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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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- Photo by Strom



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Last month Mother brought you up to date on family news in general, and this month it's my turn to write to you again. All through the years we've always found this January magazine sort of hard to cope with because of iron-clad printing deadlines that demand we get everything together on a definite date, and thus we're left with plans that we HOPE can be carried out . . . but there's always the lively possibility that something will happen to disrupt them.

I can report that we had a genuine old-fashioned Thanksgiving get-together at my house and it was wonderful to have a grand total of seventeen people in the dining room. I hadn't had the table extended to its full length for ages, to say nothing of putting up card tables for the overflow, so the room looked peculiar to my eyes when everything was in readiness. Wayne, Abigail, Emily, Alison and Clark made it through from Denver in fine time, and Dad was well enough to be brought down in his wheel chair for the big dinner at 2:00 in the afternoon.

As always, we all pitched in to fix the food and when everything was lined up on the big island in the middle of our kitchen so that people could help themselves buffet style, it made for quite a sight. We had planned originally to have only a great big turkey, but then I got to thinking about the meals ahead for the Denver Driftmiers and Martin's two college friends, so I decided that it would be sensible to have a ham in addition to the turkey. Everyone got up from the table with the sensation that they never wanted to see food again, but by evening those original impressions had worn off and we were back to picking around with all the left-overs. I guess everyone knows this old story!

Wayne and Abigail couldn't be here

long, of course, but I did snatch one evening of their short visit to have a crowd of their old friends in to meet them. Incidentally, when I sat down to compile the list of people to call I realized with a great start how swiftly things change in all towns in this day and age. An astounding number of their closest friends in years gone by have moved away, and by the time I got through telephoning I felt downright lucky to be able to line up seven couples. If you've had the experience of entertaining for relatives or friends who've been gone for a number of years you know exactly what I mean.

At this time my own plans for Christmas could only be called indefinite. I know only one thing for certain: I intend to spend the holidays with Juliana, but where we will spend them is a problem hanging in mid-air. I have a great yearning to see Russell's family again, so it may be that Juliana and I will drive together to Southern California. She has just enough vacation time to manage a trip of this length, and before long we'll come to a final decision. I haven't felt up to extended drives since I broke my hip, so perhaps in the end we'll just settle for being together in New Mexico.

If you read my letter in the November issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* you may recall that I brought up two subjects on which I asked you folks to write and express your opinions. The first had to do with the way you felt your grandchildren were being reared, and the second had to do with the problems involved in readjusting to life after you had lost your husband.

Well, I was totally unprepared for the great collection of letters that arrived. It was an amazing response. I had intended originally to cover both subjects in one issue, but when I went through those big folders of letters for the third or fourth time I decided not to tackle the two subjects in this issue. I just couldn't do justice to both of

them in the space that is available.

Consequently, I'd like to defer the letters devoted to widowhood for the next issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* and use the space this month for what might be called a condensed survey of the letters dealing with grandchildren.

After studying over this whole thing very carefully I've come to the conclusion that the picture might be summed up as a fifty-fifty proposition. There are many, many grandmothers who are extremely happy and pleased with the way their grandchildren are being reared, and there are many, many others who are terribly dismayed and upset. I had thought in advance that it would definitely swing pretty sharply in one way or another, but in the end it evened out. Regardless of which camp you belong in, here are some comments that are worth thinking about.

"When my children were small (a long time ago) they behaved very well and were really pretty good friends — then Grandma would come over for the afternoon. They just seemed at odds with one another — we often felt that this was their bid for attention, although they always got enough from Grandma.

"Then there was the other side of the story: I didn't know when she would decide to come over and usually I had many things I needed to be doing, so this made me nervous and I was much more cross than normal with the children as a result, even though I loved having Grandma come." — Iowa

"It seems to be human nature to find fault with your sons' wives and to overlook your own daughters' failings, but in my case it is just the opposite. My two sons each have three small children and every time I go there I marvel at how wonderfully well they are handled. They are sweet-natured, loving little children who mind when they're spoken to and are a joy to be with.

"My two daughters also have families (one of them is a teen-ager) and their homes are a constant battleground with endless bickering and arguing and fighting. It's no pleasure to go there — I just can't enjoy these grandchildren the way I'd like to. They don't seem to have any respect for their parents or for us, even though we've always tried to treat all of the grandchildren exactly alike.

"I've given much thought to this and I believe that one of the biggest reasons for my daughters' unhappy homes is the fact that they are under such terrible tension and pressure all of the time. They belong to everything, take on all kinds of outside responsibilities,

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FREDERICK'S LETTER WAS WRITTEN ON AN AIRPLANE

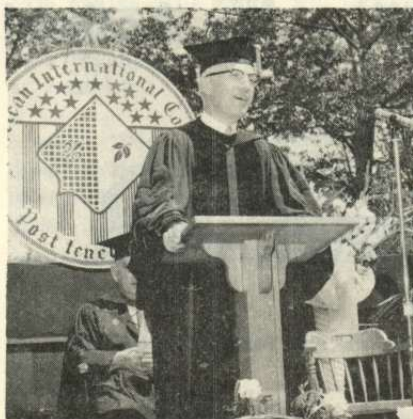
Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter to you while flying through the air at 300 miles an hour on my way home from Canton, Ohio. It is very rough flying because we are very close to the ground, but I shall keep plugging away at this portable typewriter. I flew out to Canton, Ohio, five days ago to attend the Annual Meeting of the United Church Board for World Ministries, the overseas mission arm of our church. When one lives in colonial New England, it is good to make a trip to the Middle-west on occasion. Sometimes we who live east of the Hudson River forget that the alive and thriving part of our country is out in the West.

Have you ever been to Canton, Ohio? If you have, you can imagine what a surprise was in store for a New Englander who supposed that Canton was just another dirty, factory town! Actually, Canton is a beautiful city. It has some of the most beautiful public parks, public buildings, churches, schools and homes I ever have seen. The very center of the downtown shopping center has been converted into a lovely mall with shrubs and trees, and from now on until spring, a large ice-skating rink. The large park that runs the length of the city has several picturesque buildings used as recreational centers, for club meetings, and for public functions of all kinds.

I must tell you about the new Trinity United Church of Christ in which we held all of our meetings, luncheons, and banquets. This church was completed four years ago at a cost of about \$1,500,000. You can imagine how hard its people are having to work to pay off the mortgage. And they are at the same time making a very large contribution to the mission work of our denomination. What a fine group of people that church has, and how kind and thoughtful they were to us. A church that large had plenty of rooms to be used by our discussion groups, seminars, and committees. Its dining facilities were very spacious with one wall being solid glass. The entire church plant is built around a formal garden patio with a second and smaller patio between the main church building and the chapel wing.

I didn't count how many men and women were working as volunteers in the kitchen and dining room, or how many more were doing volunteer taxi service driving delegates to and from



Frederick frequently refers to the American International College in Springfield, Mass., where he teaches several classes every week in his "spare time" from ministerial responsibilities. Although this picture was taken way last June as he was preaching their baccalaureate service, we thought you would enjoy seeing it.

the airport, etc., but they must have numbered in the hundreds.

Let me tell you a story about the way the Lord looks after a tired, hungry clergyman like myself. Because of my airplane schedule, I just happened to have flights that served no meals, and, as a result, I missed lunch and supper. I got to the church at Canton just in time for the evening service of dedication, and by the time my host picked me up after the service, it was nearly ten o'clock. I am telling you I was starved! As we drove out of the church parking lot my host asked: "Before I take you home, is there anything you would like to do or to see?" Quick as a hungry wink I replied: "There surely is! I would like to stop at a restaurant and get a bite to eat. I haven't eaten since breakfast."

When my host heard that, he began to laugh. He said: "Well, Dr. Driftmier, you certainly are riding with the right man tonight. I just happen to own the finest food store in this part of the United States, and it is right on our way home." To make a long and delightful story short, I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Spies, the owners of the world famous Spies' Colonial Market and Gift Shop. For one whole week I have been fed the finest food money can buy whenever I have been in the house for a meal or a snack. I hate to think of what the bathroom scales are going to tell me about my weight when I get home.

If you people are ever in the Canton, Ohio, area, there are two things you really ought to do. You ought to visit the magnificent and friendly Trinity United Church of Christ, and you ought

to visit the Spies' Colonial Market. Right here in the airplane I have been reading a magazine article about the Spies family and how they send all over the world to get rare foods for their customers.

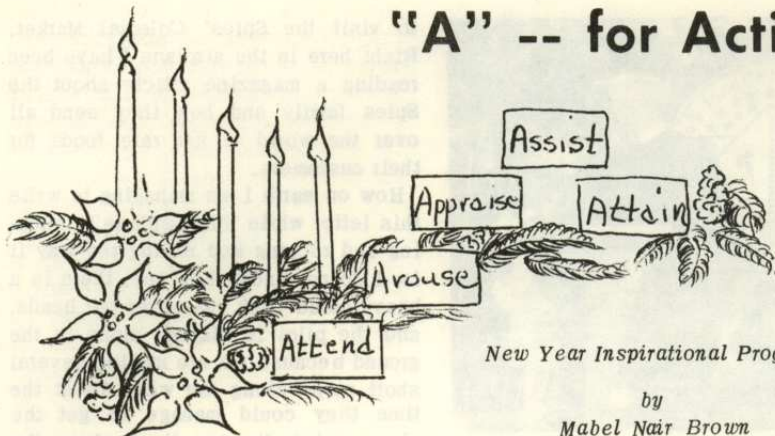
How on earth I am managing to write this letter while this airplane is bucking and rocking and rolling the way it is, I do not know. You see, there is a heavy cloud bank just over our heads, and the pilot is staying close to the ground because we are making several short stops along the way. About the time they could manage to get the plane up into the smooth air above the clouds, we would have to come down again at Youngstown, Ohio. Actually, our being close to the ground is making it possible for me to really see the Ohio countryside the way I never have seen it before. You ought to see the sight we are seeing now — hundreds and hundreds of blast furnaces belching flame and smoke. We are so close to the smelting plants that the smoke from the tall stacks is actually hitting the plane. When the plane tips I can look right down into the flames. It is a magnificent sight! This entire part of eastern Ohio and western Pennsylvania is just one great big industrial complex. There are factories and factories everywhere. Off to one side a few minutes ago, I saw the big factory where they make the Hoover Vacuum Cleaners.

