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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Redlands, California

My dear Friends:

This will probably be my last letter to you from California, for Spring is just around the corner in Iowa, according to all reports, and if you're a Midwesterner your thoughts certainly turn towards home when the prospect of Spring becomes a reality.

From this point on we'll watch the weather reports very carefully, and when we feel sure (or as sure as anyone can feel where the weather is concerned) that we won't have to battle snow storms and icy highways, we'll pack up and say "Goodbye" to our good friends here at the La Posada Hotel in Redlands.

We all know that this is a small world, but two incidents recently have brought it home to us.

The other day Mart was visiting with a man in the lobby and learned, to his great surprise, that both of them had been in the telephone business at Waterloo, Iowa. Furthermore, this man had taken over the job that Mart left when he returned to the telephone company in Shenandoah. They were surely surprised to have this opportunity to meet and visit over forty-five years later.

Another incident bearing out our knowledge that it's a small world came about when the manager of this hotel, Mr. Riggs, told us that it was his brother's ambulance that came to the scene of our car accident in Arkansas and took us to the hospital back in 1930.

Many of our good friends who know us through this magazine and our radio visits have called on us this winter. We enjoyed all of these friends very much and only regret that we missed some of them because we were out of town on short trips. We felt badly when we got back to the hotel and found messages that told us we'd missed people who drove quite some distance to see us.

A number of our callers had swung around this way to attend the annual Date Festival at Indio. In many respects this festival is like our county fairs, and since growing dates is the biggest industry around Indio they feature displays of dates, some almost as big as cucumbers.

It certainly is a colorful event, for the townspeople dress in Arabic costumes and participate in camel and

ostrich races. Needless to say, these unusual races attract large crowds. They also have fine displays of other fruits and vegetables, an art exhibit, flower arrangements, and entries in baked goods and handwork such as we always see at fairs. All in all, it's quite an event and we enjoy it as much as the Orange Show in San Bernardino.

Recently we drove to Glendale, Calif. to visit Harry Driftmier (Mart's brother) and his wife, Edith. They live on a pleasant, quiet street near a park, and Edith wheeled me over so that I could see the lovely landscaping. All of the many roses showed the promise of countless blooms, and as Edith and I sat under the magnolia trees and visited I could imagine how beautiful the park would be when those buds were fully opened.

We are happy that Edith and Harry can now have their only two sons and families within a few hours driving distance. Until recently they had to drive to Denver if they wanted to visit Harold and his family, and that's a trip not to be taken lightly. But now the Denver son has returned to California and is nicely settled in Whittier with his wife Mary, and little son Donald.

While Edith and I visited I finished the eight napkins that go with the cross-stitched tablecloth (ivy pattern) that is now done. So many of you friends ordered this same cloth and napkins that you know exactly how it looks! I have also finished a cross-stitched sampler for a great-niece, Mary Conrad Lombard's daughter, who recently married and is living in Honolulu where her husband is a navy flyer.

Last week we drove almost the entire length of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys to visit my only living brother, Sol Field, his wife Mary, and their daughter, Jean and her husband, Harvey Johnson. We got an early start from Redlands and drove down through Glendale and then through the San Fernando Valley. I can remember when this valley was complete desert, but now it is very densely populated for there are thousands upon thousands of new homes, beautiful new schools and all kinds of new industries.

The safe four-lane highway leading through the Tejon Pass (it reaches an elevation of 4230 feet) was dotted with good motels and cafes that seem-

ed to be nestling right at the foot of the velvety green hills. As we came down through the mountains our tree-lined highway led to Bakersfield, a bustling city surrounded by oil wells. Hundreds of acres of fertile soil were being prepared for cotton planting, and acres of alfalfa spread like a green carpet along the highway.

By the time we arrived at Fresno it was raining, so we stayed there overnight at a comfortable motel. This small city is the entrance to Yosemite, and when it's clear you can see beautiful snow-capped mountains.

The next morning we awakened to such a dense fog that we waited until it lifted before starting out. This second day on the road took us through famous fruit country, and on either side of the highway we saw peach, pear, apricot, almond and grape orchards stretching right to the mountains. The almonds were out in all their beauty and if you've never seen them you'll probably be interested to know that they're a fruit very much like a peach. Sol told us that stock love the refuse that is left after the nut is removed from the pit.

In addition to the fruits I mentioned we also saw many fig and olive orchards. In fact, Corning, Calif. (near which Sol lives) is considered the olive capitol of the world. We were interested too in the large rice paddies between Fresno and Corning. They reminded me of the leaf houses our children used to make in the fall with room after room joined by doorways. Mounds of dirt, rather than leaves, separate the "rooms" in these rice paddies, and the water runs through the doors filling each little field.

The rice seed is sown from planes, and as the stalks grow they look very much like wheat with their heads fully out of the water. At full growth the water is released and the land dries out until combines move in to harvest the crop.

It rained all the time we were at Sol's home, but it gave us a chance to have a wonderful visit with them. Sol kept a big log fire burning in the fireplace that he built recently out of beautifully colored stones—many of those stones he and Mary found and hauled for all of 20 miles.

So not only did we have grand visits in front of the fire, but Mary is a wonderful cook and gave us our choice of fresh salmon, deer, bear, chicken, goose or beef from their freezer. No wonder Mart gained back all the weight he'd labored so hard to lose the past month!

Now that we're back here in Redlands we're collecting our things and looking forward to farewell visits with Gertrude Hayzlett and her husband who live in Los Angeles, and another visit with my niece, Faith Field Stone and her husband who expect to drive up from San Diego. There are other calls that we want to make, so from now until we start back the days will go very fast.

I'm looking forward to being at home, and even though there hasn't been the moisture we'd hoped for, Iowa is always where our thoughts turn.

Sincerely yours, Leanna



# Come into the Garden

## WELCOME TO SPRING!

By  
Lucile

Every year at this time when I sit down to visit with you about gardens and the thousand and one things connected with them I always feel that I should look warily over my shoulder! After all, can you imagine anything more sneaky than the weather at this time of the year?

I sit and think: will you fight your way through a howling blizzard to reach your mailbox and will you read these words with the wind practically lifting the house from its foundation? Or will you sit down and relax on a gorgeous spring day when every inch of the outside world calls to you to come out and renew your acquaintance with the earth and sunlight and growing things?

I just never know which one of these two possibilities will come to pass, so that's why I look over my shoulder warily and give thoughtful pause to our sneaky climate. At least we can *hope* that we're safely into spring when this issue reaches you.

First, today, I would like to comment about a collection of letters that have been accumulating through recent months and that I have filed under the heading: Garden Club Problem. The jist of these letters is this:

We have a garden club membership of 18 more or less active women, (it can range from 10 to 50), are now in our 10th year of organization, and have just plain run out of ideas for worthwhile projects that would give us all a new interest. What can you suggest?

There are endless variations on these facts, you understand, but they can be boiled down pretty much to what I have just stated. Probably each woman who wrote thought that her particular club was the only one bogged down, but I can assure you that if your club is in this predicament, you have a lot of company. That's why I now want to discuss the problem and offer a suggestion.

Most of us feel, I believe, that the organizations to which we belong fall into two clearly separated brackets. There are social clubs that meet for the sole purpose of giving us relaxation, pleasure, and a break in the usual routine. We can go to those with a light heart, so to speak, and feel at ease . . . no obligation here to be concerned about anything but having a pleasant time—and wondering what the hostess will serve for refreshments! There is no misunderstanding, you see, about the aim and object of such a club.

In the other bracket falls our membership in church activities, PTA groups, and all the myriad organizations that function for the definite purpose of serving the community or, in the case of the church, the community *plus* the world at large. In all of these

groups we expect to get social pleasure from meeting with our friends, but we know that basically we are there to accomplish some definite purpose.

Now it has been my observation from reading countless letters, plus studying a great number of Garden Club yearbooks, that the successful Garden Clubs (and by "successful" I mean the ones that are lively, growing groups in which there is genuine companionship and eager interest year in and year out) are those that fall into the second bracket that I have described. They may have started originally for a purely social purpose, but eventually the members realized that only by interesting themselves in community projects could they avoid falling into a stale, dull routine that heralded the beginning of the end for a group that had once met with enthusiasm. When you call the roll over a period of time and hear a steadily diminishing number of women say "present," then you are going to have to revive your club with something more than plant exchanges between members, flower arrangements, and papers (carefully prepared though they may be) on the problems of growing this and that.

All of the things I've mentioned have a place, mind you, but beyond them lies the goal of making your club a vital force in beautifying, and thus improving, the community in which you live. A Garden Club is no place for social snobbery. (I can't think of any place that is, for that matter.) You have organized for the purpose of studying and enjoying the natural world; therefore, what you learn and what you do belongs, in the end, to the world.

Now that another planting season is with us I would like to suggest that you get started out of the doldrums by planning one specific project in the community in which you live. What will it be? Why, the possibilities are endless! By the time you've finished asking every single member to "speak up" you'll have such a collection to choose from that the problem will not be where to find a good idea to develop, but how in the world to make a final decision on all of the things that *can* be done. Once you've made a final decision, your Garden Club has had a powerful blood transfusion and is on the road to better health than its ever known.

All of us have learned, if ever we've worked in a group, that even one woman who's enthusiastic and eager about a project, who's totally confident it *CAN* be achieved, will sweep an entire membership right into her enthusiasm and will end by seeing the goal accomplished . . . and everyone blinking in astonishment that it actually *was* accomplished! Your Garden Club can perform the same "miracle" in your community. Enthusiasm is extremely contagious! People who begin by shaking their heads doubtfully and predicting all kinds of



A brilliant Rex Begonia, gnarled driftwood and a pottery vase made by our beloved aunt Sue Conrad, gave us a table arrangement that we enjoyed during the tag ends of winter.

mournful disasters, will end by lifting their hands to help.

I hope that you'll tell me, in months to come, what *your* Garden Club decides to accomplish. Most of our Mid-western towns could do with considerable beautification! We've coasted along, pretty much, on the plantings done by the founders of our towns. We have them to thank for the fact that we're not living today on a treeless prairie. But time passes, trees die, and we come to the point where we can no longer coast along on past activities. We have to start something *now*, this spring, the spring of 1957. *What is it going to be?*

## WE APPRECIATE THIS COMMENT

"Thanks for suggesting to me three years ago that we plant some Double Altheas in an area near our house where the soil was poor and nothing had ever seemed to thrive very well. We've had terribly dry weather here and everything was against those shrubs, but they've grown beautifully and all had gorgeous flowers for over a month last summer when nothing else was in bloom in our entire neighborhood. We all hope for rain and good growing conditions this year, but I'm sold on Altheas for being able to take it hot and dry. We never would have planted these if you hadn't taken time to write and recommend them, so thanks a lot."—Mrs. G. G. L., Mo.

## YOU'RE INVITED

Yes, we'd love to have you come and see our spring gardens when they are in full bloom. Exactly when this will be we never know in advance, thanks to the sneaky weather that I mentioned at the beginning of this garden page, but we'll do our very best to keep you posted on developments by way of our morning radio visits. We hope you can come.



## LAURA INGALLS WILDER

*A Tribute To a Fine Writer*

*By*

*Rowe Findley*

A delightful kind of magic that has entranced millions of youngsters, not only in America but in many other lands as well, is the enduring legacy of Mrs. Laura Ingalls Wilder.

Mrs. Wilder died February 10 in her modest Rocky Ridge farm home near Mansfield in the South Missouri hills. Just past her 90th birthday, she had been retired for some years from an amazing writing career that began after she was 65.

In her active writing years, she turned out eight books, all for children. They immediately provoked the interest and acclaim of grownups, too. The books embraced a wide sweep of American childhood as Mrs. Wilder had lived it in the pioneer era of the Great Plains. All published by Harper & Brothers and commonly called "the Little House books," the eight are:

"Little House in the Big Woods," in which Mrs. Wilder recalls her first years in a log cabin deep in the Wisconsin forests of the mid-19th century.

"Little House on the Prairie," about her family in the Kansas territory.

"Farmer Boy," based on the farm boyhood memories of her husband, Almanzo Wilder, who died in 1949.

"On the Banks of Plum Creek," with an early Minnesota setting.

"By the Shores of Silver Lake," in the Dakota territory.

"The Long Winter," a graphic picture of a plains frontier town in the close-knit isolation of Western cold and blizzard.

"Little Town on the Prairie," again in Dakota and in which Laura begins to reach toward young womanhood.

"These Happy Golden Years," when young schoolteacher Laura, age 16, is courted and wed by Almanzo and begins a new life on a Dakota farm of her own.

So great was the appeal of Mrs. Wilder's stories that from the publication of the first book there was a mounting demand for more. Written simply, without literary affectation or attempt at "social significance," their vivid pictures of pioneer family living against the background of the harsh but always colorful American frontier fired the minds of young readers. There were many reprintings, and translations into German, Spanish, Japanese, Chinese and other languages.

