound is nothing more than a sonic boom, when actually it could be a really dangerous explosion. That very thing happened to me about three weeks ago, and it wasn't until the ambulances started to return from the fire that I learned how my so-called

sonic boom turned out to be an actual explosion.

A part of each day in the busy life of a minister of a city church is spent counseling with troubled people, and I suppose that of all the troubles people bring to my study, the most common and frequent is that of fear. Today so many people are afraid of so many things. We used to think that our ancestors lived in a world of fear with Indians, the wild animals of the unsettled lands, and the awful isolation of the homesteaders with no medical help for miles around, to keep them in a state of nerves; but today people seem to have more mental breakdowns resulting from fear than from anything else.

In my work as a minister I long ago came to the conclusion that of all the methods and techniques recommended for conquering fear, none have worked better than the positive one of creating within one's self a barrier against it. By this I do not mean an attitude of indifference like that of the Greek Stoics of old. The Stoics never rid themselves of fear; all they did was to lock the fear within themselves. Having a barrier against fear, means having something within one's life that is stronger than fear; it means having something within one's life that is greater and more powerful than fear. The Christian religion teaches that love is the only force that can manage fears.

I heard a prominent educator say that he believed in *knowledge* as the chief enemy of fear. He said that when people learn about things and know the truth they lose their fears. What utter nonsense! Don't you believe it! Knowledge may on occasion overcome fear, but generally speaking it is a miserable failure in the battle with fear.

Intelligent adults have enough knowledge to know that common garden snakes are quite harmless, that they have no teeth, and that they would not bite you even if they did have teeth, but how many intelligent adults have no fear when they pick up such a snake? Only a love of the beautiful in nature, a love for all animal life, and a love of the Creator who gave us the animals can help a person to manage the fear of snakes.

Most intelligent people know that it is far safer to fly from New York to Los Angeles than it is to drive a car; all of the accident statistics prove the superior safety of airplanes, but the fact remains that a great many people who know this are afraid to fly. The fear of flying only can be overcome by a love of the unusual, the different, the spectacularly beautiful, and most important of all, a love of God that makes faith in Him possible in the air as on the ground.

Please don't think that I am boasting of my own courage. Believe me, I have some good old-fashioned fears of my own, but I must confess that I am ashamed of them. As a minister it is my business to tell people that when we permit ourselves to succumb to fears we simply cannot manage, we

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

Well, once again I sit down to write to you with the rumpus of carpenters in the background. Just when I get a thought clearly in mind there is a stunning noise — sounds as if the roof is falling in, and that's literally about what is happening.

At this point I want to go back a little bit and tell you exactly why we are upset with a pretty extensive job of remodeling.

For many, many years there was a small room in mother's house (had been a bedroom originally — Frederick was born there) where we had the desk and microphone and carried on our daily Kitchen-Klatter visits. When the folks started going to California or Florida to spend their winters, we still continued to use that desk and microphone. This wasn't the most convenient or economical arrangement in the world.

Countless mornings I inched my way over ice and sleet to get to that microphone. Ice and sleet are bad enough for anyone, but to someone with a severe physical handicap it was extremely dangerous. Then too, the folks had to keep their big house heated all winter long, and this was an expensive proposition — as anyone can see.

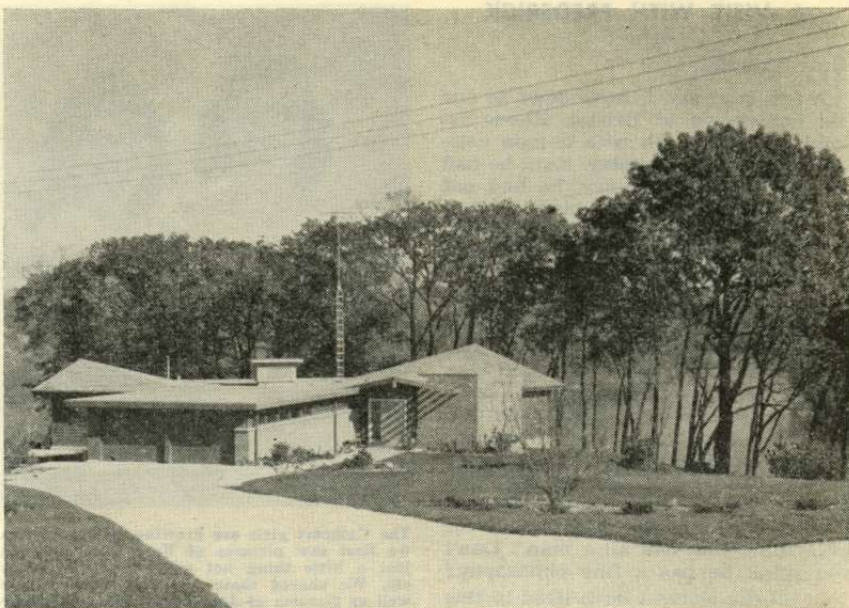
Finally we decided to settle all these nagging burdens by simply moving the broadcasting equipment down to our house, and as I said at the time I mentioned it to you originally, there really wasn't any place to put it — but we moved it anyway.

More and more equipment had to be moved in as time went along, and eventually we reached the point where we could hardly get around in our house — and I mean this literally. You've never seen more "stuff" crammed into crowded quarters in your life. We don't have a big house, and we were trying to carry on in about a tenth of the space we actually needed.

The day came when we had to sit down, look facts in the face, and make a decision. Should we build a brand new house (as so many of you have done) with room allowed for all the broadcast equipment, etc., or should we try and remodel our home to take care of all these special needs? We were torn in both directions! I'll bet that everyone who has faced the issue of "new house" or "old house remodeled" has gone through exactly what we went through. There seems so much to be said on each side of the argument.

People pointed out to us repeatedly what we already knew: if we remodeled we'd still have an old house when we got through and this wasn't desirable from the financial viewpoint. On the other hand, if we built a new house and had the kind of room we needed for our particular purposes, we'd be up against the kind of expense that made our heads swim just to think about it.

It took us several months to come to a final decision, a decision that



Last month we had a picture of Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger and her family taken outside the front door of their new home in Iowa City. Here is the house, and if you read Margery's description of it in a recent letter you can see how it overlooks the Iowa river.

didn't make "business sense". We loved our old house. We loved the huge trees on our street, the hill, the settled, comfortable old-fashioned feeling of the neighborhood. We loved our garden. All of it felt like HOME. And somehow we felt too old to try and start from scratch in a new subdivision without trees, without plantings of any kind.

So . . . we decided to remodel our old house and stay right there. And that's exactly what we are going to do.

Among the people I feel sorry for right now are the men who slaved over the drawing board and poured sweat while they tried to figure out how we could gain space and end with something that looked halfway decent. I'll bet they felt real despair when they stood across the street and studied our steep pitched roofs and jogs and angles and tried to figure out how to tie them together with new roofs and angles! In fact, I know they felt real despair because they went through a fit when they couldn't figure out an answer of any kind!

Eventually, however, they produced a plan, tailored to our needs, that gave hope of turning out something that wouldn't look like a monstrosity. I put it this way because not until the entire thing is completed will it look "tied together" — and it won't be completed for about a year or so. Until that time the house will look lop-sided and I mention this for the benefit of people who will drive by in the next few months and stare at the place and wonder what in the world Russell and Lucile are thinking about anyway!

The first major change is underway right now — that's why the thumping and pounding I mentioned earlier. We are building on at the front of the house an area that will be used for broadcasting Kitchen-Klatter. This means a sound-proof room so you

folks who are taking down recipes won't suddenly hear the milk man shout: "How many quarts today, Lucile?" Our desk, the microphones and a bookcase will be in that room. In an adjoining room there will be all the mechanical equipment it takes to send Kitchen-Klatter out to you.

This section is by far the most important part and of course it is being done first.

Along with many other problems we had the big problem of our lot. If you have space galore you don't have to fret over every inch, but our lot made it necessary to hoard every inch and try and use it to the best advantage. We could build on to the back of the house only to a certain point without destroying our garden, and those of you who have visited our garden in years gone by will understand why we hated to tear it all up. We had to use some of the space (and we will) but the only way we could get in everything was to build on at the front too, and that is what we are doing right now.

When spring comes we will use some of the garden space at the back of the house for a new bedroom and bath. I'm frank to say that I've reached the point where I think twice before I trudge up and down a steep staircase. I need a downstairs bedroom for what people call "the long pull" and that's what I'm going to have.

I also need to be able to do a laundry without trudging up and down a steep staircase to the basement. That is why I will have a new room built on upstairs big enough for a combination kitchen and utility room. Anyone who has ever seen my kitchen will agree that it stands in need of improvement! It is small and, with the exception of a double sink we installed ten years or so ago, exactly the way it was when it was built in 1900 — almost sixty years back.

I don't need to tell you folks that

(Continued on page 20)

Games For February Fun

GEORGE WASHINGTON GAME

Use the letters only as many times as used in George Washington.

1. What tree do you find in George Washington?
2. Part of a door.
3. Meaning impetuous.
4. To overeat.
5. An alcoholic liquor.
6. Kind of a fruit.
7. A man of extraordinary stature.
8. A rodent.
9. Two insects.
10. Two musical instruments.
11. A flower.
12. A former President.
13. A small bird.
14. By birth.
15. To suggest.
16. Material of no value.

Answers

1. Ash. 2. Hinge. 3. Rash. 4. Gorge.
5. Gin. 6. Orange. 7. Giant. 8. Rat.
9. Gnat. Ant. 10. Organ. Horn. 11. Rose. 12. Grant. 13. Wren. 14. Nee. 15. Hint. 16. Trash.

PRESIDENTIAL NICKNAMES

1. Rail Splitter of the West
2. Hero of New Orleans
3. Rough and Ready
4. Canal Boy
5. Tippecanoe
6. Honest Abe
7. Rough Rider
8. Father of His Country
9. The Sage of Monticello
10. Old Hickory

Answers

1. Lincoln; 2. Jackson; 3. Taylor; 4. Garfield; 5. Harrison; 6. Lincoln; 7. Theodore Roosevelt; 8. Washington; 9. Jefferson; 10. Jackson.

HEART TOSS

Get wooden cubes and mark the sides with the letters H-E-A-R-T-S. It requires six cubes for a set. Have one set for each table. Each player, in turn, throws these cubes out on the table. The following is the score:

H	5 points
H-E	10 points
H-E-A	15 points
H-E-A-R	20 points
H-E-A-R-T	25 points
H-E-A-R-T-S	50 points

If the player turns up two H's he is not entitled to score 10; nor is he entitled to 20 points if he turns up two H-E's on one throw. However, if he turns up three H's he cancels all the score he has made up to that point.

WINK

This is a real "old-timer" and perhaps many of you will remember it from your childhood.

