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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*Magazine*

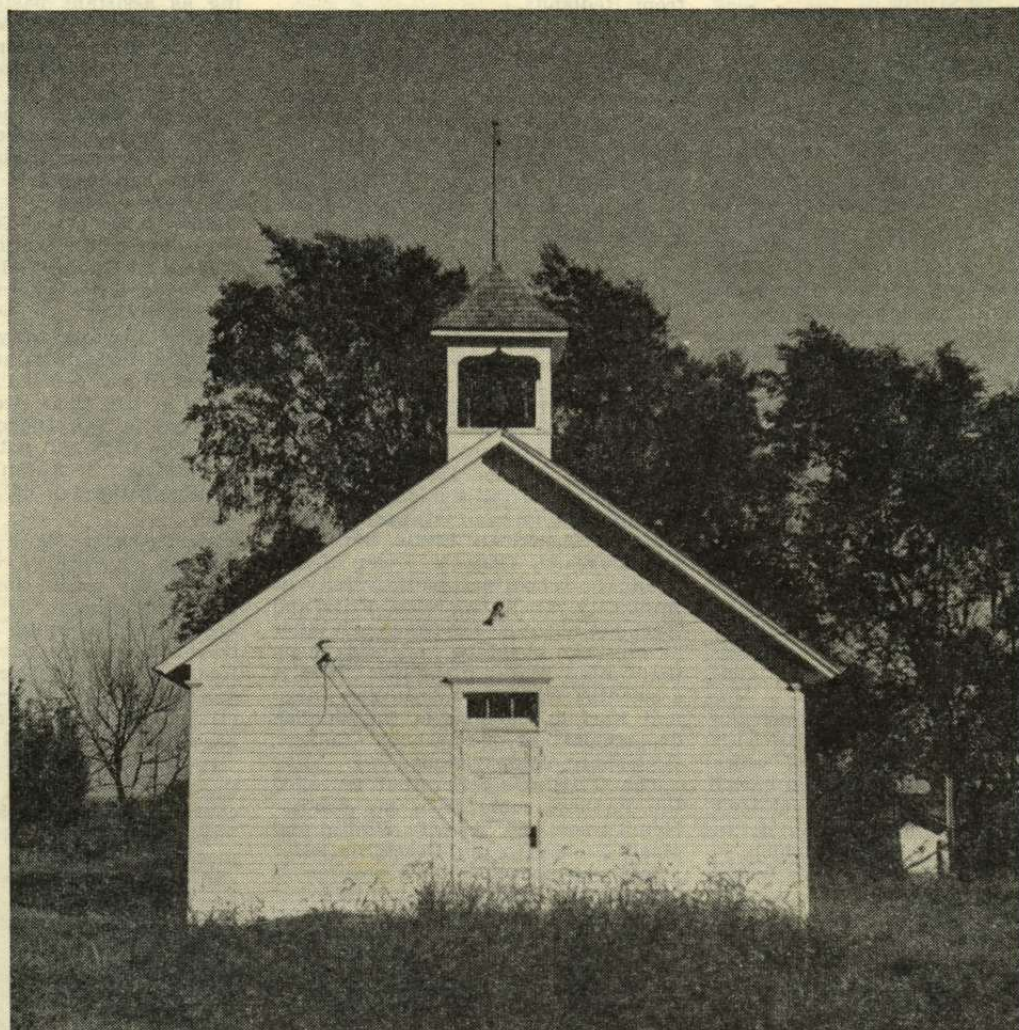
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—Photo by Strom



LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE DRIFTMIER VERNES, Associate Editor.

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Dear Friends:

In the morning, at eight o'clock sharp, our car will head for California. It was my original intention to write my letter to you after our arrival in Redlands, but the more I thought about it, the more I realized that I might be taking too big a risk — that it might not reach Shenandoah in time for the printer's deadline. Consequently, I decided to write before leaving town.

We are all packed and ready to leave. As a matter of fact, the suitcases are standing by the front door. Anyone dropping in would think that we were departing within the hour!

Every year an insurance agent gives Mart a little book which has space for notations for each day of the year. We use it as a diary for the trips we take during the year. Our collection starts way back in 1948 and they have been helpful in many ways. When we prepare for a trip such as this one, we review past trips for names of motels, cafes and other facts that are nice to know in case we stop in the same towns.

These books have provided interesting reading on quiet evenings when Mart and I reminisce about a little jaunt we have taken in the past. I might mention another fact too, and that is that they have settled a few arguments!

This afternoon I sorted Christmas cards and letters before putting them away. I thought you might be interested in some of the news they contained.

Many of you remember Gertrude Hayzlett who used to help me with my office work a number of years ago. She wrote that her husband hasn't been very well this winter and isn't able to drive the car on long trips. They live in Los Angeles which is quite a distance from Redlands where we will be staying. The traffic has become so congested in southern California that Mart doesn't feel able to cope with the drive to Los Angeles now. Since a visit with the Hayzletts is always a highlight of our visits on the west coast, we hope that their children and grandchildren who live near them will see that they come to Redlands while we are there.

A Christmas letter from our good friends, Olive and Charles Foulke who live in San Bernardino, states

that the weather has been varied and suggests that we pack clothing that will prepare us for "anything". The Foulkes took a cruise to the South Pacific last year and we are eager to see their colored slides. Mart's hobby is colored photography too, so we always stick in a few of our new slides to show them. We get together frequently for San Bernardino isn't far from Redlands.

So many of you remarked how much you enjoyed seeing the wedding picture of our great-niece, Jeanne Alexander Bohlen, Helen's granddaughter. We were delighted to have a nice Christmas letter from her bringing us up to date. When Jeanne and Donald visited us this summer on their way east, they didn't know what or when they would find housing. Donald was entering Princeton University for graduate study and Jeanne was in hopes of doing some graduate work at Rutgers University. Fortunately they found a nice apartment between the two schools, but it necessitates a great deal of driving every day. However, they have adjusted to the "commuters' life" and have a very workable schedule.

Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger had surgery in late fall but she recovered rapidly and is back at work on the staff of American Home magazine. Her husband, Clay, is Dean of the Graduate School at the University at Iowa City. Their two sons, Fritz and Karl, are about as far from each other as any two could be and still be on the United States mainland! Fritz is a scientist with Convair in San Diego and Karl is teaching in the English department at Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

The Christmas letter that travelled the furthest came from my brother Henry's son and his wife, Phillip and Marie Field. (In my December letter I told you about Phillip's position in Korea.) Their letter was full of information about the people and their way of life. The strangeness of the land makes homemaking, traveling, working and all other activities more difficult but they find the experiences so unusual and exciting that it compensates for the extra energy it takes to accomplish them.

Mart and I particularly enjoyed reading the references to President Eisenhower's trip to Korea. Phillip said that there were literally hundreds

of thousands of people to greet the President on his arrival—the largest crowd Seoul had ever seen. The Americans were privileged to meet with him the following day.

Phillip and Marie live in a little village within the city on Namsan Mountain. A nice Sunday's expedition is to climb the mountain to a lovely public park. As many evenings as possible are spent walking out among the people in order to know and understand them and their ways.

They have taken a number of trips through the Royal Asiatic Society. I wish there could be time and space to give you detailed accounts of these tremendously interesting excursions as well as the wonderful vacation the two had in Japan. Perhaps I can another time.

We know that many of you feel well acquainted with Mabel Nair Brown, since she has written for our magazine for so long, and news of her family would be of interest to you. Mabel and Dale have both had sessions in the hospital this winter but are now up and going as usual. Their son, Carroll, is in his second year of seminary at Drew University and is also serving as assistant pastor at a church in Tottenville, New York. Regina is married to a minister who served a church at Preston, Iowa for a time but they moved in September to Evanston, Illinois where Kenneth is doing some advanced study. The younger daughter, Sharon, waged a gallant battle with a heart condition but is now back in the whirl of activities with other Sophomore girls. Saturdays and vacations find her in Mabel and Dale's "Golden Rule Store" in Ogden, Iowa where she fills in as an extra clerk.

Since I wrote to you last month, Mart's sister Adelyn and her husband, Albert Rope, decided to go to California to visit their two sons and their families in San Diego. We are sorry that our trips will not coincide, for it would have been fun to have a big family gathering of Driftmier relatives.

Mart's sister Clara, who is making the trip out with us, won't be able to spend very much time in California but we'll cram in as much sight-seeing as possible in the days she will be there. We plan to show her around the Redlands and San Bernardino vicinity and her brother Harry and other relatives will give her guided tours around Los Angeles and San Diego.

One of the boxes ready to load into the trunk of the car in the morning contains my handwork for the winter. I mentioned the little great-great-niece whom we're so anxious to see, and that I intend to smock a dress for her this winter. Margery picked out the material, pattern and thread yesterday, so it will be handy when I'm ready to start on it.

Also packed in the box are two quilt tops—one for Lucile and one for Mary Leanna, our son Frederick's daughter. The quilt for Lucile is just like one I made for Dorothy a few years ago. Mary Leanna's is done in blocks—each block a wreath of

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## HOW TO GIVE A BOOK REVIEW

By

Mary Beth Vaughn

Reviewing of books has become a popular program for study groups, neighboring clubs and church circle meetings. Finding or taking time for reading is a real problem for many homemakers today, and that is probably the reason why book reviews are such favorite programs.

But many have said that they never have reviewed a book and wouldn't have the slightest notion how to begin! The very thought of being asked to give such a program terrifies them! But really, reviewing a book is simply sharing with friends your ideas about some book that has been meaningful, entertaining or challenging for you—as a reader. If you choose a book that you like and one which means something to you, your review will undoubtedly be successful. Selection is important and will be discussed later.

We doubt if there are any hard and fast rules that could be laid down for preparing a book review; however, there are certain general points which should be considered. Perhaps it is unnecessary to mention the importance of reading and re-reading the book one is reviewing. It is helpful if the first reading is some weeks before you begin to write the review. This allows time for considering what you have read. Ask yourself these questions: Why did the author write the book? What did the book do to me or for me? The story, the author's style, the lives of the characters—all will be making an impact upon your mind as you reflect upon the book. So while you're washing the dishes or doing the family ironing, think about the book, then re-read it just before you write your review.

Include in your introduction something of the life of the author. It is important to know about the background of the person who created the book you are discussing. Usually the author writes a note to his readers which appears at the beginning and is called the preface. These paragraphs may be as interesting and valuable as any in the book, for he may tell you why he wrote it in the first place and knowing what the author is trying to do is vital to the reviewer.

Sometimes audiences are interested in the publisher. Of course, if one is writing a review to be published, this sort of information is always given. The date of copyright is usually of interest to any group.

After the brief introduction, you will want to tell such things as *when* the action took place, *where* the scene is located, and *who* the main characters are. If you have chosen a novel with many characters you might make a large chart giving their names and relationships. Keep this information before your group as you talk. Don't confuse the audience by introducing too many minor characters, especially if they don't have an important role.

Something to display or exhibit often adds interest to your review. Always have the book in your hands—with its



Mary Beth Vaughn is pictured here with her little daughter, Elizabeth. The Vaughn's, with their two older children, Susan (a close friend of Juliana's) and Ned, live in the big red house with white trim across the street from the Verness's.

colorful paper jacket still on, if possible. A friend who reviewed Anne Morrow Lindberg's *Gift from the Sea* held in her hand each particular shell that Mrs. Lindberg used for comparing and illustrating her essays on human nature. Another example was a reviewer of Margaret Applegarth's wise and witty *Twelve Basketsfull* who displayed significant baskets.

Outlining your review before you start to write it is a *must*. This will eliminate the hazard of leaving out pertinent parts that are invaluable to the story. You will want to tell enough so that your listeners will get the *feel* of the book, but there are myriads of details that cannot be told. Your job is to be sure that you sift out the relatively unimportant and reveal enough so that the mood of the book is apparent and the story "hangs together". Characters must live; the plot must unfold orderly.

The ending of your review is just as important as the introduction. There are several ways to have an effective ending. Some books need to be summarized briefly; others need just the climax of the story told; other books carry a philosophy or message which can be left with the audience.

Become completely familiar with your written review, so that you can give it with only the use of notes—do not plan to read it. Quote from the book, however, reading a paragraph or two in the direct words of the author. This adds interest and authenticity to your review.

Now is the time to try out your review on an interested friend or member of your family—preferably one who hasn't read the book and who'll be honest and objective with you. (Insist upon this!) Ask your "advisor" for his candid opinion. Does your story have proper continuity? By the time you are ready to give your program, you are so familiar with all the material that it is difficult to know if you are telling enough to make the book live for the listeners.

Remember that the sound of your voice is important—keep a note of expectancy the entire thirty or forty minutes. If you're properly enthusiastic, many members of your audience will want to read the book—and you have been a success.

As I noted previously, book selection is important. Perhaps the first and only "rule" is that you review a book you *really* like. Often your study club leader or circle leader assigns certain books for its members to review; however, if you find yourself not enjoying the assigned book, it might be wise to suggest another to your leader.

