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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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NUMBER 1



-Helen Bamford Studio



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Margery Driftmier Strom

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My dear Friends:

Looking out the dining room windows at the snow accumulating over the already slippery streets, I realize that this is not a day for me to venture out-of-doors. My Thursday Club is meeting this afternoon for its annual Christmas party, but this snow is too much for a wheelchair. I'll stay at home and write a letter to you instead.

I've been fortunate that I've been able to get out some until recently. As long as weather permitted it was possible to attend a few church and social meetings, but most of my contacts with the outside world have taken place in our own home when friends and relatives have come to call.

Mart and I so much enjoyed visits with my nephew Philip Field, my brother Henry's son. He and Marie were in the States on leave between government assignments in Africa. Philip, like his father, is an avid photographer and on his first call to the house, we arranged for him to bring some of his colored slides over for the family to see. We spent a delightful and very informative evening gathered around the projector and screen as he showed us pictures of African wildlife and scenery. Philip, always a student of his surroundings, has a tremendous knowledge of the area, and shared many interesting facts with us as we viewed his slides. It was a real education for all of us.

Since I wrote to you last our son Wayne and his family have been here also. How we enjoyed their visit, and how the children have grown! Emily, Alison and Clark stayed at Margery's and Oliver's house just up the street, so they were in and out during the day-time hours. We had snow over Thanksgiving weekend. Martin scouted the neighborhood for extra snow scoops and they made quick work of shoveling the walks.

Howard's and Mae's daughter Donna

and her family were home over the vacation period, too, and came over so we could see how much baby Lisa has grown. She has started to walk and is as quick as a kitten! Donna says she's lost six pounds just from trying to keep up with her. Now that she's walking (or rather, running!) there is so much more for her to investigate and explore. She is a little doll! We'll see if we can get a picture of her soon so you can see how she has changed in these past few months.

My sister Jessie spends most of her time with us. Occasionally she goes back to Clarinda to catch up on things at home, but is never away for long. We miss her when she's not with us, and after she's been gone for a day or two we telephone for her to come back as soon as possible. She may visit her daughter in California later, but until then, we're hoping she'll stay with us.

Mart's nurse Ruby is hurrying to finish up her last hooked rug before Christmas. She started last spring to make a rug for each of her children. Each design is different so she hasn't tired of making them. She says she can almost tell how long Mart has been asleep by how many inches she has filled in on the rug. It's been nice "busy work" for her.

While she's been working on her project, I've been busy making presents also. My girls are always in need of tea towels and pillow cases, so I've embroidered sets for each one. There are so many pretty patterns in the collection Dorothy has for sale that it is fun choosing which ones to use.

I've also been making bibs for Andrew, our little great-grandson. They are made out of the finger tip terry cloth towels. I sent one out to Kristin to see how she liked it and she wrote back immediately that it was the most practical bib she had seen. Andy is just at the stage where he grabs at her hand when she feeds him, often spilling

half of his dinner on himself. These bibs are large enough that they cover him almost completely, helping a great deal with the laundry situation.

Next month we'll have a four-generation picture for you. Margery keeps her camera loaded and ready for action at all times, so we can depend on pictures of the family whenever she's around to take them.

Margery is also our "mailman"! My! how Mart and I watch for her around noontime. Our mail comes to the office instead of arriving by residential delivery, so she stops in with it on her way home at noon. May I thank you right now in behalf of all the family, as well as the staff at the office, for the lovely Christmas cards that have been arriving in each day's mail. It is so thoughtful of you to include us on your list for sending season's greetings.

As soon as weather permits, I'm going down to the office to have coffee with the employees. This is a traditional outing for me every year. The prettiest of my decorated sugar cookies are arranged on a large tray to be passed around, and we do have such a gay time!

When Lucile called me this morning and in the course of our conversation mentioned 1965, I said, "1965? Why it just doesn't seem possible! Where have these years gone?" I remember ten years ago saying that I hoped we lived to see 1960, and now half of this decade is gone. How very blessed we are that God has given us so many years with our family. We've had our sorrows in 1964, but we've also had many joys, just as you have had.

In closing, I would like to wish you much joy in this new year, and leave you with this thought by M. L. Haskins:

"And I said to the man who stood at the gate of the year: Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown! And he replied; Go out into the darkness and put thine hand into the hand of God. That shall be to thee better than light and safer than a known way." Sincerely,

Leanna

TO THE NEW YEAR

The past is gone with all its grief and sorrow;

Look forward now to a new, glad tomorrow.
Wounds are not healed by weeping and repining;

Just face your cloud and find its silver lining.

Waste not a day in useless, vain regretting;
Make life worth while, giving as well as getting.

And lend a hand to aid a stumbling brother;
Life is enriched through helping one another.

Be of good cheer; the future holds the treasure;

As we deserve, so shall our blessings measure.
—Unknown

A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

What a pleasure it has been this past year to meet so many of our radio friends and subscribers to the magazine. Some of these exchanges of greetings took place in our own building here in Shenandoah when visitors stopped in to see us. And it was my privilege to meet hundreds and hundreds of you when special trips were made into your vicinity. Dorothy joins me in extending appreciation for the warmth with which we were received on those occasions.

Our cover picture this month was taken at the high school in Muscatine, Iowa, when Dorothy and I were present at the closing session of a cooking school sponsored by Radio Station KWPC in cooperation with the Muscatine Municipal Electric Co. Dorothy returned home following our appearance there, but I drove on into Illinois for a couple of days and have a few interesting items to report.

My first stop was at Milan, Illinois, south of Rock Island, to meet Evelyn Witter whose articles you have enjoyed in *Kitchen-Klatter* for a number of years. Evelyn and her husband Bill have recently built a new home which is located on a high hill affording a beautiful view of the surrounding countryside. It is of colonial design, perfect for housing their fine antiques and interesting collections. Perhaps Evelyn will write more about these collections someday.

Although we could have visited for several hours, for we had many interests in common, it was necessary to keep a sharp eye on the kitchen clock. I was due in Rockford, Illinois, that afternoon, and Evelyn had an appointment at eleven o'clock. Besides writing, she spends many hours as a "home teacher". When children are out of school with prolonged illnesses, she tutors them in their studies so they can keep up with their classmates. Before we realized it, our time for visiting was up, and I had to be on my way.

I should have made better time driving from Moline northeast on Highway 2, for this was not an unfamiliar route for me. However, when the road followed closely to the Rock River, I stopped frequently to take good long looks, for I find this river particularly beautiful. On our many trips to Rockford to visit Oliver's sister Nina and her husband Bob, Oliver, Martin and I have become quite familiar with the areas along the river and have favorite



Emily, Alison and Clark Driftmier
(at the Strom's), ready for church.

spots where we like to stop and take pictures.

Nina, Bob and I spent the evening catching up on family news, but on Saturday we drove "to see what we could see". Knowing that I'm always on the lookout for interesting new things, they decided that we should drive to St. Charles and have lunch at Pheasant Run Lodge which had been built since my last visit in their vicinity. This huge building is constructed of rustic field stone and timber. I believe I recall correctly that there are five separate dining rooms! There is also a large playhouse in the building. Maureen O'Sullivan happened to be in the play that was being presented when we were there, but we didn't attend a performance.

After lunch in a dining room that overlooked their golf course, we spent a goodly portion of the afternoon browsing around the old world shops along a covered brick street. This was built to look like the old French Quarter of New Orleans, complete with gas lights and a courtyard.

Oliver has another sister and brother-in-law near Elgin, Illinois, and we were able to have a short visit with them. Carl and Viola had quite a houseful for friends had come for pheasant hunting on their farm.

We had just returned to Rockford after our day's outing when word reached us that the wife of one of Oliver's brothers had passed away suddenly with a heart attack so plans were made to leave the following morning for Shenandoah.

Oliver and Martin were busy earlier this month with the every member canvass of the church. The system used this year was very much like a "telephone tree". The general finance chairman had several captains under him, and each captain had contacts to make, etc. A luncheon was held at the church for the men who would be par-

ticipating. They were served a good hearty men's lunch: bean soup with chunks of ham, cornbread and apple pie.

A big church dinner was then held and each member looked for his name on the "tree" on a bulletin board in the church to see to whom he was to turn in his pledge. Handling it in this manner, no one had to go out and call on individual members — it was all handled at the church and was over with in one day.

It won't be long after January until Martin's dental work is completed. In Martin's own words "It seems as if this has been going on forever!" When he was about ten years old he had a serious bicycle accident in which his teeth were quite knocked about and severely damaged. In a few years it was possible to start the straightening process, and now that he has finished with *that* department, and his jaw is fully mature, there is some capping on front teeth to be taken care of. We had hoped that the work on his teeth would be completed before he started to college and it looks as if it will be. How grateful we are that teeth can be straightened and repaired! It was certainly discussed when the Denver Driftmiers were here, for Emily had just been "relieved" of her heavy braces and had progressed to a simple retainer. Alison's straightening will start this summer, and after that, no doubt, it will be Clark's turn. Clark also had front teeth damaged in an accident and will have to have work similar to Martin's.

As I write this many of you are deep in Christmas preparations just as we are at our house. The old familiar decorations have come out of the store-room, packages have accumulated under the tree, the house is fragrant with the scents of cookies and candies, and traditional carols are played on the phonograph every minute someone is in the house to enjoy them. When holiday decorations are put away, we'll begin thinking of the year ahead, making New Year's resolutions and rededicating ourselves spiritually and mentally to accept what lies ahead of us.

A gentle snow is falling now. Oliver took a look at the sky when he brought in the morning paper and guessed that we would have some before the day was over. Since this is my day to shop for groceries, I guess I had better be off to the market before it gets too slippery.

Sincerely,

Margery



"Be Renewed in Spirit"

MEDITATIONS TO BEGIN THE NEW YEAR

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Arrange four large white candles in a semicircle upon a small table, with greens concealing the holders. Fasten red foil numbers, "1965", one to each candle. The candles are lighted, as indicated, when Scriptures are read.

Prelude: "O God Our Help in Ages Past". (Continue this during the Call to Worship.)

Call to Worship: "Quiet now. Close the mind's door on business of the day, and for this moment clear the way for God."

"Quiet now. No need for words. Listen, and be still. His will will direct, His spirit fill your soul."

"Quiet now. Breathe in new strength, new courage. Learn His master plan for you. Then, in peace, return to duty."

—From a church bulletin.

Reading from the Scriptures: (The reader will light a candle before reading each Scripture.)

1. *And be renewed in spirit of your mind; and . . . put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness.*

2. *Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.*

3. *But now . . . put off all these; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth. Lie not to one another, seeing ye have put off the old man with his deeds; and have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him. And let the peace of God rule in your hearts . . . and whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him.*

4. *A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.*

Hymn: "Another Year Is Dawning" or a similar one.

Prayer: Heavenly Father, do quiet our minds and open our hearts in these moments of meditations, we pray. Grant that we not look too much backward, but seek to put away those things which have tarnished and darkened the past and seek to renew our spirits through closer fellowship with Thee, to become a new person in truth and in this new year. Teach us that only by a deep abiding faith can we face the uncertainties of the future, that only as we learn truly to love one another can we hope to find peace. In Jesus' name we pray. Amen.

Leader: "A Way unknown; A Book unread; A House with rooms untenanted; A Sea unsailed; A Word unsaid; A Tree with fruit unharvested; A Tale untold; A Tear unshed; A Reel — unrolled — of colored thread; A Field untilled; A Friend unfed; A Loaf — unbaked — of living bread; A Song unsung; A Hill ahead; A Beauty Spot unvisited; A Web unspun; A Wing unspread; A Hope unheralded; A Fight unfought; A Fear unfled; A Conqueror with uncrowned head. Another Year that now is dead; This is the Year that Old Year bred."

—From Scottish paper, Edinburgh.

These are the challenges that 1965 puts to us, "laying it squarely on the line". How will we answer them? Are we willing? Whence cometh our strength?

