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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

20 CENTS

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—Photo by Arthur Brase

The newest member of the family, Aaron John Brase.



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom.

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My dear Friends:

I can't remember when I last wrote to you, but it has been several months — much too long! I'll try to do better in the future.

I awoke very early this morning and took my little transistor radio out from under my pillow and turned it on very low so as not to awaken Ruby, who sleeps in the next room, and learned that the weather today is to be well below zero — possible as low as 15 degrees below, which would break all records for cold weather on this date. I wondered if the many, many bottles of flavoring in the Kitchen-Klatter warehouse would freeze and burst, and if the livestock on our farm found shelter in their sheds and barns, safe from the cold blasts from the north.

We had a happy Christmas although we all missed my husband who passed away last January. Since our children, as many as can, come home for Christmas Eve, we had a lovely Christmas tree. Martin was our Santa and passed out the gifts. Then we had cookies and coffee. My sister, Jessie Shambaugh, came from her home in Clarinda the day before. Her children, Ruth in California and Bill in Des Moines, and their families mailed her gifts to us to be put under the tree.

One of the handiest little gifts I received was a cute little bucket-shaped bag that Anita, who lives with Lucile, made to hang on my wheel chair. In it I keep my little radio, a pencil, small scissors, a hanky and any little useful items that might be needed during the hours I spend in my chair.

And this is a good time to thank you for your lovely cards and letters. There were so many especially lovely ones and we appreciated your thoughtfulness. I left them in a large bowl on the coffee table in the living room so members of the family could look at them when they stopped in.

After enjoying my Christmas with me, the children had their own trees and then came back for Christmas

dinner. I feel it is a real blessing to have some of the children living near and Dorothy close enough to come home often. On Christmas Day I visited with the others on the telephone so felt that I had been very near to all of them.

In the last issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* you saw a picture of me working on an afghan. I am making one for each of our children. So far I have finished three and have four more to make. Someone asked for the directions so I'll just pass on the information, to those who are interested, that they come with the package of yarn.

If I had a camera handy I'd take some pictures of the activity that is taking place on the street in front of the house. Some of the children in our neighborhood must have received new ice skates for Christmas for there are five or six youngsters skating in the street. We had a very severe storm — ice and then snow — that has made driving very hazardous in this area. If it doesn't melt soon there will be many dent fenders, I'm sure. But these temperatures don't last long in our part of Iowa as a rule, so no doubt by the time you read this our streets will be safe once again.

Seeing all this winter activity reminds me of the time many years ago when Lucile and a dear friend decided that they wanted to take a sleigh ride. Finding a horse and a sleigh was quite an undertaking, but they finally rounded up a feeble old horse and an old sleigh. They thought the sleigh was too shabby and needed a bit of fixing up, which they wasted no time in doing, and when they returned it they discovered that they had taken something into their own hands that they shouldn't have! The sleigh was a cherished antique and the owner was much upset with its renovation. I might add that I, too, had a number of rides in the sleigh that winter and still remember what a thrill it was, for it had been years and years since I

had ridden in a sleigh — way back to the days I grew up on Sunnyside Farm.

Those of my generation who watched the Henry Field family grow up may be interested to know that several of them are together this winter spending a few months in sunny, warm Tucson. Philip and Marie have located in a nice trailer park, and close by are Hope, Josephine and her husband Al, and Faith and her husband may join them later. Faith and Weldon live in southern California, so they actually are not too far away. The other children are Frank and Mary, who live in Shenandoah; Ruth and Jessie, who are both located in Appleton, Wisconsin; Georgia, who has lived for many years in Aurora, Missouri; John Henry who settled in Denver; and Lettie, whose home is Marsailles, Illinois. We don't get to see all of them and their families as often as we would like, but keep in touch.

After February we know that the worst of the winter is over. Spring will soon be here, we know. I'm so grateful that Ruby, my companion, is interested in our flowers. Last year she started some new roses which I hope won't be killed by this severe weather. Margery passed the word around last Mother's Day that I would like rosebushes and as a result I received many new varieties. But until spring comes we enjoy plants in the house. We potted some narcissus and hyacinths and they are doing nicely. We've been amazed at how long our Christmas plants have lasted. The poinsettias look as nice as when they first came into the house.

I probably won't take as many trips this year as I did last year. It still seems like a dream that I was able to visit the homes of Frederick, Wayne and Donald all in a matter of a few months' time. Those visits took me to Massachusetts, Wisconsin and Colorado and on separate trips at that! But on my list this year will be travels to see my new great-grandsons. I haven't seen little Aaron John yet, and of course haven't seen little James since he was very tiny. It is such a joy to have lived to welcome great-grandchildren! I tell my children that this is one of my greatest blessings and I hope it is one they can experience too.

During these winter days when I can't be outside, I enjoy my good neighbors. We all need contact with other people. Even their lights at night, twinkling in the darkness, are friendly and warm. The world is so full of trouble that it is comforting to have friends near us toward whom we can turn at anytime for anything and find unfailing help. How can we thank

(Continued on page 22)

A MID-WINTER LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

We're still slipping and sliding around on the streets of Shenandoah, and from the weather report on the radio this morning, I think these conditions must be very general around the area. There were no doubt some happy children this morning for almost every school in our vicinity announced that due to icy roads no school would be held until the situation improved. The youngsters probably won't be so happy when the school days are added on at the end of the year, but they are only concerned with NOW.

I can't recall when we have had such a long seige of ice to contend with. Now that I look back, this has gone on since right after Christmas. Martin had planned to drive to Chicago to meet the group for the trip to London, England, on Friday after Christmas, but a weather bulletin on Thursday gave us some cause for concern that he might not have decent roads across Iowa, so he hurried with his packing and I drove him to Red Oak in the early afternoon so he could take the evening train. We left so early because Oliver called from Council Bluffs that they were having a freezing drizzle and it would be moving into our area before long. Martin said he didn't mind having a long wait in the station for he had some reading material in his shoulder bag, and the main thing was to get him to Red Oak and make it back to Shenandoah before I was faced with slick pavement.

Back home that evening, I thought how long a wait this must be for Martin, counting the hours until his train would pull into that depot and he was actually on his way to Chicago. Just then the phone rang and Martin said he was calling from Union Station in Chicago! The trains had been running so late that day that he caught the 1:09 at 3:15, just a few minutes after I left him at the station, so he didn't have a six-hour wait in the depot after all! The tour group were to leave on Saturday afternoon and early arrivals were meeting at the home of one of the students who was making the trip. They're having a perfectly marvelous time and we'll be anxious for a detailed report when they return, which will be very soon now.

Oliver and I much enjoyed a television program recently that was made by the Southern Baptist Conference and included many scenes taken in the British Museum. Realizing that the students planned a visit to this museum, it was of particular interest to us.

Last month I told you that there had



Juliana wondered how James would react to his first snow when she bundled him up for his outing. As you can see, he loved it!

been two interesting fund-raising projects in Shenandoah which had been very successful. One was put on by the hospital auxiliary and was called "Hodge-Podge". Tickets were sold in advance. There were contributions of all sorts of goodies — cookies, candies, breads, and the like. Guests helped themselves to sweets and coffee, and bought things to take home as they left. They also sold the decorations, and these were very unusual and decorative items, such as the burlap angels which are so popular now. The ladies who contributed the food items had been asked in advance to mail their recipes to the chairman. The recipes were then compiled into a cookbook which was sold at the tea.

The other project was put on by our own Congregational Church by the Women's Fellowship. It was a guest day tea and took the place of our usual silent bazaar dinner when the women of the church give additional checks to aid in the work of the church. Such a marvelous program had been planned that we wanted to share with friends outside our own congregation that it was turned into a guest day function. Of course, only church members made money donations. The speaker was Mrs. Winton Znerold, a well-known decorator and antique collector from Des Moines, and the title of her program was "Let's Frame It". She illustrated her talk with a spectacular collection of framed objects. In her opinion, you can frame *anything* so long as you make sure the background material is compatible with the item to be framed, keep the frame in the same mood as the article and make sure that the item is fastened securely. She displayed children's toys, casserole lids, belt buckles, quilt blocks, button hooks, and many unusual items, all beautifully framed. Mrs. Znerold has other interesting hobbies which make excellent program topics, so perhaps we'll be able to

have her speak to us again in the future.

Have any members of your family been shut in with this vicious flu bug which has hit our country? So far we in Shenandoah have missed it, but Juliana, Jed and little James had a terrific bout with it. Juliana was down for a couple of weeks, but she is feeling fine now. Some of our friends here in town have been quite sick with some sort of virus, but I don't know that it was the Hong Kong variety. At any rate, we're keeping our fingers crossed that it doesn't strike our family. Everyone has been advised to get plenty of rest and to avoid crowds, and that is just what we are trying to do. It isn't so pleasant to be out and about in this weather anyway!

This is the time of year that I like to keep busy with little odd jobs in the house. I've been sorting through drawers, closets and boxes of this and that. I've come across a few little things to take to a little girl across the street who just had a tonsillectomy and will have to stay inside for a while. I've been recalling some of the things I used to dream up for Martin to do to pass the time away when he had to stay in bed. Actually, I think it would be easier to entertain a little girl than a little boy what with dolls and paper dolls and the like, which are quiet activities, but it is no easy task to keep *any* child down for long.

I talked to sister Dorothy over the weekend. She has been shut in too. Her sewing machine has been humming along these cold winter snow-bound days. The highlight of her day is mail time to see if there is a letter from Kristin, and always her biggest hope is that it will contain pictures of her newest little grandson, Aaron John. When the first ones arrived, we were all of the opinion that he looked very much like his mother. Indeed, the one we selected for the cover of this issue brings out the similarity most of all. If you were a subscriber back in 1943 and saw the first pictures of Kristin, perhaps you notice this too. No doubt Dorothy will have new pictures in her purse the next time she comes to Shenandoah and we'll see if we're still of the same opinion.

My! how the time has flown since I sat down to write to you. Mother just called and asked if I would have a bite of lunch with them — that Ruby had set a place for me at the table — so I must bring this to a close. She reminded me to take all caution with the ice, but I don't need a reminder for that as we've had ice for so long that we wonder how it will seem to walk on good solid ground again!

Sincerely,
Margery

Brotherhood Begins at Home

A Program for Brotherhood Week

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Setting: Arrange a grouping of a few home objects, such as a work basket, child's book, a Bible, a baseball glove, and a dish towel, in front of five unlighted tapers in candleholders.

Quiet Music: "When There's Love at Home", "Happy the Home When Love Is There", or some similar musical number.

Leader:

I have a brother I have never seen,
A brother I would not know where to find.

I do not know his name, or what may mean

The words he uses to express his mind.

I do not know the color of his face.
Or what the work in which he shares a part.

I do not know his country or his race,
Or to what banner he has pledged his heart.

And yet he is my brother. We were born
To share the selfsame earth, each in his way,

To look upon the same sun morn after morn,

Join in life's common labor day by day.
We have not met, but if we ever should
I hope each of us will understand

The other in the bond of brotherhood,
Each with the grasping of a friendly hand.

—Church bulletin

Scriptures: (Read responsively by two readers):

A friend loves at all times.

Love never ends.

Love is patient and kind; love is not jealous or boastful.

Whoever loves discipline loves knowledge, but he who hates reproof is stupid.

Even a child is known by his deeds.

Behold, how good it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

If an alien settles beside you in your land, you must not injure him; the alien who settles beside you shall be treated like a native, and you must love him as yourself.

Which of these three, do you think,

proved neighbor to the man who fell among the robbers? . . . The one who showed mercy on him.

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He has anointed me to preach good news to the poor. He has sent me to proclaim release to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty those who are oppressed.

We are all a part of the family of God, for Jesus said, "For whoever does the will of my father in heaven is my brother, and sister, and mother."