### *Honors and Interviews.*

Mrs. Wilder obviously was gratified by the growing acclaim, but she never lost her habit of modest self-appraisal or her simple mode of living. There was a demand for her name over increasing numbers of magazine and newspaper articles. Her Ozarks hometown of Mansfield and the city of Detroit named libraries for her. Many interviewers and admiring readers sought out the gravel lane winding up to her white frame hilltop home. And she lived to read the opinion of more than one qualified critic that her books had a rare universal quality and would not be forgotten.



Laura Ingalls Wilder in her farm home at Mansfield, Mo.

A look into some of her stories cannot capture the overall effect of the eight books, but a taste of them can be obtained in the sharp images she draws . . . the thick, meaty smell of venison being cured over smoldering hickory chips . . . two little sisters irresistibly drawn to touch the growing, shiny array of bullets as their father molds them before the hearth, and thrusting their pained fingers into their mouths to cool the inevitable burn . . . the squeaking sound that curds from new cheese make between the teeth . . . new red mittens and a real rag doll for Christmas . . . a sugar snow and fresh maple syrup on pancakes for breakfast . . . crossing the frozen Mississippi by wagon on the way to a new home in Kansas . . . awe and wonder at the seemingly limitless sweep of the prairie with its never-tiring wind . . . big bright stars in the prairie sky, so close that a little frontier girl's Pa could almost reach up and pluck one for her . . . prairie stars that wink and sing strange, beautiful songs.

No one could have been more surprised than Mrs. Wilder to find herself raised to the rank of a major writer. After she had written the first book, she once told an interviewer for *The Star*:

"I thought that would end it. But what do you think? Children who read them wrote to me, begging for more. I was amazed, because I didn't know

how to write. I went to little red schoolhouses all over the West and I never was graduated from anything."

### *How It Started.*

Born in Wisconsin on February 7, 1867, she had experienced from young girlhood a life of hard work, as her family tried its luck in various parts of the still-raw West. After her marriage, a prolonged drought drove her and her husband off their Dakota farm to a new start in South Missouri, where they eventually settled on their farm a half-mile east of Mansfield. Thrift and long hours of toil made the rocky land thrive modestly, and the years passed swiftly.

"Then when my daughter was grown and gone," she related, "and my husband and I were taking things a little easier, I used to think about the stories my father used to tell us four girls when we were little."

It seemed a shame to let such stories die, she said, so she tried her hand at writing. She wrote whenever she could spare a few minutes.

Her first stories—sketches really—she sent for appraisal to her daughter, Rose Wilder Lane, already a nationally known author. The opinion came back that the stories might be worthwhile if Mother would "put some meat on the bones." With "meat on the bones," Eastern publishers decided, the stories were very much worth while.

[Reprinted by Courtesy of the Kansas City Star]



## FREDERICK'S EASTER MESSAGE

Dear Friends,

A few days ago one of the children in my Sunday School came running up to me after the church service and said: "I know what that D. D. means after your name. You are a doctor of church sickness!"

Well, I had never thought of it in just that way, but perhaps there is some truth in it. I think that a better way to express it would be to say that I am a doctor of spiritual illness. Indeed, all clergy are supposed to be just that, and the Bible has a good deal to say about it. This is not to suggest that the clergy themselves are never spiritually ill, any more than one should say that the medical doctors are never physically ill, but it does mean that where spiritual illness is concerned the clergy are supposed to know the causes and have some ideas about possible cures.

The most common spiritual ailment that attacks us all at times is the disease of *worry*. Worry or anxiety is a type of poison that affects the mind like a slow rust, eating away at the vital control centers of our emotions and weakening our entire nervous system. The disease often takes on very dangerous and deadly manifestations, is extremely contagious, and on many occasions has been known to become epidemic. It is a disease that can strike both the young and the old, but usually does not strike the very young or the very old.

The chances are that nine out of ten of you reading this letter are actually suffering from some stage of the disease right now. I don't need to tell you its symptoms—insomnia, loss of appetite, headaches, intestinal upset, an inability to concentrate, and a general dissipation of mental energy. You may be subject to emotional disturbances accompanied with crying and the shedding of tears.

You and I may have very different ideas about worry, its symptoms and its effects, but I think that you will agree with me when I say that the root causes of worry are not in the circumstances that afflict us, nor are they in the things and events that threaten us, but rather the causes are in our lack of faith in meeting these circumstances, things, and events.

Two different people can be faced with the same threat of disaster, and one can face it with head up and shoulders back and a smile on the face, while the other person cannot so meet it, but can only cringe in sickening fear and trembling. The difference lies not in the circumstance, but in the casting or failure to cast one's cares and anxieties upon that great silent sea of compassion that surrounds us every moment of our lives.

As I sit here in my study writing this letter to you, I am wondering why it is so hard for most of us to cast our cares upon God? Why do we find it so hard to let go of the things that are worrying us and just let God take care of everything—that is, take care of everything that is out of our control?

Only yesterday a lady came into my study to talk to me about her teen-



Away! Away! Our little Katharine has ridden many a mile on her Christmas hobby horse. Mary Beth made the gay little corduroy dress with its eyelet petticoat that shows so fetchingly.

age daughter who has taken to staying out all hours of the night. As I talked to that mother it became clear to me that she was not nearly so afraid of what the boys might do to her daughter as she was afraid of what her daughter might permit the boys to do. It was not fear of the boys but lack of trust in the daughter that was causing the mother such mental anguish. That is the way most of us are when it comes to our lack of trust in God; we are not as afraid of the event or the circumstance as we are lacking faith in God's ability to use that event or circumstance to our good.

When Betty rides in the car with me she is always "putting on the brakes," that is, when we come to a place where the car is supposed to slow down, she pushes her feet hard to the floor just as though she had her feet on the brakes. Now why does she do that? Is it because she does not trust the real brakes? Of course not! It is precisely because she doesn't trust me to put on those brakes! Now in the same way you and I very often show by our worried concern that we do not trust God to care for our interests in situations where there is nothing more that we can do about them.

I don't know whether I ever told you about that awful storm that I was in one day when I was flying from New York City to Pittsburg. Never have I flown in worse weather, and never was I happier to have a plane trip come to an end. Whenever I am in a plane that is flying through a storm or in a plane that has engine trouble, I always take one of the airsickness pills and then go to sleep, and that is what I did on the trip to Pittsburg.

Just before we landed, the man in the seat next to me said: "How on earth could you sleep through such a storm? Don't you think that at a time like that it is a big risk to go to sleep?" I looked at his green face and laughed!

Later, as the two of us were sharing a taxi into the city, we had an

interesting conversation about sleep. I reminded him of the fact that a man never shows faith in God more than when he is asleep. Have you ever thought of that? Just think what it means when you close your eyes at night and let yourself go off to sleep. While asleep you couldn't do anything to keep your house from catching fire any more than while sleeping on that plane I could have kept it from crashing. When we go to sleep we are showing the strongest kind of faith in God. That is why many clergymen claim that insomnia is a sin.

When we lie awake at night worrying about different things, and when we want to cast our cares upon God and fall to sleep leaving all things in His hands, why can't we always do it? Of course, I can't speak for you, but speaking for myself I say that I think the biggest single cause of worry is a guilty conscience. I can't trust God to make all things work together for good if in my heart I know that I have done something against God's will and must be punished for it. If I know that I have not done my part in being friendly to other people, if I have not gone out of my way to help a sick neighbor, or support a church club, or speak to strangers after the church service, then how can I help but worry about the indifference with which other people treat me?

There is an old Navy proverb that goes something like this: "No one who has refused to man the pumps can trust God to save a sinking ship." I cannot trust God to keep my house from burning down until I have gone downstairs to unplug the faulty lamp cord. In other words, the first remedy for the disease of worry is a righteous life. Always say the right things, do the right things, and work for the right ends, and you will do much to rid your life of the poison of worry.

Of course, you know and I know that that is not the whole answer. Some of the most saintly people have occasions when they can't help but worry. When we have done all that we can to make things right and there are still on our minds matters of grievous concern, then we must learn to think of all the many wonderful ways God has upheld us and sustained us in days gone by.

So often we go through life like the old man who asked me to take him on his first plane ride. All the way to Boston he held a parcel on his lap, afraid to put it under his seat, forgetting that the plane that was carrying him could be trusted to carry the parcel also. We must believe that underneath are the everlasting arms and that that which upholds us, is holding our burdens too.

If you want the Easter season to bring you more joy and more comfort than it ever has before, then between now and that great day you must find the faith that can let go. Our victory will come from our complete surrender and the casting of our cares upon that great silent sea of compassion that we call God.

Sincerely,  
Frederick



## "CONSIDER THE LILIES"

An Easter Devotional

By

Mabel Nair Brown

**SETTING:** On a small table, mantel, or the altar, place a cross and slightly to left and back of it a pot of Easter lilies. On the right have a large white candle or a tall taper; this will be lighted when the leader indicates. If a backdrop of some soft purple material is used, it will make the setting much more attractive. The words "Consider the lilies," cut from gold paper could be pinned above the setting on this backdrop. Or, you might prefer to cut them from cardboard, cover with gold foil and place in needlepoint holders immediately in front of the cross. If the latter idea is used, greenery should conceal the holders. Have four white ribbon streamers attached to base of cross and falling gracefully to floor in front.

A soft musical background makes any service such as this more effective. Suggestions are made here, but you may substitute others that would work in equally as well. Service opens with pianist playing the familiar strains of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and will continue as the leader quotes Robert Browning's verse.

*The year's at the spring and the day's at the morn;*

*Morning's at seven; the hill-side's dew-pearled;*

*The lark's on the wing; the snail's on the thorn;*

*God's in His Heaven—all's right with the world."*

Leader lights candle at last line of above verse and says: "God's in His Heaven—all's right with the world!" Aren't those comforting words, inspiring words? Somehow they seem to sing out the very essence of the joyous Easter, the springtime, the time of rebirth for Nature and ourselves! Let us listen carefully with heart AND mind to these words of Christ's Sermon On the Mount."

(Music—old hymn, "The Lily of The Valley" as scripture is read.)

*Scripture:* excerpts from Matthew 6, "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? CONSIDER THE LILIES of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Therefore, take no thought saying, What shall we eat? or, what shall we drink? or, wherewithal shall we be clothed? But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

(Music softly changes to a medley of "He Lives!" and "Alleluia," for Leader's remarks and the reading which follows.)

**LEADER:** "CONSIDER THE LILIES." What food for thought in these theme words for today! There is something so quiet, so simple about the way Jesus said "Consider the lilies." You know that He had spent a good deal of time watching and enjoying the simple beauties of life, listening to the quiet music of the birds. He could see the significance of the se-

renity of the spirit as seen in the lilies growing here and there in Galilee. When all the fanfare of modern day living has been discounted, the thrills of the spectacular fallen flat, what are the things which give us the deepest delight, a joy in being alive, a spirit of serenity?

"Perhaps these words that might be called 'Nature's Litany' will call up to us the beauty of simple joys." (Each of these verses can be written on numbered slips of paper and passed out in advance, or it will be most effective if you have a balcony or alcove in the church to let two persons be the VOICES speaking these thoughts alternately. Unseen voices coming from above can give a most dramatic and compelling touch to this part.)

1. Dear Lord, give us to hear and know Thy every word. Teach us to hear in nature's every sound Thy word, Thy voice, Thy praise in everything.

2. The breeze that through the pine tree softly sighs, the birds whose happy music fills the skies.

3. The sounding surf that kneels upon the sands, the swelling waves that joyfully clap their hands.

4. The reedy lake, the brook that laughs among its stones, in all great nature's endless varied tones,—

5. Thy praise to hear the whole wide world around, Thy name to hear in every tuneful sound.

6. The stormy wind that does His word fulfill, the snow-capped mountain and the grassy hill,

7. His fruitful trees, and cedars, hail and snow, all fowls that fly, or beasts that creeping go.

8. (May be in unison.) Let everything that hath a tongue or voice on this bright Easter Day REJOICE! (The music of "Christ The Lord Is Risen Today" should swell to a climax at the close of the word "rejoice," and then subside to softness again as Leader speaks.)

**LEADER:** "Over and over God paints the skies. Over and over He makes the sun rise. Over and over He sends the showers, Over and over He tints the flowers; Over and over He guides the stars, Over and over the Dawn unbars . . . yes, over and over God tells us how much He loves us. Over and over He shows us the importance of the little things, the usual things, the everyday things. Again we consider the lilies."

*Solo:* "For God So Loved The World."