Right now we are approaching Pittsburgh, and what a sight this is. There is the Ohio River beneath us, and we are so close to the river that I can make out the color of the shirts the crewmen of the river barges are wearing. There are many lovely homes on the hillsides along the river.

This paragraph is being written on the last leg of my journey. We are now flying high up above the clouds, and it is as smooth a ride as I ever have had. I am in the first class compartment, and very soon now we are going to be served a steak dinner. I saw the menu a moment ago, and it says we are having scalloped potatoes, tenderloin steak, mushrooms cooked with bacon slivers, and green beans. There is to be a tossed salad with an egg dressing, hot rolls and butter, and a sponge cake filled with raspberries and whipped cream for dessert. Of course, I shall drink several cups of coffee. There is something about high altitude that always makes me hungry, and then, of course, I never get over the novelty of eating while high in the air traveling several hundred miles an hour.

As I write this letter the steward-
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"A" -- for Action!



New Year Inspirational Program

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Make an arrangement of five tall white tapers with evergreen tips entwined around the base and one, or three, silver foil poinsettias (usually found in most dime stores at holiday time) placed among the greens. Let this arrangement form the left-hand curve of an "S"-curve setting on the worship table. Using silver glitter, print in large letters on five white cards the words; ATTEND, APPRAISE, AROUSE, ASSIST, and ATTAIN. Place each card in a holder and arrange to the right of the candles to finish the "S"-curve. Light the tapers just before the service begins.

Prelude: (Quiet music) "Another Year Is Dawning" or other appropriate music.

Leader:

I know not what this day may bring,
Or to what end it may incline,
But present time is all I need —
This hour is mine.

This hour is one that I must fill
With promise, courage, faith, and hope,
And, seeking, I shall find the light
For which I grope.

There may be many years ahead
In which to grasp their hidden dower,
But I must live as if this were
My one last hour.

—Sunshine

Hymn: (By all) "Another Year Is Dawning" or "Take Time to Be Holy"

Scripture: *To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:*

*A time to be born, and a time to die;
a time to plant and a time to pluck up
that which is planted;*

*A time to kill and a time to heal;
a time to break down and a time to build
up;*

*A time to cast away stones, and a
time to gather stones together;*

*A time to get, and a time to lose;
a time to keep, and a time to cast away;*

*A time to rend, and a time to sew;
a time to keep silence, and a time to
speak;*

*A time to love, and a time to hate;
a time of war, and a time of peace.*

*HE hath made everything beautiful in
its time.*

—Excerpts from Ecclesiastes 3

Prayer: Our Father, we are grateful for the blessings of the past year. Forgive us if we have not seemed to appreciate these countless favors and have neglected our opportunities.

Dear God, grant us wisdom and courage to meet what comes to us in this new year. Make us strong with the might that works for the good of all; that enables us to lift the burden from the breaking backs of those too weak to bear their own. Guide us, that we may put aside all pretense and meet each other in friendship and understanding. Make us generous. Make us gentle. Make us forgiving. Dear God, help us to put our highest ideals, our dreams for peace and brotherhood, into action — not someday, but now. Amen.

Leader: We have begun a new year. 1966 is here! What shall we do with it? How can we make this the best year this organization has ever had, and, in so doing, find our personal lives enriched and blessed?

The new year! It is a time for celebration, not just because we have come through another year, perhaps baffled, battered, and bewildered, but we made it. It is a time for celebration because of the new opportunities open to us in this new year.

It is a time to look forward, not backward. Of course, we don't know how it will end, nor whether, when the final score is added up, it can be called a good year; but we must resolve to do all that we can, and to be alert to those opportunities that will work for the plus side of Time's ledger.

This is a time for beginnings, new resolves, increased effort, greater willingness — a time for *action*. Let us meet the challenge of 1966 with a tingle of excitement, a thrill of anticipation, the *will to do, to act*.

I have asked (name of person) to give us some thoughts on how we can meet this challenge of 1966.

Meditation: Are you an active member — the kind that would be missed? Or are you just contented that your name is on the list? Do you attend the meetings and mingle with the flock, or do you stay home to criticize and knock? Do you take an *active* part to help the work along, or are you satisfied to only just belong? Do you welcome the new members and help the old ones stick, or leave the work to just a few and talk about a clique? Let us ponder on these questions and admit where we've been wrong. Let us put these five A's in *action* — do more than just belong!

(She steps to the table, picks up each card, and holds it up as she talks about the word printed on it, places it back on the table, picks up the next, etc.)

Attend — It is not enough just to have your name on the roll. If the collective voice of this group is to speak in our neighborhood, our community, and our country, each member must attend the meetings. Be it the church of your choice, the P.T.A., or your club, if you are a member, *attend!* Why? Because your very presence tells others that you are interested, you deem the organization worthy of your time, and you find worth in fellowship with others. By attending you also receive—inspiration, friendships, ideas, and often new visions and new dreams.

Arouse the interest of those others who come to the meetings. Share your enthusiasm and any knowledge or skills you have for projects and plans undertaken. Alert others to the need for all to take an active part if total success is to be achieved. You must become involved if you would become effective.

When the door of life is opened
Just a very tiny crack,
There's a feeling draws me forward,
And a feeling draws me back.

It's a challenge to go onward:
"Nothing ventured, nothing gained."
My mind says, "Take that challenge."
While my heart might have remained.

Appraise the organization and its practices and its goals. Are you satisfied with what you find? If not, begin yourself to change what is unsatisfactory. I like this thought from Thoreau: "If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them." *Appraise* and

(Continued on page 21)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

When I was busy making pixies one day, the back door opened and who should walk in but Frank's sister Edna. It was such a surprise for I thought she was miles away in Phoenix. Just before Thanksgiving Edna's husband Raymond and Frank's sister Bernie drove to Phoenix to see her. They found her making a miraculous recovery and feeling wonderfully well. She was so much improved that the doctors gave her permission to make the return trip with them so she could spend a couple of weeks sorting and packing in preparation for moving to Arizona.

While Edna was here, Frank and I spent several days at their farm doing what we could to help. Raymond needed assistance with his corn picking and Frank was glad he could be of service to him. When one gets ready to move there is always much sorting to be done, and this is something you have to do yourself. I'm afraid I wasn't too much help to Edna, but could wrap and pack dishes and things of this nature. I also was able to get a lot of Kristin's things packed and out of her way.

We probably could have accomplished more but we came across a box of old family pictures and took time to stop and look through them. This is always time-consuming, but so much fun! There were pictures of Frank taken when he was a little boy that I had never seen before.

Raymond had seen and heard a lot of pheasants on his farm, so when the hunting season opened he asked Frank and our neighbor, Roy Pennington, to come down and go hunting. Last year we went to northern Iowa and hunted with our friend Clarence Meyer. Clarence invited us again this year, but since this was the last year Raymond was going to be on the farm, we decided to go to his house.

Frank and Roy have a lot of fun teasing each other about which is the best shot. Although both came in with their limit of pheasants, there was much friendly arguing as to who shot each bird. One was using number 4 shot and the other number 6. I don't know how the issue was finally re-



When Donald, the youngest Driftmier son, came for a brief visit, we had a family dinner. While he and his oldest brother, Howard, were still at the table, their sister Margery took their picture.

solved, but the last I heard they had decided to post each bird to see what size shot brought it down. This was all in fun, of course. They also brought in two rabbits. Frank knows how fond I am of rabbit, and when I asked him if that was all the rabbits they could get, he said they would have gotten a lot more if I had gone along to carry them. He added, teasingly, that since I thought it was more important to stay at home and make pixies, two was all I could have!

Our dog Tinker proved himself to be a good bird dog. The next day, when they went hunting again, they shot two pheasants they wouldn't have gotten if it hadn't been for Tinker. In fact, he is a good little hunting dog no matter what you are hunting — squirrels, rabbits, pheasants, or just plain mice. When Frank is plowing Tinker likes to go along and hunt for field mice. He catches them for Frank to bring home to the cats. This makes him feel so superior to the cats and is good for his ego. Tinker doesn't like the cats — just puts up with them. When he gets finicky about his food, all Frank has to say is, "If you won't eat it I'll give it to the cats," and he gobbles it up.

A few weeks ago we ordered new combination storm windows for every window in our house and they haven't arrived yet. I'm just hoping they will come before the weather becomes too cold, for I want to wash each window again before the carpenter installs the storm window. On a day like today I could wash windows without freezing my hands but I may not be able to say that in a day of two.

Brother Donald couldn't have timed his visit to see the folks any better for this time I was in Shenandoah addressing the magazine so I had a chance to visit with him too. I hadn't seen him for over a year. I had brought

a pheasant and some rabbits to the folks, so Mother decided that since Don was there it would be a good time to cook them and have a family dinner. It isn't often that Mother's big dining room table has to be stretched to it's full length these days, but it was this night. What a wonderful reunion we had.

When Alison visited us last summer, she and Frank fixed up a house for her goat Sadie in an old slat crib Frank intended to tear down. When we saw that we were going to have more corn than we had anticipated, Frank had to fix it up and fill it with corn. This left Sadie without a home for a few days until Frank had time to arrange something else. He decided to fence off one end of the chicken house for her. We have a huge chicken house, but we don't raise chickens anymore except for the few banties and guineas which certainly didn't need all that space. Frank fenced it off with a roll of red slat cribbing. The red paint rubs off, as some of you farm wives know, and Sadie is now the funniest looking goat you ever saw! She used to be black with white legs and a white face, but now all the white is red. In fact, since she has quite long horns, she looks just like Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer!

Kristin writes that they keep very busy. She has 37 pupils, but very soon will be down to 33 since four of the children are moving. She recently had her first parent-teacher conferences. The last time we talked to her on the phone she told us about some real excitement. That afternoon a rancher had driven 5000 head of sheep down their street and Andy was beside himself with excitement. He kept his little nose glued to the window simply fascinated. I guess this is not an uncommon sight for a small Wyoming town. I assume the railroad yard was their destination. This would account for the fact that Kristin's and Art's big yard is completely fenced, a detail mentioned when she first wrote about their new home.

Frank went to town this morning to get some wire and should be coming back any minute now, so I had better get dinner started.

