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Kitchen-Klatter

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-H. Armstrong Roberts



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

It seems to me only yesterday that I sat down to write to you, but the calendar says plainly enough that it is really a month ago. What has happened to all of the time in between is surely more than I know. But since all of this "time in between" has been a very happy holiday time, I'm sure you'll understand if I backtrack a little bit and cover some of the high spots.

Juliana, Jed and James came in from Albuquerque right on schedule, and once again our luck held and they arrived before winter storms made trips to the Omaha airport so uncertain. Back in the days when trains ran very frequently we could pretty well depend upon getting to our destinations, but that day is almost gone and when planes are involved we keep a close eye out on weather conditions.

In preparation for their arrival I had ordered a standing rib roast and there were two reasons for this: One of our local supermarkets had a one-day special at about the same price per pound as hamburger, and Juliana had told me in the last letter she wrote before they left Albuquerque that for a full month she had fixed only chicken and hamburger — the cheapest meats available. Thus the prime rib roast.

Well, we picked it up at the market just before they arrived and it was standing in the kitchen when they came through the door. I had been staggered by the sight of it . . . just had no idea it would be so big. The weight was not marked on the wrapping, so I guess you'll get the idea of how it looked when I tell you that we put it on the bathroom scales and found that it weighed 18½ lbs. My idea had been to have enough left over for sandwiches and hash and if you think it didn't stretch for several meals you're badly mistaken.

Howard picked out a tree for us quite early in December, but we left it on the back porch so that all of us could

decorate it together. That was a happy afternoon. Martin came down to help us with the trimmings, and Jed put on some Christmas records (the first I'd heard) and with all of this, plus a big fireplace fire, we had a delightful time. James was upstairs taking a nap while all of this was going on, and when he came down to get his first glimpse of the decorated and lighted tree, the radiant smile on his face was pure Christmas for all of us.

As long as any of us can remember we've always had our tree and gifts at the folks' house on Christmas Eve. This year was no exception and the only thing the least bit different was that our Denver Driftmiers (Wayne and Abigail's family) could be with us, the first Christmas they'd been back here for many years. Alison and Clark made it with their parents, but Emily is deep in her studies at the University of the Americas in Mexico City and couldn't get away for the holidays.

James was in ecstasy with the confusion and excitement! I wish we could have had a movie of his face as he watched all of the commotion! The high point of his evening came when the paper and wrappings stacked so high that he could wade through it and make a lot of noise. His activity took us back to the Christmas when Clark (Wayne and Abigail's son) was in one of these little jumper chairs and we didn't realize how much stuff had stacked up around him until we heard a plaintive little cry and rescued him from piles of wrappings that had almost covered him!

On Christmas Day we had our family dinner at Mother's house. Marge and I had both offered to get things together in our homes, but Mother said that it wouldn't seem like Christmas unless we gathered at her table, so that is what we did. All of us prepared different things for our dinner and pitched in to get it served, so it wasn't a big burden for anyone.

Most of our Yuletide season worked out pretty much as we had planned. A

number of Juliana's old friends were home for the holidays and she and Jed went to see them, as well as having them here at the house. New Year's Eve was very quiet for us; we have never given a party at that time nor have we gone to any. We've just been peacefully at home . . . and that was true again this year. We turned on TV before midnight to see the milling crowds in Times Square, and after that sight we were glad enough to see the old year out in a small Midwestern town.

All of our plans had been based upon the fact that Juliana, Jed and James would fly back to Albuquerque on January 3rd, but the heavy colds in these parts finally caught up with us and twenty-four hours before time to depart James came down with a double ear infection. (Juliana had been practically in bed for a week with a terrible cold but we thought the rest of us would miss it.) A trip to the doctor brought the news that it would be highly inadvisable to travel, so Jed went on alone while Juliana stayed to get James over his trouble. That didn't take long, thanks to the drugs that are available today. I told Juliana that when we were growing up the big menace every winter was mastoid complications that called for surgery, but these days it is virtually unheard of to hear about mastoid infections. There are so many pros-and-cons about drugs that we hardly know what to trust, but at least we've lived to see mastoid surgery avoided and this means so much that young parents today can scarcely realize what a threat it used to be.

Down at our Kitchen-Klatter office we were so busy this year that for the first time we couldn't get up decorations and have an office party. Everyone kept thinking that surely in one more day they could bring out the boxes of decorations and tree trimmings and get things fixed up as usual, but that time never arrived. Our office was closed on New Year's Day, of course, but on Friday, January 2nd, we stopped work early and cleared the decks for a belated party.

Helen Lewis, my right hand and left hand at the office, has a darling little boy, Dale Patrick, who is just exactly three weeks older than James and she brought him down to get in on the fun. Margery took some pictures of the two youngsters together and I hope that something came out clear enough to share with you. For the first year that three weeks difference in age made quite a difference, but now it is leveling out and for all practical purposes our youngsters are the same age.

(This reminds me of the four months
(Continued on page 23)

MARGERY'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

The cold winter blasts have really come to the Midwest this morning! Lucile doesn't have a thermometer, so the first thing she asked when I turned up for the radio broadcast was, "Well, how cold is it today?" This is our coldest temperature so far this winter — several degrees below zero — and I really pulled my coat collar up around my ears when I walked down the hill to her house this morning. I don't believe the furnace has stopped running for twelve hours; it just runs on and on and on.

I remember one late afternoon about six years ago when the electric power went off in our end of town. The furnaces shut off, of course, and we were dependent upon the oven of our gas stove for heat. Mother and Dad had an electric stove so they were completely without any heat. They came up to our house and sat in the kitchen with us until electric power was restored.

That episode reminds me of another one — one in which I was the subject of a joke. This happened the first year of our marriage when Oliver and I lived in the old Strom family home in Essex. A few pieces of furniture had remained in the house, one of them being the stove. It was electric with a large cob-burning section on the end. That winter we had a power failure just as I was starting our evening meal. I was stewing around in the kitchen trying to figure out what we could eat that didn't require cooking when Oliver laughed and said, "You can still cook. Just build a fire!" Well, that had never been a part of my cooking experience so it hadn't occurred to me. He found a big basket of cobs in the basement and, with his farm background, he knew just what to do and took over. There have been many times when I've wished for that old stove!

These past weeks have seemed very quiet after the activity of the holidays. Martin was home, of course, and it was great having young people around the house again. His cousins, Alison and Clark, stayed with us during the Denver Driftmiers' visit, and one of his college friends was with us for a short time, coming for a party for college students held at the parsonage. I've used some of this time recently to work on a program I have to give soon.

Our adult study group has completed another series of meetings which Oliver and I enjoyed very much. Martin was home for two of the sessions and regretted that he couldn't participate in all of them. Our church had sent for a group of CBS films "Look Up and Live", narrated by Marvin Kalb. Each Sunday evening we viewed one of the



Aunt Jessie Shambaugh, on the right, was with us Christmas Day and we snapped this picture while she and Mother were still visiting at the table.

films and then held a discussion of it. The planned two-hour sessions often ran over to three or four hours. We all felt they were very worthwhile.

Our next study will be on social and moral ethics and will start sometime in February. We're waiting for books to arrive for the course so the exact date hasn't been established. Our group is open to the public and friends from other denominations are attending along with our own church members.

February is my birth month and Lucile and Oliver are hoping that their Christmas gift for me arrives by my birthday! They went together this year to order some beautiful china and just before Christmas a letter arrived stating that they couldn't fill the order until February. Consequently, there was a note under the tree instead of a package.

The first item on my list of "Things to do in January" was to make room for the dishes. I decided that I wanted them to be in a convenient location so I would use them. (I have a tendency to put "good things" away and not use them as often as I should!) Our "every day" dishes take up all the allotted space in the kitchen cupboards, but just a step or two off the kitchen is a built-in cupboard with glass doors which to date I've used for some of my antique dishes and decorative objects. It just made sense to me that I should have these shelves for my "good dishes". Last week I tackled this cupboard, packed some pieces away, and made space for the new china. Now if it would just get here! If it can't make it for my birthday, I hope it arrives before I entertain my club group.

Martin writes that he is busy with his studies at the seminary. He is using some of his scarce free time memorizing lines for a religious play the

drama group hopes to have ready by Easter. He is also polishing up a play he wrote during the first quarter, which he hopes the group will consider performing sometime. With this extra activity planned for Easter vacation, he won't be able to come home in the spring between quarters.

Mother is busy, as usual. We've never known her to be idle. Her Christmas gift from Donald and Mary Beth was a gorgeous white wool throw to be embroidered in crewel work. It has an interesting pattern and I'm always eager to see how much she has done on it. It will look lovely on the back of her dark green davenport in the living room. When she finishes this item she wants Ruby, her nurse-companion, to teach her how to knit. Mother has mastered almost every type of handwork except knitting. While Mother has been working on the crewel piece, Ruby has been knitting mittens for her grandchildren.

I would like very much to start sewing. It was last year that Oliver gave me the new sewing machine for my birthday. I did a great deal of sewing last winter and spring, but it was necessary to quit when my back started bothering me again. That seems to be one thing that aggravates backs such as mine. But now that I seem to be well over the last siege, I think I'll get the machine out again. I've been looking at the new spring materials and the new pattern books, but haven't made any purchases yet.

I must stop now and have a bite of lunch, and then I'm going to stir up a batch of cookies to take to the office for afternoon coffee break, so until next month,

Sincerely,

Margery

Is Your Friendship Window Showing?

A Program for Brotherhood Month

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Thought for the Day:

"Live and let live!" was the call of the old —

The call of the world when the world was cold,

The call of men when they pulled apart,
The call of the race with a chill on the heart.

But "Live and help live!" is the cry of the new —

The cry of the world with the Dream shining through,

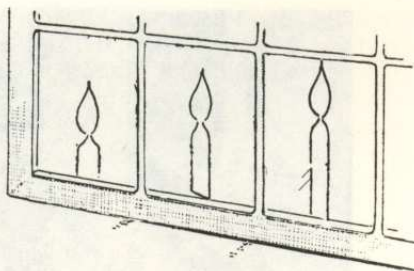
The cry of brother world rising to birth,
The cry of the Christ for a comrade-like earth.

—Markham

Hymn: "Lift Up Our Hearts, O King of Kings" or any hymn of brotherhood. (May be sung or read as prayer poem with a musical background.)

Prayer: From the gathering nations thrust every hindering thing — distrust, selfishness, and greed, and lust. In our own heart — this is our prayer — for Thy blessed peace prepare, make us loving, make us care. For all peoples, greatest, least, O our shepherd, our High Priest, let there be no West or East in our thinking. Hates and fears fostered through the bitter years, help the nations yield, O Lord, with tears. Amen (author unknown)

Leader: In this old world today, there seems to be such chaos, such despair, such hunger, such hatred, that there are those who say the word brotherhood might as well be "ditched" as impossible in our time, a mockery to the realistic approach. Not so, say I. Like Martin Luther King, "I have a dream." You have a dream and other peoples in all parts of the world also have a dream. God's children speak with many tongues, but the words are much the same. They hunger for the self-same bread. Though white or black, red or yellow, they strive for the self-same joys. They have like sorrows. Yes, they are very like ourselves, longing for friendship and love, seeking for the way to share this fruitful earth in peace and brotherhood. And down through the ages have been unfolded evidence after evidence that man's dreams can come true. Century after century God has let it be known to those with eyes and ears opened to



His will and His commands that He can help us achieve our dreams if we have the courage to stand firm.

If your thoughts and my thoughts
And many millions more,
The thoughts of children in the hills,
And children by the shore,
Of children in our own dear land,
And far across the sea —
If all these thoughts (and dreams) were
put to work,

Oh, what a world 'twould be!
If you'd think, and I'd think,
And everyone, everywhere,
We'd think of others round the world,
And each would do his share.

Then no matter in what lands we live,
Our thoughts would make a ring
Of love around the world —
And that's a lovely thing!

—From church paper

Meditation: If you were to visit some of the very old houses in the East you would find a very unusual window over the fireplace. If you were to remark about the small windows being in such an odd place, the owner of the house would tell you that it was an old tradition of that area in days gone by. When there was no fire in the fireplace, a lamp or candle would be placed on that small window sill to guide the traveler in the nighttime. When the fire was burning in the fireplace, the traveler could see the bright reflections of the flames through the window. This fireplace window was called a friendship window. The glow from the friendship window did more than shine a welcome to the visitor. It bespoke of an attitude of concern, of reaching out, of caring for another's needs.