**LEADER:** "Once I thought God dwelt in ivy-covered churches, and in the throaty organ notes. I waited for the hues of stained-glass windows passing over the crowd like fairy boats. I could not worship without these things. Now I know God's greatest temple is my soul, in all of me, in every part. I wait until His rainbowed presence fills to fullness all the corridors of my heart. I cannot worship without that PRESENCE."

(From Sunshine magazine)

"CONSIDER THE LILIES, their beauty, their purity, their simplicity, their serenity."

(Four persons take part in this finale as pianist plays "I Walked To-

day Where Jesus Walked").

*1st speaker* (steps to setting and picks up white ribbon streamer): "May I be beautiful as the lily is beautiful, with the glowing inward beauty that comes only from walking always and ever close to Him, and in the paths that Christ would have me to walk." (Steps to left of setting still holding streamer.)

*2nd speaker* (picks up ribbon): "Let me be pure as the lily is pure, pure in mind and deed and action. Let me crush out seeds of suspicion, of jealousy and hate. Instead let me be purified in love and gentleness and understanding." (Steps beside No. 1.)

*3rd speaker* (picks up ribbon): "Let me be simple as the lily is simple, content to smooth the way to everyday living for my loved ones and friends; finding contentment in the little things of life, with no need for the gaudy display or putting up the "big front." Dear Lord, keep me humble." (Steps to right of setting.)

*4th speaker* (picks up 4th ribbon): "Let me be serene as the lily is serene. Let me have the serenity to accept that which cannot be changed. The serenity that comes from taking time to notice and appreciate all the good and the beauty about me every hour, every day; the serenity to take time to LIVE TODAY, without chaos and confusion, letting the trivial and the unimportant fall by the wayside. Lord, keep me serene." (Steps to right beside No. 3.)

**LEADER:** "He hath eternal life implanted in the soul; His love shall be our strength and stay while ages roll. Praise to the living God! All praises to His name, who was, and is, and is to be, and still the same! Today as we go forth to take up our daily life may each of us think of our Saviour's words, "CONSIDER THE LILIES". Now may we join hands in a friendship circle and sing, "Break Thou The Bread Of Life," first verse.

*Benediction:* Heavenly father grant to each one of us the glowing beauty, the lovely purity, the humble simplicity and the peaceful serenity of the beautiful Easter lily that in so enriching our own lives we help to enrich the lives of those around us.

—Amen

## A LENTEN THOUGHT

O Lord—show me the open door  
Through which I plainly see  
The path that daily I should tread,  
In closer walk with Thee.

Show me the gentle quietness,  
Where grace and strength I find  
To banish earth's confusions:  
Teach me love for all mankind.

And with the greater vistas  
Which through that doorway shine,  
Let faith—and truth—and patience—  
And tolerance be mine.

And O—may I remember too,  
The Calvary you bore,  
And the shadow of the cross that gave  
To us the open door.

—Lola Taylor Hemphill



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends, Near and Far:

Five minutes ago I took a really handsome apple pie out of the oven, and now I can relax and write to you with the good solid feeling that no matter what happens today or who may turn up, at least there's an apple pie to fall back on! (Do you ever have this feeling when you snatch time out of a busy day to bake something as substantial as a pie?)

One revolutionary change has come to pass since I wrote to you last month. If you've been my friend for the past eleven years you know that we've done endless juggling around in this old house, but perhaps you'll bear with me while I skim over a little past history to give our new friends a clear idea of what lies behind the aforementioned change.

This room where I have my desk we've always called "the study"—and I'll confess that I felt a constant sense of guilt about using such a dignified term for the hodge-podge it's been right from the beginning—and by the beginning I mean April, 1946 when we moved here. Whoever built this house in 1900 intended it for a downstairs bedroom, I'm sure, since it opened off the living room with a standard size interior door. We used it as a bedroom all right (in fact, we had a double bed in it PLUS a crib for the first year), but my desk and all of my papers, cookbooks, etc., were also in here, so that's how we happened to start calling it the study. If you want to get right down to brass tacks, that name really was justified in view of the fact that I spent more time at my desk than I spent in bed!

Not many months later the crib and Juliana's belongings were moved upstairs, and then after another spell of time, Russell did a general overhaul on the first floor. During this siege he removed the door to my "study" and whacked out a six-foot archway leading into the living room. This gave us a modified version of the well known L-shaped living room.

At that point we too moved upstairs and for practical purposes the room we'd left behind might have turned into a genuine study EXCEPT for the fact that it accumulated everything under the sun and became sort of a repository for "stuff and junk" we couldn't seem to find a place for anywhere else. The one piece of furniture that stood like an old rock, no matter what, was my desk. Frequently I had trouble beating a path through to it, you understand, but somehow I shoved my way around Juliana's possessions and made it to my typewriter.

Well, the years have passed. Juliana's possessions are no longer the kind you fall over, and I've reached the point where not tramping up and downstairs has its allure. So . . . once again we've settled into the "study"! And at the moment I'm glad that you can't see it!

However, if everything works out the way we hope it works out, I'll be glad to show it to anyone come summer. Russell expects to tackle it in



These fourteen pajama clad girls, all 8th graders, may look ready for bed, but believe me, appearances are deceiving! Truly it was a genuine slumberless party.

the same way he tackled the upstairs three years ago; this means tearing out the old, crumbling plaster and getting right down to the siding for the construction of new walls. These walls will be painted the exact color of the living room walls (a soft, turquoise-aqua) and will be lined throughout with book shelves. My big desk, now a battered dark stain job, plus a large chest of drawers will be painted the same color. A space-consuming wardrobe will be torn out and a new wardrobe not nearly as deep will be built with sliding doors.

We have purchased two new single beds without headboards or footboards, and there is just enough room against the west wall to fit them in—not standing side by side, you understand, but in a straight line against the wall. This arrangement gives us twice as much floor space to move around in, and for the first time I have enough shelves to take care of the great quantity of papers, cook books and magazines that I work with so consistently.

The ONLY thing we don't have to do about this room is the ceiling. Russell put in one of these block-type ceilings three years ago, so that's done. However, there has never been a badly needed molding, and now the molding must go up—thus we can't escape entirely from doing one thing about the ceiling.

I'd like to think that a month from today when I sit down to write to you all of the work will be done and we'll be settled in a fresh, practically new room, but I can guarantee absolutely nothing. If you do all of your own work too you'll understand instantly why the doubt in my mind. But once the job is tackled it can't be completed one second too soon to suit me for we'll have *everything* that's now in here right out in the living room. MY!

Juliana, Russell and I were only three people out of untold thousands who felt a sense of personal loss in the death of Laura Ingalls Wilder. I am happy that I could reprint in this issue an article written by Rowe Findley, a staff writer of the Kansas City Star, and could share with you a picture of Mrs. Wilder—probably the last one she had taken. In a way, I think of Mrs. Wilder as our Midwest Grandma Moses, substituting words for paints, since she did all of her

now famous work after she was sixty-five, and without any formal education to prepare her for doing it.

I hope, and very, very earnestly, that you share a powerful conviction I have—it seems tremendously important to me that all children who grow up in our Midwest section of the country should have a vivid picture of the struggle, hardships, sacrifices and just plain gumption that it took to develop these states. The Frontier has long since disappeared; most of the pioneers are gone; and now we have only the record of their experiences to hand down to our children. I feel that we owe a great measure of gratitude to Mrs. Wilder for recounting so faithfully, so movingly, the story of a frontier family. It is my firm belief that her books will become increasingly important through the years and that they can stand for all time to come as an invaluable record of pioneer life.

If you share my feeling that it is important for our children to understand the human toil, courage and heartbreak that lies behind us, I hope you will bend every effort to see that they read these books. (We read five of the eight out loud as a family activity over a two-year period. I remember that when we were reading "Little House on the Prairie" Grandma and Grandpa Verness were visiting us, and they enjoyed it as much as we did.) No matter how rough times may seem at this date or at any future date, all you need to do to remind yourself that things literally could be worse is to turn to Laura Ingalls Wilder.

Juliana's slumber party to celebrate her 14th birthday was a great success, and I'll tell you frankly that it could never have come to pass if Grandma and Grandpa Driftmier hadn't been far away in California! Our own house would never begin to accommodate such a crowd, but Grandpa's upstairs was made to order for just such an event. Three years ago we had the same kind of a party and for some peculiar reason I got the idea that now when the girls had moved from being eleven to being fourteen, it would not be nearly so noisy. Never has anyone been more mistaken! For sheer, concentrated NOISE this last party has never been surpassed.

In addition to playing the \$64,000 (Continued on page 20)



## HAT FASHION PREMIERE

By  
Mabel Nair Brown

Is your club or Aid standing in need of a good rollicking program (perhaps following a luncheon or dinner) to speed away Winter doldrums and to welcome Spring? If so, rally every woman to get ideas for clever hats, locate someone who has a way with words to write the narration, and get set for a riotous time.

The following ideas were used by one group with tremendous success. The basic idea is not new, we admit, BUT it's the narration and modeling that bring down the house.

**STAGE SETTING:** If at all possible, have a dressing table with mirror on the stage, a chair in front of it, and of course the usual hand mirror. The narrator sits just off stage to one side, or on stage if you prefer. Appropriate piano music to suit each hat model adds a great deal to the merriment.

Your models enter from side of stage, sit down on the chair before dressing table, and preen this way and that—using hand mirror to get back view and to point up any advantages of the particular hat which the narrator mentions. As each model exits she makes a grand pirouette in center stage.

1. HAT: Large lampshade illuminated with a concealed flashlight. *Narrator:* "Now, ladies, you'll be simply deLIGHTed with this BRIGHT number. It's so very, very chi-chi, girls, since it has that slightly top-heavy look which is so good this spring. Then, too, it will come in mighty handy on dark nights if you fear there's someone hiding in the lilac bushes. Oh, and ladies! think how convenient this little number will be to wear to the movies when it comes to finding your shoes after the show is over!" (Music: "By the Light of the Silvery Moon".)

2. HAT: Many onions attached to some utensil or sewn to a mesh potato bag. *Narrator:* "Isn't this an exotic creation? As you can see, it is an imported number with that just-off-the-boat from Bermuda flavor! This will definitely prove to be such a highly spiced hit that we're able to offer it in three shades: Bermuda, Spanish, or winter multiplier!" (Music: "South of the Border" or any tune with tropical accent.)

3. HAT: Watering can decorated with ribbons, bows, and labels from insecticide containers plus one square of cardboard hanging down in back on which is printed D. D. T. *Narrator:* "I just knew that this original beauty would take your breath away—and for all time, too! Girls, we positively guarantee that this creation will slay 'em for sure. If you're hankering for a real knock out, don't fail to buy this laboratory tested number!" (Music: "Shoo-fly".)

4. HAT: Shiny sauce pan worn with handle slanted upward and the biggest feather you can find taped to it. Decorate with carrots or cabbage leaves that have been taped on. *Narrator:* "Ah, girls, isn't this simply one



Back in January, 1950 we showed you this picture of two dear little friends with their dolls. Kathy Powell is on the left and Juliana Verness is on the right. It seemed then that dolls and doll equipment would just go on forever!

dream of a hat? No matter what your dreams may be, they'll all pan out if you wear this expensive creation atop your shiny tresses. And no matter what color those shiny tresses may be, here is the most becoming hat you'll ever wear." (Music: "Silver Threads Among the Gold".)

5. HAT: Large bowl—the largest you can locate. No decoration. *Narrator:* "Ah, such simplicity, such curved lines . . . here is the perfect jewel of wonderfully good taste. Don't you just love it? Oh, I can guarantee that you'll simply BOWL them over in this expensive creation!" (Music: "Oh, You Beautiful Doll".)

6. HAT: Foil or paper plate heaped high with grass clippings (if available when you give program) or artificial grass. If the latter, use chicken wire to build up grass to towering heights. *Narrator:* "Straight from London comes this bewitching product of the Royal Family's Hat Designer who calls it 'The Hit Of Milady's Garden Party'. Everyone will be green with envy when you wear this, so don't let the grass grow under your feet when shopping for this one." (Music: "The Wearin' of the Green".)

7. HAT: Large size flower pot decorated with flowers, seed packets, etc. *Narrator:* "In viewing this fetching hat there is one thing to be reminded of, to turn over in your mind as you are making a choice among the beautiful creations we're modeling today. Give thought to the fact that what you are looking at now is particularly suitable for the more mature woman—perhaps the woman who has gone slightly 'To Pot'. Very becoming though, don't you think?" (Music: "Easter Parade".)

8. HAT: Deep fat fryer basket containing a couple of baby chicks. Attach bright ribbons to fryer and tie in a huge bow under chin. *Narrator:* "The instant you lay eyes on this hat you realize that it is the most stylish hat of the season. It's the kind of a hat we girls spend endless hours tramping around searching for—and so rarely are lucky enough to find. Your friends will be wordless with envy when you turn up in this—you won't hear a PEEP out of THEM!" (Music: "Old MacDonald Had a Farm".)