First Meditation: Doubt sees the obstacle, faith sees the way. Doubt sees the darkest night, faith sees the day. Doubt spreads to take a step, faith soars on high. Doubt questions, "Who believes?" Faith answers, "I".

Truly faith is the first step to meet the challenge, faith to know that in God is our "bulwark never failing", that in Him all things are possible. The story is told of a little girl who was playing in her first piano recital. Although she had practiced at home, when she tried to play it for strangers, her fingers stumbled and she became confused. There was a long pause as she tried frantically to remember the next note.

Then her teacher spoke kindly. "Start over again, Susan." With grateful relief Susan started at the beginning, and this time she went through the familiar melody to the end without a mistake. The faith her teacher had in her had given her confidence to do the job she had to do.

That is what the New Year offers to us — a chance to start over, to put all of our mistakes behind us, and, with a renewal of spirit, strive to accomplish those high ideals, to realize those dreams, to carry on that true Christian relationship with all men which we see challenging us in the future.

Someone has said we all must learn to be good forgetters. Life is too short to remember that which prevents us from doing our best. "Forgetting the things that are behind, I press forward." This should be our motto as we face the new year in faith and confidence.

Hymn: "Breathe on Me Breath of God".

Second Meditation: In faith, we should, then, "put aside the old man and his deeds" and "put on the new man", renewing ourselves in the knowledge that God is love. Yes, God is love. We see it isn't enough that *He loves us!* *A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you.* Here we have given to us the second key to open the door to a brighter New Year!

The Christmas season is just behind us and we are beginning to settle back into our normal routines. *And the shepherds returned, glorifying God for all the things they had heard and seen, as it was told them.* How do we return from our visit to the manger? Why should all the love, the warmth, the glowing friendliness that radiates at Christmas be wrapped up with the tinsel and the ornaments until holiday time next year? Let us join the shepherds in taking that love and warmth right along with us, back into our daily lives. Then truly we can say that "love came down at Christmas".

We are all aware that each time we repeat an action it becomes easier, and with enough repetition it becomes a habit. Can't we then form a habit of brotherly love — thinking it, living it, practicing it until it becomes a very part of our way of life? The God who has helped us in ages past stands ever ready to help us in the ages to come. In Him is our renewal, in love we can face the future unafraid. *So faith, hope, love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is LOVE.*

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AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter at the close of a very busy and very beautiful Saturday afternoon. It has been one of those cold, crisp, bright and altogether lovely winter days, and as I write this it is coming to a close with a spectacular sunset. Any minute now I expect our son David to come dashing breathlessly into the house calling! "Hey, Mom and Dad! Come on out and see the sunset!" David has been calling our attention to sunsets ever since he was old enough to recognize them. He was with me the other day when I was making a dash to the Springfield Hospital on a particularly tragic case, and just as we approached the hospital he said: "You know, Dad, I hope that person you are going to see is looking out of her window at this sunset! Anybody who sees this sunset can't help but feel better."

His saying that called to mind something that an old Egyptian friend of mine once told me. This Egyptian had been a student at one of the American Mission schools, but he had never accepted Christ as his Lord and Saviour until one day a missionary called his attention to a sunset. He said: "I was sitting on the bank of the canal looking off across the fields when Rev. Thompson stopped to talk to me. There was a beautiful sunset, but I had not noticed it until Rev. Thompson said: 'Amin, the God who made that lovely sunset made you, and every time you see a sunset I want you to remember to thank God.' " My friend went on to explain that in all his young life he had never associated a sunset with anything about God until that day, and that one comment of the missionary so touched him that he began to give some interest to the Christian religion.

On a beautiful day like this one, what do you suppose I have been doing? Well, I was at the church all morning making some last minute preparations for the Sabbath tomorrow, but at noon I drove out to the hospital. I had a quick bite to eat in the cafeteria, and then called on nine patients. It was a joy to visit with one particular patient because of the fact that she had just begun to use a new television set given her by our church. That dear woman has been in the same bed in that hospital for twenty years! Oh! what pleasure the television is giving her! Have you ever known a shut-in not to enjoy a television set? As far as I am concerned, television was invented for shut-ins, and if I were to have my way,



In many churches it is customary to have a coffee hour after services so that newcomers have an opportunity to become better acquainted. This picture was taken in Frederick's church in Springfield, Massachusetts.

every sick person and invalid would have one. Our church plans to provide several of them.

One of the patients I see regularly is almost completely deaf. When I speak to her, I have to speak so very loudly that I am sure every patient in that particular ward hears what I say. Today I said a prayer for this dear old soul and then walked on down the hall and into another ward. One of the patients in that ward said: "Thank you, Dr. Driftmier, for that nice prayer you just said up the hall. We all heard it in here!" My goodness! I really didn't intend to say a prayer for everyone on that entire floor. But what was I to do? There was no point in my praying for that old lady unless I made it loud enough for her to hear.

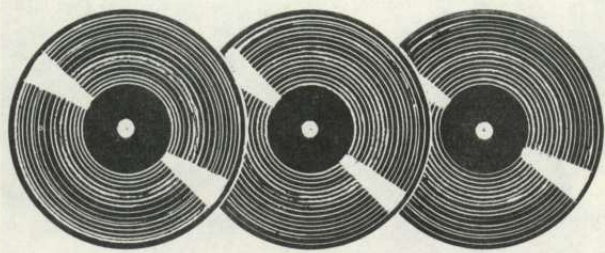
Did I ever tell you about the special birthday prayer I tried to say for a lady on her ninetieth birthday? That was the funniest thing. She was a very strange little old lady who had not been in church for at least fifty years. On her birthday all the neighbors had come in with cakes and presents to make a party of the event, and while they were all there, I walked in. After a few congratulatory remarks I said: "Now, my friend, since it is your ninetieth birthday, I want to say a little prayer for you and for your friends here." I stood up and started to pray, but before I could say more than three words, she interrupted me with this remark: "Hold everything, Reverend! Just hold everything! Did I understand you to say that this is going to be a prayer? Because

if this is a prayer, I want to fix my hair a bit and straighten my dress!"

There were a few amused and a few shocked expressions on the faces of her neighbors, but I kept my poise and said: "All right. If everything is in order now, let us pray." And again I started to pray. I had said about two sentences when the old lady said: "Just a minute, Dr. Driftmier. Hold everything just a minute! I have decided not to have a prayer today. I don't think I am ready for it." Honestly! Her neighbors were so embarrassed, but I was only amused. I had handled such a situation before and knew that with tact I could handle it again . . . and did.

Some weeks later that little old lady had to go to the hospital, and while she was there she began to appreciate prayer and actually reached a point where she would ask me to pray once and sometimes twice on the same call. The only trouble was her request that I pray for her to die. Incidentally, that is not an unusual request for a very elderly person. There comes a time when death is looked upon as a friend and when heaven is looked upon as a home not far away. When I get such a request, I simply ask God in prayer "to come and take Thy child by the hand, and lead her through faith to her heavenly home." Such a prayer does comfort a patient who is close to death, but I would never pray it for one who has a chance for several good years of life.

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Choosing Records for Children

by
Muriel Preble Childs

If one were looking for a succinct rule for choosing records for children, I can give it in capsule form: Just go out and select them! The reason that I can say this with conviction is the fact that most children's records are made with good taste and good judgment.

The poor records that are released are soon dropped because parents will not buy them. (The reverse is also, unfortunately, true. Some of the best records have been deleted because parents haven't *appreciated* them.) From this trial-and-error process, however, there has evolved a good, sound, basic stock of fine children's records. I am talking about the 12", 33 r.p.m. discs, which sell all the way from 98¢ to \$5.98.

Until the youngest of our four children was about 10 years old, neither Ralph nor I dreamed that we would ever be in the record business. So, for all the years that our youngsters were interested in children's recordings, we bought them. And we bought every one that we could get our hands on. There were few made then, and they were expensive compared with what they are now. As I recall, we paid more than \$3 for three 78 r.p.m. records which included three episodes of "Winnie the Pooh". Now that same "Winnie the Pooh" is on one side of a \$1.98 disc, with a comparable number of good stories on the other side.

The same thing is true of three delightful Old Testament stories, narrated by Claude Raines. Now those same stories are one side of a 12" disc, with a charming narration of the life of Jesus on the other side. In other words, parents now get twice as much for half the money as they did only a few years ago. Children's records are among the few things that are cheaper today than yesterday.

Good recordings start at the lullaby level. Today's mothers can't be much different from mothers of my generation. I loved singing to our youngsters at nap and bedtime, and nobody, before or since, ever enjoyed my singing voice, with its uncertain pitch and limited range, to say nothing of a limited repertoire. Now mother can sing and cuddle baby for a while, and then play

one of these lovely albums, softly, that not only help lull baby to sleep, but let him hear good music almost from the time he is born. (Apologies, here, to you many mothers who *can* sing. Maybe you have something else to do, like singing another child to sleep!)

The next step is the Mother Goose rhymes. Many albums have up to 50 of them, all with delightful musical backgrounds. These can be a boon to a mother when she has recited these verses for the "umpteenth" time on a rainy day, meanwhile ironing, washing dishes, preparing a meal — you name it.

Then come the "ABC" and "Counting" records, usually with the alphabet on one side and the numbers on the other. Some children are interested in these before kindergarten; some at kindergarten age; and the reluctant student can find them helpful in first grade.

The next big step — and this opens a whole world of adventure — is the familiar stories, again with music and sound effects that even the most talented mother cannot achieve. Children are insatiable when it comes to storytelling, but both parents can reach a "satisfiable" point. It isn't that we don't enjoy reading to our children; it is just that the 35th reading of Goldilocks finds the adult less than enthusiastic as he anticipates the 36th.

As children grow up with their own records — and they will play the life out of them — they come into an era that is truly fun for parents who want their children to learn to appreciate good music. Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite" is a good example in two respects. The music is so light and lively that children enjoy it for itself; and Disney used so much of it in "Fantasia" that children associate it with his beloved animated figures.

Another so-called classic that every child should own is Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf". The story is narrated, but the music is even more important than the story. Each character is represented by a short theme in the music, and each theme is played by a different orchestral instrument. The story is exciting — straight out of the Brothers

Grimm — but the wonderful result is that the child is learning that various themes play, interplay, and blend in symphonies. In the case of a record like this, available at varying prices, I'd suggest getting the best that the pocketbook allows. Children never tire of it, even when they become adults. Leonard Bernstein has one of the best versions.

There is so much good at this threshold to the best in music, that it is impossible to enumerate everything. There are "Introductions to the Orchestra", where each instrument speaks, each instrument is played, and finally all are blended in some beautiful melody. There are "Introductions to the Classics", where only familiar passages from some of the world's greatest composers are played and identified. (If you think this is dull, don't be misled. You'll listen and enjoy it yourselves, and perhaps say, "I've always liked that and wondered where it came from.")

Something new — and to me, at least, wonderful — has happened in recordings in the past year. Three major companies have issued classics, both monaural and stereo, in prices never before dreamed of. These are not cheaply made recordings, but those which formerly sold for \$4.98 and \$5.98. By packaging them in less expensive jackets, they now offer these at prices ranging from \$1.98 to \$3.00. Costs vary from label to label, but all are most amazing bargains. Victor has the widest selection so far, but Capitol and Mercury also have many titles, and all are adding to their lists. Now it is possible to start building a child's classical album library at a sensible cost without sacrificing quality.

As I look back over this, It doesn't seem that I've told you a thing about *how* to choose records for children. I've simply suggested some of the many categories available. Perhaps this is more confusing than helpful. I'm sure we would have been confused had we found so much to choose from years ago.

For down-to-earth advice, I'd say: Find a record shop that is interested, and stocks lots of children's albums. Select a few that you think are "pos-

(Continued on page 19)

MARY BETH TELLS OF THE CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

This is a busy week, considering that after all the holiday festivities one expects things to slow down a bit. Next Saturday is the day for the children's C.A.R. meeting. Despite the fact that it is run by children it necessitates numerous phone calls and small plans that eat away at the hours in a day. I must remember, for instance, to pick up a movie projector, a screen, and the film that will be shown prior to the guest speaker's talk.