Therefore treat one another as brothers, in God's honor, just as Christ has treated you.

I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.

Leader: "If I can stop one heart from breaking, I shall not live in vain; If I can ease one life from aching, or cool one pain, or help one fainting robin unto his nest again, I shall not live in vain."

—Dickinson

Prayer: Hear us, our Father. We know that wilt hear us; nor need our voices ascend far away. Thou art around us, within us, and near us. Thou wilt attend when we earnestly pray.

Love us, our Father. Make us also to love; we are Thy children, we turn unto Thee; for all around us, within us, above us, proof of Thine infinite kindness we see.

Teach us, our Father. We know Thou can teach us. We are so weak, and Thou art so strong; Almighty Power, that made us and keeps us, guide us in love to right what is wrong! Amen

Leader: May each of us this day, and everyday, make someone sure that there is love in the world.

First Speaker: We all cry out that we must have brotherhood. It is a question of unequaled importance today. But how? Where does world brotherhood begin?

In a very significant sense, brotherhood begins at home! It begins in the expressions of love and understanding within that home. It begins with recognizing the little differences, the faults,

the virtues of the loved ones in the home circle. As parents we have the power to plant the seeds of brotherhood unlimited, and to nurture them into growth and fruition in the home, and so in the community and all that touches that home.

We can help a child see that there are two sides to a question.

We can help him to see the basic values in the personalities of his own family, and of his friends and neighbors, and to appreciate their traditions, regardless of income, race, or creed.

Table talk, comments made upon neighborhood news, family worship, family attitudes, our interpretation of the daily news — these are the "little things" that have such a big impact on what our child learns about brotherhood.

Brotherhood is a word we often use glibly without proper attention to its real meaning. If we love our neighbor, we will not just tolerate him or merely acknowledge his existence. We will be concerned about his welfare, his family, his dreams, and his ambitions — if we love him as much as we love ourselves! His problems will become our problems, his joys our joys, his needs our needs. And our children will see brotherhood in real living, not just in pretty phrases!

We cannot truly love other people if we think ugly things about them, or if we feel superior to them, or resent them and the change they might bring to our lives. We must have kindness of thought, first, before there comes kindness in deed.

Love is powerful! Love can fashion the spirit of everything we say or do; it can open doors, shed light upon darkness, bring comfort and strength, lead to understanding. Love is the key to brotherhood; without love, brotherhood becomes merely a word. How will our children see brotherhood in us?

Leader: THESE THINGS SHALL BE: a loftier race than e'er the world hath known shall rise with flame of freedom in their souls and light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong, to spill no drop of blood, but dare all that may plant man's lordship firm on earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land, inarmed shall live as comrades free, in every heart and brain shall throb the pulse of one fraternity.

Of all the gifts our God bestows, the greatest gift we humans know, the sweetest joy, the highest good of life itself is brotherhood.

True brotherhood is comradeship of heart and soul and life and lip; true
(Continued on page 21)

FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

"Will you be my valentine?" How that little question used to send me into a state of mild shock! I wonder at what point we adults lose interest in Valentine's Day? As a child it meant so much to me, and there were all kinds of little secret preparations with scissors, paper, and paste. Remember how we would give valentines to our favorite friends, and remember how hurt we would be if we were not included on someone's list of friends?

My mother taught me a lesson about valentines that has been an important factor in my adult behavior. She said: "It is far better for you to give a valentine to every member of the class, than for you to run the risk of causing unhappiness for a single person!" How many times in life I have followed some variation of that teaching! It is better to go to the expense of including everyone, than it is to pay the price of hurting a single one!

What do you suppose is the true value of a valentine? As I sit here now thinking about it, the true value would seem to lie in the need that each of us has to be appreciated. One of the most essential human needs is the need to be appreciated. We all need to know that there is someone who cares about us. Only recently I observed a good example of this in the life of a little black boy who uses the recreation center that our church provides for the children of the neighborhood. When that little boy first started coming to the recreation center, he would never speak to anyone, he would never smile, and he would never respond to overtures of friendship. Then one day I saw the boy playing a game of ping-pong, and I went out of my way to congratulate him every time he made a good point. For the first time he smiled! That was our cue to his need, and soon the entire church staff was going out of its way to find opportunities to pat that little boy on the back in one way or another. With just a few weeks of that kind of treatment, there was a big change in the boy's personality, and now he smiles, and laughs, and jokes, and joins in the fun just like anyone else. All he needed was for someone to show a little appreciation.

Incidentally, showing appreciation has its dangers too. No one knows this better than a clergyman. As a group, we clergymen are blessed with unusual opportunities to be helpful to other people, and as a result, we give people a great many opportunities to express appreciation. For example:



A new picture of Frederick and his family, taken at Christmas.

when a good sermon has been well received by a large congregation of hundreds of people, there will be many of those people who will tell the preacher what a splendid sermon it was. This can be very dangerous! Too many ministers hear too many nice things said to them too often, and as a result, they are not prepared to hear the necessary corrective of negative reactions and criticism. If a man is an inspired preacher, and if he repeatedly preaches great sermons, and if people continually thank him and even praise him, he is not prepared for the necessary criticism when it comes. A clergyman is human, and he needs to be appreciated just as much as anyone else, but you do your clergyman no favor when you give him nothing but appreciation. Once in a while give him the proverbial "kick in the seat of the pants"; it will do him good.

Some years ago my cousin Philip Field and I attended church together. The church had a rather famous preacher, and as Philip and I stood in line waiting to shake hands with the man, we could hear all the people ahead of us saying: "Thank you sir!" "That was a great sermon, sir." "Oh but you were simply wonderful today, sir." etc. etc. etc. To each person the famous preacher replied: "Thank you very much! You are very kind to say so." Well, Philip decided to test the man's humility, and when it was his turn to shake hands with the preacher, he said: "It was very hot and uncomfortable in church today!" You guessed it! The preacher smiled and gushed: "Oh thank you very much! You are very kind to say so!" See what I mean? That is what happens to men who hear too many nice things said to them.

Many times I have told you about my teaching at a local college. Since I

never take a day off from my church work except during my summer vacation, I find my recreation and change of scene by teaching at American International College three noon hours a week. Nothing makes me happier than to be working with young people, and my work at the college is so rewarding! Although we have two thousand students on the campus, we don't have more than a dozen or so boys with the long, to-the-shoulders hippie hair. Since most colleges the size of ours would have at least a couple of hundred long-haired boys, we frequently are asked the secret of our better looking and neater student body. The answer has to do with the background and educational motivation of the students. Most of our students are on work scholarships of one kind or another, and they are in college to get prepared for a good job in later life. Long-haired boys cannot get jobs in business or industry! Indeed, they cannot get good teaching positions either. If you have some boy in your family whose long hair makes him look more like a girl than a boy, don't get too upset about it. He will have to cut his hair to get a job. The only thing that need upset you is the strength of his motivation for a job.

Recently I heard a college president say to the members of his student body: "One thing you must remember. You asked to come to this college. We did not ask you! If you do not like the way things are run here, then we invite you to go to some other school. This is a free country, and you are free to leave this college any time you wish." Of course every college administration is anxious to have a happy student body, and where there are serious reasons for student unrest and unhappiness, a college administration would be most unwise to be unsympathetic to student suggestions for improvement. At the same time, it behooves a student to investigate a college or university quite carefully before asking to attend it. The best possible demonstration of protest is for students of leave a college! That is why I am so quick to say to an obnoxious protestor: "Why don't you leave, if you don't like the way your college is run?"

It is my personal opinion that one of the big problems in the management of the state schools in California is the "No tuition policy". I don't think there should be any institutions of higher learning with a "No tuition policy". Higher education is a privilege not a right, and when young people have no appreciation of its cost, they get much less good out of it. I think it is right for taxpayers to

(Continued on page 22)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This has been one of those funny winter days when the sun shines brightly one minute and five minutes later it is snowing. I was glad to see this last snowstorm — actually what you might call our first real snow this winter — because it has made it much easier to get around outdoors. Before it came we had a freezing rain and navigation on a glare of ice an inch thick is practically impossible. There was nothing I had to go outside for, but I certainly spent a lot of time watching Frank from the windows. I was afraid he might fall and break a leg or a hip and need help immediately.

Frank and I enjoyed a lovely holiday season this year marred only by the fact that Kristin and her family were unable to be with us. With a brand-new little baby it was out of the question for them to travel this far. In fact, we don't expect them to spend Christmas in Iowa any more. Travelling on the highways today is dangerous enough even with the most ideal weather conditions, but in the winter with the added hazards of ice and snow, the long trip with two children is too nerve-wracking for all of us. Since they don't get to our house very often we would rather they come during the summer when they can get outside and enjoy the farm. I look at Christmastime in another way too. Through the years when children are growing up every home and family should build their own customs and traditions for celebrating Christmas. These are the things children never forget and they draw a family closer together. Kristin has her own home and family now and although we know she has a few pangs of homesickness on Christmas Eve, just as Frank and I do, a telephone call helps alleviate them. We know she is carrying out our old family traditions and helping her children form happy memories of home.

We had never visited Frank's sister Ruth and her family in Kansas City during the holidays because it always seemed simpler for them to come here. In the wintertime, with stock to feed and tank heaters to keep going, it is almost impossible for Frank to get away. It had gotten to the place where we just *expected* Ruth to come here. This year Bernie and I got our heads



Andy thought he should look at the camera, but he couldn't take his eyes off his new baby brother! Did you ever see a prouder expression on any little boy's face?

together and decided we would put a little pressure on Frank and see if we couldn't make Ruth's Christmas a surprisingly happy one by spending a day with her family. We began watching the long-range weather forecasts and decided we would play it safe and pick a Sunday two weeks in advance of Christmas. It was a good thing we did because we made our trip on the last nice Sunday in December.

We notified Ruth we were coming and they decorated their house a little early. When we arrived the tree was lighted, beautiful Christmas music was playing on the stereo, and a fire was burning in the fireplace. I don't know when we have spent a more enjoyable day with this branch of our family. As we walked through our own back door that night, the phone was ringing and it was Ruth just calling to tell us how happy we had made them, and this in turn made our own holiday season more meaningful.

Bernie and I both knew there was nothing we could take to Ruth that would be more appreciated than some of the baked goodies she likes and associates with Christmas in our homes. For several days before we went we baked various nutbreads, cookies, cakes, and several varieties of candy and stuffed dates. This was something all of them could enjoy, and Ruth said our car was barely out of sight before they had opened and sampled everything.

The dates I was in Shenandoah to address the magazine permitted me to share in some of the Driftmier festivities. The date we have our Johnson Christmas dinner and gift exchange, now that we have no children around, can be any day between Christmas and

New Year's while the tree is still up, depending on road conditions. This year it was the Sunday after Christmas. In our family we believe in giving practical gifts, or items that we really need or want. When we get together for Thanksgiving everyone makes out a Christmas list to give the others several things to choose from. In this loving family where everyone prefers to give than to receive I sometimes think this isn't a good idea because you always end up with everything you had on your list plus a few surprises! Frank gave me a beautiful new coat and a wrist watch, both of which were needed but not anticipated.

I am looking forward to my sewing projects when I will make up some beautiful material I received using my new electric scissors and sleeve board. While I sew I will listen to the transistor radio Ruby gave me. I got many other lovely and useful things and feel very fortunate.

Kristin's husband Art kept his promise to me and we have received a lot of good pictures of little Aaron. We were so happy they came in time to share some of them with you in this issue. It is hard to tell from baby pictures who a child resembles most, but when I got out some of Kristin's baby pictures taken at the same age I was amazed at how much they looked alike. To me Andy has always looked like Art, and even more so as he gets older. But I think maybe Aaron is going to have more of Kristin's features. Andy certainly seems to be pleased with his baby brother. Kristin writes that he will drop everything and run to look at him in his basket about every 15 minutes.