9. HAT: An old lace curtain turban decorated with an egg beater, measuring spoons, small strainer, etc. *Narrator:* "Milady is bound to beat all

records in this hat and will have all her friends wishing they'd beat her to it. If you're late getting home when you wear this beauty, you can just stop right in the kitchen and stir up your cake—no need to waste time taking off your hat. It's beautiful—and practical." (Music: "Stars and Stripes Forever".)

10. HAT: Door latch with fancy bows and trims. *Narrator:* "Come on all you young lovers and take note of this little number. You're sure to latch on to the man of your choice when all decked out in this delectable bonnet." (Music: "Green Door".)

11. HAT: A canvas fishing hat with eye shade attached and decorated with old spectacles, goggles, sun glasses, etc. *Narrator:* "My dears, just look closely at this smart model. Truly this is a genuine EYECATCHER if ever we saw one. All eyes will be on you for sure if you try this unusual eye-stealer!" (Music: "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes".)

12. HAT: A small globe with big ribbon bow to hold it on, and 'make-believe' long train tickets trailing down from it. These can be stuck on to globe with tape. *Narrator:* "Here is one of the truly choice numbers in our entire show. Everyone planning to travel should order this without a second's delay, for I know you'll agree, girls, that it's simply Out Of This World. What a sensation you'll be if you wear this expensive jewel of the milliner's art!" (Music: "I'm Sittin' On Top Of the World".)

13. HAT: A big puffy sofa pillow tied on with clothesline. *Narrator:* "As all of us women know, this year's spring high fashion note is keyed to the so feminine 'fair lady' look, and right here is a tiny little number that has the soft, cuddly look we're all striving for so eagerly. We'd like to remind you too, that if you're planning a plane trip and wear this charming number, you're positively assured of making a comfortable landing." (Music: "Man On the Flying Trapeze".)

14. HAT: Football helmet to which you've tied a pair of boxing gloves. If these can't be located, find a large size pair of work gloves and stuff them. *Narrator:* "Girls, girls! Everyone knows that we women folk have hats to suit our mood, and I'm positively certain that this one would be the perfect answer when an indignant husband or patronizing mother-in-law needs to be handled with gloves on." (Music: "Just Before the Battle, Mother".)

The suggestions we've given here are simply intended as a framework, but we hope that the narrator's comments will spark off many additional lines. And certainly there is no limit to the ideas for hats that will crop up in your group.

Such a program could be used as entertainment for any routine meeting, or perhaps to precede a guest day tea, but if you want to go "all out" with a luncheon or dinner, here are suggestions for table decorations. Again we have kept details to a minimum, figuring that each organization

(Continued on page 15)



## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

The most important thing that has happened at our house this month is the Chicken Pox!

I don't know how Kristin lived to be almost 14 years old before it caught up with her, but this year when the disease became prevalent in the Chariton schools she did not escape. I don't know whether I have ever had Chicken Pox or not and have written to Mother to find out, but I can't believe that I grew up in a family as big as ours and didn't have it. I'm sure that if I had had it I wasn't as sick as Kristin was or I never would have forgotten it. For some reason I had always been led to believe that Chicken Pox was one of those simple little childhood diseases that children have that never makes them sick enough to go to bed—you just keep them out of school for a few days. Not Kristin. She had to have it the hard way, flat on her back with a temperature for six days, and I know she has never been more uncomfortable. This is the tenth day and she is still covered with Poxies and may be out of school for another week.

As far as her plans were concerned she couldn't have picked a worse time to get sick. She came down with it on Wednesday before we were to go to Shenandoah on Friday to attend Juliana's birthday party. I think the disappointment made her even sicker because in all of Juliana's 14 years this is the first time Kristin hasn't helped her celebrate. We had to wrap and mail her gift which we so much wanted to deliver in person. I made Juliana a two-piece dress in light blue cotton (which is her color), and am anxious to know how it fit. Kristin tried it on for me after it was all finished and it fit her perfectly, so I'm sure it will be fine on Juliana. Kristin wants one just like it now in pink so I got the material the other day but won't have an opportunity to start on it right away. I am going to work in the County Superintendent's office all next week while the regular girl is on vacation.

Kristin and I did get to spend one day in Shenandoah this month. Frank's sister Bernie wanted to drive down for the day and visit some of her many friends there and she asked Kristin and me to go along. We arrived there about 10:30 in the morning and left about 5:30. It was a beautiful day for a trip and we were there long enough to have short visits with all members of the family so we felt we had a very successful day.

I had a good cat story to tell you last month in my letter, but there were so many other things to write about that I ran out of space. Frank's sister Edna and her husband Raymond Halls who moved to a farm near Allerton, Iowa about a year and a half ago, have far too many cats. On the other hand Frank didn't think we had enough cats in our barn, so Raymond said the next time he came up he would bring us a cat which was going to have kittens very soon and



But time flies and all of the dolls are gone. Kathy will be a senior in high school this fall, and Juliana will be a freshman.

then we would also have too many cats!

The next Sunday they came with that cat. Raymond said he had a terrible time catching it but he finally did get it into a box and thought he had it fixed so the cat couldn't possibly get out. When they were ready to go and went to put the box in the car the cat was gone. He finally caught it again and that cat rode in a covered box on the floor in the back seat the entire thirty miles to our house.

Frank took the box out to the barn and turned the cat loose. This was about noon. When he went out a little later he said he thought the cat was gone because he didn't see it anywhere and he told Raymond his cat would probably beat him home. I refused to believe this. I know that dogs can find their way home in spite of many miles and have never understood how they do it,—but a cat! That was impossible. Who ever heard of such a thing? That cat rode thirty miles in a car in a covered box and didn't know where in the world it had gone. I just knew it was hiding someplace in the barn.

Yes, you've guessed it. Edna called me Tuesday morning and said that when Raymond went to the barn to milk that morning the cat was there. It looked pretty rough and its poor little feet had the claws worn clear off. Definitely we won't try this again.

About a week later a neighbor of ours who lives just two miles from us brought us four cats and they have been perfectly happy here in our barn and have never bothered to go the two miles home. We now have all the cats we need, I might add.

I love popcorn balls and I prefer those made with white syrup to those made with molasses. A while back I ran across a recipe that I tried and found to be perfectly delicious. It is different from any recipe I had ever seen before so thought you might like to have it to tuck away in your files.

## Popcorn Puffs

- 1 1/2 cups light corn syrup
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 pound (16) marshmallows
- 1 cup chopped red candied cherries
- 1 cup walnut meats, broken in pieces
- 4 quarts popped corn

Combine first 3 ingredients in a saucepan. Cook over moderate heat, stirring occasionally, until mixture boils. Continue to cook, without stirring, until candy thermometer registers 260 degrees, or a small amount dropped in cold water forms a very hard ball. Remove from heat. Quickly add butter, marshmallows, fruit and nuts. Stir until marshmallows dissolve. Pour syrup quickly over popped corn. Mix well to coat the popcorn completely. Moisten hands with cold water and press firmly and quickly into balls. This recipe makes about twenty three-inch balls.

Spring is just around the corner. The ice has melted in the creek, baby lambs are arriving daily, and we have had several real balmy days recently. I was almost tempted to rake the yard and get it cleaned up, but the forecast sounds as if we might still have some more snow next week so I decided to wait a little while. Frank spent most of the day helping one of our neighbors move, and they certainly had a lovely day for it.

It is getting late and I must get to bed. Tomorrow this house must get a good cleaning since I'll be working next week and it won't get much attention then.

Sincerely,  
Dorothy

## GOD HOLDS THE KEYS

I do not know what lies ahead  
God holds the keys;  
Only He can unlock the door  
To those great mysteries.

I do not know what lies ahead—  
I cannot see,  
I only know God understands  
What's best for me.

And so I walk in faith,  
Each day along the way,  
Knowing a loving God knows best...  
And watch, and wait, and pray.

—Unknown

## COVER PICTURE

Flowering fruit trees . . . woolly white sheep with their lambs . . . a fresh carpet of green grass—these things spell Spring in Iowa. Last year in the late afternoon we took a little drive on quiet back roads between Shenandoah and Essex, and as we came up over a hill and looked down on this scene we were glad that for once we had a loaded camera in the car. I enjoyed every moment that I sat and waited while Russell walked around and "snapped" this tranquil Spring picture from several different angles.—Lucile.



# "Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By

LEANNA, LUCILE and MARGERY

## EASTER CAKE

1/2 cup sifted cake flour for white part

2/3 cup sifted cake flour for yellow part

### Yellow Part

1 1/4 cups egg whites (9 to 11 eggs)

1 tsp. cream of tartar

1/2 tsp. vanilla for white part

4 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon colored

1/2 tsp. salt

1 cup and 2 Tblsp. sifted sugar

1/2 tsp. orange extract for yellow part

Sift flour once, measure and sift 4 more times. Beat egg whites and salt, when foamy add cream of tartar and continue beating until eggs are stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Fold in sugar gradually, 2 Tblsp. at a time until all is used. Divide mixture into 2 parts. Into one part fold 1/2 cup flour and vanilla. Into other part fold egg yolks, 2/3 cup of flour and 1/2 tsp. orange extract. Put by teaspoons into ungreased angel food pan alternating white and yellow mixture. Bake in slow oven (325 F.) 60 to 70 minutes.

## CHOCOLATE EGGS

I want to tell you how to make a chocolate egg. Blow out the inside, leaving only the shell. Stand it on end and pour a few drops of melted chocolate through the top hole. This will harden and stop up the hole in the bottom. Then melt a chocolate bar and with a funnel fill the egg shell with the melted chocolate. When perfectly cold, the egg shell can be removed.—Juliana.

## GELATINE EGGS

Gelatine eggs of different colors, using red, yellow or green gelatine can be made in the same way. Make the gelatine rather stiff, using only 1 1/2 cups of water to a package of gelatine. Fill the egg shells with the gelatine and put in a cold place to harden. When the gelatine is very firm, carefully remove the egg shell. Serve in a nest of lettuce leaves with a bit of whipped cream. The children can make these very easily.

## CHOCOLATE DATE EASTER EGGS

Remove the stones from three dates. Press them together to make them as egg shaped as possible. Dip them in melted sweet chocolate several times until they are well coated. Two tablespoons will be found very useful in shaping these chocolate date eggs.

## HOT CROSS BUNS

6 to 6 1/2 cups flour

1 tsp. cinnamon

1/2 tsp. nutmeg

1 cup milk

1 cake fresh yeast

1 cup seedless raisins

1/4 cup sugar

1 tsp. salt

1 egg well beaten

1/4 cup softened butter

3/4 cup water

1/2 cup currants

Sift and measure flour and sift again with spices. Heat milk until bubbles form around edge; add water and cool until lukewarm. Add crumbled yeast, sugar and salt, stirring until yeast is dissolved. Add beaten egg, then flour mixture all at once. Add shortening, raisins and currants and work until dough leaves side of bowl. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead until smooth. Place in greased bowl and let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk (about two hours.) Remove from bowl on to lightly floured board, shape into ball, divide into four portions and cover with damp cloth and let stand 15 minutes. Divide each ball into 8 small ones and place on a greased baking sheet and let rise. Brush tops with egg wash (1 egg yolk beaten with 3 Tbls. water) and cut shallow crosses on top with scissors. Bake 20 to 30 minutes in 350 degree oven. Make thin powdered sugar icing for tops. Makes 32 buns.

## WESTERN SPAGHETTI

1 1/2 pounds round beef, cubed

5 cups tomato juice

2 cups water

1/2 cup thinly sliced onion

1/2 cup sliced stuffed olives

1 1/2 cups uncooked spaghetti

1 tsp. salt

1/8 tsp. pepper

2 cups cubed American cheese

Brown beef in Dutch oven. Add tomato juice and water, simmer, covered, for 15 minutes. Add all but cheese and cook over very low heat, covered, until spaghetti is done. Will take about 30 minutes. Add cheese and toss to blend.

## CORN CUSTARD

4 slices bacon

1 stalk celery

1 can corn

2 teaspoons salt

3 eggs

1 small onion

2 tablespoons green pepper

3 pimentos

1/8 teaspoon pepper

1 cup milk

Cheese crackers

Dice the bacon, brown and add the diced green pepper, celery and onion chopped fine. Cook slowly for 5 minutes. Add the corn, pimento cut in strips, seasoning, eggs and milk. Mix well. Pour into well greased baking dish and place the crackers in an attractive design on the top. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven 350 degrees for an hour. Serves 8.

## TUNA CASSEROLE

(This makes a wonderful church supper dish when you are tired of serving chicken or meat loaf.)

