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1965

# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

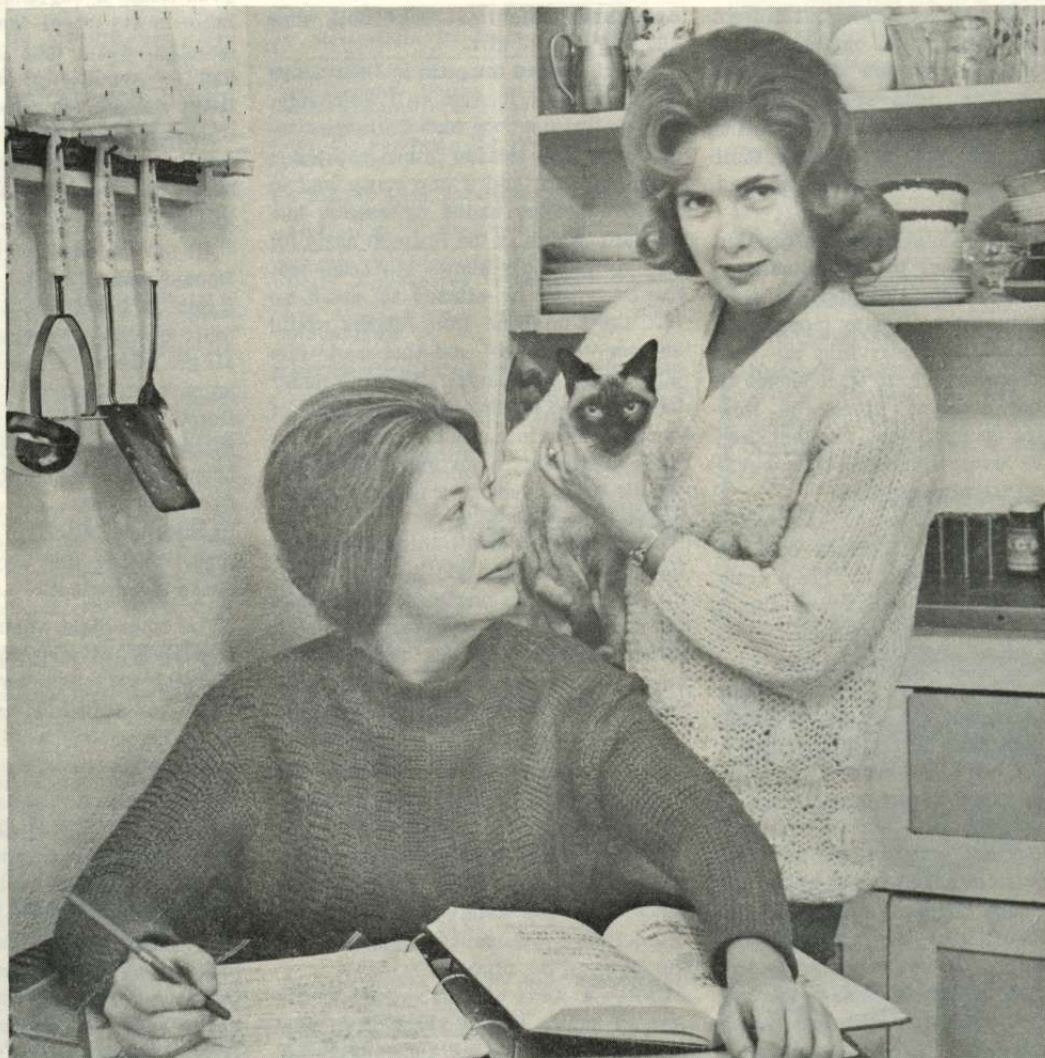
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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

The very first thing I want to tell you about is the cover picture for this month.

The young girl seated at the kitchen table with her books spread out in front of her is Juliana, my only daughter, and it's the first picture we've had of her for a long, long spell. Standing beside her is her roommate, Christine Schletter, and she is holding their Siamese cat — a pet almost as spoiled as my Jake!

Juliana and Chris were roommates when they lived at the big dormitory, Hokona Hall, at the University of New Mexico and, unlike so many roommates, they got along famously from the very beginning and struck up what seems to be a most enduring friendship. Now they share an apartment together, and if they've ever squabbled I've never heard a single word about it!

That cat is really a very handsome Siamese — I believe Juliana told me that it was a Seal-Point. They came upon it in a most curious way that I don't believe I've ever mentioned.

When Juliana and Chris moved into their apartment they got acquainted with the employees in the stores where they bought their food, and one day a young man who had waited on them frequently asked them if they'd like to have a cat. He explained that a short time earlier a woman who did her trading in the store asked him if he had an apartment and could take care of her Siamese while she made an extended trip to Europe. He told her that he had an apartment and could manage the cat, so she delivered it to him just before she departed.

Well, she hadn't been gone very long when he discovered that he didn't have one cat — he had *three*. This was a great blow to him since he could cope with one, but not with three. Thus he had two kittens to dispose of and

that's when he approached Juliana and Chris with the proposition that they take one of the kittens off his hands. It was just a tiny little thing when they first took it and they named it Stephanie because that was the name Juliana gave to her last baby doll when she was a little girl.

When I visited the girls in their apartment last fall it was still Stephanie, but by the time we had Christmas together in New Mexico things had taken a radical turn and a new name had to be found. They ended by calling him El Gato, which is the Spanish name for cat. He certainly knows his name too, for everytime he started to climb up into the Christmas tree Juliana would scream "El Gato" and that made him jump down in a hurry. They've never been able to break him of the habit of clawing furniture, but everything in their apartment is so old and beat-up that it really doesn't make any difference!

Incidentally, I don't think I've mentioned the fact that this building where the girls live was originally a big hotel and it was built to look exactly like a Swiss chalet. It stands right on the edge of the campus on top of the only real hill that I've seen in Albuquerque. (I haven't covered all of Albuquerque by any means, but at least it's the only genuine hill that I've ever seen.) A number of years ago this hotel was sold for student housing and goodness only knows how many young people have come and gone in this peculiar old building — thousands, I'd say, from the looks of the place!

Quite a few of you good friends who've known us for years have said in your letters to me that it seemed such a shame for my only child to be so far away at college now that her father is gone and I am left alone; and you have wondered why she didn't transfer back to some school here in the Midwest. Well, this is simply out

of the question for Juliana is majoring in Art Education and she must do her practice teaching in Albuquerque. If she were to transfer to any other college at this stage of her education she would be in a very poor position indeed. She has already been held up by changing her major from English to Art Education, and I certainly don't want to see her held up further. Her one great goal is to get through once and for all and to begin teaching, so this is why she will finish her college work in Albuquerque. At least, that's the way it looks now.

When I stopped by to see the folks yesterday I noticed a big pot of bright red tulips on the coffee table and it certainly called up all of spring. In spite of the long, closed-in winter we feel that Dad has made some definite gains, and of course, this is encouraging to all of us. Mother fixes three good meals a day and he comes to the table in his wheel chair and enjoys her cooking. For a long period of time he had no appetite at all and ate very little, so you can see that his interest in food is a real gain. When the weather finally gets warm enough that he can be taken for rides again I think that it will help a lot.

All of us were happy when brother Donald swung by to see us this last month. It had to be a very short visit (only overnight) but at least we could all get together and talk and get caught up on everything. Aside from this, plus Dorothy's usual trip to address the *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine, things have been going along pretty much the same from day to day. All of us have a set routine and stick in it most of the time. That's the way it is at your house too, isn't it?

The other night when I couldn't sleep I thought of something that hadn't crossed my mind for at least three years and I decided to mention it just in case someone reading this might be interested.

If you've been reading *Kitchen-Klatter* for years you may recall that long, long ago Russell and I made a red fox bedspread. Dorothy's husband Frank trapped these fox and we had them tanned in Chicago. Then, totally and utterly inexperienced, we set about to turn these pelts into a bedspread. It was an entire winter's project and we worked on it together every night. From the viewpoint of a professional furrier I suppose that it was far from satisfactory, but when we got it all done we were really pleased with our winter's work.

(Continued on page 22)



## MARGERY VISITED OLD FRIENDS

Dear Friends:

My letter last month was written shortly before taking a little trip. I deliberately didn't mention that I was leaving town because sometimes the best laid plans oft go astray! As far as Oliver and Martin were concerned, it was the best time for me to take a little jaunt for there were no big "irons in the fire" for either one, so I made my plans, stocked the refrigerator and freezer with easy-to-warm-up meals and left by plane for Tucson, Arizona.

One of my old friends, Betty Maugher, met me when I arrived in Kansas City and we had a few hours to visit before my plane left. I hadn't seen Betty and Norman and their children, Julie, Barbara and John, for several years, so there was a lot of catching up to do. We had dinner at the airport dining room and they saw me off in the big jet that was to take me to Phoenix. I'm old-fashioned, I guess, for it is difficult for me to believe that one can make that flight in two hours, but clocks don't lie, and two hours it was!

After a short lay-over, I boarded the plane (also a jet) for the short hop down to Tucson. Anyone who is an experienced jet traveler would know that the distance would be covered in only 20 minutes. Being inexperienced, I took off my coat, laid it on the shelf above the seat, and settled down to read *as we were landing!* Well, I'm just plain not used to such speed!

Our dear neighbors, the Alexanders, who are spending their fourth winter in sunny Tucson, were there with their daughter Mona and her husband, Gordon Overstreet, to meet me. Mona and Gordon have lived in Arizona for 16 years, and for that long they have been asking me to visit them. As a matter of fact, when I called that I was coming, there was a slight technical difficulty in the connection and I thought Mona had fainted at the news!

The other Alexander daughter, Mary Ellen, and her husband Mike and children, Kathy and John, live only a few blocks from Mona. Since it was such a late hour I didn't see them until the next day.

Howard and Eltora have been fortunate each year to rent the same apartment and it is within a mile from their daughters' homes. Since there are no motels in their area, they found a comfortable room for me in a private home nearby. It was only a short walk to their apartment and they could almost set their clocks by my appearance for



In front of a Papago Indian exhibit at the Desert Museum are Mona Overstreet (left), Mary Ellen Deir, David Overstreet, John Deir, and Gary Overstreet. Mary Ellen's daughter Kathy was spending the day with a little friend and didn't make the trip with us.

breakfast. As we sat over our coffee I heard the schedule for the day.

My! there are so many interesting things to see in and near Tucson, and in my brief visit we didn't nearly cover them all. In the time allotted for my visit I saw a great deal, however, and will cover the high spots for you.

One of the most interesting side trips was to see Tubac, a small village 44 miles south of Tucson. It is the oldest European settlement in Arizona and played a major part in the early history of the Southwest as it was the farthest north of the Spanish forts which defended the early missions in the area. Since World War II it has come alive as an art center. Will Rogers, Jr., and his wife played a major role in the annual art festival which was in progress while I was there. They have a home in Tubac. It has also gained prominence because of its magnificent Country Club of which Bing Crosby is board chairman.

After visiting the Art Gallery we went to the studio (I suppose that would be the correct term) of Harwood and Sophie Steiger, designers and producers of what I'm convinced are the most beautiful hand-printed fabrics made in America. Actually, they can be seen anywhere in the world, for the news of such beauty passes quickly and many foreigners have stopped to purchase Steiger Fabrics when they have traveled through the Southwest.

It was our good fortune that the Steigers were making up an order of material when we stopped in, so we saw the intricate and exacting work in process. Such artists! The room was

filled with bolts of their original designs on exquisite materials for drapes, dresses, or whatever. It was difficult to decide which pattern to buy, but I finally selected "Roadrunner", for I'm very fond of those peculiar little desert birds, and the over-all design was so typical of that part of our country.

We ate lunch at The Stables, the dining room of the Country Club, which has an interesting history itself, for it was actually the stables of an old, old ranch at one time. In fact, the big heavy rings where animals were tied were still in the walls.

On the return trip we stopped at a woodcarver's shop where beautiful carved furniture in the old Spanish-Mexican tradition is made. Many of the residents in this area furnish their homes in this style.

The next day we made a little expedition west of Tucson to the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum in Tucson Mountain Park so that I could see the wonderful exhibits of desert wildlife and vegetation. This is certainly "a must see" for anyone who visits this vicinity. (Incidentally, there are wheel chair ramps.) Most interesting to me were the snakes and lizards and the cactus garden.

On this particular drive, we made a side trip to see San Xavier Del Bac Mission, often called "The White Dove of the Desert". It is white and one can see it for miles and miles. It is one of the best preserved and most exquisite Spanish Missions in the Southwest, established in 1692 by Father Kino. It is in the center of an Indian settlement along the banks of the Santa Cruz River. There is an Indian school there also.