So far our family has seemed to escape this new flu virus that is going around, but we are keeping our fingers crossed. Kristin isn't taking the children out except when it is absolutely necessary because there is so much illness in Laramie.

Last year four men from Kanawha, Iowa, stopped at our farm the last day of deer season and asked for permission to hunt on our land. Frank heard from them early in the fall when they wrote to see if he would permit them to come back again this year. They also invited us to their farms to hunt pheasant, an invitation we couldn't accept because we were in the midst of corn picking. Frank answered their letter with an invitation to come ahead.

When Frank came back to the house about 9:00 o'clock the first morning of deer season, I kidded him about "freezing out", but he assured me that he already had his deer and had just come to get the tractor and trailer to haul it home. We were sorry the out-of-town

(Continued on page 23)

Somewhere My Love



For Valentine's Day

by

Virginia Thomas

What could be more romantic than to take the song from a popular movie to set the theme for a Valentine Party? The sheet music might become part of the decorations.

Decorations and favors can be high boots made from shiny red or black shelf paper or oilcloth. Sewing or pasting two miniature boots together would produce an appropriate nut cup. Decorate the side of the boot with a cutout heart-shaped musical note.

Miniature ice skaters (pipe cleaner bodies costumed in scraps of material) on a mirror pond or snow scenes would make appropriate table decorations for this party. Or how about a fur hat filled with cotton or foam snowballs?

If you have a large arch or doorway or chandelier which calls for a hanging decoration, shape a wire coat hanger to heart shape. Wrap with white paper or ribbon. Gather a ruffle of white "Lacelon" gift ribbon (about three inch width) and tack it to the wire heart frame. Attach tiny clusters of artificial red rosebuds here and there around the heart. From the center suspend a pair of the boots, mentioned above, by narrow ribbon streamers, along with a musical note or two shaped from red pipe cleaners.

ENTERTAINMENT:

Cupid's Arrow: Suspend five cardboard hearts on strings of graduated lengths from a doorway. Have one heart numbered "5", another "10", on up to "25". These will indicate points earned. Each player stands a certain distance from the doorway, and using a paper arrow, folded from a sheet of paper as you did in school, tries to shoot one of the hearts hard enough to make it move. Allow each player five or ten trials. Add score, using the numbers on the hearts that are hit.

Hearty Mixer: Have ready paper hearts, on each of which is written some word suggestive of the Valentine season, such as Cupid, Courtship, Marriage, Rice, Wedding Bell, etc. One heart is pinned to the back of each guest, and the guests then allowed ten minutes to learn what their own label is. They may ask only those questions of the other guests which can be an-

swered "yes" or "no".

Rhyming Hearts: The players are seated in a circle and the first player says to the one on his left, "Where is your heart?" The neighbor replies with any answer he pleases, such as, "Oh, I threw it in the river." The person who asked the question must then add a line which rhymes, as "To hear it makes my own heart quiver." Then the one who gave the first line to the jingle now asks the question "Where is your heart?" of his neighbor, and so the game goes around the circle. The more nonsensical the rhyme, the funnier for all.

Heart Hustle: Have hearts hidden about the room. When time to play the game, have someone play sentimental songs on the piano or record player. Players form a circle and march around to music. When music stops abruptly, each must hunt a heart and dash back to the circle before the music starts. Those players who haven't found a heart are eliminated from the game. The person who is the best hunter and remains in the game the longest, wins. The person managing the music will have to judge how long to allow for hunting the hearts, as it will get more and more difficult to find them as game progresses.

United Nation Sweethearts: Give players pencils and paper and have them number the page to ten. Play on the piano or record player love songs from ten different countries. The object is for each player to listen as the song is played for a few seconds and then write down opposite its number who the "sweetheart" would be. For example, you might play "Indian Love Call", "Hawaiian Love Song", "Kathleen Mavourneen", "Annie Laurie" with answers being Indian maid, Hawaiian, Irish, Scottish, and so on, as the songs would indicate.

Choosing Partners: Played somewhat like "Going to Jerusalem". The hostess has ready a pretty heart frame, covered with paper flowers. An old sheet is hung across a doorway, which has a hole cut in it at head height. The heart is suspended in the doorway as it frames the hole. The men take turns standing in front of the sheet, while in the other room the girls march by the doorway to music of some love song. When the music stops the girl whose face is framed in the doorway becomes partner of the man who is waiting.



The American Way



"The Citizens of the United States of America have a right to applaud themselves for having given to mankind examples of an enlarged and liberal policy; a policy worthy of imitation.

"All possess alike liberty of conscience and immunities of citizenship.

"It is now no more toleration is spoken of as if it was by the indulgence of one class of people, that another enjoyed the exercise of their inherent natural rights.

"For happily the government of the United States, which gives to bigotry no sanction, to persecution no assistance, requires only that they who live under its protection, should demean themselves as good citizens, in giving it on all occasions their effectual support."

—George Washington



"It is not merely for today, but for all time to come that we should perpetuate for our children's children that great and free government which we have enjoyed all our lives. I beg you to remember this, not merely for my sake, but for yours, I happen, temporarily, to occupy the White House. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has. It is in order that each one of you may have, through this free government, an open field and a fair chance for your industry, enterprise, and intelligence, that you may all have equal privileges in the race of life, with all its desirable human aspirations . . . The nation is worth fighting for to secure such an inestimable jewel."

—Abraham Lincoln

A HOBBY OF DO-IT-YOURSELF LIVING

by
Evelyn Cason

Jack Vorhies, of Elwood, Kansas, has never been one for sitting with his hands folded and his mind running along in slow gear. Not when he was in his teens, and walked a mile to and from the Ohio country school which he later taught. Certainly not when he retired at the compulsory age of sixty-two, after thirty-three years as a mail clerk. And not during World War II, when the family moved to San Francisco and he did his part to alleviate the manpower shortage by acting as resident manager of the apartment house where they lived, retiring for the second time after the war was over. Having just recently attained the important milestone of his ninety-second birthday, he thinks it has become too late to acquire such a policy now.

Though Jack's life is especially a lesson in retirement, it has a message for each of us. His youthful spirit and zest for living are matched by an appearance by which strangers consistently judge him to be twenty years younger. And all of these characteristics are fostered by his belief that life is for enjoying, and his desire to help others do so as well. People and living are two of Jack's favorite hobbies; for this reason, he has shared another of his unusual pastimes for others to enjoy, either in participation or as a spectator sport.

Jack modestly claims he is no artist. But what could *you* do with a penknife, an old razor blade, used greeting cards, and a piece of four-ply cardboard? With these, plus an active imagination and certainly a moderate amount of talent, Jack creates a bas-relief type of sculpture which has been displayed at the annual Midland Empire Fall Arts Festival in St. Joseph, Missouri, as well as at hobby shows held at the Senior Center of Glide Memorial Church in San Francisco.

When he was attending school, and later during his teaching years, Jack became interested in the Spencerian method of handwriting. (This is the type of penmanship once so popular for diplomas and award certificates, featuring fancy flourishes and swirled curlicues to create picturesque works of art.) As Jack practiced these flourishes, he became intrigued with the effect. Bit by bit, he innovated touches of his own with the use of razor blade and sharp penknife. The pictures he made in the early 1900's were his original idea. In time he forgot them until he revived the art for the hobby show of the Glide Senior Center, a group which he had helped found.



Cake decorating is an interesting hobby, and if it happens to be yours, you'll appreciate the intricate work on this cake typewriter given to Mother, Leanna Driftmier.

A mat for a picture is made of four-ply cardboard, 8" x 10", or any suitable shape to fit his subject. He chooses a design, figure, or attractive scene from old greeting cards, selecting and arranging according to, imagination and mood. Perhaps the featured object on a picture may be a bird, a flower, or a silhouette. A rose, for instance, is centered on the mat and pasted there. Using knife and razor blade, Jack carves around the rose's edge to give it a three-dimensional, raised petal effect. Other designs are added on the mat to create a balanced picture, and pen-and-ink swirls are fashioned into an eye-catching scene. He strives for naturalness in his pictures, etching the rose into an appearance of petals, or raising figures of birds to give an illusion of flight.

One original picture Jack made is a pen-and-ink drawing of the Cross. The Cross is outlined in blue ink, and the background is delicately done in pen-and-ink spatters, setting off the pure-white Cross in attractive design. Above the Cross on one side he has carved the figure of a dove; the other side holds the picture of an open book, which bears the date 1899.

When Jack was preparing his display for the Hobby Center, he didn't want the expense of frames for all the pictures. Searching back in memory, he revived another old art. As a boy, he had often rolled lamplighters from newspapers for his mother. He borrowed the same method to roll tubes from colorfully slick pages torn from magazines. When the fingers are moistened, these roll easily into tubes. Pasting one on each side of the mat and mitering the corners, he attractively and inexpensively frames his pictures. He can also mount several pictures — four, five, or six — on a much larger piece of cardboard, and have a single display of the cleverly framed pictures arranged for their best

effect.

For his own use, Jack devised a tool to hold the single-edge blade for easier manipulation, and its rather primitive appearance has been described by a friend as the first safety razor. When razor or penknife are carefully inserted to raise the edge of the figure, the outer edges are outlined with small arrow-shaped designs. As for the other materials needed for the picture, the cardboard is easily obtained, and he hoards old gift cards too attractive to be discarded.

Branching even further afield with his hobby, Jack has created "instant posters" which he once used to accompany humorous talks at Senior Center meetings. These are done in charcoal or colored chalk on large sheets. Using the broad charcoal and sweeping flourishes, he can make an illustration for his point in an unbelievably short time. One, featuring the dove, he had timed to do in one minute; others took from four to eight minutes. These accompaniments for improvised "chalk-talks" are limited only by the amount of imagination and practice a speaker cares to put into his efforts.

Jack kept busy after his second retirement, primarily with his pet project at the Senior Center. He returned to Elwood in 1962. Though his leisure hours have been well earned, he retains an active hand in many pies to make certain he does not go stale. Speaking of pies, he is also an outstanding cook, and his small garden in Elwood has produced Blue Ribbon tomatoes, with seventy pounds at one picking his prize boast in a recent year.

Though his health continues generally to equal or surpass that of a much younger person, he was temporarily grounded three years ago when he fell in the kitchen and broke his hip. The injury healed without complication, and he progressed through wheel chair, crutches, and with determination, to a cane — when he doesn't forget to carry it.

Jack does have one regret. His display at the Art Festival, later newspaper accounts of his hobby, and personal demonstrations of his work, have aroused interest and resulted in mail inquiries from interested parties. Since his injury, he has tried, but finds that he is unable to keep up with this correspondence.

But with friends, family, and local fellow-hobbyists, he continues to enjoy — and display — the frame of mind and work of art which are by-products of Jack's Do-It-Yourself living philosophy.

The first thing to save for your old age is you.

An Old-Fashioned Clock

by
Elaine Derendinger



One of the pleasant sounds absent from most modern homes is the striking of a clock. Even the ticking had a peaceful, eternal sound. (Unless, of course, you forgot to wind it!)

Recently, my parents gave me the clock that used to strike the hours in my childhood. The children love the sound of its tick and the "bong" of the strike, and take pride in keeping it wound at exactly the same time each day. I love to hear its pretty, musical sound; I know what time it is without looking, and it takes me back . . .

When the clock struck 5 a.m. in winter, my mother got up and started the fire, then returned to bed until it struck six and the kitchen would be warmed up a bit. (I don't know why, but in our neighborhood the mothers I knew started the fires.)

I always woke up when the clock struck six and how nice it was to turn over, knowing I did not have to get up until seven. (In summer I could often manage to stay in bed even later.)