Chairs are arranged around the room with a man behind each chair. In all but one of the chairs your young lady guests are seated. Each man keeps his hands on the back of his chair, except when trying to prevent the lady sitting there from leaving him for the winker. The man with the empty chair makes an effort to get a partner. This he does by winking! When he winks at a lady she must immediately make an effort to get up and move to his chair. The man in whose chair she is sitting tries to

prevent her from getting up. If he puts his hands on her shoulders before she rises she must stay. The winker keeps at it until he succeeds in getting someone's partner.

KING AND QUEEN OF THE KEY (A good mixer)

A King and Queen are selected, then someone starts the game by appearing before the royal pair. If it is a girl, she goes to the King, who whispers in her ear something to do with a key that he gives to her. She looks around the room and gives the key to some man. He goes to the Queen, who whispers instructions to him. He gives the key to a girl, and, thus the game continues. Finally, the King and Queen call a halt and the fun begins. The first person has to tell why she gave the key to the one whom she selected. The second tells why he gave it to the third, and so on. Sometimes the reason is complimentary; sometimes it is not. But it is always done in fun. "Because he has the most manly bearing." "Because she has the prettiest eyes." "Because he is the wittiest." "Because she is wearing a blue dress." "Because he is wearing a red tie." "Because he has the biggest feet." These are a few suggestions.

SWEETHEART TELEGRAMS

Guests are asked to write a ten-word telegram, each word starting with the letters in the word "sweetheart" and they must be in the correct order. After a given length of time the telegrams are collected, the group deciding on the best, most interesting or amusing telegram.

HEART DARTS

Cut out of red cardboard a heart about two feet in diameter. On this mount small white hearts about four inches in diameter. These have the following inscriptions: 1. Single Blessedness; 2. Acquaintanceship; 3. Friendship; 4. Love; 5. Courtship; 6. Proposal; 7. Engagement; 8. Marriage.

In the center mount a black heart with the word "Refusal." The board is erected about seven feet away from the dart-thrower. Darts can be secured at most toy stores or can be made of a cork, pin, and paper.

Each person is given eight darts and permitted to try making the round of hearts up to "Marriage" without hitting the black heart. If a person succeeds the first time he is given a special prize. No person is allowed more than three trials. If, on the second or third trial he succeeds, he is given a small token of achievement.

CROSSING THE DELAWARE

Mark a winding river three feet wide across the room. This could be done with chalk or string. The players march in a circle in rhythm to music from the piano. Any patriotic song might do. When the music stops, players all stop immediately. (No cheating!) Anyone in the river is out.

CHERRY CARRY

This season of the year you could use cranberries in place of the cherries. Each player dips his hand palm down in a bowl of cranberries. He carries as many cranberries as he can hold on top of his hand once around

the room and back to the bowl. Where desired there may be two sides and two bowls for each group—one from which each player dips and another into which he drops all he returns. In this latter case the side wins that has the largest number of cranberries in the return bowl.

DIGNIFIED MEETING

The company seat themselves so that each can whisper to his neighbor on his right. When all are ready the whispering begins: each one tells his neighbor to do some absurd thing. When each has received a commission the leader announces, "The meeting has begun." All join hands and solemnly shake them, after which no one must speak or laugh. Each one in turn performs his commission with great solemnity. Anyone who laughs or speaks pays a forfeit. This can end up with great hilarity for all.

CONFESSIONS

One person whispers to each member of the group the name of some person. Another person whispers to each person some location, such as, "in a tree," "on top of the roof," "on the beach," "on the Queen Mary," "in church," "in New York City." Still a third person whispers to each one some activity, such as "feeding the elephants," "eating an ice cream cone," "dancing the Highland fling," "giving the eye," "flirting."

Now each person must "confess" with whom he was, where he was, and what they were doing. Naturally some of the results will be absolutely ridiculous!

FAMOUS AFFINITIVES

1. Anthony and
2. Ice cream and
3. Shoes and
4. Cap and
5. Thunder and
6. Crackers and
7. Good and
8. Bow and
9. Soap and
10. Pen and
11. Romeo and
12. Amos and
13. Samson and
14. Hit and
15. Fair and

Answers

1. Cleopatra; 2. Cake; 3. Stockings; 4. Coat; 5. Lightning; 6. Cheese; 7. Evil; 8. Arrow; 9. Water; 10. Ink; 11. Juliet; 12. Andy; 13. Delilah; 14. Run; 15. Warmer.

WHO ARE THEY?

According to popular expression, men's names belong in the blank. Can you guess who they are?

1. Doubting
2. Home
3. Handy
4. Sunny
5. on the spot
6. G. I.
7. Let do it
8. Good time

Answers

1. Thomas
 2. James
 3. Andy
 4. Jim
 5. Johnny
 6. Joe
 7. George
 8. Charley
- Betty Cooper

AN UNUSUAL EASTER EGG TREE

By

Mildred Cathcart

One of the most colorful, and probably one of the largest of all Easter Egg Trees was the outdoor tree decorated by Mrs. Emery Buban of Brazil, Iowa.

We are all accustomed to seeing outdoor Christmas decorations, but the rest of the year there are very few things for passer-bys to enjoy. This seems a shame when you stop and think how much pleasure people get from seeing something unexpected — and unusual.

Mrs. Buban used the many sprouts of what had once been a large tree and trimmed all of these sprouts so they were very shapely. You may not have anything of this kind in your yard, but any nice-sized shrub would serve just as well for your own outdoors Easter egg tree.

It certainly isn't too early right now to begin saving eggs for this purpose. Easter falls on March 29th in 1959 and the chances are you'd like to have your "tree" all finished by Palm Sunday, March 22nd.

The eggs on the tree photographed above made a wonderfully colorful sight. There were almost six-hundred of them and they ranged in color from pastel blue, pink, orchid, yellow and green to brilliant shades of red, orange and purple. Some are plain and others have designs of stars, circles, diamonds, crosses, stripes and other patterns.

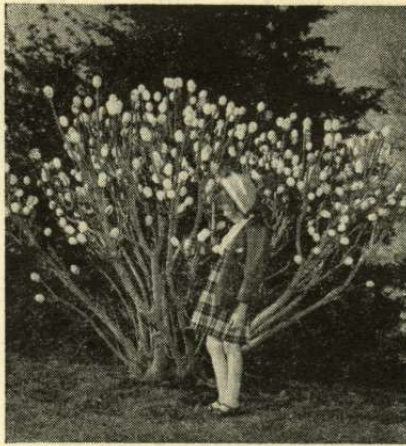
Mrs. Buban discovered that the usual dyes washed off during rains (and you can almost depend upon rains in early spring) and also tended to sun fade. As a result of this discovery she decided to use crayolas to color the eggs — and plans this Easter to try some glossy enamel. Needless to say, the decorated eggs are saved from year to year.

Mrs. Buban says: "I just simply put a little hole in the bottom end or the weakest end of the egg. I use a paring knife and have the eggs at room temperature; they must be fresh too so the egg white will drop out first. Then I break the yolk with a sharp knife, shake the egg a little, and it will come out. I've made many an angel food cake with the whites taken out in this way, but I want to warn people not to try any of this if they're in a hurry — it just can't be done."

"I wash the egg shell, rinse it, dry and then color it. When the shells are done I store them in two 50 lb. lard cans in the basement."

It would be my guess that most people never dreamed of making an outdoors Easter egg tree. You can't imagine the attention Mrs. Buban's tree stirred up! Countless carloads of people drove by, stopped, stared, and then drove by again. Many of them came to the door and asked Mrs. Buban if those were *really* eggs! And three photographers came to get pictures.

Sprouts are the easiest to work with, of course, since the shell can simply



Here is the unusual Easter Egg Tree described by Mildred Cathcart. (That's Jean Marie Cathcart standing in front.) Road widening may have destroyed the sprouts by this date.

be stuck into the top of the sprout; but if you don't have sprouts, the shells can be attached to the shrub or small tree branch by running a string or ribbon through holes in each end of the egg and then tying it to the branch.

An outdoors Easter egg tree would be a wonderful family project. Each year more shells can be decorated and added. Why don't you be the first in your neighborhood to brighten the week between Palm Sunday and Easter by having a gay, brilliantly decorated tree?

COVER PICTURE

It's really quite a job to know just how to begin to account for everyone in this picture! Aside from Frederick's and Donald's families and Frank, Dorothy's husband, it is the Driftmiers as they were on Thanksgiving Day in 1958.

Sitting on the floor from left to right are Clark Driftmier, Martin Strom, and Alison and Emily Driftmier.

Mother and Dad (Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Driftmier) are seated in the middle. Abigail Driftmier is perched beside Mother, and Donna Lair (Howard's and Mae's daughter) is next to Dad.

Then beginning at the left side and going straight across are Russell and Lucile Verness, Margery and Oliver Strom, Juliana Verness, Wayne Driftmier, Mae Driftmier, Kristin Johnson, Howard Driftmier — and right in front of Howard, Dorothy Johnson.

We hope to have our entire family together within the next year or two, and at that time I guess we will simply have to move out of the folks' living room and go down to the photographer's studio, because I hardly know where we could put nine more people.

We were a happy group when this picture was taken — felt that we had a great deal to be thankful for on Thanksgiving Day.

—Lucile

I TAKE IT ALL BACK

By

Mary Alice Hart

"Now *that's* the thing to do!" my husband said approvingly. I'd been housecleaning, and had just dumped a load of old household account books in the trash basket. His approval made me feel very good.

The next morning, after I'd had an excellent night's sleep in spite of sore muscles, I thought differently.

"I'll just look them over before I burn them," I decided.

Picking one up, I turned to an item: December 14, 1938. A leather briefcase, \$3.69. I'd saved for three months to 'surprise' my husband at Christmas with that briefcase. Memories flooded back: a lonely young couple new in a strange town. The commemorative stamps I'd found in a drawer corner which led me to buy a small stamp album; within a week, he'd found a Stamp Club, and we had new friends. I could see him that Christmas Eve with the briefcase bought for him to transport his albums to meetings. He paraded the livingroom in his underwear saying he looked like a banker. And was I proud of my present!

I picked up another book. Monday, January 1940: jute webbing \$.35. That was a cold housebound week, that January. I'd spent it rebuilding the sagging springs in the wing chair that came with the furnished apartment. September 8th, 1940 showed \$5.00 received from a Mrs. Keith. What a lot of fun: I'd dressed several antique dolls for her, and actually gotten paid for it! H'Mn-n. 25¢ for candlewick yarn. That would either be for the rug I was still using in my bathroom, or to finish the unbleached muslin draperies finally discarded just two years ago.

A laconic note across the top of September, 1941—"Absent from September 15th to November 19th, operation." Well, I could sit all day and think about that!

I turned to the back of one of the books at random. There were two lists, on opposite pages: Wants, and Gots. Running down the lists, often the "Gots" didn't tally with the "Wants" at all. Sometime it was because by the time I got the article, I'd changed my mind and found I needed something different. Sometimes it was some article of luxury, like the Numdah rug, that just wasn't necessary.

