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Kitchen-Klatter®

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

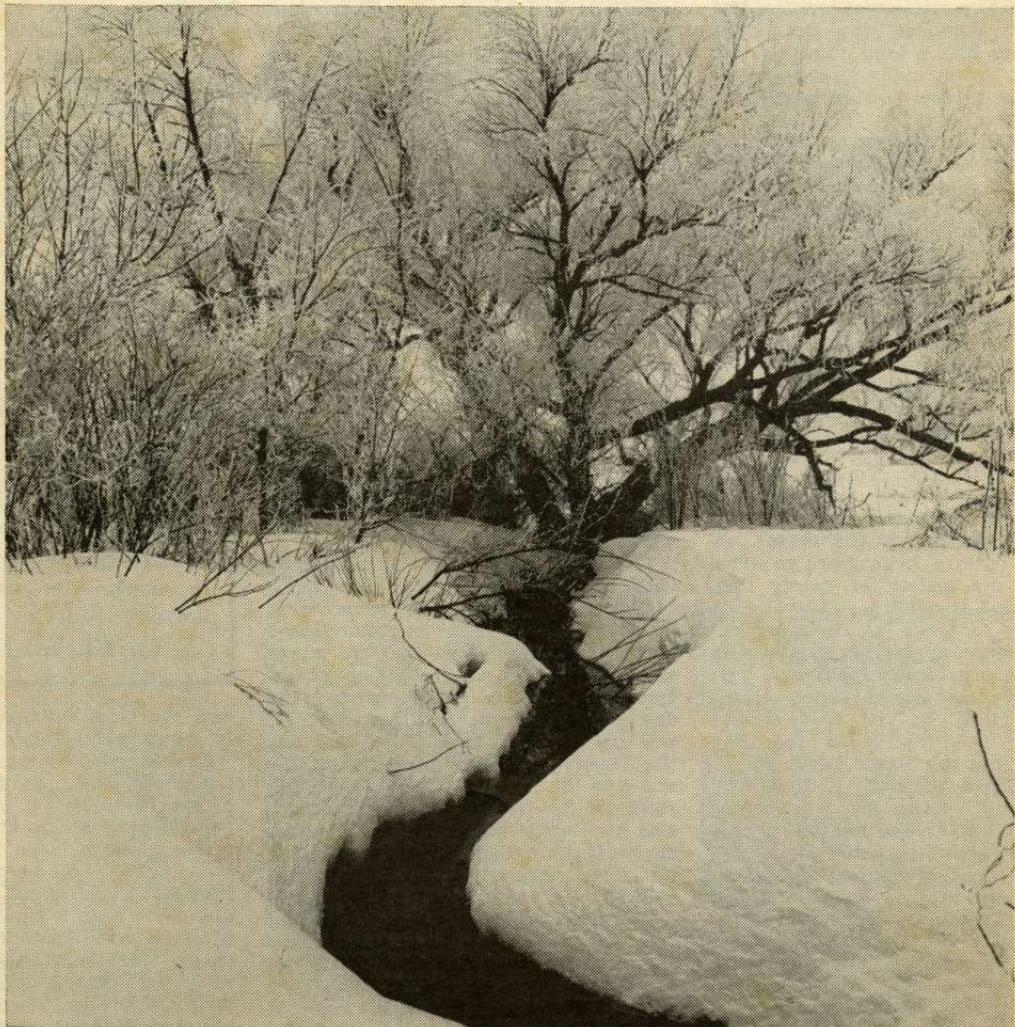
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 25

MARCH, 1961

NUMBER 3



Melting snow and swollen streams tell us that Spring will be here soon.

MISS JOSIE PFANNEBECKER
RT 1 BOX 147 MAR 62
SIGOURNEY IOWA



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNESS, Associate Editor.

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Redlands, California

Dear Friends:

Mart and I have spent the morning sitting on the patio enjoying the sunshine, but now that the temperature has sent us indoors, I'll write my letter to you. When the air cools down later in the afternoon, we plan to drive to a lovely inn for our evening meal.

My February letter was written just before we departed for California. That seems like a long time ago for it doesn't take many weeks away from home to feel that I have been away forever!

We had been anticipating and planning our trip for some time. Because the children thought that their father shouldn't attempt to do all the driving, we asked Mart's sister Clara to go with us. She is an experienced driver and since she had never been to the west coast, we knew that she would enjoy it. Her husband, Paul, brought her over from their home near Braddyville, Iowa early in the morning on the day we left. He helped Mart load the suitcases, wheelchairs and boxes into the car and we left the house at eight o'clock.

We drove through Topeka, Kansas and onto the Kansas turnpike. We like to use turnpikes on our trips whenever they are available for, although it costs a little more to drive on them, the feeling of safety they give you and the miles of travel they save helps to make a trip more enjoyable. There are service exits with filling stations, lunch counters, gift shops and rest rooms every thirty or forty miles. At the first service exit we stopped for lunch and then Clara got into the driver's seat.

As we drove on south to the Oklahoma border, huge grain elevators towered above the sky line and wheat fields stretched in all directions. We left the turnpike at three o'clock that afternoon and crossed into Oklahoma. We had made advance reservations for rooms that night at a motel where we have stopped on previous trips. Our rooms were ready for us and we had a nice rest before our evening meal.

It is our custom to drive a while before we eat breakfast, so the next morning we drove south as far as El Reno before stopping for a good substantial breakfast.

The section of Kansas that we had

driven through the day before was a good deal like Iowa, but in Oklahoma the country side changed considerably. The soil was red and the crops raised were different. We began to see cotton fields and more milo and cane.

After crossing the long bridge over the Canadian River, we started looking for the place where we were delayed for hours one year. There had been a terrific snow storm and, since Oklahoma wasn't equipped for such a heavy snow, it took hours and hours to clear the highways. The cars were lined up for miles and we felt fortunate to find shelter, even though the cabin was unheated and we had to get into bed to keep warm. Mart and I were mighty relieved that we had good weather and it seemed unlikely that we would experience anything like that on this trip.

We always enjoy the signs one sees along the highways. On one service station we saw one that read "If you can't stop, smile as you go by!" Another one said "The largest laundry in the world for its size."

We were across the line into Texas at one o'clock and into New Mexico by five. We stayed that night at the La Vista Motel in Clovis. There was a very nice dining room near by where we had our evening meal.

The third day of our trip started with cold, cloudy weather. We knew that this day we would be crossing the Apache Pass between Roswell and Las Cruces and feared that we might encounter snow and slippery roads. However, the sun came out and the day became bright and beautiful. It was on this day that Clara had her first view of pine-covered mountains and like all of us who experience this sight for the first time, she thought it was absolutely breathtaking. It never ceases to be a thrill, but I think that the first sight is the most unforgettable.

The road was wide and the ascent was gradual as we approached the summit of Apache Pass, which is not very high as far as passes go—7,600 feet. There was an excellent cafe at the top, run by the Apache Indians, so we stopped for coffee before we started our descent into Las Cruces in the Rio Grande Valley. From the plateau above the city you can see for many, many miles and the white sands glisten like snow in the sunshine. This

CIRCLE THIS DATE

Wednesday, March 1st, is a Red Letter day for us.

On that day we will begin bringing our daily Kitchen-Klatter visit to you over KVSH, Valentine, Nebraska, and KHAS, Hastings, Nebraska.

We're real pioneers over KVSH. This is a brand new station that begins broadcasting for the first time on March 1st, and we're delighted to start out with them. "The Radio Voice of the Sandhills" gives us a chance to greet old friends and to make new friends in that section of Nebraska, as well as a big section of South Dakota.

KVSH is 940 on your radio dial and Kitchen-Klatter will come to you between 9:00 and 9:30.

KHAS at Hastings (1230 on your dial) opens up to us another section of Nebraska, as well as a section in northern Kansas, where many folks have wished they could get good reception on Kitchen-Klatter. We're happy that KHAS answers the problem. Our daily visit will be heard over the Hastings station between 10:30 and 11:00 every morning—six days a week.

You'd better jump up right now and draw a red circle around Wednesday, March 1st. Please tell your friends to tune in also. It won't take long for the word to spread if everyone who reads this will pass on the message.

We're looking forward to being with you on Wednesday morning, March 1st.

—The Kitchen-Klatter Family

was the least mileage we had driven in a day so far—only 289 miles.

The fourth day we drove from Las Cruces to Phoenix, never losing sight of the mountains. I must tell you the funny thing about that day. We had taken a box of large, juicy pears from home. They had been a gift and we thought they would be nice to eat along the way. Well, they were packed away so carefully that we forgot about them. Mart was explaining to Clara about the inspection station at the Arizona border when suddenly I remembered those pears! We wouldn't be able to take fresh fruit across the border and, hating to see them go to waste, we proceeded to eat them—almost making ourselves sick. When we reached the border, only two pears

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Folks:

This has been a busy Saturday at our house with lots of cleaning accomplished, tag ends of ironing cleared up once and for all, our usual radio visit in the morning, time out this afternoon to have a good catching up on news with an old friend, and a big three layer cake baked and decorated, plus two loaves of rye bread, to have on hand "just in case". (We use this phrase constantly in our family without adding anything more, but probably I should go ahead and say "Just in case we have company tomorrow".)

I grew up in a home where it was unheard of to wind up any Saturday without having a cake on hand. These customs get into your very bones and have far-reaching effects. I've gone to bed many a Saturday night in my own home without having a cake ready for Sunday, but I always *feel* better and have a sense of everything in order and under control if Saturday's baking has included a cake.

Juliana did most of the heavy cleaning today and she did a fine job. Running the vacuum and scrubbing floors are two things that I can no longer do. I always found them hard because of my physical handicap, but since arthritis overtook me last year these jobs have been impossible—not just hard. We had help with the cleaning when we first moved back into our remodeled house and I wasn't just sure how we could ever manage without it, but as we settled in and found what a tremendous difference it made to have a house without all the dust and dirt that goes with an old house, we found that we could manage all right on our own.

One thing that has made what I referred to as "a tremendous difference" is the system of filters in our furnace. For all practical purposes there is simply no dust. We have quite a bit of dark furniture and in the old house I spent endless time trying to keep it half-way respectable. The same furniture is still with us and now it looks fine with one dusting job every two weeks—and several times when circumstances stacked up to make it three weeks between dusting jobs, we could actually sit down and glance around without shuddering.

However, the filtering system in the furnace can't be given all the credit for this happy situation because it makes a world of difference to have new walls and ceilings, plus tightly sealed windows and well hung doors. I guess that only people who've lived in a house built around the turn of the century can truly appreciate a new house!

And in case this is your first copy of Kitchen-Klatter and you're confused because I've talked about a "remodeled house" and a "new house" I should explain that every bit of plaster was removed in the remodeling process, all windows, doors and wood-work were replaced, and practically nothing of the original house remains.

When I was in the kitchen baking this morning I wondered for the



Dad took this picture of Mother and our Aunt Clara Otte when they stopped at a service exit on the Kansas Turnpike.

umpteenth time why manufacturers of built-in burners ever concentrated so whole-heartedly on stainless steel? There may be counter burners that utilize baked enamel, but I haven't heard about them. Sometimes it seems to me that a lot of the time I've saved on dusting has gone into scouring those built-in burners that looked so shiny and handsome the day they were installed. There've been endless occasions when I yearned for the old white gas stove that demanded so little effort to keep it looking nice and clean.

My kitchen is completed now and I'm not replacing the stainless steel, but if you're remodeling your kitchen this year or building a new house, do scout around and see if you can get built-in burners made of baked enamel. And if you manage to find any, please don't tell me about it! I'd prefer keeping other things on my mind while I scour away on that stainless steel.

While I'm still thinking about those of you who are going to be remodeling an old house or building a new house I'd like to go ahead and say that an entrance area of some kind is tremendously important. Until you've had a front door that opens right into the living room you can't appreciate how imperative it is to eliminate this. Our new entrance hall is so small that even one tiny chair couldn't stand in it, but every time the vinyl tile floor is wiped up and the small rug is vacuumed, I remember the days when all that dirt went right on to the living room carpet. No wonder that section of the carpet was threadbare and looked so fierce long before the rest of it showed hard wear.

All of us who sit down in front of the microphones to bring our Kitchen-Klatter radio visit to you are happy about the announcement that appears on page two. For a long, long time we've wanted to be in touch with more people in Nebraska, South Dakota and Kansas, so these two new stations in Valentine and Hastings will do a lot to answer the problem.

I learned long ago that nothing is genuinely real to anyone unless he has experienced it himself, and certainly the history of radio is a classic

example. Last week I was talking with someone who moved to Shenandoah recently, and in the conversation this newcomer asked if it were true that at one time there were several hundred people in town every weekend just to see the radio stations?

"Several hundred?" I gasped. "Why, it was THOUSANDS, not hundreds, and cars were parked solid on every street from the business section right out to the city limits."