If you are a new reader you may not know about the C.A.R. It is a junior organization of children who have a traceable ancestor that fought in the American Revolution. When they reach the age of twenty-one they can transfer their membership directly into the Sons of the American Revolution, the S.A.R., or the Daughters of the American Revolution, commonly known as the D.A.R.

The theme of the children's programs for this year is Freedom's Challenge, and the committee and I have determined that we shall teach the children the facts of our United States Constitution. The movie to be presented runs about twelve minutes. It is produced and distributed by The National Education Program of Searcy, Arkansas. There is a series of thirteen films available on our American system, each a 12-minute black and white, 16mm sound motion picture.

This month the title of the film will be *The Fall of Nations*. The actions and conditions leading to the fall of each nation are spotlighted. The lessons presented are these: No nation which has risen to the pinnacle of world leadership has ever stayed there for long; the three basic causes for the failure of nations are political, economic, and moral decay.

Dr. Ganus, a noted young historian and Dean of the Harding School of American Studies suggests that these facts constitute a challenge to the United States. You might think that this is too adult a subject for children, but I've seen that our children are capable of understanding more than we adults give them credit for having the capacity to grasp.

I'm going to call a new neighbor of mine and invite her son Mike to attend this meeting as our guest. He may not be eligible for membership, but these films are so thought provoking that I



Katharine, Adrienne and Paul Driftmier peek around the front door as their father drives the car out of the garage to take them to Sunday school.

would delight in sharing them with a carload of youngsters.

Mike's mother and I met one beautiful day last fall when she rode her bicycle up here on the hill to visit me. Right in my own neighborhood I have a *Kitchen-Klatter* reader — indeed, a second generation *Kitchen-Klatter* reader. She is Mary Feyen from Kansas City, Missouri, and we had a delightful hour's visit one morning, discovering one of those rare occasions when two people have literally dozens of common opinions and mutual interests. I was fixing egg salad sandwiches and had progressed only to the point of cooling the hard-boiled eggs. So, while Mary and I visited, our two littlest offspring peeled the eggs. Mary's Tommy worked quietly and seriously, doing a beautiful job for a two-year-old. He was neat and orderly. My Adrienne, at four and a half, spread her eggshells from sink to table and back again. Mary had wheeled this muscular big boy up a long steep hill in the basket of her bicycle, and although he enjoyed the trip enormously she was well aware of her undertaking. She won't wheel up that hill again this winter, I'm sure, because few automobiles make it up this slippery incline during the winter months. Mary and her husband Gene are native Iowans. She comes from Sigourney and Gene from Davenport.

We discussed among other things schools and our children. She had left a wonderful-sounding school system in Overland Park, a suburb of Kansas City. Her Mike had enjoyed studies in German and algebra, although he is only eight. I was telling her about our school, The Academy of Basic Education, and we discovered that their basic aims in education were identical,

the only difference being that the Missouri school was supported by the taxpayers and our school is supported by the individual parents whose children attend.

The Academy had an open house one day last fall when they invited the younger brothers and sisters to attend the class they would be starting in the next year, while their mothers observed in the older children's classes.

Adrienne had just been itching to get to school. She rides to and from school every week that it is our turn to drive, and she wants terribly to stay at school with Paul and Katharine. I peeked into the kindergarten class where she visited, and she was truly nine feet tall! Sitting as big as you please at a desk, acting for all the world as though she was reading out of the book she was holding, she listened to the four- and five-year-olds read. She told me later that she did "hate" school — which nearly knocked me off my feet, as I had not expected such a reply. She went on to explain in a smug, self-confident way that the teacher had not called upon her *once* to go to the board and write as the other children did, nor to read, *not once!* I reminded her that probably the teacher did not realize that she could read or write, and besides the reading she did with Mother and Daddy was "pretend" reading of verses and stories she has memorized and her writing was again, only "pretend".

Paul has improved considerably over last year's dreaminess, which Donald and I struggled with from September to June. This year self-confidence has taken over. The detached dream world he flew off into last year has been replaced by his urging drive to be the "class clown". He is so blissfully unaware that this isn't acceptable behavior, that he didn't stop it even on the day I visited class, but blissfully went on with his role of entertainer right in front of his first bug-eyed, then thoroughly annoyed mother. I asked the teacher after class why she permitted him to continue in this outlandish fashion. She replied that he was doing so much better scholastically that she wanted to leave him alone a little longer before she removed *all* the wind from his sails.

I have to close now and get over to the neighboring farm for their lovely fresh eggs. I used up the last egg this morning at breakfast. Until next month,

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

A LETTER FROM ABIGAIL

Dear Friends:

Christmas will be a vivid memory by the time you read this. As I write, however, preparations for this great occasion have taken over at our house. It's no secret that I'm one of the "last minute" people, especially when it comes to Christmas.

Those who have all of their Christmas shopping and most of their baking done by December 1st just "flabbergast" me. I used to wonder how they kept busy during the month of December. Now I think I know. They spend hours and hours turning out gorgeous and clever Christmas packages. I have several friends whose Christmas wrappings are masterpieces of ingenuity and attractiveness.

Perhaps this is a talent that has a particular appeal for me since I am so devoid of it. Fortunately, now I can turn this project over to Emily and Alison. They handle it most creditably, but the day is coming when I won't be able to count on them to do the gift wrapping for me.

Emily has all her hopes for this holiday vacation centered on skiing. Last year there wasn't sufficient snow for good skiing during the holidays. This year's big snow in November only left her hopes even more unfulfilled. We were in Iowa over Thanksgiving and that's a long way from the Colorado ski slopes.

She has been busy helping to organize a New Year's Eve party for teenagers. It certainly ought to prove popular with parents and, hopefully, the kids themselves. As previously mentioned, Emily is an officer of the Denver Area Episcopal Youth Council. One of the main projects sponsored by this group is the raising of funds to restore a mission church at Bluff, Utah. Serving the poverty-stricken Indians of the area, this mission was dealt a cruel blow by an arsonist. The church and buildings were destroyed.

As a combination fund-raising and "keep-the-kids-out-of-trouble-spots-on-New-Year's-Eve" event, the officers are sponsoring a party at one of the centrally located church parish halls. They hope to add to the proceeds through the sale of refreshments.

Wayne and I have enjoyed a number of delightful New Year's Eve celebrations right here in our own neighborhood. As a matter of fact, these dinner parties must by now have reached the status of a tradition. There are six couples of us who annually get together and feast as we await the New Year. We all pay an assessment to cover the cost of the



Each time we see Wayne's and Abigail's children, we're amazed at how much they've grown. Emily, 16, is a junior; Alison, 13, is in eighth grade; Clark, who just turned 11 the last day of November, is a fifth-grader.

main course and also bring a covered dish to fill out the menu. For several years we have had the live Maine lobsters flown in along with fresh clams and clam chowder. Denver is about at the western limit for shipping in the live lobsters so it is an advantage to have this luxury in cold weather. But last year we decided it was time to vary the main course. One of the group has a brother who owns a meat market. Through his endeavors we purchased the most luscious T-bone steaks any of us had ever eaten. Two of the men braved the wintery blast outdoors to charcoal-grill them to perfection. The cost per couple is most reasonable, considering what a similar meal on this particular occasion would cost elsewhere.

Alison is eagerly awaiting the start of 1965 and an entire season of riding events. She entered her first riding contest last November and had her appetite thoroughly whetted. After much deliberation she chose to enter two events in a local gymkhana. At the conclusion of her first event there was no place for her to go but up — she finished last in the barrel race! The other event was pole-bending, and here she came in fourth, winning one of the biggest, fanciest ribbons I've ever seen.

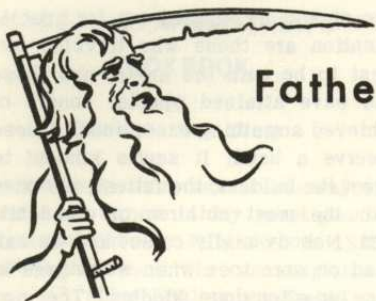
Now winning fourth may not sound like much, but when the obstacles are considered, it becomes a bit of an achievement. She was the youngest entrant in her division; it was her first competition. But the most difficult obstacles were that she was riding an unfamiliar horse, a thoroughbred, that she saddled with English equipment. I don't believe she'll ever again

choose to ride a gaited horse with English tack for Western-type games and contests. But properly equipped or not, nothing detracted one bit from the thrill of winning that ribbon!

Clark's activity this winter is basketball. One day last fall it suddenly dawned on me that that boy was practically eleven years old (he's since reached that ripe old age) and had never learned to play basketball. As a matter of fact, I could recall only one basketball game that he had even seen. With my background of a small Iowa town and two basketball-playing older brothers, this was almost as terrible as our letting him grow up without learning to read or write! So Clark is learning to play basketball in the typical suburban way through the Little League. This particular program isn't nearly as highly developed as either the football or baseball programs because of the difficulty in getting the gyms for practice. Clark may never develop into a great basketball star, but at least he'll know how the game is played and my Iowa-bred conscience can rest a bit easier on that score.

It must be terribly obvious to those of you who read these letters regularly that my activities center almost exclusively around my family. 1964 has been a good year for them as it has been for me. But I can't say good-bye to 1964 without getting a promised cranberry-red jumper finished for the festivities, so I'd better bid a hasty good-bye and wish each of you the very best of good fortune throughout 1965.

Sincerely,
Abigail



Father Time's Wastebasket

A SKIT

by

Virginia Thomas

Stage Setting: A long table stands in center stage. The table is piled high with a helter-skelter assortment of papers, manila file folders, boxes of papers, and various sheets of paper clipped together or fastened with rubber bands. Father Time is seated at the head of the table with several women seated in chairs around the table. These women are the Days of the Week, and each might have a large tag with her day's name on it pinned to her shoulder. Father Time should wear the traditional flowing white robe and a cap.

As the skit progresses, Father Time and the "girls" hunt through the conglomeration on the table. As each Day finds her topic, she picks out a packet or file to hold up as she talks, and then throws it away in Father Time's wastebasket, so that as the skit concludes, the table is completely bare.

Wednesday: Now, Father Time, we are all here and dying to know why you asked us all to this meeting today.

Friday: Yes, indeed. Do tell us! And what in the world is this conglomeration here on the table?

Father Time: Well, as you know, I have been asked to vacate this place by January first. My lease is up. I hear the new tenant is just a young squirt. But never mind that. To get back to why you are here, I need help. I've sorted and packed. I packed up some lovely memories of this past year here, and a whole box full of good deeds and also several boxes of kindnesses and a barrel of good will. These I want to treasure and keep, but look at the mess on this table! It's time for me to get out, and all this has to be sorted and put away, so I asked you girls to come for the afternoon and thought you could go through the stuff and see what is good enough to keep and what to throw away.

Monday: O boy, this will be fun! I always did like to snoop through other people's junk. Let's get going on it.

Saturday: Just look at all the clip-pings in this fat envelope. Oh, dear,

these are all *pieces of temper*. Why, Father Time, you certainly should try to control your temper and disposition better than this! Certainly you don't want to hang on to all these ugly bits of temper and anger scraps, do you? Here, let's throw all this bad temper stuff in the wastebasket. (Father Time looks sheepish and ashamed as she tosses the packet in the basket, mumbling, "It's a relief to be rid of that!")

Tuesday: Here's a whole box of *mis-understandings*. Really, Father, I'm surprised at some of the silly things in this box. I thought you had better sense than to get so upset over so many silly little things. (Father Time reaches for the box as Tuesday continues.) I'd burn that box of stuff in a hurry. Certainly young Mr. New Year won't want to see that box around when he arrives.

Thursday: This is a sorry looking, beat up bundle of something! (Turns bundle and looks it all over.) Goodness, no wonder! It is all a bundle of *grudges*. If there's anything I can't stand it's people who collect grudges. Why can't they let bygones be bygones? Think of cluttering up the place with all those hurtful black thoughts when just tossing them out would let in some sunshine and happiness! Sorry, Papa Time, these have to go but quick! (Tosses them into basket with a disdainful look, brushing her fingers as if soiled.)