Perhaps this would be the appropriate time to mention two other beautiful churches I visited. One was Saint Phillips in the Hills, a very famous and very beautiful Episcopal church. Its most well-known feature is its huge window behind the altar which frames a magnificent view of the Santa Catalina Mountains. It was breath-taking!

The other church was the Catalina Methodist church where I attended Sunday services with the Alexanders. It, too, is of Spanish architecture, but combined with the modern. Its most outstanding feature is an outside fountain of most unusual Indian design.

Next month I want to tell you about a trip over the Mexican border to Nogales, as well as a few interesting meals in unusual restaurants.

Sincerely,

Margery





## Golden Windows --

## Golden Moments

### AN EASTER WORSHIP SERVICE

by

Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** Make a rough wooden cross by nailing two tree branches together. Place it upon soft folds of lavender or purple material draped on the worship table. On the wall fasten a large circle of metallic gold paper to reflect the light from a bulb concealed behind the cross. (This will be turned on at the proper moment.) Thus a "halo of gold" will be formed around the cross. Place the Bible open at Matthew 28 in front of the cross.

**Quiet Music:** "In the Cross of Christ I Glory", modulated to pick up the melody of "Jesus, Stand among Us" for the call to worship and the poem by the leader.

#### Call to Worship:

"Jesus, stand among us  
In Thy risen power;  
Let this time of worship  
Be a hallowed hour.  
Breathe the Holy Spirit  
Into every heart;  
Bid the fears and sorrows  
From each soul depart." (pauses  
then continues)

"I heard the great celestial choir,  
With vibrant strings and tongues of  
fire,  
As from the temple of the soul  
They made the Easter anthems roll —  
The resurrection victory;  
The joys of immortality.

And fresh from the lips we laid in  
the sod,  
Now pulsing with life, and the glory  
of God,  
This is the message that came to  
me  
On the wings of faith o'er the in-  
finite sea —  
Singing and ringing it leaped the  
wave:  
'Our God cannot perish! Be brave,  
be brave!'"

**Scripture:** (To be read by two readers  
who will also read the Litany.)

**First Reader:** *In the beginning was  
the Word, and the Word was with God,*

*and the Word was God. All things were  
made by him; and without him was not  
anything made that was made. In him  
was life; and the life was the light of  
men. And the light shineth in the dark-  
ness; and the darkness comprehended  
it not. And the Word was made flesh  
and dwelt among us, and we beheld his  
glory, the glory as of the only begotten  
of the Father, full of grace and truth.*

**Second Reader:** *Now after the Sab-  
bath, toward the dawn of the first day  
of the week, Mary Magdalene and the  
other Mary went to see the sepulchre...  
Looking up they saw that the stone  
was rolled back; for it was very large.  
And entering the tomb, they saw a  
young man sitting at the right side,  
dressed in a white robe; and they were  
amazed. And he said to them, "Do not  
be amazed; ye seek Jesus of Nazareth,  
who was crucified. He has risen. He is  
not here."*

**Prayer Hymn:** (Duet or group.) "Je-  
sus, Stand among Us" (verses 1 and 2.)

#### Leader:

#### The Legend of the Golden Windows

Once a boy lived in a small house on  
a mountainside. Each morning he stood  
and looked across the valley where  
there appeared the most remarkable  
house. This house seemed to be  
crowned with glistening golden win-  
dows. How the boy yearned to get a  
closer view of this beautiful house  
with those shining golden windows!

One morning he left his home and  
started the long hard climb down the  
mountain and across the valley toward  
the house. It was evening by the time  
he finally arrived. To his dismay, the  
house seemed smaller and less attrac-  
tive than his own, and it had only  
ordinary window panes. Surely he had  
made a mistake, he thought. This was  
the wrong house.

"Can you tell me where I can find  
the house with the windows of gold?"  
he asked a child playing in the yard.

The child nodded and pointed across  
the valley to the boy's own house. The

light from the setting sun was reflected  
on the window panes of his house and  
they shone like shimmering gold. The  
boy had seen only the gold across the  
valley, failing to see that in his own  
house.

So it is when we look for God. Too  
often we look *beyond* instead of *with-  
in*. How many other WINDOWS OF  
GOLD are we missing as we journey  
through life? Where is God in our life?  
How can Easter help us find the golden  
windows?

**First Meditation:** Christianity really  
begins with Easter. Jesus' disciples  
had been faithful followers through the  
months as they all walked and talked  
with their Master. How much they had  
learned from Him!

Then came the crucifixion and it left  
them bereft, beaten men. Who could  
imagine that they could ever set the  
world on fire?

The story is told of a little girl (we'll  
call her Jane) who was in a grammar  
class in a certain Christian school.  
The teacher was teaching her pupils  
the use of pronouns. She asked Jane  
to read the 53rd chapter of Isaiah and  
to emphasize the pronouns as she came  
to them.

This is what Jane read: "Surely HE  
hath borne OUR griefs and carried OUR  
sorrows . . . HE was wounded for OUR  
transgressions; HE was bruised for  
OUR iniquities; the chastisement of  
OUR peace was upon HIM, and with  
HIS stripes WE are healed . . . The  
Lord hath laid on HIM the iniquity of  
US all."

Little Jane didn't realize it, but in  
those simple words she had read one  
of the most profound sermons ever  
preached! HE — FOR US! FOR US —  
WITH US — BESIDE US — ALWAYS!

That is the GOLDEN WINDOW shin-  
ing for us, reminding us, at Easter.  
That is what happened to the disciples  
on Easter.

JESUS IS NOT DEAD! HE IS RISEN!  
Then they knew! He was with them in  
Galilee. He would be with them for all  
time, even unto the end of the age!  
Their hearts were set afire with an un-  
quenchable flame! Now they were  
ready. This was their GOLDEN MO-  
MENT. From this time forth they would  
ever remember this moment, and in its  
remembrance find the courage and the  
strength to give the rest of their days  
to His service.

Oh, the light and joy of Easter. In  
remembering, we find our faith renewed,  
our spirits refreshed. Through the  
resurrection, the windows of the soul  
may be touched with the golden rays of

(Continued on page 20)



## THE DENVER DRIFTMIERS MAKE THE MOST OF LATE WINTER SNOWS

Dear Friends:

You know, it's rather embarrassing to be in the midst of earth-shaking activity and not even realize that it's going on! I spent all of yesterday afternoon at the ironing board. Later, on the evening news, it was announced that another series of earthquakes had "rocked" the Denver area. I didn't feel a thing that entire time! So as I sit here amid profound peace and quiet, I can't help but wonder if, unaware though I may be, the earth is slipping and sliding right under me.

Perhaps Mother Earth is just twisting and stretching to prepare for the advent of Spring. Most of us do get rather restlessly eager for the arrival of new growth and activity. I know that I'm just wild to get busy out-of-doors again. When the snow lies heavy and deep an occasional afternoon of sledding is about the only outside sport that Wayne, Alison, Clark and I participate in. Emily, of course, would much rather be up on the ski slopes.

Sledding may not be classified as a sport because there are no rules or standardized procedures, but perhaps that very lack of regimentation is what makes it fun. Our favorite sledding site is a few miles up in the hills in one of the Denver Mountain Parks. The entire slope has been cleared of large boulders and trees remain only along the fringes. Weekend afternoons in winter finds it and all other similar sites dotted with all different sizes and shapes and ages of people.

But if the people who climb the hill-sides are varied, so are the conveyances they use for those brief thrilling moments spent reaching the bottom. Sleds are the most numerous; this past winter saw an impressive revival of the homemade sled with wooden runners. These sleds are only about 20 inches in length and invariably occupied by 11- or 12-year-old boys. The value of wooden runners becomes readily apparent as soon as you hit the first of the series of bumps and shoot off flying through space. Many a metal runner bends and crumples under the weight of rider on sled returning to solid ground again.

Toboggans are in abundance with special favor given to the "banana boats" which are designed in reality as rescue toboggans. They seem particularly well adapted to our dry powdery snow. However, they are almost as difficult for the rider to steer as



Lucile's daughter Juliana (right) and her friend, Christine Schletter, ski high in the Sandia Mountains near Albuquerque. Both girls are Senior students at the University of New Mexico.

are the "flying saucers". Frankly, I'm not much of a saucer enthusiast. I really think ours serves a more worthwhile function when it covers our charcoal grill during the "off" season!

Our family has been lucky up to this point in not getting hurt on the snow-covered slopes. However, this winter did find Alison hobbling around for a time with a broken big toe. Such an injury is not serious although the mangled toe was mighty painful for several days. It could easily have been a very serious accident. The horse she was riding stumbled, fell and rolled on her leg. This is the first really bad fall she has had riding; it didn't dampen her enthusiasm for riding in the least.

We neighborhood gals made one memorable trip into the mountains during the time they were buried deep in snow. Most of us don't get up into the really high country during the winter months but one day we decided to go and see the snow. Our destination was the town of Breckenridge which we hadn't visited for several years. It is another of those mining towns that was gradually fading into oblivion until the ski boom hit. Now quantities of Kansas lumber money is pouring in to develop the ski facilities for the winter season. Because of its proximity to the newly completed Dillon Dam and Lake it offers a most attractive site for summer recreation also.

U. S. Highways 40 and 6 and Colorado 9 were in such excellent condition that after we finished lunch at the Breckenridge Inn (delicious homemade soup and chili) we decided to return home over a more adventurous route. From Breckenridge we continued south on Colorado 9 over Hoosier Pass into Fairplay where we joined U. S. 285.

This highway we followed back towards Denver as far as the small village of Grant. We were riding in an International Harvester Scout equipped with snow tires. The scenery was so inspiring and our transportation so reliable that we felt there was no reason to confine ourselves to a broad federal highway.

We inquired at the gas station in Grant if the gravel road over Guanella Pass to Georgetown was open. With an affirmative answer we were on our way. The clouds had rolled in and a few occasional flakes of snow only contributed to our feeling of complete privacy. We did pass one person on our drive up the pass - a young man cutting trees preparatory to widening the road up as far as the Geneva Basin ski area. It seemed to me I detected a smile of amusement on his face at the sight of four mature females riding in a Scout up over a somewhat obscure mountain pass on a dark and threatening afternoon.

About two or three miles from the 11,669 foot summit, we met another car. It was stalled in the center of the road with a rather frantic-looking young man peering inside the hood. The car was filled with a young wife, three terribly young children and two active puppies. Our tool supply and mechanical advice proved inadequate to start the engine so we took the young man along with us to secure help. Several miles towards Georgetown the Public Service Company had some rather substantial construction in progress to bring more hydro-electric power over the Divide. Our passenger was a worker on this project so there were a goodly number of men there to assist him.

This unexpected event delayed our return to Denver somewhat. There were several husbands who were beginning to wonder if we hadn't encountered difficulty with snow! Apparently from Denver the mountains had looked unusually black and foreboding and they could hardly believe that we hadn't met a blizzard sometime during the day.

Now it is time for me to return to the mundane. I must pick up Emily and a friend at school. They have to spray 100 carnation blossoms for tomorrow night's important party at school. For some reason or another, Emily seldom misses serving on a decorating committee.

Sincerely,  
Abigail

The person who is too big to learn is as big as he will ever be.



## A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

What fun it is to observe the delight and excitement with which a person reacts on his or her first airplane flight. There are few things I enjoy more than taking someone on his first air journey. I would hate to try to count the many, many persons I have persuaded to travel by air! For years I have been trying to talk a friend of mine into air travel, and always he has resisted. You can imagine how delighted I was today to receive from him a letter describing what he called his "big adventure". This friend lives in Oregon, and just a few days ago he had occasion to make a rush trip to San Francisco and the only way he could get there on time was to fly. The description of his flight is one that I must share with you. As you read this, perhaps you will be reminded of your first flight. If you are one who has never flown, this may make it seem more inviting to you.

"It is such a wonderful flight down over the Cascades and the Trinity Mountains of northern California! From 28,000 feet, what one can see on a clear day beggars description. Peak after snowy peak rising out of the green fir forest, lake after lake, natural and artificial, winding streams with little communities here and there on their banks, some of them identifiable with the help of the National Geographic Society map of the Northwest. Loveliest of all were the two stately cones of Mt. Shasta, the little group of the Three Sisters and Bachelor Butte (a newly-developed ski area) and, my greatest thrill, Crater Lake, which from the air looks like a great round sapphire. As we winged past, little fleecy clouds like sheep moving in single file drifted past the lip of the crater. It was my first sight of Crater Lake, and an unforgettable one.