I didn't really notice the striking of the clock during the day. One becomes so accustomed to a sound that it isn't really heard at all. But at night, almost as soon as we were settled down under the covers, the clock struck nine or 9:30 unless there had been company. If by chance we lay awake, the striking of the clock seemed like a companion or like a nuisance, depending on our mood.

A ticking clock can be a lot of company — sometimes one's only company. One woman I know used to work at night and her only companion was a large upright Seth Thomas clock ticking away beside her. When she glanced at it, its face always seemed to be smiling and she thought of it affectionately as "Old Seth".

Sometimes a ticking clock can be almost too much company! Another woman had a father who collected clocks and owned a half-dozen or so. He was never able to get them all to strike at once. When his children came to visit, they quietly and stealthily stopped the clocks so they could get some sleep at night. (One contrary clock struck 12 on every hour — including 12.)

The very first clocks were handmade

and, of course, too expensive for the average family. But in the middle 1800's a couple of thrifty Connecticut Yankees introduced assembly-line methods to produce more clocks in less time, and soon, happily, almost any family who wished could have a clock.

Clocks for wedding gifts were chosen with special loving care because they were expected to last a lifetime, and usually did. Sometimes if there was an extra clock in the family, this was handed down to the bride or groom and carried carefully to the new home, often by buggy, and without losing a tick.

Clocks have a way of being almost human. We have heard of someone's dying at a certain hour, and the clock's stopping at that hour. Perhaps that was its hour to be wound by the one who died. Or maybe a clock can become so attached to its owner that it does not wish to go on ticking without him!

I know a woman whose old clock runs smoothly and accurately as long as she winds it. But let her husband try winding it and it simply stops in stubbornness!

It can be a sort of ritual — winding the clock. My grandfather, for instance, at the same time each day would suddenly rouse from his nap in the rocker, tap the ashes from his pipe, refill and relight it, then rise, yawn, walk to the mantel, open the door of the clock, take out the key, and slowly wind it exactly the same number of turns each day.

Usually, unless the man of the family was talented in this respect, he didn't tinker with the big clock on the mantel. However, the small alarm clock that sat by the bed was another matter. These weren't expected to sound their alarms for a lifetime, and Father could afford to tinker with it when it began to act up. To a child's eyes it was an absolute miracle when all these wheels and springs fit back into place like an intricate puzzle, and the clock told time again.

Few folks today have the knack of repairing clocks — it's as if no one wanted to take the time necessary to fix them. One man in our town of 8,000

repairs clocks and is always busy. With the renewed interest in antiques, there are now clocks ticking on almost every street.

Somehow, time does not seem to go as fast on an old-fashioned clock that ticks. The ticking has a slowing-soothing effect and there is no second hand rushing madly around. A ticking, striking clock has a dignity that makes Time seem eternal. It makes us realize in its measured way that Time has always been and will always be.

STASHED-AWAY STUFF

by
Sophie Tanski

An item I read recently said: "Every household needs the services of a disinterested expert to discard towels, handkerchiefs, socks, et cetera, that have outlived their usefulness."

How true, I thought, but my household needs another *disinterested* expert . . . one to trash hoarded articles such as letters, magazines, clippings, newspapers, and the like.

However, since the cost of such a specialist (had I been able to locate one) would probably have disrupted my balky budget, and since the miscellaneous junk was filling our house so we could hardly squeeze in, I decided a do-it-myself project was in order.

Consequently, I went on a rampage. I dived into drawers, dug into boxes, pried into suitcases, rummaged through cupboards, explored Fibber McGee closets. I plowed through old files, re-read letters, clippings and school notebooks; scanned ancient dailies and periodicals. In fact, I overhauled the house from attic to basement.

The subsequent turmoil would have done credit to any great-grandmother in charge of an old-fashioned housecleaning when everything was topsy-turvy for weeks while the place was renovated.

I truly strove for victory in this battle against stashed-away stuff, with the thought to throw out, burn up, get rid of things, in order to change bulging chaos into spacious orderliness.

Somehow, though, the discard piles were pitifully small. And I confess my assorted paper collections are still very obvious.

You see, woman-like, I had overlooked the overwhelming importance of that word . . . *disinterested*!

FIND OUT

Not to know is no disgrace,
Not to want to know is a pity,
But to want to know and not know how
to find out,
Is almost a tragedy . . .

—James W. Lynn

ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE

by

Evelyn Birkby

One of the advantages of college comes with the opportunity to meet all kinds of people.

If I were asked to choose my most interesting class in school I could answer quickly — it was a speech class I attended during college days in Chicago. The days brought experiences which will never be forgotten, tucked away in memory's compartment marked, "To treasure!" Mr. Bloxom was our instructor and very well versed in the art of bringing from his students their best work. We enjoyed studying with him, and we enjoyed getting to know much about each other. A speech class is a perfect setting for sharing and learning about the lives of others.

Dick was one of my classmates in Mr. Bloxom's class. He had come from California via a long stint in the service. He had served with the 34th division through the Sicilian and Italian campaigns. Many of his fellow soldiers had been killed during rugged fighting. (If you know the history of the 34th division you know this is an understatement!)

In one of the speeches Dick made he told about his parents. They had, at one time, owned a little vegetable farm in California, but during the war it had been taken from them and they had been sent to one of the detention camps in the desert. Here they had done the best they could with what was around them. They even made articles of beauty out of sagebrush and cacti which were the only plants which grew in the desert.

Dick showed no bitterness in his telling of the treatment of his parents, who were both naturalized citizens of the United States. Dick's last name? It was Hayashi. He was a Nisei.

Peter Poppinoff didn't talk much about his parents, but it was obvious he was proud of them. He talked about the Poland from which his father had come, determined that his children would have the education which he had been denied in the old country.

"One day, quite by accident, I stopped at a magazine stand on a busy street corner and there was Peter.

"Well! Hi, Peter!" I greeted him.

Peter looked at me a bit uncertainly and shyly at first, then he said, "Hello. I'm watching the stand today for my father. He has been sick."

From then on, as long as I lived in Chicago, I bought my newspapers and magazines from Mr. Poppinoff. One day we were, as usual, talking about his son, Peter. Mr. Poppinoff's eyes sparkled. In his Polish accent he spoke.



Two of the classmates Evelyn found so interesting during her college days in Chicago. The man on the right is Dr. Dryden Phelps, a missionary who had served a number of years in China.

"I'm mighty proud of my boy. He is going to have a college education. He is going to have a chance to be more than a newsstand man like me. And I'm glad he can go to school and have friends like you."

I revelled in the glow of that remark for many days. Of such is the coin of true friendship.

John Smith was tall and lean and conscientiously dedicated to the work in our class. He had a small church which he served faithfully as a student minister while continuing his education. His talks were filled with humor and pathos. He showed us a side of city living which few of us had ever experienced.

One day John told us of the conditions in which some of his parishioners lived in the slum area of the city. In a small garage lived two sisters. Their husbands were both serving in the army overseas. With their six children they lived in this place without electricity or running water.

One evening John received a frantic call from one of the young mothers. Her baby had been bitten by a rat. It was a vivid story John shared with us as he told of his hurried trip to the garage-home and then on to the hospital. No one in the class had to ask why the mothers and their children lived in such a place. We knew that

MEMORIES OF MOLLY

In a pleasant corner of this pleasant town,

In a spot so jolly, where we once sat down

For a cup of coffee or a spot of tea,
And a bit of sweetness while the talk flowed free;

Always life was stirring — maybe cake or pie.

And wherever she may locate,
On whatever block or street,
There will always be some coffee,
love, and a bite to eat.

—Mary Kurtz

people of their race were restricted to certain areas where they could find living space.

Dryden was older than most of us in the speech class. His talks could well be classified as the most interesting. He had been a missionary to China before that country had been closed to "outsiders". Dryden's stories of China and its people were fascinating. He brought us a picture of poverty and lack of education which opened our minds to a deeper realization of the needs and problems in the life of that troubled county.

And then there was Herman who lived in the section of Chicago near Halstead street. Here tourists wandered on a Sunday for a "colorful" experience and perhaps a bargain or two. The people, the small booths, the trading and bartering which went on, was a picture of old-world immigrant culture.

Herman was intent, as was Peter, in getting his education so that he could leave this narrow street and become something more than just a clerk in his father's store. He was a young man who was full of enthusiasm and exuberance and was working hard to make a worthwhile life for himself.

One day I was guiding a group of young people down Halstead Street. (While I was in school I worked at the Chicago Temple, one of the city churches.) My group was looking at the markets and stores when suddenly, out of one of the buildings, bounded Herman. He grasped my hand and bubbling over with happiness said, "You are the first of my classmates to come see me. It was so nice of you to come!" He talked to the church young people and gave them a behind-the-scene report on the life of Halstead Street.

Many times after that day Herman talked to me of his dreams and hopes to become an engineer. Out of the struggles of his parents and his own willingness to work hard he was making stepping stones to greater heights.

There were a number of us in the class who were just ordinary, run-of-the-mill folks. We felt deeply humble in the face of the experiences and trials of our classmates. As we sat in the classroom, or gathered at International House for a cup of coffee, or walked down the street to the city transportation lines where we went our separate ways, we knew we were fortunate to attend college with people of different backgrounds and attitudes.

The world is far more exciting because it includes all kinds of people. If everyone were just like everyone else it would be a mighty dull place in which to live!

□ □ □

MARY BETH ENTERTAINS

Dear Friends:

I have just tucked a chunk of beef into a pot and in a couple of hours we'll have a roast complete with carrots, onions and potatoes. After what seemed like an interminable length of time I have finally got my pantry shelves stocked with staples. I allowed many of these things to run out before our move last summer, and it seemed as though I was forever half-way launched through a recipe when I discovered one or two items on the list of ingredients missing.

Have I told you that I entertained my girls "chat" club in December? This was a group of us girls who started out fifteen years ago as new brides to entertain ourselves with an afternoon of bridge. It has since been torn apart by General Motors Corporation company transfers, so when we moved back there were only two of the original girls left. The group has been reorganized, however, with the wives of General Motors employees. They invited me to rejoin the group, but I call it a "chat" group which it has become with less and less emphasis on bridge. This is a fortunate turn of events for me because I played no bridge whatsoever in the nearly nine years we were in Milwaukee, so I'm not much of a player any more. To be perfectly honest, it doesn't interest me. So it was with considerable reluctance that I rejoined the group, but it has become a gourmet luncheon-and-chat club, so my problem has been solved.

When my turn arrived to entertain them in December I made Quiche Lorraine, which is the Swiss cheese and egg pie I've used over and over in Milwaukee. With this I arranged a beautiful orange salad, which, from a color standpoint, made a beautiful contrast with the yellow pie. The salad is composed of mandarin oranges, grapefruit sections and preserved kumquats, halved and, I might add, seeded. Dessert was a meringue torte covered with whipped cream into which had been folded crushed English toffee candy bars. It was very rich but very good. I added one leaf to the dining room table and served the guests easily in our roomy dining room. I still can't get over the size of this room. Don and I entertained our Anderson family at Thanksgiving time, and we extended the table so far that it required two tablecloths to cover it, but there was no feeling of crowding. These big old houses have many virtues along with their difficulties.

Since I wrote you last we have had the plaster repaired in the den-library-family room. Now it remains for us to



Adrienne Driftmier, Donald's and Mary Beth's youngest child.

prime-paint this small area and commence with the larger task of painting the ceiling and walls of the room. There are floor-to-ceiling bookshelves in this room, so we have all of our books in one place instead of spread out all over the house. We even have a flat magazine rack in our bedroom on Don's side of the bed where we can keep our in-bed reading material. This is a great advancement from the piles and piles of books and magazines that used to accumulate on both sides of our bed in the houses we have lived in formerly. The doctor who lived here before us apparently kept his medical magazines and reports in the rack and it is of ample size for holding weeks and weeks of magazines and small books.