The prospective audience must be considered too. Your local librarian or book shop owner can be helpful in suggesting just the right book for *you* and *your group*. They are both in position to know about the new books that are just out or soon to be published.

If you, too, are interested in learning about the new books just coming off the presses, read the book review pages of your Sunday newspaper, monthly magazines, or the excellent periodicals which specialize in book reviewing. Among these journals are *Saturday Review of Literature* and *The New York Times Book Section*. Church magazines sometimes print lists of recommended books.

It is interesting and helpful to read the professional reviews of the book you have decided to use for your program. These reviewers read dozens of books each month and their comparisons and comments are valuable, but you will want to make *your own* evaluation of your selection.

Where some reviewers consider that a book must be new to be reviewed, I am of the opinion that sometimes it is better to use an older book that one has loved and read many times. Last year I was asked to present a program for a child study group. I searched for something on child-rearing and was disappointed in the new books. Finally, I decided upon a favorite called *Our Miss Boo* which has been on our bookshelves a long time. This is a sentimental book about a delightful little adopted daughter of the author, Margaret Lee Runbeck. It is a collection of essays—simple, little stories about a wistful youngster who had brought much happiness to a childless couple. I shortened several of the essays and read them aloud. This was not a "genuine" book review, but rather a sharing of the experiences of a mother-author.

Effective programs can be prepared in this same way by reading poetry, if the reader has a well-modulated, expressive voice and understands and loves the verse she is bringing to her audience.

Biography is a favorite kind of book to review. People are always interested in the lives of others. Often a life story retold to a live audience can be stimulating and inspirational. The gap between the common and the not-so-common lives becomes smaller as one learns about the human foibles of the famous.

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

What a beautiful winter morning this is—bright and crisp and snappy! It isn't so snappy that you can close your eyes and see the fuel bill soaring, and it's possible to get out for groceries without scaling towering drifts of ice and snow such as we fought for months last year. In short, this is a January morning made to order for people who want winter to be winter without all the complications that native Iowans know only too well.

We're almost ready to launch into the second semester of this school year, and in our particular case it is the final semester. The little girl we started off to kindergarten down the street at old Central school is now a senior in high school and this coming semester winds up all the years she has been a pupil in the Shenandoah school system. Russell and I will always be keenly interested in our local schools, but never again will we have first-hand knowledge of what goes on from day to day.

Those of you with young people the same age as Juliana know just as well as we know that a tremendous revolution began the year they entered kindergarten, there had to be two divisions and two teachers. Then there were two first grades at old Central school and two first grade teachers. This continued, of course, and all of a sudden there had to be whole new schools, for without additional rooms there was simply no place to put the children.

At first the big problem was at grade school level, but one fine morning we woke up and found that small towns in our area had closed their high schools and now there were so many buses plying back and forth that we didn't even open our schools if those buses couldn't get through. More room had to be provided. Major remodeling had to be undertaken. And always the problem of financing all this, of course, with the result that tax money went into bricks and concrete rather than into salary increases for teachers.

I think we Americans are peculiar people! We all want our children to have better opportunities than we had and are willing to make hard sacrifices to see that they have an education, but we seem so unconcerned when it comes to the quality of our teachers! Most of us face the fact that our children see more of their teachers than they see of us, their parents, but we don't ask many questions about these women and men who have such a great influence on our children.

It always seems risky to try and express an opinion without having someone misunderstand completely the whole point involved, but I'm going right ahead and say that I think most of our communities have put the cart before the horse: we focused our attention (which means tax money) on putting up gleaming buildings with great sheets of glass and enameled

panels of various colors; and asked very few questions about what went on inside those buildings.

On various trips when Russell and I have driven around the country we have noticed countless new communities without hard-surfaced streets or sidewalks or streetlights, but *always* there have been the expensive and fancy new schools. You can see with one glance that the taxpayers in those communities are burdened to the hilt—they have all they can do to make their monthly payment on their homes and pay their taxes. It's going to take them years to pay for those schools and desperately needed civic improvements such as streets that aren't mud wallows, new water systems, improved sewage systems . . . these things simply cannot be managed without further tax burdens, and who can stand a heavier tax burden in most communities?

I have no idea what those teachers are paid, but if they're like most teachers in our country they're having a terrific struggle to get from day to day. And so much is expected of them! They're expected to take an active part in community affairs, with all the expense that goes along with this. They're supposed to be attending summer school as frequently as possible to "keep abreast" of new methods. And they are supposed to dress well and look attractive so the children won't get tired of them! (My heart always twists painfully when I hear cutting comments about some elderly spinster who "always wears the same old thing".)

I wish that we, as responsible citizens of the United States, could concentrate first on the quality of our teachers; and secondly on the quality of our buildings. I wish we could swallow our civic pride, our pointing with lively enthusiasm to fancy buildings, and settle for the plainest and most inexpensive kind of schools that can be built today.

I'm not saying for one second that we should send our children to school in ancient firetraps that probably were condemned by the state fire inspectors a decade ago. (In Shenandoah we replaced schools that were extremely dangerous and had been condemned repeatedly.) But what I *am* saying is that surely contractors and architects without an axe to grind can come up with the needed room and still have tax money left to increase teachers' salaries and give them more encouragement to be better teachers.

I often think what Dr. Karl Menninger said when he was speaking to a large group of legislators in one of our Midwestern states. He said that the mentally ill could be cured in a barn. Then he hastened to add that he didn't want to see anyone mentally ill placed in a barn and no one else wanted to see such a thing, but the prime point was to provide the finest doctors possible since *they* were the ones who would cure the patient, not the walls and the roof. If a choice had to be made between fancy and expensive hospitals or the finest possible doctors, then the doctors had to be considered first.

It seems to me that the same thing applies to our schools. Our children are not going to be taught by the walls and the roof. They are going to be taught by the teacher. And the life-long influence of a fine teacher upon a child can never be over-estimated or exaggerated. Countless men and women who have made the greatest contributions to our country went to primitive one-room schools, but within that school there was sometimes an inspired teacher who influenced her students to fasten their eyes upon a burning goal. These boys and girls grew up to make an enormous difference to our country.

Many of us now have our fancy new schools. They all look alike. The country is full of them. But if you live in a community where bond issues are being discussed to raise tax money for new buildings, I hope you will speak up and remind your fellow neighbors that teachers are more important than buildings. Room must be provided. Buildings of some kind must be built. But all of the citizens of the community should have a chance to say *what* kind of buildings should be constructed, and surely there must be in every town at least one older resident who has enough time to do a little traveling and make investigations and find out what kind of a safe school building can be put up today without using all the tax money for years to come to pay for bricks and glass.

Last October I read something in the Kansas City *Star* that made a great impression upon my mind. The Board of Directors of the Kansas City, Missouri School District asked the taxpayers of their city to go to the polls and vote in favor of a tax increase that would be used for one purpose and one purpose only: to increase the salaries of their teachers and to offer salaries that would attract good, competent teachers to come to Kansas City.

I waited with great interest to see the outcome of this issue. I knew that taxpayers in Kansas City were already heavily burdened and it was asking a great deal of them to go to the polls once again to vote "yes" for another tax increase that was to be used to improve the salary scale of their teachers. To tell you the truth, I thought that bond issue would be resoundingly defeated! It seemed to me those people were being asked to fix their eyes on a distant goal and sacrifice a great deal to achieve it.

Well! Imagine my wonderful surprise when the residents of Kansas City marched to the polls and voted in favor of this measure. It gave me a whole new lift, so to speak and I felt that our country was capable of achieving anything it truly believed was worthy of achievement. These taxpayers had the horse right in front of the cart where it belonged.

I felt that the explanation of this issue was so powerful and well stated that I clipped it from the paper and saved it. "Surely some other community could make good use of this wonderful explanation," I said to Russell.

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## FREDERICK'S IDEAS ARE WORTH CONSIDERING

Dear Friends:

At last, I made a New Year's resolution that I am actually keeping. We are having fire drills at our house! One day last fall I became very disturbed when I learned of a school that was not giving its students sufficient fire drill experience. While complaining about it to one of the school officials he asked me, "Just how often do you give your family fire drills in your home?" Actually, the idea had never occurred to me and I determined then and there to correct the situation immediately.

Last night some good friends of ours went to bed at eleven o'clock and woke just after midnight to discover their house a mass of flames. They both jumped out of a second story window into a snow bank. The lady suffered a badly broken leg and received grave internal injuries. The man is in a state of shock. It was a horrible experience and they are lucky to even be alive.

We always think that it is the other person's house that will burn and not our own. But just last winter the children of some acquaintances burned to death in a house that was supposedly as fire resistant as any house could be. I am teaching our children what to do in case of fire and, in addition, I am considering the purchase of some escape ropes for each room.

We had a funny thing happen to us once. We had just seated ourselves at the dinner table when there was a knock on the door. I went to see who it was and there at the door I was greeted in the following manner:

"Good evening. I believe that you are Dr. Driftmier, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said. "I am Dr. Driftmier and who are you?"

"Well," he said calmly, "I am a neighbor of yours just around the corner and down the street a bit. I am sorry to disturb you but I wonder if perhaps your house is on fire?"

He said it so calmly that I couldn't believe my ears. I am sure that under similar circumstances anyone else would have been shouting at the top of his voice. Actually, the house was not on fire, but I let out one or two loud yells before I was certain all was safe. Mistaken though he was, the man at the door had my admiration. Just imagine being able to engage in polite introductory conversation before getting down to the point of announcing a fire!

A few weeks ago we had as a guest in our home a young man from Ethiopia. While living in Egypt I had several Ethiopian friends who were studying at our American College so I thoroughly enjoyed this new Ethiopian contact. Many people are not aware of the fact that Ethiopia has one of the oldest Christian churches in the world. Indeed, it was one of the first countries to have Christianity as its state religion. The Ethiopian



This picture of Betty, David, Mary Leanna and Frederick Driftmier was taken especially for their greeting cards this past Christmas. We thought it was extremely good and are happy to share it with you. (The family pet is a handsome Weimaraner named "Fritz".)

Church portrays all of the saints as black and all the devils as white. It comes as a surprise to most of us to learn that there are people who think of white as a bad and nasty color.

As much as we may regret admitting it, the fact is, history is full of white devils and Ethiopia has had a good chance to know many of them. The revolting and repulsive story of the African slave traffic is a story about white devils. And the slave traffic still continues to this very day! There are white devils in every city and town in this country and in every city in the world.

A friend of mine let me see this poem:

"I am looking  
For a house in the world  
Where the white shadows  
Will not fall."

"There is no such house,  
Dark brother,  
No such house at all!"

I recently heard an African Negro lecturing here in this country. All through his speech he used the word "white" in places where we use the word "black". For instance, he said, "The situation in the Congo is a very white one." And then he said, "We

teach our children not to run around with a white frown on their faces." He spoke of evil people as people with very white hearts. At first I was startled to hear it, then as I listened I began to understand his point of view.

The month of February is a great one for parties here in our town. We promised Mary Leanna, sometime ago, that she could have a nice dinner party this month and David will probably have some of his little friends over for a winter sports party. If, for any reason there is not enough ice on the ponds, we shall have a roller skating party. Perhaps I am a bit of a coward but this is one year when there will be no skating or sliding for me. The memory of my broken back is still too fresh in my mind.

This year Betty and I are personally supervising the Junior High School Fellowship in our church. For the past several years we have had the work done by young college students but for sometime I have been anxious to do it myself. We are having lots of fun with the youngsters for this means more parties for us. Recently the group held a splendid dinner with each of the children providing some

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## A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Do you have a secret solution for reviving your spirits when you wake up in the morning and find that the alarm clock ran down while you slept peacefully on; that your husband had to rush off to work with hardly a bite of breakfast; that your child awakened with an upset stomach; that the morning newspaper was soggy with the night's snow; that you were out of coffee? That is exactly how today started at this house! I was on the verge of feeling downright sorry for myself and then started to analyze the situation.

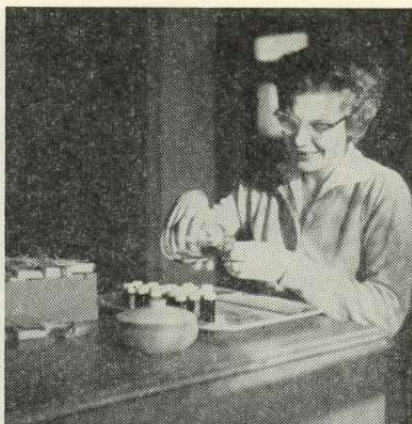
Everything that had gone wrong was my very own fault—a fact that I didn't relish accepting, but true nevertheless. If I hadn't worked so late, I wouldn't have over-slept. Oliver would have left for work with a decent breakfast and I would have heard the "thump" of the morning newspaper as it hit the porch. If I hadn't given in to Martin last night and permitted him to stuff himself with cookies before he went to bed, he wouldn't have awakened with an upset stomach. If I had checked the cupboard yesterday as I intended, we wouldn't have been out of coffee! I laughed and said to myself, "Get organized, Margery! It isn't too late to make a few resolutions. Profit by these mistakes!" Self-analysis was my solution.