Fortunately there were other long-time residents to back me up, because one person alone never could have convinced a young newcomer that Shenandoah was once the most bustling town in the Midwest with its two pioneer stations. I remember one Sunday when we had over 23,000 visitors here and Dad couldn't budge the car all day because it was completely hemmed in with other cars. Our family home is near the edge of town, so the people who parked their cars in our neighborhood had a long, long walk. Today there are thousands of radio stations and it would be a rare person who drove out of his road to look at one.

Back in the early days there was uncluttered air, so to speak, and the major problem with radio was static. Now the air waves are crowded with stations and it takes a whole collection of them to cover the states that one station alone used to cover. Those who haven't lived long enough to experience those pioneer days will never be able to appreciate the tremendous change that has taken place since Mother started Kitchen-Klatter so many years ago. Even our family that grew up in front of a microphone finds it hard to believe!

I'm never going to get a chance to acknowledge by individual letters all of the extremely interesting comments about our schools that have been pouring across my desk these last few weeks, so I'll take this way of telling you that it's astounding how many parents see eye-to-eye on the major issues. In fact, not one single person wrote to disagree about something that might be classified as a *minor* issue!

I think it's heartening to know that a lot of other people share the viewpoints that you've been keeping pretty much to yourself. Up until the time these letters began to arrive I had the uneasy sensation that Russell and I were somehow "backward" and just not keeping pace with other parents. Now I know, thanks to the fact that you took time to write how you felt about things, that we have worlds of company. And since you couldn't read these interesting letters from all over the country, I'm passing on the message that if you think there should be down-to-earth changes made, you have a lot of other parents to share your viewpoints. Sometime during this year I'd like to write in detail about these things and pass on some of the suggestions that have been made. Maybe if enough of us are concerned, something can actually be done to improve things.

Well! Imagine how lucky I feel to

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THE MESSAGE OF THE LIGHTED CROSS

A Lenten Meditation
By
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting

On the altar place a large cross which can be lighted by a switch at the proper moment in the service. If such a cross is not available, then try to arrange a spotlight to shine upon the cross when needed. The cross should rise from a mass of greenery arranged at its base. Gold letters to form the word *OTHERS* should be placed in front of the cross. Setting such letters in small needlepoint holders will hold them firmly upright. Delicate greenery and dainty spring flowers may be placed to hide these holders.

Call to Worship

(Music of the song played softly—"I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked")

Reading of poem, "In His Steps".

Leader:

"Along the path that once He trod,
I tried to walk today;
In footprints made so long ago,
I tried to find my way.

"Not in dear old Nazareth,
Nor down by Galilee,
Neither in Jerusalem,
Nor in Gethsemane.

"I walked where men were weary,
Sad, and in despair;
I tried to give them hope again—
Their burdens helped to share.

"I helped a blind man cross the street,
Found a puppy gone astray,
Made glad the heart of a little boy
As I went along the way.

"Along the path that once He trod,
The burden that I bore,
Was somehow lifted from my back—
I felt its weight no more."

—Milton Mangum

Solo: "I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked"

Prayer: "Dear God, help us to think on the words of this poem and song, to ponder them all in our hearts and then to strive earnestly to apply the message from the cross to our own lives. Grant for us a rebirth, a renewal of joy in following in His steps. Amen"

Meditation

Leader: "Jesus 'came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister'. That is the message that echoes and re-echoes from the cross. All through His life He was thinking of *others* and planning for their welfare and happiness. This was true even to the last hours of His life, as we will try to show. Let us ponder on these things in our hearts as we hear of the last hours of Jesus."

1st Speaker (reads John 13:4-17, then comments): "The washing of the disciples' feet was not a mere dramatic act but an act of helpful service.

Our Lord sought to teach His beloved disciples the lesson of humility and to be of service to others, not in some showy ostentatious manner but in common, homely, everyday ways."

2nd Speaker: "Listen to the words of Jesus in Gethsemane." (reads Matthew 26:38-45) "Even in this indescribable hour of agony and despair, Jesus showed sympathetic understanding of the slumbering disciples. Do we have such understanding and forgiveness under far less trying situations? How much the burdens, the sorrows and the discouragements of daily living could be lightened if we all practiced a sympathetic understanding of the problems of others."

3rd Speaker (reads Luke 22:47-51): "What a lesson in forgiveness, in turning the other cheek! Yes, once again, in this hour when He was faced with all the tortures of the crucifixion, Jesus paused to forgive and to heal the ear of an enemy—still thinking of others."

4th Speaker (reads Luke 23:33-43 and John 19:25-31): "On the cross our Lord continued to think of others. Of those who crucified Him he prayed, 'Father, forgive them.' To the repentant, dying thief He said, 'Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' He turned to His mother and said, 'Woman, behold thy son.' Then He said to John, the beloved disciple, 'Behold thy mother!' Thus He lovingly arranged for the care of His mother after His death.

"Finally came the words, 'It is finished.' Here was the moment for which He had come to earth. It fulfilled the purpose of His life—redeeming others from their sins."

(The pianist begins to play softly, "In the Cross of Christ I Glory", with the music swelling forth triumphantly as the leader finishes speaking.)

Leader: "I would like to read the words from the hymn, 'Others'. 'Lord, help me live from day to day in such a self-forgetful way that, even when I kneel to pray, my prayer shall be for others. Help me in all the work I do to ever be sincere and true and know that all I do for You must needs be done for others. Let self be crucified, slain and buried deep. And all in vain my efforts be to rise again, unless to live for others.'

"Yes, this is the message coming to us from the cross—to give our lives in service. In doing so our own lives become enriched and filled with the true light of the cross. (The cross is lighted.) A Christian is a person through whom the light shines. As we show a kind spirit and prayerfully help those in need, our light becomes clearer until it finally shines its brightest as we learn to live in consecrated and unselfish lives. We then truly become the reflected light from the cross to shine forth on those about us."

Closing

Benediction: "Our Father, grant that this day we may have the power to see the path ahead in the radiance that streams from the cross. May we, in turn, be lights shining in the lives of others. Amen"

TWO PRAYERS

Many times a prayer is needed for a program, a luncheon or dinner meeting or preceding refreshments. The first prayer is good to read as a grace but it is excellent for a group to sing together to the tune of "Come Thou Almighty King".

Thanks for Daily Bread

We come, our sov'reign King
Our grateful praise to bring
For daily bread.
Feed, thou, each hungry soul,
Our minds and hearts control,
Thy name we would extol,
By Thee be fed. Amen

This closing prayer is really a beautiful poem. Sung softly, either by the entire group or as a solo, it will conclude a meeting in a spirit of reverence. It may be sung to the tune of "Old Hundred".

The Hour Has Come

The hour has come when we must part
Though still we're joined in mind and
heart.
Guide us, dear Father, on our way,
And bless us, In Christ's name we
pray.

Amen

(Sent in by Grace Stoner Clark)

HOLLY FOR EASTER

By

Mildred Cathcart

Had you ever thought of using holly for Easter or do you know that particular legend of the holly?

I first became acquainted with this unique custom when one of my friends showed me a striking centerpiece. A ceramic cross had small Easter lilies arranged at the base and entwined among the pure white flowers were bits of holly with vivid red berries. The contrast was pleasing but my friend assured me that the holly was not there merely for looks and proceeded to tell me this interesting legend.

It is said that in the beginning the holly that grew in the Holy Lands had white berries and plants sprang up wherever the Savior chanced to walk. The pure white berries spoke of His sinless nature—the green, of His eternal being. But when Christ was crucified, all of the holly berries turned to deep crimson. Thus the blood-red berries symbolized the death of Christ on the cross. However, Christ arose, giving everlasting life and hope eternal to all of His own, so the green holly became a symbol of eternal life.

The holly wreath is also used as a symbol of the crown of thorns that was placed upon the Savior's brow!

The green holly with its brilliant red berries may well be used as an Easter decoration, reminding us of the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus. It is a lovely symbol as told by the legend.

Perhaps this Easter you, too, would like to entwine a sprig of holly with your Easter lily, and as you see it, your heart will be filled with gladness for "Up from the grave He arose!"

FREDERICK DISCUSSES AN UNUSUAL SUBJECT

Dear Friends:

This has been a very busy week for me—busier than usual. In addition to the three sermons that must be prepared each week, I have had to plan and conduct four funerals. Though I never preach a sermon at a funeral, I do spend a great deal of time in preparation; deciding on the right scripture, choosing inspirational poems and making certain that the prayers are both personal and helpful. Sometimes there are many arrangements to be made; family conferences, calls to the florist and the morticians, and planning with the organist and the church sexton. This all takes time, for whenever I am involved in any kind of a religious service, I want things to be done as perfectly as possible.

The other day I had an opportunity to learn how much funeral customs vary from one country to another and from one community to another. This can cause confusion for the persons trying to plan a service. There was a death in a family that had only recently come to America from Germany. These sorrowing people had no knowledge of our customs and since they had no relatives to turn to I went to them just as soon as I could. For the next forty-eight hours I struggled with the complications which arise when preparations have not been made for the possibility of a death.

This family was from another country and did have special problems to be worked through, but it made me think how important planning for the future is for *each* of us. Last month four different persons in my church came to see me to make arrangements for their own funerals. Were they being morbid? Of course not! They were being *very practical*. Not one of them had any idea of leaving this world soon but each knew how helpful it would be to relatives, and to me, if there was on file a statement about his own wishes concerning his funeral. As a matter of fact, I have made my plans and so has Mrs. Driftmier. If you have never done this may I suggest that you do so soon?

One thing to remember, it is your funeral and you have a right to have it the way you want it. There was nothing that you could do about your birth but there is much that you can do about the services held after your death. Don't think that you have to have a funeral a certain way because it is the custom or the tradition of your area or your family. You shouldn't be afraid that people will think you queer if you want things differently. Customs and traditions are not meant to be chains and if you want them broken, go ahead and do so. The main thing is to talk it over with your nearest loved one or a good friend. Also, talk about your funeral with your minister, and, above all, put something down in writing.

In the near future I am going to prepare a form to be filled out by any



The Reverend Frederick Driftmier

person in my church wishing to make arrangements of this kind. Here are a few of the questions which will be on the form:

1. Where do you want the services held?
2. Whom do you want to conduct the service?
3. Would you like more than one minister to have a part in the service?
4. Do you want any fraternal order to be present or to take part?
5. Have you favorite hymns or scriptures you would like used?
6. Do you want your friends to send flowers or, would you prefer that donations be made to some special charity or memorial fund?
7. Do you want to be cremated?
8. Where do you want to be buried?

Only once or twice have I conducted a memorial service in a private residence. Around here the funerals are always held in the mortuary or in the church. Many Easterners practice a custom called "Visiting Hours", a time when friends may call at the funeral home to pay their respects and visit with the family. It is slowly but surely dying out and, quite frankly, I am glad that it is. The "Visiting Hours" custom can be very hard on the family.

Only once, in all the years of my ministry, have I had a fraternal order take part in a funeral service. The custom in this part of the country is to have all services by fraternal orders conducted at the mortuary on the night before the funeral. It is a time when the minister is not present.

We've been talking about the memorial service after a person is dead, but the important part is the way in which a person lives—and the courage with which he dies. A very fine man who was dying of cancer told me, "For years I have taught my children how to live, now I am going to teach them how to die." He taught them well for he was a brave man. More than that, he was a man of real Christian faith.

Shortly after the death of his son, who was shot down over France in 1918, Theodore Roosevelt wrote, "Only those are fit to live who do not fear

to die." How true that is. We can also turn that around and say, "Only those who are not afraid to die are really *free* to live." It is my firm conviction that one of the marks of a Christian is his courage in the face of death. If one really loves God in the same way Jesus loved Him, and if one really believes that God is a Heavenly Father who loves all His children just as He loved Jesus, then there will be no fear of death. The chief formula that Jesus had for overcoming worry and the fear of death seems to me to be—live each day preciously, as though it were one's last day on earth, and leave tomorrow in the hands of God.

We need to remember that death is just as much a part of life as is birth and that both are a part of the very nature of God. If there were no death, if God in His loving mercy had not made it, how unbearably dull our existence would be. It is a friend of life, for only when we know that there is a limit to our days do we really appreciate life itself. If there were no possibility of our losing it, life would have no value, no adventure, no challenge and no purpose.

Quite frequently I am asked to speak about death and our Christian beliefs. In such a talk I always point out that there are many things in life worse than death. Our greatest enemy is not death but the evil that would kill our immortal spirits. Have we not always been taught that it is far better to die pure and sinless than to live as a child of the devil?

Years ago, when the Japanese were first attacking Shanghai in the Japanese-Chinese war, an unknown writer penned these lines:

"Tonight Shanghai is burning,
And we are dying too,
What bomb more surely mortal
Than death inside of you?
For some men die by shrapnel,
And some go down in flames,
But most men perish inch by inch
In play at little games."

