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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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Margery Driftmier Strom

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

I can never recall sitting down this late in the month to visit with you because deadlines are deadlines and I always make an earnest attempt to meet them (even to beat them), but I'm up to the very last second on this letter to you and everyone in the printing department is looking uneasily in my direction!

I've held things up because I wanted to see Juliana off on her return flight to Albuquerque, and that took place yesterday afternoon. It was our third trip to the Omaha airport during a drawn-out holiday season and we had wretched driving conditions on all three trips. Right now I'm grateful that no foreseeable airport trips must be made for I find these winter dashes very nerve-wracking. Juliana's plane was almost two hours late when she arrived just before Christmas, and she said that she fully expected to see me on the airport roof with binoculars! I guess I would have been if anyone were permitted on the roof, for I get into a state of controlled hysteria when planes are late . . . and particularly when there is bad weather.

If it weren't for the nerve strain involved in delayed planes I would really have a wonderful time because I think a big airport is a very interesting place. I love to watch people and speculate about who they are and where they are going and why they are going. I find it endlessly absorbing. What, for instance, can you make of a very expensive British-looking umbrella lashed tightly to a piece of handsome luggage? It was spitting snow in Omaha, so the owner of that umbrella must have come from someplace where there had been a lot of rain, or he was headed into a section all prepared for rain. Just little things like this — they interest me.

Well, airports and planes aside, we

had a truly happy and blessed Christmas in our family. Holiday traditions are very, very powerful with the Driftmiers and we carried right through as we have for so many years. When we sat down to dinner on December 25th I looked around the table and reminded everyone present that we had our first Christmas dinner under that roof in 1915, and in a world where people are shifting about constantly it is quite a record to look back 51 years in the same place. (There were holidays when we lived elsewhere, as old time friends will recall, but in 1966 we sat down in the same room where we had first sat down for Christmas dinner in 1915. Juliana says that among all of her friends she is one of the very, very few who return to the same roots year after year.)

Aside from family activities, Juliana and I spent almost the entire time together just visiting and remembering countless things . . . and glancing into the future too. We had several happy evenings looking at Kodachromes that Juliana could never remember seeing before, and since these lovely colored slides dated back to when she was about six weeks old and ran through until she was about five, it was quite an experience for her to see them. I think there must be about 250 slides in this collection and since Russell had mounted them very carefully in glass, they are still in perfect condition and really constitute a priceless record.

One unusually fine portrait gave us a great deal of amusement for we called it "sparkling white shoes" and this is because in most of the pictures Juliana's white shoes were very dirty indeed. I explained to her that she was so active I simply couldn't keep white shoes up in perfect condition, and when Russell wanted to photograph her in a truly beautiful white handkerchief linen dress I had made for her (a solid mass of tiny handmade

tucks, exquisite lace insertion, etc.) he put some brand-new white shoes on her and lifted her on to the table so she couldn't take a single step and get those shoes dirty! Fancy dress and sparkling shoes aside, it's a beautiful photograph of her and I put it at the front of the big case so I can get a print made.

Those of you within range of our voices on the radio may have heard Kitchen-Klatter when Juliana and I visited with you on four mornings just before she returned to New Mexico. She told me that she really enjoyed being in front of the microphone after a gap of more than a year, and since both of us got so much pleasure out of being together to visit with you I told her to look around the stores in Albuquerque and see if she could find a good tape recorder that we would be able to use when I am in New Mexico. I don't know of any law that says I can only visit with you when I'm in Shenandoah, so in the months ahead I think I'll see what we can work up with a tape recorder in Albuquerque and Santa Fe.

Speaking of Santa Fe reminds me that last month I told you how many property details I'd been compelled to look after while I was there the last time. Well, I left there with a light heart thinking that everything was up in good condition for the winter, but I was living in a fool's paradise for word has come that the new thermostat isn't performing the way it should and the house is a very uncomfortable 60 degrees. On top of this they have had the coldest temperatures on record and water pipes have frozen! I thought it was hard to get everything taken care of when I was right on the spot, but now I have to start out with letters to everyone involved. As soon as I finish writing to you I must write to the "furnace man" about that new thermostat.

Just before Christmas we had two very happy visits with our cousins, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger of Iowa City and Bill Shambaugh of Des Moines. We hadn't seen Gretchen for more than a year because her crowded schedule of landscaping jobs hadn't permitted her to get down here, so we had much "catching up" to do on all kinds of family news. Bill's mother, Aunt Jessie Shambaugh, is making her home with the folks, and thus we have more opportunities to see him. We hear frequently about families where brothers and sisters don't keep in touch with each other, but in our own family we make an earnest effort

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A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

This is the time of the year when I like to write at the dining room table instead of in my office. In late morning this room is flooded with sunlight from the big bay window and it gives me a warm, snug feeling.

When we took our Christmas tree down, I moved the living room furniture around to what I call "the winter arrangement". This is the way Lucile likes it best for it not only makes the room look more spacious, but it places her favorite chair in the front bay window where she prefers to sit when she comes to our house. Our dog Nickie is most displeased about the change, however, since he preferred the davenport, his lookout post, in that location. (Not that he had our permission, for I'm constantly *at him* for jumping up on the davenport. It's a losing battle!)

My Christmas gift to each of my brothers this year was a little picture album containing family snapshots. I sorted through negatives of the past three years to locate ones that would hold particular meaning for them, such as pictures taken when they were here on visits with the folks, candid shots snapped at family dinners and the like. I'd intended to see that they had re-prints long ago, but just hadn't put my mind to it until just before Christmas.

I was amazed to see how far behind I was in organizing the accumulated pictures into my big photograph albums. This is a project that I *try* to keep up to date, but I was about a year behind in pasting them in. January seems to be the ideal month to catch up on things so, with the changing of the calendar, I made a resolution to bring my pictures up to date. Now that I'm *caught up*, I'm going to make an effort to *keep up*.

With this resolution initiating the new year, I took stock of a few other little needs around the house. Like a store owner checking his inventory, I decided to go over every nook and corner and see what needed to be replaced, what needed to be put away for a while, and what should be "ditched". I'm glad that I started on this before Juliana left, because she was a willing receiver of some of the things I was wanting to discard. She dropped in as I was sorting through table linens and a stack of odds and ends of napkins and a few tablecloths put a gleam in her eye. Lucile said that Juliana certainly has a great deal of her Aunt Marge in her, for she is willing to take anything anyone is throwing away! How well I recall gathering



Howard Driftmier tells his granddaughter Lisa how nicely she cooperated for the cover picture.

things together for my first apartment, and how I snatched at anything anyone was discarding. I'll confess that I'm a bit that way still, and no doubt this is why household sales hold such an attraction for me!

It is difficult for me to lightly toss things into the wastebasket. Without question, I should throw out much more than I do but I save things for months before I can bring myself to dispose of them. Take letters, for instance. Some people read a letter and then out it goes. But me? I put it in a letter holder for several weeks, then it finds its way to a filecase drawer in my office, and then a day of reckoning comes when I'm cramped for filing space and am forced to start burning old letters to make room. I'm also inclined to do the same with newspapers. The joke on myself is that I can look through the letters and newspapers and find nary a clue as to why I saved them. At the time some item must have seemed important, but with the passage of time it ceased to have any meaning. This is what Time does to us, and only proves that the past is honestly and truly the past! Another resolution for 1967 was to try to avoid being such a saver! (Oliver and Martin will no doubt chuckle when they read this! But I'll have to add that being a box saver, I had plenty of containers handy for carrying things to the trash barrels!)

I've heard people scoff at resolutions made at the beginning of a new year, including myself on occasion, but I've heard it said, also, that a variety of "I wills" and "I will nots" are a healthy indication that a person wants to improve himself, and that is as it should be.

As I write this Martin has not yet returned from a winter vacation trip. The first semester at Doane College came to an end at Christmas time, and the two weeks following Christmas loomed ahead as a lonely period of time since his Shenandoah friends would have returned to their colleges. Consequently, he asked for the trip for his Christmas present. The plans were for him to take a bus to Denver to join a classmate who had made similar arrangements for a trip as his present. After a day in Denver so Martin could make a call on his Aunt Abigail and Uncle Wayne, the two young men left by car for Phoenix where they would be guests of Richard's brother and his family for a few days. At this point they planned to "play it by ear", so to speak. From frequent phone calls we learned that they made several interesting side trips out of Phoenix, had called on Edna and Raymond, Dorothy's sister-in-law and her husband, and were having a great time.

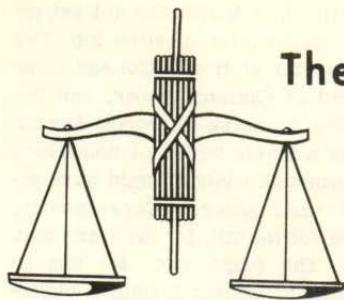
The last message we have received tells us that they are headed for Santa Fe by way of Gallup, which should be an interesting drive for there are many points of interest on that route. They will see Juliana in Albuquerque before heading north to Denver, Richard's home. We believe they'll head directly for college from there, so Oliver and I will drive to Crete the weekend after they return to hear all the details of their "adventure". I believe they'll both be ready for some good sound food when they get back to school. We warned them to be very careful with their money so they wouldn't get stranded somewhere, and it sounds as if they've been too careful! They said they couldn't count the hamburgers they've consumed!

The decision to let Martin take this trip wasn't easy! Parents can always think of a thousand disasters that could happen along the road. We just had to remember that Martin is sensible and trust his judgment. The time comes to all young people when it is necessary to find their independence. We have recognized this and had decided that Martin was *ready* for this big step. I'm confident that this is the trip that will stand out above all others as long as he lives, for it was his first trip *on his own*.

Mother is cooking a pot roast in the new Dutch oven we gave her for Christmas and just telephoned for me to come down and join them at the dinner table, so I must run.

Sincerely,

Margery



The Brotherhood Scale — Which Way?

Helps for Brotherhood Month Program

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Place a large balance scale on a small table. In the tray on one side pile small boxes covered with various colors of plain paper and labeled as "Complacency", "Hate", "Ignorance", "Selfishness", "Poverty" and "Indifference". On the other side place another assortment of boxes labeled "Student Exchange", "Education", "Friendship", "Understanding", "Money", "Skills", "Culture".

Add atmosphere by putting up large placards around the room on which are printed pertinent quotations on brotherhood and neighborliness. Here are a few samples: "Good neighbor: a fellow who smiles at you over the back fence, but doesn't climb it." "Fences between neighbors are fine — just be sure you know when to open the gate." "You can enjoy your neighbor's flowers without jumping the fence." "But if anyone has the world's goods and sees his brother in need, yet closes his heart against him, how does God's love abide in him?"

Musical Prelude: "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life".

Scripture: Matthew 25: 34-45, read responsively by two readers.

Hymn: "The Voice of God Is Calling".

Prayer: O God, we thank Thee for Thy presence in our lives. Because Thou dost love us we shall seek to love in the same measure our brother man. We are grateful for the opportunities which are ours, to learn the facts about the world in which we live, and about the lives and needs of our neighbors everywhere. Help us to evaluate what we read and what we hear and then grant us the wisdom to use our knowledge for the advancement of peace and goodwill among men. Give unto us, O Lord, clearness of vision, trueness of insight, and sympathetic hearts. In Christ's name we pray. Amen.

Leader: God has not promised that practicing neighborliness and brotherhood will be painless or easy. LISTEN!

First Voice: (Someone on the front row or immediately off stage.) I am a church member. I want sincerely to

find God's will for my life. And I am ready to seek God's will for society. I can see the tensions and conflicts in racial relationships. I know how they result in non-Christian behavior. People — human beings, children of God — are hurt. I regret this. I hear of poverty. It disturbs me to know there are those whose hunger is never satisfied. I know there are those who are cold and shelterless. I am sorrowful for this. I hear and read the signs of greed and selfishness in the world, of strife and war. I am frightened. I listen; I see; I hear. It troubles me.

Second Voice: (From the back of the room.) If YOU don't live in love, who will, in your home, your neighborhood, your work? If you don't carry the practicing vision of ocean-spanning brotherhood, a concern for all peoples everywhere, who will? If you do not carry this witness of love — yea, even unto suffering — if you do not show Christ's love, who will?