One of my friends tells me that her solution to a day that starts so poorly is to call immediately the peppiest, most optimistic friend she knows. A chatty conversation, even though short, seems to put her on an even keel with the day.

Another friend says that she always gets back into bed, says a prayer, and gets out again, feeling renewed and ready to start over again. What do you do?

I mentioned the snow that came in the night. It reminds me of the familiar poem that starts, "The snow had begun in the gloaming,"—surely you memorized it in grade school too. This one looks as if it will "heap the fields and highways" and if it packs down well, it will make for mighty fine sledding. Youngsters will be making snow pictures in school and snow forts after school. There will be the scrape, scrape, scraping sound of snowscoops around the neighborhood, and bird-feeders will be replenished. Women will be putting extra throw rugs on the porches and searching for last-year's overshoes. In many cases, much to their distress, they'll find that they're too small to fit over this year's school shoes!

And me? Well, I've scattered the bird seed and after the ironing is done, I'll settle down to the mending. My chief "mender" departed for California so, for a time, I'll be doing my own. Mother has always maintained that she *loves* to mend, and one of her most frequent questions is, "Girls, do you have any mending today?" Lucile and I say that if it



Margery Strom was filling small bottles of cologne for patients in the Mental Health Institute at Clarinda, Iowa when her father, M. H. Driftmier, took this picture.

weren't for the little trips the folks take occasionally, we wouldn't know *how* to mend! We try to work out a fair exchange, of course, and keep our eyes open for favors we can give in return.

Our dog, Nickie, has been very distressed over the folk's departure. Whenever we go down to their house he trots along ahead of us, and the minute we open the door, he makes a bee-line for the kitchen, expecting his usual "hand-out" from Mother. While we check the furnace and wind the big old grandfather clock he searches the house for the folks. He is an extremely intelligent dog, as the Samoyed breed is noted to be, and when he hears the word "Grannie", he perks up his ears and runs to the door. "Grannie" means the house down the street where he is welcomed with choice bits!

Nickie, with sled dog ancestry, loves the snow. When I let him out this morning, he rolled around in it and frolicked about almost to the point of looking plain ridiculous. Being as white as the snow itself, he is practically invisible at a distance.

Like many youngsters, Martin wished that we had had a white Christmas, instead of a balmy spring-like day with temperatures in the 50's. Santa didn't bring him a sled, skis or ice-skates, so he didn't have the agonizing wait for cold weather, snow and ice. His main gifts this year were additional track and cars for his electric train. We used to have the train in the basement, but it proved to be a poor place to have it because of the cold and dampness. Now it has been moved to the upstairs hall-room, which is an ideal location. Martin and his "train fans" now spend happy hours in comfort, building various arrangements of track. With the additional equipment, they can operate more than one train at a time. It is becoming too complicated for me to handle, I assure you, for I'm not in the least mechanically inclined!

Another very welcome gift was an electric corn popper. Almost any night of the week will find it in use for we are a popcorn-loving family. On these cold winter evenings you can picture the Stroms eating popcorn and working on jigsaw puzzles.

Perhaps some of you will remember several years ago when Martin gave me three novelty key rings for Mother's Day. Well, this year he has been particularly interested in jigsaw puzzles and gave Oliver five for Christmas. He also likes to make pancakes and gave me a lovely new egg beater. We *do* like gifts that *all* can enjoy you see! This works right down the line, for I've never seen a man enjoy operating an electric train more than Oliver!

But back to the puzzles—they are lots of fun, but aren't they frustrating? We tackled one last week that had us practically tearing our hair. One tiny piece just wouldn't show itself; then the usual remark, "Everyone look under his chair." Sure enough, a clumsy elbow had sent it to its hiding place! Although puzzles *can* be a bit frustrating, they are certainly a good diversion after long, hard working hours, and an inexpensive pastime.

Another occupation we have enjoyed this winter is packaging small boxes of face powder and cologne for the State Mental Health Institute at Clarinda. I rounded up the powder and cologne from friends and neighbors, purchased small pill boxes and little two-dram medicine bottles, and then we filled them. Because of the plain appearance of the containers, we pasted a little flower seal on each one. For several weeks we had the sweetest smelling house in town! But better than that, of course, was the feeling that we were *doing something worthwhile*. I can't begin to convey to you the understanding of this very human problem that Martin gained from this experience. As he helped with the project we had the perfect opportunity for discussing some of the human involvements that produce mental illness and the need for compassion for all mankind. My reason for telling you of our particular undertaking is that there is something every one of us can do if we will but look for the way in which we can help. Let's all light a candle for perhaps the glow will spread and others will join us in our efforts.

Sincerely,

Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou  
Hast power to aid or bless,  
Whose aching heart or burning brow  
Thou soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor  
Whose eye with want is dim.  
Oh, enter thou his humble door  
With aid and peace for him.

Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup  
When sorrow drowns the brim;  
With words of high sustaining hope  
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by.  
Perhaps thou canst redeem  
A breaking heart from misery.  
Go share thy lot with him.

—Author Unknown

## BROTHERHOOD, JUST A WORD?

By  
Evelyn Birkby

February is set aside as Brotherhood Month, not because we should practice brotherhood only one month out of each year, but because it is so important we need to emphasize and rethink our own convictions on so vital a matter. It is a strange paradox that we who live in the greatest democracy in the world, we who are proud of our basic Christian heritage, and we who will go to the far corners of the world to fight the battles of the underprivileged, need to find the true meaning of brotherhood in our daily living. We still have far to go in drawing our ideals together with fact, our convictions close to our actions and putting into daily practice the beliefs to which we give lip service.

Prejudice has never been a part of our national ideal. America's goal is to understand, love and respect each individual and emphasize the *opportunity* for him to develop his intelligence, personality and talents to the best of his ability.

Thank goodness everyone isn't like everyone else! What a dull world this would be if we were all alike. Each one of us is unique—a little different from all other people. Differences should be valued, not derided. It makes our culture richer and far more interesting. People of every race and nationality have contributed to our way of living. Take away those things which races other than our own have contributed and life would be poor indeed.

Because we are different from one another certain characteristics do stand out; it may be the texture of the hair, the slant of the eyes, the color of the skin, how tall a person is or how short. One fascinating fact scientifically established by anthropologists (as reported by H. Powdermaker in his book "Probing Our Prejudices") is that if the most intelligent, imaginative, energetic and emotionally stable one-third of all mankind were chosen, all races would be equally represented.

We can prove that race makes no difference in these matters, so where is the explanation of all the bias and hatred which piles up in the emotions? Life is full of prejudices, most of them completely harmless. I don't like sauerkraut. The color gray leaves me cold. Certain pastimes which some folks enjoy thoroughly find me completely disinterested. These are personal prejudices. As long as such dislikes are centered on *things* they are harmless. However, once my biased thinking turns against *people* and gives them the feeling that they are unwanted or inferior before they have a chance to prove themselves, then I am harming both myself and them.

It is strange to realize that the things people resent do change. Think back several hundred years ago. The Spaniards, for instance, decided that the Indians did not belong to the human race because they were not



Most 5-year old boys have a passion for cowboy hats, but we think Craig Birkby is going too far when he wears his to scoop snow! Evelyn bought earmuffs for him to wear when the thermometer drops.

Christians and therefore had no souls. This, they reasoned, gave them the right to treat the red man cruelly and as an inferior race. Look at the early founders of our country and their battle with witchcraft. Think of the attitudes which have been held in the past toward the Scotchman, for example, who was marked with such epithets as "penny-pincher" and "tightwad". Don't those prejudices seem silly and stupid to us now? Today we have different targets for biased emotions and many of them are as needless as the witches of Salem.

If one group is kept "in its place" there is a definite reason for such emotions. Those who are insecure and anxious about their own job or social status are inclined to hold the most resentment. They feel a need to look down upon someone in order to bolster their own confidence. So often, if something happens to make a person feel helpless and insecure, he lashes out and finds someone to blame. If another person seems to be getting a better break, jealousy often explodes into hatred. This may be against some other race or it may be against a neighbor just down the street. It is easy to hold in contempt someone who is rich because he is doing better and it is just as probable to look down upon an individual who is poor so as to feel that life isn't so bad after all! For instance; "Look at that fellow across the tracks, I'm glad I'm better than he is." This person never realizes that his attitude comes because he is insecure. His security is found through scorn and hate. We must all learn to understand prejudice, know how to live with it, overcome it and deal with it positively.

Unfortunately, prejudice demands a high price from both the person against whom it is leveled and the one who holds it. According to Powdermaker, in the book mentioned above, those who feel its sting live shorter years, have more illness, receive less education, have less economic security and poorer housing. For the person who holds such dislike it acts as a blinder, preventing him from

seeing his own weaknesses and those qualities which could be strengthened and improved. Instead of taking responsibility, he blames someone else for his "bad luck". Prejudice, you see, keeps a person from being at his best. If he spends his time in hating he cannot use that same energy to do creative, outgoing, worthwhile activities. Life narrows. A biased person limits his circle.

And because hate is destructive, we all pay for the prejudice held by ourselves and by others. Crime, wasted potentials, warped personalities, lower economic standards, conflicts and tensions which are caused by hatred affect us all.

Our attitudes toward others are definitely taught. This is not something we inherit; it is not a part of "human nature" to hate. The precepts and examples of parents, the school and the community become the teachers. As a mother I realize how important it is for me to know how attitudes develop. I am sure my children will not grow strong muscles and sturdy bones just by chance. It is because I feed the boys calcium and protein and vitamin-rich foods that they develop. I know I can stunt their mental growth just as surely by failing to provide them with an environment where they may learn appreciation of those around them and develop an understanding of other races and cultures. The way in which their attitudes grow toward others depends upon the way in which I feed their developing minds.

This means, of course, that I must discipline myself. I must not let my prejudices be the kind I do not want my children to have. To teach brotherhood I must show brotherhood. Children learn by experience, therefore, I must give them opportunities to know fine people who are not just like they are.

Sometimes we have to make such opportunities. Whenever anyone of another culture or race visits our small community, we try to take the children to meet him or invite the visitor to our home. When our neighbors had an International Farm Youth from India in their home for the summer we invited him for a meal. He was of the Hindu religion so our family planned a vegetarian meal. This brought about a discussion of the differences in eating habits around the world. Sharing a meal with our new friend, visiting with him about his home and customs, was an experience in brotherhood the boys will never forget.

If we cannot meet and know others personally, we can still do many things with our families which will broaden their understanding and reduce the chance for prejudice to grow. Eating in foreign restaurants, cooking international dishes at home, visiting the shops of foreign sections of a city, attending churches of other faiths, reading books about families in other regions, are all practical suggestions. Libraries abound in books which children and young people can come to know and love.

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**"ROSES TO YOU"***An Appreciation Party**By**Mabel Nair Brown*

A church family night in February is an ideal time to have an "appreciation party" honoring all of those who give so generously of their time and talents in a special way so that the work of the church goes forward year after year. The honored group should include the church organist, the choir and director, Sunday School teachers and officers, as well as any others whom your church might wish to honor for their services.

The honored guests should have special invitations for the occasion. A "Roses to You" theme with a red and white color scheme would work out nicely for this particular month. Write the invitations with red ink inside small, folded, white cards. A sketch of a single red rose, or a rose seal, could appear on the outside. If you wished to be a little "fancier" the invitation could be in the form of a heart-shaped booklet. The invitation could read:

"We would like to have you be our guest on (date and time) at the church, so that we may personally say "Roses to You" for your loyal work in our church. Signed (Name of church)"

Use hearts and roses lavishly for the table and fellowship hall decorations. Ribbon and paper roses work up prettily and inexpensively. Beginning with the door leading to the fellowship room, fasten a huge red bow with white hearts pinned to the streamers. Heart trees make attractive centerpieces and can be made by using small branches painted with white spray-on paint. Anchor them firmly in needle point holders or pots of sand. Tie white paper hearts to the tree branches with red ribbon bows. The hearts on these trees might indicate the various jobs held by those being honored.

Another attractive table centerpiece could be fashioned out of a large heart-shaped styrofoam base, inserting the stems of ribbon or tissue paper roses into it until it is one big rose heart. (Someone in your group is sure to know how to make the ribbon or paper roses.) Add enough green ribbon leaves to give contrast. Place them upon white paper lace doilies. Wide streamers of red satin paper are effective when laid upon a white table cloth. Red hearts placed at the end of each streamer would complete the effect.

The walls of the room could be decorated with musical scales using narrow red ribbon (or paper) to make the lines of the staff and the cleff sign. Rose buds could be placed to represent the notes. Sunday School papers, choir music, attendance records, etc., would also provide interest.

If the budget will allow the presentation of a rose to each honored guest as he arrives, it would be a gift treasured for years in the memory, if not actually pressed and tucked away in a keepsake box.

**Program**

The poems and suggestions offered here are merely presented as "starters". You will want to choose remarks, poems, music, skits, etc., especially appropriate to the ones whom you wish to honor. I suggest that you add a little humor into the entertainment for you wouldn't want the occasion to become too sentimental or tearful to be thoroughly enjoyed by the guests. Funny incidents that have happened in choir practice, at a program rehearsal, in a Sunday School class, etc., could be recalled with a little prompting by the committee.

