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Kitchen-Klatter®

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

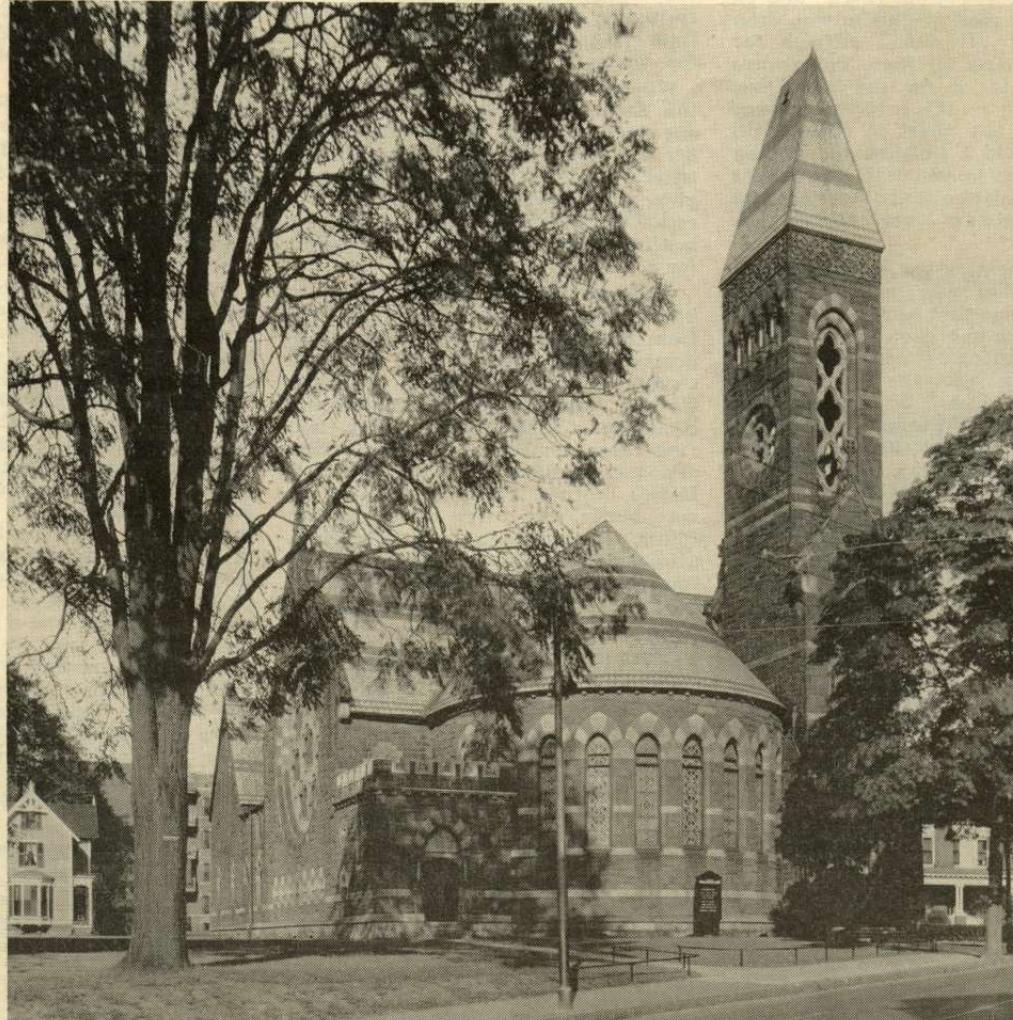
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South Congregational Church, Springfield, Massachusetts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

We think of the old friends, new friends, and in-between friends gathered as close neighbors between the pages of this little magazine. We hope you share this feeling.

In spite of the unusually severe weather this past winter, the time has passed rapidly for us. We are fortunate to have three of our seven children near us and good neighbors who drop in frequently. It wasn't difficult for me to keep busy for there was always housework to do in the mornings, letter-writing in the early afternoons and then a few hours to spend with my handwork. I finished the afghan since I wrote to you last. The blocks are set together so that the colors run diagonally, giving a very pleasing effect.

I might mention one mistake that I made, and that was changing crochet hooks. The one that came with the kit was accidentally broken and had to be replaced. Although it was supposed to be the same size, the blocks made with it were just a bit smaller than the first ones. Fortunately, I hadn't made very many blocks when I was forced to change hooks, so I just made a few extra to replace them.

Several of you have asked where one can acquire kits for afghans. I ordered mine from a needlework catalog and in checking around, I find that many of the large mail order catalogues carry them.

Since finishing the afghan, I've started on an applique quilt. I'm so enthused that I have a second one planned which I will start as soon as I have finished this one. I'm so thankful for good eyesight for many of my friends tell me that they can no longer do this kind of work. My husband's eyesight is very good also, and while I'm busy with handwork, he reads—often aloud if he finds something that he thinks I would enjoy hearing.

Margery is not writing a letter this month, so I'll report for her that after two disappointments when trips fell through, she finally was able to get away and went to Denver for a visit with our son Wayne and his family. We were anxious for a first-hand report on the children and their activities. They are growing so fast that just a few months brings many changes. When Wayne visited us

briefly this winter he told us of the youngsters' developments and Margery certainly confirmed all that he had said. Clark is doing very well on the piano and Emily and Alison are progressing nicely on their flutes. Margery could scarcely believe that the children had grown so much since their vacation with us last summer. We're planning to visit them later this spring or early summer if Mart continues to improve as he has these past few weeks.

We had a delightful visit with Bertha Field, my brother Henry's wife, one day last week. She brought with her the Field sisters' "Round Robin" letters for us to read. There are eight girls, you know, and many of you will recall the picture we shared with you last fall, taken when they got together for a Sister Reunion.

Although all of the letters were interesting, the most exciting one was from Hope. She and her husband are presently on a tour which will take them around the world, going to Hawaii, Australia, Ceylon, Egypt and Nyassaland, Africa where they will visit their son Bill and his wife who are teachers there. They will also visit Hope's brother, Philip Field, and his wife, Marie, who are in Kenya, Africa. Philip promised them everything from a hippopotamus hunt to a tea party if they would stop for a visit. We'll be anxious to hear what excitement he really provides for them!

From Philip's, they will go south to Capetown, on the tip of Africa, and then on to India, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Japan, and home. It seems so incredible that they will leave Japan in the afternoon and arrive in the United States in the morning of the same day! Of course, that is due to the International Dateline, but it sounds funny, doesn't it? Hope and Leo take many colored slides and undoubtedly will take a great many on this particular trip so we hope that we'll all have a chance to see them sometime.

Bertha brought along a checked gingham dress she was cross-stitching so when the letters were put aside, we spent the afternoon sewing and visiting. It was a happy day such as we hadn't been able to spend together for quite some time because of the weather. When nature settles down to bright and beautifully warm days,

we'll be able to get together more often.

The morning mail brought a letter from my sister Jessie who is visiting her daughter in California this winter. She had just returned from a trip to northern California to spend a few days with our niece, Jean Johnson, and her husband, Harvey. Jean had invited her father (our brother Sol) and his wife, Mary, and Sol, Jr. for a big dinner while Jessie was there, so they had an opportunity to have another good visit before Jessie returns to her home in Clarinda. We'll be happy to have her back in Iowa, but hope that she'll wait until the days are warm and sunny.

There is so much moisture in the soil that bulbs should be popping out of the ground by the time you read this letter. I really anticipate the first flowers of springtime. One of the first and most loved is the Mertensea bluebell which I have let spread over a corner of the back yard. The plants are from those brought by my mother when she came from Illinois to Iowa as a bride. We call them our "family flower". In the spring, when they start blooming, I like to roll my wheelchair down to that corner of the yard to sit in the sun, letting all of the beautiful memories of my mother come flooding back to me. She loved flowers—particularly, her bluebells.

Not only will we be watching for the flowers, but also for the weeds! That reminds me of a letter that came recently from my sister Helen's daughter, Mary Fischer Chapin. I would like to quote a part of it for I think you will find it a bit unusual, too.

"We had such a lush summer here last year that the weeds were *sensational*. The business men in Flemington, New Jersey, had a contest, asking people to bring in their tallest weed. The first prize was one hundred dollars! Well, *everyone* thought he had the tallest one, and I certainly thought that ours would win because it was taller than the roof of the kitchen. We hired someone to keep shop so that Jeddie and I could go together in the station wagon to take it over. He was a mighty excited boy! It had to be carried *just so*, with the end sticking way out and a red flag hanging on it. The trip over was fun because as we neared Flemington, we kept seeing other station wagons with long weeds hanging out the back. After all this, *we lost*—and by a long ways. The weed that won the prize was the same variety as ours—wild lettuce—but it was 27 feet high! Isn't that something?"

We can think about that while we're hoeing our *little* weeds!

Mart has had a rest now and thinks that it would be pleasant to take a short drive so I'll say "Goodby" for this month.

Sincerely,

We do not need to fear; God has done great things and we can do great things for, through, and with Him.

THE CALL OF THE CROSS

An Easter Service

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting

Place a cross at the back of the altar. Arrange three candles, each in a pastel spring color, at each side with bits of greenery at the base of each candle holder. Gold letters forming the word "E-A-S-T-E-R" should stand in front of each candle.

A background of Easter music, played softly, will add to the effectiveness of the service.

Call To Worship

Leader: "Be still and know that I am God." (Psalm 46:10)

In the stillness, how I praise Thee!
How I thank Thee for the day!
In the stillness, Thou art near me;
Thou art leading all the way.
In the stillness, love is blessing;
Oh, the calmness of this hour!
In the stillness, I am receiving;
Thou dost send the holy power.

Solo: "In the Cross of Christ I Glory" or "Beneath the Cross of Jesus".

Prayer: "May we feel Thy presence, Lord, in these chaotic times. May we hear Thy voice so clear, like cathedral chimes. May we show Thy tenderness to those in grief or need. May we always follow Thee wherever Thou may lead. Thou art the Light that shines eternally; Thou art our hope of immortality. Yes, in the stillness, Lord, let us hear Thy call; then, let us offer Thee our heart, and soul, and mind—our all. Amen."

Meditation

Leader: "In the stillness of the blessed Easter season, the call of the cross is clear, and the command is 'Go, and do thou likewise'. Jesus said, 'Take up thy cross and follow me.' *Take up thy cross*—challenging words! What do they mean? An unknown author has expressed it this way: 'Taking up one's cross simply means that you are to go the road you see to be the straight one, carrying whatever you find is given you to carry, as well and stoutly as you can, without making faces or calling people to come and look at you.'

"The call of the cross is something more than lip service. It is a call to master your desires, your temper, your thoughts. We must say to our passions, 'Go!', and to our duties, 'Come!' and in so doing we will find that we are steadily climbing to new levels and wider horizons. But to hear and to answer the call of the cross is not easy. How can we change our hatreds to consideration, our selfishness to thoughtfulness, our petty deceipts to complete honesty, our fretfulness to quietness of spirit? Whence will come our help? Who will be our guide? In the stillness of this quiet hour, let these six friends point up for you, and for me, the call and the promises of the cross."

The candlelighters step forward and each, in turn, lights her candle before speaking.

First Candlelighter: "This candle I light for ENCOURAGEMENT. 'Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will



Interior of the church shown on the cover.
Frederick Driftmier is the minister.

strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee.' In II Corinthians 1:4 we read: 'Who comforteth us in all our tribulation that we may be able to comfort them which are in trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.' We take up our cross of daily living and follow Him. He leads the way, smoothing the road, easing our burden, encouraging us that we do not falter or give up. But he asks of us that we then 'pass it on', to use a common phrase. We must then smooth the way and lighten the burdens of others by giving encouragement."

Second Candlelighter: "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor things present, nor things to come shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is Christ Jesus." (Romans 8:38-39). The second candle I light for ACCEPTANCE. In dark Gethsemane, again on the cross, Jesus could say, 'Not my will, but thine be done', accepting that God in his infinite love and wisdom knew what was best. Putting His trust in His Father, He, Jesus, could then fulfill His mission, could bear His cross. A certain chapel speaker began his lecture one day, by putting some dirt in a glass of water and stirring it until muddy. Near the end of his talk he picked up the glass and showed how the dirt had settled to the bottom and the water was clear again. Too many of us are like that. We let people, events, things, and fear of the future keep us stirred up inside. We become unsettled and disturbed. The remedy is to sit still long enough to let God get through to us, and then to accept His will for us. 'Be still, and know that I am God.'

Third Candlelighter: "The third candle I light for the STRENGTH that is promised us. 'God is our refuge and our strength, a very present help in time of trouble.' And as thy day, so shall thy strength be. I often think that we are always trying to accomplish everything in the big strides of Paul Bunyan. How much simpler when we learn to take things in our own stride, and to do the difficult tasks one step at a time. 'See that one step, then forward go. One step is far enough for faith to see. Take that, dear child, and trust, for step by step the Lord is leading thee.' When trouble comes, it is for us to remember that we do not shed our tears alone.