"I found the views of the earth from so high in the sky tremendously impressive. I sat spellbound by the beauty of what was (slowly, it seemed) drifting by below. Most of the passengers seemed to ignore this splendor. Two women in the seat in front of me chatted the whole way, never once looking out the window! I heard one of them say she was afraid to! Well, it scared me at first to go so high, but my uneasiness quieted as I lost myself in contemplation of the incredible beauty that was spread out below me. It was awe-inspiring. I had been, as the Bible says, 'lifted up very high', spiritually as well as bodily. At the same time, I



Rev. Frederick Driftmier took some little children on their very first skating party recently.

felt very humble, even oppressed by the tininess of the human race, which is not even visible from such a height. I groaned inwardly with the Psalmist: 'O my God, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?'

"The feeling of human insignificance still oppressed me when I went into Grace Cathedral on Nob Hill and took a seat by myself amid the shadowy hush. The great pillars arched above, the stained-glass windows blazed in colored glory. Man had done this; there would not have been a cathedral but for man. He was not nothing, after all. Besides, the blessed thought came to me, it is only to man, with his limitations of vision, that man is invisibly tiny from the sky. A God, looking down, would not have to see him so small. And in any case, He does not see us from afar but is with us here as much as in the sky. This was His house; one felt that He had been there. I came out feeling uplifted and restored to my normal respect for mankind. My question had been answered."

I am afraid that I am something like the rest of the passengers in that plane — I have flown so much that it bores me much of the time. Some of the best reading I get done, is what I read when flying. However, coming back from Indiana a few weeks ago, I did see something that made me drop my book for a few minutes. On a perfectly beautiful winter night I looked out the plane window to see three big cities all at once. There in the distance were Washington D.C., Baltimore, and Wilmington! Just imagine that! Not even over the New York City area have I seen more and lovelier city lights. Trite though it may sound, I can think of no better way to describe it than to say it was a veritable fairyland of sparkling and glimmering lights.

We had a rather shocking thing happen to David a few days ago. He was walking home from school with a friend

of his when a sixteen-year-old boy under the influence of alcohol attacked him. There were actually several drunken boys in the group, but only one got out of the car and attacked David. He had never seen David before and had no idea who he was. It would seem that while drinking he had bragged that he was not afraid to hit a boy in the eye even if that boy were wearing glasses, and when he saw David wearing glasses, he decided to make good his boast.

It so happens that David was wearing a special kind of shatter-proof lens in his glasses, and it was that fact which saved his eye. After the attack, David called me at the church office, and I dashed up to get him and take him to an eye specialist. The specialist took a small piece of glass out of the very corner of his eye, and then instructed me to take him to the hospital for some emergency stitching. Several stitches were taken just above the eye and just below the eye where the edge of the lens had cut through the flesh. The several doctors who worked over him and the detectives who were called in on the case all said that it was almost a miracle that David had not lost the sight in his eye.

A very efficient police department captured the attacker only minutes after this happened, and then began the long ordeal of hearings and trials in the Juvenile Court. As of the time I am writing you this letter, the case has not been settled. The boy has been temporarily detained in a juvenile detention home for psychiatric studies to determine his sanity. Later this month a final disposition of the case will be made.

I have been amazed at the amount of interest in this affair. Dozens and dozens of parents have called to tell me how frightened they are for the safety of their own children and how they do hope something will be done to make certain this boy does not attack again. School officials have called me to express their concern, and even members of the police force have made it a point to tell me how anxious they are to see justice done. Naturally I am much more interested in the ravages of juvenile crime than ever before. More than once I have made speeches about juvenile delinquency, but from now on I shall speak with much more feeling of personal involvement.

When I moved from the Middlewest to the cities here on the eastern seaboard more than twenty years ago, I found that in big cities people live at  
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## How Does Your Garden Grow?

*A Springtime Luncheon*

The familiar nursery rhyme, "Mistress Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow? With silver bells and cockleshells and pretty maids all in a row", clues us to a gay spring luncheon with just an intriguing touch of the whimsical that's sure to appeal to the imagination.

### Decorations

Make the favors and nut cups a "two-some" — a posy plant favor and sprinkler nut cup.



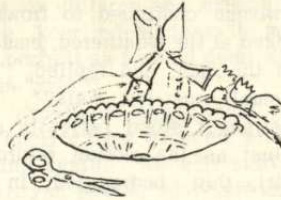
For the *Posy Favor* use a small, pastel-colored paper baking cup for the flowerpot. Fill it with sand or coarse salt to hold cup upright and as a base for a nosegay of violets, pansies, or small artificial flowers. Add a perky bow in a contrasting color to each pot. One can make miniature flowerpots, too, by using plastic screw caps from bottles such as various household products come in. These are often in many bright colors or they can be painted. Use a bit of clay to anchor a tiny nosegay of artificial flowers in each one.

The *Sprinkler Nut Cup* starts with the very small nut cup which has a cylinder of construction paper glued around it. Let it be wide enough so that the top extends above the cup to give the "can" a better height. Make a tiny tube of contrasting paper and insert it in the side of the "can" for a spout, and make a handle of the same color. Cut small half-moon shape pieces of the contrasting paper to glue to the top of the can as the dome-like cover. Glue the handle to a piece of pipe cleaner of the same length and color for firmness. Tie a small bow to the handle.

If the flowerpots and sprinkler nut cups are made in an assortment of spring colors, they will be most attractive lined up the length of the table!

The *Centerpieces* could follow the same idea, using large lacy plastic

flowerpot covers. (These can be found in most dime stores.) Place a container inside and fill with flowers.



Still another garden idea for centerpieces would be to use large oval-shaped white plastic doilies to make flower baskets. Cut a matching doily into strips to make handles for the baskets. Lace ribbon through the handle and tie in a bow at the top. Ribbon can be run around the basket edge, also, to help hold it in shape. Fill baskets with flowers to give the effect of cut flowers gathered from the garden.

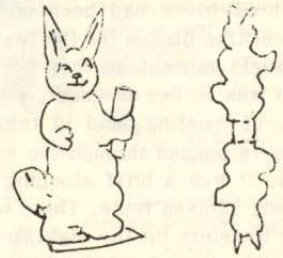
Packages of flower seeds can be used as part of the decorations on the tables, and later given as prizes.

Miniature garden tools, from the toy department, also help create the garden atmosphere. If this is a garden club group, or garden enthusiasts, do have a few cans of bug dust, plant food, etc., placed here and there, later to be given as prizes. Rain gauges, plant markers, and miniature trellises will help create the springtime garden atmosphere. Be sure to have a few seed catalogues lying here and there.

The *Programs* might have a cover made of construction paper in "seed packet" shape with colored pictures of flowers and vegetables cut from seed catalogues, and glued to the front of each. The program might be a "seed catalogue", or a garden guidebook, using construction paper or heavier tag board for the covers, and decorating with the flower pictures or sketches.

If you decide to take your Mother Goose rhyme quite literally, then you may want to use lots of tiny silver bells tied to the sprinkler can handle, perhaps taping two or three in a cluster to the water glass, etc. Pretty little sea shells can be used in various ways, such as marking off "flower beds" made by filling large cookie sheets with soil, and adding little garden markers and seed packets to mark the rows.

Isn't *Peter Cottontail* definitely a part of every garden? Add a few bunny rabbit stand-ups, cut from heavy paper, with a puff of cotton for a tail, of course, and place among the garden decorations. These are easily made if you fold the paper so that you will be cutting the rabbit outline double, adding a half-inch extension at the bottom. You have two rabbits joined at the bottom with an inch strip of paper. Crease across this strip at the bottom of each rabbit, glue the rabbits back to back, and the added strip becomes the base upon which it stands. Add a cotton tail to each side and use a black crayon to mark the features. They become cunning favors if the front paws of the bunny are extended, with miniature seed packets glued between the paws.



The *Program Outline* might be planned along these lines:

- Spadework — Invocation
- Studying the Catalogue — Welcome
- Garden Kibitzers — Warblers (musical number)
- Garden Bouquets — Awarding prizes, recognitions, etc.
- Harvest — Guest speaker
- Humming Birds — Musical number

If different persons are to give short talks, they might be designated as planting, sowing, tilling, weeding, reaping, etc.

Musical numbers to consider include "Glow Worm", "When You Wore a Tulip", "An Old-Fashioned Garden", "My Wild Irish Rose", "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree", and other similar old favorites.

There are many lovely poems about the garden or springtime which would be appropriate to use in such a program.

You might prefer games if your group is small, or if you want the entertainment more informal. Here are some which would be appropriate to the theme.

*Flower Garden:* Before the party cut pictures of flowers from seed catalogues, pasting each to a piece of paper which has been numbered. Provide guests with paper and pencils and let them try to name each flower. Of

(Continued on page 22)



## "THE LEAST OF THESE"

by  
Muriel Preble Childs

The village was dusty with the end of winter and no start of spring rains. There was no color but browns and tans, grey and dirty white. Even the clothing of the few passers-by was so faded that it was more grey than colored.

It was the eve of the Passover, and the villagers were busy with preparations even though the village was not only dusty and faded, but poor as a village could be. Their preparations for the Passover were meager but heartfelt. If there would be more food for the spirit than for the body in their celebration, the body was not entirely forgotten.

The housewives had been preparing such tempting dishes for the feast and such bright raiment as they could afford. It was to be, as usual, a day of prayer, of feasting, and of rejoicing.

Strangers passed through the village, because it was a brief stopping place on a long caravan route. There was no inn for travelers for the night, nor was there any place for refreshment. All that it afforded was a well. The water was neither as sweet nor as abundant as at many other stops, but it was constant, and in desert country that was welcome.

There *was* a stranger there on this day. Many had seen him. Everyone supposed that he was a relation from a far place come to spend the Passover with some kin. Nobody recognized him, but nobody questioned his right to be there.

He walked slowly up and down the village street. At times he sat in the shadow of a house. No one spoke to him, nor did he speak to anyone. He appeared to be thinking deeply, and even if any in the village dared challenge a stranger, all were too busy this day to bother.

Day was drawing to its close, just as a day of fasting was nearing its end. As the shadows lengthened, the stranger arose and approached the last, and meanest, dwelling in the village.

He stood at the door for minutes, and finally knocked. He knocked again, and a third time. A woman, without doubt the mother of the family, opened the door. Her face was kindly, but now it wore a frown.

"Why do you knock? You must know that we are at our prayers."

"I am faint for food," the stranger replied. "I ask but a crust of last night's loaf."



The woman continued to frown, but she looked at the weathered, emaciated face of the man, and replied, "There is one small crust left. Wait!"

The stranger stood patiently at the door. Just as the woman returned, a tiny girl, thin, bedraggled, in rags, burst past him. Tears were rolling down her cheeks, and in her scrawny arms she held a pot with the withered end of a plant sticking an inch or two above the surface.

The woman stood with the crust in her hand, looking from the stranger to the child.

"Miriam, child," she cried, "What is the matter?"

The girl broke into sobs. The woman knelt to embrace her, and explained to the man, "She's an orphan. We all do what we can."

As the child's sobs subsided at the comforting touch of the woman's motherly arms, she said, "Mama said this plant would bloom at Passover. And --- it's nearly Passover --- and there isn't even a green leaf. And --- I'm so hungry ---" Again she burst into sobs. The woman looked apologetically at the man, and thrust the bread into the child's hand.

She turned to enter the house, but stopped at the sound of the stranger's voice: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, my children, ye do it also unto me."

With these words he gazed at the woman with more compassion than she had ever seen in a human face. He touched the child's head, and brushed his fingertips over the stubby bit of plant, and turned, and walked off into the desert.

The woman and the child watched him until he disappeared into the sand and the dark. He was there, and suddenly there was no form at all.

The woman's heart ached for his hunger, but she put her arm about the girl's shoulder, and said, "Come! Be with our family tonight."

As the child turned to the doorway, she raised the potted plant. "Look!" she cried, "Mama was right! There are two green leaves!"

## CROSSES

by  
Esther Sigsbee

During the week of the Passion of Our Lord the attention of all Christendom is focused on three crosses on a hill. The events that took place there happened many centuries ago, but they changed the world for all time.

The Cross in the middle is the changing factor for all of us, for it was there that the Son of God laid down His life for our sins. But the two persons on either side had crosses to bear, also. And so do all of us today.

It was never promised to us that life should be easy. We all have our blessings along the way and the certainty of victory at the end if we truly believe, but meanwhile all of us have crosses to bear. They come in various weights and sizes, according to our ability to bear, and even if, to the rest of the world, the burden seems light, still the crosses are there.

Children are the source of life's richest blessing; paradoxically, a child can also be the heaviest cross we are called upon to bear. Lack of offspring is the cross for some couples, and too many children to adequately care for, the cross for others. There is no easier way to cut the heart of a parent than through his children. How often have we said, "I'd much rather be ill myself, than to have the children sick", and how many times we have wished we could take the shock of some disappointment to our youngsters upon ourselves, and thus spare them. If one of the children gets into trouble, there is no punishment that can be inflicted by society or the law half so devastating to parents as watching the child suffer. Love, such as most parents have for their children, makes them vulnerable for a personal cross.