Sincerely,

Frederick

LIFE'S BOOK

No matter what else you are doing,
From cradle days through to the
end,
You are writing your life's secret
story—

Each day sees another page penned.
Each month ends a thirty page
chapter,

Each year means the end of a part,
And never an act is misstated—
Or even one wish of the heart.
Each day when you wake the book
opens

Revealing a page clean and white,
What thoughts and what words and
what doings

Will cover its pages by night?
God leaves that to you, you're the
writer,

And never a word shall grow dim
'Til the day you write the word 'Finis'
And give back your Life's Book to
Him.

OF MARCH AND ALMANACS AND FRIENDS

By

Evelyn Birkby

This is the time of year when a sudden snowfall turns the world into a fairy place. Each tiny twig, each tapered branch, each sturdy trunk may awaken to find itself garbed in frothy white. The bushes, fences, telephone lines and even the bulk of the tractor may be suddenly turned into sparkling beauty by a coating of jewel-like ice. Loose bits of snow blow helter-skelter across the dark stretches formed by ruts along the side road. The pile of corncobs massed beside the crib becomes a peak of beauty when softly covered by a drift of snow.

Spring is waiting beneath the surface of all this outer layer of winter. It seems terrifically near when a boot sinks into the gumbo with which the feed lot is layered. The roots and bulbs which have lain dormant all winter have begun, deep down in their dark beds, the miracle of rebirth. Before long a few leaves will try poking tentative, courageous points through the chill soil.

In March the snows may come and leave small drifts in the hollows and patterns along the creek bank, but they don't scare me one bit! The minute the calendar is turned past February I know that winter, no matter how ungraciously, will soon be forced to bow to spring.

Almanacs make interesting reading, but somehow they never strike just the right note for the likes of me. Take the one I looked over just this morning. It told me that the day would be bright and sunny but when I looked out the window the weather was really cold and drizzly. Today, the book informed me, was to be just right for planting root vegetables, garden vegetables and flowers. My goodness! In this drizzle the garden would be in far better condition to mud in rice than to plant pretty snapdragons. Scraping aside the last of the snow from the higher spots did not particularly appeal to the outdoor girl in me! The residue of snow will soon be gone if this damp weather keeps up. I'd far rather wait another month to do any planting even if I miss out on all the proper planting dates and moon signs.

I turned in the almanac to my horoscope. Perhaps, I thought, it would give me inspiration. Here I discovered that I am a "dynamo of energy, full of ambition and with a love of hard work!". That did it! How come, if I'm so all-fired full of ambition, I'm not out there planting the garden like the almanac says?

A phrase which struck my eye recently was the use of the word "home-keeping". Now that is a much more imaginative and useful occupation than just "housekeeping". I must remember this phrase when I mop the kitchen floor (and those times come frequently at this time of year), make the beds, iron the clothes for my fam-

ily of three boys and a husband and do the constant stream of dirty dishes. This, I shall say to myself with firmness, is not drudgery, disagreeable or difficult. It is the very essence of that about which young girls dream; which novelists use as subjects for their books and movies present in glamorous settings. This, I shall say, is *homekeeping!*

Our main purpose, after all, in keeping a home is to make our family and friends happy. A house is made for people, not people for the house. I shall never forget a family to whom a fine house and furnishings were so important to the parents that they would not allow their two teen-age daughters to bring any friends home. The girls found activities in other places and eventually got into difficulty which required the city juvenile officer to get straightened out. Those girls really had no home, only a house which was a fancy show place.

I'm reminded also of a city dweller who was not one bit interested in having a home for anyone except herself. She informed me that she didn't want to know any of the neighbors around her. "I mind my own business and I want them to mind theirs! It's too much bother to have next door neighbors who run in and out. I leave them alone and they do the same to me."

It went through my mind that to have a friend you must be a friend and this lady certainly wasn't good "friendship" material. In fact, she stopped talking to me right then and it was obvious she didn't want me to be friendly either! She was living as she wanted to, but I pitied her loneliness.

These two cases are extreme ones and, thank goodness, relatively rare. But there are difficulties which arise in smaller towns and in the country, too. Someone says, "Oh, I've been meaning to call on my neighbor . . . or the new lady who just moved in nearby . . . or the friend just home from the hospital . . . but I can't find the time." And I am guilty of having said the same thing!

It set me to thinking that perhaps we place our standard of calling too high. We feel that we can't go see someone unless we are all dressed up as for a special occasion. Granted, it is nice to be clean and in our best clothes. But, wouldn't we go calling more often if we just ran a comb through our hair, put on a fresh apron and went to visit? If we go to see a new friend in such a manner the very informality would help her relax and make it easier to talk. If we drop in to see an old friend she would just be plain happy to have us come.

I learned my lesson the hard way this winter. A neighbor's little girl died very suddenly. I did go and call on her just as soon as I could. When I left that day, with the sharp poignancy of sorrow in my heart, I determined to return often. Knowing how much I leaned on the friends who kept coming long after my own little girl died, I felt this was the least I could do to help this neighbor with her new, fresh grief. My intentions were excellent. We were swept into Christmas.

Then Jeffrey was home a week from school with a cold. Suddenly, I felt compelled to go. Right that moment, not later! With a dab of powder to my nose, a quick comb of my hair, a thankful prayer that Jeffrey was back in school, I bundled Craig into his coat and we drove down the lane. I had only one hour to spend visiting. Only one hour, but it did us both a great deal of good.

"I apologize for not coming back sooner," I said, as I left. "I've been trying to find an entire afternoon when I could come to see you, but it just didn't materialize. Long ago I should have realized that I could run over, just as I was, for an hour or two and have a good chat. I'll do it again." And I have, several times, since.

It all really boils down to putting first things first. Our homes are places to enjoy and share. I want mine to be a place where friends feel free to drop in any time—when everything is slicked up party clean or when dishes are in the sink, ironing is in the process of being done and toys are on the floor. I want my acquaintances to know, too, that no matter what kind of work they have been doing they can just stop and come on over for a visit and a cup of coffee. That way no one needs to feel that the house must be in perfect order or that personal appearance must be immaculate before being friendly. Let us stop worrying quite so much about outward appearance, if necessary, and push up our standard of friendliness.

AN INDIAN INTERPRETATION OF PSALM 19

The Great Father above has shown His power by making the stars of the heavens, and the brightness of the lights in the sky is wonderful.

His voice is the voice of all nature, and His wisdom shows even in the darkness of the night. The whole earth is filled with the melody of God.

In the days of creation He sent forth the great sun shining like the brightness of the face of a lover, and His strength warms all the world.

The law of the Great Father can do all good things and His words bring wisdom to simple souls.

Follow the way laid out by the Great Spirit of Wisdom and it will bring you in peace and contentment to a fine reward.

Wash my heart, O God, that the wicked things of earth gain not a victory over me, for I would stand straight like an arrow, looking up, and not bending down with any wrong doing.

May my lips speak aright—may my heart think aright, O Thou who are the strength of my life and the Saviour of my soul.

—Hospesla

(Editors note: This beautiful Indian interpretation of Psalm 19 came from the Cook Christian Training School of Phoenix, Arizona. It is an interdenominational training school exclusively for Indians of all tribes.)

THESE ARE BUSY DAYS FOR THE DENVER DRIFTMIEERS

Dear Friends:

Today is one of those deceptive days when it would appear that spring is just around the corner, but we have lived in Colorado long enough to know that spring is not likely to arrive for several weeks. Our heaviest snows traditionally occur during March, April and May and it would provoke a severe water shortage if they didn't arrive on schedule. It is the melting snows that fill the great reservoirs that are so vital for the city of Denver and most of the farmers in Eastern Colorado.

One of our neighbors is the Water Supply Engineer for the Denver Water Board and these are anxious weeks for him. All winter long he has received regular reports on the snow depth of the snow pack in the high mountain regions of the Denver Watershed. From these reports and from the frequency of the spring snows he must calculate accurately if there will be enough water to satisfy the ever-increasing demands during the long, dry months ahead.

For our family, the first harbinger of spring occurred in the middle of January. This was when the first big semi-trailer trucks arrived from California to unload several thousand bare-root rose bushes. These have been potted in a special soil mixture in 5-quart cans and placed in large rectangular bins, about a foot in height, on the south side of the nursery warehouse. The air spaces between the cans are filled with peat moss. Large sheets of heavy plastic are tacked over the tops of the bins. The effect is similar to that created by a greenhouse except that no artificial heat is used.

Each year more and more of our customers are buying canned roses instead of the bare-root dormant ones. The specially-tailored soil mixture and early start in growth mean better roses throughout almost the entire first growing season.

Many of the evergreens, both narrow and broad-leaved, come from California too. Our evergreens are sold either balled-and-burlaped or canned. Most of the deciduous nursery stock is grown in the midwest, much of it near Shenandoah. This is sold bare-root through the spring. But once the weather warms substantially and the shrubs and trees "break" they are immediately canned too. It used to be that all leftover deciduous stock had to be thrown away or burned, but now practically all of it can be saved through canning.

Canned nursery stock has changed our retail nursery business from a one-season (spring) business into a year-round operation. We plant all twelve months of the year in Denver. If the ground is frozen, the planting crews use a gasoline-powered jack hammer fitted with a shovel to get through the frost line. This means that a new home or building finished in January or February can be landscaped immediately with evergreens,



The Denver Driftmiers have a new pet—a darling little black kitten named "Midnight". Emily and Alison stepped outside so their father could snap this picture to share with you friends.

shrubs and trees. Only the lawn must wait for spring planting.

The nursery also sells large trees twenty to thirty feet tall and these must be moved in winter. Trees of this size and maturity have to be dug, balled-and-burlaped and planted while they are completely dormant if they are to survive the shock of moving.

One of the most interesting tree-planting jobs I have watched occurred at a new TV building. A twenty-five foot Russian Olive was lifted up and over a three-story building and lowered down into an interior court. The ball of dirt surrounding the roots of this tree was so heavy that it was necessary to rent the most powerful crane in the Denver area to do the lifting. We all worried about how the tree would adapt to being lofted about so, but apparently the tree didn't mind in the least. It is growing and thriving beyond all expectation!

Our children are finally getting swimming lessons. They are enrolled in the Red Cross swimming program being offered at one of the Denver Junior High schools. I was a very impressed small-town girl when I walked into that school building and discovered not one, but two swimming pools! Back when I was in public school only one or two high schools in the entire state of Iowa could boast of even one swimming pool. Out here in Jefferson County none of the schools have pools, for with our school population increasing at the rate of 3,000 per year, we haven't money to build anything except classrooms.

Our very dynamic and renowned Jefferson County school superintendent is leaving for the Palo Alto, California school system. We heartily approve of the program of solid learning

he instituted. (The seventh grade mathematics program is so changed and advanced that the school board has found it necessary to offer evening classes for parents!) His replacement hasn't been announced and naturally those of us with school-age children are concerned.

Recently we in our Episcopal church have had to learn to get along without a full-time minister. Our previous vicar has gone to Rhode Island and the Bishop hasn't yet assigned a new man. Since we are still a mission church, we don't have the right to choose our own minister—or the responsibility for locating one either. We are very fortunate to have several retired ministers in the area who have been willing to come in to continue the regular Sunday services, but that doesn't replace having a man on the job full time. Although his term had expired, Wayne has continued his service on the Bishop's Committee during this interim period. These men are charged with full responsibility for carrying on the work of the church and it has meant many additional hours of work for each of them.

This past month I've been busy at the sewing machine. Once the yard work begins there never seems to be time to sew, so I must take full advantage of my hours at the machine at this time of the year. I've had to think ahead to the trip we will be making to the east coast this summer. Our light, bright summer cottons are appropriate for Colorado but would look out of place in an Eastern city, so I'm making dark cottons more suitable for what we term "the sooty East". I prefer to make more than one dress from the same pattern because it is much easier for this amateur seamstress the second time through!

This is the favorite time of the year for the thousands of skiers out here. Our family has yet to take up this very popular sport and I think it highly unlikely that Wayne and I ever will. We're just a little too old to start such a strenuous sport! But we have enjoyed some very fine sledding and skating. One of our Christmas gifts was a long, sturdy sled which will carry all three children or Wayne and myself comfortably.

Another purchase we have really appreciated this winter is our new electric blanket. The crawl space under our bedroom floor, as well as Clark's, is walled off from the crawl space under the rest of the house. Since the furnace is located under the main section, these two rooms don't heat very well. Clark is a warm-blooded little fellow, but I'm *not*, so it's been mighty nice to crawl into a warm bed at night. We are long overdue for a power failure, and surely one of these snow storms is going to give us a cold awakening in the middle of the night.

It's getting late now and I must collect the laundry from the clothesline. If I hurry I can get it folded and put away before starting dinner.

