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Kitchen-Klatter[®]

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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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,
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Margery Driftmier Strom

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Dear Friends:

Every winter I think I was never happier to see Spring drawing near. Oh, yes! I know we will probably have more snow storms, but at least we can cheer ourselves by thinking that Spring is not *too* far away.

We expect cold weather during the winter season, although none of us really enjoy temperatures 20 degrees below zero. Our sympathy goes out to those living in the usually warm states who lost valuable fruit and vegetable crops.

A few years ago we experienced such a winter in California. I will never forget the beautiful green orchards stripped of leaves, the ground beneath them covered with oranges! The spoiled fruit was trucked out into the desert and thousands and thousands of dollars were lost in that catastrophe. Surprisingly enough, nature made her comeback and the trees leafed out again—some even wore a few brave blossoms in the Spring. Friends from California write that many of these same orange groves have been taken over for housing developments. The area around Redlands would look very different to us if we were to go back there now, they write.

Martin, our grandson, kept the walks free of snow and took care of the bird feeder every day. Margery stopped by with our mail on her way home from the office on days that Mart couldn't go out to brave the elements. We could have the mail delivered to the house, but Mart enjoys so much going down to the plant after it when the weather is pleasant. Although he is no longer active in the business, he takes great pleasure in watching its growth—one of his dreams fulfilled.

When the front door opens around 12:30 during the noon hour, we know that it is Howard and Mae, stopping for a little chat on their way back to work. They always spend Sunday evenings with us too, arriving with the rest of the local families in time for coffee and a snack. We are so fortunate to

have children living in the neighborhood.

Our son, Wayne, who lives in Denver, Colorado, spent a day with us since I wrote last. He had been attending a nursery convention in Chicago. Howard and Mae drove to Red Oak to meet him, and Margery and Oliver returned him to catch the same train the following night.

When any of the children come home, I enjoy fixing foods that they particularly like. For Wayne, I made date bars and graham cracker pudding—two things high on his list of favorite foods. Margery and Oliver invited all of us to their home for a wonderful turkey dinner just before he left. We were so glad that Dorothy was here that week, for she misses out on many of our family dinners.

My sister, Jessie Shambaugh, is spending the winter in San Mateo, California, where her daughter Ruth and her family live. Ruth has four little girls and a little boy, so Jessie, who enjoys being near her grandchildren so much, will have a happy winter. Just before she left for California, she spent some time with her son, Bill, who lives in Des Moines, and his family. They have two girls and two boys.

In Jessie's last letter, she said that she was enjoying being outside in the sunshine working around Ruth's flower garden. We miss having her near, but it won't be long until Spring comes to Iowa and she'll head back for the Midwest.

This letter is being written in installments. I stopped this morning when cousins, whom I hadn't seen for years, arrived for a visit. I asked them to stay for dinner—if they wouldn't mind eating in the kitchen—so I scurried around to get dinner on the table. Thanks to my "emergency shelf" in the pantry, I had the makings for an easy meal.

Most of you know that Bertha Field, my brother Henry's wife, still lives in Shenandoah. We have many common interests, one being sewing. We don't

see each other so often in the winter-time because of ice and snow, but we visit over the phone frequently. This morning she called and told me about a quilt she is making. It is the familiar "Colonial Lady" in applique. It is double-bed size, but she is making additional blocks so that she will have enough for a single bed, too. I imagine she will use the smaller one on the bed where Lettie's daughter, Jean Ann Bianco, sleeps when she comes to visit her grandmother. Bertha promised to come spend an afternoon soon so we can sew and visit together.

Speaking of sewing, I wish you could see the big package of embroidery patterns Dorothy has chosen to offer to you. (She has an ad for them in this issue.) Now I'm all enthused to make some sets of tea towels and pillow cases. Just as soon as I finish the round tablecloth I'm embroidering for Mae, I'm going to start on them.

This tablecloth that I'm making is one of the packaged ones that I bought at Brandeis Department Store in Omaha. It has always been difficult for me to go to the city because of my wheel chair and the parking problem, but that was solved when Brandeis built a parking building that connects with the store. Margery wanted to get there early and it is fortunate that we did, for we found a parking place on the 4th level near the door AND there were no steps at all. This made it very simple to get into the store. With elevators at hand, I could go from the top floor to the basement, and I'm sure we took in every floor. It was such fun; I don't think anyone in the store was having a better time than I was.

Any of my friends who use wheel chairs and who haven't been in big stores for a long time—or in *any* stores, for that matter—do let someone in your family arrange such a trip for you. They really *want* to, you know, even though you may have argued that it is too much trouble for them.

This reminds me of an article that I read recently which said that often it is harder for us to *accept* gifts or help than it is to *give* them. We should think of the pleasure people receive from doing for us, just as *we* gain satisfaction from doing things for *them*. Sometimes this is a hard lesson to learn.

I see that my space is gone, so I'll have to close for this month.

Sincerely,

Leanna

P.S. Just as this issue is going to press we've received word that Mart's brother, A. F. (Bert) Driftmier of Clarinda, Iowa, has passed away following a long illness.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

I've just finished packing up a shoe box of bar cookies to mail to Juliana, and as I fussed around with wax paper, wrapping paper and all the rest, I wondered how many of you friends were doing the same thing? It would be my guess that quite a few of us were tackling the food-from-home project on a wintry afternoon, young people being what they are—and mothers being what they are! Common sense tells us there must be perfectly delicious things available within a stone's throw of wherever our child may be and, everything considered, it's silly to stew around with shoe boxes of "stuff"; but oh! what a pleasure it is to do this kind of stewing!

I've had a curious way of life these last few weeks. Never before has there been a pattern quite like this and it has given rise to what might be called long, long thoughts.

In the early part of January, Russell and I drove out to our place in New Mexico with only one thought in mind—a chance for Russell to soak up the sun and to regain his health. It may sound strange to you to hear about soaking up the sun in New Mexico, but the valley in which our place is situated is one of these charmed areas where the sun almost *always* shines, no matter what is going on only ten or fifteen miles away; and where it has what might be called "peculiar" powers.

Do you remember too the pictures you've seen in years gone by of patients in sanitoriums in Switzerland? There these people were on cots or beds with only a sheet over them and towering drifts of snow on every side; they were about the *coldest* looking pictures I've ever seen, and I used to wonder why those poor people didn't just freeze to death.

Well, I know now why those patients were put right out in the snow, for all practical purposes, and didn't suffer in the least: the sun has the strength of 100,000 demons at a high elevation when there is snow to reflect it. Last winter in New Mexico we actually got sun-burned from only a short time in the sun when there were six-foot drifts all around the area where we were sitting. I just simply wouldn't believe this if I hadn't been the one who had a blistered nose! It seemed incredible to me that it could be so cold outdoors with such heavy snow everywhere, and still one could sit in the sun and get uncomfortably hot. For the first time I understood those old pictures that were taken so many years ago in Switzerland. They had the same kind of a sun.



We were all delighted that Wayne (Driftmier) could stop over for a brief visit enroute back to Denver following his attendance at a nursery convention in Chicago. Wayne is manager of the Wilmore Nurseries of Denver.

Anyway, we banked on the sun! And this year it failed us! Of course, the cold wave that swept over the country broke all records and even the oldest of the old-timers could never recall anything like it, but the end result was that we had no sun. Furthermore, we had very little heat. There were such unprecedented demands on the gas lines that things just sort of collapsed and the word "emergency" didn't mean emergency at all. It just meant the usual state of affairs.

Until everything is out of kilter you don't really put your mind to machinery that has always plugged along faithfully, so faithfully you don't even know it's there! Take the heater in the pump house, for instance. Now I knew we had artesian wells and I knew we had a pump house, but I never brooded about these facts because we always had plenty of water, summer and winter, and were assured that we would ALWAYS have plenty of water, no matter what.

So what happens? Well, it seems there is a heater in that pump house and when the mercury plunged far, far below zero for the first time ever, that heater balked and laid down on the job. This meant no water. And since we are 'way out in the country and no one wants to make such calls at any time, least of all when they're swamped with work right in town, we couldn't stir up a soul to come and take action. My, that was quite a gay siege without heat and water!

When we finally roused up someone to come out (and I had to *cry* on the phone to get this done!) we discovered that the necessary parts for the heater were no longer readily available and although an order would be telephoned in at once, no one drawing the breath of life could guarantee just *when* they

would be delivered. (All I could think of as I heard this ominous statement was the water I had carelessly and foolishly wasted in days gone by!) But before we could really pin our attention to getting along "indefinitely" without water we had another furnace collapse, and that did it—we could see clearly enough that this was no situation for someone whose goal was to regain his health!

As a rule we don't make spur-of-the-moment plans; our responsibilities don't allow for impetuous, split-second decisions. But this was once we moved fast without weighing endless pros-and-cons. Russell decided to go south where he could actually find the sun (Hermosillo, Mexico—about 175 miles more or less from the border) and I decided to come back home to Iowa and get caught up on a lot of things that needed doing. Fortunately I could get on the train with practically no advance notice, and almost before I knew it the old Santa Fe wheels were grinding away back to the Midwest.

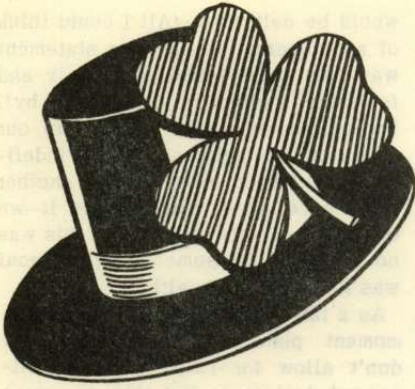
When I referred earlier to a "curious way of life" I had in mind the fact that it seems very strange to me to be completely alone in the house from early morning until night. (Even little Jake is with Russell.) This is the first time that both Russell and Juliana have been far away and until now I had not truly realized how utterly still a house can be in broad daylight! Every time the phone rings I all but shoot through the ceiling.

When night begins to fall I am glad to lock the door and go up to have supper with the folks and to spend the night at their home. They are very much shut-in these winter days and it's a break in their routine to have "one of the children" coming in when the street lights go on and a long afternoon has drawn to its close.

Almost thirty years have passed since I trudged up that staircase every night and turned into my old room, and I am acutely mindful of the fact that circumstances do not permit many people of my age to do this. Of all the people whom I know I have only one friend who still has both of her parents, still in the family home and in reasonably good health. I think about this at night when I close my book and turn off the light. The past and the present seem one and the same before I drift off to sleep.

We've had some very happy evenings at the folks' house during this spell. Dorothy was here for Kitchen-Klatter week and we started a big monopoly tournament, six of us around the kitchen table every night. I hadn't played monopoly for years and had forgotten

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IT'S SHENANIGAN TIME AGAIN!

by
Mabel Nair Brown

A rollicking Irish party is a wonderful way to banish the "end-of-the-winter" doldrums. Everyone is ready to forget blocked roads, howling winds, grey days and thermometers that hover near zero. The St. Patrick's Day theme is a dandy way to put a little fun into your lives, and that of your friends, too, so let these ideas spur you on to plan a party to brighten one of these March days.

Invitations

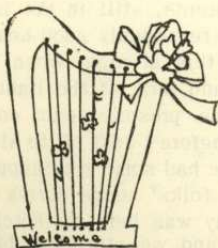
Of course you can telephone the word around, but it's more fun to set the mood for a gay party with an amusing invitation. It could read something like this:

Wither ye name be Finnegan,
Or Jones, or Smith, or Flannigan,
You're invited to come and join right
in
With all our Shamrock Shenanigans.
March _____ is the date;
Faith and begorra, now don't be late!
Shure 'tis true, 8 o'clock's the time
For the Irish to meet in this home of
mine.