I closed the books. I'd had the time of my life for a half-hour. I'd find a corner in the attic for them; they were too much a part of me to discard. Someday, someone else could laugh over them. Or burn them. As they chose.

Not what we have, but what we enjoy constitutes our abundance.

Everything that happens to us leaves some trace behind; everything contributes imperceptibly to make us what we are.

A REPORT FROM OUR ANDERSON DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

This month I'm writing my letter to you late in the evening after the children are sound asleep. And for Paul this means *deeply* asleep because he considers any household sound as a signal that he should hop up in bed and peer down the hall in an attempt to investigate.

I'm disappointed to find that even in our comparatively large house I must still hold my activities to a whispered pitch while he is napping. Apparently I have been blessed with a child who sleeps unusually lightly, and in the interests of getting anything done while he is asleep I'll gladly learn to live with his peculiarities rather than insisting that he learn to live with what I consider normal household clatter.

So much has happened to us since I last wrote to you and I regretfully add that a great deal hasn't transpired. In the "hasn't transpired" department I must report that I have not yet finished my drapery making that I had such high hopes of completing before we even moved! I've decided now to try my hand at making Austrian Shades to hang at the French Doors in the dining room.

However, this was all interrupted by a rather sudden decision to put Paul in the hospital. He has had a cyst where he sits ever since he was born and the doctors had hoped to delay any surgery until he was at least a year old, but it was becoming so painful for him that we decided not to delay any further. Within two weeks' time we had a surgery date scheduled for him and the evening of the same day he was operated on he was eating his normal diet and looking much like his normal self.

Among the other factors responsible for delaying my curtain making was the endless number of hours we spent the first months after we moved wiping the condensation off of the windows. New plaster is very wet for months after it is put on, I learned, and we had no storm windows. Certainly we had no idea of the difficulties that lay in store for us when the weather turned so unusually cold! And to these complications must be added the fact that my electric dryer is not vented outside and all this moisture is poured into the house. Under normal conditions it tends to keep the humidity of the house at a comfortable level, but for many weeks we didn't have "normal" conditions.

Much to our dismay we read that several of the major glass producers were out on strike and the storm window and automobile window manufacturers were suffering the greatest. And indeed, they were. We had no storm windows for what seemed months. Every day, many times each day, we took a sponge and a large pan and wiped the collected water from the window sills and the floor where it was collecting and spilling and dripping. It would have been tragic to have allowed the beautiful Philippine ma-



Well! The big pile of sacks you see here are U. S. mail sacks and they're filled to the brim with copies of Kitchen-Klatter. A few minutes after this was taken a large truck pulled up to start loading the sacks for their trip to the Shenandoah postoffice. From there they start out to every state in the Union, plus many foreign countries as well.

hogany woodwork to darken from having water stand on it. Sometimes at night we would hear the sound of gently running water where one of the windows had finally filled to the spilling-over stage! Several of the plastered areas under these windows finally developed fine cracks from the dampness and the freezing temperatures.

However, this is the only disappointing element about our new house. I simple love it! Donald does too, but I am at home so many more hours compared to what he can spend here that I feel I can speak more from experience.

The first weeks were tiring. I discovered that there were a great many more steps from the kitchen to the baby's room and back than I was accustomed to. In fact, I felt exactly like a mail man on a new route! The utter quiet is like unto nothing I've ever experienced. After I put the children down for their naps or after they're in bed at night the complete peace and quiet is like a salve that calms my frazzled nerves. Other than neighbors there is only about one car per day that drives down our street. We have more four-legged neighbors than people, almost, since all the people live 'way down the street. During the snows Katharine and I put out bread crumbs, and the variety of footprints of animals and birds that we observed was fascinating. We've decided that we have field mice and rabbits and many other creatures (I hope to learn about them eventually) visiting us with regularity during the dark hours. There are dozens of squirrels, of course, but I haven't seen them too close to the house as yet.

From the window over my kitchen

sink I can see a full mile to the next county road where I can watch my friend Mr. Pettigrew hauling his heavy farm machinery from one field to the next as he picks last fall's corn. All of this remoteness would doubtless be another story were it not for the fact that I now have a run-about second-hand car, or fourth or fifth-hand car for all I know. We were able to pick it up *very* reasonably and I suspect now that it was because we found the radiator peppered with holes. It ceased being a bargain the minute we made our discovery.

We've passed a milestone with Paul. One evening at supper I unwittingly offered him some table food because he was particularly fussy and I hoped to appease him momentarily. I did, all right! He decided right then that what we were eating was much more flavorful than what he was being offered and he hasn't felt the same toward baby food since that night. I wouldn't care if he ate table food except that for four months now he hasn't produced any new teeth with which to chew these coarser foods. He loves the sugared breakfast cereals. I pour a little mound of these on his high chair tray and while I fix breakfast he's busy popping little bites into his mouth. Cottage cheese is another of his favorites as is broccoli and hot dogs and peanut butter sandwiches and raw carrots. He really does a pitiful job eating raw carrots but he seems to love chewing on them. Perhaps it is because they are cold and hard against his gums. In the meantime, while we wait for more teeth to come forth, particularly some big grinding-type back teeth, we are struggling to get him to accept *some* baby food. It goes without saying that he eats things other than what comes from the refrigerator. Paper, carpet fuzz, the plastic covering around the baby bed bumper, and worst of all, flowers!

One afternoon I had left him with my mother for his nap but unbeknownst to her he had pulled himself to a standing position in the portable crib and was enjoying a snack on the tenderest, most budded tip ends of her Christmas Cactus. This beautiful plant blooms *once* a year, near Christmas. Fortunately, there are no spines on it at all. It is a member of the cactus family by virtue of its name only. Mother heard activity in the room before it was too late and when she found Paul his mouth was green with bits of leaves and the plant was drooping sadly where he had snatched several of the blooms from it.

While I'm on the subject of food I'll tell you about a resolution that Donald and I made, and it wasn't for New Year's. It was our turning-over-of-a-new-leaf since we were in a new house.

We have had the constant worry about the amount that Katharine eats or, more accurately, doesn't eat. We went from one week to the next changing tactics trying to get her to eat *something*. We tried everything from feeding her, which wasn't bad while she was an infant, to threatening her with a spanking. (This sounds

(Continued on page 19)

A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Looking out my west office window at the clear blue sky and the bright, bright sunshine you would think that it is a spring day, but—the thermometer has a different story to say! Martin rode back down the hill to school with Oliver. As he went out the door I told him to come right straight home at four o'clock for he must change the bulletin board in the kitchen. This is the time of the year that we start looking for items of interest in newspapers and magazines about Lincoln and Washington.

Our interest in Lincoln and Lincoln history is especially keen because of an incident which took place back at the time of the Lincoln-Douglas debate in Galesburg, Illinois. When Grandmother Field was a teen-age girl she rode a horse in the parade for Lincoln. Her home was in Toulon, which was nearby, and she, along with some other young people, rode ahead of Lincoln and scattered flowers. There is also the story that her father, Great-grandfather Eastman, was given a handsome jack-knife by Lincoln, but no one knows just what became of that knife. Think what a treasure it would be today!

This past summer Aunt Jessie Shambaugh was invited by a dear friend in Galesburg to come to the Centennial of the Lincoln-Douglas debate, one of the outstanding events of the year. It rained heavily most of the time, but no one seemed to mind because of the greatness of the occasion. Carl Sandburg was there and made a thrilling speech. He is acknowledged as the peer of the Lincoln biographers. The debates and events were re-enacted and perhaps sometime Aunt Jessie can fill you in on all of the details of that experience.

As we reread Lincoln's speeches and addresses we notice how applicable they are to our times and it would be well if we would all read as many of them as we can lay our hands on this year. And even better—if you haven't as yet decided where you will take your family on a vacation this coming summer, why not start planning a trip to the "Lincoln country?" In the October 1957 issue of our magazine I told you about the trip we made to these Lincoln shrines in Illinois.

Dad's Christmas gift to himself (!) this year was a sidewalk snowplow. Oliver and Martin have been taking care of their sidewalks these last few years, and since we have so much walk to scoop too, Dad felt that there should be such a piece of equipment in the family. To date we have not had a real deep snow but perhaps by the time you read this we will have put the plow into good use. The neighbors between the folks' house and our house will receive some benefit from it too, no doubt!

As you read last month, I've been having some trouble with my back. Consequently I've missed most of my church and club activities. Usually in my February letter I have some special programs or events to report, but



We think this is a very good picture of the Denver Driftmiers. It was snapped at the folks' house on Thanksgiving day, 1958. From left to right are Alison, her parents, Abigail and Wayne, then Clark and Emily. (It gave Emily's Aunt Lucile quite a start to see once again the "Alice in Wonderland" dress she'd made for Juliana years ago!)

I'm hoping that soon I can resume meetings and bring you up to date on that score.

One thing that we had hoped to accomplish this month was the remodeling of Martin's room, but since I haven't been up to par we have postponed the work until a better time.

I don't know when we, as a family, have done as much reading as we have done this winter. Martin received several books for Christmas and Oliver and I have made countless trips to the public library, as well as reading some of our own new books. I believe books are one of the greatest comforts an only child can have and the way Martin's tastes have changed it is certainly a sign he is growing up. As a matter of fact, it is a race to see who can get to the morning paper first for Martin is fast becoming interested in current events.

Things are so different for boys now than when our brothers and fathers were young. They used to walk miles to a creek or pond to ice skate, or pull sleds to the outskirts of town to find a little travelled road for sledding. Now some towns have such places accessible within the city limits. Sometimes low spots are flooded for skating and streets roped off for sledding.

The big excitement around our house has been the "secret room"! We have a very dark store-room which is really an unfinished room under one of the sharp gables. The boys have played in it occasionally and fixed it up as a little clubroom. One afternoon Martin came bolting down the back staircase with the news that there was a small crawl space into

another room about the same size. He couldn't see into it very well, but he was sure that it was about the same size as the store-room. We had some difficulty locating the flashlight (which is *always anywhere* but where it *should be*) and back upstairs we went to see what we could see! Yes, there was another room under another gable that the boys *could* get into, but no flooring—just beams and under the beams some lath and the kitchen ceiling.

Well! It was the perfect time, I decided, to tell the boys about the experience Aunt Helen Fischer had when she was entertaining a young man caller. Mother (Granny Driftmier) missed a board while playing hide-and-seek in such an unfinished room and poked a leg right through the ceiling above Aunt Helen and her company! I repeated this story to the boys at least four or five times, each time with greater emphasis. They decided that the two of them had better put in a floor before they found themselves having to put in a new ceiling which would take several years' allowance. The upshot of the thing is that they scoured the neighborhood for old boards, old doors, etc. and Oliver helped them lay some sort of floor for this now very, very secret room! There are secret knocks and secret codes before you can enter.