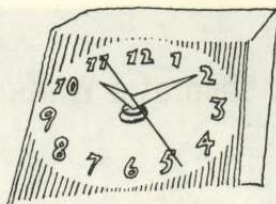
Sincerely,
Dorothy

Myriad, diamond brilliants glow
In fluffy, soft, new-fallen snow;
The trees are draped in robes of plush,
The earth is stilled by muffled hush,
The moon's adrift, the stars all nod ...
A painting from the hand of God.

—Carlita Pedersen

Ode to a Faithful Clock

by
Marion Morris



I bought the clock when my oldest son was a baby. How vividly I recall that purchase — \$3.95 to be exact — and no tax either. It was a brilliant white, electric to boot!

With my prized possession tucked in my infant's carriage, and my spiked heels clicking away, I arrived at the three-room apartment which was our first home. How delightedly I hung that clock on my prettily papered kitchen wall, consulting it constantly.

At dusk, as usual, when my young husband came bounding up the stairs, I could scarcely wait for him to share in the pride of our new possession. Soon it became a trusted and reliable member of the family, supplying a real need. Baby's feedings were timed by it. We cooked cereals and fruits in those days...simmered chunks of beef and other meats and vegetables for prescribed periods of time.

As the baby grew and became aware of his surroundings, he'd watch the chrome hands find their way around the shining face. Suddenly he was a run-about learning to tell time, slowly at first. "Mama, what time is it when the big hand's on seven and the little one's on four?" Then he was a school boy triumphantly announcing the correct hour.

Wonderful clock...constant...accurate...it had to be...for it served a humming household and a family that trustingly relied on it. Our clock never failed us, going on and on with silent resolution. Somehow, you just couldn't classify it with ordinary appliances — for it seemed to mellow and acquire a kind of dignity with the increasing responsibility of helping us organize our lives.

Through the years, each time another baby was due, Doctor would repeat: "Keep your eye on the clock...when the pains close in to five-minute intervals, call me." The infallible clock always saw me through.

We took it for granted in those early years of our marriage. My husband's punctuality at his much needed position was in the hands of that clock.

Family members caught trains, watched for the arrival of company by it, timed the catching of school buses. Dependable, unerring accuracy was always ours at a glance. There were nights, too, when illness struck and each dosage of prescribed medication had to be taken at a precise time.

We moved quite a bit until we finally found an adequate home. Whenever that old clock was plugged into a new wall, we just set the hands at the correct time. No regulating was ever needed, it would start immediately, purring itself into synchronized perfection.

As each member of the family grew up, the clock continued to provide the means of making trains, keeping appointments, getting to work on time ...and then...each child to church on his wedding day.

We don't have to consult a clock as frequently now; things have quieted down. Time is no longer crowded or rushed into swift oblivion, but something to be savored and marveled at.

I wish the old clock could have been with us to share these gentle hours a little longer, but this morning, shortly before dawn I was awakened by an increasingly persistent and pitious whining, followed by a buzz-like warning. This increased to a desperate pitch as I approached.

The hands slowed up but continued to labor around the clock's face. There was a discordant bleating, then a final tremor. The stillness was charged with more than a mere mechanical cessation.

Pulling the plug from the socket, I removed the back plate. Insulation had smoldered off completely, exposing hair-thin and hopelessly scorched wires. The feverish little motor, like a burned-out heart, would never stir again. Obviously, it had run its course a long time ago but simply had refused to quit.

I, along with the other members of the family, can only say "Good-bye, clock — we'll miss you!"

THIS AND THAT

by
Helene B. Dillon

The winter's ice is for the very young. Remember when you would wear out at least two pairs of rubbers during the winter? At school during recess time, you and your friends would line up to take a turn at sliding down an icy slope. What if you *did* take a tumble, you were up and at it again in "jig time". Now you just creep along if it seems a bit slick.

The beauty of the first snowfall will never fail to thrill me. The feathery flakes floating to earth to tuck frost-nipped geranium stalks, shrubs and piles of leaves under a soft fleecy blanket, the sparkling snow coating bare branches and making beautiful gray and white etchings.

The art of visiting can still compete with and "top" television viewing, even colored television. If you would like to prove this point just have a few congenial friends in for the evening, keep the television silent and I'll guarantee an evening of great fun with a free flow of personal experiences and plenty of genuine laughter. Try it!

A parsley window garden can be had throughout the winter months. Moisten a sponge, place it in a dish and sprinkle with parsley seed. Water as needed. Why don't you try one?

"Winter starlight has the deep fire glow of eternity, the unending gleam of wonder."

Could it be that a summer of golf could condition the man of the house to a winter of snow shoveling?

I'm sure a crackling fire in the fireplace can put most of us in a dreamy, reflective mood. As we sit in a comfortable chair and look into the leaping blue and red flames, what do we see? Perhaps we go in fancy to some pleasant moment in our childhood — memories of our parents and the happy hours we spent together, or maybe we dream of our own children. We see a little girl with golden curls scampering in and out of the house — this little girl, now grown with children of her own.

We build castles of things we hope to achieve in the future and relive pleasures of yesteryear. Yes, a crackling fire invites dreaming.



How to Shop at a White Sale

by

Sheila Carroll and Joseph Arkin

Every woman loves a bargain and nothing is so enticing as going to a sale and returning home triumphantly with a real buy. A white sale offers wonderful bargains if you can recognize them.

Every January and August department stores offer what is termed their "White Sales". This usually encompasses the department known as Domestic. Sheets, pillowcases, pillows, towels, tablecloths, blankets and a multitude of other items for the home are offered at discount prices. Although these sales started out many years ago offering bargains only on white sheets, towels, etc., now the shopper will find goods displayed in every color, style and design imaginable.

Many women take the opportunity offered by the "White Sales" to stock up on household necessities. It is a thrifty way to make your dollar buy more providing you know what you are buying and the bargain price is really an honest bargain.

Although sheets and pillowcases are known as linens, an actual linen sheet is so expensive it is rarely seen either in stores or homes today. Most sheets are made of some type of cotton.

There are four different qualities of sheets available. The least expensive is a lightweight muslin. One might be labeled with a number 128 by the manufacturer signifying how many threads interwoven per square inch. The greater number of threads, the finer the quality of the sheet and the more expensive. The other three types are 140-heavy muslin, 180-utility percale, and 200-fine percale.

Percale is lighter, smoother and softer than muslin. Muslin, on the other hand, is more durable. Muslin is more difficult to launder and in some areas commercial laundries charge more to do a muslin sheet than one of percale.

There are also three different grades of fabric which may be found in sheets. They are usually clearly marked. First quality is guaranteed to be perfect by the manufacturer. Seconds have a definite damage. It usually can be seen by

close examination for there will probably be a tear that has been repaired or a thin spot in the weave. The third is marked irregular. This is usually a referral to a flaw in the weaving, design or depth of color in the item.

Usually the advertising accompanying seconds and irregulars says "will not affect durability or looks." If there are one or more slight imperfections there might not be any affect on wear, but recognize that it is not a perfect piece of goods. If the mill has rejected them as first-quality and the price is lowered, it stands to reason that both durability and appearance will be somewhat affected. However, depending on the size and location of the irregularity, they can be good bargains.

Size, another important consideration, is standardized in terms of length. With the different size beds used in homes today it is wise to know what size is best for your particular needs. The sheet should be adequate to provide firm placement with enough material at both sides, the top and the bottom to tuck securely under the mattress. Remember the sizes listed are the cut length after which a one-inch hem is turned at one end and a three- or four-inch hem at the other. The sheet listed as 108 inches will be closer to 103 inches after hemming, and some sheets may shrink as much as another two or three inches with constant laundering.

Here are a few other things to look for in sheets. Buy contour sheets that have a guarantee of no more than 1% shrinkage. To get a true size, look for the "torn" size (after hemming has been completed) rather than the "cut" size. Don't buy a sheet that has any damages at shoulder level, which is the principal wear area. Check for the *Sanforizing*® label, which will be found on most products today. This process controls cotton shrinkage.

Finding a bargain in terry towels and washcloths is very tricky because there are so many kinds of terry cloth or turkish towels. Weight, the amount of moisture absorbency, and size vary greatly. The same manufacturer may

make as many as twenty different grades of terry towel, so don't go by name alone.

All terry towels are constructed of loops woven together. The better towels are woven of long loose double loops, but have a greater number of loops per square inch. These towels are more absorbent but also more fragile because they can be easily caught and pulled loose. The poorer grades of terry will have short loops which makes them scratchy, with single threads forming the loops. They absorb much less moisture. Close inspection can detect the difference.

Sizes vary greatly in towels: face towel sizes vary from 16x28 to 18x36, medium or hand towels from 20x40 to 22x44, and oversized bath towels from 24x48 to 32x64. Shrinkage may be up to 14 or 15 per cent and the poorer qualities shrink unevenly. This will not affect serviceability, but the uneven edges are unsightly. Even folding them to place in a linen closet is more difficult.

Although most dyes are color fast, the bold dark colors tend to lose their depth of color over a period of time. The wise shopper will tend toward the medium or light shades to insure good looks and color retention.

An irregular towel can often be a good buy, particularly if it is of high quality but only has some imperfection in color or design, not in the material itself.

In the dish towel department there is a wide choice. Much is personal preference, but be sure to think in terms of moisture absorbency, equal strength in all directions of the towel, and freedom from lint. Choose linen, or cotton fabrics such as huck, damask, glass cloth or terry.

Pillows offer a wide variety. The common ones are foam rubber (non-allergic) or acrylic fiber. The most expensive and the more luxurious ones contain down. Expect a big raise in price, as much as 20%, on down pillows and down-filled comforters this year. This is due partly to the cut off in supply from Viet Nam, one of our chief sources of supply for duck feathers and down.

Your best buy in table coverings, cloths and place mats, is still linen, especially fine table damasks. They will give you real service, with an increase in luster and appearance throughout the years. Other beautiful cloths made of synthetic fibers and cotton are less expensive. If you prefer variety to long lastingness, by all

(Continued on page 19)

MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

While my good friend the washing machine whirls about its business with a minimum of attention, I shall dash off a letter to you. I'm certain I don't appreciate an automatic washer one fraction as much as the women of a generation or two ago would have, but nevertheless I am grateful for the labor-saving hours it provides me. All that is necessary to really appreciate it is to have it inoperable for a few days while I wait for a service man to arrive on the scene.

Yesterday afternoon we had a party at our house for Paul and three of his little friends from school, and it was a pleasant experience for all of us. We invited only three of the seven-year-olds, not because they were Paul's particularly close buddies, but because I knew from having sat in the back of the room at school that they were boys of like interests.

