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Kitchen-Klatter®

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Magazine

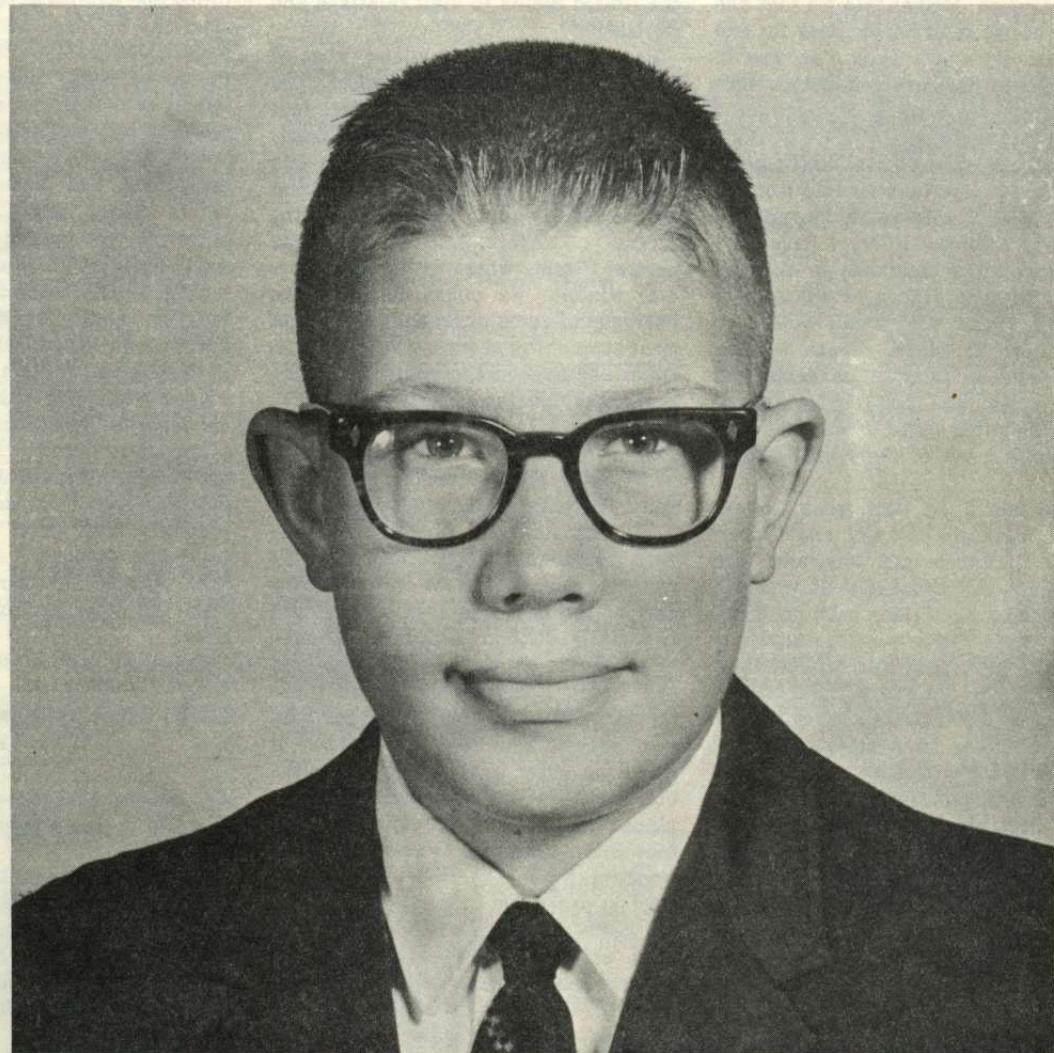
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom

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My Dear Friends:

Breakfast is over and the dishes are washed and put back on the cupboard shelf, each one in its place. I remember when, as a little girl and helping in the kitchen, Mother told me that she could set the table in the dark for she knew exactly where each dish was in the cupboard. I've never forgotten that, and to this day I think of her when I put the dishes away.

I'm writing this at the dining room table. It's a cheerful spot this morning for the sun is shining in through the big south windows where I have several paper white narcissus in bloom. I planted them in dishes of water, covering the bulbs with small stones to keep them in place. These blooms don't seem as fragrant as some I've grown in the past, but they're just as pretty. I started quite a few this year and shared some of them with shut-in friends.

These aren't the only fresh flowers in the house for Margery and Oliver, for our Christmas gift this year, are having a small bouquet sent from the floral shop every Friday until my birthday in April. Since we'll probably be shut in a great deal this winter, they thought this would add a little brightness to our days. Right now we're enjoying a little arrangement of baby roses and baby's breath.

Because of printing schedules, this is the first chance I've had to thank you for the lovely Christmas cards and letters. Mart and I enjoyed them so much. How grateful we are for the many friendships that have lasted throughout the years!

We received such an interesting Christmas letter from our nephew, Philip Field, who with his wife, Marie, has returned to his government work in Nairobi, Kenya, Africa. They left Washington on August 21st, stopping for a few days in London and then in Rome before arriving in Nairobi on August 26th. From the time they left Africa early last summer until they

returned, they traveled over 20,000 miles and slept in 25 different beds, not counting nights spent on trains, planes and buses! It will be several years before they make another trip to the United States to visit relatives and friends.

Except for brief cold snaps, most of December was *practically balmy*. The grass was green until snow fell just before Christmas. On the other hand, many parts of the country where one expects mild temperatures, the weather was unusually cold. When we heard the reports of severe cold in north and central Florida where we've spent several winters, we could visualize the hundreds of acres of orange groves that must have suffered tremendous damage. Other sections of the south were similarly experiencing heavy losses.

We expect to be starting some re-decorating on the back part of our house as soon as workmen are available. The plans call for new wallpaper, paint, and new tile floors in the kitchen and downstairs bathroom. It isn't easy to manage housework when any part of the house is torn up, but it's especially difficult when the kitchen is involved! We thought we might get at it before Christmas, but since these things sometimes drag on longer than you expect them to, we decided it would be safer to wait until after the holidays. We had the back door replaced earlier and its unpainted surface looks a bit odd against the white woodwork. We haven't decided on the kitchen paper, but since the room is on the north side of the house and needs light colors, we will stick with the white woodwork and curtains. By the time the painting is done, I'll have made my selection for the paper.

One of these days I must lay my handwork aside and make the new curtains for the kitchen. I say "must" because it isn't easy to stop embroidering an interesting piece to do some stitching on the machine! I'm working on a little lunchcloth that is by far the

prettiest I've made. As a matter of fact, the girls are so taken with it that they've asked me to make some for them just like it.

Every time we pick up our local paper and read of plans for new constructions, I think how strange our town will look to people who haven't seen Shenandoah for a number of years. Not only are there new housing developments, but in one case an entire block of homes was moved to make way for a huge new supermarket. There are also plans for a new postoffice, and very likely, a new city hall. Several local churches have outgrown their present buildings and are either relocating with new structures or are making additions to their old ones. We're happy to see such changes taking place, for it indicates a growth in our community.

You won't find letters in this issue from Dorothy and Abigail. Dorothy decided to make the most of these days following Kristin's return to Laramie after the holidays to do some sewing for her. Abigail is occupying herself at the same thing. She wrote last week that she had picked up six pieces of material for dresses for the girls—they have simply "shot out" of practically everything she had made for them before school started last fall. I'm not surprised, for everytime we see them they look as if they've grown six inches! When Frederick's and Donald's families come for their visits next summer, we'll see tremendous changes in these grandchildren, also.

Now, while I'm still sitting here in my favorite "writing spot", I'll dash off notes to Dorothy, Frederick, Wayne and Donald. If the children who live a distance from home don't hear from us regularly, they think "something must be wrong at home"! Parents feel the same way if they don't receive letters from the other end of the line, don't they?

The high spot of the day is "mail time", and if you haven't written lately, I hope we'll hear from you soon.

Sincerely,

Leanna

LIFE IS GOOD

The snow comes teeming down, and then
The sun begins to shine again;
One day misfortune comes along,
The next we sing a cheerful song;
But when it all is understood
The greater part of life is good.

What if today we're deep in woe?
Tomorrow all our cares may go;
Today as failures we come in,
Tomorrow we may fight and win;
And when the sum of life we add,
The good, we'll find, exceeds the bad.

—Author Unknown

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

If I didn't have an old alarm clock on my desk I wouldn't be able to tell, just from glancing outside, if I were starting this letter to you at midnight or at 6:30 in the morning. My! how black these winter nights seem, and how terribly long! Every year I forget the reality of starting each day with the stars shining and the moon (if there is one) riding high in the sky, until the season is actually upon us. By 9:00 o'clock I feel as if I've been up and at things since the beginning of Time, or that I really haven't been to bed at all!

This morning as I mixed up a batch of bread long before daylight, I thought back to the most endless nights I can recall and I'll tell you when they were: back in 1943 when Juliana was a baby. Twenty years have passed since then, but I still get sort of mad whenever I think about it! And in case you think it's mighty peculiar to remember *any* aspect of your child's infancy in a poor frame of mind, I'd like to explain what happened on those nights so long ago and far away.

A couple of weeks after Pearl Harbor back in 1941, Dorothy and Frank and Russell and I moved into a very comfortable four-plex in Hollywood, California. These apartments were large and spacious — much more attractive, in fact, than anything we had ever expected to be able to rent on our limited incomes. The neighborhood was ideal, too, because there were beautiful lawns with huge trees, and an over-all atmosphere of quiet dignity that made it seem like another world compared to the rest of Hollywood.

Well, we moved into that place just as happy as larks! Dorothy and Frank had the upstairs apartment on the east side of the building, and Russell and I had the downstairs apartment on the west side. Across from us on the ground floor was a nice middle-aged couple, childless, and across from Dorothy and Frank on the second floor were the owners of the building, a man and his wife who were probably in their early sixties. They had an only child, a daughter, who lived in a comfortable apartment above a six-stall garage at the back of the lot. She had been married sixteen years when we moved into her parents' building—and she was childless. We heard these details right off the bat when we first went to look at the place because only the fact that we were equally childless gave us admission to those apartments. No pets—no children. We didn't have either one, so we were allowed to become the new tenants.

Everything went along splendidly and we were on highly agreeable terms with



Lucile and her little Chihuahua.

the landlady and her husband. (I've put it this way rather than the landlord and his wife because she was the one who really ran the place and had the say-so about everything.) We'd been there only a short time when rentals were frozen, a war measure to protect people who found themselves in a big city with thousands of newcomers pouring in every week and anything in the line of four walls and a roof worth its weight in gold. Anyone who lost his housing for any reason might just as well have packed up and gone back where he came from because there was nothing to rent anywhere at any price. But this law didn't concern our landlady in any way, so she told us immediately after it was passed, because she was going into the war with three childless couples in her building. Everyone felt lucky.

This halcyon state of affairs lasted quite some time, but then, one grim morning I had to answer her nervous query with the flat admission that I was "expecting"—and in only three months, at that! Oh dear! The atmosphere immediately became difficult, became "charged with tension", as a professional writer would put it. I could see plainly enough that we were in for a rough and stormy time. And believe me, we were. I hadn't been home from the hospital more than forty-eight hours when I realized that frozen rents or no frozen rents we were going to have to carry on our daily life as if we'd never even *heard* there was such a thing as a baby!

And this brings me, of course, to the longest nights of my life. Juliana was never what people call a "good sleeper". She always wanted to be up and at it, and in only a few short weeks she was ready to start the day at 4:00 in the morning. This meant that I started my day too, and oh! how endlessly long and dreary those hours seemed until the first fitful light of day began to crawl through the windows. I used to feel that I had rocked my way around the world by the time morning came.

Under these circumstances can you imagine poor Dorothy's plight when she had to confess that she too was expecting? And if I thought I had it hard living directly underneath the landlady, can you imagine what Dorothy was up against when she came home from the hospital with Kristin and tried to take up daily life *directly across the hall*? Well, it was awful. And to complicate matters a thousand-fold, Kristin cried practically all of the time without let-up because no formula could be found that agreed with her. (I believe she had fourteen or fifteen changes of formula before the pediatrician tried her on goat milk, the only thing she could digest.)

You can see for yourself that Dorothy and I never had a fighting chance at getting our babies established in any sensible routine. We jumped into action at the faintest whimper because we had to keep them quiet at any cost. Finally, the situation got to be so nerve-wracking and harrowing that we just packed them up and came back to Iowa in the hope that Frank and Russell would be able to find us another place to live. They didn't, of course, because there was simply *NOTHING* to rent, so it was with sinking hearts that Dorothy and I bundled up our babies and started back to face the music.

But at this point something fantastic happened, a bolt from the blue, so to speak, that made it unnecessary ever again "to face the music". We actually returned to hear the incredible news that our landlady was expecting her first grandchild—and years and years after she had given up all hope of ever having such good fortune! I don't know who were the happiest about that baby—the prospective mother and grandmother, or Dorothy and I! But I do know that never again did we have one second of trouble, not one, and for the first time since our girls were born we had a chance to live a halfway normal life with them.

Well, I thought back to all of this as I stirred up the bread a few hours ago, and I guess you can see why I still get sort of mad whenever I think about it! Not *really* mad, of course, but I've always regretted the fact that Dorothy and I didn't have more fortunate circumstances during those first months that are so important. It would have made a lot of difference to us.