Sunday: It hurts me just to look at this file of *petty jealousies*. With the good Lord showering so many blessings on us all, how could anyone envy another a little better house or a place on the school board? Here's one marked "has some friends whose attention I want", and this one is filed under "can have such pretty clothes while I can't". Well, this ugly file should certainly end up in the wastebasket, no question about that. Just having it around would leave a bad taste in anybody's mouth, I'd say!

Wednesday: Father Time, what are you trying to slip away with there before we see it? (She reaches for pack-

age which he reluctantly hands over.) Ummm! *Self-importance!* No wonder you were trying to sneak it out! Here, throw it away. We can see you realize now that blowing your own horn will get you nowhere but in the doghouse with all your family and friends! For some, humility comes mighty hard.

Father Time: Now, girls, shall we just sorta forget the rest of this stuff? You have been a little rough on this poor old man, you know. (He looks around for sympathy.)

Friday: I say let's finish the job. No wonder you have aged in this last year, with all this stuff pressuring you. Let's finish up, and I know you'll feel better to have it cleared away and leave a clean house behind you. Here, throw away this packet. It is full of *hatred* and *intolerance*. You know all the trouble *that* stirred up last year! That's just what divides nation against nation and race against race. Chuck it in the wastebasket quick, and let's all pray that Mr. New Year brings in loads of tolerance and understanding!

Monday: This whole packet is just one criticism after another. That's a *sure* way to stir up trouble. Constructive criticism can be helpful, but all the spiteful accusations and fault-findings I see here can bring only hurt and heartache. So throw that with that other junk to be destroyed. (She tosses the last packet away. They are down to the bare table.)

Father Time: (Folds his arms across his chest as if in satisfaction, and gives sigh of relief.) There, the table is all cleared. I thank you girls. Sometimes it is hard to sort things out by one's self, but you have helped me to really see things in a better perspective. And how glad I am to be rid of all that junk. I can see how it was cluttering up every day of my life, preventing me from much of the happiness and friendships I might have had. Thank you again. (Goes off with basket.)

Girls: At least, Mr. New Year starts off with a clean slate! Let's hope *he* doesn't make so much clutter!

COLD FACTS

It takes the average mother twelve minutes and thirty seconds to get Junior ready to go out when winter weather beckons. Twelve minutes and a half to dress for snowball wars; that's exactly three times more than he'll stay out of doors!

—Bea Dragin

LET'S PLAN A CLASS REUNION

by
Esther Heath

Class reunions are among the pleasantest experiences that can happen to old friends, particularly if they're planned in detail and with care. It is easier than ever before for couples or families to travel fast and far at the drop of a good suggestion. So, if your class has never had one, start planning *now* for a nostalgic but heart-warming get-together.

Now is not a bit too early to begin plans if this is a first reunion, be it the fourth or the fortieth. Those classes that have frequent reunions have lists of addresses to start with. But with any first reunion, an unbelievable amount of work may have to be done even to locate all members of the class.

The impetus must come from class members who still live in the old home town, but those who have moved away can become a part of the planning and share in the work, particularly in helping to locate classmates, once the decisive step has been taken.

The painstaking task of tracing "lost" class members is the work of those dedicated to make the plan a success. Here the committee should by-pass those who will glibly promise to do the work, but who will never quite get around to it. (This is a quality that we know about each other — whether it exists or not. Those who don't get around to this sort of work may be whizzes at decorating the tables or arranging a program.)

A one-day reunion has probably less chance of success than a weekend get-together. If people have to travel hundreds or thousands of miles, it is much more worth their while to come for a succession of activities than for a single banquet. If such a project is planned for a Memorial Day weekend or a Fourth-of-July, there is the added incentive that many other old friends will be likely to be in town.

It is also wise to space reunion activities so that the visitors have time to look up old friends and neighbors, to browse around town, or even to rest.

The date is set. Invitations have been sent to every class member who can be found. Those who cannot attend have been asked to write letters telling what has happened to them since graduation. For the formal dinner or banquet, any former teacher or school board member who can be contacted should be invited. From here on the



The office staff enjoying their coffee time preceding the holiday season. Everyone helped make this special by bringing cookies and candies from home to add to sweets we had tested.

plans are concerned with making everything attractive, and helping everyone to have a good time.

For this dinner, the formal high point of the reunion, the class flower and class colors will naturally be used in decorations. The toastmaster should be the senior class president, or some other officer if he's not there. Or he could be someone who served well in that capacity in high school days.

Former singers in the class might be prevailed on for a number or two — forewarned, of course. The same is true of any others who had special talents for entertaining. Letters and telegrams from absent classmates should be read. (If any letters are too long and detailed, delegate a tactful member of the group to condense them. Nothing long-winded or dull is in order here. Everything should move along at a lively pace!)

It seems to me that the only guests

WINTER DAWN-ENCHANTMENT

The soft-eyed rabbits wrote their glyphs upon

The spotless snow
Before enchantment was revealed by dawn.

A furbelow
Of shimmered daintiness adorns the roofs

Of little homes,
And I can see the prints of tiny hoofs:
A wild deer roams

From woodland peace in shy adventuring.

If startled, he
Will skim the snow as if by magic wing —

True artistry
Personified by flashing hoof-finesse
In winter's panoramic loveliness!

— Thelma Allinder

who should be singled out for special attention are those who traveled farthest to be with the group, and those who have attained special honors or achieved something exceptional. These deserve a hand. It seems kindest to forget the baldest, the fattest, the ones with the most children or grandchildren. Nobody really cares, and we can tread on sore toes when we engage in this too-often-done kidding. The man with the widest part in his hair must get tired of being reminded of it at every reunion he attends.

The other, and more informal activities, can be even more fun. What old classmates want above all is time to visit and reminisce.

At an afternoon coffee, why not bring out not only *your* class annual, but also the annuals of classes a year or two ahead and those of a year or two after. Nobody ever limited his friends to his own class. Schoolmates of those before and after years, who still live in town, might well be invited to meet the reunion class at this time. (I have heard of one community that makes a practice of holding reunions in blocks of classes so that more old friends can meet.) Any snapshot albums, school newspapers, or other tokens or trophies of high school days should also be exhibited at this time.

That should be the last of the planned activities. Impromptu breakfast cook-outs in a park; spur-of-the-moment luncheons at a club or restaurant; other informal activities — all can be depended on to take care of themselves. Some close friends will welcome chances for more time together. Some will have other friends or relations in town whom they will want to visit. Many will prefer a leisurely paced weekend to one crammed from morning to night with pre-planned meetings.

The local committee has very practical responsibilities. Cars should be made available to those who came by plane or train for a tour of the town. In a large town it might be more practical to make this a scheduled event, including a tour of the high school building. If some parents bring small children, they will appreciate the thoughtfulness of sitters for them. Responsible teen-agers, either children of local classmates or members of some group like the Scouts, will cooperate to help make the affair a success.

As I said at the beginning, work and planning must take place ahead of time to keep the machinery smooth running. If the details are well worked out, the home-towners will have as much fun as the visitors, and all will agree, "Let's do this again, soon!"

AN UNIQUE FAIR

by
Evelyn Birkby

The place was the New Orleans Hotel, Eureka Springs, Arkansas. The time was the last weekend in October. The lady speaking was a tourist from Springfield, Missouri.

"Where," she asked impatiently, "is War Eagle? I can't find it on this atlas map."

The name aroused my curiosity immediately. "Is it a place near here?" I inquired.

"Yes it is. An Arts and Crafts Fair is held every year at War Eagle at the same time as the Ozark Folk Festival here in Eureka Springs. We wanted to drive down tomorrow and see it."

So it was only a chance conversation in a hotel lobby that led us to discover War Eagle and the exciting exhibition of Ozark handicrafts and art work which makes it one of the most unique fairs in the United States.

With the aid of a service station attendant and his map of the surrounding territory, we found War Eagle. It is south and west of Eureka Springs and it is accessible from Rogers and Springdale, Arkansas. The road led us up hill and down, around curves and past small farms back into the Ozark mountains. We did not know where we were going; we did not know what we would find. My patient husband, accustomed to my hair-brained ideas, plugged along. He mumbled something about a "wild goose chase" but kept driving nevertheless.

When we pulled around a curve and spotted a patrolman directing traffic, I gloated, "Aha, a patrolman wouldn't be around if this weren't a popular place. Something must be worth seeing here."

Up and over a narrow, old-fashioned bridge we drove. By now we were directly in front of a large white farmhouse.

"Why, there is nothing here but a farm!" Robert exclaimed.

Beyond the house was a pasture filled, as far as the eye could see, with parked cars. People were everywhere — ten thousand before the day was over! Forty thousand attended by the time the three-day fair ended. No carnival was around, no big-name stars in sight, no elaborate, high-pressure salesmen were in evidence. What could possibly attract so many people to this quiet, out-of-the-way place?

Picnic tables were set near the farmhouse. The pleasant odor of cooking



Evelyn Birkby, gathering bitter-sweet along an Ozark roadside.

food directed us to huge barbecue pits where halved chickens were broiling succulently on great racks (large as a farm gate, they were!). A small shed near the back porch was the serving counter and we picked up plates filled with half a broiled chicken, potato chips, bread, pickles and our choice of pop or coffee.

Rejecting the proffered tables, we walked down beside War Eagle River and ate in the pleasant setting, reveling in the calm water, placid above the ancient mill dam. The trees along the bank were a medley of color, Ozark beauty in its best autumn dress.

"Just sitting here in this lovely place and eating this excellent food is worth the drive," Robert admitted. I nodded, content.

Our dinner finished, we walked up the bank to the barn. Inside the large, familiar-shaped structure, in the stalls and corners where animals normally would be housed, were booths which held a tremendous array of homemade items: beautiful quilts, fine linens, handweaving, braided rugs, jams and jellies. One table was laden with native flora such as seed pods, cat-tails, teasel, water lily pods and bitter-sweet. We purchased carefully wrapped mounds of black walnut fudge and, munching them, walked to the next display area which was housed in a large canvas tent.

A bustle of people and the murmur of voices greeted us. The booths here held a staggering variety of Ozark craftwork: seed pictures, hand-dipped candles, cookbooks, Indian dolls, primitive paintings, delicate water colors, wood carvings, apple-headed dolls, wood inlays, driftwood arrangements and much, much more.

It seemed impossible that more could be in store for us, but a long exhibition building was next. Our feet scrunched on the sawdust floor as we passed booths laden with hand-painted cer-

amics, copper enamelware, leathercraft, stone work, pottery, books by local authors and scenes built with tedious labor inside narrow-necked bottles. Beautiful paintings, glass murals and wood sculptures were in evidence. Willard Stone, known to many as the finest sculpturer of Indian extraction in America, was there with a display of his magnificent work.

Everything on display must be hand-produced. A committee passes on the quality of work; it must be up to a certain standard. A small down payment is required to reserve a booth. Then a percentage of all sales goes to the nonprofit organization which stages the event. All proceeds go back into the fair to provide added exhibit space and greater convenience for the visitors.

From a visit with Edsel Ford, of Fort Smith, Arkansas, volunteer promotional director for the fair, and a writer and poet in his own right, we learned that over 175 exhibitors were present. All items displayed were for sale and no admission was charged to the public.

Mr. Ford also told us the story of this historic spot on the War Eagle River. Pioneer Sylvanus Blackburn first built a mill on the river in the 1830's. It played an important role in the Civil War as it ground flour for the troops. (Plans are now underway to restore an operating mill on the site of the original building.) War Eagle itself was never more than a small settlement.

The idea of the fair began, Mr. Ford informed us, when a school chum of Mrs. Blance Elliott, who lives at War Eagle Farm, commented that it was an ideal spot for a crafts fair similar to those she had seen in New England. Mrs. Elliott was a member of the Northwest Arkansas Handweavers Guild and in 1954 they sponsored the event, setting up exhibits in the Elliott home and the summer cottages overlooking War Eagle River. So many people came it was finally decided to settle on a single location, so the farm was chosen. As the fair has grown, a tent and a permanent exhibition building have been added.