Don had purchased model airplane kits from the dime store that could easily be put together by boys of this age, and shortly after they arrived he settled them down on the floor of the family room where they soon became busy with fingers and minds. Fortunately the weather man provided us with a dry, though moderately windy day, so after the planes were assembled they all bundled up in their coats and mittens and went outside to have a contest of flying their hand-made planes. They really seemed to enjoy themselves, and you'll never guess how I can make such a definite statement of fact. Have you ever watched seven-year-olds who are excited and happy? They bounce up and down on the balls of their feet, not to see how high they can jump or how long but simply to let off the steam of joy and excitement. I had seen Paul do this and assumed it was peculiar only of him. Suddenly I realized this up and down jumping was not confined just to Paul, but is an expression of the joy of life of most little boys his age. I commented to Don later that we surely do see our little folks differently when we observe them with children their own age. What seemed like a little idiosyncrasy in Paul is just normal, boy-type behavior.

After the airplane flying had grown tiresome, Don took them down to the basement where he had roughly sawed a long board into four small hand-size trucks. The boys colored these to suit themselves, and hammered on four rough-sawed discs for wheels which Don had cut from a dowel. After these



From time to time we'll show you some interior shots of Donald's and Mary Beth's new home. This is the fireplace in the family room. They were still waiting for the installation of the fireplace equipment when Don took this.

were generously oiled to make the wheels turn easily on the securing nails, they had races on an inclined board which Don had set up. Here again I observed this up and down bouncing, like a strange ritual of some tribal dance. This phase of the party seemed to be a success, too.

For supper we grilled cheeseburgers and served carrot sticks and celery, potato chips, chocolate milk, and orange sherbet push-up popsicles. Don and I left them pretty much alone at the table and I was pleased with their good manners. One thing they did which nearly broke me up was to giggle. I thought girls giggled! (I know they do from having been in the same house with Katharine and Adrienne's friends.) But these boys giggled more than any girls I've ever heard!

We managed to round up each boy's racer and airplane when the fun was over and Don took the boys home. Adrienne and I cleared the table and did the dishes while they were gone. This wasn't a birthday party at all — just a chance for these little fellows to have some fun together.

While I'm on the subject of doing things with the children, let me pass along a suggestion of a movie we went to see several weeks ago which was simply enchanting. We all went to see "Sound of Music", starring Julie Andrews — or, as Adrienne considers it, starring Mary Poppins! The scenery was beautiful; even more, I would say it was spectacular. The music was unforgettable. We have had the record of the music from the play, and by now the children have memorized all of the tunes. And unlike so many of today's

films, it was good wholesome family entertainment. I read the reviews of movies before we decide to go, and especially before we allow the children to be exposed to them, and I can't say very much for the overtones of many of today's movies. But "Sound of Music" is outstanding. Our children loved it.

One more little aside that I want to pass along to you happened last week and it was one of those rare moments when I was rewarded to learn that a little lesson I had hoped to impress on the children had indeed taken root. While leafing through a magazine, I ran across a wise little saying printed over a picture of an hourglass through which the sand was slowly passing. Immediately behind this large, imposing hourglass was a large, realistic cobweb which was attached in places by threads to the hourglass itself. Coming closer to the front of the picture, the strands of the cobweb changed into steel cables that were firmly twisted around the lower half of the hourglass. The caption read: "Steel Cobwebs: Habits begin as cobwebs, mere wispy filaments easily brushed away. Neglect them and Time congeals cobwebs into cables . . . imprisoning steel nets that trap us in a mesh of our own making. Habits begin early . . . better make them good ones." I cut this out and attached it to the door of the refrigerator, hoping the small fry would read it and heed. Paul had occasion to hear some very unattractive talk, and when he related the incident to me he said he guessed the person had formed some steel cables.

Sincerely,
Mary Beth

New Years Around the World

by Virginia Thomas

While many of the countries of the world observe many of the same holidays as we do in the United States, it is interesting to note that the way they are observed may be quite different, indeed. So it is with New Year's Day.

January first, in Scotland, is a national holiday. Immediately following the midnight church services, friends start calling on each other to give New Year greetings. The tradition there is that the first person to put a foot across the doorsill is thought to bring good or bad luck for the coming year. To assure that it be good luck, the person calling always takes a gift.

After attending church on New Year's Eve in Portugal, the children mask themselves and form groups to go from house to house, singing and seeking gifts.

Uuvenuoden Aatto is the way the Finns speak of the New Year. There is always a great concert in Helsinki, their capital city, and then, just as here in our large cities, the bells and whistles usher in the New Year at midnight.

In Belgium, New Year's Eve is a time of fun, with many family parties lasting late in the evening. Then the boy or girl in each family who gets up the latest on the morning of New Year's Day is called "Sylvester", and must pay a forfeit to his brothers and sisters.

New Year's Eve is really "Auld Lang Syne" in Holland, for those attending church services hear the minister review the events of the past year followed by a brief memorial service for those church members who have died during the year.

Czechoslovakian boys and girls love the New Year fortune telling. Each places a lighted candle in a nutshell and floats it in a tub of water. If the nutshell floats to the center, the owner will go on a long journey. If it floats to the edges, the owner will be staying near home. If two nutshells (belonging to a boy and girl) float toward each other, it is a sign they will marry.

Bulgarians have a different method of fortune telling. They drop a leaf in water and let it remain overnight. If they find it is fresh the next morning, they take it as a sign that they will have good health in the New Year.



"Footsteps in the Sands of Time"

by
Lynnie Mix

Time in her flight, like shifting sands in a wind of many moods, brings inevitable changes in the life of man. There is nothing as constant as time. Yet, the inaudible footsteps of time never stand still.

To the youth, a year seems an eternity. On the other hand his days and weeks fly by like the flash of a bird on the wing. To those in the decline of life, the years pass all too swiftly, while their days and weeks are endless.

Time is beyond the count and scope of the human mind. But man can never get away from it. Time begins when he is born and ends when he dies. For his duration here on earth, God has put time in his hands to use as he will. It can be for good or evil, whichever he chooses. One precious moment lost is gone forever.

Yes, time changes a man's life. It depends on how he uses it and the destiny of fate. In time, man can mold character or destroy it. Time can open doors of opportunities to a future never dreamed of. It can be a prison sentence behind closed doors. Time can bring success or failure. Time can be expensive or it can be cheap; it all depends on how man spends it. "Many of us spend half our time wishing for things we could have if we didn't spend so much time wishing for them." (Author unknown.)

Within a single moment, time can plunge man into the darkness of the deepest sorrow or despair, or it can lift him high on the crest of the wave of happiness. Time's hands, in kindness, bring a strange new peace to those in sorrow or distress. Time can heal a broken heart and give new hope. Strong faith and a wealth of knowledge are built with time.

"Out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, private records and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books and the like, we do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time." (Bacon.)

Time reflects upon man's environment. He feels the beat and pulse of it in seasons. He enjoys the miracles of spring, the fruition of summer, the breath-taking beauty of autumn, and the quiet repose of winter. "He has made everything beautiful in its time; for the good of all mankind." (Ecclesiastes 3:11.)

Epictetus says: "No great thing is created suddenly, any more than a bunch of grapes or a fig. If you tell me you desire a fig, I answer you there must be time. Let it first blossom, then bear fruit, then ripen."

And so it is in the life of man. From the bud of youth through the fruit-bearing years of middle age to the full bloom of maturity, there is given a time for every purpose. Man must not fail for he leaves behind him his "footsteps in the sands of time".

LINES TO A NEIGHBOR

Our eyes have met above the privet hedge
As we exchanged a confidence with ease,
Or one had brought the other one a wedge
Of pie, or mess of newly picked young peas.
We both have heard a child cry out and scurried
To help the little fellow in distress
And we have often left our work and hurried
To offer aid on "daughter's party dress".
Your footsteps are like music to my ear;
Your voice intones my name with gentle sound
When I have need of comfort and of cheer,
Since we are neighbors walking common ground
In friendliness together . . . magic art
Of folk who share is gamered in the heart!

—Thelma Allinder



DIARY DATA

by
Cora Ellen Sobieski

"Dear," I say to my spouse as I pour some syrup on my French toast at the breakfast table, "how about surprising these kitchen walls with a little new paint?"

I pause, dream of pretty colors, and wait for his refusal. It comes in lengthy explanations that aim to tell me why he can't do it.

"But — but," I interrupt, "it's been three years, two months, one week, and six hours since you last took paintbrush in hand."

He looks amazed and slightly dazed at these mathematics I toss at him.

"H—how do you know?" he sputters, waiting for my answer with a patience which makes me feel very important.

"Well," I inform him, "last night I went through all my old diaries, re-reading them. You'd be surprised what I found out."

"The paint held up good, didn't it?" he asks wonderingly.

"Yes. Let's get the same brand and, by the way, we may have to redo the other rooms, too."

"It's been that long?" he asks, still hoping there's a chance to get out of it.

"It's been that long," I assure him. And then we both huddle over paint charts, thanks to the records that made all this possible.

I find in them that it has been too long since we entertained this couple or that couple, because the dates when they were last at our home are recorded. And now that the rooms will get a face-lifting, I can plan happily for some equally happy entertaining.

Many other important dates are also recorded. My diary tells when my family had their shots, check-ups, and even when I had that sliver removed after washing too much woodwork too enthusiastically. (If I try hard I can

even recall the pain as it was removed.) And, by the way, that woodwork must be washed again. This time I'll take precautions and wear rubber gloves.

My diaries are tattletales — they tell so much. I go into exclamations, such as, "I bought that thing then!" and "That black basic is *that* old!" when my diary states the dates when they were purchased.

Just about everything is recorded there. At the time when I wrote my daily data, I thought a lot of the things I wrote were trivial and meaningless — just scribbles of this and that; but I find after later readings that nothing is really meaningless, unless one wants to call life meaningless, which it never is. For the writings in a diary are little bits and pieces of life, evoking memories, poking fun, and providing entertainment as one reads them later, if only to have a good laugh at one's self.

As I reread these diaries, I realize that time does fly fast, but many precious moments can be recalled and relived by way of the diary. For instance, on many pages I had jotted the theme and brief bits of memorable sermons I have heard our minister give. I can bring these wonderful, uplifting messages back to mind once again from my notes. Nothing is ever lost by keeping a diary, but there is much to gain from one. After rereading them, I know I'll never be without one.

