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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Margery Driftmier Strom

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My Dear Friends:

Although we can't complain much about the weather we've had this winter, I know we are all anxiously awaiting the first signs of spring. Here in southwest Iowa, we have had very little snow to date, and unless spring rains make up for the shortage, it may not be a good year for us folks who have farms. The water level is extremely low in this area and the top soil is very dry.

As many of you know, my husband was in the hospital much of the time last year. I'm happy to tell you that he is now at home and is much stronger. In fact, he has been dressed these last few days — even to a necktie — and is able, with help, to use a walker. He is anxious for warmer days so he can be out on the front porch and go for short rides in the car.

Being in a wheel chair myself, I'm not able to care for him, so we have a very kind and efficient nurse, Ruby Treese, who stays with us. Because so many are required in our hospital, we feel very fortunate to have been able to find a nurse for full time care.

Mart has especially enjoyed visiting by telephone with our children who live in other localities. They are most thoughtful and call him often in the evenings after special rates are in effect.

My sister Jessie Shambaugh, who closed her home this winter to be with us, is such a help and inspiration. I have trouble beating her to the kitchen in the mornings. My job in that domain is preparing the meals, while hers is washing the dishes and cleaning up the kitchen. Sometimes she infringes on my territory! Last night she went out into the kitchen along late in the evening and made some delicious orange jelly using the frozen juice. My! It was so delicious!

At last I've finished the cross-stitched tablecloth I started last fall.

It is the most elaborate cloth I've embroidered thus far and it is truly lovely. It is natural linen in color and is embroidered in ecru and brown. I know to whom I would like to give it, but have orders to use it myself for a while.

We have all been concerned about Philip Field and his wife Marie who are living in Nairobi, Kenya, Africa, not far from the area where there are serious political conflicts. We have to believe that "no news is good news". Many of you have loved ones in far places from whom you anxiously await letters. We have staying with us for a short time a friend, Mrs. Jean Christner, whose daughter and her husband are with the Peace Corps in Ethiopia where they are teachers. They will be home in August, bringing with them their little daughter who was born in that faraway place.

Our little great-granddaughter, Lisa, has been seriously ill this past month. A severe type of flu has been prevalent here and she was so ill she had to be confined to the hospital for a few days. We were so relieved the day she could be brought home and she's now fully recovered, has gained back the weight she lost and is rosy-cheeked again.

Another reason we are glad that winter is almost over is that our neighbors, the Alexanders, will be coming home from their winter's stay in Tucson, Arizona. They will be welcoming a new grandchild before their return. They write that the weather there has been quite chilly — more so than usual — and the same situation exists in Phoenix, for our friend, Edith Hansen, writes that the freezing temperatures have ruined much of the citrus and vegetable crops. Weather over the whole country has been very erratic this past winter — cold in Florida and warm in Alaska!

Last summer we redecorated the north

half of our home, which included the bedroom, office, hall, pantry, bathroom and kitchen. This summer we hope to tackle the south half — the diningroom, living room and library. As one becomes older it is a temptation to put off such jobs because of the confusion involved, but there is a limit as to how long one can ignore a job that has to be done. We'll let another year or so roll by before we have any work done upstairs. I don't try to go upstairs often, but the children inform me that the upstairs bedrooms still look fine.

It was so nice that Juliana, Lucile's daughter, could come home between semesters at the University of New Mexico. This was her first visit home since the memorial services for her father. Russell had always been very close to Juliana, sharing her love of flowers and animals, and helping her with her collections of butterflies and fish. When she was a little girl, he took her to town every Saturday to buy a new kind of fish for her aquarium. At their New Mexico home they took many long walks together, exploring the hills and canyons that hold unusual geological formations. Both loved the out-of-doors and enjoyed its beauty together. He was such a devoted husband and father. I know personally that his great love for Lucile sustained her through unbearably hard hours.

Lucile hopes to be back to her typewriter soon, so it is very likely that you will be hearing from her next month.

Sincerely,

Leanna

May you always have:

Enough happiness to keep you sweet;
Enough trials to keep you strong;
Enough sorrow to keep you human;
Enough hope to keep you happy;
Enough failure to keep you humble;
Enough success to keep you eager;
Enough friends to give you comfort;
Enough faith in yourself to give you courage;
Enough wealth to meet your needs; and
Enough determination to make each day a good day.

—From a church bulletin.

COVER STORY

It was a sad occasion which brought the four Driftmier sons together in December, and it was the first time in many, many years that they had been together in our family home. The evening that we were all together Margery took this picture. Seated are Howard, Wayne and Frederick. Donald, the youngest, is standing behind Howard.

FREDERICK DESCRIBES PLANS FOR A PILGRIMAGE

Dear Friends:

You could never guess what I did last night! Believe it or not, I spent the evening looking at my Christmas cards. You see, when all the cards were coming in around Christmas, I was just too busy at the church to look at all of them. I looked at several hundred during December, more in January, and now in February I am looking them over again to read the personal messages. What joy I do get out of the cards! And you know, I seem to get more pleasure from them in February than I do in December.

Last night I was looking at one card that brought me particular pleasure. One of our good friends down in North Carolina wrote a letter on the back of her card that was a delight to read. She reminded us how ten years ago she was terribly distressed and worried about her seven-year-old boy. He was then very small for his age, quite sickly, very, very nervous, and just a big heartache to his parents and a headache to his school teachers. But my, how things have changed. When you read this one paragraph from her letter you too will believe in miracles.

"I just must brag about our fine son. That little problem has turned out to be a boy any parent would be proud of. Last year he won the scholastic trophy for the highest average in his high school. This year he is the Senior Class president, editor of the school newspaper, in the Beta Society, and has won a letter in football each of three years. He has just relinquished his office as Chief of the Council of the Order of the Arrow, Boy Scouts of America, and has been nominated for the top North Carolina scholarship available to high school boys, the Morhead Scholarship. He is presently working on an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. We certainly are proud of him, but I will say that ten years ago I would never have believed anyone who would have said he would be where he is today."

Doesn't a letter like that warm your heart? How many parents lie awake nights worrying about children who in the end turn out to be fine, mature men and women. So often I find myself advising parents to never give up hope with a difficult child. We need to remember that there are so many things, many of them unseen and unknown, that can work to the fortuitous advantage of a problem child and finally bring him to a good adulthood. We



Last year a friend photographed Frederick following the church services on Easter Sunday.

never know just how and when God will answer our prayers.

Do you drink cranberry juice? Since most of it comes from our state of Massachusetts, we drink a great deal of it. Every night when I get home from my work at the church or out calling, Betty always has a nice big glass of cold cranberry juice ready for me. Alongside the juice she puts a little dish of black walnut meats. Cranberry juice and black walnuts — a blending of New England and the Midwest — and how I love them both.

This year our church is doing something unusual during the weeks of Lent. About 100 of my people are taking a Lenten Pilgrimage. It all began when one of our ladies told me how she did wish she could take a pilgrimage to the Holy Land during Lent. That made me think of the idea of having our people take a pilgrimage without ever leaving the city of Springfield. If we were really to go to the Holy Land, we would of course visit the great St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome. In Athens we would visit one of the big Eastern Orthodox Churches, and naturally we would see some of the magnificent and historical Jewish Synagogues in Palestine. If we made a real pilgrimage, perhaps we would return via Salt Lake City and there visit the Mormon Tabernacle. Well, we are going to do something like that right here at home.

On the first Thursday of Lent we shall meet in our own church to discuss the things we expect to see when we visit the churches of other faiths. Then on the second Thursday in Lent we shall go as a group to the large Roman Catholic Cathedral about one block from our church. There the Monsignor in charge will speak to us about the Mass, show us the various vestments that are worn, explain to us some of the holy days of the Roman

faith, etc. The next week we are going to go to a perfectly beautiful Greek Orthodox Church where the pastor in charge will lecture to us on his faith and show us about the church. A visit to a new Jewish Synagogue will be made the following week. Built at a cost of more than one million dollars, this gorgeous synagogue is a show-place in our city. There the rabbi will lecture to us on Judaism and explain the meaning of their high holy days. The Mormon people in Springfield built a lovely church with their own hands, and we shall go to visit it on the next Thursday. While with our Mormon friends we shall see a color and sound motion picture on Mormonism. The last stop on our Lenten Pilgrimage will be a visit to the First Church of Christ Scientist located not far from our church. Again we are going to be shown about the host church, see a film on the meaning of Christian Science, and have a discussion period. The last Thursday in Lent will find us back at our own church where we shall have a service of Holy Communion and a reception of new members.

It is our hope and prayer that the entire pilgrimage experience will deepen the faith of our people, and give to them a greater tolerance of others, and a greater appreciation of the many ways in which God reveals Himself to His human family.

Won't you be glad to see spring come? About this time of the year I keep reminding myself that it won't be long before this dirty, tired, winter-battered city will take on a new and fresh look. When we think of how we dreaded seeing the approach of winter, and when we now realize that it is almost gone, we congratulate ourselves on our good survival. Of course, winter does have its nice days, but nothing as nice as the first warm days of spring with the flowers just breaking through the sod. When the first warm, spring rains come to Springfield, I shall say again a little poem that I have said each spring for many years: (written by Wm. Stidger)

I saw God wash the world last night
With His sweet showers on high;
And then when morning came I saw
Him hang it out to dry.

I saw God wash the world last night;
Ah, would He had washed me
As clean of all my dust and dirt
As that old white birch tree!

Sincerely,

Frederick



Setting

Use a large copy of the picture "The Head of Christ" or "Man of Sorrows" on the altar, with a soft material in a deep shade of purple, lavender, or blue beneath and behind the picture. Use a spotlight on the picture if possible.

QUIET MUSIC (preceding the call to worship): "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord" played softly upon piano, organ, or a record player.

CALL TO WORSHIP:

Today I took it up — my cross.

Long it had lain there, waiting. The seasons came and passed — the winter snows whitened the wood — the summer sun seared it through and through. It waited — waited for my shoulders to bear the load. Long hours were spent in planning to evade the silent plea. Restless, ill, distraught, and frightened, I traveled far.

Wraithlike it pursued me day and night. Then — I know not why — I seized this thing that would not let me be, and held it close. It caressed me like a mantle!

And peace came to my troubled soul. For when borne, my cross became a crown of blessing.

—Sunshine

READER: It is the year 30 A.D. The place is in the Upper Room in the city of Jerusalem. The time is eventide. The scene is the feast of the Passover. It is being eaten by Jesus and His twelve disciples. They, His best friends, are unaware that it will hereafter be known as "The Last Supper" — and **YOU ARE THERE!**

SCRIPTURE: Matthew 26:17-23 and Luke 22:31-34.

LEADER ("I Can Hear My Savior Calling", played softly as background for this meditation): The Upper Room — and **YOU ARE THERE!** We are all there — the indifferent, the greedy, the

AND YOU ARE THERE!

A Worship Service

by

Mabel Nair Brown

jealous, the "apple polisher", the power seeker, the boastful, the troubled, the devoted — all asking, "Is it I?" Or boasting, with Peter, of our loyalty and devotion. Let us examine the innermost recesses of our hearts to see wherein we, too, are failing to live up to the name of Christian. How steadfast are our vows of loyalty to His teachings in today's world of tension? Or when our own well-being is challenged? "Lord, is it I?" Can we face the answer?

READER: The time is several hours later, and "'tis midnight; and on Olive's brow the star is dim that lately shone and the suffering Savior prays alone". Alone? Where are the disciples, His friends? Well, **YOU ARE THERE!**

SCRIPTURE: Luke 22:39-48 and also verse 54.

DUET: "Alone", 1st verse and chorus.

