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Magazine

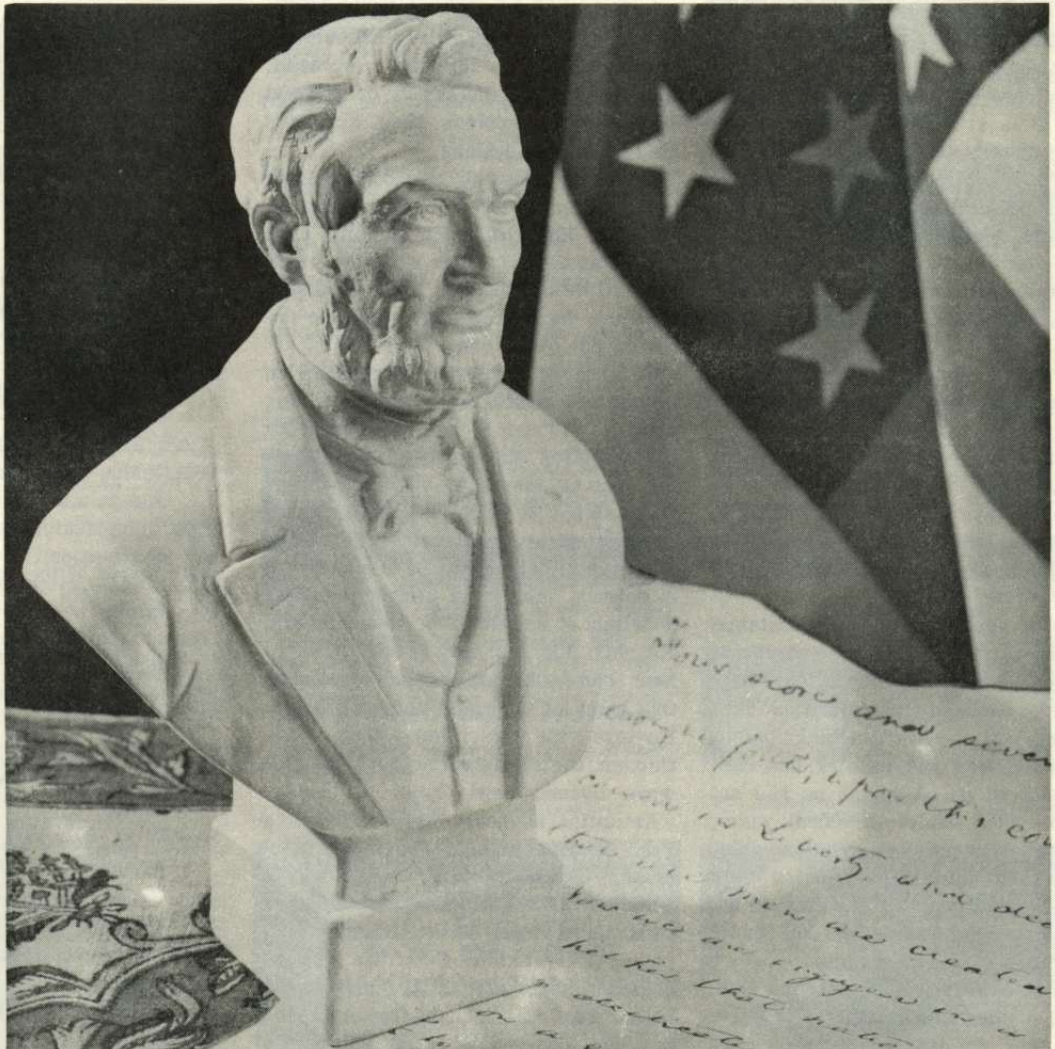
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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—Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier

Lucile Driftmier Verness,

Margery Driftmier Strom

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My dear Friends:

IN MEMORY OF RUSSELL VERNESS

Since I wrote to you last we've entered a new year. Life, as we all know, is a combination of many experiences — some bringing us joy, and others bringing us sadness. 1963 was that kind of year.

After spending three months in the hospital, my husband is now at home again. It is still necessary for him to have nursing care so we arranged to have two experienced women care for him. He is well enough to have some of his meals at the table with us.

My sister Jessie spent two months in California with her daughter and her family, and while there she welcomed a new granddaughter. After her return to Iowa she closed her own home for the remainder of the winter and will spend several months with us.

Lucile's broken hip, the result of a fall last June, is healing nicely now. The last x-rays were so encouraging to the doctors that the date for her fitting for a new artificial limb was moved ahead several months.

Many of you live at such a distance that you can't hear our radio visits. It will be a shock for you to learn that Lucile's husband Russell died very suddenly of a heart attack before Christmas. How his passing has saddened all of us. Although he had not been in good health in recent years, he'd not had previous heart trouble. Lucile and Juliana are being very brave, as God would want them to be, and your cards and letters of condolence have been very helpful.

Dorothy, Frederick, Wayne and Donald, the sister and brothers who live away from Shenandoah, arrived upon receiving the sad news and were present for private memorial services. Countless friends who heard Frederick's tribute to Russell on the radio asked if they could have copies of it so we are including it in this issue.

Russell Verness died of a massive coronary occlusion on the night of December 12. His death was a great shock to his family and to his many friends and business associates. Private memorial services were held, and members of the family came great distances to express their sympathy to Lucile and Juliana.

Russell's life was a short one, but it was lived to the full. Everything he did, he did with such energy, such enthusiasm, and such dispatch. How grateful we are that his life was shared with us, for in so many ways he enriched our own lives.

We remember Russell Verness as an unusually sensitive person. It was almost as though he had an extra depth of perception, an ability to see things not just as they are, but as they are meant to be. He could see beauty where so many of us could not — the beauty of a stone, or a piece of driftwood, or a common household item. And what a delight it was to listen to music with Russell, for his ears were quick to hear some obscure bit of loveliness that many of us would not have heard. He loved the out-of-doors, and a ride through the countryside with him always opened new vistas of beauty.

An artist at heart, Russell, was a very creative person, and his love of beauty in all its forms never was a passive one. Everything he touched was the lovelier for it. Hundreds of people marveled at the little gem of a garden he created at the rear of his home. That so much beauty could be put into one small garden plot is a tribute to his genius for arrangement and color harmony. In Russell's hands the most common and ordinary things became something very special.

His family, his friends, and his employees remember Russell Verness

as a very kind and generous man. There was nothing premeditated about his generosity; it was spontaneous. He was quick to think of kindly things to do for people, and he loved nothing more than the privilege of sharing with others all that brought him happiness.

Most people like to think of themselves as individualists, as lovers of freedom, and as haters of tyranny, but Russell Verness excelled all others in these qualities. He was a non-conformist who taught the rest of us the real meaning of freedom. If ever there lived a man who sought to be free from all sham and pretense, free from stifling custom and tradition, free from dependence upon many of the non-essentials of life, it was Russell. He believed that the only freedom which deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it. Now, at last, he has the one great freedom, the ultimate freedom of spirit.

"I may go from this life with empty hands,
But not with empty heart; for I shall take
The memories of our happy years together,
And all the love in me will awake.
And there will be other memories —
The little roads that tempt a rover's feet;
A curving rainbow on the graying sky;
A single poppy, scarlet in the wheat;
A listening tree, wise with the wind and rain,
And flung against a mountain's shady green —
The slender silver of a gleaming birch;
The beat of little waves upon the rocks;
The echo of faint music from afar;
Wood fires at night; and on the turquoise sky
The pure remoteness of a trembling star.

I may go from this life with empty hands —
But in my heart, beyond earth's furthest rim,
The memory of these loved, familiar things
Shall through eternity grow no less dim."

Frederick expresses the thoughts of each member of our family.

Sincerely,

Leanna

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

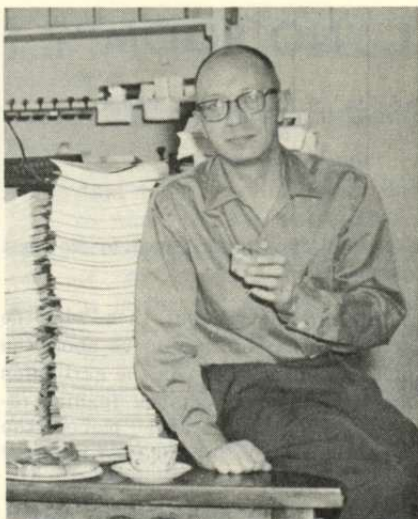
Dear Friends:

February is a deep winter month here in New England. Usually we get our heaviest snows in this very month where we look for some promise of spring. Yesterday I was out walking through the park in the late afternoon searching for some signs of new life, but with no results. The landscape was a low-toned painting of soft shades with the meadow grasses still faded, and the reeds along the stream still drained of their livelier colors of green and yellow. Even the lichens on the trees were carrying their pewter-silver winter colors. Only when I looked off across the river valley to the Berkshire Hills did I begin to feel Nature's brooding expectancy as the land waits for the birth of new life.

Winter brings gray days when the cloud quilt hangs low. Of course there are days of brilliant light when slanting rays reach far into the woodlands and farm buildings across the valley stand cameo-clear, but gray day or bright, you know it is a time when everything must struggle just to keep alive, waiting for something better to come.

When I walk by myself in the park or down along the lake at our summer place, my thoughts turn to that great Master Plan of the Universe that brings us our change of seasons, each season following after the other in an unchanging pattern of life and death. The time of planting, cultivation and harvest succeed each other, and when the harvest is over, then comes winter. Thus it is with life, and a man who glimpses the verities is content with the Master Plan. I never cease to marvel how this all comes clear to me only when I am alone and out-of-doors. Certainly there is such a thing as coming with Nature, and over the years, Mother Nature has taught me more than all the books I ever read.

If some of you heard me speaking on the radio back in December when I went to Shenandoah to comfort Lucile and Juliana in their sorrow, you heard me telling of the affection we New Englanders have for our little country churches. That was one of the things Russell liked about our New England landscapes. He wondered at the dozens and dozens of white colonial churches he saw from Connecticut to Maine, and from the Hudson River to Boston. One day Betty and I drove with Mother and Father Driftmier to a lovely home on the very top of one of our Massachusetts hills, and from the lawn of that home we were able to look down upon some of the most picturesque



We haven't very many pictures of Russell for he was more often at the other end of the camera. However, we particularly like this one, which was taken during a "coffee break" at the Kitchen-Klatter office, and selected it as the one to share with you good friends.

churches in all this area. I thought of all of this today when I happened to come across a little poem entitled *Country Church*. It was written by Brian F. King, a man who lives just down the street from us.

I think the nearest thing to peace
That men will ever find
Lies sheltered in a country church
Where faith is e'er enshrined;
A charming, white, old-fashioned
church

Where pious elm trees nod:
Whose spire in humble eloquence
Points silently toward God.

A church whose graceful belfry
gleams
In sunset's mellow light,
Whose friendly lanterns guide the
steps
Of worshippers at night;
Where in the springtime one may see,
Displayed on window sills,
Green boxes gay with violets
And graceful daffodils.

A church with weathered flagstone
paths;
Great oak doors opened wide,
And kindly folk to welcome guests
When they set foot inside.
A church where men return the love
Of Him Who fills with grace
The hearts of those who help sustain
The shepherd's meeting place.

There is nothing in all this world that brings a family closer together than a shared sorrow, and that is something the Driftmier family has had of late. There is a sentence from a prayer I frequently use at funerals which goes

like this: "We praise Thee for Thy good gift of life; for its wonder and mystery, its friendships and fellowships. We thank Thee for the ties that bind us one to another." The sudden death of our Russell Verness seemed to make even stronger, the ties that have bound our large family together. Just as soon as I finished my Sunday services here at the church, I flew out to Shenandoah to be with the family.

I found in Lucile something of the tremendous courage and stoicism we have known in our mother. In a time of great heart-breaking sorrow both of these wonderful people have shown the rest of us how to go on living. I returned from the West proud to be of the same heritage as are they.

Because of the publication schedule of *Kitchen-Klatter*, I did not have the opportunity to tell you about the beautiful memorial service we had in our church for our former president, John F. Kennedy. At the front of the church we had a magnificent oil painting of Mr. Kennedy that is to be presented to the Kennedy family by our local Congressman. The artist had completed the painting only a few hours before the assassination, and he personally brought it to our church. At one point in the service the congregation stood in silence while the choir sang that stirring hymn: "Once to Every Man and Nation". During the singing of that hymn, 175 small children proceeded down the center aisle, each bearing a white carnation which was laid at the foot of the painting. It was one of the most moving services of its kind I ever have witnessed.