3 Tbls. chopped onion

1/3 cup chopped green pepper

3 Tbls. fat

1 tsp. salt

6 Tbls. flour

1 10 1/2-oz. can condensed chicken soup

1 1/2 cups milk

1 7-oz. can tuna fish

1 Tbls. lemon juice

Brown onion and pepper in hot fat; add salt and flour; blend. Add soup and milk; cook until sauce is thick and smooth. Add flaked tuna fish and lemon juice. Pour into greased baking dish and cover with tiny biscuits. Bake in hot oven for 15 minutes, and then reduce heat to 425 degrees for 15 minutes. This amount serves six.

## SALT RISING BREAD

(This fine bread is nothing to attempt in damp, cold weather unless your house is evenly heated. At all stages protect the batter from draughts.)

1 cup milk, scalded

1 1/2 tsp. salt

2 1/2 Tbls. sugar

1/4 cup white corn meal

1 cup water, lukewarm

2 Tbls. lard

Flour

Let milk cool to lukewarm and add salt, half the quantity of sugar, and the corn meal. Pour the mixture into a stone crock or jar, cover, and set in a bowl of hot water. Keep in a warm place about 6 hours, or until it ferments. When gasses escape freely, pour in the lukewarm water, and add lard, remaining sugar, and 2 cups of flour, beating well. Put jar back in bowl of hot water, and let rise until batter is light and bubbly. Turn into a warmed mixing bowl, and gradually stir in enough more flour to make rather stiff dough. Turn onto a floured board and knead for 12 minutes. Put into 2 greased bread tins, brush with milk, cover with a clean cloth, and let rise in a warm place until two and a half times original bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven for 10 minutes; lower heat and bake 25 minutes longer.

Recipes for salt rising bread are not easily come by. Be sure you file this copy of the magazine!

## BARBECUED CHEESE BUNS

6 sandwich buns split in shallow pan cut side up. Mix together and pour over buns:

1 1/2 cups diced cheese

3 hard cooked eggs, diced

3/4 cup green pepper chopped

1 1/2 tsp. grated onion

1/3 cup canned milk

3 Tbls. catsup

Salt

Pepper

Put under broiler about 7 minutes or until cheese melts and buns are toasted.



**MARASCHINO CHERRY CAKE**

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 3/4 cups of sugar
- 2 3/4 cups of cake flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 16 cherries
- 1/4 cup cherry juice
- 1/2 cup milk
- 4 egg whites

Cream butter and sugar until like whipped cream. Chop cherries and nuts and sprinkle half of the sifted flour and baking powder over them. Add liquid to shortening and sugar. Add flour without the cherries and nuts, then add remaining flour that has been mixed with the cherries and nuts. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in layers in moderate oven.

This cake is rich and delicious, and if a drop or two of red coloring is added to the boiling icing that is used to frost it, your family and guests will exclaim over its appearance.

**SUNDAY SALAD**

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatine
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 1/4 cup green olives
- 1 can tomato soup
- 1/4 cup celery
- 1/4 cup pickle

Heat the soup to the boiling point and pour it over the gelatine. When cool add the grated cheese, chopped celery, olives and pickle.

**GREEN BEANS**

Mix 2 1/2 teaspoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard in a double boiler. Add 1 egg yolk and 3/4 cup milk and cook until thick. Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Pour over cooked green beans.

**CHEESE OMELET**

- 1/2 cup finely cut bacon
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 cup water
- Pepper to season
- 6 eggs
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/8 teaspoon paprika
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 6 slices bacon broiled

Beat eggs slightly and mix with milk, salt, paprika and pepper. Cook the diced bacon in hot frying pan until brown. Pour in the egg mixture and cook slowly until firm. Spread the cheese over the omelet and place in a hot oven for two minutes, fold, turn out on a hot platter and garnish with broiled bacon. Serve at once.

**CHINESE PLATTER**

(Serves five)

- 2 cups cooked rice
- 5 eggs
- 3/4 cup grated cheese

Butter baking dish. Mix rice and cheese. Make five cups of shaped rice and cheese mixture. Drop egg in each cup. Sprinkle with grated cheese, salt, and pepper. Bake until eggs are set.

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**CHOCOLATE NUT CRUNCH**

- 2 cups vanilla wafer crumbs
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup confectioners' sugar
- 3 well-beaten egg yolks
- 1 1/2 oz. squares of chocolate, melted
- 1/2 teaspoon Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- 3 stiffly beaten egg whites

Combine crumbs and nuts. Line a 9-inch square pan with 1/2 this crumb mixture. Cream the butter and sugar until smooth, add the egg yolks, melted and cooled chocolate and the vanilla. Mix until smooth. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour over the layer of crumbs and make a top layer with the remaining half of the crumb mixture. Chill overnight. Cut in squares and serve with or without whipped cream. This can be heaped into sherbet glasses and topped with either the crumb mixture or just chopped nuts and whipped cream. I have also turned the filling into a baked pie crust, chilled it well and topped with whipped cream and nuts.

Evelyn Birkby says about this recipe: "Lucile . . . this is a favorite 'easy' company dessert for me . . . no cooking. I have a friend with dentures who was delighted the first time he ate it because he could! Quite a recommendation!"

**SALMONBURGERS**

- 1 small onion, minced
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 1-pound can salmon
- 3/4 cup coarse cracker crumbs
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- Salt and pepper
- Large buns
- Saute onion in 1 tablespoon butter until soft. Flake salmon, add onion, crumbs, eggs and seasonings. Mix well and form six thin cakes. Brown quickly in remaining butter. Split buns, place hot salmon cakes between, and serve with dill pickles, catsup or mustard.

**FROZEN APRICOT SALAD**

- 1/4 cup apricot juice
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- A few grains salt
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 1 1/2 cups canned, diced apricots
- 1/2 cup sugar
- Combine juices and salt and heat over hot water. Beat egg yolks till very light. Add sugar. Add to juices, stirring constantly. Cook over hot water till thick and smooth. Cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, stiffly beaten cream and apricots. Pour into trays and freeze.



## MARGERY'S LETTER TO YOU

Dear Friends:

"The March wind doth blow  
And we shall have snow  
And what will the robin do then,  
Poor thing?"

Well, the March winds are blowing and robins are here, but as I'm writing to you today we have no forecast for snow. I hope we don't have any more snow either, for I would prefer moisture in the form of a good soaking rain. You see, we have a great many feet of sidewalk and it is no easy job to scoop snow from it. Oliver has been anxious to do some raking and this is the time we start thinking about such things—what we will plant and where, etc., but of course it is too early to start any work in the yard.

Martin is anxious for spring too for he and the boys in the neighborhood are planning to build another club house. I hope the one they build this year stands up better than the one they made last year, for by the end of the summer it was a great eyesore and gave us no end of trouble by collapsing. However, there was no real cause for worry because the boys played mostly *around* it and not *in* it. I expect this summer we will have more than a club house being built for there are several cub scout electives centered around yard games, etc., and Martin, being as enthusiastic as he is, will undoubtedly have several activities going at once. That is what nice big yards are for and too soon the yard will be barren of signs of boys, so we're making the most of it now.

Like most of you I'm appreciating the lengthening days. They seemed to come on very suddenly, for we had many days of cloudy, dark weather and then when we had a day of sunshine I could scarcely believe that it could be so late and past time to start our evening meal. The sun was shining so brightly in through my kitchen windows that I thought it was still the middle of the afternoon! My family had a late supper that night! Martin has asked that we start eating a bit later so that he can play out of doors longer. (When I call him in at the usual time it is too dark to play outside after we have finished our meal.) His request sounds reasonable for this time of year so that is the schedule we'll follow for a while.

We're still enjoying our new fresh paint and paper. I appreciate the light woodwork so much, even though fingermarks from little children's hands show up more and I have to go over it more frequently than I used to. (Not saying that I shouldn't have before!) We're hoping that when really warm weather is here we will feel like tackling the kitchen, for it needs a face-lifting too.

We've had several very happy experiences this past month that I want to tell you about. The first one was a Golden Wedding Anniversary. Oliver's mother's youngest sister and her husband, Bertha and Oscar Freeman, have rounded out fifty years of married life. The reception was held at

the rural church they attend and it was such a lovely affair. Many relatives came from distant points so we were privileged to visit with folks whom we don't see frequently. It used to be that Golden Weddings were quite unusual but now that people are living longer they are becoming quite frequent. Hardly a week goes by but what we read about one in our vicinity. Oliver's sister, Viola, came from Elgin, Illinois so we had a good visit with her. She took part in the program at the church.

This past month we also attended the Cub Scout Blue and Gold dinner. I was chairman of the tables and decorations and also helped with the menu planning. The boys had a little candle-light service honoring the founders and all the branches of Boy Scouting. Martin was chosen to light one of the candles and was thrilled beyond words. He also was awarded his Bear badge. Day in and day out Martin is unconcerned about his hair, whether it is standing straight up, hanging down in his eyes or properly and neatly combed, but believe me, before he went to receive his badge he was worried sick about one little strand that didn't want to stay in place, so I guess I needn't worry that he will go through life not caring about his appearance.

Oliver and I have just returned from a trip to Des Moines. I have a very dear friend, Mrs. Rex Gipple, who lives there and although Des Moines isn't so far away my trips there are not very frequent. We spent an evening with Florence, Rex, their son Ronnie and Florence's mother, Ruth McCreight. Florence and I were in college together so we always have good times to recollect and news of old friends to catch up on. She served a delicious gingerbread with ice cream and coffee before we went back to our hotel. It was a very happy evening for us and we're looking forward to a visit from them soon. Ronnie is just a year older than Martin so they should have a good time together.

I had lunch with another friend in Des Moines and during the day met some lovely people. Martin stayed with Lucile, Russell and Juliana. Had he gone with us he would have had to miss some school work, so we felt it best to leave him in Shenandoah. Sometimes I feel children would rather stay home than go because don't parents *almost always* bring a little present since they *know* they will have been good? I have a sneaking suspicion that Martin thought this out very carefully and was more than willing to be left behind. Yes, we *did* bring him a present, a little water canteen to take on hikes this summer.

Another wonderful treat we had this month was attending the annual smorgasbord put on by the men and women of the Emmanuel Lutheran Church in Shenandoah. This is not a church with a tremendously large congregation so it involved a lot of work for everyone. They served over 700 people and managed everything very well. It was held in the old armory building which is one of the largest buildings in our city. Wayne and Abigail went with us. We were

given numbers as we arrived and were served the first course, which was fruit soup, upstairs. The guests went to the basement for the smorgasbord in groups of 50. This manner of handling the crowd worked out very nicely. We lined up in the basement between two rows of flags representing the United Nations and passed on both sides of the tables that contained the foods; these were labeled in Swedish so it took Oliver to translate the names for us! I won't describe the various dishes except to tell you that everything was beautifully decorated, delicious and plentiful. The waitresses wore Swedish costumes and looked so charming as they waited on tables. Everything moved swiftly and there were no long waits in line. Now *that* is what I call managing and one thing that makes a large dinner successful. The money earned in this fashion is going into a building fund, for the congregation has outgrown its present church.

Our church postponed its chili supper but we plan to have it very soon in connection with a church meeting. I'll tell you more about it later.

We were sorry to hear that Kristin had chicken pox and couldn't come to Juliana's birthday party. Martin has escaped so far although he has been exposed on several different occasions. I have always felt that it is just as well to have chicken pox later as far as scratching is concerned, for older children are better able to control the desire to scratch when the itching starts, but then they have it harder, I hear, so which is worse? Those of you who are more experienced with these things would probably have something to say about the subject! It is probably best just not to have chicken pox at all!

Have I mentioned our new dog? We have a little female mongrel who followed Martin home from school one day. We located the owners but they couldn't keep her any longer so she is now ours. She is black and brown and smaller in size than other dogs we have had in the past. We are expecting puppies this spring and how the youngsters will enjoy them! She has her license now and a nice little collar, so she is definitely identified with us. We are happy that she was past the "puppy stage" when she joined us for we aren't finding stray over-shoes and porch rugs in our yard. We have had little "thieves" before and found ourselves in many embarrassing situations. At least this dog is better behaved than others we have had.

We're expecting company this evening so I must do a final picking up around the house and fix my dessert. Writing about the delicious gingerbread we had at Florence's gives me an idea, so I guess I'll get out that recipe. I don't have ice cream on hand but lemon sauce will make a nice topping.

Sincerely, Margery

The same rain that grows weeds for the pessimist, sprinkles flowers for the optimist!



## SPRING IS REALLY HERE

By

Evelyn Corrie Birkby

Spring, at long last, came across the hills, through the valley, past the barn yard and right into the house!