The friendship window is no longer needed to guide the wayfarer on a rough and lonely trail, but I think it can be a beautiful symbol of our dream for brotherhood in today's world. What is the friendship window of your home and mine showing?

Homes with friendship windows are the ones where the children's gang is always sure to find the welcome mat out; where the foreign exchange student finds a home during the school year; where members of the family are cheerfully willing to give of their time to help those in need, and who lend their support to the United Nations, to CROP, and all the other agencies striving to help all mankind; homes

where concern and love are shown for the lonely, the friendless, and sick, and the handicapped, and where honor and respect are given to the elderly and to those in high office to whom it is due; where the wisdom of experience is sought and respected; homes where it can readily be noted that God is "the head of the house, the unseen Guest at every meal".

Do you have a friendship window? Remember, in every word you speak and every action you take your attitude is showing. Is your own window showing understanding, tolerance, love and concern for all, or for only a select few? Far too many have let a curtain of indifference shut out the warmth which should be showing for their family, their neighbor, and mankind everywhere.

Think deeply. Think with a special awareness. Have you a friendship window glowing with the warmth of peace and brotherhood? Perhaps it would help us in our thinking to ponder these words of Abraham Lincoln:

"You cannot keep out of trouble by spending more than your income; you cannot further the cause of brotherhood by inciting hatred; you cannot establish sound security on borrowed money; you cannot build character and courage by taking away a man's initiative and independence; you cannot help men permanently by doing for them what they could and should do for themselves."

We drew a chalk mark (when we were six and eight)

Down the middle of our room — a wall without a gate;

"That side is your half; this side is mine!"

And heaven help the hapless one who stepped across that line!

Then we drew a color line, with comrades at our back,

And tossed a dare at anyone who lived across the track.

Each year more lines, dividing town and gown,

Boss from worker, church from church, town from neighboring town,

Separating life from life, regardless of its worth,

Until the lines were battle lines, dividing up the earth.

God made it One World — wide and glad and free:

Let's erase the chalk marks between you and me!

Let's keep our friendship windows glowing with love-light!

Scripture: (To be read responsively by two readers.)

Then the King will say to those on his right hand, "Come, O blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of

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FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Have you ever had some days when you just felt much older than you ever had felt before? Believe me, I have had some days like that recently! I don't know whether it was the weather, or the burden of my work, or my anxieties about the future of the church, or just plain, old weariness, but something made me feel like an old, old man one day last week. Perhaps it was something about the sound of the words 1970 that did it. The beginning of any calendar decade certainly is a rude awakener to the fact that time moves very swiftly.

Did you happen to see that cute story about the elderly man who complained to his doctor that he wasn't feeling well? "Now look here," said the doctor. "I am doing all I can to help you, but after all, I cannot make you young again."

"Listen, doctor," said the old man, "I don't want to be young again. I just want a chance to keep on getting older!"

Here we are well into the year 1970, and as I look back at 1969 I wish that I had it to live all over again. I feel somewhat like the man who wrote the limerick:

I could retire in my old age
And live like a spendthrift pirate
If I could sell my experience
For what it cost to acquire it.

The other day I told some of my people that I would just love to preach a very optimistic sermon about the prospects for this new year, but in all honesty I could not. There would be no point in my giving a sermon filled with fictitious consolations and spurious compensations when everybody knows that conditions in the world are not what we would like to have them be. No one knows what the future holds for us in 1970, but what 1969 held for us is reason enough for every thoughtful person to believe that we are destined to travel down a very rough and bumpy road filled with tension and turmoil through all of this year. The fact is that we are still in a storm of violent proportions that does not indicate any signs of blowing itself out in the near future, and instead of any of us spending time in wishful thinking about calmer, happier days to come, we need to face the facts and learn to live realistically in this time of great strain.

Maybe you saw that cartoon in one of the national publications that pictured some tourists bogged down on a well-nigh impassable road in the Canadian wilderness. The road was filled with boulders and potholes and ruts, and the distressed travellers were shown



Frederick delights in surprises for church members. On this occasion Ruth Ekberg is recognized for her 40 years in the choir. She is a music teacher and has trained several Metropolitan Opera stars.

looking in dismay at a road sign which said: "Take care which rut you choose; you will be in it for the next twenty-five miles!" That is good advice for some of the idealistic young people today who are great for discarding the old and the tried and the true and experimenting with things of dubious value. The trouble is that they are free to try many things, but then are not free to stop trying them.

About this time of the year Betty and I find ourselves right up to our necks in social obligations. Next week we are going to entertain for dinner about twenty-five of my students from the college. As we usually do with dinners that size, we shall serve it buffet style and have tables set in both the dining room and the sun room adjoining. A little later in the month we shall have thirty members of our church choir in for refreshments after a choir rehearsal, and then we shall plan to have a luncheon for some volunteers who have been working with me in one of our large social agencies. I am the president of the Springfield Child and Family Service Agency, and I want to do something to show my appreciation to all the fine men and women who volunteer to help us. Fortunately, I am married to a girl who likes to cook and who likes to entertain. How desperately sorry I feel for any minister who is married to someone who dislikes entertaining.

I was surprised the other day to read that food prices are even higher out in the Midwest than they are here in New England. We always have supposed that because of our great distance from the source of most of our food, we were paying higher prices than most other Americans, but I guess that that is not so. I was amused to

read about the housewife in a supermarket who bought two cartons of cigarettes, three record albums, a case of beer and two pairs of shoes. When she looked at her bill she exclaimed, "My, food prices seem to be getting higher all the time." Whenever I hear someone complaining about the price of meat and then blaming the high prices on the farmers, my Iowa background rushes to the fore, and I say: "Hold everything! Don't blame the farmers! They are the last to get the benefit of high prices." Of course, I know that to be true or I would not say it. So many people who live here in New England have no understanding of the hardships of farming, and they have no idea how little pay the farmer gets when measured in terms of the hours the farmer must work.

Betty and I love to hear from our Kitchen-Klatter friends, and we had a thrill this Christmas when we received a card and a letter from Mrs. Juliette C. May who lives in Ashfield, a suburb of Sydney, Australia. You have heard me tell about our many visits to Ashfield, Massachusetts, a little town just about forty miles northwest of Springfield. Never did I dream that there was an Ashfield in Australia, and of course I never knew that someone in Australia was reading these letters every month. We once considered making a visit to Australia, and now that I know we have a Kitchen-Klatter friend there, I think we shall have to make that visit before too many years pass by.

Writing of her home, Mrs. May said: "We are indeed fortunate in having a large home of the older type in a level block of land where we have a lovely garden — all around us home units and town houses are springing up at an alarming rate, so you can understand how nice it is to still have land! My son who is 23, is assistant to the Chief Geologist of the Electrolytic Zinc Co. but spends two nights a week studying horticulture at the Ryde School of Horticulture — we are surprised now when we learn what plants have to put up with and to think that we were ever able to grow anything at all!"

Guess what we did last week! We had the pleasure of entertaining for dinner Captain Irving Johnson and his wife. You will remember that we sailed with them last September, and perhaps you have read their most recent article printed in the December issue of the National Geographic. If by any chance you have an opportunity to hear Captain Johnson lecture and to see his fabulous movies, be sure to do so. We think that he is just about one of the greatest men we ever have known, and the adventures he has had are unbelievable.

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Winter swirls just outside the windows, and I've found myself doing a mental inventory of the contents of our closets, with an eye to (you know, for you do it too!) possible alterations or makeovers. Well, the fire was warm — too warm to leave — so presently I was recalling past projects in this field, and dreaming up new ones for the future. Then, with pencil and paper, I began to make notes to share with you.

Through this part of the country we were brought up on the thrifty tradition of "use it up, wear it out, make it do . . ." but, with any reasonable resources at hand (you guessed it, the contents of those closets,) we were *not* going to do without, thank you! Winter has traditionally been the best time of year to tackle this particular phase of sewing; staying by the fire has its own appeal, and then, too, many of you have fewer outside commitments at this season. The gardening and canning and freezing, and a good part of the yard work, are over — for better or for worse — until another season has come and gone.

"I've wondered," you remark curiously, "where you draw the line between alterations and makeovers. I've heard it said that alterations slightly change the style or sizing of the garment, while make overs create a totally new garment from the fabric. Which serves as well as any, don't you think? For when you begin, you'll be too absorbed and excited over the results of your project to worry very much about definitions. This type of sewing has built-in limitations; there is not as much leeway as new sewing, yet there's a definite sense of satisfaction (yes, of triumph!) when each job is successfully completed.

Myriad reasons arise for this type of sewing: 1) You've swelled or the clothes have shrunk; 2) hemlines have changed; 3) you have (oh happy day!) lost a noticeable amount of weight; 4) the children have grown and the clothes must pass down to a new owner; 5) you've found a garage sale where things were going for a song; 6) Cousin Connie brought a big box of dresses that her girls have outgrown; they're

lovely — but nothing *quite* fits your girls; 7) you're still fighting the Interminable Battle of the Budget, or 8) — (You fill in your special reason in that blank.)

Whatever the reason, few of us can afford to discard everything that doesn't quite fit or is out of favor, to begin entirely fresh and new. Take heart! Your skill with needle and thread, teamed with some lively new ideas, can turn those dresses into a closetful of outfits to be worn with pride.

While you work, keep in mind that any alterations or makeovers, when completed, should never look altered or made over (unless the viewer had a speaking acquaintance with the original outfit, of course.) And even then, recognition is not always certain sure, as I once found to my satisfaction. We were given a girl's dress, outgrown by its original owner; the fabric was sherbet-colored Dan River gingham, delicate greens, lemon yellow, sky blue and strawberry pink plaid on a white background. The gingham seemed good as new, not a break in the fabric anywhere, but . . . the original yoke and trimming of yellow organdy was limp, frayed, and even torn. This dress was size 12, our girl was size 8, so I put my imagination to work. First I chose a dress pattern in similar style with fitted bodice (and a yoke), full skirt, puffed sleeves. The pattern was laid on the front of the dress using the existing waistline seam and already-gathered skirt; the back was cut by the same method. The back, of course, already had the buttons and buttonholes, except it was necessary to make one new buttonhole at the neckline. I reused the gingham half-sashes, cutting them slightly shorter to be in proportion to the smaller size dress. The puffed sleeves were laid out flat, and recut as though working with new goods. The worn-out yellow yoke and trimmings were entirely discarded. Next, new yoke, Peter Pan collar, and cuffs were cut from a remnant of crisp white waffle pique, and a blue, embroidery-edged white organdy ruffle added around the edge of the yoke, which changed the "mood" of the dress entirely. Finished, the dress looked quite new (and rather expensive,) and had required only about half the sewing time that a new dress would have needed — at a small fraction of the cost of a new one. Incidentally, the change was so complete that the original owner never recognized the "new" dress!

Most remodeling jobs, of course, aren't this transformed, nor do you really care. But here, to stimulate your own "make-new" planning, are an assortment of suggestions that can be (and have been) made. Some you know, or will speedily recall; others may be

new and useful to you: such projects as removing worn sleeves to create a sleeveless dress or jumper, or making a skirt from a dress, or making a "new" dress from the good portions of two worn or outdated dresses. Of course, there'll be lengthening dresses for the growing girl, finding ways to cover that "line" that often shows after the lengthening, or slashing the skirt into two sections and making it longer by inserting contrast. Or shortening the dress for the younger sister, and finding some idea to make it look fresh and new — have you ever tried an embroidered or appliqued personal monogram, plus a new belt or some fresh trim to match? This involves psychology, for few people will think of a monogrammed dress or blouse as possibly being a hand-me-down. You might want to monogram that white blouse for Little Sister, to be worn with a different skirt than Big Sister teamed it with.

Also, you can lengthen little girls' dresses with contrast, adding a band at the bottom, with a bow at the neckline or new collar and cuffs to match the band. Or add a band at the bottom, with a matching new yoke at the top (which can add length to the bodice, if carefully planned and done). Or you can cut off the bodice of the dress, and add a contrast set-in waistband, with more of the contrast fabric at the top of the skirt, and the original skirt material seamed on below this new insert. This solution is best on the rather slim child who's simply "sprouted up" taller than the dress, but not yet wider. Or, you can cut the dress skirt around, a few inches above the hemline, and insert a wide contrast band. Add bands of boughten trimming, too, if desired, then add similar trimming touches to the bodice of the dress to "tie them together".