I think the funniest part of the story is the set of rules that apply to the very small membership of Martin's club. Since it is his house, he was made president, naturally. Rule number one is: "Don't laugh at the president." Apparently, the boys' meetings

(Continued on page 14)

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

FOR A COOKBOOK

A lovely wife the girl will make
Who loves a home and likes to bake.
The dainty dish she does aspire,
What more can any man desire?
Man's heart is aptly spoken of—
When full of food he's full of love!
'Tis seldom that a man will raise
His voice in culinary praise;
The proof of anything she'll fix
Is given when the bowl he licks!

(The above verse was written by a friend many years ago when she first started keeping house—and didn't dream that someday she would copy it in cookbooks for each of her three daughters!)

EVELYN'S SPECIAL CHICKEN PIE

Place a stewing chicken in the pressure cooker with 1 1/2 cups hot water, 3 celery tops, 1 Tbls. salt and 1 bay leaf. Cook at 15 pounds pressure for 40 minutes. (Stew until tender in more water if you do not have a pressure pan; takes 3 to 4 hours.)

When the chicken is done, strain the broth and cool. Melt 7 Tbls. butter or chicken fat in a saucepan. In a small bowl combine 7 Tbls. flour, speck of pepper, dash of mace, 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce and 1 cup light cream or top milk. Stir this into the melted butter or fat, and 2 cups of the chicken broth. Cook, stirring, until it thickens.

While making the sauce, cook 12 small onions until almost tender.

Remove the skin and bones from the meat. Cut the chicken into a 2 qt. casserole (or a large 9 by 13 baking dish will do very nicely) and pour the sauce over the chicken. Arrange the small onions on top.

Have prepared the following biscuits:

CARROT BISCUITS

Use your favorite biscuit recipe or: 2 cups biscuit mix combined with 1/2 cup grated raw carrot. Use enough milk to make a workable dough. Cut with a doughnut cookie cutter so a small hole remains in the middle. Place on top of chicken mixture. Brush top with light cream.

Bake 20 to 25 minutes, or until biscuits are nicely brown, in a hot oven—425 degrees.

Meanwhile, cook 1 package of frozen peas or heat 1 can of peas.

After draining, seasoning, and buttering the peas, heap a spoonful in the center of each biscuit just before serving. Remaining peas may be served in a separate dish.

Kitchen-Klatter Proudly Announces Triplets!

We have three wonderful new Flavorings to add to our family of the finest Flavorings you'll ever use:

CHERRY ORANGE BANANA

Months of testing are done and now we're ready to share these with all you good cooks. Look for these new Flavorings today. They should be on your grocer's shelves along with Kitchen-Klatter Vanilla, Lemon, Almond, Maple, Black Walnut and Burnt Sugar.

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.25 for any 3 flavors, 3 oz. bottles, pp. to

KITCHEN-KLATTER SHENANDOAH, IOWA

Please send us your grocer's name

GUMDROP COOKIES

1 cup sugar
1/2 cup shortening
1 egg
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
2 1/2 cups flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1/4 cup milk
1 cup diced gumdrops (no black ones)
1/2 cup chopped nuts
Cream sugar, shortening, egg. Add salt and flavorings. Sift flour and baking powder together and add. Stir in milk, gumdrops and nuts.

Line a baking sheet with waxed paper. Grease well. Drop cookies by spoonful, flatten and brush with cream. Sprinkle with colored sugar, if desired. Bake at 400 degrees for 10 minutes.

Evelyn says: "We like this best with just orange slices. Sometimes I add a few chocolate chips along with the orange slices and think they are very good. These are so delicious warm that I often put some in the double boiler to reheat just before serving."

MIRACLE PEANUT BUTTER FUDGE

2 cups white sugar
2/3 cup milk
Boil to soft ball stage, remove from fire and add:
1 cup marshmallow cream
1 cup crunchy peanut butter

Mix well and pour into buttered pan. Cut in squares when cool. Mix this fast as it hardens quickly.

PERFECT SALAD

This is another one of Evelyn's top favorites. It is elegant eating, easy to prepare early and just right for any dinner when you're putting your best foot forward. (Would make splendid club refreshments too.)

2 3-oz. packages of cream cheese
3/4 cup mayonnaise
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
1 cup cubed, jellied cranberry sauce
1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
1/2 cup chopped ripe olives
1/4 cup chopped celery
Blend together cream cheese and mayonnaise. Then fold in remaining ingredients.

Pour into refrigerator trays and freeze at least 4 hours. For trim, cut a star with a cookie cutter from a thin slice of cranberry sauce. Place on each square of salad.

DELICIOUS RAISIN SAUCE

This is a wonderful sauce for a tongue that's been boiled, peeled, put into a small roaster and then covered with the sauce. Let bake for 30 minutes or so. Also fine for ham.

1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup white sugar
2 Tbls. cornstarch
2 cups water
1/4 cup white vinegar
About 1 1/4 cups seeded raisins
1/2 tsp. salt

Combine sugars and cornstarch. Add water, vinegar and salt. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick and clear. Add raisins. I like the flat seeded raisins for this, but will always use whatever is on hand in the line of raisins.

Be what your friends think you are;
avoid what your enemies say you are.

JULIANA'S CHERRY COOKIES

This recipe dates from the days when Juliana was an 8th grade student taking Home Economics. We thought these cookies that she turned out for us were exceptionally delicious, and if you try them you'll probably agree. February's a fine month to make them up.

First Part

- 1 cup sour cherries
- 1/2 cup cherry juice
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- Dash of salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- Few drops of red food coloring

Second Part

- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 of 1 large beaten egg
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 2 Tbls. milk

Combine sugar, cornstarch and salt. Then add cherry juice. Cook in top part of double boiler until thick and clear. Then remove from heat and add butter, flavorings and a few drops of red food coloring. Cool.

Cream together the butter and sugar. Add vanilla, egg, vinegar and milk. Sift together flour, soda and salt. Add. When dough is smooth, drop on to greased cookie sheet. With a spoon or your fingers, make an indentation in the top of each cookie and fill it with the cherry filling. Bake at 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes.

As you can see from the recipe, this doesn't make a large batch. Juliana always doubles the dough and uses the original amount of cherry filling—this avoids opening two cans of cherries. We hope you girls who help your mothers on Saturday by baking up cookies will try the recipe just as it appears. If you like it well enough (and we think you will) double the dough the next time and, if you have plenty of canned cherries and don't feel pinched, double the cherry filling too!

LUCILE'S WHITE CAKE

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup water
- 2 1/4 cups cake flour, sifted before measuring
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 4 egg whites
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Cream butter and sugar. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with water. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which vanilla was added. Sometimes we add just a bit of Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring. Bake in 2 layers for 20 to 25 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

TUNA BAKE

Cook 1 cup macaroni in salted water. Soften one 3-ounce pkg. cream cheese; blend with electric mixer 1 can Cream of Mushroom soup. Stir in one 7-ounce can tuna (drained and flaked), 1 1/2 Tbls. pimiento, 1 Tbls. onion, 1 Tbls. prepared mustard, 1/4 cup milk and the macaroni. Put mixture in a 1 1/2 quart casserole. Mix 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs and 2 Tbls. melted butter. Sprinkle over top. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 20 to 25 minutes.

A NEW WINTER SALAD

- 2 pkgs. lime gelatin
- 3 1/2 cups hot water
- Chill until syrupy.
- Add:
- 1 cup shredded cabbage
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 1 cup coarsely grated sharp cheese
- 6 canned fresh pear halves
- 6 canned apricot halves
- Chill until firm.

EVELYN'S WONDERFUL
APPLESAUCE CAKE

This is a REAL GOOD cake! People who won't go near regular fruit cake will eat themselves sick on this light, delicious cake that is simply chuck full of flavor. It would be fine the year around—no use turning it out only during the holidays.

- 1 cup shortening (part butter, if possible)
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 1/2 cups unsweetened applesauce
- 3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup walnuts
- Assorted candied fruit (about 1/2 or 3/4ths cup)

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add eggs and beat in thoroughly. Stir in applesauce. Sift together and add dry ingredients. Stir in raisins, walnuts and candied fruit. Bake in greased 13x9 inch pan or in two 9-inch layers in a 350 degree oven—40 to 50 minutes for oblong pan; 35 to 40 minutes for layers.

This does not need frosting, but the top is very pretty with confectioners sugar sifted through a dolly or a cut-out stencil of a Christmas shape.

CINNAMON APPLES

- 6 small apples
- 1/4 cup red cinnamon candies
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 cups water

Wash apples, pare and core. Combine sugar, water and cinnamon candies. Boil for 5 minutes. Add apples or apple slices or rings and cook slowly until tender. Apples may be colored additionally with red food coloring. Serves 6. Very nice to garnish meat dishes.

SPECIAL TEA RECIPES

We have a never-ending stream of requests for special tea recipes to serve for a large group. These two recipes should certainly fill the bill.

HOT SPICED AFTERNOON TEA
(for 25-30)

- 4 qts. water
- 1 tsp. whole cloves
- 1 stick cinnamon
- 5 level Tbls. loose tea or 15 tea bags
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 1 cup orange juice
- 3/4 cup fresh lemon juice

Add spices to water. Bring to full rolling boil. Remove from heat. Immediately add tea. Brew 4 minutes. Stir and strain. Add sugar, stir until dissolved. Add fruit juices. To reheat for serving, place over low heat. Do not boil.

HOSPITALITY TEA PUNCH
(for 50)

- 2 qts. water
- 5 level Tbls. tea or 15 tea bags
- 2 cups lemon juice (strained)
- 4 cups orange juice (strained)
- 1 1/2 qts. grape juice
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 qts. water
- 1 qt. ginger ale

Bring 2 quarts freshly drawn cold water to full rolling boil in saucepan. Remove from heat. Immediately add tea. Brew 4 minutes. Stir and strain into container holding remaining ingredients, except ginger ale. Just before serving, pour mixture into punch bowl over a block of ice. Stir in ginger ale.

COMPANY SHRIMP CASSEROLE

- 1 5-ounce pkg. precooked rice
- 2 cups shrimp
- 1 can Cream of Celery soup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. onion
- 2 Tbls. parsley
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 dashes Tabasco Sauce
- Mix all ingredients, then top with:
- 1/2 cup crushed corn flakes
- 1/3 cup toasted almonds
- 2 Tbls. butter

Bake for 20 to 25 minutes in moderate oven. Serves 4 to 5.

LEMON SAUCE

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 drops yellow food coloring

Mix together sugar, cornstarch and salt; gradually stir in hot water, bring to a boil and cook 15 minutes, stirring until smooth, thickened and clear; stir in lemon flavoring and juice, butter and food coloring. Serve hot over dessert.

Experience is what causes a person to make new mistakes instead of repeating the old ones.