Now that we're at the beginning of a brand-new year, why don't *you* start a diary?

JANUARY

by
Mildred Cathcart

January is a time for looking back reflectively at our accomplishments and our shortcomings, and a time for looking confidently forward to a new year in which we can rededicate ourselves to those ambitions for which we aspire.

The very name of the month sounds like a beginning because January was named for the Roman god, Janus, who had two faces. One face looked forward and one looked backward, so no one could enter the gate without his knowing it. Since Janus was a god of beginnings, people prayed to him if they were starting a new venture or if they were to be traveling. Janus, for a time, was pictured as a porter with a scepter and a key. He, supposedly, opened the gates of heaven to let out

the day and closed the doors when nighttime came. He was the keeper of all doors. So to each of us, January may open the door to a whole year full of surprises.

January was not always the month as we know it. The Norsemen called their first month Thor after the god of thunder and storms. Many years ago the English referred to the first month as "Wolf month" because many fierce hungry wolves came down into the villages seeking food. Some of the early calendars began in March and had but ten months. Before the Gregorian calendar was adopted in 1752, New Year's Day was on March 25.

We enjoy our traditional New Year's celebrations, but many of the early customs were equally interesting. Girls who lived in Old England believed that they would dream of their future husband on the Eve of St. Agnes, which falls on January 20. For many years, people believed that the first three days of the new year would predict the weather for the rest of the year. A common belief was that if it snowed on New Year's Day, it would likewise snow in May.

One of the most interesting holidays besides New Year's Day is the Feast of Epiphany, on January 6. This date falls on the twelfth day after Christmas and is sometimes called "Little Christmas". Some families exchange gifts on this day, and many people take their Christmas trees down at this time. In earlier years, Epiphany celebrated both the birth and the baptism of the Lord. Today Epiphany is referred to as the time when the Magi found the Christ-Child and presented their gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

The flower for January, most appropriately, is the snow drop; the birthstone is the garnet.

WINTER SILHOUETTE

The great elm stands with quiet grace,
Her bare brown arms stretched up to
the darkening sky;
Snow softly feathers the interlaced
fingers,
And falling through them, carpets the
earth beneath.
The sturdy body, straight and tall, is
clothed in sequined lace
That ripples toward her feet;
With dignity, the noble form accepts
the chill of Winter,
And calmly awaits inspiring Spring.

—Pearl E. Brown



ABIGAIL BRINGS YOU UP TO DATE ON NEWS FROM DENVER

Dear Friends:

Greetings to each and every one of you as we contemplate this brand-new year rushing pell-mell into being. These new years do seem to roll around far too rapidly for most of us. 1965 has been a most pleasant year for our family and we rather hate to see it end. But 1966 offers much that is new and challenging, so we can't help being eager to see it start.

We are spending these holidays here in Denver. After a delightful Thanksgiving visit with the family in Iowa we find ourselves quite content to enjoy the festivities of the neighborhood. Emily has had a pre-Christmas week-end job clerking in the garden shop at the nursery. This post-Christmas vacation is her first opportunity to participate in skiing. In addition, she is deep in supervising the final details of the state convention of the Colorado Episcopal Youth. In past years this convention has been held in late spring. A four months' advance in date, has meant a considerable amount of concentrated effort to get everything arranged.

Throughout these holidays the ever-growing stack of college catalogues and travel folders has been somewhat obscured. Emily hasn't decided just which college or university she would prefer to attend. She may not attend college next fall — at least not in the United States. She has applied for acceptance and placement as a Rotary exchange student in a Spanish-speaking country. There are no Rotary Clubs in Spain, so this confines the possibilities to the countries of the Americas. With so many choices and decisions looming large in the near future, it's a relief to put them aside momentarily.

I didn't mention our neighborhood "hen" trips to the mountains this past fall because there were so few. Colorado was blessed with week after week of delightful weather. But we all managed to get ourselves so bogged down with obligations that the trips just didn't get organized. The one open-air location that absorbed a great many of my hours all fall was the football field. It seems to me as if we watched at least four football games every week-end. First there would be a high school game, then a nearby college game, then Clark's Little League game, and finally Denver's professional team, the Broncos. And in between times it was televised football. At least with bas-



Margery took a lot of candid pictures of the members of the family who gathered for Thanksgiving dinner at Lucile's, and this one of Dad and Wayne was among them. Dad was obviously very amused at the story Wayne was telling him.

ketball we watch only the high school and Little League games. Football is becoming almost a year-round activity nowadays. There must be many more fans just as avid as Wayne. I enjoy watching football very much, but admit that I can't maintain much enthusiasm between January 1st and September 15th.

In her November letter Dorothy wrote of the move to Arizona by her sister-in-law Edna, which was brought about because of Edna's recurring asthma. Some of you readers may have children with a severe health problem produced by asthma. You might be interested to know that Denver is one of the outstanding centers in the world in the field of treatment and research in children's asthma. Last Christmas two of our guests were the daughter of a college friend of mine and her girl friend, both patients at the Children's Asthmatic Research Institute and Hospital which is also known as the Jewish National Home for Asthmatic Children. Young people from all over the world suffering from intractable asthma are brought either to this center or to the National Jewish Hospital here. They

COVER STORY

Our "cover girl" is Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson, whom you know by way of her letters from the farm. Dorothy comes to Shenandoah from Lucas, Iowa, every month to address this magazine. These monthly visits give her an opportunity to spend some time with Dad and Mother (Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Driftmier) who count the days in anticipation of her arrival. She enjoys sitting down for our daily broadcasts when she's in town.

are admitted regardless of race, color, or creed for treatment virtually free of cost. Since the average length of stay is 18 months, such treatment would be attainable to few except the very wealthy under any other circumstances.

Most children suffering from such severe asthma make a pronounced improvement in the first weeks following their arrival. This is because with the change in environment they have few immediate allergies in this new location. So they must stay at least a year in order for their allergies to have a chance to redevelop and be treated. Although the children are rarely "cured" upon discharge, they have improved very substantially. One of the most important parts of their treatment is being taught how to accept and live with their health problem.

Denver has many hospitals and treatment centers. Many of these were originally constructed to care for the victims of tuberculosis. Now that there has been such remarkable progress in bringing this disease under control, there is no longer the need for as much space reserved for treatment of the tubercular. Many of these extra facilities have thus been turned over for use in the treatment of other diseases of the respiratory system and chest.

While I've been sitting at the typewriter Alison has been working on a scrapbook. During the weeks last summer that she lived with Frank and Dorothy on the farm she took lots of pictures. The farm animals may even have developed "star complexes" from being photographed so often. This blustery winter day seemed an ideal time to work on such a project. Alison does a nice job on this sort of thing — an ability her brother could well emulate to improve the appearance of his school projects.

Alison has also revived her father's interest in chess. She was introduced to the game and liked it so well she wants to join the chess club at school when the new semester gets underway. But before she does that, she wants to improve her technique. Clark has acquired an interest in chess, also, so they are enjoying a three-way tournament.

Emily and I are quite content to leave the chess playing to those three and keep our time for our own pet interests. My big interest of the moment is completing a gown for a big event coming up for Emily. But more about that later.

May God bless your new year,
Abigail



**MOLASSES DATE-NUT BARS**

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

1 cup chopped dates
1 cup chopped nuts
Cream together the sugar and shortening. Add egg and beat well. Add molasses. Sift and add dry ingredients alternately with the milk to which you have added the flavoring. Lastly, add dates and nuts. (Add a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring if cutting down on the nutmeats.) Bake in two 8-inch square greased pans, or a very large cake pan, for 25 to 30 minutes at 350 degrees. When cool, spread with a powdered sugar icing. Cut into bars.

—Leanna

HAM TURNOVERS

1 recipe of pastry for 2-crust pie
2 cups ground ham to which you have added
3 Tbls. melted butter
Divide pastry into 6 parts and roll each into a round. Place some ground ham on one side, fold over, seal edges and prick with a fork several times. Bake for about 20 minutes at 425 degrees. Serve with a mushroom sauce. The mushroom sauce is simply a rich buttery sauce to which you have added finely chopped mushrooms.

REDUCER'S DRESSING

1/2 cup tomato juice
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. onion juice
2 Tbls. lemon juice
Beat together well and store in refrigerator. Shake before using.

PRUNE-COCONUT DESSERT

- 1 cup cooked prunes, pitted
- 1/2 cup prune liquid
- 1/4 cup white sugar
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2/3 cup sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup light brown sugar
- 1/3 cup margarine
- 2/3 cup quick-rolled oats
- 2/3 cup coconut
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Chop the prunes and put them into a small pan. Add the prune liquid, white sugar, cinnamon and lemon flavoring. Cook until thick. Sift the flour and salt into a bowl. Stir in the brown sugar. Cut in the margarine until the mixture is crumbly. Stir in the oats, coconut and black walnut flavoring. Spread half the mixture in the bottom of a greased 8-inch square pan. Spread the prune mixture evenly over the top. Place the remaining flour-oatmeal mixture on top of the prunes. Bake in a 325-degree oven for 45 minutes. Serve warm with whipped cream or a cream substitute.

—Dorothy

ROYAL CAULIFLOWER

1 head cauliflower
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1/2 cup milk
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
Salt and pepper to taste
Wash cauliflower thoroughly. Trim off outside green leaves. Put in pressure pan. Combine soup, milk, flavoring, salt and pepper. Pour over cauliflower. Bring pressure to 15 pounds. Cook for 2 minutes. Bring pressure down rapidly to prevent over-cooking. Serve hot for a delicious vegetable.

(Cooking hint: When cooking cauliflower in boiling water, add 1 Tbls. milk to the water and it will keep the cauliflower white.)

SPINACH CASSEROLE

- 2 pkgs. frozen chopped spinach
- 1/2 pint dairy sour cream
- 1 envelope dried onion soup
- Buttered crumbs

Thaw and drain the spinach. Beat the sour cream with the onion soup and fold into the spinach. Pour into a buttered casserole. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 30 minutes. Serves 6. —Mary Beth

ESTHER'S PARTY SALAD

- 1 pint boiling water
- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 #2 can crushed pineapple (DO NOT DRAIN)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 pint cream style cottage cheese
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 1 cup salad dressing
- 1 tsp. horseradish
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. When it cools stir in the pineapple and lemon flavoring. Put this in the refrigerator until it begins to thicken. In a bowl mix the cottage cheese, sweetened condensed milk, salad dressing, horseradish and nuts. Fold into the gelatin. Chill until firm. Cut into squares and serve.