Here's a method you may not have thought of, to lengthen your daughter's too-short pleated skirt. First, remove the waistband. Using a jumper or simple slip pattern, make a camisole top extending down to hip level; neatly sew the skirt to hang straight from this. The now-longer skirt can be worn with any sweater or overblouse that's long enough to cover the camisole portion. This is very comfortable to wear, and easily gives another winter's service for an attractive wool pleated skirt, for small expense. It's stylish, too, since overblouses and pull-over sweaters are so popular. Some mature women are even using this method for suit skirts that are a bit short, or perhaps too snug at the waistline.

You've surely some dresses that have worn out under the arms, or across the back, while the skirt fabric is still fresh and usable. This goods can be used many ways, especially if the skirt

is fairly full (as on many shirt dresses and washable summer cottons.) I've seen attractive maternity tops made over from such sources, and one woman remodeled her shirt dresses with full skirts in a really unique way: she cut off the tops just below the waistline seam and wore them as blouses, under jumpers — which, of course, nicely concealed the lack of a conventional blouse-tail. Then, she used the adequate amount of skirt fabric to cut from each a very simple, sleeveless shift. Her reasons were, she had so many shirt-dress styles that she had tired of them, yet the fabrics were fresh and attractive, in her favorite colors. She was deliriously happy to have a "new" wardrobe, in slim new styles, at a very little cost other than thread and time.

You might try combining print or plaid dress skirt fabric with solid color skirt material from another dress, chosen in a harmonizing color, to make a little girl's dress. Cut the new skirt and trim from the figured goods, and the "blouse" from the solid color. Done with imagination the resulting dress can be quite attractive.

Some homemakers sew aprons from the best fabric of a worn dress, which is usually the back of the skirt. Others use the back of worn shirts for quickly made band aprons at little cost, adding a bit of imaginative trim for the fun of it.

More ideas on maternity wear: of course it's wonderful to have some new dress to wear away from home, for you face the world with confidence when you feel you look your best. But, from a dollars-and-cents standpoint, there are some budget stretchers you can use to create a very adequate and attractive at-home wardrobe. The notions counters offer a selection of stretch panels, and it's a quick job to insert one of these in the front of a skirt you have on hand; they work well in straight or slightly flared styles, and sometimes can be added to a skirt with walking pleats, if you measure and work carefully. Of course there are the tops we mentioned, made from the still-good skirts of discarded dresses. You can also make trim tops from the larger size men's shirts, often without a complete make over. Pleats or tucks can be taken to narrow the shoulders, sometimes a pleat under the arm if it's needed; you can remove the collar and add fresh new ruffling around the neckline and down the front for a feminine touch and a completely new look. The bright floral tapes and braids are high style just now, and these can transform a shirt from tailored to feminine, too. Use your imagination, and see what ideas you can come up with!

Of course, there are other ways to convert men's or boy's shirts. Remake



We don't have a letter from Abigail this month, but are sharing this picture of her taken when she and Wayne, Clark and Alison were here for Christmas.

into attractive blouses by reversing side of buttons and buttonholes, and concealing the change by using yards of the bright, patterned braids or tapes in your favorite color and design. Add some around the neckline, or even make a narrow, stand-up band collar completely covered with rows of the braid. The bottom edge of short sleeves can be restyled for a more feminine look by gathering onto a band, if you wish. Using this same basic idea, you can make a short nighty from a shirt, and add ruffling around the bottom edge, too. Or make, using the fabric, toddler's underslips (the built-up shoulder style, the simpler the better). Face the neck and armhole edges, or bind them with bias tape; there's a bias tape complete with an attractive little colored shell edging that's perfect for this use. I once made the mistake of doing hand shell-stitching; it was very dainty, but after two of them, I decided that only new fabric was worth that much time, and subsequent slips were made almost entirely on the sewing machine.

You think, now, of those baby dresses — the baby has suddenly shot up into a willowy toddler, and while the dresses still fit in the shoulders and sleeves, they are woefully short! Jumpers once more are the answer. Those brief dresses will double beautifully as blouses under neat little dark jumpers, which have the added advantage of appearing clean for a longer time than the dresses did alone. Use dark poplin or corduroy to make the jumpers, or use other washable fabric with body to it, in plain, printed, plaid — your choice. Or you may be able to find fabric in the make-over pile again — for instance, a green pinwale corduroy skirt that was flared, with only side seams, makes a fascinating metamorphosis to a toddler's A-line jumper. Buy some matching broadcloth for facings, if need be. Or even use boldly bright contrast

facings, even a vivid print, if you wish — this is sometimes done in the ready-to-wear field, and not in the economy line, either! Or you can face with bright print fabric from which you also make a blouse (maybe some of that dress-skirt fabric again?). The combinations are nearly endless, and will be suggested by what usable make-over fabrics you have available or can dream up for small cost.

Shorts for your toddler can be made from the best portions of Dad's worn worn-out pants. Yes, even the permanent press ones — on which you either lay out the pattern to avoid the creases entirely, or lay them to utilize the existing creases for the new shorts. Of course you'll avoid the noticeably worn spots. Up to size 4, they'll need no fly front; make the simple, easy elastic waist boxer shorts. Once you get on to it, you can make each pair in about thirty minutes or so.

You all know, of course, of the "alteration" that transforms long jeans or slacks (that are too short, or have holes in the knees) into summer play shorts. The number of years you'll be able to do this depends upon the preferences of your boy, and upon the custom in your neighborhood. A few years ago we lived in an area where no self-respecting boy of school age would ever wear shorts of any description; they scornfully termed them for the "little kids"! Now, however, we're in a tourist area where we see many men of grandfather age wearing shorts, every day of the summer. So, of course, boys of ten and twelve see no loss of masculinity if they, too, wear shorts. It doesn't take long to hem them neatly, and you get a extra summer's wear that otherwise you wouldn't have had, at no extra cost. This past summer, in an experimental mood, I even tried out some of the new fabric cements that are sold in tubes at the notions counters, and "glued" in a few hems to test the results. I found that the cement held well, unless the shorts were washed in exceptionally hot water, but still I haven't any plans to throw away my needles for a while. For I don't mind sewing, and the gluing process took just about the same amount of time.

And you can do what I once did, with those good denim jeans . . . good in every respect except they fit no one in the house, and weren't going to for years, if ever. These made durable little overalls for the toddler, brightened with bold buttons and contrasting thread used for the flat fell seams, and were well worth the time spent making them.

Next month I'll give you some more helpful suggestions for alterations and makeovers.

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

On this cold and snowy winter day I'm grateful for my snug, warm home. I'm sitting in front of a north window, watching Frank feed the cattle and stoke up the fire in the tank heater. The smoke is rolling out now, so soon the stock will have nice warm water to drink. The ponies, Sawdust and Little Buck, look like fat butterballs in their long winter coats, and are frisky this morning, chasing each other around in the deep snow.

In my last letter I didn't have space to tell you about our visit from Kristin and her family. Their visit came right on the tail of my monthly trip to Shenandoah. In fact, I got home just a day ahead of their arrival, which just gave me time to pick up a borrowed high chair from a friend and get the crib set up for Aaron. Bernie has a roll-away bed we borrowed for Andy to use, so I had to do much scurrying around.

They stayed all night in Grand Island enroute, and got to Shenandoah in time for lunch with Mother and Ruby the next day. They wanted to have a short visit with all the relatives there before driving on. It was almost five o'clock when they stopped to open the gate down by the road. Frank was just moving the cows home from the pasture (the reason the gate was closed), and I saw Andy get out of the car to help Grandpa. When he started to run across the meadow to the house, I ran out to meet him. We got to the house just as Kristin and Art were getting out of the car but I didn't see Aaron anywhere. Art said, "We're sorry, but we left Aaron with Grandma Brase and he didn't get to come with us this time." My heart just sank, but only for a second, because I knew they wouldn't have come without him, so he must be hiding under a blanket in the car. I looked and couldn't see him, but just then he came walking around from behind the car and it really gave me a jolt to see how much he had changed since last August.

They had left home on Aaron's first birthday, and Kristin said when Andy got up that morning and she told him that today Aaron was one year old, he said he was going to go in and wake him up and see if he could talk now. We had his birthday dinner here, inviting Bernie and Aunt Delia to help



We were delighted that Kristin and her family could stop in Shenandoah. Mother could hardly believe her great-grandsons had changed so much.

us celebrate. Bernie brought the birthday cake, and of course Andy was much more excited about blowing out the candle than Aaron was, but Aaron had fun with the piece of cake we put on his high chair tray. Andy and I had gone to town in the morning to get Aaron's birthday presents — a push toy and a kiddie car.

They were here almost a week, and were fortunate to have nice weather the entire time. The only flaw was that they all had miserable colds when they came and just began to feel a little better by the time they left. Andy didn't feel too bad and was able to spend most of his time outside. He had to show his daddy all the things he played with last summer — his tree house, play house, fire engine, and especially how to saw wood and how to ride Little Buck. Oh yes, Grandma bundled up several times a day and took long walks with Andy and Little Buck. I played "hide and seek" with Aaron in the house.

We were so happy that Frank's sister Ruth and her husband Frank and son Kurt were able to come from their home in Kansas City to have Thanksgiving dinner with us. Ruth had gone out to Laramie with Bernie and me last June and had seen Aaron and Andy then, but Frank and Kurt hadn't seen Andy since he was a baby and had never seen Aaron, so this made us doubly glad they were able to share the day with us.

Andy wasn't ready to go home when that day of departure arrived, and decided he would like to stay with Grandma and Grandpa and let the rest of them go on home, so it was a tearful and unhappy little boy who rode out of the yard that morning. I told Kristin I believe he really could visit us now for a short period by himself and get

along all right. Maybe they will let him try it next summer.

I was awfully happy to have some pressing sewing to get done after they left, because it takes a little time to adjust once again to the silence in the house after a few days of lively activity when the house practically rocked with the laughter and games of little boys. I had material for Christmas dresses for both Juliana and Kristin — red for Juliana and brilliant green for Kristin. I managed to get them both made and mailed in time for them to wear during the holidays. Kristin said her dress fit perfectly; Juliana said hers was perfect except for the sleeve length. They were too long, but she was able to shorten them herself. With the girls' being so far away it isn't easy to sew for them, and it is really discouraging to put a lot of time on something that doesn't fit. Kristin fluctuates so in her weight that this is the first time for a long time I've made something for her that didn't need altering before she could wear it.

The three-day open deer season followed on the heels of their visit, and our four friends from Kanawha arrived on schedule the day before. Frank and his friends enjoyed their coffee and donuts around the kitchen table at the close of hunting hours every afternoon as they discussed the day's activities. The men had good luck this year and each went home with a deer.

It was a relief to have the fields finally dried out enough to get the beans combined and what little corn we got planted this wet year chopped for silage before the friends came for the deer season. This permitted Frank to relax and enjoy the time he took off to hunt with them. In fact, they finished the silage just a day in advance of a

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Growing Toward the Best

*A Candle-lighting Acrostic for
Boy Scout Honor Month*

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Arrange eight unlighted tapers in candleholders in a semicircle on a small table. Large blue and gold letters spell out "Boy Scout". Place one letter in front of each candleholder. Place a candle off to one side of the arrangement. This single candle is lighted by the leader as the service starts and later used to light each of the others in turn as the acrostic is presented. One person or eight can present this part of the program.

Leader:

You're here to play a part, my boy,
Upon this grim old earth,
And so where'er your lot is cast
Do credit to your birth.
Put not your faith in friends or luck,
But play your part alone;
Be not ashamed 'fore God or man
To call your deeds your own;
Take pleasure in your duties,
And make your work your play,
And touch not those toys that gamble
Your time and life away.
In all things that you undertake
Just do the best you can,
And the world will be the better
For you'll grow to be a man.

—Anonymous

We light our candles this day to those
ideals and qualities which make a good
Scout growing toward the best — a good
man.

"B" If you can't be a pine on the
top of the hill,

Be a scrub in the valley — but be
The best little scrub by the side of the
rill.

Be a bush if you can't be a tree.
We can't all be captains; we also need
a crew;

There's something for all of us here.
There's big work to do, and there's
lesser to do,

And the task we must do lies near.
If you can't be a highway, then be a
good trail,

If you can't be the sun, be a star;
It isn't by size that you win or fail —
Be the best whatever you are.

(Lights the "B" candle.)

"O" Obedience is one of our Scout-

ing laws,
And a mighty good rule, too.
Obeying and respecting laws and rules
Helps to build a better you.