LEADER: Alone? Yes, where were His friends, His followers? Where would I have been? Where would you? Jesus said, "If you do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me." "Love your neighbor." "Love one another." "Be ye kind." Where are we that we can turn an indifferent shoulder when another's rights are thrust aside, when we can gather our own around a bounteous table with no concrete evidence that we care that little children die of hunger? Where are we when the aged and the sick need a word of cheer and a comforting handclasp as sorely as they need physical help? A neighbor to be helped, a letter to be written, a child to be nurtured, a church office to be filled — where are we? Do we, like Peter, "stand afar off"? Or do we remain, like those others, asleep in a crisis? Are we "fair-weather" Christians?

DUET: 2nd verse of "Alone".

READER: The time is later that night — rather, the wee hours of the next morning. In scene one we have the hall at the home of the high priest. In scene two we are in the hall of Pilate. **YOU ARE THERE** amidst a howling mob.

SCRIPTURE: Luke 22:55-61 and Matthew 27:21-25.

LEADER: There is a voice within you calling you to glorious action. Will you deny it? Will you "wash your hands" of the job which God has chosen for you? Or will we say with Thoreau, "Great God, I ask Thee no meaner pelf than that I may not disappoint myself; that in my action, I may soar as high as I can now discern with this clear eye. That my weak hand may equal my firm faith, and my life practice more than my tongue saith; that my low conduct may not show, nor my relenting lines; that I Thy purpose did not know, or overrated Thy designs." (The poem, "The Lord Had a Job for Me" would be fine to use here, also.)

READER: It is day, and the scene is a short distance outside the city wall, at a place called Golgotha. Jesus hangs upon the cross. **YOU ARE THERE.**

SCRIPTURE: Luke 23:33-34 and 44-49.

LEADER: And all his acquaintances, and the women that followed him from Galilee, stood afar off, beholding these things.

SOLO: "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?", verses one and two.

READER: It is shortly before sundown on that Black Friday. The place is a garden on a hill slope. There we see the opening to a sepulchre hewn in the stone. Jesus is being buried, and **YOU ARE THERE.**

SCRIPTURE: Luke 23:50-53 and John 19:39-42.

LEADER: Joseph is mentioned in all four gospels. Luke says of him, "He was a member of the council, a good and righteous man, who had not consented to their purpose and deed, and he was looking for the kingdom of God." He was helped by Nicodemus, who brought spices with which to embalm the body. Here we have two men, neither of them an open follower of Jesus, who performed these last

(Continued on page 21)

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

This afternoon is one of those quiet Sunday afternoons when a person feels like curling up in a big armchair with a good book and drifting away from the world for two or three hours. But although that's how I feel today, my conscience tells me I have long overdue letters to write, and one of those letters is to you.

The last few months have been months of adjustment for me. Perhaps my first and biggest adjustment has been that of a young bride. This has not been such a hard task, and I've truly enjoyed every minute of it, but it has taken a lot of time to get settled in a new home and establish a routine that is flexible enough to allow for our varied class schedules. As you know, both Art and I are students at the University of Wyoming. Art is carrying a full credit-hour load, while I am taking a lighter load of only eight hours. Although I won't say that it's impossible to be married and be a student at the same time, I will say that we are both eagerly awaiting the day when we graduate.

My most interesting class this past semester has been an education course in methods of teaching reading and the language arts on the elementary level. Among other things, instruction is given in different ways of increasing comprehension, providing motivation, encouraging student self-evaluation, stimulating group activities, and allowing for maximum individual growth. According to the textbook used in this course, a controversy still rages between those who advocate the phonetic approach to reading and those who prefer sight recognition of words. My professor ignores this controversy, and warns us that as prospective teachers we should be fully prepared to combine both methods as well as any others we can grasp to do the most effective job.

Besides my college work I have a challenging new activity which absorbs an hour of my time each day. This hour is spent tutoring a twelve-year-old retarded child. For several years I have been extremely interested in the special problems of mentally handicapped children. Those of you who are old readers will remember my work during four summers in Lucas County's camp for handicapped children. This camp provided for children with both physical and mental handicaps. Since this time I have done considerable research into the area of



This picture of Kristin was taken at Lake Hattie, a scenic spot west of Laramie, Wyoming.

mental retardation, particularly where special classes in public schools are concerned. Two of my college term papers have followed this theme.

During my study of special classes I have found that the general public has often misunderstood the purposes for, as well as the organization of, the special class in the public school. There are five basic principles that make the foundations of such classes both necessary and reasonable. First of all, education is an inalienable right. Secondly, research has indicated that the slow are more emotionally stable in a class geared to their own level. The retarded are often misfits in regular classes, and teachers are unable to devote enough time to such students. The last, and perhaps most important factor involved, is that the retarded have potential contributions to make to our society, and these contributions must not be overlooked.

To be truly effective, the special class should emphasize social adjustment and offer a varied curriculum. Reading, arithmetic, citizenship, health, and safety are usually the academic subjects most stressed. In some cases, manual training and crafts are taught exclusively. There are those who favor this type of organization, and there are others who strongly oppose it, saying that hands should not be trained at the expense of brains. One such person is Marion F. Smith, author of the book, *Teaching the Slow-Learning Child*. Mrs. Smith writes of her own teaching experiences and presents her views of special education in a most interesting way. I would highly recommend her book to anyone desiring to read more in this area.

Schedules should be planned in accordance with the child's attention

span and his individual capacity to learn. A child must not be forced beyond his abilities. Teaching procedures should be followed with the principle of association in mind. Abstract relationships are difficult for the retarded to grasp, but meanings will often be quickly understood if associated with personal experiences.

Although I am not yet prepared to teach a special class, I am very thankful for the opportunity to do some private tutoring as this will provide me with much valuable experience. It is my belief that Our Father has sent retarded children to us, not as a trial, but as a stepping stone to come closer to Him.

And how do I spend my time when I'm not in class, or studying, or tutoring? Well, my dear friends, I wash and iron, dust, cook, do dishes, mend socks, and in general try to master the art of efficient home management. Right now I have many shortcomings which I realize will disappear only with experience, but in time I hope to be living up to the standards held by my grandmother, mother, and aunts. This task will no doubt become easier when I'm free of college classes, and I know better than to become too discouraged in these first few months of marriage.

I am truly looking forward to the day when Art and I will have a house of our own and be through with apartment-living forever. Art has converted one room of our apartment into a painting studio, and it is in this room that we spend most of our free time. I like to sort of "hang around" while he paints, and since he doesn't mind my company, I occupy myself refinishing frames or framing "dry" pictures, or just watching him. Originally, I had intended our "studio" to be a living room, and had furnished it with two chairs, our record player and record cabinet, a desk, small table, and two bookcases. However, when Art moved in his easel, paint boxes, painting table, used and unused canvases, frames, and finishing supplies, everything else, with the exception of the two bookcases, was moved into our bedroom. When and if we can ever afford our own home, I certainly hope it will have a good-sized attic. I have always thought an attic would make a wonderful artist's workshop.

My Sunday afternoon is slipping away faster than I had intended, and since I still have other letters to write, I'll say good-bye for now.

Sincerely,
Kristin

"BOY CRAZY"

by
Esther Sigsbee

Last month the Boy Scouts of America, a wonderful organization, celebrated their anniversary. I admire the character-building influence on the lives of the boys; I am in awe of the millions of hours the volunteer men leaders give to the movement; and I subscribe heartily to the ideals back of the organization. But most especially do I think that there should be a special honor reserved for the great, unsung heroine of the scouting movement, the Cub Scout den mother. Perhaps when she gets to heaven there will be some sort of merit badge waiting for her. She will have deserved it!

A den mother is a woman who is "boy crazy" for the second time. The first time normally comes when she is a teen-age girl, crazy about the boys; the second time is when her den of boys drives her crazy! I know, because I was once a Cub Scout den mother.

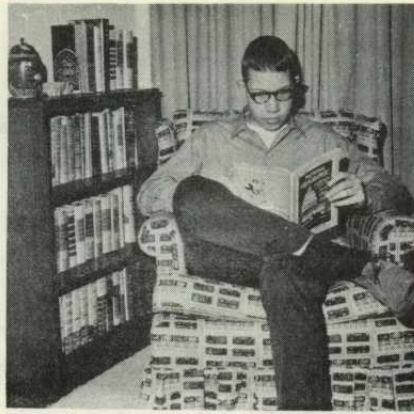
Although I lived through both forms of boy craze, there were times I didn't think I'd make it. I wouldn't trade either experience for anything in the world, nor would anything in the world induce me to live them over again.

No matter what anyone tells you, Cub Scouting is a pressure group. The pressure is applied by your very own son. When he and some twenty of his pals get to be about eight, they are old enough to join the Cub Scouts, but the existing dens don't have room for them. To start new dens they must have den mothers.

So these twenty-odd boys go home and put the pressure on twenty-odd mothers, and the one who can't think up excuses fast enough gets to be den mother. The fact that her house is too small for meetings, she has a part time job, or she has six younger children at home, has absolutely nothing to do with it.

I don't remember ever saying in so many words, "Yes, I'll be a den mother," but I must have agreed to something of the sort when I was thinking about something entirely different. All I know is that one day our son Bill came home from school with twelve boys, all of whom had permission to be Cub Scouts. "I already told the fellas you'd be den mother", Bill said. I had a den!

It was then that I found out what good advice the Boy Scout motto, "Be Prepared", is. However, I think it was meant more for the den mothers than



The Stroms remember so well when Martin (shown here) was a Cub Scout. Margery assisted the den mother at the meetings and can still recall that the projects they thought up for the boys which turned out to be the "messiest" were also the most popular!

for the boys, and it should really read, "Be Prepared — for Absolutely Anything", because "anything" is what is going to happen.

One thing I wasn't prepared for was the way my own son acted at den meetings. He'd never been too much of a behavior problem in school and Sunday school, but when we had the meetings in his own home with his own mother riding herd, he turned out to be the meanest kid in the bunch! The den mother's manual hadn't warned me of that.

The manual did say that the secret of a successful den was to keep the boys busy. They were so right! But often this wasn't as easy as it sounds. My trouble was that I never was any good at handicraft. How can you teach the kids to make genuine Indian drums out of tin cans and old inner tubes, or to tie square knots, when you can't do it yourself?

The most hectic den meeting in my three years' experience as den mother came one rainy afternoon. Our youngest, Jeannie, was only three, so, of course, she attended all meetings as a sort of unofficial mascot. On this particular day our infant nephew was also staying with us.

The Cubs literally drifted in on sheets of rain. They were all ravenously hungry, but the Cub assigned to bring treats hadn't warned his mother that it was his turn. So, to provide emergency rations, I got out the corn popper.

The Cubs were seated around a table at the other end of the kitchen, making something using rubber bands. They discovered that popcorn could be good sling-shot ammunition. The baby decided he didn't like it in his playpen, and let out a large howl. The Cubs

shouted with glee every time they scored a bull's eye. It was then that the kitchen ceiling started to leak!

Den mother began mopping frantically, while the third batch of popcorn burned to a crisp. There was no danger of fire, for by this time the leak had increased to a real deluge. The Cubs fought on, by this time using whole handfuls of popcorn; and Jeannie gave an urgent signal that she had to go to the bathroom. It was about as close to absolute bedlam as I ever hope to see. The Cubs, however, considered it one of our more successful meetings!

It was soon discovered that, although our den was rather short on handicraft exhibits, we were rather good at skits for Pack meeting. Den mother, in desperate attempts to keep the Cubs busy, wrote plays for them to perform. Surprisingly enough, the boys seemed to like these projects, and they all turned out to be a bunch of hams — much more so than the girls were in my subsequent experiences as Brownie leader.

Our major triumph came the year our town was observing its centennial. Combined with another den, we had a play about the pioneers, and we were asked to perform it at the charity ball!

Usually Cub Scout humor is on the slapstick side, but often they are funniest when they do not mean to be. For example, this is an incident that occurred in a contemporary den, not ours. The Cub Scouts were building birdhouses, and because the boys couldn't decide whether they wanted wrens or martins to live in them, the entrance hole couldn't be drilled. The den mother told the boys to take the houses home and have their fathers drill the holes when they had made up their minds.

One Cub brought his birdhouse back with the opening not drilled. "What's the matter?" den mother asked. "Couldn't you make up your mind what kind of bird it is for?" "Well", said the Cub, "I want my house to be for a redheaded woodpecker, and they can drill their own holes!"

My Cubs are all pretty well grown up now. Several of them are in college, a couple are in the service, and two or three are finishing high school. I shall always be interested in these boys, and I realize my experiences with them have enriched my life.

But I still think that the award pin they give den mothers at the end of their terms has quite a bit of resemblance to, and is fully as significant as, the Purple Heart!

ABIGAIL'S ACCOUNT OF A SHORT TRIP IS INTERESTING

Dear Friends:

After my customary mid-winter absence from the magazine, it always seems just a bit strange to settle down to write once again. This is particularly true because our life from January 2nd through June 15th is geared strictly to accommodate the big rush in the nursery business. Wayne spends long hours at his work and special trips or activities are at an absolute minimum.

However, last November I did take a trip that might make more interesting reading than the routine of our lives at this moment. If for no other reason, this trip was special to me because for the first time I was separated from every member of my family for more than just a few hours. After seventeen years it was a bit disconcerting to say the least. Nevertheless, I enjoyed myself thoroughly on this expedition to northern New Mexico and southwestern Colorado.

Living in the house south of us is a couple who have become very dear friends. Mr. Hooten is a Presbyterian minister who is Field Director of Christian Education for Colorado. He and his wife, Rosie, make several trips each year to one of their denomination's conference centers, Ghost Ranch, near Abiquiu, New Mexico. Usually both of them are involved with work there. But early each November "Hoot" attends a staff meeting leaving Rosie free to roam and explore this fascinating area. And on the Sunday following the staff meetings, "Hoot" was scheduled to preach at the Presbyterian church in tiny, but historic, Lake City, Colorado.

Rosie was sure that I would enjoy this trip and several times previously has invited me to accompany them. This past fall I felt the children were responsible enough not to be too much of a burden to Wayne. So, leaving behind a sizeable quantity of prepared food, plus a hundred and one instructions about what to do and not to do, I departed.

The quickest and most scenic route from Denver to Santa Fe is U.S. 285. Most of the miles in Colorado are spent in huge high valleys nestled between towering ranges of mountains. The aspen leaves had fallen but the upper portions of the peaks were covered with the first snow of fall, shimmering under a bright sun and blue sky. After we turned west of U.S. 285 towards Abiquiu in New Mexico, we found the

streams and rivers banked by cottonwoods still retaining their deep golden fall leaves.

Ghost Ranch is located on Route 84, a few miles north of Abiquiu. The elevation of the ranch buildings is about 6000 ft. with the surrounding mesas some 1000 ft. higher. These mesas are gorgeous; they contain a spectacular outcropping of red — the same as found in Grand Canyon. Surely you can imagine what a sight the sunrises and sunsets are here!

The ranch was donated to the Board of Christian Education of The United Presbyterian Church U.S.A. by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pack of Arizona. Containing almost 25,000 acres, the original title came from the king of Spain. There are facilities for 285 guests and it operates at peak capacity during the summer months. However, conferences and seminars are held year-round. Occasionally groups from other denominations arrange to hold meetings there when the ranch is able to accommodate them.

Individual guest accommodations are usually available during the "off" months of September thru May. To those of you who are Presbyterians and might be planning a trip through this part of the country, I heartily recommend Ghost Ranch as a place to stop and relax for a few days. The staff members are warm and friendly, the meals are delicious, and the rates most reasonable. There are many trails to walk or climb and a library full of books. Santa Fe is about 65 miles southeast, and a number of the Indian pueblos can be reached by an easy drive.

The ranch is also operated as an example of soil conservation and restoration. 100 years of drought and over-grazing have ravaged the terrain. It is hoped that over the years the land may be restored to the condition in which the early fur traders found it 200 years ago. Each year school children from miles around are brought to Ghost Ranch Museum. There are displays of natural phenomena, living animals, plants and nature trails, as well as watershed and soil conservation demonstrations. In addition, it houses the skeletons of the prehistoric animals which have been found on the ranch. The museum is located right on Route 84 and is well worth even a brief stop.

We were at the ranch only two full days. The first day we stayed on the ranch hiking and exploring, and at night, watching the herd of deer feeding in the alfalfa field, and star-gazing. The second day we drove into Santa Fe, stopping at the pueblos of Santa Clara and San Ildefonso along the way. The shops of Santa Fe are endlessly

fascinating and tempting, as is the city itself.

There was time for a leisurely tour of the ranch museum before we headed northwest towards Lake City the following morning. Our route took us over Wolf Creek Pass, through Wagon Wheel Gap and into Creede, one of the wildest of the wild Colorado mining camps of the past century. Perhaps you recall two of the lines of the famous ballad by Cy Warman, "It's day all day in the daytime and there is no night in Creede". Among Creede's most notorious residents was Bob Ford who shot Jesse James. Ford himself was shot in the back and buried in Boot Hill.

Creede seemed mighty peaceful and quiet as we drove through. We took a very short drive into the canyon where the mines were located and understood for the first time why the miners who worked there were so wild and unruly. No ordinary peace-loving men would ever have nerve enough to get anywhere near those steep cliffs on which the mines were located.

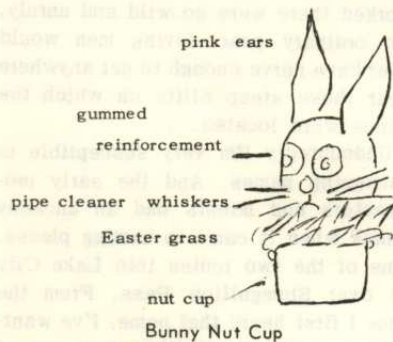
Undoubtedly I'm very susceptible to intriguing names. And the early prospectors and miners had an uncanny knack when it came to naming places. One of the two routes into Lake City is over Slumgullion Pass. From the time I first heard that name, I've wanted to go over Slumgullion. It is one of the higher passes in the state, 11,361 ft., and the road is gravel. Occasionally it is closed by drifted snow but never by snow-slides, a common occurrence on the high passes in this rugged part of the state. It's a gentle pass, devoid of the chasms and walls that sometimes make even us converted flat-landers gasp. The only awesome feature is the descent into Lake City over an enormous and ancient landslide — so ancient there were no Indian legends about it. The slide apparently was responsible for making Lake San Cristobal from which Lake City took its name.

In the fall of 1873 a group of men left Utah drawn by gold fever to the San Juan Mountains of Colorado. It was soon apparent that this was the wrong time of year to venture into this high wilderness and most of the men turned back. Five continued on with Alfred Packer as their guide. Provisions were exhausted as they camped near Lake San Cristobal, still a long way from the Los Pinos Indian Agency towards which they were heading. Some time later Packer reached the Agency with conflicting stories about the deaths of his companions from starvation.

(Continued on page 22)

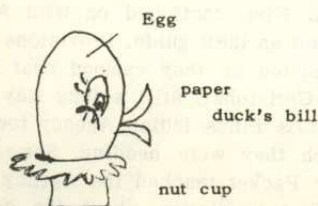


BUNNY NUT CUP: Use either a blown-out, dyed eggshell, or a hard-cooked egg which has been dyed a pretty color, for Bunny's head. Glue on short lengths of white pipe cleaner as the whiskers. Use white gummed notebook reinforcements for the eyes. Mark the mouth with a crayon. Place Mr. Bunny in a nut cup which has a bit of the colored Easter grass tucked in it. The nut cup will act as a base to hold it upright.



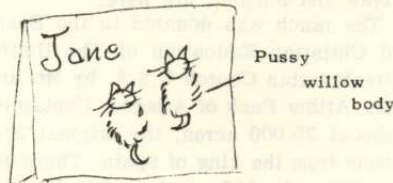
"SWEET BUNNY" FAVOR: Make up your favorite recipe for one of the cereal-marshmallow confections. Mold it in bunny-head shape — circles about 2½ inches in diameter and 1/2 inch thick. Insert loops of pipe cleaner for the ears. Cut slices from small gumdrops to stick on for the features. Use colored toothpicks for whiskers.

DUCKY DUDDLES EGG FAVOR: Make similar to Bunny nut cup above. Use a magic marker pen to mark large eyes. Cut a long slender oval, about 1½ inches long, from yellow or orange construction paper, and fold it in two places crosswise close to the center. Glue on the egg between the two folds in center for the "quacking" bill of the duck. Paste a ruffle of green paper around the top of a nut cup and set the duck's head in it.



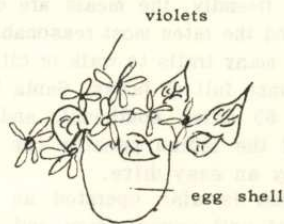
Ducky Duddles Favor

PUSSY WILLOWS make adorable "pussykins" to decorate place cards, party invitations, etc. For the place card, fold a rectangle of fine white notepaper (or use pretty spring pastel shades) in half. On the cover glue two fat pussy willows for the bodies of the pussykins. Ink in heads, pointed ears, and perky tails on the pussies. Stick one of the pussykins to the water glass for spring party trays.



Pussykin Place Card

VIOLET NOSEGAY BASKET: Save nicely shaped halves of eggshells for these. Dye them with Easter dyes and fill them with tiny bouquets of violets. A bit of modeling clay will make them stand upright, or glue each on a small cardboard base. I like to use purple violets in bright yellow baskets. These can be used as place favors, or placed on a green crepe paper streamer down the length of a party table.



Violet Nosegay Favor

NOSEGAY CANDLES: For springtime tables make festive flower candles simply by taking apart some old, discarded artificial flower corsages, separating them into small clusters. Choose a tall taper in color desired, and using small straight pins, pin the flowers slightly less than two-thirds of the way up the candle, leaving space at the bottom to fit the candle into the holder. A different effect is obtained by dipping the flower clusters in melted paraffin, letting them drain well on waxed paper, and then pinning them to the candle. You will soon discover lovely color combinations in candles and flowers for other seasonal effects.

People cannot be judged by what other people say about them, but they can be judged by what they say about others.



With an Irish Flavor

by
Virginia Thomas

PIG IN THE POKE STUNT: Put several articles — potato, pipe, rock (blarney stone), and others — in a paper sack. Tie it securely shut. The guests pass it around, each one feeling for an object in the sack, and then making a speech about whatever object he thinks he feels. Limit speeches to a few seconds. Award a prize to the one who gives best speech.

HARPING ON IT: Before guests arrive place green paper harps about on walls and drapes as part of decorations. The harps are first attached to white paper panels, upon which are pasted the opening bars of the music (but not the words) of popular Irish songs. Let the guests wander around the room to see how many they can recognize. This may get noisy as they "try out" the notes by whistling, humming, or warbling the Irish airs!

MARKETING THE PIGS is just an adapted version of hunting hidden objects in a room. Have hidden paper pig cutouts about the room. Give each guest a brown paper bag. At a signal guests hunt pigs and drop them into their sacks. The one with the largest number of pigs wins, of course. To make it more fun, have the pigs numbered to be worth so many points each, and then add up points to find the winner, who "tops the market", of course.

FROSTED GREEN GRAPE SUNDAE: Remove small green, seedless grapes from the stems. Dip in heavy cream, then into sifted powdered sugar. Dry on a rack, or on waxed paper. Serve on top of any flavor of ice cream.