ESCALLOPED HOMINY

- 1 can hominy
- 1 beaten egg
- 1/2 cup grated American cheese
- 2 Tbls. catsup
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Buttered bread crumbs

Mix all ingredients together. Place in a 1 1/2-quart casserole. Sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 30 minutes.

—Dorothy

PORK CHOP CASSEROLE

- 4 to 6 pork chops
- 1 Tbls. shortening
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Prepared mustard
- 1 can cream style corn
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1 cup coarsely sliced celery
- 1/2 cup sliced onion
- 1/2 cup diced green pepper
- Small amount of water.

Brown the chops in the shortening. Season. Pour off any excess fat. Spread a little mustard on each chop. Combine the corn, crumbs, celery, onion and green pepper. Cover the chops with this mixture. (Add a small amount of water to the mixture if it seems a bit dry.) Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour.

COMPANY CASSEROLE

- 1 can tuna fish
- 1 can crab meat
- 1 can shrimp
- 2 cans chow mein noodles
- 2 cans cream of mushroom soup
- 1 1/3 cups water
- 2 cups celery, chopped
- 1 cup cashew nuts

Use the standard, flat cans of tuna, crab and shrimp. De-vein shrimp, if needed. Pour hot water over fish and drain. (I emptied the contents of the cans into a large sieve and poured hot water over all.) This cleans off any oil from the fish.

Combine all ingredients. Spoon into a large casserole. A few of the chow mein noodles may be sprinkled on top. Bake at 350-degrees for 30 minutes.

This is a marvelous casserole dish. It is *not* inexpensive, but it is well worth the ingredients if you need a really elegant combination.

PERFECT OYSTER STEW

- 1 pint oysters
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- Dash Tabasco sauce
- 2 Tbls. water
- 4 to 6 cups milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine flour, salt, Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco sauce, and water. Add oysters and liquid from which any shells have been removed. Cook over low heat until oysters curl. *Do not* bring to a hard boil; this should just be a very slow simmer. Add milk and butter flavoring. Taste and add more salt, butter flavoring or milk, if needed.

PAPRIKA POTATOES

- 6 medium potatoes
- 1 Tbls. bacon drippings or butter
- 1/4 cup cornflake crumbs
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. salt

Peel potatoes. Brush with melted drippings or butter. Crush cornflakes and combine with paprika and salt. Roll potatoes in this mixture. Bake, covered, in greased baking pan at 425 degrees for about 45 minutes, or until tender.

You can use a lower oven heat when something else is baking in the oven and you want these potatoes to go with the menu. Check every 15 or 20 minutes to see if they need turning and how tender they are becoming. The cover may be removed the last 15 minutes of baking time if you like a nice crusty finish to the potatoes.

OUR FAVORITE PUMPKIN PIE FILLING

- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 #303 can pumpkin
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1 2/3 cups evaporated milk
- 1 9-inch unbaked pastry shell

Mix ingredients in order given. Pour into pastry shell and bake in 425-degree oven for 15 minutes. Reduce temperature to 350 and continue baking about 45 minutes, or until knife inserted halfway between outside and center of pie comes out clean. (I always test for "doneness" in this place rather than the pie center to prevent over-cooking a custard-type pie.)

—Abigail

MOIST PRUNE BREAD

- 1 1/2 cups chopped prunes
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/3 cup strained honey
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. melted margarine
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Pour the boiling water over the chopped prunes. Cover and let stand 20 minutes. Add the honey, egg, vanilla and black walnut flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients together into a bowl. Add the prune mixture, melted margarine and chopped nuts. Pour into a greased bread pan. Bake in a 325-degree oven for one hour and 15 minutes, or until done. Cool before slicing.

—Dorothy

PINEAPPLE CHEESE SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 18 large marshmallows
- 1 cup coarsely shredded cheese
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup nuts, English or pecan
- 1 cup whipping cream

Dissolve the gelatin in 1 cup of boiling water and add marshmallows. Stir until marshmallows are melted. Add pineapple juice and enough water to make 1 cup. Add flavoring. Combine cheese, nuts and pineapple, and add to gelatin when it starts to set. Whip cream; fold it in last. Chill until firm.

—Margery

FRENCH APPLE DESSERT

- 6 apples, sliced
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 4 Tbls. sugar

Butter a pie pan well and fill with sliced apples. Sprinkle 1/2 cup of brown sugar over top of apples. Combine the remaining 1/2 cup brown sugar with flavorings, butter and egg yolks. Beat well. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Add to batter alternately with milk. Beat until very smooth. Pour over apples. Bake in a 350-degree oven about 35 minutes, or until it tests *almost* done with a cake tester.

Beat two egg whites until frothy. Gradually beat in 4 Tbls. sugar. Continue beating until stiff peaks form. Spoon this meringue over baked pie. Return to oven until light brown. Cut into wedges. Serve hot with whipped cream or ice cream.

TOFFEE TORTE

- 8" loaf angel food cake
- 6 Heath or butter brickle toffee bars
- 2 cups heavy cream, whipped
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

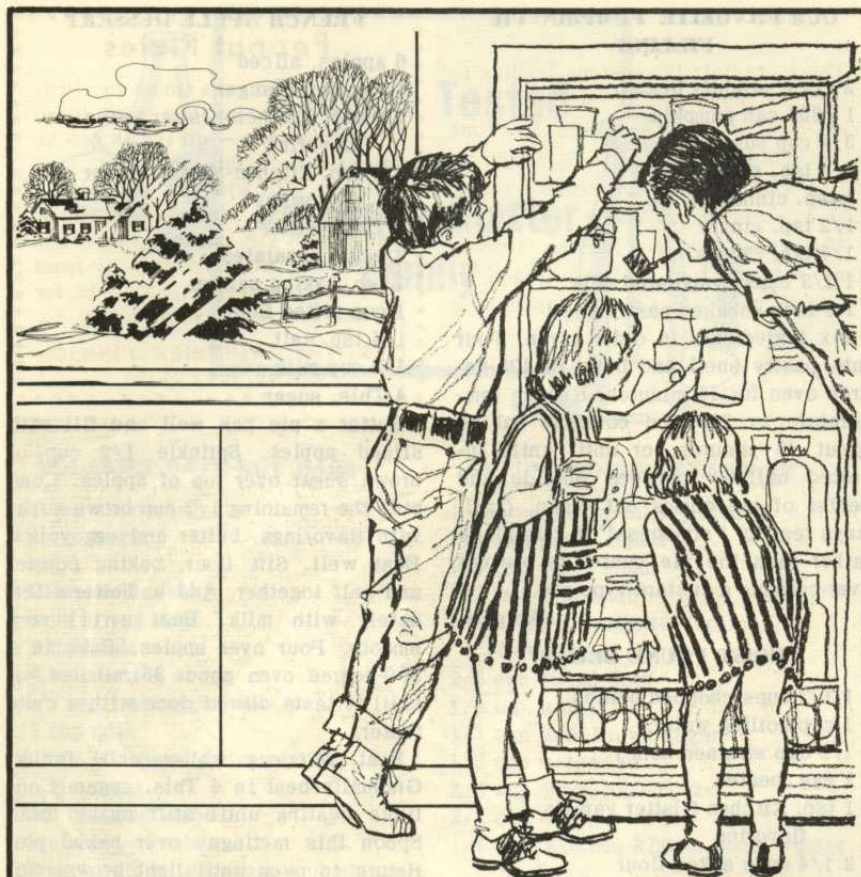
Split the cake in half lengthwise. Freeze the toffee bars and then crush in a plastic bag. Reserve 1/4 cup of the toffee crumbs to use later. Whip the cream until stiff. Fold in the toffee and use as filling and to cover sides and top of cake. Sprinkle top with the 1/4 cup crushed toffee. Chill. Serves 8 to 10.

COMPANY HAMBURGER-RICE CASSEROLE

- 1 1/2 lbs. browned hamburger
- Salt, pepper and onion to taste
- 1 cup Minute Rice
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup celery
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 tsp. soy sauce

All of this is mixed together and then topped with chow mein noodles. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

I vary this recipe with whatever I happen to have on the kitchen shelf, sometimes using celery soup instead of fresh celery and then omitting one of the other soups.



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KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

CHERRY-BANANA CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup mashed bananas
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup maraschino cherries, chopped and well drained
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 cup milk

Cream the sugar and shortening until fluffy. Beat in the flavorings, eggs and bananas, sift the dry ingredients, combine with the cherries, and add alternately with the milk, beating well after each addition. Bake in a 9- by 13-inch pan for approximately 45 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

SKILLETBURGERS

- 1 1/2 lbs. hamburger
- 1 Tbls. fat
- 1 large onion
- 1 green pepper
- 3/4 cup catsup
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 tsp. salt

Brown meat in hot fat. Put onion and green pepper through the food chopper. Add with remaining ingredients to the meat. Simmer for about 30 minutes. Serve in toasted buns.

This makes a big hit with teenagers.

—Margery

HAM AND PINEAPPLE RINGS

- 1 lb. ground smoked ham
- 1 lb. fresh ground pork
- 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 cup milk
- 2 beaten eggs

1 #2½ can sliced pineapple, drained
Combine all the ingredients except the pineapple and form into patties the size of a slice of pineapple. Put two patties together with a slice of drained pineapple between. Place the patties in a shallow pan (9 x 13) and bake for 1 1/2 hours in a 300-degree oven. Baste frequently with:

Pineapple Sauce

- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, packed
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup pineapple juice
- 1 tsp. dry mustard

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
 esses keep glancing at me as they go up and down the aisle. They probably think that I am some kind of a newspaper correspondent. Well, to tell you the truth, I do manage to write quite a bit of news now and then, don't I? The man seated next to me here by the window is from Cuba. He was one of the lucky Cubans who managed to escape and get a good position in this country. He told me that many of the Cubans coming here have very fine educations and are capable of taking important jobs. But he also said that some of the Cubans are coming to this country in the hope of getting a little easier living than they had in Cuba. They don't want work! They just want food and shelter. In other words, they are no different from many Americans. Lazy or not, I rejoice that we could save any who prefer freedom to the tyranny of Castroism. All of the churches in this country have been doing much to help the Cuban refugees. Our church has contributed considerable money to the cause, but we have only sponsored refugees from Europe. There is in our city a fine German family that we brought over after World War II. Each member of the family has become a good American and is now contributing to the life of the community.