During that sad weekend, I had to preach three memorial sermons for the late president. One of them was given over the radio, and we received hundreds of requests for copies. I pray to God that it never again will be necessary for me to preach a memorial sermon for an assassinated president!

When this letter reaches you, we shall be well into our new year of 1964. How many of those New Year's resolutions have you kept thus far? One I have kept; I am controlling my temper. This is the year when I promise to never lose my temper no matter how bad things may be. Over the years I have learned that there is nothing more destructive of my mental health, than a bad temper. When I speak harshly and loudly about anything, it takes a lot out of me. Actually, I seldom do show any outward signs of anger, but this year I am going to show none.

Wish me luck!

Sincerely,
Frederick



STILL "NO ROOM"?

A Program for Brotherhood Month

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting

Several suggestions are offered here for a setting to establish "a mood", or backdrop, for this service. From them select the one which can best be adapted to your meeting place, and the one for which you are best able to find the "props".

a. Place a door frame, with a closed door, in the center of the stage as the backdrop for the altar. The door, with a large sign on it reading "NO ADMITTANCE", serves as a stark reminder of the need to open our hearts and minds to brotherhood.

b. Fill the stage with large signs reading, "No Vacancies", "Keep Out", "No Admittance", "White Only", "Keep American Dollars at Home", etc. Some can be hung behind the altar table.

c. Use a child's toy construction set to build a small house, completely surrounded by a miniature picket fence. On all sides of the fenced area place signs reading, "Keep Out". Place a world globe *outside* the fence, or arrange small pipe-cleaner figures so that they seem to "peer" through the fence, longing to be on the inside.

d. Immediately preceding the opening poem, arrange to have slides (or movies) flashed upon a large screen of scenes showing needs around the world — hunger in Shanghai, orphans in Korea, or race riots, to mention a few. Let the background music be, "In Christ There Is No East or West". On the altar below the screen might be an arrangement of "clasped hands around the world" made by filling a white, a black, and a yellow glove with some material such as sawdust, and then placing them to form a "clasped hands" effect upon a blue cloth. Someone might sketch a large poster of the different colored hands outstretched in supplication.

LEADER: (Soft music of "In Christ There Is No North or South".)

"How shall we love Thee, Holy hidden Being,

If we love not the world which Thou has made?

O give us brother-love for seeing Thy word made flesh, and in a man-ger laid:

Thy kingdom come, O Lord, Thy will be done."

SONG: "In Christ There Is No East or West".

LEADER: Let us hear, then, what the scriptures have to say to us about the brotherhood of man. (As the scriptures are read, by two persons reading responsively, the leader places the letters to spell "b-r-o-t-h-e-r-h-o-o-d" upon the altar.)

Scriptures

"B" *Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity . . . Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.*

"R" *Remember ye the words which were spoken before the apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ . . . be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another.*

"O" *Owe no man anything, but to love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law . . . overcome evil with good . . . O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!*

"T" *Though I bestow all my goods and feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing . . . This is My commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you.*

"H" *He that is greatest among you shall be servant. And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted . . . Honour all men; love the brotherhood . . . God hath made of one blood all nations for to dwell on all the face of the earth.*

"E" *Everyone who heareth these things of Mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto the foolish man who built his house upon the sand . . . If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us.*

"R" *Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth . . . Let us not be desirous of vain glory, provoking one another, envying one another.*

"H" *Have we not all one Father; hath not one God created us? . . . He that hateth his brother is in darkness . . . If a man sayeth he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he has seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?*

"O" *One law shall be to him that is home-born, and unto the stranger that sojourneth with you.*

"O" *O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise . . . Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work.*

"D" *Depart from evil and do good; seek peace and pursue it . . . But who hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?*

PRAYER POEM READING: (Soft music of "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind".)

"Father of men, in whom are one All mankind beneath Thy sun,
'Stablish our work in Thee begun.
Except the house be built in Thee,
In vain the builder's toil must be:
O strengthen our infirmity!
Man lives not by himself alone,
In others' good he finds his own;
Life's worth in fellowship is known.
We, friends and comrades on life's way,

Gather within these walls to pray.
Bless Thou our fellowship today.
O Christ, our Elder Brother, Who
By serving man, God's will didst do,
Help us to serve our brethren, too.
Be with us, Lord, our Friend, our Stay;

Lead onward to the perfect way."
Amen.

MEDITATION: Today we consider the brotherhood of all men under the Fatherhood of God.

One of the most important teachings of Christianity is the idea that every human being has certain rights because he is a man. We know how far short even the church falls of this ideal, but, nevertheless, it remains an ideal for which we must constantly strive.

Here in America we have seen women given political and property rights, and slavery abolished. We are working on fair employment practices; we are tackling the problem of migrant workers; we strive toward free educa-

(Continued on page 21)

MARGERY THINKS THIS IS A GOOD "CATCH-UP" MONTH

Dear Friends:

These long winter months just seem to be made for "catching up". Many of you make the most of them by spending long hours at the sewing machine or in other various pursuits. With me, no sooner do the Christmas decorations come down and I'm compelled to think of new furniture arrangements, pick up a few yards of material for a new pair of curtains *somewhere*, or perhaps make covers for a pillow or two — just anything to make a few changes at the turn of the calendar! Yes, and catching up on things that fell behind during the lovely fall days and the preparation for Christmas.

This is the time of year when I get out all the snapshots that have accumulated over the past several months and put them safely in my photograph albums. I try never to be too far behind in this, as pictures and negatives are easily lost when not taken care of properly. When one waits too long it is often difficult to remember the time and place, especially with vacation pictures, but there can just as easily be slip-ups with snaps of members of the family if the background doesn't supply clues.

Perhaps you can guess that I have a consuming interest in pictures. We grew up in a home where cameras were always ready for action, and Mother and Dad were always careful about preserving snapshots. What fun it was to look through the old photograph albums that contained pictures of us when we were little children, and what fun it is *now* to look through them and compare likenesses with our own children. I've visited in homes where snapshots were tossed into a box with no order whatsoever, and no identification of the subjects. This seems so sad to me, and I think that this is probably another reason why I'm so determined to keep our own pictures in an organized manner.

When the last Christmas decoration came down, I called Oliver into the living room to help me decide on new furniture placements. For one thing, we'd just added new electrical outlets which gave us more leeway with lamps, etc. This may sound strange to you that we put in some new outlets *after* our redecorating, but my gift from Oliver was a garbage disposer unit, and when the electrician came to hook it up, we decided to add some new wiring in the kitchen and one thing led to another. You know the old saying "As long as you're here — —". We've been shuf-



Mother (Leanna Driftmier) and Aunt Jessie Shambaugh opened some of their Christmas packages at the Strom's. Margery gave her mother several new items for kitchen use.

fling things around, but I don't know that we've as yet arrived at the *final* arrangement.

I've moved into a larger office at the plant and have been trying to make some headway with clearing out my home office. There are some large file cases and three desks to go through, mostly to rearrange and consolidate materials, and I'm hoping that one or two pieces can be removed completely, allowing enough space in the room so that a bed can be set up. There have been times when a downstairs bedroom would have come in mighty handy. Our home is a large old-fashioned one, built about the turn of the century, so we have plenty of space for living if we use the space properly! It is the problem of storage that we haven't tackled in the right direction. Since we don't have a full, easily accessible attic, my office room, with its desks and file cases, catches a lot of the odds and ends. Since the three of us tend to squirrel everything away, we're going to have to change a few of our habits. If this sounds like a New Year's resolution, it is!

The Senior Group of young people from the church went to Viking Lake at nearby Stanton, Iowa, for a winter retreat recently. They loaded all of the winter sports equipment, bedding, food, etc. into a large truck and were off for a happy time. They located an excellent toboggan run which seemed to be the most popular of the activities, although the lake was in fine condition for ice skating. The girls assisted the minister's wife with the cooking and the boys were on the clean-up detail. Everyone was on one committee or another. Martin was on the entertainment committee and helped round up sleds for everyone as well as games for the evening fun. The lodge they

used belongs to the Methodist church and is rented out to other groups. The young people had such a wonderful time that they hope to plan a similar activity next winter.

Four new records were added to our collection this Christmas. One that we like particularly is "None but the Lonely Heart" with Isaac Stern playing great violin favorites including *Hungarian Dance No. 5, The Flight of the Bumblebee, Greensleeves, Humoresque, Clair De Lune, Ave Maria*, the title song and many others. It is a Columbia recording with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Milton Katims. This actually is Martin's record. When he mentioned before Christmas that he wanted a violin record, I consulted Ralph and Muriel Childs, and they recommended this one for it contains selections that are familiar to the average listener.

We've also added some new books to our home library. The one given to me was "Great American Mansions and their Stories" by Merrill Folsom, published by Hastings House. We've all found it a fascinating book, and as soon as we finish reading it, Mother and Aunt Jessie want to borrow it for a while. Many of the mansions are now maintained as museums, some charging admission prices and others open to the public with no charge. One thing I know for sure — we'll carry this book along with us if we ever head in the direction where one is located, for in past years I've been within close proximity of several of them without knowing of their existence. I wouldn't want to miss such an opportunity again.

I've prolonged mentioning the sorrow that has come to our family with the death of Lucile's husband, Russell, for it is impossible to write down what this loss means to me. He was taken so suddenly that it is difficult to believe it yet. Shortly before he passed away he arrived unexpectedly one morning with a dozen of the most beautiful carnations I've ever seen. "Why, Russell! Why did you bring these?" I asked. His answer was so typical of him. "You've just moved back into your redecorated house, and knowing what a joy this is to you, I wanted to add to your joy." He took such pleasure in adding to the happiness of others in the most delightful ways. But, dear friends, I'm unable to write more.

Sincerely,

Margery

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter.



Circus City

by
Esther Sigbee

"Sunburst" wheels of red and yellow and blue on gaily painted show wagons! A beautiful lady dressed in a green-sequined costume and black stockings prancing around the center ring as her partner balances precariously above her! The "ba-ba-ba-boom" of drums, and music so exhilarating you feel like kicking up your heels and leading the band yourself! A ringmaster who shouts, "Ladies and Gentlemen!" All this, and much more, is the circus.

Here in Sarasota, Florida, the circus has long been a part of everyday life. One of the main tourist attractions, the winter quarters of the Ringling Bros., Barnum and Bailey Circus moved to Venice, 24 miles south of here, in 1956. There the performers gather in late November, and work out their new acts until mid-January, when the show "hits the road". Rehearsals are open to the public. But although the "Greatest Show on Earth" no longer quarters here, this Gulfcoast Florida community remains very much a circus city.

The history of the circus is portrayed in the Sarasota museum, the Circus Hall of Fame. Included in the exhibits are treasures of the circus world, such as billboards, wagons, costumes, and personal effects of famed performers. Circus acts of the present day give performances three times daily, and there is a gallery of side show attractions.

Several smaller circuses still make Sarasota their headquarters; retired performers live here and many circus people call this their home when the shows are not on the road.

It is not unusual, while driving in the residential sections, to see trapeze riggings in backyards with circus folk working out on them, and menagerie cages are seen on otherwise vacant lots.

Recently, a 4,000 pound elephant, Sabu, created quite a stir by pulling up her stake at winter quarters of the United Nations circus and going out

on the town. She kept law enforcement officers and her owners hunting for her, but she was captured the next day in a cow pasture. Currently Sabu is in double chains because of her jaunt.

Sabu is no ordinary elephant — she's a former movie star, who performed in the "Greatest Show on Earth". She was purchased three years ago by the United Nations Circus from the Ringling show, and is valued at between \$8,000 and \$9,000.

"Little People", who belong to the most exclusive society in the world, because they are midgets, are frequently seen in stores, at beaches, and on the street. It is a bit of a shock to see a tiny man at a super-market, with his head barely clearing the check-out counter, nevertheless, smoking a big black cigar!

One such midget, a former well-known side show attraction, drives about town in his car. For his vehicle he has chosen, not a small compact in keeping with his size, but just about the biggest limousine available.