Sincerely,
Abigail

A LATE WINTER REPORT FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Having had weeks and weeks of almost spring-like weather this winter, I'd hate to complain, but my! hasn't it been cold? We've had very little snow in our neck-of-the-woods so the roads have been fine. With the exception of two or three days last fall, the school bus has been able to come to our door every day.

Since school buses are not obligated in any way to leave the main, all-weather roads to pick up children, we greatly appreciate the fact that our driver travels our half-mile of dirt road to pick up Kristin. Because we appreciate it, we watch the road very carefully. If it is the least bit slick, Kristin walks out or we take her out to meet the bus. If she has to walk, she allows plenty of time to reach the corner before the bus arrives. Since she has always been prompt, the driver takes it for granted that if she isn't there the road is safe for him to travel. This has been wonderful training for Kristin—she cannot loiter. She HAS to be on time! In the eight years that she has ridden the school bus, never once has it been stuck on our dirt road.

We feel that it's very important to let the driver know when she isn't going to ride the bus so that he won't have to drive that extra mile for nothing. One night she stayed with a friend and forgot to call him. The next morning the bus, of course, came as usual. There was a mighty serious discussion at our house that night! We reminded her that, although we assumed the responsibility for notifying the driver when she was in grade school, as a high school student she was old enough to take care of this matter herself. Since then she has kept it on her mind and it has never happened again.

Kristin doesn't dare complain to her father when she has to walk out to meet the bus for he is quick to remind her that she has gotten her education the *easy* way. When he and his sisters grew up on this same farm, there were no good roads. No school buses picked them up at the door. When he became old enough to drive, he had an old Model T Ford to take to school when the roads were passable, but when they weren't, he walked or rode horseback *and* in all kinds of weather.

During the years that Kristin has ridden the bus she has reported a number of times when the bus arrived at school several hours late. With one or two exceptions, the reason was that the driver had tried to pick up children on a muddy road and had gotten stuck. In my estimation, the driver cannot be blamed for this. If there are bad, muddy spots along a dirt road, the parents should make every effort to notify him about them and do whatever they can to get their children to a location ahead of the mud. I know that it isn't *always* possible to know where the driver might encounter difficulties, but in most cases we are familiar enough with our own roads to



Dorothy Johnson (right) and her sister-in-law, Edna Halls, have coffee together.

make some pretty good guesses as to their condition. Our driver, like most other drivers, has another job to report to when he gets in from his run, so sincere cooperation from parents is greatly appreciated. This year will mark the end of Kristin's school bus days, and our sincere thanks go to all of the drivers who have helped make it possible for her to get back and forth from school these eight years. They have helped greatly in making it easier for her to acquire an education.

Frank saw a covey of quail in the field this morning—the first he has seen for months. We had such a heavy covering of snow on the ground all last winter that it was impossible for these beautiful birds to find food. I'm sure that many, many of them died for not once last summer did we hear their familiar "Bob White" call. Frank thinks they are worth their weight in gold to the farmer and wouldn't shoot one for *anything*. Now that he has seen this one covey, we hope that they will get started again. I didn't know until Frank told me today, that a quail does not migrate and never strays very far from the place where it was hatched.

Have you planned the table centerpiece for your March party yet? I have had quite a number of letters from friends who used the ideas I suggested in previous letters. I was interested in the fact that quite a few rural teachers had used some of them as art projects in school. The children enjoyed working on them and they made attractive additions to the classroom.

One of the traditional symbols for St. Patrick's Day is the green top hat and it would be quite simple to make one for the center of your table. Use white poster cardboard (in either four- or six-ply) for it will roll easily without cracking. Cut it the height you want your hat to be, then bring the ends together and fasten them with staples or glue.

To make the top, stand your cylinder up on another piece of cardboard and draw around it. Cut this circle out, making it one-fourth inch bigger than the circle you have drawn. Cut slashes from the outside edge in to your pencil mark and bend these little tabs toward the center. Now you will be able to push the circle up through your cylinder, with the tabs pointed down, until it is even with the top of the cylinder. A spot of paste on each tab will anchor it firmly to the inside of the hat.

Make the brim by cutting a larger circle of cardboard. Put the hat in the middle of this and again draw around it. When you cut out the center, make it a quarter-inch smaller than your pencil circle. Cut the tabs and fasten them on the inside of the hat in the same manner. Finish the hat by painting it with green tempera paint, or cover it with green crepe paper.

Pixies, with their red caps and shoes, would add a spot of color. I have used them around the brim, each holding a shamrock, but you might think of other clever ways to use them.

If you have a March birthday party, you could use an angel food cake for the crown of the hat. Before icing the cake, cover the hole with a piece of cardboard and, if your cake doesn't have straight sides, slice off a little of the cake around the sides so that it won't be broader at the bottom than it is at the top. Place the cake on a circle of cardboard cut large enough to give you a good-sized brim. Pixies, sitting around the brim, might hold green ribbons running to place cards or nutcups.

The little runt pigs that Kristin bottle-fed so carefully were ready for market in six months. With such a poor start in life, we thought they did well to grow so fast in that length of time. She had saved a gilt from an earlier group of runts that her Uncle Raymond Halls had given her, and now she has eight more babies to take care of. She said that it was a relief to have some that she didn't have to bottle-feed! She pays for the commercial feed that they eat and when she starts complaining about how much it costs, her father likes to tease her. He tells her that she hasn't seen anything yet—just wait until he turns in his corn bill and his labor bill for taking care of them when she wasn't here!

Edna and Raymond Halls are Frank's sister and husband who live on a farm near Allerton, Iowa. I'm inclined to assume that everyone knows who Edna and Raymond are since I've mentioned them so often through the years. I realize that we have new readers every month and that I'm negligent when I forget to introduce them properly. Frank and Raymond have occasions to help one another with their work. Edna and I welcome the opportunity to spend a day together when such a time presents itself. We're always sharing ideas and recipes and many of the recipes that I have shared with you friends have come from Edna's files.

As soon as Kristin arrives home from school, we're going in to Lucas to have the car radiator checked. Very cold temperatures are predicted for tonight and the car has been "balky" today. Another one of Frank's sisters, Bernice Stark, lives in Lucas so we'll stop at her house for a few minutes while the car is being checked.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

MARY BETH REPORTS ON THE CHILDREN'S DEVELOPMENT

Dear Friends:

I'm writing once again from Anderson. Donald has stayed several weekends in Milwaukee trying to find housing that we can use immediately. He ran an advertisement in the newspaper asking for information for a house to rent, lease or buy. And, even though the replies have been slow coming, he has received one interesting reply. He called me yesterday and suggested that I come up as soon as possible to look at a house which he thought had possibilities. We certainly hope it will develop into something useable.

I am happy to report that all is going well since we moved in with Mother. The children have been taken out of their normal routine and away from the largest part of their toys and yet they are adjusting very nicely. The moving company was kind enough to bring the heavy pieces of furniture, that had to be kept out of storage, here to Mother's house. It really began to get crowded! Then we added the playpen, the highchair, baby bed, stroller, jumper chair, baby swing, tricycles and a very few toys; every spot seemed taken. But after Christmas even the available corners disappeared. Things are lined up in neat but close order along every wall in the house.

Sleeping arrangements are working out much more satisfactorily than I had expected. The children are sleeping in my former bedroom which, fortunately, had twin beds so all we had to add was the baby's bed. There is still room to walk around, surprisingly enough!

I had anticipated trouble with the children all sleeping in one room but they are pleased with the novelty of sleeping together. There is lots of giggling when they are finally all in bed. Regardless of how long Adrienne has been asleep she seems to listen with one ear for the older children to come to bed at seven-thirty. She pops her head up and begins to instigate a playtime. However, they are all so tired by this time of night that I don't have any trouble getting them to quiet down.

Katharine enjoys this arrangement in the evening but she doesn't like to have Adrienne waken at five o'clock in the morning. Adrienne's tummy must tell her when it is morning. She is not insistent that anyone get up and feed her immediately, but she does like to lie and giggle and chatter to herself until the rest of us get up at six o'clock. This has given Katharine something unusual to tell the children in kindergarten.

Katharine is continuing to go to the same kindergarten even though we have moved halfway across town. My sister Marjorie has her little Jimmy enrolled in the same kindergarten. It was very simple to add Katharine to the car pool setup from this end of town.

Adrienne has reached the stage in her development where I wish I could



Katharine Driftmier delights in playing house with her brother Paul, although Paul isn't always as co-operative as he appears here! When Mary Beth questioned the sunsuit, Katharine firmly announced that they were playing "Summer".

put my hand out and stop time. For months and months I kept thinking how nice it would be when she was no longer on a night feeding. I looked forward to the day when she would develop enough so I could stop sterilizing things. As each of these tasks ended I gained more time for housework, cooking, playing with the children and even some leisure activity. Now if I could keep Adrienne just like she is, for a short time, I would surely enjoy doing so. She is so cute and responsive and suddenly a real little person.

Adrienne's back muscles have become strong enough to support her for long periods of time and this one fact has opened up a whole new world for her. She can sit up in the playpen and since Mother's front window comes quite close to the floor we put the pen there and the world of the yard and the street come into her range of vision. Riding in a stroller is much more fun when a girl can sit very erect and be an important somebody. Katharine and Paul both delight in taking her for rides through the house and, needless to say, this is very pleasing to Adrienne. She also enjoys her jumper chair for she can see around, stand up and lean way over to pick up toys. Just like the other two children she, too, has fallen out on her poor head.

Bathing our baby is much easier now because she doesn't bring her legs down with such a thunderous splash and soak everyone and everything in the bathroom. Dressing her each morning is simplified. Pulling a shirt on is far easier, now that she sits up straight, than wrestling with her when she flipped and flopped from one end of the bed to the other.

Paul is making tremendous strides in his talking. When I remember that

he didn't talk at all when Mother stayed with the kiddies last June while I was in the hospital, it is really surprising. He still has many words which sound like a foreign language but these words aren't singular any more; they are complete sentences. He has progressed from the "me do it" type of communication to using "I", "me", "mine", "didn't", "won't" and other surprisingly complicated word usage. He is talking to us and with us and it is a real pleasure to hear him.

I wish you could all see the lovely present Katharine received from a *Kitchen-Klatter* friend in Crystal Lake, Minnesota. It wasn't for a birthday or any special occasion. The lady, Mrs. V. Stenger, said she heard Lucile mention on a radio broadcast how much Katharine enjoyed pretty things so she sent her a tree full of beautiful handmade birds.

The little tree stands nearly twelve inches high with stark white branches and a green trunk. Fastened to the limbs are green leaves and eleven birds, each of a different species. Some of the birds are in flight, several are just settling down and others are carefully perched with their tiny claws tightly grasping a limb. At the bottom of the tree on a little grassy base is a fat yellow duck with a broad yellow bill. There is a tiny brown wren with a wee bill and a pair of shiny, beady eyes. There is a cardinal, a Baltimore oriole, a ruby-throated hummingbird, a bluejay, a robin and other gorgeous birds. I have never seen such a beautiful object of art and it was truly a labor of love.

Mrs. Stenger makes the birds from cotton and tissue paper, then paints each one its proper hue with water colors. She sent Katharine a wonderful letter telling her all about the birds that come to eat the food which she puts outside her window. It was just the type of letter to hold a five year old spellbound.

We've all become so fascinated with this delicate tree that I am going to find a large glass bell to fit over it to protect it. This little tree came just at a time when all of the Anderson Driftmiers were missing their regular bird friends who came to our old home, so it has served a double purpose.

I must finish this letter. Mother is getting ready to start a washing and since 99% of the dirty clothes belong to me and mine, I feel obligated to finish this and get out into the kitchen.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

A FINGER GAME FROM MARY BETH

I PLACE MY HANDS

My hands upon my head I place,
On my shoulders, on my face,
Then at my side, then on my hips,
Now behind me see them trip.
Then I hold them up so high—
I simply let my fingers fly.
Now I clap them; One, Two, Three,
Then I fold them quietly.

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

AMERICAN CHOW MEIN

This is a superb casserole to be served over chow mein noodles. Because it is so quickly and easily prepared, it is a great time-saver for busy days and certainly satisfies ravenous appetites when the weather is cold and brisk.

It serves very nicely as a meat-stretcher, but is so delicious that you need never hesitate to serve it to company.

Although it is suggested that you prepare this dish in a casserole in the oven, it can just as well be fixed in a skillet on top of the stove and allowed to simmer until done. In this case, however, it would be necessary to give the ingredients frequent stirrings to prevent sticking.

1 lb. hamburger
1 large onion, chopped
1 cup chopped celery
1/2 cup raw rice
1 can chicken gumbo soup
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 1/2 Tbls. soy sauce

Brown the hamburger and onion in 2 Tbls. of fat. Add the celery, rice, both cans of soup and the soy sauce. Stir to blend and then pour the combined ingredients into a 1 1/2 quart casserole and bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees. Serve over warmed chow mein noodles.