(Signed: _____)

Carry out the "pig-in-a-poke" idea by writing the invitations on brown construction paper pigs and placing them in a poke (sack) made from brown paper grocery bags. Decorate the side of each poke with a green paper shamrock.

Decorations



Place a large harp on the front door to catch the eye of the guests as they arrive. Cut the harp from white poster

board and spray it with gold paint. Sew the "strings" on the harp using a large darning needle threaded with gold or white yarn. Small green paper shamrocks, with green pipe cleaners used as stems, may be placed here and there upon the strings as "notes". Add a bow of white ribbon and a cluster of shamrocks to the top of the harp.

A shamrock mobile ring makes an unusual and pretty decoration. It is especially lovely hung above a refreshment table. You will need to make either three or five graduated spheres or globes. Each sphere will be made of three rings, formed by crushing tightly strips of aluminum foil and then fastening it into a ring. For each sphere, fasten the rings together at the top and bottom, spacing them equally and securing them with wire or masking tape. The rings in the top sphere should be about 10 inches in diameter with each sphere below it decreasing an inch from the one above it. Fasten the globes together, one above the other, by wiring in place. Decorate the bottom of each sphere with shamrocks and loops of white ribbon to conceal the wiring, and also on the top of the highest one, adding a hook or loop so that the mobile may be suspended from the ceiling or lighting fixture.



A shamrock "flower" centerpiece is easily made by cutting small hearts from green paper. Three hearts, plus a stem, will form a shamrock if the points of the hearts are placed to the center. Cut circles from lace paper doilies, place a heart shamrock upon each one and glue it in place. Use a green pipe cleaner for the stem. Insert the stems into a large potato to form a "floral" centerpiece. Irish pipes, made using a cork for the bowl and a pipe cleaner for the stem, along with a piggy bank or toy pigs, miniature Paddy hats, and more shamrocks could encircle the base to complete the arrangement.

Favors may be miniature harps fashioned like the front door piece, or

Paddy-boy favors. For each Paddy-boy favor use a lollipop for the head, marking the features with a black crayon. Make hats from black paper and glue onto each lollipop head. Green ribbon paper would make nice bow ties. Insert the stick end into a small potato, slicing a bit off the bottom of the potato so the favors won't roll over.

Entertainment

Talking Malarky: Into a large paper sack put several articles appropriate to St. Patrick's Day, such as potato, toy pig, shamrock, pipe, hat, policeman's badge, can of beef stew, etc. Fasten the sack with a green ribbon. Each guest, in turn, must untie the sack, reach in and take out one article, and then make a one-minute speech about it. He keeps the object, reties the sack, and passes it on to the next in line. A prize might be given to the one with the best "line of malarky".

Get It Down Pat: This is a pencil-and-paper game. The answers start with the word "pat".

1. A candy mint (Patty)
2. A plot of ground (Patch)
3. Sole right granted (Patent)
4. Fatherly (Paternal)
5. An explorer (Pathfinder)
6. A model (Pattern)
7. On guard (Patrol)
8. A protector or benefactor (Patron)
9. Chit-chat (Patter)
10. The head (Patriarch)

Potato Carving: Give each guest a potato and a knife and see who can carve the best pig.

Shamrock Sing: Before the party, choose several familiar Irish songs and write the words, a phrase at a time, on green paper shamrocks. Mix them up in a small box and have each guest draw out a shamrock. Then the fun begins when they try to get all the lines of the song together. When all groups are assembled, they must sing their song in turn.

Pin the Shamrock on the Pig: The game is played like pinning the tail on the donkey, but a cut-out of a pig is used and the blindfolded players must pin the shamrock over the pig's ear.

Searching for the Blarney Stone: The leader will say that there is a blarney stone hidden in the room. Everyone is to sing, hum, or whistle "The Wearin' of the Green" as he walks about hunting for the stone. The stone has been placed in plain sight, so nothing need be moved or touched to locate it. As soon as a player finds it, he changes his tune to "Casey Jones". Continue until everyone is singing "Casey Jones". (These are only suggested tunes; others could be substituted.)



AN ALL-WEATHER ROAD FOR THE JOHNSONS

Dear Friends:

Since I didn't write a letter to you last month, so many things have happened between letters that I hardly know where to begin. Although many weeks have passed since the Holidays, I realize you have heard nothing about our activities while Kristin was home. I think I'll just start there.

Kristin decided to take the plane from Cheyenne to Omaha for several reasons. First, she hadn't been on a plane since she was two years old, too young to remember anything about it, and since the airline was offering special rates for college students, she thought it would be a nice experience. Second, she wanted to take the bus to Maryville to spend one day with her friends there before coming on home. Frank's sister, Edna, and I drove to Maryville and brought her home.

We had ten wonderful days together. Kristin was so glad to be home that she didn't care to do much running around, so we really had a good chance to visit. She had been taking rifle marksmanship as a physical activity at school and was anxious to go rabbit hunting with Frank at least *once*. Rabbits were scarce this year, but they went out one morning to try their luck and came home with three. They were the first we had had this season, and tasted awfully good for supper that evening.

One of Kristin's first loves is good music and for several years she has been collecting some fine records. A small portable record player we had given her years ago finally wore out, so we gave her a portable stereo for Christmas. I don't know when anything has thrilled her so much; it was playing practically every minute she was in the house. She wanted very much to take it back to school, but finally decided against it since her room in the dormitory is very small.

Returning Kristin to Omaha to catch her plane for Cheyenne was quite a trip! Since it was an early-morning departure, we planned to drive as far as Shenandoah the day before and spend the night with Mother and Dad. This would give Kristin a chance to have a little visit with them. The highways were excellent when we left the farm, but by the time we had driven forty miles we ran into freezing mist and icy roads. When we reached Shenandoah the ice had broken up and the roads were only wet, but the forecasts called for fog and ice by morning. We stopped only long enough to say "Hello", and continued on to Omaha to spend the night. It was fortunate that we did for by morning there was a heavy fog and



For our many new subscribers who have asked for a picture of Dorothy, we're sharing this latest one which was taken at the Strom's following the dinner for Wayne.

visibility was practically zero. When we arrived at the airport we learned that no planes were landing, so Kristin continued on to Laramie by train.

Those of you who have taken the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* for years are familiar with the fact that our farm is located on a dirt road one-half mile off an all-weather road. For the seventeen years we've lived on the farm, we've had to put up with this half mile of mud, which is especially bad in the Spring and Fall. During this long period of time, which saw Kristin through grade school and high school, it would be hard to estimate the hundreds of times we've had to plow through the mud to get the car out. If you've ever experienced the same problem, you can understand how happy we are that at long last we have an all-weather road *right to our gate!*

There are probably some who have wondered why this wasn't done years ago (especially those who aren't familiar with our section of Iowa). There are many reasons. Since we are the only family living on this road, and beyond our house the road is very narrow, winding, and with two blind railroad crossings, there was no possible chance for us to ever have a farm-to-market road. If we had the road gravelled, we would have to pay for it. Gravel is a scarce item in our county, which means it has to be trucked in from a considerable distance, making it an expensive proposition. The creek which runs through our farm "went wild" at times, and it didn't take much of a rain to put it out of its banks. Before the channel was straightened, it wasn't unusual for our road to be under water several times a year, especially if we had a very wet year. We couldn't see our going to the expense of gravelling if it was going to be washed away with the first hard rain.

The county straightened the channel and put in a new bridge when they built the farm-to-market road which borders our land on the north. The creek now runs parallel to the road from our house to the bridge. This helped the flooding situation a great deal, but another problem developed; high water was gradually cutting away the land between the creek and the road until now the channel meets it in two places.

Our county supervisor has been very understanding about our problem, and when the county bought a large shale pile of good quality, as well as machinery for crushing it, he told us that they could now fix the road and shale it for us much more economically. Without hesitation, we told them to go ahead. It was a happy day when, at long last, the first truckload of shale was dumped on our road. Now it is all finished and I suppose it will take us a while this Spring to get used to the fact that we don't have to dash out with the car at the first clap of thunder! The first thing Frank said was, "Now your mother and dad can come to see us whether it rains or not."

Frank is very happy with a new ham-mill he bought recently. It has simplified his feeding problems considerably this winter. He set it up so the ground feed would blow directly into one of his cement-floored steel grainbins. Whenever we've had nice winter days that weren't too bitterly cold to stay outside for several hours at a time, he's ground enough feed to last for a number of days of "blizzardy" conditions. It was mighty nice—especially during sub-zero temperatures—to have this feed in a good dry place, and all ready to carry out to the feed bunks.

The cold weather almost made a nervous wreck out of our little dog, Tinker. He is used to being right at Frank's heels all the time, but he couldn't take the bitter cold for more than five or ten minutes. When he saw Frank putting on his wraps, he would get as excited as ever, dash out the door ahead of him, but change his mind at the yard gate. Back he would run to find his warm bed by the stove. I appreciated having him keep me company while I was at the sewing machine or making peanut pixies.

On this cold and snowy night, I think some popcorn made in my new electric corn popper (a Christmas present) would taste mighty good, so I'll put the typewriter away, go to the kitchen, and see what I can do about it!

Sincerely,

Dorothy

FREDERICK DISCUSSES WELFARE

Dear Friends:

This was another one of those beautiful winter days with lots of snow on the ground and a bright sun in the sky. I don't know why it is that I never cease to be surprised at the way winter seems to hang on! I am forty-five years old, and in these forty-five winters of observation that have been mine, I ought to know by now that the worst weather usually comes when winter ought to be coming to a close! So many times our heaviest snowfalls come this time of the year.

You good people who live out in the Middle West would be surprised to see how much slower our spring is here in New England. By March you will have had at least a hint of spring, but not we. When on occasion I have made trips out to Iowa in March, I have been amazed to see green grass beginning to show, and then when I have come back through Pennsylvania I have seen even more signs of spring. It isn't that we are so much further north than Iowa, but there is something about the air currents that makes the difference.

Had you been with me this afternoon you would have seen some indignation in my speech and conduct. I was attending a meeting of a Pulpit Supply Committee in another church, where my advice was sought on the best way for that particular church to find a new minister who would meet their needs. I became a bit indignant at the frequently expressed opinion of the need for a *young* man. "We need a young man to work with the young people of the church," was on the lips of most of those present. "If young people are going to be attracted to this church, then the minister has to be young," seemed to be the consensus of the group.

Actually, this is one of the most common errors that church people make. Just because the minister is a young man does not mean that he will appeal to young people. The best man to work with young people is a man who has had many years of experience working with them. A man of senior years who is *very young at heart* is often much more attractive to young people than one closer to their own age. Again and again it has been proved that the most popular youth leaders in summer camps have been the senior men who love young people and who have had years of experience with them. Of course, many young ministers are superb youth leaders, but their youthfulness is no guarantee of their leadership ability.

As many of you know, I am the Chairman of the Board of Public Welfare for the city of Springfield, Massachusetts.



A new picture of Mary Leanna, fifteen-year-old daughter of Frederick and Betty Driftmier.

This is a very difficult task, for it means I must give hours of my time each week to the problem of spending about eight million dollars a year to help the aged, the infirm, and the destitute. Many people do not realize that in the United States today there are thousands and thousands of families receiving more than \$400 a month from public welfare funds. We do not have a great many in that high category here in our city, but we do have some.

I am willing to guess that there are many of you reading this letter who are rearing families on less than \$400 a month income! One lady said to me the other day: "Dr. Driftmier, I am a widow with four children. I work at the hospital as a secretary and my take-home pay is just \$50.00 a week. I know that I could go on welfare and get \$62 a week without working. What do you think I should do?" What would your answer be? If her children are too young to be left alone, the government believes that she should stop work and accept the welfare payments.