"Y" You are the only friend some
person may have.

You may be the only fellow to help an-
other in need.

Your song may be the only one some-
one may hear.

You may be the only Bible some folks
will read.

You cannot settle for less than the
best, for

You have an important place in life to
fill — you, indeed!

"S" Something each day — a smile
is not much to give,

But 'twill make this a happier place to
live.

Something each day — a word. We can-
not know how much it means,

But it may be just the one to cheer, or
to help another find his dreams.

Something each day — a deed. There's
so much that we can do each and
every day

To lift another's load and help him on
life's way.

"C" A Scout is courteous and cheer-
ful

To those he meets each day,
Knowing that what he is and does
speaks louder

Than anything he might say.

"O" A Scout must live and give for
others.

Sharing the best that he has with all —
with all mankind, his brothers.

"U" Unselfish usefulness. A Scout
will surely try to give, as he thinks of
little acts of kindness, helpfulness and
love about the home and his community.

"T" The rule of three is one for
every Scout to remember.

Three things to govern: temper, tongue,
and conduct.

Three things to love: courage, gentle-
ness, and affection.

Three things to hate: cruelty, arro-
gance, and ingratitude.

Three things to wish for: health,
friends, and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to work and fight for:
honor, country, and home.

Leader:

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can. —Wesley
(This service might close with all
repeating the Scout oath.)

VALENTINE DAY

Sweet day of love and care —
Time to tell those around us
That we have love to share,
That love is ours, but not alone —
The cup is overflowing.
The more we have, the more we share—
Ever coming, ever going. —Mary Kurtz

WONDER YEARS

The wonder years of the children
Go prancing along by their side,
As they walk to school in the morning
Or run with a gay, quick slide.

The wonder years are soon over
As they vanish in grown-up ways,
But they leave their mark in memory
That shape all their future days.

—Alice G. Harvey

PUZZLING OFFSPRING

Innumerable toys fill the closets —
More are stored beneath the bed.
There are games in every drawer;
Stacks of books they've never read.

There's a puppy they can romp with —
Rabbits, cats, a pony too.

So I wonder why they tell me,
"Ah, gee, Mom, there's nothing to do."
—Fay Downey

WAITING FOR THE BUS

Children standing on the corner,
Waiting for the bus,
Talking, laughing, holding hands —
Students anonymous.

I see them through my picture window,
So early in the day.
Sometimes it's in the fall, sometimes
A bright spring day in May.

I see them stomping in the snow
Some cold day in November,
Or blowing on their hands for warmth,
Near Christmas in December.

I often feel a twinge of pain
For folks not very old,
Who rise so early in the morn
And stand out in the cold.

But then I think of days when I
So loved the stimulus
Of early morning chats with friends
While waiting for the bus.

—Gladise Kelly

DYORAK AND THE BILY BROTHERS

by

Helen Harrington

Because Antonin Dvorak liked to watch trains come in, I stand watching Dixie's fingers reverently striking the keys of his piano, her eyes following the notes of his music open before her.

"Going home — going home — I'm just going home ----"

Only he wasn't, just then. Just then, Dvorak was far from his native Bohemia. He was in the New World, composing. And some of his music was written here in this very house, a large, heavy square of dark red brick with arched doorways and windows on a languorous street in the small town of Spillville, Iowa.

I look around the quiet upstairs room of what is now a museum. Beside me, on the wall, under glass, is the famous Violin Clock, "A Memorial Clock to Antonin Dvorak". Yellowed newspaper clippings explain that this is the work of Frank L. Bily. The Bily brothers carved clocks on long winter evenings; this house contains their creations, along with mementos of the great Czech composer.

It seems odd that their personalities should have happened to meet here — the personalities of the celebrated European musician and two almost unknown farmers who liked to work with wood. Yet it was not, perhaps, unfitting. Apparently the Bily brothers were intrigued by Time, while Time and Antonin Dvorak seemed to have something of the same epic scope.

"Can you imagine it!" Dixie emphasizes the moment softly. "Here I sit at his piano, playing his song. Think of it! His hands rested here!"

She is so impressed that she does not think that she can play even the simple melody well enough not to dishonor it, and she stops after a few plaintive passages.

Dvorak took one of the trains he used to watch on 155th Street, New York City; took it west to visit the father of his young secretary, Joseph Kovarik. They tell it, still, in Spillville, that Dvorak, then Director of the New York Conservatory of Music, rose early in the morning, before others of the Czech community were astir, and walked in woods to commune with nature and enjoy the melody of the birds and feast his eyes on the beauty of the region. They argue as to what compositions were inspired here; certainly "The American Quartet" and a "Quintette for Strings". But does one really hear, in the scherzo, the tempo of the Indian dance, the drums, with chanting and singing? And if *Hiawatha* was a source of inspiration for *The New World Sym-*



Andrew was as excited over Aaron's first birthday party as if it had been his own. The observance was delayed until they reached the farm so the Johnson grandparents could help celebrate.

phony, is its origin not, still, the Old World, since *Hiawatha's* meter is like that of the old Finnish poem, *Kalevala*?

"He gave close attention to a band of Kickapoo Indians, who performed with music and dancing," I inform Dixie, quoting from another clipping. "He left here because his daughter was beginning to fall in love ----"

I am intrigued by this, but there is no more about it, so I look at the clock. The face of Dvorak is set below the strings on the body of the clock. His beard has been tamed to smoothness in hard maple, but still suggests the shaggy luxuriance it shows in his photograph. His wooden eyes remember that the real eyes held eloquence and feeling.

The dial, set on the violin among the strings, foretells four o'clock. I warn Dixie that they will start the tour of the clocks shortly. We must go down to the lower floor where most of the clocks are.

We leave the room to be brooded over by the spirit of Antonin, and hurry down to the tourists and the girl guide with blonde hair. She will describe the various features of the clocks and set their machinery in motion. There is something oddly suspenseful about it as she waits for us and the other sight-seers to take our positions, as even the clocks wait. It is as though, for once, Time is being polite to us, allowing us to go before it and start it moving.

We see, now, that the clocks are not all set to strike at four. They do defer to us, and to our guide's will! Her hands will move theirs to make the hour.

The Twelve Apostles begin to parade to chimes. Their robed, boxwood figures move stiffly among Gothic cathedral arches along the intricately worked balconies as though they do their duty. They are in the midst of lacy steeples

with bells, bridges, and towers of Prague. The next clock, the Paradise Clock, is carved with figures of Adam and Eve and the tree and the animals of the Garden.

I begin to wonder about the Bily brothers. Their pictures occupy unobtrusive places and they are as unobtrusive as the places they occupy. Such ordinary men, but their ordinariness becomes mysterious by their unlikely talent. What kind of men were they who seem hidden behind their intricate creations? Religious men, who had formed, through their immigrant parents, a tie to Europe and the past?

"See, Dixie," I whisper, "a replica of a Norman Cathedral and Westminster Abbey." The chimes of Normandy Clock plays hymns as we listen.

What else were the Bily brothers? Interested in this country, too. The guide points out the American Pioneer History Clock. It is eight feet high, weighs five hundred pounds, and took four years to build. Its panels of cherry and walnut show scenes of John Alden and Priscilla, Washington being sworn in as president, etc. The On the Look-out Clock commemorates the Indian. Sculptured redmen stand on a bluff among pine and deer, above panels engraved with covered wagons. "Look at this!" Dixie exclaims, as we admire The Village Blacksmith. The figures are so rugged and plain that they have power. Above his hammer, anvil, and plowshare, the mighty smith stands. His square-shouldered customer waits nearby with a blocky horse that presumably needs to be shod.

Perhaps the Bily brothers were philosophers. We find suggestions of their thought in the names they gave some of their clocks. One can almost imagine conversations they might have had.

"There is quite a volume of traffic on this road, Brother Joseph," says Frank as they ride along the highway in 1930.

"Yes, and every vehicle going fast. People are all in a struggle for time, Brother Frank."

"Let us build our next clock around that idea and call it The Struggle for Time."

"It could have carved figures of travelers stretching up their arms to try to catch the hands on the dial."

"We could carve it in black walnut wood with hands and figures of white holly."

Peace and social reform must have interested the brothers, too. A clock honors Elizabeth Frye, the Quaker philanthropist, and her "good works" for prisons. The unique base of the clock is a jail cell wherein two carved figures of prisoners languish. The Parade of the Nations Clock bears the

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MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

This is a busy, noisy Saturday at our house. It is the *big* day for laundry and bed sheet changing and house slicking *and* grocery shopping. Since I have been teaching it takes a real program of work organization to be free of a state of total confusion. I'm enjoying the teaching I am doing.

One of the foresighted gifts Donald got me for Christmas was a full length maxi-coat because he knew how cold I would get through January, February, March and much of April here in Wisconsin because twice a day I have outside duty when my little ones are out for recess, and on some days I have it more often. The school is located on top of a hill which catches any wind within a hundred miles, and as a result a long, warm coat was more than a fashion piece. Don has outside duty after school from 3:15 to 3:45 for three days a week and once in a while we're outside together. This is officially known as "prefecting", and during this snowy weather it isn't an easy task to keep track of those people throwing snowballs in the combatant area and where the snowballs are coming from which enter the non-combatant area. Don is a sharp-eyed outdoors man, so things are relatively safe when he is outside.

Seems as though everything I have to tell you about concerns school, but that is what our lives are wrapped around so I guess it isn't too surprising. One of the big events of the winter season has been the children's appearance on television. There is a program sponsored by Miss Gertrude Pulicher, a Milwaukee woman who is extremely active in the promotion of young peoples' activities. She sponsors a half-hour program every Sunday (and has for ten years, I'm sure) which carries the catchy title, the *Other 98*. This I learned is to emphasize and cast attention on the 98 per cent of the youthful population who are good boys and girls as opposed to the 2 per cent who get so much of the press coverage as delinquents.

She invited the students from the Academy to present a program illustrating their talents, and our Katharine was chosen as a moderator. The rest of the children were in the chorus and in small groups for recitation of French and Latin selections. The presentation did, of course, take considerable practice time, and on the evening when the children went down into Milwaukee proper to the television station, it was pretty wild, but not unusual for three busloads of youngsters. Don was asked to go along to chaperone and keep order on one of the buses. It was



Adrienne and Paul Driftmier are in agreement that one of the biggest thrills they've ever had was appearing on a local television program.

suggested that the children eat lightly so their nervousness in front of the camera would not be upsetting, but they didn't mention some of the little ones' being car sick on the bus. However, they didn't anticipate the poor teacher who might get a little too warm on the bus and a little woozy from the unusual motion of a large bus, and my poor husband was the unlucky fellow. Here he was keeping order in a hot bus with no seat for himself, dressed very warmly in fur hat and heavy overcoat, becoming more and more headachy and nauseated with each revolution of the bouncy tires on the bus. When they arrived at the station he suggested that the children roll down the windows because it was really very warm. The taping of the various songs and poems took quite some time, and because the station did not have standing and relaxing room for 170 children, they had a lengthy period of waiting on the bus. All went well during the taping, however, and once Don was off the bus he found the mechanics of watching a program being actually produced fascinating.

The program was in color, and when we watched it several weeks later it was magnificent. Katharine had worn a vivid red dress with her hair falling gently to her shoulders. Her attitude on camera was one of great coolness because she knew her part well. Her partner was a six-foot chap with a deep, deep voice, and on camera they complimented each other nicely.

Adrienne and Paul were in the chorus and Paul thought the inner workings of the television station were fantastic. I'm certain that he enjoys any program he sees now far more than he did before this eventful evening.

The trip home was eventful but not amusing. Don had to bring home our three and two other youngsters in the neighboring town. At 11 o'clock he called for me to bring him the gasoline can from the garage because the Volkswagen with its thirty miles to the gallon capacity and which *never* runs out of gas, *had* run out. I was in the process of packing the lunches for everybody for the next day's noon hour, so I was able to throw on a coat and head out immediately for his stranded automobile. You would think that children who had been in school all day and were up so late past their normal bedtimes would have been asleep, but no, they were singing in the car, excited and exuberant over their merry adventure.

The ground outside is covered with a thick, beautiful layer of white that reflects the occasional periods of sunshine in a dazzling manner. Much of the back of our house is composed of large sliding glass doors and Thermopane windows, and as a result it almost behooves us to wear sunglasses inside. The children have found several neighbor children with whom they spend many happy hours ice skating on the ponds in downtown Delafield. This is all of two blocks away from us, so on decent days when the chill factor from the wind is not so great they are all free to walk to their various fun activities.