Katharine has been learning to print in her shop class, which she is taking with twelve boys and four girls. The year is broken into thirds, during which time they all take a period of cooking and sewing, another of shop, and the final third of music. Well, in cooking class she demonstrated her ability for her final grade requirement by preparing a Caesar salad, which everyone in the class sampled and thought delicious. In sewing class she made a beautiful sheer wool A-line skirt which was fully lined. The boys made vests and upon their success I cannot attest, but I know Katharine is proud of her skirt and she earned a commendable grade. In classes previous to this final term the shop class made a lamp, but this term they are making a book rack.

Katharine is still astounded at the size of her junior high school. Every single day someone new comes into her class and already the school is swelling at the seams with better than

eleven hundred students. All of the children's schools are very close to us, but even so, Katharine's bus comes shortly after seven o'clock in the morning. She is the second person to be picked up, and it makes a long day for her. Frequently when she misses the bus I have to drive her, and it takes all of five minutes to get there. If the road were not so narrow with no shoulders at all upon which to ride or take to in case of dangerous traffic, I would let the children ride their bicycles to school.

It is almost time for Don to be driving in from work and he'll want his supper promptly so he can head back to work for the evening. He considers the hours he spends in the evening at his desk to be the very best, because then the telephone never rings. Until next month, I remain very sincerely,

Mary Beth

SOUNDS OF WINTER

In the early purple twilight
Of a snowy winter day,
How the hearth fire snapped and crackled,
Flared in flickering ballet!

Chill white moonlight bathed the landscape,
Underfoot the packed snow squeaked
As the family hurried homeward,
Warmth and shelter there to seek.

In the distance bells jing-jangled
On an old, old horse-drawn sled;
Children laughed in shrill contentment,
Snuggled in its hay-filled bed.

When I now hear coyotes' voices
Ring out from atop the hill,
I know they're only one of many
Sounds of Winter with me still.

—Inez Baker

PLEASANT UNDER GLASS

Though dishes pile up in the sink,
With some still on the table,
I linger here with cup of tea, —
As long as I am able.

With pinned-up hair, in rumpled robe,
I gaze along the room,
Through sunlit picture window there,
Which filters out the gloom.

In winter, summer, spring, or fall,
It is a restful thing
To see bright-throated birds and buds
Abursting out with spring.

The smoky smell of autumn leaves
Will penetrate my doors,
And winter's barren trees project
Their shadows on my floors.

And winter time is best of all.
Of this I have no doubt,
Because the silent, drifting snow
Shuts modern noises out.

—Gladise Kelly

**DOROTHY'S BANANA DOUGHNUTS**

- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup mashed bananas
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/2 cup buttermilk
- 5 cups sifted flour
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. nutmeg

Cream together the shortening and the sugar. Add the eggs and beat well. Combine the bananas, flavorings and buttermilk and add to the creamed mixture alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Roll out on a lightly floured pastry cloth and cut with a doughnut cutter. Let stand about 15 minutes and fry in hot deep fat (360 to 375 degrees) about three minutes on each side. Doughnuts should only be turned once. Drain on absorbent paper.

RICH ORANGE SAUCE

(To serve over cakes or puddings.)

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. ground mace
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 2 Tbls. fresh lemon juice
- 1 large egg yolk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 3 Tbls. margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine the sugar, cornstarch, salt and mace in a saucepan. Stir in hot water and cook until thickened, stirring. Mix fruit juices, egg yolk and flavorings and blend into the mixture. Cook until slightly thickened and well blended. Stir in margarine. Serve over gingerbread, cake or pudding. —Margery

MACARONI & CHEESE IN ONE STEP

- 3 cups elbow macaroni
- 2 cups cheese, cubed
- 3 cups milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. salt
- Pepper and paprika as desired

Combine all ingredients in a greased casserole. Sprinkle top with paprika. Cover. Bake in 350- to 400-degree oven for 1 hour. Stir every 20 minutes. Remove cover for last 20 minutes of baking time so top may brown slightly.

The difference in baking time shows that this may cook at almost any oven temperature. If some other food is baking use the temperature needed for that food and bake the macaroni and cheese until done. Meat loaf is excellent to bake with this dish for a fine combination. Serves 6 to 8. —Evelyn

SPICY APPLE BREAD

- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 3 Tbls. cider vinegar plus water to make 3/4 cup liquid
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 3/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 3 apples, pared and diced
- 3/4 cup chopped nuts

Cream together the shortening and sugar. Beat in the eggs and flavorings. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with the vinegar liquid. Stir in the apples and chopped nuts. Pour into two loaf pans which have been greased and floured, and bake 60 minutes in a 350-degree oven. —Dorothy

CHERRY DESSERT**1st Layer**

- 1/2 lb. chocolate-covered graham crackers
- 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Crush crackers into crumbs. (The crackers crush better if they are chilled.) Combine with melted butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Reserve 1/3 of crumbs and press remaining 2/3 into 8 by 12 glass pan. Chill first layer.

2nd Layer

- 1 pkg. powdered whipped topping
- 1 Tbls. powdered sugar or
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter no-calorie sweetener

1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
Whip powdered whipped topping according to directions. Fold in powdered sugar or sweetener. Soften cream cheese to room temperature and mash with a fork. Fold into whipped mixture. Spread over graham cracker crust. Chill.

3rd Layer

- 1 can cherry pie filling
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

A few drops red food coloring
Combine flavorings and coloring with pie filling. (Filling may be made with fresh, frozen or canned cherries if preferred.) Spoon on top of second layer. Sprinkle reserved crumbs over top. Chill several hours or overnight. Cut in squares to serve.

BEST-EVER PANCAKES

- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 cup cottage cheese
- 3/4 cup sour cream or sour milk
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Beat eggs until light. Stir in cottage cheese and sour cream or milk. Sift dry ingredients together and stir into egg mixture. Add butter flavoring. Let stand 10 minutes. Fry on hot griddle.

This batter is rather thin. These are light and delicious. Any kind of syrup is excellent over these. For special treats combine whipped butter, drained blueberries and a little Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring. Or pass sweetened strawberries. Blitzes can be made from this recipe by making the pancakes thin, spreading with jam and rolling quickly, fasten with a toothpick to keep from unrolling and sprinkle powdered sugar over the top. Fine for dessert! —Evelyn

ELEGANT BLUEBERRY PARTY SALAD

1st Layer

- 1 pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Stir until gelatin is dissolved then pour into a 9- x 13-inch pan and chill until firm.

2nd Layer

- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 cup coffee cream
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Soften the gelatin in the cold water. Heat the cream and sugar until hot, but not boiling. Place all the ingredients in a bowl except the nuts, and blend until smooth. Stir in the nuts. Cool and pour over the first layer in the pan, and chill until firm.

3rd Layer

- 1 pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 can blueberries
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Stir in entire can of blueberries and the flavoring. Cool and pour over the cheese layer and chill. —Dorothy

DESSERT COFFEECAKE

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

Cream together the shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add the flavorings and the egg and beat well. Sift the dry ingredients together and add alternately with the milk. Pour the batter into a greased and floured 8-inch square pan. Cover with the following date mixture:

- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 Tbls. cinnamon
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup chopped dates

Stir slightly into the batter. Bake approximately 45 minutes in a 350-degree oven. —Dorothy



CHICKEN RAGOUT SOUP

Recently Wayne and I participated with three other couples in a "progressive" dinner. We were assigned the soup and salad course. I knew the main course was to be standing rib roast so I wanted to keep my part of the meal fairly light. This was the soup I made. It could be a one-dish meal by increasing the amount of chicken meat and vegetables. —Abigail

- 1 to 1 1/2 lbs. of chicken parts (necks, wings, backs, etc.)
- 8 peppercorns
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 1/2 qts. chicken stock or water, or a combination of the two
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup finely chopped onions
- 1/2 cup diced carrots
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 1/2 cup diced parsnips
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 3 Tbls. finely chopped parsley

In a large kettle combine the chicken parts, peppercorns, salt and stock and/or water. Add more liquid if necessary to cover by an inch. Bring the liquid to a boil over high heat, skimming the scum from the surface as it rises. Partially cover the pan and reduce heat to its lowest point; simmer for 1 1/2 to 2 hours.

Meanwhile, in a skillet melt the butter, add the onion, carrots, celery and parsnips and stir to coat vegetable with butter. Cover the skillet tightly and cook over low heat for about 15 minutes until vegetables are barely tender. Add a tablespoon or so of the liquid if necessary to keep the vegetables from browning.

Pour the soup through a sieve into a large bowl. Remove all the edible parts of the chicken and dice them. Discard the skin, bones and peppercorns. Return stock to the kettle and skim off as much surface fat as you can and bring to a simmer again.

Sprinkle the flour over the vegetables in the skillet and stir together until flour is thoroughly absorbed. Gently stir in 2 cups of the stock and stir constantly; cook for 5 to 10 minutes until stock is smooth and thick. Pour the entire contents of the skillet into simmering soup stock, stirring all the time. Add the diced chicken and bring soup almost to a boil; simmer, partially covered, 10 minutes longer. Pour soup into tureen or bowls and add the parsley.

GINGER MINT LOAF

- 2 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 1/4 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. ground cloves
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup light molasses
- 1/2 cup oil
- 2 cans (8 1/2 oz. each) crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Sift together dry ingredients. Blend beaten eggs, milk, molasses, oil, drained pineapple and flavorings. Stir into dry ingredients, blending until well mixed. Pour into greased 9- x 5-inch loaf pan.

Bake at 350 degrees 50 to 55 minutes, or until done. Serve as dessert with whipped cream or favorite sauce, or serve as bread. —Margery

SAVORY CASSEROLE

- 1 small onion, chopped
 - 1 green pepper, diced
 - 3 Tbls. salad oil
 - 1 1/2 cups uncooked rice
 - 4 cups chicken broth
 - Sliced cooked chicken or turkey
- Saute onion and pepper in hot oil until transparent. Add rice and stir to coat with oil. Add chicken broth, cover and cook until rice is tender. Add salt and pepper to taste. If desired bits of chopped pimiento may be added for color. Spoon rice into casserole and cover with slices of cooked chicken or turkey. Dish may be served now, or a cheese sauce prepared to use as a gourmet touch.

Cheese Sauce

- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 lb. cheese, diced
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. paprika

Melt butter. Stir in flour until smooth. Add remaining ingredients, stirring until cheese is melted and ingredients blended. Spoon over chicken layer of casserole. Keep casserole hot in oven until time to serve.

This cheese sauce may be used in other ways — put slices of chicken or ham on toast, pour cheese sauce over for a hot sandwich. Add cooked asparagus spears or mushrooms for a one-dish meal. Excellent served on baked potatoes. —Evelyn

CHICKEN PIE -- COUNTRY STYLE

2 cups cooked chicken, diced
 1/2 cup cooked carrots
 1/2 cup cooked potatoes, diced
 1/2 cup cooked peas
 1/4 cup onion, finely chopped
 Salt to taste

1/4 cup chicken fat or butter
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
 flavoring

1/4 cup flour

3 cups chicken stock

Combine chicken and vegetables. Salt to taste and spoon into well-greased casserole. Melt chicken fat or butter with butter flavoring. Stir in flour. Cook, stirring for 5 or 6 minutes to blend and cook ingredients. Heat

chicken stock and add to flour mixture, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Cook and stir 4 or 5 minutes until of gravy consistency. Pour over vegetable-chicken mixture in casserole. Top with following:

Topping

1 1/2 cups flour

2 tsp. baking powder

1/2 tsp. salt

2 tsp. butter or margarine

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
 flavoring

3/4 cup milk

3 egg yolks, beaten

3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Cut in butter. Stir in butter flavoring, milk

and egg yolks and beat well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Spread over casserole, bake at 375 degrees for 25 minutes.

This is a marvelous way to use left-over turkey.