The great heart of our loving Father beats in tenderest sympathy with us. He, having known grief, understands our heartaches and reaches out His hand to us in compassion as He offers to us the strength to carry on."

Fourth Candlelighter: This candle must surely be lighted for TRIUMPH. In Acts we read: 'This Jesus God raised up, and of that we are all witnesses.' Out of the agony of Gethsemane, out of the darkness of the crucifixion came the great triumph that has echoed down through the centuries and is our exultant proclamation today. 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and because He lives, I, too, shall live.'

Fifth Candlelighter: Just as our faith with prayers, and steadfast endeavors can help us triumph over evil in our lives and the disappointments and sorrows that come to each of us, so does our faith come forward again. I light this candle for the faith in EVERLASTING LIFE which is the greatest promise from the cross. We all have repeated many times the beloved verse from the Great Book, 'For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

Sixth Candlelighter: "I light this candle for RESPONSIBILITY. From the cross, our Lord handed to us a torch to keep lighted for all time. 'Go and do likewise.' God has not promised us that it will be easy, but we can say as did Paul, 'One thing I do: Forgetting what lies behind and straining forward to what lies ahead, I press on.' we are too prone to want to go two ways at once. We like to look back, yet we realize we should face forward. We recognize the need to serve, yet we are selfish. We want to serve God, yet look longingly at temptations. We must accept our responsibility. Paul knew which way he wanted to go for he took his directions from Christ alone. In Him, we, too, can find that inward unity and singleness of direction from which can come peace, power, and joy for everyday living."

Closing

"My risen Lord, I feel thy strong protection;
I see Thee stand among the graves today;
I am the Way, the Life, the Resurrection,
I hear Thee say,
And all the burdens I have carried sadly
Grow light as blossoms on an April day;
My cross becomes a staff, I journey gladly
This Easter day."

GOD'S WAYS

Nature speaks in varied tongues
To all who wish to hear;
Paints new scenes with facile brush
Each season of the year.

Even so, each language holds
The voice of God for me;
Every scape on land, in sky,
Is signed by Deity!

—Thelma Allinder

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

It seemed very strange not to visit with you last month, and now so much has accumulated that my head is awhirl and I don't know where to begin! Probably the best thing is simply to plunge in and bring you up to date as far as space can be stretched in this issue.

I'd like to say first that it wasn't sloth and laziness that kept me from writing last month. I had the printer's deadline firmly on my mind, but when that date arrived I was winding through three mountain ranges in Mexico and all those hairpin curves left me so unsteady I just couldn't wrestle the typewriter out of the car and sit down to a letter. Am I forgiven? I hope so, for I feel remiss about failing to meet that deadline.

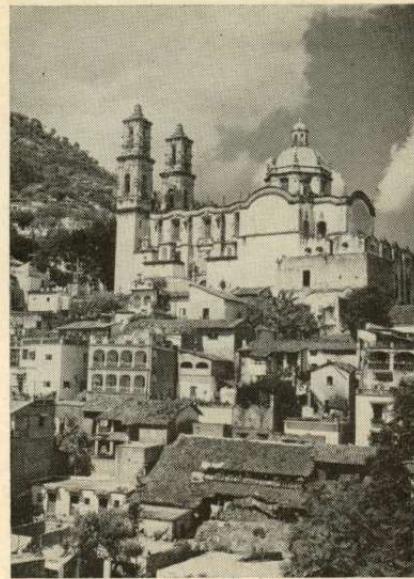
Back in January we celebrated our silver wedding anniversary and we observed that big milestone by returning to Mexico to see what it was like after an absence of twenty-five years. Russell had been talking about doing this for a long, long time, but we didn't think until almost the last moment that it would really be possible. This was why I said at the conclusion of my February letter that we were thinking about a special trip to observe our silver wedding anniversary and that if everything worked out I would tell you all about it. I was afraid to say flatly that we were going back to Mexico, for just as sure as I committed myself to such a trip there would be some last minute emergency to prevent it!

Well, no last minute emergencies cropped up, thank goodness, so in the early part of January we threw stuff into the car and headed west between blizzards. I mean this literally for it's been a terrific winter in our Midwest and we had the sensation that a new storm was hanging around the next few bends in the road. We felt lucky to skitter across the miles to Santa Fe and Albuquerque without getting snowed in at some motel.

We spent a day at our place near Santa Fe trying to organize the stuff and junk we'd thrown into the car when we left Shenandoah, and then with everything neatly packed we drove down to Albuquerque on a sunny winter morning to see Julianne for a brief visit. (If you've ever stopped to see a college student who is cramming for final semester exams you know full well that it's a brief visit!)

When we left Albuquerque that morning we headed south on highway 85, the main road to El Paso, and late afternoon found us passing through Las Cruces, a town I hadn't been in for more than twenty years. I'd always remembered it as a slow, sleepy sort of place, but now it's a sizable, bustling town with more than 30,000 population; in the last ten years it has tripled its population. Cotton is the big industry through there, and anyone who works in those fields has some magnificent mountains to look at—if he ever has time to look up.

It was dark when we reached El Paso and we decided to go right across the border into Ciudad Juarez



This street in Durango is typical of streets throughout all Mexican towns and cities. Behind many walls are beautiful courtyards.

and spend the night there. If we had known how long it would take to get through the border we most certainly would have had supper first in El Paso! I don't know if we got there just at the change of shift in the immigration offices or if the men on duty were in a poor frame of mind—or what, but it took us about two hours to get everything straightened out and we were so tired and hungry we felt on the verge of turning around and giving up the whole thing.

One detail that took time was getting car insurance. All of the policies we carry in this country are null and void in Mexico and I believe it is against the law to drive a car in Mexico without insurance. But even if it isn't illegal, no one in his right mind would turn a wheel in Mexico without having his car insured. This comes high—we had to pay \$56.00 to cover 22 days. I'm glad I can pass on the word because we had no idea it would cost so much, and without preparation for such news it leaves you momentarily shaken. Now that you know you won't be thrown into shock when you get the bad news.

By the time we got settled in our motel and could think about something to eat it was after ten o'clock and we were almost too tired to drag to the dining room, but the sound of music spurred us on and we made the effort to stir. Imagine our surprise to find a five piece orchestra in a big dining room completely empty aside from the two of us! We rarely see "live musicians" in our country, least of all in a place where only two people make up the audience; but those five men put their hearts into a first class performance and were still going full force when we left. Russell and I felt so odd to have all that energy poured out for just the two of us!

The next morning we wanted to get an early start and figured we'd pick up breakfast downtown in Juarez since the motel dining room was

closed at that hour. This sounds reasonable enough, but it turned out to be a very funny experience. Neither Russell nor I speak Spanish (we don't read it either) so we sized up the menu as carefully as possible and ordered what we thought would be scrambled eggs, toast and black coffee. That's our routine breakfast when we're on the road and there was something on the menu that looked like it.

Well, imagine our amazement when the waiter brought two big bowls of soup! We suspected then and there that we'd pointed to the wrong items, but there wasn't a shade of doubt left a few minutes later when he returned with a big roast beef dinner. MY! We like soup and we like roast beef, but we don't relish them at 6:30 in the morning. That was a mighty funny breakfast and it left us feeling uneasy about what we'd be served in the weeks ahead!

When we left Ciudad Juarez we struck out on highway 45, known as the Central American highway. This was all brand new country to us for we crossed the border at Nuevo Laredo twenty-five years ago and took what was then a brand new road running through Monterrey, Ciudad Valles, etc. In fact, that road had been opened only a few weeks before we traveled over it, and it was the first link by highway between Texas and Mexico City. Now there is a big new toll road through that section and the proud road we journeyed over a quarter of a century ago is considered secondary.

I have mingled feelings about the Central American highway. It is necessary to report that everyone with whom we talked expressed acute dismay when this road was mentioned. Without a single exception they used the phrase: "That's the most God-forsaken country we've ever been through." We didn't hear one favorable word.

I'm compelled to agree that it is God-forsaken country and as lonely and forbidding a stretch as I've ever encountered. But . . . there's something mysteriously beautiful about it; I kept thinking of all the drawings I'd ever seen of the moon with its eerie blankness and remote looking craters and the over-all impression of space and the unknown. I also kept wondering as we covered mile after mile in that vast nothingness how many people must have died there for lack of water and lack of food.

I've gone into this for a good reason: it is the highway recommended for all tourists who take trailers with them because it is the most level and easiest to negotiate. After all, there are very, very few highways in Mexico. You can go down the West coast and you can go down the East coast, but the Central American highway is the only one that runs from the border and gives access to Mexico City through the middle section.

If you have a dependable car and good tires there is nothing to fear. (If I ever went over it again I'd be sure to tote some bottled water and food—I cannot honestly recommend stopping

(Continued on next page)

to get a drink or to eat anyplace between Juarez and Chihuahua and that's a long haul.) There is no traffic—I don't believe we met more than ten vehicles in all those miles. You can whoop her up and make good time. But it is lonely.

After we left Chihuahua we began to see people along the road and you'd be surprised how comforting this can be! There are great cotton fields and gins in the towns south of Chihuahua and this makes for commotion along the highway. At a later date we were to wring our hands in despair when we encountered such constant and unending commotion, but after the desolation between Juarez and Chihuahua it was just plain comforting to see lots of people!

However, this cut our speed sharply and when night fell we were still quite a stretch from Hidalgo del Parral, the town where we expected to get off the road. And if our speed had been cut sharply by commotion on the road, darkness did an even better job for we discovered that every foot held potential menace. Cattle and burros wandered back and forth across the road and we never knew when we came up over a little rise if we'd have one of these animals directly in our path. To hit such an object if you're driving at more than a crawl is comparable to hitting a brick wall and no one wants to hit a brick wall. In addition to this we discovered that Mexicans don't take tail lights seriously, and I don't know how many vehicles of every kind and description suddenly loomed up ahead of us without even a candle to indicate they were there.

We don't think it's safe to go ripping along on any road in our country at more than 50 miles per hour at night, particularly if it's totally new country. But there's a world of difference between 50 miles per hour and 25 miles per hour, and 25 was our top speed after darkness engulfed us. We didn't reach Hidalgo del Parral until after 9:30 that night.

Incidentally, this was the *only* night driving we ever did while we were in Mexico. And we learned from various sources that American tourists never drive at night unless there is an emergency and it simply cannot be avoided. I want to make this very clear because most people in our country plan on covering a lot of ground at night when they have only a two-weeks' vacation and want to go far away to visit friends and relatives. They figure they can have much more time at their destination if they start out when they're through with work, drive all night and, if there's someone to take his turn at the wheel, just keep going.

You cannot do this in Mexico. When night falls you'd better be off the road. (Frankly, I don't think enough ground can be covered at 25 or 30 miles per hour to make it worthwhile to keep grinding along.) Consequently, don't plan any kind of a trip by car in which you expect to cover the same amount of country that you'd cover in the United States in a comparable period of time. It just can't be done.

We *did* have a comfortable motel at Hidalgo del Parral, one that could be

compared, after a fashion, to a comfortable motel in the United States. There were no wash cloths and the water was lukewarm, a situation I thought was peculiar only to this motel. Later I realized that one can virtually depend upon the lack of wash cloths and the absence of hot water, so judged by these standards we had downright satisfactory lodging at that motel. (As far as we could see, that was the *only* motel in Hidalgo del Parral. You can't fan up and down streets in Mexican towns and pick up something that looks all right. And unless you're in a sizable town you're not going to have *anything* in the line of a motel.)

We drove around after we had supper and wished it were light so we could really see things, for that town intrigued us very much. It is a mining town that had virtually no contact with the world until the last few years; in fact, not until the Central American highway was built did Hidalgo del Parral come out of its unruffled way of life that had gone on for goodness knows how long and begin to see what was going on in the rest of the world. This means that the place is pretty much untouched by all the things we Americans have always taken for granted, and we have an opportunity to see a pattern of life that looks "foreign" to us and highly interesting. It is stimulating to see another way of daily life, to realize, as best one can ever realize such things, that this particular way of doing things was going on in just the same fashion when no white man had ever set foot in the Middlewest, or for that matter, not even a village, other than Indian villages, existed in the whole United States. Only when you travel to an old country do you begin to comprehend how very new our pattern of life in the United States truly is.

We left Hidalgo del Parral about 8:30 the next morning and headed towards Durango. For several hours we drove through beautiful country with one mountain range after another rising up before us, but our highway eased itself along the foothills and there were none of the hair-raising stretches that we crawled through south of Mexico City.