First Voice: Yes, if I don't, who will? Oh, God! What shall I do? Grant me wisdom. Grant me courage. Help me to know Thy will, to do Thy will, to love as I have been loved. O Father in Heaven, hear my prayers. Then may I, with trust in Thee, say boldly, gladly, "I WILL!" Grant me, O God, a gentle heart, a watchful eye, a helping hand. Teach me to understand, as I am understood.

Leader: Who is my brother? What can I do? Who will answer?

Answers: (These can be distributed to different persons in the audience to read at this point in the program. Have the slips of paper numbered. If group is small, the answers might be given by two or three speakers.)

1. I must realize that because of my opportunities as one of an educated minority, I have influence, which if mobilized, could have a great influence on national policies and civic affairs. Since wars and peace begin in the minds of men, it is my responsibility to start right here on my own local level to influence the minds of men toward peace.

2. I will seek to put compassion to work right where I live — in daily

services and daily relationships in a positive way, fully aware that it is easier to drop a dime into a beggar's cup than to set into motion the community wheels to eliminate the need for begging.

3. I will give for the relief of suffering, hunger, and cold, and encourage others to do likewise.

4. Knowing that only as people are informed can they show concern and give help, I shall do all in my power to further every opportunity to dispel ignorance. I will study, and listen, and urge others to join me that we may transform those conditions which produce, misery, ignorance, fear, and disease.

5. I will aid and lovingly befriend those persons who come into my community as displaced persons, exchange students, or displaced victims of slums and poverty.

6. I will write to my congressmen and other officials to urge that they do what I believe is necessary to promote peace and to work for the common good of all mankind.

7. I will do all in my power to support and encourage others to help such worthy organizations as the United Nations, the Peace Corps, UNICEF, and others working toward brotherhood.

Reading: One man's ground grows harvests, and one man's store grows trade, and one man's hand grows service by which things must be made; and one man's mind grows wisdom for which the student longs, and one man's skill grows progress, and one man's heart grows songs. All gifts and skills are varied, but each one has its call; the God who also labors has uses for them all. Moved by some deep compulsion, comes each and every man, and makes his contribution to the eternal plan. (From church paper)

Leader: What will be your contribution to tip the scale of brotherhood toward understanding, friendship, and peace?

I'll hold my candle high, and then
Perhaps I'll see the hearts of men
Above the sordidness of life,
Beyond misunderstanding, strife.

Though many deeds that others do
Seem foolish, and sinful, too,
Were I to take another's place,
I could not fill it with such grace.

Who am I to criticize
What I perceive with my dull eyes?
I'll hold my candle high, and then
Perhaps I'll see the hearts of men.

Hymn: "Rise Up O Men of God",
verses 1, 2, and 3.

Leader: Let us make this prayer of
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FREDERICK EXPRESSES THOUGHTS ON PROTESTS

Dear Friends:

What a busy month this one is! Along with all of my church work, and a trip out to Cleveland for a few days, we are moving from one parsonage to another. Some of you heard us telling about the new parsonage when we spoke of it on the Kitchen-Klatter program, and once we are actually settled in, we shall tell you much more. Right now let it suffice to say that we are dead tired from all of the extra work that moving means. But at the same time we are exceedingly happy. We love the new house, and we hope that someday we shall have an opportunity to show it to you. It is only two blocks from where we were living, and that we like very much. We like being near the river and the park, and we dearly love our neighbors.

One disturbing note in all this, is the robberies. Just before we moved, the house was broken into twice. Both times the robber was frightened away, but not until he had picked up a few things of value. We are having a burglar alarm installed in the house right away. We are also installing an alarm system in our church. The one in the church is not so much because of our fear of robbers, as it is our fear of vandals. Several churches in this city have been badly vandalized, and we don't want it to happen to ours. Now that we have the alarm system, our one fear is that it will go off by mistake and wake up all the neighbors. And horror of horrors, what if none of us are around to turn it off!!!

I have a new possession that I wish I could show you. It came as a complete surprise, too. A well-known artist in these parts painted an oil portrait of that wonderful dog we used to have. About four years ago you saw a picture of this pet in *Kitchen-Klatter*. That was the dog that we gave to the game warden down in Rhode Island when our city passed a law that required all dogs to be tied up all of the time. He was a great dog — one of the finest in all New England — and when we gave him away he was missed by hundreds of people in our town. Never did I ever dream of having an oil painting of him or of *any* pet, but now that I have it, it pleases me very much. When any of the church children come into our home, they speak of the dog and his picture.

Last Sunday we had a large number of college students in the congregation, and I was so glad that we did, because I preached a sermon that was



David Driftmier, son of Frederick and Betty, stands before Lincoln's statue in Washington, D. C.

particularly meant for the young, but one that was good for all of us to hear. It seemed to me that something needed to be said about all of the protest movements on our college campuses. Here in our own city with its several colleges, we see too much of students marching or picketing or sitting in some kind of protest about things the students don't like. I tried to point out that one of the things religion teaches us about life is the fact that life is a mixed experience. When we get upset about some of the bad things of life, let us remember that life has in it both good and bad, sunshine and shadow, pleasure and pain. However pleasant and comfortable life may be, trouble of one kind or another does break into it and none of us are immune from it. The older we become and the more experience we have, the more we learn the truth that nothing is ever so good as we hope for, and never so bad as we fear.

There is nothing wrong about protesting! The Christian religion is a religion of protest, and its founder was crucified for protesting too much. We can protest, but we need to protest the right things. We need to protest the spirit of defeatism and pessimism which sees only the bad side of life, the negative side of things, the shadows and the gloom. Things are bad enough without having the additional burden of anarchy and riot.

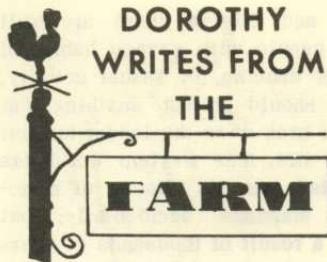
If people want to protest about something, let them protest every custom, every practice, every policy, every action that is a retrogressive one. In the jungles of Africa, and South America, and in the north woodlands of

Alaska and Siberia there are still savage people with savage habits of dress, of dancing, of sexual activity, and we should protest anything that takes us back down the ladder to their level of life. The western world has not drifted into its custom of monogamous marriage accidentally, but only as a result of thousands of years of trial and error. Where the custom has failed to produce happy unions of male and female, is where love has failed, not the custom itself. What we need today is not a protest of monogamy, but a protest of that infidelity which destroys true love. What we need is not a protest of a highly civilized morality which demands the sacrifice of personal lust and self-aggrandizement for the sake of a cooperative, self-denying effort to build a home and create a family, but rather, we need a protest of everything which would weaken fidelity, and undermine family loyalty, and drag the institution of monogamy back to the savagery of the jungle.

All of us adults should be proud of young people who raise their voices in protest of every and any social condition which breeds crime and violence, and in protest of every unfair and unequal enforcement of the laws of the land. However, these young people must also learn to protest and deplore that philosophy which finds in social conditions an excuse and a palliation for criminality. They must also protest that philosophy of excuse and escape which assumes there is no such thing as conscious individual volition in the perpetration of law-breaking conduct. Government of the people and by the people and for the people does not mean government by threat of mob violence, and we must always protest those social theorists who encourage anti-social conduct as a pressure for any end, however worthy the end may be. Not only young people, but all of us, need to protest everything that would undermine the institutions of democratic government that have been so slowly and sacrificially established over the years.

Those of us who are more mature and experienced need to point out to all the protesting young people, that they must not let their dissatisfaction with the way things are today lead them down the path of unbelief and atheism. Of course, there is much in the world that tempts all of us to skepticism at times, and we do get discouraged with human nature, but we must always remember that skepticism and faithlessness not only rob the individual of his

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Dear Friends:

Since I didn't have a letter in the magazine last month this is the first opportunity I have had to give you a final "crop report". The weather was perfect for picking corn and we had a bountiful harvest, much better than we had anticipated. The cribs were soon filled and Frank had to send me to town to get some slat cribbing so he could fix a place for the overflow. Frank was very happy that the weather stayed nice for so long after he got the corn picked because this gave him an opportunity to get a lot more plowing done. In fact, in all of our years on the farm, this is the first time I can ever remember seeing Frank mount the plow on the tractor and head for the field just a few days before Christmas.

We had a long pheasant season in Iowa this year and Frank was fortunate enough to get several. While he was pheasant hunting he didn't miss any opportunities to also get some rabbits. When I made one of my trips to Shenandoah I took along enough pheasant and rabbit for the rest of the family to enjoy. Mother, Dad and Lucile are especially fond of rabbit and Frank tries to see that they have a few every winter.

I promised to tell you more about my trip to Phoenix. Edna and Raymond have two very dear friends, Doris Parker and Florence Harris, who have done a great deal to help them get acquainted with the city, and have seen to it that they don't get lonesome far away from family and friends. Both girls said I couldn't go back to Iowa until I had eaten a meal at the Mining Camp Restaurant. They came over one evening and the five of us drove to this interesting place. It is a replica of an old mining camp cook shanty. The exterior of the restaurant is rough hewn ponderosa pine, and is surrounded by buildings representing a general store, assay office, Wells Fargo office, and a prospector's camp. It is located four miles from Apache Junction, and when we turned off the main highway onto a dirt road and started winding around, I wondered how in the world people ever found it. It sits right at the base of the mysterious Superstition Mountain.



Since we didn't think to take a group picture of Margery, Mother and Dorothy when they were in St. Joseph, Mo., last fall, we're thankful to Mrs. Herbert Hiatt of that city for sending this one.

When you first enter the building you are in an authentic Indian Trading Post. Indian relics, legendary maps, photos, and old newspapers tell their stories of the early mining days in this area. The dining room had rough wooden floors, old lanterns hanging from the beams across the ceiling, and scrubbed long wooden tables set with "tin dishes" (which were really stainless steel). The plates and cups were turned upside down on the tables in the fashion of the times. Food was served family style in big bowls. We had coleslaw, oven-baked beans in a big crockery bean pot, large sour dough rolls and thick slices of homemade raisin bread, fresh churned butter in a crockery tub, green beans, and a huge platter of baked chicken, roast sirloin beef and baked ham. Coffee and milk were brought to the table in huge pitchers on a help-yourself basis, and the dessert was a large plate of miners' cookies, which measured six inches across, and prospectors' doughnuts. The food was delicious and the surroundings entertaining. I would highly recommend it as a "must" on your list if you are ever in Phoenix.

Another interesting place where we ate twice was called The Food Bazaar. I had never seen anything like it before and find it a little hard to describe, but I'll try. It was one enormous room, the center of which was filled with tables and chairs. The sides of this room were lined with booths, or kitchens, where each specialized in one type of food. I will tell you the names of some of them and you will see what I mean: Spanish Kitchen, Henny Penny Chicken, The Plush Puppy, Bar-B-Q Corral, Fish Grotto, Steak House, Indian Hogan, Italian Kitchen, Hula Hut, The Salad Bowl, Hamburger Pete's, Mediterranean

Kitchen, Otto Hofbrau, and Yum Yum Tree (all kinds of desserts). There were many more. After walking all around to look over the menus, I went to the Hula Hut and got a Polynesian dinner; Raymond got his dinner at the Henny Penny Chicken; Edna decided on a Spanish meal. The second time we went I patronized the Fish Grotto and Edna favored the Italian Kitchen.

I had never eaten any real Mexican food and since Florence is especially fond of it, she took us to dinner one evening at a restaurant called The Tee Pee which specializes in Mexican food. I had warned her that I didn't like my food too "hot", but she knew just what to order for me and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

This same friend called Sunday afternoon and said she had seen a notice in the paper about a special exhibit at the Heard Museum on the Navajos' way of life. She felt that this would be something of special interest for me to see so we arranged to go. The old crafts of silversmithing and rug making continue to be among the top sources of income for this tribe, and the rugs and jewelry they had on display were absolutely beautiful.