MINT PARFAIT: Crush mint jelly slightly with a fork, and spoon into parfait glasses with alternate layers of vanilla ice cream. Top with whipped cream and decorate with a piece of wintergreen or peppermint candy.

MARY BETH DISCUSSES SEVERAL SUBJECTS

Dear Friends:

Sunday dinner is over and everything is cleaned up and put away. We've added some new furniture since I wrote you last! We're the proud new owners of an honest to goodness dining room suite. For the first time in ten years of married life we can now have a meal out of the kitchen without dragging the dusty card table chairs out of the closet, and pulling up the kitchen chairs when there are guests. And I have finally gained many miles of shelf space in a kitchen that doesn't boast of many shelves to begin with, because, standing handsomely in the dining alcove off the living room, is a china closet. My crystal and china now have a home of their own behind a well-latched pair of glass doors, where, for the first time, I can see them and enjoy them when they're not in use. At Donald's request we have instigated a family Sunday tradition with the addition of this dining room furniture. We're having a formal dinner every Sunday after church in the dining room, complete with candles, tablecloth, napkins, and good manners!

This makes us sound as though our meal-time habits leave much to be desired on days other than Sunday, and perhaps they do. However, in my own defense, I must admit to reluctance about taking an under-three-year-old child in for a formal meal on a carpet — regardless of its quality. The virtues of a plastic tablecloth or place mats on the kitchen table for everyday meals are endless. We do make an honest effort to train the children in good table manners, but somehow the ritual of setting the table with extra care on this special day, and lighting the candles, makes the children more aware of how they are expected to act. Giving them these weekly opportunities to use their best manners makes us a little more at ease when we take them with us on the occasions we eat out.

The last time we ate out in a really nice restaurant was on New Year's Eve, when we went to a Japanese restaurant called Dutch's Suki-yaki House. It is so traditionally Japanese that everyone takes off his shoes and checks them with his wraps. Adrienne and Paul and Katharine were speechless over this tradition. Wearing paper slippers, we were ushered into the dining room and seated on low, low cushions on the floor next to a table not more than fifteen inches above the floor. Our meal was cooked right at



Adrienne "reads" to her rag doll.

the table, which, incidentally, was set off by itself by bamboo curtains on three sides, affording privacy. Adrienne thought the low cushions were intended to be played with, and she scooted and slipped on and off them before dinner was served.

The Japanese people apparently do not drink milk, since there was none available for the youngsters, so they had their initiation at drinking tea, green no less, with many sugar cubes dissolved therein. Katharine, inexperienced as the rest of us, spilled her hot tea in her lap, perhaps the result of drinking from a cup with no handle. There was only one fork provided for those not brave enough to use the chopsticks at each place. We all made brave attempts to master the chopsticks, without too many spills. We were glad for the bamboo curtains!

All in all the evening was a comedy of errors. We had a very good time, and I doubt that the children will soon forget how they celebrated the beginning of the new year.

Now to a different and much more sober subject. In Katharine's room at school there are only four girls among all the boys, and as a result the little girls have become well acquainted and quite close friends. One day before school commenced following Christmas vacation, one of these little girls, with her parents and brother and sister, was returning from a holiday trip when their automobile was struck by another automobile, whose driver neglected to obey a stop sign. In one awful second this little eight-year-old girl and her four-year-old sister were made orphans. They awoke from this tragedy with

broken bones, cuts, bruises, and lives to remake, but, nevertheless, lucky to be alive.

Those even remotely acquainted with this family were naturally shocked by this awful thing. They were such fine young people — one of those couples who devoted themselves to their children. One question that was asked was whether or not they had on safety belts, since only those of the party killed were riding in the front seat. When I learned they *didn't* have seat belts, I decided to pass along some excerpts from an article I have saved for a year, thinking that sometime there might be a use for it. Even without knowing enough details concerning this tragic accident to judge whether or not seat belts would have saved their lives, it is certainly something for all of us to consider.

For \$45 we had five pairs of seat belts installed in our car two years ago. We purchased regular adult-size seat belts, and we don't back the car out of the garage without their being buckled on! Many people complain that their tykes rebel at the confinement of an adult-type belt that restricts their natural urge to move about and fastens them down below window level. But it is the preschooler, statistics say, who needs the protection even more than older children. John O. Moore and Robert Lilienfeld, two crash-research analysts, say that use of child car seats and cradles leave some questions as to whether they provide protection or actually increase the danger of fatal, or crippling, injury in case of accident.

Our children were two, four, and seven years old when we installed our belts, and although Adrienne objected, we would not be dissuaded. When she realized that this was the *only* way she would be allowed to ride in the car, she accepted the rules, and now the three children race to see who can "buckle up" first. We appreciated the fact that they couldn't see out, held down this low, but measured against their protection, we would not be swayed by their initial rebellion.

The various safety authorities throughout the United States have compiled a simple set of recommendations that every parent should take to heart:

1. Have children ride in the rear seat. They're three times safer there.
2. Secure young children with safety harnesses; older ones with safety belts.
3. Keep your child away from the

(Continued on page 22)



DO IT NOW!!

by
Jean Russel

I went into my neighbor's sunny kitchen, picked up a cup of coffee and sank into a chair.

"Some day, I'm going to" I began plaintively.

"Why not now?" interrupted Eva with a chuckle.

Surprised, I glanced up at her and then understood her meaning when she went on to say, "I'm a firm believer in starting toward a goal *today*, not *some day*."

Eva practices her philosophy. After finishing high school, she married and was soon a busy housewife and mother. As the children grew older, Eva and her husband often discussed how they could send five youngsters through school.

Finally, Eva hesitatingly confessed that she had always wanted to be a teacher. If she could manage to acquire a college degree for herself, then she could make a large contribution toward her children's college fund.

"Yes, some day you might do that," agreed her husband.

"No!" exclaimed Eva with sudden resolve. "*Some day* is the death of too many good plans. I'll start making inquiries about classes now."

"But you have too much to do," protested her husband.

"Well," Eva said with determination, "I'll start and if God wants me to be a teacher, *there will be a way*."

When the Smith youngsters learned of their mother's plan, they promised to help in every possible way. Small hands awkwardly made beds and dusted floors. Dishes were washed without bickering. The older children helped their younger brothers and sister with simple tasks.

Even with full family cooperation, the process took eight slow and arduous years. Some of the time, Eva could attend extension evening classes. At other times, hours of college credits were earned with correspondence courses. The required on-campus classes were difficult to attend since the university was an hour's drive from the family home.

Today, Eva is one of the best teachers in our local school system. But for the resolve, 'do it now', at the root of her ambition, she probably would not

have found it possible to watch each of her children receive a college degree.

What if a person has waited until he is too old to achieve his ambition? It is never too late if he can compromise a little. Our local country hospital has an older woman on the staff who made just such an adjustment.

During my stay in the hospital, she made a deep impression on me. She is the nurse's aide who is most eager to anticipate a patient's need or desire. Her beds are made taut, without a wrinkle; she chatters happily to patients who are well on their way to recovery, and is quiet with those who are still very ill. The nurses depend on Lillian to coax elderly patients to eat enough food. She is the only aide trusted to feed the premature babies.

During a lull in hospital routine, I persuaded Lillian to sit down for a few minutes and during our little visit she confided her story. Aged parents had kept her home from nursing school and after their deaths, she helped rear two orphan nephews.

"Finally," she concluded, "I decided I wasn't getting any younger. The hospital agreed to train me as an aide. I'd love to be a nurse, but," she grinned mischievously, "I sure have fun being an aide."

Lillian would have made a wonderful nurse, but, having accepted God's will that she care for her family, she compromised and still achieved enormous satisfaction in her chosen field of work.

The name of Grandma Moses will always be a reminder that no one is too old to begin a dream. For her, success was sweet and fruitful. But for one person who reaches the pinnacle of success, there are thousands of other people who paint for personal satisfaction. Lack of skill need not be a deterrent to becoming a 'Sunday painter', a pianist who 'plays for her own amazement' as a friend laughingly terms her own musical ability, or other such creative ambition. There is no need to apologize for not being the best in such an endeavor. The important result is the satisfaction which is reaped from a long-desired achievement.

As a writer, many people have expressed interest in my work. Almost invariably, they comment wistfully, "I always wanted to write."

"Why don't you?" I respond. To be sure, not everyone wants to write material for publication. But there are many events which need to be recorded for family interest which only one person can do. He is the only one who can record his childhood memories; he is the only one who can write down his child's early activities; he is the only one who can write his personal thoughts and experiences. A rich wealth of family tales can be handed down from generation to generation if one person is willing to be a writer today, instead of just 'some day'.

The philosophy to 'do it now' can apply very well to dull, everyday chores as well as to high, difficult-to-reach goals.

A famous doctor frequently recommends the twenty-minute-housecleaning plan to patients who are well enough to cope with daily housekeeping, but who feel depressed because they do not have the strength to tackle the big chores. This doctor advises his patients to set aside twenty minutes each day to work on a specific task. At the end of the allotted time, the patient must stop work and return to normal, everyday duties. By using these gradual daily steps, the patients feel a relief in accomplishing an apparently insurmountable task, and, at the same time, testing their returning strength.

Helen, a mother of four preschool children, adapted this plan to suit her own needs. Her home is not filled with the latest labor-saving equipment, and Helen found it difficult enough to manage the usual housework let alone the big housecleaning projects.

Finally, she decided to allot twenty-five minutes every day to work on a special task. She began with the "catchall" closet and was amazed to discover that it took only a week of twenty-five minute stints to produce an orderly storage place. Dirty windows, cluttered cupboards, difficult mending and other projects were soon crossed off the list of chores she wanted to complete 'some day'. Helen plans never to give up her new method of housekeeping. With it an integrated part of her daily routine, she has a neater home with a much more relaxed mother at the helm.

Ambitions are as varied as people. But only those who start today will reach their ideals. Remember: If it is worthwhile to dream of a goal, it is worthwhile to strive for it.



THE ENCHANTED ATTIC

by
Evelyn Birkby



Bob, Jeff and Craig Birkby may never know the magic of playing in an "Enchanted Attic", but they have spent many happy hours in the woods and bluffs near their home. Here they are enjoying an early spring marshmallow roast.

When the cave was built behind Grandma's house, it became far more than just a hole dug in the ground and rounded into a cool, earth roof. This one was more like a basement with square brick sides and a flat ceiling which in turn became a floor for a big storage room overhead.

Goodness knows, that upstairs room would have been large enough to convert into a fine one-room apartment, but the tiny town of Murdock, Illinois, was blessed with old houses so no one was interested in apartments of any kind. Constructing such a fruit-and-food cellar with a storage attic in a separate building would be far too expensive to attempt today, but Grandma luxuriated in her fine storage space; and her any grandchildren shared in her joy.

Part of the fun of visiting Grandma was playing in that attic. The very fact that it was separate from the house made it *private* and *mysterious*. Real stairs had been built on the outside, and these led up to a small, railed platform. From there a sill and full door with a glass window led into the magic land. The door had a knob and a perfect keyhole which accommodated *any* skeleton key with ease. We could lock up our treasures, pocket the key, and feel confident all would be safe until our return — or lock ourselves in to keep unwanted visitors out!

Once inside the attic we felt far from the prying eyes of adults. A small window let in some light. Since our visits were mainly during the warm summer months, we *could* leave the door swinging wide to let in the sunshine and fresh breezes. This was fortunate, for the attic had the usual layer of dust and the musty odors a room contains which has been shut tight for months on end. While our housekeeping efforts were energetic and dutiful, they consisted more of swishing up the dirt and moving it from one spot to another instead of removing it entirely, hence frequent doses of fresh air were absolutely necessary.