A tossed green salad and fruit dessert would be nice to serve with this dish.

FAMILY FAVORITE ESCALLOPED POTATOES

1/3 cup finely chopped onion
3 Tbls. butter
6 cups pared, thinly sliced potatoes
Salt and pepper to taste
1 cup grated American cheese
product

1 can cream of mushroom soup
1/4 cup milk
1/4 cup chopped pimiento
Lightly brown the onion in butter. Place a layer of potatoes in a greased, shallow 2-quart baking dish. (If you have a fancy casserole, that is fine, but I just use my 8-inch square cake pan and find it is just the right size.) Sprinkle with salt, pepper, 1/3 of the onion, and 1/3 cup of cheese. Repeat layers and save the last 1/3 cup of cheese for a topping. Blend mushroom soup and milk. I like to heat this a little for blending. Pour over the potatoes, sprinkle with pimiento. Cover (I use foil) and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for one hour. Sprinkle with remaining cheese and bake uncovered for 15 minutes longer.

LUCILE'S RYE BREAD

This recipe came from a Kitchen-Klatter friend who said: "You've never given a bread recipe calling for your Flavorings, but you should know that I was entertained where our hostess served the most delicious bread I've ever eaten, and when I asked for the recipe I found to my surprise that it called for two of your Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings. If you don't try this you're missing a lot."

I tried it immediately, of course, and our friend didn't exaggerate. This had the finest texture of any bread I've ever made, and an extremely delicate and subtle taste. Don't increase any of the Flavoring measurements. You want just a suggestion of orange—no more.

2 pkgs. dry yeast
1/2 cup warm water
1 tsp. sugar
1/4 tsp. ginger

Combine these ingredients and let stand until it bubbles.

1 1/2 cups warm water
1/3 cup firmly packed dark brown sugar
3 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/4 cup soft shortening (preferably butter)
2 cups sifted rye flour
1 Tbls. salt
4 1/2 to 5 cups sifted white flour

Dissolve sugar in warm water. Add flavorings. Beat in soft shortening, add yeast mixture. Add rye flour and beat vigorously. Gradually add 4 1/2 cups white flour to which salt has been added and beat well as long as possible. Then turn on floured board and knead until smooth and satiny. Rye flour makes a sticky dough and white flour must be added until dough has reached a smooth, easily handled texture.

Turn into well-greased bowl and let stand until double in bulk.

Then put on board again and knead vigorously. Divide into two portions, shape loaves and put in greased bread pans to rise until light and doubled in bulk. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 40 to 45 minutes.

This bread slices beautifully, is of extremely fine texture.

DELICIOUS BREAD PUDDING

2 1/4 cups milk
2 slightly beaten eggs
2 cups bread cubes
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1/4 tsp. salt
2/3 cup raisins

Combine milk and eggs and pour over the bread cubes. Add remaining ingredients and toss lightly. Pour into a greased 8-inch square baking dish, set in a pan of water. (The water should come up to about an inch.) Bake in a 350 degree oven for about 40 minutes, or until a knife inserted comes out clean.

UNUSUAL MEAT LOAF

1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
1/2 lb. ground pork
2 Tbls. minced onion
2/3 cup soft bread crumbs
1 tsp. salt
Dash of pepper
1 can cream of vegetable soup
1/2 cup water
3/4 cup instant mashed potatoes, dry
1/4 cup tomato juice
2 eggs

Heat together the soup, water, tomato juice and add the instant mashed potatoes; beat well. Stir in the 2 eggs. In a large mixing bowl, put all of the remaining ingredients, then stir in the mashed potato-soup mixture. Form into a loaf and bake in a 350 degree oven for 1 1/4 hours, or until the meat is done. This depends upon the size of the loaf.

The flavor of this meat loaf is a little unusual, the meat "hangs together" well, and we think it is quite delicious. We hope that you try it very soon.

CORN ROLLS

1 1/4 cups flour
4 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1 Tbls. sugar
3/4 cup corn meal
2 Tbls. shortening
1 egg
1/2 cup milk

Sift together all of the dry ingredients. Cut in the shortening. Beat the egg and the milk together and stir into the flour and shortening combination. This will be quite a dry batter. Turn the dough out onto a lightly floured breadboard. Knead a few times and then pat until it is about 1/4 to 1/2 inch thick. Cut into rounds with a large biscuit cutter. Brush the tops with melted butter and fold over like Parker House rolls. Brush the tops with milk or slightly beaten egg white to make an attractive glaze. Bake at 450 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes.

These may be cut into small round biscuits and baked. Either way they are attractive and a change from ordinary corn bread.

MOLDED TUNA SALAD

1 can tomato soup
1 large pkg. Philadelphia cream cheese
1 cup commercial salad dressing
2 6 oz. cans tuna fish
1 cup chopped celery
1/4 cup minced onion
1/2 cup cold water
2 pkgs. plain gelatin

Dissolve gelatin in cold water. Bring soup to boil and then add dissolved gelatin; mix thoroughly. When cold, fold in the softened cream cheese. (Have cheese at room temperature and then whip up until it is very smooth and light.) Add remaining ingredients and turn into one large mold or individual molds.

Additional dressing should not be served with this. A very delicious salad—and exceptionally attractive in color.

OFFICE DATE CAKE

This cake went to the office for afternoon coffee and made good friends! It is unusually light for a cake containing applesauce, and not too sweet.

1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup chopped dates (packed into cup)
1 egg
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1 cup unsweetened applesauce
1 3/4 cups sifted flour
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 tsp. nutmeg
1/4 tsp. cloves
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. baking soda
1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream sugar and shortening until fluffy. Add egg, flavorings and applesauce and beat vigorously. Sift together all dry ingredients. Add to first mixture, stirring only enough to blend. Lastly add nuts and dates. Turn into a well-greased glass baking dish and bake for about 45 minutes (or until toothpick inserted in middle comes out clean), in a 350 degree oven. When cool, cover with a powdered sugar icing flavored with 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring.

TANGY SALAD

This is a nice salad to serve with ham or pork.

1 pkg. lime gelatin
1 cup hot water
1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple
1 Tbls. prepared horseradish
1/4 tsp. salt
1 cup diced celery

Dissolve the lime gelatin in the cup of boiling hot water. Drain the pineapple and add enough water to the juice to make the second cup of liquid needed for the gelatin. Add the crushed pineapple, horseradish, salt and diced celery. Chill until congealed. Serve on salad greens with just a "dab" of mayonnaise. If your family is especially partial to horseradish, you might like to add a very small amount to the mayonnaise.

ELEGANT GREEN BEAN CASSEROLE

2 cans green beans
1 can bean sprouts
1 can water chestnuts
1 can mushrooms
2 cans cream of mushroom soup
1 can French fried onion rings

Drain the beans, bean sprouts, water chestnuts and mushrooms. Slice the water chestnuts very thin and dice the mushrooms into pieces (unless you have opened a can of "stems and pieces", which might require very little dicing). Stir all ingredients lightly, except for the onion rings, and arrange in a greased casserole. Bake for about 35 to 40 minutes at 350 degrees, then remove from the oven and sprinkle the onion rings over the top and return to the oven for a few minutes before serving.

DINNER-IN-A-DISH RABBIT

1 pkg. frozen carrots and peas
1/2 cup diced celery
2 Tbls. butter
2 Tbls. flour
1/2 tsp. salt
A dash of cayenne pepper
1/4 tsp. dry mustard
1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 cup milk
1/2 lb. American cheese

Put the peas, carrots and celery into boiling salted water in the bottom of a double boiler. While the vegetables cook, put the top of the double boiler in place and put into this the butter, flour, salt, pepper, mustard and Worcestershire sauce. Stir until smooth then add the milk and cheese. Continue cooking and stirring until the cheese is melted and the mixture is quite thick.

When the vegetables are cooked and the cheese mixture is done, lift the vegetables from the bottom kettle with a slotted spoon and put them into the cheese sauce. Serve over toast, English muffins or toasted waffles. Bacon cooked crisp and served at one side of the plate is very good but even better is a slice of baked ham or a slice of cold chicken placed on top of the toast before spooning on the cheese-vegetable mixture.

This may be varied by adding 1 Tbls. minced green pepper and 1 cup of fresh tomato wedges to the cheese sauce at the very last minute.

DELICIOUS MAPLE SAUCE
(Non-fattening)

2 Tbls. cornstarch
1 Tbls. sugar
1/4 tsp. salt
1 1/2 cups water
1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
3 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

Combine cornstarch and sugar and then add to water. Stir until smooth. Add salt and Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener. Cook over low heat, stirring continuously, until clear and thickened. Remove from fire and add maple flavoring.

Very good served warm as a sauce for plain cakes, and equally good served at room temperature over puddings and ice cream.

FRANK'S FAVORITE APPLE PIE

7 medium apples, peeled
1 9-inch unbaked pie shell
1 1/3 cups sugar
3 Tbls. flour
3/4 tsp. salt
1/3 cup cream
1/2 tsp. cinnamon

You may use your own favorite pastry recipe for a one-crust pie. My favorite is: 1 1/2 cups sifted flour, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/2 cup shortening, 3 Tbls. cold water.

Slice one apple thin and lay it across the bottom of your pie shell. Cut remaining apples in eighths and arrange them to fill the pie shell. Combine the sugar, flour, salt and cream. Mix well and cover the apples with this mixture. This will be very thick and you will have to drop it by spoonfuls over the apples. Sprinkle the top with cinnamon. Cover the top with foil, tucking the corners under the edge of the pie pan. This will prevent the crust from overbrowning. Bake in a 375 degree oven for 1 1/2 to 2 hours, or until the apples are soft. (I use Jonathan apples and they cook in 1 1/2 hours.) After the first hour of baking, remove the foil and bake uncovered for the remainder of the baking time.

PINEAPPLE BEETS

1 cup pineapple juice
2 Tbls. cornstarch
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 cup cider vinegar
1 Tbls. butter
1 No. 303 can beets, drained
1/2 cup crushed pineapple, drained

Stir a little of the pineapple juice into the cornstarch to make a paste. In the top of the double boiler put the rest of the pineapple juice and stir in the sugar and vinegar. Add the cornstarch paste, and then cook until clear and thick, stirring often. Add the butter, crushed pineapple and drained beets. Heat through and serve while piping hot.

This recipe is excellent using the Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener instead of sugar. Instead of the 1/2 cup of sugar use 2 tsp. of the Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener. This gives the same fine results and makes the recipe useable for anyone on a sugar-restricted diet. This also lowers the calorie count of the pineapple beets.

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RECIPE OF THE MONTH

St. Patrick's Pie

The very delicate pale green color of this pie makes it highly suitable for entertaining around St. Patrick's day, but the delicious flavor will make it a year-around favorite. Since this must chill for several hours it is particularly desirable as a company dessert.

1 9-inch crumb crust
3 egg yolks
1/4 cup sugar
1 cup pineapple juice
1 envelope gelatin
1/4 cup water

Dissolve gelatin in cold water. Beat egg yolks until fluffy, add sugar and pineapple juice. Cook in double boiler until mixture begins to thicken and coats spoon. Add dissolved gelatin, stir thoroughly and put aside to chill.

When almost firm, fold in 1/2 cup crushed pineapple, 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring and 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring. Then add a few drops of green food coloring, and lastly fold in meringue made by beating 3 egg whites until very stiff and then adding 1/4 cup sugar.

Mixture should be very light and fluffy. Turn into crumb crust and put into refrigerator to chill.

Before serving, decorate with 1/2 cup heavy cream whipped until stiff to which has been added 2 Tbls. powdered sugar, 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring and a very few drops of green food coloring. Spread over top of pie.

It takes only two or three additional minutes to make this a spectacular looking dessert by cutting green cherries into small slivers to make flowers around the edge. Sprinkle silver balls between them—the type we use for Christmas cookies. An exceptionally delicious and unusual pie.

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE, MARCH, 1961

HAM-NOODLE CASSEROLE

This is an excellent way to use leftover ham. Corned beef would also be nice for this recipe.

3 cups cooked egg noodles
2 cups medium white sauce
1 cup diced American cheese
1 cup diced ham
1/4 tsp. paprika

Cook the noodles in boiling, salted water. Make up 2 cups of medium white sauce, only lightly salted. (As the ham is usually salty, only a small amount of salt is needed in the white sauce.) After dicing the cheese and ham, add to the white sauce along with the paprika. Combine all ingredients and pour into a 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle the top with crumbs and dot with butter. Bake for about 25 to 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

EXTRA ELEGANT APPLE PIE

2 Tbls. flour
1/2 tsp. salt
3/4 cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup sour cream
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

2 cups apples, finely chopped
Sift together flour, salt and sugar. Add egg, cream and vanilla and beat well. Stir in apples. Pour into pastry lined 9-inch pie tin and bake for 15 minutes at 425 degrees. Then reduce heat to 350 and bake for 30 minutes. Take from oven, sprinkle the following delicious topping over surface of pie and return to a 400 degree oven for 10 minutes.