Most of that section reminded us of Texas in the area close to Big Bend National Park. Cattle ranches dominate the countryside and all along the way we saw honest-to-goodness cowboys as they were in the early days when our own West was first being developed. They have that whole vast country to themselves and, since Mexico is unmechanized, they live on their horses (wonderfully beautiful horses) and catch-as-catch can where food and sleep are concerned. I couldn't think why all of that great section seemed so familiar to me until I realized that it was exactly like the western movies they used to make years ago!

As we drove south we ran into more and more activity along the road, but we saw very few cars. And it was one of those very few cars, one we met in a particularly empty stretch, that carried the *ONLY* Iowa license we saw from the time we entered Mexico

until we returned. They honked frantically and we honked back. I'm sure they wondered the same thing we wondered: what in the world was an Iowa car doing in such a lonely, lonely place?

It was around four in the afternoon when we reached Durango, a famous mining town that has been used frequently in recent years by Hollywood studios as a setting. It is a fairly good-sized city and there we saw for the first time the incredible contrast between the old and the new. Right on their main business boulevard, a very wide boulevard lined for many, many blocks with handsome ultramodern buildings standing cheek by jowl with buildings that looked as if they had been there since the beginning of time, we found traffic made up of brand-new expensive cars, derelict old cars, burros hauling big loads of wood, and oxen dragging piles of lumber. When did you last see a horse on the main street of your town? When did you last see oxen yoked up to haul *anything*? Well, stop a moment and think how astounded you would be to see all of these things "for real" in the main section of a busy city!

And at this point I think I should drop the day-by-day account for two reasons: space is running out and in the amount that I *can* use I would like to make a few additional comments.

In future letters I want to take you along on this Mexican trip so you will have a realistic picture of what it's like to cross the border into a totally different country. It's very likely that a goodly number of you have crossed the border into Canada and consequently have the idea that if you crossed the border into Mexico you'd find things not too different from things in our country. Well, for all practical purposes you run into another version of the United States when you go into Canada—by and large it's pretty much the same. But when you cross the border into Mexico you enter a totally different world, one that has *NOTHING* in common with all the things you're accustomed to in this country.

Most of us think we have to cross an ocean to find something altogether different and even yet I find it somehow fantastic and unreal that one can drive his own car and stay right on the ground and still find something so completely unknown and different and alien that it's as if he climbed on a jet plane and hurtled away to some spot as remote as Zanzibar. It seems bizarre that a wholly different world is so close at hand.

I can think of nothing in the line of a trip that would be more rewarding than a trip to Mexico. For one very important reason it's an extremely cheap place to travel—your money will stretch to cover more in Mexico than any other place I've heard about. The rate of exchange is 12½ Mexican pesos (their dollar) to one American dollar, and a peso buys an awfully lot in Mexico. Of course you can spend a mint down there if you stay at expensive hotels built for American tourists and live it up in a resort area.

(Continued on page 18)

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

As I look back over the past month and wonder what family activities might be of interest to you friends, I find that Frank has spent all of his time taking care of the livestock and working in the timber while I've spent most of my time (or so it seems to us) in the car!

It all started when Kristin wanted to come home for a week-end. I drove to Maryville to pick her up on Friday and took her back on Sunday. This gave me a chance to meet her new roommate, Flora Vargas from Costa Rica. Kristin's letter in this issue tells you more about Flora and life at college, so I won't go into detail.

That Monday morning I got up bright and early and drove to Burlington, Iowa with Frank's sister, Bernice Stark, and other relatives to attend funeral services for one of Frank's uncles. With ewes lambing and no help available, Frank was unable to go.

While in Burlington, I had a short visit with a cousin of Frank's who is a professor in a large university. Although Kristin wanted to go to a small school and is very happy at Maryville, we couldn't help but wonder if we did the right thing by not starting her out in a large university. Frank's cousin told me that he would like to have his own two daughters attend a smaller college their first two years and after hearing his reasoning on the subject, I felt much better.

When I returned from Burlington, I called Frank from town to see how the roads were and he said that I had better leave the car on the gravel because I would have to make another trip the next morning. His sister, Edna Halls, had called to see if I could drive her to Kansas City to see her allergy specialist. Edna has driven a car for years, but this past year her health has been so poorly that she isn't able to drive any great distance. Naturally, I'm more than happy to take her when she has to go anywhere. We were in Kansas City for three days and although Edna had to spend her days in the doctor's office, we spent the nights with Frank's other sister, Ruth McDermott, so we were able to have some nice visits with her.

The Sunday after the Kansas City trip, Frank and I were pleasantly surprised to have callers—our good friends, Clarence and Sylvia Meyer of Aplington, Iowa. The road was muddy, so Frank met them at the gravel with the tractor and wagon. He put a kitchen chair in the wagon for Sylvia to sit on and when they pulled up to the back door, he called me to see "Queen Sylvia" on her throne! I was disgusted with myself that I hadn't thought to grab up the camera, for it was a funny sight. Since Sylvia had on her good clothes, I didn't have the heart to ask her to climb back into the wagon just so I could get a picture.

We became acquainted with Clarence when we lived in Hollywood many years ago. He made his home with a cousin and his wife in the apartment just below ours. Both he



The afghan that Mother (Leanna Driftmier) is holding represents hours and hours of work, but it helped the winter pass quickly.

and Frank worked in the same Lockheed plant and the three of us had many happy times together. Clarence rarely missed a Sunday dinner with us. It isn't often that we can be together, but when we can, we have much fun reminiscing.

I did actually, at this point, have a few days at home to do some cleaning, cooking, and catch up on pixie orders, but about seven o'clock a few mornings later Frank and I were just discussing whether or not I should take some laundry to the laundromat in town while the roads were frozen, when the phone rang and it was Edna's husband, Raymond. Edna was feeling much worse and it looked as if she would have to go back to Kansas City. He was tied down at home with new baby pigs and couldn't make the trip. Such is a farmer's life! I assured him that I could leave so packed my bag and drove the thirty miles to pick up Edna. We were relieved that she only needed a change in medication so we were able to return the following day.

Ruth had received a beautiful cabinet-style electric sewing machine from her husband for Christmas and has been having a wonderful time sewing this winter. There are many advantages to living in a large city such as Kansas City, and one of them is finding fabulous bargains. Ruth had come across some beautiful fine-quality percale sheeting in one of the big stores. It had been drastically reduced in price so she purchased yards and yards of it in plain pastel shades, stripes, and floral prints. There was enough to make several sets of sheets and in one pattern, there was enough to make matching bedroom curtains. She gave us some left-over material which will make up into nice summer dresses.

Since the trip was a short one, there was still time to get the washing and ironing done and fill the refrigerator and cupboard with lots of good food for Frank before leaving for Shenandoah for my "magazine week".

Since Maryville, Missouri is only fifty miles from Shenandoah, Kristin

is often able to join me for a week-end while I'm there. Such was the case this last month. She and Flora had spent a week-end in Kansas City, also—Kristin, with her Aunt Ruth and Uncle Frank, and Flora, with her brother and his wife—and she had that happy time to tell me about.

It was raining a little in Shenandoah when I left, so I was really surprised when I stepped off the train in Chariton to walk into a regular blizzard. There were five inches of snow already on the ground and Frank said it had been snowing all day. It was completely unexpected and we were caught without enough dry wood neatly corded on the back porch. Frank had planned to haul in a load from the timber as soon as he finished with chores the next morning but by morning, it was too late—the wood was covered with snow. He did manage to dig down into the middle of the pile and find enough to keep us going for a few days.

Just before this last blizzard we had a few warm days which melted the many inches of accumulated snow. The creek was bank full with big ice jams holding back the water. We had visions of a major flood with cakes of ice floating through our cornfield, knocking over the corn which had done so well to stand up through the winter snows. How fortunate we were that the water didn't spill over. The long-range forecast predicts a drier-than-normal April for this locality and that will suit us fine!

This has been a long winter and hard on the livestock feed situation. Farmers who couldn't pick their corn had to buy corn to feed. Those who thought they had ample hay to see them through until spring found themselves scouting around for hay to buy. Everyone always says "the farmer owns his livestock", but during the winter months proper care of livestock demands so much time and work that I think it would be more truthful to say "the livestock owns the farmer"!

Well, winter is all but behind us and soon it will be time to make gardens, rake the winter debris from the yards, and hear the tractors out in the fields. Let's hope that we have some real spring weather by the time you take this magazine out of your mailbox!

Sincerely,

Dorothy

FOOTPRINTS OF APRIL

In search for spring, I walked a lane
Through mournful moors and wild
terrain
And heard the cold wind's sad refrain.
My heart was sore. I searched in vain.

Then, lo, where swamp reeds shivered
cold
A passing blue jay stopped to scold;
I found spring's footprints clear and
bold—
April's lost Lady's Slippers, pink and
gold.

— Mildred Grenier

YOU'LL FIND ABIGAIL'S LETTER INTERESTING

Dear Friends:

Since last I wrote Margery has been in our home for a week's visit. The weatherman certainly arranged delightful weather for her and us. However, the viruses weren't nearly as cooperative and shortly after her arrival, Marge lost her voice and developed an unpleasant cold. After a week she decided the best thing for her would be to head back to Iowa. She left early Friday afternoon—a beautiful day. The next morning we awakened to find an unpredicted six inches of snow on the ground with more pouring down. Such unexpected radical changes in the weather are not at all uncommon in eastern Colorado, especially in the spring of the year.

Margery attended church with us the day after her arrival. It was at this service that Wayne and six other men of our mission were officially installed as licensed lay readers. This program of the Episcopal Church is most valuable to us and some of the particulars might be of interest to you.

First of all, the function of a lay reader is to assist in reading certain parts of the services. Or a lay reader may be assigned by the Bishop to read particular services, usually in missions, where there is no priest at the time. Such trained men can be of real assistance to an overloaded priest and our own St. James Church is a good example.

As with all Episcopal churches there are a great many worship services scheduled throughout the week. There are three services each Sunday morning as well as an Evening Prayer service. On Tuesday through Saturday there is Holy Communion each morning and Evening Prayer each night. In addition to these services our priest must serve as pastor for about 500 men, women and children as well as supervise the religious education and administration of the church. Our mission has not felt it could afford to hire a paid secretary, sexton, organist or curate, for every available dollar is earmarked for missionary giving and paying for our buildings and property. This is a tremendous burden for any one man and dedicated volunteers are essential to the functioning of our church.

Following many weeks of study, lay readers are licensed by the Bishop for no more than a year's time. They may then read the services of Morning and Evening Prayer and read the Epistle portion of the Holy Communion service. Licensed lay readers may also read the Litany and Penitential Offices which are frequently added to the regular services, especially during Advent and Lent. A lay reader may also read the Offices of instruction, the Order for the Visitation of the Sick and the Burial Offices.

There are now seven lay readers at St. James. At the Morning Prayers services on Sundays, one of them usually reads the Old and New Testament lessons and leads the responsive reading of the Psalms. They will frequently read the Evening Prayer ser-



The Denver Driftmiers have had a number of pets in their family, but none was ever as affectionate as this lovely yellow, tomcat named (of all things!) "Peaches". Emily (shown here) shares his care with Alison and Clark.

vice if our priest is involved with pastoral duties.

Our minister was a successful druggist in Cripple Creek, Colo. until he decided to sell his business and enter the ministry. After his graduation from seminary last June, we were truly fortunate to have this exceptional man assigned to our mission. In recent months very hard times have beset the town of Cripple Creek because of the shut-down of the gold mines there. The little Episcopal church can no longer support a minister. In appreciation of their "gift" to us of Father Johnson, our lay readers have volunteered to lead the services three Sundays out of each summer month. Since Episcopal churches always have one Holy Communion each month, a priest from another church will take this service on the fourth Sunday.

Travel conditions up to this Pike's Peak mining town are too unpredictable to schedule services the other months. If the Bishop has enough seminary students available, he will undoubtedly assign one of them to live and work in Cripple Creek during the summer. However, there is quite a demand for seminary students because Colorado has so many resort towns where the churches hold services only during the summer months. It may well be that our volunteers will be enlisted. Our children think it would be wonderful for their father to go to a mountain town every Sunday all summer long.

Margery suggested that I explain the system for homework that our Jefferson County schools use. She thought it made good sense. Here mandatory homework starts in the fourth grade. The amount increases with each higher grade. In junior high (7th, 8th, and 9th), each subject has required homework only on certain specific nights each week. For example, math and science homework is scheduled for Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights, foreign languages and English on Tuesday and Thursday nights, etc. Of course special projects

may require work on the non-designated nights.

The advantage of this system is that it tends to prevent students from being severely overloaded on a night when every teacher might assign homework, having no homework on other nights. Without children in high school, I'm not positive of the procedure there but I think probably there is homework every night in every subject.

1962 is construction year for the Wilmore Nursery. After months of seemingly endless delays, ground was finally broken in January. The first set of plans proved far too costly when put out to bid but bids for the revised plans were more reasonable. We're building a new garden shop complex in the same familiar location. The completion date is supposed to be in May but the weather will probably make the final determination. Frankly, I can't imagine how the employees will ever cope with the spring rush while the grounds are so torn up but they'll undoubtedly manage somehow.

While Margery was here her opinion was enlisted in choosing the aggregate facing for the new building. The final choice was a mixture of white quartz and pink-rose feldspar. A great many of the new buildings in the Denver area are using exposed aggregate. It certainly makes a most handsome finish.

The new garden shop will also contain a cut-flower shop and I'm looking forward to having fresh flowers at home more frequently during the winter months. The Missouri Synod Lutheran Church has just recently converted most of their tuberculosis sanatorium into a general hospital. It seemed with this big hospital just a few blocks to the west that a flower shop might be a good enterprise.

Our family hasn't had to use the new hospital yet but, believe me, it certainly is comforting to know it is there! This is the only general hospital in Jefferson County. With the tremendous growth of the metropolitan Denver population, the hospitals in Denver are very crowded. These Lutherans filled a badly needed civic and health improvement when they spent several million dollars to convert their sanatorium. All they asked of the people of Jefferson County was a half-million dollars for equipment. It is embarrassing to report that the response was poor.

Probably the primary reason for this lack of response was the extreme difficulty in communication with the people living here. As I have previously mentioned, most of the thousands of residents are living on unincorporated land. They feel little civic responsibility or loyalty to a city or town. While there are a few newspapers in the county, there is not one with widespread circulation. Also, there are no large clubs or groups with county-wide coverage. As a result, there is no really effective means of reaching all residents to enlist their support. Yet had the Lutherans not provided this hospital, it would undoubtedly have been necessary for the county to build and equip a hospital with public funds.

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FREDERICK SHARES COUNSELING EXPERIENCES

Dear Friends:

I am writing to you at the close of another very busy day. Frequently, I feel that I have seen the total catalogue of misfortunes. Many times I have said that there is no problem of human suffering with which I have not dealt as a pastor, but each week that statement must be revised. For example, today I visited in a home where the father of three little boys awoke recently to discover that he had gone blind. Medical examinations suggest that there is no hope for this man to ever recover his sight.

It is not unusual for me to counsel with blind persons, but this is the first time I have ever had such a feeling of stark tragedy. A Minister of the Gospel is not helpless in such circumstances, however. He can say: "Your blindness is God's sorrow too, and He will guide you through the dark. Now, more than ever before, you must trust God and believe that He will help you."

Yesterday I called on fifteen church members who are now patients in two local hospitals. Tomorrow's schedule includes some dozen or more visits in nursing homes and homes for the aged. When making such calls, I always remind myself that I am on God's business. No matter how much reason there may be for discouragement and sorrow, I must bring to these friends a sense of God's loving concern. Quite often I say a prayer and ask God for His help and guidance before I dare to enter a sickroom. Many times I could never have spoken if God had not put the words in my mouth.

My evening hours are usually taken up with counseling on family problems of one sort or another. Most of these either have to do with a difficult child or with a married couple who act like difficult children.

Like most family counselors, I believe that disturbed children are caused by disturbed parents. Because the parents are upset and have no faith of their own, because they have no grasp of the real nature of their problem, they create an environment which causes the child to be upset.

When I am talking to parents about disturbed children I always point out that the symptoms of mental difficulties in a child (they are also the same for an adult) are as follows:

1. Strong or frequent fear and anxiety.
2. Withdrawal from people and a retreat into fantasy.
3. Urgent feelings of guilt or shame.
4. Intense and prolonged hostility.

Once we have found these danger signals, we must, in Christian faith, do what we can to deal with them. Hard though it may be for parents to accept, many so-called *problem children* are children who have developed an intense and prolonged hostility toward one or both parents. A family friend or counselor can often discover this hostility and other difficulties better than someone in the immediate family. Parents are so close to the

problem it is hard to get the proper perspective.

Had you been in my office this afternoon you would have heard me telling a very distressed mother that the one thing she needed most in this life was patience. If only we could learn the Christian grace of patience how much easier life would be for all of us. Sometimes a problem that seemed absolutely insurmountable last year is much less important this year.

A few years ago, when Betty and I were so concerned because our little David was slow to learn to tie his shoe and ride his bicycle, a child specialist said: "By the time that boy is eleven or twelve years old you won't believe you ever worried about such a little thing as tying a shoe! Just be patient! These little problems will solve themselves." What words of wisdom those were; how often I have used them since.

It is hard for me to name the biggest single cause of trouble between husbands and wives. For years I said without hesitation that the most frequent trouble was *selfishness*. Then I decided that an *unforgiving spirit* was the contributing factor—if a husband and wife could just forgive each other as God had already forgiven them, the divorce rate would be far lower. Recently, however, I have been more and more concerned over *lack of communication*. Very few distressed husbands and wives can actually talk to each other about their inner feelings and their deepest concerns. This is where a counselor can really be of help, for many couples find it far easier to talk to a third party and in so doing see themselves in a clearer light.

Counseling should be kept on a very simple, humble, Christian basis. For instance, my advice to newly married couples is: "If you can just realize that Jesus Christ is the unseen guest in your home every day of your married life, your marriage will be a happy one. Of course, this means no harsh words must be spoken, no unkind things can be done, and you must always be temperate. That is truly the formula for a happy Christian home."

Here in the heart of New England there is a very special joy in the greeting of spring. Somewhere between the end of February and Easter there comes one of the most exciting days of the year. It is the day when one becomes aware of something intangibly different in the air, something which gives an unexplainably free, light and happy feeling. The first day of spring may not always seem the same to each one of us, but always it is the day when all doubt is swept away and we sense the universal promise of growth, change, opportunity and the realization of dreams.

The coming of spring has no standard pattern, but as Easter approaches and spring awakens the sleeping beauty of the earth, we hail, as did our remotest forefathers, the source of life. That is why Easter has such a divine, eternal quality about it. In the deepest places of our awareness, more profoundly than we can apprehend the lessons of so-called progress, we perceive resources of strength and

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

For very fine, hard-to-start seed, a small heating cable placed under the seed flat or containers will help speed germination as it supplies the needed bottom heat. I use such a cable under flats that are planted with the more costly seeds such as those of hybrid petunia, the double petunias and any flower that has very fine, difficult-to-start seeds. Several manufacturing firms have put out electric seed starting kits or miniature greenhouses that practically assure the amateur success even with the most difficult varieties. If you find these kits too costly for your needs, try the inexpensive electric heating cable.

The critical period for baby seedlings is the first two or three weeks. If you keep the planting medium as dry as is consistent with good growth of the plants, damping-off can be held in check fairly well. None of the sterile mediums—sphagnum moss, vermiculite, or perlite—contain plant nutrients and these must be provided to the plants in the form of soluble fertilizer. There are a number of good brands available at seed and nursery counters or they can be purchased from your druggist. Be sure to follow the directions on the package as an overdose of concentrated plant food can be fatal to little seedlings.

How long can seedlings be kept in their starting medium and still maintain quality? The answer may surprise you as they can be kept in it for several weeks or until favorable outdoor planting conditions arrive. To retard growth so that the seedlings do not become unwieldy, let up on the feeding and give water instead. If given plenty of light, the seedlings will be short and stocky and develop tremendous root growth which will get them off to a fast start once they are planted in the garden.

It isn't too late to start tuberous begonias, caladiums, and other tender bulb plants. You can root them in any one of the planting mediums used to start seeds, or a combination of the three. Peat moss is not recommended as it excludes air after it becomes water laden. I like to use a starting medium that consists of two-thirds coarse hardwood leaf mold and one-third sharp sand. I bury the tubers in this mixture so there will be full development of roots from the tubers' base, sides and top as nature intended. The planted tubers should be watered carefully so as to maintain an even moisture but not soggy-wetness or rot may develop. The containers should be placed in strong light but out of direct rays of the sun. A warm temperature will hasten growth but if too high, it will encourage weak, spindly plants. When the first two leaves have reached equal development, the plants can be potted or set directly in prepared beds outside, if the weather is settled and warm.

True bravery is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of before the whole world.—Rochefoucauld.

MARY BETH'S CHILDREN ENJOY READING

Dear Friends:

For a change of pace this month I'm writing to you *after* my small ones are in bed for the night. Usually, I don't have a clear enough brain to write late in the day, but there are a multitude of small jobs needing attention tomorrow so I must see if I can write intelligently this evening!

I surely do wish there was a more equal distribution of available energies during the after-supper hours. Paul and Adrienne get on a running, tearing jag that would continue endlessly if bedtime didn't roll around. At this point I could cheerfully use about *half* of their energy and good humor.

When I have the children all corralled in the bathroom, and finally ready for the business of bathing, there follows a period of high hilarity. It behooves me to keep a good sharp ear open for their activities or I would have a flooded bathroom. Some of the houses in which we have lived have had unusually short bathtubs, but the one in our present home will accommodate three children with room to spare.

We've established the habit of reading after baths and before bedtime. This has the very *desirable* effect of quieting the children. Thus far, Adrienne can't stay awake long enough for this final activity, so it ends up as a period of close companionship for Paul, Katharine and me. On the weeks when Don is in town he enjoys taking over this reading time.

The following comments concerning books is a repetition of articles we mothers read in many magazines, but I'll say it anyway for what it is worth. I am convinced that the time we spend reading to our children is *more* than worth whatever time it takes.

Don and I started reading the washable linen picture books to Katharine before she could talk. As she grew older we advanced the books with her ability and now she is a *confirmed* book-lover! She brings books home from the school library and now that she is able to read to herself she is even more entranced than ever.

As Paul grew older, it naturally followed that he became curious about what was going on when we would settle down with Katharine and several books. Some people say boys aren't interested in books, that they are too active to settle down with anything so confining, but let me assure you it isn't *necessarily* so! Paul is as active as the next boy, but he loves his books so much he even uses them for a pillow for his afternoon naps. His Grandma Schneider sent him some little books for Valentine's day and he has had me read and reread these until they are dog-eared.

Adrienne has seen this activity and is coming along in similar style. We've dug out the old linen books and she feels quite important when she, too, has her turn at reading.

One more comment before I change the subject—if you'll excuse a little motherly pride creeping in. Katharine



When Adrienne, Paul and Katharine Driftmier play the piano at the same time, it couldn't be called "music", but the piano was purchased with an ear to the future!

brought home her report card recently with two categories carrying the highest marks available. One grade was in *reading ability* and the other was in *interest in books!* This confirmed my conviction that developing a love of books reaps dividends.

I've discovered that my letters are more and more about children. A large part of this could be laid to the fact that I simply do not go out much! I can hardly vary my subject to any extent so hope you enjoy these long dissertations on little folks.

We did paint this month! When we bought this house, three of the four upstairs bedrooms had never had their first coat of paint, so it was about time to do this unfinished business. Don was the painter-in-charge and my main job was fending off the children's fingers. I did manage to help him a little by doing the edging around the doors, windows and baseboards, however. I hadn't realized how unsightly these unpainted bare walls were until they were brightened with paint.

We tried to choose pale pastels for the rooms but there proved to be many a slip betwixt the paint chip and the finished wall! The upstairs now has the look of a vivid summer garden. This is not too bad on gray-looking days, but I wonder what they will look like when brilliant summer sunshine illuminates those walls! Paul's room is a hearty forest green; Katharine's has an Alice blue interior and Adrienne's room turned out to be dusty rose instead of pale pink. Picture this with yet another bedroom a rather vivid shade of hyacinth and you can understand why the upstairs now resembles a rainbow. I've decided from now on to tell guests that we *love* vivid colors and stop explaining how we missed the mark when we tried to paint the rooms in pale pastels!

I have a new neighbor four lots

east of our house and, although I procrastinated terribly about going to call on her, I did finally arrange my schedule so I could go to see her. How glad I am I did! She is such a lovely girl with one little chick the exact age of Adrienne. She and her husband just bought their first home after living several years in an apartment in town. As a result, she is feeling the change from city to suburban-living with no close stores, a husband gone to work from 8 o'clock in the morning until almost 8 o'clock in the evening, and no available car to facilitate even a grocery trip. We discovered that we had many similar likes and as a result we've started the happy habit of having coffee sometime during the day at one or the other of our homes. Neither of us has much extra time to waste sitting over a cup of coffee, but we both grow a little weary of house and child chores, so we break the routine with an occasional visit. It's surprising how this break from housework can restore my enthusiasm for going back to my daily tasks.

There is just enough time left this evening to get my Sunday School equipment together so I'll close and do one more job. We are going to help the children plant sunflower seeds in egg shells. I have to take sufficient seeds and potting soil for them and the other teacher is bringing egg shells and the egg cartons so the project can be carried home. We slightly crush the bottom end of the shell to allow for drainage. After the seedlings grow big they can easily be transplanted to a larger pot or outdoors. We're already growing sweet potatoes and carrot tops in the windows at church, but this will give the children something to grow at home.

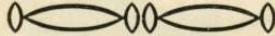
Until next month,

Mary Beth

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family



HAM LOAF WITH GLAZED PEACHES

1 1/2 lbs. ground ham
1 lb. ground pork
3/4 cup day-old bread crumbs
1/3 cup chopped onion
2 beaten eggs
1 cup milk

Combine ingredients, mixing thoroughly. Pack lightly into 8 x 12-inch baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 1/4 hours total baking time. At the end of 1 hour, arrange 6 peach halves on top of meat and spoon over glazing syrup. Continue baking for remaining 15 minutes.

Glazing Syrup

1/4 cup butter
1/4 cup brown sugar
Melt butter, add sugar and mix well.

SUNDAY SALAD

This is good to serve *any* day of the week. It just so happens that it was prepared for a Sunday dinner!

1 pkg. lime flavored gelatin
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
2 cups hot water
1 pound can crushed pineapple, drained
1/2 cup sliced stuffed olives
2 tsp. horseradish
2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, diced
(The cheese will have to be very cold so that it will be easy to dice.)

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water and add the lemon flavoring. Chill until it starts to congeal, and then add the pineapple to which the stuffed olive slices and the horseradish have been added and mixed well. Add the little cubes of cream cheese. Chill until firm, then serve on shredded lettuce.

GREEN BEAN CASSEROLE

4 Tbls. butter, melted
2 Tbls. flour
1 tsp. salt
Dash of pepper
1/2 tsp. grated onion
1 cup dairy sour cream
2 cans green beans, drained
2/3 cup grated cheese, cheddar or American
1/2 cup corn flake crumbs
1 Tbls. butter

Combine the 4 Tbls. butter and flour. Add seasonings and dairy sour cream. Fold in the beans. Place in a 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle cheese over top, then the crumbs. Dot with butter and bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

ARIZONA SOUR CREAM CINNAMON ROLLS

1 pkg. dry yeast
1/2 cup lukewarm water
2 Tbls. sugar
5 cups sifted flour
1 tsp. salt
1 cup sugar
3 eggs
1/2 cup shortening
1/2 cup commercial sour cream
1/2 cup milk

Empty the dry yeast into a small bowl. Add the lukewarm water and the 2 Tbls. sugar. Set aside in a warm place. Into a large bowl sift 4 cups of flour. After the yeast is dissolved, pour the yeast mixture into the flour. Add the salt, sugar and 3 whole eggs. Cut in the shortening just as you do for making pie crust. Add the sour cream and milk which has been warmed to room temperature. Mix well and add as much flour as needed to make a light dough which can be kneaded. This should still be a little sticky to the touch so do not add more flour than absolutely necessary. When the dough is well kneaded, place in a greased bowl, cover with a damp cloth and put in a warm location until it is double in bulk.

Punch the dough down and turn out on a floured bread board. Knead until smooth and then, working with half of the dough at a time, pat and roll it out until very thin—like pie crust. Brush with a thin coating of the commercial sour cream. Dot with butter and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar. Roll up like a jelly roll and cut into 1-inch slices. Place with edges touching in greased baking pans. Let rise until double and bake at 400 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes.

ESCALLOPED CABBAGE

1 small head cabbage
1 3/4 cups thin white sauce
1 cup grated cheese
1/3 cup crisp bacon bits
1 tsp. salt
1/2 green pepper, chopped
1 cup buttered bread crumbs

Cut the cabbage into eighths and cook in boiling water for about 8 minutes. Place a layer of the boiled cabbage in a greased baking dish, then a layer of white sauce, green pepper and cheese. Repeat layers and sprinkle the crumbs and bacon bits over the top. Bake at 375 degrees until heated through and the crumbs are browned.

EMERALD MINT SAUCE

1 cup vinegar
1 cup sugar
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

1/4 tsp. green food coloring

Boil the vinegar and sugar together for 3 minutes. Remove from the fire. Stir in the mint flavoring and the green food coloring. Let cool. This should be just the right consistency, but it may be cooked a little longer if you want a heavier syrup. Served with lamb this makes a delicious and colorful sauce with just the right amount of mint flavor.

HAWAIIAN PRUNE PIE

1 1/2 cups pineapple juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
1 lb. dried prunes
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 tsp. nutmeg
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Pastry for two-crust pie

Add the pineapple juice and pineapple flavoring to the prunes and let stand overnight. Simmer until the prunes are tender and when cool, remove the pits. Add the butter flavoring, sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg, salt and orange flavoring. Place prune mixture in an 8- or 9-inch pastry shell. Cover with pastry strips 1/2 inch wide. Bake in a hot oven (425 degrees) 35 to 40 minutes.

BAKED PORK CHOPS

Use the number of chops needed for your family and spread each one with a small amount of prepared mustard, then dip the chops in beaten egg and turn in cracker or bread crumbs. Brown slowly in pan with a little fat. Arrange in a baking dish. Add a can of cream of chicken soup, cover, and bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees. Naturally, if you are preparing a large number of chops, you will need to use more than one can of soup.

MARY'S PINEAPPLE PIE

1 cup water
4 Tbls. butter
3/4 cup sugar
4 Tbls. cornstarch
1 2/3 cups crushed pineapple and juice
3 egg yolks
2 Tbls. fresh lemon juice
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Bring water and butter to boiling point. Pour over cornstarch and sugar which has been mixed together thoroughly. Stir until smooth, and then cook over very low fire (or in double boiler if you can't watch it constantly) until smooth. Add pineapple, beaten egg yolks, fresh lemon juice and Kitchen-Klatter flavorings and bring back to bubbling point. Remove from heat and cool. Then turn into a baked 9-inch pastry shell and cover with meringue.

Meringue

3 egg whites
6 Tbls. sugar
1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
Add cream of tartar to egg whites and beat until stiff. Add sugar slowly. Spread over pie (be sure to seal the filling at point where it touches crust) and bake in a 425 degree oven until well browned.

This is a big, thick pie that is absolutely delicious. It is a most happy change from the pineapple chiffon pies we usually run into when pineapple pie is encountered. — Lucile

PIMENTO CHICKEN BREASTS

5 whole chicken breasts
 3 Tbls. butter
 Seasoned flour
 5 thin slices boiled or baked ham
 1 7-oz. jar whole pimientos
 5 thin slices Swiss cheese
 1 cup chicken stock or diluted cream of chicken soup
 Salt and pepper to taste
 1/8 tsp. dry savory

Remove the skin and rub the meat with seasoned flour. Place a slice of ham, a half of pimiento and a thin slice of cheese on one side of each breast. Fold the other side over to cover this filling. The edges may be secured with toothpicks. Melt the butter in a heavy skillet and brown the chicken slowly on both sides until golden, about 20 minutes.

Add the chicken broth or soup to the pan, sprinkle the meat with salt, pepper and crushed savory, cover tightly and cook over low heat until tender, about 35 minutes. Remove to a hot platter and keep hot while you make the following sauce:

1 Tbls. minced onion
 1/4 cup chicken stock or diluted cream of chicken soup
 1 cup sour cream
 2 beaten egg yolks
 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 Salt and pepper to taste
 Pimiento bits

Add the minced onion to juices remaining in the pan, simmer for 3 minutes. Stir in the chicken stock, the sour cream which has been mixed with the egg yolks, the salt and pepper. Simmer gently until heated through and slightly thickened. Strain into a gravy boat and stir in bits of minced pimiento. Serve at once with the chicken.

COMPANY HAM AND POTATOES

1 cup commercial sour cream
 1/2 cup half-and-half (or light cream)
 Salt, pepper, paprika
 6 cooked potatoes, thinly sliced
 3 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
 1 cup diced, cooked ham
 1 cup bread crumbs
 2 Tbls. melted butter
 1/4 tsp. onion salt

Combine sour cream, half-and-half (or light cream) and salt, pepper and paprika (salt and pepper to taste just right, and a dash of paprika). Arrange 1/3 of the potatoes in greased 1 1/2-qt casserole, top with egg slices and then 1/2 of the cream mixture. Add another 1/3 of the potatoes. Sprinkle with ham and add the remaining cream mixture. Top with remaining potatoes. Toss crumbs with butter and onion salt and sprinkle evenly over potatoes. Bake in 350 degree oven for 30 minutes, or until bubbly.

Russell and I had not expected to see old friends, but circumstances placed us in their New Mexico home around meal time. This rich and delicious casserole was whipped up by our hostess in a few quick minutes, and we thought we had never tasted anything better. — Lucile

SOUTHERN CASSEROLE

6 hard-boiled eggs
 2 cups diced cooked ham
 2 cups canned whole kernel corn
 2 cups medium white sauce
 1 cup soft bread crumbs

Slice the eggs. Place half the eggs and half the ham in bottom of casserole. Add all the corn and cover with one cup of the white sauce. Add remaining ham, eggs, and cover with remainder of white sauce. Top with bread crumbs, dot with butter or margarine, and bake in a hot oven (400 degrees) 15 minutes.

NEBRASKA TOSSED SALAD

1 1/2 cups cabbage, shredded
 1/2 cup carrots, grated
 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
 3 Tbls. vinegar
 2 Tbls. water
 1 Tbls. cornstarch
 1/2 cup pineapple juice
 1 egg yolk, beaten
 3/4 cup mayonnaise
 1 cup cream, whipped
 Peanuts or coconut (optional)

Drain the pineapple and save the juice. Combine the cabbage, carrots and pineapple. Mix the vinegar and water together, stir into the cabbage mixture and refrigerate while you prepare the dressing.

Stir the cornstarch into the pineapple juice. Cook in the top of a double boiler until thick. Add the egg yolk and continue cooking for another minute or two. When this is cool, beat in the mayonnaise. Whip the 1 cup of cream and fold it in gently. Toss the vegetables with the salad dressing and chill until time to serve. Sprinkle a few peanuts or some shredded coconut over the top for garnish.

CABBAGE CASSEROLE

1 4-oz. pkg. dried beef
 3 cups cooked chopped cabbage
 1 1/2 cups medium white sauce
 1/2 cup grated cheese
 1 cup soft bread crumbs
 Chop the cabbage and cook it until tender. Shred the dried beef and cover with hot water. Allow to stand for about one minute, then drain. Combine the beef, cabbage and white sauce. Pour into a greased baking dish. Put grated cheese over the top and cover with the bread crumbs. Dot with butter or margarine. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 20 minutes.

DINNER IN A SKILLET

6 pork chops
 2 Tbls. chopped onion
 1 No. 2 can tomatoes (or 2 1/2 cups home-canned tomatoes)
 1/3 cup uncooked rice
 1 tsp. salt
 Pepper to taste
 5 or 6 green pepper rings (optional)

Brown the chops in hot shortening. Pour off the excess fat. Add the onion, green pepper and tomatoes. Season well and stir in the rice so it is all moistened. Cover tightly and simmer over low heat until the chops are tender — about 1 hour. This is an excellent dinner dish served with a green salad, hot rolls and fresh fruit.

PEANUT BUTTER BROWNIES

2 cups white sugar
 3/4 cup brown sugar
 1 cup School Day peanut butter
 1/4 cup vegetable shortening
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. salt
 4 eggs
 2 1/4 cups flour
 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder

Cream together the white sugar, brown sugar, peanut butter and vegetable shortening. Add the flavorings and eggs. The eggs should be added one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in the flour which has been sifted with the baking powder. Bake in a very large greased pan. (The 11 x 15-inch size is fine.) The temperature of the oven should be 350 degrees and the baking time, about 25 to 30 minutes, or just until done when tested with a toothpick. Don't overbake. Frost with a Caramel Icing

Caramel Icing

1 1/2 cups brown sugar
 3/8 cup milk
 3/8 cup butter
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 Bring all ingredients to a full rolling boil and boil for 1 full minute. Remove from heat and beat at once until creamy. Spread on warm brownies and cut while warm.

GRANDMA'S OATMEAL COOKIES

1 cup raisins
 1 cup water
 1 cup shortening
 1 cup sugar
 2 eggs, well beaten
 7 Tbls. juice from cooked raisins
 1 tsp. baking soda
 2 cups flour, sifted
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
 3 cups uncooked oatmeal
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 Nuts

Cover the raisins with the water and simmer until they are done. Cream together the shortening and the sugar. Beat in the eggs. Combine the soda and 7 Tbls. of the juice from the cooked raisins. Alternate this juice with the flour, salt and nutmeg which have been sifted together. Lastly, stir in the cooked, drained raisins, the flavorings and the oatmeal. A few nuts may be added if you desire. Drop by teaspoons on a greased cookie sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes. Grandmother did not have the black walnut flavoring for the rich taste of these cookies but had to depend on the nuts themselves. The flavoring gives it just the right nutty flavor which these old-fashioned cookies require.

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THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

by
Frederick

There has been a revolution in our house! I have revolted against the commercial sherbets and ices which I consider too sweet and pasty. It is easy to make them right in your own electric refrigerator, so, whether you agree with me or not, why don't you try this recipe just out of curiosity?

A MAN'S ICE

1 cup water
1 1/2 cups sugar
2 cups orange juice
1/2 cup lemon juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Boil sugar and water together for 5 minutes, then cool. Strain the fruit juices and add to the cooled syrup along with the flavoring. Pour into a refrigerator tray and freeze until it is mushy with an icy edge. Put into a mixing bowl and beat thoroughly. Return to the freezer and keep frozen until ready to serve. You can readily see the possibilities for variations in this recipe—a little of this and a little of that and you are famous!

In these days when so many people are concerned with overweight, it is a good idea to use ices and sherbets for dessert. In our home we actually eat more frozen desserts in the winter than in the summer. When we are vacationing at our summer cottage it is difficult to carry iced products through the woods without melting problems. Also, the refrigerator at the cottage is too small for much storage. In summer we eat more fresh fruit and pastry.

A MAN'S SHERBET

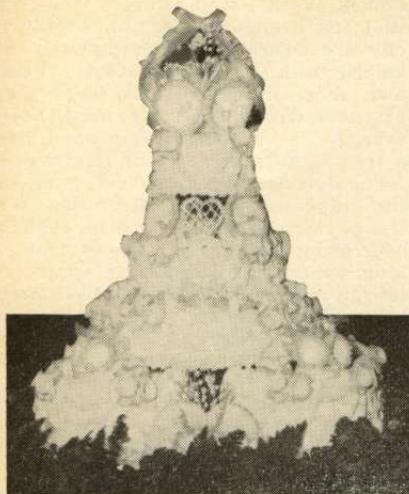
1 1/2 cups orange juice
Juice of 2 lemons
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
2 cups milk
1 1/4 cups sugar
1/4 tsp. salt

Soak gelatin in cold water. Add sugar and salt to milk. Heat until dissolved, then add the softened gelatin. Pour mixture very, very slowly into the fruit juices, add the flavoring. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze, stirring at frequent intervals.

SPARKLING SHERBET

24 large marshmallows
2 cups chilled cola beverage
1 Tbls. lemon juice
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Put the marshmallows and 2 Tbls. of the cola drink in a saucepan. Heat slowly, stirring, until the marshmallows are almost melted. Remove from the heat and continue stirring until mixture is smooth and creamy. Cool slightly. Stir in the remaining ingredients. Freeze in a refrigerator tray. When almost firm, turn into a mixing bowl and beat until smooth and fluffy. Return to the freezer until time to serve.



SMALL TOWN CATERESS

by

Hallie M. Barrow

Does a small town need a professional cateress? At Plattsburg, Missouri, a town of around one thousand, Mrs. Herbert Ditto speaks from experience when she says a cateress is needed more in a small town than in a city.

Cities provide rooms in restaurants, hotels, clubs, churches, lodges and halls of all kinds. Most any kind of catering service is available which the occasion demands. Usually, the only facilities in small towns are the church basement and the school gym. Serving, as a rule, is done by some organization which must do *all* the work. Cooking for such large groups, often out of their own kitchens, is a hardship to many people. Where churches are not equipped to serve one hundred or more people it also means a great deal of borrowing. Some willing chauffeurs must go out with baskets and persuade folks to loan silver, cups, plates, glasses, tablecloths, napkins, containers for flowers and, last but not least, tea towels.

Gathering necessary equipment in preparation for the affair is not half as laborious as returning it. When the last dish is dried and a real *let down* ensues, some one has to begin counting and sorting the borrowed articles. No doubt you've heard statements like these: "Strange, the only piece of Haviland we had on the table is the one piece that got nicked. How will I ever explain this to my mother-in-law? She was sort of lukewarm anyway when I asked for this chop plate."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Smith *did* send eight of her best silver forks. If one is missing we'll have to start going through the garbage. Don't anyone dare burn the papers or throw *anything* away until we've located every borrowed piece of silver."

Yet, in small towns there is a great deal of social activity, such as wedding receptions, home-comings, anniversaries, class reunions, P.T.A., school, church and lodge entertainments which involve guest lists of at least one hundred. But around Plattsburg this is no cause for concern; they have Mrs. Ditto.

The baking of elaborate cakes really started Mrs. Ditto in the catering business. One year she and her family went to the state fair. Mrs. Ditto stopped at the booth where the cake decorating was being demonstrated. She stood entranced, and, from that moment on, saw no other exhibit at the fair. When her family wanted her they went to the cake decorating booth! In fact, she began to lend a hand and even took over when the operator went for supplies.

Upon her return home, she started making lovely birthday cakes for her own family. These were elaborately decorated with icing roses, scrolls, birds and bows with streamers. In a short time her fame had spread until practically every child in town felt he had to have one of Mrs. Ditto's famous cakes to celebrate a *real* birthday. From this small start, she quickly graduated to making cakes for other social affairs. Once, when she had baked cakes for a large wedding reception, the hostess came for the cakes and said, "I'm just exhausted. I've been all over town borrowing silver and dishes. The punch is being sent out from the city in milk cans—suppose it will ever taste really good after miles in those cans? Why don't you just take over and do the *whole* thing? Couldn't you manage to buy a punch bowl and enough dishes for the serving?"

Mrs. Ditto did just that. Her equipment now includes two punch bowls with cups, dishes and silver for two hundred and fifty guests, a satin skirt to drape around the table, a long white linen cloth, a wedding cake server, silver bowls for mints and nuts, a large coffee maker, equipment for making punch for fifty at a time and a large quantity of tea towels. This much silver might seem to represent quite an outlay of cash, but thrifty Mrs. Ditto saved the coupons from the special cake flour she uses for her creations. Supplementing with a few purchases and trading stamp premiums, she was soon in business. She even managed to get a fine silver tray, creamer and sugar bowl with her flour coupons.

Everything is handled except the flower arrangements (with one exception: she does arrange the flowers on the large serving table so they will not interfere with her ornate cake masterpiece). She orders the napkins appropriately inscribed. Really, all the hostess needs to do is estimate the number of guests expected.

Everything which can be done ahead of time is managed early, but Mrs. Ditto waits until she gets to the party to make the punch. She also carries her cakes plain and does all the fancy icing after she arrives. This saves any chance of the elaborate cakes being damaged in transit. And, she cuts the cake! This is an art, too, and an amateur could wreck a beautiful masterpiece with just one awkward slip.

Mrs. Ditto loves her work. She still enjoys making beautiful cakes, but she says the most rewarding part is meeting people who need her services for they are always happy.

A TREASURE CHEST PARTY

by

Mildred D. Cathcart

Searching for a treasure can develop an air of excitement and a Treasure Chest Party will create suspense from the time the invitation is received. This party is appropriate for large as well as small groups and will appeal to a wide range of ages, too.

Enclose the invitations in a miniature chest fashioned from a small sheet of brown paper folded "envelope fashion". Let the flap resemble the lid of the chest. Draw on hinges and add a tiny padlock cut from gold colored paper.

The invitations will be most mysterious if you write them so they are invisible. Write them with lemon juice and enclose instructions to hold the paper above a candle (being sure not to let the paper catch fire). The lemon juice, when heated, will darken and thus the writing becomes visible. Or write the invitation on white paper with a white waxed crayon such as is used in writing names on Easter eggs before dying them. On these invitations, instruct the receiver to cover the white sheet with ink. The sheet will be dark with ink but the writing in wax will remain uncolored.

Games

TREASURE CHEST HUNT: Decorate a fairly large cardboard box to resemble a treasure chest. Inside the chest place a large number of articles, each beginning with the letter "C". Allow guest a limited time to search the chest before writing a list of items. To eliminate guessing, score one point for each correct answer and deduct two points for each wrong item listed. Include such articles as: candy, curler, coin, chain, clothespin, cooky, candle, calendar, check, comb, clock, cap, card, corn, corn cob, camera, can, car, cracker, carrot, cotton, cup, crayola, coal, checker, and collar.

FIND THE HIDDEN TREASURE: This game may be played in pairs or groups if the attendance is large. Give each group a stack of old magazines and scissors and a list of treasures to be found. They search through the magazines for treasures listed and the group to have the most complete list of pictures is winner. Ask them to find pictures of such treasures as: a ring, money, bracelet, billfold, fur coat, perfume, pearls, and Bible.

FIND THE HIDDEN TREASURE IN EACH SENTENCE:

1. At the fruit stand I saw a *pear*, *lemon* and *lime*. (*pearl*)
2. *Rub* your eye with your *elbow*! (*ruby*)
3. Will the *brace* *let* you walk comfortably? (*bracelet*)
4. A *car* in *gear* was left unattended. (*ring*)
5. He held his *cap* in his hand. (*pin*)
6. Bud Harmon *eyed* the new red bicycle enviously. (*money*)
7. We will *lunch* in a fine *cafe*. (*china*)
8. Neither the *Thames* nor *Ganges* Rivers are in America. (*organ*)
9. Mr. J. E. Weldon was the principal speaker. (*jewel*)
10. I will *mop* all the floors. (*opal*)

HOW DO YOU CELEBRATE EASTER?

by

Evelyn Birkby

Many times I have wished I could be twins or triplets so as to be in several places at once, but never is the feeling more acute than at Easter. I have stood on the shores of Lake Superior and watched the rising sun lifting, red-balled, over the distant horizon; looked along the rugged rocks which form the ridged Garden of the Gods in Colorado; walked up the hill south of Excelsior Springs, Missouri and prayed under the cross built upon its crest; appreciated the gently sloping grassy stretch of high bluff at the Waubonsie State Park in southwest Iowa and gazed in awe at the shrine of the Ages on the rim of the Grand Canyon in Arizona. Each of these places has one thing in common: each year they provide the location and the inspiration of God's wondrous world of nature for an Easter service. I would like to be in attendance at every single one of them this year for the glorious worship experience.

Since I cannot possibly be in so many places at the same time, I shall try to be satisfied with the thought that sunrise services are a world-wide tradition and I can truly worship in spirit with Christians everywhere.

The Moravian customs of Easter fascinate me, and have some very appealing qualities. The day before Easter the people go to the cemeteries and decorate the graves of their friends and loved ones. Then, while it is still dark on Easter Sunday morning, the church bells ring loudly to awaken the people. They dress hurriedly so they can join a band and a torchlight parade which is forming to march to the location of the sunrise service. And where is it held? In the cemetery! Standing with family and friends they remember lovingly those who have gone before. Just as the sun comes over the horizon the band plays and the people sing joyous hymns. The priest reads the words of the glorious first resurrection. What more appropriate place to begin Easter Sunday?

It would be fun to visit Mexico and watch as the people, dressed in bright happy colors, parade to church. In Russia the Christians have traditionally celebrated Easter by giving gifts to friends in memory of Christ's resurrection. In some places in England the churches' bells remain silent the latter part of Holy Week and then at dawn on Easter Sunday they peal forth melodiously.

What are some of the traditions of the church which you attend? Besides the glorious worship service itself, many denominations have an early breakfast for those who attend the sunrise service. Others have a sacrificial meal some time during Holy Week to stress the sharing aspects of the season. Our church holds a traditional sacrificial meal on Palm Sunday evening. Sharing in the actual physical hunger of the underprivileged of the world can be a deep spiritual experience. The menu never varies—it is composed of one cup of thin soup,



The three Birkby boys, taken last Easter.

two crackers and a cup of tea or coffee. A meaningful worship service, a film or a speaker presents the needs around the world and our responsibility to follow Christ's footsteps in helping to fill those needs. A free-will offering is taken and used to alleviate suffering somewhere in an area which might not have been reached if we had not sacrificed.

Easter music is a part of the celebration which adds much. I wish the churches, and the radio and TV as well, would begin to use the beautiful, meaningful hymns far sooner than they do. Couldn't the strains of the immortal hymns and oratories be sung and played for a month before Easter? I would like my children to become as familiar with "Christ the Lord is Risen Today" as they are with "Silent Night".

While we tend to think of the church as the center of the Easter celebration, there are many things which can be done at home to make it both a time of inspiration and family enjoyment. Set up a special place in your home to remind you of Easter. A small table (perhaps the same one you used for your Christmas creche) could be prepared with a pastel-colored cloth, spring flowers or a blooming plant, a picture of Jesus and a Bible. With young children it is not necessary to use a picture of the crucifixion; it is best to stress the joyousness of Jesus' love and the newness of life. Family worship can also be a most rewarding experience. Most churches have worship guides or devotional booklets which can be used. Listening to music together, singing spring songs and planning something special to make for someone who is ill or alone (such as an Easter basket) can all add joy to the season.

Start now to save Easter stories from magazines and the children's church-school papers. Paste them in scrapbooks so they may be read and reread. Really good Easter stories are not easy to find, but if you watch for those which express a springtime message of renewed life, the love of God and the love we show by helping one another, your scrapbook will grow quite rapidly.

We are all touched in one way or another by the celebration of Easter, whether it be through the church, through the newspapers and TV or in the traditions we develop in our own

homes. We are well aware of the fact that the events leading up to Easter day are basically somber and too involved with a condemnation of our own shortcomings to look upon part of them with gaiety. We need, however, to develop the season so it has a true significance for our family and for ourselves. We need not dampen the enjoyment of the celebration, for the gaiety of spring with its rebirth of growing flowers and leaves after a long winter are within the appreciation of children and adults alike. Here are visible, tangible signs of the resurrection! Easter egg trees, bunnies, candy eggs and the like are symbols of newness of life and are fun to include. Wearing something new is pleasant and can be meaningful if we tie it in with the fact that spring is such a bright pretty time we enjoy wearing new clothes and that they can remind us to keep ourselves as nice on the inside as we are on the outside.

Our Easter experiences need to tie in with Jesus' love of little children, with our thankfulness that God has brought the world around into another cycle of spring and that we want our lives to be fresh and clean and useful.

We need to get into the Easter Spirit of hope, understanding, fellowship, sharing, forgiveness and redeeming sacrificial love. We can if we will spend the next few weeks preparing our homes, our families and our spirits for the Master with the same intensity, although in a different pattern, as we prepared for Christmas.

How do you celebrate Easter?

KRISTIN WRITES ABOUT COLLEGE

Dear Friends:

Life on the campus at Northwest Missouri State College is growing more and more interesting every day. A year ago I was completely ignorant of all the new experiences that awaited me. I sympathize with any girls in high school who are facing the decision of whether or not to attend college and, even more difficult, which college to attend. These two decisions are very important ones, and a girl should try to make them as soon as possible in order to send an early application to the school of her choice as colleges are becoming terribly crowded.

In choosing a college, there are many things that should be taken into consideration. Some of these include location, size, courses of study offered, scholarships and loans available, opportunities for part-time work, and whether or not the school is accredited.

I decided to go to Maryville because I wanted training for the teaching profession. Although Maryville is a liberal arts college, it is strong in the field of elementary education. There is a laboratory school on campus and an excellent program for practice teaching is provided. Graduates from Maryville are assured of good teaching positions and, with the help of the placement service, they can almost always choose the location and type of community where they would prefer to teach.

Of course, this is not the only factor which influenced me in making my decision. I knew that I would be happier in a small college than in a large university. On my first visit to the campus I was thoroughly impressed by the friendliness of the students. With only some two thousand enrolled, the teaching staff can become better acquainted with the students and can give individual assistance in many cases.

My third reason for choosing Northwest Missouri State College was purely financial. Fortunately for me, I had taken the National Merit Rating Scholarship Test my junior year and was able to obtain a scholarship to help with some of the cost of my education. However, even without the scholarship, it would have been less expensive for me to go to Maryville than to other colleges I investigated. Some of you might be interested to know that the money made on the little runt pigs I've raised during the past several years has gone into my educational fund.

And so, because of the type of education it offers, because of its size, and because of financial reasons, I chose this particular college. This is probably one of the best decisions I have ever made.

College is a world in itself and, with the right attitudes, it can become one of the richest and most broadening experiences a person can have. The experiences I've had during this first year will benefit me in later life, I'm sure. For instance, living in a dormitory it is almost impossible to keep from becoming involved in the problems, goals, and different personalities of other girls, and this provides a golden opportunity to develop understanding, sympathy, and tolerance. College offers a lot toward the building of self-reliance. Independence brings responsibility and, for some students, this is one of the hardest adjustments of all.

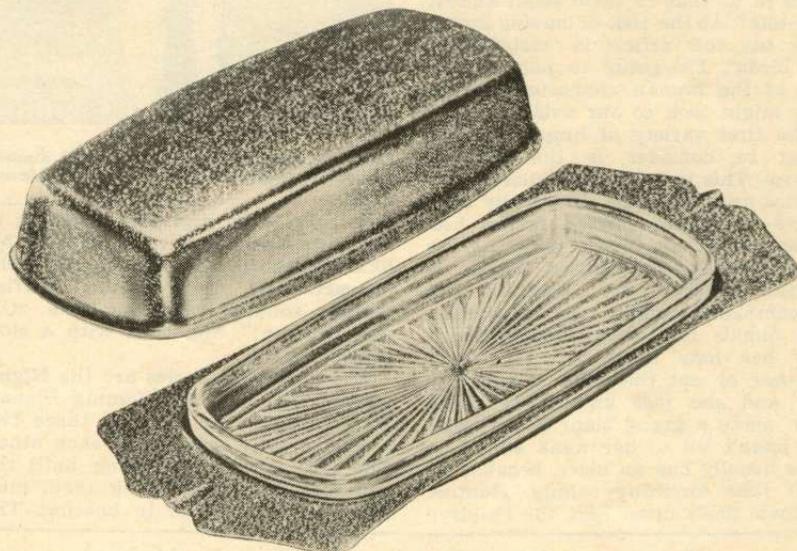
I've enjoyed my classes very much—especially English. My schedule for the first semester included English 11, Social Science 1, Biological Sciences 1, Literature for the Elementary School, and Material Summary for Elementary Physical Education. My classes for the second semester are as follows: English 12, Social Science 2, Physical Science 1, Health Education for the Elementary Teacher, American School Systems, and Regional Economic Geography.

The roommate I had the first semester didn't return to school for the second term. My new roommate is Flora Vargas from Costa Rica. Living with Flora adds something else to my now long list of new and broadening experiences. Because she had been in the United States only a short time, she still has difficulty expressing herself in English, although she reads and understands it quite well. Even though I studied Spanish for a year in high school, I'm unable to carry on long conversations in the language. But this is good, for if I continually spoke to Flora in her own tongue, it would take her just that much longer to learn English. The more she hears (Continued on page 19)

HAVE YOU HAD A CHANCE TO TRY OUR KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER?

We hope so—but if you're still not acquainted with it, be sure you have a supply on hand before you tackle Spring clean-up. It will chase away the grime from this hard winter like magic, and you won't be spending precious time fighting useless froth and foam.

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IF BIRDS WERE PEOPLE-WATCHERS

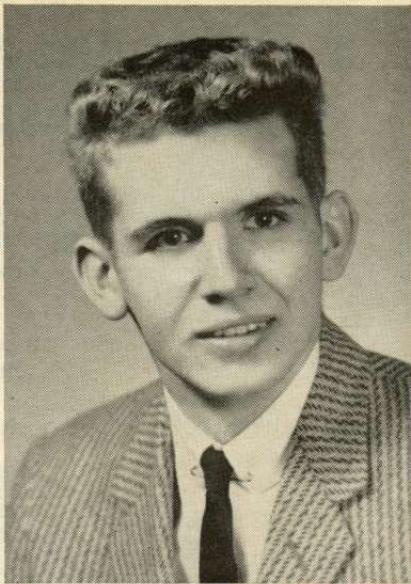
By

Esther Grace Sigsbee

Many people derive a lot of pleasure out of bird-watching. They sneak up on our fine feathered friends and while the birds aren't looking, observe their characteristics, note their coloring, their natural habitat and their manner of living. Often while observing, watchers find many habits in birds that seem almost human.

I wonder what it would be like if the shoe were on the other foot—or rather, if the notebook were in another claw. If the birds turned to people-watching, would they find characteristics in us that to them seem almost bird-like? At the risk of having somebody say this article is "strictly for the birds", I'm going to point out a few of the human characteristics as they might look to our avian friends.

The first variety of human we are going to consider is the Ruffed Grouse. This is not a particularly rare species and it's found practically anywhere—in homes, offices, farms, factories and at the bridge table. As the name implies, the Ruffed Grouse is always flustered over something and he complains audibly and constantly. The female is always stewing about how her hair looks, worries about whether or not the cake is going to fall, and she just knows she could have made a grand slam if her partner hadn't led to her weak suit. The male usually has an ulcer, because he can't take anything calmly. Routine business deals upset him, the children



This fine looking young man is Bill Sigsbee, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Sigsbee, Algona, Iowa.

drive him wild, and the headlines in the newspapers each morning send his blood pressure up ten points. The characteristic cry of the Ruffed Grouse sounds something like "Oh, me! Oh, my!", and ends with a slow sighing sound.

The next two species are the Night Loving Owl and the Homing Pigeon. Unfortunately, in humans, these two are frequently married to each other. The Owl doesn't get going until the sun goes down, and along about midnight he really gets to hooting. The

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MILLIONS

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Homing Pigeon, on the other hand, no sooner gets to a party when she seeks out her spouse and either by a quick grab of her talons or a cry from her beak, tells him it's high time they were flying home. There's a great deal of conflict between these two, and sometimes, if each follows his natural instincts, the Night-Loving Owl stays hooting away at the party, while the Pigeon heads for home—alone!

The Chickadee is a cheerful type to have around because it is always chirping. No matter how bad times get, the Chickadee always claims they are going to get better. If somebody breaks both of his legs, the Chickadee chirps cheerfully, "Well, it could be a lot worse, it could have been his neck." The Chickadee is always confident that her needs will be provided and, amazingly, most of the time she turns out to be right.

Then we have the Raven, a human of superstition and gloom. If the Raven walks under a ladder, it upsets him for days, and breaking a mirror can make him have a nervous breakdown which actually brings him the seven years of bad luck. The Raven looks on the dark side of any situation. If you give him a doughnut, he ignores the glaze and notices only the hole; if he sees a rose he doesn't notice the fragrance, just the thorn; and he always forgets your birthday, but remembers your age.

The type called the Mocking Bird can make beautiful music—only it's usually somebody else's song he is singing because he hasn't had an original idea of his own during his whole life. He simply echoes everything he hears regardless of the tune.

The Peacock is a vain type, and there are both male and female Peacocks in this world. The female spends three fourths of her time at the hairdressers or in front of the mirror; the rest of the time she shows off her new clothes. The male is not so proud of his clothes as he is of his classic profile, his bulging muscles, or his knack with the ladies.

Now, all self-respecting birds know that the more brilliant the plumage in a male, the drabber are the feathers of the female. It must seem strange to the birds that this is not true in humans. With them, the costlier and more glamorous the garb of the female, the plainer and tackier the clothes of the male. This, the human-watchers might note, is because by the time the human male pays for the fancy clothes of his female, he can't afford a decent set of feathers for himself!

Human-watching can be a strange and fascinating hobby. And it is not strictly for the birds!

ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

The point of all this is that I want those of you who are members of this branch of the Lutheran Church to know that some of us do appreciate your efforts on our behalf. This was a badly needed facility and as more and more families use the hospital, I'm sure you will receive their heartfelt thanks.

Sincerely,

Abigail

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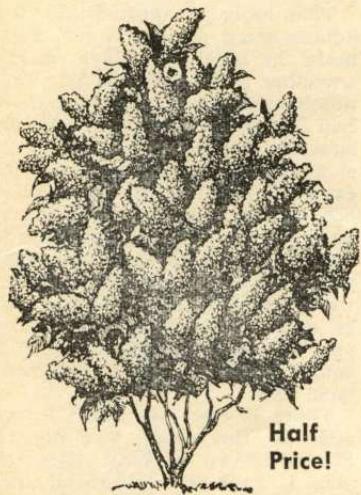
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LEANNA'S TULIP GARDEN QUILT

At your request Mother and I have prepared the pattern and directions for another one of her beautiful applique quilts—the Tulip Garden. If you would like to have these instructions, send 25¢ and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

It's Kitchen-Klatter Time!

Don't forget to turn on your radio every weekday morning when the folks at Kitchen-Klatter are ready to drop in.

KSMN Mason City, Ia., 1010 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

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

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

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

KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.

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

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

LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

After all, tourists constitute the single biggest industry in Mexico and if you stay on the tourist's run and demand the very best you can get away with a lot of money.

But we were lucky enough to find non-tourist places that were unbelievably cheap and amply comfortable—not plush places, you understand, but clean and comfortable. And of course it is in these places where you see Mexico as it really is and the Mexican people as they really are. This was what we wanted to do. I really can't see the point in going to a completely different country if one stays carefully only with his fellow Americans and lives just the way he does at home. We can do this in our own country, can't we? And for a lot of money you'll get a lot less in Mexico than you'd have in the United States when it comes to lodging and food . . . and I don't mean in quantity but in quality. Their idea of real American food falls somewhat short of our idea, and their idea of a good comfortable motel or hotel isn't exactly our idea. But you'll pay a lot for their conception of what Americans expect!

This is why I would like to take several letters to discuss Mexico—I have a pretty good idea now of how to travel there in a realistic fashion. You can have an unforgettable experience for a fraction of what it would cost in our country if you'll forego the usual tourist run.

Another thing you should keep in mind is the fact that if you strike out on your own minus a guide (Mexico City is the exception to this—you certainly need a guide in that seething city) you will save a big chunk of money. We ran into one couple from Denver who had spent \$150.00, American money, to go around with a guide for a very short time. Probably they could afford it, but we couldn't afford any such nonsense and I don't know many people who can.

Aside from Mexico City, there's no reason why you need a guide. The main roads are in excellent condition and with a map in hand you can certainly get wherever you want to go. (Don't turn a wheel without having in hand the most recent A.A.A. map; it is the only complete road map we ever saw and we would have had a bad time without it.) Only in remote places off the main roads did we run into the situation where no one spoke English and, since we speak no Spanish, it was a hopeless proposition to get information of any kind. Other than this, we found it possible to get pretty much what we wanted.

You're perfectly safe in Mexico, and when I referred to the extremely desolate and lonely stretches we covered I had in mind the trouble that would arise in case we had car trouble—nothing more. The Mexican people are so good-hearted and kind that it leaves one feeling humble. They'll go far, far out of their road to be of help to you. (There seems to be the general opinion that you should sort of keep a sharp eye out in Mexico City and since it's an enormous city with far too many desperately hungry peo-

ple, I think this is probably true.) But aside from Mexico City I think you could go *anywhere* and feel as secure and safe as you feel when you drive to the next town in our country.

Most people who visit Mexico today make the trip by plane and if you have very little time this is certainly the best way to go. But if you want to drive your own car and are willing to settle for not covering the whole country in a short period of time, it can be a tremendously exciting and inexpensive trip.

Russell just now came into my room where I'm writing and mentioned something that I must be sure to include. He says that if we had gone first to the Mexican consulate in El Paso (and I believe all border cities and towns have consulates) and gotten our tourist visas and then proceeded to the border, we would have saved all the stalling and fooling around that we experienced. It's a first rate mistake to turn up at the border without your visa firmly in hand.

Then he has suggested that I clarify details about car insurance. You estimate the number of days you will be traveling in Mexico and pay for that number; if you stay longer than you had figured on you can go into any insurance company and get an extension; if you leave sooner than you had expected you will get a refund at the border. The maximum liability insurance you can get on your car is \$5,000. The amount your insurance will cost you is based on the coverage you want. The maximum amount you can be sued for in Mexico, in the event you have an accident, is \$10,000. Their courts won't permit a judgment beyond this.

There is one last thing I want to add. In the event you depart for Mexico before my May letter reaches you, I want to recommend the Los Arcos hotel in Taxco. It is a thoroughly delightful hotel with marvelous service and it is incredibly cheap. I've stayed in quite a few places, but my very favorite hotel to date is Los Arcos—and I'll go ahead and say that my very favorite town in Mexico is Taxco. My, what a beautiful, beautiful place!

Until next month

P
Lucile

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HALF APRONS made of very nice prints nicely made and trimmed—\$1.50. Ad good any time. Mrs. Max Lanham, Paullina, Iowa.

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FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded
courage for whatever lies ahead. There is hope in every budding plant.

The big Thanksgiving service in our church is nice and I love our Christmas service, but oh, the joy and rapture of Easter! No matter how hard past months have been, no matter how great the burden of daily care and anxiety, the beauty, the music, the sheer loveliness of Easter gives a new faith, a new hope and a new determination to live life to the full.

Awake, thou wintry earth—

Fling off thy sadness!

Fair vernal flowers, laugh forth

Your ancient gladness!

Christ is risen!

— Thomas Blackburn

Sincerely,

Fredrich



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Live in far away South Africa, write interesting and entertaining "Chit Chat" News Letters to you each month.

We'd love to send them to you and make friends with you. A \$1.00 bill, just covers postage for the next year.

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Your \$1.00 returned if not satisfied.

Won't you write us to-day, we have a little surprise for you too.

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KRISTIN'S LETTER—Concluded

English spoken, the faster she will be able to speak it smoothly.

To sum things up concerning college life, it just can't be beat! I'm not saying that I think everyone should go to college, because there are many reasons why it is sometimes best for a person to decide against going. However, for the benefit of junior or senior high school students reading this letter, I would suggest that you think seriously about college. If you don't have the ability, that is one thing, but if you don't have the money, there are scholarships, loans, and jobs available.

Sincerely, Kristin Johnson

THE ANSWERER

I turn to Spring!
For answers to the questioning
the winter raises up in me,
I ask the freshly leafing tree.

To grass I put my hand. I feel
the warmth beneath. There is a zeal
in streams, a pulsing strength to air;
light trembles, and I go, aware . . .

The stony arguments of cold,
of darkness, bleakness, cannot hold
against replies the flowers bring . . .
I turn to Spring!

—Helen Harrington

NOW! A Flowering Shade Tree That Grows Roof-High In Just One Single Season!

Presenting the Pride of Great Britain — "The Ailanthus" — A Fantastic Super-Growing Variety That In Just One Single Season Grows Higher Than Even a Full-Grown Japanese Red Maple Tree — That in Just One Single Season Grows Higher Than Even The Highly Prized Flowering Dogwood — Yes, Actually Soars Roof-High In Only A Few Months' Time!

In fact, it grows so fast, so quick you can literally measure the difference in height from day to day!

Who says you have to spend \$20, \$30 or \$50 for a shade tree? — And who says you have to spend a lifetime growing it? Forget those foolish notions. Because this year you are going to grow THE MOST INCREDIBLE SHADE TREE ON THIS PLANET . . . one that will reach up and touch the roof of your house ALL IN JUST ONE SINGLE SEASON! . . . its branches decked out in lavish bouquets of glorious flowers.

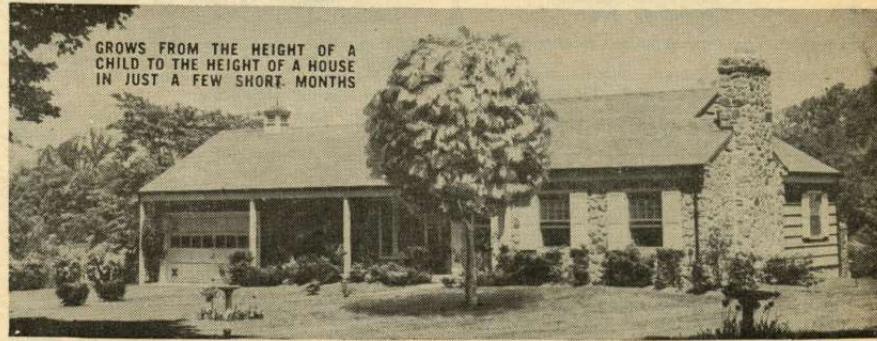
That's right, thanks to this miracle of nature, you are going to take any spot in your garden, on your front lawn, next to your patio or alongside your driveway . . . and in just a few months time you are going to see that barren, sun-beaten patch suddenly bathed in the cool shadows of a majestic-looking tree. Yes, a majestic-looking shade tree that surges skyward with such fantastic speed that you can actually take a ruler and measure the difference in height each and every day . . . up to 10, 12 or even 15 feet of towering beauty in a single season.

Honestly, there's just nothing else like it in nature. And remember — this magnificent tower-tall variety is not just merely another shade tree . . . but a flowering sky-scraper that at this very moment is adding indescribable beauty to state parkways, botanical gardens, million-dollar estates — why even planted by the French Government along the elegant tree-lined boulevards of Paris!

GROWS MORE IN ONE WEEK THAN MOST TREES GROW IN AN ENTIRE YEAR! DEFIES DISEASE . . . LAUGHS AT INSECTS . . . AND GROWS IN ANY SOIL!

That's right! Because nature has blessed this super-hardy variety with such incredible growing power . . . because nature has given this towering shade tree the astonishing ability to thrive and grow in virtually any soil . . . why even sand or gravel . . . and because this miracle-tree is practically immune to all insects and disease, it means that now you can grow a towering roof-high showpiece IN JUST A FEW MONTHS TIME . . . and without spraying, without dusting, without pruning or cutting . . . without even giving it more than a few moments of care. Just think what this means:

Capital Nurseries Sales Co. Inc., Mail Order Division, Dept. 732, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



Here it is! Ailanthus . . . a magnificent super-growing, super-flowering variety . . . that grows into a full-size shade tree faster and quicker than any other kind of tree ever grown in this country before. In fact, the spectacular, flowering beauty you see pictured here is really only a "baby in the tree-world"—only a few years old — yet it already stands higher and wider than many trees that are 10 or even 15 years older!

PLANT NOW! GROW A TOWERING, HEAVILY-BRANCHED TREE BY THIS SUMMER!

It means that if you plant just one Ailanthus today, in just a few short months you'll be rewarded with a majestic-looking tree standing in the middle of your lawn, beautifying your garden and increasing the value of your entire home. It means that if you plant them next to your patio, your patio will be shaded and cool all summer long for years and years to come. It means that if you plant one on each side of your driveway, you'll see these twin towering showpieces form the most graceful natural archway you ever laid eyes on . . . because this amazing shade tree thrives in any soil, grows in virtually any weather . . . and literally surges skyward foot after foot, season after season, no matter what the conditions may be!

USED BY PROFESSIONAL LANDSCAPEERS . . . IT'S GUARANTEED TO BEAUTIFY AND INCREASE THE VALUE OF YOUR HOME IN JUST A FEW SHORT MONTHS

Every home-owner knows that trees increase the value of your property. The more trees you have the more valuable your property. That's why growing a tree is like growing money. Only there's one trouble:

As you know, it takes 5 to 10 years for most trees to grow to a respectable size and even worse, during those 5 or 10 years, you have to nurse and baby these other varieties along. But this year, thanks to Ailanthus, instead of slaving half a lifetime . . . you are actually going to grow a huge, towering tree, just as high and just as tall as the one you see on this page, all in a single season. And remember . . . Ailanthus' almost unbelievable growing power has been demonstrated in the New York Botanical Gardens . . . on State Parkways . . . why even on the grounds of libraries, schools and hundreds of other public buildings. Therefore every statement you have read on this page is not just a dream or a hope or a theory, but a well established scientific fact that has been proven over and over again before we offered this amazing tree to the public on this special trial offer.

So if you would like to see a luxurious flowering shade tree standing in the middle of your garden by the end of the summer . . . if you would like to drive down your driveway under graceful flower-laden branches that form majestic archways of beauty . . . if you would like to grow a towering showpiece that leaps roof high in one season and that adds dollar after dollar of value to your home and property, each and every year . . . In other words, if you are interested in taking advantage of the most amazing garden offer in the past 50 years, and you are willing to spare the 5 or 10 minutes it takes to plant this miracle of nature . . . then you owe it to yourself to take advantage of the no-risk trial offer below! Remember, all you risk is the few moments it takes to fill out the coupon, and you have a lifetime of towering beauty and elegance to gain!

Now, the price of these super-growing shade trees on this special introductory offer is not the \$15 or \$20 apiece you might expect . . . but a mere \$3.98. Think of it! Just \$3.98 for this magnificent flowering beauty that will reward you with a soaring tower of beauty just a few short months after you put it in the ground.

SUPPLIES ARE GOING FAST — THIS OFFER EXPIRES IN 15 DAYS. ACT NOW!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Yes, if your miracle shade tree doesn't grow to roof-high size or more the first season . . . and up to 60 by maturity . . . if it doesn't soar higher than an elm, taller than the stately mountain ash, wider than a maple tree . . . if it doesn't grow so fast that you can actually measure the difference week to week . . . your money will be refunded — no questions asked. But supplies are limited . . . our growers cannot guarantee another collection of trees until 1964 . . . so ACT now!

Capital Nurseries Sales Co. Inc., MAIL ORDER DIVISION, Dept. 732
480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please rush me immediately the number of trees I have checked below for which I will pay postman the amount indicated plus C.O.D. and postage. I understand that you fully guarantee each tree I order to grow and beautify my home just as you have stated, or you will refund my money at once, no questions asked.

<input type="checkbox"/> 1 Ailanthus Tree	only \$3.98
<input type="checkbox"/> 2 Ailanthus Trees	only \$6.98 (a savings of \$1.00)
<input type="checkbox"/> 4 Ailanthus Trees	only \$10.00 (a savings of \$4.00)

Sorry, but no more than 4 trees per customer.

Name . . .

Address . . .

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

<input type="checkbox"/> SAVE MORE: Enclose cash, check or money order with your order and
<input type="checkbox"/> we pay all C.O.D. and postage charges. A savings of approximately 56¢.



Nothing adds more charm to a home than a natural archway at the foot of your driveway.



Plant a matching pair now — enjoy their beauty and shade for years and years to come.