Most of the time I'm alone in my room when I write to you, but today I have company and very good company too. Little Jake, our Chihuahua dog whose first picture appears in this issue, is curled up on the bed beside my desk, and although he looks as if he's sound asleep and totally indifferent to what I am doing, just let me make one move

(Continued on page 22)

THEY'RE PROUD OF CALLOUSED FINGERS

by

Elma Waltner

Every Monday evening and every Thursday afternoon 17 women gather at the home of Mrs. E. B. Wedel in North Newton, Kansas. They go to the basement, seat themselves around two quilts set up on frames, thread their stubby quilting needles, take up their thimbles and proceed to take precision stitches through the material as they follow the wandering outlines of Bear's Paw, Tulip or other quilting designs, some of them more than a century old.

Instead of the hum of voices you'd expect when a group of women get together, there is the sound of only one. As they sew, the rest listen attentively to Mrs. Frieda Andreas reading from books by such authors as Catherine Marshall or Faith Baldwin.

The reading during the semiweekly "quilting bee" serves a double purpose. As one member explained it, "It keeps us from gossiping and we become acquainted with worthwhile books which we probably would not take the time to read ourselves."

THE MISSION QUILTERS, as the group is called, is a unique "sewing society." It is dedicated to keeping the fast fading, fine art of hand quilting alive. Today there are very few women left in the country who are skilled in the art of hand quilting.

Most of these women learned from their grandmothers many years ago.

The handicraft dates back to Pilgrim days in New England, and before that, to Europe. Over the years the art of quilting has not changed. It is still the exacting hand work that it was back in the days when "Nellie" got squired home from "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party."

Most women today do not have the time or patience to quilt so the art may well be on the way to extinction.

"You have to like to sew and to be a grandmother before you really have time for quilting," one of the group said, thereby giving a good description of the entire group—for they are all grandmothers and they like to sew and enjoy quilting.

It all began about 10 years ago when Mrs. Bertha Epp decided to make a pieced quilt as a gift for a granddaughter. She asked two other grandmothers to help her with the quilting.

Someone saw the finished quilt and begged Mrs. Epp to quilt a top for her. The grapevine spread the word that the women would do custom quilting and before they realized what was happening they found themselves involved in miles of stitches, with no end in sight.



—Photo by Waltner

Five of the Mission Quilters busy at work. They are, from left to right, Anna Bartel, Mrs. H. Unruh, Emelia Bartel, Mrs. E. B. Wedel, Mrs. Albert Unruh.

Requests came from near and far.

It seemed folks had been waiting for years to find someone who would do the quilting on a cherished, hand-pieced heirloom top. Or they remembered a favorite quilting pattern from the days when they used to sleep at grandma's house and wanted it duplicated in a spread for sentimental reasons.

It soon became evident that if they were to fill all of the orders the three original quilters would need help, so the group expanded to its present 16 quilters and one reader. They have been meeting for the past eight years. The group will probably remain at this number. The basement room where they meet is large enough for only two frames to be set up.

The name, Mission Quilters, was adopted because they are all members of the same church mission society. Their "wages" come to about a penny an hour and they do not collect even that meager amount for themselves.

The church society is given the first \$100 earned by the group each year. Beyond that, the income goes for church maintenance, the church library, Christmas gifts for the needy or for retarded children.

Mrs. Bertha Epp, who began it all, is chairman. She does all of the material buying.

Mrs. Wedel is the hostess, Mrs. F. Warkentien the secretary. Her job is perhaps the most complicated of all for keeping the records straight is no small task.

Mrs. Albert Unruh does all of the stamping of designs on the quilt tops before the actual job of quilting can get started. This may take as long as two or three days of "off and on" work depending on the closeness of the design. The society has one "silent

partner." Mrs. Unruh's husband occasionally gives his wife a hand with the marking in the privacy of his own home—but he hasn't yet joined the women at quilting.

Much of the work is done on pieced tops which the customers furnish but they also do "spread" types with the design quilted on plain colored or white material.

In these cases the customer may furnish the material or merely specify the color and have Mrs. Epp buy all of the materials needed. The women prefer this kind of order for then they can buy material which quilts nicely.

Glazed cotton is not suitable as batting. The fluffy type is much easier to stick through and puffs up much better to make the design stand out. Dacron batting is even better. It has the look and feel of wool but the advantage of greater washability.

Charge is "per yard" of the thread used. The cost might range from \$10 to \$15 when the customer provides the top; from \$25 to \$30 total cost when the group buys all materials.

They do not piece tops but among those sent by customers several designs seem to be favorites. Two of the most popular are "Grandmother's Flower Garden" made of hexagonal blocks in many bright colors and the "Double Wedding Ring."

In their twice-a-week meetings they complete about 14 quilts a year. There are now nine tops on hand waiting to be quilted and 30 more eager customers on the waiting list.

The trademark of a dedicated quilter is "fingers so calloused that a needle can't prick them." The Mission Quilters proudly wear this badge of a vanishing art after nearly 40 miles of precise, tiny, even stitches.

★ ★ ★ ★

RECENT NEWS FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

This last Christmas Betty and I mailed out Christmas card pictures of the family, and now we're getting so many letters from old friends who enjoyed receiving the picture. Almost without exception the letters comment upon the size of the children: "My, but David and Mary Leanna have grown so big!" etc. etc. Of course, it is true; the children are growing each and every week. And oh! how much that growth is costing their parents in terms of dollars spent for new clothing.

Do you know that today's nine-year-old American boy is 3.8 inches taller and 18.7 pounds heavier than boys his age back in 1881? A recent study of childhood growth revealed this amazing statistic along with the fact that a fourteen-year-old boy today is on the average 5.9 inches taller and 31.3 pounds heavier than the average fourteen-year-old back in 1887. This same study showed that girls today are reaching physical maturity at least 2½ years earlier than their mothers did.

Why is this so? What are we Americans feeding our children that we were not feeding them back before the turn of the century? Some scholars maintain that the increase in size and the earlier maturity is all a result of our giving the children so much more meat to eat, but I, for one, do not agree with that conclusion. You older people reading this letter know for a fact that back in "the good old days" the Americans ate much more meat than today. Do you remember how frequently steak or ham was considered a part of the morning breakfast? No, I don't think that it is a matter of meat as much as it is a matter of vitamins. We do eat better balanced meals than were eaten in this country a half century and more ago, and we are much more conscious of the need for a variety of vitamins.

Isn't it a relief when the children are mature enough to enjoy eating new and different foods? On Betty's birthday we went out for dinner at a famous German restaurant, and I was so pleased when both children ordered a genuine German meal. Just a few years ago they would not have done that! You know what I mean—go to a seafood restaurant, and the children would order hamburgers! Or if we went to a Chinese restaurant they would order frankfurters and baked beans! But it is not that way anymore, and dining out with them becomes more and more of a pleasure.

I suppose that fathers and mothers everywhere are alike in one thing when dining out: if the children order expensive dishes, the parents order inexpensive ones. On Betty's birthday I had such a hard time trying to get her to



David Driftmier is an active Scout.

order what she really wanted instead of waiting until the children had ordered so that she could order something much less expensive to keep the costs down. Actually, we can't afford to eat out very often, and when we do it is a real treat even though it's the most inexpensive meal on the menu.

The children and I gave Betty a new electric frying pan for her birthday. She was so surprised and so pleased! I gave her the very same gift just five years ago, and the old pan was just about worn out with its electrical apparatus more off than on. You might know that in a Kitchen-Klatter family a birthday gift would have something to do with food.

You will remember that in one of my last letters to you I mentioned my great dislike of modern art. Many of you wrote and told me how much you also dislike this contemporary art that looks like something a child did with a small shovel and a bucket of colored glue! Now all of us with such opinions may be called Communists! Did you read in the newspaper about Mr. Khrushchev's opinion of modern art? He said that he couldn't tell whether a donkey painted some of the modern stuff with its hoof or its tail. When Khrushchev saw the cost of a single modern painting in a Russian museum he said: "Deduct the cost out of the salary of the Museum Director; he ought to know better than to buy it."

Frankly, if I have to be told what a piece of art is supposed to represent, I don't think it is any good. It may seem a bit simple-minded of me, but I just happen to be one of those persons who thinks that a work of art is not art if it is not recognizable. There is a new church being built not very far from Springfield, and the other day the architect for the structure described it as "organized confusion; a revelation of our disorganized age." Now I ask

you: what kind of a church will that be?

One of the things we like to do at our home is entertain guests from other lands. We don't know of any better way to express Christian hospitality and at the same time give our children some first-hand information about foreign countries. Recently we had two dinner guests from overseas. One was a doctor from Hong Kong, and the other was a doctor from Manila. Both doctors are presently working in one of our local hospitals and attending our church. For them we had plenty of rice on the table along with our regular dinner, and of course that pleased me too, for I think that I have come to prefer rice to potatoes. While living in Africa years ago, I learned to love rice, and I never have lost my taste for it. One of our favorite dishes at our house is a delicious dish of fried rice with almonds.

Here in Springfield we have many foreigners. For a small city we have excellent educational facilities, and our three good colleges attract students from abroad. It is quite the custom for Springfield homes to entertain these foreign students, particularly at Thanksgiving and Christmas. More than one hostess has been embarrassed when she has not inquired to learn if there is some food that is taboo with her foreign guests. Not long ago a friend of ours made the mistake of serving beef to a Hindu, and that is one thing she never should have done. To the Hindu all cattle are sacred!

The longer I am a clergyman the more convinced I become that the most rewarding, the most stimulating, the most comforting attitude in life is that of gratitude. People who are grateful for life, grateful for friendships, grateful for each little bright spot in each cloudy day are the people who get the most out of life. I suppose that the one sermon I preach over and over again in a hundred different ways could be correctly entitled: "Give Thanks to God!"

The grace of gratitude is something I speak about to the rich as well as to the poor, and to the young as well as to the old. The ability to be grateful to God for so simple and yet so vital a gift as the gift of each breath we draw, will take a person a long way toward happiness. I don't suppose that there is any single personality trait more distinctive of a truly happy person, than this grace of gratitude. Where that grace exists, one can find happiness even in the cancer ward of a hospital! And where it does not exist one can find utter misery among the healthy rich. Certainly it is true that every grateful thought toward heaven is a prayer.

Sincerely,
Frederick

**TO THINK MARY BETH
STARTED IT ALL!!**

Dear Friends:

Do you remember my telling you last month about our plans to conduct a dog drawing in conjunction with our White Elephant sale as part of the Brownies' and Girl Scouts' money-making project at the Elmwood School Fun Frolic? Well, it is all past history now, but I must tell you the conclusion of the tale and some of the pitfalls we encountered.

First of all, we didn't give the potential contributors of the White Elephant gifts sufficient time to collect their donations and, as a result, four days before the Fun Frolic we found ourselves with only 150 gifts to sell—certainly not enough to make much profit. So, in an effort to salvage our skins, I was given the privilege of sticking my neck way out and telephoning a wholesale toy distributor to order one thousand and eight mixed toys and party favors! This cost \$68 which we had to pay for from the sale of these toys before we realized *any* profit.

At this point, it occurred to me that since it was necessary to make lots of money on this particular project, it behooved us to have a *mighty appealing* dog to draw customers to our booth. I had been telephoning the Waukesha and Milwaukee County Humane Societies for the daily listings of their newly-acquired dogs and, much to my disappointment, they were having a "pretty doggy week" of it. Frequently they are given pure bred dogs by people moving into apartments where dogs are not allowed, but not this particular week!

Taking my courage by the scruff of the neck, I followed an ad in the classified section of the Milwaukee Sentinel and bought a Basset Hound complete with American Kennel Club papers. At this point, I added \$30 to the amount I must clear before we saw any profit. To be sure, Fools will rush in where Angels fear to tread and *I was no exception*. I was supremely confident that we could easily sell enough to clear our expenses. In fact, I had mentally figured on making \$100 profit after expenses. Everything was rolling along smoothly. The assistant manager at the supermarket *gave* me one thousand small sacks in which to package these one thousand and eight toys, so it was with a particularly warm spirit that I began to sack and staple shut all these little goodies. However, Donald, with his more technical mind and business experience, asked me casually if I realized that I would have to sell one toy every 18 seconds for the entire five hours that the Fun Frolic was operating to sell all the toys. AND, in addition to accepting the ten or twenty



Mrs. Donald Driftmier and her three children, Paul, Adrienne and Katharine.

cents from each youngster, we had to write down their names and addresses on the little paper ornament they had selected from the dog-drawing tree. To put it mildly, I was stunned! It looked pretty unlikely that I could keep up such a schedule for five hours.

The only possible chance I had to save my neck was to let the dog sell herself. So, the day before the Fun Frolic I took Elloise (so named in a desperate effort to coin a name after Elmwood School) on a bright red leash and after throwing myself on the mercy of the Principal (I explained what a difficult corner I had worked myself into), he permitted me to walk this dear little nine-week-old Basset through each classroom. He felt sure it would upset the teachers' schedules and leave the children in an uproar and it *did*. This was positively the "sellinest" move that could possibly have been made. The youngsters literally mobbed me in the halls as I was leaving, and little Elloise sold herself into the hearts of every single child at Elmwood School.

I was encouraged and a little more confident that our booth would be a success but all was not entirely rosy! This dear little dog with her appealing eyes and winsome way had wormed her way into our Katharine's heart. We had gotten the puppy four days prior to the Fun Frolic, and in these four days she had filled a dog-hungry spot in Katharine's life. She had mentioned several times at the table that she just didn't know *how* she could get along without Elloise. Or, what if the people who won her didn't really love her and didn't treat her kindly? I would be the worst kind of hypocrite if I didn't admit that this thought had not occurred to me but we all *knew* when we brought her home that she was for the Fun Frolic White Elephant booth.