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By

Frederick

Some women insist that there are only two kinds of men in the kitchen—the raiding kind and the roving kind. Kitchen raiders are looters who attack the refrigerator and the pantry with all the savagery of military commandos out for a kill. Their favorite hour of prowl is at the stroke of midnight, and dawn usually finds a kitchen that looks for all the world as though it had been through a Nevada desert bomb test.

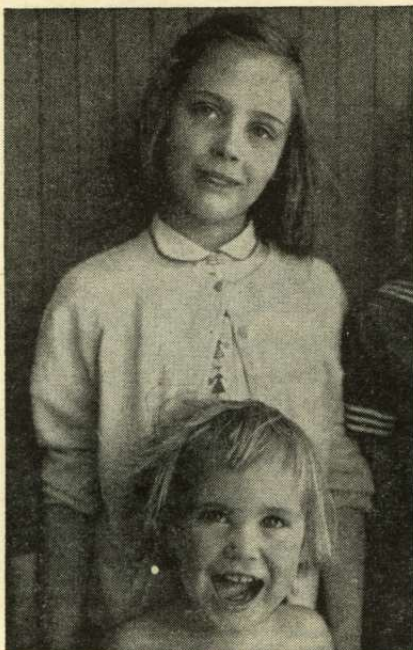
Kitchen rovers are just as destructive of the larder, but they have an entirely different pattern of movement. The rover comes into the kitchen not in the dark of night, but in the busy hours of the day when food is in preparation. He is guided more by a sense of smell than by pangs in the stomach, and what he takes, he takes right before the eyes of the kitchen queen. He has more dexterity than the kitchen raider, and has a peculiar capacity for being able to lift a fresh cookie from the pan or an olive from a salad or a pinch of icing from a cake with a movement so smooth and graceful that it is almost unnoticed to the unpracticed eye.

But there is another kind of man in the kitchen! There is the adventurer whose motivations are a strange mixture of appetite, curiosity, and exhibitionism. I belong to this latter school. I am just one of those men who believe that marvelous cooks though women are, they on occasion need an application (large or small) of the male daring, efficiency, and imagination. Please save me from slavery to the cookstove, and give me the blessing of a tolerant and good wife to wash the pots and pans, and the kitchen becomes a place for real adventure.

Occasionally, I get the breakfast, and you can be assured that when I do, the food is extraordinary! I am one who likes variety. Most men do, and most women don't know it. Just because that husband of yours eats his soft-boiled eggs every morning without complaint, is no reason for you to think that he is not ready for something different.

Do you know what I prepared for our breakfast this morning? Nothing less than chicken giblets cooked in a cream sauce and poured over hot buttered toast. The giblets were cooked the night before, and then all I had to do was to cut them in small pieces, saute in butter briefly, and add a cream sauce with a dash of Worcestershire sauce for flavoring.

Now there is an item for you—Worcestershire sauce. I have never known of a man who did not like its tangy flavor whether used in scrambled eggs, cheese dishes, soups, or on meat, but I am willing to bet you dollars to doughnuts that some of you girls don't even have a bottle of it in the house. Use it sparingly, but use it! That one little touch will often turn the ordinary and commonplace into something special.



The laughing youngster is little Nancy Watkins, Aunt Jessie's youngest granddaughter, who was missing from the October cover and the family group in this issue. Big sister is Wendy. The Watkins now live at San Mateo, California on top of a hill where four little girls have room to stretch!

If you want to break the monotony of your breakfasts, try serving fish sticks sizzling hot from the oven. Fish sticks with hot buttered toast and good coffee is right out of this world. You can buy them inexpensively from your frozen food dealer, and they are so easy to prepare. As a matter of fact, in our house, we eat more fish for breakfast than we do for any other meal. I first started eating fish for breakfast when I was with the British Army in the last war. The little frozen fish cakes are good too, but our family likes pure fish better.

For a very special breakfast do you know what we have? We have ground round steak patties. Serve the patties on toasted English muffins or just on plain buttered toast and you really have a royal breakfast dish, one that is a nice change from cornflakes and oatmeal.

In all the countries in which I have lived for any length of time, I have picked up some delightful recipes, and the one that I want to share with you this month is a dessert that has few equals. I know that you probably have made many frozen desserts similar to this one, but until you have made this gem called by some: "Lani Dessert" and by others "Hawaiian Cream" you have yet to taste the jewel of them all.

2 cups of Nabisco Wafers. (½ lb. pkg. crushed) (These wafers look like little waffles with a cream filling.)
½ cup of butter
2 cups of sifted powdered sugar
1 tsp. vanilla (Kitchen-Klatter, of course)

4 egg yolks
1 cup heavy cream
1 cup of drained crushed pineapple
Crush your wafers with a rolling pin on a breadboard and then spread the

crumbs thickly over the bottom of a two inch high cake pan. Save some of the crumbs to put on the top. Cream the butter, sugar, and vanilla together until smooth and light, and then beat in the egg yolks one at a time. Spread this mixture over the crumbs.

Beat cream until stiff adding a very, very small drop of Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring, fold in drained crushed pineapple. Now spread the cream on top of the first layer. Put the rest of the cookie crumbs on the top and put in the refrigerator to chill. Don't freeze! When ready to serve it will be quite solid, yet easily cut with a fork. Cut in squares, top with a dash of whipped cream with a few pieces of pineapple on top of the cream. This amount will provide generous portions for at least ten people. Now watch out for that almond flavoring, girls. It takes just a dash. This dessert needs it, but it needs very little.

PENNIES FOR THE MISSIONS

I am only a poor little penny,
Maybe not of much value to you;
But, if you send me around to the
Missions,
You'll be surprised at the things I
can do!
Although I'm unloved and unnoticed,
And sometimes feel rather forlorn,
I'm willing to go where they send me,
Even though I am small, brown and
worn.

I would travel to far away countries
(Where the natives all think I'm a
gem!)
And I'm still trying hard to be useful
Though I'm thrown 'round again and
again.
So make up your mind just to use
me—
For I'm valued where things are "a
must" . . .
And I'm proud of the message I carry:
Those words are: "In God Do We
Trust".

—Unknown

—Sent by a friend in Columbus, Nebr.

A CONTINUING STORY

(Concluded)

wondered what did happen to him. But I'm glad some little flame of faith was kindled in his heart that day. Ted had much more to face than many of us, for Ted's skin was black.

Many more young people of a great variety of religions and races found their way inside the doors of the city-surrounded church. Tom and Alfred were only two, but they show the depth of the experience many have had who came in contact with the Temple. Each one also left his mark upon the people there. The friendship circle which is made each Sunday night with the clasped hands of all who are present extends in spirit around the world to clasp the hands of all who have ever attended. It is, indeed, a continuing story.

When you get to heaven you will find many people there whom you did not expect to see. Many will be surprised to see you there too.

THE STORY OF THE TALKING BOOKS

By

Gertrude Applegate

I was numb as I stood waiting on the train platform. I had made the 1500 mile trip to Washington, D. C. only to hear my doctor say, "We can't do another thing for you, Mrs. Applegate. Take care of your health and the sight you have left may last."

For days all I could do was ask myself questions. How can I live without books, papers, magazines? They have been my life. How long can I live without letters to and from my family and friends? How long can I take care of my clothes, my hair? How can I continue my walks and the gardening that has always meant so much?

These questions, and countless others, had gone endlessly through my mind, and not until I again reached my Kansas home did I have a single constructive thought.

Then all of a sudden, one day, I remembered a pleasant afternoon when I had been wandering around the Congressional Library in Washington as I loved to do, and unexpectedly I came upon a section devoted to Service to the Blind. At that time they had been experimenting with putting books on records and were ready to start sending out a limited number of these books, plus a few magazines put down on records. I had taken no details at that time, even though it had seemed wonderful to me.

My recollection became action and I wrote at once to the Library stating that I hoped I might be able to afford to buy or rent one or two of my favorite current magazines. Their reply was prompt — and negative. The records could neither be rented or bought. They were solely for those whose field of vision meant they could have access to books and magazines only through the records. They asked my doctor and my oculist to send medical statements pertaining to the condition of my eyes.

The answer to those statements surprised me! In a very short time I received from the Library of Congress a record player especially for their records — not given to me, you understand, but loaned, and never to be transferred to anyone else, but returned to the Library when I no longer had use for it.

They also sent a large book catalog listing the classics, non-fiction and fiction for all ages, both old and new publications. The Bible and several current magazines were available. As an initial request I was to make out a list of 25 books. These were sent to the nearest record depository, which is St. Louis.

The boxes of records are sent postage free and arrive in a steady stream, so there has never been a time when I've been without some. In addition, a circular comes each month giving reviews of new books and listing the new material that has become available on records.



Only one president of our United States was born in Iowa. This is the birthplace of Herbert Hoover at West Bend. It is preserved and maintained by the state.

At the time I am writing this I have read 34 books, and for more than a year have had the Reader's Digest. For one to whom reading has always been more than just a way to spend leisure time, it is a wonderful gift. These records provide relaxation, instruction, entertainment, companionship, and food for those who hunger and thirst after knowledge. It is one of the services our government supplies for those who need eyes.

The records are made chiefly in a Talking Book Studio in Louisville, Kentucky and in the Library of Congress. They are beautifully read. Fine voices are used, and if accents or dialects are needed, they have exactly what is required and somehow call up the mood of the material that is read. In fact, these records are produced with all the zest and enthusiasm that goes into reading and enjoying a good book. I often find myself most reluctant to turn off the record when it has been played, and if you were in the room with me as I listen, you would understand how this is.

The number of records in circulation is amazing. It is a great project with a great scope.

For those to whom books open a whole new world, write for information to:

Chief of Talking Book Section,
Services for the Blind
Library of Congress,
Washington, D. C.

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

are apt to lose the desired solemnity at times!

We have new neighbors just up the street. I wanted to give them time to get settled, and just as I was thinking about dropping in to see them a package was delivered to our house by mistake, so I took it up to Mrs. Williams. They have two young children and we think it is so nice to have another close neighbor with youngsters. (You will remember my telling you that

there weren't many children in this neighborhood.) One of the children had just come down with the chicken pox—it has been raging through the public schools. And once again I wonder how Martin can possibly avoid it. Every year since he has gone to school he has been exposed to chicken pox and every year he somehow misses it. As Mrs. Williams pointed out to me this morning, maybe he had had chicken pox and we didn't know it! I guess some children don't break out very much. Well, this could be the situation with Martin, although Kristin didn't get chicken pox until she was fourteen years old.

Mrs. Williams said that her ambition for drapes for her house is to have some beautiful hand-loomed ones but she hasn't been able to find anyone who makes them. I suggested that she get a loom and learn to make her own and she said it might come to just that. However, she has a friend who works on an Indian Reservation and is anxiously waiting to hear from her as to whether or not they do weaving.