After we left the Museum we took a long ride over to South Phoenix where we took the Baseline Drive past acres of citrus groves, cotton fields, and the Japanese Gardens. Florence used to live in this section of the city and you couldn't believe how many citrus groves had been cleared off to make room for buildings. She was happy to observe that some new groves are being started.

Edna and Raymond talked me into staying "just a little longer", so I was in Phoenix exactly one week, two days longer than I had originally planned. The night before I left I called our good friends, the Alexanders, in Tucson. They promised to be at the station when my train went through, and sure enough! they were standing on the platform when the train pulled in. We had a thirty-minute stop there, so it gave us time to have a visit. They urged me to stop over for a day or two, but I was already behind schedule and anxious to get home. Since Edna and Raymond intend to remain in Arizona, I'll no doubt be going down again so promised to visit them the next time.

My cooky jar has been empty for several days so right now I'm going to see if I can find a "good-sounding" recipe to test. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

WASTEFULNESS

by

Helen Henson Hess



Everyone, I'm sure, has a pet peeve. I have several, and one is wastefulness. To me, anyone who wastes anything is throwing money away. Many persons call one stingy if he practices economy, but economy and stinginess are two different things: economy is the antithesis of wastefulness.

One article I read deplored the waste of water. Do you realize that a small drip from a faucet can lose — and waste — 1400 gallons of water a year?

I became conscious of the matter of waste years ago while my grandmother was visiting us. Immediately after we had finished dinner one day, she asked all five of us children to sit down in her room as she had something to say.

First, she recited this little verse.

I must not waste a single crust,
For I might live to say,
O, how I wish I had that crust
That I once threw away!

She made us repeat it in unison until we had it down pat. Then she pointed her finger at little four-year-old Amy, saying accusingly, "I saw you tear that nice fresh crust off the big slice of bread, and you poked it under your plate to hide it. Why didn't you ask someone to trim it off and keep it clean? Your mother could have used it in bread pudding, but you messed it up and wasted it." Then little sister had to repeat that verse all by herself. I never forgot Grandma's sermon.

How shocked Grandma would be to witness wastefulness everywhere today. There is the woman who sews a great deal for her family. But after she has cut out a garment, she gathers every scrap of material, large and small, and burns it. Grandma would have pieced lovely quilts from those scraps — and so would I.

I pieced two puff quilts from scraps of synthetic materials that relatives gave me, supplemented by good material salvaged from discarded garments. So save those snagged nylon hose, girls. They make ideal filling for puff quilts and stuffed animal toys.

Here is a concrete example of saving as opposed to wastefulness. In our small town there is a group of busy homemakers known as the Marthas. They sew for hospitals, orphanages, and nursing homes, using only mate-

rials that might have been thrown away. They use clothing, sheets, nylons, men's socks — just about everything that can be sewed.

From these seemingly useless discards they make hospital feeding bibs, large warm slippers for swollen feet, shorts, pajamas, dresses, stuffed animal toys, quilts and comforts galore, and other articles too numerous to mention. These women do not waste even time. Do you realize that time is like money? It was given us to spend, but not to waste.

Once I interested a county fair board in a new feature called "Salvaged from the Rag Bag". Every item brought to the exhibit had to be made from old, discarded clothing, and made by the exhibitor. Among articles entered were a boy's suit and hat made from a discarded suit of his father's, braided, crocheted, and hooked rugs, an afghan from yarn raveled from old sweaters, knitted gloves and wristlets. My contribution included hot pan holders knitted and crocheted from wrapping cord.

Why waste even garbage which can be combined with leaves and grass clippings to form a compost heap? Such a compost heap is more economical than commercial fertilizer. Seeing birds fighting over a pile of melon seeds, I started saving all sorts of seeds during the summer to be offered to the birds during the winter months. When we help to save the birds, we are helping ourselves, since the birds destroy millions of insect pests that would otherwise destroy our gardens.

And let us not forget the vast amount of printed matter that comes to our houses daily, referred to by the overburdened mail carriers as "junk mail". Much of it is never opened, but goes directly to the incinerator. What a waste of materials, work, and time this is!

Beautiful gift paper can be ironed, rolled, and stored with the perky bows and rosettes for future use.

We can even be wasteful of our own lives by driving ourselves too hard without adequate rest or sleep. It is no waste to "get away from it all" on occasion, taking a trip, and learning what is beyond our own doorstep. Our bodies are like batteries in that they can run down and need recharging. Although I deplore the countless hours I seem to have wasted, I cannot forget the old adage:

All work and no play make Jack

a dull boy;

All play and no work make Jack

a mere shirk.



LINES ON LITTLE GIRLS

"Sugar and spice and everything nice."
Are little girls made of this?

Or sundaes and shakes
And white wedding cakes
And an occasional choc'lat-y kiss?

Is it true that they spray Carnation
Bouquet

Claiming it as their own artifice?

But they try to avert
Washing off the dirt
Till the *final* parental analysis!

Little girls will agree that a good recipe

For "dolly cough syrup" is this:

A cupful of mud
Full of "squished" flower buds
Will cure Molly Jane and Beatrice.

When your girl, spick and span, turns
barbarian,

Looking like a small licorice,

I know you despair
With your woe-be-gone heir,
But remember, weren't you once like
this?

But when you espy your small butterfly
Emerging from her chrysalis,

A true sugar and spice
And everything nice —
Isn't it grand being mom to the miss?

—Nancy Bryant

CONTROL BEGINS WITH YOU

You can't control the length of your life, but you can control its use.

You can't control your facial appearance, but you can control its expression.

You can't control another's opportunities, but you can take your own.

You can't control the weather, but you can control the moral atmosphere that surrounds you.

You can't control the distance of your head above the ground, but you can control the height of the contents in your head.

You can't control the other fellow's annoying faults, but you can see to it that you do not develop similar faults.

Why worry about things you can't control? Get busy controlling the things that depend on YOU.



"SHAPE UP!"

An Acrostic for Boy Scout Honor Month

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Make large letters of heavy blue and gold paper to spell out the words "Boy Scout". Stand these upright on a small table on needle-point flower holders or small blocks of styrofoam. All the letters might be blue with small yellow "mums" used to conceal the holders. This can be used as a candlelighting service by placing a candle behind each letter, to be lighted as narration is given for that letter.

Leader:

Just stand aside and WATCH YOURSELF GO BY.

Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I".

Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you;
And strive to make each estimate ring true.

The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink;

Love's chain grows stronger by one mighty link

When you as "he", as substitute for "I",

Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

B Be sure to look around you for the BEAUTY that is to be found in each new day, if you but see it. "However much I have to do, however hard I strive, I always tell myself that I am glad to be alive. My heart is grateful for the sun that keeps my body warm, and for the comforts of this earth, against whatever storm. I have my family and my friends, and books to read at night, and boundless beauty to behold whenever stars are bright. I have enough to eat and drink and clothes enough to wear — oh, let me look and see that in my life there is beauty everywhere."

O Have a mind that is OPEN and OPTIMISTIC. Henry Van Dyke tells us, "Be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up to the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until

you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world but falsehood, and to fear nothing but cowardice . . . to think seldom of your enemies and often of your friends, and every day of Christ."

Y Be sure of YOU. "Don't be what you ain't — jes' be what you is. 'Cause if you is not what you am, then you am not what you is. If you is jes' a little tadpole, don't try to be a frog; if you is jes' the tail, don't try to wag the dog. You can always pass the plate, if you can't exhort and preach; if you is jes' a pebble, don't try to be the beach. Don't be what you ain't — jes' be what you is 'cause the fellow what's always square will git what's comin' his. It ain't what you has been — it's what you now am is." (Sunshine)

S Be STRONG — be SURE you have SELF-CONTROL — be STRAIGHT. Do you have the *will power* to keep yourself mentally awake and morally straight? It is well to remember these great verbs of life:

I AM: the power of self-knowledge.
I THINK: the power to investigate.
I KNOW: the power to master facts.
I SEE: the power of imagination and vision.

I CAN: the power to act and the skill to accomplish.

I OUGHT: the power of conscience.
I WILL: the will power — loyalty to duty.

I SERVE: the power to be useful.

C Be COURAGEOUS enough to accept the CHALLENGES of life.

"Things may go wrong, as they must now and then,

When the spirits ebb in the best of men.

The roads we travel can't all be down hill.

There has always been up-grade and always will —

Times when troubles press 'till it's hard to smile,

And you feel what you're doing is hardly worthwhile;

But don't mope and frown and com-

plain and sigh —
Give a thought to the things that money can't buy.
Then shift to low gear, or chew on the bit,
Sure you were slowed down — but who'd want to quit?"

(adapted from anonymous poem)

O Be sure you are always moving ONWARD. This does not mean we will not fail or be discouraged. But it does mean we must start over again, if life knocks us down. As we try over and over again to push onward to the goals we have set for ourselves, we can find encouragement in the thought that "Over and over God paints the skies. Over and over He makes the sun rise. Over and over He sends the showers. Over and over He tints the flowers. Over and over He guides the stars — Over and over the dawn unbars."

U Try not only to move onward, but be sure to move UPWARD. Grow higher, deeper, wider as the years go on to conquer difficulties and to feel your talents and abilities unfolding and being used. Set high goals and see yourself progressing toward them — these make life worth living.

"He serves his country best who lives a pure life, and doeth righteous deeds, and walks straight paths, however others stray, and leaves his sons, as uttermost bequest, a stainless record which will read: 'This is the better way.' "

T Above all we must TAKE TIME for TODAY! This is the way one unknown writer puts it:

"Take time to work — it is the price of success.

Take time to play — it is the secret of perpetual youth.

Take time to read — it is the fountain of wisdom,

Take time to be friendly — it is the road to happiness.

Take time to dream — it is hitching your wagon to a star.

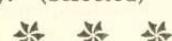
Take time to love and be loved — it is a privilege.

Take time to look around — it is too short a day to be selfish.

Take time to laugh — it is the music of the soul."

Leader:

May we make this our daily prayer: "This is the day which the Lord hath made. I will walk through it unafraid. I will not waste one precious minute. I will look for beauty in it. I will make use of all its hours — enjoy its sun, its rain, its flowers. I will be thankful, friendly, gay; The Lord hath made this lovely day." (selected)



ABIGAIL REPORTS ON LANDSCAPING CHANGES

Dear Friends:

It has been some time since I have written a letter so this is my first opportunity to wish each one of you a belated but "A very happy New Year". We hope that every reader experienced a joyous Christmastide also. We, of course, found circumstances quite different with one member of our family far away in Central America. But with friends and neighbors as cordial as those around us, we were left little time to be unbearably lonesome. And with the warmth and love and festive spirits so easily expressed by the Costa Ricans, Emily wasn't overwhelmed by homesickness either.

We got our first introduction to being minus a child during a special occasion when we visited in Shenandoah. And speaking of that occasion reminds me now that Wayne and I want to give a public "Thank You" to one particular farmer whose name we do not know, and to all others who are just like him. Our thanks belong on this occasion to the farmer living in the house on the south side of the highway at the top of the hill just west of Atwood, Kansas. On Sunday afternoon as we were returning to Denver, we had just passed through Atwood when steam started billowing from under the hood of our car. We stopped immediately and Wayne and Clark walked to this nearby farmhouse seeking aid. This kind farmer came to our rescue and, figuring out the trouble, taped up the broken water hose so that we could return to Atwood and find a garage to get it replaced. Thanks to his being "Johnny on the spot" we were delayed only a fraction of the time we might have been if the difficulty had occurred someplace else.

Building construction on the family room-patio addition to our home is now completed. Half the patio floor was replaced and looks surprisingly harmonious with the original half. The one final item that caused much difficulty and delay was the built-in charcoal grill. Even though we warned the architect that it was not an easy matter to exhaust the smoke from a charcoal fire, he didn't comprehend what a genuine challenge this was. As a result, it has been necessary to try all kinds of things to keep the smoke from the grill from filling the room. The final solution is not as satisfactory as what we had wanted by a long ways. But the only thing remaining to try is to tear out the barbecue flue and



Alison Driftmier, like thousands of teenagers throughout the country, is learning to play the guitar.

relocate it and we are not about to do that. Not surprisingly, the architect says it is the contractor's fault and vice-versa. Wayne and I don't really care whose fault it is; we just wish it had been done right. However, I can say that both the architect and contractor have tried to alleviate the error as best they can.