1/3 cup sugar
1/3 cup flour
Dash of salt
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/4 cup butter

Pointers: Commercial sour cream is fine for this. Apples should be Jonathans or Winesaps. All in all, a sensational delicious pie.

HIGH AND MIGHTY CREAM PUFFS!

1/2 cup butter
1 cup hot water
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
Dash of salt
4 eggs

Combine butter and hot water in a heavy saucepan and put on fire until butter has melted and mixture has started to boil. Then add flour, beating constantly, and cook until mixture makes a ball. This takes only a minute or two. Remove from fire and cool to medium warm.

Now add the eggs, one at a time, beating hard after each addition.

Drop on to ungreased cooky sheet and make 8 uniform mounds of dough. Bake in a 400 degree oven for 40 to 50 minutes. When beads of moisture have disappeared, puffs are done.

These can be filled with an endless variety of custards or whipped cream. Dust tops with powdered sugar (sifted first) before serving.

Pointer: These can be made without an electric mixer, of course, but require hard beating. If a mixer is used, set it at the lowest speed to prevent dough from climbing up the blades. It is impossible to over-beat cream puff dough.

These cream puffs will be huge and are guaranteed not to fall if you bake them at 400 degrees until all beads of moisture have disappeared.

RED RASPBERRY SALAD

The friend from Iowa who sent in this recipe said that it is her family's favorite salad and a perfect accompaniment for roast pork. The ingredients are few; they go together quickly; the salad "sets" in a very short time.

1 pkg. lemon gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 pkg. frozen red raspberries
1 cup unsweetened applesauce

Measure the water into a saucepan and bring it to the boiling point. Add the package of lemon gelatin and stir until dissolved; then add the package of frozen red raspberries. This is the reason the salad "sets" quickly, for the frozen berries cool the gelatin rapidly. Therefore, it is necessary to stir the berries and gelatin quickly, so that berries break apart before the gelatin has chilled completely. Stir in the applesauce and then turn into a mold. Refrigerate until completely congealed.

This salad has a most elegant flavor and a rather different texture from most gelatin salads.

If you serve a dressing on it, I suggest that you use a little honey with the dressing to sweeten it just a bit, for the salad itself is a little tart. This also thins the dressing a little. If you prefer an even sweeter dressing, add a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener in place of the honey. This is also very handy, for we don't always have honey on hand.

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Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings DO make a difference. Keep ALL 12 on your shelf.

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

With my typewriter here on the kitchen table, I'm cooking and writing at the same time. About an hour ago I put one-half of a genuine Virginia ham on the stove, and I wish that there were some way for me to include the aroma with this issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*!

A real Virginia ham must always be boiled long and hard before eating. Just now I changed the water on the ham to get rid of some of the salt, and during the afternoon I will change the water at least once more—maybe twice. When boiling a ham, it is impossible to change the water too often, for no matter how many times it is done, there will still be enough of the smoked salt flavor left in the meat.

I have two good excuses for being in the kitchen today—we are snowed in with a raging blizzard, and my Betty is sick in bed with the flu. When I came home from the church the other day and found her ill, I had only a few minutes to prepare a quick lunch for the children, and this is what I made:

Quick Chick Lunch

1 can of chicken
1 can cream of celery soup
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1/2 cup raw rice

Cook the rice for 20 minutes in a quart of boiling, salted water. Empty the undiluted soups into the top of a double-boiler and heat. Add the cut-up chicken. (Green pepper, cut fine, may be added for color as well as a small amount of pimiento for a real a-la-king appearance.) Serves 6.

This may be served in patty shells or in toast cups instead of over rice. I make toast cups by buttering fresh bread and pushing the slices into muffin cups and toasting in a hot oven. (The 4 corners of the slices remain upright like petals.)

Green peas or salad and/or cranberry sauce makes this a meal ready to serve with very little preparation. Our children always love it.

Do you serve croutons with your soups? To me, a few croutons sprinkled over the soup makes a world of difference between an ordinary soup and something a little "special". It is a wonderful way to use bread or rolls that have become too old for the table.

Yesterday, while the soup was heating, I diced some frankfurter rolls that had been in the house for a week, spread the diced pieces onto a cookie sheet, brushed them with melted butter, and left them in a 400 degree oven until brown. The croutons were ready when the soup was heated.

Do more than exist, live. Do more than touch, feel. Do more than look, observe. Do more than read, absorb. Do more than hear, listen. Do more than listen, understand. Do more than think, ponder. Do more than talk, say something.



Margery's husband, Oliver, and their son, Martin, with Dad (M. H. Driftmier).

A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

It is always a pleasure to see something new and different and this morning I saw a winter bouquet unlike any I have ever seen before. My neighbor, Eltora Alexander, asked me to come over for a cup of coffee and see the results of her handiwork. She had just put the finishing touches on an arrangement made from cactus seed pods and other desert plants. It was truly lovely!

The materials were gathered when she and her husband spent a winter vacation in Tucson, Arizona with their daughters. The homes she visited displayed such unusual arrangements of native plants that she scouted around and found the makings for several pretty centerpieces.

The base was a piece of honeycomb-type cactus. The gilded stalks of several varieties of cacti were stuck into the holes. She had used a brush to paint the entire thing, but said that it would have been easier with spray paint.

I didn't fix a winter bouquet this year, but I have recently added some new houseplants which make our home more cheerful these bleak days. In the dining room bay window I have a large green jardiniere (a Christmas gift from Wayne and Abigail a number of years ago) filled with red and white geraniums. Several planters are filled with new foliage plants, interspersed with some little blooming plants that are doing nicely. I hope that they will see us through the rest of the winter until we have early spring flowers to brighten the house.

Wherever I go, friends are discussing what they are doing or what they would like to do to their homes to lift their spirits a little. This is the time of year when things seem drab and a few changes here and there tend to perk up the spirit, don't they? Aside from fixing up the planters, I haven't added anything, but I can tell you what some of my friends have done.

One of my neighbors has given her

small daughter's bedroom a "face-lifting". She has a beautiful antique brass bed in this room and the rest of the furnishings tended to look like old cast-offs—which is *exactly* what they were!

The first thing she did was paint the dressing table white; then, using gold gilt paint, she painted all of the little scrolls and curlicues. It was very effective. A night table, picked up at a household sale, also received a coat of white paint and a new brass pull for the drawer.

She scouted around until she found a lovely, inexpensive floral chintz bedspread with matching pillow shams. A lucky find on a remnant table made into a nice chair pad for the dressing table bench. The finished room is one that any little girl would dream about and my friend's sense of accomplishment was certainly soul-satisfying.

Another friend painted the bases of a pair of table lamps and replaced the old colorless shades with some bright new ones from the dime store. By re-covering the small pillows for the davenport in the same colors, the living room took on new life at very little cost.

This same friend had a delicate rose and white color scheme in one of her bedrooms. By dyeing the bedskirt a perfect shade of deep lavender to compliment the rose coverlet, and by adding some lavender floral prints above the bed, she had an entirely different effect and a very pleasing one.

About the only change I plan to make in the near future has to do with the mustard-colored denim drapes in my living room. These drapes are eight years old and definitely "need something" if they are to hang much longer. I've given it some thought and finally came up with an idea that I feel will "save them" for a while. I've sent for samples of unusual fringe—not plain brush fringe, but more unusual fringe with an old-fashioned look about it. This winter I saw some muslin curtains treated with the type of fringe I have in mind and I thought they were very interesting looking. This trim would outlast the drapes, but I could re-use it on new material later—if not in the living room, at least in another room in the house.

Speaking of fixing things about the house, since Martin has "shop" this semester, he has been quite the "fixer" around here. He has a sudden burst of enthusiasm to use some of the tools he has been studying in class. Now, I wouldn't begin to know what they are for my knowledge of tools begins and ends with hammers, screwdrivers and pliers, and anything other than these is beyond me.

He is rather secretive about what the boys are making in class, so I rather suspect that it is something for the house and that he prefers to let it remain a surprise. But it is no secret what he is building in the basement here at home. A few months ago he and a few friends became very interested in puppets. Now they are building a very deluxe puppet theatre out of the very simple one they constructed earlier. Although it isn't

(Continued on page 20)

JEWELS IN THE JUNKYARD

By

Elaine Derendinger

There was a time when I didn't think of a junkyard as a place where one was apt to trip over genuine antiques or find material to start hobbies or do-it-yourself projects! To me it was just a dump with tin cans, ashes and garbage. A junkyard, I discovered, is a place where old metal, paper, household items, discarded cars and such are kept, sorted and sold. We found out how exciting such a place could be when we once stopped to enjoy a marvelous Missouri view and found a junkyard located just over the next hill. It soon lured my husband, the children (especially the two boys) and finally me with its mysterious clanging sounds, the strange smells and the queer shapes. Since then we make it a point to search out junkyards while riding. I'll tell you why.

There was the iron bank shaped like a deer, the kind you seldom see anymore. It had come apart at the seams but a rivet soon fixed that. The junkman gave it to the boys. I couldn't help but wonder if long ago a small blond boy in a blue sailor suit slipped coppers into its back. Or perhaps a chubby child with dark braids might have come with immigrant parents from the old country and brought the bank—her sole possession. The deer now stands, painted and proud, on the boys' shelf.

The children had yearned for desks of their own but we couldn't afford four so they longed in vain. Then we discovered the junkyard! Now they each own an honest-to-goodness school desk, complete with iron trim and inkwell. They stow possessions in, on and under them. I have a fondness for the small, brown desks myself—they're exactly like the one in which I sat to learn the 3 R's. So much for so little; they cost only fifty cents each.

It is possible that our junkyard tours have uncovered some creative talent in the girls. They couldn't resist the glass from a shattered car window so they scooped it up and brought it home (it wasn't really sharp) and proceeded to glue it all over a glass tumbler. This made a beautiful vase to place in the window where the sunlight turns it into diamonds. Later they collected glass of all colors and made another.

When I once helped iron with sad-irons I thought them sad indeed! Now that seems long ago. When I saw two of the old irons in the junkyard I was filled with nostalgia and bought them. They make dandy doorstops. If you've used one, you know they are *heavy*. Some folks gild or decorate them but I like the natural iron with dark woodwork. The children think I must be ancient indeed if I once used such equipment. I tell them I not only ironed with sadirons but also took a well-padded one to bed on icy nights!

A junkyard is naturally fascinating to the male species—man and boy.

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While I shudder at the sight of wrecked cars, they like to stand in slouched positions and ponder the possible number of occupants injured and if, perhaps, the generator or rear tires could still be used! Often, though, they come across a real treasure—like the mixer my husband bought for a quarter. It once mixed malts in a corner drug store. I laughed because I didn't really believe it could chop cabbage for slaw or grind carrots for salad. But it does these things in minutes, plus mixing icings and batters. It even unlumps gravy!

Another day the boys came across a solid brass cuspidor and brought it home. We scoured it with steel wool and polished it with a soft cloth. It's thrilling to try and guess the history this humble container might have seen! Since I like unusual flower pots I put a plant in it. I also plan to use it later for marigolds and to hold pencils on my desk.

I had often admired pictures in magazines of lovely tables made from wrought-iron sewing machine legs with a marble top. Now I have half the ingredients for one! We bought an old machine with such fancy legs for only fifty cents. When we can buy a piece of marble we'll own a handsome antique-looking table.

We wanted a lantern-type ceiling light for the kitchen and when my husband found an old Diesel train lantern in the junkyard he immediately saw its possibilities. He is fixing it so a bulb and wire can be inserted and it will be painted black and copper. It will be exactly what I want!

We paid a junk dealer one dollar for an oval iron kettle with handles and painted it black. It makes a handy holder for fireplace wood. I didn't realize it was an antique until I saw one like it in an exhibit at the state fair. Junk dealers are usually very generous. Buy one thing and they

often throw in something else for good measure—like the two pewter toothpick holders given me when we bought the kettle.

One day we were lucky enough to find a truly beautiful doorknob. For only twenty-five cents we added a glamorous Early American touch to our front door. The knob has gold bands and a dainty carved trim. I just know it came from a happy house because it is so lovely.

I mustn't forget the bells. We acquired a huge old dinner bell on one of our junkyard visits. It now hangs near our backdoor and I ring it when I want the children. They didn't seem to hear my voice but now that's no excuse. Also, we bought a large and a small cowbell; they look so cute painted and hung in the kitchen.

When my husband found an iron axe head (era of A. Lincoln) he decided that he, too, would collect antiques. Since then he has added a heavy iron hoe, an ancient shoe last and a large iron spoon. All these came for only a few cents per pound.