This weekend Martin set up his electric train in the upstairs hall room. There is no cross-traffic there so it can be left up and not be in anyone's way. He also has his erector set up there and he and his friends spent many happy hours playing over the weekend. The track runs under the chairs, sewing machine and the single Hollywood bed we have in that room. It was necessary to buy a few more sections of track this year. Of course cleaning will be a bit of a problem so I'll just let it go! Most of my friends have children too and certainly are understanding about such things.

One thing about February—it brings another birthday! I think my sixteenth birthday stands out most vividly in my memory for it brought a surprise party. I have my cousin, Ruth Shambaugh Watkins, to thank for that surprise, I believe, although the family planned a perfectly marvelous party. This is how it all came about.

My good friend a few doors down the street asked me to run in for the evening which I naturally was happy to do. About 7:30 the phone rang and it was Ruth, whose home was in Clarinda. She said she had made the trip over to see me and to come on home. Now Ruth knew my friend Betty very well so I told her to come on down to Betty's house but she refused—and no good reason. Betty (who was in on the surprise plans) was very insistent that it was all right—that we could both go on up to my house. I was furious at Ruth for being uncooperative because Betty had cooked up some wonderful plans for the evening and Ruth was going to spoil it all! The upshot of the whole thing was that I finally gave in and we *did* go home. You can imagine my surprise when I opened the front door to find the living room full of my friends! No one was ever more surprised!

This must be all for now.

Sincerely,

Margery

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

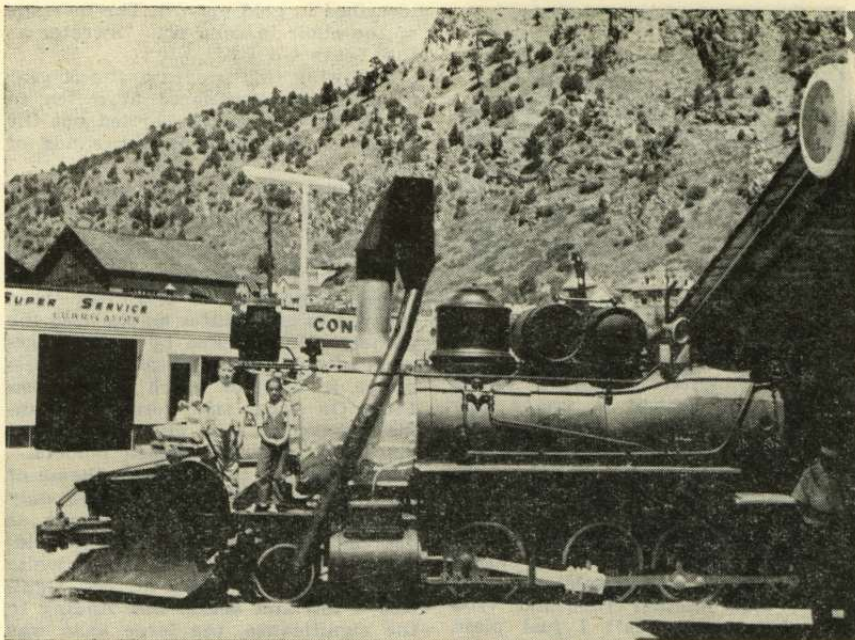
This has been an ideal winter day for Iowa. When I got up this morning and saw by the thermometer that it didn't get nearly as cold as the weather man had predicted, I decided to do a huge washing that had been stacking up on me while I waited for just such a day as this. I sprinkled down part of the clothing tonight and plan to iron all day tomorrow. Then, if I can get the rest of it ironed the next day, it will be the first time I have caught up with my ironing since I started taking out lunches to the construction crew the middle of last August!

Our Christmas plans were incomplete when I wrote to you the last time so now I will tell you what we did. The Johnsons all came to our house on Christmas Eve. After we had opened our gifts I made a big kettle of oyster stew which everyone seemed to enjoy, and we finished up with Christmas cookies and coffee. On Christmas day we all had dinner with Frank's sister in Lucas. The next day Kristin went to Kansas City to spend a few days with her Aunt Ruth Johnson and I went to Shenandoah for a couple of days.

We had a beautiful Christmas tree this year and of course it was a Cedar tree and came from our own timber. Frank had found the tree last Fall and since he didn't have to take the time to hunt for one we thought we could get it early and enjoy it much longer, but actually we didn't get it up and decorated until a week before Christmas.

Kristin has always gone with Frank to get the tree and he didn't want to break the family tradition, but the problem was finding a time when Kristin could go. It was too dark when she got home from school in the evenings, and two week-ends she was gone, so finally when we found an evening that she didn't have to practice for something, and didn't have any homework to do, I picked her up right after school and we were home by 4:00 o'clock—so she and her Daddy got the tree and we all pitched in to decorate it. We all agreed it was worth waiting for.

I will never forget the first Christmas we had after we moved back to Iowa from California. Kristin was three and a half and Frank had promised her they would go for a walk in the timber and find a Christmas tree. The one he had picked out was much too far from the house for a little girl to walk to in deep snow and below freezing temperatures, so he cut it down and brought it closer to home and stood it up in a snowdrift. I watched through the kitchen window as they started down through the timber, Kristin in her little blue snowsuit and red boots had ahold of Frank's hand, while he carried his axe and pulled the sled with his other hand. The snow was deep but she wanted to walk. They weren't gone long. Frank said it was really funny. He let her "find" the tree and he gave



When winter winds howl it's nice to remember past vacations . . . and to plan future vacations. Emily and Martin are standing near "Old Smoke and Cinders," a historic memento of a day that has vanished forever. This engine pulled cars that served the Clear Creek mining district when it was in its hey-day. No doubt many narrow-gauge train enthusiasts have snapped pictures of this abandoned engine.

it one little tap with the axe and it fell over. Kristin is 15 now and they still go and get our Christmas tree together.

I have some lovely new kitchen cafe curtains, thanks to Frank's sister Ruth. Every time she comes to visit us she brings us something and when she came last weekend she brought these curtains. She said that ever since we painted our kitchen walls turquoise blue and put the grey tile on the floor she has been looking for curtains to match and she finally found them.

I have had several requests in the mail for my method of fixing turnips that everyone seems to like so well. For my casserole which is round and eight inches across and three inches deep I peel and dice enough turnips to fill it within an inch of the top. Put the turnips in a kettle of cold water, add a half-teaspoon of soda and as soon as they start to boil, drain off the soda water, rinse them well and then cook them in salted water until they are almost done. Drain off the water and pour the turnips into a buttered casserole. In another bowl mix together one-fourth cup of sugar and three heaping tablespoons of flour. Pour into this about a pint of cream and mix thoroughly so the flour won't be lumpy. Pour this mixture over the turnips. If this isn't enough liquid to cover the turnips, then add more cream or milk. Dot with butter and bake in a 300 degree oven for an hour.

We think our little dog Tinker is pretty smart. He knows several tricks and is always happy to perform for anyone who wants to watch him. If he has to go outside in the night he comes into the bedroom and paws at Frank's arm until he wakes him up. While Tinker is outside Frank fixes the fires and then lets him back in to sleep inside. The other night Tinker

came in and woke Frank up, but when he went to the door to let him out he didn't want to go. Then Frank discovered the fires were just about out and the house was cold. Tinker was cold too, so he got Frank up to fix the fires! Thanks to Tinker I got up to a nice warm house the next morning. I think Tinker is just real smart!

Frank hasn't done any trapping this year because there are too many other things demanding his time. He has been mending fences and working in the timber. To date this has been a good winter to get things done outside because as yet we haven't had much snow here. It always takes so much longer to do the chores when you have lots of snow to contend with.

Well, I must get to bed now so I'll be able to get up in the morning and tackle that big ironing.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

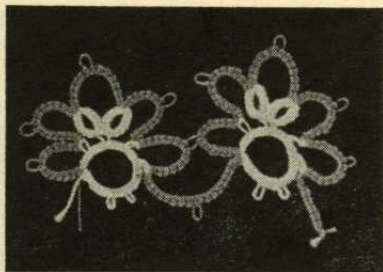
CLOCK HANDS

Our life is like the dial of a clock.
The hands are God's hands
Passing over and over again.
The short hand the hand of discipline;
The long hand the hand of mercy.

Slowly and surely
The hand of discipline must pass,
And God speaks at each stroke.
But over and over passes the hand of
mercy,
Showering down sixty-fold of blessing
For each stroke of discipline or trial.

Best of all, both hands are fastened
To one secure pivot,
The great unchanging heart
Of the God of Love.

—Unknown



A LOVELY EDGING

One day last year the mail brought a very nice letter from Mrs. Vinnie Fanning, and tucked in was a tiny sample of the daintiest edging imaginable. The moment I saw it I made up my mind to share the pattern with you, and Mrs. Fanning was kind enough to permit this.

I had hoped to have her make some for pillow cases to give as Christmas gifts, but with a thousand and one things, plus another thousand (you know how *that* goes!) I just plain didn't get around to this. I don't tat, you see, and thus couldn't make the edging for myself. However, I really do plan to take action on this in 1959.

Mrs. Fanning says about this particular Twin Circle Edging: "For pillow cases of percale or linen the weight of percale, I would prefer an edging made from No. 30 tatting thread. I believe that No. 70 tatting thread would be more suitable if one made this for linen hankies. In the sample, shuttle thread is white and thread from ball green."

Here are the instructions:

With shuttle make R of 7 ds, p, 3 ds, p, 7 ds, p, (4 ds, p) 3 times, 4 ds, cl R. With ball thread make Ch 7 ds, p, 7 ds, j in last p, 7 ds, p, 7 ds, turn make R of 6 ds, j in next p, 6 ds, cl R.

Ch 7 ds, p, 7 ds, turn, make R of 6 ds, j in same p, 6 ds, cl R. turn, Ch 7 ds, p, 7 ds, j in next p, Ch 7 ds, p, 7 ds, j in next p, turn, Ch 9 ds, join in edge of hankie (or p for sewing on hankie), 9 ds.

Repeat from beginning, joining first p to last p of motif.

FIFTY YEAR MEMBERS

People who are casting about for ideas to carry out a 50-year membership theme might give thought to an anniversary observation held in the First Christian church of Marysville, Kansas in 1958.

Fifteen men and women who had been members of this church for fifty years or more were honored at an afternoon ceremony that opened with the singing of hymns associated with the old-time religious revivals. The pastor of the church, Reverend Ralph Hamon, then gave a message entitled "Pouring Tea" in which he introduced the thought that a "good tea to drink is a blend of several teas; likewise, religion is a blend of several Ts, figuratively speaking. These facets of religion, each word ending in the T sound are: humility, fidelity, loyalty, integrity, responsibility and eternity."

Each 50-year member was then presented with a white Bible, his name

inscribed in gold upon it. The message of the choir in song was "Sweeter as the Years Go By."

Following this program, the 50-year members were honored at a tea in fellowship hall which carried out the theme of footprints in the sands of time.