For some of us our cross comes from an imperfect body. There are those who seem to have been born under an unlucky star when it comes to illness. They part with their tonsils, their appendix, their gall bladders, and their bunions, only to find they are still plagued with high blood pressure, heart trouble, and shingles. Illness can cause mental suffering as well as physical, and it can cause personality changes entirely unconnected with what is shown on the doctor's report. It behooves all of us who are in robust health to be tolerant of the cross of

(Continued on page 21)



## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It seems such a short time ago that we were harvesting our crops, and now it is almost time to plant again. The winter months have passed quickly for me and I guess that is because I am always so busy. There never are enough hours in the day to suit me.

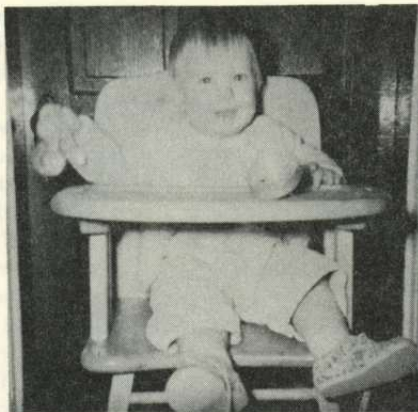
A year ago we had very little moisture during the winter months; in fact, the ground was so dry it was possible to get an early start with the field work. But this year it is quite another story. We had an early thaw in February which gave us an idea of how much moisture there is in the ground. My! but the mud was deep and hard to get around in. Even the gravel roads were soft and muddy. In fact, some of them got so bad they were almost impassable, and much as I dislike cold weather, I was really glad when we had another cold spell, even if it did bring more snow and more moisture. At least we had a reprieve for awhile, and were able to get around a little easier.

We almost had a flood at the time of this thaw. It warmed up so fast the ice on the creek broke up and caused a bad ice jam at the big bridge. The creek was also bank full once in January, which was unusual.

We always look forward to seeing the first robins. When our brother-in-law, Raymond Halls, stopped by the other day, we asked him if he had seen any robins yet, and he said a few robins had stayed in his shelter belt all winter this year. I was surprised to hear this and wonder if any of you who live in the Midwest also saw robins all winter.

Several years ago I think I told you about the hog we had that thought he he was a cow. He went everywhere the cows went and wouldn't associate with the other hogs at all. It looked so funny to see the cattle start up through the timber to the pasture, and this one hog trailing along behind them. Now we have a banty rooster that thinks it's a cat. He eats with the cats, sleeps with them, and stays right with them all day!

We are going to have a Boy Scout camp near us. One of the leaders came out to see Frank the other day and told him they had bought ten acres of tim-



This was one of Andrew's happier moments in the high chair. He definitely doesn't like being confined and would rather eat from his stroller, taking a turn around the table between bites.

ber adjoining a ten-acre piece of timber we own which they would like to purchase. Frank didn't want to sell, but there isn't any fence between the two pieces of timber, and, since we don't pasture it, he said the boys could romp over it all they pleased. We are happy the boys are going to have such a wonderful place for their summer outings.

Two years ago this month Frank's uncle, August Johnson, whose home is just a half a mile from us, was very ill and in the hospital for weeks. When he was able to leave the hospital Frank's sister Bernie thought he and his wife should stay with her in Lucas for awhile since Uncle August was still going to be bedfast. We hated to have them alone on the farm, especially during the winter months. Last spring, just when they were ready to move back out to their own home, Uncle August had to go back to the hospital, and once again returned to Bernie's. We are all happy that his health is much improved now, and he and Delia are counting the days until April 1st when they plan to come back out to their own home on the farm. They are planning big on putting in a garden. August has always been a farmer, and although he hasn't been able to do his own farming for several years, he likes to be in the country where he can sit on the porch and watch the activity in the fields. He may even be able to do a little fishing — his favorite sport — at our house this summer.

Kristin is doing her practice teaching this spring. She was assigned to a fourth grade and is very enthusiastic about it. She thinks she couldn't have a nicer supervising teacher. I talked to Kristin on the phone the other night and she said she could hardly wait until Friday because the children had written a play for their Wyoming His-

tory class and were going to act it out in class on Friday. I told her it should bring back lots of memories for her because she and Juliana were always writing and putting on plays when they were that age. When I was telling Lucile about my conversation with Kristin, she said when she looked back it seemed as if we had years and years of this play business. We spent more time watching plays than we did doing anything else!

Art, Kristin's husband, had gone to an auction and bought a good sturdy chest of drawers which they needed badly. He sanded it down and painted it white with gold trim. It looked so nice when the work was completed that he decided to refinish the headboard of their bed to match.

Little Andy is never still a minute when he is awake, and this is most of the time. He walks around furniture, but as yet hasn't had the nerve to let loose and strike out alone. Kristin says he hasn't gained any weight for quite awhile, but is shooting up like a weed. His legs are so long he can climb up onto the davenport and had to be watched every minute until he figured out that the only way to get back down safely was to go backwards.

I have been on a real sewing spree. (If I ever had a hobby, I guess you could call it "sewing for Kristin", for I've made most of her dresses since she was born.) I've made five dresses and have a sixth one cut out. I've also made one for Juliana, and as soon as I know if it was a perfect fit, I hope to make her another one.

My favorites were jumpers with blouses to match. One was a cinnamon brown with a round neckline. The blouse was a brown and white stripe with a Peter Pan collar and roll-up sleeves. The other jumper was navy blue with a deep V neck. I put a double row of red stitching around the entire neckline and the two large patch pockets. The blouse was a red and white pin stripe.

I have never had a buttonhole attachment for my machine, so I steer away from dresses that button all the way down the front. But if I'm ever going to do any sewing for my grandson, there will be lots of buttonholes to make so I might as well break down and get an attachment. I have never done any sewing for little boys so this will be a new sewing challenge for me.

It is time to start dinner, so until next month,

Sincerely,

*Dorothy*



## ADRIENNE WAS WELL PREPARED FOR SURGERY

Dear Friends:

This is one of those gloriously sunny days that inspires a person to accomplish many deeds, and I have many that need tending. One bug-a-boo in my existence is Donald's white shirts. I never seem to get caught up. I guess if this is the greatest of my worries I should never feel concern, but long-sleeved white shirts seem to stretch shoulder to shoulder in an endless line. I feel real sympathy for women with grown sons who throw a shirt a day apiece down the dirty clothes chute.

I told you in my February letter that Adrienne was to have her tonsils removed. She received a book from her doctor-surgeon, prepared in an illustrated-story manner, which gave her a reasonably good picture of what to expect. It was so well done, in fact, that she waltzed into the hospital completely confident and completely fearless! I, in true motherly fashion, was one large knot of anxiety. In my own defense I did keep myself under control and didn't transmit my nervousness to her. Donald was a little alarmed at her jauntiness. He feared that she would be so shocked when she woke up to the fact she had not been at a Sunday school picnic that she would harbor resentment toward us.

Donald's work kept him away from the hospital all of the time except for the hours during and immediately following her surgery, so I kept a lonesome vigil. I might just as well have spared myself the weeks of nervousness that I suffered, because after the entrance examinations at the hospital and when Adrienne was all pajama'd, she proceeded to enjoy herself tremendously. Another little girl checked into the other bed in her ward, and it was instant friendship between these two. This child's mother apparently wanted to keep her youngster happy, because the evening prior to the surgery a large television was wheeled into their room. That, coupled with their own phone — if you can imagine this in a pediatrics ward — made their stay mighty pleasant. (I was grateful that we didn't have to help pay for these little luxuries.)

I had intended to stay with Adrienne until she was asleep, assuming that the poor little thing would be unhappy about spending her first night away from the nest all by herself. However, when her dinner tray was removed — and you would have thought her dinner was in the steak classification rather



**The Folks' great-granddaughter** Lisa is a tiny little thing for 1 1/2 years, but a real lively handful for her mother, Donna Nenneman, who has lost 10 pounds trying to keep up with her!

than a soft diet for surgery patients — she cocked her head toward me to ask how soon I would be leaving! This deflated my ego, to put it mildly. Since I had the entire length and breadth of the city of Milwaukee to drive across, I licked my wounds and headed for home. The children in the ward were given seven o'clock treats of ice cream, which indicated that the hospital was doing its part to make their experience as pleasant as possible.

The remainder of Adrienne's stay was a normal recovery. She was sore when she came back from surgery, but fortunately didn't ask for anything to drink, so she had no nausea. By evening she was able to "drink" her supper. The day after surgery we were permitted to take her home, and she was willing enough to stay close in bed. It took nearly two weeks for her to get her normal speaking voice back, so I assume her throat was sore most of this time, although she complained very little.

Paul and Katharine followed right on the heels of Adrienne's recovery with a wild flu virus of some kind, which swept through the family without missing a one of us, although Donald managed to keep out of bed and, in fact, go out of town on a business trip. Things were in a mess around here. The germ they brought home from school was so potent that they simply closed the school. Attendance had fallen off terribly and most teachers were sick.

Short of a blizzard, the authorities in Wisconsin rarely close a school with one exception, which I think is terribly funny. When it gets to thirty degrees below zero, schools automatically close! Can you imagine? It was once twenty-five below on my neighbor's porch, which is unofficial, but that was

cold enough to make me willing to call it a day.

We finally struggled through the month. One of the highlights when we finally got out of the house was a family night, pitch-in dinner at church. The congregation was informed that there would be a movie to interest the entire family. This movie was so outstanding that it bears passing along to you in case you are searching for a program for your church. "The City of the Bees" is in beautiful technicolor. It was produced by Irwin A. Moon and his staff at the Moody Institute of Science, 11428 Santa Monica Blvd., West Los Angeles, California.

This film runs for about 40 minutes, and it held every member of the audience spellbound. Quite a bit of time is devoted to remarkably good close-up shots of bees both in motion and in a state of quiet. There are detailed scientific explanations of how a beehive operates and the remarkable senses with which these tiny creatures have been endowed. There is an explanation of how the bee's eye operates to give him the ability to return to the hive and send other worker bees out to a particular source of nectar.

Throughout the entire film the narrator emphasizes what an efficient colony or city they maintain. And, indeed, it is efficiency itself. However, it points out that every member of the hive works. There is no juvenile delinquency nor laziness nor strikes because of overwork. Unfortunately, the reason for this perfect society which they maintain is pure and complete regimentation. When workers have outlived their usefulness, as in the case of drones, they are stung to death and thrown out.

The narrator suggests at one point that perhaps this might be the answer to the problems that seem to plague our world. The rise of an authoritarian type government might keep the people in place and make our country a safer place in which to live.

But where man and the bee differ becomes clear when it is pointed out that man is answerable only to God. And God certainly doesn't give any of us the right to tell another how to live or work or play. He has given us the free will to make of ourselves the best that is in us if we will live Christian lives.

Do try to see this picture. I guarantee you will remember it long beyond the hour it takes to view.

Sincerely,

*Mary Beth*



## PERK UP YOUR WALLS

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Some years ago I attended a club meeting in the home of a friend. Not long after settling down in a big comfortable chair I became aware that *something* was wrong with her living room. It took some time for me to discover the difficulty, then I wondered why I hadn't noticed immediately; not one single picture or decoration was hanging on the wall. *Nothing!* Just four bare, blank walls.

Since this family had lived in the home for seven years, it did seem that they could have conjured up courage enough to drive a nail or glue an adhesive hook to the walls. I finally decided the only logical explanation was that they didn't *like* pictures, didn't *want* decorations, so none were hung. Since it was their home and the place to do as they pleased, it was certainly not my place to judge. I still remember, however, the cold, sterile appearance and sense the room gave me that something was missing.

My mother was an experienced mover, having been a Methodist preacher's wife in an era when ministers were moved frequently. The first thing she did when she started fixing up a home was to hang the curtains. "When people see curtains in the windows they know someone lives here," she would say with satisfaction. Next, she would open the box with the pictures and take out our old familiar friends which had traveled with us from home to home and gave a real sense of continuity to our lives.

Now that anything can be hung on the walls (and I *do* mean *anything*) it is fun to see how much imagination can be used to add color, design, warmth and life to perk up any and *every* room in the house. Family heirlooms, hand-me-downs, second-hand stores and auction sales are good sources of supply. Sometimes it is an actual picture or a frame worth refinishing, a trivet or a weather vane which can be painted a dull black, or a collector's item worthy of display which is discovered. Making your own wall decorations can also be creative and satisfying: painted pictures, embroidered hangings, mosaic designs, small hooked rugs, needlepoint, to name a few.

Children can create lovely decorations. Poster paints on heavy paper make a product suitable for framing. In one of our youngsters' kindergarten classes the teacher had each child



**We promised you a picture of the Birkbys' house! Here it is with black shutters, evergreen plantings, and the mulberry tree.**

make a design, then paint the design with enamel on very heavy, canvas-like paper. Framed and hung on the wall these original pictures are real treasures.

