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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

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NUMBER 4



Mrs. Martin H. Driftmier



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom

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My dear Friends:

Do you share my feeling that the year should begin in April? The earth seems ready to burst with new plant life, days are growing longer, the sun is brighter, Easter is almost here, and it just seems to me that the month of April is more like "the beginning of things" than January.

This has been a hard winter in many parts of our country, and we're ready for the warmth and sunshine that comes with spring. During sub-zero temperatures I thought of the many wee baby pigs on the farms throughout the Midwest. We were glad that part of the big barn on our farm had been made into a maternity ward, equipped with heat and light. It won't be long until we'll see them out in the lots. This is one thing Mart looks forward to when we take our drives out past the farm.

Now, with warmer days ahead, we'll be taking more frequent rides. As we swing towards home, we stop by Ruby's house to pick up her mail. Our nurse is a widow, and, although she stays with us, she has maintained her own home. On her days off she has her family in for dinners, entertains her neighborhood birthday club, takes care of her houseplants, and prepares the lessons for the Sunday school class she has taught for many years. She corresponds with many friends and relatives, and hardly a day goes by that there isn't mail in her box.

As you know, my sister Jessie has been with us this winter. This past month we've been smocking dresses for her youngest granddaughter. The first dress we smocked for little Heather was pale yellow. Her mother took her picture in color the day it arrived, and standing in a bed of yellow flowers under the California sun, she looked like a sweet little butterfly.

Starting this month we'll be celebrating our 40th anniversary on radio, and many of you have been friends of ours since those early days of broad-

casting. However, from reading your letters, I realize that our family tree and a little information should be given to you new friends.

Mart and I have seven children; from the oldest to the youngest, they are Howard, Lucile, Dorothy, Frederick, Wayne, Margery and Donald. To acquaint you with them and their families, I'll tell a bit about each one. Of course, you can learn more about them as you read the family letters in the magazine, for most of them (or their wives) write to you each month.

Howard and Mae live here in Shenandoah where they are both employed at the May Seed and Nursery Company. Their daughter Donna and her husband, Tom Nenneman, live in Omaha where Tom is principal of a school at Ralston. Their little daughter, Lisa, our first great-grandchild, was two last fall, and, as Donna says, "is a real handful — into everything!" Lisa says just about everything now, and her favorite word is "pretend". If Donna is drinking coffee and Lisa wants her to do something with her, she tells Donna to *pretend* she is drinking coffee!

Lucile lives here in Shenandoah, and, as most of you know, she lost her husband a little more than two years ago. With Russell's death, Lucile took over the management of the business. Right now she is undergoing extensive dental surgery so you haven't heard her on the radio visits or read a letter from her in the magazine for a little while, but she'll be back at work again before too long. Her daughter Juliana, a student at the University of New Mexico, was with her for a few days to see her through the worst of her ordeal, but is now back at her studies.

I know that many of you are farm women, and our daughter Dorothy's letters from her farm home are of great interest to you. She and Frank live on the Johnson "home place" near Lucas, Iowa, and are involved in the work that

is so familiar to you who farm. Dorothy comes to Shenandoah once a month to help address the magazine and to broadcast. It is easier for her to get away from home now that her daughter Kristin is married and in a home of her own. Frank's sister Bernie lives nearby so she can spend some time with Frank while Dorothy is with us. Kristin and Art presented us with our second great-grandchild, little Andrew, who is almost two.

Frederick is a very busy minister. He and Betty work side by side in their church in Springfield, Massachusetts. They have two children, Mary Leanna and David. Mary Leanna is a college freshman and David is in the 9th grade. Incidentally, David recently won first prize in a VFW essay contest. Perhaps he has inherited his father's talents! Frederick and Betty send tape-recorded visits which we share on the radio broadcasts once a week, usually on Saturday.

Wayne, Abigail and their three children, Emily, Alison and Clark, make their home in Denver where Wayne is manager of the Wilmore Nurseries. Since Emily is in high school, Alison in junior high, and Clark in grade school, they are involved in many different activities which keep the family in a whirl.

Our daughter Margery and her family live practically next door to us. She is Lucile's "right hand" with the magazine and broadcasting work. Oliver is with the Iowa State Employment Service, and as he says, "I'm also a guinea pig for those recipes Margery is always testing!" Their son Martin is a freshman student at Doane College in Crete, Nebraska.

Our youngest, Donald, was here recently for an over-night visit. He is a sales engineer for Guide Lamp Company, with his office in Milwaukee. Donald and Mary Beth have three young children, Katharine, Paul and Adrienne. Since Don's territory includes some Iowa calls, he sometimes finds it possible to swing by Shenandoah. The family members who live nearby dropped in after supper for pie and coffee the last time he was here, and it was lucky I had enough pie! That morning I baked two pies, planning to cut one of them in two, so Margery and Mae could drop by and have pie to take home. In the rush of preparing our own lunch, I forgot to call them. It must have been meant to be, for that is how I happened to have enough pie for dessert for all of them that evening!

And now, until I write again,

Sincerely,

Leanna

A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

There is nothing like a son coming home from college for a few days' visit to stir things up a bit, and that's just what we've had! Our household had been a very quiet one for the past few weeks and it was music to my ears when Martin called that he would like to come home for the weekend. It is possible for him to make connections by bus but the weather was unseasonably warm right then and I thought that an afternoon's drive would be good for me so I drove over after him. Mother felt exactly the same way so rode along.

The drive over to Crete, Nebraska, where Doane College is located, takes about two hours, mostly on a nice new highway which skirts several small communities. Someday, when time is not an issue, I'd like to leave the highway and drive over into these towns, for many *Kitchen-Klatter* friends live in them and I'd like to see the places they've mentioned in their letters.

Martin was watching for the car as we pulled up behind the men's dormitory. He opened the window and called out that he could use a bit of help as he had several loads for the car. Yes, loads of laundry! He hastened to tell me, however, that most of it was washed and all it needed was a bit of pressing. He doesn't mind the washing detail for the laundry room is only a step or two from the television room in the dorm, and, reasonably enough, it gives him an excuse to take time from studies to watch TV. But ironing is another story. Driving back to school on Sunday afternoon, he said he felt absolutely *rich* with so many clean clothes!