On the other end of the size scale there are our friends, the Fischers, who own and operate a motel here. They are known as the "World's Tallest Married Couple", and, before retiring, they spent 30 years in show business all over the world. The last ten years was with Ringling Bros.

The Fischers are extremely publicity shy, in spite of being in the public eye for so long. They asked that if I wrote about them I should please not call them "giants". Giants, the Fischers say, are freaks. Something wrong with their glands makes them grow that way. They, themselves, are perfectly healthy, handsome, and well-proportioned. They won't tell their exact height, but I noticed that either of the couple certainly fills up a doorway!

Even the youngsters get a chance to perform in the circus here with the Sailor Circus — "The Greatest Little Show on Earth". About 120 grade and high school students from 6 to 18 years old present a two-hour, three-ring circus three week-ends each March. The youngsters practice the year around on tumbling, trampoline work, and then graduate to the trapeze, and finally to the flying acts. Many of them also practice hard at being clowns.

One of the most famed graduates of the Sailor Circus is Vicki Unis, who as "La Toria" stars as an aerialist. She has appeared on many TV shows, and her father is a famed equilibrist.

The old Ringling Hotel stands as a silent landmark of the days when various circus acts auditioned there. All but one of its many rooms and apartments are vacant now. Although the hotel is located on top-priced waterfront lots, it cannot be torn down.

THE FEEL OF THE KITCHEN

by
Evelyn P. Johnson

My ten-year-old Fran took a sudden notion one Saturday afternoon that she wanted to bake cookies. I wasn't feeling very well and so tried to dissuade her (not wanting to refuse bluntly). I suggested that we buy some cookies. In the work I do, I seldom take time for baking, but "store-bought" cookies do lose their appeal. I'm not a good cook, therefore my interest isn't what it should be, and this time I almost lost patience. Suddenly it dawned on me that my daughter wasn't going to learn to cook overnight, and someday she, too, might lose interest.

Pushing aside my physical feelings, I donned an apron and handed one to Fran. While I got out the necessary pans and spoons, she set out flavoring, eggs, sugar and food coloring.

She read the recipe and helped measure part of the ingredients, then watched as I rolled the dough. After watching me cut out the cookies for a bit, she rolled some dough and cut them to suit her fancy.

Fran was underfoot every minute, asking questions about cooking and recipes, peeking into the oven, and helping frost cookies. When we had finished, I found myself pinching cookies along with her, and we sat down for a snack of milk and warm cookies.

I was tired after we had washed up the dishes, but it was a pleasant tiredness. My daughter had gotten the feel of the kitchen and I had gained from the companionship with her. We must bake again soon!

!!!

Middle age has caught up with me,
And I can't decide
If it's the age or the middle
I'd like most to hide.

—Fay Blodgett Shores

According to a story, and I don't know whether it is fact or legend, the Ringling family had a favorite baseball player, and in a will the player was given life-time occupancy of an apartment in the hotel. It was sewed up so tightly, legally, that the agreement can't be broken, and the player lives on there in solitary splendor.

The circus, always a thing of magic for all youngsters from eight to eighty, is changing. Gone, for the most part, is the Big Top, for many shows play indoors, and the circus trains have mostly given way to trucks. But it still has its charm for me, and it is fascinating to have some back-stage glimpses.

MARY BETH HAS LINED UP SOME INTERESTING PROJECTS

Dear Friends:

I've pulled a chair over into the sunshine that is streaming in the south windows. Now I understand why dogs and cats will follow a streak of sunshine across a room in an effort to enjoy it's warmth. I washed my hair early this morning and since my old-fashioned hair dryer is the hold-in-the-hand type and I need my two hands for typing, I hope the sunshine will do the job for me. I am truly amazed at the warmth of the sun coming in the window. It is a bitterly cold day, temperature-wise, and the snow is not budging an inch under the same sun which I'm enjoying.

A vast number of events have occurred since I last wrote to you. Our family, like those in Shenandoah, were saddened by the loss of our brother-in-law, Russell. It seems too difficult to express one's feelings via letter in a situation like this. Donald was at home when the word reached us and took the first flight out of Milwaukee to fly to Shenandoah to be with Lucile.

Our Christmas plans were altered by the unexpected hospitalization of my mother. She had driven to Columbus, Ohio, to attend the Golden Anniversary party of my late father's remaining sister and her husband, Sadie and Louis Freytag. It was a snowy wintry day and Mother slipped in the Lutheran Church and fell with the result that she spent the remainder of the week in Mt. Carmel Hospital with a broken arm. She flew back to Anderson and within two days of her arrival was back in the hospital with a light case of pneumonia. After this, she went to my sister Marjorie's home and stayed there until she regained her strength. We're hoping she'll be up to see us as soon as possible. We didn't try to get back to Anderson for any part of the holidays because of the weather. Don had no more vacation days coming and I would have been faced with the drive by myself. I'm not ashamed to admit that winter driving is not my idea of an enjoyable winter sport.

While the children were home during the holiday vacation we all enjoyed the break from our routines. I think Katharine and Paul appreciated their free hours more than ever before. Just prior to their vacation time they had semester examinations in all of their subjects with the result that there were no homework assignments made. We made good use of the free time by frequenting the Whitnal Park ice pond



Some months ago, you'll recall, Katharine Driftmier became the proud owner of a canopy bed. Her parents, Donald and Mary Beth, wrote that for quite some time there was a regular procession of little overnight guests, for all of Katharine's little friends had to "have a turn" sleeping in it.

(after a visit to the skate exchange to buy larger skates for the whole gang). We have yet to invest in skis even though Whitnal Park has some skiing facilities.

Don was reminiscing over the good old days the other evening when his family rented a horse and cutter, complete with sleigh bells, for an entire evening for \$2.00. (He *thinks* he has his facts straight!) I could almost feel the warmth of the big fur blankets that they put across their laps. It set me to thinking that I had positively missed a marvelous part of growing up by not having the thrill of such an experience. So . . . I leafed through the yellow pages of the phone book and under "Riding Academies" I located a horse, (with bells, I hoped) a sleigh, and a date to rent all of these but *not* for \$2.00 an evening. I figured we could only afford an hour and a half at most, what with the inflated cost of such entertainment. Donald insists that in even less time the children will have hollered "uncle" from the bite of the cold wind. But unlike the "good old days", this ride will differ from the ones he took with his folks many years ago in many respects. Now they send a driver (I guess the modern city-bred family isn't too experienced in driving a horse), and you are completely insured against accident while in the sleigh. Somehow this takes a little of the nostalgia away from the plan, but then I cannot blame the owners for protecting their horses or *themselves* from a lawsuit in case of an accident. The date hasn't arrived yet but I'll let

you know how it turns out and how long it takes the children to succumb to the cold!

I have a friend who has purchased a beautiful 90-year-old house, complete with gingerbread around the door and forehead-smacking low doorways leading to the various bedrooms. This house has more perfectly delightful charm than any of these split-level or ranch-style houses can ever come close to equalling. She bought this house for a small enough sum that she was able to modernize the kitchen and their plans now include a bathroom in the upstairs. I wish I could describe the gently curving staircase and the rich hand-polished original banister. These houses were truly built for living in, too, because the rooms are enormous.

I want to tell you about my newest, and I consider the most challenging, project I've ever undertaken. The end of December saw the change of officer-ship for the children's one semi-social organization, the Children of the American Revolution, and I was asked to serve as adult President of this group. My children's chapter, named the Pottowatomie Society after the Pottowatomie Indians from Wisconsin, is sponsored by the Milwaukee Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution of which I am an active member. After careful consideration of the element of time involved, I decided it would be very interesting to assist the children in the organization.

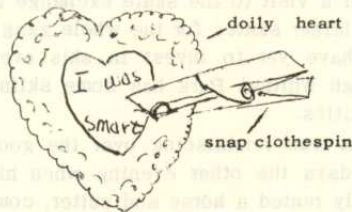
I've lined up two wonderfully talented
(Continued on page 22)



cards would also make clever place favors, or, with wording changed, be equally appropriate for party invitations - - - and such fun to make!

1. Cut two fat hearts from a piece of folded red paper, leaving them joined at the top. On the outside heart print this verse in white ink: "It's only a paper heart, Cut from my heart for you - But if you wear it on your lapel, I'll know you're my Valentine true." (For a girl write "wear it over your heart".) On the inside heart staple a tiny cellophane envelope in which is enclosed a tiny red paper heart.

2. Cut a double red heart (joined at the top) of a size to fit the inside circle of a lace paper doily heart. Glue heart to doily. On the front of the heart write "I was smart", and glue on a cupid seal. On the inside heart write "when I snapped you up as my Valentine". On a regular "snap" style clothespin, print "You're Mine!", and snap the pin to the Valentine so that it also snaps the top heart to the other.



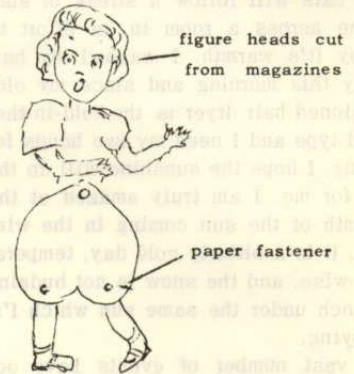
"Snappy" Valentine

3. Cut a large white heart and a red one about half the size. Fold the red heart in half and glue to the left side of white heart, leaving the top fold of the red heart to open up like the page of a book. On the right side of the white heart, print, "There is nothing half-hearted about this - - -". On the inside of the half heart (after it is opened) print "I love you with my whole heart". Tie the half heart shut with a bow of red ribbon or yarn.

4. On a decorated red heart print "My heart belongs to you". Slip this inside a tiny plastic, or cellophane, bag and tie with a ribbon bow to which is attached a tag reading, "It's in the bag for you."

Heart Cuties are easy to make as favors or decorations, or make up "His and Her" pairs for a shower. From catalogues and magazines cut pictures of heads and shoulders of men and women. Cut hearts from red, or white, construction paper, foil papers, lace paper doilies, etc. Use a heart for the skirt for the lady figure and as trousers for the man. First glue the cut-out head to a body and legs cut from heavy cream-colored construction paper. Then fasten on the heart. I like to use small

paper fasteners, one at the point of the heart which is fastened to "waist" of doll, and one on each leg at the "knee", to the bottom of the heart. Thus legs and arms part can be turned into many humorous postures. Cut shoes from catalogues and glue to the feet.



Heart Cuties

Guests will enjoy stepping up to your door to be greeted with a *Valentine cookie swag*! Attach heart cookies to streamers of a large ribbon, or red plastic, bow hung on the front door just before the party. For a door swag to hang on the door for the Valentine season use heart-shaped cookie cutters and gelatin molds instead of the cookies.

ENTERTAINMENT:

Heart Beat: Divide your guests into two or more teams. See which team can write the most terms of endearment in five minutes. If the same word is used by more than one team, it is struck off the list. Every word counts one point, and the one with the most points wins.

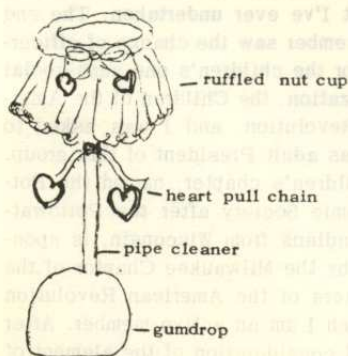
Cupid of 1975: Again divide guests into teams. Provide each team with old newspapers, scraps of lace, cellophane tape, pins, red crepe paper, and scissors. Allow ten minutes for each team to dress one of their members as they think the "Cupid of 1975" will look. Can't you imagine the "space age", or astronaut cupids that will appear?

Broken Heart: Fasten several red balloons to a wall, and allow each guest five chances to throw tiny darts at them. The person who breaks the most gets a dozen kisses (candy kisses, of course!)

Valentine Hit Parade: Divide into couples for this. When the hostess calls a Valentine word, such as "Darling", "Sweetheart", etc., the couples are allowed three minutes to make the longest list of song titles they can containing the given word. The couple with the longest correct list wins. You can use several words before the guests tire of the game.

February is a made-to-order month for entertaining, sprinkled as it is with red letter days. If you enjoy frills and furbelows, a heart tuned to romance, or have a spring bride-to-be among your circle of friends, then the Valentine season provides the perfect theme for your party. Even if you aren't having a special party, use some of these ideas to surprise the family with some pretty "extras" this month.