Things went from *bad to worse*. We had borrowed a large traveling cage for Elloise to spend the day in during the Fun Frolic so none of the children could molest or hurt her, and over this was draped the weeping figure of "Katharine Barrymore Driftmier"! I figured she was going to drive customers away if I didn't run her off but she was genuinely grieving. Between the zillions of kids that were beating a hot, steady path to our booth, and the two troops of Brownies and their mothers who were assisting us selling tickets, I had to periodically lead Katharine off to another part of the Fun Frolic and try to get her to join in the spirit of the day and have some fun.

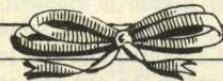
To make a long, long story short, we made our expenses with a little to spare (like about \$1.40). The tale does have a happy ending for us but not for the little tots—and big ones, too—who dearly wanted Elloise and came through the turnstile over and over during that memorable day. The boy who won Elloise already had a large, semi-fierce dog and his mother and daddy said "No more dogs". Upon this news, Donald dashed off down the hall of the school and offered the new owners \$30 for Elloise.

I mean to tell you it was one *awful wretched scene* when he rounded up Katharine, who was by now weeping loudly over her lost puppy, and told her that he had bought the dog back for her and that she could take her home again *for keeps*.

Obviously, the moral to this story is: if you ever decide to try this means of raising money for your P.T.A., or anything similar, for goodness sake DON'T bring the dog into your home beforehand!

We are now all captivated by little Elloise. Donald, who is ordinarily

(Continued on page 18)



LET'S HAVE
A PARTY!

by

Mildred Cathcart

This is an ideal month for entertaining because you have your choice of a Valentine or a Patriotic party. Fortunately, either type can be given without too much extra work.

Invitations for a valentine party may be written in red ink on white cards. Seal the flap of the envelope with a red heart.

Red and white streamers, to which valentines are attached, will make a room most decorative. Table decorations that are easily prepared can be very colorful. Use a white table cover and make place mats by mounting a large red heart on a paper lace doily. Tiny heart seals may be glued to clear water glasses and to the corner of plain white napkins. Nut cups may be made by gluing a plain white nut cup to a paper lace doily surrounded by a border of red hearts.

Children will enjoy favors or place cards made by cutting slits in a paper heart or real valentine and tying on a sucker or stick of candy.

For a centerpiece, you may use a bouquet of red and white flowers with white candles on either side. Dorothy's little pixies add a gay note if they peep from behind a candle or sit around the centerpiece holding tiny valentines.

Refreshments can be as varied as you wish. Prepared ice cream with a heart frozen in it could be served with white cake or valentine cookies. Small heart-shaped sandwiches served with a salad made in a heart mold, or various red gelatins topped with whipped cream would be ideal valentine fare.

If you are entertaining a younger group, you might hide candy hearts and give a prize to the one who finds the most. Older players could search for hearts, each bearing a letter, H, E, A, R, or T. At a given signal the search ends and each player sees how many times he can spell the word "heart" using each of his letters only once.

Your Heart's Desire is fun for a teen age group. Make various colored hearts and instruct each guest to draw out one heart. Then by the color of the heart, you tell each one about his future mate. For example, a white heart tells that he will marry a doctor or a nurse, a gold heart predicts a mate of wealth,

blue denotes a pilot or stewardess, purple a member of nobility, and so on.

I Gave My Heart To--is a good game to test one's memory. The first person begins by saying, "I gave my heart--" and supplies a name beginning with A. The next player repeats that sentence and adds a name beginning with B. When a player fails to say all the sentences correctly, he must drop out of the game.

* * * * *

Perhaps you will prefer a patriotic party, and that, too, can be planned with a minimum of effort.

For a Washington's birthday party, write invitations on folded white paper and decorate the front with cherries or hatchets. Seal the flap of the envelope with a flag seal.

For a centerpiece, what could be more appropriate than a cherry tree? To make this find a nicely shaped branch and spray it with white paint or gilt or wrap it with green crepe paper. Attach tiny red gumdrops for cherries and place a tiny hatchet at the base of the tree. For place cards, use folded white paper with the silhouettes of Martha and George Washington on each. For favors, stick tiny flags in large gumdrops.

What could be more appropriate for refreshments than cherry pie with ice cream?

I Can Not Tell A Lie is an amusing game and will probably not last long--especially if grownups are playing. Each player is given twenty paper cherries and at a given signal players begin questioning each other. If a player does not wish to give a truthful answer, he must forfeit a cherry. When time is called, *no doubt* the most truthful person will have collected the most cherries and will be entitled to claim the prize.

If your party is near Lincoln's birthday, you will find decorations of red, white and blue still appropriate. A centerpiece might be a log cabin made of corrugated paper or constructed from the building logs some children have. For color, add a few sprigs of evergreen to represent a forest and place a few china animals "in the forest". A tiny rail fence could enclose the scene.

Refreshments of corn bread and beans, or chili soup and crackers, with relish trays or salads would be most suitable. Red and white ice cream with cooky-shaped logs could be served for dessert.

A Patriotic Quiz could be used for any February party. Look through a history book and make a list of questions about Washington, Lincoln, or our country. Choose up teams and compete.



February Frivolities

by
Mabel Nair Brown



WISHBONE SWEETHEARTS: These make clever place favors or may be used in various ways as decorations. You will need to save in advance so you will have the chicken (or turkey) wishbones on hand, to use for the body of each wishbone figure. For a Sweetheart Miss, you will need a small styrofoam ball to slip over the "y" of the bone to form the head. Then twist a white pipe cleaner around the bone, just below the head, and shape for the arms. Glue two small red paper hearts to the front and back, covering up the twisted part of the pipe cleaner and forming the bodice. By leaving the pointed end of the heart (which points downward) free, a white heart-shaped paper doily can be slipped under the bodice for the skirt. Thus the point of the heart bodice comes down over the point of the upside down heart used for the skirt. You may need to cut down the heart doily to be in proportion to the size of the wishbone. The end of each side of the wishbone can be left showing for the feet. Use bits of felt, sequins, or beads to make the features on the face and a circle cut from a paper doily, tied on

with a red ribbon, becomes milady's bonnet.

Wishbone Romeo is fashioned in similar manner, with the large heart having a "V" cut out to form trousers, and a black construction paper bow tie added at the neckline, and black paper buttons glued to the small heart to make his shirt. He can have a high top hat of black construction paper.

VALENTINE EGG FIGURES: Children would enjoy these at their Valentine parties, since they could eat the hard cooked egg! These may be made two ways. One way is to use the egg as the body, in much the same manner as the wishbone was used, gluing a heart on front and back to make the dress, or trousers. Glue on a foam ball for the head and to make it stand upright make a circle of stiff paper and set the egg in it. If you prefer, you can use the egg for the face, making a much wider collar so that it becomes the body and base combined. Then make the facial features on the egg, adding hats, yarn hair and pipe cleaner arms.

* * * * *

MARGERY MAY START KNITTING

Dear Friends:

The most amusing scene has been unfolding outside my office window. We threw some bread crumbs out into the yard after lunch and now the birds are fighting over them. If they only knew it, there is a much tastier lunch waiting for them just two doors down the street where Mother and Dad have a large bird feeder. I know, for Martin stopped on his way back to school after lunch to refill it. Well, when our little supply of crumbs is exhausted, perhaps they'll go searching for some dessert and find the feeder.

The squirrels had a special treat yesterday when we left some nuts at the foot of the big tree where we suspect they have holed up for the winter. One bag of nuts we bought for Christmas eating turned out to be not so fresh. We worked away at them but none of us truly enjoyed them, so we decided to give them to the squirrels, figuring they wouldn't be so choosy. I noticed when I got the car out of the garage this morning that the nuts had been toted away, so undoubtedly our little squirrels are enjoying their unexpected windfall.

On the 26th of January (about the time this magazine is in the mails) the magnificent Nativity exhibit which has been on display at the Nelson Gallery of Art in Kansas City, Missouri, will be packed away and, I assume, be returned to Santa Fe, New Mexico. Oliver and I were fortunate to see it just before Christmas and it was a tremendous experience. I know many of you who were within driving distance had the same privilege. If you didn't, perhaps you saw portions of it on television programs or read about it in some of the magazines.

The exhibit consisted of more than 170 folk paintings, carved figure displays and ceramics. If I counted correctly, at least 20 countries were represented--perhaps more than that--and covered a period of three centuries. Each, in its own way, expressed the significant message of Christmas, and I wish there were space to describe each one to you.

Alexander Girard, an architect who makes his home in Santa Fe, spent about thirty years collecting the Nativities. The display was lent to the Gallery of Art by the Girard Foundation of Santa Fe, and was sponsored by the Hallmark Card Company for the benefit of People-to-People. And certainly, "the people" appreciated seeing such a wonderful exhibit, for one of the guards told us that thousands and thousands had already passed through the big doors of Kirkwood Hall, and count-



Looking at this recent picture of Dad (M. H. Driftmier) one would never realize how seriously ill he was last winter. He has unusually fine health for his 81 years.

less more were expected before the 26th of January.

We received several records for Christmas. One of them, "A Music Box Christmas", we have just now filed away with our other special holiday records, but I want to mention it now in case you can still buy it for it is one of the most interesting Christmas records I've ever heard and I'm happy that we own it. Seven different 19th century music boxes were used in the recording, and since music boxes have become rarities--that is, the real antique ones--it is a thrill to hear them on this record. These antiques are from the collection of Rita Ford who owns a shop in New York City.

Another record we have just acquired is Jerome Hines' "The Holy City". Mother and Dad bought one and we enjoyed it so much that we bought one too. Some of the world's most beautiful religious songs, such as "I Walked Where Jesus Walked", "Bless This House", "My Task", "The Palms", Malotte's "The Lord's Prayer", and others are on this recording.

Mr. Hines, as you know, is a famous Metropolitan singer, and to hear these favorites of all time sung so beautifully is simply wonderful. I might mention that there is an ad in this issue for that recording because we know that many of our friends would appreciate knowing where they could order it.

Lucile tells you in her letter about their new little Chihuahua pup. Now, I would like to add a funny story about Jake, since you have probably read her letter by now and she mentions his "clothes"!

When Oliver and I were in Kansas City to see the Nativity collection, we located a pet shop and stepped inside to see if we could find a new sweater for the dog. (He had two, but they seemed to be wearing out much faster

than either Lucile or Russell had expected they would.) I explained to the clerk what I wanted and she looked me right straight in the eye and asked me: "Is this for a little boy or a little girl?" I looked at her just as straight and said firmly: "It's for a male dog." When we left the shop with a little blue sweater, Oliver and I laughed all the way up the street! And incidentally, Jake didn't like the new sweater nearly as well as his old red one and green one. Now isn't that typical of "little boys"? If I had directions for a little dog sweater I'd knit him some new ones in his favorite colors. Anyone have a pattern?

It's been so long since I've done any knitting that Martin had forgotten that I know how. Come to think of it, I haven't made anything since I knit mittens for Martin and his cousins, Emily, Alison and Clark, when they were in primary grades. As I recall, they were always the same size, always red, and I turned out a mitten about every evening to take care of one that was lost during the day.

Kristin told us during Christmas vacation that many of the girls in her dormitory had the "knitting bug" and they were turning out bedsocks by the dozens for gifts. That is something I never did make, probably because I could never find a simple enough pattern. Perhaps I can latch onto the one the girls are using.

I read an article recently that gave statistics on how many of this-and-that one should have in the linen closet. I won't reveal how far below average I fell in the recommended numbers, but in my opinion, one doesn't need to keep such large supplies of things on hand when there is an automatic washer and dryer in the house.

There are so many more uses for sheets than there used to be years ago. For instance, no doubt everyone would have been shocked almost beyond recovery if Grandma had used a sheet for a tablecloth! Sheets can be used for drapes, curtains and bedspreads as well, so the next time you buy sheets, you might pick out some fancy stripes, prints, or solid pastels and see what you can come up with in decorating.

I told the girls at the office that I'd bring in some cookies this afternoon for their "coffee break", so I must stop now and run down with them.

Sincerely,

Margery

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.

—Alexander Pope.

Put the Heart Back Into Valentine

by
Alice G. Harvey

This is not written for romantic young love, but for those who have marched some way along the path of life. There may be a lack, a longing for that elusive something that put stars in your eyes at one time. Perhaps the little things that mean so much, yet never seem to come, may be the cause.

Recently an elderly couple visited in my home. The man is nearly blind. But the one thing that attracted my attention was his never-failing "thank you" for anything she did for him. And often during the day their hands would reach out to clasp each other's. And she said—"we are so congenial—we like being together".

In the busyness of the many things that can take up time, do you fail in that most important thing—keeping love alive? There are a whole flock of little things that nurture love—not only between man and wife, but children should be given great quantities.

Every living thing needs love and attention. Something starves in the human soul without it. Juvenile delinquency—mostly it is a rebellion against a lack of love. Too many mothers work and are not available when that love is needed by their children or their husbands.

The great increase in divorce is a blazing signal that something should be done and quickly about this all-powerful thing called love.

Let's take stock. Perhaps at the top of the list are "please" and "thank you", for some simple, little, thoughtful deed or action. And how easy it is to drop them from the busy routine of family life. And along with that goes the compliment. How often does your husband say, "Thanks dear, that was a fine dinner", or "Thank you for this nice cup of hot coffee on such a cold morning"?

When I asked an acquaintance about that recently, she said—"I'd faint if John said anything like that to me. He just takes me for granted". That is the complaint one reads too often in the magazines and newspapers on marital troubles.