This was our first opportunity since the second semester's work had taken up to hear a first-hand report on Martin's classes. Letters had arrived frequently enough, but lacked detail. Speech has taken the place of English, German is harder this semester, a lengthy term paper for History is taking up all of his spare time, and his Art classes are *just great*. In gym class they have finished with folk dancing and have started swimming, they've had some marvelous speakers for Convocation, he's getting up when the alarm goes off and making it to breakfast every morning, etc., etc.

I might mention here, since some of you have young people thinking about college right now, that Oliver and I have quite strong convictions as to the advantages of a liberal arts college,



Usually Margery Strom is behind the camera and not in front of it, but when Donald was home, he took this picture of Margery and Mother (Mrs. M. H. Driftmier). The painting you see was a Christmas gift from Aunt Jessie Shambaugh.

especially, for young folks who aren't quite certain what they want to major in. At Doane, as with most other liberal arts schools, I guess, the curriculum takes in the nine areas of study, providing the student with some knowledge in each. This gives him an opportunity to learn just where his interests and aptitudes lie, making it easier to decide on a major.

After Martin's whirlwind visit, we settled back down to our quiet life again, although not as routine as the preceding month for I'm doing a few spring housecleaning jobs. Actually, I don't do a big knock-down, drag-out cleaning in the spring, for with today's modern equipment and methods, I don't believe this is necessary. But, certainly, there are jobs that one naturally tackles at this time of the year, such as moving furniture, for instance.

This week I rearranged the furniture in the living room. There aren't many possibilities in this room, but I can switch a few pieces around to give it a new look. It is necessary for me to be extremely careful when I move any piece of furniture for I have an annoying back "condition" — certainly not uncommon. I'm always careful to follow the proper lifting procedures, making use of leg and thigh muscles and keeping the back straight. It isn't a hard rule to follow once you get used to it.

Tomorrow I'm going to take two new pictures to a friend to be framed. They are reproductions of paintings by James Chapin, husband of my cousin,

As is the family, so is the home.
As is the home, so is the community.
As is the community, so is the nation.

Mary Fischer Chapin. I bought them when I was in New York City last December. I have a tendency to hang pictures singly instead of grouping several on one wall, and for several weeks I've been studying *what* I have and *how* and *where* to hang them. Now that I've made some decisions I'm ready to have the pictures framed for grouping. The only item I'm purchasing, aside from the picture frames, is a new lamp shade.

As you know, I'm a great one for clipping items from newspapers and magazines and tacking them up where I can read them several times a day. (My favorite spot for such things is above the kitchen sink for I seem to be there a good part of each day!) Recently, I ran across one that appealed to me: "A good way to relieve the monotony of work is to think up new ways of improving it." Isn't that true?

And something else I read recently made a great impression upon me. It was written by Herbert Hoover and I'll just quote it in part.

"In my opinion, there has been too much talk about the Common Man. It has been dinned into us that this is the Century of the Common Man. The idea seems to be that the Common Man has come into his own at last.

"This is hopeful because it shows that most people are holding fast to an essential fact in American life. We believe in equal opportunity for all, but we know that this includes the opportunity to rise to leadership — in other words, to be uncommon.

"Let us remember that the great human advances have not been brought about by mediocre men and women. They were brought about by distinctly uncommon leadership. Many of the great leaders were, it is true, of humble origin, but that alone was not their greatness.

"It is a curious fact that when you get sick you want an uncommon doctor; if your car breaks down you want an uncommonly good mechanic; when we get into war we want dreadfully an uncommon admiral and an uncommon general.

"I have never met a father and mother who did not want their children to grow up to be uncommon men and women. May it always be so. For the future of America rests not in mediocrity, but in the constant renewal of leadership in every phase of our national life."

I hope you'll take the time to read this to your children.

My space is gone, so I'll have to say goodbye until next month.

Sincerely,

Margery



"Create in Me a New Heart"

An Easter Service

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Cover the worship table with a cloth of deep purple or lavender. In the center place a simple cross, rising from a circle of gay spring flowers. Fasten narrow ribbons of purple and lavender at the point where the arms cross, radiating out to three white heart-shaped placards which stand across the front of the table. These should be small enough so that the cross and flowers predominate the setting. On the three placards print these words, reading from left to right: "IN", "OUT", "THROUGH".

Prelude: "Come Ye Faithful Raise the Strain", or "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today". Continue the music softly through the Call to Worship.

Call to Worship:

Come ye faithful raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness:
God has brought His people forth
Into joy and gladness.
Now rejoice, Jerusalem,
And with true affection
Welcome in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

—John of Damascus, 8th century

Hymn: "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today" or any joyful resurrection hymn.

Scripture: (effective if read by two readers)

In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulcher.

And behold there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow: and for

fear of Him the keepers did shake and became as dead men.

And the angel of the Lord answered and said unto the women, "Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for He has risen!"

Music: (Play triumphantly through one verse of "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today" while two readers stand quietly to continue the Scripture.)

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 is 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.' "

—Phillips Brooks

Scripture:

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions . . . Make me to hear joy and gladness . . .

Create in me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from Thy presence; and take not Thy holy spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation; and uphold me with Thy free spirit . . .

For Thou hast delivered my soul from death; wilt not Thou deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?

Let the beauty of the Lord, our God, be upon us: and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it.

Leader:

Shall we not open the human heart,
Swing wide the doors till the hinges
start;

Stop our worrying, doubt and din,
Hunting heaven and dodging sin?
There is no need to search so wide —
Open the door and stand aside —

Let God IN!

Shall we not open the human heart,
To loving labor in field and mart;
Working together for all about,
The glad, large labor that knows no
doubt?

Can He be held in our narrow rim?
Do the work that is work for Him —
Let God OUT!

Shall we not open the human heart,
Never to close and stand apart?
God is a force to give way to!
God is a thing you have to do!
God can never be caught by prayer,

Hid in your heart and fastened there —
Let God THROUGH!