SWEET-AND-SOUR CABBAGE

1 medium head cabbage

3 Tbls. butter or margarine

Salt and pepper to taste

1 Tbls. sugar

3 Tbls. cream

3 eggs, beaten

1/3 cup vinegar

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

— Dorothy

CHERRY SALAD SUPREME

2 pkg. cherry-flavored gelatin

2 cups boiling water

1/3 cup cinnamon red candies

6 ice cubes

1 small can crushed pineapple, undrained

1 can frozen cherries (or drained canned cherries)

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry
 flavoring

Dissolve red cinnamon candies in boiling water. Stir in gelatin. Add ice cubes and stir until melted. Add remaining ingredients. Pour into 9- by 13-inch pan (or into attractive mold). Refrigerate. When firm spread with the following topping:

Topping

2 egg yolks

3 Tbls. sugar

3 Tbls. vinegar

1/2 tsp. prepared mustard

6 large marshmallows

1/2 cup cream, whipped (or whipped topping)

Combine all ingredients except whipped cream (or topping). Cook in top of double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Cool. Fold in whipped cream. Spread over gelatin. Refrigerate until time to serve.

Unmold — or cut into squares — and serve on lettuce leaf. Top each salad with a maraschino cherry for a particularly festive appearance. This is a large recipe and will serve 12 to 15 nicely.

— Evelyn



WHAT NEXT?

Frankly, we aren't sure what our next flavoring introduction will be. Or even when we'll be able to announce it. But we do know this: we can't hurry it.

And we know it will be good, with real-fruit flavor and fragrance. It will have a pleasing color, and the natural taste that won't steam out or bake out. And it will be economical, too.

How do we know these things? Well, those were the standards we set for all our other flavorings — and we don't intend to relax those high standards at this late date, especially when more and more of our friends count on us for quality. Here are the other sixteen flavors:

Orange
 Burnt Sugar
 Strawberry
 Butter

Raspberry
 Maple
 Coconut
 Cherry

Almond
 Black Walnut
 Vanilla
 Pineapple

Blueberry
 Banana
 Lemon
 Mint

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

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Ask your grocer first. However, if you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00.) Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay postage.

THE SCOUT YARDSTICK

For Boy Scout Honor Month

by

Mabel Nair Brown

The theme "Yardsticks" seems a timely one for a Boy Scout banquet or meeting honoring the Scouts.

Decorations can be yardsticks or rulers in all sizes, colors, and styles, including some of the carpenter's folding type and steel tape measures.

If you choose to stick to the literal term "yardstick", how about making yardsticks of heavy posterboard which are sprayed with gold paint with markings in blue to carry out the Scout colors? Small rulers can be place favors at a banquet and gold foil ones can decorate the cover of the program books.

Instead of the regular markings perhaps you would like to show the measure of a good Scout by indicating the traits of a Scout, such as loyalty, kindness, honesty, helpfulness, courtesy, etc.

For a banquet a clever centerpiece would be a "yardstick bouquet" made by using posterboard yardsticks as the "stems" of the "flowers" in the arrangement. Cut flower shapes of blue paper, and glue on gold centers. On each flower letter in one of the traits of a Scout.

An effective way to use the theme in the program would be to make a huge gold yardstick with blue markings which could be fastened to the wall. During the following skit, a Scout could give brief remarks about each "measure" by which a Scout is judged and then fasten the cardboard on which the word is lettered up to the large yardstick, the first speaker placing his "measure" at the bottom and the rest working toward the top.

Leader: "Boy Scouts go hiking, camping, swimming, paddle a canoe, wield an ax, learn crafts . . . following in the footsteps of pioneers before them who led the way through the wilderness . . . to raise their eyes to the heavens, to stare in the glowing embers of the campfire and dream of the wonders of life in store for them."

—From the Scout manual

But a Scout does more than dream, for he is constantly "in training" for the person he wants to be in that future world he dreams about. He is busy learning the true measure of a good Scout, of a man, for he knows that to become a true Scout who is true blue and honor bright he must strive each day to measure up a little better than the day before. Let's take a look at our Scout yardstick and see how we measure up.



(Each speaker holds up card with his word printed on it, and when finished speaking, he steps to the large yardstick and thumbtacks it into place.)

First: A Scout is measured by his *trustworthiness*, his belief that he has a job to do, and that he can and will do it.

Believe in yourself and step out unafraid;

By misgivings and doubts be not easily swayed.

You've the right to succeed; the knowledge and skill,

You can do the job, buddy, if you only will.

Trust is one measure of a Scout.

Second: A Scout is *kind*.

Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on.

'Twas not given for thee alone,

Pass it on.

For the heart grows rich in giving,
Loving is the truest living,

Pass it on.

Do you measure up in *kindness*?

Third:

A smile is quite a funny thing;

It wrinkles up your face,

And when it's gone you never find

Its secret hiding place.

But far more wonderful it is

To see what smiles can do:

You smile at one, he smiles at you,

And so one smile makes two.

And since the smile can do great good

By cheering hearts of care —

Let's smile and smile and not forget

That smiles go everywhere.

A Scout is *cheerful*.

Fourth:

'Tis not the prize but how the game
was played,

'Twixt right and wrong all men at
times must choose,

Keep this in mind before a choice is
made;

It isn't triumph if honesty you lose.

A Scout is *obedient*.

Fifth: You are richer today than you
were yesterday if you have laughed
often, given something, forgiven some-
body, made a new friend, or made
stepping stones instead of stumbling
blocks; for a Scout is *friendly*.

Sixth:

Do we take the hands of others

Of every race and clan?

And help them o'er rough places,

(Continued on page 21)



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FICKLE FEBRUARY

Late February's sun glows warm
On pussy willows swelling;
Retreating ice unlocks the creek,
Of love the finch is telling.

Crocus sheltered by the wall
Flaunts the earliest bloom;
Swan clouds float on a blue-sky lake
Swept by the South Wind's broom.

Daffodils peep above the ground
To promise future gold;
Days grow long as the sun veers north
To chase away the cold.

Gardeners dream of springtime,
Of hours with spade and hoe;
Chickadees call: "Chickadee-dee!"
Then, suddenly . . . snow!

-Inez Baker

TO HELP MAKE YOUR
PROJECT SUCCESSFUL

by
Ann Rutan

TUNE IN TO
KITCHEN-KLATTER

We'll keep you company for a half hour every day while you iron or stir up a cake or wash dishes or bathe the baby! (Some folks say we go right along with them to the garden or the basement, and goodness knows how many times we sit in the car and wait while husbands wind up business!) These are the stations where you can find us.

- KOAM** Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M.
KSIS Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWBG Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWPC Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KCFI Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KSMN Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KCOB Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KSCJ Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial - 11:00 A.M.
KVSH Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KLIN Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.

Planning money-making projects for your club, church society, or charity benefits, and successfully carrying out these plans, are important in many organizations. Any time of the year special events are promoted with an eye to replenishing the organization's treasury, contributing to a worthwhile community project, or helping a charitable or educational enterprise that extends across the country and perhaps the world.

To insure the success of any fund-raising effort, it has been found that certain rules, closely adhered to, are a great and valuable help.

Time is always of the essence. A properly planned project should be discussed months before the date of action. This is not only to eliminate the hazards of hurrying, but to give members time to reflect between meetings and bring to light ideas and suggestions not already given. Four or five months before the date set for the event is not too soon to begin making plans and exchanging ideas.

An early order of business should be to clear and set a date for the function. Verification should include not only a check on possible calendar conflicts, but also the reserving of the locale or building where the event will be held.

In your news stories (and newspapers welcome stories about coming events) tell the public how the moneysought will be used. It makes the whole affair more interesting and usually better attended. A newspaper ad is a good investment at this time, and the publisher will advise as to the best time for running it.

Ask your merchants to help with publicity. They will often include a line or two about your coming event in their weekly or other newspaper ad. Attractive posters can be made by a committee of your most artistic members weeks before they are needed, and placed at prominent points in stores, restaurants, theater lobbies, and the public library a week before the date named. If you advertise too early the public will forget.

Crowds are drawn more easily to a function which has been given an ex-

citing name. Catchy names go well in conversation. Members of your group might answer roll call at an early meeting with suggested suitable names. This can be great fun besides bringing up surprisingly good names for consideration.

Everyone knows, of course, that the president must choose competent committee chairmen to whom the various areas of work are delegated. The ideal committee chairman assumes her duties as if they were strictly her own business, as indeed they are. She chooses helpers with whom she gets along well and whose quality of work she knows.

It is a common complaint that the same people are chosen over and over to act as committee members. This should not be regarded as an imposition, but rather as a real compliment, for we know responsibility gravitates to those who can carry it. Members of a group who have not been asked to serve on a committee should volunteer if they feel they have something to offer. Nothing makes an event more deeply enjoyed than knowing one has had a part in making it a success.

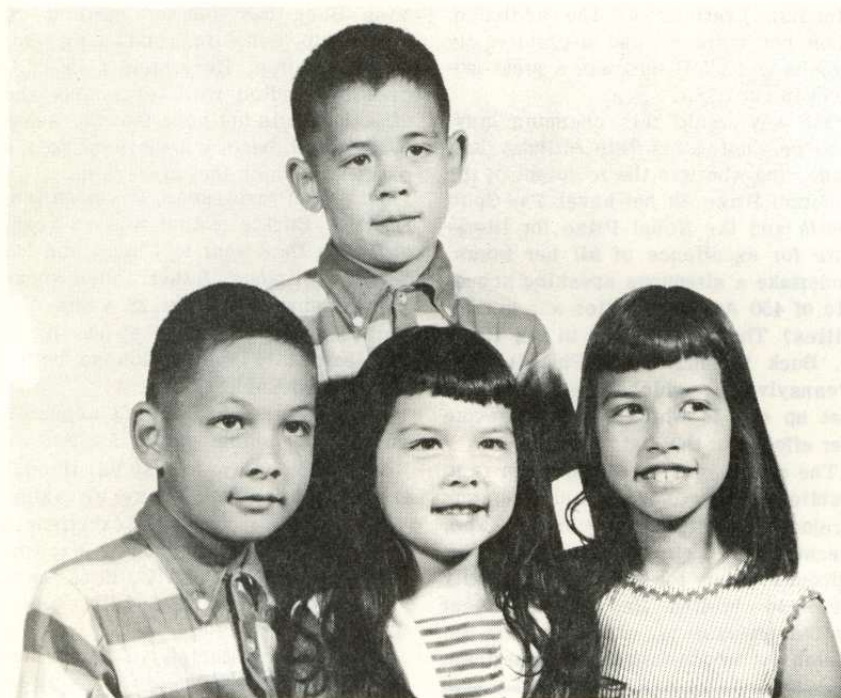
As the preliminary work progresses, the organization president should get reports of work done from committee chairmen. It would be well for the chairmen and committees to meet at least twice during the time of preparation to check carefully, making sure no detail has been overlooked.

If booths are required, it is a good idea to draw a floor plan dividing the area effectively and leaving plenty of room for the booths. Crowded quarters detract greatly from the project's sense of harmony and attractiveness.

A public event conducted by our neighbors and friends is an interesting occasion by that fact alone. It adds to the mutual feeling of friendliness and good will in a community, doubtless exceeding in value the amount of cash gained for the treasury.

Success or failure results more often by attitude than by ability.

If you would get the best, give your best.



The four children of Mr. and Mrs. Dwaine Meyer of Pella, Iowa.

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER . . .

by
Fran DeCook

February is National Brotherhood month. This is good. But isn't it lamentable that we should need a Brotherhood month in our country, a land founded on Christian principles, liberty, and the equality of man? We should not have to be reminded to be kind to others; it should come naturally and be a part of us and a part of our daily living. People are people, whether their skin is light or dark or somewhere in between. They have the same hopes, dreams, and ambitions for themselves and for their children.