*Program Chairman:*

"If with pleasure you are viewing  
any work a man is doing,

If you like him, or you love him,  
tell him now.

More than fame and more than  
money is the comment kind and  
sunny,

And the hearty warm approval of  
a friend;

For it gives to life a savor and it  
makes him stronger, braver;

And it gives him heart and spirit  
to the end;

If he earns your praise, bestow it;  
Do not fail to let him know it;

Let words of true encouragement  
be said.

Do not wait till life is over, and he's  
underneath the clover,

For he cannot read his tombstone  
when he's dead!"

These lines literally have more truth than poetry, but they tell why we have invited you wonderful folks here tonight. We want to say "Roses to you" for the hours of work you have so freely given to our church. Some kind words and the warm hand of fellowship seem little enough to say "Thank you", but we want you to know that our hearts overflow with love and gratitude as we bring you our verbal roses tonight. We don't pause often enough to tell the other person how much we enjoy his efforts.

"A compliment can do so much to  
brighten up the day—

To lift a fellow's spirit up and  
help him on his way.

It is a friendly luxury we all can  
well afford,

And one that very likely will bring  
us some reward!

It only takes a kindly thought . . .  
some words of simple choice,

And just a little energy for  
turning on the voice."

Tonight your friends wish to voice  
their appreciation to you.

*Salute to Organist:* Music calms the soul. It is one of the most significant and delightful presents God has given us.

"The organist provides our church  
with music soft and sweet,

And offers to our troubled hearts  
a calm and sure retreat.

When she plays the organ with deep  
impressive sound

Music rises to the rafters and  
echoes all around.

But when her fingers touch the keys  
as people bow to pray,

The angels seem to catch the tune  
and carry it away."

*Salute to Choir Director and Choir:* Music is the universal language of mankind.

"It takes an inspired person, (and  
you're our special choice),

To work with choir members, each  
with a golden voice.

When you conduct the choir and  
their music fills the air,

Our hearts are free from trouble  
and all life's daily care.

You take away the shadows and  
usher in the sun—

Sweet peace for weary souls, when  
your anthem has been sung."

*Salute to Teachers:* One of the most important phases of any church's life is the religious instruction given to church members.

"The best way we can show you just  
what you've meant to all,

Is to have a demonstration, so on  
classes we will call."

(At this point in the program have the classes, from the little primary children to the adult Sunday School groups, present songs, memory verses, talks or skits, to honor their teachers. Each department could work up its own little part in the program. If several have served as teachers or officers for many years, it would be fitting to award pins or certificates of merit at this time.)

*Program Chairman:* Indeed, we are grateful to each one of you for the special service you so generously give to the church.

*Benediction:* (Have all members stand and sing "God Be With You" before the benediction is given by the minister.)

**A TEACHER PRAYS**

Day after day upon my classroom  
walls  
I spread my maps and pictures, with  
these tools,  
With books and globes, striving to  
build a world  
Within the understanding of a child.

Oh, while I teach them, may I have  
the power  
To clear away the mists that still  
arise,  
Born of old ignorance and prejudice,  
Around these children! May my soul  
and mind  
Become so broad, so all-encompassing  
That, building on the old foundation  
stones,  
Location, surface, crops, cities, and  
trade,  
I rear, firm, steadfast, clear, in each  
child mind,  
A world of other people like himself,  
Swayed by the selfsame longings, high  
and low,  
Loving their homelands as we love our  
own.

Oh, may I feel that I have failed  
unless  
I teach each child to seek in every  
race  
The common traits of brotherhood; to  
feel  
Within his breast the heartbeats of  
the world.

## MARY BETH SHARES MOVING PLANS

Dear Friends:

This is a week that I shall long remember as the busiest I've ever experienced. Moving day is just one week away and between now and the day the van pulls up to our door I have at least a million things to get done.

As if moving were not complicated enough, I have to keep my wits about me and pre-pack those items which we will need until we finally move to Milwaukee. Our last trip to Hales Corners proved once again to be futile so we are preparing to take up residence at my mother's home until a house can be found for us in Wisconsin.

Because we have been transferred at the request of Guide Lamp, they assume the expense of moving and provide the labor to do the packing. Next Wednesday the movers and their help will come in and pack everything but the furniture. Then on Thursday morning the van will come and empty the house and put all of our things in storage vaults. I have a regular nightmare about forgetting some vital items and finding myself knocking on the door of the storage company to ask, please, if I can hunt through a particular box to get something. In an effort to avoid having this happen I have written myself notes and stuck them up all over the house in obvious spots.

In some respects it is a blessing that I am so busy. I don't have much time to think about how sad it is to be moving. Last Tuesday morning I met with the lawyer and the young folks who are buying our house and we signed the final papers completing the sale. Don was out of town and, much as I have been in on the mechanism of selling our property, I felt extremely nervous wondering if some important detail might be forgotten. Fortunately, everything went smoothly and the money is now deposited in the bank.

I am watching Paul like a hawk in an effort to get moved out before he colors on the walls, for now they really belong to the new owner. He has been on a coloring jag lately but, unfortunately, he does not prefer paper. He has drawn all over the picture window, the bookcase in his bedroom and the arm of the davenport. For the first time I am delighted that the davenport is of a twenty year vintage! We started housekeeping with it as a hand-me-down from Mother and Daddy. So far the coloring marks have washed off, but if he should attack the walls we would really be in trouble!

The day we move I plan to scoot the children off to Mother's. After the furniture is all moved out there will be some high powered cleaning to do. There are sticky finger prints on almost every window; the floors in the bedrooms need to be cleaned and waxed. I want the house to be spick and span when the new owners arrive. They are so excited about get-



Adrienne Driftmier isn't concerned with moving and continues to be her happy self!

ting this house that they plan to move just two days after we remove the furniture so there isn't going to be any time to spare.

I am delighted with the folks who have bought the house, not just because they like it so well, but because they are very fond of birds. They are building a bird feeder to accommodate the regular visitors which come to the yard every winter.

I was so pleased this morning while we were eating breakfast to notice that the nuthatches, snowbirds, tufted titmice and redheaded woodpeckers had remembered to stop for a free meal outside the window. The cute red squirrel, that lives in the linden tree, brought out her two little offspring to feast on dry bread crumbs and corn which we had put around the base of the tree. They are so funny to watch. Apparently this cold brisk weather is invigorating to them. They run and play tag over the tree in much the same fashion small children play when they are outdoors.

Don and I have made so many trips to Wisconsin to look for a house the children have decided they would like to have us with them more. My mother has graciously come in and kept them each time we needed to go so their way of living is generally undisturbed. Nevertheless, Paul now does not want me to go away from home even for an afternoon. Every time I put on my coat he announces that he, too, is going to "Wewaukee"!

Katharine hasn't shown much distress about moving but it must be bothering her subconsciously for she has started sleep-walking. Long after she has been in bed and asleep I hear her padding down the hall and she then does very funny things. I failed to mention this to my good friend Julia Crist, who comes to baby sit when Mother cannot come. As a result, when Katharine started to roam, she gave Julia a few startled moments until she realized what was going on. It is really anyone's guess what she will do next! I am sorry she is upset

but not one bit surprised that she is sleepwalking for her Daddy is a sleep-walker also. We are used to it around here.

I can't report much about Adrienne this month because she is doing very little except sleeping and eating. She gnaws on everything possible and although no signs as yet, surely this is a forerunner of teeth to come. She is a wonderful eater. In fact, when mealtime rolls around she is so hungry she practically snaps at the spoon as it comes up to her mouth. She is entranced with the attention she receives from Katharine and Paul. If anyone is going to make a show-off out of Paul it will be Adrienne. When we settle down to the table for a meal, she squirms around in her highchair until she can get a full view of her brother and then she giggles at him. This attention spurs him on to assume the roll of a dinner table entertainer. He soon has her laughing loudly and then Katharine snickers and if I'm not careful I get a grin on my face and all is lost.

Last month I mentioned the parties which several of our friends have given and each of them is worth writing about. Everyone's thoughtfulness is so touching to us. First of all, the girls in my bridge club surprised me at our regular monthly party with an earring shower. Earrings are my greatest weakness and one which I have indulged very little since I've been married.

Later, three couples with whom we've been good friends since we were married gave a party which started with a meal. There were almost twenty-five couples invited and each brought a covered dish. The food selection was wide and delicious. None of the hosts had a house large enough to accommodate this size group so they used the General Motors Corporation party lodge. This lodge was finished last spring and is very beautiful. It has complete cooking facilities, refrigerators, hi-fi record player with speakers in every room, two television sets, shuffleboard, tables and lovely lounge chairs. The hostesses indicated that this was to be a beatnik party and everyone was to come dressed accordingly. This kept the party very informal and we all ended up sitting on the floor around the glowing fireplace singing good old songs. The group gave us a going away present which we'll cherish. It is a replica of the scales of justice mounted on a lovely white marble base.

The other party was mostly a get-together of old friends, who, because of busy families don't get to visit together often. While the men played a hilarious game of ping-pong the girls sat and visited and talked babies. The highlight of the evening came when the hostess brought out cooking utensils and proceeded to prepare elegant pancakes. They were Yukon Sour-Dough pancakes made from a recipe using starter batter brought back from Alaska. After our hostess was through making the pancakes she reserved a cupful of batter to keep in her refrigerator until she wants to make up another batch. I've had good

(Continued on page 17)

## Recipes Tested

by the

## Kitchen - Klatter Family

### ABIGAIL'S CHERRY NUT DESSERT

Fall brings us some of the most gorgeous days of the year, but it also brings us some days which are cold and raw with a chilling wind. When such an unpleasant day comes along, I like to make a rich, hearty dessert such as this. Combined with a steaming bowl of homemade soup, it makes any day warm and good.

#### CRUST:

- 1 cup flour
- 5 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup butter

Mix well together and pat down in well greased 9x12 pan. Bake 15 minutes in 350 degree oven.

#### FILLING:

- Beat 2 eggs thoroughly, then add
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup flour
- 3/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 No. 2 can sour cherries, well drained
- 1/2 cup nuts, finely chopped
- 1/2 cup coconut

Mix all together, pour over baked crust mixture and bake 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

#### SAUCE:

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. corn starch
- 1 1/2 cups liquid juice—and water, if necessary
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Cook over medium heat until thick and clear. Whipped cream can be served over the top if desired. This makes a large amount that will serve twelve.

### BAKED PORK CHOPS

- 6 pork chops about 1 inch thick
- 6 slices pineapple
- 6 apricots
- 6 prunes
- 6 carrots
- 6 sweet potatoes

Brown the chops in fat and arrange them in a baking pan. Salt and pepper them. Place a ring of pineapple on each chop, topped with an apricot and prune. Arrange the vegetables around the meat and add 1 3/4 cup water. Bake slowly for 1 1/2 hours at about 325 degrees.

This is an excellent dish for company as there are no last-minute preparations to make.

### HEART SALAD

- 1 pkg. cherry gelatin
- 1/4 cup red hots
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup cold water
- 3/4 cup apples, diced
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 2 Tbls. cream
- 1/2 cup nuts

Dissolve the red hots in the 1 cup of hot water, heating and stirring if necessary. Remove from the heat and stir in the cherry gelatin. Add the cup of cold water and chill until syrupy. Divide the cherry mixture into two parts. Fold the apples into one part, pour into either one large or several small heart shaped molds, filling them only half full. Set until firm.

When the first layer is firm, set the bowl holding the rest of the gelatin in a bowl of cracked ice. Beat until fluffy. Blend the cream with the softened cream cheese and fold into the whipped gelatin along with the nuts. Spoon this over the first layer and continue chilling until all is well set. Turn out onto a bed of greens and top with a bit of whipped cream dressing.

### LOW CALORIE RAISIN SAUCE

- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/8 tsp. cloves
- 1 cup water
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 cup raisins

Place the cornstarch, cinnamon and cloves in a saucepan. Combine the water, Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener and vinegar. Add a small amount of the liquid to the cornstarch mixture to make a smooth paste. Gradually add the remaining liquid. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Remove from the heat and add the raisins. Let stand at least 10 minutes before serving so the raisins will have time to plump. This may be made in advance and refrigerated until time to reheat and serve.

### SPOON BREAD

Whether you are a new bride or celebrating a ten year anniversary, this breakfast idea is one that should appeal to you for a cold wintery morning.

- 1/2 cup yellow cornmeal
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 Tbls. shortening
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg

Stir corn meal gently into rapidly boiling water and cook, stirring constantly, for five minutes. Remove from fire, add milk, shortening, and salt and finally the well-beaten egg. Beat thoroughly. Turn into a well buttered pan or baking dish and bake in hot oven, 400° F., about twenty-five minutes. Serve by spoon from the dish in which it is baked.

If your children are hearty eaters it would be advisable to double the recipe.