—Selected

Prayer: Lord of all life, all about us we see Thy hand busy today making things new. We pray Thee, O Lord, to put that same force into our lives for our remaking. Create in each of us a new heart this Easter season, we pray. As Thou stirrest the earth, and bringest the sun to thaw the frosts of winter, so break up the old habits of mind and open it to new truths. As Thou art stirring the seeds of Nature to new life, stir in the heart of each of us a new purpose, a new strength, that our daily lives might forever shine IN, OUT, and THROUGH Thee. In the name of Him who came to give His life eternal, we pray. Amen

Leader:

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

Meditation: LET GOD IN! A new heart for you, for me, can come only if we grow inwardly. Renewal, humility, personal cleansing — these come when we let God in. This means a heart and a life that becomes God centered instead of self centered and world centered. We can do this if we resolve, as did St. Patrick, saying to ourselves:

"I will establish myself today in
The power of God to guide me,
The might of God to uphold me,
The wisdom of God to teach me,
The eye of God to watch over me,
The ear of God to hear me,
The word of God to speak for me,
The hand of God to protect me,
The way of God to lie before me,
The shield of God to shelter me,
The host of God to defend me.
Christ with me, Christ before me,
Christ behind me, Christ within me,
Christ in the mouth of every man who
speaks to me,
Christ in the eye of every man who
sees me,
Christ in the ear of every man who
hears me."

Then life will become a clear, clean window with the sun shining through. Others can see God's love and His will, working in us.

LET GOD OUT! Our hearts can become new only when they grow outwardly. Someone has said that "A man is the part he plays among his fellow-men. Life is a matter of relationships from the cradle to the grave."

As every man hath received the gift,
even so minister the same to one another
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DISASTROUS FIRE NEAR FREDERICK'S CHURCH

Dear Friends:

This is the story of the great fire, one of the most destructive fires our city of Springfield, Massachusetts, ever has known. Even as I write this letter I can look out of my church study at the many fire trucks!

Across the street from our church there stood, until today, one of the most beautiful mansions in the United States. The "Wesson House", as the old timers around here call it, was built before the beginning of this century as a private home for the manufacturer of the famous Wesson revolvers. About forty years ago it was made into a private club. It was noted for its fine food service, and on several occasions presidents of the United States had dined there. Here in Springfield some of the people laughingly called it "The South Church Annex" because so many of our church members belong to the club, and because we often had church luncheons and dinners there. The club members used our church parking lot, and we in turn used their parking lot when necessary.

At twenty minutes past two o'clock this morning I was awakened by the telephone. Since we had been receiving threatening phone calls from some maniac for the past few months, I just reached over and took the phone off the hook. Twenty minutes later our doorbell rang, and dashing downstairs I found my associate pastor standing in the freezing cold with a look of anguish on his face. He told me that he had been called and asked to awaken me to deliver a message about the Colony Club being on fire.

I was so sleepy, that I found it hard to realize what he was telling me, but I had the good sense to call our church where the phone was answered by one of the college boys who live in a small apartment in our parish house and act as night watchmen. He told me that the fire was a terrible one, that the flames were reaching high in the sky, that there were burning embers falling everywhere, and that I had better get down to the church. In a matter of minutes I had dressed and driven the two miles to the church. I had to park more than a block away because of the fire hoses all over the streets.

The scene that greeted me was a frightful one. There were twenty-two fire trucks, several ambulances, a dozen police cars, utility trucks, etc. etc. all over the place. The temperature was nearly zero, and as the water shot into the air, a freezing spray fell



Commander Bernard F. McGuinek, Forest Park VFW Post 7352, presenting a \$25 savings bond to David Driftmier, winner of the annual essay contest sponsored at Forest Park Junior High School by the post. We're all very proud of David!
—Photo by E. F. Merrill

everywhere. The firemen were already caked in blocks of ice, their helmets and boots frozen solid. There were at least 150 firemen and maybe more, and all of them were suffering from the cold in spite of the flames of the fire. And there were television cameramen running about and all of them asking if they could get up into our church tower for pictures. Fortunately, the wind was blowing the smoke and flames away from the church, or we wouldn't have a church right now.

A couple of my church women from nearby apartments arrived on the scene, and we decided to invite the firemen into our church kitchen for coffee and to get thawed out. The Salvation Army emergency truck had arrived, and we asked their workers to come into our church kitchen to help serve the firemen. I personally helped to make 500 cups of coffee, and that much more was made by another team on the other side of the big kitchen. As the firemen came in they were covered with ice! Some of them were in crouched positions as the water froze on them, and they could not stand up straight until the heat of the kitchen stove melted the ice. At one time there were 40 firemen in the church kitchen, and all of them saying: "God bless you people! This coffee, this warm room, these doughnuts are saving our lives!"

Our big problem was what to do about all the water that ran onto the floor as the ice melted off their coats, helmets, and boots. From 3:30 A.M. until noon we had three persons just mopping up the water that collected on the kitchen

floor. Our son, David, did much of the mopping, and when I wasn't making coffee or helping firemen to remove their frozen coats, I was mopping. My hands are so tired right now that I can hardly run this typewriter!

By 7:00 A.M. we shifted from serving just coffee and doughnuts to serving hot buttered toast and tomato soup, and we continued serving throughout this entire Sabbath Day. Because it was Sunday morning, we had to make special arrangements with the police to let our South Church people through the traffic barriers so that they could get to church for worship. Since the early service is broadcast, I was able to direct our people via radio, telling them where to park the cars, and how to get to the church on a detour route. Our attendance today was higher than usual for a bitter winter morning, because of the sadness all of the people felt. With the Colony Club burned down, a beautiful city landmark is gone, and our church neighborhood is much the poorer for it. In the services this morning I offered special prayers of gratitude for the fact that no lives were lost, and our church building was spared. Had the wind shifted from north to south at any time during the morning, we would have had terrible smoke and water damage at the church even if the church itself had not burned.