"Light-o'-my-life" favor: You will need a fluted nut cup for the lamp shade, a pipe cleaner for the stand, and a large gumdrop for the base. Turn the nut cup upside down and attach to the pipe cleaner stand by making a slit in the bottom, so that the cleaner can be slipped through and then bent. For the lamp shade, gather a narrow strip of crepe paper, in the chosen color, and place around the nut cup, fastening the gathering string in a knot. Tie a narrow ribbon around the top to cover the gathering string; tie a length of the ribbon around the pipe cleaner for the pull cords; and glue a small red paper heart to the end of each "cord". At a shower the initials of the bridal couple might be printed on the hearts. The pipe cleaner stand is inserted in the large gumdrop to make the lamp stand upright.



Light-o'-my-Life Favor

Valentines for Favors, for Invitations, or for Decorations: You will see that the ideas given here as Valentine

Valentines

by

Mildred Dooley Cathcart

It has been said that more money is spent on *valentine* greetings in the United States than for any other kind except *Christmas* cards.

The first valentine, according to records, is in a British museum, and was written by Charles, a Duke of Orleans. He is supposed to have been captured in a battle and put into prison. While there he passed the time by writing valentine poems.

His idea proved popular among the gentry, and soon young men were penning romantic lines to the ladies whom they admired. Apparently the fairer sex liked the idea, so the men began writing their verses on heart-shaped designs cut in lacy effects. Although there were many designs used, the heart-shaped one seemed most acceptable, especially if pierced by an arrow.

Perhaps many of the young men were non-poetic and were unable to express their sentiments. At any rate, a publication called the "Young Man's Valentine Writer" appeared on the market in 1779. No matter what trade a man might follow, he could find a suitable verse to send to his lady-love.

This is a sample of a verse a cobbler might choose:

"A piece of charming kid you are,
As e'er mine eyes did see.
No calfskin smooth that e'er I saw
Can be compared with thee.

You are my all, do not refuse
To let us tack together,
But let us join, My Valentine,
Like shoe and upper leather."

Perhaps, if you are the more romantic type, you would prefer being wooed by the butcher, who would select this gem:

"My nice little lamb,
Your lover I am;
I've got money and a good trade,
My shop it is neat,
My house is complete;
All ready for you, my sweet maid.

On dainties so fine
Each day we will dine,
And act as you please, your will
shall be mine;
So hope you'll say ay,
And bless with your heart your true
Valentine."

Although Queen Victoria was supposedly a collector of valentines, for



LINCOLN

AND

WASHINGTON



February calls to mind the birthdates of two Americans: George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

Need any more be said or written other than they were and are great Americans? Still, their words on various subjects are interesting to modern-day Americans . . .

On Democracy

"As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy."

"I never say anything of a man that I have the smallest scruple of saying to him."

On Victory

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

"My brave fellows, let no sensation of satisfaction for the triumphs you have gained induce you to insult your fallen enemy. Let no shouting, no clamorous huzzaing increase their mortification. It is sufficient for us that we witness their humiliation. Posterity will huzza for us."

On Faith

"I can see how it might be possible for a man to look down upon the earth and be an atheist. But I cannot conceive how a man could look up into heaven and say there is no God."

"The propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which Heaven itself has ordained."

On Personal Worth

"Die when we may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower, when I thought a flower would grow."

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, conscience."

On Patriotism

"I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives; and so live that the place will be proud of him."

"The name American must always exalt the just pride of patriotism."

the most part exchanging valentines is not too popular in England today.

The enormous valentine greeting industry in America was prompted by Miss Esther Howland. In about 1849 Miss Howland found in her father's store a valentine brought from England. She made a copy, and soon she and her brother had many orders for these greetings. The business continued to

grow, and it is estimated that she sent out over \$100,000 worth of cards annually, and employed many of her girl friends to help.

This business that Miss Howland introduced has continued to grow until now all of us enjoy sending and receiving these lovely little greetings on St. Valentine's Day.

A LETTER FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

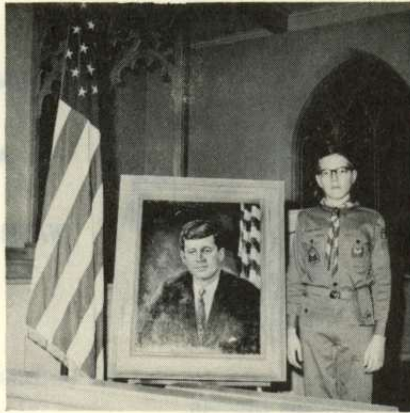
It is snowing tonight, and a cold north wind is howling around the house. Frank was mighty glad when his chores were finished and he could call it a day. This is the kind of weather when homemade vegetable soup with lots of good beef tastes so good. I had a big kettle of it steaming on the stove when Frank came in and it really "hit the spot".

Frank has been working in the timber, trimming up some trees he cut down this summer along the field where they made too much shade for the corn. This is a job he enjoys doing in the winter, and we need lots of wood for our two stoves. He brought in a big load this afternoon and stacked it on the back porch where it will be dry and easily accessible this cold night.

Frank likes to tease me about being such a poor fireman. I get busy at some job and completely forget to look at the fires until they are so near out I have to put cobs in to get them started again. I attribute this negligence to the fact that I never had to take care of the furnace at home since I had four brothers and this was their job. Consequently, I just don't think about it until I begin to feel chilly.

I recently spent a couple of days in Kansas City with Frank's sister Ruth. His sister Edna and I drove down one day and back the next. We were very interested in Ruth's latest hobby, ceramics. She has a real workshop set up in their recreation room in the basement, and what beautiful things she has made. Ruth's husband, Frank, had bought her a big kiln so she could fire her own pieces, and before Christmas they spent practically all their evenings making lovely gifts for members of the family and friends. I had never seen ceramics in the making, and was happy Ruth had articles in every stage of development — some still in the molds, some that had been fired and were ready for the glaze, others which had been glazed and were ready to go into the kiln for the second time, and a large array of completed items.

We were happy to have as our week-end guests recently our very dear friends, Clarence and Sylvia Meyer of Aplington, Iowa. Our friendship with Clarence dates back to the time we lived in Hollywood twenty-one years ago. He was living with relatives in the same apartment house where we lived, and he and Frank rode back and forth to work at the Lockheed Aircraft



David Driftmier stands beside the portrait of President Kennedy which was used in the memorial service held in his father's church on the Sunday following the President's death.

plant together. I think Clarence ate every Sunday dinner with us, and we share many happy memories. We try to get together at least once a year, and what fun we have reminiscing.

I'm sure that every person who has a much-loved dog is convinced that *his dog* is smarter than *any other dog*. Frank and one of our good neighbors have a lot of fun talking about their dogs. Roy has a little black dog named Susie, and he claims she is a much better hunter than our own Tinker Johnson. Now this was something that was going to have to be proven to Frank, so they decided to take Susie and Tinker coon hunting one night. Since neither dog had ever been coon hunting, it was to be a true test. Susie treed a possum and Tinker didn't get a thing. Susie is just about half as big as Tinker (and Tinker is a small dog) so you can imagine how much fun Roy had teasing Frank. Frank's defense was that he had told Tinker to hunt *a coon* and he just couldn't be bothered with a *little old possum*. They arranged to go again the next Saturday night and he insisted that Tinker would get the first coon. It turned bitterly cold by Saturday and Roy didn't want to go, but Frank and Tinker went anyway. Sure enough, Tinker got his coon!

Roy called the next day to see if they went hunting and if they had any luck. We proudly told him how good Tinker was, that the pelt was on the stretch board in the fur shed and we would be very happy to show it to him whenever he could come over. Roy had an answer for that one! He said that before he takes Susie hunting he shows her the size board he is going to put the pelt on and she just finds something to fit it; that was why she got a possum instead of a coon that night. He continued: "Once I showed her the

ironing board and she almost killed herself trying to find something to fit it!" I have a lot of laughs listening to these hunters and trappers telling their tall tales.

The trapping is over unless we have an early thaw before the season closes. Frank had pretty good luck this year, and has quite a collection of pelts hanging in the shed. When my brother Howard was spending a lot of time in his furniture workshop we nicknamed the shop "Grand Rapids", and when Frank was spending every evening cleaning and stretching his furs, he would say if I needed him he would be in "St. Louis".

It was just a year ago that we acquired the rock road which ended at our front gate. Since our house sits back quite a ways from the road and our driveway was going to require several loads of rock, we decided that our gifts to each other on such occasions as birthdays, wedding anniversaries, and so forth would be a load of rock. This may sound funny, but we believe in practical and useful gifts and we couldn't think of anything we would receive more good out of and enjoy more than having a good road all the way to the back door. Now it is almost completed.

All spring, summer and fall our cows drink water out of the bayou, and have one certain place where they always go to drink. After the bayou freezes over Frank keeps a tank heater going in the big tank so they'll have nice warm water to drink. I never cease to be amazed and surprised at how livestock, especially cows, refuse to break their habits! We have a few cows which, in sub-zero weather, will pass by this nice warm water in the tank, go down to their spot at the bayou, and bawl until Frank goes down and chops a hole in the ice so they can drink. I'm happy to report, however, that at long last they will eat together out of the same feed bunks. Frank thought for a while that he was going to have to take the time to build another feed bunk for a few timid ones that refused to associate with the others.

Kristin writes that she and Art are both keeping busy. Washing and ironing for two requires a lot more time than it used to for one. They have been enjoying the college basketball games, attending all of the "home games".

Frank has just called in and suggested that some popcorn would taste mighty good on this cold winter night. I agreed, so I'm going to stop and do something about it. Sincerely,

Dorothy

WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?

by
Evelyn Birkby

One of the advantages of being slightly under the weather is having an excuse to sit down and read — for me, a luxury. I have had a touch of the flu, or virus, or *whatever* it is that is going around this year. It hasn't been severe enough to put me in bed, but it has certainly slowed me down considerably. Picking up a good book has helped to pass the time and has kept me from regretting all the other things which I should be up and doing.

My companion for the last few days has been "Dr. Ida" (written by Dorothy Clarke Wilson). I had read this book before, several years ago, when the story was first printed. But she is just the right kind of companion for one who has my ailment, so I reached up on the shelves and brought her out to visit with me again. Her enthusiasm and dedication and energy seem overwhelming. After reading about the horrible diseases and the great suffering brought about by ignorance and superstition in the area in India where Dr. Scudder worked for so many years, my problems and slight physical disorders seem small indeed. I have two definite reactions to the book: 1. how thankful I am to live in a country where belief in a loving Heavenly Father, education and modern medicine are practiced; 2. how selfish we are in many respects in sharing the knowledge of number 1.

This book should be required reading for everyone, for it shows, in the life of this wonderful woman, just how much can be accomplished through the power of love. If anyone talks against mission-giving in your church, just set him in the corner until he finishes reading this story of one woman, who, with God's leadership, overcame many of the conditions which produce illness and suffering. When she ran into a situation which was intolerable, she would say to herself, "This cannot go on. Many people tell me nothing can be done. They tell me no one can change or overcome this problem. But we *must*, we *will* do something!" And she would throw her mind and her energy into working against the evil until progress was made — even against the superstitions which had been entrenched in India for thousands of years.

In many places in the world today the problems of superstition and ignorance and selfishness still cause great human suffering. Great is the respon-



Evelyn Birkby takes a January walk in Waubonsie State Park near her home in Sidney, Iowa.

sibility each one of us has to alleviate that suffering. A man like Tom Dooley, a woman like Ida Scudder, gave everything they had to see pain, poverty and ignorance lessened.

I can hear someone say, "Yes, but our country has done more than any other country. Individuals here have done more than any other individuals." But it is not enough! Not when compared to the amount of money and energy we spend in the areas of *destruction*! I have the feeling that only as we turn the same amount of money to the purposes of solving the problems of ignorance, superstition and poverty in the world can we consider ourselves a Christian nation.