Discarded furniture abounded in the attic and provided the setting for any and all of our imaginative hours. When we were small we just played house, or hospital, or church. As we grew older, our scope broadened and the room became the setting for plays,

many original, and the furniture adapted perfectly to any situation demanded of it. It was impossible to understand why Grandma had put such precious items in the storage room. Of course, the table had a crooked leg, but it made a perfect pulpit. The couch was lumpy and sagged in the middle, but a weak and delicate Camille could not be annoyed by such trifles. The joys of our treasures only increased with use.

Boxes and trunks of old clothes had been carefully stored on one side of the large room. Here we resurrected the styles of glorious days long gone. What fine ladies we became with long, full-skirted dresses, ruffle-filled blouses, and sweeping, plume-trimmed hats! With such regalia we became President's wives, actresses, world travelers, and rich mamas who were forever going off to fancy social affairs and leaving the children with nursemaids.

The boys among this group of cousins happily assisted in this imaginative play — to a certain age! Eventually, they rebelled and we girls were left to "pretend" men. Since the boys proved to be more of a handicap than an asset after they reached the age of *reason*, we were happy to be rid of them, their loud comments, and noisy teasings.

Perhaps the most fun in Grandma's attic came from the boxes of books and magazines and discarded papers. Hour upon hour of fun could be found in making paper dolls from the box of old catalogues. First, we would cut out the number of heads we wanted for our families. Each head was carefully glued to a firm, long strip of cardboard. Next, we would find the clothes we wanted as the wardrobe for each doll. These had to have feet, as

our basic paper doll had none. We would cut and sort and fix envelopes for each one of our "people".

The old magazines were fun to look through, as were the books, but here we usually stopped the quiet pursuit of sedentary pleasure and proceeded to lug them to the shelves of the wobbly bookcase where we created a bookstore. The only limit to the items in the store was the bottom of the boxes. It never dawned on us that putting those books and magazines away might not be nearly as much fun as dragging them out. But that time was a long way off, late afternoon, at least!

In the meantime, we gleefully explored the corners of the attic for new boxes to open so as to unearth some new, hitherto undiscovered treasure. One day we found a stereoscope viewer with box upon box of slides. We almost made our fortune selling looks through that viewer! The only deterrent to the venture was the fact that the money used was made with paper and crayon and had no value to either family or merchant.

The small white house with its cellar and attic built so sturdily behind it still stands in Murdock, as it did in the days when Grandma was alive and I was a small girl. Several years ago I took my own family back to meet some of my beloved uncles and aunts and cousins. We stopped in front of the house and I took my three boys back to the storage house. We walked up the stairs which I had tread so many times. I told them of the fun I had enjoyed as a girl and the excitement which my cousins and I had found in the interior of the building. We peered through the window of the locked door and saw a room, shrunken by time, layered with the dust of years, and shockingly empty of boxes and furniture and other precious treasures.

I tried to make the boys see the magic of that drab room through my eyes, but it was impossible. The wonder of a little girl's experiences were in my heart and could never be shared with anyone, ever again.

As we turned to go I felt a sharp pang for the childish play so long gone — but happy, none-the-less, that it had been mine. Pity the modern children whose grandmas don't have an attic for rummaging and discovery and imaginative activity. Old-fashioned as they may be now, a well-filled attic can still be an enchanted place for happy hours of play.

**SALMON LOAF WITH CHEESE SAUCE**

- 1 (1-lb.) can salmon, flaked
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 cup cream or top milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- A dash of pepper

Combine all the ingredients. If you do not have lemon juice, 1/2 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring may be substituted very satisfactorily. Shape into a loaf and put into a greased loaf pan. Sprinkle a few buttered bread crumbs over the top. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 minutes. Serve with the following cheese sauce:

Cheese Sauce

- 2 cups seasoned white sauce
- 1 cup American cheese, grated
- 1 cup celery, chopped

Make up the white sauce and stir in the American cheese. Cook over low heat, stirring, until the cheese melts and the sauce is smooth. Add the celery. Serve hot over the salmon loaf.

GLAZED CARROTS

- 12 carrots, sliced 1/4 inch thick
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- Salt
- Pepper

- 1/4 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 cup milk

- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds

Melt the butter in the skillet, then add the carrots and salt and pepper to taste. Mix together the ginger, milk and brown sugar and pour over the carrots. Add the almonds. Cover with a tight lid and cook over very low heat for 30 minutes, then remove the lid and cook 10 minutes longer. If you use an electric frying pan, cook at 260 degrees for 30 minutes, then remove lid and cook 10 minutes more.

PEANUT BUTTER CAKE

- 2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/3 cup School Day peanut butter
- 1/3 cup vegetable oil
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/4 cups milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup sugar

Into a large bowl sift the flour, baking powder, soda, and salt. Add the brown sugar, School Day peanut butter, vegetable oil, butter flavoring, and half the milk. Beat one minute. Add the remaining milk, vanilla, and egg yolks and beat one more minute. Beat the egg whites until soft peaks form, gradually add the sugar, and beat until stiff peaks form. Fold the beaten egg whites into the batter. This can be baked in two nine-inch layer pans, or in one large cake pan, well greased and floured. Bake layers 30 to 35 minutes at 350 degrees, and the large cake 45 to 50 minutes, or until done. Cool and frost with Caramel Frosting.

CARAMEL FROSTING

- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup dark brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. water
- 3 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

1 lb. box sifted powdered sugar

Mix the butter, brown sugar and water in a saucepan. Cook over low heat until it comes to a boil and boil one minute. Remove from heat and stir in the milk, vanilla and burnt sugar flavorings. Gradually add the powdered sugar, stirring constantly until smooth. Cool to spreading consistency.

DELUXE HAMBURGERS

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2/3 cup catsup
- 1 1/2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/3 cup water
- 4 Tbls. onion, minced
- 4 cups bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup warm milk
- 1/4 cup melted drippings
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 Tbls. onion, minced

Add the 1/2 tsp. salt and the 1/4 tsp. pepper to the ground beef. Mix well and form into patties. Combine the catsup, brown sugar, vinegar, water and 4 Tbls. minced onion. Heat together until bubbly. Combine all the rest of the ingredients into a bread dressing. Place half of the meat patties in a shallow baking dish. Shape rounds of dressing and put one on the top of each patty. Top with another patty, sandwich fashion. Pour the hot barbecue sauce over the hamburgers. Bake, uncovered, at 375 degrees for 30 minutes, or until done.

GREEN BEANS AMANDINE

- 1 pkg. frozen green beans, French style
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 cup slivered almonds
- 2 tsp. lemon juice
- 1/8 tsp. marjoram
- Salt and pepper to taste

(First, may I say that canned green beans *may* be used in this recipe in place of frozen beans, if you like.)

Cook the beans according to the directions on the package. Drain. Melt the butter in a saucepan and saute almonds until golden. Add to beans with lemon juice, marjoram, salt and pepper. Stir gently and serve at once. This is excellent for a company dinner.

SALMON-CORN MEAL PATTIES

- 2 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1 cup corn meal
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 can hominy, drained
- 1 tall can salmon, drained

Combine the boiling water, salt and corn meal. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thick. Remove from the heat. Add the well-drained hominy and the salmon which has been drained and flaked. Cool. Make a roll on waxed paper. Refrigerate until well chilled and firm. Slice, dip in corn meal and fry in hot shortening (drippings do nicely) until brown. These patties freeze very nicely for future use.

ORANGE COOKIES WITH LEMON FROSTING

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 4 cups flour

Cream together the sugar, margarine and butter flavoring. Stir the soda into the sour cream and add to the creamed mixture. Mix in the beaten eggs and the orange flavoring. Lastly, add the baking powder and flour. Drop by teaspoons on a greased cookie sheet. Bake 12 minutes or until light brown in a 350 degree oven.

Lemon Frosting

- 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
- 3 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

A few drops of yellow food coloring. Sift the powdered sugar. Add the water a tablespoon at a time until the frosting is of the right spreading consistency. Stir in the lemon flavoring and the yellow food coloring. When the cookies are cool, frost with the lemon frosting.

FROSTY FROZEN PIE

- 2 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1/4 lb. margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 pkg. instant pudding mix
- 3 1/2 cups vanilla ice cream
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine the crumbs, melted margarine, butter flavoring and brown sugar. Pack into a pie tin. (This will make 1 large or 2 small crusts.) You can bake this crust for 10 minutes at 350 degrees if desired, but it can be used unbaked.

Turn the ice cream into a mixing bowl and let soften slightly. Sprinkle the instant pudding mix on top. Add the flavoring and beat with the mixer until blended and smooth. It will be the consistency of whipped cream. Pour into the prepared pie shell. Freeze until ready to serve.

Experiment with a variety of different instant pudding mixes and Kitchen-Klatter flavorings: lemon with lemon flavoring, butterscotch with burnt sugar flavoring, chocolate with mint flavoring, vanilla with the fruit flavorings.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS AND FRENCH-FRIED ONIONS

Drain 1 pint fresh or frozen oysters, reserving 1/4 cup oyster liquid. Add to oyster liquid 1/4 tsp. salt, 1/8 tsp. pepper, 1 tsp. parsley flakes, 1/4 tsp. Worcestershire sauce and 3 Tbls. half-and-half.

Measure 2/3 cup French-fried onions (from 1 can, 3 1/2 ounces); place in a 1 1/2 quart casserole. Top with half of oysters. Repeat with 2/3 cup onions and remaining oysters. Pour seasoned oyster liquid over top. Bake at 325 degrees for 15 minutes. Sprinkle remaining onions over top; continue baking for 5 minutes. Serves four.

—Mary Beth

SHERBET SALAD

- 1 pt. raspberry sherbet
- 2 pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 3/4 cup boiling water
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 1/2 cups blueberries (frozen, or canned)
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Dissolve 1 package raspberry gelatin in 3/4 cup boiling water. Add sherbet, 1 tsp. raspberry flavoring, stir to blend. Pour into mold; chill until firm. Spread with sour cream. Dissolve second package raspberry gelatin in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water, 1 1/2 tsp. blueberry flavoring and blueberries. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Spoon blueberry mixture over sour cream layer. Chill until firm.

TUNA CHOW MEIN LOAF

- 1 cup tuna, flaked
- 1/2 cup toasted, blanched almonds
- 2 cups chow mein noodles
- 3 cups medium white sauce
- 2 egg yolks, well beaten
- 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Make up 3 cups of medium white sauce, seasoned with salt and pepper. Take 1 1/4 cups of this white sauce and while it is still hot beat in the tuna, almonds, chow mein noodles and 2 beaten egg yolks. Lastly, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a greased loaf pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

When the loaf is done, turn out on a hot platter. Combine the rest of the white sauce with 2 Tbls. well-drained chopped pickle and 1 Tbls. pimiento. Spoon this, hot, over the loaf, or serve separately in a gravy bowl and let each person put on his own portion.

MARCH SALADS

(Green!)

MINT MEDLEY SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup lime sherbet
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- A few drops of green food coloring
- 1 can crushed or chunk pineapple, drained

Combine the gelatin and hot water. When dissolved, stir in the sherbet. Add the mint flavoring, food coloring and well-drained pineapple. Mold in attractive molds. Turn out on lettuce leaves and top with a bit of mayonnaise.

This is a deliciously refreshing combination of flavors. The mint and pineapple go together perfectly and the lemon adds just the right touch for a very fine, though simple to make, salad.

SEA FOAM SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup hot pear juice
- 1 to 2 pkg. cream cheese
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- 2 Tbls. salad dressing
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

1 #2 1/2 can pears, drained and mashed. Combine the gelatin and the hot pear juice. When dissolved, beat in the cream cheese, which has been softened to room temperature. Combine the whipped cream, the mint flavoring and the salad dressing and fold into the mixture. Lastly, mix in the mashed pears. Mold in pretty salad molds, turn out on lettuce leaves and top with a little salad dressing or a shake of paprika.

GREEN VEGETABLE MOLD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- A dash of onion juice
- 1/2 cup cream, whipped
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup carrots, grated
- 1/2 cup celery, chopped
- 2 Tbls. green pepper, chopped
- 1 cup cottage cheese

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Add the onion juice (use the prepared onion juice, or scrape the cut edge of a freshly halved onion), stir in the whipped cream and mayonnaise. Fold in the vegetables and the cottage cheese. Mold and turn out on lettuce leaves.

If you want a lower-calorie salad, omit the whipped cream. This is delicious either way.

CARAMEL PEACH PIE

- 2/3 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 cup peach syrup
- 2 Tbls. corn syrup
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup soft butter or margarine
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 egg

1 3/4 cups drained, sliced peaches

1 unbaked pie shell

Combine the brown sugar, butter or margarine, butter flavoring, burnt sugar flavoring, peach syrup and corn syrup together in a saucepan. Bring to a full boil and boil for exactly 1 minute. Remove from the fire and set aside to cool.

Sift together the cinnamon, flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add butter, milk and vanilla. Beat very well, add the unbeaten egg and then beat again. Fold in the peaches and spoon the batter into the unbaked pie shell. Spoon the cooled caramel sauce over the top. Bake at 350 degrees for 50 to 60 minutes. Serve warm.

REDUCER'S DRESSING

- 1/2 cup tomato juice
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 - 1 tsp. onion juice
 - 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 - A few drops Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener
- Beat together well and store in refrigerator. Shake before using.

HAMBURGER CASSEROLE WITH CURRY BISCUITS

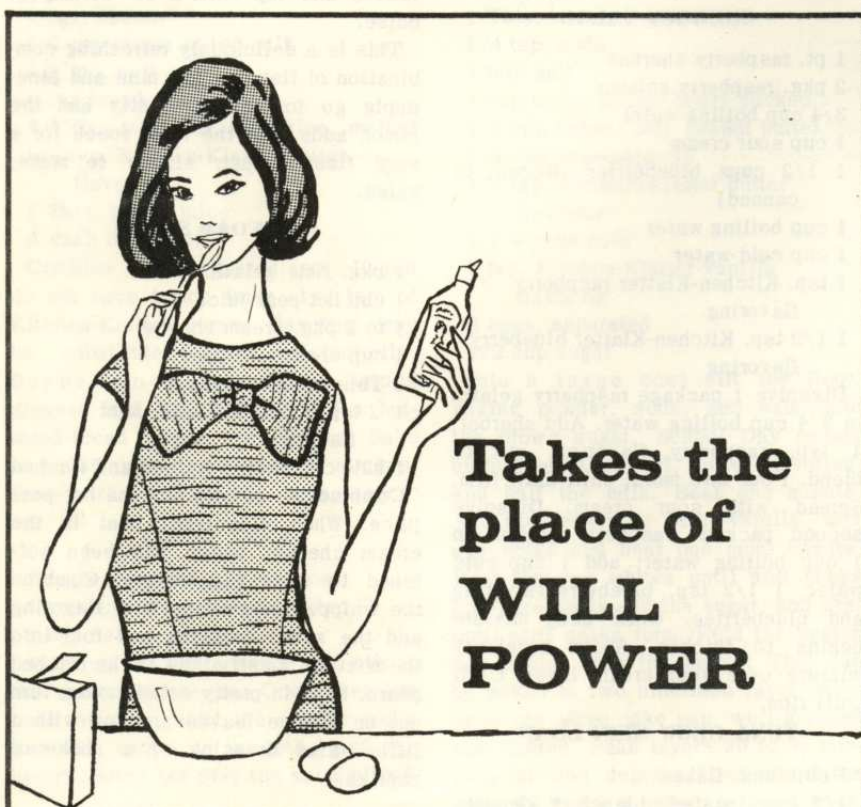
- 1 pound ground beef
 - 1/4 cup finely diced onion
 - 1 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 tsp. pepper
 - 1 can condensed cream of celery soup (10 1/2-ounce can)
 - 1/2 cup water
 - 1 1/2 cups mixed vegetables (10-ounce package, frozen)
 - 1 1/2 cups Italian green beans (9-ounce package, frozen)
- Or canned, drained — add after mixed vegetables are cooked.
- Brown ground beef in skillet. Add onion, salt and pepper. Blend condensed cream of celery soup and water and add to beef mixture. Heat to boiling. Add mixed vegetables and Italian green beans and heat to boiling. Reduce heat and simmer until vegetables are almost tender, about 10 minutes. Pour into greased 2-quart casserole. Drop Curry Drop Biscuits by tablespoonfuls on top of hot meat mixture. Bake in hot oven (425 degrees) 25 to 30 minutes, or until biscuits are browned.

Curry Drop Biscuits

- 1 cup sifted enriched flour
 - 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 tsp. curry powder
 - 2 Tbls. shortening
 - 1/2 to 2/3 cup milk
- Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and curry powder. Cut in shortening until mixture is crumbly. Blend in enough milk to make a very stiff batter. Drop by tablespoonfuls onto hot meat mixture. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

EXCELLENT MEAT LOAF

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
 - 1/2 cup grated American cheese
 - 3/4 cup rolled oats
 - 2 tsp. salt
 - 3 eggs, beaten
 - 1/4 cup onion, chopped
 - 1/4 cup celery, chopped
 - 1 cup tomato juice
- Combine all ingredients thoroughly and pack into a loaf pan which has been lined with aluminum foil. Bake for one hour at 350 degrees.



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That Old Kitchen Table

by
Harverna Woodling

Do you remember fondly the kitchen table of your childhood? Or perhaps it was the dining-room table. Dining-room or kitchen, round or square, that table was the focal point for many happy, warm family activities. We did not talk then of "togetherness" or "playing together". It simply never occurred to us to do otherwise.

That kitchen table, of course, was the scene of our family meals and much chatter, but it was also the setting for many things other than routine meals. Some of these were governed by the seasons.

On hot summer evenings our family and a neighboring family frequently made ice cream together, either at our home or theirs. Ice cream was not then a routine dessert, involving merely refrigerator trays or removing a carton from the freezer.

It meant that one or both fathers had driven about two miles to our closest town and bought a big block of ice, which was carefully wrapped and kept in the cellar until it was time to "freeze". The mothers mixed the rich combination of milk, cream, eggs, sugar, and perhaps junket, and poured it into the gallon ice cream can. Our dads then packed crushed ice and salt around the can, and turned the crank of the hand freezer until it was too hard to turn any more. (Our neighbor boy and my brother Don and I were occasionally drafted for short terms but we were quite adept at evading it. Usually my dad and Mr. Tom, as we always called our good friend, did most of the work.) After it was done, our respective mothers dipped out the heaping portions.

We often sat around the kitchen table to consume the big, big bowls of rich, creamy dessert. Lucky was the one who got to lick the paddle and scoop off the big chunks that clung to it! I often managed this.

Of course, there were special meals, too. There were large Sunday dinners or suppers when relatives came calling. These were usually served in the dining-room, but preparations always overflowed from the cabinet to the kitchen table. Here vegetables might be peeled, jelly and pickles dished up to wait in all their glory, and the handsome fat hen repose while waiting for dressing to be applied

before she was popped into the oven.

In the fall of the year my dad sometimes filled silo. Ours was not a trench silo dug in the ground, but a large, cylindrical wooden silo adjoining one end of our big barn. The work required a date with the men who owned the machine that crushed the corn, stalks and all, and blew it into the silo. It also took the help of a number of neighbors who brought their teams and wagons and helped haul corn. This event often occurred after school had begun its fall term, but Don and I always rushed home to see some of the excitement, and to raid the kitchen table for the pies, salads, and other goodies that had been left from the big "silo-filling dinner".

Long winter evenings saw us around the table, too. Now there was serious work at hand. We did not call it "homework" then. Homework meant carrying

in wood or drying dishes. We just simply worked our arithmetic, and many a smudgy erasure was made before we finished. Most of it I truly liked, but oh, how I hated long division. We wrote our spelling, too, the table once again serving as a desk. Here we sat with our hands over our ears while we studied our history. Many a book report was also written thereon. My daughters now read some of the same books that we did. Never shall I forget *Heidi* or *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. Here we thrilled over Gene Stratton Porter's *Laddie* or Zane Grey's *Riders of the Purple Sage*.

After lessons were finished, the table became a game table. Rook, checkers, rummy, Old Maid, even good old Uncle Wiggly — all had their champions.

Now our daughters, Dale and Terri,

(Continued on page 19)



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One little drop can make a big difference, when it's a drop of **Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring**. When you add a drop — or a spoonful — you're adding concentrated flavor, aroma and color. And you're confident that it won't cook out, steam out, bake out. In pastries, salads, dressings, desserts and drinks, **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** do their job dependably, economically, bottle after bottle.

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THIS AND THAT FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

The lunch dishes are washed and returned to the cupboard, Martin is headed down the street for school, and Oliver has left for the office. It is suddenly very quiet after the hubbub of the noon-hour rush.

Usually, I return to the office right after lunch, but lately I've been trying to relax at home for a short period before resuming my busy schedule. The past few days I've been spending this time looking through my scrapbooks on interior decorating. This has long been a favorite pastime, but now I'm looking not with a dreamy eye, but for a definite purpose.

Last month I told you that I was trying to reorganize my office at home so that we could set up a bed in that room. One Saturday recently, Martin came up with the excellent suggestion of switching the den and the office. The more we thought about it, the more practical it seemed. We all pitched in and moved the office furniture into the den, and the den furniture into the office, the larger of the two rooms.

Although the new den contains more space, it is an odd-shaped room with some difficult architectural features. I've been pouring over my scrapbooks to see if I can come up with a decent arrangement. We have arrived at one conclusion thus far, and that is that for extra sleeping space, we had better purchase a sofa which can be made into a bed. Some of my friends have



Oliver Strom

them and say that they are comfortable for everyday use and very convenient for overnight guests.

We were able to make the room switch because I actually *did* get rid of some of the office pieces. I have in that room *only* what I need at home. The rest was moved down to my office at the *Kitchen-Klatter* building.

I'm still a bit confused with the new arrangement, and I'm wondering how long it will take for my subconscious mind to remember. It doesn't help matters any that I already have a reputation in the family for being a bit absent-minded! How foolish I feel when I wind up in front of the television set instead of my typewriter! My only consolation is that Nickie, our dog, seems more confused with the change than I!

This past week I made new curtains for the kitchen and powder room. They hadn't been replaced since we papered

last fall, and the old ones just didn't harmonize with the new color scheme.

I know you friends are pleased to have a letter in this issue from Dorothy and Frank's daughter Kristin. Actually, it is the most detailed account we've had of their apartment. Previously we've just had snatches of this and that which we've tried to piece together to get the whole picture. After I read about Art's little studio, I wrote asking more about his paintings and they've promised to send one soon. I was so in hopes that it would arrive in today's mail. This will be our first "original" oil painting, so we're eager for it to arrive. This is one which appeared in Art's recent one-man show.

In case any of you are interested, Art has a circular to mail out about the paintings he has for sale. He'd be happy to mail one to you if you send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to Kristin and Arthur Brase, 607 So. 7th, Laramie, Wyoming.

When we were sorting through desks and drawers at the time of the room-switching, Oliver and Martin organized all of our trip materials. It was fun rereading our diaries and accumulated pamphlets. Martin ran across some historical literature that happened to coincide with some class discussions at school, so we "lost" him for a while.

A year ago this March, Oliver and I took the interesting trip to Natchez, Mississippi, for the Pilgrimage. The dates this year are from March 7th to April 1st. If any of you could make arrangements to go, I believe you would find it most worthwhile. I suggest that you write to the Pilgrimage headquarters for information in advance.

I'm writing my letter a little earlier than is my usual custom for I'm hoping to take a trip soon. I'll do my best to bring back something interesting to to share with you.

Sincerely,
Margery



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Messages of cheer
To all who hear you sing!

Through dull, dark days of Winter,
Your faint notes are heard
Descending from the tree tops,
High above our world,
O most beautiful bird!

With blithe heart overflowing,
Early, now, you appear,
Singing in thrilling notes
A rhapsody of joy.
Listen! The cardinal! Hear?

—Pearl E. Brown

SIGNS OF SPRING

by
Lynnie Mix

With a breath of spring in the air, I searched as far back as three generations ago for signs of spring, and I find that most of them time and progress have failed to change.

The symbolic robin is still held in highest esteem. The pussy willows, the crocuses, and the violets are among the favorites.

When the snow begins to melt on the roof and a pan is rushed to the leak in the attic; the first roll of thunder; the "green thumbers" thumbing through the seed catalogs; the glossy, green and pink sprouts of fresh asparagus and pieplant breaking ground; the foreboding buds that swell on barren trees; the patches of green grass prematurely sprouted under vanishing snow, all these and more whisper the infinite wonders of spring.

Through the quietude of the countryside comes the bleating of little lambs, the grunting of baby pigs, the maa-maaing of little calves, the peeping of baby chicks, the cluck-clucking of a would-be mother hen — the unforgettable signs of spring on the farm.

As regular as the inevitable spring housecleaning, are laughing children flying kites, playing marbles and mumbletypeg, and exploring and touring every available mud puddle that is bound to end in sniffles and a good, sound scolding.

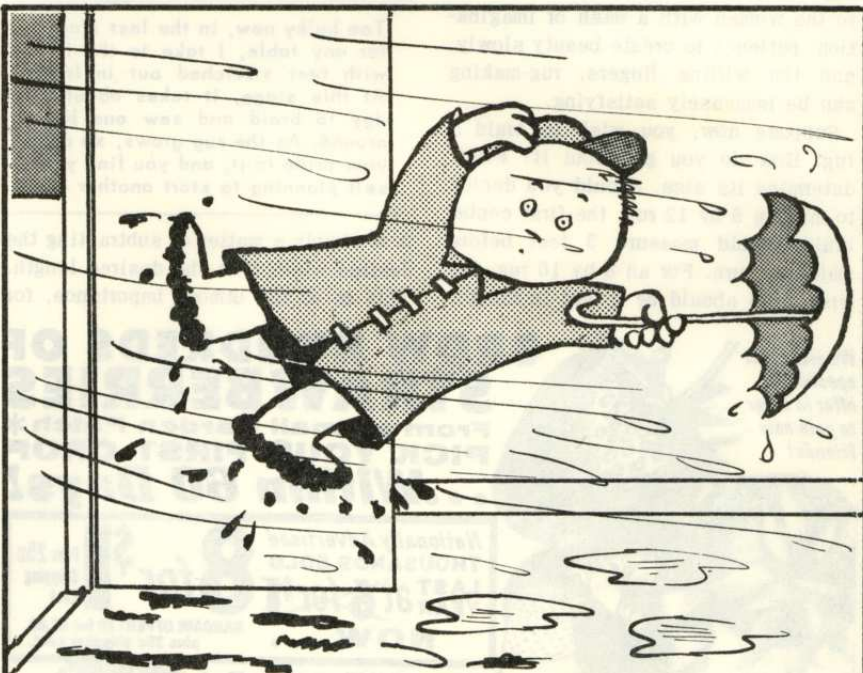
Then there is that indefinable air of

spring that inspires every housewife to forsake the automatic dryer and seek once again the sweet, fresh smell of clean clothes, flapping lazily in a balmy breeze on a sunny morn on the line in the back yard.

The sign that spring is really here to stay, is the loud clatter and low mumbling from the back hall closet as Dad backs out disheveled, clutching his fishing tackle and searching the hall with a belligerent look in his eyes for the culprit who dared to bury his precious treasure behind a mountain of useless junk.

These immortal miracles of nature

cannot be touched by man with all his wideness of culture and boundless knowledge of science. He can bring under his control dynamic forces and put to use the immeasurable uses of the tiny atom, but he cannot tell the robin when he should arrive, or demand the violets to open at his will, nor can he solve the mysteries of human nature. There are some things in life man must accept as gifts and I, for one, am glad. I would not want to miss that ardent longing and sheer joy of watching for these signs of spring as life unfolds upon the face of Mother Earth.



MARCH

April showers bring May flowers, but March contributes mostly mud and mess. Every time the door opens it means something to clean up: drips, puddles, tracks, stains.

Lucky you have **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** to help! **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** goes into solution the minute it touches water — even hard water. It slicks up tracks and stains instantly, and since it leaves no froth or scum to rinse away, it cuts cleaning time in half. And it's so economical!

If you don't have **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** in your home, better get some before March's messes get you down. Pick it up when you grocery-shop.

You go through the motions...

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

Does the work!

HANDMADE RUGS, HOOKED OR BRAIDED, ARE PRIZED POSSESSIONS

by
Nadine Mills Coleman

Choosing what to do with your hands is like everything else in life — a matter of deciding what is most important. If you are content with a "boughten" look about your house, rug-making is not for you. If you are the type who must whip up a thing overnight, the old-time craft of "turfting" or braiding is not your dish. But to the woman with a dash of imagination, patience to create beauty slowly, and ten willing fingers, rug-making can be immensely satisfying.

Suppose now, you wish to braid a rug. How do you go about it? First, determine its size. Should you decide to make a 9 by 12 rug, the first center braid should measure 3 feet before making a turn. For an 8 by 10 rug, the first braid should be 2 feet in length.



Too bulky now, in the last stages, for any table, I take to the floor with feet stretched out in front. At this stage, it takes about all day to braid and sew one braid around. As the rug grows, so does your pride in it, and you find yourself planning to start another one.

It is simply a matter of subtracting the desired width from the desired length. This is of the utmost importance, for

without fail, this first strip determines the final size and shape of the finished rug. Once started, it cannot be changed.

Use only good materials — the very best, I would say, even though you have worn blankets stashed away for such a purpose. Moth-damaged and weakened-textured materials have no place in a monumental project that will give use for more than one generation. I prefer to work with wool strips ordered at reasonable cost from a woolen mill. (Mine came from the Bloomfield Woolen Mills in Bloomfield, Indiana.) And the extra 10¢ per pound charge for cutting the material into one-inch strips saves hand-blistering work with scissors. For me, metal braiders are a must if braids are to be kept firm and even, but I do not care for the metal lacers, as do some. Instead, I use a large needle and heavy linen rug thread for durability.

You are indeed fortunate if you can have a room set apart for braiding, for your rug grows more space is needed. For a 9 by 12 rug, any long, sturdy table is sufficient at first; card tables may be added as more space is needed. Not until the last ten rows were added to my room-sized rug did I have to work with it on the floor, and that, I found, was very good for the waistline as well as my rug!

(Continued on page 22)

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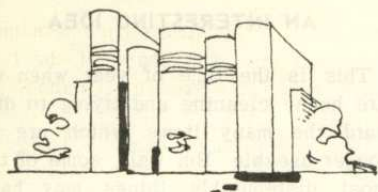
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COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

On October 19, 1963, John F. Kennedy inspected a site on the Harvard University campus for a library to house his presidential papers — the only memorial he planned for himself. On November 22, 1963, he was assassinated. Now, the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library will be one of the many memorials planned throughout the world to pay tribute to his leadership and the man that he was.

We felt a definite need to acquaint ourselves and our children with the biography of the late president. *John F. Kennedy and PT-109* (Random House, \$1.95) is a Landmark book written by Richard Tregaskis. Landmark books are written for children by well-known authors and prove that fact can be more dramatic than fiction. If a child is given one Landmark book to read, he'll be back for more. Mr. Tregaskis gives the account of the crash during World War II between the Japanese destroyer *Amagiri* and the American Patrol craft, *PT-109* and its young skipper. Here is the story of the casualties, their shipwreck and incredible rescue, but most of all it is a study of the courage of John F. Kennedy that enabled him to endure pain, fatigue and hunger to save his men.

Iowa residents will be pleased to hear of the new book *John F. Kennedy, President* (Atheneum, \$6.95) written by Hugh Sidey, who was born and grew up in Greenfield, Iowa, and whose father publishes the Greenfield paper. Mr. Sidey is deputy-chief of the *Time-Life* Washington news bureau and accompanied the former president on practically all of his trips during his office. Since the word at the bookstores is "Sold Out" I must be patient in my eagerness to read it.

Now let's look at John F. Kennedy as an author. At the age of 23, in 1940, he wrote *Why England Slept*, about England's attitude before the beginning of the war.

While recovering from a back operation necessitated because of injuries received during his time as skipper of *PT-109*, he wrote *Profiles in Courage* (Harper, \$3.95). In 1957 the Pulitzer Prize for Biography was awarded to

Start Now

MAKING the
KITCHEN-KLATTER

radio visit a part of your daily routine.

We are still in the winter months when the days can be long and you will welcome a neighborly visit, a new recipe to spark up your cooking and test the appetites of your family, and a helpful hint or suggestion to make your homemaking chores easier.

We can be heard over the following stations:

WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A. M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A. M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A. M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A. M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 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, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A. M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 10:30 A. M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A. M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A. M.



him for this book. The history-loving Senator did intensive research on the courage of some few Americans who revealed a special greatness in times of crisis. Most of the patriots were United States Senators, and all disregarded dreadful consequences to do, what seemed to them, the right thing.

There's John Quincy Adams, who distinguished himself in many roles of political office but maintained a feeling of inadequacy. Because of his integrity, he lost his Senate seat for supporting his father's enemy, Thomas Jefferson.

Among other men of courage discussed are Daniel Webster, Thomas Hart Benton, and Robert A. Taft, whose goal was the presidency of the United States but who stuck fast to the principles in which he believed, even at the possibility of injuring his candidacy.

Profiles in Courage has been on the best-seller list for non-fiction in recent weeks. To us, President Kennedy has written indelibly on our memories his own profile in courage.

OLD KITCHEN TABLE — Concluded

use our kitchen table much as "Mom" did when she was a girl. They do their homework there — yes, long division, decimals, and fractions, and book reports. They write their spelling on their chalk board, while Mom leans her

elbows on the kitchen table as she pronounces the words.

Here they are learning to be polite and hospitable to guests. And from here they spirit away the cooling cookies just as we purloined Mother's delicious sugar cookies.

The table is the site of agonized concentration as Leon and I groan over all the end-of-the-year figuring. Leaning my elbows on it and chewing my pencil, I here write an occasional poem, article, or newspaper column. Here, too, with a great deal of secrecy and laughter, Dale and Terri and I write our annual New Year resolutions that we *just know* we'll keep this year.

Someday we hope to have a shiny, beautiful new desk, but I suspect that even then we will go right back to That Old Kitchen Table.

THE RESURRECTION

Out of the clutch of Winter
Climbs the rising sun,
Bringing to resurrection —
Nature's course to run —
Symbols of Christ-like triumph,
Release from earthy graves.

Lengthening days of sunshine,
Warming the waiting Earth,
Bring forth heavenly blossoms —
Heralds of Easter-birth —
Temper the world with beauty,
Reveal the Master's art.

— Pearl E. Brown

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

The gardener will soon be thinking about sowing annual flower seeds. Many can be started right in the garden where they are to bloom, but those of slow germination or growth should be started indoors this month. Among these are petunias, snapdragons, salvia, celosia, and lobelia. It is also time to start tender tubers of tuberous begonias, calla lilies, and caladiums indoors. I use sphagnum moss as a starting medium entirely, but vermiculite, perlite, or combinations of these three will also give you a moisture-retaining, sterile starter that works equally well. If you use sand, leaf mold and peat moss, be sure not to keep it soggy-wet or you might have trouble with mold and other fungi.

This year four new flowers and two new vegetables won top awards in the All-America Selections. They are available from almost all nursery firms across the nation. Two of the All-America selections were zinnias — BONANZA, and PINK BUTTONS. Bonanza is a superb golden yellow in color and very like last year's winner,

Firecracker, in growth habits. The bushy plants grow 30 inches tall and the flowers measure up to 6 inches across, yet are airy and light in appearance because of their curled and pointed petals. I grew Bonanza in my garden last summer and it was everything claimed for it and then some.

Pink Buttons is a button type zinnia with salmon-rose-pink double flowers that are born in profusion on wiry stems. It is considered an improvement over other small-flowered and dwarf zinnias.

Salvia EVENING GLOW and celosia FIREGLOW are the two other award-winning flowers for 1964 (All-America Selections). The salvia is a rich old rose in color, livened with coral tongues in the individual flowers. It has base-branching, uniform bushy plants and grows to about 18 inches in height. It is pleasing and different from the usual orange-red — you'll love it.

Celosia "Fireglow" is a cardinal red, globular coxcomb of extremely large heads. It is a Japanese novelty creation which I predict will not be considered a novelty for long, but a *must* because of its exciting color display.

The new vegetables are an open-pollinated broccoli, ZENITH, and a hybrid broccoli, CLEOPATRA. Both are early maturing, cold resistant with uniform fine heads of buds, and you may wish to try them this spring. The hybrid seed is more costly of the two broccoli. Start some of these seeds indoors this month for an early crop, and sow some directly in the garden for a late fall crop.

AN INTERESTING IDEA

This is the time of year when we are house cleaning and trying to discard the many items which are no longer useable. But wait, some of the most disreputable things may have some value. Take old lamp shades, for example. Remove the material or paper. The frames can now be used as fine flower supports in the garden. Set a large frame over the peonies as they come up and it will hold the heavy stems upright so the blossoms don't blow over. Frames are equally good as supports for other tall plants. Rummage sales often provide plenty of old shades for little cost and you'll be surprised how much they will help in your gardening.

— Grace Stoner Clark

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT SAINT PATRICK?

Saint Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, lived during the latter part of the fourth century. His home was in England. According to tradition, he was kidnapped while very young by a band of marauders and held in bondage six years. Becoming subject to religious emotion, he escaped, and after many adventures made his way to Gaul, Italy, and later to the monastery of Lerins, where he spent a few years. Returning to his old home, he became imbued with the idea of missionary work in Ireland, and went to Gaul to study. He spent fourteen years in religious preparation.

In 432 he was consecrated, and journeyed back to Ireland, where many of the Christians had taken up Pelagianism. During years of labor and strife he sought to overthrow the idols and win the pagans back to the faith. Of an intense spiritual and convincing eloquence, he accomplished wonders, and out of the religious chaos came order and a reconsecration to the Church.

Although not well educated, Saint Patrick's commanding personality made him a leader wherever he went. During the process of his labors in reorganizing the disrupted Church, he came in contact with certain unsanitary conditions, and it is from his alleged efforts in that direction that the story of the extermination of the snakes under his direction has come down to us.

Saint Patrick has the love of Irishmen everywhere, and his birthday anniversary, March 17, is celebrated everywhere.

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"Blue Haze" has flower spikes three feet tall, and opens 6 to 8 flowers at a time, each one 4 to 5 inches across. It is a vigorous, easy-to-grow plant.

We send you big, sure-to-bloom size bulbs, each measuring 1 1/4" to 1 1/2" in diameter. This is a low price "get-acquainted" special so we must limit orders to \$1.00 per person. Offer will not be repeated this season, so order today.

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(Zone) (State)

IN SPRING A YOUNG WOMAN'S FANCY HEAVILY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF:

1. New dress, and matching accessories.
2. Cleaning (all kinds) — house, garage, car, attic, yard, basement, etc.
3. Anything new — new car, new washing machine, new drapes, new . . . new . . . new.
4. Re-seeding the lawn.
5. How to spend that income tax refund. (If there is a refund.)
6. Painting everything in sight (just a simple week-end job for her husband).
7. Easter splendor with her in it.
8. Refurnishing, refurbishing, redecorating, relabeling, reopening and repacking, repapering, replanting, repolishing, reworking, rewashing, revarnishing, reshaping, restuffing, re-examining — re, re, re, etc. (It's unreasonable!)

MARCH BILLETS-DOUX

March is for the hearthside dreaming
Of gardens soon to be.
It holds truly blissful dreaming
Of blossom-witchery
That accelerates the season
As nothing else can do.
Then seed catalogues are welcomed
As charming billets-doux.

— Thelma Allinder

WORSHIP SERVICE — Concluded

services for the crucified Lord. WHERE WERE THE DISCIPLES?

Joseph and Nicodemus here teach us that our religion can give us a special courage in times of need, even if we haven't been as active as we should have been. To professing Christians, it points out the need to lend support to those undergoing a "testing" time of trial. Here we see a great lesson in faith, humility, and understanding.

SOLO: Verse beginning "Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?" of "Were You There?"

READER: It is early morning, three days later, and the scene is at the same sepulchre. The tomb is empty! Scene two shifts us to a mountain spot near Galilee. **YOU ARE THERE.**

SCRIPTURE: Matthew 28:1-10 and 16-20.

LEADER: The day of resurrection! Earth, tell it abroad. The passover of gladness, the passover of God. From death to life eternal — that is Easter — a day of rebirth and of dawning. **HE**

LIVES! And He says to us, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Most challenging of all, He issues the clarion call to all who call themselves Christian. We hear Him say, "Go ye therefore and teach — teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Easter — a day of renewal, a day of challenge. Can we, will we, say, "Let mine be a MIND through which Christ thinks, a HEART through which Christ loves, a VOICE through which Christ speaks, a HAND through which Christ helps, a LIFE through which Christ lives?" If we answer "yes" then we can truly say, "Easter — yes, we are there, and TODAY we will take up our cross and go forward where He leads."

READER:

"Christ the Lord is risen today,
Alleluia!
Sons of men and angels say, Alleluia!
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Alleluia!
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply,
Alleluia!"

HYMN (by all): "O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing".

PRAYER: Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for these scriptures of Jesus' life and death and resurrection. May they ever be a reminder to us of Thy great love and His great sacrifice for us. Grant, O God, that we may take whatever cross that Thou dost give to us, and bear it courageously, willingly, gloriously in Thy name. In our beloved Savior's name we pray. Amen.



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The first is missing because we make a **safe** bleach: safe for anything that's washable. Diapers, blouses, underthings, white or colored, all are perfectly safe in **Kitchen-Klatter Bleach** because there's no harsh chlorine to destroy fibers and shorten fabric life.

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Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach



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A man who is good for making excuses isn't very good for anything else.

HANDMADE RUGS - Concluded

The same rule of using good materials also holds true for the making of hooked rugs. For these — and I have made many, including a stair carpet — I use wool thrums, a by-product yarn cut from looms of carpet manufacturers. Thrums are smaller strands than rug yarn, and much less costly. \$5 brought a bushel basket packed down and heaped high with thrums of various colors. With thrums, there is no choice of colors, but I was always well-pleased with the warm woodsy tones of greens and nut-browns, as well as rose, blues, and wine, and in sufficient quantities for backgrounds.

Thrums do not work well with the push type of hook as they are four-strand. It is much better, I have found, to use a plain, good-sized crochet hook. Nor is a frame necessary. You soon learn to pull them through evenly so that clipping is unnecessary, thus giving you a firmer rug. Always remember to work from the top side, and not the reverse. Ready-stamped patterns are available, or you can design your own. In any case, use a special weave burlap for rugs rather than ordinary burlap. This may be purchased in department stores, and will add years of wear to your rugs.

Let your rug-making be a fascinating, leisurely project. Never hurry with it, or become impatient to see the finished results. Only the best should go into a priceless heirloom, and that goes for the thoughts of the rug-maker herself. Make it a happy time. It is a richly rewarding labor, and you will soon see why the art has been passed along throughout generations of busy-fingered homemakers.

MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded

knobs and gadgets on the instrument panel.

4. Never let your child handle any heavy, sharp, or pointed object while in the car. In a sudden stop these can become lethal missiles as they fly from a child's grasp.

5. Always supervise the shutting of all doors.

6. Enforce rigid discipline.

7. Never discipline a child while car is moving or in traffic. Pull over and park and deal with them as necessary.

8. Never leave a child alone and unsupervised in a car. Don't allow children to play in or around a car.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

ABIGAIL'S LETTER - Concluded

The following spring another group of prospectors found the campsite at the lake with the mutilated bodies of Packer's five former companions. Packer escaped. It was nine years before he was found, arrested for murder and cannibalism, and brought to trial. This is the only trial on the latter charge ever conducted in the United States. At his first trial Packer was convicted and sentenced to hang. Because of a legal technicality another trial followed and, as a result, Packer was sent to prison. Years later he was paroled.

Genuine history so often makes fiction pallid by comparison. This is another reason why I so enjoy any opportunity to travel the "Wild and Woolly West".

Sincerely,

Abigail

Your Money Back if You Aren't Satisfied With These Hyacinths That Bloom in a Teacup of Water!

Imagine! Fragrant Pastel Blooms,
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Your whole family will have a world of fun watching these giant indoor-blooming Hyacinth Bulbs grow into gorgeous flowers right before your eyes. Need no soil. Just place bulbs in a tea cup or in a tall clear glass and add water. Grows fast. Soon the cup or glass is filled with graceful waving roots and the bulb bursts into a velvety pastel colored bloom. Very attractive. Especially fragrant. Easy to grow. Make ideal gifts. **SEND NO MONEY.** On delivery pay postman \$1.00 for 2 bulbs, or \$1.75 for 4 bulbs, plus COD charges. We pay postage on prepaid orders. If not 100% satisfied we'll gladly refund your purchase price — you don't even have to return the bulbs.

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21 BIRTHDAY. Get Well or All-Occasion Cards. \$1.00. Gospel Supply, Stratford, Iowa.

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Dear friends,

Thank you for your generous response to our *Kitchen-Klatter* ads last year. We shall continue to bring to your attention those albums that we consider especially beautiful.

Those of you who enjoyed the Capitol albums *Whispering Hope*, *There Will Be Peace in the Valley* and *Hymns at Sunset*, and who like gospel music, should enjoy the Capitol album

TO GOD BE THE GLORY by The Jordanaires

"How Great Thou Art", "I'd Rather Have Jesus", "To God Be the Glory", "Nearer My God to Thee", "Rock of Ages", "Blessed Assurance", "Will the Circle Be Unbroken", "Amazing Grace", "Night with Ebon Pinion", "Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone", "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me" & "Onward Christian Soldiers".



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Ralph & Muriel Childs

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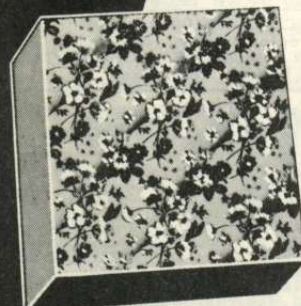
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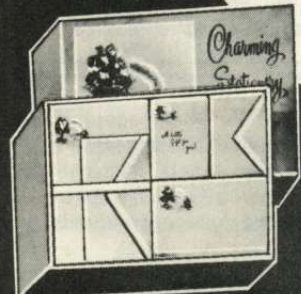
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