Just a few minutes ago a newspaper reporter called to get a story about the wonderful job our church people did helping the firemen. They did do a fine piece of work, and I am proud of them for it. If you could have seen how very grateful the firemen and policemen were, you would know why at the close of this day I am thanking God for what we were able to do. Why, some of those firemen were so cold and their hands were so frozen, that when we handed them a cup of coffee they could not hold it!

So much for the fire. Now let me tell you another story that some of you heard me tell on the radio. If you didn't hear my story about Vice President Humphrey, here it is. On the way out to French Lick, Indiana, where I was going to a church meeting, I had dinner in the dining car on the train. Just as I started to eat my dessert, I looked up at the line of people waiting to be seated as soon as there was available space in the dining car, and there I saw Vice President Humphrey. I could not believe my eyes! The Vice President standing in line just like any ordinary citizen! I immediately got up and offered him my table, one that I

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Welcoming Our Birds

by
Jean Jones



No matter how blustering the weather, the homecoming of migrating birds is a sure sign of Spring. While the snow is still on the ground, the robin with his bright red breast and black cap stands up very straight on the corner fence post, flirting his tail as if to get attention, and announces with a cheery song that he is glad to be home. The bluebird follows soon, and each succeeding day of spring brings more birds. As the sun becomes warmer the oriole brightens the yard with a splash of orange, and the wren, meadow lark, and flicker join in the chorus of "Spring Is Here"!

Because of modern scientific advances in weed and bug control and fewer natural places for nesting, our birds are not as numerous as in years past. The effort put forth to provide water, food, and safety for our feathered friends will be well repaid in the joy their beautiful colors, graceful flight, and sweet songs will bring to you and your family.

In the spring mama and papa bird are looking for a good place to build a nest where their young can live until their eyes are open and soft down has been replaced with feathers. One way to draw birds to your back yard is to provide suitable nesting places for those you wish to attract. More than forty species of birds have been known to accept housing, and half of them will readily use man-made boxes or platforms for nests.

Building a high-rise penthouse for purple martins can be a time-consuming project, but many desirable back yard friends will be pleased with a simple house that even children can make with little assistance. You can forget fancy carpentry, sandpaper, and paint, for the birds are concerned only with a safe protected place in which to build. In return for your kindness to them they will spend much of their day eating the insects that would otherwise be spoiling your garden.

Consider your locality when planning

bird housing. If your home is in a woodland area, build accommodations for birds that naturally live in wooded surroundings, such as the bluejay, woodpecker, chickadee, and nuthatch. However, if you live in a newly developed tract or your farmstead is in wide open space, the martins and bluebirds, which love to swoop and fly, would be a good choice. An owl is one of the farmers' best friends. His diet is almost exclusively rats, mice, moles and other rodents, and he will quickly accept an invitation to take up residence around barns and other farm buildings.

The important thing in building birdhouses is to have them suited to the tenant you wish to invite. A chart at the end of this article gives specifications for building eight different bird shelters. Your public library can provide you with books giving the complete list of birds that accept man-made houses along with building plans. The entrance-hole size must be correct, but the dimensions given for floor area are minimums and some variation is permissible. Also consider the height above the ground, which may be as low as five feet for bluebirds and as high as thirty for owls. Birds will leave a house with cracks or holes in the bottom, and your finished product should be waterproof. If there are cracks at the joinings they can be filled with caulking compound. A nice convenience is to hinge a side or roof so that you can clean the birdhouse after the brood has left, but this cleaning is not absolutely necessary. Avoid the temptation of putting nesting materials inside your structure. The one exception is a house built for a wood duck, which likes two or three inches of sawdust on the floor.

Drab, natural colors are usually recommended as being the most acceptable to the birds. Nevertheless, if you wish to brighten your back yard with more decorative colors, go ahead and experiment. The Wildlife Management

Department of the University of Wisconsin made a study of identical birdhouses painted a variety of colors. It was learned that under normal circumstances when natural housing was not available, the birds would use houses of any color. While the general preference was for darker colors, any shade of green was also acceptable, and wrens actually preferred red houses to green ones. Yellow and white were the least popular colors.

Locate your finished houses so that they are in the shade during the hottest part of the day. Because martin and bluebird housing is in the open, the roofs should be painted white to reflect the sun's rays. When you have selected the place for your birdhouse, anchor it securely so that a storm will not bring eggs or half-grown babies tumbling to the ground.

Birds enjoy bathing and they need water to drink. They also use water for making mud plaster while building their nest. By placing a shallow pan of water on the ground or stump you have provided birds with this basic need. However, you may find the neighbors' dogs drinking the water and cats catching the birds. A birdbath that is off the ground and protected from would-be enemies makes an attractive addition to any back yard sanctuary. Sometimes birds are slow in finding a birdbath, but once discovered it will have a magnetic power in luring new birds to your yard.

Birds also gravitate toward plantings of all kinds, including anything from a well-manicured garden to a wild tangle of grasses and vines. Many types of shrubs can be planted which will not only beautify your lawn, but also encourage birds to choose your yard for their homes. Nearly 90 kinds of birds will eat dogwood berries. The wild rose, which makes an attractive hedge or fence row, is also popular with a large number of birds which eat the red seed pods after the blossoms are gone. A clump of berry bushes, regardless of the variety, is bound to attract them. Even disapproving of birds' invading one's raspberry patch, it is wise to have a few extra bushes for them, since over 150 species eat berries.

Flowers and shrubs that have reddish and orange blossoms have a natural attraction for the interesting little hummingbird. Nectar feeders painted red or orange and filled with honey-water or sugar-water will please these charming creatures. To make a nectar feeder fasten one end of an eight-inch length of wire to a small glass bottle

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Instrument of Worship

by
Evelyn Witter

The pipe organ's only rival is a full orchestra, and even an orchestra lacks the dignity and serenity that an organ contributes to a worship service. The compelling power and voice of the organ offers prayer and praise to God; it lifts the spirit to noble heights!

The earliest form of the organ was probably an instrument the Greeks called the Pipes of Pan, (the syrinx). This instrument was made of hollow tubes of different lengths. The player blew across the open ends of the pipes. This pipe was used 500 years before Christ.

About 300 years later, Ctesibius of Alexandria made an instrument by which air was forced into pipes by water power.