I must get this posted soon and do a little grocery shopping so I shall not have to fall back on macaroni and cheese too often this week when we get home from school.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

**CHINESE PEPPER STEAK**

- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 1 lb. beef chuck, cut in thin strips
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1/2 cup sliced celery
- 2 large green peppers, cut in strips
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimento
- 1/2 cup consomme or beef stock
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 tsp. cornstarch
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1 tsp. soy sauce

Melt shortening; add beef and brown slowly. Pour off drippings. Add onion, garlic, celery, green peppers and pimento. Add consomme. Season with salt and pepper. Cover tightly. Cook slowly for 20 minutes. Thicken with cornstarch, blended with water and soy sauce. Simmer for 5 minutes. Serve hot with cooked rice. Yield: 4 servings.

—Margery

SIMPLE APPLE PUDDING

- 3 cups apples, diced
- 3 cups bread cubes
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped
- 4 Tbls. water

Combine all ingredients with exception of water. Spoon into greased casserole. Sprinkle water over top. Bake at 350 degrees about 45 minutes.

Other flavorings may be used in place of vanilla. Orange is especially good. Burnt sugar or maple would be delicious as would a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring.

The bread cubes make the thickening in this simple pudding. If you have your family guess as to the ingredients they would probably never dream that bread was in this pudding.

This recipe is also good made with rhubarb or peaches. It may be served with cream or ice cream if desired.

—Evelyn

BAKED APPLES WITH SAUCE

- 8 Jonathan apples
- 1/3 cup light cream
- 1/3 cup light corn syrup
- 1/4 cup chopped nuts

Wash and core the apples and remove peeling about one inch down from the top. Put the apples in a baking dish. Combine the cream, corn syrup and nuts and spoon into the centers of the apples. Bake in a 375-degree oven for one hour.

Caramel Sauce

- 1 egg yolk, beaten
- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1/4 cup water
- 2/3 cup brown sugar
- 1/3 cup light corn syrup
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine all the ingredients well in the top of the double boiler and cook over boiling water until thickened, stirring often. Cool slightly and serve over warm apples.

—Dorothy

BLUSTERY WEATHER GOULASH

- 2 1/2 lbs. lean beef chuck
- 2 medium onions
- 1 #2 1/2 can tomatoes
- 4 medium-sized potatoes, peeled and quartered
- 3 tsp. salt
- 1 heaping Tbls. paprika
- 1 clove garlic, crushed
- 1 cup boiling water

Cut meat into 1 1/2-inch squares and brown quickly on all sides in a heavy skillet with just enough fat to prevent sticking. Add 2 coarsely chopped onions and simmer 5 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Add salt, paprika and crushed garlic and stir well; fold in canned tomatoes. Cover and cook slowly for one hour. Add potatoes and boiling water. Continue simmering, basting potatoes from time to time until the gravy is reduced to one-third its original quantity and the meat parts easily with a fork. Serve with buttered noodles and a tossed salad.

—Abigail

CHERRY CHEESE TORTE

- 16 graham cracker squares, rolled into fine crumbs
- 1/8 cup butter, melted
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/2 cup powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 can cherry pie filling

Mix the cracker crumbs with the melted butter and 2 Tbls. of granulated sugar. Bake 8 minutes at 325 degrees in 10-inch pie pan.

Whip the cream firmly and then stir in gently the whipped cream, cheese, powdered sugar and Kitchen-Klatter vanilla.

Spread mixture into cooled crust. Cover with the cherry pie filling and chill.

—Mary Beth

HAMBURGER GOO

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1/2 cup diced onion
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- 3/4 cup catsup
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 6 hamburger buns

Brown meat, celery and onion. Add rest of ingredients. Simmer 20 minutes. Serve between toasted bun halves. Makes 6.

—Margery

UNUSUAL VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

- 1 pkg. frozen broccoli
- 1 pkg. frozen green lima beans
- 1 can celery soup
- 1 can mushroom soup
- 4 cups Rice Checks
- 1 tsp. curry powder
- 4 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Cook the frozen vegetables according to directions. Saute Rice Checks in melted butter or margarine which has been combined with butter flavoring. Stir over heat until just golden brown. Combine all ingredients, reserving a few of the buttered Rice Checks for the top. Spoon into casserole. Sprinkle crushed Rice Checks over top. Bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

I have also made this casserole by combining all ingredients without any pre-cooking of vegetables. Placed in a medium oven (350 degrees) or a slow oven (325 degrees), the casserole bakes for a longer time to cook the frozen vegetables. This makes it excellent for Sunday oven dinners which need an hour or a little more to cook.

A very delicious special combination of vegetables. Especially nice for company meals or covered dish dinners. This amount serves 12 nicely.

—Evelyn

APPLESAUCE PUMPKIN CAKE

- 1 box applesauce cake mix
- 1 can (1 lb.) pumpkin
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine all ingredients in large bowl. Beat very well, at least 3 or 4 minutes. Turn into greased and floured 9- by 13-inch baking pan. (This is a large recipe, you can make 5 or 6 nice cupcakes along with the 9 by 13 cake if desired.) Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes for the large cake, 20 minutes for cupcakes.

Serve with whipped cream, whipped topping or vanilla ice cream for a delicious spiced cake. This may also be made with spice cake mix for equally good results.

—Evelyn

PIZZA CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 4 to 6 slices American cheese
- 2 cups biscuit mix
- 2/3 cup milk

Brown ground beef in skillet; place in 8- or 9-inch square baking dish. Add tomato sauce; top with cheese slices. Prepare biscuit mix with milk and roll into thin biscuits. Place biscuits on top of cheese slices. Bake at 450 degrees for about 15 minutes or until biscuits are done. Yield: 6 servings.

—Margery

MOUNTAIN TOP BEET SALAD

- 1 #303 can shoestring beets
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1 Tbls. prepared horseradish
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 1 Tbls. milk

Drain beets and measure beet juice. Add enough water to make 1 1/2 cups. Bring to boiling. Mix in gelatin and when dissolved, stir in sugar. Add vinegar, horseradish, beets and lemon flavoring. Chill until firm. Combine remaining ingredients. Spread over top of salad. Make peaks for *mountain tops*. Cut in squares and serve on lettuce leaf.

This is also very pretty made in a mold. When unmolded, frost with the cream cheese mixture. A delicious and unusual salad. Makes 8 to 10 nice servings.

—Evelyn

RAW APPLE COOKIES

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 cup milk
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 1/2 cups pared and chopped apples

- 1 cup white raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Cream together the sugar and shortening. Beat in the eggs, milk and flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients together and stir into the creamed mixture. Stir in the apples, raisins and nuts. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet and bake approximately 15 minutes in a 375-degree oven. —Dorothy

LEMON-ORANGE CAKE

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1/4 cup water
- 2 1/4 cups cake flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt (if vegetable shortening is used)

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add well-beaten egg yolks. Combine orange juice, flavorings and water. Add to first ingredients alternately with sifted flour, baking powder and salt. Lastly fold in well-beaten egg whites. Bake in 2 layers (8-inch) in a 350-degree oven for approximately 30 minutes.

This is an unusually delicious and delicately flavored cake. We know people who don't like cake, but they come back for a second slice of this one. Have your recipe at hand if you serve this cake to guests for you're going to be asked to produce it.

We've tried quite a few icings on this Lemon-Orange Cake and have decided that by far the best one is our plain white boiled icing to which 1/2 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring is added rather than vanilla.

Vegetable shortening can be used successfully in this if you're "going easy" on butter, but be sure to add 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring if you make that substitution.

—Lucile

24-HOUR SALAD

- 5 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup cider vinegar
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 2 cups very heavy cream, whipped
- 2 cups miniature marshmallows
- 2 cups white cherries
- 1 1/2 cups pineapple tidbits
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 2 cups diced peaches
- 1 11-oz. can mandarin oranges
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

1 4-oz. bottle of maraschino cherries
Beat the eggs in the top part of your double boiler. Then add sugar and vinegar. Cook over hot water, stirring very frequently. Add butter and put aside to cool.

When completely cold fold this mixture into the 2 cups of heavy cream that has been beaten until it is stiff. Add all of the remaining ingredients being sure that the fruit is well drained.

Turn into a large mixing bowl and let stand at least 24 hours before serving.

This makes a large batch and will serve 12 or 14 people. It must be made in advance so it is a favorite with women who are entertaining. —Lucile

CREAM BAKED APPLES

- 6 apples
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup light cream
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Peel, core and cut apples in half. Place in baking dish. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over apples. Bake in 350-degree oven for 1 hour. Turn once during baking time.

YUMMY MACARONI SALAD

- 2 cups uncooked macaroni
- 1 #2 can pineapple slices, cut
- 30 large marshmallows, quartered
- 1 1/2 cups American cheese, cubed
- 1/4 cup pineapple juice
- 1/2 cup salad dressing or mayonnaise
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Cook macaroni in salted boiling water. (Bring water to good rolling boil, stir in macaroni and cover tightly. Turn off fire. Keep covered. In 20 to 25 minutes the macaroni will be nicely done.) Run cold water over macaroni to separate and drain well. Add remaining ingredients in order given. Refrigerate several hours or overnight. If it seems a bit dry, add more pineapple juice.

This is a very large recipe. For family serving, say 6 or 7, make half the amount given.

—Evelyn

WIENER DINNER

1 cup packaged precooked rice
 2 pkg. frozen green beans
 10 wieners
 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/3 cup chopped onion
 1 4-oz. can mushroom pieces, drained
 1/8 tsp. pepper
 2 tsp. flour
 1/2 cup chicken broth
 Cook the rice and beans according to

package directions. While they are cooking, cut the wieners into chunks and saute in the margarine in a skillet. When they are golden brown, push to one side of the skillet and add the onion, mushroom pieces and pepper and cook until tender. Stir the flour and chicken broth into the onion mixture and simmer until thickened. In a large bowl put the rice on one side, the beans on the other side, and pour the wiener mixture over all. —Dorothy

HIGHLAND HOTCAKES

3/4 cup quick oats
 1 1/2 cups milk
 1 1/4 cups sifted flour
 2 Tbls. sugar
 1 Tbls. baking powder
 1 tsp. salt
 2 eggs, beaten
 1/4 cup shortening, melted or liquid
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine oatmeal and milk. Let stand 5 minutes. Sift dry ingredients together. Add to oats mixture. Beat in eggs, shortening and flavoring. Stir only until blended. For each hotcake, pour 1/4 cup batter on hot, lightly greased griddle.

SPECIAL GINGERBREAD WITH LEMON TOPPING

2 eggs, beaten
 3/4 cup brown sugar
 3/4 cup molasses
 3/4 cup melted shortening
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 1/4 cups flour
 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 3/4 tsp. soda
 2 tsp. ginger
 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 1/2 tsp. cloves
 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
 1 cup hot coffee

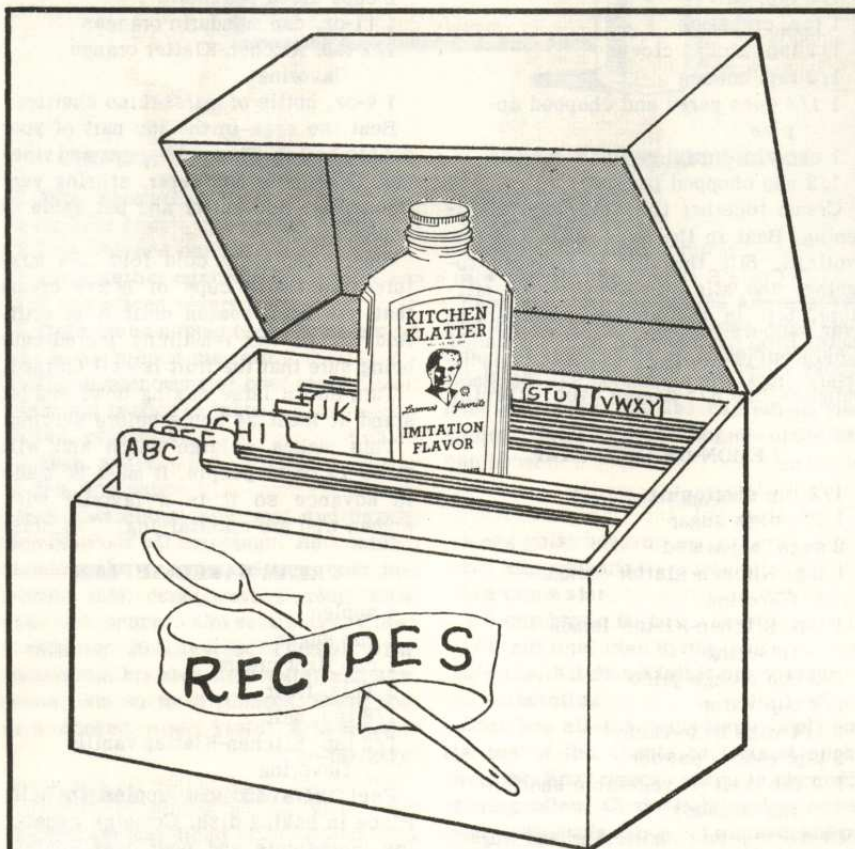
Beat, eggs. Add sugar, molasses, shortening and flavorings. Beat well. Sift dry ingredients together. Add to egg mixture. When well blended, stir in hot coffee. Batter will be *thin*. Pour into greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 40 minutes or until done.