Children enjoy showing their collections in various ways. Craig has butterflies mounted in a frame. Jeff did the same with colorful, pressed leaves. Bob's Scout awards are in an old gold frame purchased at a second-hand store. It hangs on the wall with his merit badge sash on one side and a Scout emblem, embroidered on linen by his grandmother, on the other. A shadow box is another fine way to display children's treasures — rocks, shells, coins, dolls, etc.

One comment about hanging pictures or decorations in a child's room: as adults we see objects at a different level than children. Pictures, collections, hangings, and shelves should be hung at the *eye level* of the youngster who lives in the room. Much of the pleasure of bright gay pictures is lost if they are placed too high.

Did you ever think of hanging pictures in the bathroom? Here you can use unusual colors and designs. Christmas cards with pleasing patterns were arranged in a large frame and used on the wall of one bathroom. Another had a series of small scenery pictures taken from calendars, framed separately and hung in a long line just above the tile over the bathtub.

In our small half-bath, which is primarily the property of the father of this family, we have a series of color prints which he has taken on vacation trips. Our Kachina dolls, which are replicas of the Indian Hopi dolls, are hung on another wall of the tiny room. This last summer the display was enlarged to include a five-inch totem pole Jeff made at camp last summer and a four-inch "Tiki" head which Bob whittled and sanded.

Hallways are another place frequently neglected. When we were visiting relatives in Chicago the fall our house was started, we saw a beautiful entry hall completely hung with Currier and Ives prints. Yes, from the floor to ceiling these pictures covered the walls. We adapted the same basic idea, bought a number of Currier and Ives reproductions, framed and matted them and hung them from the floor to the ceiling of our tiny entrance.

The walls of kitchens have come into their own in recent years with copper molds, trivets, spice sets and painted plates (to mention only a *few* items) used for decoration. New kitchens are less of a problem than the old ones. I recently saw an older kitchen brightened with colorful pictures taken from one of the large magazines. My friend had cut cardboard several inches wider than the picture and covered it with red-and-white checked material to match her curtains. She pasted a picture of glamorous-looking foods in the center of each mat. Then she fastened the mat to one of the doors of her old cupboard. With each cupboard displaying a picture of mouth-watering food it made the kitchen an inspiring place to cook.

The room where I've had the most fun with wall decorations has been the study — really, my home office. Since large pieces of furniture should have either a big picture or a generous grouping over them, the piano and desk in the study have given ample opportunity to put up a variety of objects. In this case, I used treasures which have a special place in my memory.

Over the desk is a small whatnot which holds carved figures from Germany, our daughter's bronzed baby shoe and a paper weight Jeff made in Cub Scouts. Around the whatnot are hung a picture of my mother, one of my father, a water color of a tall-spired church against autumn trees, a memorial plate from the country church we attended for many years and a 3-inch metal Celtic cross from Junior Choir directing days.

The picture over the piano just suits the uses of the study. It shows books, musical instruments, an inkwell and a candleholder. Recently we hung a musical instrument on each side of the picture, a mandolin and a carved wooden flute the boys received as a Christmas gift from Yugoslavia. With books, an old brass candlestick and my auto harp arranged on top of the piano, it gives a unified appearance to that side of the room.

Perking up your walls can be fun; the sky, plus your imagination, is the limit!



# Recipes

Tested

by the

## Kitchen - Klatter Family

### VERY SPECIAL CHERRY CAKE

- 1 bar angel food cake
- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 2 cans (16 ounces each) pitted red sour cherries packed in water
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2 cups heavy cream

Soften gelatin in cold water. Drain juice from both cans of cherries and measure 1 1/2 cups liquid. Add sugar and heat. Add softened gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add cherries from one can, lemon and almond flavorings, and chill until the mixture begins to set. Then fold in 1 1/2 cups of whipped cream to which you have added the 1 tsp. of Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring.

Cut bar angel food cake into three slices. Line 2 bread pans with waxed paper. Cover first slice of cake with part of mixture, add another layer of cake, then more mixture until all of it is used. Finish with cake. Cover with cherry topping and chill for several hours, or overnight. Just before serving, decorate each slice with the remaining 1/2 cup of cream, whipped.

### Cherry Topping

Use remaining cherry juice, add 1/4 cup sugar, 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring and a few drops of red food coloring. Cook and bring to a boil. Stir in 2 tablespoons of cornstarch mixed with a little cold water. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick and clear. Then add cherries from second can and cool.

This very delicious dessert sounds more complicated than it really is. You could use a round angel food cake, of course, but we wanted to serve quite a crowd at the office and thought it would be easier to handle the bar-type cake in bread pans.

### GLAZED HAM LOAF

- 2 lbs. uncooked smoked ham, ground
- 1 1/2 lbs. fresh pork, ground
- 1 cup cracker crumbs
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup hot milk
- 1 cup spiced peach syrup

Mix together thoroughly the ground meats, cracker crumbs, eggs and hot milk. Shape into a loaf and place in a 9-inch square pan. Make slight indentations in the top and pour over as much of the spiced peach syrup as will soak into the loaf. Bake in a 350 degree oven for one hour, basting several times with the remaining spiced syrup.

This served eight generously when we had company. We put the glazed ham loaf on a silver platter and garnished it with the pickled peaches. Everyone took a peach along with the meat. This loaf holds its shape very well.

— Lucile

### COMPANY GREEN PEAS

- 2 10 oz. pkgs. of frozen peas
- 2 cups celery, sliced at an angle into 2-inch pieces
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 20 pitted ripe olives, cut in half
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper

Put salad oil in a heavy pan or skillet. Add the celery and cook at a low temperature for 10 minutes, shaking pan occasionally. Add peas that have been broken apart and partly thawed. Cover and continue cooking at low temperature for 5 or 6 minutes longer, shaking pan frequently. Stir in olives, salt and pepper.

Everyone enjoyed this vegetable dish. The celery will be quite crisp and crunchy and is a good contrast to the soft peas. Don't leave out the olives — they add a lot to the taste and a lot to eye appeal.

### BETTY'S PEAR SALAD

- 1 large can pears, drain, reserve liquid
- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
- 1 cup cream, whipped

Bring to a boil 1 cup pear juice. Add lime gelatin and flavoring, and stir until dissolved. Add the softened cream cheese to the hot mixture and stir until dissolved. Mash the pears, and when the gelatin is syrupy fold in the pears and whipped cream. Chill until set.

This salad is a lovely shade of pale green which would be especially attractive to serve at a spring or summer luncheon. Do make it soon. —Margery

### OLD-FASHIONED LEMON DROP COOKIES

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

Sift dry ingredients together. Cream shortening, butter flavoring and sugar together until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs and other flavorings. Add flour mixture alternately with lemon juice. Drop by teaspoons on greased baking sheet. Bake for 12 to 15 minutes in a 375 degree oven, or until the edges are lightly browned.

These may be frosted with a powdered sugar icing flavored with Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. It is an old-fashioned recipe brought up to date with the fine Kitchen-Klatter flavorings.

### ORANGE CANDIED SWEET POTATOES

- 6 sweet potatoes
- 1/4 cup margarine
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup dark corn syrup
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Wash potatoes and cook in boiling water 15 minutes. Cool. Peel and slice into casserole. Combine all other ingredients, bring to boil, and pour over sweet potatoes. Cover. Bake in 350 degree oven for 20 minutes. Uncover and continue baking until potatoes are tender and well glazed, turning if needed.

### WESTERN CHEESE BUNS

- 1/2 lb. shredded sharp American cheese
- 2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 2 Tbls. chopped onion
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 1/3 cup chopped stuffed olives
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 3 Tbls. chili sauce
- Salt and pepper
- 6 wiener buns

Combine cheese, pepper, onions, eggs and olives. Add mustard and chili sauce. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Cut buns in half. Spread with cheese mix and place under broiler flame until cheese is melted, about 5 minutes.



### MILLIE'S OZARK MOUNTAIN FROSTING

- 2 cups sugar
- 2/3 cup boiling water
- 2 egg whites, beaten stiff
- 1/2 cup black walnut meats
- 10 maraschino cherries, drained
- 1/2 cup seedless raisins
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Pour boiling water over sugar in a saucepan and stir until dissolved. Boil until a fine thread is formed when dropped from the tines of a fork. (About 240 degrees on candy thermometer.) Beat egg whites until *very stiff* and *dry*. Pour hot syrup over egg whites, beating constantly. Add raisins while frosting is hot and continue beating until it reaches spreading consistency. Add maraschino cherries which have been *well drained* and chopped fine. Fold in vanilla and black walnuts.

This is a marvelous frosting which can be used on many kinds of cakes for glamorous company fare. It is one of the specialties of the evening buffet at the New Orleans Hotel in Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Millie Martenson, owner and manager of the hotel, serves a buffet as a courtesy to her guests each evening. Of Danish background, Millie has brought this delightful custom of the Danes to the middle of the Ozark Mountains.

—Evelyn

### ORANGE MARSHMALLOW PIE

- 2 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 4 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 12 marshmallows, cut in small pieces
- 4 Tbls. sugar
- 1 9-inch baked pie shell

Combine the sugar and the cornstarch. Stir in the two egg yolks and one-half cup of the water. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add the orange juice and flavorings, the remaining half cup of water, butter and diced marshmallows. Cook until the marshmallows are melted and the mixture thickens again. Remove from the fire, and when it is cool pour into a baked 9-inch pie shell. Beat the egg whites until stiff, and gradually add the 4 Tbls. of sugar. Spread over the pie and bake 15 minutes in a 350 degree oven. I like to sprinkle a little sugar over the top of the meringue because it makes it easier to cut.

—Dorothy

### SENSATIONAL SLAW

- 3 cups finely shredded cabbage
- 3/4 cup finely chopped green onions
- 3/4 cup chopped pimiento
- 1 cup well-drained pineapple chunks
- 3/4 cup sliced stuffed olives
- 1 cup shredded American cheese
- 1/4 cup whipping cream
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- Salt and pepper to taste

Combine cabbage, onions, pimiento, pineapple, cheese and olives. (We used salad olives for this since the more expensive sliced stuffed olives would only come apart when the salad was mixed.) Whip the cream and fold into the mayonnaise to which you have added the Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. Season to taste. Refrigerate for two hours.

This is supposed to serve six generously, but we ran out before our guests had had their fill! It's an amazingly delicious and different-tasting slaw, so if you want to make something that will prove to be a real hit, be sure you try this very soon.

### PARTY CHICKEN

- 4 lbs. chicken breasts, legs and thighs
- 4 cups fine bread crumbs
- 4 tsp. onion salt
- 1 1/4 tsp. garlic salt
- 2 tsp. black pepper
- 2 tsp. crushed savory
- 2 tsp. Accent
- 2 tsp. curry powder
- 1 cup mayonnaise

Combine all of the spices with the bread crumbs and mix thoroughly. Roll each piece of chicken in bread crumb mixture.

Arrange crumb-coated chicken on a greased cooky sheet, skin side up and without pieces touching. Put in a 400 degree oven for 15 minutes to set the crumbs so they will stick to chicken. Remove from oven and with a brush coat chicken generously with mayonnaise. (The crumbs won't come off if you use a brush.) Return to a 300 degree oven and bake for one hour, or until chicken is done but not dry.

We fixed this chicken for eight dinner guests and some people had four and five pieces. There was very little left, in case you think it seems like a large amount. There were some crumbs left over and we used these to coat both chicken livers and hamburgers. They were delicious. This combination of spices with the crumbs gives any kind of meat a very special taste.

—Lucile

### OMAHA CHICKEN-NOODLE CASSEROLE

- 2 cups stewed chicken
- 5 oz. noodles
- 1 can mushroom soup
- 1 pkg. frozen mixed vegetables
- 3/4 cup milk

Cook noodles in chicken broth until tender. Cook vegetables as directed. In a casserole or flat pan, put layer of noodles, then chicken, then vegetables, then top with noodles. Add milk to soup, heat, and blend; pour over casserole; top with buttered crumbs. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes. Remove cover and bake 15 minutes longer to brown top.

As you can see, this recipe can be stretched by using more noodles. More chicken can be used if you desire. The vegetables your family likes best can be used, or use bits of leftover vegetables. Chicken broth could be used to thin the soup instead of milk.

### SPECTACULAR BLUEBERRY CREAM PIE

- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell
- 1 pkg. vanilla pie filling
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup cream, whipped (or whipped topping)
- 2 cups blueberries
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring

Prepare pudding according to directions on the box, but use only 1 1/2 cups of milk. Cool. Fold in whipped cream (or topping) and vanilla flavoring. Spoon into baked pie shell. Refrigerate until firm.