Also, does the wife use understanding and care in all her relations with her husband? How about the little, thoughtful gestures of kindness toward him—consideration when he is tired, a voluntary bit of help when he needs it, sympathy with his hobbies or interests—the pat on the shoulder or the knowing smile across the room?

Remembering anniversaries and birthdays of each other also adds an

endearing touch to oil the wheels of love. Just remembering some happy incident that happened once, and recalling it to the other's mind, causes a warm glow in the heart.

Let the heart speak in all possible ways to bring joy and happiness to your partner. Blot out thoughts of faults and make a list of all the good qualities your partner may have. Try to make this a habit. It may be hard at first, but by trying to be thoughtful and kind, you will find it pays big dividends in happiness and contentment.

Make February your big heart month—and really go all out on Valentine's day. But remember, anything that is really worthwhile is worth working for with all your heart and soul. You may save your marriage, but most of all it will give you greater respect for each other and that soon grows into genuine, deep love.



MEET MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON

by
Erma Reynolds

This month when we pay homage to George Washington, let's become better acquainted with Mrs. George Washington, the first First Lady.

Martha Dandridge, daughter of a county clerk, was born in New Kent County, Virginia, in May, 1732.

At the age of eighteen she married Colonel Daniel Park Custis, and although the colonel was twenty years her senior everyone considered that Martha had made a fine match for Custis was a man of wealth.

Martha bore Custis four children, and through these children she knew sorrow. Two of them died in infancy. Her son, John, or Jacky, as he was nicknamed, died at the age of twenty-seven of fever while serving as a soldier at the siege of Yorktown; and her daughter Martha, or Patsy, was only eighteen when she died of epilepsy.

When Martha was in her mid-twenties,

Colonel Custis died leaving her a wealthy woman and in charge of an extensive estate. The young widow carried on alone for seven years, managing the property with productive efficiency.

Then, she met and fell in love with a tall Virginia colonel, a man of her own age, named George Washington. When the object of her affections returned from the French-Indian Wars, they were married on January 6, 1759.

As mistress of Mount Vernon Martha again displayed her competent skills as she took over the running of the vast household. She not only gained fame as a gracious hostess, but acted as doctor, caring for the minor ailments of the plantation people, and served as teacher, instructing the slaves to cook, spin cotton, card wool, and make clothing.

In 1775 the Revolution disrupted the pleasant life at Mount Vernon. When Washington became commander-in-chief of the colonial army, Martha spent each winter in camp with her husband, disregarding all discomforts so that she could be with her beloved George. While enroute to a camp, Martha would often stop off at a town long enough to organize a fund-raising drive to pay for food and clothing for the soldiers. And, soldiers who came in contact with Martha and witnessed her pluck and serenity, held their general's lady in high esteem.

In 1789, when Martha was fifty-seven years old, Washington was elected President. This was not a happy period in Martha's life, but with her well-balanced personality, she made up her mind to be as cheerful and happy as she could under the circumstances.

Washington retired from the Presidency in March, 1797, and at long last Martha and George were able to return to their peaceful Mount Vernon.

The next two years passed swiftly for the Washingtons. Then, in December 1799, George caught a cold while riding in the snow. His condition quickly worsened, and on the night of December 14 he died.

Martha survived her husband a little over two years, dying of fever on May 22, 1802, while in her seventieth year.

In appearance Martha Washington was not a beautiful woman. Most of us are familiar with the portrait of her, painted by Gilbert Stuart, depicting her as a plump older woman in a dowdy cap. A less familiar miniature, painted when she was about forty years old, pictures a comely lady with grey-blue eyes, and smooth dark brown hair, swept back from a high forehead. But, it was Martha Washington's affability, and her graceful serene dignity which made her a First Lady of whom we can be proud.



TEN
REWARDING
YEARS

by
Sylvia Brandt

"Mom, I need some more cookies. I am hungry," her voice called from the living room. I cannot express how those words thrilled me. You see, my little girl is mentally retarded and those words in clear, unfaltering speech were the direct result of ten years of labor with her.

She had a normal birth with no medical explanation for her condition. Her jaws were dislocated and her features were misshapen so she was fitted with braces to correct this. It was necessary of course for her to remain in the hospital. The days and nights which followed were long, anxious ones, but they gave us time to evaluate our own lives and make adjustments. We had been told that we would need untold *love, patience and understanding* to help our little one in the days to come. We vowed that no effort would be spared to do everything humanly possible for her.

Finally, the day came when she was brought home. Thus began one of the *most rewarding* experiences of our lives. Her head was still in braces, and she had to be fed by drops, two ounces every three hours. It took one hour for each feeding. After many weeks, we were allowed to loosen the braces at feeding time and feed her with a tea-spoon. Finally came the long-awaited day when we could remove the braces altogether. Now our daughter could take a bottle. Eight times daily we gently massaged her cheek from temple to jawbone to stimulate circulation. After a few weeks, she began to smile broadly, and the doctor said she should start eating.

When she was three years old, she could sit alone. We gradually took away the bottle, gave her milk from a glass and strained baby foods from a spoon. She ate well, and her steady gain in weight was most encouraging. She began to pull herself up by holding to the crib railing. When she could walk the length of the crib, I put her on the floor. Soon she was following me from room to room. To the delight of the entire family, she began to develop a deep sense of curiosity.

I began to teach her to speak—one new word each day. I put her hand on my face and repeated "Mama" again

and again until she repeated the word after me. The next day I taught her to say "Daddy", and the next day it was her own name she learned.

When I fed her I would say "eat" each time I lifted the spoon to her mouth until she said it after me. After she understood what she was saying I used the word "good". Gradually she began to master quite a large vocabulary. In the same manner I began to teach her the names of each one of her garments as I dressed her.

Finally, the long slow process of learning to dress herself was begun. Sometimes it was heartbreaking to find that she had forgotten overnight everything I had taught her on the previous day. In that case everything we had worked on so hard had to be done over again. I tried everything I could think of which would help. At last I got out a large doll and some real baby clothes. Together my daughter and I dressed and undressed that doll until she understood where the arms, neck, etc., were. This seemed to give her the understanding she needed to dress herself. It took almost a year to teach her to dress herself completely. *Perseverance* is the best known weapon for fighting a handicap.

I used her toys to teach her object lessons. When I read her a story about a doll, I placed one of her dolls in her arms; if it was about a bear, I gave her a teddy bear to hold. The teddy bear soon became her favorite toy; she carried it with her everywhere she went.

I discovered that the best means of disciplining her was through the little brown teddy bear. Just as any normal child, she sometimes insisted on being "first", or she claimed all the toys for her own. In such cases I took her bear away from her and made it clear to her that when she could share with others she could have her bear again. This

brought her into line *every time*. A bear decal on her dresser drawers soon taught her to recognize her things and to stay away from her sister's.

Slowly, she learned the basic habits of cleanliness and keeping her face and hands clean. Here again, the beloved bear assisted when I explained that dirty hands carry germs which make one sick; and if she was ill she could not run about and play with teddy bear.

Weather permitting, we sit outside each evening in the yard after our chores are done. Her tasks are simple; she empties the wastepaper basket, puts away her toys and cleans her shoes. If she dallies, I tell her we cannot go outdoors until the work is finished. She is usually done by the time I am through with my work, then we can sit and watch the stars and moon and talk about the wonder of the night.

So our little one, who was once led around the house indifferent to all things, now runs and plays, answers the telephone, has learned the alphabet, and has an uncanny ability for remembering names and faces. Our daughter has learned much and has come a long way. If we have taught her nothing more than self-sufficiency, it has been worth all the effort. She has contributed much to enrich our lives. Not all people are given a handicapped person to care for, but *support* can be given wherever it is needed in helping them find a place in the world. *Everyone* can show kindness and concern for them, for it is most important that they never feel rejected.

It has been a rewarding ten years. We have gained the ability to face our misfortunes with a sense of gratitude for God's sustaining presence in our lives. We are humbly grateful He chose our home to be hers.

PREACHER'S APRON

by
Vivian Baumgartner

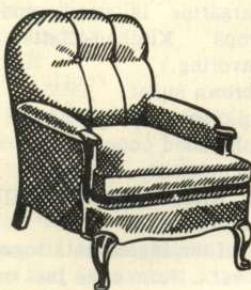
Edna was short, a little on the dumpy side, and a Quaker minister. Her hair was upswept into a medium sized bun and a modest Pompadour. Her Sabbath Day black taffeta dress met a lace neckline like ferns around a birch tree. A beautiful hunting-case watch on her left shoulder rolled magically up and down from a pin shaped like a fleur-de-lis. Three side combs and a happy scent of talcum completed my grandmother.

Her family of three children made her domestic as well as ecclesiastical on Sunday. One entangling occasion went down in clan history. That Sabbath, the buggies were well assembled at the little white church, when Edna rushed

the children and Grandfather across the churchyard to the Friends Meeting-house. She hurried down the aisle to the platform, and paused at the pulpit to take off her coat. With this action, the congregation saw her take a swift dive behind the pulpit, then straighten up blandly with her coat rather wadded. She placed it on a chair beside her and began the service.

In her domestic hassle at home, she had neglected to remove the late-Saturday apron donned in haste before breakfast. The apron bore good evidence that she had blacked the stove after baking on Saturday. I'm sure she has a special window for watching from Paradise, and she must have had many a chuckle to hear her female descendants, to the third generation, say warningly at the door, "Edna, take off your apron!"

RE-UPHOLSTERING MADE SIMPLE



(NEED A NEW CHAIR? RECOVER AN OLD ONE. IT'S SIMPLE.)

by
Edith Gray Pierce

I recently re-upholstered the big, over-stuffed chair which matches my davenport, and from the admiring remarks of friends, who refuse to believe I did it single-handedly, I gather that most people regard upholstering as a job purely for professionals. Actually, it is a very simple, one-step-at-a-time, procedure, that any woman who can sew a seam and drive a tack, can accomplish.

The first step is to decide on the new covering. Do not buy too cheap a material. It takes just as much work to put on a poor covering as one which will last. I used a small-patterned nylon frieze that has a rubberized backing, is firm and easy to handle, will wear and clean well. My chair took four yards. To be sure of the amount necessary, do not buy until you have removed the old covering. Marking off the possible width of the new material on a clear space on the floor, carefully lay out the old pieces, and measure the length needed. It is a good idea to look at new chairs, in the stores, and then hunt for the desired material.

You will need a box of number 3 upholsterer's tacks; matching heavy-duty thread; a card of cording or welting, if your old chair had such; a good tack-hammer; a small screwdriver (to remove old tacks); and a curved upholsterer's needle will help. If padding is damaged, you will need some new. The sheet foam-rubber is fine, but is a bit more expensive than cotton felt padding. If any springs appear to be loose, re-tie in place with heavy cord.

Before you start removing the old cover, draw a rough sketch of your chair, showing both front and side views, making it large enough to write in notes showing just how each piece was held in place. This is really important, unless you have an excellent memory. Some pieces will be tacked in place, some sewed, and some with tacks placed through a thin piece of cardboard, and hidden from sight.

It is a good idea to move the chair to a little-used room, so you may spread out your materials and leave them undisturbed, for you will not finish in one hour, nor perhaps in a day. You will want it on a clean floor, for you will be turning it upside down and in all positions, and you, too, will be on your knees much of the time, so do not take it to the garage.

Probably your chair has some flat, ornamental wood, or covered-wood panels on the front arm parts. Pry these off carefully with the screwdriver, leaving the nails in, if possible, without bending them or splitting the wood. Then turn the chair upside down and start removing tacks, keeping notes of your sketches.

With the exception of the front and back, you will have two of each of the pieces. One set should be completely ripped apart for a pattern; the other left together for reference. If there are short pieces of burlap or other coarse material used in out-of-sight places, likely you can use these again.

Lay your pattern pieces on the new material. Center the front pieces carefully, if the fabric has a design. Remember to reverse your pattern when you cut two pieces alike, or you will have them both for the same side.

Many chairs have a stitched design, with buttons, on the front panel. It is a simple matter to repeat this. Lay the old front over the new one, and stick a row of pins directly down, following the stitching, then raise the edge of the pattern and draw a chalk line along the pins. Using the matching thread, stitch with the sewing machine a tiny tuck along the chalk lines. My chair had some cording where it covered the joining of the arm pieces, so that was next done, then it was carefully centered on the back of the chair and the tacking process began. Do not drive tacks completely in, until you are sure they are right. Often one or more will need to be removed and the material shifted a trifle. Always keep it smooth and taut.

Likely there was more cording on the arm pieces, so carefully baste this in place before stitching. When basting through several thicknesses of the heavy material, it may be smart to do it one stitch at a time, putting the needle through at a right angle to the material, and bringing it from the back to the front in a like manner. I call this "shoe-maker stitching". A regular basting stitch, with the needle going through the goods on a slant, seems to cause fullness, which spoils the smooth appearance. This is particularly noticeable on the cushion.

From here on, it is simply a matter of putting the new pieces back, as you took the old off, consulting your notes

as to method, and keeping the material tight and even. Don't hurry. And don't let yourself get tired and nervous. Stop and rest awhile. You have your sketch, so you won't forget. Some one once said, "There is no joy like the joy of achievement", but that joy is greater if you do not tire yourself.

If you need buttons, they go on just before the back facing is put in place. Cut circles of the material just enough larger than the old button to enable you to sew with small running stitches within the edge of the circle, and draw the thread, doubled, up tightly at the back of the button. Double a heavy thread, so that you have at least four strands in a good-sized needle, insert at proper place from the back, through the back of the button, again through the back, cut off thread at needle, and tie button tightly in place.