### MEAT POCKETS

#### Basic Dough:

- 2 cups flour
- 2 small eggs or 1 large egg
- 4 Tbls. milk
- 1/2 tsp. butter
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt

Sift the flour into a bowl. Add the other ingredients and work the dough until firm. Divide into two parts and roll each piece into a thin sheet on a floured board and cut into nice sized circles. Place filling on half of each circle, fold over and press edges together with a fork. Cook in salted boiling water like noodles, covered so they will steam. In about 5 minutes, or when the pockets rise to the top, they are done. Serve with melted butter or with hot broth or bouillon.

#### Meat Filling:

- 1 cup cooked meat
- 3 Tbls. onion, diced
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 cup mushrooms (Dried mushrooms are most flavorful but canned mushrooms may be used.)
- 3 Tbls. sour cream
- Salt and pepper to taste

Grind the meat. Saute the onion in butter and then combine all of the ingredients to make a smooth paste. Use to fill the pockets of dough.

### SIMPLY DELICIOUS DATE PUDDING

- 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup light brown sugar
- 1 cup dates, chopped
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Chopped nuts (if you choose)
- 1/2 cup milk

Stir above ingredients together and pour into an 8 by 8-inch glass dish, greased lightly with butter or margarine.

- Now combine and bring to a boil:
- 1 cup light brown sugar
- 2 cups water
- 2 Tbls. butter

As soon as this is boiling and well blended, dribble carefully over the date mixture so as not to divide the batter. Place in a 325 degree oven and bake for 45 to 55 minutes. It comes out with the best thick "goo" on the bottom, and the cake or date pudding on the top. It is wonderful served warm with whipped cream.—Evelyn

### ELEGANT CRANBERRY SALAD

- 1 pkg. cherry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup juice drained from fruits
- 1/2 can cranberry sauce
- 1 cup diced pineapple, drained
- 1 can mandarin oranges, drained
- 1 cup Tokay grapes, peeled and seeded

Dissolve gelatin in the boiling water and add fruit juice. Add cranberry sauce and stir to dissolve. Let chill for an hour, then add pineapple, oranges and grapes. Pour into a 9-inch square dish. When firm, cut into squares and serve on lettuce with sweetened mayonnaise.

**DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE COOKIES**

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 squares chocolate
- 3/4 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1 egg
- 2 cups flour, sifted
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Melt the shortening over low heat. Add the chocolate and stir until melted. Remove from the fire and add the brown sugar. Let this cool slightly then add the beaten egg. Dissolve the soda in the sour cream and add it to the sugar mixture. Stir in the flour, nuts and flavorings. Drop by teaspoon onto a well-greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes.

If you want to make these cookies for a special occasion, frost them with the following:

**Frosting**

- 1/4 cup cream
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 Tbls. butter

Heat the brown sugar and cream together until it reaches the boiling point. Remove from the fire and add the flavoring and butter. Stir in enough sifted powdered sugar to make the frosting the right consistency to spread on the cookies.

**MEXICAN SCRAMBLED EGGS**

- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 small green pepper, diced
- 1/2 clove of garlic, minced (optional)
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/3 cup tomato soup or sieved cooked tomatoes
- 6 slightly beaten eggs
- Salt to taste

Brown the onion, green pepper and garlic in the butter until a golden brown. Add the tomatoes and pepper and cook for about 3 minutes to blend the flavors. Stir in the slightly beaten eggs and salt to taste. Stir lightly as the eggs become firm. Serve while hot.

Combine this dish with potatoes, green beans, a crisp salad and a fruit upside down cake for an excellent meal.

**BROWN SUGAR DROPS**

- 1 cup soft shortening
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sour milk or buttermilk
- 3 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt

Combine the shortening, brown sugar and eggs and mix thoroughly. Stir in the milk and then sift together the dry ingredients and add them, mixing well. Chill at least 1 hour. Drop by rounded teaspoons about 2 inches apart on a lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake at 400 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes.

**EASY TO TOTE CHOCOLATE CAKE**

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 tsp. baking soda
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 2 sqs. unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sour milk or buttermilk
- 1 3/4 cups all purpose flour

Cream together the butter, salt, soda and the flavorings. Slowly add the sugar. Stir in the chocolate, then beat in the eggs one at a time. Add the flour alternately with the milk, beating well after each addition. Pour into a greased and floured 9-inch square pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes.

This makes a perfect cake for lunch boxes. It is not crumbly, yet the flavor and texture are excellent. It is equally as good made with cocoa. Substitute 6 Tbls. cocoa and 2 Tbls. butter for the unsweetened chocolate.

The following frosting sets firmly and carries well. It is the one perfect frosting for the Easy to Tote Cake.

**EASY TO TOTE FROSTING**

- 2/3 cup chocolate bits
- 1 1/3 cups sifted powdered sugar
- 1/3 cup soft butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Melt the chocolate bits in the top of a double boiler. Keep the water just barely bubbling. Remove from over the hot water and cool slightly. Cream together the powdered sugar, flavorings and butter. Stir this creamed mixture into the melted chocolate. Beat until smooth and frost the cooled cake.

This frosting may be varied in a number of ways. Use a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring added with 1/2 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter vanilla for a rich nut-like flavor.

If you prefer, a caramel or butterscotch frosting can be made by substituting butterscotch bits for the chocolate bits. With the Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring, this gives a rich frosting which may well become your favorite.

**EASY BANANA PUDDING**

- 1 pkg. vanilla pudding mix
- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 2 ripe bananas, thoroughly mashed
- 1/2 cup cream, whipped

Prepare pudding mix with the 1 cup milk. (This will be much thicker, of course.) Cool about 20 minutes; then fold in the mashed bananas and the whipped cream to which the Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring has been added. Dish into sherbet glasses and chill. If you prefer, you can line a pan with vanilla wafer crumbs, pour the pudding over them, top with a few more crumbs and freeze.

**THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN**

By

Frederick

Do you remember the days when men didn't *really* like green beans? I do! I never used to like them, but the way green beans are prepared nowadays, I've been converted! As a matter of fact, the dietician for our church kitchen informs me that the mushroom soup "treatment" and the almond "treatment" have made green beans one of the more popular vegetables.

The only reason I mention this is because I was amazed to discover that several of my friends were still holding off on green beans in spite of these marvelous new improvements. Perhaps you are the exception, but in case you aren't, pay attention to this.

The next time you prepare green beans—frozen, canned, or fresh—just add a little mushroom soup, or some diced mushrooms browned in butter. Another variation is the addition of a handful or two of sliced almonds. Unsalted almonds are the best and can be purchased in most grocery stores.

My secretary makes a green bean casserole that is a remarkably fine dish, and one of the easiest casseroles to prepare that I have yet tried.

**Green Bean Casserole**

- 1 pkg. frozen beans, lightly salted
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 2 strips of bacon

Place one-half of the package of beans into a small casserole dish. (Don't bother to thaw them out completely—just enough to separate them.) Over the beans, spread one-half of the green pepper and onion, combined. Then add the rest of the beans. Over the top, put the remaining pepper-onion mixture and the two strips of bacon. You don't need any other moisture or seasoning. Bake for about 30 minutes in a 350 degree oven.

One of the good ladies in my church has a reputation for her salted pecans. Never in all of my life have I eaten nuts as delicious as these! Since learning her secret, I haven't been able to keep enough of them on hand. You just can't buy nuts that approach these for quality.

Cover a cookie sheet with big, shelled, unsalted pecans. Stir into them about two tablespoons of salad oil or olive oil. Either one will do, but make certain that each nut is oiled. Put the cookie sheet into an oven set at 350 degrees. Keep them in the oven for about seven to ten minutes, depending upon how long it takes the nuts to brown. Open the oven door and stir them every two minutes with a long-handled spoon. When they are brown, take them out and sprinkle with salt. Stir some more to make certain that all are salted, then let them cool.

Happiness is like potato salad . . . when you share it with others, it's a picnic.

## RECIPE OF THE MONTH

## Cherry Cloud Pie

If you are looking for a different type of dessert to serve for a February party this will really fill the bill. It is a beautiful light and fluffy pie, just like a cloud! The chocolate and coconut crust is just as usable with other fillings, but the cherry flavor gives it just the right finishing touch. Whether it is made with the vanilla filling with bits of maraschino cherries or put together with the cherry-flavored pink filling, you are sure to receive compliments galore.

## Chocolate Coconut Crust

2 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate

2 Tbls. butter or margarine

2 Tbls. milk

2/3 cup confectioners sugar, sifted

1 1/2 cups flaked coconut

In a small saucepan, put the chocolate, butter and milk. Melt over low heat, stirring constantly. Combine with the confectioners sugar and stir until blended. Add the coconut, stir until well mixed and then pat into a buttered 9-inch pie pan. Chill for 1 hour.

## Cherry Cloud Filling

1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin

1 1/4 cups cold milk

3 eggs, separated

1/2 cup granulated sugar

1/8 tsp. salt

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1/2 cup maraschino cherries, drained and diced

1 cup cream, whipped

Soften the gelatin in 1/4 cup of cold milk. Beat the egg yolks, add the gelatin mixture, 1/4 cup of the sugar, salt and the remaining 1 cup of cold milk. Cook over hot water, stirring frequently, until the mixture coats the spoon. Remove from the fire, stir in the flavoring and mix well. Cool slightly and beat until smooth.

Beat the egg whites until foamy, gradually add the remaining 1/4 cup of granulated sugar and continue beating until the whites stand in stiff peaks. Fold the egg whites, the whipped cream and the cherries gently into the custard mixture. Spoon into the chocolate-coconut crust. Sprinkle the top with a little grated chocolate. Chill until firm.

To make a cherry-flavored pink filling, simply use 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring instead of the vanilla. Tint a delicate pink. The maraschino cherries may be added in a smaller amount if you want the bits of red, but they are not necessary. A few slivers of the red cherries on the top of the pale pink pie give it a very festive appearance.—Evelyn

## A CHILD'S PRAYER

Lord, teach a little child to pray,  
And oh, accept my prayer;  
Thou canst hear all the words I say,  
For Thou art everywhere. Amen

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## WINTER ON THE FARM

Dear Friends:

For the past weeks the sound in the air of tractors and cornpickers has been replaced by the sound of chain saws. Some of the men may be cutting wood for their stoves or furnaces; others cutting fence posts; still others may be cleaning up fallen trees and brush around their farms. Frank can tell which neighbors are working in the timber by the sound of the saws, but they all sound alike to me.

The invention of the chain saw has certainly been a boon to the farmers for so much more can be accomplished in a day's time. When I see Frank head for the timber with his saw, I always think of his father. When Mr. Johnson moved to this farm many, many years ago, all of the bottom land was covered with huge trees. He cleared every bit of it using the old cross-cut type saw and it must have taken him years and years. We have one piece of ground that is referred to as the "stump patch" for Frank remembers when he was a boy helping his father and they occasionally plowed up tree roots and pieces of old stumps. It must have been the last bit of timber that Father Johnson cleared. Although we still call it the "stump patch", it has been a long, long time since the plow has caught on a root or stump.

The three-day deer hunting season is over for another year. Frank didn't hunt but three of our neighbors did and each got one. Our local paper estimated that between 80 and 100 deer were killed in Lucas County. There are two state forest areas in the county—one in the southwest corner and the other in the northeast corner. Most of the men hunt in these areas. Once in a while we see a deer, but not often. When the dogs bark at night for no apparent reason, Frank says that there must be deer passing this way. Sure enough, the next morning he will see deer tracks. A few days ago I looked out of the window at daybreak and saw four deer walking down the lane in front of the house. They were so silent and graceful it almost took my breath away!

Frank's Uncle August has been doing some trapping and has caught several red fox and a few coons. Frank hasn't set any traps this winter for there are too many other things requiring his attention. Andy Knapp, a little 11-year old neighbor boy, spends every Saturday helping him and enjoys hearing trapping stories as they work together. Since Frank enjoyed trapping so much when he was a youngster, he plans to help Andy get started, letting him use his old traps.

I have made several different kinds of candy lately and haven't had a single failure! I know that many of you like to make the Remarkable Fudge and might be interested in the variations I have used recently. After adding the marshmallow creme, I poured half of the candy into another bowl and beat in 1/2 cup of peanut butter. In the other half, I put one



When Phillip and Marie Field vacationed in Japan, they were much impressed by the Japanese gardens, such as this one where their picture was taken. To use Phillip's own words, "They are like a great poem for they evoke a definite and sustained emotion. We were greatly uplifted by their beauty."

package of chocolate bits and 1/2 cup of nuts. The next batch I made, I divided in half also. Into one part I put maraschino cherries and coconut, and added chopped dates and nuts to the remaining half. By doing this I had four varieties out of the two batches of candy. If you are like us, you like to make candy these cold winter evenings, so perhaps these suggestions will help you with your next candy-making spree.