Combine 1 cup blueberries (frozen, canned or fresh). Add cornstarch, sugar, and just enough juice to combine the dry ingredients, 1 to 2 Tbls. Cook over low heat, stirring and mashing berries until mixture is thick and clear. Stir in the other cup of well-drained berries and the lemon and blueberry flavorings. Cool slightly; spoon over top of vanilla layer in pie shell. Keep chilled until time to serve.

This is truly a spectacular pie. It can be made with the prepared blueberry pie filling by simply adding the lemon and blueberry flavorings to the mix and spooning over the vanilla layer as directed.

Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener may be used in place of sugar in this recipe with excellent results.



**APRICOT NECTAR SALAD**

1 can (12 oz.) apricot nectar (1½ c.)  
 1/2 cup water  
 2 pkg. (3 oz. ea.) orange gelatin  
 1 can (1 lb.) crushed pineapple  
 1 can (1 lb., 14 oz.) whole apricots  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Heat apricot nectar and water to boiling; pour over orange gelatin; stir to dissolve. Drain and reserve pineapple; measure syrup (there should be

1 cup). Add syrup and flavoring to orange gelatin mixture; chill until syrupy. Drain apricots (save syrup to use another time); remove pits. Cut enough apricots into eighths to make 1 cup; reserve remaining whole apricots. Fold crushed pineapple and apricot pieces into chilled, syrupy gelatin. Turn into 1 1/2-quart mold; chill until firm. Unmold onto serving plate; garnish with reserved whole apricots. Makes 6 servings.

**EGGPLANT WITH OYSTER STUFFING**

1 2-lb. eggplant, halved lengthwise  
 1 pint oysters, drained and chopped  
 1/4 cup minced onion  
 1 clove garlic, minced  
 2 Tbls. minced celery  
 1/4 cup margarine  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1 cup soft bread crumbs  
 1/4 cup minced parsley  
 1/2 tsp. thyme

Scoop out center of eggplant leaving a wall 1/2-inch thick. Chop up the eggplant and cook it in melted butter for a couple of minutes; then add the onion, garlic and celery and cook until onion is golden. Combine oysters and the rest of the ingredients and add to the hot eggplant mixture. Spoon into eggplant shells and place in buttered baking dish. Bake for 30 minutes at 375 degrees.

This recipe sounds like more work than it really is — and most surely the results will satisfy even the people who say they "don't care" for eggplant.

**DOROTHY'S APPLE DESSERT**

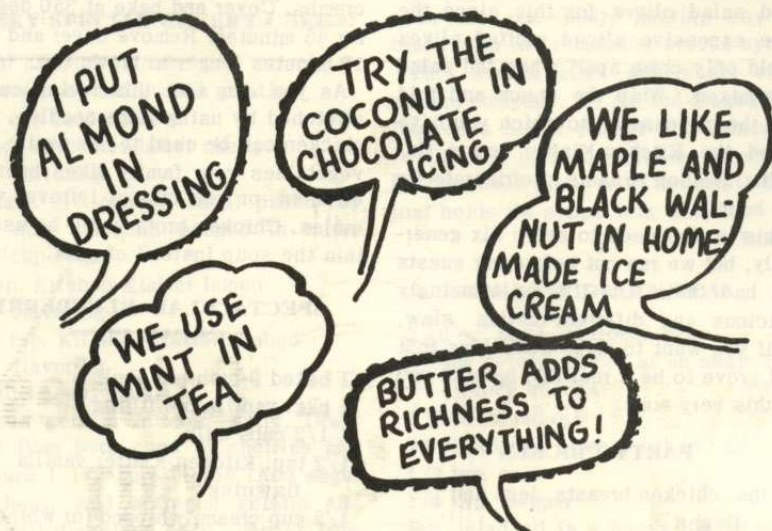
4 shredded wheat biscuits  
 4 apples, diced  
 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar  
 1 tsp. cinnamon  
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 1/2 cup water

Crush the shredded wheat biscuits. Combine the sugar and cinnamon. Put alternate layers of cereal, apples and sugar mixture in a baking dish. Dot with the butter or margarine. Add the flavoring to the water and pour this over the top. Cover and bake in a 350 degree oven for 1 hour. Serve hot with the following sauce:

**Orange Custard Sauce**

3 Tbls. flour  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 Dash of salt  
 2 eggs  
 2 cups milk  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Mix the flour, sugar and salt. Beat the eggs slightly and add. Scald the milk and add the orange flavoring. Gradually stir the milk into the sugar and egg mixture. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and coats the spoon. Add the vanilla and chill.



## Listen to the Ladies

Almost every mail brings us letters from homemakers — like you — telling us of new ways they use **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. How they've experimented by adding new flavors to favorite recipes, and how everyday dishes have become party favorites. Take a look at the sixteen listed below. Don't you have a recipe that would profit from a little touch of daring? Remember that a little bit goes a long way, because **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** are full strength, and their taste and aroma never cook out. Now let's see what kind of a surprise you can spring on your family!

(And if you don't have all sixteen, you're missing something!)

Cherry	Butter	Orange	Black Walnut
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Banana	Burnt Sugar	Strawberry	Maple
Raspberry	Almond	Mint	Blueberry

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## PARSLEY . . . PERKY, PRETTY, AND PREHISTORIC

by  
Oneita Fisher

Did you know that parsley seed goes three times to the devil and back before it germinates? Early Romans trampled on the seed to break the outer skin; or you can sow it with curses to make it come up more quickly. But once it starts to grow, you must not transplant it. That's supposed to be bad luck.

I learned about parsley from my six-year-old. He came home from an overnight visit and said, "Jack's mom sure is a good cook. She makes things fancy."

And what was this "fancy" food that caught my son's eye? It was a dish of sliced tomatoes with sprigs of parsley around the edge.

Since then, I've fancied up many a plain dish with parsley. But I've also learned that there's more to parsley than meets the eye. Its history is even older than Rome's. In fact, it has a curious botanical history because its exact origin is not known. It is so closely associated with humans that it isn't found growing wild although it does revert to non-curly foliage after a few years of self-seeding.

The moss-curved character of parsley has a legendary origin. Once upon a time, in Devonshire, England, a little old lady found elves asleep in her tulip bed. She was so pleased that she planted more tulips which in turn pleased the elves who made her tulips bloom with ever brighter hues.

In time, she died and another came to live in her cottage. He disliked tulips, so he pulled them out and planted parsley. This made the elves so angry that they danced in the parsley bed every night until the leaves were ragged as we find them today.

English children were told that their mothers found them in the parsley bed. The seed supposedly cured baldness — when sprinkled on the head three nights in a year. The trick was to get it to stay on a shiny bald pate! Or sick fishes could be cured by sprinkling parsley seed over the pond.

During the Dark Ages, parsley was preserved by monks in their monasteries, and in the gardens of castles and cottages. The Greeks crowned their heroes with wreaths of parsley because the leaves stayed crisp and fresh. It was used also for funeral wreaths and it was planted on graves for a nearly evergreen cover.

Fortunately, we don't have to rely


on parsley's magical powers, but it is rich in vitamins A and C, so we should eat the sprigs we find on our plates. It adds flavor, as well as color, to sweet-sour carrots, buttered new potatoes, meat loaf, casserole dishes, stews, salad dressings, and quick breads, to name a few non-fancy uses.

It's best picked as needed from your own back yard, so plant it where you can reach it easily.

Parsley is easy to freeze, although it won't be crisp when thawed. Just blanch, cool, chop — and store in baby food jars, in your freezer. Or blanch it

and dry it in a slow oven, without chopping it. The simplest way is to wash the curliest leaves and store them in a fruit jar in the refrigerator. They'll keep for several weeks in the moisture that drains off. And, the superstitions to the contrary, you can transplant a couple of roots for winter use. Use a tall tomato juice can for your flowerpot; this will give the long tap roots more room.

Whether it's a hot, muggy day in August or a snowy one in December, a sprig of perky parsley adds a touch of "fancy" to a plain and simple meal.



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## Our April

by

Harvena Woodling

What is April? It is many things, but let us begin with the beginning. And the beginning of April? What but April Fools' Day? So April starts with jokes and fun; with little boys and girls overcome with laughter as they perpetrate the same jokes and tricks that so amused their fathers and mothers a generation ago.

April is a sunny Sunday morning with families going up the church steps together. It is small girls in ruffy dresses, white gloves, and patent leather slippers, sitting up very straight and casting reproving, side-long glances at the shined and polished little boys who are punching one another and unsuccessfully repressing chuckles. It is also these little girls succumbing to temptation and comparing contents of their new purses. But finally it is these same youngsters, attentive and silent, suddenly receptive to the truth, knowledge, and love being offered so freely in this church.

April is high school students, too, with stars in their eyes and dreams in their hearts; dreams of the spring track-meet and the forthcoming dress revue; of the Junior-Senior banquet and prom; of college days to come; or of great success in a future business world.

April is the long delightful after-school hours that are not half long enough for the Helpful Two. There is still homework to cope with and music to practice. There is faithful Pony Boots looking for her friends and there is the NEW saddle that is losing some of its polish. Young Bay Diamond is the subject of speculation as the girls wonder how he will regard their coming attempts at colt-breaking. Little Sis



Ready for an early spring camping trip are David Driftmier (right) and two of his best buddies, Mike Merrit and Jim Godfrey.

must spend time with her beloved Little Fellow, the orange kitten who long ago outgrew his name.

The farmer's April is a month of planning and hard work, of hope, of great dependence on the weather. In some Aprils we welcome the gray day that brings rain and joy to all of us who have felt the bite of prolonged drought. In other years the April rain falls steadily day after day so that we accomplish very little, and long for sunshine.

April is joy diluted with a backache for the early and ardent gardener who would rather see his radishes coming up than an astronaut going up.

For those of us who love baseball, April means that the long winter doldrums are past. The opening day of a new baseball season is at hand. Perhaps we cannot attend many or any of the Big League games but we cheer for our favorite team and exult or suffer as their position changes in the won and lost column of our daily newspaper. The TV brings the game into our living room and we thrill to the crack of the bat and thud of the ball via this modern miracle. May our team be in the World Series this October!

But April is not all striving and

action. There comes a sudden hot day that saps all our splendid fervor for dust-chasing and yard-raking. Then — if we ever get the dishes done, we shall sit under the oak tree with a book and the transistor radio — and probably take a nap. Ah, well. Tomorrow we shall do better.

Without color, April could not be April. We marvel at the vibrant, compelling, growing green of grass and leaves and flower blades; the splendid, insistent flash of Red Emperor tulips; the deep and endless blue of the sky, that ancient bowl inverted over the old, old earth that stirs to life each spring.

April is regeneration and birth and life. April is a sky full of stars to wish upon. April is a dream and a promise and we love it.

## The Numbers Game

(In Jest!)

by

Marjorie Spiller Neagle

In the past fifty years I've seen a lot of innovations in this country, and though I've appeared to go along with all of them, I've been opposed to most. I've seen the black wood-burning stove give way to gas and oil heaters. Farm horses like Old Dolly, on whose back my brothers and I used to ride, and the high-stepping Ginger, who took us to church on Sunday and to the general store on Saturday night, have been replaced by the impersonal farm tractor and automobile. Doughnuts advertised to be "exactly like the ones Mother used to make" now come in "fry 'em yourself" packages; and fish chowder in a tin can. I've remained quiet because I wouldn't want anyone to think I'm against progress. But I balk at the numbers game.

I dread the day when I step into my bank (where, they advertise, you're treated like a guest, not a statistic) and am greeted by a smiling teller with "Good morning, 838004". (At the public library across the street I'm known as 91852.)

I live in a state in that part of the country where the War for Independence began . . . 021, in case you're interested. It was at the wharf down around 02122 that the Boston Tea Party was staged.

My youngest grandchild is just starting school. I shudder to think what his answers will be in a few years when I ask him what he's been learning. If things continue as they are going now I haven't a doubt he'll inform me that Paul Revere's famous ride ended in (Continued on page 18)



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## Paul Revere's Portrait

(A fictitious version of historic facts)

by  
Evelyn Witter

The shop door opened. Paul Revere looked up from the engraving he held in his hand, to see the approach of a thin, fair-haired fellow, John Copely. John was dressed in as fine a waistcoat as any gentleman of Boston could boast in that year of 1765; still Paul knew that the young artist could ill afford such finery. But what piqued his curiosity more than the waistcoat was the roll of canvases he carried under his arm.

"Good day to you, John," Paul smiled, taking in the pale face, prominent eyebrows and the small eyes of his customer. He did not feel as gay as his salutation to Copely sounded. This fellow was becoming a problem, always coming in with orders but never paying. What should he do, Paul wondered? He liked Copely very much even if they didn't see politics in the same way. Still...