To illustrate the significance of the passage of time, from youth to old age, golden footprints on the floor led to the tea table laid with a lace cloth. Symbolic of the occasion, the centerpiece designed of a styrofoam base sprayed in gold glitter emphasized the numeral "50", backed by an arrangement of gold-tipped white chrysanthemums, in front of which lay an open Bible. On either side were white candles sprayed in gold glitter that were placed in gold star-shaped holders.

Carrying out the symbolic theme of time, a gilded baby shoe, holding only one chrysanthemum, was placed at one end. A large, worn shoe, also gilded and filled with gold-tipped white chrysanthemums at the far end, signified a full and useful life. Adding to the significance, the large shoe was one worn by a 50-year member.

Chocolate mints wrapped in gold foil represented gold pieces, and napkins were inscribed in gold: "1908 to 1958." Refreshments of individual white cakes decorated with a gold flower were served with spiced tea.

We have a friend in Marysville to thank for these details taken from a clipping out of the Marysville Advocate.

Although this particular occasion was held to celebrate church membership, the theme of "Footprints in the Sands of Time" could be utilized most successfully by any organization when it wishes to honor 50-year members. In fact, people who want something original for a 50th wedding anniversary might well put their minds to using this theme as the focal point for their plans.

A FEW COMMENTS ON BOOKS I'VE READ RECENTLY

These winter nights I do a great deal of reading, and two books I've thoroughly enjoyed might appeal to you too.

The first is a brand new book—Fannie Hurst's autobiography titled "The Anatomy of Me." I don't believe anyone has ever done a better job of calling up Life with Papa and Mama. That life was lived in a comfortable Saint Louis home in the early years of this century, and believe me, few parents have ever been described more vividly. Fannie was an only child and she had to fight like a tiger to make a life for herself; Papa and Mama never *did* understand why she wasn't perfectly contented to stay at home with them and follow all the traditional patterns of a world they had found comfortable and secure.

It has been said that Miss Hurst had a most unconventional marriage.

She confirms this rumor in no uncertain fashion. As I read along I had the feeling that nothing in her later years was ever as real and important

as the years she spent with Mama and Papa.

This is quite a book. No ghost writer came within fifty miles of it! I have never been a great admirer of Miss Hurst's books, but the account of her driving ambition and the terrific struggle she put up to break away from home is very good reading indeed.

The other book was first printed a number of years ago, but somehow I missed it until just recently. I think highly enough of it to see if George Kieser at Kieser's bookstore in Omaha can possibly find a copy for me.

This is Ernie Pyle's "Home Country," a fascinating and engrossing collection of the best of his writing during the years he traveled from pillar to post doing a daily column. I had always much admired his reporting during World War II, but I had no idea he'd written such a vast treasure trove of Americana in the years before that war.

Ernie Pyle was a great writer. He wrote simply and honestly about simple people and simple events. He wasn't ashamed to say how he really felt about things. Underneath everything he always remained the farm boy from Indiana. (He was an only child too, and his accounts of his parents, Aunt Mary and their neighbors are among the very best things in the book.) I don't believe that we yet recognize his full stature as a writer. He hasn't yet come into his own—and perhaps he never will. But he was a human being whom I would have appreciated knowing, had that opportunity ever come my way.

We don't hear much about Ernie Pyle these days. But surely there must be many people reading these words who recall the sorrow that swept over them when the news came that he had been killed on a tiny island in the Pacific. He died young. But underneath all the pomp and glory that was poured upon him during the war years he remained a desperately sad and tragic man. A well done biography, "The Story Of Ernie Pyle" by Lee Miller, gives you a painfully candid picture of the utter despair in which he lived his personal life.

But "Home Country" is wonderful reading. I recommend it without any reservations whatsoever to each and every one of you.

—Lucile

THE TIME

There's a time to get, and a time to give,

And a time to throw away.

There's a time to do a kindly deed,
And that time is today.

There's a time to sing and a time to mourn,

A time for joy and sorrow.

There's a time to love; but the time to hate

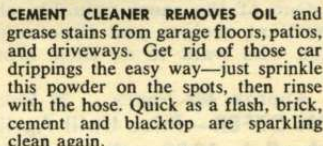
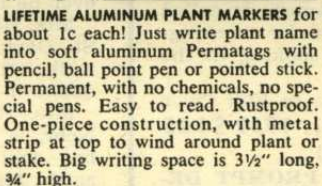
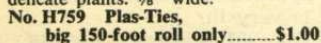
Might better be tomorrow.

There's a time to sleep and a time to wake.

A time to work and play;

But the time to speak an evil thought
Passed by us yesterday!

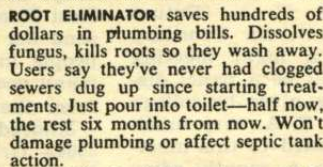
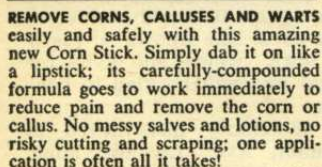
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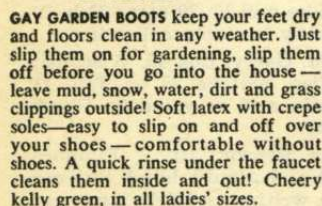
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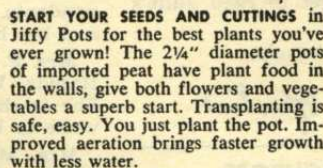
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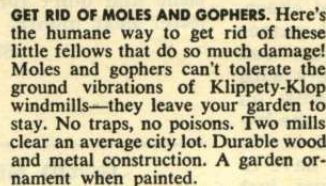
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No. T675	400 ft. String.....	35c



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No. N714 Boots, medium (sizes 6-8)
No. N715 Boots, large (sizes 8 1/2-10)



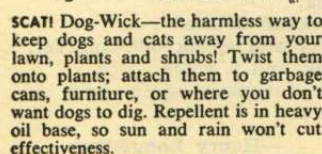
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KRISTIN'S ACCOUNT OF SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

Christmas has come and gone and I enjoyed every bit of my vacation. I spent several days of it in Kansas City with my Aunt Ruth Johnson. I had a lot of fun. I went ice skating and Aunt Ruth introduced me to some nice young people.

When I returned home Juli came up on the train to spend the rest of her vacation. We stayed a couple of days with Aunt Edna and Uncle Raymond Halls in Allerton.

Our school organized a pep club this year so we would have a good cheering section at the basketball games and wrestling meets. We wear red skirts, white blouses or sweaters with the Chariton Charger emblems on them, and red felt beanies with the letters C H S made of white felt across the front of them. Girls don't have to pay dues to belong—they must just come and yell at as many of the games as they can.

Our Latin II class is forming a Latin club to meet during this second semester. We are going to hold our meetings after school. At the end of the year we will have a big party in the high school cafeteria for all Latin I and Latin II classes. Of course we must all dress in Roman costumes and I think it will really be fun.

I am a member of the Sophomore girls' sextette this year and we have already begun to work hard on the numbers we will sing at the State Music contest this Spring. Last year as Freshmen we attended our first music contest and were thrilled when we got a number II rating, but this year we are going to work hard for a number I rating.

Another organization I belong to this year is the F. T. A. (Future Teachers of America). On February 12 we are having a night meeting and the program will be a panel discussion about college, given by college students. I enjoy F. T. A. very much and am looking forward to this meeting. We meet once a month after school on Wednesday night. Three times a year we have County meetings which include members from Russell and Derby also. I have already attended the first of these meetings which was at Russell. Once a year we have a district meeting which includes several counties.

Look for my next letter in the April issue and don't forget to read Julie's letter next month.

Sincerely,

*Kristin***GOOD NEIGHBORS**

By

Gertrude Hayzlett

One of the big questions after the holiday season is gone and we have settled down to humdrum life again, is what to do with the beautiful cards we have received. Some winter evening when it is cold outside, you are sure to pick up the box of greetings and say to yourself that you are going to look them over once more and then throw them out. But they are too pretty to throw out. So, what do you do with them?

Every year I get dozens of letters asking this question. If you will share with us the way you use yours, I'll make up a list of the ways and put it in our Good Neighbor Guide before long and will send you one. If you send

them to some hospital or mission, tell us the address. If you use them yourself in some way, tell us how. Perhaps you know a shutin who uses them. Who? It should be interesting to know what happens to all the lovely cards. Please write this information to me at my address: 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

There are always shutins who like to hear from you, and here are a few:

Mrs. J. A. Cherry, 172 Blythedale Ave., San Francisco 24, Calif. has been shutin for a long time. She has heart trouble and is not able to be out of bed. Her husband has just had eye surgery for the third time. They love to get letters and he answers whenever he is able.

Mrs. Hettie Hollopeter, 3709 Madison St., Gary, Ind. is 75 and is learning to walk after having had a stroke. I doubt if she can answer.

Mrs. Rosa Belle Lindberg, Monroe, Nebr. is another who cannot answer but will appreciate getting pretty cards. She is very ill.

Alice Newby, 207 N. 20 St., Apt. 18, Omaha 2, Nebr. has been shutin since August with arthritis. It may be spring before she can get out. Please write to her.

Mrs. Gladys Riha, 2621 Harney St., Omaha 31, Nebr. is shutin during the winter. She loves to do jigsaw puzzles.

Mrs. Blanche Loveless, 241 Cherry Way, Hayward, Calif. is back in her Rest Home again. It would be nice to send her a card. She knows so many people in Iowa (where she lived for many years) and will be glad to hear from them.

Mildred Woodbury has moved to 30642 Grandon Ave., Livonia, Mich. She has been shutin for many years, is not able to walk, and needs friends.

Miss Estella Beatty, 738 S. 13 St., Hamilton, Ohio had polio when she was a child—would much enjoy letters.

Barbara Stephenson, 18 Malvern Road, Narrow Neck, Devonport, N. L., Auckland, New Zealand spends a good deal of her time in hospitals. She would like to have American correspondents. She will be 29 come Feb. 22, and her hobby is stamp collecting.

Mrs. P. M. Gerry, Box 45, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisc. will be 78 on Jan. 21. She is shutin and very lonely. Please write to her.

Mrs. Mae Benson, Rt. 2, Fillmore, N. Y. is 82 and almost blind. She can read if the writing is fairly large and black. Please send cards and say you do not expect an answer.

Mrs. Jean Kasper, 139 Water St., Perry, N. Y. is home from a stay in the hospital. She is getting better but is alone much of the time and would like mail.

Ships that pass in the night,
And speak each other in passing.
Only a signal shown

And a distant voice in the darkness;

So on the ocean of life
We pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice,

—Then darkness again and silence.

—Henry Longfellow

MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

awful, I know, but even a saint's patience would have come to a bitter end after extended weeks of refusing food.)