Our last stop was beside a rustic, split rail fence. I glanced back at the groups of people visiting, sitting along the river, watching the potter as he demonstrated his work on the wheel, going in and out of the exhibit buildings, sitting under the trees in the farmyard and walking into the Elliott home to see the displays of ceramic work and to view the Early American sitting room. It was a happy, relaxed and contented crowd. They were en-

(Continued on page 22)

Recipes

Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

SENSATIONALLY GOOD HAM RECIPE

- 3 lbs. boned, rolled, cooked ham
- 2 cans (1-lb. 14 oz. each) sliced pineapple
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 3 Tbls. flour
- Reserved pineapple juice
- 1/3 cup brown sugar
- 1/3 cup cider vinegar
- 3 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 2 Tbls. tomato sauce

Cut the ham into 1/2-inch thick slices. Place it in the broiler pan that came with your stove — or in a very large shallow baking pan. Put a slice of pineapple on each serving of ham.

Melt the butter or margarine in a heavy skillet and blend in flour, stirring until smooth. Now add the reserved pineapple juice (you should have 1 1/2 cups) and remaining ingredients, stirring constantly and cooking until bubbly. Pour this sauce over the ham and pineapple and bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees, basting frequently.

I served this at a dinner party and was really amazed by the comments of appreciation. It *does* have an unusually good flavor — and it can be prepared in advance, if necessary, and reheated just before serving. This is a new and most successful twist to the long-familiar ham and pineapple combination.

— Lucile

UNUSUAL COLESLAW

- 3 qts. finely shredded cabbage
- 1 (11 oz.) can mandarin oranges, drained
- 1 (6 oz.) can chilled cranberry sauce, cut in cubes
- 3/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper

Combine mayonnaise, vinegar, sugar, salt and pepper. Just before ready to serve, add shredded cabbage and orange sections. Toss thoroughly. Lastly, add cubes of cranberry sauce and toss lightly.

MARGERY'S ONE-EGG CAKE

- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk

Cream shortening and sugar. Add unbeaten egg and flavorings and beat thoroughly. Sift flour and measure 1 1/2 cups. Sift together with the baking powder and salt. Add these sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk to the creamed shortening and sugar mixture. Pour into 8-inch square cake pan which has been greased and floured. Bake at 350 degrees until the cake tests done — about 25 minutes.

This is a nice little recipe for cupcakes, also.

CHEESE SALAD

- 2 Tbls. gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 2 cups crushed pineapple, undrained
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups coarsely shredded American cheese
- 1/2 pint cream, whipped

Soak gelatin in cold water for 5 minutes. Place pineapple, lemon juice and sugar in a pan and heat to boiling. Remove and add dissolved gelatin. Allow to cool until it begins to thicken and then fold in the cheese and whipped cream. Chill until it is firm and serve on lettuce with just a little dab of mayonnaise.

MINT APPLE RINGS

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1/4 cup corn syrup
- 1/2 tsp. green food coloring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 2 or 3 cooking apples

Combine sugar, water, syrup and coloring in skillet and simmer for 3 minutes. Wash and slice the unpeeled apples into rings. With a sharp knife or potato peeler, carefully cut loose the center seeds and any rough places around them. Stir the flavoring into the syrup and then add the apple slices. Simmer gently until the apples are tender and transparent, about 15 minutes. Turn, if needed, to coat well and color a bright pretty green.

TRIPLE-TREAT PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

1st layer

- 1 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup School Day peanut butter
- 1 cup flour, sifted
- 1 cup uncooked oatmeal

Cream together the margarine, flavoring, sugar and peanut butter. Add the flour and oatmeal. Pat into a 9-by 13-inch greased pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes.

2nd layer

- 3 eggs
- 3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/2 cup salted peanuts
- 1 cup flaked coconut (or 1 cup crushed cornflakes)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Beat eggs, add sugar and flavoring. Stir in baking powder and flour. Add peanuts, coconut or crushed cornflakes and coconut flavoring. Spread carefully over baked 1st layer. Return to oven and bake at 350 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes.

3rd layer

- 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
- 3 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Beat ingredients together until smooth. Frost top of 2nd layer. Cut into bars.

BROCCOLI WITH HERB BUTTER

- 3 lbs. fresh broccoli
- 2 Tbls. margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

- 1 clove of garlic, minced
- 1/4 tsp. oregano
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Dash of freshly ground pepper

Cook broccoli until just tender. Combine remaining ingredients, heat and pour over the broccoli. (The exact measurements given here will produce an absolutely delicious sauce — and the lemon flavoring tastes even better than fresh lemon juice.) Frozen broccoli *could* be used but it never quite comes up to fresh broccoli.

EILEEN'S MEAT LOAF SQUARES

1 lb. cured ham, ground
 1 lb. lean beef, ground
 1 lb. lean pork, ground
 1 cup cornflake crumbs
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 2 eggs, beaten
 1 cup milk

Combine all the ingredients. Pat into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Push the meat loaf clear to the sides of the pan, filling it completely. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour. The last 30 minutes, use the following glaze:

Glaze

2 Tbls. vinegar
 1/3 cup brown sugar
 1 tsp. dry mustard

Stir the three ingredients together until smooth. After the meat loaf has baked for 30 minutes, smooth half the glaze over the top. Return to oven and bake for 15 minutes, then smooth rest of glaze over the top. Finish baking the last 15 minutes.

This cuts into the most marvelous squares. It is not at all greasy and the proportions make a delicious, delicate ham flavor which is not too powerful. Since this freezes well, it is economical to make up the entire recipe, baking the amount needed for the family, and freezing the remainder.

Mark this recipe as a *perfect* one to serve at a church dinner. A good, simple menu might include meat squares, green beans, escalloped potatoes, gelatin salad, and pie.

—Evelyn

TOASTED OATMEAL COOKIES

3/4 cup butter
 2 1/2 cups raw rolled oats
 1/2 cup flour
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
 1 egg
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Heat butter in medium skillet until lightly browned. Do not burn. Add oats and saute, stirring constantly until golden. Cool. Sift together flour, cinnamon, salt and soda. Combine sugar, egg, and flavorings. Beat until light and fluffy. Mix in oats and flour mixture until well combined. Drop by teaspoonful 3 inches apart on ungreased cooky sheets. Bake in 375 degree oven for 8 to 10 minutes. Remove to wire rack to cool.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH CABBAGE

1/2 head cabbage, shredded
 1 pkg. chipped smoked beef
 1 1/2 cups white sauce
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 cup buttered bread crumbs
 Boil shredded cabbage in salted water until just barely tender. Drain. Chop beef in small bits (if the salted dried beef is used, soak it in a little warm water for about 10 minutes to eliminate some of the salt). Grease a casserole. Make layers of the cabbage and dried beef. Make a rich, butter-flavored white sauce. Pour this over the cabbage and beef. Top with buttered bread crumbs. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes.

GLAZED SPARERIBS

Enough ribs for 6 people
 1/2 cup soy sauce
 1/2 cup honey
 1/2 cup water
 2 Tbls. tarragon vinegar
 2 Tbls. water
 2 Tbls. sugar
 1/2 tsp. ginger
 1 tsp. dry mustard
 1 tsp. salt
 2 or 3 cloves garlic, cut in large pieces

Mix all ingredients together and pour over spareribs. (A pork loin roast would be equally fine but we had spareribs on hand.) Cover and let stand in the refrigerator overnight. When ready to bake, put in a 325 degree oven and roast, basting frequently, until done. The meat absorbs the flavors of this marinade, is dark brown in appearance, highly glazed — and delicious.

— Lucile

SWEET-AND-SOUR CABBAGE

1 medium head cabbage
 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
 Salt and pepper to taste
 1 Tbls. sugar
 3 Tbls. cream
 3 eggs, beaten
 1/3 cup vinegar

Shred or chop the cabbage very fine. Melt the butter or margarine in a kettle and add the cabbage, salt and pepper. Cover and cook until tender (approximately 20 minutes), stirring frequently. If the cabbage is fresh, you will not need to add water. Add the sugar and cream to the beaten eggs and mix thoroughly. Slowly add the vinegar and beat again. Stir this mixture into the cabbage and let it come to a boil. This will not curdle if you do not overcook it. If your family likes wilted lettuce, I'm sure they will enjoy this cabbage.

— Dorothy

CHILI PIE

1 medium onion, chopped
 1 clove garlic, chopped
 2 lbs. ground beef
 1 small can tomato sauce
 1 can (2 cups) tomatoes
 1 can red beans, drained
 2 tsp. chili powder
 1 tsp. salt
 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
 Cornbread Topping

Saute the onion, garlic and ground beef. Stir in the remaining ingredients, except the cheese and cornbread topping. Simmer while you make the following topping:

Cornbread

3/4 cup cornmeal
 1/4 cup sifted flour
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1 egg
 1/2 cup milk
 1/4 cup soft shortening
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Sift together the dry ingredients. Add the egg, milk, shortening and butter flavoring. Beat until smooth.

Put the chili filling in a shallow two-quart casserole and sprinkle with the Parmesan cheese. Spoon cornbread around the edge of the dish, then bake in a 425 degree oven about 20 minutes.

WONDERFUL HAMBURGER-RICE PIE

1 lb. ground beef
 1/4 cup onion, chopped
 1 tsp. salt
 1 cup tomato sauce
 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 1 1/2 cups cooked rice
 1/4 to 1/2 cup cheese

Combine the ground beef, bread crumbs, onion, seasonings, and 1/2 cup of the tomato sauce. Pat mixture onto the bottom and sides of a greased 10-inch pie plate. Cook the rice (it will take 1/2 cup raw rice to make 1 1/2 cups when cooked) and drain well. Combine the cooked rice with the other 1/2 cup tomato sauce and stir in the cheese. Salt if needed. Spoon into the meat shell. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Sprinkle a little cheese over the top and bake 5 more minutes until the cheese is melted and bubbly. If the beef is very fat, you may need to drain some fat from the pan as it bakes.

This is a wonderful way of putting together familiar ingredients. Several of these rice meat pies may be prepared at a time, slipped into a plastic bag or covered with foil and frozen.

DATE CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1 1/2 cups diced pitted dates
- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder

Mix boiling water, dates and margarine and cook slowly, stirring, for 3 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in baking soda and cool until lukewarm. Beat egg and add, along with salt, flavorings and sugar. Sift flour and baking powder and stir in until well blended. Pour into greased and floured 7 1/2- by 12-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes. When cool, spread with the following cooled topping.

Date Topping

- 1 cup pitted dates, diced
- 3/4 cup water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- Dash of salt

1/3 cup chopped nuts
Cook all ingredients, except nuts, over low flame until thick. Cool. Add nuts just before spreading over cake. Top with whipped cream.

—Margery

OZARK CORN FRITTERS

- 1 cup fresh or canned corn
- 3 or 4 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Put the butter or margarine and the butter flavoring in a skillet. Into a bowl put all the other ingredients. Mix well. If fresh corn is used, scrap from the cob and measure. If canned corn is used, drain well and measure. The canned corn may take a little more flour to make it hold together. I like it very soft in texture, however, for the flavor is better.

When the butter is hot, drop the batter by spoonfuls into the skillet. Fold together if necessary to keep the fritters in mounds as they cook. When one side is slightly brown, turn and brown on the other side.

Serve immediately with hot maple syrup.

—Evelyn

KENTUCKY HUSH PUPPIES

- 1 1/2 cups corn meal
- 1/2 cup flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

A dash of pepper

1 egg

3/4 cup milk

1/2 cup onion, finely grated

Combine all of the ingredients; beat well. Fry fish in a generous amount of shortening. When fish is done, remove from skillet. Use a teaspoon and make the tiniest ball of dough possible on the spoon and drop into the hot shortening left from frying the fish. Cook until golden brown and crisp, turning if necessary to cook both sides.