Since you liked the January decorating suggestions using the peanut pixies, I'm going to share some more with you this month. If February is the month you entertain your club, perhaps you would like to try your hand with the following:

For a centerpiece before the 14th, you might like to make the one that Kristin made one February when she entertained her 4-H club. She painted a small tree branch white and stuck it into a prong-type flower holder. Small red hearts were tied to the branches with thread, making a real cute valentine tree. She used tall red tapers in crystal holders on each side. For favors, put a peanut pixie in sitting position on the top of each nut cup. Make a small red heart out of construction paper and print the guest's name on it with white ink. With a paper punch, make a hole on each side of the heart big enough for the pixie's hands to go through, thus holding the card.

If your date for entertaining is after the 14th, make a cherry tree. For this you could leave your branch unpainted if you prefer. One year we found artificial cherries at the dime store. They had little wire stems which were easily fastened to the branches. If your small son, grandson, or nephew

happens to have a little toy fire engine, it no doubt came equipped with small ladders. You might borrow these to prop against the tree for the pixies to climb on. They could also be in the tree picking cherries or simply hanging by their knees or arms.

On my last trip to Shenandoah, Lucile showed me the article on games to play while doing the dishes. What memories it brought to me, for we used these same means for making dish-washing fun when we were children. And how we enjoyed harmonizing over the dishpan! We had a real quartet with Frederick singing bass, Wayne, the tenor part, and Margery and I singing soprano and alto. Since I was the oldest, I taught the younger ones how to harmonize and we worked up some real lively tunes for family concerts! We grant you that it took longer to accomplish the job at hand, for if the song was slow in tempo, we washed and dried the dishes slowly. I remember many times that Mother would call from the other room suggesting that we sing a more lively song! Now, Kristin and I harmonize over the dishpan and Margery tells me that she is teaching Martin some good "dish-washing songs".

I used to hear stories about how much spare time farmers and their wives had in the wintertime after the crops were harvested; they could sit around the stove and read or sew. I wish I found this to be true! I always think I'll have more time in January, February and March, but when the months roll around we're just as busy as we ever were. Really, I'm glad that we are for I can't think of anything worse than having time drag on our hands. When you're active and busy with many interests to occupy your time, I believe you feel much younger than your years. Our parents are good examples of this. Mother insists that she doesn't feel a day older than she did when she was my age. (She can't make herself realize that she was younger than I am now when she had the accident that confined her to a wheel chair.) She maintains that you're only as old as you feel and I think she's right. It doesn't seem possible to any of us that Dad will be 80 on his next birthday for he is still a very active man. How fortunate we seven Driftmier children are to have our parents with us and to have them still so "young". We count among our special blessings the fact that we all have each other too. This is wealth enough for anyone!

I've been keeping my eyes on the sky today, for it looks as if we are in for some snow. Since Kristin stayed in town for a meeting, it meant that I would have to drive in for her, and I've hoped all day that the snow would hold off until evening. I couldn't have asked for better cooperation from the weather man, or from Frank, either, for he just came in and said he has the car all warmed up for me!

Until next month,

*Dorothy*

## FEBRUARY FUN

The month of February is a wonderful time to have a party for it provides such a variety of opportunities for games and decorations; valentine, patriotic, Washington, Lincoln, hearts, hatchets, top hats and cherries. Combine them or settle on just one theme, but most of all, have fun!

Here is an assortment of games which you may mix and match as you like. Choose the ones which fit into your theme or just call your party a "February Frolic" and pick out the ones which fit your particular age group.

**President Picture Gallery:** Arrange pictures of the presidents of the United States around the room. Number each one. As each guest arrives give him pencil and paper. He is to write down the numbers and next to each number place his guess as to the name of the president portrayed. Give to the one who has the most correct answers a picture of Washington or Lincoln.

**Patriotic Charades:** Charades are older than the Revolution itself, but they are always fun. Place the names of different colonial events on slips of paper. Hand these out to individuals or divide the players into small groups, each group would then receive one of the slips. Act out different events such as: Washington crossing the Delaware, Washington at Valley Forge, throwing a silver dollar across the Rappahannock River, Betsy Ross making the first flag, and Paul Revere's ride. Events in Lincoln's life could also be used. For a valentine party use the titles of love songs or the stories of famous lovers such as Romeo and Juliet and Anthony and Cleopatra.

**Cherry Relay:** Divide the players into two groups. Have them line up, relay style. In front of each line place a bowl filled with candy cherries or cranberries. Across the room from each line have an empty bowl. Each player, in turn, places his hand, palm down, into the bowl. He takes as many berries as possible on the back of his hand and goes rapidly to the empty bowl and drops into it all the berries which remain on his hand. He rushes back to touch the next player in his line. Each player repeats the performance until all have raced. The side which has carried the most berries across the room wins. For a prize give a sack of red candy cherries.

**Valentine Hunt:** Hide candy valentines around the room. Tell the players the exact number they may find (such as 6 apiece) to save hard feelings. The first one to find 6 is declared the winner. However, play the game until all the hearts are found and each player has his share. The winner might receive a pretty valentine and the last one to find his share might receive a comic valentine.

**Valentine Dart Game:** A large cardboard heart is fastened to the wall. If small children are to play this game the "darts" should be cut from colored paper, each child blindfolded in turn and given a chance to pin his dart to the heart. For young people

and adults a dart board or bulletin board may be placed behind the paper heart and real darts thrown to see who can come nearest the center. In either game a nice prize is a chocolate heart. Have several prizes ready in case of ties. The player whose dart is farthest from the center could be given a teeny candy heart for "booby prize".

**Shake the Cherry Tree:** All players stand in a circle. One person is chosen to be "It". He is blindfolded and stands in the center of the circle. The players move around to the left and chant;

"Oh, here is a tree of cherries ripe,  
A tree both green and tall.

We'll shake it now with all our  
might—

Until the cherries fall."

As the last words are spoken, the leader points to one player who steps out of the circle and gently shakes the "tree", who must guess who did the shaking. If the guess is correct the shaker becomes "It". If the guess is incorrect, continue to play for two more turns, then choose another person to be "It" so the game will move.

**George and Abe:** Everyone is given a sheet of paper and a pencil and asked to draw the best possible silhouette of George Washington or Abraham Lincoln. A paper hatchet and a black cutout top hat are given to the two who draw the best likeness of these famous Americans.

**Blowing Cherries:** Stretch a string across the floor dividing the room into two playing areas. (In a basement room the line may be drawn with chalk.) Divide the players into two sides. A giant cherry (a big red balloon) is thrown to the ceiling in the center of the room. Each side blows it around, trying to make it touch either an opponent or the floor on the opposite side of the line. No one may step over the line, touch the balloon or be touched by it or it gives the other side a point. Have several balloons in reserve in case the first one is broken.

**Heart Tear:** Tell the group you would like to know the condition of each person's heart. Give each one a piece of red paper. Ask each player to put his hands behind him and tear out his heart without folding the paper. Have each person exhibit his heart. Give a prize to the most forlorn and battered one, he needs it!

**Book Titles:** Give each player a pencil and piece of paper. Have him draw a picture representing the title of some well known book. If the party is primarily valentine, the books might be love stories. If you are having a patriotic party, suggest that the names of historical books be used. When the drawings are finished pass them to the left around the room. Have each person write down what he thinks is the title of the book illustrated. He should write the title at the bottom of the page, then turn it up so the next in line cannot see what has been written when it is his turn to guess. Call time after several have had a chance to guess on each picture. Display the picture, read the guesses and then have the artist tell

the title he intended to illustrate. This game can be lots of fun with some very amusing guesses!

**Lincoln Story Contest:** Have each guest come prepared to tell a short Lincoln story or fable. A Lincoln head penny makes a nice prize for any Lincoln game.

**Broken Hearts:** Select an inexpensive valentine for each person (used valentines work just as well for this game as new ones). Cut each into various shaped pieces and tuck into an envelope. The size and number of the cut out pieces will depend on the age of the group attending the party; the smaller the child the larger and fewer the pieces. Distribute the envelopes and have each person put his broken heart together, jigsaw fashion. The first one done is the winner. A small roll of cellophane tape would be a funny prize for this game. This may also be played with plain red hearts cut from construction paper.

**Patriotic Buttons:** Raid the button box for this game, sorting out all the red, white and blue buttons. Give each player the same number of each color. A player holds one of his buttons in a closed hand and asks another player, "Red, white or blue?" The second player must guess the color of the button the first player is holding. If he guesses correctly he gets the button. If he guesses wrong he forfeits one of his buttons of the same color he guessed. When time is called the leader reveals the value of each color in counting up the score; blue counts 3, red 2 and white 1. Give the winner one big button or a card filled with bright red buttons.

**President's Quiz:**

1. Which president cut down his father's tree? *Washington*
2. Which president talked soft but carried a big stick? *T. Roosevelt*
3. Which president worked hard for the League of Nations? *Wilson*
4. Which president grew up working hard all day and then studied by firelight? *Lincoln*
5. Which president was very large but had great poise? *Taft*
6. Which president had a charming and jolly wife whose first name was something every girl likes to play with? *Madison (Dolly)*
7. Which president had a very young and lovely wife? *Cleveland*
8. Which president had a daughter who was married while she lived in the White House? *Grant (Nellie)*
9. Which president made a huge land purchase and brought a great piece of the United States into being? *Jefferson (Louisiana Purchase)*
10. Which president was the oldest to ever hold office? *Eisenhower*
11. Which president overcame a great physical handicap to become famous? *F. D. Roosevelt*
12. Which president lived through a great depression and later became a revered elder statesman? *Hoover*

If you whine when you lose it proves you did not deserve to win!

## DO YOU LIKE TO IRON?

By  
Elaine Derendinger

I love ironing day! Now many housewives will think I'm absolutely out of my mind, so let me explain. Ages ago I read an article which suggested that when ironing needed to be done to try and think of a happy or humorous incident connected with the garment upon which you are working. I scoffed and said, "Oh, there simply aren't that many happy and funny things to think about." But there are.

This blue sport shirt belongs to Michael, age 10. It's printed with the names of the twelve months and seasonal scenes. He just happened to wear it to school on the day his class had the names of the twelve months for a spelling lesson! When the pupils had no trouble at all spelling the months, he was sent to the cloakroom to remove his shirt.

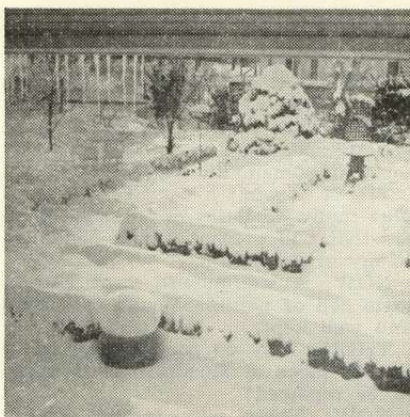
We laughed so hard the day we discovered Melody, age 5, was crazy about the color orange. It was an exceptionally hot autumn day and we had stopped to look at a display of wool material. She grabbed a bolt of brilliant, orange wool (the prickly kind) and it was a hot job persuading her to let go! Later my sister gave her the orange print for this dress to compensate for the fact that we did not buy her the prickly orange wool.

As her first try at the trick of sewing I helped Christy, age 11, make this patchwork skirt. From my scrapbag, she selected scraps and cut them into six-inch squares. She stitched the squares together until she had a length long and wide enough to gather onto a band. Her small brother and sister still enjoy searching for scraps of their clothing in her skirt. Her older brother, Michael, enjoys calling her an old scrapbag!

I can laugh now at these jeans of Daniel's, age 8, which are cut off and hemmed into shorts. What happened to cause them to be shortened wasn't one bit funny at the time. He had been outside watching a neighbor's trash fire. When he came in the house we suddenly started smelling something burning. Now, I have a horror of the roof catching on fire and not knowing it, so my first thought was to send Daniel outside to see if that could be the cause of the smell. He didn't see anything burning, but Michael did! Daniel's jeans were slowly singeing around the bottom and he hadn't felt it through his boots. Obviously, he had watched that trash fire too closely.

The material for this fragile, pink blouse was sent to me by my Philippine pen-pal. It was woven and embroidered, on a loom, from pineapple fiber. She writes such lovely letters and from them I've learned so much about her country. With each letter I think anew that if every person in the United States had a similar pen-pal we would learn to love and understand each other better.

These beat-up, sad, Sunday trousers  
(Continued on page 19)



Birds flock to the Verness garden in the winter when the ground is covered with a blanket of snow, for they find several well-filled feeders to satisfy their hunger.

## GAMES FOR DISHWASHING TIME

By  
Erma Reynolds

Do the children in your family help with the dishes? And do they complain about the dullness of this chore? Turn this worktime into funtime by introducing these games:

**Hide and Seek By the Sink:** One player starts this contest by thinking of some place in the house or yard where he is supposed to be hiding. When he gives the "ready" signal, the other player, or players, try to find where he is hiding by asking questions which he may answer only by "yes", "no", or "I don't know". A count is kept of the number of questions it takes to discover the hiding place and the player who has found the hider with the fewest questions becomes the new "hider". Should there be only two dishwashers, they take turns in the "hiding".

**Dishpan Conversation:** While the dishes are being done, the workers carry on a conversation, using only words of one syllable. Should a player forget and use a word with extra syllables in it, it counts a point against him. A count is kept of the penalties, and when the dishes are done the player with the most penalties has to perform a forfeit decided upon by the other contestant, or contestants.