Take care to cut the cushion pieces exactly, using the same sized seams as in the original. All but one edge may be stitched on the machine, and that opening slip-stitched after the cushion is in place. All the coverings for the cord seaming should be cut on the bias.

Doing one step at a time, using your sketch as a guide, your chair can look like a new one. Sometimes it is possible to change the outline of an old one by sawing off a rounded edge, to make a straight, and more modern look, but the upholstering procedure is the same, regardless of shape.

* * * * *

NEW DAY

Thank you, Lord, for another day
Guide me, please, as I go my way
Bridle my tongue from gossip's scorn
Prove to my heart I'm a Christian...reborn.

— Virginia C. Spencer



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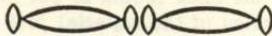
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Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter

Family



BLUEBERRY TORTE

16 graham crackers, crushed
 1/3 cup butter or margarine, melted
 3 drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 cup sugar
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 1/2 cup sugar
 2 eggs
 1 can blueberry pie filling
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Crush 16 square graham crackers into fine crumbs. Stir melted butter, butter flavoring and 1/2 cup sugar together and pat firmly into an 8-inch square baking dish. Soften the cream cheese to room temperature and mix with the other 1/2 cup sugar. Add the eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Pour the cheese mixture over the crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Remove from the oven and cool. Combine the blueberry pie filling with the blueberry flavoring. Spoon this over the top of the cheese layer. Refrigerate for several hours or overnight. Cut in squares. This is delicious served plain, but if you prepare it for a club refreshment, a small peak of whipped cream on the top will dress it up considerably. This recipe makes 8 generous servings.

FROZEN CHEESE-FRUIT SALAD

1 lb. can fruit cocktail
 9 oz. can crushed pineapple
 20 oz. can apricot halves
 1 pkg. lime gelatin
 2 bananas, mashed
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 8 oz. pkg. cream cheese, room temperature
 1/2 cup cultured sour cream
 1/2 cup mayonnaise
 1/2 tsp. salt

Drain the juice from fruits. Heat 2 cups juice and dissolve the gelatin in it. Chill until gelatin begins to congeal. Combine drained fruits, mashed bananas and lemon flavoring and stir into gelatin. Soften cream cheese and blend with sour cream, mayonnaise and salt. Fold into gelatin mixture. Pour into trays and freeze 3 hours. Cut into squares and serve on lettuce. Serves 9.

MONDAY CASSEROLE

1 cup chipped, dried beef
 3 Tbls. butter
 1 cup whole-kernel corn, drained
 1 cup cooked rice
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 2/3 cup milk
 1/4 cup grated cheese
 2 to 3 Tbls. bread crumbs

Frizzle the dried beef in the melted butter until it is hot through and the edges begin to curl. Stir in the corn and rice and continue cooking for two more minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire. Combine the mushroom soup and milk and add to the ingredients, mixing well. Pour into a casserole and top with the cheese and bread crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes.

DATE-NUT STEAM PUDDING

1 egg
 3/4 cup molasses
 1 tsp. soda
 1/2 cup water
 1 1/2 cups flour
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 1/8 tsp. cloves
 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 cup chopped dates
 1/4 cup chopped nuts
 2 Tbls. melted shortening or salad oil

Beat the egg and add the molasses and vanilla. Dissolve the soda in the water and add to the egg mixture. Sift together 1 1/4 cups of the flour, salt, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Stir into the other mixture. Dredge the dates and nut meats with the remaining flour and add. Stir in the fat or salad oil. Fill a greased pudding mold 3/4 full and cover tightly. Steam 1 hour and 30 minutes. Unmold and serve hot with your favorite sauce.

DIXIE SNAPS

1/2 cup shortening
 1/2 cup molasses
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/4 cup School Day peanut butter

1 egg, unbeaten
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. ginger
 1 cup sifted flour
 1 tsp. baking powder
 Mix shortening, molasses, sugar, peanut butter, flavoring and salt. Add egg and beat thoroughly. Sift together the flour, baking powder and ginger and mix well with the creamed ingredients. Drop from spoon onto baking sheet and bake at 350 degrees for 8-10 minutes. Makes about 3 1/2 dozen cookies.

QUICK BROILER ICING

6 Tbls. melted butter or margarine (If margarine is used, add a few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.)

1 cup brown sugar
 1/4 cup cream
 1 cup shredded coconut
 1/2 cup nutmeats, if desired
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Mix all of the ingredients together and spread over a warm cake just out of the oven. Brown under the broiler for 3 to 5 minutes, until bubbly and brown.

This is wonderful for an emergency frosting for a cake.

POLISH DOUGHNUT

1 pkg. dry yeast
 2 cups milk, scalded
 2 cups flour
 4 egg yolks
 1 whole egg
 1/2 cup butter (or part lard)
 1/2 cup sugar
 1 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 5 cups flour (about)

Scald the milk. When it has cooled to lukewarm, stir in the yeast. When this is dissolved, stir in 2 cups of flour. Beat well and let rise for about two hours. Beat egg yolks and the one egg together and stir in. Melt shortening, cool and add. (All butter or part butter and part lard were the recommendation of the fine cook who sent us the original recipe.) Stir in all the remaining ingredients, adding enough flour to knead easily. Knead until smooth and satin-like. Place in a greased bowl and let rise until double in bulk. Roll out to 1/2 inch thickness and cut into rounds with a hole in the center. Lay on a breadboard or cookie sheet and let rise until light and 1 inch thick. Fry in deep, hot fat by placing the top side down in the fat first. This gives the under side a chance to rise a little as the doughnut is frying. When nicely browned on both sides, remove from the fat and drain on a paper towel. Glaze while hot with the following:

Glaze

1 lb. powdered sugar
 1 Tbls. cream
 1 Tbls. cornstarch
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

A scant 1/2 cup cold water (enough to make a thin glaze)

Combine all the ingredients and beat until smooth. Frost the hot doughnuts with the glaze and drain on a cake rack.

These doughnuts really do taste like the fine, raised doughnuts which you find in good bakeries.

SWEETENER SALAD DRESSING

1 can condensed tomato soup
 1/2 cup cooking oil
 1/3 cup vinegar
 1 tsp. salt
 1 Tbls. paprika
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener

1 tsp. dry mustard
 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 1 garlic "toe"

Combine all of the ingredients in a jar. Cover and shake well. Chill in the refrigerator for several hours. Remove the garlic. (If you do not care for garlic, just omit. The dressing will be equally good without it.) Shake the jar well before using to combine the ingredients.

FROSTED STRAWBERRY SALAD

1 pkg. black cherry gelatin
 1 cup boiling water
 1 pkg. frozen strawberries
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
 1 cup sweetened applesauce
 Whipped cream or powdered whipped topping

Stir the gelatin into the hot water until it is well dissolved. Add the frozen strawberries and continue stirring as the strawberries begin to thaw. Stir in the strawberry flavoring and the applesauce. Pour into a mold and chill until firm. When ready to serve, turn out the gelatin on a serving plate and frost with sweetened whipped cream or with powdered whipped topping.

ITALIAN POT ROAST

3- to 4-lb. pot roast
 2 Tbls. flour
 2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 3 Tbls. bacon drippings
 1 clove garlic, minced
 1 green pepper, sliced
 1 large onion, sliced
 1 can (16 oz.) tomatoes
 1/4 tsp. paprika
 1/4 tsp. oregano

Combine flour, salt and pepper. Dredge meat in seasoned flour. Brown meat on all sides in bacon drippings. Pour off excess grease.

Combine garlic, green pepper, onion, tomatoes, paprika and oregano. Season to taste with salt. Add this mixture to meat.

Cover tightly and cook slowly for 3 1/2 to 4 hours, or until meat is tender. Thicken cooking liquid if desired with 2 tablespoons of flour which have been mixed with a small amount of water.

During the long winter months it is pleasant to prepare variations on some of the old stand-by cuts of meat. Perhaps your family might enjoy this version of pot roast.—Abigail

**SUNDAY MORNING BANANA MUFFINS**

1/2 cup vegetable shortening
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 cup sugar
 1 cup mashed bananas
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
 1 egg, beaten
 1 1/2 cups flour
 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
 1 tsp. soda dissolved in
 1 Tbls. water

Cream together the shortening and sugar. Add egg, mashed bananas and flavorings. Sift the nutmeg with the flour and add. Add soda water. Beat only until blended—no longer. Bake at 350 degrees for about 20-25 minutes.

These are delicious and easy to stir up for a special Sunday morning treat.

EXCELLENT SPANISH RICE

2 Tbls. shortening
 1 cup rice, uncooked
 1 small onion, chopped
 1/2 green pepper, diced
 2 tsp. salt
 2 tsp. chili powder
 1 cup tomatoes
 2 cups water

Heat the shortening and add the washed rice. Stir constantly until the rice is a light, golden brown. Add the other ingredients and cover tightly. Simmer slowly for about 20 minutes, until the rice is done and the liquid almost absorbed. Let stand about 10 minutes in the covered pan until the liquid is all absorbed into the rice, then serve. (If the rice becomes too dry during cooking, add a little water as needed.)

This may be baked in the oven in a covered casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 to 50 minutes, or until the rice is done.

GERMAN POT ROAST

3 pounds prime chuck roast

1 large onion, diced
 2 large carrots, diced
 3 pieces celery, diced

Braise both sides of roast and add 3 bouillon cubes to 1 cup of water. Place roast and all the vegetables in roasting pan in 350 degree oven. Roast until tender, about 2 1/2 hours. When meat is tender, remove from pan. Make a roux consisting of 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons shortening and 1/4 cup of flour. Add to stock and bring to boil. Remove meat from pan and serve with dumplings.

Potato Dumplings

1 raw large potato, ground
 1/2 small onion, ground
 4 strips bacon, diced and fried
 1/2 cup croutons
 2 eggs
 Pinch parsley
 1 cup flour

Pinch salt, pepper and nutmeg
 Mix thoroughly all ingredients, form into balls the size of an egg, drop in boiling salted water 30 minutes. Remove dumplings from water. Top with melted butter and serve immediately.

German Pot Roast and Potato Dumplings is a dish chef Martin Friedmann has been making for customers at Karl Ratzsch's, famous in Milwaukee for more than 40 years.

UPSIDE DOWN MINCEMEAT CAKE

1 1/2 cups prepared mincemeat
 1 cup apples, peeled and diced
 1/2 cup sugar
 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 2 Tbls. butter, melted
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 1 box white or yellow cake mix (for 9 by 13 pan)
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine the mincemeat, apples, sugar and orange flavoring together. (If you use the boxed, dry mincemeat, add 1/4 cup of water, heat through, stirring well, and then proceed as directed.) In the bottom of a 9 by 13 sheet cake pan, stir the melted butter and the brown sugar together. Spoon the mincemeat mixture over the brown sugar layer. Prepare the cake mix according to directions, stirring in the lemon flavoring. Pour over the mincemeat and bake at 375 degrees for 40 minutes. Remove from the oven and turn out immediately on a serving platter. Serve with whipped cream.

This makes a delicious cake. It is good for emergency company, for a club refreshment or to perk up any of your winter meals.

A NOODLE IN THE SINK

I've tried to pick up many things,
But none of them, I think,
Was quite so hard as picking up
A noodle in the sink,
A single little noodle,
A slippery, slimy noodle,
A squiddy, squirmy noodle in the
sink.

I've tried to pick up German and
I've tried to pick up Greek,
I've tried to pick up flappers when
I used to be a sheik.
Since I've been getting wobbly and in
need of some repairs,
I've tried to pick my feet up when I
shuffled up the stairs.
I've tried to pick up many things,
But none of them, I think,
Was quite so hard as picking up
A noodle in the sink,
A single little noodle,
A slippery, slimy noodle,
A squiddy, squirmy noodle in the
sink.

—Unknown



THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

I shall be perfectly honest with you—I have not been in the kitchen for at least two weeks, but I have been doing a lot of talking with people who have been in the kitchen! Betty and I had dinner the other day in a home where we were served the most delicious little "something or others" called *Aaron's Bundles*. Actually, they were small tea cakes with a flavor quite different from anything we ever had tried. Naturally, I had to have the recipe, and imagine my surprise when I learned that it was one out of the cook book published by my own church women a few years ago. I wish you would try this and then let me know what you think of it.

Aaron's Bundles

1/2 cup butter or margarine
1 cup sugar
1 egg (well beaten)
2 Tbls. molasses
1 tsp. soda
1/4 tsp. cinnamon
1/4 tsp. ginger
1/8 tsp. nutmeg
1/8 tsp. clove
2 cups sifted flour
1 cup chopped raisins
1 cup milk

Cream shortening. Add sugar, egg, molasses. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk. Add raisins. Bake in tea cake tins at 350 degrees for 15-20 minutes. Makes about 4 dozen. Paper lining in tins preserves freshness.

One of my good church matrons has a recipe for sugarless cookies that I want to share with you. When she first told me that she could make a good cooky without sugar, I was skeptical, but no longer! These really are good, and even if you don't need to give up sugar, you will like this recipe.

Sugarless Cookies

Mix together:

1 cup orange marmalade
1 egg
1/2 cup softened shortening

Add to this mixture:

2 cups sifted flour
1 tsp. soda
1/4 tsp. salt
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla

Stir in:

1/2 cup raisins
1/2 cup nut meats
Drop by small spoonfuls onto a greased pan. Bake for about 12 minutes at 350 degrees.