Why don't we *try* to win the race for brotherhood? Why don't we stop worrying so much about who has the biggest rockets or satellites or bombs and see who can give the most love and compassion? Naturally, waging peace isn't nearly as spectacular. It is not as exciting as a great rocket roaring off into the sky; it is quietly teaching a child in a far-off jungle schoolroom to read. It is not nearly as startling as hearing a recorded voice beamed back to earth from the far reaches of the stratosphere or the banging into the moon; it is the still voice of a surgeon in a primitive operating room, calming fears and removing diseased tissues. It is not the shouting clamor of mobs yelling, "Destroy! Kill! Disrupt! Crush!"; it is the voices of dedicated men and women in prayer asking for strength and guidance in the face of such mobs.

Waging peace means that you and I must study and share and help and

add our bit of love and understanding to the needs of the world. St. Paul said it first, and Albert Schweitzer has restated it many times in this way: "Everyone should exert himself in *that state in life* in which he is placed to practice true humanity toward his fellowman. On that depends the future of mankind."

Helen Keller, who could have let life flow by and insisted that she could do nothing with her sightless eyes and soundless ears, has become an inspiration to countless numbers through her dedication to others. She tells us not to surrender to misfortune, or circumstances, or handicaps, or faults. She encourages us to look into ourselves fearlessly and search out new ideas, find ways to develop them, and will power to do them. Then, she says, "God will give you enough light and love for every need."

This is Brotherhood Month. As we look at the world around us, brotherly love is certainly the one quality needed more than any other. Let us throw our energies, our talents, our money, our love, and our Christian compassion — in whatever state we find ourselves — on the side of people like Albert Schweitzer, Tom Dooley and Ida Scudder, and on the side of God.

This short poem would be an excellent one to copy, or memorize, and use to help us look at ourselves with clearer eyes.

CHALLENGE

How shall we teach
A child to reach
Beyond himself and touch
The stars,
We, who have stooped so much?

How shall we say to him,
"The way of life
Is through the gate of love."

We, who have learned to hate!

— Author unknown

GOD'S GIFTS

I love to HEAR a bubbling wren
Twittering and singing, it's then I
know 'tis Spring!

I love to SEE a summer sky
With powder-puff clouds, floating by.

I love to SMELL the pungent air
When Autumn has given us a day so
rare.

I love to FEEL winter's wind so bleak
As feathery snowflakes caress my
cheek.

To HEAR, to SEE, to SMELL, to
FEEL,

These, the gifts of God's love, so
real.
—Helene B. Dillon

**JUST REAL GOOD DRESSING**

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. seasoned salt
- 1/2 of medium-sized onion
- 1 cup salad oil
- 1/4 cup vinegar

Combine sugar, paprika, mustard and seasoned salt and blend until well mixed. Stir finely grated onion into dry ingredients and mix until sugar is pretty well dissolved. At slow speed begin adding salad oil, then a portion of the vinegar, and continue until all oil has been added, but be sure to finish with the vinegar. Beat at higher speed until it has reached the degree of thickness that you want.

This is wonderful for a green salad. We were given a jar as a gift from a friend here in town and I couldn't wait to get to the phone and ask her for the recipe. Even though there are many good commercial dressings available, this kind of a homemade dressing is a real treat.

EILEEN'S LEMON PUDDING SALAD

- 1 can lemon pie filling
- 1 pkg. dessert topping mix
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 can fruit cocktail, drained
- Other fruits, if desired

Prepare the dessert topping mix according to directions. Combine with the lemon pie filling and the lemon flavoring. Drain the fruit cocktail very well and fold into the mixture. (Sliced bananas, well drained pineapple and marshmallows may be added if desired.) Chill well and serve in lettuce cups. This is a sweet combination and could be served as a dessert just as nicely as a salad. If you substitute the packaged lemon pie filling with one which you prepare yourself, be very sure it is extremely thick as you need a thick consistency to give the mixture "body".

(Pineapple pie filling with crushed pineapple and Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring could also be used as the basis for a similar salad.)

DIFFERENT APPLE CAKE

- 2 3/4 cups unsifted flour
 - 1 1/2 cups sugar
 - 1 1/2 tsp. soda
 - 1 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 tsp. baking powder
 - 1 tsp. cinnamon
 - 1/2 tsp. cloves
 - 1/2 tsp. allspice
 - 1/2 cup soft shortening
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - 2 eggs
 - 2 cups sweetened applesauce
 - 1/2 cup walnut halves
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 - 20 large marshmallows
- Sift together the flour, sugar, soda, salt, baking powder and spices. Add the soft shortening, eggs, flavorings and applesauce. Beat until well blended. Stir in the walnuts. Pour into a greased and floured 13x9x2-inch pan. Press whole marshmallows into batter to bottom of pan, in four rows with five in each row. Bake in a 350 degree oven about 50 minutes. — Dorothy

NO-FRILL MEAT LOAF THAT'S AWFULLY GOOD

- 2 1/2 lbs. ground beef
- 1/2 lb. pork sausage
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1 small onion, chopped fine
- 1 cup cracker crumbs
- 1 1/2 cups canned tomatoes

Combine all ingredients aside from tomatoes and form into a loaf. Then pour tomatoes over the top and bake in a 350 degree oven for one hour.

This meat loaf sliced beautifully and tasted unusually good. We think the sausage used had a lot to do with its flavor — it was so well-seasoned we didn't add a single thing to the ingredients listed here. And the tomatoes poured over the top rather than mixed in with the meat had something to do with the exceptionally good meat loaf that came to the table with baked potatoes and baked squash.

—Lucile

BARBECUED CORN

- 1 #2 can whole kernel corn (white preferred)
 - Salt and pepper
 - 1/4 tsp. liquid smoke
 - 2 slices bacon
 - 1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper
- Drain liquid from corn, place on fire and simmer until just enough is left that the corn can be thoroughly heated through without sticking. Add liquid smoke to liquid before you start it simmering. (Liquid smoke can be found in most grocery stores.) A bottle of it will last just about forever if kept tightly sealed.

Cut bacon into small pieces and fry until crisp. Drain off fat. Add bacon and green pepper to corn and serve piping hot. This is a most unusual, simple, but perfectly delicious way to serve corn.

FROSTED MOLASSES CREAMS

Sift together:

- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves

Cream together:

- 1 1/2 cups shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar

Add and beat well:

- 1 beaten egg
- 1/2 cup molasses (light)
- 1/2 cup strong hot coffee
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Stir in dry ingredients. Place in a 9-by 13-inch greased pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes.

icing

- 2 cups powdered sugar
 - 2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine (If margarine is used, add a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.)
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - Little coffee to make of spreading consistency.
- Blend together and frost cookies.

TIME-SAVER PUDDING

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 3 slices bread, buttered and cubed
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Place brown sugar in top of double boiler. Add the bread cubes. Beat the eggs and add milk and flavorings. Pour over bread. Do not stir. Cover and cook over boiling water one hour. Serve warm with cream or whipped cream.

BAKED HALIBUT AU GRATIN

- 2 lbs. halibut steaks, thawed
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 cup flour
- 2 Tbls. grated onion
- 1 can (10½ oz.) cream of mushroom soup
- 1 cup grated cheese (I used Parmesan)
- 2 Tbls. chopped parsley

Combine salt, pepper and flour. Roll fish in flour mixture and arrange in single layer in well-greased pan.

Add onion to soup (undiluted) in saucepan. Heat and stir until smooth. Spoon soup over fish. Top with grated cheese and parsley. Sprinkle with paprika.

Bake in a 350 degree oven about 30 minutes, or until fish flakes easily with a fork.

— Abigail

TOFFEE BAR COFFEE CAKE

Mix with pastry blender:

- 2 cups sifted white flour
- 1 cup brown sugar, packed
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Take out 1/2 cup of this mixture and set it aside.

To remaining mixture add:

- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda

Blend well. Pour into greased pan 9- by 9-inch size. Top with 4 crushed or broken toffee bars and 1/2 cup chopped nuts mixed with the 1/2 cup reserved mixture. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes.

Note: Chill bars for easier breaking. Easiest to crush with a steak pounder. If you don't crush finely, larger pieces will sink to bottom.

SUPERIOR WAFFLES

- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 cup sour milk or buttermilk
- 3 Tbls. shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Sift the dry ingredients together into a bowl. Add the beaten egg yolks, milk, soft shortening and butter flavoring. Beat until smooth. Whip the egg whites until they stand in firm peaks. Fold into the batter. Bake in a waffle iron. Serve with Kitchen-Klatter maple or fruit-flavored syrup.

COMPANY PORK CHOPS

- 4 good thick pork chops
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/3 cup flour
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 small onion, grated
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper

Brown chops on one side in a heavy frying pan that can go into the oven. Salt and pepper to taste. While this is being done, melt butter in a saucepan, blend in flour and then slowly stir in milk. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture makes a very thick paste. Add egg, beat well, and cook until mixture is shiny. Stir in the onion, cheese, salt and pepper and mix well. Now turn over chops and place a spoonful of batter on top of each. Brown bottom of chops and then put frying pan into a 350 degree oven for 30 minutes.

Most of the time we just fry pork chops and let it go at that, but here is an absolutely delicious way to fix them that makes for real company fare. I prepared eight of these for guests, arranged them on a big chop plate, and if I say so myself, it surely made a festive looking meat dish and tasted even better than it looked.

(Please try to manage real good thick loin chops. If you have to settle for thin ones, reduce the baking time.)

—Lucile

HIGH-TOP-A-MOUNTAIN SALAD

- 1 cup apples, diced
- 1/2 cup celery, diced
- 1/2 cup cream cheese, cubed
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 2 Tbls. cream
- 1 can jellied cranberry sauce

Combine all of the ingredients with the exception of the cranberry sauce. Cut the cranberry sauce into rounds and put on lettuce leaves. Mound up a "mountain" of the salad on the top of each cranberry round.

This combination is especially delicious with holiday meats.

OLD THRESHER BAKED BEANS

- 1 1/2 #10 cans pork and beans
- 1 cup catsup
- 3 cups brown sugar
- 1/2 cup grated onion
- 1 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 1 cup chopped bacon

Combine all the ingredients. Bake 30 to 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Serves 24 generously. This is a perfect recipe for church suppers since it goes together quickly and can be kept hot in good serving condition for a long time.

APPLE-DATE CAKE

- Pastry for a two-crust pie
- 4 cups peeled and diced tart apples
- 1/2 cup dates, cut into pieces
- 1/2 cup maraschino cherries, cut into small pieces
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 cup finely ground almonds
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup light cream
- 1/4 cup lemon juice

Line pie pan with pastry. Combine apples, dates, cherries, and almonds and put into pastry shell. Combine the sugar, flour, and salt. Add the cream, lemon juice and cherry flavoring. Mix well and pour over the fruit. With the remaining pastry cut strips and make a lattice design over the top. Place the pie in a large paper bag, then close and fasten it. Bake in a hot oven, 400 degrees, for one hour. Remove from oven and remove pie from bag at once.

The almonds may be omitted and replaced with 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring.

— Dorothy

GEORGIA'S SALAD

- 1 box lemon gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup vanilla ice cream
- 1 cup celery, diced
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 1 small can crushed pineapple and juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Stir in the vanilla ice cream. Add the other ingredients and pour into a mold and chill. Unmold on lettuce leaf. Serve with crispy crackers or tiny sandwiches for a club or church refreshment. This would make an excellent salad to serve with a buffet dinner or a company meal.

LIME ROYAL SALAD

- 2 pkgs. lime gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 tall can crushed pineapple
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped nutmeats
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
- 1 1/2 cups cream

Dissolve the gelatin in one cup boiling water. Add the cold water, crushed pineapple, flavoring and nutmeats. Soften the cream cheese and blend in the cream. Beat at slow speed with electric mixer until smooth and creamy. Add to the gelatin and blend well. Put into a ring mold and chill in refrigerator.

—Dorothy

SPECIAL BEEF STROGANOFF

- 2 lb. cooked beef, cubed
- 3 Tbls. shortening
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt (optional)
- 1 3-oz. can mushrooms (including liquid)
- 1/2 cup celery, diced
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 tsp. salt
- A dash of pepper
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce

Brown the onions in the hot shortening. Drain. Stir in the remaining ingredients. Turn into a greased casserole and bake for 1 hour in a 325 degree oven. Serve hot on cooked rice.

This may also be simmered over low heat on top of the stove. When all the flavors are well blended it is ready to serve. Cubed round steak may be used also, but using the cooked beef makes it a fine way to use left-over roast or stewing beef for a more economical meal.