**Singing in the Suds:** One player hums a tune while the other player, or players, guess what song it is. The first player to recognize the tune becomes the new singer. However, if the song is not recognized, the first player can keep on humming different songs until one of his tunes is finally recognized. The singer who is able to stump the other player the most times wins this event.

**Shopping List:** One player starts this game by saying, "Mother bought soap at the store." The next player says, "Mother bought soap and bacon at the store." Each time a player takes over the shopping list he must repeat the entire list of purchases in their exact order before he adds a new item. When a player makes a mistake he is out of the game and the player who stays in the longest wins the contest.



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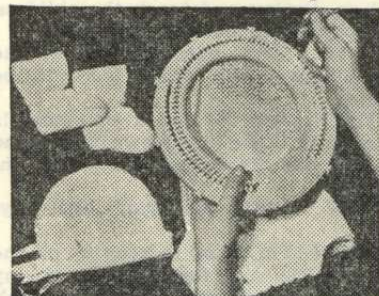
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## NOW AND THEN

By  
*Deleta Landphair*

A newly married acquaintance of mine viewed with evident distaste a yard littered with wagons, boards, toy trucks and other paraphernalia of a young boy's growth and asked, "Why on earth do people let their children ruin the appearance of their homes with so much junk?"

I just laughed, knowing that in a few years she very likely will learn all about things that seem to go hand in hand with raising a family—a littered yard and a house that can change from orderliness to chaos in ten minutes! Until then, perhaps ignorance is bliss!

Later, as I related her comments to my husband, our conversation turned to listing some of the things on which we have changed our opinions. We agreed that we have several good reasons for altering our convictions. For instance, three little boys can change a person's mind on lots of things. Eleven years of marriage can do quite a bit along that line too. All in all, our reasons could be boiled down to one word—EXPERIENCE!

What are all these radical changes in opinion? Well, here is a fair sampling:

THEN: I'll leave my china shoe collection and other fragile keep-sakes out on display and teach the children to leave them alone.

NOW: We've put away all of the bric-a-brac so it won't have to be dusted.

THEN: Just because a youngster is playing at home in his own yard is no excuse for his being dirty and unkempt.

NOW: A little dirt won't hurt anyone.

THEN: I'm going to keep up on the latest books and foreign news so my mind won't get stale. Certainly, I don't want to be one who talks about nothing but children, illnesses, food and farm problems.

NOW: At the latest gathering of friends we discussed children, the latest outbreak of measles, a new pie recipe, and the deflated farm income.

THEN: Why on earth do so many women let their figures go after they get married? I'm going to keep mine.

NOW: My wedding dress has shrunk two sizes.

THEN: I'm going to take time to answer ALL my children's questions.

NOW: "Go ask Daddy, dear."

THEN: If a budget is followed carefully, there is no reason for not having the means to buy the little extras that every woman wants to indulge in once in a while.

NOW: "Honey, got any extra change? I have to go into town to have a piece fixed for the tractor."

THEN: We'll dine graciously at least once a week so the children will know the uses for all of the pieces of silverware and learn company etiquette.

NOW: I try to explain the use of a salad fork at least once a year.

THEN: I'll leave all of the discipline up to my husband because I'm too impatient.

NOW: A well-placed swat in time may save nine swats by the time Daddy's home from work.

THEN: I'll always wear neat little house dresses. Housewives are too careless with their home appearance.

NOW: Jeans adapt so readily to any form of homemaking activity.

THEN: I want a yard full of roses plus many varieties of unusual flowers that will present a real challenge to my green thumb.

NOW: A well-mowed yard with a little bed of petunias looks so restful and well kept.

THEN: Why do people hang on to an old piece of furniture if it needs to be replaced?

NOW: These new fangled chairs just don't rock as well as my old-fashioned, ladder-back rocker.

THEN: I won't be one of those lazy housewives who always has a sink full of dirty dishes.

NOW: "You're going to town in fifteen minutes? Just wait until I stack the dishes and I'll go with you. I've been wanting to get out of the house all day!"

THEN: I'm not going to permit our children to litter the yard with wagons, boards, toy trucks and all sorts of junk.

NOW: (Can you guess?)

## WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS BEST?

By  
*Fran O'Brien*

After reading Mabel Nair Brown's skit, "Let's Talk Turkey", in the November issue of the *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine, I felt the need to stand up and be counted. The skit emphasized that present advantages far outshine anything worthwhile in the good-old-days. I don't happen to think that that is true. There are times when I sincerely feel that our present generation is the most overworked and oppressed that ever existed.

We have too many places to go and too many things to do. Clubs, committees, contests and conventions compete for our time. We are harassed by too much traffic, too much production and too much competition. We are overpowered by nervous strain and tension. We have become involved in so many things that we have lost the art of simple, relaxed, easy-going living.

Often we pity the pioneers with their problems, deprivations, and disappointments. But those early days had advantages which we lack.

For instance, there were no picture windows through which neighbors could peek to see if the lamp shade was on straight. There were no shining floors to keep waxed and polished and no wall to wall carpeting to vacuum—just rough floor boards or the good earth itself. A firm sweeping was all that was needed to keep them in shape.

There were no traffic jams to rile the disposition or roads to enclose the spirit. Except for a few Indians rushing by on horseback or an occasional thundering herd of buffalo, there were

no traffic problems at all!

No one waited for a turn at the laundromat; each family had its own wooden tub and running water—in the creek. Popularity did not depend on the kind of soap or deodorant or perfume which was used. And once folks were stitched up in their winter underwear they didn't change for months.

No door-to-door high pressure salesmen were around with which to contend, just a bear or two looking for food. A sound whack of the broom was all that was needed to send an errant Bruin scooting. Great-grandma didn't have to worry about her kids tramping the neighbors flower beds or raising havoc with the lawn, they had acres of prairie upon which to play.

Children didn't stand in line for Great-grandpa to hand out school lunch money. The youngsters helped raise and hunt for the food they ate. No one had time-consuming decisions about which cereal to buy; those with a toy for the kids or flower seeds for the yard. Great-grandma just stirred up a big kettle of mush and the whole family ate heartily without even listening to hear whether it "crackled or popped".

No television, radios or hi-fi sets pierced the tranquility of the evening fireside. No one fought over whose turn it was to get the car. People had time to visit, to read, to sing, to whistle, to ponder and to pray.

No one worried about fallout, smog, bomb shelters, nuclear testing or space ships. The air they breathed was fresh, clean and free. No one worried about pieces of jet planes falling out of the sky. No one worried about man's power to blow the earth to smithereens!

What do you think? Were the good-old-days the best after all?

## DEAFNESS TEST FOR BABY

By  
*Evelyn Witter*

"Doctor," I said, afraid to say what I had come for, "I . . . I think maybe my baby is deaf!"

"What makes you think that?"

"For a few weeks now I've noticed he isn't aware of it when I approach. He doesn't pay any attention to me when I speak, and I'm terribly worried."

"You needn't be," he said. "You can learn the truth for yourself by a very simple measure. Get behind your baby and say a few words in a very LOUD tone; then gradually reduce your voice to a whisper. Notice carefully if the baby turns his head to locate the source of the sound. If not, or if he responds only to the very loud tones, then it is time to have him tested by an expert."

I followed the doctor's simple directions. When the baby couldn't see me he responded to my voice! I decided that seeing me approach had not been novel enough to attract his attention and that was why he appeared to be paying no attention either to my appearance or to my speech. But catching him off guard from behind was an immediate test of whether he heard or not!

**LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded**

So I have this clipping, and if anyone who is reading these words feels keenly about the absolute necessity of doing better by our teachers, I'll gladly send it on with a stamped-self-addressed envelope so you can mail it back to me. I'd hate to lose it.

I have no idea who is on the Board of Directors of the Kansas City, Missouri School District, but I'm positive they would be happy if their extremely well-stated newspaper advertisement were used by other communities. Naturally you would make some changes—probably the total amount you need would not be what Kansas City needed etc., but the over-all explanation could be a powerful influence in any community. Certainly you should study this clipping if you're getting started right now on a campaign to build new schools. You want some money left to do better by your teachers, so put your heads together and see what kind of a safe, inexpensive building you can put up; and save your pride for the quality of the teachers who will be working in that building. We should stop "keeping up with the Joneses" in this matter of brick and glass.

Recently I've had occasion to look at quite a collection of applications written by high school seniors. I was appalled. What is one to think, for instance, when a boy eighteen writes "somor" for "some more"? This was troubling me very much indeed when I happened to get out a box of old letters, and among them I found a long letter written by my father twenty-odd years ago.

Now my father didn't get beyond the eighth grade in school. He had to drop out then and help to support the family. But here was this long, long letter beautifully written and punctuated correctly—and only one misspelled word. He had spelled "primitive" as "primate"—an error I'd be likely to make since I'm not nearly as good at spelling as my father.

But I studied that letter for a long time and thought of how little formal education he had had . . . and then thought of the dismaying applications I'd been so troubled about for several weeks. Clearly there was something grievously wrong. Someplace along the way we've gotten our attention fixed on the wrong thing and we have lost sight of the prime purpose of our schools.

Well, I've been all wound up here and just came an inch of forgetting that in about twenty minutes I'm supposed to meet a salesman who has some premiums that interest me. I couldn't expect him to take me seriously if I appeared in this disgraceful looking cleaning rig (I pitched in and did some real cleaning before I sat down to write to you) so I must run now to get slicked up and look as if I had at least a faint notion of what *might* be a real good premium!

Warmest greetings always to all of you—

*Lucile*

**MARY BETH'S LETTER—Concluded**

pancakes before, but these were absolutely the lightest, most delicious I've ever had the pleasure of eating. Good homemade maple syrup and lots of black coffee completed the menu. We all ate far too much! The hostess promised me a cupful of this sourdough starter. However, until I can figure out a way to bottle it up and share it with all of you I won't be able to put the recipe in Kitchen-Klatter!

Lunch time is here and I must hurry off to the kitchen.

Sincerely,

*Mary Beth*

**LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded**

flowers. I expect to finish both of them this winter, but that depends a lot on how much time I spend in the hotel. We like to take short drives around the countryside when weather permits, so I can't anticipate at this point just how much time I will have for embroidery work.

My mother spent the last years of her life in Redlands. She loved to look at the mountains and would say, "I will look unto the hills from whence cometh my strength." There is something about their majestic beauty that lifts up one's spirit.

Next month my letter will be postmarked "Redlands, California", when I'll give you an account of our trip.

Sincerely,

*Leanna*

**LEANNA'S PANSY QUILT**

We think this is one of the loveliest applique quilts Mother has made. Choosing the colors and making this Pansy quilt will brighten the winter days for you. For pattern and instructions, send 25¢ and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

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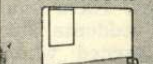
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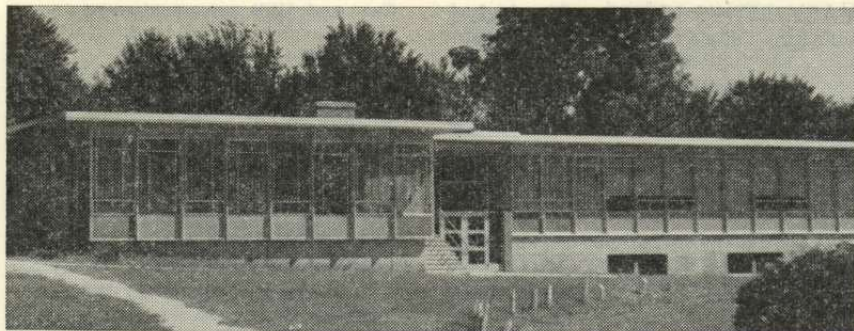
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This is Nishna Road School, one Shenandoah built to accommodate increased enrollment.

### FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

of the food. They spent hours decorating their room for the affair. Here in our church we have different rooms for various age groups and the young people have their own kitchen.

So many people ask me how I can minister to a large city church and still have time to personally work with the young people's organizations? It is easy! I simply ask my wife to help me out and she asks another young couple to help us both. We find the time to do it because we love children and because we know how important they are to the life of the church. I feel that any minister who cannot find time for the youth work of his parish loses an important part of his Christian service.

We almost met our Waterloo this past holiday season, however. All fall the children had been asking to put on a play and in a moment of weakness we gave our consent. Have you ever helped junior high students put on a play? Well, we learned what that can mean! The night of dress rehearsal I thought I would go out of my mind. One-half of the cast never even got there! Even though I did not have to be on the stage, there were qualms in my stomach on the night of the performance. And what a relief when it was over. When the curtain closed on the last scene and I could hear the loud applause of the audience, it was a grand feeling. My first words to an adult standing near me were, "Never again! If I

ever agree to direct this age group in another play, call a doctor and have my head examined!" I had no more than said the words than I was surrounded by happy, triumphant little actors and actresses begging to begin work on another play right away. Whom do you think will win out?