If you want this cooky sweeter, add a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener to the marmalade.



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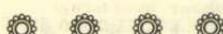
by

Vivian Baumgartner

Homemakers might consider returning to the washboard and clothes boiler before parting with their food freezers. But we lose a little as we gain. Our children will never know the thrill we had of the seasonal appetite. Most folks with half a century of living, remember food as part of the times of the year. Great red apples and golden pears came in paper cones, tucked into the train butcher's flat basket. Forbidden chocolate bars and chewing wax containing sweetened water were there, too. Steaming hot parafin, waiting for jelly, still flashes back the coal scent of the day coach's red plush upholstery. Who else can recall the smell of oranges that meant Christmas, and delicate ribbon candy, found only then?

Ice cream those days made treats only for summer, and popcorn came in cold weather. Popcorn balls were for rainy, late fall Sunday afternoons. Hubbard squash and sweet potatoes meant November, and the cold spring ground yielded dandelions and rhubarb, not to be seen again, fresh, for another year. Peaches came in late summer, as they still do. Blemished ones were eaten at once, in all possible ways, until they came out our ears. The best were reserved for canning in the hot kitchens, until every table and window sill held jars of golden halves and glowing jam. A few short weeks, and the scented fuzzy globes were memories, except in preserved form.

Foods in season are still with us, of course, but modern children won't worry if they don't gobble strawberries every day while they are fresh in market. Frozen whole or sliced, they await casual purchase any month of the year. No one would change this, but our children have few occasions to wait hungrily for the seasonal appearance of a special food treat. Will they ever wonder why frozen rhubarb isn't as exciting in August as the rosy stalks were in May? And our grandchildren may never recognize the restless spring hunger that Grandmother once cured by using a mixture of sulphur and molasses, and dandelion greens for supper. There might not be dandelions by then, with the new weed killers. I, for one, will miss the golden coins on the new spring grass and the joy of pouncing on the first red strawberry, knowing that neither will be around long. But of course, I like frozen peaches better than hot canning kitchens. I'll keep my freezer.



WHAT PRICE GLORY?

Women's hair styles have been startling

Through the ages past and present; Pompadours or rat-nest puff outs, Curls or bangs or slicked-back coiffures, Short or long, bouffant or bee hive, Ladies must try each new fashion. To be stunning was their object, But my dears, how they have suffered! Washed and baked and sprayed and tortured,

But they would not live without it.

—Alice G. Harvey

MY GOLD MINE

by

Maxine Eck

Several months ago, I purchased a five-pound bundle of rags for \$1.25 from a mail order house. Instead of scraps and tiny pieces, which I expected, my bundle contained a veritable gold mine of usable remnants which went into a variety of handcraft-products.

From a piece of material figured with baby animals, I made a soft ball, using strips each designed with different animals, and stuffed it with some scraps. Another piece with an elephant figure made a baby's bib of professional styling. Other bibs made from the bundle were blue and white checked, embroidered with an orange duck, and a white bib with a blue duck embroidery.

One remnant of orange, yellow and white stripes supplied a smocked round pillow and a pair of toss pillows. Odd pieces were made into a black chiffon headscarf; a thick soft material into a kneeling pad for scrubbing on hands and knees; and a pair of turquoise and white checked pot holders.

Several clothespin bags, which are useful as gifts, were fashioned from the pieces. These included a white oatmeal, green paisley and a brown and orange on beige provincial print, all trimmed in orange.

One bit of white drapery material designed with floral bouquets was cut out and framed for use as two wall-pictures. White satin made a beautiful Barbie doll gown trimmed in sequins, and a turquoise corduroy was enough for a Ken doll outfit.

Several pieces were cut into quilt pieces in the Sunflower pattern. Striped flannel was worked into a nylon and lingerie bag, and brown flannel covered a heating pad. A large piece of beige and a blue remnant went to my neighbor who will put it into a braided rug.

All these useful items from one bundle — which you must agree was a "gold mine".



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A FESTIVAL OF FAITH

by
Evelyn Birkby

Several months ago it was my privilege to attend a performance of The Festival of Faith held in Omaha, Nebraska. What better time of year to report on this exciting event than February, which is designated as *Brotherhood* month around the world?

It all came about in an interesting way. My sister, Ruth, said one morning, "Go to Omaha with me tomorrow. I have two tickets to hear Fred Waring."

I jumped at the chance. In the first place, Ruth was soon going to leave for her home in Arizona. This short trip would be an excellent opportunity for us to have a good visit. Secondly, a jaunt out of town is always a treat for me. Besides, we have both been Fred Waring fans for years.

For some reason, all the publicity about the program had gone by me without any impression whatsoever. (No wonder press agents repeat and repeat; it takes that repetition to penetrate!) When we arrived in Omaha and turned out to the Ak-Sar-Ben Coliseum, which is on the west side of the city, I exclaimed, "Where are you going? I thought the program was downtown at the Civic Auditorium."

Ruth looked at me with amazement. "How could they get over a thousand singers into the Auditorium?"

It was my turn to be amazed. "One thousand singers! Where did they all come from?"

"Don't you know what you are going to hear? This is a massed choir made up of hundreds of choirs from churches of various faiths in the Omaha area. It is called a 'Festival of Faith' and its purpose is to symbolize the faith of the American people in one God, no matter what their denomination—Greek Orthodox, Catholic, Baptist, Lutheran, Jew, Christian, Covenant, Episcopal, Tabernacle, you name it, they have it!"

This was my introduction to one of the most wonderful evenings of my life.

The Ak-Sar-Ben Coliseum is huge. It was built by a group of community-minded individuals who organized for the main purpose of furthering the agricultural economy of this area. They developed the name by spelling Nebraska *backwards!* Today their membership includes some 25,000 persons with a board of fourteen prominent businessmen of Omaha who direct the activities of the group. The main purpose remains the same, but it has expanded to include a wide program of charitable and educational projects.

The Coliseum building is used primarily for a livestock show, rodeo and a fall festival, all sponsored by Ak-Sar-Ben. But it does not stand idle the



Evelyn's three boys, Robert, Craig and Jeffrey, enjoyed the first snow.

rest of the year. Facilities are made available the year round for non-profit agricultural and community functions and for a few big "shows", such as ice shows and circuses, which need an exceptionally large area for presentation.

When the massed choirs of eighty-seven inter-denominational choirs and musical groups processed in with their varied colored robes, it seemed as if that massive room could not encompass them. When Fred Waring stepped to the podium and lifted his hands in the signal to begin, and twelve hundred voices lifted in perfect harmony on the "Doxology", the room was far too small!

The program began with some of the most familiar old hymns and then modulated into the Catholic "Salve Regina" and on to the universal "Sanctus". Suddenly, spotlighted on a small stage, stood a Salvation Army band. They struck up the hymn, "Work for the Night Is Coming". The number, now including all the voices of the massed choir, blended into "O God, Our Help in Ages Past". Soon we were listening to the magnificent strains of a Greek Orthodox number, "Hosposi Pomili", with several of their group in bright Greek costumes spotlighted.

When the melody of "The Old Rugged Cross" began, Mr. Waring turned to the audience and asked us all to sing. Thousands of voices were now added to the thousand of the choir. It was a tremendous moment; I found my own voice trembling with emotion as I faltered into the chorus.

The tune which came next was unfamiliar to me, "Song of Galilee", a beautiful Jewish hymn. Two lovely young people gave a rhythmic interpretation as it was sung. No matter that I could not understand the Hebrew,

the mood of worship of God was unmistakably evident.

What festival of the faiths of America would be complete without some of the folk songs and Negro spirituals which are so dear to our hearts? The entire commentary was inspiring, but the words I remember which Mr. Waring read in introducing this section were, "O Lord, that we might accept one another as readily as we accept each other's songs."

The most stirring presentation was made with Frank Davis as soloist in "God's Trombones". His portrayal of the itinerant Negro preacher giving the story of the creation was moving beyond words. The chorus, many of whom were Negroes, lifted voices in accompaniment and swept into "He's Got the Whole World in His Hand" and "Set Down, Servant". Surely, no one in the coliseum was unmoved.

With the songs of the American Holidays (and Holy Days) woven into a resounding medley, a section of Songs on Brotherhood and three final numbers on the theme Love of God and Country, the program concluded with "The Battle Hymn of the Republic".

This is the story of brotherhood in action. It should be flung from one end of the country to the other—told all around the world. Brotherhood, tolerance, and trust in God are all bulwarks of our nation. Regardless of the blaring headlines, many people are quietly, purposefully, consecratedly working for the cause of love.

Surely, as the last strains of "Glory, glory, hallelujah, His truth is marching on," faded from the throats of the magnificent, interfaith choir, God must have leaned over the parapet of heaven and applauded.

* * *

COME, READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

"My best friend is a man who'll get me a book I haven't read," said Abraham Lincoln. During February when we celebrate Lincoln's birthday it is interesting to read of a new book for children, ages 12 and up, called *My Cousin Abe* (Nelson, \$3.50). The author, Aileen Fisher, has written the book as if it were being told by Lincoln's cousin, Dennis Hanks. The book is a chronicle of Lincoln's life, his family, friends, and the era in which he lived.

Much has been written of Mary Lincoln, but a book written some years ago concerning Lincoln's friendship with Ann Rutledge has held our attention lately. *The Soul of Ann Rutledge* by Bernie Babcock (Exposition Press, \$3) is a fascinating study of the rail-splitter's early years in New Salem, Illinois, as well as the tender story of Ann Rutledge's understanding and compassion for her friend. Her gentle influence stayed with Lincoln throughout his life, although she passed away at the age of 22 years. Her grave is located at Petersburg, Illinois, and the monument bears a famous eulogy by Edgar Lee Masters.

Bernie Babcock, the author, also wrote *The Soul of Abe Lincoln*. Mrs. Babcock passed away last summer in Little Rock, Arkansas, at the age of 94.

How often we caution our children of eye accidents—and how often the comments fall on deaf ears! In the case of Robert Russell, a splinter from his hammering stones with a croquet mallet caused total blindness at the age of five. His autobiography of life in a world of darkness is recounted in *To Catch an Angel* (Vanguard, \$4.50). We feel great admiration for this man and his parents, who gave freely of their love and understanding but never over-protected him. This seems to set the tone of his life as we read of his adventures at the New York Institute for the Blind, Yale University and Oxford University. His physical courage (he became a champion wrestler), his keen intellect and his sense of humor against great obstacles make fine reading. Most of all, it gives us a lift because this person who just happens to be handicapped has led such an inspiring life.

Time Enough by Dr. Frank Luther Mott (University of North Carolina Press, \$6) is a warm and appealing autobiography. Every busy person should read this book. Dr. Mott's philosophy is that in our busy lives we occasionally have to find time enough to do the things we really wish to do.



This statue is located on the State House grounds in Des Moines, Iowa.

Dr. Mott's life is a perfect example of this philosophy because of his profession of journalism. He was closely associated with daily newspapers where there are constant and never-ending deadlines. His work in education for journalism covered thirty years at the State University of Iowa and the University of Missouri, where he is now Dean Emeritus.

The first subject of the fifteen essays of his book deals with his boyhood when he made visits to his Quaker grandparents. His grandfather, described as expressing the essence of Quakerism, was head of the meeting for many years. At times when no one was moved to speak aloud at the meeting, there would be two hours of silent meditation. Then, after his grandfather would "break meeting" there would be the weekly reunion of neighbors, complete with "We are expecting thee to dinner today."

Dr. Mott confesses today he sets aside periods for reflection and meditation, a feeling which we could do well to emulate.

Another essay is concerned with his schooling and Methodist upbringing in three towns in Iowa in the 1890's—namely, What Cheer, Tipton and Audubon. What delightful memories this chapter contains! Other essays are concerned with the printing trade, his great interest in books, the writing of his *History of American Magazines*, and his mission to Japan after World War II.

Remember: time has meaning according to the experience with which we fill it.

The adventure of the century advertises the book *We Seven* (Simon and Schuster, \$6.50) by the Astronauts themselves. The book includes the first-person stories of the space flights, as well as information on the early lives of the astronauts, how they were selected for the Mercury program, and how they were trained. An interesting note—the book was published around the world in almost every language that can be set in type.

OUR VALENTINES

Bring me a Valentine, dear
Not lacy hearts and cooing doves
But just a smile across a crowded room,
A tender touch upon the arm,
A gentle hope held out
When faith runs low;
This I long to have from you.

And I shall try to put away
All thoughts of any faults
That I may find in you,
And try to boulster up the courage
You will need to meet
The daily trials upon your path;
This I pray will help you.

—Alice G. Harvey

ATTIC ENCHANTMENT

Enchantment reigns in grandma's attic room,
Where dreams revive in fond awakening;
A bureau of time-honored fashioning,
Stands quite aloof within the cob-webbed gloom.
But I shall have a most delightful hour:
An opened drawer shows a veil and dress
Of deeply yellowed, fragile loveliness;
White slippers, too, for memory's sweet dower.
A small box holds a book-pressed rose—once red;
A picture with grandmother as a bride;
Mustachioed grandpa seated by her side;
A diary penned before they two were wed.
Dear grandma would forgive me if she knew
I read her primly written pages through!

—Thelma Allinder

I GUESS I'M JUST NOT CLEVER

I take five yards
or seven cups
or 50 dozen somethings;
I cut 'em up
or pour 'em out
or shape 'em into dumplings;
I spend ten bucks
and thirteen weeks
and when I'm through, alas
Mine always look like something
that I made in hobby class.