We could see that we were making no progress with her and what we were doing was upsetting our dinner hour for everyone. Therefore, we decided to take the approach that we not only didn't care whether she ate or not, but that we took absolutely no notice of her eating activity. When she is through with a meal, according to her standards, she is excused from the table as soon as the rest of the family is through eating. When she eats well, we make no mention of it but we do allow her a between meal treat like a cookie or piece of candy if she asks for it. However, when she hasn't eaten a reasonable amount of food this isn't mentioned unless she asks for a treat, and then we remind her that of course this isn't possible since she left food on her plate at meal time.

It takes great self control! Not on a daily basis, but when she goes day after day after day without eating and she is a grouchy bear as a result, I have the desire to insist that she eat something. I figure that we, and since I'm with her the majority of the time I shall take the lion's share of the blame, are responsible for the problem so we must be intelligent enough to solve the difficulties. And I believe that we have to start first by training ourselves to leave her alone. I've determined that this problem will not develop with Paul. At this decidedly premature date I am proud to report that we are having most satisfactory results, but I won't consider that the problem is resolved for at least a year or two.

One of the late-arriving Christmas presents that Donald and I bought for ourselves has finally arrived and is hanging from the wall in the utility room. I must say that my mind rests more easily now knowing that we have a fire extinguisher. It is a 5 pound liquid carbon dioxide extinguisher used primarily for grease and electrical fires.

I'm watching for signs of spring every day. I am so anxious to open up the screen porch and enjoy it! I'm going to eat lots of breakfasts out there as soon as the weather allows. Perhaps by next month we'll be seeing crocus in full bloom!

Until then,

Mary Beth

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

are submitting to a kind of atheism. A person who lives in fear is actually making this confession: "I cannot trust God in the same way that Jesus trusted Him. I don't think that God loves me enough to save me from this fear." Fear says: "This is a hostile world, and God doesn't care what happens to me." Love says: "God does care, and together He and I will meet this fear and overcome it."

If your winter is anything like the

one we are having in New England, your fuel bill is monstrous. Oh my, oh my, what cold and snow and wind and ice we have had! Won't the first signs of spring look good?

Sincerely,

Frederick

Not how much of my money do I give to God—but how much of God's money do I keep for myself?

WRITE TO ME TODAY

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

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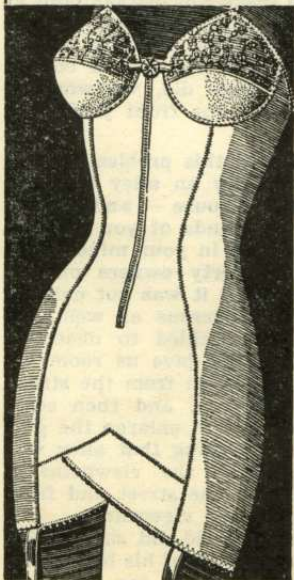
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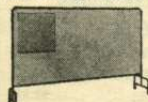


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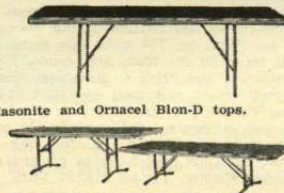
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LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

cooking is a very important part of Kitchen-Klatter (here we have another generation growing up on Kitchen-Klatter recipes!) and many times when I started out to try and test something I felt about the way an explorer would feel if he were headed for the South Pole regions of snow and ice dressed in summer clothes and carrying a picnic lunch! I just wasn't equipped to do a job efficiently.

So this summer I'll have a new kitchen in which to do all my testing, and we're making it big enough that a photographer can get pictures. I don't know how many of you folks have asked through the years for pictures of my kitchen — and the stark truth of the matter was that you couldn't get into it with a camera! In my new kitchen you'll actually be able to get in with a camera. Half of it will be kitchen and half of it will be a space for laundry, plus a desk (I'm lost without a desk right at hand) and shelves for cookbooks, etc.

This section will also be built on at the front so it will balance the new section used for our Kitchen-Klatter broadcasts. Between these two new sections at the front our living room will remain. I know it's hard to give a clear picture of all this, so if you'll just be tolerant we'll get photographs of the "after" results so you can compare them with all the pictures you've

seen of the house as it has always stood.

One more thing we're going to have is a garage. We've never had one. Our cars have stood out in scalding sun and howling blizzards. I don't need to take any space describing how hard this is on a car. Again our lot presented a real problem — positively no way to get a garage at all unless we destroyed the garden completely (plus being compelled to drive through a dirt alley that is in fierce condition to reach any garage built at the rear) or putting it right smack in the front yard. City building regulations wouldn't permit this, of course, and even if they did, we wouldn't dream of filling the front yard with a garage.

The answer to this problem was to buy from the city an alley that ran right beside the house — and I know how many thousands of you will see that alley clearly in your mind's eye! All of the property owners on our street agreed that it was not only an eye-sore, but dangerous as well, and thus they were tickled to death to see it closed. This gave us room for a decent driveway in from the street, space for a garage, and then some space at the rear to enlarge the garden. All in all, closing that alley was a real gain from the viewpoint of everyone else on the street and from our own personal viewpoint.

Last month Donald did such a fine job drawing the plan of his house that perhaps Russell and I can somehow

rig up a drawing of our house as it will be when it is completed. Of, course, Donald had the major advantage of being a graduate engineer — blueprints are duck soup for him. But when things calm down a little bit around here and we're not so hopelessly torn up, then maybe we can settle ourselves down and work out this drawing. (No use trying to share with you the contractor's blueprints because I can't even read those and make sense out of them myself!)

When we are all through — and I find myself sort of groaning as I write these words — we will have a rambling house that never, never will win any architectural prize, but that will fit our own particular needs — sort of highly specialized needs, when you come right down to it, because not everyone is visiting with the world from his very own house. And not everyone is cooking with a tremendous sense of responsibility for a lot of families scattered over thousands of miles.

Now that I've taken so much space I might as well go ahead and say that one big reason we wanted to stay in our old house is because we have an upstairs with two bedrooms and in years to come we want that space and want it badly for all of our relatives and friends, plus Juliana's friends and, we trust, someday her own family. When you're building a new house in these times it is a terrific luxury to have two rooms set aside especially for visiting friends and relatives. If you already have the rooms, then think long and hard before you give them up!

We have many nieces and nephews. We have many cousins and the children of our cousins. We would like to serve as sort of "home base" in the years to come — and only by staying in our old house and rigging it up, could we serve as home base.

Are you still with me? This is a long, long letter. But what I have written is what we've been living through in recent months — what we are living in right now — and will be living in for months to come. So that's why I've gone off into so much detail.

All of us had a wonderfully happy Christmas. All of us are getting up early and lighting into a full day's work. All of us are glad to sink down when night comes and take a deep breath and review what has actually been accomplished. Some days it seems to be so little! Other days it seems to be so much!

Well, that's human life for you. We're all in the same boat together. And if we can help each other as we row along, let's be grateful for the opportunity.

Untill next month . . .

Lucile

You can no more measure a home by inches, or weigh it by ounces, than you can set up the boundaries of a summer breeze, or calculate the fragrance of a rose. Home is the love which is in it.—Edward Whiting

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Tune in to Kitchen-Klatter every morning over the following stations:

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KWBG Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A. M.
 Leanna, Lucile and Margery

RECIPE OF THE MONTH

We have given this recipe for "Cherry Crunch" at an earlier date, but it has made such a big sensation wherever it has been served that we decided to feature it in February. It will give our many new readers an opportunity to get in on a fine dessert. And it will call older reader's attention to an exceptionally unusual and delicious dessert that they may have passed up when they first heard about it.

"Cherry Crunch" is not hard to make and is just different enough to attract all kinds of admiring attention. (May we make one tiny little suggestion in a very quiet voice? If you can get someone in the family to make copies of this before you entertain or before you take it to any kind of an affair, you'll be saved a world of time hanging on the phone. Everyone who eats it wants to know just how it's made. So, this is just a word to the wise—be prepared with copies of it.)

CHERRY CRUNCH

Roll 30 graham crackers into fine crumbs. Combine these with:

3/4 cup sugar
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 1/2 cup melted butter

Save back about 1/4 of this mixture for the topping and press the rest of it into an 8x13 inch baking pan.

Combine the following ingredients and cook until thick:

1 qt. sour cherries (or 2 cans), juice and all
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 5 Tbs. cornstarch
 3 or 4 drops Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Stir constantly until thick and then pour over the crumb mixture.

Beat 5 egg whites until very stiff. Add slowly 1 cup sugar that has been mixed with 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar.

Spread this over the top of the cherries and sprinkle remaining crumb mixture on top. Bake for 35 minutes in a 275 degree oven. Cut into squares to serve. (This may be made into two pies if you want a pie-shaped wedge instead of the square.)

A topping of whipped cream or vanilla ice cream with half of a maraschino cherry on it makes a really colorful and festive looking dessert.

You can go right ahead and lean on this for refreshments the next time you entertain. We've had a world of enthusiastic comments about it.

You will note that we have added 1/2 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring to the original recipe. There is a good reason for this. The grand old Montmorency pie cherries we all once knew are impossible to come by in cans. The cherries that are available need a real bracing to give you the genuine cherry flavor. That's where our cherry flavoring comes in so handy.

A SINGING HEART

Give me a singing heart, dear Lord of mine,
 That as I pass along this earthly way,
 The friends I meet or folks who know me not,
 May see that joy and gladness dwell within.

A tiny bud just opening to the sun,
 A baby's smile, a sunset's rosy glow;
 A thousand things about me every day
 Should set my heart astir with loving praise.

And when the sorrows come and tears would flow,
 And grief and anguish sore disturb my soul,
 Dear Lord, may I look up, Thy face to see,
 That grief may turn to gladsome wealth of song.

For more than joy or grief or things of earth
 Is perfect peace, to know that Thou art near;
 Come joy, come pain, Thy presence can and will
 Give me a singing heart, dear Lord of mine.

—Harriett Keeler Magee

UNDERSTANDING

Not more of light I ask, O God,
 But the eyes to see what is;
 Not sweeter songs, but ears to hear
 The present melodies;
 Not more strength but how to use
 The power that I possess;
 Not more of love, but skill to turn
 A frown to a caress;
 Not more of joy, but how to feel
 Its kindly presence near . . .
 To give to others all I have
 Of courage and of cheer . . .
 No other gift, dear God, I ask
 But only sense to see
 How best Thy precious gift to use
 Thou hast bestowed on me.

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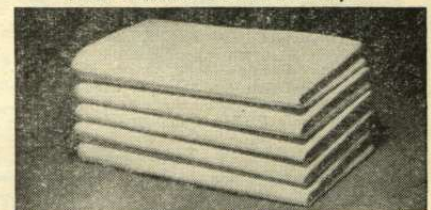
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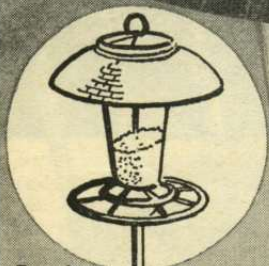
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