I was well aware of it this morning when Craig awakened me early with an insistent "I want to get up" noise. I was glad, for I saw the first rosy haze forming in the east to make a backdrop for the last thin sliver of a waning moon. The air itself was heavy with the feeling of spring, warm and rich and full of a fresh clean scent that portended happy, busy days ahead.

We can see spring now in the pale green tracery of the huge cottonwood trees which line the creek to the south of the house. The tiny fat buds are showing slits of color all along the branches and make them look as if a fairy had passed a green wand along each twig.

Spring came today with the upsurge of interest in housecleaning tasks too long delayed. Even though no other signs of the new season might be apparent, the airing of clothes, the flurry of activity, the rearranging of furniture, the shining windows all would shout to any observant passerby that spring is really here.

Even the barn lots seem to realize that something is in the air! The mud seems less deep, more prone to let loose the unwary foot that steps into its gumbo grip. The murky puddles, smells of mixed straw and manure, clods that are slowly crumbling down are all becoming more civilized under the drying, cleansing power of the sunshine.

Tiny pigs are glad to be out in the freshness and they seem to add something new and happy to the farm with their grunts and squeals.

The birds have brought spring back to the farm with their bright colors and brilliant songs. Even the huge flock of blackbirds that seem to be the alarm clock of the bird world give us a feeling that at long last winter has folded its frosty cloak and fled far, far away.

Spring can be heard in the happy laughing voices of our two older boys who are rediscovering all the wonders of the great out-of-doors. It's in the garden they have already started and in the constant desire to step in puddles, swing from trees, run wild with the young animals and be saddened by the coming of night when their activities must cease.

Spring is here in the rosy cheeks of a tiny boy whose ability to navigate on two legs has turned the world into a great adventure. Now Craig's life is no longer bounded by the walls of the house or the bars of the playpen. Every blade of grass, every twig, each stone must be carefully scrutinized, felt and sometimes tasted. To those of us who watch this coming of spring through his eyes comes a bright new view of the old, long-continued story.

One does not just sit and enjoy all the beauty which April brings! The entire outdoors screams of tasks to



Bobby and Craig Birkby with their Egg Tree and the big Easter book that always comes out at this season.

be done. I've turned up a remarkable array of articles while raking the yard and garden. The little glass car that was filled with candy for the Christmas tree, the toy rake lost last fall, the wrench that kept the tool kit from being complete, a red ball, a brown ball, marbles and a great assortment of chipped glass and pottery which seems to work up from nowhere during the freezing and thawing of winter have all been turned up from under the twigs and leaves.

We very carefully planted some gladiolus bulbs today, laughing as we remembered the first ones I ever tried to raise. Every one of those poor little bulbs was planted in the ground upside down. When Bob became concerned at the slowness of their growth he dug them up, discovered what I had done, and proceeded to turn them all over. They had started sprouting little roots up, over and down and had started growing leaves down, around and up. Nature intended for them to grow a certain way and they were doing it in spite of my fumbling mistake.

Easter, coming as it does this year so late in April, promises to bring a warm happy day. We are planning our Easter egg tree with the same anticipation of the last three years. So far we've blown out the eggs, tied them onto the tree branch with ribbon and with colored yarn; taken broken egg shells and hooked them over branches and fastened them on with cellophane tape. All of our eggs last year were prepared in the same fashion. That is, we took small sharp scissors and cut out one side of the egg carefully. The shell was then dyed. A ribbon was fastened with cellophane tape around the bottom of the shell and then brought up to make a pretty bow around the limb of the "tree." This little egg basket was filled with green artificial grass, little chickens, flowers, fuzzy bunnies and such.

All I did with the little egg baskets was help fasten on the ribbons. Bobby's new ability to tie bows came into full use. He tied all the ribbon bows, hung the eggs on the tree branches and helped place it firmly in a large green pottery flower pot. Every chicken and flower and bunny seemed to have its own special place and each egg had to be placed just so. Any suggestion from me was completely

and promptly ignored.

"This egg belongs here."

"This chicken belongs here!"

And that ended the discussion.

Bobby took his tree to school. It took a bit of doing, but a big box finally solved the problem, along with daddy's cooperation. Bobby was very happy to share it with the other children. One of his class-mates said,

"Bobby, did you help your mother make the tree?"

Bobby looked very disgusted. "My mother helped me!" And that was exactly the way it was, too.

In the midst of housecleaning many articles are unearthed which might be used to trim tiny eggs, placed in thread spool flower pots for a party favor, or the like. One of my hats which was far past the wearable stage provided a fine group of tiny flowers for just such purposes. The rest of the hat went into the dress-up box and Jeffrey has had much fun being a "lady."

Even if you have no little ones to help make an egg tree it does make a lovely centerpiece for spring tables.

But oh, spring brings so much more than buds and gardens and housecleaning! It brings the newness of life which is Easter itself. We could well listen to the wise counsel of one of the first Indian Christians this country ever produced who said, "Be sure not to go through life on tip-toe. Plant your foot—make a deep print!"

We can all list among our friends those who have gone ahead, making a footprint deep enough for us to follow. Among my acquaintances was Mrs. J. Ralph Magee, whose husband was Bishop of the Methodist Area of Iowa. Mrs. Magee died in 1943 while they lived in Des Moines. She left much of value for those who knew her and among her papers were many beautiful poems. Her family has given me permission to print any of them, so I would like to share with you this one that seems especially appropriate for the Easter season.

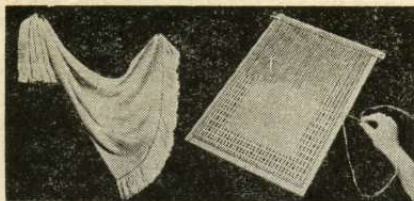
### EASTER JOY

Within my heart there is a garden fair,  
And flowers of love and joy are blooming there.  
Once sorrow and a tragic tomb held sway,  
'Til angels came and rolled the stone away,  
And lo! my risen Lord appeared to me,  
And with His matchless voice, spoke tenderly.  
My Jesus lives! That song rings through my heart  
And has become of life, the sweetest part,  
For where He is, I too, some day shall be,  
For life always my Lord has promised me.

—Harriet Keeler Magee

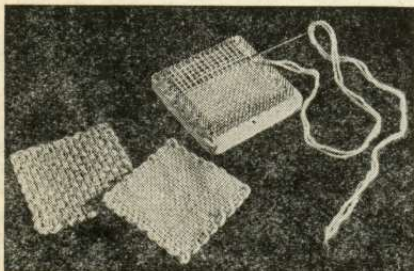
May we trust in His wise choice of rough and smooth, of time and tide, of sun and shower. Give us all that we need to enable us to fight the good fight and finish our course with joy.





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### I WOULD SING HOSANNAS

Dear God, I would that every day  
Might be Palm Sunday in my soul,  
For I delight to sing hosannas  
Christ, my Savior, to extol.

But, Father, I well know my weakness.  
Should I—like Peter—my Christ deny,  
I pray that Thy forgiving mercy  
Will answer my repentant cry.

—Grace Stoner Clark

## AN EASTER EGG PARTY

By  
Mildred Cathcart

Since Easter eggs are a vital part of Easter, why not use them as the theme of your party? Invitations may be as beautiful and artistic as your imagination soars. Cut pastel colored paper into egg-shaped invitations, and then decorate with gummed seals, sequins, bits of lace and dainty bows. Smaller children will enjoy coloring gay designs on white invitations.

For children's parties, there are numerous decorations that may be purchased from the local variety store. Or your children might enjoy making cardboard bunnies, chicks, Easter baskets, etc. to decorate the room.

None of us can imagine an Easter party without an egg hunt for the children, so if you are entertaining the small fry, give each a small basket that he may use when he starts his search. We had an Easter egg treasure hunt one time and the search ended at the pen where our large white rabbit lives! This is a pleasant surprise for the children.

For the older children, you may hide candy eggs of various colors and instruct them to keep the eggs until time is called. Then you can tell their fortunes by the colored eggs they have found. Green denotes grass so they will be a farmer or farmer's wife; yellow stands for gold and great wealth; purple means they will wed royalty; blue means they will find the bluebird of happiness; red means they will travel to a sunset soon, etc.

Small children will enjoy the bunny game. Each one is given a certain number of candy eggs and a teaspoon to carry them to a designated goal, but he must hop like a bunny. Fun for the children; work for the adults!

Everyone enjoys decorating Easter eggs. For the youngsters, just provide the material and turn them loose. But if you are entertaining older guests, you will find it fun to decorate eggs if they have some objective. The prettily decorated eggs may be taken to a children's home, to a children's ward in a hospital, to a home for the aged, or to some shut-ins in the community. The eggs may be presented in Easter baskets or small cardboard boxes that have been covered with crepe paper and filled with the "green grass." For a home for the aged, the eggs might be arranged artistically on a tray.

If you are entertaining a Sunday School group, you might enjoy doing an Easter Quiz. Match the description with the proper names. The names are in correct order with the items, but you will mix them up when giving them.

1. Notable prisoner
2. The Governor
3. Betrayer
4. Bearer of the cross
5. Begged body of Jesus
6. To whom Jesus first appeared
7. Denied his Lord
8. Was told to care for Mary
9. Became Pilate's friend
10. Offered Christ vinegar
11. Asked to be remembered



Isabelle Martha Hamre has a patient mother—just look at those braids! She is the five year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Omer Hamre, Williams, Ia.

12. Brought about 100 pounds of spice for Christ's burial

- A. Barabbas
- B. Pontius Pilate
- C. Judas
- D. Simon
- E. Joseph of Arimathea
- F. Mary Magdalene
- G. Peter
- H. John
- I. Herod
- J. Soldiers
- K. The thief
- L. Nicodemus

You will find no difficulty in preparing appropriate foods for your party because there are rabbit and flower-shaped cookie cutters for cookies and sandwiches, pastel colored salads, ice cream decorated cup cakes, Easter egg cake, and all sorts of easy to prepare foods.

But I would like to suggest a most attractive centerpiece which we used all during the Easter season. We found a nicely shaped branch and painted it green. Then we saved egg shells which we had broken in two. These were tinted various shades with Easter egg dye. We cut the broken edges into scallops so that the shells resembled tulips. Next we put a wire through the shell to resemble the stem. These flowers were attached to our "tulip tree." Tiny chicks and bunnies "played" around the tree. This year, we attached our tulips to a more substantial wire that we had wrapped with green crepe paper. These egg flowers were arranged in a bowl with bits of branches to fill for color.

So do be a "Good Egg" this year and invite your friends in for an Easter Egg Party.

### OPEN GARDEN GATE

My garden gate is open wide,  
Inviting you to come inside,  
To browse among the fragile blooms  
And gather nosegays for those rooms  
Which seem so lifeless, dull and bare,  
Without a blossom here and there.

—Gladys Niece Templeton



## GOOD NEIGHBORS

By  
Gertrude Hayzlett

Spring is springing out all over outdoors! Will you take a minute to write a letter and bring a bit of happiness to one of these shutins who cannot get outdoors?

Mrs. Maude Chase, Rt. 1, South 3 Room 18, Wallum Lake, Rhode Island, has been shutin since 1939. She was on a frame most of the time, now is out of that but is flat in bed and unable to do anything for herself. She gets awfully discouraged.

Mrs. Earl Hollabaugh, Rt. 1, Stark City, Mo. has been crippled by arthritis for almost 20 years. She cannot dress herself or take care of herself, but is able to use a crochet hook and does nice work. She would appreciate orders for things she makes, so please ask her about them.

Miss Helen Forster, Rt. 2, Salem, S. Dak. is bedfast and blind. She would enjoy cards and letters. Her sister, who cares for her, has arthritis and is not able to answer mail, but please write anyway.

Gary Behlers, RFD, Wisner, Nebr. is 9 years old. He had polio and still is nearly helpless as a result. He enjoys mail.

Mrs. Cora Swartz, 1216 Douglas St., St. Joseph 41, Mo. is still on the sick list. She is seldom able to be up, spends a good deal of the time in the hospital, and would like to hear from you.

Miss Odella Roderigues, 208 Davis St., New Bedford, Mass. is the girl you helped some time ago with clean white rags for bandages. She has to use them constantly and tells me she is needing more quite badly. Can you send her some? She has been bedfast for a long time.

Mrs. Iva Harter, Maple Crest San., Whitelaw, Wisc. is in need of cheer. She has been in this sanitarium most of the time for the past several years, gets pretty discouraged, and would enjoy mail.

Mrs. Delia Dudevior, 3206 Tecumseh St., Baton Rouge 5, La. is an elderly long time shutin. Sometimes she is able to be about the house, but for several weeks she has been bedfast with a bad leg. She loves mail.

Alice Giedd, Rt. 5, Owatonna, Minn. has been unable to walk alone for ten years. She can use her hands and arms, but is in pain most of the time.