In contrast, the fireplace works like a dream. Not a speck of smoke has come out into the room, even on nights when a strong wind was blowing. It is really wonderful when you have wished all your life for a fireplace to have it turn out so happily.

We are "the shoemakers' children" when it comes to getting professional landscaping work done. But because building lasted so long, it was not far from the slack time of year for the nursery. I have been pushing to get as much of our yard redone as possible during the dead of winter, knowing that our yard will move to the back of the line once the spring rush starts. We had a small lot to begin with, so after the addition there really isn't a whole lot of space left. You may well ask how a nurseryman could want such a small yard. The answer is that with children the ages of ours, we really don't need a great deal of lawn area. What we want is something small enough to maintain easily ourselves and, most important, a setting throughout the yard that is quite attractive twelve months a year.

An additional landscaping problem to be faced was this: our lot slopes downward to the rear where the new addition is located. We had chosen to put both the family room and patio on exactly the same level as the other rooms, resulting in their sitting rather

high off the ground. The patio is especially noticeable. The solution to creating a refreshing view all year long and tying the new construction down was principally the addition of large evergreens. Using a number of different varieties with the corresponding differences in texture, color and shape provided considerable variety.

Wayne's favorite tree, the foxtail pine which for years served to greet guests at the front door, was moved to one rear corner of the house, just off the patio. For the first time it can be seen easily from within the house as it is framed by our new "fixed" window. The large pinyon pine which had been located off the front south corner was moved to screen the view of the patio from the east.

Someone for some reason wanted to sell a beautifully colored Colorado Blue spruce of about 16 feet in height and an excellent shape. We bought that tree before they could manage a second thought about selling and had it moved into the corner of our lot. It completely obscures our neighbor's incinerator and trash cans. Such a tree is regarded as a real prize because such a size, color and shape are very difficult to combine in a tree that can be readily moved.

While the fence was still down three large "moss" rocks (rocks covered with lichen, not what we commonly think of as moss) were hauled in and placed under and near the foxtail pine. Two of them are large enough to be seen from the family room as well as the patio. They have pockets or depressions in the surface large enough to hold water sufficient to make natural birdbaths. When spring comes we'll be anxious to see how the birds like them. Foxtail pines are characterized by very asymmetrical or irregular shape. They have fairly long needles which are sprinkled with glistening drops of white resin which almost look like a sprinkling of snow. Thus this tree lends itself unusually well to a natural setting of rocks and ruggedness.

There are still a number of evergreen trees and shrubs to be added but they are not so large as to require the use of specialized equipment such as tree-movers. The remaining ground will be covered by a number of different ground covers as well as some areas of grass. There isn't space this month so perhaps next time you might be interested in hearing how our yard went from bare dirt to a carpet of Kentucky bluegrass in less than one day this winter.

Sincerely,
Abigail

One Hundred Years from The Little House in the Big Woods

by
Margaret E. Wilkes

One hundred years ago this month, in the "Little House in the Big Woods" near Pepin, Wisconsin, Laura Ingalls was born, destined to bring joy to millions of readers of her famous Little House Books.

Ma, Pa, Carrie, Laura, Mary, and Grace first stepped from the beautifully illustrated books into our lives the year our Galen was five. (He is 21 now.) Our family loved these stories, but our "friends" were not to take us in their arms, so to speak, until the day when Galen, just turned ten, was alone as death took his Daddy by a heart attack. Three hours later found me holding close my heartbroken little son, and reading *On the Shores of Silver Lake*, one of his daddy's Christmas gifts to him just three weeks before. From then on the Wilders in their snow-drifted New York farmstead and the Ingalls out on the prairie were "our" folks.

If our meal were simple, one of us would call attention to the fact that this would have tasted good in *The Long Winter*. We rejoiced when Laura and her family had the good fortune to reside for a time in the surveyor's shack, which was supplied with food. This brought on our familiar exchange of "Guess what we are having for supper!" The inevitable reply was "Surely, not canned peaches and soda crackers," the big treat for Pa, Ma, and the girls.

My mother and I visited Mansfield, Missouri, in 1963, where the curators, Mr. and Mrs. Lichty, entertained us in Laura's and Almanzo's "dream-come-true" farmhouse. We were awed and felt back in space as we touched Mary's organ, Pa's fiddle, and the satchel that had contained Laura's few belongings as she made her first "far" journey of twelve miles from home to teach her first term of school at the age of fifteen.

Last fall Mother and I took precious vacation time to continue our pilgrimage by visiting the actual "Little Town on the Prairie" itself. I shall always think of it as just that, although to the Post Office Department it is known, prosaically, as DeSmet, South Dakota.

On that fall afternoon it was possible to hold the wheel, squint one eye, and almost feel the tough slough grass swishing against the sides of the car. We knew we couldn't be far from where Laura, clad, not in comfortable jeans or shorts, but in a high-necked dress over petticoats, had helped Pa in the hay fields on so many hot afternoons. We wouldn't have been surprised to see Carrie coming across the prairie, with shining eyes, holding up the bucket of "ginger water" for Laura's and Pa's refreshment.

There was a coming-home quality just driving into "The Little Town on the Prairie", with its streets of jumbo width, and its baskets of flowers brightening each intersection.

As we entered the office of the *DeSmet News*, Mr. Aubrey Sherwood promised us his undivided attention at four o'clock when he would have discharged some of his work on the paper. This energetic, interesting man does much to promulgate the lore of these, our book friends. After all, Laura, Almanzo, and their Rose had left the Little Town on the Prairie in 1894. Laura and Almanzo were to return to it for occasional visits when they were old, and, as Laura said, they were astonished to find that their friends who were still there had also grown old.

Mr. Sherwood and Ma and Mary had attended the Congregational Church, of which Ma and Pa had been charter members.

Miss Marian Hinz and her sister, Mrs. Lillian Hansen, acted as our guides the next day. The house from which Laura, Almanzo, and little daughter Rose took off on their long journey to Missouri, the picture of which was to reappear in *On the Way Home*, looked familiar. This was the house Mary, Ma, Pa, and Carrie occupied until the death of Mary. Carrie had gone from this house daily for many years, plying her trade as a printer on the same *DeSmet News* until her marriage somewhat late in life to her miner, and consequent removal to Keystone at the foot of Mount Rushmore. It was from this home that Pa made his trip to the peaceful, beautiful

cemetery, where Ma followed twenty-two years later, and Mary in 1928.

Our friends were not a prolific family. Mary never married; Carrie and Grace had no children. There would have been only Almanzo's and Laura's daughter, Rose, to keep the memories of these loved ones intact had it not been for the thousands of us who feel so close to all of them.

The Loftus store across from the *DeSmet News* is occupied by an up-to-date dress shop. It wasn't difficult to visualize Mr. Loftus's attempting to make an unwarranted profit on the wheat that had been obtained by the herculean efforts of Almanzo and his friend, Cap Garland, just in time to keep the inhabitants of the Little Town on the Prairie from actual starvation.

We saw the site of the first school where Laura and little sister Carrie had their tribulations interspersed with joy, a site close to the present modern "Laura Ingalls Wilder School".

Our two friends said they had taken the Ingalls family for granted: they had seemed just good people, salt-of-the-earth, likeable, and genteel. Pa had died before they could know him, but they remembered, and made vivid, Mary and Ma, and Mr. and Mrs. Boast, the little bride and groom who had livened up the days for the Ingalls out on the claim.

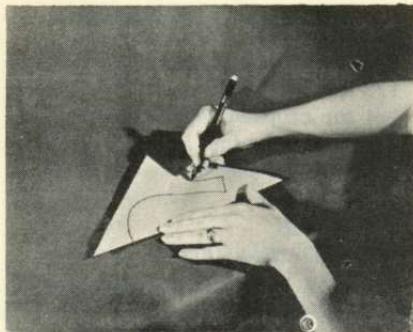
We passed the Harthorn home. Mr. Harthorn, along with Pa, had helped to dig out the train in *The Long Winter*.

Lakes Henry and Thompson, the scenes of many buggy rides of Laura and Almanzo, have always been intriguing. It was disappointing to learn that Lake Thompson is no more; Lake Henry is a sad facsimile of its former loveliness; while Silver Lake has gone the way of many scenic spots.

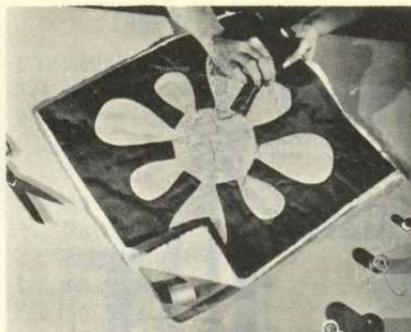
We gazed at the Wilder Memorial located on a rise near the location of the shanty in view of the cottonwoods planted by Pa so long ago.

Laura Ingalls Wilder and her entire memorabilia came to us while we were in the fresh joy of raising a little son, stayed with us, did much to comfort our grief, and made a fascinating hobby, the endurance of which will probably spill over into my grandchildren's lives.

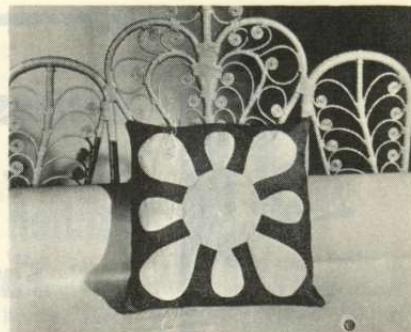
Sincere gratitude is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Lichty and Mr. Aubrey Sherwood and others who have banded into the Laura Ingalls Wilder Memorial Group, Inc., a corporation of which we are proud to be card-carrying members, which has plans for the longevity of the Laura Ingalls Wilder contribution of life's enhancement.



Making design. To create applique motif, fold paper in half, then fourths, and diagonally into a triangle. Place long fold towards you with free edges of paper at left. Draw design on long side from left to right and then up to top corner. Unfold paper and you'll have an eight-pointed figure. Use as pattern for cutting applique from cotton broadcloth or percale.



Quilting. After stitching applique to background fabric, place a layer of batting between pillow top and fabric lining. Baste together. Then start quilting stitches, following contours of the applique. Make rows of quilting one-fourth inch apart. Use cotton mercerized thread the same color as the applique for quilting stitches.



Hawaiian-inspired. Handsome decorator pillows Hawaiian-quilted in bright-colored cottons make attractive accents for contemporary room. Here, a stylized flower applique in yellow contrasts boldly with the royal blue background fabric. Wavy line quilting — following the outline of the applique — adds interesting texture to the design.

QUILTING — HAWAIIAN-STYLE

by
Shirley Arkin

For a needlework project that offers ample opportunity for creating original designs, try your hand at Hawaiian-style quilting. In strong colors and bold motifs, it is one of the most interesting of the creative arts.

As a starter, use Hawaiian-style quilting for making handsome decorator pillows...then move on to more ambitious projects like full-sized bed quilts.

Hawaiian quilting is truly an American craft. When American missionary wives introduced patchwork quilting to Hawaii in the late 19th century, the Islanders were quick to devise their own style and distinctive designs.

Lacking a supply of multi-colored scraps, they used new cloth...making their quilts out of a single piece of fabric, and decorating them with appliques cut from another cloth. Most Hawaiian quilts have only two colors — both of them bright, bold shades. A favorite combination is red and yellow, the royal colors.

For their applique designs, Hawaiian women borrowed from motifs of the surrounding countryside — transforming flowers and fruits into stylized eight-point figures. And when it came to quilting, they usually followed the contours of the applique instead of stitching along diagonal lines.

To make a Hawaiian-quilted pillow, create your own applique design by experimenting with paper cut-outs. The principle's the same as cutting out paper doilies or lacy valentines.

Take a square piece of paper — slightly smaller than the dimensions

of your pillow — and fold it in half, then into quarters. Now make a diagonal fold, forming a triangle with the free edges of the paper meeting on one side.

Place the folded triangle with the long side towards you and the free edges on the left. Starting near the left corner of the long side, draw or cut a design toward the right corner (which will be the center of your design). Continue cutting up toward the top of the triangle. Unfold the paper and you'll have an eight-pointed motif.

Use this pattern as a basis for your fabric applique. When you cut the fabric, allow one-eighth of an inch all around the applique for tucking in raw

edges. Choose firmly-woven cotton like percale or broadcloth for applique and background fabrics. Turn under raw edges and applique the design to contrasting background cloth with a regular hemming stitch or a blind stitch.

To quilt the pillow top, place a layer of cotton batting behind the appliqued square and back it with a lining fabric. Baste batting and fabric layers together. For quilting rows, use a mercerized cotton thread the same color as the applique. Stitch around the applique following the shape of the design, making quilting rows about one-fourth inch apart. Quilting stitches can be done by hand or machine.

MILES OF PURSES

by
Evelyn Cason

It still isn't known how to go about making a silk purse from a sow's ear, at least not that I have heard mentioned. But those who contend that home-talent ingenuity can no longer work into a family-type business have missed the mark. Mrs. Erma Lee Medley, near Buffalo, Missouri, has the production record of over 6,000 purses in the last five years to prove that it can be done.

This record has been accomplished with no advertising on her part, because customers take care of that end of her business. When customers are still carrying purses after four years, what more needs to be said? Evidently very little, because those 6,000 orders have reached from New York all across Missouri, as well as from several other states. New orders, in practically every instance, come from "word-of-

mouth" advertising by customers who are already proudly displaying their own purses.

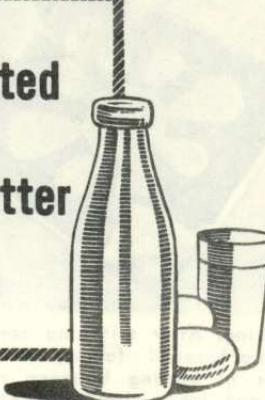
The Medleys first started their enterprise with upholstering done in a small, tin-roofed shed behind their home. As business, and consequently as the crew number, increased, more space was a must. They have now been in their spacious new shop for almost a year. In the background of the shop, where one can observe a pegboard filled with quality purses ranging in price from three to six dollars, it is not difficult to understand why this busy, year-round shop had to outgrow the site of its humble beginning.

Mrs. Medley's first purse was a gift to her daughter. Friends at school wanted one like it. Like Topsy, the demand just grew, until now production of the purses is accomplished by two helpers, while she is kept busy designing new handbags and helping

(Continued on page 20)



Recipes Tested
by the
Kitchen - Klatter
Family



GERMAN APPLE PIE

Pastry

2 1/2 cups flour
2/3 cup margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
Pinch of salt

1 egg

2 Tbls. sugar

3 Tbls. cold water

Sift the dry ingredients into a bowl. Cut in the butter, then cut in the egg until the mixture is well blended. Add the water and blend it in with a fork. Allow this to stand for one hour before rolling out.

Filling

6 or 8 sour apples, sliced thin
3/4 cup sugar
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 Tbls. butter
1/4 tsp. salt
2 Tbls. lemon juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Mix all the ingredients and put into a 9-inch unbaked pastry shell. Cover with upper crust. Line the top with whole almonds. Bake in a 450-degree oven for ten minutes, then reduce heat to 350 degrees and bake for 40 minutes. Sift powdered sugar on top when you take it out of the oven. —Dorothy

TOMATO AND COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD

1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
1 can tomato soup
1 cup salad dressing
1 cup grated carrots
1 cup diced celery
1 cup cottage cheese
1/2 cup finely cut stuffed olives

Heat the soup to the boiling point over hot water and add the gelatin to dissolve. Beat in the salad dressing until mixture is completely blended. Remove from heat and cool until mixture begins to congeal. Add carrots, celery, cottage cheese and stuffed olives and return to refrigerator to set.

ELEGANT PINEAPPLE SALAD

3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
1 cup boiling water
3/4 cup pineapple juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
1 1/4 cups drained crushed pineapple
1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add the pineapple juice and flavorings. Chill until slightly thick and then fold in the crushed pineapple, shredded cheese and whipped cream. Chill until firm. Cut in squares and serve on shredded lettuce.

—Margery

ORANGE-DATE CAKE

1 cup sugar
1/2 cup vegetable shortening
1 beaten egg
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 cup buttermilk
2 cups sifted flour
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. baking powder
1 cup chopped dates
1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream the sugar and shortening. Add the beaten egg and the flavorings and beat well. Sift the dry ingredients and combine alternately with the buttermilk. Stir in the chopped dates. Pour into a greased 9- by 13-inch pan and bake about 45 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

While the cake is baking, mix together 3/4 cup of sugar and the juice from one orange, and pour this over the cake when you take it from the oven. Sprinkle with the chopped nuts. This serves as an icing.

—Dorothy

LIMA BEAN CASSEROLE

1 lb. dried lima beans
1/2 lb. round steak
1/4 cup chopped onion
2 Tbls. shortening
1 can tomato soup
1 Tbls. sugar
1 Tbls. salt
Salt pork strips

Wash the beans. Cover with a large amount of boiling water and soak four to five hours. Drain; cover with a large amount of boiling salted water, cover, boil slowly for two hours, then drain. Cut the round steak into 1/2-inch cubes. Brown with the onion in the shortening. Combine with the beans. Add the tomato soup which has been blended with one can of water. Add the sugar and the salt. Pour mixture into a baking dish. Lay a few thin slices of salt pork over the top. Bake in a 375-degree oven for one hour. —Dorothy

HAMBURGER-POTATO CASSEROLE

4 or 5 raw potatoes, peeled and sliced or diced
1 can vegetable beef soup
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 lb. hamburger

Place the potatoes in bottom of casserole. Break raw hamburger over the potatoes. Add soups and season with a little onion if desired. Cover tightly and bake at 325 degrees until potatoes are done, about 45 or 50 minutes.

—Margery

COFFEETIME CAKE

2 cups flour
1 cup sugar
2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup butter
2 eggs, beaten
1/2 cup milk
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
Few drops Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
1 can cherry pie mix
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Sift together the flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Work in the butter until crumbly like pie crust. Take out 1/2 cup of this crumb mixture for topping. Beat eggs and blend with milk and vanilla and almond flavorings and add to the crumbly mixture and beat. Pour into 9- by 13-inch greased pan. Spread with cherry pie mix to which you have added the cherry flavoring. Sprinkle with the reserved 1/2 cup crumbs. Bake at 325 degrees for about 45 minutes. Serve warm or cold. We liked it with cream over the top as a dessert too.

—Margery

HAMBURGER STROGANOFF

1 large onion, chopped (1 cup)
 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1 lb. ground beef
 1 Tbls. flour
 1 can (6 oz.) sliced mushrooms
 2 Tbls. chili sauce
 1 tsp. salt
 1 cup (8-oz. carton) dairy sour cream
 Sauté onion in butter or margarine until richly browned in a large frying pan; remove with a slotted spoon and set aside. Shape ground beef into a large patty in same pan; brown 5 minutes on each side, then break up into chunks. Sprinkle flour over meat and blend in, then stir in browned onion, mushrooms and liquid, chili sauce, and salt. Cook, stirring constantly and scraping brown bits from bottom of pan, until mixture thickens and boils 1 minute. Remove from heat. Stir about 1/2 cup of the hot meat mixture into sour cream, then stir back into remaining mixture in pan. Heat over very low heat just until hot. (Do not let it boil, for sour cream may curdle.) Stir in a few drops of bottled gravy coloring to darken, if you wish.

Spoon over buttered toast, fluffy rice, mashed potatoes, or buttered noodles. Serves four.

—Mary Beth

SNOWBALLS

(Elegant for club refreshments)

1 box vanilla wafers (12-oz. size)
 1/2 cup butter
 1 cup sugar
 2 eggs, separated
 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
 1 cup finely chopped pecans
 1 pint whipping cream
 2 Tbls. powdered sugar
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 can flaked coconut
 Allow 4 cookies for each snowball. Cream the butter and sugar and add the yolks and beat. Add drained crushed pineapple and nuts. Fold in the beaten whites. Put this filling between a stack of four cookies (cooky, filling, cooky, filling, cooky, filling, cooky). Put the little stacks on a cooky sheet and place in refrigerator for several hours. When ready to frost, whip cream and add powdered sugar and flavoring. Holding a stack of the filled cookies between your thumb and finger, frost the sides generously, and sprinkle with coconut. Place on cooky sheet the then frost top and sprinkle with coconut. Get the idea? They will look like little snowballs! These should chill for 12 hours before serving. Place on a paper lace doily to serve.

—Margery

JEWEL DROPS

1 1/4 cups brown sugar
 3/4 cup butter or margarine
 2 unbeaten eggs
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 1/3 cups sifted flour
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 cup dried apricots
 1 cup dates, cut
 Cream the butter and brown sugar. Add eggs and flavorings and beat well. Blend in the dry ingredients. Cut dried apricots into small pieces, cover with boiling water and let stand for 5 minutes. Then drain and add along with the dates to the batter. Drop by teaspoon on greased cooky sheet and bake for about 8 to 10 minutes at 350 degrees.

TWO-CRUST MEAT PIE

Pastry for a two-crust pie
 3/4 lb. ground beef
 1/4 lb. ground pork
 3/4 tsp. salt
 Dash of pepper
 2 Tbls. shortening
 1 large onion
 3 Tbls. flour
 1 can mixed peas and carrots
 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 Combine the beef, pork, 1/2 teaspoon salt and pepper. Form into 1-inch balls. Sauté these in the shortening until brown and then remove from the skillet. Slice the onion into thin slices and brown in the shortening. Blend in the flour. Drain the liquid from the peas and carrots into a cup and add water to make a full cup. Add to the onion mixture and stir until thick. Add the carrots and peas, meat balls, Worcestershire sauce and 1/4 tsp. salt. Pour into the pastry shell and cover with pastry. Bake in a 450-degree oven for 25 minutes.

—Dorothy

COMPANY GREEN PEAS

2 10-oz. pkgs. of frozen peas
 2 cups celery, sliced at an angle into 2-inch pieces
 2 Tbls. salad oil
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 Put salad oil in a heavy pan or skillet. Add the celery and cook at a low temperature for 10 minutes, shaking pan occasionally. Add peas that have been broken apart and partly thawed. Cover and continue cooking at low temperature for 5 or 6 minutes longer, shaking pan frequently. Stir in salt and pepper.

—Lucile

DRIED BEEF CASSEROLE

1 cup milk
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 2 hard-cooked eggs
 1 cup uncooked macaroni
 3 Tbls. chopped onion
 1 cup diced cheese
 1 small pkg. dried beef
 Mix the ingredients in a casserole in order given and let stand at least three hours. Bake at 325 degrees for 30 minutes.

—Margery

DATE CREAM PIE

1 9-inch unbaked pastry
 1 cup sugar
 1 Tbls. butter
 2 eggs
 Pinch of salt
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 1/2 cup milk
 1/2 cup chopped dates
 1/2 cup chopped nuts
 Cream together the sugar and butter. Add the egg yolks and beat well. Add the milk, flavorings, dates and nuts and stir until well blended. Beat the egg whites and fold in. Pour into an unbaked pie shell and bake for one hour at 300 degrees. The egg whites come to the top and make a nice brown topping.

—Dorothy

IMPERIAL SALAD

1 pkg. lemon gelatin
 1 cup hot water
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1 cup pineapple juice and water (if needed)
 1 Tbls. mild vinegar
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 4-oz. jar maraschino cherries, drained and diced
 1/2 cup pineapple tidbits, drained
 2 Tbls. green pepper, diced
 2 Tbls. pimento, diced
 1/3 cup celery, diced
 Combine lemon gelatin and hot water. Stir until dissolved. Add pineapple juice (with water to make 1 cup, if needed). Stir in vinegar and salt. Cool slightly. Add remaining ingredients. Turn into slightly oiled mold and chill until firm. Turn out onto lettuce leaves. Serve with salad dressing or mayonnaise.