—Oneita Fisher

COVER STORY

A portrait of Martin Strom hasn't appeared on the cover since September, 1957. In that particular picture he was wearing a new cowboy shirt and holding his clarinet—a typical ten-year-old. Now he is a strapping fifteen-year-old Sophomore, already taller than his mother, Margery, and stretching to reach his father's 6' 2" height.



Peeking over his grandmother's shoulder is little William Gale, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gale of Chicago, Illinois. Mrs. Sassaman is a very dear friend of the Verne's, and long-time readers of the magazine will remember seeing pictures of the baby's mother, Kira, when she was a little girl.

MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded

pretty much at arm's length with dogs, has fallen under her homely spell. But reigning supreme is the affection which exists between Katharine and Elloise. The last thing I do at night is turn back the covers on Katharine's bed and fish Elloise out of the lower reaches and move her into her own quarters for the balance of the night.

The poetic justice of it all is that one of the toys Adrienne won at the Fun Frolic when she bought her one and only chance on Elloise was a cardboard square of little Christmas Jingle Bells. The day after the big doings at school she swallowed one of these dreadful bells and we ended up at the Milwaukee County Hospital in the Emergency Clinic having her insides X-rayed to determine whether the bell caught somewhere. Fortunately, there were no complications. But to think I bought the crazy toys in the first place.....

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

EASY MONEY in Spare Time with New "PICTURE WINDOW" All-Occasion Greeting Notes

Show friends exciting Create-A-Notes with all-occasion greetings that show through new-idea envelopes. Exclusive Violet "Picture Window" 89-piece ensemble with pen pays big profit at \$1.25. Extra-profit All-Occasion Card Assortment pays you 85¢ on each box—\$85 on 100. Over 160 fast-sellers. Gift Bonuses boost your income. *No experience needed.* Mail coupon for samples on approval, worth \$2.75—FREE on starting offer.

Just Send Name for Samples

CREATIVE CARD CO., Dept. 112-D
4401 W. Cermak Road, Chicago 22, Ill.
Send money-making samples on approval with FREE
Starting Offer.

Get \$2.75
Approval
Samples
FREE on
Starting
Offer

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY & ZONE _____ STATE _____

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Calender-wise, February is the shortest month of the year, but to many gardeners who are anxious for spring work to begin, it seems the longest. It is a good time to search catalogues for new plants, to select a few branches of forsythia, pussy willows, flowering plum, flowering crab apple, and quince for indoor forcing, and to order some of the new seed-starting materials along with your nursery orders.

I used to think moist sand was ideal but I have much better success with vermiculite, sphagnum moss and perlite (used singly or in a mixture). Because they are sterile, damping-off disease is kept to a minimum, and these materials have the facility to retain water much better than sand or soil.

The easiest way to moisten the above planting mediums is to fill a plastic bag with the seed starter and then add a cup or two of tepid water. Fasten the top of the bag and then knead the bag with your hands. All three seem to resist moisture at first but once they become saturated, you do not need to add more water for several days—perhaps not during the length of the germinating period if the seed container is covered with a clear sheet of plastic.

How soon can one start seeds indoors? Don't be in a hurry as the seedlings will grow tall and spindly unless they can be given plenty of available sunshine. Slow germinating kinds and those that take several weeks to develop into transplanting-sized plants may be sown in late February. Among these are salvia, petunias, hybrid snapdragon, verbena and lobelia.

Did you know that pansy seed started indoors in late February or early March will bloom within 90 days? Last March 3rd I planted a packet of Arcadia pansy seed in 10 little tuna cans, using moist sand and a little leaf mold as the starting mixture. The cans were covered with clear plastic and placed in an east window in a cool room. Within 14 days most of the seeds had germinated and by April 1st, 220 baby pansy plants were transplanted and growing lustily in seed flats filled with a mixture of sand, garden loam, leaf mold and old rotted manure. Pansies do not mind cool weather or even light frost, and the flats were set in cold frames as soon as the weather permitted. I set 200 of the plants into a carefully prepared bed in front of the greenhouse. The first bloom appeared on the 29th of June, and the bed was a riot of pansy faces in all the rich colors of "pansydom".

As soon as the seedlings became established, I mulched the bed with a

three-inch layer of old sawdust. The plants were fed twice during the summer with a fish emulsion type soluble fertilizer. Even though pansies are not supposed to bloom during the hot summer months, these Arcadia plants bloomed merrily away until killed by hard frost and snow in early November. You will find them listed this spring in several catalogues, so put them on your list and enjoy their beauty all summer and fall.

Dwarfies Corporation,
Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Send me _____ bottles \$3.00 size
DAILY DOZEN Vitamins, and a \$1.00
size Free with each \$3 bottle I order.

Name _____

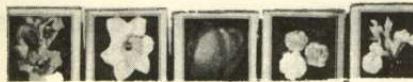
Address _____

Offer expires March 15, 1963.

HOUSEWIVES WANTED . . .

No Experience Necessary. \$5 an hour easy in spare time. Endless demand for lovely, original Cake Decorations and luscious, Professional Candy for Xmas, Easter, Weddings, Birthdays, Parties, all holidays and occasions. WE SHOW YOU HOW to turn your kitchen into a gold mine. No capital required, start your own business small, grow big. *No age or educational limits.* Big Money from churches, clubs, business firms, social parties, etc. Write for Free Facts on complete home instructions. Candy & Cake Institute, Dept. D-632, Fallbrook, California.

NOW FREE
FREE! 3 month sample
subscription to "Fun
and Profit Hobbies"
magazine for Cake
Decorators and Candy
makers.



SEED CATALOG PARTY

by

Erma Reynolds

It's seed catalog time again, when gardeners get that certain gleam in their eyes as they turn the fascinating pages of the new catalogs, and start the joyous job of selecting seeds for their gardens.

Why not use this "first sign of spring" as an excuse to have a party. Invite your garden-loving friends to bring their catalogs to your house for a buffet supper and an "enjoy together" session with the seed catalogs.

Keep the meal simple, and for the table centerpiece fill a wooden bowl or basket with vegetables, with a few seed packets scattered on the table around the container.

With supper out of the way, settle down for a session with the catalogs, with everyone pooling their ideas on the merits of the different varieties, and advice for problem plantings.

When the catalogs have had a thorough going-over, finish out the evening with a few games that have a gardening theme. Here are ideas for the games:

Pesky Pests: Each player receives a pencil, and a paper which contains a list of questions, each of which must be answered with the name of an insect pest. About 15 minutes is allowed for the guesswork, and at the end of the time limit the player with the longest most correct list wins a prize.

1. Food for a cow, and a child playing hopscotch. (GRASS-HOPPER)

2. A small coin mentioned in the Bible. (MITE)

3. Fat people like to avoid this piece of equipment. (SCALE)

4. Part of the body, and something worn by a bald man. (EAR-WIG)

5. Ammunition for a gun. (SLUG)

6. Used to hang pictures, and a fisherman's accessory. (WIRE-WORM)

7. A nomad is the name of this moth. (GYPSY MOTH)

8. Birds and aviators do this. (FLY)

9. A native of Asia, and a ramming instrument. (JAPANESE BEETLE)

10. Part of a book, and a type of box. (LEAF HOPPER)

11. Heard in a clock shop. (TICK)

12. The first part of this bug's name is not used in polite society. (SPITTLE BUG)

Garden Equipment Lineup: The players line up in a row, with their hands behind their backs. The hostess, and an assistant, each stand at one end of the line. When the lights in the room are turned out, and the room is in com-

plete darkness, the hostess places a piece of garden equipment in the hands of the first player in the line. He tries to guess what it is by the touch-and-feel method, and then passes it on to the player at his side. A collection of garden articles are passed in this fashion, from player to player. As the assistant at the end of the line receives the articles, he places them out of sight in a carton. When all of the articles have been passed the lights are turned on. Players are given paper and pencil, and are instructed to list the pieces of equipment that passed through their hands. The longest, most correct list wins a prize. Here are suggestions for the articles: trowel, flower pot, spray gun, kneeling pad, garden gloves, miniature spade, protector against cutworms, plant stake, hand digging fork, handful of vermiculite, tape measure, ball of string, garden shears, clippers, basket.

Seed Order: Give each guest a seed catalog (if possible, use catalogs from one firm), paper and pencil. Players are instructed to make out an order for seeds, trees, shrubs, or garden equipment, that will amount to \$43.21. About 15 minutes is allowed for the ordering and at the end of the time limit a prize is given to the guest whose bill of goods adds up closest to the required amount. Should more than one player reach the required amount within the time limit, a vote is taken among the guests to determine which party would receive the most value for his money.

* * * * *

The most powerful form of energy one can generate is not mechanical, electronic or even atomic energy, but prayer energy.



These are the words you hear six days a week when it's Kitchen-Klatter time. (Once in a while we say something else just for the sake of variety!)

KSMN Mason City, Ia., 1010 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KCFI Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KWPC Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.

KWBG Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KOAM Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.

KVSH Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 730 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

He who waits to be asked, lessens his service. —Publilius Syrus

"Hy-X"
ONLY HENRY FIELD'S HAS IT!
Extraordinary New Tomato
GREAT FLAVOR, EASY TO GROW

Less Foliage...More Tomatoes!

HENRY FIELD

Our customers have written us hundreds of enthusiastic letters about HY-X. HY-X plants don't get big or gawky, but grow so compact and sturdy you needn't bother to stake them. Very prolific, too: HY-X starts early, bears abundantly 'til frost. The fruit is deep scarlet, globe-shaped, full of firm yet tender "meat," not just a lot of water and seeds. HY-X won't sun scald or crack. And it grows well 'most anywhere, even in semi-arid regions too dry for ordinary tomatoes. We want you to be a HY-X fan too, so right now we're making a most generous offer... more than 100 seeds for only 10¢! That barely covers our postage and handling costs, so don't pass this up—get yours now!

WE'LL MAIL YOU
A BIG PACKET
(over 100 seeds)
FOR ONLY

10¢
PPD.

A Tomato So Good It Gets "Fan Mail"!

HENRY FIELD Seed & Nursery Co.
7949 Oak St., SHENANDOAH, IOWA

Yes, I'd like to raise the new HY-X! Here's my dime. Also send free your new catalog of seeds and nursery stock.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
P.O. _____ STATE _____
(ZONE) _____

CLIP AND MAIL TODAY!

DO YOU LIKE YOURSELF?

by

Alice G. Harvey

Do you, or did you ever think about YOU and whether you are the person you would like to be? We hear a great deal about personality and the importance of having a pleasing one. Everyone has one but does it react favorably or unfavorably upon your associates?

If you are already endowed by nature with a happy disposition and have the ability to make friends easily and adjust readily to your surroundings, there is nothing much to worry about as far as a radical change is concerned. However, there is always room for improvement.

But if you are inclined to be grouchy, temperamental — sometimes sad — and naturally find fault with people and life in general, then it is time for you to take notice. Here there is challenge to improve, though one may never be as popular or charming as one whose nature is already charming.

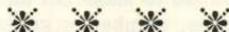
To go about improvement, you must first be able to analyze yourself to see clearly your faults, to understand the reasons for them and to formulate a definite plan to change one fault just a little each day.

Next, you must be able to see the other person's point of view and to be tolerant of it.

Then, you must cast aside all thought of self. A selfish or self-conscious person never is wholly at ease nor can he make those about him at ease.

And finally, you must positively be more considerate of those about you and sympathize with them. In other words, you must have the YOU-mindedness rather than the I-interest. Listen to others and really try to feel a genuine interest in them.

Make a list of your faults as far as you can, and then ask your mother, or other members of your family, as well as some good friends to help you. Don't become discouraged for you will like each improvement.



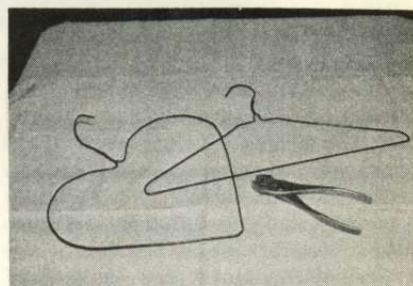
WIRE COAT HANGER DECORATIONS

by

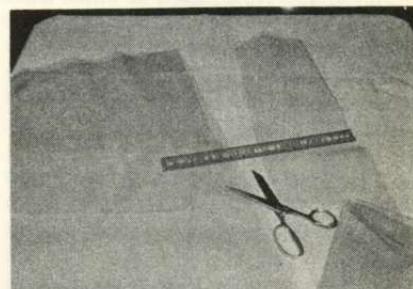
Marilyn Jackson

Nylon net teamed with a wire coat hanger will make a frothy party decoration and cost you less than twenty cents. In the picture series on this page is a complete step-by-step guide for making these professional-looking objects.

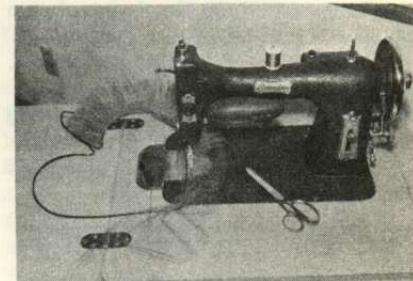
1. With pliers, bend wire coat hanger to the shape you choose. (Heart for Valentine party or bridal shower; shamrock for St. Patrick's; trefoil for Girl Scout events. Circle makes a Christmas wreath.)



2. Cut three strips of nylon net six inches wide. Net is two yards wide so strips will be 72 inches long. Strips need not be joined.