One of the biggest problems we have to face in the giving out of welfare funds is the fact that many people can get more from welfare by not working, than they ever got in all their lives from working. For example, there is the poor farmer who moves to town when he loses his farm. He is the father of eight children. He takes an unskilled job working in the Park Department taking care of flowers, mowing park lawns, etc., and is paid \$60 a week. When he loses his job and his family goes on welfare, he is given \$110 a week. Now with that kind of income when he is *not* working, there is little incentive for him to keep looking for a new job.

The amount of money any one family is given depends on the number of children in the family. A typical monthly budget for each child would run like this: Food, \$19; Clothing, \$7.00; Personal care, \$1.05; and Household supplies \$1.25. Now add that up and multiply it by the number of people in the family and then add the cost of rent, heat and utilities, and you have the family budget.

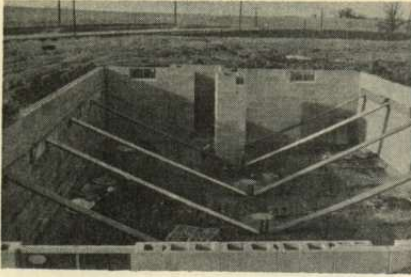
I am sure that you realize the source of most welfare funds; they come from the federal and state governments. Here in Massachusetts the average city or town only has to put up about one-fourth of the actual amount spent on welfare; the rest of it comes from the federal and state governments. This situation will vary some from state to state, but, generally speaking, it is old Uncle Sam who pays most of it. And where does he get it? Around April 15th most of us have a good idea! One way or another, the little old taxpayer pays the whole bill.

There was a time when the churches and the Salvation Army did all the relief that was done in a town, but my! how things have changed. The other day I was talking to a member of the Salvation Army who referred to some of our families on welfare as the "Luxurious Poor". What he meant was that some of the people on welfare are far better off than those who are trying to support their families on small earned incomes. Of course that is true. Last Christmas our church gave most of its special Christmas gift help to poor families that are not on welfare, and there are many such.

While there are some aspects of this welfare problem that are most discouraging and distressing, one only has to visit our welfare office and see the thin, poorly clothed, hungry mothers and children to be made aware of the fact that we should give thanks to God for the existence of such institutions as public welfare. There are people who want work but who cannot work for one reason or another, and certainly their children should not be made to suffer on account of it. The big job is to make those work who can work; and often this is much easier said than done. I know that I give hours and hours to thinking and planning on this very task, but since it is just a volunteer work on top of all else I have to do, there is a limit to how much I can do about it.

Yesterday I had lunch with one of our librarians who is employed at the big public library just down the street from our church. She was telling me how everyone feared the advent of television would keep people from reading, but actually, it has been just

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THE BIRKBY'S ARE BUILDING A HOME

by
Evelyn Birkby

It was dusk as we stood near the tall mulberry tree and looked around. Across the gently sloping ground and on to the west was the slow lift of a hill which dissolved into the deep purples and pale pinks of an Iowa sunset. To the north was a white farmhouse nestled just over the town boundary. To the south of the land where we stood were trees and bushes which hid the houses and the streets of the town of Sidney. To the east were the scenical rolling bluffs which rose and dipped until they fell off into the distance, we knew, to the Nishnabotna River valley.

Robert turned to me and said, "This four acres belongs to me. My dream is to build a home here someday."

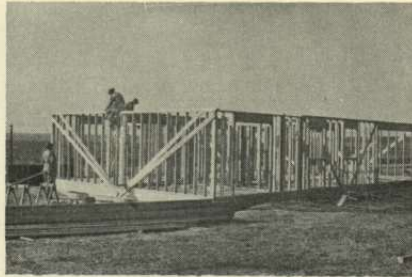
What bride wouldn't have been thrilled with such a pronouncement? I was no exception. The thought of a home of our own in the most wonderful location I could imagine, with enough room to stretch and breathe and, who knew, maybe raise a family, brought a glow to my eyes.

How little we knew, that beautiful day-dreaming moment, that it would be sixteen years before the house would become a reality. The years passed with work, college courses, farming through drought and flood, several emergencies, and yet we held fast to the idea that *someday* we would make our dream come true.

When we moved to the Sidney vicinity a number of years ago, it seemed that surely we could begin. We rented a house two miles out of town to accommodate our now expanding family and began pouring over house plans. We found plans we liked only to discover the size or some details made them far beyond our reach. Several times we felt we had found one reasonable enough to warrant getting an estimate, only to discover we could not touch it!

The years passed. Some days I grew close to despair. Sometimes, when I gave up completely, I would go out and buy a pair of new bedroom curtains or a bright-colored throw rug to salve my frazzled nerves.

Finally, one remarkable day, we found a house plan which seemed to include



most of the requirements we felt were necessary. Again we dashed out for an estimate, and, *glory be!* with a few changes here and there we found it was within reach!

Now, a family in modest circumstances just *does not* go out and start building the next day after plans are chosen—at least none I know. It takes financing, planning, and budgeting to reach the point where that first spade of dirt can be turned. This proved to be the most difficult wait of all for me...I was *ready* for that house. I had been ready for *sixteen* years!

At last all of the details were worked out and the contract let. The middle of October an oblong hole was scooped out in the ground right on the spot by the spreading mulberry tree where Robert and I had stood and dreamed our first dream. We looked with pride at that hole. Our home was finally under way!

As it turned out, we had many days in which to *admire* that hole. Eventually, the footings were dug and poured. We waited. Days passed. The masons arrived and laid the cement blocks for the basement. We waited again for days and days and *days!*

Suddenly, on November 26th, everything came to life. Trucks drove up, men hopped out, lumber was unloaded and the work of building *began*. Setting a good steady pace, the workers settled down to working on *just this one job!*

Each evening (after the carpenters left) the entire Birkby family would traipse over to see how much had been accomplished. As the house began to shape up, our excitement and enthusiasm grew. The boys were wild with joy. They ran through the house unhampered by walls and furniture. "Look," they shouted, "We're ghosts! We can walk right through the walls!"

ON BEING HAPPY

Joy is more than fluff.
Practice joy enough
And it will reinforce
The heart that had recourse
To sorrow and to sadness.
Cultivate true gladness
Thoroughly, and it
Will skillfully commit
Sinew to toughness, bone
To strength it has not known.

—Elaine V. Emans



Bob pointed out his room proudly to visitors. "And this," Jeff and Craig would say, not to be outdone by their older brother, "Is going to be *our* room."

Soon such words as bridging, stringers, subflooring, studding and sheathing were familiar to my vocabulary. It was eerie to watch the house come into actual being after pouring over blueprints for so long and trying to visualize its appearance. By the end of the first week the structure was enclosed and safe from any winter weather which might arrive.

The craftsmen, miraculously, came and went as they were needed in spite of the fact that *everyone* had warned us this would be the real bottleneck. The day the fireplace bricks were laid the furnace was installed to keep the mortar from freezing. When the walls were ready for the wiring the electrician was there. One evening the last of the dry-wall was nailed into place; the next morning the plasterers moved in!

"That room is larger than it seemed to be on the blueprint. What a pleasant surprise. It's even better than we dreamed," Robert and I said frequently.

Each Sunday afternoon we would all go over and build a fire in the fireplace. Now we could feel that the house, bereft of the noise and personnel of building, was truly ours. Seeing the smoke coming from the chimney, friends would drop in to visit and it became the high point of the week.

So, it seems, we made up for our years of waiting by having nearly perfect coordination from the builders. No, not *everything* went like clockwork: we've had decisions to make, we've made mistakes, we've struggled with problems far outside our realm of experience. Our hope is that the big choices are correct and the mistakes will all be small!

Being home owners will be a new experience, no doubt one fraught with adjustment and some concern. But, in spite of a few jitters, we are looking forward with anticipation to the task of finishing the painting (which we are doing ourselves), packing up the old familiar furniture, various belongings, the children and the pets and transporting them by the traditional moving day, March first, to our *own home* beside the mulberry tree.

"FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS CAREFULLY"

by
Irma Banks Bennett

Are you one of those people who are simply not geared to this technical age?

This sad fact is brought home to me every time a new gadget is brought into my life.

The one with which I have been most intimately involved in recent months is a sewing machine. Now that sounds harmless enough, and it really isn't the sewing machine itself although it does look pretty confusing.

No, it's not the sewing machine itself.

It's the instruction book!

In the first place, it looks so helpful: nice and clean and unused, printed in black-black on pristine white, expensive paper. That should give you confidence right there. But it's a false confidence.

You read, "Follow Instructions Carefully," in bold letters and you think, now, this time, they will be clear. They won't be like the instructions with that last dress pattern.

(They were so confusing that I mistook the bodice back for the bodice front and put a pocket on it. It's awfully unhandy to reach around and pull a hanky out of that pocket, especially with a coat on. It makes people look at you a little peculiarly, too, but it's when your back is turned so you can ignore that.)

But we were talking about the sewing machine instruction book, this lovely little book which was going to explain everything.

Of course, as is the custom, the sewing machine came "knocked down". (I find that term most appropriate. I can visualize some Atlas marching down the production line in the sewing machine factory and, with one well-placed punch each, flattening a whole row of sewing machines and thus rendering them shippable.)

The instructions take this state of repose into account.

"First," they admonish, "Loosen the two hinge-screws under holes in rear edge of machine bed."

I read it again. Wonder what a "hinge-screw" is?

"Raise hinge-pins (Oh, now it's hinge-pins.) in the cutout."

Cutout?

Oh, well. I'll read on. Maybe it will explain itself.

"Slip machine head onto pins and tighten screws securely."

Oh, my!

"Lower machine head to front flap."

Now they're talking! This thing must weigh fifty pounds. Any suggestions



On afternoons when Margery isn't at the Kitchen-Klatter office, she can usually be found in her office at home where work is always waiting for her attention.

about lowering it falls on receptive ears. I set it on the floor.

I look at the clock. It's lunch time. I can try again after noon. My mind will be fresh.

After noon there are dishes to be washed, the kitchen to be tidied. I absolutely *must* write Cousin Abigail a letter *today*.

Finally I decide it's either go back and try again or the thing will be sitting in the middle of the dining room floor all night.

Where was I? Oh, yes. "INSTALLING MACHINE HEAD". I read this part again. It's no clearer than before. Maybe if I had a cup of coffee....

I read it again. The coffee didn't help. I turn the page.

"CONNECTING THE MACHINE. Push plug onto three-prong connector over the machine motor. Plug machine into any 110-120V. wall outlet."

I figure the floor outlet will do. This part looks easy.

"When installed in cabinet, insert grommet with cord in hole in bedplate."

Grommet?

Bedplate?

I idly turn another page. Then another.

"Loosen thumb screw and move it to the bottom of the slot provided."

Thumb screw? Just as I suspected. This is a medieval instrument of torture. Thumb screw, indeed. So *they* are coming back in style!

I skip lightly over "STARTING TO SEW" since I am not quite ready for that.

"DROP FEED CONTROL".

Now I'm sure. My order was mixed up. This was supposed to be an automatic hog-feeder or some such thing.

"When knob is in DOWN position, feed dog does not move material."

Oh, that's it. It's a *dog*-feeder. I didn't know they made them.

I flip idly through the book. Why do they have pictures of sewing machines if it is really a dog-feeder?

My attention is caught again.

"The stripper-foot presses firmly on the fabric before each plunge of the needle."

Stripper foot? Where did this joker get his training? At Minsky's?

I glance briefly at other pages.

"Raise the fiddle."

"Lower the pinion gear."

"Tighten the trunkle."

Anyone want to buy a sewing machine? Good as new. (Comes knocked down.)



Yes, that's all it takes to turn on the radio, and then maybe you'll take 30 minutes to listen while we visit with you about cooking, cleaning, or just catch up on daily happenings and family news.

We enjoy your letters and this is one way you can visit back with us.