I learned to make these from a Kentucky friend. The secret of really delicious hush puppies is in the method. Have plenty of hot shortening in which fish has been cooked. An electric skillet is perfect for these; set heat at 350 degrees. Make the balls small, "as tiny as your thumbnail". Cook them brown and crisp. Drain on paper towels and serve hot. We served these with fresh, fried catfish, cabbage slaw, homemade ice cream and delicate chocolate cake.

—Evelyn

STEAK PAPRIKA

- 1 1/2 to 2 lbs. round steak
- 3 Tbls. shortening
- 1 medium-sized onion
- 1 cup hot water
- 3/4 cup rich cream, sweet or sour
- 1 1/2 tsp. paprika

Melt shortening and gently brown the onion. Remove onion and put aside. Cut steak into serving pieces, dip in flour, and fry slowly until brown. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add hot water and the browned onion, cover tightly and simmer slowly for about an hour. Add cream, sprinkle with paprika, and continue simmering, covered, for about 5 minutes before serving.

—Margery

PORK ROAST IN FOIL

Place roast on foil and sprinkle with salt and onion flakes (or a little garlic salt and catsup will give a fine barbecue flavor). Wrap the roast and put in a baking pan. Bake in a 300 degree oven for about 4 hours. Pierce the foil so the juice runs out into the pan and raise the temperature to 375 for 1 more hour. This allows the juice to brown in pan for gravy. Roasting in foil at a low temperature results in a juicy, tender roast with little shrinkage.

—Evelyn

**BRUSSELS SPROUTS
IN ONION CREAM**

- 1 1/2 lbs. Brussels sprouts
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1 pint commercial sour cream
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Steam sprouts about 15 minutes — or until just tender. (Be careful not to overcook.) Melt butter, add butter flavoring, and stir onions in it lightly until they are slightly browned. Stir in sour cream and heat, stirring constantly. Add sprouts and mix well. This amount is supposed to serve six, but we found it so tasty and just plain good that only three of us did away with the entire dish.

—Lucile

SPECIAL APPLE CAKE

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sour milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
- 1 cup chopped apples
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Cream the shortening, butter flavoring and sugars thoroughly. Add the eggs and beat well. Sift the flour, soda, salt, and cloves together and add to the creamed mixture alternately with the sour milk and vanilla. Add the apples and black walnut flavoring and mix well. Bake in a 9- by 13-inch pan, which has been greased and floured, in a 350 degree oven for about 45 minutes. When the cake has cooled, spread the following topping over the cake:

Topping

- 2/3 cup white sugar
- 3 egg yolks
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup coconut
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Mix the sugar with the egg yolks. Melt the margarine and add. Stir in the dates, and cook in a double boiler until thick. Add the coconut and flavorings. Cool and spread over the cooled cake.

—Dorothy

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S COOKBOOK

by
Ellen Collins Craig

Seeking something new in the way of a menu, I turned to my great-grandmother's cookbook. Published in 1845 in Philadelphia, it is an adaptation of a still older English cookbook revamped to meet conditions in the States. It is entitled "Modern Cookery".

As I turned the pages, I came upon recipes here and there that brought nostalgia for my childhood days. There was the heading "Bermuda Witches". What memories it recalled! When I was a small girl, my mother, at intervals, would produce a really beautiful dinner for the relatives living in or near our home town. I remember the snowy cloth, the bright silver, the glass goblets with stems of three women's heads. I remember best the tall glass cake stand piled high with Bermuda Witches standing in readiness on the sideboard.

For the uninitiated it should be explained that Bermuda Witches are diminutive jelly rolls. My mother must have varied the recipe, for she did not make her Bermuda Witches by rolling slices cut from pound or sponge cake. Instead she baked, on heavy greased paper, individual cakes about the size of pancakes, exceedingly thin. I can still see these brought from the oven, deliciously scenting the spacious kitchen. With what anticipation we children watched the spreading of the jelly, the rolling, the dusting with powdered sugar, the piling on the tall stand! Guava or currant jelly was best, but any jelly could be used. For a richer dessert grated coconut was sprinkled on the jelly before rolling.

On another page of the ancient cookbook I found the recipe for raspberry puffs. This recipe also brought back memories. My mother substituted peaches for raspberries — fresh peaches, canned peaches, or peaches stewed from the dried fruit. Pastry was rolled in individual pieces just smaller than a bread-and-butter plate, but oval rather than round. The fruit was placed on half, the other half brought over as cover. The edges, moistened on the inside, were made firm by fluting with the prongs of a fork.

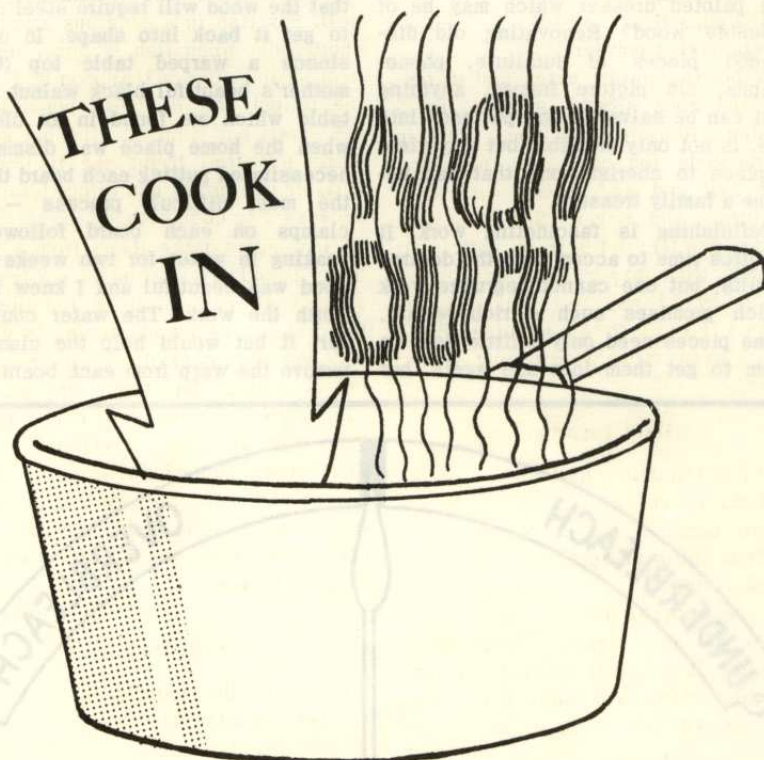
How enticing those puffs were as they came from the oven, delicately touched with brown, the fluting of the edges and the simple leaf cluster cut by Mother to allow the escape of steam making a thing of beauty. They were

like individual pies with the advantage that they were more easily handled by a child asking for a four o'clock hand-out.

The English have always used puddings extensively. This early cookbook with its many British recipes devotes twenty-six pages of fine print to puddings, boiled or baked. There are apple, currant, cherry, and plum pud-

dings, Yorkshire pudding, beefsteak pudding, and any number of suet puddings. Hence I had expected to find here the recipe for a suet pudding which was often served on our breakfast table when I was a small child. I did not find it. Most English puddings contain eggs, milk, or raisins and require immediate use. The suet

(Continued on page 22)



Don't put up with flavorings that taste and smell fine going into foods, but seem to disappear when the steam begins to rise. **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** never bake out or cook out. Their flavor and tempting aroma stay right in, right up to eating time.

And how these tempting flavors help to add variety! It's no trick at all to turn everyday recipes into reputation-building surprises, just by using **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** and a little imagination. How about perking up that next cream pie with a surprise flavor? There are sixteen to choose from:

Lemon	Butter	Orange	Black Walnut
Banana	Coconut	Pineapple	Vanilla
Cherry	Burnt Sugar	Strawberry	Maple
Raspberry	Almond	Mint	Blueberry

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

Ask your grocer first, however if you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00) We pay the postage. And save the cap liners for valuable premiums.

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

SHENANDOAH, IOWA 51601



What Became of That Old Dresser?

by
Grace Niece Templeton

Do you have an old piece of walnut tucked away in the basement? Or an old painted dresser which may be of valuable wood? Renovating old discarded pieces of furniture, phonographs, old picture frames, anything that can be salvaged and put back into use, is not only sensible but may yield a piece to cherish, one that can become a family treasure.

Refinishing is fascinating work. It requires time to accomplish the desired results, but one cannot begrudge work which promises such a rich reward. Some pieces need only a little done to them to get them into use again, but

others may have been neglected so long or received such rough treatment that the wood will require steel clamps to get it back into shape. In one instance a warped table top (Grandmother's beautiful black walnut dining table which we found in an old barn when the home place was dismantled) necessitated putting each board through the most difficult process — steel clamps on each board followed by soaking in water for two weeks! This wood was beautiful and I knew it was worth the work. The water could not hurt it but would help the clamps to remove the warp from each board. Fine

wood is worth all that is necessary to get back its beauty.

If a walnut surface, for example, has had many coats of paint or enamel, you can be certain that elbow grease and paint remover will eventually bring out the walnut grain. This is a most rewarding pleasure.

An antique chest of drawers, complete with glove boxes and beautiful swivel mirror, had been painted and enameled many times and many colors since its covered-wagon trek halfway across the continent. It was supposed to be oak. Persistent rubbing with paint remover revealed beautiful black walnut! Here was a valuable heirloom.

Antique furniture often has intricate trim which requires patient attention. If the least bit of the old finish is overlooked during the cleaning process, it is certain to leave a blemish to an otherwise perfect finish. Portions of the trim may be missing, but, like cracks, the places can sometimes be filled successfully.

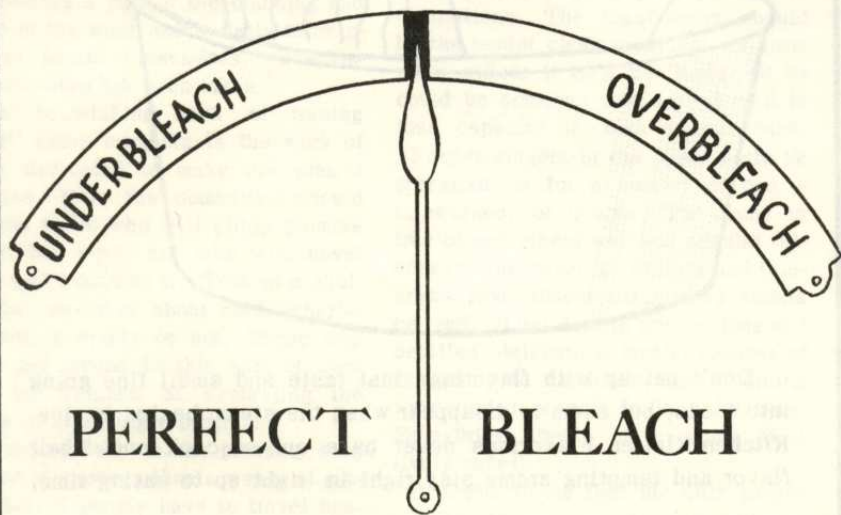
Some prefer to use the original, imperfect mirrors; others replace them with good quality mirrors made to order. These can be purchased through your local furniture dealer. Handmade drawer pulls, in any style, can now be ordered. Elaborate ones usually cost about two dollars.

Marble tops are difficult to refinish or bleach. Perhaps it is best to have a professional marble worker refinish the surface, particularly white marble. Antique dealers tell us not to worry about cracks or defects in the marble tops.

A few general remarks may be helpful to the novice refinisher. Buy your remover from a reputable paint dealer and use plenty of it; have a generous supply of clean rags in readiness and a good scraper and small tools for getting the old finish out of corners. Wood alcohol cleans the surface nicely after the old finish is removed. Wear canvas gloves for this work. After each step massage the hands with linseed oil.

Work *with* the grain of the wood from the moment you begin until the article is finished. After all the old finish has been removed and all parts wiped dry, let it stand for a time. Now you are ready to refinish the piece. Use the finest sandpaper -0000 or -00000 — you can never sand too much — until the surface is as smooth as satin. Clean well.