This was brought home to me, in a real sense, when I had the privilege of visiting an inter-racial family not long ago — the Dwaine Meyer family of Pella. Mr. Meyer is a well-known Pella attorney, and his wife, a charming, lovely lady, the former Dorothy Fujii, of Hanapepe on the island of Kauai, Hawaii, is of Japanese descent. They are a wonderfully devoted family, and the four children — 11-year-old David, 9-year-old Doraine, Darrin 8, and Dorilee 6 — are thoroughly delightful. They are handsome, well-adjusted, friendly, typically American, interested in sports, music, and school. And according to their principal at Lincoln School in Pella, where all four attend classes, they are excellent students.

But though they are American in the strictest sense of the word, they have something more, an added quality, and that is a certain gentle Oriental gra-

ciousness and warmth as well as a respect for their elders that is found far too rarely among some of our young people of today. Truly they represent the very best of both races.

I came away from my visit with this remarkable family with a new sense of pride in our country and renewed faith in her future. For these children, and others like them, are what makes a nation great. We must ever remember that America is made up of all races, colors, and creeds, each one contributing to our way of life and all making our culture richer and more interesting.

America's goal is still the same as it was nearly 200 years ago when young Thomas Jefferson penned the words of the immortal Declaration of Independence that, before the law, all people should be equal in their "rights" to satisfy their own particular wants, needs, and desires — the "unalienable rights" which the Declaration sums up in the phrase, "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness".

Time has faded the ink on this historic paper, but the great body of human rights proclaimed in the preamble lives on, more precious and more needed than ever before. Freedom is our priceless heritage, but if it is to survive we must wipe out discrimination, intolerance, and bigotry. We cannot let the evil forces of hate, that bring forth violence and bloodshed, get the upper hand. It cannot be done over-

FINDING TIME

by
Dorothy Shumate

"How on earth do you find time for all the things you do?" exclaimed my friend. At the time she was openly admiring some newly antiqued old chests — which had turned out rather beautifully, if I do say so myself.

"Oh, I don't know," I shrugged.

"But you have a full-time job . . . you write . . . you're always entertaining . . . yet you find time for something like this too!"

"I manage to keep busy," I laughed. No reason to spoil my image by telling her just how long those antiquing kits had been on hand!

But her remark set me to thinking. I guess I do have a wide variety of interests. But doesn't everyone? Seems like most people nowadays find time for some hobby or other . . . just to make life more interesting. And it isn't always the ones with the most time, either!

I have this neighbor for instance, who is very interested in dress design. She makes all of her own clothes in addition to those worn by her four children. With so much to do, it wouldn't seem she could possibly find time for so much sewing. But she does. Because she wants to.

Still another friend, and much-loved den mother, spends hours working with a kiln in her basement. Turns out some exquisite figurines along with her Cub Scouts' very own creations. This warm-hearted woman, with all her Scout activities, still finds time for her creative hobby. Because she really wants to!

And . . . this very friend who posed the question of finding time. Come to think of it, she is probably the busiest of us all! When she isn't occupied with household duties, or helping her husband in his business, this seemingly tireless little lady is working on some church or civic project. Yet, she still manages to spend several hours each day practicing the organ which she plays beautifully and enjoys thoroughly.

So . . . we're all pretty much alike after all, I guess. It is simply a matter of interest! If it is something we really want to do, somehow we manage to find the time.

night, and it will not be an easy victory. But if we all work at it, every day of the year, everywhere — in our homes, in our towns, in our neighborhood — perhaps sometime every day will be Brotherhood Day — not by proclamation, but in our hearts and in our lives.



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

To be among the 900 students and interested persons who gathered on the Briar Cliff College campus recently to hear author Pearl S. Buck give an address was a particular thrill to my friends and me. As a young girl I recall seeing the movie "The Good Earth" with Grandpa Jacobsen and Auntie and then through the years reading her many books.

Attractively gowned in dark red, a perfect complement to her shining gray hair, Miss Buck was given two

standing ovations by the audience, upon her entrance and departure. My friends and I felt this was a great moment in our lives.

But why would this charming lady, who celebrated her 76th birthday last June, and who was the recipient of the Pulitzer Prize for her novel *The Good Earth* and the Nobel Prize for literature for excellence of all her works, undertake a strenuous speaking schedule of 450 American cities and universities? The answer lies in her Pearl S. Buck Foundation of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, which Miss Buck has set up and to which she will devote her efforts for the rest of her life.

The message of the Foundation is to publicize and eliminate injustices and prejudices suffered by children who, because of their birth, are not permitted to enjoy the privileges normally given to children. Her present project is the Amerasians, whose mothers are Asian but whose fathers are American.

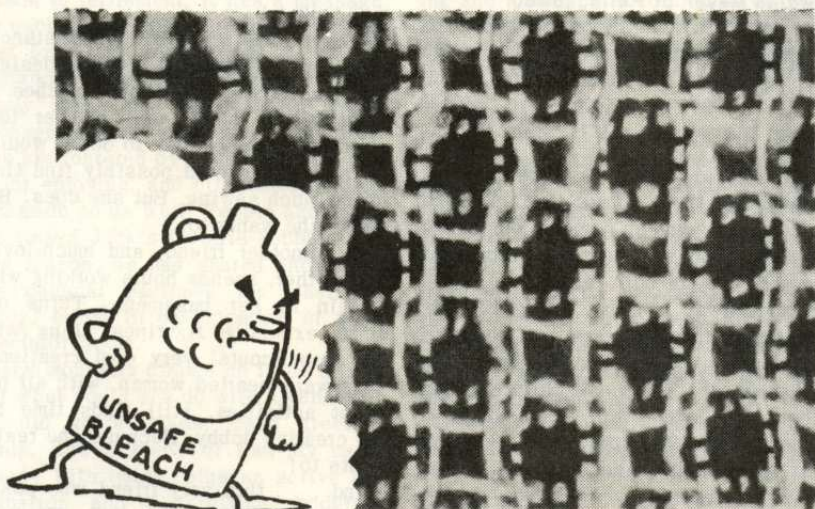
Miss Buck has donated millions of dollars to schooling and caring for these children. Her interest in children is handled with tenderness and affection. It is her hope that the Amerasians will become beneficial to the country in which they were born.

Born to Presbyterian missionaries, Pearl S. Buck's mother was 23 years old when they went to China, and her deeply religious father, who spoke eleven languages, was 28 years old. Raised in China, this great humanitarian learned to speak Chinese before she learned English.

Several years ago I became acquainted with her autobiography *My Several Worlds* (John Day Co., \$6.95) through the pages of *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine. This record of her own experiences tells of a life tremendously exciting and worthwhile. Pearl S. Buck says, "I'm involved with the whole world." This she shows.

Will and Ariel Durant, who wrote the ten volumes of *The Story of Civilization*, have followed with a summarizing essay called *The Lessons of History* (Simon and Schuster, \$5). It covers a variety of conclusions about the making and writing of history. This husband-and-wife writing team observe, "In recorded history we find so many instances of goodness, even of nobility, that we can forgive, though not forget, the sins. The gifts of charity have almost equaled the cruelties of battlefields and jails." *The Lessons of History* is a profound work of philosophy. We look forward to the dual autobiography of Will and Ariel Durant, upon which they are now working.

"It isn't housekeeping that matters, it's homemaking," has been Dr. Janet Travell's motto throughout her brilliant medical career. President John F. Kennedy's White House doctor tells how she combined a demanding profession with a rewarding home life in her new autobiography *Office Hours: Day and Night* (World Publishing Co., \$7.95). Sixteen photographs illustrate this book by Janet Travell. This first civilian to hold the post of White House physician, she was fifty-nine years old when President Kennedy appointed her to that office. She remarks about the controlled quiet of the White House; the atmosphere there was like "living in the eye of a hurricane." She lists some remedies for housework fatigue for the homemaker: vary daily tasks to keep from over-using any one group of muscles in repetitive work; avoid ironing for several hours at a stretch, for example. Dr. Travell continues to practice medicine and lecture at medical schools around the country.



WORSE THAN MOTHS

Yes, harsh liquid bleaches are worse than moths . . . because they don't confine themselves to wool. They're happy to destroy any fabric (the finer the better!). You can't hear them eating up your clothing, or see them at their dirty work. You just see the results: beautiful things, old and worn out before their time.

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PENCILS AND THEIR USES

by
Selma Ross

What do you think is the favorite working tool of many of our country's presidents from George Washington to the present White House occupant? You guessed it. A pencil!

Pencils have been kept in silver boxes, morocco pocket cases, vest pockets and auto glove compartments. They have been used by inveterate doodlers, one of whom was George Washington. His doodles ran toward checkerboard squares and can be found on his papers and documents exhibited in museums.

Jefferson's best speeches — those considered classics today — came from ideas jotted down by a pencil as he rode his buggy from Monticello to the nation's capitol. To say nothing of Lincoln's use of a pencil to write at least one version of his Gettysburg address. Teddy Roosevelt called pencils his little "writing sticks". He used so many for his speeches, diaries and books that during his 1905 inauguration, the presidential reception committee wore them fastened on white silk ribbons. Herbert Hoover used them to write a voluminous autobiography and Dwight D. Eisenhower used them to write his wartime memoirs.

But pencils have a lot of other uses, too. For example, if a zipper gets stuck, did you ever think of rubbing its point along the stuck teeth? Its black writing point isn't lead, it's graphite, and graphite is one of the best lubricants you can find. Dad can also try one when his auto lock gets stuck.

A pencil can be useful on a trip to twist a tourniquet if an accident should occur. Its point can unravel a knotted shoelace or fishing line. Its eraser makes a dandy typewriter key cleaner, and it won't scratch if Mother uses it to remove dirt from the kitchen table or sink.

Want more proof of its versatility? It can be used as an emergency back-scratcher, to prop up a window when the sash cord breaks, as a garden stake to mark the rows, and as an emergency ruler (it's seven inches long unsharpened).

A pencil is very good for chewing on, too. About this chewing bit — residents of California and New York alone chewed up about 150 million pencils last year. Texans and those from the Buckeye State were also in a photo finish — about 85 million — while 17 million were worn to a frazzle in the District of Columbia, a big figure, but not too surprising with all those government pencil pushers.

Pencils have helped build one of the

great retail chains of the nation. W. T. Grant, as a youthful merchant, kept pencil and pad by his bedside. Often, during the night, he would switch on his light to jot down his ideas.

Albert Einstein used to refer to pencils as his secret weapons because, although he had a great deal of scientific equipment at his command, it was

his computations with pencil which unraveled one of the great mysteries of the universe.

Thomas Edison made hundreds of penciled notations while working in his laboratory. Without a pencil's help, the world might never have known the electric light and the phonograph.

(Continued on page 22)



LOW SUDS . . . HIGH PERFORMANCE

Now your washer turns into a high-performance machine, regardless of its age or make. Top-loader, wringer washer or washer-dryer, it will turn washday into fun day when you start using this rocket-age laundry aid.

For whites, prints and colors, **Blue Drops** has special brighteners added to clean clothes that really sparkle. After five years in development, **Blue Drops** is at your grocer's now, or will be soon. Look for it, then look for cleaner, brighter washes every time!

KITCHEN-KLATTER BLUE DROPS

MONA LISA, 1969

Silent and calm she views the passing world,
 Serene and lovely as a scene at dawn
 When sunrise 'cross the eastern sky is hurled,
 And shadows seem forever chased and gone.
 Alas, I cannot feign your sainted charm,
 Nor fold my hands in quiet peaceful rest.
 The pattern of a world with wars' alarm
 Confuses and confounds the least and best.
 Yet, Mona Lisa views with calm disdain
 The Age of Devils sprung from race of Cain.
 —Mary Kurtz



Juliana's and Jed's home in Albuquerque has an abundance of plantings and they are anxious for spring to see what comes up!