Make the following topping:

Lemon Topping

1 cup sugar
 4 Tbls. cornstarch
 1 1/2 cups cold water
 4 Tbls. butter or margarine
 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
 Combine sugar and cornstarch. Add water and stir until smooth. Add butter or margarine and cook, stirring, until sauce begins to thicken. Add lemon juice. Beat egg yolks slightly, spoon a little hot sauce into egg yolks and then pour into sauce mixture. Continue cooking for 1 or 2 more minutes, stirring, or until the topping is thick. Remove from fire. Add flavorings. Serve warm or cold over gingerbread. This is also an excellent topping for white or angel food cakes. —Evelyn

**RECIPE FOR SUCCESS**

Versatile, dependable, **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**: the extra touch that makes any recipe a collector's item. The spoonful of magic that brings the warmth of the South Seas . . . the tang of fresh-picked berries . . . the party flavor of mint and maple.

Almost everything you cook will benefit from the addition of the right **Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring**. They make great cooks out of good cooks! Sixteen to choose from, and all at your grocer's:

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Orange	Black Walnut	Pineapple	Strawberry
Blueberry	Vanilla	Maple	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.

A GREAT "HAPPENING"

by
Evelyn Birkby

Young people today do enjoy being present at a "happening". Perhaps this is one reason the big rock festivals draw such crowds, as do the beaches during the holidays when the college students congregate, or even on the streets of our cities when a gang goes into action. It gives a sense of something big and lively, of being in a place where exciting activity fills every moment.

My boys belong to a gang, and believe me it is a big, noisy one. Since this *gang* includes some twelve million boys in ninety-five countries, it has indeed reached monumental proportions. They even have world-wide and national get-togethers. When the first such *happening* was being planned, the originator of this group was looking for a name. He decided the best name for such a gathering, since lots of boys would be *jammed* up together, was *Jamboree*. The man who coined the word was Lord Baden-Powell and the group he started was the Boy Scouts.

Last summer the Scouts in the United States held a great *happening* in Farragut, Idaho, when they observed their 7th National Jamboree. Jeff and Craig sent in their reservations early and worked hard to complete their Life and Star rank requirements before the date to leave. Robert had not planned to attend; the Council prefers to pass the jobs of Scoutmaster around and he had attended a National Jamboree in 1964. But about ten days before the departure date, Robert was called to substitute for a Scoutmaster who had illness in the family and could not make the trip.

Such a scramble ensued to get all the uniforms in readiness with the patches and name tags all in their proper places. I thought I was busy getting two people ready for the trip west, and suddenly the number increased to three!

Finally, all was in readiness and we drove to a Scout camp west of Omaha. Some two hundred boys and their leaders of the Mid-America Council climbed aboard buses and headed off into the setting sun. It gave me a strange feeling to see those buses filled with sons and husbands as they disappeared over the crest of a Nebraska hill.

My first report on the trip out to Idaho came via a phone call from Craig (he did not have time to write!) telling me about the ride across Nebraska and the stop in Dubois, Wyoming, for buffalo burgers served by a local Scout troop. The Teton Mountains were marvelous, he reported. Yellowstone provided an overnight stop with an opportunity to see Old Faithful, the mud pots and the glacier basin. Two huge moose were



Craig Birkby shakes hands with a new friend, a Scout from India.

grazing outside the cabin door as our Scouts stepped out to go to breakfast. Craig talked about the impressive earthquake area west of Yellowstone, the Plains Indian Museum at Browning, Montana, and the spectacular ride through Glacier National Park.

The story of the Jamboree itself came back to me in bits and pieces. The excitement of pulling into the campsites, issuance of tents and cooking equipment, and the enthusiastic way in which the Scouts erected their temporary city of forty thousand came in the first report. A great arena show was held when all the boys and their leaders came together. Jesse Owens, the great athlete, spoke at this opening event and each of my Scouts remarked on his meaningful statements. The fireworks at the conclusion of the evening were truly spectacular!

Days were filled with a choice of activities: hiking in the Bitterroot Mountains, visiting an Indian village and a geology camp, swimming and fishing in Lake Pend Oreille, competing in various contests, taking part in talent presentations, skiing, archery, visiting exhibits, sharing in campfires, getting autographs from visiting celebrities, helping prepare and eat huge quantities of food, trading patches, collecting souvenirs and getting acquainted with new friends.

One of the most popular events was an ice-breaker called "Wide Game". One morning each Scout was given a card with a letter on one side. On the back of each card was a word, including the letter on front, which was to be spelled out. The Scout had to roam the Jamboree to find other letters, and the Scouts who had them, to complete the words. When the game was finished, the theme BUILDING TO SERVE was not only spelled but many new friends

from all areas had been made.

A Skill-O-Rama, when held on a national basis, has all the flavor of the various sections of this great country. In fact, some of the *flavor* could be eaten, for those Scouts who demonstrated cooking skills shared the finished products. Such delicacies were included as clam chowder, sourdough biscuits, grilled salmon, barbecued rattlesnake, popped corn (from southwest Iowa) and a roast pig which was part of a Hawaiian luau demonstration. Activities showing Scout crafts, skills and physical dexterity made the Skill-O-Rama as colorful and exciting as a hundred-ring circus.

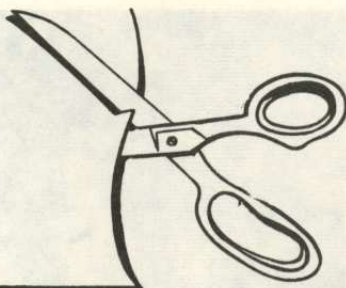
One of the high points of the Jamboree came as the Scouts watched the great historical first as man walked on the moon. Eagle Scout Neil Armstrong sent a message from space directly to the Idaho encampment: "I'd like to say hello to all my fellow Scouts and Scouters at Farragut State Park in Idaho at the National Jamboree this week, and Apollo 11 would like to send them best wishes." To celebrate this tremendous happening, the Scouts fastened American flags on each of the tents — twenty thousand! Eight hundred flags flew at headquarters and some two hundred more were massed behind the platform in the arena.

On Sunday, religious services were held in several arenas, bringing a variety of faiths with eleven different groups represented. The Rev. Daniel L. Towler of California spoke to the United Protestant Service (the fact that he once played football for the Los Angeles Rams pushed up his rating with the boys!). One statement remained in the minds of those who heard him: "We have no enemies, only unrecognized brothers."

(Continued on page 22)

History in Your Sewing Basket

by
Erma Reynolds



When you look at your sewing basket filled with tangled spools of thread, pincushion, needles, thimble, do you ever wonder what was used for sewing equipment in ancient days?

The needle has the distinction of being the oldest of sewing tools, for back in prehistoric times primitives were using bone needles to sew their animal skins. Then came advancement in the Stone Age with the invention of the stone needle. By the time the ancient Romans and Egyptians had appeared on the scene, needles were being made from bronze and iron. Some of these, without an eye, were used like an awl. Others had an eye at the point, or placed halfway between the head and point.

The Chinese were the first to make steel needles. Their innovation gradually found its way westward, with the needles being introduced to Europeans by the Moors sometime around 1200 A.D.

Some of the more imaginative Japanese regarded the sewing needle with great reverence, and held an annual memorial service to comfort the spirits of needles that had been broken during the year. Considered a living thing, the needle's broken body was believed to have been sacrificed in the line of duty.

By 1370 needle making had become one of Nuremberg's outstanding industries. Needle making continued to increase, and by 1650 was a thriving business in other German and English cities.

Thread was another sewing accessory known to primitive man, though his variety, made from leather thongs, grasses, and reeds, was a far cry from the fine threads found in today's sewing baskets.

During the Stone Age folks discovered the possibility of using flax and animal hair to make a more pliable thread. Short lengths of these fibers were twisted together to make the thread, a system that has remained fundamentally unchanged for thousands of years.

We have a woman to thank for spools of cotton thread. Until 1794, thread was a hand-twisted linen fiber sold in hanks. One day as Mrs. Samuel Salter, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, was spinning cotton, she took a second look at

the fineness of this fiber, and wondered why it could not be made into a smooth thread. She described her idea to her manufacturer husband, and he set to work to experiment with this new media, the end result being cotton thread on spools.

Historical records show that the Chinese were using thimbles at a very early period. And when the ancient Italian city of Herculaneum, which was buried by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 79 A.D., was partially excavated, crude thimbles were found among its relics.

The name "thimble" originated with the early English who wore this sewing gadget on their thumbs and called it a "thumb bell". Early-day Germans dubbed their thimble, "finger hat".

Man learned to use a form of scissors more than 20 centuries ago. These first shears were a V-like springy arrangement of two-honed blades. The first crossed-bladed shears, with a center pivot, did not come into use until the First Century A.D. The designers of these early scissors knew their business, because through the passing centuries scissor blades have retained most of their original features. It is the handles that have displayed variation, with their shape and design featuring human figures, hearts, flowers, storks, to name a few.

Thorns or small bones of animals and fish were the first pins. During the 14th and 15th centuries, pins in England were so scarce and expensive they could be purchased on only two days of the year set aside especially for this sale. A wedding gift of money would often specify that it was to be used exclusively to purchase pins for the newlywed's home. A will would sometimes include a special bequest for the express purpose of buying pins.

The pin business began to pick up in 1626 with English manufacturers turning out pins in greater quantities. These early pins were crude gadgets, made of wire with a top added separately to form the head. The first all-in-one pin was invented by an American, Lemuel Wellman Wright, in 1824. Pin manufacture lagged after that, and it took 15 years longer before pins, similar to those used today, appeared on the market in adequate quantity.

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded
lievably exciting. I don't think that any other adventurer and world traveller has written more articles' for the National Geographic than Captain Johnson. We are hoping to have the privilege of sailing with him again in another year or so. He is very fond of Midwesterners and he said that one of the nicest times of the year for him is the late winter when he is lecturing in Midwestern states.

You will find below the poem so many of you requested after I read it on the radio. I don't know who wrote it, but if you do, please write and tell me.

Sincerely, Frederick

SLOW ME DOWN, LORD

Slow me down, Lord!
Ease the pounding of my heart
By the quieting of my mind.
Steady my hurried pace
With a vision of the eternal reach of time.
Give me,
Amidst the confusion of my day,
The calmness of the everlasting hills.
Break the tensions of my nerves
With the soothing music of the singing streams
That live in my memory.
Help me to know
The magical restoring power of sleep
Teach me the art
Of taking minute vacations of slowing down
to look at a flower;
to chat with an old friend or
make a new one;
to pat a stray dog;
to watch a spider build a web;
to smile at a child;
or to read a few lines from a good book.
Remind me each day
That the race is not always to the swift;
That there is more to life than increasing its speed.
Let me look upward
Into the branches of the towering oak
And know that it grew great and strong
Because it grew slowly and well.
Slow me down, Lord,
And inspire me to send my roots deep
Into the soil of life's enduring values
That I may grow toward the stars
Of my greater destiny.

TABLE GRACE

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the many blessings Thou hast bestowed upon us, for the help and care Thou hast given us and for this food that is before us. We pray Thy blessing may rest upon us now and forever, keep us and guide us in the way we should go. This we ask in Jesus' name. Amen
—Olive Stokes Jones

LADY AT THE WINDOW

by
Edna M. Clark

She stood by the window, her frail right hand clutching the too-heavy drape as though for support while the fingers on her left hand waved an almost imperceptible farewell. Blue eyes, faded by the passing of eighty-seven years, shone wetly as she strove to remain calm and brave.