There are several kinds of finish. This is another subject which will come later. This may sound too strenuous, but remember you are preparing an heirloom and a thing of beauty which is to be a joy forever!



Gone are the days when you had only two choices in household bleaches. Then, you had to contend with harsh liquid bleaches that depended on chlorine to get stains and greyness out . . . and damaged fabrics and ruined colors in the process. Or, you could use "lazy" bleaches that didn't harm fabrics and colors, but didn't have the power to do their job.

Now, there's a perfect bleach: **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. Strong enough to bleach whites white and colors bright. Hard-working, to remove stubborn stains and "worn-in" dinginess. Yet, because it's safe for all fabrics, it won't harm even filmy synthetics.

Get the bleaching power you pay for, without the danger of chlorine or other fiber-damaging chemicals. Ask for

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

WILD BIRDS FOR COMPANY

by
Joseph Arkin
and
Rose Irene Hamner



Attracting colorful wild birds, watching them and learning their habits, has become a popular source of enjoyment for a growing number of housewives and businessmen and members of their families. They are experiencing one of the beauties of nature — almost without leaving their armchairs — by bringing wildlife right into their gardens and up to their windows.

All that's needed is a little food, water and patience.

Birds are always hungry, particularly during the winter and early spring when their natural food supply is depleted. The best time to begin attracting wild birds is in the early fall. Birds can stand frigid winter weather if they can eat enough food to keep up their body temperature. Start feeding birds before the first frost in the fall and don't stop until the first signs of spring, since the birds will come to depend on you for food. During the summer months birds feed on insects and will assist you in ridding your yard of these pests, but they will enjoy an easily accessible addition to their natural food supply.

If you have a cat, you can't teach it not to catch birds, but you can warn the bird. Get your cat an elastic collar that will slip off if it catches on a bush or tree so your cat won't be accidentally hung, and attach a small bell to it. The sound of the bell will warn your feathered friends to take wing.

Most serious bird watchers use bird feeders. There are various types which you can buy at garden supply stores, through advertisements and mail order houses, or you can make your own. The simplest is a shallow tray which can be placed on a window sill or attached to the top of a ground post. If you want to be more elaborate, use a tree box facing away from prevailing winds. The basic types of feeders are window feeders, hanging feeders and post-mounted feeders. Window feeders are usually attached with screws to your window sill. These are available in both tray and house types. It is even possible to purchase a window sill birdhouse with one-way glass so you may watch the birds without frightening

them. Their side of the glass is a mirror. Hanging feeders may be attached to a tree limb, the eave of a building or from a wire strung between two trees, posts or buildings. The feeder should be at least five feet above the ground and three feet away from any tree trunk or building to foil cats. For a post-mounted feeder, use a post six feet long and sunk securely 18 inches into the ground. If the post is not made of pipe, place a pan or circular metal disk around the post below the feeder to keep cats from climbing it. Materials used for birdhouses and feeders range from the durable woods, redwood and cedar, to metal and plastic.

Clean your feeder thoroughly once a year.

You will have heavier bird traffic if the feeder is located near bushes or foliage, but the first consideration in location is a site easily seen by you — say outside the kitchen or living room window.

What should you feed wild birds? Seed is favored by most birds, but suet is vital to certain species in order to produce the necessary body heat for winter survival. A specially packaged feed from your grocery store will attract colorful and unusual wild birds. Or use any mixture of wild bird seed or suet cakes available at your local garden supply or hardware store.

Birds find their food by sight only. If they do not discover your feeder within ten days, place a shiny piepan lightly sprinkled with wild bird seed on the ground under the feeder as a lure until the feeder is discovered.

Remember to provide water for your birds also. The birdbath should be shallow, not more than two or three inches deep, and the bottom should slope downward from the outer edges toward the center. Birds prefer a rough bottom.

Bird watchers quickly learn to identify most of the species in their neighborhoods. You'll attract the local sparrows and other plain birds that need tender loving care as much as the fancier birds you'll be on the alert for. But all birds are fun to watch.



Feeder (right) in Verness garden.

BIRDS ON PARADE

A beady-eyed titmouse
Perched on my window sill,
Selected several seeds
And ate — ate his fill.

Next came the snowbird
With breast so very white;
He gorged on fallen crumbs
To his heart's delight.

In flew the nuthatch
With bill so very long;
He pecked and pecked,
And away he was gone.

Along came a cardinal,
His beauty is so rare!
He chose corn and sunflower seed
For his daily fare.

A flock of sparrows
Watched the BIRD PARADE,
And decided to get their share;
They Came, they Ate, they Stayed!

The feeder is stocked
With suet, grains and crumbs
To welcome all birds —
Even the Sparrow when he comes.

—Helene B. Dillon

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

to all the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine subscribers and your families. We wish to say "thank you" for the nice comments and suggestions you've given us this past year.

A special welcome to our new readers. Perhaps the magazine was sent to you as a gift in 1964. Do you have a friend to add in 1965?

\$1.50 per year, 12 issues
\$2.00, foreign subscriptions

Address your letter to:

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COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

The test of a good book is that it shall be known by its fruits in our thinking and living — by what it does for us.

The Disciplined Heart (Abingdon Press, \$2.25) by Ruth C. Ikerman contains spiritual exercises for every month. Written to help the average person with special problems in the home, church, and community, this writer believes that much good can come about from the influences of a disciplined heart.

For January, Mrs. Ikerman tells of starting the new year with the gift of days that have never been used. She reminds us each new day offers opportunities for service, and lists simple disciplines to help us make the right use of our time. To illustrate: She sug-

gests you do one thing which you previously thought your busy schedule could not include in a day. This may be trying a new recipe, calling on a new acquaintance, or writing a letter. You will soon gain maximum value from the gift of each day that hasn't been used and will see your part in group adventures.

Mrs. Ikerman, now active in religious work and community affairs in California, suggests ways to say "thank you" with our hands. Perhaps it's making potholders, or a loaf of homemade bread. Certainly "the work of the hands expresses gratitude of the heart".

Boel Maria Elisabet Junker was the name given to the new baby, a baby who would never be like other children and would live inside her "glass ball" of isolation. *The Child in the Glass Ball* (Abingdon Press, \$4) by Karin Stensland Junker is a courageous mother's story of her search for help for retarded children, including her own Boel.

Widely acclaimed in Sweden, the book appears here in English for the first time, translated by Gustaf Lannestock.

Mrs. Junker is a writer and mother of

five children, two of whom are mentally handicapped. Besides Boel, it was later discovered that Mrs. Junker's youngest, Anders, had suffered brain damage at birth.

Intelligence and wisdom are shown in her writing on this difficult subject. From professional study as well as deep personal experience on the subject of mental retardation, Mrs. Junker has written a brave book.

The Trouble with Being a Mama (Abingdon Press, \$2.95) by Eva Rutland is a humorous and lively account of her life with husband Bill and their four children — Elsie, Billy, and the twins, Pat and Ginger.

Mothers will appreciate the problems encountered and will sympathize — and laugh.

Having served eight offices in PTA, taught Sunday school, carved soap with Cub Scouts, sewed on sequins with Brownies, and sold soft drinks at the Little League stand — to name a few of her activities — she feels she's dedicated to moral, spiritual and cultural development. Ten years later she has some definite ideas about "joining".

Eva Rutland is a Negro. She writes with wisdom and understanding of their problems. She feels that at home and in the streets and market places the real battle — that of human dignity — is being waged.

Mrs. Rutland writes with such honesty and conviction that it is hard to leave the book once you have begun reading.

Do these three pass the test of a good book? Yes, definitely.

IF GRANDMA COULD SEE US NOW

If her grandma could only know,
And had she seen granddaughter grow
To be the leader of a group
Of Brownies and a cub scout troop,
If she had known of PTA,
And how granddaughter takes one day
A week toward the motor pool
That taxis neighbor kids to school,
And seen her tackle the barrage
Of junk piled high in the garage,
And seen her on her knees to scrub,
The lavatory, stool, and tub,
And all the meetings she attends,
And of the many days she spends
Collecting funds for charities,
She'd think she'd led a life of ease.
Grandma would simply be amazed
How much her grandchild does these
days.

— Gladise Kelly

Enjoy yourselves. These are the good old days you are going to miss in 1985.

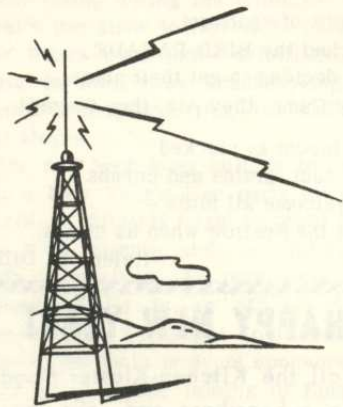
Let's get acquainted...

Make a New Year's resolution to listen to the KITCHEN-KLATTER radio visits.

We'll be sharing our recipes, household hints and family news, hoping that you, in return, will share yours by way of letter.

Check this list of stations to find where you can listen each week day:

KLK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.



CHILDREN'S RECORDS - Concluded

sibles" and listen to them. During our years in the record shop we've learned that what is one mother's rejection is the next mother's choice. Whatever you choose, you will quickly agree with my husband, I am sure, that records are one of the best "baby sitters" a mother ever had.

Some Musical Don'ts

It seems incongruous to associate "don'ts" with anything as pleasant as music, but after our years in the business there have emerged some that need saying:

1) When parents bring a small child to the shop and spend several dollars on albums for themselves, but tell the youngster that the little 29¢ record he has picked out for himself is something he really doesn't want, that is a *don't*. Help him to pick out one that he will enjoy. It will add little to the bill, but will be a step in starting him on his own enjoyment of music.

2) When a pre-teen comes in with stars in his eyes, his own money, and his mother, and proudly states, "Mom says I can buy a *Chipmunks*' album", and then she argues him out of it in front of other customers, saying that a classical album will be better in the long run, and she wins and he goes out crestfallen - that is a *don't*. Music can be fun, and he'll never be that young again.

3) Don't - and this is a don't that I feel very definite about - *don't* wait, you parents, to buy a record player for the home until you feel that you can afford the beautiful console that you would like, at the same time bemoaning the fact that your children are listening to "junk" on radio from morning to night. Faced with the fact that poor music crams the air ways, how much better to get some small player, even a \$20 portable, and get some of the music that *you* enjoy. Only in a child's own home can he receive a steady diet of the best music, and only as he grows up *with* it will it seep into his pores to the extent that the time will come when he finds that he himself prefers the best.

Our oldest son, an ardent rock-and-roll fan in his early teens, jumped from Presley to Beethoven almost literally overnight. He had been our "captive audience" in listening to good music from babyhood, and when he was getting ready to go away to school, it dawned on him that he was going to miss it, and had better take some along with him.

4) Don't worry too much about your



Margery snapped this picture of Dorothy putting a record on the phonograph. Music has always played an important part in the lives of all the Driftmiers. Our children received small record players before they were of school age and progressed from simple tunes to classical selections with ease.

child's seeming bad taste in music if you are providing the antidote of good listening at home. For one thing, young people are the greatest conformists in the world, and few care to go contrary to the tastes of the group. For another thing, the new in music in each generation has seemed bad to most members of previous generations. Even some of our greatest classical composers were booed because they dared do something different - something displeasing to most of their audiences in their times.

We continually see young people graduating from the current popular hits to an interest in something better. This usually happens at about the college level. The most usual steps are to jazz or the now-popular folk music. It is not unusual for them to go a step farther and include some classical music in their listening and buying.

5) A mild don't - a suggestion, really - is not to belittle the taste of others. One's taste in music is a very personal thing. Since it is something that we enjoy, each of us has the privilege of choosing what he wants. Lecturing against any type of music displeasing to you, be it country or jazz or sentimental, accomplishes about as much as most lecturing does. Only the example of hearing what you like will instill the same taste in the child.