Mrs. Ethel Gilbert, c/o Sanitarium, Talihina, Okla. would like to hear from you. She has been shutin for many years and last summer was taken to this sanitarium for treatment. Her folks live too far away to see her very often and she gets lonely.

Miss Nina Hawes, Welsh Rest Home, 133 Madison St., Alexander City, Ala. has been bedfast for several months, unable to bear her weight on her legs. She had polio when she was 8. She is 58 now. Please write to her.

Michael Lindell, Welch, Minn., c/o Cyrus Lindell—this name and address will put you in touch with a 12 year old victim of rheumatic fever. He is bedfast and would love mail.

## HAT FASHION PREMIERE—

(Concluded)

will think up its own individual "twists".

The idea is to have tables set up for each month of the year with an appropriate *Hat Centerpiece* for each month. In the event you don't have access to a dozen tables and haven't enough guests to justify scouting around for them, divide your long tables into the correct number of sections. If place cards and nut cups are to be used (and they add so much for so little expense that we hope you will use them), they can pick up the hat motif used for the centerpieces of each table or section.

**JANUARY:** A large, brilliantly colored cardboard clock face (be sure to make it two-faced) flanked by alarm clocks, wrist watches, egg timers, etc. Between the two faces mount a stick on which you've hung Father Time's nightcap.

**FEBRUARY:** The tri-cornered hat of Revolutionary War days. Around it use red construction paper hatchets that have been mounted on cardboard for firmness and clusters of artificial cherries. (Surely some attic will unearth an old hat with enough cherries for this one centerpiece!)

**MARCH:** Green Irish top hat. At the base use a circle of Irish potatoes decorated with small shamrocks that have been taped to white pipecleaners and stuck into the potatoes.

**APRIL:** A lavishly decorated hat box topped with an Easter bonnet, and surrounded by bunnies, chicks and eggs. If the committee for this table has some member who loves to turn out intricate, fancy productions, the hat centerpiece might be an assortment of Easter bonnets contrived from eggshells, tiny feathers, flowers, sequins, ribbons, etc. Arrange it on a tall cake stand or lazy susan.

**MAY:** Mother's old sunbonnet, stiffly starched, and surrounded by tiny Maybaskets filled with flowers.

**JUNE:** Bride's veil and headpiece flanked by miniature bridal bouquets, wedding rings and white bells. If you can locate tiny white china slippers, they would make charming containers for very small flowers.

**JULY:** Uncle Sam hat surrounded by firecrackers and myriads of tiny flags that have been stuck into fat red gumdrops. Fill in all areas around gumdrops with red, white and blue stars.

**AUGUST:** Stuff a vividly colored bathing cap with tissue paper to give it form and hang it on a "tree" made by wrapping a short branch with green crepe paper. Anchor tree in large flower holder and conceal it with pebbles. A miniature swimming pool can be made by using a long glass baking dish, tiny plastic dolls, etc.

**SEPTEMBER:** Football helmet. School pennants, pep club "beanies", slates, pencils, tablets, tiny books and other objects of this kind can be used around the helmet.

**OCTOBER:** A tall, jet black witch's hat surrounded by miniature brooms, pumpkins, bats and black paper cats that have been cut out of black paper.

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\* NEWLY PUBLISHED \*

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**DECEMBER:** Santa's hat used with greens, small toys, tiny stockings and brilliant Christmas tree ornaments.



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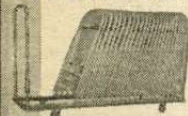
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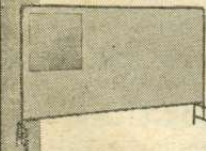
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**KFNF-SHENANDOAH, IA.** — 920  
on your dial 9:00 A.M.

#### GOD'S WILL

It is God's will that I should cast  
My care on Him each day (1 Peter 5).  
He also asks me not to cast  
My confidence away (Heb. 10).  
But, oh, how stupidly I act  
When taken unaware;  
I cast away my confidence,  
And carry all my care.

—T. Baird

## "SCALED DOWN DAYDREAMS"

By  
Esther Sigsbee

Daydreaming is a delightful pastime. A little imagination and you can plan what you'd do with your first million dollars, what you'd pack in your luggage for a world tour, and what you'd wear for the party if you were on the world's best dressed women list. The likelihood of the daydreams ever coming true doesn't enter into it. It's still fun to dream.

There are other daydreams, scaled down in size, that most of us indulge in once in a while. These are minor miracles, more in the wishful thinking department. They aren't concerned with mink coats, diamond necklaces nor legacies from deceased uncles, but it is just as unlikely that any of them will ever come true as it is of the more high-powered variety. Here are a few samples from my private stock of scaled-down day dreams.

It is eight-thirty in the morning and I'm still in bed! The children have gone off to school. They have cooked their own breakfast, washed and dressed themselves neatly, made their beds and tidied their rooms. And without a single scuffle or quarrel!

We have unexpected company but it doesn't fluster me a bit. The house is all slicked up and so is the family. We ask them to stay for dinner because there's a baked ham in the refrigerator, a batch of homemade rolls and a nice big pie all covered with five inches of meringue that neither falls nor weeps.

"Who scattered all that trash on the living room floor?" I ask my three little darlings. "I did," each of them insists. "Pick it up," I say. They do.

Father arrives home early on the day that I have washed and set my hair and pressed my good dress. "Let's go out for dinner," he says. We order the finest meal available and I never once think how many pounds of pot roast I could serve at home for the price of just one of our restaurant steaks.

The Cub Scouts arrive for their weekly meeting at our house. Every Cub has his dues with him and his achievement book signed. They all listen carefully to Den Mother's instructions and when we paint the birdhouses, not a single drop of paint is spilled on a uniform. No fighting or wrestling takes place. When the Cubs complete a very orderly closing ceremony, two little boys tell me that their mothers have volunteered to take over the Den for the next thirteen weeks.

The littlest one eats all her carrots at lunch and drinks every drop of milk without spilling. Then she says she's sleepy so she takes a two-hour nap while I paint my toenails, read and have a long, uninterrupted soak in the bathtub.

I phone the dentist for an appointment for a checkup. He has lots of time available within the next two days so I pick an hour most convenient for me. When he finishes the examination he announces, "Your teeth are in fine shape. You don't need a single filling."



The big brother is Joe Shambaugh—the very new brother is little Chris. They are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Shambaugh of Des Moines, Ia., and are Aunt Jessie Shambaugh's only grandsons.

A friend telephones with an address I've been seeking for weeks. "Where's a pencil?" I yell to the kids. They hand me a box containing six of them, all nicely sharpened.

A friend we haven't seen since childhood arrives with her children. Exchanged correspondence has indicated that her youngsters are super-kids and I've done a bit of bragging about our own. When the guests arrive our girls look like little angels—and act like them. Our boy has washed his face and is being a little gentleman. They all remember every good manner I've ever taught them and a couple of points of courtesy I'd never thought of. The visiting youngsters are nice, too, but it's very plain which group is the more charming.

A door-to-door salesman comes to our house. He says at once he is not working his way through college and that he is giving nothing away. He shows me his product, quotes the entire purchase price without dividing it up into 30¢ per day. I assure him firmly that we don't need any and he thanks me for my time and walks away.

I am down town, all dressed up and, considering everything, looking my very best. I meet a former beau. We exchange some conversation and I come off with some pretty good witticisms instead of remembering what I wished I'd said after I got home. He doesn't say so, but he implies, that all the girls he's met in his considerable travels don't begin to compare with little 'ol me, in '33.

We need a baby sitter on a few minutes notice. The first one I phone says she'll be delighted to come. She reads to the youngsters, bathes them, and puts them to bed. Then she tidies up the house and tackles the dishes I was going to put off until tomorrow. When we return from a gay evening, the baby sitter says, "that'll be \$1.00, please. I charge 10¢ per hour."

Daydreaming is one of the housewife's inalienable rights. I think it's in the Constitution. If it is not, then it should be. Too bad so very few daydreams ever come true!



## TO SHARE WITH OTHERS

(Lucile's note: When I opened a letter from a Kitchen-Klatter friend in Jackson, Minn. shortly after I returned from the hospital, I found the following prayer enclosed. As I read it I thought how much it would have meant to me if I could have turned to it during the long night hours when sleep was a stranger and the morning to come meant a trip to the operating room. Such a prayer seems to me invaluable as a source of strength and comfort. I am printing it here in order that it may circulate as widely as possible and come into the hands of those who need it so sorely.)

## MY PRAYER BEFORE SURGERY

Father, I thank you for the faith and strength you give. I thank you for the courage you are giving me as I face this experience of surgery. I have confidence in your love and healing and saving power. I will entrust my body to the skill of my doctors and nurses realizing that you will also be there to bless their efforts to bring my recovery. You have given the life I have, and since my life belongs to you I will always remember that I am in your tender care. Make your power to be felt through your ever-present Spirit that I may return to useful living witnessing to your love and care for me.

Father, I give myself to you in full trust and confidence. I accept your love and forgiveness for my sins. Bring me now that peace of mind which makes possible the healing of my body. You have promised strength through quietness and trust. Out of your great resources my every need shall be met whether for this life or the next. Because of your love given through Christ your Son who suffered for me I will accept the ability to rise above pain and anxiety.

Father, through suffering and pain I ask you to make me more pure in mind and spirit. Keep me from hopeless brooding and irritable impatience. Give me the desire to co-operate with my doctors and nurses during my recovery. Grant to me faith so strong and hope so real that I may never openly complain or secretly murmur against you. In every time of depression give me a light from heaven that I may see beyond the clouds of pain and be refreshed in body and soul. Give me faith to believe that although recovery is slow, all things are working together for good because I love you and you are loving me. Use then these days to purify my life. Give peaceful nights of rest and sleep that I might soon be restored to health and useful living in service to you and my friends and family. In the Name of the Great Physician, so be it done. Amen.

Glenn B. Martin, Chaplain  
Colorado Medical Center

*"And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him . . . Pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."*

—James 5:15-16.

## GETHSEMANE

Down shadowy lanes, across strange streams,  
bridged over by our broken dreams,  
Behind the misty caps of many years,  
beyond the great salt fount of tears,  
The Garden lies. Strive as you may  
you cannot miss it on your way.  
All roads that have been, or may be,  
lead somewhere through Gethsemane.

All those who journey, soon or late,  
must pass through that Golden Gate,  
Must kneel ALONE in silence there  
and battle with some fierce despair.  
God pity those who only pray "Let  
this cup pass" . . .  
and cannot see  
The purpose of Gethsemane.

—Unknown

## HE LEADETH ME

I put my hand in His because  
I am not sure how goes the way;  
But this I know, His tender care  
Will keep me safe till it is day.

I plant my faith upon His love.  
In this dark world I find I must  
Look further than myself, and so,  
I put my hand in His, and trust.  
—Grace B. Wilson  
from Clear Horizons

## GOD'S LOVE ENDURES

We have no promise  
that the road  
Of life has no detours;  
But that the love  
and grace of God  
Forevermore endures.  
We have no promise  
that our way  
Will not be hard and long,  
But that at last  
will dawn the day  
Of endless joy and song!

## MY CHURCH

This is my church  
a place to pray;  
a place to learn  
and grow, God's way.  
This is my church,  
a place of love  
from windowed cross  
to spire high above.  
This is God's home  
and here lives yet  
His son, the Christ  
—lest we forget.  
—Phyllis Pasqualetti

## THREE VOLUMES

Life is a story in volumes three,  
The Past  
The Present  
The Yet To Be  
The first is finished and laid away,  
The second we're reading day by day,  
The third and last of volume three  
Is locked from sight;  
God Keeps the Key!

—Unknown

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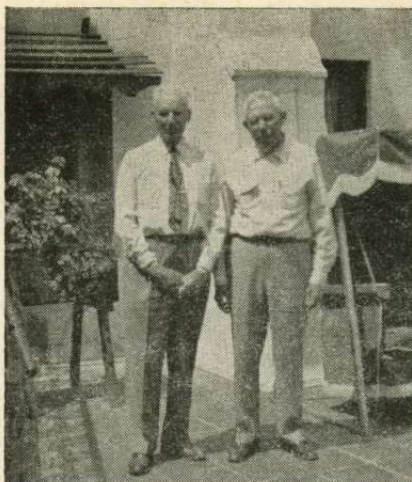
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### THE HAMMER

It's the only knocker in the world that does any good.

It keeps its head

It doesn't fly off the handle.

It keeps pounding away.

It finds the point, then drives it home.

It looks at the other side, too, and thus often clinches the matter.

It makes mistakes, but when it does, it starts all over.