This is the year when I have resolved to let my bite be a whole lot worse than my bark. I am tired of being told that my bark is worse than my bite so I think that it is going to be a refreshing change. You know, it is very easy for a minister to get up in his pulpit and talk firm, but it is something else again to get to work. The main trouble with barking, the louder noise one makes the more he is apt to give the impression that something is being accomplished about the matter, when actually nothing is being done. Perhaps we would all be better off if we *barked less* and settled down to *sink our teeth* into some of our problems.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

Every man has two educations—that which is given him, and the other, that which he gives himself. Of the two kinds, the latter is by far the most valuable. Indeed, all that is most worthy in a man he must work out and conquer for himself.—Jean-Paul Richter

## IT'S KITCHEN-KLATTER TIME!

Here are the seven stations where you can tune in each weekday morning and get your second wind while folks from the Kitchen-Klatter Family come to visit. If you can't think what to cook next or if you're just plain lonesome for "woman talk", we hope our half-hour radio visit will give you a lift.

- KWPC** Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
- KLIK** Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- WJAG** Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
- KCFI** Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KFEQ** St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KWBG** Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

### COVER PICTURE

As we drive around the countryside, we can't help but have mixed feelings when we come across a one-room schoolhouse such as the one pictured on the cover. It is *High Prairie*, the school that the Strom children attended and where countless box suppers and community meetings were held. Now it stands empty—all of the children in this rural neighborhood are transported in big yellow buses to town schools. When the building is moved, corn, oats or beans will take its place.

Back in the early 1900's, when Aunt Jessie (Field) Shambaugh was the County Superintendent of Schools, there were 125 one-room schoolhouses in Page county. Oliver's brothers and sisters remember when Aunt Jessie came to *High Prairie* on a number of occasions, and how she moved so quietly into the room, that only the teacher was aware of her presence for a few minutes. Since those years, a number of people have filled that office, many teachers have sat at the big desk, and countless children have hung their coats and lunch pails just inside the door.

Today only a single such school is open. Except for this one and a new 4-room building in East River township, all rural children join town youngsters in schools such as the new Nishna Road School in Shenandoah where Howard and Mae's daughter, Donna, teaches First Grade.

### BOOK REVIEW—Concluded

Novels have long been a popular type of book to review. Today many unimportant novels are being written, and I suggest that you choose your novel with care, being sure that the book has some value and validity. Many modern novelists are of the realistic school and some of their books are stark and earthy; however, other present-day novels make ordinary persons interesting—and their worlds make good retelling.

Serious and philosophical books are provocative. Some groups like travel books. These reviews are especially good if the reviewer has traveled to the same area.

Play reviewing is a favorite way to entertain a group, for a play almost always "tells" well. It *does* take skill to shorten and cut a play for it is already a rather brief literary form. The presentation is usually dramatic, with the reviewer taking the various parts upon occasion. It can be done, and when successfully, makes for a top-notch program, for the play is written to be presented vocally and alive to an audience.

You yourself are the best judge of what type of book to select for reviewing, for you know what *you* like and in what you are interested. You also know best the group for which you're preparing the program. It is advisable to scan several different books before making your final decision, but you needn't be afraid to make your own selection.

## "Little Ads"

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

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**ORCHARD AND GARDEN SYRUP**—made as you need it from supplies in food stores. This syrup is healthful, and delicious on waffles, etc. For home use you may have this formula for \$1.00. Commercial rights on royalty basis. Guide Bacon, 6302 Vanderbilt, Dallas 14, Texas.

**CROSS-STITCH** gingham aprons, Daisy, Lilac, Ribbon bow, hearts or Dutch windmills with flowers, \$3.00. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Missouri.

**LOVELY**—15" (approx.) metallic wheel doily \$2.25. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N.W., Canton, Ohio.

**PHONOGRAPH RECORDS**—45 RPM, 4 for \$1.00. Slightly used. Send 10¢ for big list. Maureen Loots, Carroll, Iowa.

**BABY'S SHOES BRONZED**—\$2.00 a pair. M. E. Stauffer, Circleville, Kansas.

**CROCHETED** hairpin or tatting pillow slip edgings, 42" — \$1.00 pair. Tatting hankie edgings, 47" — 2 strips — \$1.00. Any color. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

**ORIGINAL HANDMADE PLACE CARDS** by artist. Lovely and unusual. VALENTINE, CIRCUS, FLOWER MIXTURE, BABY SHOWER, BRIDAL SHOWER, 12 cards, one subject, \$1.50 postpaid. L. Blumer, 2904 North 48th Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.

**WANTED**—to know where I can obtain Butter nuts. Mrs. Fred Petrich, Box 153, Sanborn, Iowa.

**LOVELY NYLONS**—irregulars, 5 pairs (dollar bill), guaranteed, postpaid. National, 6709 East End, Chicago.

**SPECIAL** on cross-stitched aprons, 2 for \$5.00. Elaborate designs. Mrs. Sharon Yates, 1720 North 12th, Quincy, Illinois.

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**TUPPERWARE**: \$5.00 orders postpaid. Luella White, 3013 S. 1st, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

**BEAUTIFUL** Hand Beaded Seed Pearl Names, guaranteed washable, excellent gifts, personalized sweaters, hand bags. Print Names, \$2.00. Please no checks. Irene's, 1927 Adams Dr., Madison, Indiana.

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**CROSS-STITCH BORDER PATTERNS** for checked gingham aprons, skirts, 3 - 50¢ Valentine, deer, stars, butterfly, swan, floral designs, teapot and cup borders - 50¢ each or 3 - \$1.00. Audrey Hutchins, Beaver, Iowa.

**MAKE MONEY** weaving rugs at home for neighbors on \$89.50 Union Loom. Thousands doing it. Booklet free, Union Loom Works, Dept 7, Boonville, New York.

**APRONS**—Button trim and other styles, 85¢. Mrs. William Schwanz, Vail, Iowa.

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**MAKE YOUR WILL!** Two approved Will Forms and simple "Instructions Guide" only \$1.00. National, Box 48313KK, Los Angeles 48, California.

**CARPET, THROWRUGS WOVEN**—mail unprepared materials, \$2.00 yard. Already prepared, \$1.25. Good anytime. Rowena Winters, Grimes, Iowa.

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**BEAUTIFUL PERSONALIZED NAPKINS**. Blue with blue imprint, special 100 for 99¢. White with gold, red, blue or silver imprint \$1.50 per 100. All orders add 35¢ for postage. MILLER'S, 5608 Cedar, Omaha 6, Nebraska.

**MAKE FIGURINES**—Cement Lawn Novelties, Molding Rubber Extra Thick, Sample Free. W. Wooley, 2301-KK Latrobe, Peoria, Illinois.

**DON'T FALL DOWN** on the ice this winter and break your legs. Order pair of our newly invented all-aluminum ice-creeper, no straps and with five steel pegs. Pair \$1.00. Send width of your heels. Write Harry Walters, Mediapolis, Iowa.

## IRONING—Concluded

are the ones my husband, George, wears hunting and fishing. They're torn (please tell me how to love patching!), stained and look fit only for stuffing the children's bag-swing. But he won't part with them! Looking at these trousers makes me remember the duck he shot and stuffed and roasted all by himself. No one in our family is fond of wild duck. But since George had fixed it he could not admit that it tasted like roast old-shoe, so he valiantly ate it all. Since then he seems to try and miss shooting ducks on purpose.

Let's see, now, here is the peach, damask tablecloth we've had ever since we were first married. Oh, the stories it could tell . . . How time flies when I iron!

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**YOU NEVER SPEND OR PAY 1¢  
of YOUR OWN MONEY—No Risk**

No room here to give you all the facts, but here are the highlights of my famous Plan: I ship you 100 large 8 oz. cans (\$1.25 size) of my famous Special Grind Pure Black Pepper, outstanding for its extra-delicious "spiciness". I send the Pepper entirely **ON CREDIT**. I trust you! Then you simply have 10 members each sell only 10 cans and send \$75.00 of the proceeds to me when all the pepper is sold. And you keep **\$50.00** of the proceeds for your treasury. Take up to 60 days.

**My Famous Plan Followed Successfully  
By More Than 50,000 Organizations!**

Join more than 50,000 churches, clubs, PTA's, schools, veterans' auxiliaries and other groups who raise large sums of money without 1¢ cost, thanks to my famous Anna Elizabeth Wade Fund-Raising Plan.

**FREE Complete Details...  
MAIL COUPON NOW!**

Just mail the coupon to me **TODAY** for complete details of this easy-to-follow rewarding Plan. Everything comes to you **FREE**... no obligation whatsoever. So fill out and mail the coupon **TODAY!**

**ANNA ELIZABETH WADE**

Dept 420BB - Lynchburg, Virginia

**ANNA ELIZABETH WADE**

Dept. 420BB, Lynchburg, Virginia

Please rush complete details, **FREE** and without obligation, of your Plan for our Group to raise **\$50.00** and more without spending 1¢.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

## BROTHERHOOD—Concluded

Writing to some one near your own age who lives in another country is a wonderful and exciting way to promote feelings of friendship. How much good has been done through such simple interchange of ideas will never be known, but it is probably far greater than we realize.

People the world over hold the same hopes, dreams, desires and needs. These form the common ground upon which to build friendship. Every experience which we can give our families which will help them understand better the similarities of all people, the love of God for all His children and the enrichment of our lives by the differing cultures and individuals will be valuable in the fight against intolerance.

In today's world there is no room for baseless distinction against an individual or a group. Developing positive attitudes of brotherhood in ourselves and in our children will deepen our lives intellectually and spiritually. It will make **BROTHERHOOD** more than just a word, but a way of life!

## WOULD YOU LIKE A PEN PAL

Many people would enjoy writing to someone in another country if they only knew how to get started. If you are interested, first ask your minister for many churches carry on such a program. We are listing below several addresses of places to write to secure names of Pen Pals.

When writing be sure and tell something about yourself, your age, occupation, hobbies and whether or not you understand or write a foreign language. This helps in "matching" your name with someone whom you will find interesting. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

1. (For ages 8 to 18)  
*Children's Plea for Peace*  
World Affairs Center  
University of Minnesota  
Minneapolis 14, Minn.

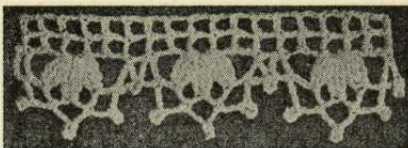
2. (For ages 15 to 80)  
*Letters Abroad*  
45 East 65th Street  
New York 21, N. Y.

3. (Primarily for young people)  
*International Friendship League*  
40 Mount Vernon Street  
Boston 8, Mass.

It is better to light a candle than curse the darkness. A Chinese Proverb

## PEANUT PIXIES

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



## PRETTY EDGING

Make a chain of 12 stitches, turn.

1. A treble in 8th stitch, chain 2, miss 2, 1 treble, forming 2 spaces, turn.

2. Chain 5, treble in next treble, for 1st space, chain 2, treble in 3d stitch of chain, turn.

3. 4. Same as 2d row.

5. Same as 2d row; do not turn, but chain 5, miss last 2 spaces on edge, 3 triple trebles in next, keeping top loop

of each on needle, then draw through all at once and close the cluster with a tight chain-stitch, (chain 3, another cluster in same space) twice, chain 5, miss 2 spaces and fasten at corner of 1st space, turn.

6. (Chain 8, fasten back in 5th stitch from hook for a picot, chain 3, fasten under 5 chain) 4 times, chain 5, fasten in top of last treble of 5th row, chain 5, treble in next treble, chain 2, treble in 3d of turning chain, turn.

Repeat the length, only at beginning of 6th row join to preceding scallop thus; Chain 3, fasten in center of last 5 chain of preceding scallop, chain 4, fasten in same place for a picot, chain 3, fasten under 5 chain, and continue around scallop.

If fine thread is used this is an extremely pretty finish for handkerchiefs, and similar articles.

## KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER THE PERFECT ALL-PURPOSE CLEANER



This package holds the answer to every single cleaning problem in your house where water can be used.

Greasy dishes? Grimy walls? Sticky woodwork? Gummy stove? Clothes so dirty you don't see how you'll ever get them clean?

Let the expensive chemicals in **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** go to work. They'll do a perfect job every time.

Even the hardest water turns to soft water when **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** is used but never, never will your hands feel "burned".

Look for **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** today. Buy it! And save every box top for the kind of wonderful premiums you've come to expect from the Kitchen-Klatter Family. There are many more sensational premiums coming up. We're proud to offer them with the very finest **All-Purpose Cleaner** that is manufactured today.

*To all of you who have written to say that Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner is by far the best product you've ever used and begged us PLEASE not to change it, we give you our word of honor that no one is going to tinker around with it in any way whatsoever. We make it ourselves. We have the finest formula that can be put together. And we're keeping it this way.*

## IMPORTANT

Under no conditions can we mail our **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** to individuals. Postal charges would make it far too expensive. Ask your grocer to stock it. If enough people ask, he'll get it. And like countless Midwestern grocers today, he'll be amazed at how fast those boxes move from his shelves.