3. At the sewing machine, fold strip around wire hanger so that ruffle will be three inches wide. Stitch along wire with regular sewing foot (not zipper foot) pushing the ruffle back as you go.



After you have stitched three strips onto the wire, distribute the ruffle evenly around the wire shape. For table decoration, cut off hanger hook with wire snips and center with candle or flowers. For a hanging decoration, wrap hanger hook with matching ribbon.



ALL ACCIDENTS DON'T HAPPEN ON THE HIGHWAY

What household has escaped an "accident" caused by harsh chlorine bleach? You know the sad story. You want things really clean and fresh—and suddenly a blouse simply comes apart—curtains go to pieces—a dainty slip is old before its time.

That's why we emphasize that Kitchen-Klatter Bleach is SAFETY bleach. There's no danger at all, yet white things come really white and colored things stay bright and new-looking, wash after wash after wash. So why take chances?

Kitchen-Klatter SAFETY Bleach

WE KNOW IT'S SAFE! WE MAKE IT!

CHEESE

by

Alice G. Harvey

We eat a luscious piece of apple pie accompanied by a generous slice of cream cheese and think little of the manufacture or history of that slice of cheese.

We take so much for granted about the food we eat. So much of it comes to our homes almost ready to serve that we give it little thought.

Cheese is an ancient food. Down through the centuries, it has graced the tables of royalty and peasants. Its origin dates back several thousand years before Christ. The old legend states that an Arab stopping on the desert to eat his lunch of dates and milk, found that the milk which had been in a skin bottle was no longer milk, but had turned into a yellow-white, lumpy mass. He ate this, however, and found it was good and later told his tribe about it and this was the beginning of cheese-making. Every locality and country made its own special kind of cheese, so that accounts partly for the fact that there are now over five hundred different kinds of cheese in the world.

In the beginning there were only simple cheeses made by peasants, but as the nobility tasted it and found it good, we find that the aristocratic Romans became lovers of fine cheese.

However, after the fall of Rome, and as late as the 14th century, cheese was mostly a food of the common people. Then about 200 years ago came the beginning of a wonderful industry. A shepherd left his lunch of bread and fresh cheese in one of the caves of Roquefort when a storm drove him away. He forgot his lunch for two weeks and when he found it again, the bread and cheese had fused and was covered with green mold. The shepherd tasted and found it to have a wonderful flavor. So from this small beginning, the wonderful industry of cheese-making has grown up all over the world. The Swiss became known for their famous cheeses and later the industry spread to France. The Camembert cheese was invented by a woman named Jeanne Harel. It later became Napoleon's favorite cheese, and in 1928 the French government erected a monument in Camembert to the memory of Madame Harel.

England produced Cheddar, a large portly cheese.

The Dutch molded their cheese into red cannon balls, called Edam and Gouda, and sunny Italy created a hard Parmesan cheese. And we must not forget the little town of Limburg, Belgium, for the strong, odiferous, Limburger cheese.

In America, cheese-making began in

colonial days among the Dutch settlers in Pennsylvania. In 1851, American Cheddar was made in New York. Then cheese-making spread to Wisconsin and to the West, wherever there were rich dairy regions, until now American cheese is just as well made and as famous as any made in Europe and Asia. There is now a special cheese for every taste and every occasion, and woe be unto the chef who does not know his cheeses.

* * * *

You have the opportunity through action and example to develop patriotism in your child by reading to him, or having him read to you, stories and poems about the great men and events of America.

BEDTIME

"Tuck us in," my daughter says,
"Kiss my dolls and me;
Mommy Doll and Patty,
Blond Teddy Bear makes three."

And then my small girl murmurs,
"We lay us down to sleep."
Happiness is in her voice,
Love and faith so deep.

When I see the trust in her eyes
New depths in my own soul stir.
Thank you, Lord, for the 'essons
You help me to learn with her.

— Harverna Woodling

WHO DOES THE CLEANING AT YOUR HOUSE?



If you are scrubbing and rubbing at stains and fingerprints—if you are rinsing or wiping away froth, scum and left-over suds—if you are mopping when you should be only wiping, then YOU are doing the work your cleaner should be doing for you.

In other words, you aren't using **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner!** Because even stubborn, ground-in spots and smudges vanish like magic when this modern miracle cleaner goes to work. **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** dissolves immediately, making a hard-working soft water solution even in hardest water. And it never leaves froth or scum to rinse or wash away. **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** works hard and works fast, but it is face-soap gentle to tender hands.

Your grocer has **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**, or can get it if you ask him. Remember:

YOU GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS...

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER
does the work!

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

out of my chair and he'll rare right up to see if I'm leaving the room.

We got Jake at the end of August and we most certainly didn't dream that we were acquiring such an inexhaustible source of entertainment! Along with all this entertainment we've had some real problems, but even the problems have been something of a comfort since they stir up a little commotion and interest at our house--and both of these things have been in somewhat short supply since Juliana went to college and suddenly we no longer had her crowd of friends coming and going.

Jake is the first dog we've ever owned; we were always a "cat" family, and maybe you've noticed, too, that people who have a hankering after cats almost never are enthusiastic about dogs. Both Russell and Juliana much preferred cats, and my! the string of them we had through the years. (Off-hand I can think of Cherry Tree, Bawler, India, Governor Niger, Snowball, Vincent and the late, lamented Saccfrass. We had him for years and years, and when he died last winter we really missed him badly.)

I always wanted a dog, so after Saccfrass departed I began "making propaganda" for one, and finally, most reluctantly, Russell agreed that I could get one if I'd select a very, very small one. He didn't want a big lumox tearing up his garden and I couldn't blame him for this. After all, I didn't want the

didn't want to leave a dog in the kennels whenever we were out of town, so this meant a breed small enough to travel with. Maybe some people can get away with a boxer or German shepherd when they stop at a motel, but I wouldn't want to try it.

We finally decided upon a Chihuahua because we knew they were very tiny, didn't have a long coat of hair to cope with and were supposed to be intelligent. Just about the time we decided on this breed we heard that Mrs. Warren Strickler at Craig, Mo., had pedigree Chihuahuas for sale, so we drove down there on a Sunday afternoon, looked over all the puppies, and decided on Jake, five and a half months old and the cutest little thing we'd ever seen. He seemed to "take to us" right away for he never once let out a whimper. (Mrs. Strickler warned us that he might cry for a few nights, but he never made a sound.)

I didn't realize at first that he was extremely sensitive and couldn't bear to be scolded. In my efforts to housebreak him I spoke to him very severely, and before I understood his reaction to these scoldings he had taken to his bed, literally, and refused all food. I just thought he was sick with some kind of dog ailment, but when he refused to budge from his bed at the end of three days or to take a mouthful of food, I hauled him down to the veterinarian and announced that I had a very, very sick dog.

To my chagrin I learned that he wasn't sick at all—not physically sick, that is; but my scolding had plunged him into a nervous breakdown and it was simply easier for him to stop eating and to stay in bed. Maybe you think I didn't feel guilty and uncomfortable when I heard this diagnosis! I left that office with no idea as to how I was going to housebreak him, but I knew for a fact that I could never again give him a good scolding.

It turns out now that I simply expected too much from him. By the time he was about nine months old he never had an accident, although we made the mistake of teaching him to go to the door when he wanted out, and after the first severe weather hit us he insisted on continuing to go outside—just wouldn't have a thing to do with any arrangement we tried to make in the house.

But it's astounding, isn't it, how attached you can get to a little dog. Jake really hasn't been with us too long, but already he is so much a part of our household that we'd miss him terribly if anything were to happen to him. (Russell, who couldn't STAND dogs, says he's gotten more pleasure out of Jake in these few short months than he got from all the cats through all the years!) I surely hope he skirts

safely around the hazards and disasters that seem to loom up in the path of such a tiny, tiny little thing that only weighs two pounds, for Chihuahuas have a life span of twenty years and under these conditions we can all grow old together!

Incidentally, no one has ever exaggerated the intelligence of a Chihuahua. It's hard to believe that such a tiny head could contain such a lively brain! We are constantly impressed by the rapidity with which he learns things and, even more than this, how impossible it is to fool him more than once. He never seems to forget a thing, and if we play a joke on him just once we can never repeat it for he won't fall for it. All in all, he's extremely intelligent. And affectionate! Never let anyone tell you that a male dog isn't nearly as affectionate as a female. If you give them a lot of attention and play with them and let them know that you think they're pretty fine, they'll shower you with devotion.

One last thing, while I'm on the subject of Chihuahuas. I had always thought it was pretty silly to put a sweater on a dog, but I've changed my mind after seeing how susceptible Jake is to cold drafts. (He shivers and shakes like the proverbial leaf in the wind.) He likes to wear his sweaters, and if we forget to put one on him for any reason, he paws at the drawer where they are kept until we take note of what he wants. He also likes to wear a scarf, and you'd get a good laugh if you could see him in the blue scarf that I made from cutting off the cuff of an old mitten that Juliana wore years ago.

At the time I am writing this, Juliana is winding up the exams that conclude the first semester—half of her sophomore year at the University of New Mexico is almost over. She is still very happy at Albuquerque, and Kristin is equally happy at Laramie, so these western schools seemed to be the right place for them.

If all goes well, and this means Russell's health primarily, we hope to leave soon for a warmer climate. I don't know exactly where we are going, but if we take an honest-to-goodness trip I'm going to keep careful notes on where we stayed, where we ate, highway conditions, etc. etc. so I can share them with you.

I hope that this month of February (our Plains Indians called it "The Moon of Hungry Foxes") is a happy month for you, and that everyone is cozy and snug at your house.

Faithfully always. . . .
Lucile

To ease another's heartaches is to forget one's own.

—Abraham Lincoln

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.



Day-n-Night Mailbox Marker \$1.95

Your name (or any wording up to 17 letters) gleams on both sides; permanent raised white letters reflect light. Epoxy enamel baked on aluminum; now guaranteed 10 yrs.! Perfect gift! We ship within 48 hrs. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Black background, \$1.95 ppd. Red, Green or Antique Copper background, \$2.45 ppd. Spear Engineering Co., 608-1 Spear Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.

"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.

April ads due February 10
May ads due March 10
June ads due April 10

Send Ads To
The Driftmier Company
Shenandoah, Iowa

NEEDLECRAFTERS ATTENTION — stamped linens for embroidery or painting; knitting yarns and kits; crocheting, needlepoint, weaving, rugmaking supplies; many new ideas. New York and Texas warehouses for speedy service. FREE catalog. Merrilee, Dept. 537, 2727 W. 7th St., Fort Worth, Texas.

SENSATIONAL new longer-burning LIGHT BULB. Amazing Free Replacement Guarantee — never again buy light bulbs. No competition. Multi-million dollar market yours alone. Make small fortune even spare time. Incredibly quick sales. Free sales kit. Merilee (Bulb Div.), 114 E. 32nd, Dept. C-74D, New York 16.

YOUR CHURCH OR GROUP can raise \$50.00 and more, easy and fast. Have 10 members each sell only twenty 50¢ packages my lovely luxurious Prayer Grace Table Napkins. Keep \$50 for your treasury. No money needed. Free Samples. Anna Wade, Dept. 419HB, Lynchburg, Va.

CASH AND S & H GREEN STAMPS GIVEN for new and used goose and duck feathers. Top prices, free tags, shipping instructions. Used feathers mail small sample. Northwestern Feather Co., 212 Scribner, N.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

SPECIAL HANDWRITING analysis, \$1.00. (College Analyst). Ford Thompson, 16105-N Delrey, Cleveland 28, Ohio.

1000 NAME-ADDRESS labels, \$1.00. 50 WALLET PHOTOS, \$1.69. Send photo or negative. Ford Thompson, 16105-N Delrey, Cleveland 28, Ohio.

WILL YOU TEST new items in your home? Surprisingly big pay. Latest conveniences for home, car. Send no money. Just your name. KRISTEE 153, Akron, Ohio.

CASH IMMEDIATELY FOR OLD GOLD Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles. Free Information. Rose Industries, Heyworth Building, Chicago 2.

HOW TO TRAP SPARROWS AND STARLINGS with "famed" "Black Lily" elevator traps. New, startling information. It's Free. Write. Sparrowtraps 1012, Detroit Lakes, Minnesota.

BOOKLETS: 50 Items from coathangers 50¢; handcraft ideas 25¢; Jiffy made items 25¢; hobby information catalog 25¢. All 4 above and 25¢ merchandise certificate \$1.00... Two Booklets below and 25¢ merchandise certificate 50¢ — Sewing ideas 25¢; merchandise catalog 25¢. Leisure Hour Products, Freeland 3, Penna.

HALF APRONS made of lovely prints nicely made and trimmed — \$1.50. Ad good all year. Mrs. Max Lanham, Paulina, Iowa.

PHEASANT feather hats, iridescent colors. Lillian Center, Monclova, Ohio.

CHURCH COOKBOOK: Methodist ladies share hundreds of favorite recipes in "Good as Gold" plastic spiral bound cookbook. Perfect gift. Only \$2.50 plus 25¢ postage. Mrs. John Christopher, Grant Street, Blair, Nebraska.

TATTING or CROCHETED hairpin lace for 42" pillow slips, \$1.00 pair. Tatted hankie edgings 47", 2 strips \$1.00. ALL any color. Mrs. Violet Rhoades, Craig, Missouri.

FELT POKE BONNET needle and thread caddy for purse, 50¢ ea. Bright felt jewelry, 75¢ to \$1.50. New, different! Send stamped envelope for price list. Verna Bevins, 507 W. Montgomery, Creston, Iowa.

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