—Lookout

### SOMETHING GOOD ABOUT YOU

Wouldn't this old world be better if folks we meet would say, "I know something good about you!" And then treat us just that way. Wouldn't it be fine and dandy if each handclasp warm and true Carried with it the assurance, "I know something good about you!" Wouldn't life be lots more happy, If the good that's in us all Were the only things about us That folks bothered to recall? Wouldn't life be lots more happy If we praised the good we see?—For there's such a lot of goodness In the worst of you and me. Wouldn't it be nice to practice That fine way of thinking too?—You know something good about me. I know something good about you!

### DO YOU KNOW YOUR PIES?

- 1—Ebony? Blackberry.
- 2—Oldest? Elderberry
- 3—To crush? Squash.
- 4—Chop fine? Mince.
- 5—February's? Cherry.
- 6—A fowl and a fruit? Gooseberry.
- 7—In low spirits? Blueberry.
- 8—Cinderella's coach? Pumpkin.
- 9—Liftin' or hoistin'? Raisin.
- 10—Kind of ammunition? Grape.
- 11—William Tell's pie? Apple.
- 12—Jackie Horner's pie? Plum.
- 13—To perform or achieve? Dew-berry.
- 14—To languish or grieve? Pine-apple.
- 15—A dairy product and a country? Butterscotch.
- 16—To lament, and a kind of small double hook? Rhubarb.

—Nellie Howard

## THE DAY THE SHELF WAS EMPTY

By

Lucille G. Maharry

Cooking for extra men becomes so much a part of a farm wife's experience that the occasional times she gets caught without adequate food are unforgettable.

A classic instance came to me not long ago. At nine o'clock on a late-June morning I stared at my emergency shelf in amazement and disbelief. Empty! And five extra men to feed! Almost miraculously, my father-in-law drove in. A few minutes later he and I, with my three small children, were hurrying into town. Destination—grocery store.

What had brought all this about? Let me explain the circumstances. My husband has eighty acres of corn, and forty-five acres of alfalfa. The corn needed attention at the same time the alfalfa HAD to be cut. In lieu of this first cultivation he hired a man to spray it. But our neighbors, being the kind souls they are, decided he would lose his corn crop if rain came before he could get into the field. Without saying a word to us, five of them came in with tractors, and were moving rhythmically through the rows.

At ten twenty-five we returned to our farm yard and I raced into the house with the huge box of groceries. I gave Dad Maharry much credit for taking my time-consumers for a ride. Grandparents have a wonderful way with children!

Although I am not a swift worker, I certainly was for the following hour and a half. I put on steak (purchased at a store for the first time in over a year), made pie crust, and dumped macaroni into a saucepan of boiling water with reckless abandon. The worst job to do in a hurry was paring potatoes; I am left-handed, and this chore has always been a slow one.

At 12:15 the meal was on the table—steak, mashed potatoes, gravy, macaroni and cheese, bean salad, and lemonade. Dessert—pineapple pie and ice cream. (I did not remember until two days later that I intended to have lettuce salad.)

When it was over, I was not thinking about my predicament, nor about the corn crop saved from probable destruction (it rained an inch the next day), but about the wonderful neighbors who had come in. We didn't have to be sick, cast into the depths of catastrophe. They recognized our need. And they came to help.

### DORMANT GARDENS

The earth is brown and frost is on the bough,  
The steel blue sky commands the view, just now.  
Gaunt stalks along the garden wall  
Await the warmth of early springtime call;  
The while I mulch and feed the moist, dark earth,  
Assured of flowering promise, radiant birth.

—Gladys Niece Templeton



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**CROCHETED NYLON HANDBAGS.** White, 14 colors, wash in machine, \$5. Zelda Hatch, Baxter, Iowa.

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**COMBINATION OFFER** — 24 piece stainless steel tableware set, 3 piece carving set plastic stag handles, and 6 piece steak knife set simulated horn handles, serrated tips. All for \$9.95 postpaid. Tableware set separately \$4.95. Descriptive folder free. MARALCO, Box 1172, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

**3 PIECE BUFFET SET,** \$3.00. Embroidered and lace inset pillow cases, \$4.00. Crocheted table cloth, light ecru, size 64x84, thread #30, price \$50. Bed Spread. Ollie Nebergall, Osceola, Iowa.

**WANTED:** Handpainted Naritake china. Azalea pattern, made in Japan. Once sold by a Larkins soap club. Write, Mrs. Parke Oxley, 215 Tannehill St., Moberly, Mo.

**WILL DO CROCHETING** and embroidering, prices reasonable. Mrs. Rollin Webb, Glens Fork, Kentucky.

**NEW DESIGNED CROCHETED HANDBAGS.** White with gold or silver \$3.00. IDEAL MOTHER'S DAY GIFTS. Mrs. Ray Rau, Harlan, Iowa.

**MEXICAN FEATHER BIRD PICTURES.** Made from gorgeously colored natural bird feathers. Hand carved frames, glass. 4 1/2 x 6 1/2, \$1.00. 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, \$2.00. 6 1/2 x 12 1/2, \$3.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Dorothy Briney, Liscomb 1, Iowa.

**GRAPE OR SUNFLOWER WALL PLAQUE.** Crocheted over pop lids, 75¢. Crocheted sunburst doily, white, \$1.00. Kathleen Yates, Queen City, Mo.

**GRANDMA'S HOT POT HOLDERS.** Like pieced quilt blocks. Beautiful, different. Removable pad for easy laundering. Introductory offer 6 for \$1.00. Satisfaction GUARANTEED. HOME ENTERPRISES-PH. R-3, Box 94, Bend, Oregon.

**BEGONIAS** Ten different rooted labeled slips \$2. postpaid, or ten mixed houseplant slips. Margaret Winkler, R. 2, Hudsonville, Michigan.

**SHELLED HICKORYNUTS** \$3.25; Pecans, Walnuts, Cashews, Brazils, Filberts, Almonds \$1.50 Pound. Postpaid. Peerless, 588B Centralpark, Chicago 24.

**DULL FINISHED PHOTO** oil tinted. Bill-folds 25¢; 5x7, 80¢; 8x10, \$1. Add 10¢ additional heads. Zelda Hatch, Baxter, Iowa.

**DISCOUNTS TO 70%!** Home needs, housewares, sporting goods, musical instruments, office and shop, etc. Large catalog \$1. credited to order. United Products Co., 552-4B Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis 2, Minn.

**CROCHETED HAIRPIN** or Tatting pillow slip edgings 42", \$1.00 pair. Tatting Hankie edgings 45", 60¢, 2 for \$1.00, all any color. TV doilies 26" white, \$3.00. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

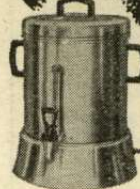
**CHILDREN'S DRESSES** \$1.50 up, cobbler aprons \$1.50, 100 buttons 25¢, 450 world-wide stamps 25¢. Mrs. John Brenner, Woodward, Okla.

**CROCHETED BUFFET SETS,** pineapple design. Centers 12x17, ends 12x12. White or ecru, \$5.00. Matching table runner 12x30, \$3.50. Effa Harlan, Woodburn, Iowa.

**PERSONALIZED STATIONERY** \$1. Any 3 lines. 50 sheets and 25 envelopes. Novelty and gift catalog free. MARALCO, Box 1172, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

**WANTED:** Rug Weaving \$1.15 yd., will prepare \$2.00. Sale: Handwoven rugs mixed colors 27x50 \$2.25. Work guaranteed. Rowena Winters, Route 1, Grimes, Iowa.

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**BEAUTIFUL EASTER HANKIES,** crocheted edges, \$1.00. Mrs. Paul Kaiser, Preston, Nebr.

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**100 PERSONALIZED CORRESPONDENCE POST CARDS,** your name and address, \$1.00 postpaid. Print plainly. Address: Penninger, 5504 Kenwood, Chicago 37, Ill.

**WANTED:** Shaving mugs with pictures & names, also glass dishes with impressions of coins. David Eaton, Cherokee, Iowa.

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**HANDWRITING** reveals character, personality, talents. Helpful 8-10 page analysis \$5.00. Shortie analysis \$1.00. Stamped envelope. Dorothy Briney, Liscomb 1, Iowa.

**FRESH BLACK WALNUT MEATS** \$1.50 quart. Fancy bedroom slippers \$1.00. Quilt tops in beautiful patterns \$10.00. Ad good any time. Ruth Samuell, Fairplay, Ky.

**APRONS** for Mother's Day and birthdays \$1.50. Grace's, 1320 Jefferson Ave., Loveland, Colorado.

**BIBLE VERSE** greeting cards 16 for \$1.00. Blanche Dvorak, Plymouth, Iowa.

**FOR SALE:** Lovely TV Doilies crocheted with metallic thread 23" \$2.00. Pillow slips 42" embroidered with edge \$3.50. Or with crocheted lace with metallic braid \$4.00. Dish towels embroidered set 7 \$2.50. Half aprons with fingertip towel \$2.00. Hankies crocheted butterfly & edge \$1.00. Order any time. Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr, Rt. 1, Houston, Minn.

**CROCHETED BABY BOOTIES,** any color \$1.25 & \$1.50. Mrs. Roy Taylor, Preston, Nebr.

**PRETTY WINDMILL DOILIES** approximately 13 1/2", heavy variegated thread \$1.00; dainty linen hankies — crocheted-edged — floral trim 75¢ — 3—\$2.00; heart cornered (filet crocheted) \$1.00 each. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

**HOUSEDRESSES** made for \$1.50. Barbara Rall, 1523 Dewey, St. Joseph, Missouri.

**PHONOGRAPH RECORDS.** Latest hits, 45 and 78 RPM, 4 for \$1.00. Slightly used. Send 10¢ for big list. Maureen Loots, Carroll, Iowa.

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FREE BAGS, Dept. H-96 Box 881, St. Louis, Mo.

## LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

Question they tore through the old but ever popular relay of opening a suitcase, putting on the clothes, roaring through a given route in the house, taking off the clothes, putting them back in the suitcase, and then tapping the next girl on the team. They also played a bean relay that was very successful. Each girl had to dip a tablespoon into a bowl of navy beans, put the handle of the spoon in her mouth, crawl on her hands and knees across the living room, and dump what beans were left into another bowl. The team that had the most beans in the bowl was called the winner, and lollipops were passed as rewards.

Margery gave me a hand in putting on refreshments about 10:30. Juliana had specified big trays of sandwiches, meat and peanut-butter with jelly, potato chips, plenty of pop, an assortment of ice cream, and a big birthday cake. I used the "Anniversary" cake recipe for this and it came out beautifully, as always. Juliana decorated it herself since she has a real knack for such projects.

At midnight I put out all of the left-over food on the kitchen table, told the crowd they could help themselves during the night, and went into the downstairs bedroom and closed the doors. I figured that if the second floor fell through to the first floor I'd hear it, but other than this I didn't expect to get up and start barking for silence. In short, I willed myself to overlook the rumpus.

When I got up at 7:00 on Sunday morning I found that all of the food had been eaten so there must have been several trips up and down during the night! Two of the girls had to get up for an early church service

and they reported that when their alarm went off at 6:30, several of the crowd hadn't yet gone to sleep. (Juliana was one of them and she looked as if she'd been in the front lines of a five-day battle!)

Emily and Alison joined us for breakfast and when Sunday School time rolled around everyone had been stuffed to the brim with fruit, pancakes and sausages. All of the girls had brought their Sunday clothes, so at 10:00 o'clock the last one had gone out the door and *peace reigned*. Slumber parties are a lot of fun, but you really need absentee grandparents if you have a crowd!

From time to time I receive letters that I feel *must* be shared with you friends. There is such a letter in next month's issue. There is scarcely a one of us who cannot number among his friends or relatives someone who is struggling through a comparable problem. I hope that this letter will bring reassurance and understanding to those who feel so alone in their trouble. The courageous parents who lived through the experience that has been recounted have told me they will gladly correspond with any parents who wish to write to them. I have the correct address here and will gladly forward any letters that are sent to me.

Goodness! I've used much more room than I usually take, but there seemed to be so many things I wanted to visit about. Without one further word I simply must say Goodbye . . . and God bless you.

—Lucile

## DESTINY

There is a destiny that makes us brothers,  
None goes his way alone,  
All that we send into the lives of others  
Comes back into our own.

## IT ISN'T YOUR CHURCH—IT'S YOU

If you want to belong to the kind of church  
Like the kind of church you like,  
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip  
And start on a long, long hike.  
You'll only find what you left behind,  
For there's nothing that's really new.  
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your church,  
It isn't the church—it's you!

Real churches are not made by men afraid  
Lest someone else get ahead.  
When everyone works and nobody shirks,  
You can raise a church from the dead.  
And if, while you make your personal stand,  
Your neighbor can make one, too,  
Your church will be what you want to see,  
It isn't the church—it's you!

—Clarence Nicola

(Reprinted from First Church Chimes,  
First Presbyterian Church,  
Hutchinson, Kansas)

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