6) Don't try to find the Children's Record Club that Lucile mentioned a few years ago. We belonged to the same one, and it was a help when so little was available for children. It is no longer in existence. Much, but not all, of what we received is now on \$1.98 discs under the label "Young People's Records".

You don't have to Sugar it...



to Sweeten it!

If your doctor (or your mirror) warns you to cut down on calories, don't let visions of unsweetened drinks, cereals and desserts get you down. It's no longer necessary to do without the sweet taste you enjoy. Simply reach for **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**.

This clear, convenient liquid is made especially to sweeten drinks, salads, everything! No matter how much you use, it never, never adds even a single calorie. And unlike old-fashioned pills or liquids, it has a real natural taste... no bitterness, no aftertaste.

It's handy (has a flip-top bottle) and economical. Pick up a bottle at your grocer's and start "cutting down" this easy way.

Kitchen - Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener

Tomorrow's highways are always under construction today.

Conscience is a still, small voice that tells you somebody's looking.

Advertisement

You should be able to find all types of children's records at your local music store. If not, we will be glad to help as much as we can.

PLEASE DON'T WRITE FOR LISTS AND CONTENTS OF ALBUMS. There are so many that it would take all our time to answer.

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with age and sex of child, and the types of albums you are interested in. We will recommend those that we consider the best.

THE RECORD ROOM
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

PLAN FIRST . . . THEN WORK

When a man builds a house or an automobile, he spends as much time — sometimes more — on planning it than on the actual building. Everyone who builds things successfully follows this idea. The builder has learned through experience that it is the only way to accomplish a satisfactory job.

The most valuable lesson one can learn is to plan a work thoroughly before actually starting it. First picture it in your mind, then put the plan down on paper if necessary. Then start the work and you will know exactly how to proceed and get it done in the shortest time.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

Along with the cold weather of January come the exciting press releases of the 1965 ALL-AMERICA SELECTIONS. Four new flowers have proved themselves superior to others of their kinds and colors in the annual open trial grounds competition. They are a new type of delphinium, a large ruffled petunia, a very dwarf repeat-blooming snapdragon and the largest of cactus-flowered zinnias.

Delphinium "CONNECTICUT YANKEE" is a bushy type perennial del-

phinium that starts blooming the first year from seed. It enlarges to shrub-like form the second season, and is truly a great contribution to the gardening world. The plants grow only 2½ to 3 feet high, and by the second year well-grown plants can be expected to carry as many as 20 to 30 blooming spikes at a time. Individual wiry spikes have 15 to 30 large 2- to 2½-inch flowers and are exceptionally fine for cutting and arranging. The color range is from light, medium to dark blue, lavender, lilac and purple. If you have had trouble with delphinium breaking over in the wind, this new introduction should solve the problem.

Petunia "APPLEBLOSSOM" is a very light salmon-pink color of the grandiflora ruffled type. The compact 12-inch plants cover themselves with prettily ruffled and fringed flowers all season long. It is suitable for beds, borders, boxes and urns where the big 3- to 3½-inch blooms attract attention. I grew a few plants in the border last summer and they were truly delightful. You will want to grow "APPLEBLOSSOM" this spring.

Snapdragon "FLORAL CARPET" is a rich and brilliant rose-colored, low-bedding and edging plant. The cushion-like plants grow six to eight inches high, a foot across, and form a sheet of color with as many as 25 spikes blooming at one time. Called the first ever-blooming snapdragons, this new type blooms three or four times without being cut back as is necessary with other snapdragons in order to get more bloom.

Considered the largest cactus-flowered zinnia to date is the new "YELLOW ZENITH". The huge yellow flowers grow to six inches across and two inches deep. They are born on long, strong stems of the 2½- to 3-foot plants, and, because the petals are twisted and pointed, they do not appear to be heavy. You will like this fine new zinnia for colorful beds and borders. In next month's column I will list the four vegetables that won ALL-AMERICA honors.

ALL THAT GLITTERS

Flashing smile of friendship bright;
Heavenly stars a-twinkle at night;
Moon's soft glow, sun's hot glare,
Dewdrop-sparkled morning air;
Leafless trees spangled with frost,
Brilliant bird-song without cost;
Baby's eyes with love a-shine,
(Best of all, the baby's mine!)
All these and more prove adage old:
All that glitters is not gold!

—Inez Baker



Who Are You Today?

Who changes jobs faster than today's homemaker? Every hour brings another chore . . . and in each one you must be an expert. Thank heavens for short cuts and labor-savers!

One of the handiest is **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. It dissolves instantly in hardest water, goes to work immediately, and never leaves scum or froth to be rinsed away. One wipe and dirt and grease is gone for good.

All around the house, all around the clock, **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** cuts cleaning time while it gets things really clean.



Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner

"You go through the motions . . .
KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER does the work!"



JOLLY FUN FOR JANUARY

by

Mabel Nair Brown

For a January meeting have each member wear a hobby corsage. Each is to feature the wearer's hobby. They might be made of postage stamps, paint brushes, crocheted flowers, or what have you. For roll call let others try to guess each member's hobby by looking at her corsage.

Father Time Table Centerpiece: The body is a glass milk bottle draped in a white napkin. Let an alarm clock be the head, gluing on a white cotton beard and hair. Pin a white hankie for his hat and make a cardboard scythe.

Having a New Year's Party? If serving from a tea table, use napkins in assorted bright colors. Fold each into a wedge shape so that you can arrange the napkins in a circle. Write the name of a month on each one. Such a circle might be arranged to form a calendar around the punch bowl or a plate of cookies. The same idea could be carried out by using the numerals of a clock instead of months of the year.

Spooning Game: This is a relay. Each team is given a cord which has been passed through the loop of a large Christmas tree ball. Two people from each team hold the ends of the strings. The other players receive a teaspoon. The players of each team line up, and each in turn must push the ball from one end of the string to the other and back again with the spoon held in the mouth. Use of hands prohibited! The first team to have all the players push the ball wins the game.

Calendar Hunt: Before guests arrive hide slips of paper about the room, with names of the months of the year written on them. Have many copies of each month. Divide guests into two teams. At a signal all start hunting slips of papers. The first team to find all the names of the twelve months and line the players up in proper sequence wins. The trouble comes when a team may find several Junes but no March, etc.

Resolutions: Give each player a handful of alphabet macaroni. Allow five to

ten minutes to see who can make the most and best resolutions spelled out with their letters.

Days in a Year: Guests receive this list and are given five minutes or so to unscramble it.

1. Udmayaanpls — Palm Sunday
2. Hryfeadsat — Father's Day
3. Mcaysriiadte — Armistice Day
4. Nndotbahyllciris — Lincoln's Birthday
5. Gyladaf — Flag Day
6. Tliceyneoad — Election Day
7. Rybadola — Labor Day
8. Bclauysmoud — Columbus Day
9. Sraeet — Easter
10. Elhewanol — Halloween

JANUARY DEVOTIONS — Concluded

Leader: I'd like to quote for you these words of Mahatma Gandhi. "Let then our first act every morning be to make the following resolve for the day: I shall not fear anyone on earth. I shall fear only God. I shall not bear ill will towards anyone. I shall not submit to injustice from anyone. I shall conquer untruth with truth. And in resisting untruth I shall put up with all suffering."

"Another year is dawning. Dear Master, let it be, in working or in waiting, another year with Thee."

Hymn: "O God Our Help in Ages Past".

Benediction: O Lord, grant us now a true renewal in spirit that we may go forth in the new year to be an instrument of Thy peace, sowing Thy love and good will where'er we go, bearing a daily witness of our faith in everything we do and say. Amen.



STOP! DON'T THROW AWAY those CHRISTMAS CARDS!

Turn them into exciting gifts and crafts. Hurry, subscribe now to get ideas galore in the January

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PACK-O-FUN is the only Scrapcraft magazine. It's crammed with hundreds of fantastic ideas for turning throwaways such as Christmas cards into baskets, favors and decorations. All of PACK-O-FUN's 10 exciting issues each year show you how to convert everyday throwaways like plastic bottles, spools, newspapers, milk cartons, etc. into Gifts, Toys, Games, Bazaar items, Knick-knacks, Place Cards and Household Items —plus Skits and Stunts.



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FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

Not long ago we had some excitement in this part of the city when our big park caught fire. I think that at least one-half of all the fire trucks in the city were racing by our house, and how grateful we are that the fire was quickly brought under control. Someone told me how many fires are deliberately set in our city parks each year, and the figure was so large I couldn't believe it. We have had the driest year in more than a century, and all of us have lived in constant fear of a big forest fire. We did have two bad forest fires in the mountains just west of us, but they were brought under control before more than a few square miles were destroyed. With all the forests we have in New England, it would be possible for a really bad fire to burn miles and miles of forests. Perhaps you will remember my telling you that Betty's parents lost their summer home by a forest fire back in the 1930's. It was an experience that Betty will never forget, and as a result all the family are forest fire conscious. Ten years ago a bad one came within a mile of



Alison Driftmier, 13, has a great love for animals and is considering being a veterinarian someday.

our Rhode Island cottage, and that was too close for comfort.

All the New England Driftmiers send you New Year's Greetings. We hope that the year 1965 will bring you many, many reasons for giving thanks to God. None of us knows what the year 1965 will bring in the way of happiness or in the way of sorrow, but whatever it brings, we do know that God will share it with us.

Sincerely,

Frederick

PEANUT PIXIES

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

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Lucas, Iowa 50151

UNIQUE FAIR - Concluded

joying the scenery and the historic setting. They appreciated the arts and crafts displayed. They took home treasures and gifts to remind them of the Ozark hills and the many talented people.

Thankful that my curiosity had gotten the better of discretion, I was grateful to the friend from Springfield, Missouri, who had talked about War Eagle in my presence.

COOKBOOK - Concluded

puddings which my mother made were not perishable. They were prepared in quantity about Thanksgiving time for use throughout the winter months.

Not satisfied to give up the search, I got out the old Kentucky cookbook, representing a generation later. And here, sure enough, I found the recipe I was looking for. To one part of beef suet chopped very fine are added two parts of flour. The mixture is highly seasoned with salt and pepper, then packed in white cloth bags, eight inches long by two or three wide, and tied. Room must be left for swelling. On a cold winter morning one of these is placed in boiling water and boiled for one hour. It is turned out at the last minute; it is good only if served piping hot. Like a hot biscuit, it may be spread with butter. With us this was a popular dish.

The English have always had an eye for table decoration. Great-grandmother's cookbook provides a long treatise on the subject of garnishes. As today, so four generations ago parsley was the universal garnish for all kinds of cold meat. Horseradish was the garnish for roast beef. For fish, slices of lemon and little heaps of horseradish were laid alternately. Mint was the garnish for roast lamb, sliced oranges for duck and other wild fowl.

The weighing scales, so essential to the cookery of Great-grandmother's day, have disappeared from the pantry shelf. Pound cake and puff paste have been replaced by quickly prepared cakes and pastries. Whole meals come from the home freezer. The housewife today can prepare a well-balanced meal in far less time than was possible formerly, but it is doubtful whether she serves more appetizing dishes than those prepared to the specifications of Great-grandmother's cookbook.

GOD IS!

My thoughts must soar beyond the skyline's rim
Because I sense God's gracious fingers limn
The sunset-scapes and I will worship Him.

I catch brief glimpses of His majesty
Revealed within the color symphony
Of heaven's spacious picture gallery.

None but a fool can say within his heart:

"There is no God" when he has seen the art

Displayed that has no need of earthly mart!
— Thelma Allinder

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In which each one gives the other
Time to share each burden cast;
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Nine blessings more are then declared.

-Vera Vernelle Rachuy

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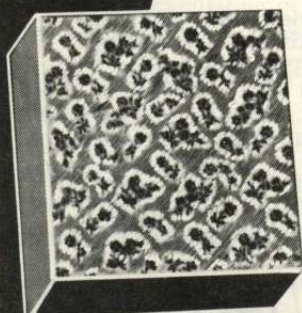
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If writing for an organization, give its name here. _____

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