John began unfolding his canvases. "Here are some portraits I have painted," he gestured proudly. "I do need proper frames for them. Will you make the frames?"

Paul saw that the portraits were exceptionally beautiful. "You are not as yet well-known," he remarked. "One day you will be famous. A fame which will last for generations."

John threw back his head and laughed. "Because you are two years older than I, am I to believe that you have the judgment that is attributed to age? Besides, you are a silversmith not an artist. But I do thank you, sir, for the compliment." John made an elaborate bow, but the sigh that escaped his lips denounced his feigned joviality.

Paul did not even *pretend* to be jovial. His dark eyes became serious as he reached under his worktable for a ledger. Opening the book, and following the written lines with his forefinger, he read: "Due from Copely, John Singleton...for a silver picture frame...making a glass...one gold case for picture...need I read on?"

"Nay," John's small eyes seemed to march inward from fatigue. "I should not have asked it. But I have labored so long over these portraits—sometimes fifteen hours at a stretch. Now I cannot be paid for my work, for when I took the portraits I was obliged to deliver them framed."

"Tush!" exclaimed Paul vehemently. "Such poverty is not befitting your

ability!" And then, with a sudden thought, so characteristic of him, he went on: "I would have a portrait! Paint me. 'Twill be a recording of myself for my children and my children's children. Your indebtedness to me, for such a portrait as I would deem worthy, would be paid."

"An excellent arrangement, sir!" John Copely's eyes widened, alive and searching again. "We will start now! And will you powder your hair and don a suitable waistcoat and shirt?"

"I think not," Paul replied immediately. "I do not hold with fancy dress. I want a portrait of me, Paul Revere, the silversmith, happily, contentedly, ah, proudly working at his trade."

John Singleton Copely studied the animation of the silversmith's dark eyes, the striking color of his skin and hair, the bold turn of the lower lip and the quizzical lift of the eyebrow. Then his trained artist's eye noted the man's hands. Hands that were almost dainty but with wrists of unmistakable strength. The fingernails were ragged and broken, trademarks of a man skilled in an industrial trade.

"'Twill be a pleasure to take a portrait of so interesting a subject," Copely said.

"Without the elegance of lace and finery?" Revere asked, surprised.

"As you are," repeated John amiably. "Seated here at your bench, with your tools and the very pear-shaped teapot on which you are working."

And so the portrait of Paul Revere was "taken" by John Singleton Copely. It was one of the few portraits ever painted of the famous patriot. It is now owned by the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, where the people are heard to remark as they look at it, that the artist was a master at grasping essential characteristics.

But then, Paul Revere had recognized Copely's genius in 1765 while he was still an unknown, debt-ridden, overly worried young man. Revere had been right in everything he said about the artist. Poverty was not fitting to a man of his ability. Soon after he painted Revere's portrait, Copely's greatness was recognized by others who paid handsomely for his talents. He had as many orders as he could fill and made so much money he could buy a large part of Beacon Hill.

As Paul Revere predicted, Copely became famous. "It is largely due to him," writes one authority, "that the men and women of his day, with gold lace upon the gentlemen and thread lace upon the ladies, their knee-buckles and banians (loose-fitting gowns or shirts), their ruddy good humor and crabbed glances, their paunches, simpering elegance and idealism, courage and evil, exist for us now."

(Bibliography: "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In" by Ester Forbes, Landmark Books, Encyclopedia, "Early American" by Mildred Mastin Pace).



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## COME, READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

"Mother, could we go to the library? I need material for a report on rocks." It was our second-grader, Ann, speaking.

"I want to see if they have any new Landmark books," chimed in her brother Jon.

"And, Mom," said Ann, "We'd better read *Mary Poppins* again before that movie comes."

Well, that's fine with me, I thought, as the book I've been reading called *Monstrous Depravity* is due today.

Yes, we're taking advantage, as are many of you, of National Library Week, April 25-May 1 and the slogans of the program "Know What You're Talking About — READ" and "Open Your Future — READ".

A brochure explaining the program of National Library Week contains this wisdom: **EVERYONE . . . take time to read and read still more, rediscovering each time the wonders, the delights, and the brain-stretching power of the printed word.**

*Monstrous Depravity* (Wm. Morrow, \$3.50) by John Gould is a man's views on women's domestic problems. He believes that food should consist mostly of good things to eat. He proceeds to remind us of an earlier day of natural foods and their loving preparations.

He'll have nothing to do with store-bought bread and pre-packaged cake. It's all in the spirit of fun, but fun with a point. The friend who recommended it said, "You'll laugh tears. I can see myself in so many situations he describes!"

Great interest is always shown in old-country recipes. *The Finnish Cookbook* (Crown Publishers, \$3.95) is the newest in a series of international cookbooks. This unusual volume, by Beatrice Ojakangas, is the only volume completely devoted to Finnish cookery adapted to American usage. The famed cuisines of Scandinavia and old Russia flourished side by side in Finland, each contributing and combining to produce uniquely Finnish dishes.

Since bread is a mainstay of their meals, fourteen different kinds are described. Tasty recipes for fish, a prime ingredient of Finnish meals, are included. Superb delicacies of the coffee table offer rich fare.

Of pure Finnish descent, Mrs. Ojakangas spent a year in Finland tasting and exchanging recipes. Stories about some of the recipes add a special touch. From fish pot pie (Patakuikko) to Lenten buns (Laskiaispullat) *The Finnish Cookbook* is rich with old-country cooking.

The author of *Only in America* and *Forgotten Pioneer*, Harry Golden, has written another engaging book. Called *So What Else Is New?* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$4.95), Mr. Golden speaks his mind on varied topics including TV commercials, the wisdom of the Navajo Indian, the futility of war, immigrants and pioneers, and the greatness of Winston Churchill.

His feelings on charcoal steaks are

shown by his poking good-natured fun at the outdoor cook. His friend informs him cooking outside entertains the kids.

You'll enjoy his ideas on chicken soup vs. peanut butter. In his day the cure-all was chicken broth; now it's peanut butter.

Harry Golden's eighth book *So What Else Is New?* is for relaxed reading and mind-stretching.

## THE NUMBERS GAME — Concluded

02173; that from the bridge in nearby 02174 was fired the shot heard round the world; that Gen. Washington took command of his army under an elm tree in 02142; and that the Battle of Bunker Hill was fought in 02129.

Recently I had a letter from friends touring the United States. They are most enthusiastic about all the historic and scenic spots they've visited, such as the Golden Gate in 94101, The Palace of the Governors in 87501, and 84101's Mormon Temple. Their only mishap on the entire trip, they write, was when their car developed engine trouble in 53202. But they put up at such a delightful motel in 57303 that night that it more than compensated for any inconvenience they'd suffered. They've sent me some very colorful postcards from such places as 87101 and 60607.

There's another thing that I'm against . . . telephone numbers. In the good old days when I wanted to call up my school chum all I had to do was step to a box on the kitchen wall, turn the crank and, when a voice asked, "Number, please?" answer, "Hello, Mabel. Get me Lois Hobbs, will you, please?" That's all there was to it.

For old times' sake I decided to call Lois in Florida recently. I got her number from my notebook and repeated it several times to fix it in my mind. But when I dialed 133730256 I got a very irascible man on the line, and some sarcastic words. I gave up on the third try and sent Lois an airmail letter. She hasn't answered it yet. I don't understand why. I'm sure that the Zip Code number, 33301, I put on the envelope is correct.

Through all these trials I've managed to keep my sanity. But now I've had it, and I intend to do something about it. In the next Presidential Election I'm going to nominate my candidate. He's a neighbor of mine by the name of John Doe . . . excuse me, I mean 13579. He's promised that if he's nominated he'll run on a platform that calls for abolition of the numbers game. With a platform like that how can he lose?

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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

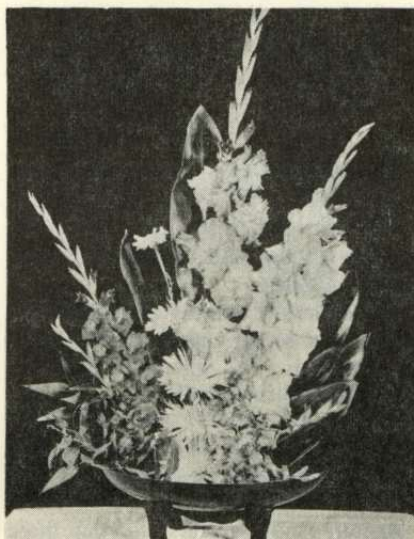
Did you know that the gladiolus is cousin to the iris? Both belong to the Iridaceae family and the resemblance of the two is in their sword-like leaves. While gladioli grow wild in southern Europe and the Near East, not many gardeners are familiar with species of wild iris. Preference is given to the modern gladioli which have been cross-bred and hybridized until there is great variance in size, form and color.

We begin planting gladiolus corms when the trees start to leaf out in the spring, and continue at two-week intervals until July 1st. Most varieties require 60 or more days from the time of planting until blooms are produced, so if planted after July 1st as far north as central Minnesota, the flowers are likely to be nipped by frost. The planting season may be extended to mid-July where the danger of early fall frost is not a hazard.

It pays to prepare the soil well for gladiolus as the corms respond quickly when planted in rich, humusy soil with good drainage. If the soil is heavy, mix in compost, thoroughly decayed manure and sand. If sandy, add compost and decayed manure which help to retain moisture. Set the corms 6 to 8 inches apart and cover them with 3 to 4 inches of soil. Gladioli are usually planted in rows so that they can be easily cultivated. Last spring we had more bulbs than available planting space in the cutting garden so Alfred planted them in groups among the perennials in the border. This year we will plant some there "on purpose" because they were delightful — coming into bloom when many of the perennial flowers were only memories.

The All-America award-winning gladioli for 1965 are PLAYMATE, POMPEII, GREEN 'n GOLD and LITTLE SLAM. The first two are large-flowered glads while the last two are in the miniature class. Playmate is a rich, rose-pink that produces majestic spikes. It opens extremely well when cut in tight bud and retains its color, making it a fine "show glad". Pompeii is called a "smoky", though no one color can describe it because of the subtle blending of deep pink, rose-red with a hint of lavender and an overlay of silvery mist. The throat is a solid, well-defined creamy white.

Green 'n Gold is a little charmer that ushers in the gladiolus season. The tiny hooded florets are a shade of green and gold and are fine for flower-



All-American Glad Selections:  
(Bottom) Green 'n Gold; (Left) Playmate; (Center) Pompeii; (Right) Little Slam.

arranging. Little Slam is a bright red that blooms early and has been a winner wherever shown in competition. The new gladioli are available at garden supply stores and through catalogues. You will want to grow these award winners this spring, especially if you plan to exhibit in flower shows.

## FLOWER AND BULB EXCHANGE

As sure as April, the Garden Club ladies

Meet for a flower and bulb exchange.

That's how I happen to have reminders  
Of friends in these blossoms I  
pick and arrange.

Edith gave everyone double white  
lilacs;

Gladys shared balm and an old  
moss rose;

Belva divided her lemon lilies —

All of our members took some of  
those.

Sara loved peonies pink as a baby;  
Linda's white violets enhance  
green bowls;

Olive's blue iris is taking my garden;  
Maizie gave hyacinths for our  
souls.

For many names the roll call is  
silenced

When Garden Club meets on an  
April day,

But the flowers I pick are constant  
reminders

Of friends who gave roots of their  
lives away. —Oneita Fisher



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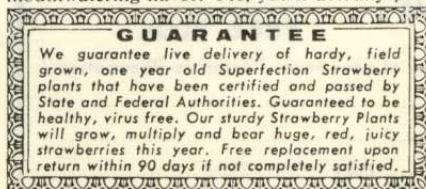
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**APRIL DEVOTIONS - Continued**

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**Hymn:** "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today".

**Leader:**

"Never mind yesterday, life is TODAY!"

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Never mind yesterday, lay it away!  
Never mind anything, over and done,  
Here is a new moment, lit with new sun."

—Anonymous

**Second Meditation:** There is a new world opening with each dawn. There is Easter each year. Easter with its promise of GOLDEN MOMENTS if we are but AWARE.

One little girl defined the meaning of God's yoke to her church school teacher like this: "It's when God puts his arm around our necks!"

That's what Easter does for us — makes us aware of God's arms of love about us. It opens up the dawn of new days for us.

Easter should remind us that there are rare moments in every life when the dross of everyday is turned to gold. No one can tell when those moments will come. They may be here all the time, just waiting for us to notice them.

The secret of putting wonder and joy in our everyday lives is to expect that each new tomorrow will bring some golden wonder which we won't want to miss. We won't find it by looking glumly ahead, always expecting the worst.

We must train ourselves to accept this wonder in our lives, to know it is there, even though we must travel far or work hard to uncover it! For life, we must remember, is a mixture of sweet and sour. The secret is to learn to cope with whichever turns up and to take it in stride!