COUNTRY COOKIES

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 3/4 cup corn meal

Cream together the butter or margarine, flavoring and sugar. Add the egg and lemon flavoring and beat. Sift the rest of the ingredients together and add to the creamed mixture. Blend well. Roll out on a lightly floured board to 1/4 inch thick. Cut with cookie cutters and bake on an ungreased cookie sheet at 375 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes. This is a deliciously *different* cookie. The corn meal gives it a particularly crunchy texture.

EVELYN'S FAMILY PIZZA**Pizza Dough**

- 1 cup lukewarm water
- 1 pkg. dry yeast
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. olive oil
- 3 1/2 cups flour
- 1 egg, beaten

Stir the yeast into 1/4 cup of lukewarm water. Add the sugar and let stand for 5 minutes. In a bowl combine the rest of the water (3/4 cup), the salt, olive oil and egg. Stir in the dissolved yeast mixture. Lastly, add enough flour to make a dough which can be kneaded. Knead well, put in a greased bowl and cover with a damp towel. Let rise until double in bulk. Punch down and put in the refrigerator until time to make the pizza.

Remove dough from refrigerator, knead a few times and cut into two parts. Pat each ball into a pizza pan, stretching and spreading until it covers the pan and crawls up the side as far as possible. Fill and bake immediately.

Pizza Filling

- 1 1/2 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 cup onion, chopped
- 1 can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
- 1 6-oz. can tomato paste
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1/2 tsp. garlic salt
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- Salt to taste
- 1/2 lb. sliced mozzarella cheese
- Parmesan cheese

Brown the ground beef and onion in a small amount of olive oil. Stir in the mushrooms, tomato paste, tomato sauce and seasonings. Remove from fire. Separate the slices of mozzarella cheese and either lay the slices on the dough in the pizza pans or tear into small pieces and put them on the dough. Spoon half of the meat mixture into each pizza pan, covering the cheese. Spread out to fill the pan. Sprinkle Parmesan cheese over the top as generously as you desire. Bake at 425 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes.

This recipe makes two generous pizzas. I bake one for a meal for our family of five and wrap the other, unbaked, in freezer paper or plastic wrap and freeze, bringing it out to bake a week or two later. The regular pizza pans are best for this and may be purchased inexpensively. Since they can also be used for baking cookies, etc., I recommend your buying them.

Variations of this pizza recipe may be developed using sausage, shrimp, ham, etc.

4 2 75 90 4 19 46 30
1 5 8 36 90 3 8 7 19
34 6 21 8 26 5 17 84 25 9

HOW MANY FLAVORS?

Actually, we bottle only sixteen different **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. But that doesn't mean you have only sixteen to choose from! Good cooks everywhere are telling us they add new excitement to desserts, drinks and salads by combining flavors.

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Raspberry
Coconut
Maple
Burnt Sugar

Black Walnut
Mint
Pineapple
Vanilla

Butter
Blueberry
Banana
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Cherry
Orange
Lemon
Almond

(Vanilla comes in both 3-oz. and jumbo 8-oz.)

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any 3 flavors, 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo Vanilla, \$1.00.) We pay postage.

Kitchen-Klatter Products Co.

Shenandoah, Iowa

THE STORY OF COOKBOOKS

by
Erma Reynolds

What's *your* taste in cookbooks? There are about 900 cookbooks being printed in the United States today, not counting the excellent paperback editions which are turned out by church groups and service clubs, so every cook should be able to find one to suit her needs.

To Apicius, a wealthy Roman epicure living in the time of Tiberius, goes the credit for compiling the first real recipe book. Through the passing centuries various editions of Apicius's book have reappeared in rearranged form, usually combined with excerpts from other books. All of the editions were written in Latin until 1958, when two English women, Barbara Flower and Eliza Rosenbaum, took on the task of testing the recipes exactly as given in the Latin version, and then translating the text into English.

During the reign of Kublai Khan, founder of the Mongol dynasty of China (1216-1294), a three-volume cookbook, "The Important Things to Know about Eating and Drinking", was written by the master chef of the Imperial Court. These books were the first version of picture-book cookbooks, being profusely illustrated with line drawings of the foods in use at that time.

The oldest known English cookbook, "The Form of Curye" (cookery), was written about 1390 by one of the cooks of Richard II.

The first *printed* cookbook, "De Honesta Voluptate" (Of Respectable Pleasures), was compiled by Baptista Platina in 1480, and contained 300 recipes, accompanied by medical advice and prescription formulas.

In the early days the production and distribution of cooking was done almost entirely by men, who also wrote the cookbooks. In 1681 Hannah Wooley of London broke this tradition that cookbooks could be authored only by men, when she produced a cookbook titled "The Queen-Like Closet or Rich Cabinet".

Before the 18th century most of the cookbooks were written for the rich. But in 1747 a book featuring simpler foods and methods was published anonymously in London. The book, titled "Art of Cookery Made Plain and Easy", immediately became a best-seller. After a few editions had been published, the author decided to drop the veil of secrecy, and it was disclosed that she was Mrs. Hannah Glasse, the wife of a London lawyer. Mrs. Glasse, through her book, continued to be an outstanding culinary influence for some 75 years.

The first cookbook to appear on the American scene was "The Compleat Housewife or Accomplished Gentlewoman's Companion", written by E. Smith, and published in Williamsburg, Virginia, in 1742.

The next outstanding cookbook to be turned out in our country was "American Cookery" by Amelia Simmons, which appeared in 1796. Following the pattern of the early cookbooks, Mrs. Simmon's recipes were vague as to measuring directions, merely advising cooks to "sweeten to taste", add a "dollop of butter", "a pinch of spice", or "cook 'till done".

Cooks have Fannie Merritt Farmer to thank for putting an end to casual measurement directions. In her "Boston Cooking School Cook Book", published in 1896, she instituted the use of standard measurements for every recipe.

From Apicius's first recipe book, cookbookery has developed into big

business, with cookbooks now available for nearly every gastronomic category. By the way, how many cookbooks do *you* own?

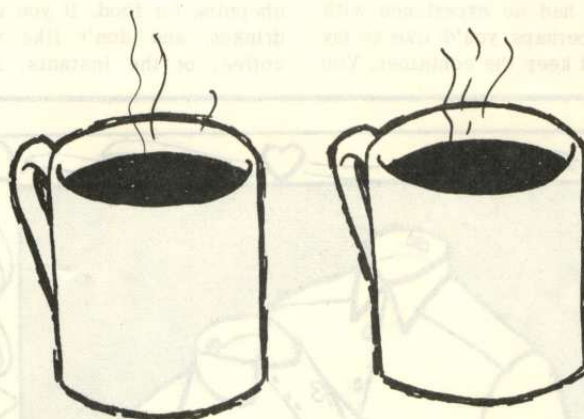
WOULDN'T YOU KNOW?

When everything is turvy topsy,
And I've the symptoms of the dropsy,
When dirty dishes fill the sink,
My nerves are tied into a kink,
When beds are still unmade and dust
Forms over everything like crust,
When clothes are scattered everywhere,
Draped over part of every chair,
Why, I'd like to ask you, is it
That's when someone comes to visit?

— Gladise Kelly

When a man points a finger at someone else, he should remember that four of his fingers are pointing at himself.

—Louis Nizer.



The Story of Two Cups

Two cups of coffee. Both sweetened. Both delicious. But one is loaded with calories. The other has none at all. Why?

The first one was sweetened with sugar . . . and every spoonful added calories to the coffee. The second cup was sweetened with **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. And only "sweetness" went into the coffee . . . not a single calorie was added.

Isn't this the sensible way to diet? No crash diets, no hungry feeling, no punishing yourself. Simply use **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** instead of sugar: on cereals, in drinks, in cooking and baking. Pick up **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** at your grocer's. Discover this easy way to cut down on calorie intake.

KITCHEN - KLATTER
NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

COOKING FOR ONE

Part 2

by

Nellie M. Driggins

and

Muriel P. Childs

Shopping for One

When you start cooking, with imagination, for yourself, you will realize that shopping for one is an art in itself. As you go down the aisles of the grocery store, look for *small* cans and packages that you used to ignore. Even if they seem a bit higher per serving than larger portions, remember that unused or spoiled parts of larger bargains are no bargains at all. Watch for individually wrapped steaks or a pair of chops.

In the frozen food department, you can choose a favorite food, cut out what you want, and put the rest in the freezing compartment of your refrigerator.

If you have had no experience with TV dinners, perhaps you'd like to try one. Wash and keep the container. You

can put a bit of meat, potatoes and gravy, and a vegetable in the parts of the container, wrap it well (and this from *your own* left-overs), and freeze it for another meal. (Right here is a good place to say, once and for all, that those of you who have freezers, or who use a freezer compartment in your refrigerator, know how to wrap food for future consumption. There is no need to repeat these directions each time.)

Now, when you shop, don't look for the bargains that used to attract you. Too much flour or corn meal can get weavily in summer. Don't spend dimes to save pennies. Shop for *your own meals* only.

The ready-mixes are tempting — they look so easy. And they are fine for a busy mother — on occasion. But they are not *your own* pet recipes. They don't taste like your own cooking did. And since you have *time* to do your own baking, *do it!* Suggestions later!

Shopping for one includes more than shopping for food. If you are a coffee drinker, and don't like warmed-over coffee, or the instant, invest in a

tiny percolator. It will brew a couple of cups, and is inexpensive. If you are a tea drinker, and have only a large tea pot, find a tiny one. If you have no small sauce or frying pans, invest in them, as well. Buy a *heavy* frying pan. The thin ones burn more than they're worth. But the heavy, tiny ones are worth their weight in gold — almost!

If you don't have a good electric fry-pan, and are one of the fortunates who have children begging for a gift suggestion, ask for one. The newest are efficient, can be plunged into water for washing, and can do the most amazing things, including roasting in hot weather, without heating the kitchen.

Another item to get is a small grater, if you don't have one. A small strainer might be desirable. There are paperback cookbooks for two available, that any experienced cook can use to advantage in cooking for one.

If you've been a good cook in the past, don't sag now. Have a bit of something in the freezer, a few things in the refrigerator, and something in small cans on the shelves. You'll never be in the position of having to serve a friend only tea and toast if you have something more glamorous of offer — and you won't want to!

Breakfast

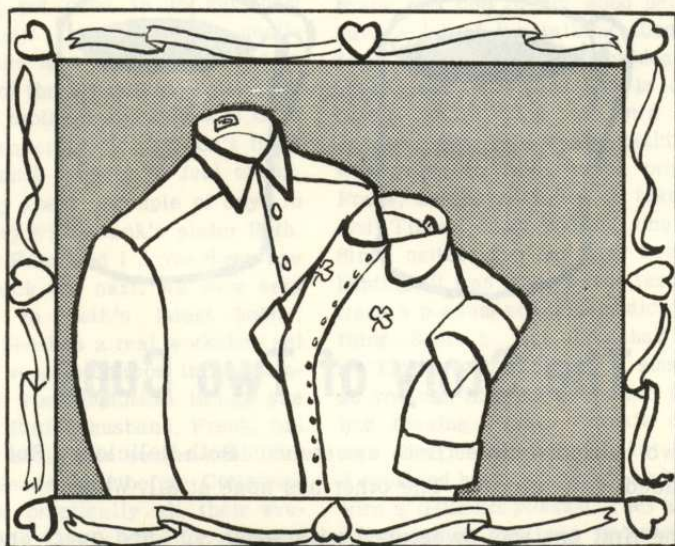
Breakfast is an easy meal to prepare for one — partly because, even when the family was larger, mother often prepared individual breakfasts as various schedules indicated. And breakfast can be one of the most delightful meals of the day.

At one time it was the *most* delightful meal of the day to me. Often a woman pushes it into the background in catering to the needs of others. But a woman alone can cater to her *own* tastes, and again enjoy that most life-giving of meals.

There is another thing about breakfast. The brief freshness of an early summer morning is an ideal time to do a bit of baking. And the early grayness of winter is *just* as ideal. Even if the house is warm, there is something about a hot oven, and the good smells coming from it, that makes the house a bit cozier. So if you're ever going to do some good old-fashioned baking, do it now — in the morning.