"Ch-Cheerio," she called, overcoming the break in her voice. "Have a safe and happy trip."

However, the woman stumbling into the waiting car lacked her mother's inner strength. Tears streaming down her cheeks she croaked, "Bye-bye, Mum. See you again before too long."

At the window the lady nodded, although she knew the words were little white lies, spoken with the hope they would ease two aching hearts. Regardless of the cliché that "A jet trip across the Atlantic is within everyone's reach" both women knew it wasn't quite that easy. Not for the working class with a home and family to care for. Money, and time, had to be carefully husbanded before such a trip could be undertaken.

In the back seat of the car the younger woman gazed at her mother. Was it really four weeks since she had sat thusly, seeing the same fragile figure standing at the window? On that morning, a month ago, the figure had seemed a little taller, the eyes a brighter blue as they anticipated this first meeting in eleven years.

Where had the intervening days gone? A shiver in a stiffly blowing breeze, a sneeze during an early morning rain and, suddenly, it was time to scurry back to Heathrow airport and the London to New York airliner.

Sisters, brothers-in-law, nieces and nephews gathered around the car, each wishing God Speed with a loving kiss, but the eyes of the woman sitting inside returned again and again to the window.

What did she see, standing there? Was it her youngest child, now in her summer years, returning to her home in America? Or did she see the child of her own summer years, climbing trees, playing with dolls, experimenting with her first lipstick?

The crowd surrounding the car became still and all eyes were drawn to the lady at the window. Their hearts filled as each realized this might be the last farewell the two women would exchange.

As the car slowly pulled away from the curb the woman sitting inside swivelled her head to keep the window in sight. Would she ever see the beloved face again? Amid the emotion-



Mrs. Herman Heckman of Lewisville, Minn., has stacks and stacks of *Kitchen-Klatter* magazines as she has been a subscriber since 1936 and has saved every issue.

wrought silence she offered a quiet prayer. "Please God, I know that eighty-seven is a goodly age, but keep her safe and let us meet at least one more time."

Somewhere between Oxford and London the tears and snuffles diminished and a more presentable countenance boarded the huge jet, but the heart inside still wept.

Days pass and life settles back into its normal routine. Then, from the radio, comes the voice of a female singing "Que sera, sera" but the philosophy is a little hard to cling to because, through a sudden rush of tears memory brings again the sight of the frail little lady at the window — my mother.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

four-inch snowstorm so we were lucky after all.

We had such a happy Christmas! Our tree came from the timber as usual, large and beautifully shaped. Frank's sister Bernie, our friend Belvah and a young friend Larry Allen who was home from college came Christmas Eve for a chili supper. We had phone calls from members of the Johnson family who weren't here with us, which was the next best thing to having them here since they all sounded well and happy. Christmas day Bernie, Belvah, and Aunt Delia were here for dinner and the opening of our gifts. More phone calls from family members, one of which brought the special message that Wayne, Abbie, Clark, and Alison would be coming to spend the day after Christmas with us. It had been years since Wayne and Abbie had been here and we had a perfectly wonderful time.

I have run out of space, so until next month,

Sincerely,
Dorothy

LORD, MAKE ME AWARE

Lord, make me aware,

Lord, let me share!

I have more food than I can eat,

They die with hunger on the street.

I have more clothes than I can wear,

Their feet and legs and arms are bare.

My walls are thick and warm and dry.

Their walls are wind and rain and sky.

I have the love of noble souls,

Their lot is cold and empty bowls.

O Lord, I would remember when

Cries of the needy rise again.

—Sent in by Mabel Nair Brown

IF YOU WASH
CLOTHES . . .In a wringer
washer, automatic
or combination
washer-dryer . . .

then let yourself in on a good thing: **Blue Drops** Laundry Detergent. It's the new **CONCENTRATED LOW SUDS** detergent especially formulated for today's washers and today's fabrics.

In addition to exclusive new brighteners and super-cleaning strength, **Blue Drops** give your things a spring-like fragrance, like no other soap or detergent you've ever used.

White things, colored things, baby's things . . . all come clean — clean clear through — with new **Blue Drops**. The new laundry help from Kitchen-Klatter.





COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Ursula Nordstrom, of Harper & Row, Publishers, tells us good news from Harper Junior Books: E. B. White's new book, his first since the immortal *Charlotte's Web*, has just arrived. The title is *The Trumpet of the Swan*. E. B. White writes that "it is about a cygnet who has a speech defect and other problems, including a money problem." Publication date will be early in 1970, which also marks the 25th anniversary of *Stuart Little*, by the same author. Mr. White is this country's author nominee for the 1970 Hans Christian Andersen International Children's Book Award and is also one of four candidates for the 1970 Laura Ingalls Wilder



Martin Strom enjoyed light reading during vacation from seminary.

Award, given every five years. If *The Trumpet of the Swan* becomes as much read and well loved by children as *Charlotte's Web*, it will be a great success.

Once again I checked out from our branch library the autobiography of Dr. A. J. Cronin entitled *Adventures in Two*

Worlds. (Published by Little, Brown and Co., the book is still in print, \$6.95.) You remember Dr. Cronin as author of *The Citadel* and *The Keys of the Kingdom*. The story of his life is written in narrative form concerning his career as physician and then novelist.

One story, from the author's full life, tells of his experience as a ship's doctor on an India-bound vessel when a smallpox epidemic broke out. Another, his trying to befriend a man in a sanitarium. Another period in the book concerns his being assistant to old Cameron, the Scottish country doctor. The quality of the book shows "a concern for the mystery of human nature in all its guises." Fame and fortune made him realize that outward success was not enough. His spiritual quest led him to a rediscovery of values in life which teach true tolerance.

Author Roy G. Gesch is a pastor in Whittier, California. He has gained a wide experience in marriage and family life through more than 20 years of pastoral counseling. His current books in a prayer-meditation series are *On Active Duty* (used by servicemen throughout the world), *A Husband Prays*, *A Wife Prays*, and *Parents Pray*. All published by Concordia Publishing House, 3558 S. Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, Missouri, 63118. *A Husband Prays* (\$3.00) and *A Wife Prays* (\$3.00) are sold as companion books in slipcase. *Parents Pray* sells for \$3.00.

Quotations from these inspiring books follow:

A Husband Prays:

"My position in my home is unique;
my wife has no other husband —
my children no other father.

Don't let me minimize

my place or my responsibilities
there.

Help me do a really good job at work.

But let me be 'married to' my family."

A Wife Prays:

"Slow us down, Lord,
that we may take more time
for each other
and for You.

If hours be limited,

teach us to use them wisely.

Teach us to put first things first.

First things — our family — and
You."

Parents Pray:

"Keep me mindful
that I am building a life.

Make me equal to the task
in temper and outlook too.

No, not just 'me'.

'Us,' O Lord!"

The prayers in these books build the habit of creative, rewarding meditation in everyday language.

✕ ✕ ✕

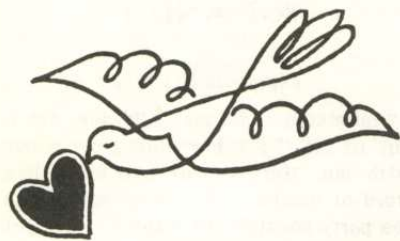
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keeping up with
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KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590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



Valentines

by
Marjorie Fuller

Tingling with anticipation the heart has been touched by Valentine's Day since the third century.

The true source of the valentine celebration and exchange has been much debated by historians. Mid-European in origin one fable harks back to the early Roman Feast of Lupercalia, a mid-February fertility festival where maidens gathered to place their names in a common urn to be drawn out by the young men. The gentleman thus acquired his lady for a year. Some maidens sought attention by elaborate card decoration, an early forerunner of the current variety.

Another legend is woven around the Roman priest Saint Valentine who was beheaded for his Christian faith. Awaiting his execution, he fell in love with the jailer's daughter, a blind girl whose sight was restored through his deep faith. As the legend goes, his farewell message to her was signed "From Your Valentine."

Roman mythology has contributed the story of Venus, goddess of beauty, and her son Dan Cupid with arrows dipped in love potion. This cherub, armed with bow and arrow has become a symbol for those who celebrate each February 14 on an affectionate note.

Probably the first written greetings were in the form of valentines. The earliest known was sent in 1415 by the Duke of Orleans while a prisoner in the Tower of London. Some of the first English valentines were just sheets of paper with verses written in colored ink. Often the verse was copied from some published poetry.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries homemade valentines charmed Europeans, but not until the nineteenth century did the valentine peak reach England. The American history of the valentine had its beginning during the mid-eighteenth century. They were all handmade, frequently pin pricked or cut out, an intricate artistry on delicate paper.

The first known printed copy was done in copper plate during the early 1800's. These models displayed sentimental and humorous illustrations combined with verse yet leaving a blank

space for the personal message. Often the verse was selected from *The Young Man's Valentine Writer* published in 1797, a book filled with verse for all trades and professions.

The comic soon followed the sentimental card. These became so popular with uncomplimentary expressions that they were banned in several countries.

As these varieties were flooding the market the German ingenuity produced the mechanical valentines, pull-outs that stood open to reveal three-dimensional scenes. Many of these antique valentines are the basis for today's models, featuring the delicate hand skills through modern mechanics.

With twentieth century progress the tastes and preferences have expanded into valentines simple and complex. With the many variations through the years the note of expression is the same, to my valentine with love.

FEBRUARY ENTERTAINMENT

by
Virginia Thomas

Cupid Coos: Give guests paper and pencils. See who can win the prize by drawing the best heart while keeping eyes shut. Next, offer a prize to the person drawing the prettiest face in the heart, or the funniest (or a prize might be given for each). Then have every fourth person write on a piece of paper a line which ends with the word heart. The paper is folded down and passed to the next three in turn, folding down the paper after each line is written. Each line the three write must rhyme with the word heart. Thus the first line might be "I love my dog with all my heart", while the next line would be, "On a honeymoon we'll start", another "Woe to him whom us two doth part", etc. Have the poems

read and award a sack of candy hearts to the four writing the best rhyme.

Heart March: In advance cut hearts in various sizes and colors of paper. Cut each one in half, putting one half in one container and the other half in a second box. To play the game have the girls draw a heart piece from one box and boys draw from the other. Play similarly to the game "Going to Jerusalem", with the ladies forming the inside circle and the men the outside circle. Both circles march around to the music. Whenever the music stops abruptly, the man tries to match his heart piece to the one held by the girl opposite him. If the hearts match that couple retires from the circle. Continue the march until all hearts are matched.

Cupid's Missives: On a table place some paste, several pairs of scissors, a stack of advertisement pages from old magazines and a sheet of white typing paper for each guest. Each player is to compose a love poem, a love telegram, or a love story, using only words cut from the advertising pages provided and pasted on the blank sheet of paper. Award a prize to cleverest result.

Cupid's Dart: On a very large sheet of paper, or an old sheet, draw the outline of a heart. Several rings are drawn around the heart. Blindfold the guests, in turn, and let each one pin paper heart to the sheet. Allow 25 points if the heart is pinned to the heart on the sheet; 15 points if pinned to the first ring, 10 if inside the second, 5 if in the outer ring, etc.

PRAYER FOR VALENTINE'S DAY

Thank thee, dear Father up above,
For Day of Valentines and Love;
On this glad day, and all year through,
Help me show love in all I do.

—Mildred Grenier



Valentine's Gift?

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Have you ever tried growing house plants from seeds? Many of the seeds are so minute that it takes two million of some varieties to make only an ounce. Often these tiny seeds will germinate within ten days and with the proper equipment and careful attention, one can grow many beautiful plants for the window garden.

Seeds from true species will reproduce plants exactly like the parent, but hybrids are a different story. As most of you know, hybrids are obtained by cross-pollination of unlike but related plants. By inbreeding through several generations, fixed strains of hybrid are obtained that are so stable they can be propagated from seeds and will come true to type.

A means of providing bottom heat is a *must* if you wish to grow house plants from seed. I have a friend who improvised a seed-starting mat from an old heat pad. She plugged it in and then padded it with layers of newspaper until only a gentle heat of about 75 degrees came through the paper. On this she set her flat of seeds that she had dusted over the surface with moist vermiculite. A plastic tent was constructed over the flat to retain moisture. From this homemade seed starter she was able to grow African violets, gloxinias, impatiens, coleus, Rex begonias, begonia semperflorens, and many other "considered difficult" plants.