I must stop writing this letter, for I can see the lights of our airport ahead of us, and in a few minutes we shall be down. As soon as the wheels touch the ground, I always say: "Thank you, God. Thank you for a safe journey!" It is a childlike prayer, but it comforts me.

Sincerely,
 Frederick

P.S. Just before mailing this from the office, I must tell you that in Canton I met one of our good *Kitchen-Klatter* readers: Mrs. Don J. Renaud of Grinnell, Iowa. We had several good visits about *Kitchen-Klatter*, and about her life on the farm. I also met Rev. Robert G. Hermann who listens to us on the *Kitchen-Klatter* radio programs. Mr. Hermann is from Jefferson City, Missouri, where he is doing some excellent work.

HOW VERY TRUE

You may be able to order and drive an individual but you cannot force him to respect you. Everyone secretly revolts at tyranny. You can, however, gain respect by proper persuasion. A gentle word, a kind look, a good-natured smile can work wonders and accomplish miracles.

THREE STEPS TO PERFECT HARMONY

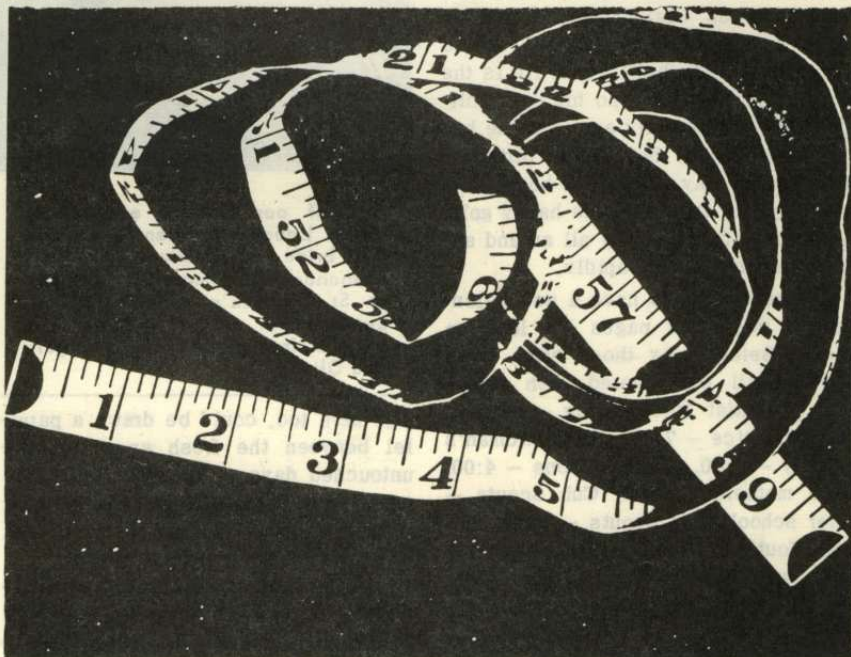
There are only three steps leading to the place where perfect harmony lives. Yet, they are hard to climb. The first is to think kindly of one's neighbor. The second is to speak kindly to him. The third is to act kindly toward him.

The reason they are hard to climb is that we are too busily engaged in thinking well of ourselves, speaking well of ourselves, and acting in a manner which we think will do ourselves the most good.

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by
Evelyn Birkby



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

From the standpoint of the gardener, January is perhaps the duller time of year because there is practically nothing to do except wait for spring. You can pull yourself out of the doldrums by sending for several of the new spring seed and nursery catalogues. While waiting for them to arrive there can be an inspection of stored bulbs, roots and tubers. Be sure there is no disease developing in your gladiolus, tuberous begonias, dahlias, cannas, callas, caladiums, and other tender summer-flowering plants that pass the winter in dormancy.

If you have had a gardening problem in the past, now is a good time to write to your state university for help and to ask for available bulletins on garden subjects. A collection of these for reference can be invaluable for solving many problems that may confront you when the garden season does arrive.

The first thing we do when a new catalogue arrives is to check their new introductions. Usually they are featured in color on the cover pages. You won't be able to or even want to try every one that is offered, but it is a good idea to choose those that appeal to you and then to order the seeds promptly.

This spring one firm is offering some appealing new petunias, among other flowers, that I simply have to try. PETUNIA BOOMERSHINE is a new giant flowered, fully double, frilled petunia in a rich scarlet color with white variegations. It is claimed to be the "reddest" all double petunia introduced to date. PETUNIA PLUM PUDDING is a mixture of several F¹ hybrids which includes a blue, deep red, wine, pink, and a lovely veined yellow. Sugar Plum is included and all have its characteristic unusual veining and resistance to the weather. I'm sure you will want to try a packet of these new beauties.

Then there is a delightful new miniature carnation called CARNATION F¹ HYBRID PETITE PINK. The two-inch flowers are fully double, freely born on self-branching plants, a delicate pink in color and very fragrant. These are easy to grow from seed. One more pretty blue flower that is not really new but should be more widely grown is the CENTRATHERUM MAN-AOS BEAUTY. The bushy plants grow about two feet tall forming perfect little hedges almost identical in height. The medium-blue flowers appear all sum-



Carnation F¹ Hybrid Petite Pink

mer long and bloom merrily away right through the heat of July and August. This annual is also very easy to grow from seed.

FLOWER GARDEN BOOK

My garden plot is still fast-locked in cold,

But I can dream of phlox and marigold;
And brightly pictured zinnias seem about

To break a silence with their muffled shout.

No bloom looks gayer than the scarlet sage

In ruby-red arrangement, on a page
Of my spring catalogue; and everywhere
I turn I find bloom-captured beauty there!

—Thelma Allinder

"Congratulate yourself when you reach that degree of wisdom which prompts you to see less of the weaknesses of others and more of your own, for you will then be walking in the company of the really great."



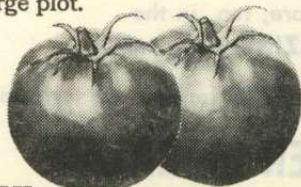
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COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Come with me on this snowy winter day as I recall a delightful visit to the newly decorated Story Hour Room of the Iowa City Public Library. A wonderful mural by Ellie Pownall Simmons is bound to fascinate any visitor, as it did the day Mrs. Simmons read from the *Mural Scrapbook* to wide-eyed moppets and enchanted adults.

"Like a horserace, this mural started at the post — the post being a large, half-round pillar that looked like an insurmountable artistic problem till it turned into a Maypole in my mind," said Mrs. Simmons. "The animals and children, all kinds and colors, are simply participating in a happy day . . . an unspecified parade . . . a peaceable kingdom where everyone has a good time. The figures are child-lifesize; so little people identify with them. There's lots of activity at baseboard level; so the audience on the broad carpeted steps, which provide the seating for the room, are in touch, eye-to-eye, with small animals. The Maypole and tree carry the eye up to tree-living and flying animals and birds,



Ellie Simmons in the shade of her tree, part of the mural she completed for the Story Room of the Iowa City Public Library.

and seem to grow naturally, I hope, out of the earth-colored rug."

Mrs. Simmons' gay sense of humor is shown by the disgusted look on the baby bird in the tree who *didn't* get the worm and by the Tiffany glass lamp above the light switches. The hatrack at the back of the room has permanently painted hats resting on it which include a crown and sombrero. Walls not used for the mural display a large

and varied collection of framed, original illustrations from children's books, contributed by the artists, including several Caldecott Award winners.

Talented Mrs. Simmons, author-illustrator of *Mary the Mouse Champion*, also illustrated *An Old-Fashioned Christmas* by Paul Engle.

A book written for her family but which affords pleasure to others as well is *The Days Before Yesterday* by Irene M. Gogerty. Mrs. Gogerty writes of Iowa farm life as she recalls the late twenties and thirties. Adventures with farm animals, the country school and its character-building, the Fourth of July celebration, her triumph as a rural school teacher, and "heartbreak day" — moving day from one farm to another — are full of enjoyable nostalgia.

Since my memories of farm life compare to those of Irene Gogerty, the chapters on corn-picking and threshing time evoke special remembrances of "the coming together of effort and harmony and machine and man!" Therapy of farm life is well expressed: "Grief, and pain, loss and physical suffering can be lessened and eased if one seeks the vastness of field and wood." Thanks to Mrs. Gogerty for sharing family memories with us.

A highlight of the Sioux City Woman's Club meeting recently was Margaret Crary's interesting discussion of the historical background for her newly-released book *Jared and the Yankee Genius* (David McKay Co., \$3.75). Based on facts of the life of Abel Buell, the first type founder in America, Mrs. Crary told of visiting the New Haven Colony Historical Society and the Sterling Library of Yale University, New Haven, Conn., in doing research for her book. For ages 10 and up, the book tells of Jared Read who becomes apprentice to Abel Buell and shares in the excitement as the colonies break with England. Jared is always surrounded by projects that Buell was not interested in completing: polishing stones, engraving, printing, and map making.

Mrs. Crary, author of *Calico Ball* and *Pocketful of Raisins*, has written an exciting story of colonial history in *Jared and the Yankee Genius*.

(See "Little Ads" for information about *The Days Before Yesterday* by Irene Gogerty.)

Listening is the best way to acquire knowledge, experience and become more popular. If you are a good listener you let others know you are interested in them, their problems, their ideas and progress.

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"Let's Have a Party!"

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Glitter-Clock Centerpiece: The basis of the clock is a large styrofoam ball. Cut a wide slice off one side to make a flat surface for the face of the clock. Pin on small sequins or glue on glitter to make the Roman numerals around the clock. Outline the outer rim of the clock face with pearl bead trim or other colored beads. Form the hands of pipe cleaners, dipping them in glue and then glitter. Glue a small circle of glitter where the hands are fastened to the clock. Cover three small foam balls with glue and roll in glitter. With toothpicks attach two of them for the clock's legs, with the other at the top for the old-fashioned alarm bell. Decorate the clock sides and back with more glitter and bead trim.

I like to place such a clock on my heirloom glass cake plate with a few evergreen tips at the clock base and more greens and a few small tree ornaments around the base of the plate.