How about muffins? Or corn bread? Most of us have a pet basic recipe. Maybe there was a time we doubled or tripled it. So now let's cut it in half. Using muffin tins, put enough mixture into one or two parts for use today; put the rest of the dough into fluted paper cups, and when they are *done*, but not brown, remove them for

(Continued on page 19)



SWEETHEARTS ... for years

These two valentines will be "going steady" for a long time, because the lady of the house has discovered the secret of long life for fabrics. She bleaches everything with **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**, secure in the knowledge that she's not ruining her fine clothing. Even delicate synthetics stay new looking much longer. That's because **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** contains no harsh chlorine to shorten fabric life. And how nice they look! Whites are whiter, colors are brighter when you use

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach



BIBLE STUDY TECHNIQUES FOR THE FAMILY

by
Myrtle E. Felkner

Now that there are so many demands upon our time and upon our children's time, the matter of religious training in the home sometimes recedes far into the background. Spiritual discipline is neither accidental nor incidental. It becomes a part of the pattern of our days, adding meaning and depth to life.

Here are some realistic home Bible study plans that may help parents of children of every age to improve their religious life. All of them have been used in our home, with rich rewards.

Pre-school: A large chart can be posted in the child's room. Each week a new Bible verse is printed on the chart. Parent and child repeat the verse every evening as the child prepares for bed. When it is said from memory, the child receives a gold star to paste along the border. Each time the child repeats an old or new verse accurately, give another star; it takes lots of them to make a border! Each verse should be explained in natural conversation with the child.

Beginners: A large notebook should be used, each page bearing a letter of the alphabet. The child selects a Bible character whom he likes for each letter. (Parents may help with Q's, W's and Z's!) A few simple facts may be written about each character. As the child's study advances and he learns more about the character, he may go back to add more details.

Juniors: Verses from A to Z can be discovered, memorized, and briefly explained in this child's notebook.

The parables of Jesus can be listed. The miracles of the New Testament can be found and listed.

Junior highs: Ready for map study? Trace the Exodus, the settling of the twelve tribes, the division of the kingdoms, the travels of Jesus, and the journeys of Paul, on maps which you have drawn.

The more your junior highs learn of Bible geography and history, the more likely it is that Jesus and His message will "come alive" for them!

High school: Buy an inexpensive New Testament, and make your own Gospel Harmony by marking all identical passages of the synoptic gospels.

Make a prayer list, and follow it for enormous spiritual blessings. Read your newspapers *prayerfully*: ask God to comfort the victims of tragedy, and sustain the survivors of disaster; ask Him to save the soul of the criminal, guide the man in position of authority, and lend strength to those in need.

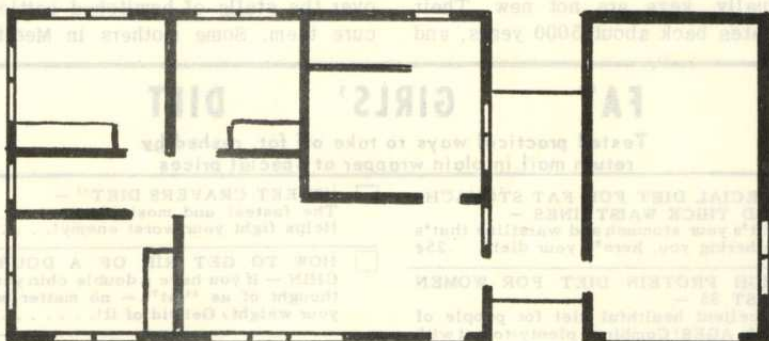
Pray for your own future, that it might be left in His hands.

Help with the religious training of younger family members! This is *your* responsibility, too. Read Bible stories, teach simple verses, and guide young minds in thankful and respectful ways. (Mostly by example!)

Mom and Dad: You'll learn a lot while teaching and guiding the youngsters! But, in addition, invest in a Bible commentary for your own use, and subscribe for lesson manuals other than the ones used in your own Sunday school. Evaluate your family's Bible study projects often, and give thought to new ways of making Bible study interesting, meaningful, and *important* to each family member.



The Felkner's daughter Barbara, age fourteen.

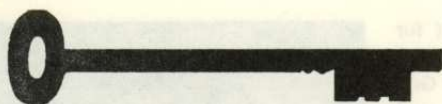


PUZZLE:

Find the room in this house where you won't need **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. The kitchen? Surely you wouldn't want to do without this miracle water-softening cleaner when it's time to scrub pots and pans! The bathroom? How about tub rings and tile stains . . . nothing cuts 'em like **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. Bedroom? Finger-printed walls come clean in a minute with **Kitchen-Klatter**. Basement? Busy homemakers depend on **Kitchen-Klatter** every washday. Garage? Better keep some there for washing white-wall tires.

ANSWER: Every room in every home needs **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** . . . most everyday in the year. It saves money and time, cleans fast and completely. And you can pick it up with your groceries.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER



That Little Key

by
Joseph Arkin

Put a hand into your pocket. Got a fistful of keys? Then you're just like the average American and carry with you a part of the staggering total of the nation's 12½ million pounds of keys. And, forgetful as we are, we lose about three tons of keys each week!

Sometimes, they turn up in the most peculiar places—galoshes, stockings, sugar bowls, ceiling fixtures, and clothing worn last week.

When keys can't be found, locksmiths are sometimes called upon to extricate babies, children, pets, and red-faced adults from attics, bathrooms, cars and cellars.

People are careless about their keys in other ways. The homeowner who installs an expensive lock on the front door often has a lock on the cellar door that a child could pick with a piece of wire. The motorist who leaves the keys in his car on an unattended parking lot, or while dashing into a store for a small purchase, is making it very easy for the car thief.

Actually, keys are not new. Their use dates back about 5000 years, and

have been found in most ancient Egyptian tombs. Some of the most famous passages in the Bible mentions keys. They have been used to hunt witches, cure nosebleeds and headaches, and even to divorce an unwanted mate!

Superstitious folk have had a field day with keys. In France it was once believed that a werewolf would instantly return to human form if struck between the eyes with a key. An only son in China is given a key to "lock himself into life".

In the days when people "knew" that witches existed, a sure-fire means of identifying the evil ones involved the use of a Bible and a key. The key was placed in the Bible with the handle out. Grasping the handle, someone would recite: "Turn Bible, turn key, turn and show the name to me." Then the names of suspects were read out—and, so the legend says, the key turned at the mention of the guilty one's name.

In Norway, a big iron key was hung over the stalls of bewitched cattle to cure them. Some mothers in Mediter-

ranean countries still place keys on their babies to ward off convulsions. Want a *sure* headache cure? Some will tell you to heat a key in a fire, then drench it in cold water, and place it on your forehead! And who hasn't held a key against the nape of the neck to cure a nosebleed!

Religion attaches symbolic value to the key as the power to open the heavens and hell. "And the key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulders; so he shall open, and none shall shut; and he shall shut, and none shall open." (Isaiah 22:22) There is an interesting echo of these words in the famous passage (Matthew 16:19) in which Jesus confers the *keys of the kingdom of heaven* upon Peter.

Two crossed keys are on the coat of arms adopted by the Holy See.

Keys have always been a status symbol. In ancient Rome, a bride was given the keys to her household—and was divorced if her keys were taken away. (Hey you! Stop looking for your wife's keys—it doesn't work that way in this country!)

The custom of bestowing the "key to the city" on visiting celebrities dates back to the 15th and 16th centuries when keys were a mark of power and prestige and were only entrusted to key officials.

Today there is a new fad—you can purchase for just 29¢ "replica keys" to famous places. Want a key to "Fort Knox—Side Door", "White House—Back Door", or others identified as keys for the county jail, doghouse, or county poor house?

Many keys are *forgotten*. For years they are unused and then the owner asks himself, "What in the world is *that* key for?" The name plate on these Krazy-Keys will probably lead some key maker to introduce keys with identifying space for such wording as side door, rear door, garage door, file cabinet, tool chest, supply closet, and other useful designations.

Joseph Cole, President of Cole National Corporation offers this helpful advice regarding keys:

"Always keep a complete set of spare keys with you—in something you are never without, like your purse or your wallet. If you lose your keys and have no duplicates, it may cost you twenty or thirty times the duplication cost to replace them. Another key safely tucked away in your wallet will save you time, money and frayed nerves. And, at 35 or 40 cents per key, isn't it inexpensive insurance?"

Has this been a key to open your eyes to the history and use of keys?

Egotism is that art of seeing qualities in yourself which others can't.

FAT GIRLS' DIET

Tested practical ways to take off fat, rushed by
return mail in plain wrapper at special prices

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COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

The Art of Worship: It is the inspiring realization that this is God's world, that all life pulsates with God's eternal purpose and that we are a part of the divine pattern and plan.

So writes Wilferd A. Peterson in his second collection of essays on the Art of Living. Bound to make a deep impression on you, *The New Book of the Art of Living* (Simon and Schuster, \$3, paperback, \$1) was first published in *This Week* magazine. William Nichols, editor, says the author is gifted in being able to speak to people in terms of their deepest wants in today's anxious world.

Mr. Peterson has this to say on the Art of America: *America is an art of living through which you can reach higher, think bigger, grow greater and live deeper than anywhere else on earth.* We need to remember that as we send our children off to college, as we go to the polls to vote, and as we attend worship services on Sunday morning.

In the essay on the Art of Parenthood, we read that an ounce of example is worth a ton of preachment. We need to be reminded that our children are watching us live, and *what we are shouts louder than anything we can say.*

In our fast-moving lives we sometimes are so busy making a living that we forget to *take time to live.* We need to have enriching experiences to add new meaning to our lives. *We should take time for good books; time to absorb the thoughts of poets and philosophers, seers and prophets. Time for music that washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life,* writes Mr. Peterson.

Our bulletin board holds the essay on the Art of Love from *This Week* magazine. We feel a special gladness in our hearts as our children read that love is the dove of peace, the spirit of brotherhood; it is tenderness and compassion, forgiveness and tolerance.

(Reprinted from *The New Book of the Art of Living*, Copyright ©1962, 1963 by permission of the publishers, Simon and Schuster, Inc.)

One of the masterpieces of American

literature, the Gettysburg Address, was delivered by Abraham Lincoln 100 years ago last November 19. Those who have read his words have been unable to erase them from their memory. A new book concerning this historic person is *The Lincoln Country in Pictures* (Hastings House, \$3.50) by Carl and Rosalie Frazier. The Fraziers, professional artists and photographers, have done considerable research into Lincoln's life and have traveled through Kentucky, Illinois, and Indiana where he lived. The Fraziers became interested in capturing through their cameras that certain something which draws people to the Lincoln shrines by the thousands. Over 100 fine photographs bring the reader closer to the world Honest Abe knew as a child and a young man. As we follow the pages of *The Lincoln Country in Pictures*, we cannot help feel closer to this great man.

COOKING FOR ONE - Concluded

cooling, put the one or two back into the oven to "finish", and you have quick-breads for several meals. The unbrowned ones you brown-and-serve later. But they're your own, with your own particular twist that makes them different.

Toast is ever-easy. But how about French toast to use up a slice of stale bread. An egg, a bit of milk, the bread soaked in it, and fried in bacon drippings is good — and easy. Don't always use syrup on this. A spoonful of jam, or jelly, or a sprinkling of sugar is good, and different.

Although we have been talking of the baking that any woman wants to do if she can dare think it *practical* in cooking for one, and we surely think it is, we should have started at the beginning, probably, and suggested fruit or fruit juice. Here again is something that every woman knows. The frozen juices are easiest — especially in winter. Half a small grapefruit has a taste all its own. Fresh berries in season — or frozen out of season — are good. When I was a girl, bananas

were considered a luxury, akin to a candy bar. Now we know that they abound in vitamins, and are easy to digest. So a banana alone, sliced with milk and sugar, or sliced on some favorite cereal — all are easy, good, and nutritious.

The instant-cooking cereals, like oatmeal and all its kin, can be cooked in small portions in a tiny saucepan. And it isn't just that they're easy. They're good! And good for you!

Eggs are traditional for breakfast, and rightly so. But they don't always have to be fried. (If you're not supposed to eat fried foods, or any other foods suggested here, you must adapt, or skip over the suggestions. We are merely suggesting foods for a normal diet. Take your doctor's advice on any dietary problems.)

Scramble an egg in your small *heavy* iron skillet, in various ways — with a few bits of fresh tomato, a spoonful of mushroom soup, a bit of cooked bacon or ham, or a shaving of onion.