When seedlings are started under the above conditions they are very soft and tender and must be gradually exposed to the air or "conditioned" by lifting



James' plate is filled with grown-up food now. Beside him is "Old Blue Dog", his constant companion.

the plastic cover gradually for a little while longer each day. Throughout this critical period when the tiny plants are producing their first true leaves and sending down roots, the planting medium should be kept evenly moist. Vermiculite and sphagnum moss retain water easily. If you pinch a bit of the material between your thumb and forefinger and can detect moisture, the medium is moist enough. (Guard against over-watering.) As soon as the little seedlings begin to crowd in the flat, prick them out with a nail file or pen knife and transplant to individual peat pots or into a larger flat filled with sterile soil. We set our choice ones on an old cake-saver tray and covered them with the clear high-domed top for a few days. This serves as a miniature greenhouse, and as soon as the little plants seem to have recovered and appear to be growing, they are set out in the open air near a good source of light.

A-T AND T

by
Elizabeth McClung

Translated it means, "Eighty, and a cup of tea." Sit down and have a cup with me. Here's your napkin with a word of thanks to Him who makes this tea party possible. Perhaps you thought He wasn't interested but age does not lessen the concern of one who "notes the sparrow's fall". Sugar? Yes, there are lots of sweet things at eighty — old friends remembering you with beautiful cards, luncheon with two very dear friends at "The Bird Cage", a picnic supper with the family, a fresh cherry pie with a candle on it, gifts, of course, and so many other nice things. O yes, you want cream! Well, at eighty, we surely have lots of it — we live with the cream of society, in our Home we have the cream of entertainment, in a town with the cream of culture. Lemon? Yes, we have just a little for flavor. It is true that one "sour note" makes the next one sweeter but that is no excuse for being "one". Speaking of flavor, a smile or an understanding word can add a lot of flavor to an otherwise dreary day.

Let's sip our tea slowly because we don't want to miss any of the refreshment. It is possible to miss a great many of the finer things by "gulping" the opportunities that come. It is so much more neighborly to let the taste linger while we sit and chat a bit — not gossip for we have not time for that when there are so many lovely things for conversation.

So you have finished, but before I give you a second cup, let's read the tea leaves. Because truly we can make them read as we want. There are bright spots in the leaves, also, a bit mysterious but that's what makes the outlook interesting. Each new day is one of adventure — sometimes it is a game of hide and seek, but it's there if you don't give up until you have found it. And mine? Yes, there are interesting stories there, too. Some shadows, naturally. Sometimes you have felt or you have heard someone say "Every letter tells of the death of a friend. Soon I'll be the only one left." But look about you and find new friends, people who need your friendship and your love. Now for the second cup of tea and let's invite someone else to drink it with us. We may be able to convince them that life is still wonderful, beautiful and useful — even at eighty. The cups? Well, yes, we'll wash them for it is so nice to do things together. We'll be friends of each other and friends of others and hope for many more birthday — and tea parties.

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FEBRUARY DEVOTIONS – Concluded
the world;

*FOR I WAS HUNGRY AND YOU
GAVE ME FOOD, I WAS THIRSTY AND
YOU GAVE ME DRINK, I WAS A
STRANGER AND YOU WELCOMED
ME, I WAS NAKED AND YOU CLOTH-
ED ME, I WAS SICK AND YOU VISIT-
ED ME, I WAS IN PRISON AND YOU
CAME TO ME.*

*The righteous will answer him,
“Lord, when did we see Thee hungry
and feed Thee, or thirsty and give
Thee drink? And when did we see
Thee a stranger and welcome Thee, or
naked and clothe Thee? And when did
we see Thee in prison and visit Thee?”*

*AND THE KING WILL ANSWER
THEM, “TRULY I SAY TO YOU, AS
YOU DID IT TO ONE OF THE LEAST
OF THESE, MY BRETHREN, YOU DID
IT TO ME.”*

Reading:

God of the strong, God of the weak,
Lord of all lands, and our own
land;

Light of all souls, from Thee we seek
Light from Thy Light, strength
from Thy hand.

Teach us, Great Teacher of mankind,
The sacrifice that brings Thy
balm;

The love, the work that bless and bind;
Teach us Thy majesty, Thy calm.
Teach Thou, and we shall know, in-
deed,

The truth divine that maketh free;
And knowing, we may sow the seed
That blossoms through eternity;
May sow in every living heart
That to the waiting day doth ope.
Not ours, O God, the craven part,
To shut one human soul from hope.

Solo: The folk hymn “Lord, I Want to
Be a Christian”. (The African hymn
“Kum Ba Ya” might also be used.)

Reading:**A PRAYER**

Please, Lord,
Keep me from smug piousness.
Make me open all the doors and win-
dows widely enough
So that your spirit
Can fill every nook and cranny of my
life.

Don't let me hide the key to the places
Where prejudices and rationalizations
May be lurking.

I am concerned, Lord,
Concerned about indifference and pov-
erty,

The exploited and exploiters,
Those who hate and those who kill,
Lives that are blighted
And what causes all of it.

I try to do what I can.

But it isn't enough.

What else, Lord? What else?

Help me to see, and feel, and do . . .
Help me to remember how different I
feel,

How much easier the job is,
When I take time out
To be a person and to dwell with
others,

Sensing them as persons.

Deliver me from un-personness.

And now, Lord,

Help me to get at my job with a buoy-
ant spirit

And with joy in doing it and with ex-
citement in doing it. Amen

—Methodist Woman

Closing Hymn: “Jesus, United by
Thy Grace” or “O Brother Man, Fold
to the Heart”.

Benediction:

May the strength of God pilot us;

May the power of God preserve us;

May the wisdom of God instruct us;

May the hand of God protect us;

May the way of God direct us;

May the shield of God defend us;

May the host of God guard us

As we daily strive to live up to, and to
bring about, God's plan and our
dream for World Brotherhood. Amen

**ON THIS DAY –**

Mend a quarrel.

Search out a forgotten friend.

Dismiss a suspicion and replace it
with trust.

Write a letter to someone who misses
you.

Encourage a youth who has lost faith.
Keep a promise.

Forget an old grudge.

Examine your demands on others and
vow to reduce them.

Fight for a principle.

Express your gratitude.

Overcome an old fear.

Take two minutes to appreciate the
beauty of nature.

Tell someone you love him.

Tell him again.

And again.

And again.

—Unknown



Everybody appreciates a little help, especially in these days
when we never seem to have enough time.

There's one little helper that's glad to pitch in wherever you
need cleaning help most: in the kitchen, bathroom, basement or
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it cuts the dirt.

Whenever, wherever you need a “helping hand,” reach for
handy

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

“You go through the motions . . .

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER does the work!”

GREAT "HAPPENING" — Concluded

The final campfire was held with all forty thousand Scouts and Scouters together for the last time. Memories of the past week flooded their minds. Friends they had made, both from the United States and among the visiting foreign Scouts, suddenly became very important as the time for departure neared. At the close of the program, each person lit a candle, symbolic of the light of his own life and the need for it to shine brightly in this dark world! The spirits of many Scouts must have walked back with this group as they returned to their tents.

As quickly as it had risen, the huge city folded down, packed away and noisily began to move out by bus, car,

train and airplane. No litter was left behind, I want to add. Good Scouts always leave a camping area better than they found it.

The boys who came home will never be quite the same again. They brought away with them much of this broad country of ours and some of the world which touched them closely as they met boys from other lands. A great deal of the spirit of Scouting as it was put into action may well influence them as they make their choices in the days ahead. It was a great *happening*. The effects of it will remain as long as even one boy remembers and is better for having attended. Would that more of the *happenings* in which youth participate could have the same results.

DVORAK & BILY BROTHERS — Concl.

inscription "A Nation Shall Not Lift Up a Sword Against Nation Neither Shall They Learn War." Thirty-six carved figures, each representing a country and clothed in native costume, rotate on the hour, with a revolving globe.

"They must have loved tools ---" "--- and wood," we remark as we drive homeward. We think of the veining tool, gouge, and chisel that the guide has told us about, few and simple tools that worked a variety of woods. How interesting their workshop must have been with the scent and color of black walnut, butternut, oak, hard maple; with European cherry, mahogany, rosewood, grapefruit wood, white birch, and ash.

"The brochure says that wood for carving must possess fine texture, be compact, tough, and strong," I read. "And remember the plaque of the Holy Family? Frank Bily carved it from the top of the desk he used in school. They gave him the desk top when he left because it was so covered with carvings that they couldn't use it!"

It is quite possible to imagine the Bily brothers as small boys, cutting up desks with surreptitious jackknives. They are a little cleaner. And they do "go well" with Dvorak, I decide later at home, as we listen to the "New World Symphony" for signs of chants or tom-toms. Dvorak's music has bold strokes. It seems chiseled out of something, too, perhaps emotion.

**TANTALIZING TRIP TEASERS**

Purple thoughts twittering on the
bridge of vast expectancy
Lure me to Polynesian isles wrapped
in soft pineapple mists.

On blue Pacific February days
Lazing on tropic currents under the
Southern Cross

The timeless hours will vanish
Down the funnel of Oriental airways.

Strange temples will breathe of
age-old rites

While snow-tipped peaks are glimpsed
Through queer pagodas of another
age.

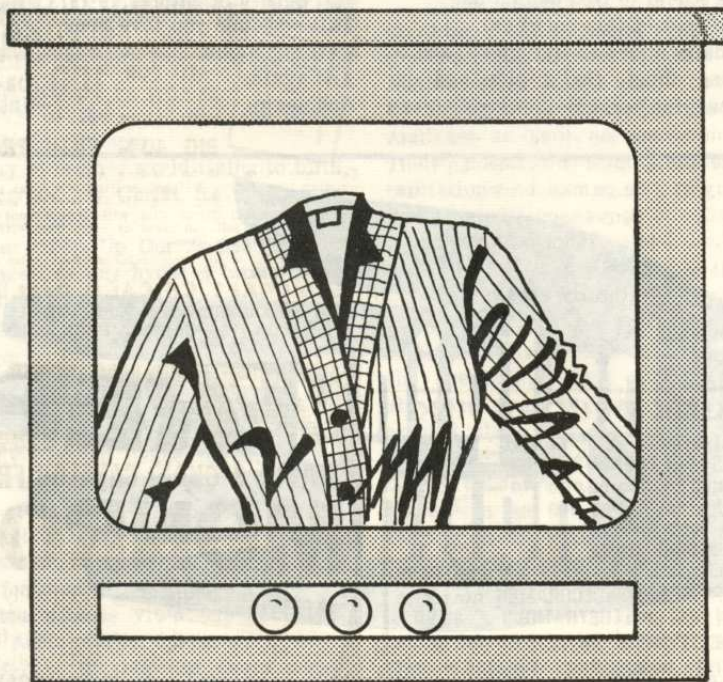
Calling, beckoning me from my land-
locked days,

The vagabond witch of travel
Holds out alluring, tempting plans
For a South Seas' air and water
cruise

To faraway lands of enchantment and
splendor

Beyond all dreams of magic
wonder.

—Alice G. Harvey



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May the New Year be as rewarding as you wish it to be and as deserving as you work for it.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

difference between Juliana and Kristin. Both of them were three years old before we could erase the difference in their age.)

Now my household is very, very quiet. Juliana and James have returned to Albuquerque and Eula and I are alone. We study recipes together and discuss what seems interesting to test, but now with our best customers gone we try to figure out what to do with things that are geared to feed six or eight. A very important part of our daily life is to test recipes of all kinds, but we get spoiled when there are no hearty appetites to report on the results. I read so many letters every day from people in the same boat that I'm sure a great number of women have the same problem: what shall I fix now that the children are gone?

So . . . here we are in 1970 and there are all kinds of forecasts for the decade ahead of us. I haven't the slightest idea what we are going to face. I only know that as long as we have deep family roots, no matter where they may be, we cannot be wholly discouraged and depressed. This is our Good Earth and I cannot believe that it will fail us.

Faithfully always,

Lucile

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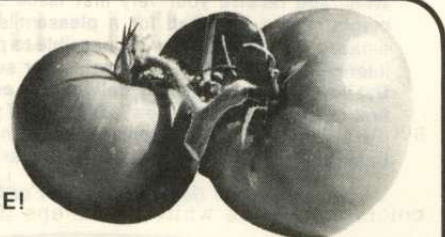
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