All-White Skater's Waltz Centerpiece: To make the little animated figure skaters, begin with white pipe cleaners for the bodies. Bend the arms and legs into figure-skating poses. Glue on round paper tags for the heads, marking the features with pen and ink. Fringed white paper is used for headpieces or hair and for "frilled" ballet-like skirts. Glue each skater to a large white button base so it will stand upright. Arrange the skater figures on a mirror pond, and let your imagination guide you in using cotton, bits of twigs, and artificial snow to create a skating scene. Tiny white plastic reindeer would enhance the scene.

ENTERTAINMENT

Hall-of-Fame Costume Party: Ask the guests to come masked and costumed as some person prominent in the news in the past year. Number each guest as he arrives, and when all are present, have a grand march around the room while each guest tries to guess the identity of the others, writing down the numbers and their guesses. This can be fun if the masqueraders use mannerisms, style of dress, carry a familiar object, or talk in a manner typical of the persons they are representing. Judges can award a prize to the best

costume as well as to person guessing the most identities.

Hunt for Time: Have the letters T-I-M-E, a hundred or so of each if your crowd is large, hidden about the room. Contestants are told to find as many letters as possible in an allotted time. The winner is the one who can form the word "TIME" the most times out of letters he has found.

Current Events: Pass around paper and pencils and ask each guest to list the ten most important events that occurred in the past year. The first one to finish wins a prize. Then have that person read his list after all are through. The rest cross off events duplicated on their lists. Award another prize to the one who has most nearly the duplicate of the first. Award a prize, also, to person having the most unlike the first one.

New Year Celebrities: Give each person a large piece of wrapping paper, an old magazine, scissors, and paste. (You might prefer that they work in couples.) Each is to write the biography of the person to the right, using as few words but as many pictures as possible, cutting both from the magazine and pasting them on the wrapping paper. Have each one read and displayed, awarding a prize to the best.

Hobby Corsage: Send out notices before the party, that each guest is to wear a corsage representing the hobby she will be pursuing in 1966. Award prizes for the cleverest corsage. One can have the guests write down what they think each one's hobby is before the corsages are explained.

NEW Quiz:

1. Peddles his papers. Newsboy
2. Cheap paper. Newsprint
3. At the foot of the stairway. Newel
4. Northern country. Newfoundland
5. It's said we "carry coals to ----." New Castle
6. Fashion just out. Newfangled
7. A salamander. Newt
8. With an article of clothing. New Jersey
9. Checks the stories. News editor

WHITE SALE - Concluded

means choose from the variety of new fabrics on the market.

Blankets are not purchased with the frequency of the afore-mentioned items, but nevertheless their selection is of great importance. There is a great deal of choice; wool, cotton, Acrilan, Orlon, or other synthetic fibers. Choose with thoughts of warmth, comfort, durability and size.

The real challenge to the customer is to select the best fabric for her specific use. The type of wear and serviceability required by the individual family should influence her decision. If price, care conditions, and individual needs and wants are met, value will be received.

Nowadays people who say it can't be done are being interrupted by someone else doing it.

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Margery took this picture of Sol Field (Mother's brother) and his wife Mary when they came from California for a few days' visit.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Continued

and the end result is that they're tired and haven't any patience with their children. I feel that if they would say NO to so many community demands they'd have the time and the strength to be much better mothers." —N.D.

"My husband and I are so proud of our five grandchildren. They are being reared with great love and understanding and we feel certain that they will develop into dependable and solid citizens.

"Of course we often think the youngsters should have caps on their heads, mittens on their hands or sweaters on under their coats, but even things like that right themselves. We never make any comments or suggestions for we feel that interfering grandparents can stir up trouble that wouldn't exist if well enough were left alone." —Nebr.

"We have seven grandchildren and whenever I am with them I feel that

they are punished too severely and that there is far too much shouting and screaming. But when I get quietly alone again in my own home I look back to the days when my four children were small and I realize that I shouted and screamed — and was hardly aware of it at the time. We tend to forget the unpleasant things as we grow older; our memories dwell on the happy times. But I think that all hard-working young mothers are under pressures and strains and surely there isn't a mother living who hasn't done some shouting and screaming. I try to bear this in mind when I get upset about my grandchildren." —Calif.

"There does seem to be a difference in present-day children and their parents. I have traveled by bus and by train in many states and always there are grandmas going to help in a home where a grandchild is expected or where there is illness. I found many of them very worried over the methods used to raise the children. Sometimes there seemed to be downright cruelty in the way the children were handled. My own grandchildren receive far more spankings than our own children ever did.

"I believe that children today associate much more with other children and learn from them. Life moves so fast. The parents are under constant pressure and so are short-tempered. Children are not taught to respect their elders as children formerly were, and they talk to their parents as though they were their own age. I do not believe we can go back to former ways of raising children. In most cases the yelling and the spankings (if not too severe) don't seem to harm the children. It is part of their modern world and they accept it as they do the radio and TV. The bright spot to me is that as my grandchildren grow older they seem to improve. The older ones are law-abiding young citizens who love their parents and take their work very seriously. It is true that not all young people grow up in that pattern, but I believe the vast majority do. Even those who come from homes where conditions are bad often do remarkably well. It is only the few bad ones we hear about and not the many, many who are doing their very best to be good citizens." —Kansas

"I am almost seventy years old and I've seen a lot of living. After giving it a great deal of thought I've come to the conclusion that you cannot have a harmonious home and a happy family unless you keep God uppermost in your thoughts and your actions. Children (Concluded on page 22)

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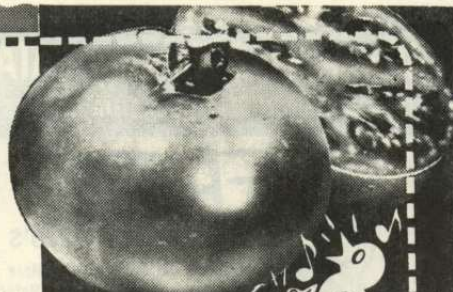


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JANUARY DEVOTIONS – Concluded
see where your strength is needed – then use it!

Assist in every possible way the president and other officers and committees in carrying through toward the goals that have been set. Be not afraid, either, to call attention to further needs in your community, your church, or elsewhere in the world. Assist your group to broaden its horizon. Assist in every way you can, wherever you can, no matter how humble or small the job. It all needs to be done in order to accomplish the overall success.

"Master, where shall I work today?"
And my love flowed warm and free.
And He pointed to one small plot and said,

"Work there today for Me."

But I answered quickly, "O no, not there –

Not that small place for me;

For no matter how well my work was done

No one else would see."

But His voice when He spoke, it was not stern,

But He answered tenderly,

"Disciple, search that heart of thine.
Are you working for them? Or for Me?"

Nazareth was but a little place –
And so was Galilee."

Attain those results which will benefit you, your family, your organization, your community, and your world. Be sure your visions are wide, your horizons broad, and then bend every effort to bring them into being – into view – into reality.

There is nothing new under the sun – except ourselves. Each day, each hour, offers an opportunity to think greater thoughts and to perform greater deeds. Every human being has creative power and this hour, this day, this new year, offer us a new chance to excel our best efforts.

Attend, arouse, appraise, assist, attain – Will I? Will you? Will we?

(Note: A different person can discuss each word if preferred.)

Leader: I pluck an acorn and hold it to my ear, and this is what it says to me: "By-and-by the birds will come to nest in me. By-and-by I shall furnish shade for the cattle. By-and-by I shall provide warmth for the home. By-and-by I shall shelter from the storm those who have gone under the roof. By-and-by I shall be the strong ribs of a great vessel, and the tempest will beat against me in vain, while I carry men across the great sea."

"Oh foolish little acorn, wilt thou be all this?" I ask.

And the acorn answers, "Yes, God and I."

—Abbott

Hymn: "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind", "How Firm a Foundation", "I Would Be True", or similar closing hymn.

Benediction: Lord, take away our fears and give us courage; take away our doubts and give us faith; take away our selfishness and give us concern for others. Replace our petty thoughts with Thy inspiration, O Lord, and our hatreds with compassion, for we would walk in Thy way in this New Year, and all the days of our life. Amen.

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We like to think we're pretty up to date. Our laboratories are spotless . . . all white enamel and stainless steel. **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** has replaced old-fashioned cleaners, with their scum and froth and rinsing. It's taken the hard work out of housework. It goes out on fast trucks and express trains, rushing **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** to stores all over our part of the country. And yet . . .

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842-3 Spear Bldg., Colo. Springs, Colo. 80907

Mistakes are lessons for the wise.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

who love God and who worship Him with their parents are going to come through all right. This was my one great solace and refuge when I was a very hard-pressed young mother and everything seemed to be going wrong. Today I look at my grandchildren and realize that my Faith has extended into their lives — and I am happy." —Mo.

"The mother who takes time out, regularly, unfailingly, to know herself and to know God, better knows when to say "NO!" to herself, to her children, to society around her. Unless she learns what to say "NO!" to, and says "NO!" and sticks to her "NO!" she is tossed about purposelessly like a piece of newspaper caught in the wind. Not at peace with herself nor with the God



Martin Strom (in the Mexican jacket) brought two Doane College friends home for Thanksgiving vacation. They were Robert Cornell (right) from McKeesport, Pa., and Michael Aung Thwin from Kodaikanal, South India. Martin's cousin Emily (Driftmier), who was here from Denver, Colo., enjoyed hearing the boys chat about college life.

who created her, of course she takes it out on her children. The mother of the raucous and disobedient children is the mother who does not spend enough time alone with herself and with God."

Thank you, all of you, for the wonderfully interesting letters. I hope that the ones I selected to use in this issue will prove helpful to mothers of all ages, young and old.

Most faithfully yours,

P. Wink

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Pray devoutly, but hammer stoutly.
—John Ray, *English Proverbs*



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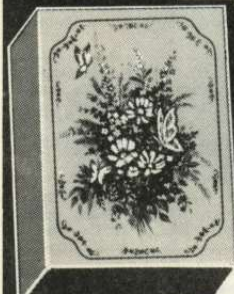
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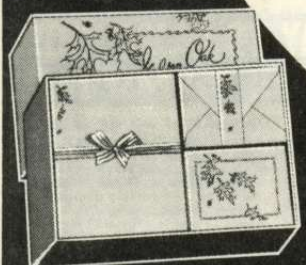


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