The next time you feel like doing something *different*, try exploring a junkyard. Don't dress up—dress down in old jeans and a faded shirt. You may find just the antiques you're looking for. It is even possible to find something you didn't even know you wanted! True, the items may be soiled and often rusty but in this do-it-yourself age you can save the price of a shine. You do the polishing and you, too, as I frequently do, can point with pride at the jewels found in the junkyard.

The dignity of man is achieved not by making a fanatical show of "do unto others as you would have them do unto you", but rather by unobtrusively recognizing that your fellow man has his rights and that it is only natural for you to respect them.

GOING, GOING, GONE

By

Harverna Woodling

There is something about a sale that is especially American. There is a fascination in the sound of the auctioneer's chant. Hurry, hurry! There never were such bargains! There never again will be such bargains! Don't lose your golden opportunity! Don't let someone else get ahead of you! Don't go home sad and regretful!

A farm sale may mean so many things to so many people. The sale bill lists machinery, livestock, perhaps a child's pony, furniture, and dozens of things under the heading, "miscellaneous." Perhaps this is merely a prosaic disposal of things no longer wanted. It may precede a move to a new work, a new home, new dreams. But it may be the result of failure and disappointment. Who can say what is meant by these words on the sale bill "...because we are changing operations"? Who, indeed, except the sellers?

Many people who go to sales consider them a pleasant source of entertainment, a chance to visit with neighbors and old friends, and to talk with strangers, too. There is usually a prevalent air of camaraderie at sales. New facts and new stories are told. Old stories and gossip and theories are told and retold. World affairs, local politics and politicians all get their share of discussion. And the auctioneer is expected to throw in some good jokes as part of his patter.

Many people, of course, go to a sale because they wish to buy a specific item or items. These objects may sell at a bargain or at a reasonable price. Again, competition and excitement may sky-rocket prices to a happy plane—happy, that is, to the seller. Of course, some articles, when inspected, may not be quite as alluring as they have been described on the sale bill. There are also sale-goers who have no definite object in view but stand ready to make any good buys that present themselves.

Many farmers and businessmen feel it is wise to know how people are buying and how things are selling. They like to keep a finger on the pulse of public barter.

A group often present at sales is a group of women representing a specific club or church. They sell sandwiches, pie, soup, coffee, etc., the variety depending largely upon the season. Their worthy purpose, of course, is to make money for their organization. Much of the food and all of the labor is donated and since eating is a popular American pastime, these ladies are usually quite successful!

There are also auctions in town. These may for the sale of private property or of second-hand things a store may wish to be rid of. We attended such an auction recently in a prosperous town of approximately 9,000 people.

The used merchandise sold belonged to a large store and ranged from household appliances to chain saws and boats. We were fascinated in the

apparently truthful signs placed on some of the articles.

One refrigerator was labeled simply "Doesn't work." Another carried the notation "Works good." After reading the first, who could doubt the second?

A stove carried a sign which stated frankly "Burners O.K. Oven bad." Two fairly aged stoves were marked merely "No history." A freezer bore the simple description "Freezes good." And what more can one ask of a freezer?

One lady, reading on a TV a sign which said "Needs picture tube", replied to it rather sadly, "So does ours."

We were somewhat puzzled by a sign on a washer. It said, "Motor runs good. Don't work."

Altogether it was a very pleasant auction and probably unique. We are reasonably sure that no one became too extravagant, no one was disappointed, no one was cheated, and everyone had a good time.

So if you are lonesome and bored, tired of winter, or have cabin fever, we know the cure. "Grab your hat and let's go! We hear there's a sale today!"

Too many people itch for what they want but won't scratch for it.

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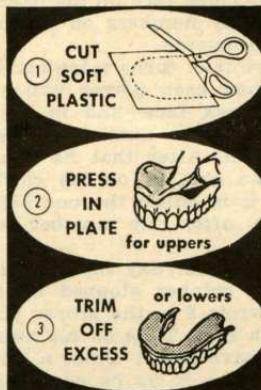
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Fragrant as perfume—hardy as zinnias—bloom all summer. Our carnation offer brings you a whole summer of colorful blooms—a flower that always thrills with its beauty and fragrance. Hardy, grow anywhere, bloom all summer—and you'll love the delicate pinks and yellows—the bold reds. All yours for just a dime—to win you as another good friend for Henry Field's. Sorry, only one offer per customer.

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Please send me those 3 packets of carnation seed. My dime is enclosed. I'd like your new catalog, too.

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"For over 60 Years" —

A ST. PATRICK'S PARTY

Invitations: On cardboard outlines of potatoes, pigs or shamrocks, write the following verse:

I may not be Irish, begorra,
But March is the month to throw
An Irish party at my house
For very nice folks I know.

Date: Time: Place:

A Wild Irish Guess: To entertain the guests as they arrive, have a number of guessing games. After everyone has assembled the guesses can be read and small prizes awarded to the winners. (1) A bushel basket of potatoes (guess number of potatoes). (2) A large or small rock labeled "The Blarney Stone" (guess weight in pounds and ounces). (3) A can of pork with a picture of a regular St. Paddy pig pasted on the side (guess weight). (4) Shamrock candy or varied sizes of paper shamrocks in a glass jar (guess number).

Hot Potato: For an action game, have the guests form a circle with one guest as "it" in the center. This person holds a white handkerchief (the hot potato) which he throws to someone in the circle, who immediately starts passing it. The one who is "it" must try to touch someone with the "hot potato". If he succeeds that person becomes "it".

Pat Answers: For a pencil and paper game you will find this fun. All the answers have the word "pat" in them.

1. What pat is made by a smart baby? (Pat-a-cake)
2. What pat makes all things whole? (Patch)
3. What pat is aristocratic? (Patriarch)
4. What pat is inherited? (Paternity)
5. What pat is a model pat? (Pattern)
6. What pat do we both respect and fear? (Patrolman)
7. What pat loves his fatherland? (Patrick)
8. What pat makes you think of Uncle Sam? (Patriotic)

An Irish Album: Paste newspaper or magazine pictures of famous people in the news on sheets of paper and number them. Give the guests (who have been supplied with paper and pencils) ten minutes to identify them.

A Bit of Ireland: Mark off sheets of paper with 25 squares—5 squares across and 5 squares down (like a bingo card). Across the top, just above the five squares put the letters I R I S H. Down the left side put these five words beside the 5 squares: Clothing, City, Flower, Name, Food. The object of the game is to write in the first row of squares items of clothing beginning with the letters across the top; then a row of cities, etc. Don't allow more than 10 minutes for filling in all of the squares.

Potato Peeling Contest: If the group is small, give each guest a knife and a potato and have a race to see who can peel his potato first. If you have a larger group, have one person hold the potato while another peels it and see which pair wins.

TIME FOR FUN

Here is a clock game which teaches small children how to tell time and is also fun for all ages. The only equipment you need to make this game is a clean cottage cheese carton—or coffee can—and a couple of hairpins. Using the cheese carton, turn the lid over and mark it into 12 equal segments. Draw a line across the center both ways to make quarters; then divide each quarter into three equal parts.

Now write in the numbers 1 to 12 just like they are on a clock face. Place this clock face back onto the carton so it is tight and level. If you are using a coffee can, make a white circle of paper to fit closely into the lid and proceed the same as for the carton.

Next you need a spinner. Make this out of a small wire hairpin put through the closed end of a bobby pin and its loose ends squeezed together and put through a tiny hole in the center of the clock face. The bobby pin should be free to spin easily around the center pin.

Two to four players is an interesting group, though any number can play. Each player needs a pencil and some blank paper. Each then makes a similar clock face on his paper—but without any numbers on it—just the twelve segments.

Players take turns spinning. On the first round each player writes down on his clock face—and in the right place—whatever number the spinner stopped on. After that he can write down the number on his clock face only if it is either the one before or the one after the number already written in.

For example: Say that on the first turn the spinner stopped on 8. The player wrote 8 in the proper place on his clock face. Then on his next turn, he will have to get either a 7 or 9 in order to use it, as he can play both ways from his 8. If he does not get a number he can use, he passes until his turn comes again.

The winner, of course, is the player who is first able to complete all twelve numbers on his clock face.

For another interesting game, using the very same equipment and rules, write in the months of the year instead of numbers. The players learn how to spell them as they write them down. Put January where 1 would be on the clock face and so on.

PEANUT PIXIES

Everyone who sees these gay little fellows falls in love with them! They're unique—clever as can be to perch on plants or a table centerpiece, to add the unexpected and charming touch when you're wrapping a gift package, or to use for favors. Made entirely by hand with red trimming ONLY—12 for \$1.00, postpaid. (No orders accepted for less than a dozen.) Entirely handmade, so allow ample time for delivery. Send orders to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

EASTER EXTRAS

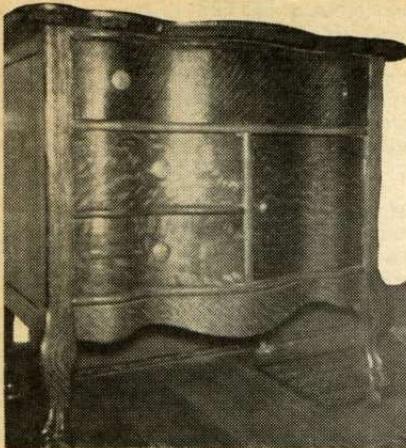
Gingerbread Rabbits are easy to make and will delight the youngsters as well as make cunning place favors for adult parties. You can use a regular rabbit cookie cutter or make a cardboard pattern. Have the rabbit in a standing position with one front leg outstretched to hold the place card. Fluffy white frosting can be used for the features and tail. Make deep grooves in large jelly beans to slip onto each rabbit foot. For an attractive centerpiece stand these around a pretty basket of colored Easter eggs.

Character Eggs aren't a new idea, but if you've never shared this fun with your family, you've missed a real pleasure. Let your imagination take over as you dress up the hard cooked eggs to resemble Mother Goose characters or story book people. Each egg will stand upright if you place it in a little white collar of stiff paper or cardboard. A pretty paper doily collar, a ribbon bow, or a lace jabot could be fastened to the collars of "egg ladies". The "egg gentlemen" might wear bow ties. Yarn can be glued to the eggs for hair. Bits of ribbon, velvet, tiny feathers, flowers, veiling and paper doilies can be fashioned into the sweetest miniature hats imaginable.

The Ice Cream Flower Pot idea is worth repeating and a real conversation piece if used for club refreshments. The flower pot (one for each guest) is a paper container filled with ice cream. Cover the pots with colored foil, using spring-time colors, and tie with contrasting ribbon. Grate chocolate over the top of the ice cream to resemble soil. Make a hole in the center with a nut pick or wooden lollipop stick. Store these in the freezer until serving time. When ready to serve, fill the hole with a little nosegay of violets, pansies or lily of the valley. If no fresh flowers are available, buy some little inexpensive artificial ones at the dime store. Wrap the stems with waxed paper.

Milady's Easter Bonnets can be made from sugar cookies, using a marshmallow for the crown. Ice the entire hat with pastel-colored frosting and then trim with ribbons and tiny flowers of frosting. Matching gloves can be made from pastel shades of construction paper, each pair tied together with a ribbon. These are very simple to make and can be used for place cards or program booklets to accompany the Easter bonnets.

Eggshell Planters require some planning well ahead of the party date. Instead of cracking open the eggs you are using in cooking, carefully cut a good-sized hole in one side and shake the egg out. When you have accumulated the desired number of shells, tint them in pretty colors with Easter egg dyes, fill each shell almost full with dirt and then plant a few seeds in them. I would suggest carrot or lettuce seed. Place them in a sunny window and keep well watered. If you have allowed ample time, tiny green plants will be growing in each planter on party day. Place each little planter in a plastic foam base so it won't roll over.



RECLAIMING A PIECE OF FURNITURE

By

Kristin

The last year I was in 4-H we studied Home Furnishings. One of my projects was to reclaim a piece of furniture so Mother suggested that I make something out of the old commode which was stored in the wash house.

At first I thought it might make a nice desk, but since my Aunt Bernie Stark had already given me her desk, I decided it could be made into an attractive dressing table. This really turned out to be the best idea after all, because I was able to add a bench and mirror and enter it in the County Achievement Show as a three-piece unit.

First, the two small drawers and the cupboard were removed, leaving just the long drawer across the top. This left grooves and rough places on the two sides, so I went to the lumber yard and had masonite pieces cut to fit. When they were nailed on I had a nice smooth finish. The cost of the masonite was only eighty cents.

The old handles were removed from the long drawer.

Varnish remover was the next material I had to purchase and, since I only used about one-fourth of a pint, I figured my cost was twenty cents. After gluing down a couple of pieces on the top which had come loose, I removed all of the old varnish. Plastic wood was used to fill the cracks, chipped and marred places.