This salad has a surprising combination of ingredients. The most interesting part of this combination, the various fruits and vegetables settle into different parts of the gelatin and give the appearance of various layers.

—Evelyn

EASY CASSEROLE

Press 1 pound ground beef into an 8-inch square pan. Salt and sprinkle with chopped onion to taste. Pour over 1 undiluted can of cream of chicken or cream of celery soup. Sprinkle 1 small can of drained peas over soup. Top with one box of frozen Tater Tots. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 to 50 minutes. Cut into squares and serve.

DANISH APPLE BAR

(Rich and delicious!)

2 1/2 cups flour, sifted
1 tsp. salt
1 cup shortening
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 egg yolk
Milk added to egg yolk to make 2/3 cup liquid

1 cup crushed corn flakes

4 large apples

1 cup sugar

1 tsp. cinnamon

1 beaten egg white

Sift the flour and salt and cut in the shortening. Combine butter flavoring, egg yolk and milk and add slowly to the flour mixture. Don't work the dough very much. Divide in half. Roll out one half pastry and place in a jelly roll pan (15 1/2 by 10 1/2). Press up on sides of pan. Sprinkle with the crushed corn flakes. Peel and slice the apples and arrange over corn flakes. Combine sugar and cinnamon and sprinkle over the apples. Roll out remaining half of dough to fit over the top. Moisten edges and press together. Beat the egg white and brush over the top crust. Bake at 375 degrees for about 1 hour. While warm glaze with the following:

Glaze

1 cup powdered sugar

1 Tbls. water

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Mix well and dribble on top of baked pastry. —Margery

MAGNIFICENT STEAK

(Tomatoes, green pepper, beef)

1/2 cup butter or margarine

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

2 lbs. round steak, cut in strips

1/4 tsp. garlic powder

1/2 cup onion, chopped

2 green peppers, sliced

2 cups canned tomatoes

1 beef bouillon cube

1 Tbls. cornstarch

1/4 cup water

3 Tbls. soy sauce

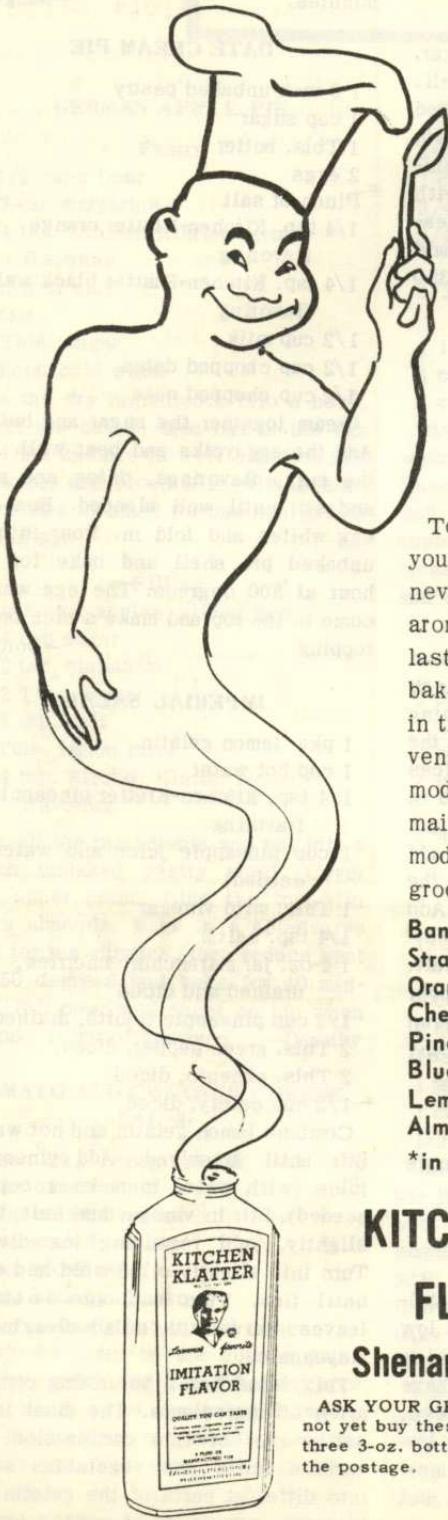
1 tsp. sugar

1 tsp. salt

Melt butter in skillet. Add butter flavoring, beef and garlic powder. Brown. Remove meat and add onion and green pepper to shortening in skillet. Cook 2 minutes. Add meat, tomatoes, and bouillon cube. Simmer 5 minutes. Blend cornstarch, water, soy sauce, sugar and salt. Add to mixture in skillet. Cook, stirring, until gravy consistency. A little more water may be added if more sauce is desired.

Serve piping hot over hot cooked rice. This is a marvelous combination of flavors. It is good enough to be company fare. The ingredients can be prepared early and refrigerated until time to cook. An electric skillet is excellent for both preparation and serving.

—Evelyn



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**MOTHER,
CAN YOU SPARE SOME TIME?**

by
Evelyn P. Johnson

While it is true that a child can become a delinquent even with the best of care and attention, statistics show that the majority of delinquents come from broken or unhappy homes — usually where the mother influence and/or training is lacking or inadequate.

Often we concentrate on the physical and neglect the spiritual. And sometimes we see to their spiritual life insofar as sending them to church, insisting they read the Bible, etc., but we neglect the family love and closeness so vital to the cultivation of both their physical and spiritual well-being.

I remember with heart-rending fondness the 13-year-old daughter of my next-door neighbor when I lived near a large city in south Mississippi. Each afternoon this girl, whom I shall call Edna, jumped off the school bus, dumped her schoolbooks into the living room of her deserted home, and rushed into my kitchen calling, "Mama Johnson, I'm hungry!"

She snacked on milk and cookies with my smaller girls, but I had no way to satisfy her longing for motherly love and companionship. And her own mother was too busy trying to keep pace with a circle of social friends to notice Edna's hunger pangs.

In another community, the teen-aged companion of my youngest daughter — then also a teenager — once said to her, "I love to come to your house. Your parents act so young and they laugh and talk with us. Mine are always too busy to visit with my company."

Don't misunderstand me. I'm not setting myself up as a good example. I've failed my own children in so many ways that I continually ask God's forgiveness for my failures — and that's why I feel so deeply about these children whose lives are poverty-stricken for down-to-earth love and companionship that only their parents can give them.

Along with my failures are some pleasant memories...

The times we packed a picnic lunch and, with the children, drove to some quiet spot to enjoy the peace and beauty of Nature...

When we dropped our work on sudden impulse, took our bait and poles and went to the lake for a couple hours' fishing...

When we turned off the television set and substituted hymn-singing for the



These sweet youngsters are Kristin, Benji and Rebecca, children of Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth Fineran, and grandchildren of Mabel and Dale Brown of Ogden, Iowa. The Finerans' dedication to service in the church has taken them to the Henderson Settlement in Kentucky to make their home.

jarring noise of a western program...

When I went to an occasional movie or other entertainment with my daughters — just us females...

These are the times my daughters speak of as happy days... not the midnight rides with some wild crowd, or the inadequately-chaperoned parties some of their friends attended.

Some wise philosopher once said the training of a child should begin one thousand years before its birth. And a thousand years' training would be fine, but few of us will be privileged to stay around that long. So while we take care not to neglect the necessary training, let us, in the time allotted us, concentrate, too, in sharing love and time and companionship — all of which are also most essential. These little gifts from God yearn for so many things if only we'd take the time to notice.

And "If any provide not for his own,

and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith." (Ep. 3:14, 15 — KJV).



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

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KSMN Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

KWPC Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

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

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

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

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

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

WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

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

KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KSIS Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

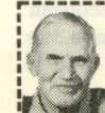
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A FOREIGN FAIR

by

Evelyn Birkby

One of the exciting qualities of a large city is the amalgamation of races which live within its boundaries. The varied cultures, backgrounds, customs, foods, artistic tastes and native costumes blend together to enrich the lives of us all.

The impact of the strength the various nationalities have given to our country was forcefully brought home to me during my recent trip to Chicago. A Foreign Fair was being held and the public was invited to attend. It was held at Navy Pier, a building which reaches out into the waters of Lake Michigan.

At the entrance to the Fair was an information booth where I learned that this was the 7th year this exhibition has been sponsored by the city of Chicago. Various groups apply for space. No charge is made to any of the groups accepted.

The Fair was divided into four sections: 1. display booths, 2. bazaar area for selling items, 3. food of many nations prepared and sold, and 4. an exhibition stage for the presentation of dances and musical numbers representing the different countries.

I whizzed through the first section with the art, history, handcraft household items and costumes of the many countries. I planned to return and take my time enjoying the handsome displays after I finished the other sections of the Fair. Besides, I had not eaten lunch and I was hungry!

The section with sales booths was gay and colorful. From Ireland came lovely linens; from the Philippines were gorgeous, delicately embroidered blouses; the Koreans were selling a great variety of dolls; the Japanese had exotic dried foods and delicate carved and inlaid wood objects; from Scotland were rich jams and jellies and soft wool plaids made into a variety of items.

The man in the Scottish booth beamed when I told him my great-grandfather had come from Scotland.

"You must come to our party. We have a party every year here in Chicago for all the people of Scottish descent," he told me. "I'll dance the Highland Fling with you if you'll come."

"If I get to the party I'll certainly accept your offer," I laughed. But when I told him my home in Sidney, Iowa, was over five hundred miles west of Chicago, he agreed that the chances



These beautifully costumed ladies were hostesses at the Serbian booth at the Foreign Fair held in Chicago.

of our doing the fling were slim indeed!

I hurried on to the food department, drawn by the tantalizing aroma. On each side of the narrow building were booths with the people of many nationalities cooking and selling their native dishes. Down the center were tables and chairs for those who wished to sit down and eat leisurely.

It was difficult to decide, but I finally started with a Japanese teriyaki made of thin strips of beef dipped into a luscious sauce, pushed onto a stick and broiled over a small charcoal grill. Hot tea, a fortune cookie — which informed me I "*Had much joy in life*" — and the piping of a Scottish bagpipe band on the stage nearby, helped me to enjoy the first course of food as well as life!

As the pipers left and a group of Irish dancers mounted the stage at the far end of the exhibition pier, I chose a plateful of Lebanese food. This included a square flat fried meat patty, a small meat pie (similar to a turnover in size and pastry — a Lebanese *pastie*, no less!) olives, flat unleavened bread and a pastry roll filled with nuts and honey. The coffee was full of flavor and very hot and went well with the food. The Irish dancers jumped and whirled, the boys in short leather breeches and green vests covered with gorgeous embroidery and the girls in full skirts with lovely white blouses accented by green bodices. They performed a gay and spirited accompaniment to my Lebanese meal.

The Irish dancers gave way to a group of costumed, bell-jangling American Indians. I lingered over the Swedish pastries and finally selected one filled with a rich custard and sighed that my capacity for food was rapidly coming to an end. A Turkish candy caught my eye so I bought several pieces to bring home. The Scotch

scones were fat and raisin-filled and I could not resist one, so I had it carefully wrapped and tucked into my bag for later enjoyment.

Now it was time to return to the beautiful national displays and leisurely enjoy their beauty and historical value. Strangely enough, the first booth at which I lingered presented a display of miniature shoes from all over the world. Everything from Eskimo fur boots to jeweled ballroom slippers were shown. I asked the owner if he would tell me about the collection.

"It has taken over thirty years for my wife and me to gather more than fourteen hundred pairs of miniature shoes. Around three hundred pair are all I could put on display here. The most valuable pair came from Greece and is over two hundred years old. I do not bring them to exhibit, however. The really valuable shoes are at home in a glass case and they stay there!"

As I moved along the displays I was impressed by the friendliness and gracious way in which those in charge answered my myriad of questions. Over and over again I heard repeated words of pride in being able to live in the United States and carry on the historical family tradition in an atmosphere of freedom.

A reproduction of a great Latvian painting was accompanied by the history of the nation and its domination by Russia from 1795 to the present day, with the exception of a few short years following the 1st World War.