Poach an egg and serve it on toast. Or poach it in milk, and make yourself glorified milk toast. Soft boil it. Or if the oven is on for muffins, put an egg in a buttered custard cup, add a tablespoon of milk, a dab of butter, season, and shove it into the oven until done to your taste.

And there is always that small slice of ham or slice or two of bacon — easy to keep in the refrigerator — that can add spice and texture to your meal.

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Even though it's cold outside and snowdrifts are deep, it's time to get those nursery orders in the mail. Seed and nursery men appreciate early orders although they usually wait until proper planting time to send ornamentals and plants that are to be set in the garden. You stand a much better chance of getting the items on the order, too, as sometimes popular plants are sold out long before the planting season ends. February is still too early to start most seeds but it is a good idea to have them on hand, especially those of slow germination.

Each spring the age-old problem of starting fine seed of such plants as petunia, snapdragon, begonia and others comes up. "I plant them exactly as the directions state on the packet," wails a gardener, "and not a seedling appears. What is wrong?" Mostly the trouble comes from not being able to regulate light, temperature, and moisture. If the seed pan is kept too wet, the seeds will rot. If kept too dry, they will not germinate. Many seeds germinate readily if one can supply bottom heat and this can be done easily nowadays by using a small electric heat cable made just for this purpose. The cables are not expensive and will last for years.

You can make a miniature greenhouse by using a clear plastic cake cover. Punch drainage holes in about 7 empty tin cans such as tuna comes in from the store. Fill the cans with damp



Lisa Nenneman, the newest member of our family, loves to be propped up so she can look around.

milled sphagnum moss or vermiculite and "dust" the fine seed of petunias, or whatever you wish to plant, carefully over the surface. Sprinkle lightly with tepid water. Set the cans on the cake-saver tray and place the domed lid over them. Place in a warm, light situation. Lift the cover and prop it up slightly if too much moisture collects on the top and sides. Be patient with the slow-germinating seeds and do not water as long as the medium is damp on the surface. The seedlings must be watered with a weak soluble plant food after they appear as there are no plant nutrients in the moss or vermiculite. After they have their first set of true leaves they may be picked out of the cans and set in soil-filled seed flats. If you have had failures before in starting seeds indoors, do try this idea — it really works.

THE MAN AND THE CHILD

They were an odd-appearing pair —
The one a bent and stooped old man;
The other nothing but a child.
Yet, something in between them ran
As a bond to tie their hearts
In some sweet knot of happiness;
For in the old man's gaze there was
A glow of joy, though unawareness
Of daily things did glaze his eyes.
The boy's eyes sparkled with delight.
His gaze upon the old man's face
Rested, yet all he saw were the lights
Of harbors mystical, and fearful
Battles breaking out among
Dread pirate ships, and secret caves
And treasure chests, and heroes unsung.
In fascination listened he until
At last the old man's tale was done.
They rose, and both prepared to leave
For in the west a blood-red sun
Had set and darkness was at hand.
They stood a moment silent, then
The boy held out his chubby hand
To lead the blind man home again.

— Mary Leanna Driftmier

THANKS UNTIL YOU ARE
BETTER PAID

"Thanks until you are better paid!" is an old-timey expression that holds a lesson in living.

People down where I came from used to say that when they meant to return a favor. Usually it served when an offer of money would have been a small insult to one who had acted in neighborly goodness.

These days, we are often guilty of figuring everything in dollars and cents. We may forget that a loving exchange of service can lead to better understanding and lasting friendships. I remember a woman who lived next door to us when I was a little girl, a woman who admittedly couldn't sew a straight seam, but was described as "one of the best cooks you ever ate after". Occasionally, my mother would hem a dress or do a bit of alteration for this good friend. It did not enter my mother's mind to set a fee for her work. Before many days went by, we always had a delicious pie, a pan of crusty rolls or a high, frosted cake on our table, gift of that neighbor who had said, sincerely:

"Thanks until you are better paid."

— Bessie J. Megee

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

—Abraham Lincoln

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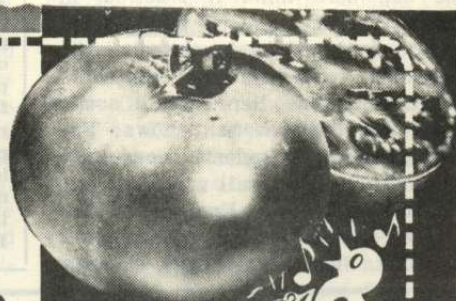
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STILL "NO ROOM"? - Concluded

tion for all. Still we fall far short of the ideal of God's kingdom!

Doors are closed; barriers are still up against those of other races, other creeds. Privileges are withheld, rights are ignored - yet we call this **FREE AMERICA!** Let's not be critical of these faults until we have examined our own hearts and minds. Can you and I say, truthfully, that there are no doors closed in our minds, no doors of our hearts left closed against any fellowman? Oh, we say it, we sing about it, but do we **FEEL** it? Can we say we willingly will "in Christ now meet both East and West, in Him meet South and North - one great fellowship of love throughout the whole wide earth"? Does it begin with me, with you? Is it a heritage we so **LIVE** in our daily lives that it is just naturally passed along to our children? Or is ours just a "lip service"?

And hunger! Is anyone economically secure while others are hungry and cold, no matter how far away they may be? If we are to think of the human race as God's family, we must come to a deeper, better understanding with all peoples.

Let us now bow our heads for a few moments of silent directed prayer for brotherhood the world around.

Let us pray.

FOR RECEPTIVE SPIRITS seeking the truth without prejudice, (pause)

FOR ABIDING FAITH in God's power to bring His people into an understanding relationship with Him and with each other, (pause)

FOR CONFIDENCE IN THE STRENGTH of God to work through us, to achieve His ends, (pause)

FOR HUMILITY OF SPIRIT to recognize the good in others and the faults in ourselves, (pause)

FOR THE COURAGE to support minority causes and groups in the causes of righteousness and brotherly love, (pause)

FOR THE CHURCH AROUND THE WORLD, that it may lead by word and act in promoting world peace and brotherhood, (pause)

FOR THIS ORGANIZATION (name your group, if you like) that our attitude and our acts may be consistent with what we pray and say and sing, (pause)

FOR THE WILL OF GOD in the hearts of men, that the world brotherhood of man may be realized. (pause)

Amen

LEADER: Let us ponder deeply now this question, "Will we open our hearts and our minds to all men everywhere?

Or do we still echo the centuries old excuse of the innkeeper of Bethlehem, 'No room'?"

SONG: "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life".

BENEDICTION: God of truth and love, in whom all men are brothers, open our eyes to see the truth that all men are one in Thee. Dear Father, guide us in the way of love, and fellowship and co-operation. Lead us away from hatred, and rivalry, and selfishness, so that we all may dwell together in peace and good will, sharing all that we have, one with another. In Christ's name we pray. Amen.

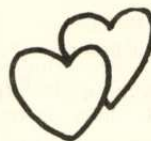
Note: If you wish to enlarge upon this service, people, dressed to represent different races and nations around the world, might place the letters to spell the word "Brotherhood", speaking the proper scripture as they do so.

The reason a lot of people do not recognize opportunity is because it usually goes around wearing coveralls looking like hard work.

-Thomas A. Edison.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

-Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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ABRACADABRA

When dinner is cooking,

My children state,

They are so hungry

They simply can't wait.

Five minutes later,

When steaks are done,

The children are gone.

I can't find a one!

- Ruth McClurg

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KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:00 A. M.

LET'S MAKE A BAMBOO TREE!

by

Helene B. Dillion

"Come sit with me

Beneath the green bamboo tree."

No! my bamboo tree is not quite large enough for that, but it does make a beautiful background and decoration in our living room.

Do you know that most "ready-made" trees—store trees—are selling for a handsome price? The cheapest one I've seen was \$18.95 and the price ranges on up to \$75.00. Of course, the price depends upon the size of the tree and the profusion of foliage.

Would you like to make one? These trees are usable the year 'round and another nice feature is that you don't have to worry about aphids and under or over watering them. Just wash the foliage in good soapy water when the leaves seem a bit dull and your tree will be fresh and green again.

Here is the way to make one: Buy a bamboo fishing pole. These can be found in dime or hardware stores for as little as twenty-five cents, although you may have to pay as high as fifty cents. You do not want the highly polished, expensive variety for they don't resemble the real bamboo stock. How you cut the pole depends upon how high you want the tree to stand. You will want two stalks. My highest stock is 55 inches, and the other measures 20 inches. The pole gets too small for use as it gets near the end, so some of the material is useless.



If you follow instructions, the bamboo tree will look like this.

Buy the foliage before you drill the holes in the pole as this will determine the size drill to use. The shoots are available at some dime stores at the price of 10¢ per shoot. I bought twenty shoots (\$2.00 worth) of the inexpensive variety and then went to the flower and foliage department of a large store and bought three more expensive sprays. These shoots were \$1.00 a spray; they were a finer quality and more feathery. The total foliage figured \$5.00.

Now, with a pencil mark on the pole where you think you want the branches to be placed. The holes are staggered from one side to the other. If the bamboo should split a little during the hole drilling, *do not worry*. Fill the holes with any good glue and insert the branches. Be sure to put a branch in the top of each cane to give the tree balance. (If the stalk did split during the drilling process just insert a bit of glue and tie a string around the cane until the glue sets.)

Our plant is in soil in a large clay pot which I gilded gold to fit in with our decor of green and gold. The tree is a beautiful addition to our living room and can be used on the breezeway in summer.

Artificial trees have many possibilities. For instance, you can perch a bright butterfly on a branch to pick up the color you may be using in sofa pillows. Of course, the tree is lovely *without* decorations.

Other types of trees may be made by using driftwood and the lovely permanent blossoms now to be found in most any store. The wistaria blossom lends itself well to this use since it is so pliable and graceful. One of my friends made a driftwood tree and decorated it with grapes in a lush shade of green.

Do try making a bamboo tree—and good luck to you!

A PACKAGE OF SEEDS

I paid a dime for a package of seeds
And the clerk tossed them out with a flip.

"We've got 'em assorted for every man's needs,"

He said with a smile on his lip.

"Pansies and poppies and asters and peas!

Ten cents a package, and pick as you please!"

Now seeds are just dimes to the man in the store

And the dimes are the things that he needs;

And I've been to buy them in seasons before,

But have thought of them merely as seeds.

But it flashed through my mind as I took them this time

You have purchased a miracle here for a dime!

You've a dime's worth of power no man can create

You've a dime's worth of life in your hand!

You've a dime's worth of mystery, destiny, fate,

Which the wisest cannot understand.
In this bright little package, now isn't it odd?

You've a dime's worth of something known only to God!

—Author Unknown

MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded

young mothers who have agreed to serve on the board with me and help plan programs for their meetings. The goals and objectives of the Society are: 1. To acquire knowledge of American history; 2. Preserve and restore places of historical importance; 3. To promote the celebration of patriotic anniversaries; 4. To honor and cherish the flag of the United States of America above every other flag; 5. To love, uphold and extend the principles of American liberty and patriotism.

I would like to think that the three of us, along with the officers of the DAR, could turn out two years of programs that would truly educate, patriotically, and bring to life the wonderful history of our country. And at the same time give the children an awareness of the wonderfulness of our way of life under our Constitutional Republic form of government. Yes, it will be an interesting challenge.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

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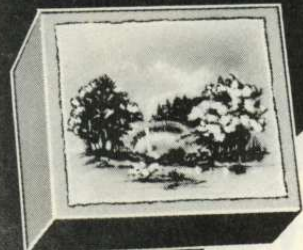
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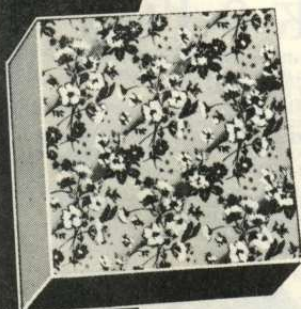
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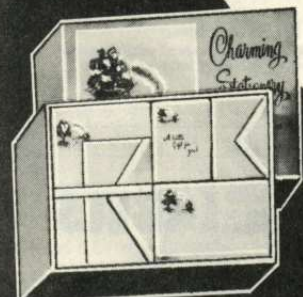
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