If you aren't in the habit of listening, *Take a Minute* and find us on one of these radio stations where we can be heard each week day from Monday through Saturday:

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., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

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.



by
Harverna Woodling

March is coming around the corner in its usual unpredictable fashion, this year with the cold weather we hoped was left behind with January and February.

Well, we refuse to be discouraged. We still say it is Spring according to our own calendar, whether the weather admits it or not. The days are much longer, the clouds are puffy and white, and the sky is high and blue.

We admit that the cold wind zipping around the corners of the house does not know it is Spring. Its sound may be interpreted in many ways. To the winter-weary it is a grieving wail. To the reckless, the discontented, the frustrated, it is a restless challenge. To the snugly complacent — or the smugly complacent — it merely emphasizes the comfort and warmth within.

Continuing cold weather offers the homemaker many chances to be useful. Whether or not you are contented depends upon your individual character.

This is a grand time to fill the freezer with goodies, such as apple pies, browned-butter cookies, or date puddings. These are foods to be quickly thawed and eaten in later, busier days.

If you are orderly, this is the time to straighten drawers and clean cabinets. If you are not orderly, you had better do it anyway. One of these days you will be unable to stay indoors. The sun and the wind will insist that you come out.

The farmer finds cold weather very little encouragement in his work. It is difficult to care for stock, especially baby stock.

When an infrequent thaw comes, the ground is too muddy, or too slick, for him to do the hauling and cleaning chores that need doing. When the cold clamps down again, machinery hates to run, and snow and ice under wheel do not help.

The past weeks have been an ideal time to read poetry. We frequently run into "Miniver Cheevy". And do you remember the romance of Noyes' "The Highwayman"? And the solemn roll of Henley's "Invictus"? One of our all-time favorites is "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" by Robert Frost. There is so much beautiful poetry to be read.

Still we must work as well as read poetry. Both March and April can be very temperamental. For instance, I

recall that several years ago in early March, Leon and I left for a nearby town to pick up 400 baby chicks in an unexpected (?) five or six inches of snow. We chugged off to town in our current mud-wadin' Model A Ford.

The sun shone brightly and the snow melted. Our errands performed, we chugged home again, stopping at The Bridge so Leon could put chains on the car. The Bridge deserves the capitals for all the times Leon has put on chains there in relative comfort before leaving the gravel road for mud—or removed them after their mud bath.

The chicks? We put them in a warm brooder house after dipping 400 (plus the customary few extra) little beaks into sour milk, and hoped for the best. Actually, most of the 400 survived to grow up and be sold for a disappointingly low price. But we can hardly blame March for that—or can we?

It is wonderful to work out-of-doors again when the warm days come. We can hardly wait for the appearance of tulips and daffodils, the budding of forsythia and flowering quince.

Little Sis says she will grow gladioli and zinnias for cut flowers, as she did last summer. Older Sister is planning her garden, too. We almost wrote "Planting." After all, only one letter differs in the two words, although there are several aching muscles' difference in their execution. She says she will have lettuce, carrots, and flowers; a fine choice, we think.

It is a lovely moment when we realize that the help our children offer has become good help, very actual help, instead of just a means of amusement for them. Their help and interest will surely contribute to a happy Spring and Summer.

* * * * * MID-MARCH

A filigree in black and white
Wind-tossed outside my window pane
With swaying limbs etched on gray sky
While swirling snows pile window sills.

Below the big plows hurl the snow
In swathes like waves on a stormy sea;
But high above, on wind-blown wings,
A small drab birdie hikes his rides.

Although the wintry storms persist
And northern winds blow free and wild,
The small drab bird high in a tree
Inspires the faith that Spring is nigh.

—Eugenie G. O'Brien

PRELUDE TO SPRING

The woodland-valley stirs with muted sounds;

I sense a theme of flower-burgeoning
As eager seeds push back their icy bounds

To start their seasonal adventuring.
An imperceptible but happy song
Is surging through bush, clinging vine,
and tree;

Winds tell new fascinating tales along
Their unmapped wanderlust-itineracy.
The fragile fern unfolds with muffled note;

Aspiring to salute each joyous bird
Which will sing arias the Father wrote
Before a mortal's sentence had been heard.

God's welcome promise lingers far and wide—

That winter's silence will be pushed aside!

—Thelma Allinder



PRAYER ANSWERED

I asked for strength that I might achieve;

He made me weak that I might obey.
I asked for health that I might do greater things;

I was given grace that I might do better things.

I asked for riches that I might be happy;

I was given poverty that I might be wise.

I asked for power that I might have the praise of men.

I was given weakness that I might feel the need of God.

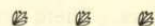
I asked for all things that I might enjoy life;

I was given life that I might enjoy all things.

I received nothing that I asked for,
all that I hoped for,

My prayer was answered.

—Anonymous



SUCCESS

Success is in the way you walk the paths of life each day.

It's in the little things you do and in the things you say.

Success is not in getting rich or rising high to fame;

It's not alone in winning goals which all men hope to claim.

Success is being big in heart and clean and broad in mind;

It's being faithful to your friends and to the stranger, kind.

It's in the children whom you love and all they learn from you;

Success depends on character and everything you do.

—Author Unknown

"A MOVING EXPERIENCE"

by

Esther Grace Sigsbee

This is the story of my most moving experience. The term is to be taken literally for, after more than thirty years in the same town (twenty-two of them in the same house), *move* is exactly what we have done.

From Algona, Iowa, population, 6,000, where we knew everyone and everyone knew us, to Sarasota, Florida, population 40,000, where only a handful of people have ever heard of us, may not be an earth-shaking experience for some people, but it was for me. Why, I hadn't even rearranged the furniture in the living room for more than twenty years!

The first process in moving, I found, was to start disposing of the excess junk. This should be done every ten years or so anyway, unless you have an all-out fire, but I had always been a coward about throwing things away. You can never tell when two odd shoes, both for the left foot, a table lamp with the shade missing, or a tea cup with a broken handle might come in handy. Besides, if you save clothing long enough it just might come back into style, or at least turn out to be a collectors' item!

The start was in what we called "That Closet". It had long been my Achilles' Heel, my Black Hole of Calcutta and the secret shame I kept hidden from the rest of the world. About the only good thing I could say about "That Closet" was that through the years I had made quite a bit of money writing about how awful it was!

I went up to the closet early in the morning and sorted all day. When I finished late in the evening, the closet was empty, but I was exhausted emotionally and physically.

I sighed over old love letters, laughed at old pictures, shed a tear over tiny baby dresses, and admired children's school art work. There was a huge pile of items for the city dump, a big box for the Goodwill Industries, quite a few clothes to be given away, and an even *bigger* box of things I couldn't bear to part with so we stored them at Mother's against the day some poor unsuspecting vacationer will come to Florida and bring them down to us.

There was also a considerable amount of things to be taken along on the trip so that they could be the nucleus for the pile of junk I expect to accumulate here in the next twenty years.

Next came the job of disposing of our household goods. At first, we didn't think we had enough things to warrant either moving them or conducting a sale, but we soon changed our minds. When it came to pricing items I found



Mrs. Harlan Sigsbee

I had no idea of what to ask for them. I was afraid I would set the price too high and thus squelch the sale; I was even more afraid I would ask too little and thus not get every bit I could out of them.

We finally called in a lady who makes her living conducting sales. I had never attended a household sale, let alone have one. In my naive imagination, I thought that on the day of the sale we would sit there for hours while people came in, a few at a time, to make purchases. I thought it would be a good time to have chats with friends and maybe have a few cups of coffee.

Doors were kept hooked the day of the sale until exactly 10 A.M. Then people fairly swarmed in and within an hour or so, the greater portion of our lifetime equipment was gone. I hardly looked up from my job as cashier to say "Hello", let alone have little chats. Some of the stuff I hadn't thought worth anything brought from 5¢ to a couple of dollars; other things I thought most valuable went for a fraction of my estimation of their worth.

It was a hard lesson I attempted to learn--that of letting go. I knew that when things are sold, they become the new owners' property and that it is none of my business what they do with them. Still, I derived a great deal of pleasure out of knowing where my familiar things went.

My prized, antique, walnut chest is right back in the house in which my husband and I said our wedding vows. A mother of ten children is cooking on the six burners and two ovens of my electric stove. On ironing day I think of the lady who bought my automatic ironer, my ironing board and my double dictionary. Does she look up words in between white shirts as I once did?

The next day was moving day. The house had previously been sold to close relatives and they moved in the front door as we moved out the back.

Twenty-two years, in which some mighty important things had happened to our family, had suddenly become a memory, and for the next several weeks we were to be without a home.

Then came the good-byes. Surely, "good-bye" is one of the most poignant words in the dictionary. Good-bye to the school where both my husband and I received our high school education and where our children were currently enrolled. Good-bye to parents who could always be called within a few minutes, even though we sometimes didn't see them for a couple of weeks at a time. Good-bye to the church we had attended since our teen-age days. Good-bye to relatives, friends and acquaintance. Good-bye to our son and two daughters, since they couldn't be with us for a while.

The economy of our new home town, we found, is based mainly on vacationers and retired people. Since we are working people and starting all over again rather than retiring, house-hunting was a problem. To complicate matters even more, we arrived at the very peak of the rental period for "the Season" which is, of course, the winter months.

The first house we saw was the worst house we saw. It was unheated, practically unfurnished, and practically falling apart. It was also expensive. Next came some that were too small, too luxurious, or in a poor location. Then came the "possibles"--old and drab but in a good location, new but small and expensive, and medium in most respects but located a hundred miles from nowhere.

Then we found our *dream house*. It was fairly new, nicely furnished, had a beautiful yard, washing facilities, and was near to the children's schools. Plus this, there was a pair of "built-in grandparents"--the couple who owned the property and lived on the other side of the duplex. It was only a *little* more than we could possibly afford.

Then came the big question, "Do you have a pet?" We had to admit to our dog, Gidget, who was waiting for us back at the motel. Sadly, we decided we would have to fall back on one of the "possibles".

We were trying to adjust to the idea when the "grandparents" phoned with the news that they had reconsidered; they liked us and would allow the dog if we still wanted the place. So, we are nicely settled in our dream home and trying to adjust to a new life in Florida.



WINTER NEWS FROM THE DENVER DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

This morning "Lucky", our poodle, and I joined the rush of commuters driving toward the main business district of Denver. We were on our way to Union Station to meet the train that was returning Wayne home. He had been away on a business trip to Cedar Rapids, Chicago and Shenandoah. And now that I've had a first-hand report on the general state of affairs in the Midwest, I'm in the proper mood to sit down and write to you.

Wayne was especially happy to find "The Folks" so well and the other members of the family happy and busy with their many activities. Margery and Oliver served a wonderful dinner for the family the night he was in Shenandoah. The one unpleasant thing about a trip there for him is that Margery and Oliver and Howard and Mae have had to make trips over winter highways either to Red Oak or Omaha to connect with public transportation. My, how we wish Shenandoah were a mainline stop for either air or rail travel. Then it would not be necessary to impose such difficult taxi chores. Inevitably a severe storm is fresh here in Denver when he starts out, and he is sure the highways in southwest Iowa will be hazardous while he is there.

Wayne's five-day trip seemed to be the appropriate occasion for me to cease procrastinating and get the kitchen shelves painted. They have been a dull, drab gray. Since the temperature was 25 below zero when I picked out the paint, you might guess that I chose a bright cheerful yellow. I told Wayne when he finished relating the news of his trip, that the walls and ceilings were scrubbed and eager for some expertly-applied paint. I am probably one of the country's worst when it comes to painting and I hate to have my messy efforts placed where they are obvious. Incidentally, the walls are to be painted green and the ceiling white. I told my neighbor that I just couldn't seem to get away from the color of corn. Iowa has just been too large a part of my life even though I dearly love Colorado.

Recent weeks have found me making many trips chauffeuring Emily to the dentist and orthodontist. When her permanent teeth finally grew in, they were twisted and turned. The orthodontist decided that four of them would have to be removed in order to leave room so that the remaining teeth could be moved to a proper straight line. All four teeth were extracted under local anaesthetic at the same time and she got along just beautifully.



Isn't Emily growing up fast? She looks like a real young lady in the apricot-colored taffeta dress that her mother made for her to wear to parties. Emily's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Driftmier. A younger sister, Alison, a brother, Clark, and a poodle named "Lucky" make up their household in Denver, Colorado.

About a week later the orthodontist started putting on the braces which will move the remaining teeth into proper alignment. This process will probably take about two years. Of course, the first few days after the braces were applied, Alison and Clark simply could not resist calling her "tin grin" and "metal mouth". But they quit the teasing soon enough when we pointed out that it was obvious already that Alison would be going through the same thing. The probabilities are that Clark will be also.

Orthodontic treatment of children is terribly expensive for parents. But those of us who did not have it as children have found our dental costs as adults very greatly increased because of improperly aligned teeth.

Emily has also recently completed a series of smallpox vaccinations. She has always been extremely susceptible to "cold sores" or "fever blisters" on her mouth. Since a virus closely related to the one which causes smallpox is responsible for this unpleasant lip ailment, our doctor recommended the smallpox vaccine. So far she has had only one recurrence which is certainly an improvement over previous years. This happened just after the orthodontist started his initial work and the tissues of her mouth were unaccustomed to being so disturbed.

Along the same general lines, I have intended for some months to mention another personal experience of our family. In late 1962 there was con-

siderable controversy about the Sabin oral polio vaccine. Our family has always taken the recommended series of Salk polio shots. However, we joined thousands of others who took all three types of the Sabin vaccine at the public clinics held throughout the Denver metropolitan area. So did almost every other family we know in this area. None of us had any reaction of any kind to the Sabin vaccine. Our personal experience is that it is not the least bit fearsome.

Frequently I've mentioned to visitors the great numbers of new homes, apartments, schools and shopping centers that have been built since we moved to this area. Now we are beginning to see the great numbers of huge new church buildings. Naturally, when so many new families moved to this part of the country, it was necessary to organize new congregations to accommodate them. When we moved here 5½ years ago, most of the new churches had only chapels and church school rooms. But during the past year many of these congregations have reached the size and financial status whereby they can now construct their main houses of worship.

A short time ago we attended the open house at Holy Cross Lutheran Church and what a magnificent new church they have! We have a special interest in this particular congregation for two reasons. We have very close friends who are devoted members there. Also, we were told that this particular group started their meetings at the Wheat Ridge Grange Hall at the same time that the group which was organizing our own St. James Episcopal Church met.

If you are at all interested in the latest trends in church architecture, you can certainly find all types in suburbia. Holy Cross Lutheran Church has a large free-standing altar of white marble so that communion can be served at the circular railings that surround it. Suspended above the altar is a cross of most unusual design made of extruded aluminum. But the children of our friends were most impressed by having pews and kneelers. These children have never attended a church that was not equipped with folding chairs!

I must close now in something of a rush. Otherwise I'll be late to pick up a load of ninth-graders who just have to watch this afternoon's *very important* game with North Arvada Junior High.

Until next month. . .

Abigail

The best thing parents can spend on children is time, not money.

**DATE-FILLED PINWHEEL COOKIES**

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 4 cups flour, sifted
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cream the butter, sugars and flavorings together. Add the beaten eggs and continue beating until well mixed. Sift the dry ingredients together and add all at once. Chill while you prepare the date filling.

Filling

- 1 lb. dates, cut
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 cup nuts, chopped

Stir the dates, sugar and water together in a saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until very thick. Add the nut meats. Cool thoroughly.

Remove the cookie dough from the refrigerator. Roll out to 1/2 inch thickness. Spread with the date filling. Roll up in jelly roll fashion. Store in the refrigerator until quite firm. Slice in thin slices, place on greased baking sheet and bake at 375 degrees for 15 minutes.

PEANUT BUTTER BREAD

- 2 cups flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 3/4 cup School Day peanut butter
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 4 Tbls. melted butter
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Sift the dry ingredients together into a large bowl. Add all the rest of the ingredients and blend until smooth. Pour into a greased bread pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour.

SOUTHWESTERN CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. ground beef
 - 1/2 cup diced Bermuda onion
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/8 tsp. garlic powder
 - 1/8 tsp. thyme
 - 1/8 tsp. oregano
 - 1 #2 can tomatoes
 - 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 - 1 cup Minute rice
 - 8 stuffed olives, sliced
 - 3 or 4 slices of cheese, cut in strips
- Brown meat in a little fat, add onions, and cook until tender. Stir in remaining ingredients, except for cheese and olives. Cook about 5 minutes. Pour mixture into a casserole, sprinkle with sliced olives and place cheese strips over top. Bake just long enough to melt the cheese in a 350 degree oven.

SUPERIOR BAKED CABBAGE

- 1 small head of cabbage
 - 3 Tbls. butter or bacon drippings
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 tsp. paprika
 - 1 Tbls. onion, minced
 - 1 cup top milk or thin cream
- Shred the cabbage and brown it lightly in the bacon drippings. Add the rest of the ingredients. Turn into a lightly greased casserole. Top with buttered bread crumbs and bake in a 375 degree oven for 20 minutes.

The more cream used the richer and tastier this dish will be. A cheese sauce could be used instead of the milk or cream. Sour cream may be substituted for variation. Add coin-sized slices of weiners to make it a fine supper casserole dish.

THREE-WAY ICE CREAM

- Juice of three oranges
 - Juice of three lemons
 - Three crushed bananas
 - Three cups of sugar
 - Three cups milk and cream mixed, or half and half
- Mix all together and freeze. This is a quickie dessert to serve to the family as a special treat.

—Mary Beth

TUNA-RICE CASSEROLE

- 6 1/2-oz. can chunk style tuna, drained
- 2 cups cooked rice
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 cup fine cornflake crumbs
- 2 Tbls. butter

Put the tuna into a bowl and flake it with a fork. Add the rice, onion, lemon juice, seasonings, eggs (beaten slightly), milk and three-fourths cup of the cornflake crumbs. Put the mixture into a greased 10- by 6-inch pan. Melt the butter and mix with the remaining crumbs. Sprinkle this over the tuna mixture. Bake 20 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

NINA'S LEMON BARS

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine (If margarine is used, add a few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring)
 - 1 cup flour
 - 1/4 cup powdered sugar
- Blend and pat into an 8-inch square pan. Bake for 15 minutes at 350 degrees.
- 2 eggs
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 - 2 Tbls. water
 - 3/4 cup powdered sugar
 - 2 Tbls. flour
 - 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- Beat eggs; add flavoring and water. Sift together the powdered sugar, flour and baking powder. Stir into the egg mixture. Pour over the crust and bake for 25 additional minutes. When cool frost with a rich powdered sugar icing which has been flavored with Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. Cut into bars.

APPLE DESSERT

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup flour
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 3 drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups apples, peeled and diced
- 1/4 to 1/2 cup nutmeats

Combine all of the ingredients except the apples and nuts in a bowl. Beat well. Stir in the apples and nuts and pour into a greased and floured 9 by 5 baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream or ice cream for a delicious but simple dessert. (Note: no liquid is used in the recipe.)

CARROT SALAD

Clean and grind 8 or 9 raw carrots. Plump 2/3 cup raisins in hot water. Salted peanuts would also be a nice addition for variation. Toss these ingredients with the following dressing:

Dressing

- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 2/3 cup sour cream

Combine all in a small saucepan and cook over low heat until thick. Cool before adding to the carrots and raisins.

This dressing is also very delicious for a shredded cabbage salad.

BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

- 1 1/4 cups brown sugar
- 2 cups scalded milk
- 2 tsp. butter
- 4 drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 eggs, separated
- 6 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Sift the flour, add the sugar, butter and slightly beaten egg yolks. Cool the milk down to lukewarm and stir into the first mixture. Put in a double boiler and cook over hot water, stirring until the mixture thickens. Remove from the fire, stir in the flavorings, cool, and pour into a baked pie crust. Top with a meringue made with the 3 egg whites. Brown at 375 degrees for about 15 minutes.

DATE BREAD PUDDING

- 2 1/4 cups milk
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups bread cubes
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped dates

Beat the eggs slightly; add the milk and then the rest of the ingredients, except the bread. Mix well, then lightly toss in the bread. Bake in a greased 8-inch square baking dish in a 350 degree oven about 40 minutes.

LEFT-OVER HAM CASSEROLE

- 3 cups cooked rice
- 2 cups white sauce
- 1 cup diced cheese
- 1 cup diced ham
- 1/2 tsp. celery salt
- 2 Tbls. chopped onion

Mix all ingredients together and pour into a greased casserole. Bake in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes.

COMPANY CHICKEN SOUP

- 1 stewing chicken
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 carrot, diced
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 tsp. salt
- Water to cover
- 1/2 cup fresh bread crumbs
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. poultry seasoning
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. parsley, chopped
- 2 carrots, cut in strips
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 4 Tbls. chicken fat
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup milk

Simmer the chicken, onion, carrot, bay leaf, salt and water in a heavy kettle until tender (2 to 3 hours). Remove chicken, strain stock and chill. Remove the chicken from the bone and grind up enough to make 1 cup. (The remainder of the chicken may be used in another dish.) Combine the ground chicken, bread crumbs, salt, poultry seasoning, egg and parsley. Form into small balls about the size of a walnut.

Remove the fat from the chicken stock. Add the carrot sticks and diced celery to the stock and cook about 10 minutes, until tender. Melt the chicken fat in a saucepan, blend in the flour, and add milk, stirring constantly. Blend this into the stock and simmer, stirring frequently, until it begins to thicken. Drop the chicken balls into the soup and continue cooking slowly for 5 to 10 minutes, or until the meat balls are well heated through.

This makes a rich and delicious *one dish meal*. It freezes well, so could be made in a larger quantity if desired.

LIMA BEAN SPECIAL

- 1 1-lb. pkg. dried lima beans
- 1 small onion, sliced
- 1/2 green pepper, diced
- Sausage patties or link sausage (enough for your family)
- 1 cup milk
- 1 can condensed tomato soup

Soak the lima beans for several hours. Salt the water and add more liquid if needed to cover. Simmer until tender. Drain well and place half the beans in a large greased casserole. Slice the onion and green pepper and make a layer of these on the beans. Fry the sausage patties or the link sausage until done. Drain and put on top of the onion and green pepper layer. Season. Spoon the remainder of the beans over the top.

Combine the milk, the can of tomato soup and 2 Tbls. of the sausage drippings. Place over low heat and, stirring constantly, bring to a boil. Pour over the beans. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes.

DOROTHY'S MARSHMALLOW CAKE

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3/4 cup sour milk
- 12 marshmallows, chopped
- 1/2 cup semi-sweet chocolate bits
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup chopped almonds

Cream the shortening, butter flavoring and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together and add alternately with the sour milk and vanilla flavoring. Fold in the marshmallows and chocolate bits. Pour the batter into a greased and lightly floured large loaf cake pan. Combine the brown sugar, butter and almonds and sprinkle over the batter. Bake about 40 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

This cake made a big hit with my family and I'm sure it will rate with yours.

GOLDEN SUNSHINE SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 pkg. orange gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 1/2 cups cold water
- 1 #2 can crushed pineapple, drained
- 2 bananas, diced
- 40 miniature marshmallows

Dissolve both packages of gelatin in boiling water, then stir in the cold water and chill until syrupy. Stir in the fruit and marshmallows and pour into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Chill.

Topping

- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. margarine
- 4 drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup pineapple juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

1 cup heavy cream, whipped
1/2 cup shredded cheese
Combine the egg, margarine, flour, sugar and pineapple juice in a heavy saucepan. Cook, stirring constantly, over low heat until thick. Remove from fire, stir in flavorings and cool. Whip the cream and fold into cooled custard mixture. Spread this over the gelatin layer. Grate or shred cheese over the top. Chill until time to serve.

This makes an excellent club or company dessert. Serves 12 to 15.

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

by
Frederick

One thing my many months with the British army taught me was the love of really good marmalade. The average orange marmalade that you buy in the shops is not in the same class with a good homemade marmalade. If you could have tasted the out-of-this-world marmalade that we had on our table this morning, you would have offered me every trading stamp you ever possessed for the recipe. Well, here it is, just the way it is made by the good cooks of New Brunswick.

Orange Marmalade

6 large California oranges
3 lemons

Sugar and water

Slice the oranges and lemons very, very thin, and then cut the slices into pieces. Put in a mixing bowl and add 3 times as much water as the total bulk

of the fruit. Let this mixture stand overnight.

The next morning boil it slowly for 1 hour. Then let stand overnight again.

On the next morning add 3/4ths as much sugar as the total bulk of the fruit and water mixture. Boil until it gets sticky and doesn't run all over. This will take at least 3 or 4 hours. You can test the consistency by taking a small amount out into a saucer and cooling it. If it is not thick enough, cook until it is.

While still hot pour into glasses and cover with wax.

Quite often I join a group of doctors for lunch. There is a small tea room next to our church parking lot, and there the doctors from the nearby medical buildings often come for a quick lunch and a slow bit of conversation. This little tea room always has the most exquisite choice of desserts, and yet those doctors so often choose to have a very simple and completely

delightful caramel pudding. The waitresses there are so used to serving that pudding to me they do not even bother to ask me if that is what I want! Here is a recipe for it.

Caramel Pudding

1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
4 slices buttered bread
2 eggs
2 cups milk
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. vanilla (use Kitchen-Klatter, of course!)

Place brown sugar in a double boiler. Add 4 slices of bread, generously buttered and then diced. DO NOT STIR.

Beat 2 eggs with a fork, and to them add 2 cups of milk, 1/2 tsp. vanilla, and 1/2 tsp. salt. Pour this mixture into the double boiler with the sugar and bread. DO NOT STIR. Cover and cook for 1 hour.

To remove pudding, run a knife around the edge and then turn out onto a serving dish. For a topping, use plain cream, or whipped cream, or ice cream, or just serve it plain. You will note that after it is turned out, the brown sugar is on the top, and oh! how good this is!

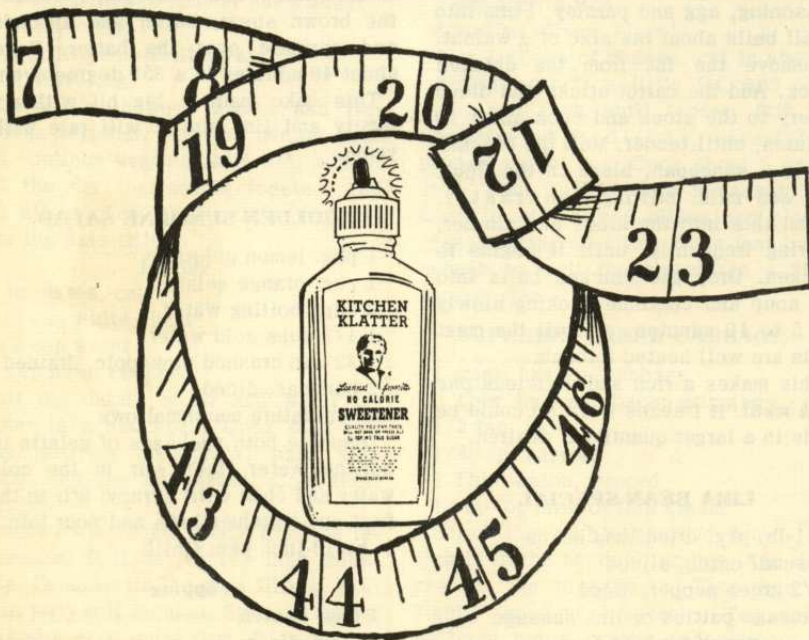
A GOOD IDEA

An easily cleaned bread board can be made from a slab of formica-covered plywood. A lumber yard will sell you a scrap and cut it to size for less than a dollar. If you have the type of bread board that pulls out from a counter top you can paint the end to match your cabinet and put in a handle to match the handles on your cupboards. The formica top is easy to clean, resists being cut with a knife and doesn't burn when you set a hot pot on it. The plywood side becomes the bread-rolling side.

—Betty Rooker

TAKE TIME

Take time to THINK: it is the source of power.
Take time to PLAY: it is the secret of perpetual youth.
Take time to READ: it is the fountain of wisdom.
Take time to PRAY: it is the greatest power on earth.
Take time to LOVE and to be LOVED: it is a God-given privilege.
Take time to be FRIENDLY: it is the road to happiness.
Take time to LAUGH: it is the music of the soul.
Take time to GIVE: it is too short a day to be selfish.
Take time to WORK: it is the price of success.



YOUR TAPE-MEASURE'S BEST FRIEND!

There's no mystery to slimming that waistline: it's simply a matter of cutting down on calorie intake. But that doesn't mean starvation.

Not when you sweeten with Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener. You can still keep desserts, pastries, sweetened cereals and drinks in your diet when you sweeten without calories this proven, easy way. And, since there's never an artificial taste to Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener, your taste-buds won't know the difference—but your tape-measure will!

Your whole family will benefit from this switch to calorie-less sweetening. Why not put Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener on your grocery list right now?

Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener

GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR FREEZER DOLLAR

by
Ellen Rebecca Fenn

The new 1963 home freezers show marked improvement over earlier models. Whether you own a spankin' new 1963 with automatic defrost, quick-freeze shelves, magnetic seal door, and a signal light to indicate power failure, or a ten-year-old style in need of refinishing, you should squeeze the most out of your dollars invested.

First, let's assume that you put into your freezer only the recommended varieties of fruits and vegetables. Contact your local county or state extension service for this information.

The next step is to use a suitable method in preparing the food to be frozen. Your type of container, the method of wrapping, and the preservative used, all have bearing on the finished product.

Fish and small poultry freeze best in a block of ice. Fill a quart milk carton with water; press cut-up fish or fowl into the container. Seal and freeze. Roasting birds are best kept, without stuffing, in a heavy foil wrap, or double-duty plastic bags.

For fruits, jars that taper to a wide mouth make for easier removal of partly thawed fruit. Color is retained longer, vitamin content is assured, and the frozen period can be extended when glass containers are used.

By far the best method for preserving raw peaches, apricots, apple slices, or other fruits which tend to color, is the pectin way. By dissolving two cups of sugar in four cups of water, adding one-half bottle of pectin, bringing to a boil, then cooling before pouring over the fruit, the darkening process is entirely eliminated. For berries, either a syrup or dry sugar performs the task very well. This depends on the use for which the fruit is intended. Strawberries may, or may not, be sliced. Some varieties will keep excellently for a two-year period.

All vegetables must be blanched in order to preserve flavor, appearance, and food value. Blanching also stops enzyme action. After blanching, plunge the vegetables into ice water, drain, pack, and freeze. Glass jars or clear plastic containers, which can be sealed with tape, are ideal for vegetables. The booklet of instructions which comes with your unit should be followed to the letter.

It is wise to remember that meat must be carefully and tightly wrapped, in whatever type wrapper used, in order to exclude all possible air. This prevents freezer burn. The wise user encases each package in a heavy plastic bag for extra precaution.

Most users neglect to utilize their home freezer to the fullest possible extent. Candy, nuts, raisins, dates, marshmallows, fruit rinds (for grating), cider, cranberries, coconut, and even candles, are best kept frozen. We must not forget to mention that cakes, pies, rolls, breads, doughnuts, cookies, and tart shells, will all keep extremely well if baked before freezing. Some users prefer to freeze unbaked pies, but one should allow fifteen minutes more baking time.

Trappers and hunters have grown to depend on Mom's unit for storing hides (doubly wrapped) and for various types of fish bait. (When they can get away with it!)

At what temperature should you adjust the controls? Never above zero! It is very unwise to believe that a higher temperature will save you pennies, for it most certainly will cut the palatability of the products involved.

When should one defrost older models? At least once a year a complete defrosting is necessary. Between times one can scrape off the looser particles of frost with a wooden or plastic scraper and remove them from the box.

One of the most important lessons to learn is: Label! Label! Label! It is a simple matter at defrosting time to pull last year's foods to the front for use FIRST. No food increases in usability by leaving it on the shelf.

Learn to treat your food saver with respect, and you can expect full returns on your food dollar.

NEVER RETURN AN EMPTY PLATE

by
Betty Rooker

Revive an old-fashioned custom of borrowing *and* returning. When you borrow a cup of sugar, return it with a cup of cookies, pudding, or a slice of cake or pie. When someone brings you a plate with a sample of pie or cake on it, return it in kind, maybe with a new treat you've discovered. If someone brings you a plant and wants the container back, return it with fresh flowers, home-made candy or cookies.

My grandmother had a superstition that if she received anything from anyone on a plate, in a dish or cup, or any kind of container, she had to return it filled with some of her home-made goodies. She felt that *not* to do so would bring her bad luck!

Nowadays, everyone is busy, but you can always return a plate with something on it. It is a cozy, friendly custom.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past mistakes, of which all men have some.

— Charles Dickens.

MY MOTHER
IS THE
WORLD'S
BEST COOK



Praise from the top! How satisfying it is to know your family appreciates the loving care that goes into your meals.

Tempting, tasty desserts and salads are so much easier, too, when you use **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. There are sixteen to choose from: true fruit flavors like orange, cherry, banana and lemon; spicy strawberry, raspberry and blueberry. The glamor of the tropics in pineapple, coconut and almond, as well as all-American maple, black walnut, burnt sugar, butter, mint and vanilla.

You can help your good-cook reputation by insisting on **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. No matter what you make or bake, these flavorings never cook out.

**KITCHEN-KLATTER
FLAVORINGS**

MARY BETH WILL REMEMBER 1963 AS "THE MUMPS YEAR"

Dear Friends:

Between trips to the back door to give Eloise a run outside, and special trips down to the sick room that I've set up for the children in the family room, I've had trouble finding time to write this letter to you!

Two years ago we started out 1961 with a round of chicken pox. This year will be remembered as "the mumps year". Katharine, being a schoolgirl, is the first to come down with things and, naturally, exposes Adrienne and Paul. Adrienne went the full twenty-one days before she blossomed forth, but only on one side. Then at her own leisure, she swelled up on the opposite jaw. At this writing we're still waiting for Paul to come down with them, and do hope that it is soon, for at this age he shouldn't have them very hard.

The only complication we've had is that we've had to practically sit on Adrienne to get her to maintain even a *reasonable* degree of quiet. Katharine had such a light case that she didn't stay quiet enough and half way through her week of confinement she began to run a medium-high fever accompanied by nausea, so we're being especially cautious with Adrienne. As a result, the housework has simply stopped! I've managed to clean out dresser drawers in the room where Adrienne is supposedly resting, but the balance of the house looks like a cyclone had just passed through!

Our new dog, Eloise, contributes to the general disorderly condition of the floors. She is still such a pup with the normal gnawing tendencies, that she can shred and pretty evenly distribute *anything* that we happen to leave within leaping distance. As soon as the children are photogenic again, I'll send you a picture of them with this new addition to the family.

I've been racking my brain for quiet things for the children to do these weeks while they've been sick, and I thought you might enjoy being reminded of one thing that my Brownie troop did recently. It's proved successful during this period of illness, and it can be managed by little tykes as young as Paul. (I say "reminded" because I'll bet most of you heard of this years ago.)

When my mother entertained a group of my little friends at one of my early birthday parties we made Pomander Balls. Remembering what fun it was, I had the Brownies make them for Christmas gifts for their parents. My youngsters have been making them "like crazy" ever since.

I bought medium small oranges, powdered orrisroot, cloves, cinnamon and allspice. These items, plus some

narrow satin ribbon, were all that were required to produce a fragrant, aromatic clothes sachet. We tied a long ribbon from a bow on top of the orange so it could be used in a clothes closet. First, the orange is quartered by tying the ribbon around it. Then stick the clove into the orange until the clove bud touches the orange skin. Now, proceed in this manner, placing the cloves as close together as possible, until the orange is completely covered except for the ribbons. Next, mix two tablespoons of cinnamon and allspice with one tablespoon powdered orrisroot, using enough in these proportions to completely cover the orange, and press it in between the clove buds. This will act as a preservative and lend it a wonderful fragrance. The orange will slowly shrivel and dry without rotting. The children can be kept busy for many hours because their fingers will give out before their enthusiasm.

For those of us who live in a climate that can, if it chooses, close us in for days at a time with frost-biting temperatures, the arrival of Christmas is surely well timed. Paul is spending a definite period of time each day playing with his Christmas train. Last year he asked Santa for an electric train but Santa delivered a battery-driven locomotive with a note explaining that this was all he had left after the older boys had been given theirs. And he told Paul that he really thought a three-year-old was too young for a *big* train-and-track set. This locomotive was quite acceptable, as was Santa's explanation, BUT this year Paul *knew* that *now* he was old enough for the one he wanted! He told all his little friends that Santa was going to bring an electric train to him, and the reports came back to us. As only a four-year-old mind could reason out, Paul reasoned that this year was IT!

His daddy and I tried to discourage him gently, because we felt that regardless of how old he considered himself to be, *we* didn't think he was capable of taking care of such a delicate toy. And many of you who have ever priced electric trains know that even the simplest one isn't cheap. Don just wouldn't consider such an investment while Paul was so young. I was torn between the two of them, for being with Paul all day every day, I was the one who heard the constant talk about the wonderful train Santa would deliver on Christmas morning.

Fortunately for our son, Grandma Schneider pleaded his case with Santa

in Anderson, Indiana, and apparently was convincing because under the tree on Christmas morning was a beautiful oval track with a shining black engine, coal car, and three other train pieces. I wish I could paint a picture with words to describe the look of sheer contentment on that boy's face when he saw his train!

He has taken excellent care of this most-prized possession, much to the chagrin of his parents. The track is mounted on plywood so it can be put up against a wall when not in use—but this isn't often. He has learned to put the wheels on the track and drags everyone to the toy room to give a demonstration when he can round up an audience.

One of my resolutions for the New Year was to locate a piano teacher for Katharine. I was fortunate to find a young woman in our near vicinity who had an opening. Katharine has been taking weekly lessons since early January and enjoys them very much. I do have to remind her to practice, but I guess this is normal for I can remember being told to practice when I was a piano student.

The youngsters have been nagging at me every few minutes to play games with them, so I must put the typewriter away and see what I can do to help them pass away an hour or so before it is time to start our evening meal.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth



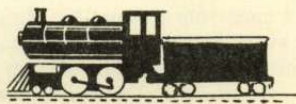
COVER PICTURE

Just before the Christmas holidays, Juliana (Verness) stopped in front of her dormitory for a classmate to snap this picture. It seems that the classmate had just one shot left and was anxious to take the film to be developed—a mighty familiar story where cameras are concerned.

Hokona Hall is the women's dormitory at the University of New Mexico, and it is a very handsome building. There is a central courtyard (you can glimpse it through the entrance behind Juliana) and this means that all of the wings have an unusual amount of sun and air. Some of the rooms (and Juliana is fortunate enough to have one of them) have exceptionally large windows that look out on the magnificent Sandia mountains.

If you are traveling west on U.S. 66, be sure to keep an eye out for the University of New Mexico as you enter Albuquerque. Most of the buildings on the campus are fine examples of Southwestern architecture and are well worth turning off to see.

—Lucile



IF I WERE GRANDMA

by
Myrtle E. Felkner

Undoubtedly there are a lot of busy Grandmas these days. Many are holding interesting or demanding jobs outside the home; others are caring for grandchildren while their daughters or daughters-in-law hold such jobs; and still others are on the merry-go-round of club, church and charity work.

For those who can squeeze out a little time, I would like to make some suggestions which I know many, many other mothers would soundly endorse. Mothers are on a merry-go-round, too. By the time we see to our family's physical growth, follow closely the school work and activities of children whose ages may vary widely, supervise the church activities and the spiritual education of the youngsters....well, we're bushed! We are obliged to "let slide" some aspects of child training which we may feel are truly important, but which we lack either time, energy or financial means to adopt.

We're not being critical in making these suggestions. Don't I know how busy Grandmas are! Many of these suggestions are things which are done by the doting Grandmas of my own children.

Hats off to the Grandma who offers loving, friendly companionship when things aren't going well at home for one of the small fry! Although our children have never run away, we do sometimes hear the indignant announcement, "Well, if it's all the same to you, I'M going to Grandma's for a while." The hike down the road, Grandma's love and gentle good humor soon restore the equilibrium, and our girl returns in good spirits. This, I think, should be considered a duty by all Grandmas: to restore the good nature and self-esteem of the child at a time when parents must remain firm.

One family remembers an aunt with very special affection. Every summer, certain Friday afternoons were assigned to the various nieces and nephews. On each one's special day, she was taken to Black's Tearoom (not the balcony lunch counter, you understand, but the *tea room*) and treated to lunch. Afterwards, she was taken to an amusement park and long strips of tickets were purchased by the aunt. I'm certain this aunt would have preferred a leisurely afternoon to herself. Yet she persisted with these outings until the children outgrew them. They never outgrew their appreciation for the aunt who knew how to give a little extra.

Many of the children I know have never seen an art gallery. How sad, when most of us are only an hour's drive or so from some gallery. Here's



Margery took this picture of Aunt Jessie Shambaugh before she left for California to visit her daughter, Ruth, and her family. Aunt Jessie, who founded 4-H, has always enjoyed being around young people, so we know how happy she is to be able to spend these weeks with her California grandchildren.

a chance for Grandma to help with a child's cultural growth. If she can afford it, let Grandma treat to lunch in some very nice restaurant. Children grow in poise and self-confidence with every successful new experience. You'll be surprised how nice Johnny's manners will be in such a place, too!

Transportation is a vastly interesting subject for the youngsters. Short afternoon trips on a train, a river boat ex-

cursion or an airplane ride add to their experiences and almost certainly to Grandma's, too. Mothers with toddlers in the home just can't drop everything to see that the older children enjoy some of these thrills.

Many children are curious about hotels and motels. They'd like to see a bellboy carry their very own suitcase! Our own four-year-old, who has made three long trips with us, sighed the other day when his Grandma left for California, "It's been a long time since I've been in a motel!" For the child who has never been in a hotel or motel, a week-end downtown with Grandma could be the thrill of a lifetime!

One young mother complains about library hours. "I can't leave the babies to go to the library during the day, and it closes in the evening before my husband gets home. I *know* the older children need books..." Grandma!

No one wants to run Grandma ragged, and children certainly do demand a lot of energy, but if you're a Grandma and feel up to it, why not plan a special outing for your grandchild's next birthday—one that includes a few of the things that the parents just haven't been able to do?

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 AND TO DO IT SAFELY  NO
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 AND SURE. WHITE  OR COLORED ,
 IF THEY'RE WASHABLE THEY'RE BLEACHABLE
 IN KITCHEN-KLATTER SAFETY BLEACH.

YOUR GROCER  HAS IT.



WE KNOW IT'S SAFE!
 WE MAKE IT!

COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Today as I was poking around in the garden in search of budding branches and peeping tulips, I heard our neighbor calling her husband and sons to lunch. "Matthew! Mark! Luke! John!"

As I listened, I was reminded of this dear little prayer:

"St. Matthew, St. Luke, St. John
and St. Mark

Please watch over me when it's
dark."

This little verse is one of 52 poems of everyday happenings written especially for small children in *Cherry Stones! Garden Swings!* by Ivy O. Eastwick. Copyright © 1962 by Abingdon Press (\$2).

Also for the 4-to-8 age group is *Mimi* by Lisle Weil (Houghton Mifflin, \$3). Mimi, a little French girl, wanted to become a policeman like her uncles. Involved in the story are a package snatcher who turned out to be a dutiful chauffeur, a party at a French restaurant, and a sick chef. Mimi came through in fine style with her fish soup specialty, bouillabaisse. (That's pronounced boo-ya-bess!)

The letters Woodrow Wilson and his wife, Ellen Axson Wilson, wrote to each other during their engagement and almost thirty years of marriage are now an American heritage. *The Priceless Gift* (McGraw-Hill, \$6.95) — the gift of love — reveals a moving and eloquent story of the Wilsons during that time. The correspondence was made public after long deliberation by their daughter, Eleanor Wilson McAdoo. She felt, although many words had been written about her father, he was not truly understood by the public. Her gentle mother preferred to be a source of private encouragement to her husband and avoided the limelight. Mrs. McAdoo's narrative binds together the letters, making an interesting personal story.

A new, enlarged edition of *The White House and Its Thirty-Three Families* (\$12.50) by Amy LaFollette Jensen has been published by McGraw-Hill Book Co. Beginning in 1800, when John and Abigail Adams moved into the then unfinished White House, to the present administration, the reader is treated to delightful text and informative pictures concerning the great personalities who lived there. You'll want to read and re-read this book.

First in a series of publications by the White House Historical Association is *The White House*, which the association hopes will serve as a guidebook for travelers who visit the shrine each year. Color photographs by the Na-



Wayne and Abigail stress reading in their home, and good books are always at hand for their children. Clark is shown here.

tional Geographic Society add a special elegance.

Helen Corbitt, director of restaurants at Neiman-Marcus in Dallas, has written *Helen Corbitt's Potluck* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75). The book is filled with recipes using leftovers prepared with versatility.

The Mayo Brothers by Helen Clape-sattle (\$1.95) is one in a series of North Star books published by the Houghton Mifflin Co. for children. This book would be especially interesting for children with a leaning toward the medical field. Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie, both fascinating personalities in their own right, teamed together to become inventors of the medical clinic at Rochester, Minnesota. Good books played an important part in the boyhood training of these famous physicians.

For young people interested in writing (age 12 and up) Elizabeth Yates has written *Someday You'll Write* (Dutton, \$2.75). Reading of books and mastery of words are important tools in writing, as well as that important notebook always handy for ideas that pop up at the most unlikely times and places. Miss Yates likens the notebook to the artist and his sketchbook.

"Words are the bridge for the writer," says Miss Yates. "With them one heart reaches to another, one mind is quick-



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ened by another, across the span of centuries or the miles or the little lonelinesses of life." From *Someday You'll Write* by Elizabeth Yates. Copyright © 1962 by E. P. Dutton and Co.

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

March is a month of moods—some days are springlike and gay, others are dark, cold, and gloomy. Gardeners will find plenty to do, no matter what the weather has in store for them.

Most years it is advisable to remove winter mulches from tulip beds and places where spring flowering bulbs have been planted. If they struggle through a layer of hay or leaves, they are likely to be misshapen and deformed, and will flower poorly if at all. It is best to remove the hay or other mulch gradually, but once uncovered, hardy bulbs are not usually harmed by recurring cold spells.

It is more likely that they will be damaged by rabbits. Last spring the pesky bunnies ate every green spear that appeared in my tulip beds. In desperation St. Alfred helped me unroll some wire chicken netting over the choice beds. I'm sure the rabbits thought we had built them a trampoline, because they hopped around over the wire and nibbled every bud that poked through the openings. Later I read that spraying with nicotine sulphate would repel rabbits—use two tablespoons of BLACK LEAF 40 to each gallon of water, and spray the areas to be protected every 3 to 4 weeks.

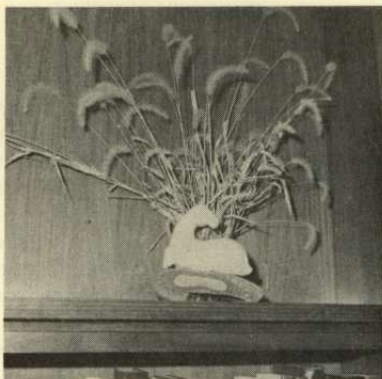
Whether or not to uncover roses this month depends on the temperature. If mulch is left on the canes during a prolonged warm spell, mold may form, or the canes may sprout. It is best to remove the mulch, but keep it handy to recover if the weather turns unusually cold again. After the soil mounds have remained unfrozen for a week or so, they, too, should be removed from around the canes.

Now is a good time (before new leaves appear) to use dormant sprays for the control of scale insects, and eggs and larvae of other pests. You can purchase this material from garden stores or from seed and nursery firms. Be sure to follow the directions for use on the container.

Start tuberous begonias in shallow containers filled with damp sphagnum moss, or in a porous mixture of sand, moss, and vermiculite. Press the tubers (round part is the bottom) into the surface with a twisting motion, leaving the indented, or top, part of the tuber exposed.

Roots should form, and new growth should appear, in about a month or six weeks. After two or more leaves have formed, pot the plants up in a rich, humusy soil, and keep them growing at a good rate until they can be placed outdoors for the summer.

Seeds of petunias, lobelia, salvia,



Lucile and Russell purchased this white horse at the Nelson Gallery of Art in Kansas City, Mo. The grasses came from their own garden and the rock was found in a riverbed.

snapdragon, ageratum and verbena, should be started indoors by the 15th of this month. Plant them in one of the sterile mediums — vermiculite, sphagnum moss, perlite, or a combination of the three — and for extra insurance against damping-off disease, treat the seed with an anti-damp-off fungicide first.

After germination, water the tiny plants with liquid plant food, and repeat every ten days until the seedlings are transplanted to soil. Give these early seedling plants all the available sunlight possible, so that they will develop sturdy stems and a strong root system. Don't be afraid to pinch out the tops on those that shoot upward too fast.

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FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

the reverse. With all of the television, people are reading more today than ever before. The people of Springfield read more books per capita than just about any other city or town in this country. We have several very beautiful and very efficient libraries staffed by devoted public servants. I think that librarians, by and large, are a wonderful group of people, and I am afraid that too often the public does not appreciate them enough.

No matter what else you do in the course of a day, try to find some time for reading. Without reading, a person may live a good life, but for a full life one needs to learn something about the faith, the hope, the charity, and the aspirations of other men as well as something of the beauty, the dignity, and the nobility of other lives. Whenever I see a little child reading, I always say a quick little prayer of gratitude for the wonder of sight and for the marvelous gift of the printed word.

Sincerely,
Frederick

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WINDOW GAZING

by
Lula Lamme

I have a consuming curiosity to see what other people see from their windows. When I visit in a home, I like to take time and look out of those windows "most looked out from"—the living room windows, and the window over the kitchen sink. Then I come away with what I think is the true "feel" of the place.

I confess to being a confirmed "window-looker-outer". When I sit, I sit beside a window if possible. I seldom look about the room—I look out. I see birds, trees, flowers, hills, sky, snow, and although the view may be similar each day, it is never the same. The views from my favorite windows are as much a part of my life as the wallpaper and the furnishings of the rooms.

Years ago a newspaper we received had a column entitled "I See From My Window." Readers wrote in describing the views from their own windows. It was then I first became conscious of of my affinity for window gazing. Sometimes when I'm apparently in a room, I

may not really be there. I may be on that far hill where the wild crab apple trees are blooming like wisps of fragrant pink clouds. Or I may be wandering down the little lane that loops out of sight at the far left of my window range. Hands that are busy mending or peeling potatoes are no deterrent when one has learned well the art of window gazing.

During our married life we have moved several times and wherever we've lived I've always had a favorite window scene. Sometimes at night when I have trouble falling asleep, I call up these window-framed views, arrange them like an art gallery, and browse myself directly into slumberland.

Have you taken a good look out of your windows lately? If the view is lovely, then enjoy your living picture. If not, perhaps there is something you can do to enhance the scene.

Just now, a pair of thrushes, lovely, lovely things, are looking over the wisteria vine outside my living room window. I do hope they choose to live there.

.....

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The fellow who is always telling you what a wonder he is, must fear that you'd never discover it yourself.

*

Silence is golden. If a dog could talk, perhaps he wouldn't make such a good friend.

* * *



TELEPHONE TIPS

by

Evelyn Witter

Are you sure that you know how to use the telephone? You are? Maybe you'd better check these tips to make sure that you're an expert in the use of one of our most important means of communication.

First of all, a good "telephoner" answers the phone promptly. Just as one would not keep a friend waiting under other circumstances, it is poor etiquette to keep him waiting when he calls. If one is necessarily delayed, it is proper to explain the delay, and apologize for it.

Second, a thoughtful person does not keep his whereabouts a secret if he is to be away from home very long. He might receive an important call which only he could take care of. It takes so little effort to leave word as to *where* one is, and *when* he plans to return!

In the third place, when a person talks on the phone, he should be natural. Some use a stage whisper; some shout; some try out "sophisticated" pronunciations. Phonies on the phone sound ridiculous!

The fourth telephone tip is that the person who answers the phone should identify himself immediately. "Hello. This is Nan Jones speaking" saves time and confusion. Just answering "Yes?" or "Hello!" delays the conversation while the caller tries to guess the identity of the answerer. It is equally important that the caller identify *himself* at once. How many of you have been embarrassed when an unrecognized voice bumbles, "Guess who this is?"

A fifth smart bit of "telephoneering" is the technique of taking messages. Should you answer the phone, and the call is for a member of the family who is not available, it is considerate to ask, "Who is calling, please?" This knowledge alone may enable you to provide the information the caller wants, or at least to channel his message to the right person.

Also, it is smart to jot down messages. How many messages have gone awry because someone *thought* he could re-

member details, but *couldn't*? Even if there is no message, it is time-saving to make a note of *who* called, *when* he called, and his telephone number.

Sixth, good telephone technique includes *how* and *when* to hang up! Don't hang up until you're sure the conversation is over. It's rude to do otherwise. On the other hand, do not talk on and on and on, thus tying up the phone with idle chatter when others might need it. When you're through talking, replace the receiver gently. Ear-cracking bangs are most unpleasant!

And finally, good telephone manners should still apply in cases of annoying errors, such as wrong numbers. A harsh reply solves no problems. How much better it is to say, "You must have the wrong number. There is no Mrs. Brown here. This number is - - -" In this way you will help the caller to recheck his number, thus avoiding the same mistake again. And who knows--you might call a wrong number yourself some time.

If you find a *list* of telephone rules hard to remember, there is *one* easy rule which governs all that have been mentioned. This rule is: With kindness and consideration, treat the person at the other end of the line as you trust he will treat you.

APPLE PIE ORDER

by

Mary T. Rauth

There are two kinds of order: the "pizen neat" variety, and "apple pie" order. The first is cheerless; it exists in homes where there are no children, or where the children are painfully subdued. Everything has to be in its place before the housewife can even consider relaxing. Husbands give up smoking rather than risk ashes landing out of the proper ash tray, and the grocery boy is eyed askance if there is snow or rain to be tracked in.

But "apple pie" order is a lively, singing, shining condition. It suggests

Saturday in a happy, old-time farmhouse. The children, joyful over their school holiday, have brought in the kindling and the wood, have polished their Sunday shoes, and straightened up their toys and games to a degree. The kitchen is scrubbed, the windows are shining, the curtains are fresh and crisp, the big reservoir on the range is full of hot water, the kettle is singing, and the air is fragrant with the smell of home-baked bread. Sister is icing a big layer cake, and there is apple pie for supper!

It is nearing the end of a full, busy week, an orderly week: wash on Monday, iron on Tuesday, bake and mop on Wednesday, sew and perhaps visit on Thursday, clean on Friday, and apple pie on Saturday. After supper there will be the Saturday night baths, in a warm, fragrant kitchen; then off to a night's deep, sound sleep. Up early to get Sunday dinner under way, and get the family all dressed up and off to church. Church is the climax of the week—a place to give thanks to God who is kind enough to give us six busy, happy days, each filled with its homely tasks, and Sunday besides!

Time savers are fine; labor savers are fine; efficiency is fine. But best of all is that good old hustle and bustle that puts a shine to windows and cheeks and eyes through sheer exuberance and love! "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world", and the house is in "apple pie" order!



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

I don't care for nicknames,
I truly must declare;
And when my son was born,
I chose his name with care.

But now he goes to school,
And pals he does not lack.
They call hello to him,
Not Johnathan, but Jack.

--Laquita Deatherage



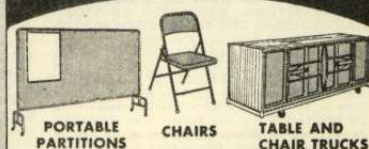
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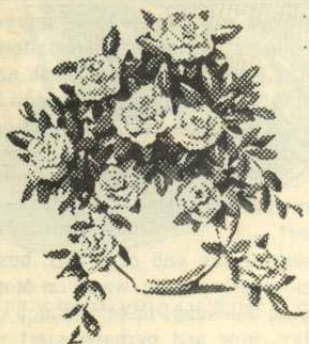
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—A. Lincoln

The man who says he will do it tomorrow was probably saying the same thing yesterday.—Anonymous.

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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

how much fun it is. (When I wrote to Juliana today I asked her if she remembered coming home from a friend's house and asking us if we'd ever heard of a wonderful game called molly-polly. We called it molly-polly for so long that I always have to stop and remember that it's really monopoly.) Certainly it's a splendid family game and if your children EVER get their heads out of homework it's something you can all do together and really enjoy.

I want to thank all of you good friends from the bottom of my heart for expressing your awareness of what the new postal increase means to us by getting in your renewals to Kitchen-Klatter before we must send a card. I can remember when a postcard cost 1¢ and the mailman made two deliveries every day, morning and afternoon. Now we pay 4¢ for a postcard and the mailman comes once a day. (I'm sure that rural routes never had more than one delivery a day, but we grew up in town and I was just remembering how it used to be in town.) An increase of 1¢ may not amount to much if you only use a handful of cards every month, but when you buy them by the thousands it makes a tremendous difference.

All in all, it means a lot to us when you send in your renewal before we must notify you that your time has run out. We're genuinely grateful for your thoughtfulness and cooperation.

I just now glanced out the window and noticed that it's staring to spit snow, and that dusk is hovering just around the edge of the horizon. I had better get up to the folks' house while there is still light enough to see any menacing patches of ice on the sidewalk, so I'll put the cover on my typewriter now, turn off the lights, lock the door and call it a day here at my own home.

Faithfully yours....

Lucile

SKY TRAILS

I often watch the vapor trails Jet planes leave in the sky. From horizon to horizon I scan them with my eye, And pretend that if my earthbound feet Could follow where they led, Perhaps I'd glimpse that heaven That lies somewhere ahead, For when earth time is over, And my soul has learned to fly, I hope to find the trail that leads To that "Land Beyond the Sky."

—Lula Lamme

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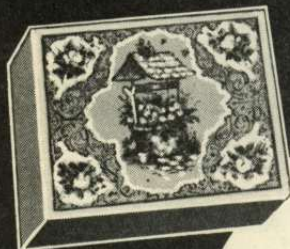
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