My sandpaper cost twenty cents, and I sanded and sanded until the entire commode was very smooth. All loose dust was wiped off with a tack rag. The next step was to paint the surface, inside and out, with a primer undercoat. When the undercoat was dry, I covered the dressing table with two coats of turquoise semi-gloss enamel paint. The undercoat and paint that I used came to two dollars and forty cents.

The old casters were badly worn and didn't roll easily, so I bought four new ones for ninety cents. Attractive new drawer handles (two of them)



were purchased for a dollar and twenty cents.

The bench and mirror cost me nothing. Aunt Edna gave me the bench and also the piece of white plastic material I used to recover the seat. The mirror was one Grandma Johnson had had, and originally it had been on an old organ. There was enough paint left after painting the dressing table to paint the mirror and bench.



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RUTH PFAHLER, Dept. 730-A, Decatur, Ill.

I am enclosing If I have checked FIVE items, please send them to me for \$1.00. If I have checked TEN items, please send them to me for only \$2. If I have checked ALL SIXTEEN items, please send them to me for only \$3.

Name

Address

THE ANGEL TRUMPET

By

Mollie Dowdle

It sounded so intriguing in the seed catalogue: "Datura, or more commonly called, Angel Wings. Great White Angel Trumpets, sweetly fragrant, pendent, foot long trumpets of pure white—showy, easy annual. Try it."

The year was 1930 and there was a depression; a never-to-be-forgotten hungry year. With a guilty conscience, I took the ten cents that I was saving to buy hamburger for Sunday's meat loaf and ordered the package of seeds.

As I waited for their arrival I had glowing visions of translucent gossamer—thin petals with the exotic fragrance of some rare perfume. I made a trip into the timber and carried home dark, rich woods soil which I screened and made ready for planting. I felt strangely propelled by invisible angel wings and momentarily forgot that the cupboard held meager supplies and that the children's shoes were worn and ragged.

When the seeds arrived inside a small brown envelope I emptied them into the palm of my hand, knowing not what supernatural loveliness lay beneath their hard encrusted shells.

"If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed . . ."—not mustard seed—angel trumpet seed! "Please God," I whispered, "Make these tiny dark objects extra special. I need them."

Very carefully I planted them in an old dishpan and before long three tiny shoots poked fragile heads through the dark soil. When they were big enough I put them into a well prepared bed in my front border close to the street—and waited. It even became a part of my daily ritual to dash out in the early morning dew to see how much they had grown.

Then one day the old man who lived down the street discovered my angel trumpets and at that moment they truly did become miracle flowers. He seldom spoke to anyone. The only association he had with his neighbors was a disgruntled greeting when he met someone face to face on his morning walk. I was working fertilizer around my flowers this special day when he passed by.

"Good morning," I said. "Come and see the new flowers I have growing. They're called angel trumpets and are supposed to be something special."

Hesitatingly he came closer and in a kindly tone said, "My mother once had some flowers like that. They're very fragrant at night. I'll never forget their sweet scented smell." For the first time I felt a kindred spirit with this lonely old man who lived a stone's throw from my door.

From that day on we began to watch the flowers' slow progress together. He'd come up the street at about the same time each day and I'd watch for him and then casually go outside. We'd observe the sturdy stalks, make idle conversation about their grayish-green color and contemplate when we thought they might be pushing forth some buds.

Each time he stopped he seemed to be a little friendlier, lift his stooped old shoulders a bit straighter and walk with a quicker step as he turned to go back towards his home. Then one day he came with a wrinkled package under his arm and gave it to my six year old son who liked to share in our conversations. The gift was a pair of red rubber boots—"Just like Santa wears," my son chuckled. Later our friend brought ten pounds of sugar and we had our first cake in many months.

And so the angel trumpet grew to the height of six inches: St. Nicolas boots, yellow cake with white frosting, some garden magazines that thrilled my flower-loving heart. Now they were nine inches tall: fish hooks for my ten year old son, wool socks for my husband, a gallon of ice cream.

The angel trumpets were branching out in all directions and shooting upwards to meet the warmth of the summer sun. Swelling buds began to push their way through the shrubby foliage. With eager anticipation I watched them gently unfold and push aside the shroud which held tight the fragrant petals.

Then one morning the first bloom burst forth, beautiful with a sweet perfume that permeated the air. We had a dinner party that night; in my heart I knew it was a *celebration*.

Our new-found friend came to eat with us. I asked him to return thanks before the meal and with bowed head he began: "Thanks, Lord, for all your goodness, for faith, for hope, but most of all for love; for this family who has taken the loneliness from an old man's heart; for the lovely growing things of your creation that brought us together. Help us to so live that we may be worthy of your great love and to call ourselves your children. Amen"

Suddenly, I knew what it meant to inherit the earth! Indeed, we had all the *treasures* which money could not buy. Through a flower called the angel trumpet, God had sent a message to make me understand the meaning of *true wealth*.

For, "when we cried unto the Lord, He heard our voice and sent an angel."

FOR ONE WHO IS TIRED

Dear child, God does not say today,
"Be strong."
He knows your strength is spent, He
knows how long
The road has been, how weary you
have grown,
For He who walked the earthly roads
along,
Each boggy lowland and each rugged
hill,
Can understand, and so He says "Be
still,
And know that I am God." The hour
is late
And you must rest awhile, and you
must wait
Until life's empty reservoirs fill up,
As slow rain fills an empty upturned
cup.
Hold up your cup, dear child, for God
to fill;
He only asks today that you be still.

LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

were left in the box. We handed them to the officer and after a good look, he handed them back and said that they were perfectly all right and that we could take them into Arizona. We groaned when we thought of all the pearls we had consumed that day!

When we neared Globe, Arizona, Mart did the bulk of the driving so that Clara could enjoy the beautiful canyon with its magnificent, colorful rock formations and copper mining operations. All too soon we were down into the desert. Some people don't like desert driving, but we always find it very interesting. It's fun to try to spot familiar varieties of cacti and look for new ones.

We stayed over-night in Phoenix with friends and my! what a good visit we had. They had orange trees growing in their yard so Clara picked some—another exciting "first".

The next morning we started the last lap of our trip. We ate lunch in Blythe, California and drove on to much-publicized Palm Springs. The sidewalks were crowded with tourists and the streets were so jammed with cars that we were happy to get out of the traffic and proceed on to lovely, quiet Redlands.

Redlands is not a tourist town, although more and more people are finding it a desirable place to spend the winter months. The town is located in the center of the orange industry in a fertile bowl-shaped valley with mountains on three sides. The valley extends west into Los Angeles. The traffic isn't heavy on the town's quiet streets and avenues, so we enjoy pleasant hours driving around in the immediate vicinity.

Clara spent a few days with us and then went to Glendale to visit her brother Harry Driftmier and his wife. From there she went to San Diego to visit nephews and their families. She certainly saw a lot of California in the short time she was in the state.

Mart has just come back to the room after a walk down the street and says that it has cooled off a bit. It is a few miles' drive to the restaurant where we are meeting friends for our evening meal, so I must close and get ready to go.

Sincerely,

Leanna

TREASURES

You may have a million dollars,
You may have gold by the tons,
But I am far richer than you—
Unless you have two sons.

You may have worldly treasures
Of rubies, diamonds and pearls,
But I have a far greater treasure—
For I have a daughter with curls.

And though I am poor as a church-mouse
In all things that money can buy.
I have three God-given treasures—
For two sons and a daughter have I.

—Mrs. Bill Harris

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 15¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Note changes in deadlines very carefully.

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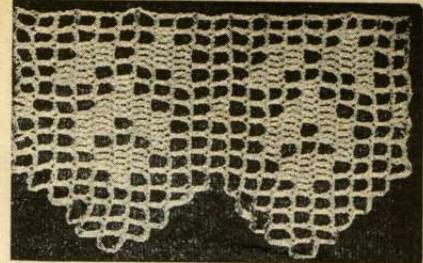
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USE HANDY ALL OCCASION GIFT TIE. Ready made satin bows, matched ribbon tie, assorted, 3 sets \$1.25. No checks. Irenes, K 1927 Adams, Madison, Indiana.



EDGING FOR CROCHET

Chain 32 stitches.

1. Tr in 8th st from hook, 4 more sp, 4 tr, 3 sp.

2. Widen, 9 sp.

3. Three sp, 4 tr, 6 sp, widen.

4. Widen, 3 sp, (7 tr, 2 sp) twice.

5. Two sp, 4 tr, 2 sp, 7 tr, 1 sp, 4 tr,

3 sp, * widen.

6. Widen, 3 sp, 7 tr, 2 sp, 7 tr, 4 sp.

7. Like 5th to *, narrow.

8. Four sp, 7 tr, 3 sp, 7 tr, 1 sp.

9. Two sp, 7 tr, 6 sp, narrow.

10. Ten sp.

11. Five sp, 4 tr, 3 sp.

Repeat from 2d row.

For an insertion to match this lace, make a chain of 38 stitches.

1. Tr in 8th st, 4 more sp, 4 tr, 5 sp.

2. Eleven sp.

3. Three sp, 4 tr, 7 sp.

4. Three sp, (7 tr, 2 sp) twice.

Work the pattern through in this way; then for the next pattern reverse each row, which will turn the design first one way, then the other. Or, simply repeat as given. If preferred, too, the pattern may be worked lengthwise as follows:

Chain 32 stitches.

1. Tr in 8th st, 8 more sp.

2. Four sp, 4 tr, 4 sp.

3. Nine sp.

4. Six sp, 4 tr, 2 sp.

5. One sp, 10 tr, 1 sp, 7 tr, 2 sp.

6. One sp, 7 tr, 4 sp, 4 tr, 1 sp.

7. Like 2d row.

8. Three sp, 10 tr, 3 sp.

9. Two sp, 7 tr, 1 sp, 7 tr, 2 sp.

10. Two sp, 4 tr, 3 sp, 4 tr, 2 sp.

11, 12, 13. Like 8th, 2d and 3d rows.

Repeat from 2d row.

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RE

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

large, it is very fancy with a carpeted stage, a discarded venetian blind for the curtain and all sorts of complicated equipment for sound-effects, etc.

Many of you have expressed your interest in reports on club programs, so I will share another one with you. At a recent meeting the program topic was "Mosaics" and it was presented in a most interesting manner. The member chose to give her program on mosaic tiles since this has become a popular form of handcraft in recent years. Few of us had delved into the fascinating history of the use of mosaic tile, so the afternoon was an exceedingly educational one.

We learned how the tiles were used in pre-Christian times and of the development in their use throughout the ages until this current revival in decoration and as a hobby. Some beautiful items made by local women were shown. These ladies started their hobby by buying the little kits that are available but now have progressed to making and firing their own tiles.

The most recent responsibility I have assumed is working with a committee of four men to recommend the immediate and long-range goals of our church. I suppose you might call this a Church Planning Committee. We are making an effort to analyze the needs of the church as far as the *life* of the church is concerned. (This does not include the physical needs, for there is another committee for those.) We are in hopes that we will have some concrete recommendations formulated soon.

So often groups within a church act independently of one another and it is difficult to get the over-all picture of the progress being made. It will be our responsibility to study every department and organization to see that every phase of church life "meshes together".

Martin came home from Week-day Bible School with the news that he had been put on a committee too! (Aha, Mother! You aren't the only one!) The junior high students have been divided into four groups for a study of various religious denominations. Martin is on the Map Committee. The other three are History, Beliefs and Worship. The youngsters are to do their own research using the church library for their reference materials, but may look elsewhere for any information they can gather between sessions. When their findings are completed, they will have joint discussions to correlate their information. It all sounds very interesting and worthwhile and we are anxious to hear Martin's summary after next week's class.

My, the curtains in this room need washing! And if these need washing, the curtains in the den must need it too, so I guess that is how I will take care of this next hour before Oliver comes home from work.

Sincerely,

Margery

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

have fresh home-made bread and a cake in the kitchen . . . the phone just rang and some old friends from Omaha are coming down tomorrow! I had a hunch this morning that I'd better let some odd jobs wait and concentrate on baking, and my hunch was 100% sound. It's nice to have company coming for Sunday dinner, so now I'll go out and check my supplies to be sure I have everything I need. Our stores will be open for another hour and if I'm out of anything I can still run down and get it.

Faithfully yours,

Lucile

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"Everyone who comes in thinks we've just finished painting our kitchen."

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"When my husband came home and saw the kitchen walls he said I hadn't told him I was going to paint them and how had I gotten the smell out of the house so fast? I showed him the box of **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** and told him it had really saved us money."

These reports are typical. We get them the year around.

This is why we urge you to let **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** go to work on your walls when spring cleaning rolls around.

IMPORTANT

Under no conditions can we mail our **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** to individuals. Postal charges would make it far too expensive. Ask your grocer to stock it. If enough people ask, he'll get it.