A rare friendship, a neighborly kindness, a baby's smile, the flash of a redbird among the evergreens, the opening of the rosebud, a glorious sun-

set, a chance to lend a helping hand, or to speak a decisive word for good, words of love from your beloved, your favorite hymn on the radio — these are golden moments that may be tucked in among sorrows, tears, discouragements, strife, hard work, and disappointments. BUT WE CAN BE ASSURED THEY ARE THERE, just waiting for the moment to sparkle!

Easter is our outward symbol of the knowledge that God's arms are always there, waiting to shelter us through every storm, pointing to us the wonders in our pathway. GOLDEN MOMENTS to find and to treasure come to us through God's great love. This is the promise of Easter. This is the wonder of each new dawn.

**Leader:** The day of resurrection, earth tell it all abroad, the passover of gladness, the passover of God. From death to life eternal, from earth unto the sky, our Christ hath brought us over, with hymns of victory. Now let the heavens be joyful! Let earth her song begin! Let the whole world keep triumph, and all that is therein! Let all things seen and unseen their notes in gladness blend, for Christ the Lord hath risen, our joy that hath no end. (Light comes on around the cross and music of hymn to be sung begins immediately, pealing out triumphantly.)

**Hymn:** "In the Cross of Christ I Glory", 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and last verses.

**Litany:** (If impossible, provide copies for everyone to read responses. Have a Litany leader ready to lead audience in responses.)

The Lord is risen! The Lord is risen indeed!

**Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest!**

Remembering His love for all people, especially for little children, who ran after Him and sang,

**Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest!**

Remembering His concern for the poor, the sick, the lame, the lonely, the blind, the gentle touch of His hand for all mankind,

**Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest!**

Remembering His friendliness, His love, His tolerance, His tenderness, and His compassion in everything He said and did,

**Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest!**

Remembering His forgiveness, even as He died on the cross, for me,

**Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest!**

Remembering that, as He promised, He arose and, in my Father's house, He prepares for me a mansion,

**Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest!**

(Continued on page 21)



**CROSSES – Concluded**

illness. We never know when we shall be called upon to bear one of the same sort.

There is the cross of the love of money. We should be able to rise above material things, but only the saints succeed completely in that, and there are few of them around any more. Contrary to popular opinion, most people afflicted with the cross of the love of money are not the very rich, but the poor. It is a lot easier to be greedy about money when one doesn't have it. If one is financially pressed, everything is colored by the need to make more money. One gets to thinking, "What's in it for me?" about every situation, and even while doing acts of kindness or jobs for charity there is the tendency to speculate on the amount you could be earning if you were working for money. This, together with the cringing over not being able to pay one's honest debts, makes a very real cross of gold.

For some people the lack of a new hat, a late model automobile, or a fancier home is a real burden. Most of us tend to be rather unsympathetic with this type, and we are prone to say, "They should have my troubles. Then they'd *really* have something bothering them." But perhaps it is true that a frivolous person receives a frivolous cross, and who is to say that it is not just as much of a burden for him to bear as ours are?

There are crosses of loneliness. The lack of having at least one person in the world with whom to share one's joys and sorrows can leave a hard-to-take void. There are the crosses we are called upon to bear because of our loved ones — a husband inclined to stray, a son lacking in integrity, an ungrateful daughter, a rejecting mother, or an intemperate father. The burden of these crosses would be lighter if one didn't care so terribly about what happened to the loved ones.

But there are ample blessings to lighten the load of crosses. There's laughter and love, and kindness and understanding lurking in almost all of life's situations, and we are sometimes granted a glimpse of these qualities even when things seem darkest.

As long as all of us have crosses to bear, we should try to lighten the load for each other. The most self-sufficient appearing person may be the one who is bearing the heaviest load.

All men are created equal and endowed by their creator with the urge to be better than average.

**APRIL DEVOTIONS – Concluded**

So raise your joys and triumphs high, sing, ye heavens, and earth reply

**Hosanna! Hosanna in the highest! He lives! Amen.**

**Leader:** Let every man and woman count himself immortal. Let him catch the revelation of Jesus in His Resurrection. Let him say not merely, "Christ has risen," but "I shall rise", not merely, "He, underneath all death and change, was unchangeable," but "In me there is something that no

stain of earth can tarnish and no stroke of the world can bruise. I, too, am a part of God and have God's immortality in me." (by Philip Brooks) Let me keep the **GOLDEN WONDER** of Easter always in my heart. Amen.

(NOTE: If all those who take part in the service wear robes, it will add to the beauty and effectiveness of this devotional service.)

Talent is God-given — be humble.  
Fame is man-given — be grateful. Con-  
ceit is self-given — be careful.



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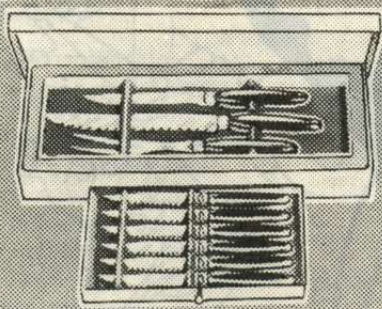
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### LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

Eventually the velvet backing wore out and then pieces of fur began to get loose, so the day came when we just couldn't use it anymore without a complete job of rehabilitation. At this point we stored the whole thing in an upstairs closet and once out of sight we couldn't rouse up any enthusiasm for tackling it again. That's the way matters stand today. It's still in the closet and still needs a complete overhaul if it is ever to be used again.

Would any of you folks who've had some experience working with fur be interested in tackling this project? (I can't even see to thread a needle so there's no use in my thinking about putting a hand to it at any time.) If you think you'd like to have a fling with these fox pelts I wish you'd write to me and perhaps we could work out something. (Incidentally, these pelts are still tacked to a muslin backing so it wouldn't be like picking up a collection of pelts that were just loose.)

My watch says that it's almost time for our office to close and this means that I must get my coat and depart with everyone else. I was just thinking that a year ago at this time I had to come down here to the office in a wheel chair, and now, with my cane, I can walk in, so for such a gain I am most grateful.

Always faithfully yours,

*Lucile*

### FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

a faster pace, are more rushed, and work under greater tension than do country folk. Only yesterday as I walked from the bank to our big downtown church, I noticed how few people seemed to notice others they met along the way. Of course I make it a point to speak to many, many people, but most of them are surprised at my greeting! Just watch city people pushing their way onto a bus or a subway, or observe them trying to make a purchase at a bargain sale, and you will note they seem to be a bad lot. But it really isn't so! If you were to meet those same people walking along a forest trail, or hiking down some country lane, or fishing in some trout stream, you would find them to be as friendly and warm-hearted as any people anywhere. Put a city man out in the country, and he will be as quick to speak to you (or perhaps even quicker) as the farmer who lives up the road.

The longer I live the more convinced I am that God created all of us very

much alike. Most of the time we forget this, and we permit our little narrow view of things to prejudice us toward others. How grateful I am for God's patience with us. The Easter message is meant for all of mankind and not just for you and me! Perhaps the loveliest thing about an Easter lily is the fact that its beauty brings joy to all kinds and conditions of people. Every Easter I am reminded again and again that God gives the beauty of the springtime to all his children. How then can we ever doubt that Jesus lived and died and rose again for all mankind? Sincerely,

*Frederick*

### SPRINGTIME LUNCHEON - Concluded

course, you will want to add a few unusual ones to make it challenging! Award a packet of flower seed to the winner.

**Bunny Hop Relay:** Choose teams according to the size of the group. Each team selects a leader and ties a ribbon bow around his neck. At a given signal, the leaders hop a designated distance, return, and tie the ribbon bows around the necks of the next in line. The game proceeds until a team wins the relay. Candy eggs could be distributed to the winning team.

**Say It with Flowers:** A quiz in which the answers are flowers.

1. How did the prince know Cinderella had to be home at midnight? (Aster)
2. Lover's favorite. (Tulips)
3. Many a foolish mother has advised her daughter. (Marigold)
4. Birds of a feather. (Phlox)
5. Prey of the jungle. (Tiger lily)
6. A soldier's farewell. (Forget-me-not)
7. The old grey bonnet might have once been Miranda's (Blue bonnet).
8. The optometrist knows it well. (Iris)
9. Probably the happiest. (Gladiolus)
10. Scotchman's refusal to do it. (Canna)

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## SPRING POETRY

### OAK LEAVES

All winter long the rust brown  
leaves of oak  
Have clung with miser fingers,  
bent and mean,  
Only to find at last that gentle spring  
Has loosed them with her subtlety of  
green.

—Lula Lamme

### AWAKENING

The splendid wonder of the world,  
As it comes alive once more  
Sees each hour some bursting buds,  
While grass and plants shove through;  
The moist and tender crust of earth  
Awakes with crawling forms of life,  
New ants, new bugs, new birds  
Put new motion all about.

—Alice G. Harvey

### EASTER MESSENGERS

Though dawn was but a whisper in the  
skies,  
It held a promise of a coming day  
That three sad women could not realize  
While walking down the fragrant garden  
way.  
Soft tones of turtle doves were not of  
Rood  
And thorny crown, but notes of God's  
great love,  
And naught in nature spoke of plaintive  
mood,  
As cosmic corridors grew rose above,  
The jubilation of loveliness became  
Complete when angel-lips told them  
their Lord  
Had risen and they spoke His sacred  
Name  
When spreading wonders of the awesome  
Word.  
They were the messengers of life that  
hour  
When Christ had risen by supernal  
power!

— Thelma Allinder

### COME SLOWLY SPRING

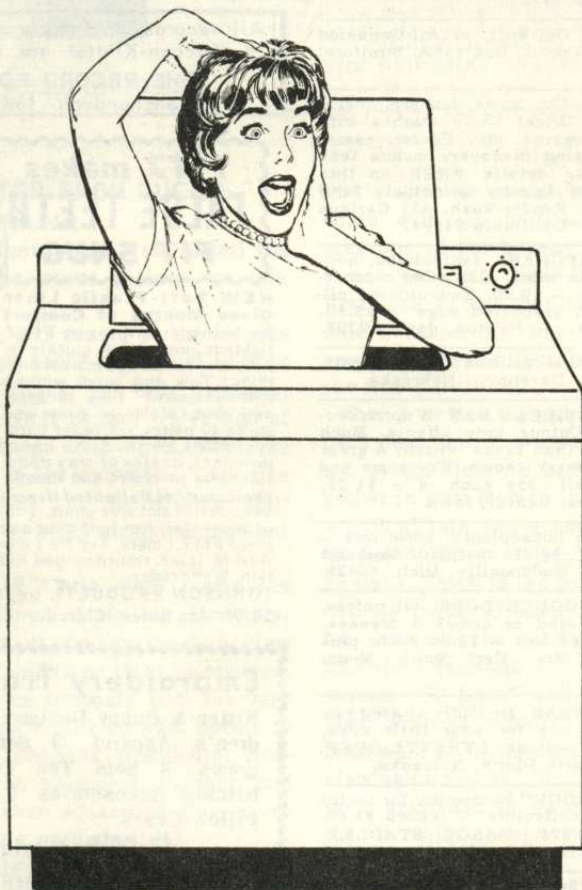
Come slowly spring,  
I could not bear a spring that came  
In one sudden, startled moment.  
The grand explosion of April  
In a flash would stun the sight.  
No mind could comprehend  
Wild grandeur of a world  
Turned April in one hour.

Slowly, seasons change,  
There is a tenderness of first love  
In an April sky.  
Shyness of an adolescent in a violet.  
The long, lovely light of spring  
Creeps in on languid feet.  
Night moves gently into dawn  
As spring renews each ancient hill.

—Helen Virden

### TO APRIL

Sprite!  
Jewel bedight!  
Mischief ridden!  
Moods unbidden  
Make you less than pure delight.  
Your caprices  
Break in pieces  
All our plans both day and night.  
All up-ended —  
Can't be mended —  
Much you care, you hapless wight!  
Helpless — we  
Turn out to be  
Changeable as you are—this our plight:  
Patience worn by your demands  
We abhor you.  
Then — adore you:  
You bring violets in your hands!  
—Edith Harwood



## STEP INSIDE

It would be pretty ridiculous (and mighty uncomfortable) to ride through a cycle in your washer just to see what happens to your clothes in there.

Perhaps you already know; maybe you've had unfortunate experiences with vicious bleaches that seem to tear your things to shreds. Or maybe, after using "lazy" bleaches that leave clothes dingy, you suspect that *nothing* happens in that washer.

That's exactly why more and more homemakers are turning to **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. For it's the one bleach that gets whites really white and colors really bright . . . yet is so gentle that even filmy synthetics are perfectly safe in it. If you've had trouble with "bleach rot" or dingy washes, next time try

## Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach