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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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-H. Armstrong Roberts

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

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My dear Friends:

The mailman just went by, and although he doesn't stop at our house because our mail goes directly to the *Kitchen-Klatter* office, I miss seeing him stop at our neighbors' home. The Alexanders are still in Arizona, but they'll be coming home before long and the mailman will be stopping there again. I know when they have received a letter from one of their girls, for Eltora is right over to share the family news with us. We've been next-door neighbors and close friends for over 35 years. We're counting the days until they return.

I want to thank you for the wonderful letters I find in my mail. One friend wants a copy of the poem about the frogs in the cream bowl. I'll dedicate it to you who, like the second frog, have discovered a way out of your predicaments. I'm sure many of you have kept "swimming around".

Two frogs fell into a deep cream bowl;

One was an optimistic soul,
But the other took the gloomy view.
"We shall drown," he cried, with-
out more ado,

So, with a last despairing cry
He flung up his legs and said,
"Goodbye."

Quoth the other frog, with a merry grin,

"I can't get out, but I won't give in.
I'll just swim around 'til my strength
is spent,

Then I will die with more content."
Bravely he swam 'til it would seem
His struggles began to churn the
cream;

On top of the butter at last he
stopped

And out of the bowl he gaily hopped.
What of the moral? 'Tis easily found:
If you can't hop out, keep swimming
around.

Mrs. Fred Seevers of Hedrick, Iowa, wrote to me about a girl who had such courage. "My neighbor girl has been in a wheel chair all her life. She went through high school by teach-a-phone

and went through college at Ames, graduating last year. She is now working as a journalist in Manson, Iowa. The *only* thing she can't do is walk, for she loves to cook, sew, and do many things. Her parents bought her a new car and had it fixed so she can drive it. She wheels her chair to the car, pulls herself in, folds up the chair and puts it between the seats. She has driven to Virginia and Tennessee. She never says 'I can't', but 'I will try!'

This girl is only one of many who have risen above physical handicaps, and may God bless them all!

Are you one of those who, when something is misplaced around the house, can't rest until it is found? For the past few months I've looked and looked for a string of brown beads and a pair of silver candlesticks which had "mysteriously" disappeared. Everytime I had a few spare minutes I'd start the search all over again and it was getting to be a joke around the house! Finally they were found!

After school one afternoon, Martin stopped in to help put clean paper on the high shelves in the pantry. Out of curiosity he opened a big box containing an artificial centerpiece. And there were the silver candlesticks! I hadn't remembered packing them away in that box.

It was only a few days later that I remembered where the beads were. I put on a dress that I hadn't worn since last fall, and as I was dressing, I remembered that the last time I had worn it was on a week-end visit to Frank and Dorothy's.

Suddenly, my mind flashed to that visit and I remembered wearing the brown beads with the dress that day. The beads were tucked away in the side pocket of the suitcase. So, if you have also been searching for something around the house, maybe it, too, will turn up, just as mine did!

I had planned to start hooking a wool rug after I saw the lovely one Howard and Mae's daughter, Donna, had made, but instead, I've been making some

tea towels and embroidering some pillow cases. Those of you who ordered the envelope of embroidery patterns Dorothy is selling will be interested to know what designs I'm using. I think my favorites are the cross-stitched ones done in shades of blue. I did a pair of those first, but it was hard to choose from the many designs offered. There are enough to keep me busy for some time. The towels I've made so far will "stay at home", but when I have enough to replace the old ones, I'm going to start making some for birthday gifts coming up this spring.

I hope you have bulbs planted on the sunny side of the house so you'll have early blooms. I have such a bed south of our garage and we enjoy the early hyacinths, narcissus and red tulips. Our yard needs a lot of work done on it this spring. All available professional garden helpers are at work in the big nursery fields at this time of year, but Martin, our grandson, is a big help when it comes to mowing the lawn and doing the weeding (*when he knows which are weeds and which are flowers!*) so I'm fortunate.

My husband is one of a family of seven children. One sister, Anna, died about four years ago, and last month his brother, Bert, passed away. Although he had been in poor health for some time, he had seemed to feel better the last few months. However, he suddenly became worse and went to the hospital. That night he died in his sleep. He had many friends who will miss him, as will our family.

I just came back from the kitchen where I basted a nice, fat hen I'm having for dinner. I'm glad we never tire of chicken. We have it often for there is such a variety of ways to prepare it.

Since the chicken is almost done, it is time to put the potatoes on to boil. Until next month. . . .

Sincerely,

SPRINGTIME

Springtime brings primroses, songs of birds,

Sunshine, bright wonders of the world,
Green trees, blue skies, a flowering land.

Only a *kind* and *loving* God
Could make these with His hand.

Then, oft times, it's *spring* inside of me!

When days are long and full of dark despair,

No light for my path, no way for me to turn,

My groping feeble hands reach out
And God is *always* there.

— Mollie Dowdle

LETTER FROM LUCILE

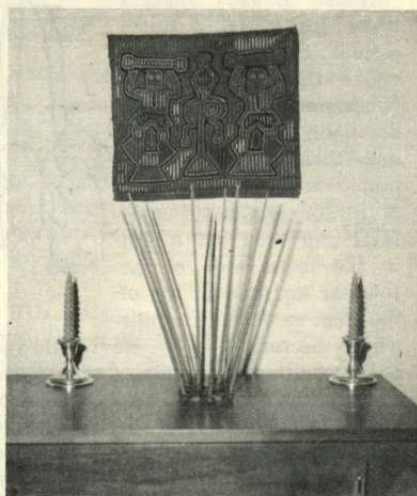
Hello, Good Friends:

This morning I awakened to just about the most welcome sound that Iowa can produce on any day in March: a robin tuned up to a splendid pitch and greeting the world with what could only be called wild enthusiasm. I don't know when anything has sounded so good. Even morning coffee tasted extra special, and at 6:30 when I fried the breakfast bacon it seemed to me that it smelled just a little different than winter bacon. This was pure imagination, of course, but if a dash of imagination can make a raw, blustery March morning seem less raw—well, more power to imagination!

Since I last wrote to you I've spent a little time in New Mexico, and I believe that one of the happiest moments of my life was when I stepped off the train and saw Russell looking well and vigorous for the first time in about eight months. (The calendar says eight months, but it seemed like eight centuries.) He'd gotten over the worst hump of adjusting to his new dentures and was able to eat again and consequently to put on some badly needed weight, so I felt actually giddy with relief as I greeted him. I'm sure there have been a lot of joyous reunions on that old station platform at Lamy, but I doubt if any two people have been happier than we were that night.

Incidentally, it may come as news to you to hear that the Santa Fe trains do not run through Santa Fe. (I could scarcely believe this when I first heard it.) If Santa Fe, New Mexico, the capitol of the state, is your destination when you're traveling by rail, you must board the train or leave it at Lamy, scarcely a speck in the desert about 24 miles or so south of Santa Fe. Lamy (pronounced as if it were spelled lay-mee) is a famous name in New Mexico for it was Archbishop Lamy who established the Roman Catholic church so firmly throughout the entire state. He is the subject of Willa Cather's beautiful book "Death Comes For the Archbishop", and this is a book that I'm sure you would find completely absorbing.

There was a time when Lamy amounted to something as a town and a big Harvey House hotel stood there to take care of travelers who could only get up to Santa Fe by stagecoach, but cars and a good road sounded the death knell and today you have to look hard to see the few buildings that are left standing. It can be a dreary place to wait for a train, and when your train is more than four hours late, as mine was, it seems a lot worse than just plain dreary. I should add that an old bus from Santa Fe meets all the trains, so



These two Christmas gifts thrilled Lucile and Russell. The highly unusual candleholder made of black wrought iron is a Danish import. Above it is an incredible piece of needlework done by the San Blas Indians. Dark wine colored cotton is used for the background, and every single line you see is a piece of applique; the entire thing is a solid mass of applique done so skillfully that no stitches are visible. It was purchased by old friends at the Jocelyn Gallery in Omaha.

you're not going to be left stranded in what looks like the middle of nowhere.

Just before we returned to Iowa we took a weekend trip with Juliana down to the border, and when I think of all the people who cover the southern route to Arizona and California (fully 75% of the cars we saw carried license plates from Midwestern states), it might be that some of our observations will come in handy for future reference.

The most direct route west is U.S. 66, of course, and when the weather is dependable it carries a tremendous amount of traffic; but during the winter months you run the risk of getting snowed in someplace along the way. If you can make it past Santa Rosa and Clines Corners, two spots on 66 that seem particularly subject to ice and snow, I'd suggest that you take a deep breath when you get into Albuquerque and revise your route. Instead of bucking 66 through northern New Mexico and Arizona, turn south on U.S. 85 and high tail it down to Las Cruces and U.S. 70-80. Your chances of running into ice down there are practically nonexistent.

In Albuquerque there are countless motels—in fact, when all that neon is flashing at night it looks like nothing but motels in search of a city. These motels cover the whole price range, of course, and probably the best ones are all about equally comfortable; but I'd like to mention the place where we stayed because it was completely different from any motel we've ever seen,

and for a variety of reasons it's worth going to take a look at even though you don't spend the night.

On the east side of Albuquerque there is a new shopping center called Winrock, and if I'm not mistaken, this was developed by Winthrop Rockefeller—thus the name Winrock. (The University of New Mexico gets a handsome income from Winrock since it owns this land.) Not only is Winrock a beautiful shopping center in itself, but for handicapped people it has the tremendous advantage of being laid out in such a way that you can get around without too much stress and strain. Anyone who has to count his steps will find this shopping center a real joy rather than a nightmare.

Now it may seem strange to hear that a big motel has been built right there, but that's where "White Rock" is located—right in the shopping center! This *could* be a mighty poor location when you think of all the activity that goes on in a large shopping center, but the moment you step into your room you are in another world for the entire motel is built around an incredibly beautiful Japanese water garden with graceful bridges giving access from one section to another, lovely plantings, little islands, stunning rocks, and everything else that goes into making a wonderful Oriental garden. At night it is illumined so artfully that you could actually believe you were thousands of miles from New Mexico. As I stood there looking out I was hard pressed to believe that we were only a stone's throw from busy stores and throngs of people. And I should add that the noise made by traffic and people was entirely cut out by an exceptionally fine job of sound-proofing.

We had very good food in the coffee shop of Diamond Jim's right next door, so between two delicious meals, a chance to sleep beside a beautiful water garden, and the opportunity to do some shopping in one compact area—well, you can see why Winrock is well worth going to see if your route takes you to Albuquerque.

Now if you're turning south at Albuquerque you'll pick up Highway 60-85, and I doubt if you're impressed by anything you see along there. The driver won't see anything under any conditions because it's a poor road and it carries very heavy traffic, but thank goodness it only goes on for around 20 miles, give or take, and then you hit a fine new Interstate that lasts for quite a spell. By the time you reach the end of the Interstate you're away from heavy traffic, and from this point on it's simply a question of grinding out the miles that lead to Las Cruces.

(Continued on page 22)

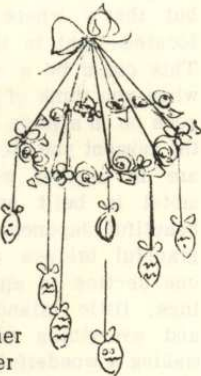


By
Mabel Nair Brown

Egg Mobile Canopy:

Begin with a styrofoam wreath approximately 12 to 14 inches in diameter. Cut 8 streamers of pastel-colored ribbon (1/2 in. width) about 24 inches in length. Tie one end of the streamers together and then tie the other ends around a flower wreath, spacing them an even distance apart.

For the next step, you will need decorated egg shells. These are prepared by pricking a large hole in each end and blowing out the inside, then dyeing the shells with Easter dyes. Decorate them with sequins, glitter and tiny artificial flowers. Glue the egg shells onto the ends of streamers which vary in length from 8 to 18 inches, and hang down from the wreath. Suspend the mobile from the ceiling or a lighting fixture.

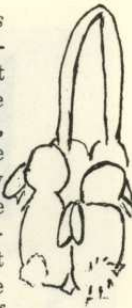


Spring Party Straws:

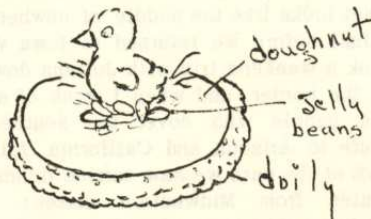
Why not decorate the beverage straws for your spring parties? They may all be alike, or each one might be different. You could use construction paper, or felt, to cut out cute little bunnies, chicks, butterflies, birds or flowers. Give the bunny some features and glue on a bit of cotton for his tail. Add sequin or glitter trim to flowers or butterflies. For each straw, cut two designs alike and glue them back to back. Use a punch to make two holes in the decoration so the beverage straw can be slipped through it.



Easter Bunny Baskets make lovely table decorations, tray favors, or nut cups. Use pink or blue construction paper. First, draw a 2 1/2-inch square and then draw a bunny rabbit sitting on each side of the square. Cut out carefully and then cut a slit in the lower side of the left ear and one in top of the right ear. Punch a hole where the tail is to be. Next, fold the bunnies up on each side of the square and fold the ears back. Put a square of cotton in the bottom of the basket and pull a bit of it through the holes to make a fluffy cotton tail for each bunny. Lock all the ears at the slits, glue on handles and you have a basket!



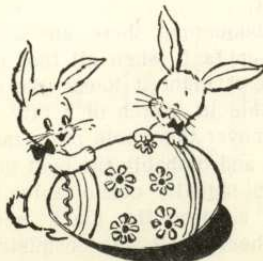
Doughnut Nest Favor: Children will love these! Place a doughnut on a lace paper doily. Inside the doughnut hole, place a bit of Easter grass—or tinted green coconut grass. Add a few jelly bean eggs and perch one of the tiny yellow cotton Easter chicks, such as you can buy in the dime stores, on top. These make darling little tray favors, too. The finished result should look like the picture below.



Puffin Chicks: Use two small styrofoam balls, one slightly larger than the other, and with a toothpick, fasten the two together for the head and body of the chick. Use pipe cleaners to form the feet.



Stick a fluffy chicken feather in each side for wings, and one at the back for a perky tail. Bits of felt, or tiny buttons, may be used for eyes and beak. Place a small artificial flower on the head for Miss Puffin Chick's bonnet.



HE IS RISEN!

Shy violets bloom within the tufted grass,
And the forsythias are a golden mass
Of beauty welcoming a sound
Of joyous notes that echo all around:
Glad Easter bells are ringing far and wide
Across the land, because the Crucified
Is truly risen even as He said,
And can no more be numbered with the dead.
Men everywhere are gathered once again
To lift their voices in the old refrain:
Sweet words first known beside the opened grave,
When by the resurrection Jesus gave
Assurance that His death on Calvary
Swung wide the door of Immortality!
—Thelma Allinder

THE EASTER LILY

The Easter lily
So pure, so white,
Is a symbol
Of His love and light.

The lonely tomb's
Darkness was torn
When He stepped forth
On that Easter morn.

Radiance shone 'round Him,
And angels so fair
Were tending blossoms;
White lilies perfumed the air!
—Helene B. Dillon

RENEWAL

Beyond Gethsemane darkness,
And wintry cold of fear,
Came Resurrection glory,
Easter, with spring-like cheer.
This was a new beginning
Of hope for all mankind,
And we God's great renewal
In spring-time surely find.

—Pearl E. Brown

EASTER PARADE

The world is watching as Milady Fine
Arranges anew her ermine-cloud shawl,
Sunbeam pendants cling in April-washed hair
Beneath dew-tipped leaves of her lace parasol.

Wafting sweet fragrance of lilac perfume
She Easter-parades her bridal wreath gown;
Walking off honors on lady-slipped feet,
Mother Nature is beauty-toast of the town.

— Evelyn S. Cason

A LETTER FROM ABIGAIL

Dear Friends:

Today is a classic example of spring weather in Denver and why there isn't much of it. The temperature is warm, the wind is blowing wildly and another snowstorm is bearing down hard upon us. A very large percentage of the annual precipitation for Denver occurs during the spring months, and believe me, it is really *vital* that the snow accumulates in the mountains *this* particular spring for our winter has been a dry one. The spring snows are essential if the reservoirs, which keep the city in operation all summer, are to be filled.

Now that we have a ski enthusiast in the family, there is a daily report on the amount of fresh snow that has been added in the mountains. Emily has discovered that skiing is like every other sport—when you see an expert, it looks easy and effortless; when a novice attempts the same thing, the contrary is true.

She has also discovered that one day of skiing can dissipate several dollars in a hurry. Being a very thrifty person it has been a real eye-opener for her to discover how quickly her carefully nurtured savings have been depleted. She has to rent her skis, poles and boots, buy a bus ticket, and buy a tow ticket. Occasionally she takes a lesson which costs three dollars. She packs her lunch but since they are out all day, she usually buys a bowl of chili during the afternoon. All told, it really adds up to a sizable sum.

Wayne and I have been very firm about insisting that she pay all of these costs herself. We want her to learn first-hand just how many hours of hard work it takes to finance such pleasures. Also, we had been warned how careless some of these young people are with their ski equipment. They leave it up on the ski slopes or in the buses and it bothers not one bit that it has to be replaced by their parents. Emily lost her ski boot laces once and she paid the dollar for the new pair; and that is the only item of equipment she has lost. This is really not as easy as it sounds for there are about 25 different pieces of clothing and equipment per person. Multiply that by 39 other people on the bus, and multiply this figure by the other people up on the slopes the same day and you can tell how simple it would be to lose or forget part of your things.

Alison's expensive taste runs to horses. An hour's riding is much cheaper than skiing but the season lasts the year round. She ferreted out a stable that rents horses for a dollar an hour and it also has an indoor ring. She is not old enough to have the job



Although another pet has been added to the Driftmier household in Denver, Colorado, we have an idea that Lucky, their poodle, still holds first place in their hearts. Kristin (Frank and Dorothy's nineteen-year-old daughter) is shown here with Emily and Alison.

opportunities that Emily has—a situation hard for her to accept. Alison has never been as thrifty as her older sister—animals, candy, etc., are such a temptation. But in recent months the lure of riding has been stronger. Right now she is putting aside every cent to buy a pair of cowboy boots. Wayne and I classify cowboy boots as a definite luxury and have insisted she purchase her own. As a result, she has given up riding in order to save for the boots. Also, I think she just may be regretting the Christmas gift money she spent to buy a new hamster.

The last time I mentioned hamsters we had "Hammy" who was then living in the walls of Alison's classroom. The school janitor succeeded in building a trap that captured the elusive "Hammy", but the little thing must have caught cold for shortly thereafter he died. He was buried with due ceremony on the grounds of a nearby estate owned, appropriately, by a wealthy mortician.

Wayne and I have never caught the charm of the hamster as a household pet. But all our arguments about their limitations for a small home that already has a dog, fell on deaf ears. We finally agreed that if Alison wanted one badly enough to use her own money, she could have one. She was feeling rather flush from a crisp five dollar bill so she purchased "Rody" and the necessary hamster equipment and food. Now "Rody" is cute as can be but he never comes into sight during the day or early evening hours. He buries himself completely in cedar chips. All told, his performance as a pet leaves a bit to be desired!

One of the advantages of living in a city with the geographic location and climate of Denver is that there is always a great variety of things to do and see. The disadvantage is that one is constantly tempted to do more than one can afford. Wayne and I feel that the children must learn realistic limitations to their wants and desires. Some of their acquaintances have parents who sacrifice everything just to permit their children to keep up with the wealthiest children in the schools.

In a suburban community such as this there are a great many high-income families. But there are also many families of moderate means. Unfortunately, there are very few families with an extremely limited income; they live elsewhere. Thus the children in their daily lives have a distorted experience about the economic facts of life. Our children are still quite young to be able to comprehend what slum living is really like. All Wayne and I are attempting to do now is to teach them to live sensibly within their means. We want them to learn to accept the fact that they cannot have and do everything that everyone else appears to do. But also we want them to learn that by giving up what is less important and by saving, they can do and have some of the things that are really most important to them.

Since Spring may be hiding just behind the ensuing snowstorm, I'd better start sewing some more warm-weather clothing.

Sincerely,
Abigail

Listen to *Kitchen-Klatter*.

FREDERICK'S LETTER TO YOU

Dear Friends:

There was something I meant to tell you in my last letter and then forgot to mention. It isn't often that I have the fun of talking over the phone with readers of *Kitchen-Klatter*, but that privilege was mine when my secretary told me that while I was out of the city a Mrs. Harry Wright attended our church and was disappointed not to have an opportunity to meet me. Mrs. Wright was visiting her son at our local Air Base, and so I called his residence and had a nice chat with her. She told me that she had been reading my letters for many years and had never dreamed that one day she would have a chance to attend my Springfield church and get to meet me. If any of you other *Kitchen-Klatter* readers have occasion to visit relatives at Westover Air Base, I do hope that you'll call me on the phone and, if possible, come in and worship with us at South Church.

I had a fine letter from Mrs. Horace Wynn of Omaha. In it she told me how much she enjoyed the "Date Pie" recipe that I shared with you. When she mentioned that she had used black walnut meats in her pie, my mouth began to water! You see, the people here in the East don't use black walnuts, and oh! how I do miss them. I remember how as a boy I used to gather the walnuts and then get my hands stained from fingers to wrist husking them. They still are my favorite nuts, and I wish that people out here used them in their cooking the way you people in the Midwest do.

Do you remember my telling you about the terrible theft we had here in the church last September? Well, the thieves struck again a few Sundays ago and took two brand-new ladies' coats. One of the coats belonged to my Betty, and the other belonged to a member of our church choir. They were stolen from the parish house during the church service. When my young David learned about his mother losing her coat he said: "Gee, Mom! For nine years Daddy has been telling you to get a new coat, and when you get one it is stolen the first week you wear it! That doesn't make sense!" Indeed it doesn't! How grateful we were to have the kind of an insurance policy and the right kind of an insurance agent to take care of the matter for us. Several times in our life the Driftmiers have been so very, very grateful for good insurance coverage. There was one serious accident situation that would have cost us a great deal had it not been for good insurance.

One thing I have learned about insurance--it is no better than the agent from whom it is bought! Some people



Frederick Driftmier is a minister in Springfield, Massachusetts.

have told me about all the trouble they've had getting good insurance settlements, and when I relayed our own experiences, they were amazed.

Speaking of church thefts reminds me of a frightening development in our church. After the big theft last September, we had a young man placed on our staff as a night watchman. He lives in a small apartment that we have in our parish house, and is here every night to check the doors, etc. Last Saturday night he was attending some affair at one of the local colleges and didn't get in until about eleven o'clock. A neighbor saw him entering the building and not knowing that he lived here, she called the police.

You can imagine what happened when a few minutes later the young man heard a noise in the building and left his bedroom to investigate. When he stepped out into the upstairs hall, six big policemen surrounded him with guns drawn. Of course the police thought he was a robber, for whoever heard of a man living in the parish house of a church. Fortunately, our boy, Andy, was able to convince the policemen by showing them a copy of our church paper which carried an article about his living in the building. The next day I wrote to the Chief of Police and thanked his men for taking such prompt action and apologized for not having let them know about our night watchman.

I know the police were disappointed not to catch a real thief, for several of our Springfield churches have been robbed during past months. A big church just two blocks from here was not only robbed, but was also vandalized. The robbers did more than \$1,000 in damage to doors and windows.

For the past few weeks I have been up to my neck in real estate matters. And how does a protestant minister get involved in real estate? It involves my position as Chairman of the Board of Public Welfare for our city. Our present Public Welfare building is an old school building that was given up by

the city several years ago. At one time it was quite adequate to meet the needs of the Welfare Department, but with thousands of people receiving public assistance, and with more than 100 employees in the Department, new quarters must be found.

The recent business slump and general economic decline in this area have made several large downtown buildings available, and I have spent hours being guided through big business blocks from basements to roofs. As a result of all this, I have learned more about city real estate than I ever knew before. The cost of heating these big buildings is fantastic! Just the cost of maintaining and operating electric elevators is a large item of expense. The next time I go into a downtown shop to buy something, I am not going to complain of the cost without first thinking of the awful overhead that must be met by the merchant.

In the Springfield area we are anxiously watching the growth of these so-called "Discount Houses" that are being built in large numbers all around the outskirts of the city. Some of them are so big, that I don't see how they can survive without a tremendous volume of sales, and the sales they make are sales that were not made in the downtown area. Since I have a downtown church, I do not like anything that attracts potential customers for the shops, and members for the church away from the heart of the city.

We hope that we are beginning to see a shift in the population trend with some of the older suburbanites now giving up their large homes and moving into the smaller downtown apartments. It costs so much to care for a large country home, and even when people can afford it, they often cannot find the necessary help. On the strength of that argument, one of our enterprising neighbors is building a beautiful apartment house just three blocks from our church.

I'm writing this in my office and in the background I can hear our church choir rehearsing Easter music. One of the anthems is familiar from my childhood in Iowa. When I was a boy, I never dreamed that one day I would be the minister of a large, city church. It is strange how much at home I feel here, and yet when I consider how deep are my roots in this rocky Massachusetts soil, it should not seem strange. It was my grandfather, Solomon Elijah Field, who left this lovely Connecticut River Valley of New England so many years ago to make his way to Shenandoah, Iowa, and now his grandson has returned.

Sincerely,

Frederick



O Glorious Dawning

An Easter Worship Service

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting

We borrow the lovely tradition of the Easter arches from Mexico to use as the backdrop for this service. If it isn't practical for you to use the entire setting as described here, use the worship setting and omit the arches. But, Easter is such a special day that you'll be amply repaid for any extra effort involved when you see how much the beauty adds to the program.

You'll need a small oblong table in the center of the setting. Drape it in graceful folds of some soft blue material. Place a low arrangement of white flowers on the table with a gold cross behind it. The over-all effect should be such that the cross appears to be rising from the midst of the pure white flowers.

Use a heavy No. 9 wire to make five arches, bending the wire in horseshoe shape and fastening the ends to wooden bases. Cover the bases with green paper. Four of the arches are to be large enough so the speakers can stand beneath them. The fifth one should be larger and placed directly in back of the worship setting to frame it. Cover the arches with greenery and on the four smaller ones, fasten spring flowers. On the center arch, fasten white flowers, and across the top place the word "Peace" in large gold letters. The arches are placed in a slight semi-circle across the stage, the larger one in the center.

As her turn comes in the program, each of the four speakers takes her place beneath an arch and speaks, remaining there until the conclusion of the service. Easter music, played softly on a piano, organ or record player, will greatly add to the service. The Leader stands to one side in front of the stage.

Worship Service

Quiet Music

Call to Worship: Leader

"Sing of our Lord's resurrection, sing of our soul's rebirth;
Sing while the currents of springtime surge through the dormant earth.
Peace is the message of Easter, peace from our risen Lord,
Peace that He left us in parting, rest can alone afford.
Faith finds in the Cross a fortress; hope, and abiding stay.

Love--let it glow and illumine hearts on this joyful day!"

Song: "Christ the Lord is Risen Today"

Scripture: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." "I will trust and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song." "Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in their midst, and said unto them, 'Peace be unto you; as my Father has sent me, even so I send you.'"

Prayer: "Father, we ask for faith to know and truly believe ours is a risen Lord, that because He lives, the foundations of life for us are restored. Give us the joy of Easter, Father, the joy in renewal, in the beauty of Thy handiwork, and in the promise of rebirth. Grant to us the hope, the reassurance, that comes from the empty tomb. We may walk beside Him, if we will, and through Him all things are possible; through Him comes peace. Amen."

Song: "For the Beauty of the Earth", verses 1 and 2.

Leader: "I will trust and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song."

First Speaker: "The medical dictionaries list over 300 human phobias and fears--fear of failure, fear of marriage, fear of poverty, fear of public censor, fear of other creeds, other races, fear of war, and others.

"Some fears are necessary and constructive, but too many of us, under the pressures of our time, are allowing ourselves to be ruled by our fears. There is something wrong with our health and our faith if we live in constant fear and dread.

"In the 1800's a covered bridge more than twelve hundred feet long spanned the Connecticut River at Springfield, Massachusetts. The story is told that a farmer with a load of hay came to the bridge, took one long look down the long, dark wooden structure, then turned around and drove off. When someone asked him why he turned back,

he answered, 'Well, I could get in all right, but I could never have squeezed through that little hole at the other end!'

"This optical illusion points up one of our problems today. We read and hear of threat of war, the tragedy of race riots, the forecasts of economic depression, and it narrows our perspective until we are tempted to give up and say we can't make it. Our doubts will be overcome if we have faith

"We have no cause for despair. The tunnel ahead may be dark, we may not be able to see the end at all, but we know that God is with us as we travel the tunnel. He will be there at the end. With our hands in His we can walk confidently into the future."

Leader: "One thing I do, forgetting what lies behind and straining forward to what lies ahead, I press on."

Second Speaker: "Easter is a time of rebirth, a time for renewal of spirit, that we, too, might step forth with courage to face that which lies ahead. But one thing we must do--we must make up our minds which way we are headed!

"A mechanic in an auto repair shop in Brooklyn has built a two-way car, using two old cars that were identical. This car has two fronts, two motors, two steering wheels, so that it can be driven both ways. When it is standing still, no one can tell in which direction it is headed.

"So many of us are like that; we want to go two ways at once. We keep looking back, yet we know we ought to face forward. We can recognize the need for us to serve, yet we selfishly turn a deaf ear. We want to stay young, but we have to grow old. We call ourselves Christians and want to try to follow our Lord's example, but we are sorely tempted when such rosy pictures are painted by 'the opposition'!

"We must make up our minds which way we are headed, set our course and press on, else our inner conflicts will make us miserable, and in the end, destroy us. We, too, like Paul, can find that it is in Christ alone we find that inward unity and singleness of direction that gives us peace and power for living. Then it is that we will come to see that even sorrows or mistakes in our struggles cannot defeat us if we but put our hands into God's and press on.

"Let my heart grow in grace, let Thy Light shine till my illumined face shall be a testament read by all men that hate and selfishness are buried, self-crucified--newborn, the spirit that shall rise on Easter morn."

Leader: "To set the mind on the flesh is death, but to set the mind on Spirit is life and peace."

(Continued on next page)

HELPS FOR JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET COMMITTEES

By
Mabel Nair Brown

It's time to start planning the Junior-Senior banquets and proms. Certainly these Junior-Senior functions are among life's BIG MOMENTS for those involved. No amount of planning, saving, and work seems too much for ambitious juniors, bent on making this the "best one ever". Here are a few "skeleton" suggestions upon which we hope some of these banquet committees can turn their imaginations, and "take it from here".

Alpine Holiday

Mountain peaks, a little Swiss chalet, a ski-lodge, ski-run, ski-lift, tiny sweet shops, and bakery shops, are a few details which will help to transport the guests to their "Alpine Holiday". Wall paintings, or backdrops, can be mountain scenes. A waterfall and picturesque pool can be contrived with odds and ends and a bit of ingenuity. Artificial grass, rocks, and a child's wading pool may be the basic components.

Cotton covered with angel-hair and artificial snow will make realistic snow for the mountain peaks and ski-run. The porch of the ski-lodge can serve for the orchestra pit, or the stage for program numbers.

The waiters, of course, and others who keep the party going, will dress in Swiss costume. The boys can wear little, feather-trimmed Alpine hats, and shorts with decorated Swiss suspenders of colored felt. The girls will be attractive in white, puffed-sleeve blouses, dirndles, and black bodices.

Magnolia Time

The beauty of the "Old South" can come alive with lovely magnolia trees, suggestions of plantations, singing minstrels, cotton fields, showboats, and Mardi Gras all rolled into one lovely package. One long wall of the hall might be taken up by the showboat. A suggestion of movement can be effected by a revolving paddle wheel. Other walls can be lined by picket fences, backed by masses of flowers. Wisteria, easily made with fluted and looped crepe paper in orchids and pinks, can be suspended from hoops about the overhead lights to provide the desired soft lighting effect.

The program (or orchestra) will be effectively staged if the stage itself is faced with pillars and railings, and approached by wide steps. Trailing vines will add "age".

Broadway Musical

With teen-agers everywhere so music conscious, a wonderful prom idea might be worked out by using the theme of "The Music Man", another favorite, or a combination of all. Records (large discs cut from black poster paper, with large colored centers labeled with names of selections from hit musicals) can be used as decorations. Another idea is to get old records of various sizes, and spray them with gold or silver paint.

If a variety of musicals is to be the theme, large posters, each depicting a different show, can make effective wall decorations. Songs from the show, or shows, selected, can provide ideas for program numbers, skits, and pantomimes. The dance band can feature songs from these musicals from time to time.

Hollywood Premier

The white or red carpet treatment is indicated here, with a canopy out front, and doormen to welcome the celebrities (seniors). The doormen can be re-

splendent in band uniforms with liberal additions of gold decorations. Flood lights should play on the incoming guests; velvet (or velveteen) ropes should be placed to keep out "sight-seers and gate crashers".

The general tone should be one of not-too-restrained elegance. However, it would be fitting that the walls be covered with sketches of the celebrity seniors. (And for this night, *every* senior is a celebrity, so there should be a sketch of every one.)

Camera hounds among the juniors could take "for-real" publicity shots. Other juniors could carry "for-real" autograph books. This should be a *royal* entertainment.

Every banquet and prom committee has a way, invariably, of coming up with something fabulous. It is true that what starts out to be a Hawaiian theme often emerges as a Greenwich Village gala. But that is the idea behind this article--a "jumping-off place" for you clever planners. Good luck!

WORSHIP SERVICE - Concluded

Third Speaker: "We have been reminded how nature again and again proclaims the resurrection---the rebirth, the new growth Triumphantly, gloriously the first green leaves and tender buds burst forth from the bonds of winter's clasp to 'declare the glory of God and to show his handiwork'. Can His human creatures do less?"

"Easter should be the reminder to us, too, to declare His glory and to set our minds on the Spirit. How sad that we so desperately need to be reminded--we, who are so prone to set our minds on death, on worldly anxieties, on winning conflicts for power, for wealth and prestige. The world so desperately needs optimists---those who will break the 'Gloom Barrier'!"

"We should set our minds on peace, and here we so often falter and fail. If we face the truth, we must admit that much of our ill health, nervous tensions and human frictions are caused by deep-seated troubles, and ailments need deep-down therapy. The remedy lies in the inner cleansing of the spirit as we turn our mistakes, our failures and hates over to a loving God. Only then can we hope to be lead away from death and despair into the way of life and peace.

"Let these words of assurance be a comfort to us: 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; Yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.'"

Leader: "Peace be unto you; as my

Father hath sent me, even so I send you."

Fourth Speaker: "Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? The cost of Peace comes high. Let not any of us think peace of mind is cheaply bought. Beautiful structures and sturdy towers are not built with cheap materials and slovenly workmanship.

"The same is true in dealing with the basic structure of life. In our anxiety to build quickly and easily we are willing to use shoddy materials. A beautiful spirit and peace of mind do not come by chance, nor without expense. They are not 'cheap'. True discipleship may well mean cross-bearing, a continuing dedication and a strict sorting of values, but we can be assured that the wisdom, the strength, the courage and the peace will be of a quality and of an endurance that is not bought at the bargain counter. May quality, not quantity, be the true measure of our living---our peace."

Song: "God Will Take Care of You" or "Wonderful Words of Life".

Benediction: "Ever-living Father, renew now this Eastertime, our faith in thy never-ending providence, our love for Thee and our good will toward our fellowmen. Out of the hope, the courage, and the strength of this glorious Easter dawning, we do now humbly commit unto Thee the days which lie ahead. Amen."

THE STROMS ARE MAKING LOTS OF PLANS

Dear Friends:

Oliver just came in from taking "a turn around the yard" and said that he is amazed at the spots of green showing up on the ground. My! how time does fly by!

We've decided to dig up the strawberry bed this year and plant that space in annuals. The past few years we haven't had as many flowers for cutting as I would have liked to have had, so it will be fun to have a wide variety again.

With spring house cleaning under way there are countless things to be done around the house. Some of these have been tackled and some are still waiting to be done. I like to clean the closets and sort clothing early for we have a rummage sale at the church in the spring and it's a good time to weed out items that we no longer can use. I've taken one load of winter clothing to the coin-operated dry cleaning establishment and have a few things put away in plastic bags. I've learned to go at this gradually for I've been too optimistic in other years and found a few warm days followed by a blizzard!

After looking through wallpaper books with Mother, I got "the bug" and decided that it is time we did a little papering and painting around here too. It takes me forever to make up my mind what I want for there are so many patterns to choose from. There is no need to hurry, however, for our paper hanger hasn't yet started on the work at the folks' house. By the time he works through his list to our name, we'll surely know what we want.

We're planning to have the house painted, too, but there will be some remodeling to get out of the way before that job can be started. The back porch has to come off and a new one built on to replace it, and part of the front porch floor must be replaced. Five years ago a carpenter was doing some work around the outside of the house and I can remember as if it were yesterday that he shook his head and said, "Someday someone is going to fall right through that floor!" Well, no one has, but maybe we've been plain lucky in that respect! Actually, it wasn't that bad, and that side of the porch is seldom used, anyway.

Many of you tell us in your letters that you're always interested in ideas for club programs. We've had some very outstanding programs in the federated club I belong to and I thought you might like to hear a bit about them.

In January we reported on the books we had read in 1962 and each member gave a thumbnail sketch of the book she enjoyed most.



Our most recent picture of Margery, taken at the Verness' home.

In February we had a fascinating book review on the Junior High age child and his relationship with his family. Some of us have just been through this period so it was fun comparing notes after the meeting.

Our March meeting will be coming up in a few days and will be a luncheon. I've asked Evelyn Birkby to talk to us on our heritage of religion, since it will fit in so nicely with Lent.

Because I might forget to tell you in future letters about the remaining meetings, I'll finish out the year for you right now and tell you what is coming up. Occasionally our club likes to include a program on handicrafts with members learning a craft and actually making something at the meeting. This could aptly be called "Take Time to Laugh"! (Our theme this year is "Taking Time".) You see, we don't have much faith in our artistic abilities, and we are very apt to have some good laughs that day! The member who has charge of this program, however, is extremely talented and makes beautiful ceramics.

We conclude our club year in May with a picnic and our speaker will be our American Field Service exchange student from South Vietnam. I've heard her on one occasion and she is a darling! I must remember to tell you more about her in a future letter.

I want to thank all of you who took time to send instructions for knitting foot warmers and dog sweaters. I'm making a sweater for little Jake (Lucile and Russell's Chihuahua) in dark green. Since the weather has gotten warmer, he won't be needing it until next fall; I'm glad that he is so tiny and won't be growing any more. I'm ready to put my knitting away for the time being, but next winter I'll get busy on the foot warmers.

The last time Dorothy was in town I helped her assemble her transfers and put them into the envelopes. I wasn't a very good "helper", however, for I kept stopping to look at them! I sorted

out some patterns for pillow cases, bought what I needed on my last trip down town, so I'm ready to start embroidering again. Since my new cross-stitched quilt is done in red, I'm going to make some cross-stitched pillow slips in the same color.

I think I've mentioned in past letters that Martin is a member of the high school mixed chorus. The group participated in a choral festival held here in Shenandoah this winter which was concluded with an evening performance open to the public. Oliver and I went, of course, and it was a thrill to hear this choir of over 400 voices. Now they are preparing numbers for a trip to Iowa City to attend a choral clinic. This will be Martin's first trip to an out-of-town event of this sort, and he's looking forward to it. When I was in high school, trips out of town for contests and clinics were the high spots of the year. I can still remember the excitement we felt while waiting for ratings to be posted!

Oliver has finished with his testing and counseling in the high schools in the surrounding territory for this year. We're hoping, now that this phase of his work is concluded, that we'll be able to take a short spring vacation. (Although we're confident that our plans will work out, I hate to be definite about it until I start packing my suitcase!)

This would be a nice time of the year to drive down south a ways, and if we can squeeze in enough days away from work, we're hoping that we can make it as far as Mississippi. I've heard so much about Natchez and the gorgeous homes and gardens in that area that it would be fascinating to visit them. Oliver has been studying the atlas to see if we can manage the distance. He's traveled all through that area and has in mind some of the things he thinks would be of special interest to me which I, in turn, could share with you friends.

The possibility of taking this trip was another thing that prompted me to sort through the closets! I'll need lighter-weight dresses than I'm wearing now. I decided I'd be ready for it usually works out that we have notice of only a day or two in advance of leaving. But this family is used to short notice!

And speaking of *short notice*, Martin just dashed into the house and announced that he has to eat early because of something going on at school tonight, so I must jump up from the typewriter this very minute and start supper.

Sincerely,

Margery



A MODERN GRANDMOTHER TAKES TO A PARLOR INSTEAD OF TRANQUILIZERS

By
Nadine Mills Coleman

A parlor I wanted, and now have—a retreat such as my grandmother had—one quiet, orderly spot that was company-ready at all times. A restful room it is, with red velvet chairs and sofa, floral carpeting, lace curtains from ceiling to floor, figurines, and hanging lamps glittering with prisms.

Strangely enough, little people, including my young grandson, seem to sense that a parlor is not the place for sprawling, or snacks, comic books, or even television. Best manners are called for when scrubbed children wearing awed looks come to look at stacks of old-time cards through a stereoscope, or to listen to the magic roar of the sea coming from a large pink shell. It is a room to be entered, for the most part, by invitation, and this in itself brings out a child's best manners. A privilege it is to stretch a toe to the parlor organ, pull out the stops, and listen to the bellowing sounds that can come from small fingers.

A parlor is pure gain regardless of the age of the visitor, and it probably explains why grandmother's nerves could stand up to the stresses and strains of her day. I have not, as yet, dressed in sweeping sprigged mull and gold locket, for an expected caller, but the thought persists.

THE LEGEND OF THE DOGWOOD

A Lenten Meditation

By
Mildred D. Cathcart

Choir: "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?"

Speaker: "When springtime comes and the beautiful dogwood blossoms abound, we can look at them and learn a wonderful lesson from their legend. According to the story, the dogwood was once the strongest of trees. Perhaps that was the reason it was chosen to make the heavy cross our Saviour had to bear. The tree, though outwardly strong and rough, had a soft and tender heart. The dogwood grieved as it saw the suffering of the Lord and knew it, too, had contributed to His agony."

Choir: "The Old Rugged Cross"

Speaker: "The Lord knew the suffering of the dogwood and said that

never again would the tree be so grieved. Henceforth, the tree would grow twisted and weak instead of straight and strong. It would be impossible to fashion it into a cross."

Soloist: "Beautiful Words of Jesus"

Speaker: "Never again would the dogwood tree be used for a cross, but it would forever bear a resemblance to it. Each blossom has four petals symbolic of the cross. On each petal a brownish color reminds us of the nail prints and a faint touch of brightness reminds us of the blood shed at Calvary."

Choir: "Crucified"

Speaker: "But one cannot look at a beautiful, blossoming dogwood tree and remain sad. We look beyond the cross and see the light of the resurrection. We remember the words of the angel, 'He is not here; He is risen!'"

Choir: "The Holy City"



THE LEGEND OF THE THREE TREES

Three trees stood in their forest clan,
Where each tree grew for the good of man.

The three trees prayed a humble prayer,
For each tree wished for honors rare.

The tallest tree prayed that it might find

A spot in a palace where men were kind;

It prayed that its strength might ever be

Used to harbor royalty.

The second tree asked to be used in a ship,

To feel the waters lash and whip

As its proud prow hit the hissing spray,

Voyaging to countries far away.

The third tree lifted its branches strong

And asked that its prayer might not be wrong,

But it wished to stand so straight and tall,

It would point an upward way to all.

The first tree's timbers, sturdy and fine,

Were carried away to Palestine,

Where, far from the palace for which it prayed,

In a humble barn that tree was laid.

But in that stable a King was born,
And His presence hailed by a Star at morn,

And angels sang and shepherds came:
The wide, wide world now knows His name.

The tree that prayed a ship to be,
As a fishing boat sailed Galilee;
The Master sat in its prow one day
To talk to men of the Holy Way.

The tree that asked that it not pray wrong,

Became a cross, tall, straight and strong;

It lifted aloft the Holy One

By whose blood men's souls were won.

(From a Church bulletin)

PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT AT DONALD AND MARY BETH'S

Dear Friends:

Our little ones are asleep for the afternoon, so while Eloise keeps an eagle eye on the neighborhood I shall make good use of the peace and quiet. Eloise has chosen our large low has-sock, which is pushed up close to the front room picture window, to snoop on the comings and goings of every truck and car in the area. She also waits patiently for Katharine to come into sight on her trek home from school each afternoon. The front window now has nose prints in addition to many finger prints! So, if any of you drop in on me, don't be scandalized by the looks of the front window.

I mentioned to you last month that Katharine had started taking piano lessons. We've revamped our living schedule a mite to accommodate her practice time, and, much to my amazement, it is working out very successfully. We get up an hour earlier, Katharine dresses and makes her bed while I fix breakfast; she comes down and plods through her breakfast (and I do mean *plod*) and *before* school time, she puts in forty-five minutes of good, hard piano practice. As a result, she is ready for school a wee bit earlier and has, in fact, ceased arriving at school tardy.

I had high hopes that Donald, Katharine and I would be able to slip into this new early-hour breakfast by ourselves, but NO! the minute the alarm clock in our room rings, every pair of sleepy feet in the house hits the floor. Adrienne and Paul stagger down the hall with their blankets in tow, stumble down the stairs, pad across the living room, and flop themselves down on the davenport while I prepare breakfast, and *that* is the end of any hope of a quiet breakfast! I've tried to persuade them to stay in bed but this only dissolved them into tears and sad walls so I decided it was simpler to give in on this particular subject.

So many of my friends have children who sleep until 7:30 or later in the morning, but *never* has one of mine. I think it is ridiculous for them to get up at 6:00 but I haven't the strength to lock horns with them that early in the morning. I'll say this much for early risers: by noon they are so utterly tired that an afternoon nap is irresistible to them.

I also told you last month about Paul' not yet getting mumps. He didn't and he didn't *and he didn't!* He passed his incubation period so, deciding that he was impervious to germs, we went (for the first time in five weeks) down the street one nice afternoon to visit my friend, Alice



The family room is an ideal place for Mary Beth Driftmier to sit down and read a book to her children, Paul, Katharine and Adrienne.

Krebs, and her little ones. The very next day he puffed up like he was getting mumps and, sure enough, he was! I was sick at heart. Not because I had had five weeks of semi-isolation from visitors, nor that Paul had finally burst forth, but I had beautifully exposed my best friend's children after we had both taken extra precautions to avoid just such a happening.

Well, we holed-in for another week with the final case of mumps. I called Mr. Frey, the photographer, and scheduled a third date to have pictures taken (I had cancelled after each case of mumps). He obliged and came quickly, fortunately, because within two more days Paul broke out with brilliant red spots, which, accompanied by a fever, looked like measles. It wasn't, I learned after a hurried trip to our doctor, but rather, it was an offshoot of Asian influenza, officially titled "Echo 9"! How's that for a fancy name for a disease? It was *highly* infectious, I was told, so once again we were under an honor-system quarantine.

I must tell you one more tale of adventure that happened to us since last month, and it all hit on one day. Adrienne was recovering from her siege with the mumps and I saw a day coming up in which I could accomplish great deeds in the housework area. Before Captain Kangaroo was over (9:00 a.m.) Paul slipped on the stairs and tumbled backwards and hit the floor like a ton of bricks. He screamed and cried for hours, it seemed, and when he finally quieted down all he was interested in doing was sleeping. He put himself to bed and immediately drifted off to sleep. I began to get a little alarmed, so I watched him closely and roused

him frequently. He slept until noon and then began to vomit. His Daddy and I rushed him to the doctor at noon and learned that he had suffered a mild concussion. He was to go home and remain QUIET for several days under close observation. I am developing an ability to accept these emergency conditions with a considerable degree of calmness and cool-headed control, *but* once the pressure is off and the emergency passes, I go slack and take on the condition of putty. So you can imagine that neither Don nor I were prepared for the second emergency in that day that kept us up until dawn.

At 10 o'clock that night our neighbor came screaming at the back door to call the fire department. His house was on fire! And indeed it was! He and his wife snatched their four-year-old out of the upstairs bedroom just minutes before it would have been impossible to enter the upper floor because of the choking smoke. Their telephone was out of order instantly so they couldn't call the fire department. The electricity went out and they were unable to do anything but grope through the downstairs to snatch clothing out of closets. They bedded their children down at our house and then sat helplessly in our living room while their house was ruined by fire. The entire upstairs was burned out and what remained downstairs was smoke-damaged and black with tramped-in ashes. It was a horrible thing to watch—I doubt if Don or I will ever forget it or cease to take extra precautions against such a disaster. There was a beautiful snowstorm raging that night, and the view from our window of the fire trucks'

(Continued on page 19)

**MARY BETH'S SPECIAL GELATIN**

- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 2 pkgs. strawberry or raspberry gelatin
- 1 pkg. frozen strawberries or raspberries
- 1 can cranberry sauce
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 cup ginger ale

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Place the frozen chunk of berries in this gelatin mixture and slowly stir until block is dissolved (about two minutes). Next, add the cranberry sauce and stir until smooth. Add and stir in the final three ingredients. Allow this to set until slightly congealed. (This will not take long because the frozen fruit will have cooled the mixture considerably.) Finally, pour this into an oiled 9-inch ring mold and chill in refrigerator until ready to serve.

JEFFREY'S APPLE TOPPLE

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 3/4 cups boiling water
- 1 can apple-pie filling
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 cup grated cheese
- 1/2 cup cream, whipped

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Chill until almost set. Mix the pie filling, spices and lemon flavoring together. (If your family does not care for highly spiced apple pie, cut down a little on the amounts given.) Save out 1/4 cup of the lemon gelatin, stir the rest into the apple mixture, and pour into dessert dishes or individual molds. Chill this while you whip the cream and stir into it the 1/4 cup lemon gelatin mixture, sugar and cheese. Spoon this over the top of the apple layer and chill until firm.

This may be made into a very delicious pie using exactly the same recipe in a graham cracker pie shell.

BANANA BREAD

- 1 3/4 cups flour, sifted
- 1 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup nutmeats
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1 cup mashed bananas (This will be 2 or 3, depending on size.)

Sift all of the dry ingredients together, except sugar, which is creamed with the vegetable shortening. Add the butter flavoring and then the eggs, one at a time. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the mashed banana and lemon and banana flavorings. Stir in the nutmeats. Pour into a greased loaf pan and bake at 350 degrees for about 55 minutes.

APPLEBUTTER DROP COOKIES

- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup spicy applebutter
- 2 1/4 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

12 maraschino cherries, chopped
Cream the sugar and shortening together. Add soda to the applebutter and then stir well into the creamed mixture. Sift together the flour, salt and baking powder; add alternately to the creamed mixture with the milk. Lastly, add the chopped nuts, vanilla flavoring and maraschino cherries. Drop by teaspoon onto greased baking sheet, not too close together, and bake at 350 degrees for about 10 to 12 minutes, or until delicately browned. These cookies are very moist and keep well.

CREAMED 'N CURRIED GREEN BEANS

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. water
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- A sprinkle of pepper
- 1 9-oz. pkg. frozen, cut green beans, partially thawed
- 1/2 cup commercial sour cream
- 1/4 to 1/2 tsp. curry powder (The amount depends on how well you like curry powder.)

Combine butter, water, salt, pepper and green beans in saucepan. Cover tightly and heat to steaming over medium heat; reduce heat and cook until beans are tender.

Blend curry powder into sour cream. Toss cooked beans with sour cream until well coated. Serve immediately.

—Abigail

ORANGE-OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups flour, sifted
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 cups oatmeal
- 1/2 cup dates, chopped
- 1/2 cup walnuts, chopped

Combine the shortening, sugar and eggs in a large bowl and beat well. Add the juice and flavorings and continue beating until well blended. Sift the dry ingredients together and stir into the batter. Lastly, stir in the oatmeal, dates and nuts. Drop by teaspoons on a greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven, 375 degrees, for 12 to 15 minutes.

PINEAPPLE ALMOND CREAM

- 1 No. 2 can (2 1/2 cups) pineapple tidbits
- 1/4 lb. large marshmallows, cut in eighths
- 1/4 cup maraschino cherries, cut in fourths
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
- 1 banana, diced
- 1/4 cup slivered toasted blanched almonds (If you don't want to use almonds, substitute 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring, by adding it to the whipped cream.)

Drain the pineapple, reserving syrup. Combine pineapple, marshmallows, cherries, bananas and 1/4 cup of the pineapple syrup. Let stand for 1 hour. Fold in whipped cream and spoon into sherbert glasses. Sprinkle with nuts. Chill. This will serve 6 or 8.

SAVORY STEAK STRIPS

1 beefround steak, cut 1/2 inch thick
 1/4 cup flour
 1 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/8 tsp. pepper
 1/4 tsp. paprika
 3 Tbls. lard
 1 medium onion, thinly sliced
 1/2 can condensed consomme
 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
 1 2-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
 1 cup dairy sour cream
 1 cup rice
 1 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. ginger
 2 cups water

Cut steak into narrow strips about 3 inches long. Combine flour, salt, pepper and paprika. Dredge steak strips in seasoned flour and brown in lard. Pour off drippings. Add onion, consomme and Worcestershire sauce to meat. Cover tightly and cook slowly for 45 minutes. Add mushrooms and green pepper and continue cooking for 30 minutes. Stir small amount of steak mixture into sour cream. Then add sour cream to steak strips and cook just until heated through. Combine rice, salt, ginger and water in a pan. Cover tightly and cook slowly until rice is tender, about 14 minutes. Serve steak strips on the rice. Serves 6.

DELICATE CHOCOLATE CAKE

1/2 cup shortening
 1 cup sugar
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/2 cup cocoa
 1/3 cup cold water
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
 1 cup cold water
 3 egg whites, beaten
 3/4 cup sugar
 1 1/3 tsp. soda
 2 Tbls. boiling water

Cream together the shortening, sugar and salt. Mix the cocoa and 1/3 cup cold water together until smooth. Add to the creamed mixture. Stir in the flavorings. Beat in the cake flour alternately with the 1 cup cold water. Beat the egg whites until almost stiff, gradually add the 3/4 cup of sugar and continue beating until you have a stiff meringue which will stand in firm peaks. Fold this meringue carefully into the batter. Lastly, dissolve the soda in the boiling water and stir gently into the batter. Pour into a greased and floured 9-by 13-inch pan and bake in a 350 degree oven for 35 to 40 minutes. This makes a very tender, moist and nicely colored cake.

CANNED FISH BOATS

1 can (10½ ozs.) condensed cream of celery or cream of mushroom soup
 1/2 cup milk
 1 can fish (crab, tuna or salmon), drained and flaked
 1 Tbls. lemon juice
 2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
 1 canned pimiento cut in strips
 1 Tbls. finely chopped onion
 4 oblong hard rolls
 Soft butter

Blend soup and milk in a pan. Add drained canned fish, lemon juice, green pepper, pimiento and onion. Heat thoroughly.

Hollow out centers of rolls, leaving bottom and sides about 1/2 inch thick. Brush insides of rolls with butter and toast in broiler. Fill boats with hot fish sauce.

This simple recipe using staple items might add a quick and interesting variation to a Lenten menu — Abigail

CREAMED CHICKEN ON RICE

1/4 cup green pepper, chopped
 1/4 cup butter
 3 Tbls. flour
 1 1/2 to 2 cups milk
 Salt to season
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 2 1/2 cups cooked chicken, diced
 1 small can pimiento, diced and drained

Lightly brown the pepper in the melted butter. Add the flour and blend. Stir in the milk, mushroom soup and salt. Cook over low flame, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add the chicken and pimiento. Continue cooking and stirring until all ingredients are heated through. Serve on hot, fluffy, cooked rice. This is also good served on hot, buttered toast or the crisp, little square rice breakfast cereal.

ELLEN'S SHEET COOKIES

1/2 cup sifted flour
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/3 cup salad oil
 1 egg
 2 Tbls. milk
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 oz. unsweetened chocolate, melted
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Mix together the flour, sugar and salt. Make a well in these dry ingredients and pour in the remaining ingredients except the nuts. Beat well. Spread the batter in a large cookie sheet with sides which has been well greased and floured. Sprinkle nuts over the top and bake at 400 degrees for about 8 minutes. These are cut into bars when done. The cookies are very, very thin.

HAMBURGER-NOODLE CASSEROLE

1 lb. fine noodles cooked in salted water until tender
 1 med. sized onion
 1/4 lb. grated American cheese
 1 lb. fresh ground beef
 1 can tomato juice (2 cups)

Fry beef and onions together in skillet until beef is browned and onions are tender. Add this to the cooked noodles and stir in the cheese. Pour 1 can tomato juice over all and bake in greased casserole in a slow oven, 325 degrees, for 30 to 40 minutes.

This is an excellent dish for those days when you are busy with housecleaning or the week-day wash and can't spend much time in the kitchen.

WHITE CHIFFON PIE

One 10-inch pastry shell
 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
 1/4 cup cold water
 1/2 cup sugar
 4 Tbls. flour
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 1/2 cups milk
 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
 1/2 cup whipping cream
 3 egg whites
 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 cup coconut
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
 1/3 cup chopped maraschino cherries

Soften the gelatin in the cold water. Mix in a sauce pan the 1/2 cup sugar, 4 Tbls. flour and salt. Add the milk and heat, stirring constantly until the mixture boils. Let cook for 1 minute and then stir in the gelatin. Cool until partially set and beat until smooth. Add the vanilla and almond flavorings. Whip the cream and fold it in. Carefully fold in meringue made of the egg whites, 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar, 1/2 cup sugar and coconut flavoring. Fold in the coconut and chopped maraschino cherries. Pour into baked pie shell and chill until set, about 3 hours.

TUNA-EGG PUFF-UP

Combine contents of one can cheddar cheese soup with 1/3 cup milk and heat through. Remove from heat and add 2 cups cooked rice and contents of 1 can (7 ounces) tuna. Combine 1/4 cup bottled lemon juice, 3 beaten egg yolks, and 2 Tbls. each of minced parsley and chopped pimiento; add to soup mixture. Fold in 3 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into greased baking dish 10-by-1 1/2 inches. Bake at 325 degrees for about 30 minutes, or until done. Serves 8. — Mary Beth

MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

Here is a new twist for roast leg of lamb; an idea sent me by Mrs. Horace Wynn of Omaha. This may be an old idea for you, but it is new to me, and I have found it to be every bit as good as Mrs. Wynn said it would be.

De Luxe Leg of Lamb

Have the butcher remove the bone from a leg of lamb. Where the bone was put a nice round length of pork tenderloin. Tie firmly and roast as usual. The pork is better than roast pork and the lamb is better than roast lamb. This really is a delightful change.

When I cook meat patties, I really do a bang-up job on them. First of all, I like to use good chuck beef, and I have it ground twice. I make the patties

large, using a good big fistful for each patty, and I don't cook it too well done. Beef is so much better when it is nice and pink on the inside. Over the patties I pour a hot, mushroom gravy made according to the following recipe.

Mushroom Gravy

1 can mushroom soup
1 can browned mushrooms (or 1/4 lb. fresh)

4 Tbls. butter

1/2 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce

1/2 tsp. Kitchen Bouquet

If you want a thick gravy, do not dilute the soup at all; just use it as it comes from the can. The mushroom juice from the can may be used for a thinner gravy, or you can add a few tablespoons of milk. This makes a very tasty gravy, and it certainly takes the meat patties out of the realm of "the ordinary". Needless to say, if

you use the fresh mushrooms, they must be browned in butter first.

One of our *Kitchen-Klatter* friends wrote in and asked if I ever made anything that did not have mushrooms in it or on it or beside it. Yes, I do! As a matter of fact here is a recipe for a Vanilla Sauce. When you use this recipe you don't need to have a mushroom in the house!

Vanilla Sauce

1 cup boiling water
2 Tbls. butter
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 Tbls. cornstarch, (or 1/2 Tbls. flour)
1/2 cup sugar
1/8 tsp. nutmeg

Mix starch, sugar and nutmeg, stir into water, add butter and bring to a boil. Add the vanilla flavoring last, and then cook until thickened. Stir constantly and serve over any piece of cake that is too dry to be eaten in any other way. They tell me that this is also good over Apple Brown Betty, but since I cannot stand apples, I wouldn't know!



WASH DAY LOOT

If you've two boys in your family Perhaps, on wash day, you can see, While picking pockets, I am able To pile upon the kitchen table:
A wrapper from a candy stick,
A roll of caps, a used toothpick,
A pencil slice, a hunk of string,
A worn and broken ten-cent ring,
A note from school I should have read
Last Tuesday, not today instead,
A stick of gum, and three bent nails,
The twisted parts of two kite tails,
A Boy Scout knife, a plastic top,
A hopping toy that will not hop,
Four cents, three nickels, and a dime,
A watch that long ago kept time,
Two marbles and a ticket stub.
My, what a lot escaped the tub!
How can two boys of in-betweens,
Cram so much in a week's blue jeans?

—Gladise Kelly



I've
got a
secret!

It's a secret for adding variety to cooking—meal after meal. My family praises my salads, raves about my desserts and brags about my baking.

I don't tell them how easy it is to surprise them with "different" things. My secret: I simply reach for my shelf of **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Just by reading the labels (16 of them) I get all kinds of ideas for new combinations. And, since they never cook out or bake out, I'm assured of success every time. You're welcome to my secret. Try them all:

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Strawberry
Orange
Cherry

Raspberry
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Maple

Burnt Sugar
Butter
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WE SAW ARKANSAS IN APRIL!

by
Ellen Rebecca Fenn

Neither flight to historic Gettysburg, nor a fishing expedition to beautiful, but wicked, Leech Lake, nor a shopping spree to Nogales, Mexico, surpassed the five days of April enchantment we experienced while traveling Route 62 through Arkansas. And we were only one day's drive from home!

Arkansas is not the land of coon hounds, hillbillies, and rail fences that my husband and I had always believed. It is the hills-of-home to many. Some who entered those hills are retired; others seek a quiet atmosphere. Some chose the spot because it brings them closer to God.

We became sandwiched between April's greening hills quite by accident. Returning to Iowa from a Southwest sojourn, we missed our highway in Oklahoma, and entered Arkansas via Route 62 west of Fayetteville. From the moment we entered the Ozarkian hills until we crossed Norfolk Lake on the ferry, there were surprises around every horseshoe bend and beyond every crooked hilltop.

Each roadside sign beckoned. We were lured by "Garfield, Pop. 48"; "Visit Our Civil War Museum"; "Gateway, Pop. 63"; "Ozark Trading Post"; "Berryville, Saunder's Museum"; "Panorama Point, Highest Point in the Ozarks"; "Winding Hill"; "Horseshoe Bend"; and "Southwind Gift Shop".

Every stop filled us with delight. The Southwind Gift Shop was owned and operated by a retired Chicago couple who were attracted to this Ozarkian refuge, and who left the Windy City to find health and contentment within this peaceful panorama. Did they find it? They regained, by their own admissions, what a bustling city had taken away.

A few miles farther and we succumbed to these enticing words: "Bird Haven"; "Brackenridge Museum"; "The Little Red Hen"; and "Try Our Famous Apple Crush". Did we? We not only tried it; we coaxed the secret of its makings from the hillside restaurant owner, and also sampled their spicy, warm apple pie.

Our next stop was Yellville, population 636, the home of the National Wild Turkey Calling contest. Between the signs one could expect to see zig-zagging rail fences, pinto ponies, herds of goats, saw mills, sun-bonneted gals (even in April), and orchards in pastel dress.

Signs advertising sassafras tea and candy, Arkansas diamonds, World's Famous Gun Collection, and dogwood cologne soap, persuaded us to prolong our stay. Within walking distance of



In the heart of the Ozarks there are many fascinating little shops such as the one pictured here.

Norfolk's deep blue lake waters, we found a cozy hillside cabin with cooking privileges.

With the assistance of the proprietor we located a nearby restaurant, a country store, and a talkative guide. With him as escort, the cove waters of Norfolk reluctantly yielded a few inhabitants as we cast in every direction.

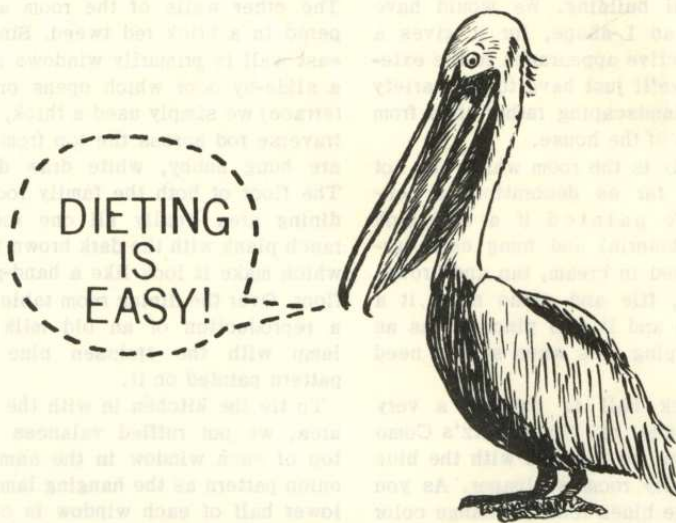
Fighting bass and whopping big crappies snatched at our lures and fresh worms.

Returning to our cabin, we yielded to a wild impulse. There must be mushrooms on these hillsides. The growing conditions were ideal. The earth was warm with April, moist, and covered with leafy mold. Sure enough! An hour's sleuthing rewarded us with a pan full of the delicate morsels.

Five days later we were thoroughly and irrevocably sold on life in the Ozarks. Where else could one find the peace and serenity which nestled among these guarding peaks? One will find no pretense, no pompousness—just plain, unadorned living.

Let me ask you, where else could one feast on honey, pan-fried bass, and crusty-browned mushrooms, with a bouquet of dogwood blossoms centering his table? And all gathered in one afternoon from his own back yard?

One good way to destroy the monotony of any particular job is to think of some way to improve it.



Maybe for you, bigmouth, with your fish diet and exercise. But you don't have to cook for a hungry family, and you aren't exposed to rich foods and temptation every church dinner or bridge night.

Thank goodness for **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**! It makes weight-watching so much easier—and so much easier to take. For **Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener** never adds anything but sweetness; no calories, not a single one! And it never leaves a bitter or artificial taste in cooking, baking or drinks. It's the "naturally" better sweetener with no calories—no fooling.

I pick mine up when I grocery shop. You can, too; your grocer has it, or can get it for you fast.

Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener

THIS IS IT!

by
Evelyn Birkby

It is with a deep feeling of awe that I look at the drawing at the top of this page and realize that the house plan it represents has actually been translated into walls and floors and windows. It still is a miracle to me that such lines can become a home.

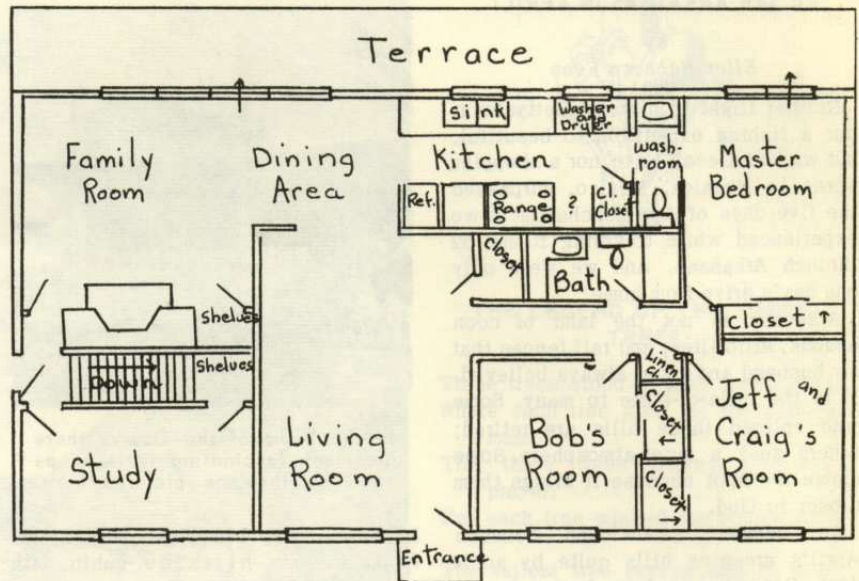
While the moving is over and done with, we are still in the process of getting accustomed to new rooms, new storage space and just where certain boxes are which hold something I need *right this minute*. I still have a number of projects set out and waiting in the basement: chairs to cover, a bookcase to paint and end tables to stain. But I will save the story of my auction bargains and my refinishing for another month; right now I want to tell you about the house and the colors we used.

The room marked *study* was not in the original plan. This was a garage which extended out to the front of the house. We needed room for a small home office and also discovered that squaring off the front of the house made for more economical building. We would have preferred an L-shape, for it gives a more attractive appearance to the exterior, but we'll just have to get variety from the landscaping rather than from the angles of the house.

The study is the room which has not *jelled* as far as decoration is concerned. We painted it a soft pink (Cook's Roseria) and hung cafe curtains striped in cream, tan and brown. The desk, file and piano make it a busy room and it will pinch-hit as an extra sleeping area when such a need arises.

The back hall is painted a very lovely shade of blue (Mautz's Como Blue) which we matched with the blue in the family room wallpaper. As you know, some blues tend to change color with changing light, but we have found this shade exceptionally stable. The decorations in this small hall are completed with a black switch plate, black hanging-lantern light fixture and six Currier and Ives prints framed in black, marching from ceiling to floor on the narrow wall which edges the fireplace. Brick linoleum is laid on the floor.

The family room is bold and gay and the place, understandably, where we gather most frequently. We chose old, red brick for the fireplace and the same color of quarry tile for the hearth. The wall around the fireplace and the two doors at each side are faced with knotty pine siding. The doors are *dressed up* with black strap hinges and handles. The wall has a unified, Early



American appearance. I had *planned* to paint this wall blue, but *lost* by a vote of 100 to 1! The wall is stained nutmeg to match the woodwork.

The window-free wall in this family room is papered with a provincial print paper with blue, brick red and a little pale gold against a white background. The other walls of the room are papered in a brick red tweed. Since the east wall is primarily windows (one is a slide-by door which opens onto the terrace) we simply used a thick, brass, traverse rod across the top from which are hung nubby, white draw drapes. The floor of both the family room and dining area (really all one room) is ranch plank with the dark brown inserts which make it look like a hand-pegged floor. Over the dining room table hangs a reproduction of an old milk glass lamp with the Meissen blue onion pattern painted on it.

To tie the kitchen in with the dining area, we put ruffled valances at the top of each window in the same blue onion pattern as the hanging lamp. The lower half of each window is covered with moveable shutters. The formica, which covers the top and entire splash area at the back of the cupboards, is the tan linen pattern. All the kitchen cupboards are stained a warm nutmeg color. We then coated them with three coats of the new Flecto Varathane satin plastic. This is new in the field of finishes and proved perfect for do-it-yourself addicts. It is easy to handle and does not have a strong odor. We are using it on the woodwork throughout the house, but it is especially recommended for the stresses and strains of kitchen use.

The hinges and latches on the cupboards are antique copper in the heart pattern. Small square lights over the sink and washer and the hood over the stove are also copper-colored. Only a

very small amount of wall needed painting, so we just used clear white and use it as a background for a black-board, trivets, copper molds and a white kitchen clock painted with the blue onion pattern. The floor is covered with brick-patterned inlaid linoleum.

We continued the brick linoleum right into the small washroom which conveniently lies between the kitchen and bedroom. Since the washroom is small, we tiled it with creamy alabaster and painted the upper part with a pale shade of the gold which is used in the bedroom. The accessories really *make* this tiny room, but I'll save the details for the next article.

The master bedroom is painted, draped and carpeted in a very rich shade of gold. (Paint is Cook's Rhein Gold.) A chair, pillow, wall plaques and a necklace displayed on the wall are in bright orange. I did put a blue vase on the dresser and a blue book on the table by the chair; the room needed something blue to balance the gold and orange.

Jeff and Craig's room is painted a soft mint green (Nassau by Cook's). We used bright, red-bandana material for cafe curtains and throw pillows on the bunk beds. Unfinished chests were painted the same green as the walls with bright red knobs added. Two country school desks are enameled bright red. Bedspreads are old ones dyed forest green. Since the boys both love nature, we chose the green background for their bird and animal pictures, bird models and butterfly collection.

Bob's room has a Boy Scout motif. The walls are Cook's Handsome Tan, a perfect compliment for a gay Scotch plaid bedspread and cafe curtains in red, dark green, gold and black. Boy

(Continued on page 18)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Although this was the worst winter in history for many parts of the country, neither Frank nor I have felt that it was a very long or hard one for us. The winter of 1961 is the one we will never forget. Frank spent half of his daylight hours digging the tractor out of one snowbank after another, and it took him practically all day to do the chores. He asked me the other day if I realized that he hadn't been stuck with the tractor *one single time* this year. Feeding the livestock was relatively simple and I guess this accounts for the fact that the winter seemed short.

We had some warm days previous to the last cold spell, when the sun was warm enough to thaw the ice out of the barnlot and roads. We were really able to appreciate our new shale road. It was on this first warm and muddy day that I had to leave to take the train to Red Oak and on to Shenandoah for my magazine week. When Frank came in to carry my luggage out to the car he said, "Just think---if it weren't for our good road we would be putting the suitcases into the wagon now, and you would have to climb up over the side of the wagon in your good clothes and sit on your luggage while I pulled you out to the gravel behind the tractor!"

Time flies by so swiftly, it doesn't seem possible I've been making my monthly trek to Shenandoah to address the magazine for three-and-a-half years, and I might add that I haven't missed an issue since I started. During this time it has been a family joke that the weather could be just fine the week before I was to leave and the week after I got home, but on the day I was to go we either had a rainstorm or a blizzard, depending upon the season. Whenever I go to Shenandoah, I always take my "pixie factory" with me in a very large suitcase, as well as a suitcase containing my clothing. Consequently, when we had our dirt road, getting all of this out to the gravel road was a major project. I've been sitting here thinking about all the ways I've made this trip, and how funny we must have looked to anyone who might have been passing by.

When the roads were merely slick and the mud not very deep, we always took the wagon. This was pretty nice because the wagon was high and the sides were tall enough to protect me from the mud that flew off of the tractor wheels. If the mud was at the stiff and "rolling" stage, and several inches deep, Frank built a little platform on the back of the tractor that held my luggage and me.



Kristin Johnson

I think the funniest thing I ever rode out on was a little two-wheeled cart without any sides that Frank had made for hauling bales of hay to the cattle. It had steel wheels that had come from an ancient piece of farm machinery, and this worked better in the mud than the rubber-tired wagon or hayrack because it was small and lightweight. Since it didn't have sides on it, I was always scared for fear the tractor would lurch or jerk and I would lose my balance and fall off into the mud. I couldn't very well have taken a train anywhere covered with mud!

Now that these days are behind us we can reminisce and laugh at some of the funny experiences we've had. When Kristin and Juliana were very little girls, Juliana spent a great deal of time during the summer months at the farm with Kristin. They especially loved the rainy days when they would play in the barn. And they actually looked forward to walking out to the mailbox in their bare feet, squishing the mud between their toes. If the roads were dry they would find a muddy ditch to walk in. The same thing was true when any of Kristin's friends from town came out to spend a week-end. Walking through the mud to the mailbox was a new experience and something they had never done in town.

The year Juliana spent her eleventh birthday at our house (it might have been her twelfth birthday), one of Kristin's best friends was observing a birthday also, so I invited several other girls whom Juliana knew to spend the day with us and have a birthday lunch. Although it was February, we had a few warm days---warm enough to bring frost out of the ground. It was *terribly* muddy but Kristin and Juliana insisted this didn't make a bit of difference and we *certainly* shouldn't cancel the party. They made arrangements to meet the girls at our other

house and walk down through the timber.

The children were content to play games in the house until after lunch, when they decided there would be nothing more fun or exciting than walking in the mud to the gravel and back again. Everyone agreed except one girl. She had never walked in the mud before and was a little dubious. The rest finally talked her into it and they started out. They hadn't gone far until I saw them coming back, and I could hear them pleading and begging with the girl who hadn't wanted to go. It seems that everything was fine and they were having a hilarious time until she got stuck in the mud and couldn't take a step! They succeeded in pulling her out, but she refused to continue. They spent the remainder of the afternoon in the barn and I'm certain they all had a good time, but Kristin and Juliana never could understand why their friend didn't think it was fun to get stuck in the mud!

We're counting the days until Kristin will be home for Easter vacation. Her letters are enthusiastic about her schoolwork, and her second-semester classes sound very interesting. I've been very conscientious about sending cookies and candy regularly, but I've just been given orders to stop sending sweets---she's afraid she is gaining weight!

I just glanced at the kitchen clock and it is much later than I thought so I must close. Morning comes so soon on the farm!

Sincerely,

Dorothy

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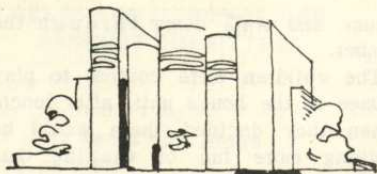
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COME, READ WITH ME

By
Armada Swanson

"For, lo, the winter is past;
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard
in our land."

The Song of Solomon 2:11-12

The "time of the singing of birds" and the approach of Easter bring to mind *The Book of Life*, The Story of the New Testament by Daniel-Rops. (P. J. Kennedy, New York 8, N. Y., \$3.75) The author is an outstanding French literary figure and writer of religious histories. He has endeared himself to the younger generation with his books on the Old and New Testament.

In *The Book of Life* we read of the story of Jesus of Nazareth and His message of love. His birth, childhood and personality are made vivid to readers in the ten to fourteen age group. Daniel-Rops tells how Jesus' words and actions were recorded by the four Evangelists.

Especially interesting is the chapter on the explanation of the Parables of Jesus; the story itself with its action and the lesson to be conveyed. Almost everyone knows today the parables of the "Prodigal Son" and "The Good Samaritan". The important parts of Christ's teachings are found in these simple stories.

A beautiful explanation of the Lord's Prayer is contained in one chapter. As the author says, "Perhaps you are so used to reciting it, you pay little attention to what you are saying..." We need to think about the phrases and "marvel at their grandeur and wisdom."

See if your library has this book; you'll enjoy reading it yourself.

The 1963 theme of National Library Week, April 21-27, is *READ—the fifth freedom, enjoy it!*

Quoting from a brochure from our public library: "Yes, everyone uses the library. It's an open door to knowledge and a fuller life for the young student and mature scholar, the homemaker and the businessman, the sportsman, the gardener, the music lover, the child learning how to live and enjoy a longer life.

"People borrow books from the library and the library borrows personality from people. It's useful because people make good use of it. It's friendly be-

cause people regard it as a friend. Its password is a book. Its goal is service."

Consult your library if you need the address of a publishing company. Perhaps you'd like to check out some recordings from the musical department. Librarians are helpful in selecting memorial books as a living tribute to a friend or relative.

When my sister and I were growing up, it was our pleasure to visit the library often. One day, however, we wished we were any place BUT the library. Our mother had gone grocery shopping; Amy and I were in search of *Caddie Woodlawn* or *Mary Poppins*. We had fun browsing through *Five Little Peppers*, *Black Beauty* (with teary eyes), *Hitty* (remember the famous wooden doll?), and *Blue Willow*. But then it was time to go. We decided to go upstairs to have the books checked out. Behold: the open door was now *locked*.

"I'll knock," my sister said. That brought the librarian, but she had no key for the door. She suggested we wait until the janitor returned with the key.

We waited—and waited. Amy wandered about the basement. "Mother will worry," she said. "We'd better try to get out of here." By climbing on some shelves in the historical room we could reach the narrow basement window. "Hope no one is watching," I thought, as we crawled outside. Two sheepish, red-faced girls presented themselves to the librarian. She was talking to the janitor.

"These two kids, er, girls, got themselves locked in the children's room when you left the door open to check the furnace." They both laughed. We managed some sickly grins as we slunk out the door.

In the excitement, we forgot *Caddie*, *Mary*, and *Hitty*, too.

THIS IS IT — Concluded

Scout insignias and pictures on the wall, a black lamp and black throw rugs complete the colors used.

The bathroom has been lots of fun to plan. Since it is an inside room, we used gold and white in tile, vinyl inlaid on floor and counter top, and in the fleur-de-lis canvas-like paper which is on the walls. The towel rod, paper holder, robe hook, door knobs and clothes hamper pull also have the fleur-de-lis pattern. Lights on each side of the old wood-framed mirror are brass carriage lights. With bright towels and bath mat, this room can have a color scheme as versatile as a rainbow.


The hall and living room are painted a clear, fresh, white. With its open plan and its white walls it has a very

spacious appearance. The rug is colonial-type with brown background streaked with gold, blue and brick red. Color is splashed in the room with pictures, a bright patchwork-quilt throw on the davenport and the valance at the top of the big window. This curtain is brick red tweed and matches the wallpaper in the dining area. Since the window is covered on the inside with moveable shutters, this is all the dressing it needs.

Well, there you have the floor plan and the color scheme. It is wonderful now, and well worth the effort, to be able to enjoy the results of these long months filled with nervous misgivings, panic-fraught decisions and frustrating problems. But, as Craig remarked when he counted the hearts on the strap hinges and latches, "We have 132 happy hearts in this house!"

We are not absolutely sure of the accuracy of the 132, but we can certainly vouch for *five!*

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Shenandoah, Iowa



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

There are so many tasks clamoring to be done during these first warm days of April that a gardener can become fairly well addled. It might be a good plan to make a list of the things that must be taken care of and to cross them off as quickly as they are accomplished. Everything you get done this month will save you just that much time next month when you may be even busier.

The following Spring clean-up jobs should be on your list to be done as the weather permits: Remove the mulch on the perennial flower beds, especially those of spring flowering bulbs. This can be detrimental if left on these too long. The leaves, hay, and other protective materials may heat and mold and cause premature sprouting with the resulting weak, yellow twisted growth subject to disease and injury by freezing.

If you left the top growth on peonies, hollyhocks, etc., cut it off as close to the ground as possible and burn this dead material. Spray beds with a good fungicide such as zineb, ferbam or bordeaux to control blight and fungi diseases.

Loosen the mulch that has been on the strawberry bed and pull it into the space between the rows. It will help conserve moisture and also keep down weeds.

If you don't have a cold frame, do build one for hardening-off the tender plants that you must start indoors. It need not be expensive as low-cost plastic makes an excellent cover for the sash. Face it toward the south in some protected spot along a building. Such a frame makes a perfect place in which to sow perennial seeds after the early bedding plants have been transferred to the garden.

Have you ever tried an herb garden? Herbs take up a small space and are undemanding, once you have them established. They prefer a light soil, a little on the poor side, and seldom need any care other than occasional weeding. You can grow them from seed or order the little plants from nursery

catalogues. Good ones are LAVENDER, ROSEMARY, SAGE, SAVORY, THYME, BORAGE, and BASIL. Herb seasoning makes cooking an art and it's fun to try them in soups, salads, vegetables, and meat dishes.

Rush the season a bit with a small early garden of radishes, onions, lettuce, spinach, and smooth-seeded peas. For the small cost of seed it is fun to see if you can enjoy some of these a few days ahead of the regular harvest. Hardy annual flower seed of larkspur, Bachelor's Button, sweet pea, and poppies may be sown as soon as the ground can be prepared for them.

Lastly, do pause in your headlong rush to enjoy the full pageantry of the earth's awakening—birdsong from the trees and the greenery beneath them. I hope each of you will take a long, quiet moment to thank our Heavenly Father for the miracle of Spring.

MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded

blazing spot lights, the red trucks, and the heroic firemen working among the orange flames was quite a spectacle! You can imagine why I've had quite a time coaxing Paul back to his bedroom to sleep as all this took place directly opposite his windows. He loves firemen and fire trucks, as any small boy does, but he didn't count on such a

firsthand demonstration of their activities. I couldn't possibly have kept him from seeing what was going on. We had firemen in and out of the house until 7 o'clock the next morning, and neighbors trooped in and out until all hours, trying to help in any way possible. This was quite an experience and it will take a while to get over it.

Until next month,

Mary Beth



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TREES FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

by

Alice G. Harvey

During April—the tree-planting month—it is well to take thought of the trees about us—on our own property or in our city. Especially on Arbor Day, April 22, why not make it a habit to plant a tree? If your own property does not need one, perhaps the school ground does, or the park or the town square.

But of all places in our country right now, *Suburbia needs trees*. The new sprawling suburbs which are expanding so quickly, are a vast and barren wasteland. The new homes with no porches and the lots with no trees, provide no happy or pleasant place for the many children to play. Here, definitely, something should be done. In some communities the owners have talked this matter over, and have decided on a certain type of tree to be planted along a block or several blocks. And these are developing beautifully.

Several types of trees could be considered with your own lot in mind—the evergreens, the ornamental and shade trees, and fruit trees. One or two fruit trees in every back yard helps the family health and budget. In these days, when most products come canned or frozen, how wonderful to pick and eat fresh fruit from your own trees. A few years ago, when visiting in Corpus Christi, Texas, my cousin told me I had never really tasted a good grape-

fruit if I had not picked one from a tree. And I really believed him after picking and eating a fully ripe one.

Of course, it takes some time for trees to grow and bear fruit, but the years pass swiftly. In small yards, the miniature fruit trees are fine—apple, cherry, plum, crab apple, etc. A few years ago, I planted three peach seeds in my back yard, and before too long I had large peaches—some eleven inches around. This was most unusual as seedlings are supposed to be small.

Tree planting need not be expensive. Often it costs nothing. Small shoots of trees can be found around buildings, near other trees, and are too often pulled up and destroyed. But if friends are thinning out their orchards, or if you know of any place where such seedlings can be obtained, a simple request can make them yours.

But trees, like anything else, must be cared for properly. There needs to be spraying, fertilizing and pruning at the proper times.

Here in the Midwest we are still far short of trees. Farms, especially, could all profit from more shade trees and fruit trees as well as many for windbreaks. But never for one instance should one lose sight of the importance of the orchard as a specific part of the farm, even though it be but a small one.

Tenant farmers will say, "O well, this is not my farm; why should I bother? Maybe I'll be here only a year or two and will not get any benefit." A woman told me this incident recently: They rented a farm in 1940 in northeastern Nebraska. The first year they had a chance to get a dozen seedling cherry trees and some apple trees from a neighbor who was clearing out his orchard. They did not take advantage of this opportunity because it was not their own land. But they often regretted it afterwards, because they lived on that farm for nearly twenty years.

Now let us consider briefly that great farmer and tree planter, J. Sterling Morton, the originator of Arbor Day. In the spring of 1855, he secured a "Squatter's Right"—or privilege of entering upon this land near Nebraska City, Nebraska, after a government survey—and received his patent from the Federal Land office on May 1, 1860.



This is the magnificent mansion, Arbor Lodge, at Nebraska City, Nebraska. An Englemann Spruce stands in front of the mansion. This was brought as a seedling in a tomato can from Pike's Peak in 1878 by Mrs. Morton. A recent botanical survey of Morton Park showed 138 species of trees and shrubs.

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(Continued on page 23)

KITE CAPERS

by
Enid Ehler

Kites and children belong together. Many kites are quite inexpensive. If youngsters are given opportunities to save pennies for several weeks before warm windy days are due, they will be "kite" ready when the perfect day comes.

Many spring days are kite-flying days, but when the *ideal* day comes along it will be remembered with glee. Wind is necessary but it must not be too gusty. A balmy day is delightful when the bulky winter clothes can be put aside for light jackets and sweaters. Given the balmy, breezy day, the open pasture awaits the boys and girls and their kites.

Children soon learn that barnyards and houseyards are forbidden territory because of the many electrical wires. A sudden breeze from nowhere can suddenly whip a kite into the opposite direction before the flyer is even aware of a wind change. Then, too, trees play havoc with a delicate kite, and the strong woody fingers can crush delicate kite wings in seconds.

Yes, the perfect place for kite flying is in the pasture, wide open and waiting to carry kites and children's hearts high into the clouds.

Why not plan a kite party? Older youngsters will delight in constructing their own kites ahead of time. Younger children will appreciate having their kites waiting and ready to go. Plan to have several spares, just in case one gets battered in a trial run.

Before the day of the party, make badges in the shape of miniature kites from colored construction paper. Print on each with India ink—*Highest Flyer—Blast Off Winner—Most Air Hours Champion*—or other such titles. These badges may be fastened with safety pins. Make a few extra badges, such as *Finest First Kite Flyer—Most Courteous Flyer—Most Cautious Flyer*—etc. Be certain that every youngster has a badge of some sort.

Here are several contests for the party.

Blast Off: This game is for two or more players. If the youngsters are just getting acquainted with kite flying, a few trial runs should be held. At a given signal, with plenty of elbow room, contestants blast off, and the first player to launch his kite is the winner.

Flying High: This game is for two or more players. When all kites are in the air, the player flying his kite the highest is the winner.

It is well to provide a few indoor games in case the wind dies down,

becomes too strong, or the event is rained out.

Build a Kite Contest: Provide construction paper, string, glue, Scotch tape, colors, and any odd assortment of buttons, beads, etc. Set a time limit. The youngster creating the most unusual kite is the winner. Later the kites may be used as place mats at the party table.

Kite Catch: A circle is formed with one player in the center. The center player holds his finger on a sturdy cardboard kite taped to a piece of wood, such as a short broom handle. (This kite is made especially for this game, not for flying.) Each player is given a number. The player in the center calls a number, and at the same time lets go of the kite. The player with the number called must catch the kite before it falls to the floor. If he does not catch the kite, he is "it" in the center of the circle. If he catches the kite, the center player must remain and be "it" again.

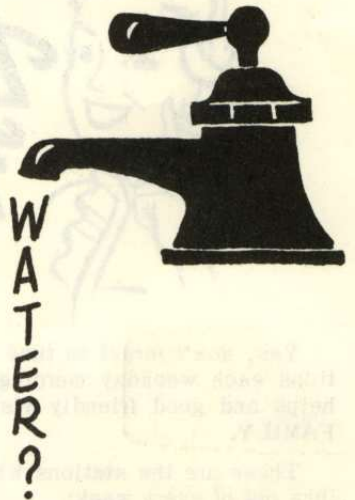
The Smiling Clown Kite: Paint a guady clown-type face on the cardboard kite used in the Kite Catch game. Do not paint the mouth. Instead, draw smiling mouths on construction paper, as many mouths as there are guests. Then, taking turns, each guest is blindfolded and Scotch-tapes or pins the smile to the kite. The winner is the player pinning the mouth in the proper position.

With the kite place mats on the party table, and the smiling clown kite as the table centerpiece, serve a simple menu, being sure to announce the name of each item served. A sample menu might consist of "Kite Strings" (shoe string potatoes), "Flying Saucers" (hamburgers on buns), and "North Wind Fury" (a bubbling glass of soda pop with a dip or two of vanilla ice cream).

Happy kite capers to you!

God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it. — Daniel Webster.

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LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

A very short distance from Las Cruces (I think it was only about four miles from the motel where we spent one night) there is an old and interesting little town called Mesilla. We drove over just to see what it was like and found, to our surprise, an exceptionally fine bookstore on the west side of the plaza, and an extremely unusual restaurant named La Posta. This seems to be a famous restaurant, but we'd never heard of it and discovered it only by accident, so I'm passing the word on to you. We were astonished by the big courtyard with its giant tropical plants and birds—the most exotic-looking birds we've ever seen. All in all, this is quite a place and I'm tickled to death that we found it. (Oh yes, good food too!)

Traffic is fierce between El Paso and Las Cruces, but there is a brand new Interstate to make it easy. This runs into the city limits of El Paso, and imagine our surprise to see a big

red fox loping along the highway right inside El Paso! That was unexpected, to say the least.

We drove right through El Paso and crossed over the border into Juarez, and I must say once again that I hope no one thinks he has seen Mexico or the Mexican people if he has visited only Juarez, or any other border town. To judge Mexico by Juarez would be as foolish as judging the United States by the slums of New York or Chicago, and we know what a poor impression foreign tourists get from these slums.

However, there is one excellent reason for going to Juarez and that is their market, an enormous affair located one block off their wildly congested Main street. I could spend a year in that market! It's crammed full of everything under the sun and is a virtual paradise for anyone who loves to prow around and search for the unexpected. We found prices cheaper than we had anticipated and decided that the terrific competition was probably responsible. All in all, I think it's well worth

the time and effort to get "mixed up" with Juarez simply to see that huge market. It's pretty overwhelming.

If you want to spend the night in Juarez so you can have another crack at the market in the morning when you're fresh, I can recommend a motel called The Flamingo. This is located on the one big highway that runs south to Chihuahua and is several miles from the heart of the city. It has a good restaurant with very reasonable prices and, as far as I can see, is by far your best bet for a place to put up overnight in Juarez.

Taking it all in all, I can guarantee that after spending 24 hours in Juarez you'll have the strong sensation of getting back to the United States after a long, long trip! It's different. It's strange to our eyes and strange to our ears. I don't know where else along the boundaries of this country you can drive such a short distance and have the sensation of being so far away, and for this reason alone it's worth passing up the steady, known comforts of El Paso and being adventurous!

While I've been sitting here at my desk writing to you the March morning outside has done a complete about-face. An hour ago I thought that cheerful robin would surely be fighting snow in short order, but now the sky is a dazzling blue and there are a few white clouds racing by. In short, it's a typical March morning and I'm glad I'm home to enjoy it. May it be a good and happy and EARLY spring for all of us!

Faithfully always.....

Lucile



Yes, *don't forget* to tune your radio dial to one of these stations each weekday morning for the best in recipes, household helps and good friendly visiting from the **KITCHEN-KLATTER FAMILY**.

These are the stations where we can visit with you six mornings out of every week:

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KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial - 10:30 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Ia., 1010 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
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KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 10:30 A.M.

SPRING PATTERN

Now the tractors roar from out the fields,
Back and forth or curved to fit a hill,
As farmers start the age-old rustic rhythm
Of plowing ground, planting seeds, until
Fertile with growth, the mellow fields wait.

Men who work the soil are patient men,
Putting trust in what the seasons bring,
Primal partnership, achieving destiny
In the tilling, sowing, ancient rites of Spring.

—Lula Lamme

SOFT PEDAL GAS PEDAL

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In country or town,
Let the foot up
When sun goes down.

— Mildred Grenier

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HAVE A PRETTY HOUSEDRESS made by sending your measurements (include waist length from middle of shoulder seam to waist), percale or gingham, 4 buttons, zipper, thread, \$1.50 and return postage. Utility aprons \$1.00 or one free with order for 3 dresses. Lovely foam rubber sprays in red or pink for the TV \$1.98. De-Chic Frock Shop, Belleville, Kansas.

EBENEZER METHODIST CHURCH recipe book. Over 200 pages of recipes and household suggestions, \$2.50 postpaid. Order from Mrs. Chris J. Mail, Rt. 3, Box 72, Clay Center, Kansas.

18 RELIGIOUS EASTER, BIRTHDAY OR CONVALESCENT cards \$1.00. Brownies Card Shop, 6721 South Halsted, Chicago, 21, Illinois.

NAME COLLECTORS WANTED. Maximum 85¢ name. Advertisers Services, Box 324, Victoria, Canada.

HALF APRON's \$1.00. Mrs. William Schwanz, Vail, Iowa.

CHURCH WOMEN: Will print 150 page Cookbook for organizations for less than \$1.00 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa.

LIST OF FIFTY FIRMS needing home-workers - 25¢. Farmer 210-K Fifth Ave., New York 10.

THE BOOK OF 2001 HOUSEHOLD HINTS-Save Time and Money. Only \$1.25 Postpaid. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Lawler Enterprise, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

HOUSEPLANTS 10 different rooted, labeled slips \$2.35-Postpaid. Margaret Winkler, Rt. 2, Hudsonville, Michigan.

TATTING Laces or Crocheted Hairpin Laces for 42" pillow slips. \$1.00 pair. Tatted hanky edgings 47", 2 strips \$1.00. 12" doilies \$1.00. All any color, Mrs. Violet Rhoades, Craig, Missouri.

TWO "WILL" FORMS AND "Booklet on Wills", \$1.00. NATIONAL, Box 48313KK, Los Angeles 48, Calif.

BEAUTIFUL ORCHID CORSAGES for Easter and Mother's Day. Made of polyethylene-pink, white and orchid, \$1.50 Postpaid. Naomi Pender, Mound City, Missouri.

GINGHAM APRONS, cross stitched, \$2.50. 42" embroidered tubing cases, hem-stitched, crocheted edges, \$4.75. Crocheted vanity sets, \$3.00. Mrs. Kenneth Campbell, RT. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

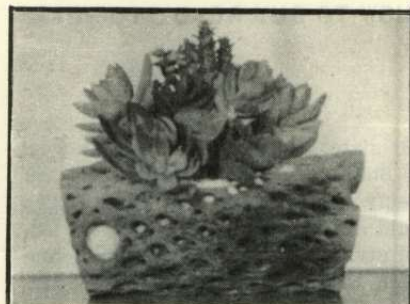
"LOSE WEIGHT!" - Up to 30 pounds in one month! No Drugs! No Exercise! No Starvation Diet! Guaranteed Plan only \$1.00. GLICK, 1800KK Gillette Crescent, South Pasadena, California.

ATTRACTIVE red and white or black and yellow edged linen hankies \$1.05 each. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth St. N. W., Canton, Ohio.

EXPERIENCED RUGWEAVING \$1.30 yard. Fill prepar weave materials \$2.15. SALE: 27" x 54" various colors \$3.50. Rowena Winters, Grimes, Iowa.

A QUILT THAT IS QUILTED as you piece. Fascinating new idea, direction only \$1.00. Quilting pattern included. M. Stovar, Circleville, Kansas.

CHRISTMAS WREATHS made from NATIVE OREGON PINE CONES. 16 inches in diameter. Handmade. Will last for years. Send Christmas orders now. \$7.50 postpaid. Mrs. Earl Herrmann, Rte. 2, Box 166, La Grande, Oregon.



A BEAUTIFUL LIVING GIFT

A colorful selection of Succulents and Cactus Plants arranged in a Cholla Cactus Wood planter. Makes an ideal gift for any occasion, or a treat for yourself. Instructions for their easy care included with each planter. ONLY \$2.00 POSTPAID. Send orders to:

HINES CACTUS GARDEN,
20546 Gladstone, Glendora, Calif.



SUPERLUXE DAY-N-NIGHT MARKER \$1.95

Your name (or any wording up to 17 letters and numbers) gleams on both sides in permanent raised white letters that reflect light. Red, Green, Antique Copper or Black background; enamel baked on aluminum. New Superluxe quality guaranteed 10 years! Perfect Father's Day gift! Fits any mailbox - easy to install. We ship within 48 hrs. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Only \$1.95 postpaid, from Spear Engineering Company, 608-5 Spear Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.

TREES - Concluded

He and his young bride came to this bleak land laden with trees and shrubs. He built his three-room home and continued to plant trees around it all during his life. He brought native seedlings of oak, elm and maple from the banks of the river; he brought trees of all kinds from various places he visited on his travels.

Mr. Morton became interested in the politics of his community and state and held many county and state offices, usually in relation to agriculture. Always interested in trees, he knew that the prairies needed trees and plenty of them, so in 1871, as President of the State Board of Agriculture, he persuaded Governor Furnas to issue a proclamation "declaring April 10, 1872, to be especially set apart and consecrated for tree planting in the state of Nebraska." This was widely advertised and millions of trees were planted that year. In 1885, the State Legislature of Nebraska made April 22nd a legal holiday in honor of J. Sterling Morton's birthday. Now Arbor Day is observed in every state of the Union and in many foreign countries.

May everyone keep ever before him this motto which is found in ground glass on the back door of Arbor Lodge:

"Plant Trees."

HOW TO BUY READY-TO-WEAR

by
Evelyn Witter

My sister, who has sold ready-to-wear on State Street in Chicago for over twenty years, tells me that women could save money, time, exasperation, and style mistakes, if they would consider the salesperson a confidant instead of a store fixture.

Many women don't realize, she says, that most saleswomen do stock work *every day*, thus becoming intimately familiar with every garment in the vast array of dresses, coats, and suits offered for sale. A customer going through the stock for hours and hours couldn't possibly acquire a fraction of the knowledge that the day-by-day study of stock brings to the saleswoman.

Besides the daily stock work, there are frequent staff meetings where merchandise is exhibited and discussed. Every detail of the incoming garments is pointed out by the buyers. They explain what the manufacturer has to say about his products—they talk about styles, materials, and the type of figure the garment is intended for. Cleaning and care are explained. Appropriate accessories are high-lighted in these staff meetings, as plus-value suggestions for the customers.

Still, too many women do not use this wealth of knowledge when they go to buy ready-to-wear. Some are reticent about telling their needs and desires to the saleswoman, perhaps because they fear the old bugaboo, the sales pitch.

The sales pitch is as outmoded in most State Street stores (and in other reputable shops) as the last generation's marcel wave. Today's

salesperson is not there to urge; today's salesperson is there to help.

On the other hand, if a woman states her true size, and also tells for what type of wear the garment she is seeking is intended (sports, casual, after-five, vacationing, afternoon, etc.), the colors she prefers, her figure faults (most of us have them—short waisted, long armed, one shoulder higher than the other, etc.), the amount of money she intends to spend, the type of cleaning care she has in mind (washable or dry clean), and the types of garments she already has in her wardrobe and doesn't want to duplicate (for instance, she may already have several button-down-the-fronts, and would like something entirely different)—the salesperson has the facts she needs to take a quick mental inventory of her stock, and can come up with the right garment immediately.

Without some of these facts from the customer, the saleslady is forced to use the trial-and-error method, showing countless garments that the customer neither wants nor needs, until by happy coincidence she may run across the right one. Or by unhappy circumstances she may never come near the customer's needs, even though the proper garment is in stock. In the latter case, both the saleslady and the customer are the losers.

It's easy to be a good ready-to-wear shopper. Make a confidant of your saleswoman. Capitalize on her stock knowledge. As your confidant she has the ability to save you frustrations and mistakes, and to help create a smartly, but economically, dressed YOU.

SPRING HERALDRY

April's shield should have a field of azure sky,
Embossed with silver-slanted rainy afternoons.
There should be crocus, daffodil, and lover's sigh,
And promises of lilacs under waxing moons.

The field should be divided for the verdant fray,
And blazoned with a velvet pussy willowed edge,
To indicate each leaf's wild race to gain the gay
And topmost summit of the scarlet quince's hedge.

Then hold it high and sure against the lance of snow,
Assault the March with arrows from a hyla's song.
The shield of April will defeat the winter foe,
And rally timid summer with a fortress strong.

—Vivian Baumgartner



ONE WAY TO KEEP UP WITH THE CLEANING

No need to run yourself ragged keeping the house presentable. Sure, these spring showers mean muddy footprints, dripped-on floors and bathrooms you hate to face.

Call on **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**: the powder that goes into solution instantly, even in hardest water, and then goes to work the second it touches dirt! It cleans in a wink, leaving no scum or froth to wipe or rinse away. And, while it's death on dirt, it's kind as can be to your hands.

Pick some up at your grocer's next time you shop. See how it helps you keep up with the cleaning. Remember:

YOU GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS...

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner

DOES THE WORK!