A lovely lady in a rural German costume told me how several hundred years before her people had fled German oppression and settled in a beautiful valley in Hungary. Here, nine generations of her people flourished. With the coming of tyranny to central Europe they fled again, this time to the United States. As she talked she rocked an ornate cradle which held a doll dressed in elaborately embroidered clothes, almost as if she were trying to protect a young one from the dangers she knew are in the world.

The Croatian culture was beautifully displayed with the marvelous handwork and attention to detail and color. A vigorous, independent people, the hostess explained the grief they have had under Communist rule. Several thousand Croats have come to the United States since World War II to escape religious and political persecution.

After she graciously posed for a picture, the woman in the Croatian booth concluded our discussion by saying, "I am one of the people who was fortunate enough to get away and come

(Continued on page 20)

THE PRESIDENT'S BALL

A Patriotic Party

by

Virginia Thomas

The "President's Ball" as a theme allows one to mix patriotic ideas of any era and use them with the Washington and Lincoln combination. The result is a colorful party and fun.

The invitations can be in the shape of a hatchet, Abe's top hat, or the map of the United States. They might be decorated with small silhouettes of Washington or Lincoln, or a cluster of paper cherries.

ENTERTAINMENT

A Visit to the White House: Pin on the wall a picture of the White House. Just below the picture fasten the ends of as many three-yard lengths of ribbon as you have guests. Give each player a pair of scissors. At the word "Go" the players start cutting the ribbon in two lengthwise, the first to reach the White House receiving the prize.

Martha's Hat Stunt: If the hostess greets the guests wearing Martha's hat, she will find it a real merriment maker. Before the party, refurbish an old summer straw hat with artificial green leaves, a wisp of veiling, and the feature trim — a garland of candied cherries. Make this garland by providing each cherry with toothpick or pipe cleaner stem, tying them together in little clusters, and attaching them around the crown and dripping over the brim, as the hats of many decades ago were trimmed. After all have arrived she might say something like this: "Washington didn't really cut down that little old cherry tree, but allowed it to grow for just such an occasion as this emergency of which I tell you. After he married the Widow Custis, she promptly asked for a new hat, but George told her just to trim over her old one. He brought her a bunch of cherries from his tree, in fact these very cherries." Here the hostess calmly reaches up to pick a few cherries from her hat and eat them. Probably every one else will rush up to pick a cherry — and the party will be off to a chuckling start.

Congressional Investigation: The hostess produces a box of candy, on top of which is pasted a silhouette of George Washington. She opens the box to display the candy and announces that it will be given to the person who can recite the greater part of the Declaration of Independence. You'll find there'll be interest and laughter as the guests try to get beyond the first line beginning "When in the course of

human events." The same idea can be used with the Gettysburg Address.

"America First": Display numbered pictures of various scenic and historical spots about the United States. Give the guests paper and pencil and see how many of the pictures they can locate properly.

To Tell the Truth: Cut from old magazines pictures to illustrate commonly used expressions. Place the pictures about the room and let the guests see who can guess the expressions they represent.

1. "She took a chair." (Picture of lady and a chair, or lady carrying chair.)

2. "She went all to pieces." (Cut up pieces of lady's picture.)

3. "He took her arm." (Picture of man with lady's arm pasted across his arm.)

4. "Catch the next boat." (Picture of fishing rod and a boat.)

5. "She boarded the plane" (Paste pictures of boards over picture of a plane.)

6. "Her eyes fell to the floor."

(Picture of girl whose eyes have been cut out and pasted to floor at her feet.)

7. "She ran across a friend." (Picture of a lady in car pasted over the picture of a lady lying down.)

8. "She hung on his arm." (Picture of a girl hanging over a man's outstretched arm.)

9. "Pitched in to do the dishes." (Picture of man throwing dishes.)

10. "She devoured the book." (Picture of a woman and a book which has pieces torn out of it.)



TWICE-TOLD TAILS

I have two boys; each has a dog;
Each boy, at night, sleeps like a log.
It's I, awake, who've prowled about
To let their pets inside and out.
It's I who've rescued shoes from gnawing,
And covered chairs to hide their pawing;
And I have sprinkled for the fleas,
And given baths on bended knees.
It's I who've heard the neighbor's troubles,
Caused by dogs that come in doubles.
It's I they've followed to be cuddled,
And I who've wiped up where they've puddled.

The boys have reached the college stage;
Their pets and I have slowed with age,
But I'm not lonesome, you can see,
For I've two dogs for company.

—Gladise Kelly

SLEEPING BEAUTY



Have you sleeping beauties at your house? No, not princesses under an evil spell, awaiting Prince Charming's kiss. We mean once-beautiful blouses, nighties, shirts or lingerie, whose life and sparkle have been clouded by lazy bleaches or do-nothing detergents.

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COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Blond hair flying, blue eyes sparkling, our daughter Ann Elizabeth, nearly ten, came rushing in the kitchen door. "Mom, Mom, Miss Hood is reading one of the *Little House* books to the class. Please, Mom, let's read them all *again*."

So, after we finished our lunch we picked up *Little House in the Big Woods* (Harper and Row, \$3.50) by Laura Ingalls Wilder. Here we read of Laura and her family living in a log cabin bordering the Big Woods of Wisconsin in 1872. Working hard at being self-sufficient, they churned butter, baked bread, stored vegetables, and smoked venison for the winter's eating. Christmas was special for Laura because she received a beautiful rag doll named Charlotte. During spring, a trip to Pepin, Wisconsin, with a store made of real boards, held much appeal. But then Pa decided to move on West.

As our daughter never tired of reading the stories with authentic background by Mrs. Wilder, we again read *Little House on the Prairie*. Laura and her family moved by covered wagon near Independence, Kansas, where Pa built a house on the prairie in Indian country. We could almost see the wolf pack surrounding the cabin with its quilt for a door, and hear the Indian war cry.

"Merry Christmas to Jon, from Grandma Carlson" is the inscription in *Farmer Boy*. At about age eight, our junior high boy relished reading about the boyhood of Almanzo Wilder and farm life at Malone, New York, one



Charles and Caroline Ingalls, "Pa and Ma" to Laura Ingalls Wilder. Photo Property of Laura Ingalls Wilder Home and Museum.

hundred years ago. Each season brought work to be done — cutting ice, shearing sheep, hauling wood. Keeping house for a week while Almanzo's parents went visiting made Jon exclaim, "I wonder if Ann and I could have as much fun and get into as much trouble?" In the end we read how a colt of his very own made Almanzo (Laura's future husband) a happy boy.

As Ann took *On the Banks of Plum Creek* from her bookshelf she read, "Happy Birthday from Cousin Ann-ette." She remarked about the sod house Laura lived in beside Plum Creek near Walnut Grove, Minnesota, and about the beautiful house Pa built with real glass window panes, and also about the Christmas horses which came because the whole family had been unselfish at Christmas.

By the Shores of Silver Lake took place in Dakota Territory in the railroad building days when Pa became a railroad man until he found a homestead and filed a claim. Pa helped with the building of a brand-new town, De Smet, South Dakota. Here Ann read of Mary's blindness from effects of scarlet fever.

There is a special appeal about *The Long Winter* of 1880-81 when blizzards cut off supplies to De Smet and food ran low. This particular family never tires of reading how the Wilders, when the supply train was stalled in drifts, contrived Christmas with the last two cans of oyster soup from the grocery at De Smet, new red-flowered suspenders for Pa, a bundle of *Youth's Companion*

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- VERY EARLY

Big Packet of Seeds for only

10¢ POSTPAID

Surely the most delicious bean we've ever grown in our trial grounds! Its full, round pods (5" to 6" long) are unusually tender, stringless and absolutely luscious! You'll love "Royalty" fresh, canned or frozen. Uncooked it's purple, but, after about 2 minutes in boiling water, it turns rich, bright green. Easy-to-care-for bushes only 12" to 16" tall. Germinates in colder soil than other varieties; earliest bearing bush bean we know of. Let us prove it's as good as we say . . . just send 10¢ in coin for a generous packet (approx. 100 seeds) . . . then get set for a real treat! But do hurry! (Sorry, limit 1 packet per family; seed is scarce!)



HENRY FIELD Seed & Nursery Co.
7959 Oak St., SHENANDOAH, IOWA 51601

Sure, here's 10¢ for a big seed packet of the purple bean "Royalty." Also send big new Spring Catalog, free.

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"For Over 70 Years"

ions Laura and her sisters had saved to read, and then twisted hay into sticks to burn for heat. Ann, curled up on the davenport in our warm living room, remarked, "Oh, it sounds so cozy and nice." Much credit should go to Ma — Caroline Ingalls — for contriving in the face of great odds, as well as teaching manners to Laura, Mary, Carrie, and Grace.

Driving along the highway near Vinton, Iowa, a few years ago, the children noticed the School for the Blind. "That's it," said Ann. "That's where Mary attended school and learned to play the organ." Then, *Little Town on the Prairie*, De Smet, South Dakota, became more real to us. In this book Ma Ingalls resourcefully made blackbird pie after the birds ate the corn crop. Here, at fifteen, Laura received her certificate to teach school.

These Happy Golden Years told of Laura's teaching, of her homesickness, of her completing the term so Pa could keep Mary in college. Here, too, we read of her happy wedding to Almanzo Wilder and their own little home.

An accurate glimpse of the prairie frontier is told years later in the diary of Laura Ingalls Wilder — called *On the Way Home* — when she, her husband Almanzo, and small daughter Rose left South Dakota and traveled to a new farm in the Ozarks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilder lived the rest of their lives at the Rocky Ridge farm

OUR FONDEST WISH

Should we find out this morning that Our fondest wish were true;
We'd be in seventh heaven, 'cause Our world had added "two"!

The "two", of course, our daughter's boys,
Are many miles away.
We haven't seen the little tykes,
Since they were here in May.

With boundless energy and glee
They'd burst upon the scene.
And instantly, a magic wand
Transformed our calm routine.

It was a blow, you may be sure,
When they moved "out of range".
It left us limp, and quite depressed.
Our pattern had to change.

We treasured every moment, yet —
We wonder every day —
Could we have missed a kiss or two,
A smile along the way?

I'm sure grandchildren head the list
Of this world's greatest joys.
The Lord has richly blessed us, with
These priceless little boys!

—Robert Holman

near Mansfield, Missouri. Mr. Wilder died in 1947 and Mrs. Wilder, on February 10, 1957, just past her 90th birthday.

Children the world over, just as our Jon and Ann, share a love for her books, as do their parents. For senior citizens, the large print and pioneer stories combine to make the *Little House* books special favorites. Humbly, we are thankful to Laura Ingalls Wilder for recording these vivid pictures of our country's early beginnings, and to Garth Williams for his true-to-life pictures drawn after years of research. Hopefully, during the year as the 100th anniversary of Laura's birthday (February 7, 1967) is celebrated, the curators, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Lichety, and interested friends will see a 5-cent U. S. commemorative stamp issued honoring Mrs. Wilder as well as enough contributions to build a fire-proof museum on the Rocky Ridge farm.



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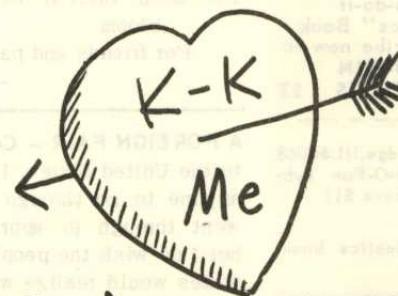
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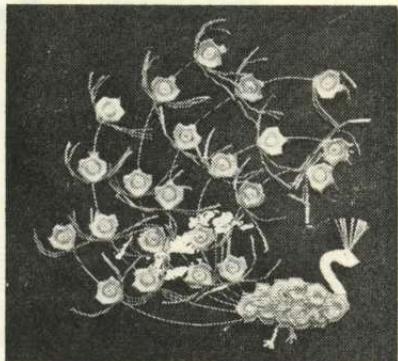
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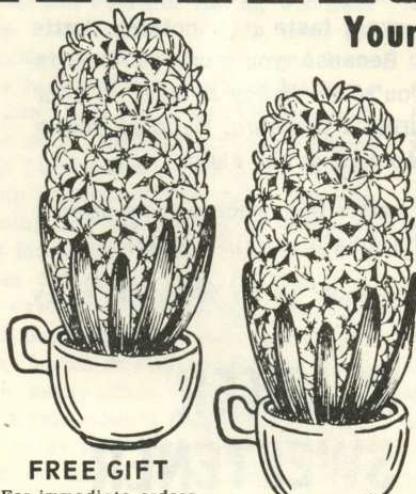
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Those gorgeous flower catalogs
They fill my heart with joy,
I'm making gardens in my dreams
And dreams my thoughts employ.