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
 Eva M. Schroeder

Only five flowers won All-America Selection awards for 1969 and three of these are zinnias. You'll be delighted with the wonderful things plant breeders have done with this easy-to-grow annual flower. Zinnia *Cherry Buttons* won a Silver Medal in the trials and once you have grown this exquisite little flower, you will understand why it rated so highly. The plants start to bloom when only a few weeks old and when only 10 inches high. The color is a charming cherry-coral, the flowers are fully double 1½ to 1¾ inches across and are born in great profusion. We grow this one in our Circle Bed where each year all the newer annuals are grown for display. I think more people stopped to exclaim over *Cherry Buttons* than any other flower in the garden. You will like it too.

Another lovely zinnia is an Fl cactus-flowered type called *Rosy Future*. The six-inch flowers are quilled, light and airy, and a bright rose-pink in color without the "muddiness" so often found in pink zinnias. The sturdy, compact plants produced their delightful flowers all summer long and we found the blooms excellent for arranging purposes.

When the Fl cactus-flowered *Bonanza* zinnia came out, we thought it the ultimate in orange zinnias but this is not true. The new award winner *Torch* is much brighter, a more sturdy and profuse bloomer than *Bonanza*. Plant it with others of the cactus type such as *Firecracker*, *Yellow Zenith*, and *Rosy Future* for a colorful display.

A new *Vinca rosea procumbens* *Polka Dot* is a three-inch ground cover that is adaptable to sun or light shade. The plants appear to grow erect for about three inches and then adopt the creeping habit and spread to about 24 inches across forming mats. The white single flowers have red eyes and are produced freely on top of the foliage. *Polka Dot* Vinca is a fine choice for edging and for hanging baskets, window boxes and rockeries. It is practically disease free and easily grown.

A new ball-shaped double white comflower called *Snow Ball* won a Bronze medal. The double 1½-inch flowers are pure white and a fine choice to grow along with the dwarf *Jubilee Gem* which is a bright blue in color. Order these new introductions early to be assured of getting seeds. The demand for the All-America Selection winners usually is greater than the supply.



SPOTLESS CLEAN

Doesn't it look nice when a blanket of sparkling white snow covers the landscape, hiding the dirt and ugliness? Have you ever wished that somehow a magic blanket would cover up the dirt and grime *inside* the house?

There's no need to cover up the dirt, grease and grime . . . not when you can get rid of it with a single, once-over swipe of **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** solution. ZIP! the dirt is gone, and there's not even any foam, bubbles or scum to rinse away.

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner is a hard-working cleaner that goes into solution the minute it touches water — even hard water. And it takes on any cleaning chore in any part of the house: fingerprints in the living room, ring around the bathtub, footprints on the kitchen floor. So don't open up the windows and pray for snow; just step down to the grocery and pick up help:

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

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

THE SCOUT YARDSTICK - Concluded

Just simply - man to man?

'Tis thus that we are measured

By those to whom we're known;

And, oh, isn't it nice to hear them say -

'My! how much he's grown!'

How do you measure at being *helpful*?

Leader:

A fellow is not bigger than the way
He treats his fellow man!

This standard has his measure been
Since time itself began.

He's measured not by race or creed,

High sounding though they be;

Nor by the gold his daddy has

Nor by his family tree.

He's measured by his justice, right,

His fairness at his play.

His squareness in his dealings;

His honest, upright way.

These are his measures -

He should mind them all he can,

For a fellow is no bigger than the way

He treats his fellow man! -Anonymous

FEBRUARY DEVOTIONS - Concluded

comradeship by day and night with
brown and yellow, black and white.

This is our vision. It can come about
only by downright *applied* effort that
begins with us in our homes and then
widens and spreads to include the
world in the magic circle of our love.

Quietly now, as we light our candles,
let us listen and be reminded, and re-
solve to follow through, in our own
living, the opportunities to practice
brotherhood.

Second Speaker: (Leader lights a candle
for each area of opportunity.)

There is the opportunity **TO SERVE** -
in the church, in the community, through
the United Nations, and through mis-
sions in our own community, in our
nation, and abroad.

There is our opportunity **TO LEARN** -
through creative programs, be it ex-
change students, exchange families,
visits to underprivileged areas, work-
ing as volunteers - through study and
reading - through contacts in working
with the church and organizations.

There is our opportunity for **FELLOW-
SHIP** - by working with others, sharing
with others of our time, our talents, our
gifts, by getting to know new people.

There is our opportunity **TO GIVE** -
our prayers, our knowledge, our service,
our friendship, our gifts.

There is our opportunity for **GROWTH** -
spiritual, mental and social as we
express ourselves in every way we can
for others.

Hymn: Any hymn of Christian brother-
hood, or all may clasp hands to sing
one verse of "Blest Be the Tie", and
remain standing for prayer.

Benediction: Go thou thy way, and I
go mine; apart, yet not afar; only a
thin veil between the pathways where

we are. And "God watch between thee
and me"; this is my prayer. He looks
thy way. He looketh mine, and keeps
us near. Amen

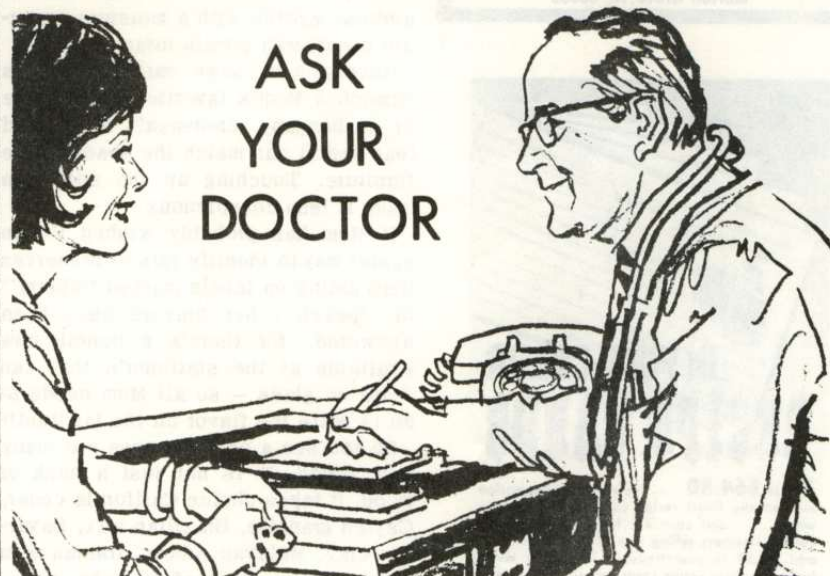
PLEASANT UNDER GLASS

Though dishes pile up in the sink,
With some still on the table,
I linger here with cup of tea, -
As long as I am able.
With pinned-up hair, in rumpled robe,
I gaze along the room,
Through sunlit picture window there,
Which filters out the gloom.
In winter, summer, spring, or fall,
It is a restful thing
To see bright-throated birds and buds
Abursting out with spring.
The smoky smell of autumn leaves
Will penetrate my doors,
And winter's barren trees project
Their shadows on my floors.
And wintertime is best of all.
Of this I have no doubt,
Because the silent, drifting snow
Shuts modern noises out.

-Gladise Kelly



Our readers have enjoyed Mabel Nair Brown's wonderful devotions and program material for about 25 years. Mabel and Dale, who live in Ogden, Iowa, have celebrated their 35th wedding anniversary, and this picture was taken on that occasion.



Ask your doctor what your weight should be, for your height and age. Then ask him how to reduce to that weight, and how to hold it. We'll wager he'll answer you something like this: "If there's nothing organically wrong with you, then the simplest way to lose weight - and to keep it lost - is to *cut calories*."

Now we don't pretend to practice medicine, nor do we pretend that our products are being pushed by the medical profession. But we know, and thousand of homemakers agree, that substituting **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** for sugar is one of the nicest and safest ways of cutting down on calories. Its taste is sweet, not bitter. There's never an unpleasant aftertaste. And it never adds a single calorie, no matter how much you use. Doesn't that sound like a sweet way to lose weight?

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CURRENT, INC., W40
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PENCILS - Concluded

Hundreds of writers used pencils as levers toward fame.

Yes, lead pencils may seem like ordinary things, but there are hundreds available - different kinds - many that can help with household and gardening chores too. When Mom putters around the garden, there's a special moisture-resistant pencil that can help identify vegetable and flower beds with the seed packet. Just attach a tag marked with this pencil. It won't wash out, fade or rub off and when the seedlings sprout she won't have any trouble at all knowing which are the petunias and which the radishes.

The same pencil is excellent for addressing labels on gifts. Packages are sometimes exposed to bad weather, and ink is inclined to smudge. But an address written with a moisture-resistant pencil will remain intact.

Have you or some careless friends scratched Mom's favorite walnut table or mahogany credenza? A colored lead pencil can match the shade of the furniture. Touching up the spot can make it less conspicuous.

If Mom has probably wished for an easier way to identify jars of preserves than gluing on labels marked "cherry" or "peach", her prayers have been answered, for there's a pencil now available at the stationer's that can write on glass - so all Mom needs to do is write the flavor on the jar itself!

So you see a pencil's uses are many and varied. It is not just a hunk of wood. It takes choice California cedar, Ceylon graphite, Brazilian wax, Bavarian clay, Malayan rubber, Iranian gum and African gold leaf to make one - plus 15 baths in top quality lacquer.

A good way to relieve the monotony of work is to think up ways of improving it.



About the most exciting thing to happen in James' young life was Christmas. He is the son of Juliana and Jed Lowey.

LEANNA'S LETTER - Concluded

God enough for our neighbors?

Yes, this is a troubled world and what can we do to help? The world is full of people just like you and me. Someone said "I am only one, but I am one. I can't do everything, but I can do something." There is more to this quotation, but that is all that comes to me right now. That is, after all, the important thought, even if it stands alone. During this year of 1969, let's look around for the things we can do, no matter how small they may seem, for, collected together, they might reach who knows where!

Sincerely,

Leanna

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

defray the cost of education up through high school, but for the life of me, I can't believe that a hard-working farmer should be made to pay for the education of some playboy or playgirl college student.

I am writing this letter to you on a very cold winter day. A few minutes ago I went out to feed the wild birds, and as I did so, I was reminded of that saying: 'He who feeds a bird on a winter day is a host to God.' I have four feeders, and then I scatter a pound of seed under the bushes each day. Some people don't like to scatter seed on the ground because they say that technique attracts too many sparrows. Well, didn't God create the sparrows too? And anyway, if you want the beautiful birds around, you have to feed some of the ugly ones, too. That is the way with life - to get the rich rewards, you have to be able to take the bitter with the sweet. I may have to feed fifty sparrows just to attract one cardinal, but it is worth it.

Sincerely,

Frederick

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50 BOUQUETS FOR A NICKEL!

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DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded
guests and Frank's four local friends weren't so lucky, but maybe they will have better luck next year. The men went their separate ways during the day, but gathered back here around the kitchen table at closing time to drink coffee, eat doughnuts, and talk over their day's experiences.

Our local paper states that the deer population in our county is down by 40%, but we saw more deer and signs of deer this fall than ever before.

We have some little neighbor boys who take their squirrel dog out coon hunting and before it got so cold they were getting one or two coons per night. One night the dog tangled with a skunk. Needless to say the dog had to walk home!

I have an errand to make in town, so I must close and get this letter ready to drop off at the post office. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

The **BLACKEST** Glad You Ever Saw!

Ataturk is about as black as a flower can be. The color is a glistening, velvety black with overtones of maroon—not a dull black but a warm, glowing black. The vigorous, robust plant has spikes two to three feet tall, carrying 16 to 18 buds. Opens 6 to 8 flowers at a time, each one 3 to 4 inches wide.

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