For in the land of bulbs and bloom,
There's old and something new:
Portulaca for a sunny nook
Clove-pinks fragrant with the dew.

The dusty miller marks a curve,
Around my garden bed.
I see the flash of bluebird's wing,
A crocus lifts its head.

The daffodils are curtseying
To the tulips on parade,
In all their lovely party gowns
Of every hue and shade.

The stately, queenly peony
In all her matchless grace,
Is bowing to an iris
Resting in a Dresden vase.

I turn the leaves and ponder,
Then close them with a sigh,
For soon there'll be both bud and
bloom
For friends and passers-by.

—Mary E. Boyles

A FOREIGN FAIR — Concluded

to the United States. I would not want anyone to go through the suffering I went through to appreciate freedom, but I do wish the people of the United States would realize what a cherished possession they have and how carefully it should be protected."

I stepped out into the late afternoon sunlight with a new appreciation of the many countries of the world — including my own.

MILES OF PURSES — Concluded
her husband with their upholstery orders. Her originality has resulted in over twenty different styles of purses. These handmade articles compare with articles usually priced at no less than fifteen dollars in stores, for they are lined, with stiffening in the side walls and top flap, and with a heavy plate in the bottom. Thus, the purse continues to hold its shape through constant use, as well as allowing comfortable carrying across one's arm. The pocketbooks also have brass knobs on the bottom to prevent scuffing the fabric.

Knowing that loosened handles cause many purses to be discarded before the purse is worn out, they avert such expensive discard with handles which either go under the bottom, or are reinforced with both sewing and rivets. This feature alone probably accounts for many repeat orders, as any woman who has regrettably given up a favorite purse for this reason can well realize.

The Medley family tries to keep purses made up ahead of the demand, but a constant log of incoming orders makes this impossible. Before last Christmas, they were so far behind that two shifts were required to fill all orders on time. Most of the designs require more than an hour to complete, allowing each girl to turn out about seven purses a day.

If they could make one from a sow's ear, Mrs. Medley probably would get the assignment for designing such a purse. As matters now stand, she is kept busy creating the original designs with which her well-pleased customers are already well impressed.

A pinch of common sense is often worth a bushel of learning.

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Imagine! Fragrant, Pastel Blooms,
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Special-
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Your whole family will have a world of fun watching these giant indoor-blooming Hyacinth Bulbs grow into gorgeous flowers right before your eyes. Need no soil. Just place bulbs in a teacup and add water. Grows fast. Soon the cup is filled with graceful waving roots and the bulb bursts into a velvety pastel colored bloom. Very attractive. Especially fragrant. Easy to grow. Make ideal gifts. SEND NO MONEY. On delivery, pay postman \$1.00 for two bulbs, \$1.75 for four bulbs, or \$2.50 for six bulbs, plus COD charges. We pay postage on prepaid orders. If not 100% satisfied, just return shipping label for refund of purchase price — you keep the bulbs.

HOUSE OF WESLEY, Nursery Division,

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Bloomington, Ill. 61701

Send me _____ Hyacinth Bulbs Prepaid COD

Name _____

Address _____

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BOWLING – AN ANCIENT SPORT

Bowling began with the ancient Egyptians more than 7,000 years ago. Archeologists have found bowling instruments in the grave of an Egyptian child buried 5,200 years before the birth of Christ.

Church grounds were the locale for a bowling game in the third century A.D. Clergymen in Germany encouraged their flock to "keigel" the "heide" – club the heathen – by throwing a ball at a set of pins representing pagans and their ways. A good score was a sign that the bowler was leading a good life and would be capable of slaying heathen if the occasion arose.

Lawn bowling, a sport which was new and different in 12th Century England, is still popular in that land. The Italians have their own version: bocce. A favorite Scottish sport, curling, appeared in the 16th Century. This is a form of bowling on ice. The Irish, as usual, got their kicks the hard way with an ancient game called road bowling: rolling stones from one town to another.

Bowling was so popular in the Middle Ages that it was a standard event at most wedding and christening parties. Crusty Edward III of England, fearing that bowling would displace the more military sport of archery, issued a proclamation in 1366 against this "dishonorable, useless and unprofitable" pastime.

One historic figure who disagreed was Martin Luther. He built a bowling lane for his family in which nine pins were the target. To this day, European bowlers prefer to play with nine, as against the American use of ten pins.

That tenth pin, and how we got it, is an intriguing historical puzzle. Henry Hudson and his Dutch companions brought nine pins to this country in the 1600's. One legend says the tenth pin was added to circumvent an 1841 ruling by the Connecticut legislature, which had banned nine pins as a sport infested by gambling.

With the introduction of automatic pinspotters and the increased interest in leisure activities in the 1960's, attractive bowling establishments sprouted throughout the land. Today there are more than 10,000 of them.

FEBRUARY DEVOTIONS – Concluded

Francis of Assisi our prayer: "Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy. O divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love; for it is in giving that we receive; it is in pardoning that we are pardoned; and in dying that we are born to eternal life. Amen."

Courtesy is contagious. Start an epidemic.

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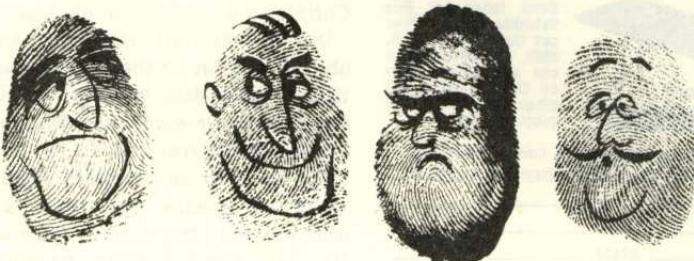
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Lucas, Iowa 50151



THE VILLAINS

We're surrounded by them! Around light switches, on furniture, in the bathroom, in the kitchen, all over the house. Some greasy, some oily, some just plain black dirty. And no matter how we watch for them, no matter how few there are in the family, fingerprints keep creeping in – almost by themselves, seems like.

Fortunately, we have a great dirt fighter on our side: **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. This miracle-working powder goes into solution the instant it touches water . . . and goes to work the instant it touches dirt. Even in hard water, it makes the same wonderful deep-cleaning liquid. And, since it never leaves scum or froth to rinse away, your cleaning time is actually cut in half!

For fingerprints (or any other cleaning chore) in any room in the house, always reach for



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Does the work!"

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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

to keep abreast of our cousins and
their activities.

Mother is calling this her "rug winter" because she is deeply involved with making a variation of the old classic hooked rugs — has already finished three beautiful rugs and is now going full tilt on two more. I suggested that she have two "in the works" at the same time to get variety in the colors and designs. Aunt Jessie was so taken with this project that she ordered a big rug and is now getting started on it. I haven't done any kind of handwork for years, but when I saw all of this activity I decided that I had to do something myself, so I ordered a wall hanging of the "Three Kings" and am making it for Juliana to have as a traditional Christmas decoration in her own home.

Dad is very frail this winter and not able to get out of the house at all, so Howard and Mae, Margery and Oliver and I (in other words, the Shenandoah-based Driftmiers) run in to see the folks as often as possible. Right now we're all looking forward to a visit from Wayne in the middle of the month. He has some nursery meetings in

Kansas City and Chicago and will work in a visit at home between his business obligations. Donald will probably be stopping by sometime within the next two or three months, and we know that Frederick and his family will be here when summer comes, so there are these things to anticipate eagerly when the winter skies seem exceptionally heavy and there is ice and snow to stare at in every direction.

I have a routine that is virtually unbroken — a five-day working week when I make every minute count, a Saturday spent alone at home trying to get things slicked up, and Sunday with the folks from noon until after a light supper in the evening. Once in a while I get to feeling a little fretful and restless and wish that something exciting and out-of-the-ordinary would happen, but most of the time I'm simply profoundly grateful for good health, work that I enjoy very much and that demands a great deal of me, and my family so close that I can see them on a second's notice. It took me a long, long time after Russell's sudden death to adjust to being alone, but I've made that adjustment now and am able to anticipate getting up in the morning and facing the day. When I look about me I realize how very much I have to be grateful for — and I do not take any of these blessings for granted.

There is such an ominous silence in the printing department that I think I should stop typing this very second and rush in to ease the minds of everyone who has waited upon these sheets of stationery. Please write to us on one of these winter days. We appreciate every single letter.

Faithfully always,

CLIMBING STRAWBERRIES

BUY DIRECT AND SAVE 8 for \$2.86
NOW ONLY 8 for \$1.00
SAVE MORE (20 for \$2.00)



Pick Hundreds of Berries From Late Spring 'till Frost

- START PICKING FRUIT IN 60 DAYS!
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- HUGE JUICY BERRIES! • SIMPLE TO PLANT! EASY TO GROW.

A DREAM COME TRUE! CLIMBING STRAWBERRIES IN YOUR OWN GARDEN

Where else can you find a plant that will grow so beautifully in so little space... Yes, now you can have Superfection, a marvelous, truly everbearing perennial plant at our outstandingly low price. You can plant a small area of these prolific and beautifully ornamental plants that will produce hundreds of luscious ripe berries that you can pick right from the vine.

WILL GROW IN ALMOST ANY GARDEN SOIL

HUGE FIRM JUICY STRAWBERRIES... that you can raise in your own garden and so easy too. Amateur gardener or housewife can achieve excellent results in any garden soil... within days, these wonderful plants come to life. Train them to grow up-up-on walls, fences, trellises and arbors and in almost no time at all, you have huge succulent berries, some as large as plums, with natural luscious, sweet mouthwatering flavor. Yes, you'll actually pro-

duce baskets and baskets of these berries from Spring 'till Frost. You will delight in the tempting fragrance and delightful mouthwatering taste of your home grown Strawberries week after week, month after month.

HUGE BERRIES FROM SPRING 'TILL FROST

Climbing Strawberries planted this spring will grow and bear huge, luscious berries from late spring 'till frost. They will start to produce ripe berries about 60 days after planting and you will pick baskets and baskets of berries week after week, all summer long. Just picture their magnificent beauty too. Luxurious glossy green foliage, beautiful snow white blossoms and huge bright red berries.

SUPPLIES LIMITED, YOU MUST ORDER NOW

Since the demand for these delicious berries, is much greater than our supply, you must act now. We may not be able to supply everybody. Order now and avoid being disappointed. Our superior Strawberry plants will be shipped to you in proper time for planting in your locality.

8 Plants... \$1.00 plus 25c post. & hdg.
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GIANT STRAWBERRIES, Mail Order Division,
65 East 55 Street, Dept. 53 New York, N.Y.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

inward certainty and strength, but also tear loose the bonds which bind him to his fellowmen. The pessimist is the loneliest person in town! We must keep our faith tied to a star, believing that there is more good to come out of our positive, constructive efforts to strengthen the faith where it is weak, to redirect it where it has gone astray, and to lift it to new heights wherever it has fallen, than the good that would come if we deserted our faith in God and threw it aside.

Sincerely,

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 15¢, a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Please count Zip Code as one word. Note deadlines very carefully.

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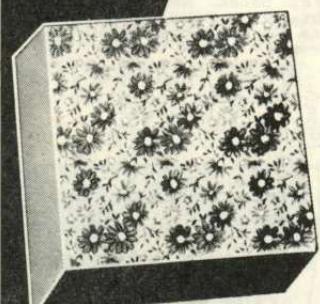
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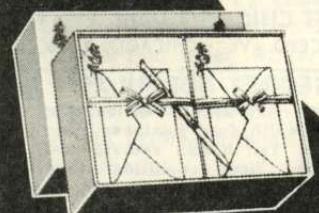
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