The first church organ was used about 600 A.D. Between the 1300's and the 1800's the Germans led the world in organ building. Then during the 1800's the English were the most prominent builders. The first American organ played by electric power was used at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876.

Today, the largest organ-making factory in the world and producer of more pipe organs than all other American firms combined, is the M. P. Moller Organ Company of Hagerstown, Maryland. Since the founding of the company eighty years ago, the Moller Company has produced about 9,000 organs, or about 110 a year.

In these times of automation and mass production, 110 instruments a year does not seem like a very large output, but when one realizes that there are 100,000 parts to a pipe organ and that these are made almost entirely by hand, the production rate seems very high. The men working at the Moller factory agree that their production seems creepingly slow, but they insist that this is the only way fine organs can be made.

A pipe organ consists of three essential parts: a chest of compressed air, sets of pipes that are linked to the chest, and a console of keyboards that governs the opening and closing of the link. Air is forced into the wind chest by means of electric fans. At the upper part of the wind chest is a soundboard, a contrivance that conveys the wind to any particular pipe or pipes.

Experience has shown that, to achieve a completely satisfactory organ, it is necessary that the instrument be custom-designed for its partic-



The exposed portion of the organ draws on the arts of architecture and mural decoration.

ular use and location. The size of the building, its acoustical qualities, the frequency of use, and scope of musical programming, all have an influence on its design.

Since a pipe organ must be individually designed, craftsmanship is the key to its success. The craftsmen must be of the highest caliber. This craftsmanship cannot be learned in a school or from a book; it is a combination of innate skill and years of experience. Among ten of the Moller's long-time employees, for instance, there is more than 450 years of combined service. Father-and-son teams are not uncommon.

And all this painstaking development of the pipe organ in this, the largest organ factory in America, was begun by an immigrant from Denmark who couldn't play an organ! Mathias Peter Moller had worked as an unpaid mechanic's and carpenter's apprentice in Denmark before coming to the United States.

His first job in America was in a furniture factory at Warren, Pa. But ever since he was a boy he had been intensely interested in the organ and wanted to build one. He worked with organs. Eventually he mastered the intricacies of the pipe organ, and invented an improved kind of wind chest. At 21 he made an organ for the Swedish Lutheran Church at Warren, and then a year later he built the organ for the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia.

After making several more organs in Warren, he moved his shop to Greencastle, Pa. A few years later he again moved his business. This last move was to Hagerstown, where it grew into the magnificent, unmatched-anywhere-in-the-world business that it is today.



To a Doll

by
Mary Margaret Trapp

Little doll, as you sit in your time-woven place,
Do you watch through the twilight for one childlike face,
To brighten with chatter the still of the room,
And shatter with laughter the deep-hanging gloom?
Do you wait for the touch of a small chubby hand,
Or the soft, whispered croonings you alone understand?
Do you eagerly listen for small feet on the stair
As she climbs up to bed . . . but first to your chair,
And embraces you fondly, hugging you tight,
Then kisses your forehead to bid you good night.
Each day you have waited, then year after year,
In hopes that tomorrow the child will be near.
How can you realize that now she has grown,
And lovingly cradles small babes of her own.
For you are forgotten through dust and through mold,
Your place has been taken for others to hold,
As unmoving you sit in your place in the chair,
Straining to hear the pit-pat on the stair,
Hoping each moment that someday she might
Tiptoe back to her childhood to kiss you good night.

Today the finest organs in the world are housed by some of the finest places of worship in the world. Notable ones are at West Point, Annapolis, and The Interchurch Center Chapel, New York City.

There are few evidences of skill and ingenuity of man that can compare to the pipe organ as it is today. From the mechanical viewpoint, carpentry, cabinet-making, pneumatics and hydraulics, electricity and acoustics, as well as the handling of metal and leather, are involved.

We admire the beauty of tone of the pipe organ and its majestic volume of sound; we are inspired by the glory it gives to our musical heritage; our spirits are lifted higher — all a glorious tribute to the pipe organ, instrument of worship.

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Although we know by the calendar that Spring is "just around the corner", we haven't seen any signs of it yet. Old Man Winter is still very much around with his cold north winds bringing a snow flurry now and then. We have been fortunate in our section of Iowa, however, that we have had so little snow this winter. Several days of mild temperatures in early February drew most of the frost out of the ground from the looks of the barn lots. It got so muddy that it was almost impossible to get around with the tractor, making chores much more difficult.

Every morning after the chores Frank drives to his uncle's house for a cup of coffee and a short morning visit. Recently he decided to cut across the fields and walk over. When he came home he told me that he had seen a wolf track, and from the size of it the wolf must be large. The next morning, when Uncle August was sitting in his chair by the window and looking off toward our house, he saw a wolf run across the plowed ground and he said it really was a big one. In all the years we have lived on the farm I have never seen a wolf, and I don't remember Frank's ever reporting that he had seen tracks of any. When he was a boy at home he used to see them once in awhile, so maybe there are some moving back to our timber.

Not having had a letter in last month's *Kitchen-Klatter*, I have several things to report. We lost a dear friend, Luther Larson, who had lived with the Johnson family so many years that he seemed like a member of the family. We will miss him at our family gatherings. Although he was 82 years old and had been confined to a wheel chair for the past eight years, he never complained, was always cheerful, and enjoyed visiting with his friends.

It is also with a sad heart that I tell you we have lost our little dog Tinker, who has been a member of our household for the past ten and a half years. One terrible thing is that we will never know what happened to him. He was outside with Frank, as he was every morning while Frank did the chores, and he just vanished into thin air. One minute he was there and the next min-



There is nothing wrong with this little fellow's appetite! Kristin writes that Andy runs for his chair when she starts setting the table, and his favorite foods are vegetables, especially those he can "jab" with a fork!

ute gone. Tinker always went with Frank in the mornings to see Uncle August, so Frank just thought that he had tired of waiting for him and had gone there by himself; but they hadn't seen him. He seldom ran off, and if he did, this was always where you could find him. Frank and our friend Roy Pennington have spent several days combing the timber and the neighborhood for miles around, but without success. In cold weather Tinker loved his bed beside the stove, so if he were still alive and able to get home, he would never have stayed out in the cold this long. We have little hope of seeing him again.

We were delighted one afternoon in February to get a call from our good friend, Clarence Meyer, in Aplington, Iowa, announcing the birth of their first child, a fine big boy. Clarence and Sylvia have been married fourteen years, so you can imagine how thrilled they are. Our friendship with Clarence dates back twenty-three years, when we met him while living in California before Kristin's birth. In fact, Clarence is Kristin's godfather, so this baby is going to mean a lot to all of us.

I have begun to get sewing fever and took my portable machine in to be checked over and made ready to go. I made Juliana a dress for her birthday — a plain black cotton shift, which will be a striking background for the beautiful hand-carved Indian necklaces she loves to wear. Last spring I made Kristin so many dresses that I am sure she doesn't really need anything, but

WILL POWER

Some succeed;
Others don't.
The former use will;
The latter won't.

—Cora Ellen Sobieski

I'll probably get around to her after I make a dress for Frank's sister Bernie. This dress has been promised much too long, and I am ashamed, because Bernie does so many thoughtful things for me. I must also make a dress for Frank's other sister, Edna. I made her one last spring, but it turned out to be too small, so we sent it to Kristin. Although Kristin hasn't said anything, I'm sure little Andy has grown out of his last summer's suits, so you see I have a long list of things to be made, and am anxious to get started.

I love to sew. In fact, if you were to ask what my hobby is, the answer would probably be sewing. The difficulty is that once started I hate to stop this "fun" job to do the dull things, such as housecleaning.

We gave Andy a kiddie car for Christmas, but the first time he got on it he upset and bumped his head. From then on he didn't go near it. Kristin wrote that for two weeks after he got home he kicked it, beat it, knocked it over, but finally, with all his aggression worked out, he rides it all over the house, even taking his stuffed toys for rides. He calls it his tractor. Kristin says he has a large vocabulary now, but still doesn't put words together.

Andy has never had any other child to play with, but recently Kristin took him with her when she went to the home of a friend, whose little girl, about seven, played with him. When it was time to go home, Andy cried and cried and she had a struggle getting his coat and hat on. She said this little scene made her realize that he is getting old enough to enjoy playing with other children, so she plans to invite some to come on Saturdays when she is home.

Art and Kristin have been doing a little spring "sprucing up" on their house. They had a gallon of paint left over from a year ago when they lived in Laramie, so one Saturday recently they decided to paint their living room walls. After they were finished, the walls looked so beautiful that it made their old drapes look shabby. Art found some on sale that were too narrow, but there were enough of them that she could sew them together to make nice full ones. After these were hung and the furniture moved around, the living room had acquired a new, improved look.

I hope while they are still in Saratoga I will be able to visit them.

My space has run out, so until next month

Sincerely,
Dorothy

The Quilting Bee

An Anniversary Playlet

by
Edith Harwood



(A playlet, with a cast of six persons, for use by women's groups which wish to participate in centennial or quinquecentennial celebrations in their communities. The name of the town involved is, of course, to replace the *Doesville* used here, and the names of other states, Kansas, Missouri, etc., can be substituted for the *Iowa* of the piece. This is simple and easy to put on, as cue sheets can be laid on the quilt around which most of the action takes place.)

As the play opens, four young women — *Anne*, *Margaret*, *Melonie*, and *Alicia* — are seated at one side and the ends of a quilting frame, busily quilting as they talk. They are seated so that all are wholly, or partly, facing the audience. The stage is bare except for a few pieces of old-fashioned furniture and household utensils, sitting about as though they had just been collected, and set in without any attempt at arrangement.

The place is a town in eastern U.S.A. The time: 100 or 125 years ago, or whatever the occasion demands. The girls are dressed in the long full garments of the period.

Anne: Goodness, this is really going to take a lot of doing; with Tom coming back two weeks before he was expected, and everything we thought we had plenty of time for, having to be done just that much sooner.

Margaret: When did Tom get back?

Anne: Night before last. Of course, being alone, riding by himself, and not having to wait for wagons, he made good time.

Alicia: As I understand it, the reason he's hurrying Katherine is that his Uncle Bert says the earlier they get to Iowa in the spring the more certain they are to have a house of their own completed before winter. His Uncle Bert says there is a good carpenter there, and all the men already out there help each other. But still — what with breaking land, and cutting logs, and getting crops planted and harvested — house-building has to be sandwiched in just any time it can. And it all takes time.

Melonie: Where will they stay 'till they get their own house built?

Alicia: At Tom's Uncle Bert's. They only have two rooms — it's a log house — but the rooms are large. They cook and live in one, and the bedroom has two beds, with a trundle bed under each for the children. And they are going to let Tom and Katherine have one of the beds.

(The door opens and Melinda enters.)

Melinda: I didn't knock. I just thought somebody would have to get up to let me in. And do you know I forgot my quilting needle? Does anybody have an extra?

Anne: I do. Here! And you can sit here (indicating the empty chair). We haven't any time to waste. Did you hear that Tom and Katherine are going to be married and leave two weeks earlier than they had planned?

Melinda: Goodness, no! Can we get in all the things we planned? The farewell dance? The pound party? Mama and I still have sheets to hem, and Grandma will have to hurry with the bedspread she's weaving. Why the rush?

Alicia: Tom says the earlier they go this spring, the surer they are of having a house ready by cold weather.

Melonie: Where exactly are they going anyhow? All I hear is "West". Where "West"?

Margaret: To Iowa. I thought you knew.

Melonie: No I didn't. Honestly, I think Katherine is the bravest thing! I'd be scared to death.

Anne: What of?

Melonie: Dear me, I don't know. Everything. Indians — snakes — buffalo. What do they have out there?

Anne: Silly! Tom's uncle's been out there for several years, and his Aunt Maggie. And they haven't been scalped. There is a little town where they are going. There is a store and a carpenter, I know. And a doctor. Several families. They do see Indians sometimes, but they are friendly; just camp along the creek that runs south of the town, and sometimes come up to one of the houses asking for food. But they've never harmed anybody.

Alicia: Tom has bought eighty acres of land just across the field from his uncle's farm. He says the grass grows

so high that a horse is almost hidden in it. There are wild turkeys everywhere. There is a river to the south, and a creek very near, and fish in abundance. Some of the land is hilly, but most of it is flat, and can be plowed. And the soil is so black and rich that everything grows twice as fast as it does anywhere else.

Anne: I envy them. Katherine loves Tom so much she would follow him to the ends of the earth. I'm hoping that Tom will get my Rob so enthused about Iowa that he will want to pick up and go, too. I'm giving them every opportunity to be together, and every time I look around our house I think of what I would take and what I would leave. I think it would be the most wonderful adventure — to go out there and make a new life on the prairie.

Others: (Speaking together.) Anne, have a heart! We'll do well to have one quilt done in time. How could we possibly do another?

Margaret: What colors would you like, Anne? Do you know something? I saw Tom and Rob looking at horses and oxen together at Farmer Gibbs' yesterday. Your dream just might come true!

Anne: Nothing could make me happier. I pray about it every night when I go to bed. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could go together? Two wagons — two women together to share the meal-planning and getting. Of course, Tom has already done a lot of groundwork by going back to look first. But I still think we could manage. There is plenty of land, and I think Cousin Agnes would let us stay there until we could build a house of our own. Rob is good with tools. Of course there are the children — Betsey is four, and little Rob, two. They would have to have schooling soon. But I could start a school — right in my own home if I had to. I could teach Betsey alone until Rob had time to build an extra room on the house. A new land — a new life — I can't think of anything I'd rather do!

(The door opens and Katherine enters.)

Katherine: Girls! However did you get in here — into my hodgepodge storeroom? Do you know what I call this? My "hope room". Have you looked at my things?

Melinda: No, we wouldn't think of it until you came. Your mother let us in. And, Miss Katherine, now that you're here you might as well get to work. This quilt was to have been a surprise, but if you will hurry us up, you can just help make it. Anne has extra needles and thread.

Katherine: O girls, how wonderful
(Continued on next page)

THE QUILTING BEE — Concluded

you all are! That is the one thing that sometimes makes me sorry to be going away. How I will miss you! The quilt is beautiful. Of course I'll work on it, but first just let me get the tears out of my eyes. I don't know why I'm crying. What a baby I am!

Melonie: You are not. I think you're the bravest thing — just going off like that — away out alone into nowhere. Goodness, I'd never dare!

Katherine: Nowhere? Where did you ever get that idea? We're going to Iowa. And not only to Iowa — but to a very definite somewhere in Iowa. Not a settlement — a town named Doesville — and that town is going to be the first place in the world in my heart. I know it. Tom's going to be there, and I'm going to be there, and some day I hope our children will be there. And Anne — I don't know what you're going to think — I don't know what you're going to think of Tom — but I think your Rob is going to have something to talk over with you tonight.

Anne: Katherine! You don't mean what I think you mean?

Katherine: *(Slowly)* I'm afraid so, Anne.

Anne: Afraid? Katherine, don't you know I've been praying this would happen? Oh, what I've got to do in the next two weeks!

All: We'll help. Katherine, get your needle. We're going to have to finish two quilts before the fortnight's over. And you're going to have to be part of the preparation committee as well as the bride and the belle of the ball.

Katherine: Let me show you some of the gifts from all you dear people first. Then I'll work like fury. *(All rise, ejaculate, and comment as Katherine proceeds to show a small chest of drawers.)* It will go in the wagon and will hold a lot. *(She brings out a coverlid, sheets, pillowcases, hooked or braided rugs, an iron kettle, a tinderbox, candle molds, etc.)*

Katherine: We aren't taking any chairs. No room. We'll eat from slab tables and sit on benches for a while. And our beds will likely be bunks at first.

Margaret: I hear they have a lot of ague in Iowa.

Katherine: *(Showing a hinged box.)* Doctor Matthew has filled this with remedies for everything from toothache to ague, and has written instructions for the use of everything. He's wonderful. Anne, where is my needle and thread? This is my beautiful quilt, and I want to be sure it gets done in time.

(All sit, and Katherine goes to find a chair.)

Alicia: How about churches? Do they have any out there?

Katherine: Well, not just like we have here. But they have church services. In one of the homes. They don't always have a minister. They have traveling ministers, and they save the christenings and weddings for when the minister comes. And in the summers they have camp meetings when the minister stays for a week and they have meetings outdoors every night.

Anne: *(Suddenly rising.)* Girls, I'll be back, but I've got to go find Rob. If he is as worried as Katherine was about his wanting to go with them, I want to tell him right now that I'm the happiest woman in town this day. I want to tell him that the "whither" he wants to go is exactly the "whither" I've been wanting to go — to Doesville, Iowa, with Tom and Katherine Whitney.

Katherine: I'll be Katherine Whitney within the next three days. It all seems so like a dream. But before you go, Anne, I want to show you this. All of you, of course, but especially Anne. *(Katherine opens a large folded sheet of paper and spreads it on the quilt.)* Tom made a rough map of our route. See, he has it all marked out: how many miles between camps, where the streams are, where it's level, where it's hilly, and where there is a good spring. Here, where the cross is, we will have to ford a stream, and here, and here. There may be a loss of time at either of these places depending on how high the water is. *(Following optional.)* When we cross the Mississippi River, the best place is here where there is a town called Burlington. A stage route comes up from there to a place called Iowa City, and from there we will branch off and make our way to Doesville.

Margaret: I should think taking two wagons would make things easier when it comes to packing. One wagon could be packed with things to use when you get there, and you could have all your cooking and sleeping things, and everyday clothes in the other.

Melonie: Remember, Anne, it will be harder for you. There are the children. What if they get sick?

Anne: I will manage. I want my great-grandchildren one hundred and twenty-five years from now to say with pride: "My Great-Grandmother Anne came to Iowa in a covered wagon. She was a Pioneer. It wasn't easy — but she managed."

(Anne exits, and the girls bend to their quilting, smiling at each other. Katherine takes Anne's place at the quilting frame, and the needles are busy as "the curtain falls".)

THIS AND THAT

by
Helene B. Dillon

April! What is April? It is a bright shiny month . . . it is rebirth . . . it is urgency.

SPRING

Seeds of life are turning
Deep in the warming earth,
To push upward and out —
And again Spring has given birth.

Coats of many colors
Adorn birds here and there;
They are mating — house hunting,
Song fills the air.

Lazy clouds are skimming,
Some sun and rain to bring,
Come out of the winter doldrums,
Rejoice! Again it is Spring.

A child who is confident that he or she is cherished is armed against almost anything life can bring.

Do school children still wind the Maypole come the first of May? What fun it was! In my eyes the Maypole was the most beautiful thing in the whole world. How we wished for May Day to be a bright, warm one. Finally, the long anticipated day would come, and with parents and friends assembled in the schoolyard the dancing and winding would begin. The girls wore white dresses with colored sashes and the boys wore dark knee pants. The girls' curls and braids were flipping here and there much to the disgust of the little boys.

Attention, ladies! Garbled thoughts can show in your face.

Family heirlooms can bring such mixed emotions — pride, joy and a certain sadness.

If I could paint I am sure I would include in my efforts the golden forsythia bush spilling its beauty . . . the lovely colors of an early spring sunset . . . the placid beauty of an aged face . . . if I could paint.

Remember Back When: Grandma cleaned the carpets by rubbing dampened cornmeal well into the pile, then removed the meal, plus dirt, with a good stiff-bristled broom. Remember?

ABIGAIL IS BUSY WITH SPRING HOUSECLEANING

Dear Friends:

Easter is just over the horizon and if the present weather continues, it had better be the Snow Bunny who delivers the decorated eggs this year. Doubtless Rudolph-the-Red-Nosed Reindeer would be even more preferable. However our weather is so extremely variable that Easter morning could just as readily dawn bright and beautiful, the epitome of a gorgeous Sunday in spring.

Again this year our public school system scheduled its spring vacation in March — well in advance of Easter. Frankly, I like having this week's vacation apart from a late Easter. Coming as it does in the middle of that long stretch between New Year's and the first week of June, it seems to me as if the school children reap more benefit from a break then. However, it certainly makes things confusing where college students are concerned. Most of them will be vacationing immediately prior to Easter. Emily, in particular, won't appreciate one bit the obligations of high school classes then.

When we were in Shenandoah last Thanksgiving, Martin and his friend, Mike Aung Thwin, suggested they might bicycle out to Denver during their spring vacation. We have since recommended they save the bicycles for summer and try to get a ride with someone. We haven't learned their final decision. Now as I look out on a sea of snow I have nightmarish visions of those two caught in a blizzard in western Nebraska or Kansas or eastern Colorado, miles from the nearest house or town.

Mike, as a native of southern India, had never seen snow before his residence in the Midwest. He was much intrigued with the prospect of living with snow — and especially tantalized by the prospect of skiing. Recreation in his home in India centers around water, the Indian Ocean. He offered a trade in instruction to Emily; if she would introduce him to skiing, he would teach her to skin dive. Underwater swimming in Colorado, however, leaves much to be desired. The lakes are so cold that a "wet suit" is essential. Then when you do get down, there are few colorful fish and, naturally, no other intriguing formations to investigate.

Colorado's skiing in April usually has its drawbacks, also. Frequently the sun becomes so warm that by late morning the prized powder snow turns mushy or icy. This requires an entirely



The schools which Wayne's and Abigail's children attend are well known in Colorado for their advanced methods of teaching. This is Wheat Ridge Junior High where Alison is in the ninth grade.

different and more difficult skiing technique. Usually only the truly expert and "diehard" skiers continue when these conditions become everyday occurrences.

Earlier this week Wayne arrived home to find me washing out kitchen cabinets. He wondered if I wasn't extending my early start on spring housecleaning over quite a time. I told him I had decided that housecleaning was an annual affair with me. That is, it takes me a whole year to get it done because I keep finding other things to do.

We took advantage of the mid-winter furniture sales to replace some of the pieces in our living room. Surely there is no other time of year when new things are quite so rewarding in the brightness they bring. When the outdoors is a monotone of white, black, and gray, interior color is all the more welcome.

This gave me an unbeatable incentive to clean up a few of the grubbier areas of the house. One particularly tedious job remains — cleaning the hall and dining room chandeliers. It isn't hard work — just terribly time consuming. Each crystal drop must be wiped individually and with great care. The challenge is to avoid breaking the delicate wires that attach the drops to the sturdier portions of the fixture. I find that a solution of Kitchen-Klatter Kleener does a superb job of loosening and removing the stubborn film of grease and dust. Especially do I appreciate the time-saving fact that since there are no suds, I don't have to go through a rinsing operation.

It was a welcome contrast one afternoon recently for me to lay aside my

scrubbing chores and attend a lovely tea. It was given by the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution as the occasion to present one of their annual awards. The students and faculty of the nine high schools within their district had each selected a senior girl to be the recipient of the D.A.R. Good Citizen Award. It was a special pleasure for me when we learned that Emily was the choice of her school, because more than twenty years ago I had won this same award in my high school.

Emily was also thrilled and gratified recently to receive a \$50 U.S. Savings Bond as the local girl winner in the B.P.O. Elks' Youth Leadership Contest. In this contest it was necessary for her to include a scrapbook about her activities. Although she didn't become aware of this particular contest until almost the last minute, she was able to submit an entry because she inherited her Grandfather Driftmier's "squirrel" tendencies. She has saved a memento of almost every special thing she had done since junior high school. With this material to be hauled out, making a scrapbook became just a matter of organization. I suspect that in years to come she'll renew fond memories whenever she brings out this organized collection of souvenirs from these years.

As of this moment Emily still has not been placed in a Central or South American country. She is the first student from this Rotary district to request going into that portion of the world. It seems to require a long time to establish the necessary contacts.

(Continued on page 20)



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT EASTER?

We all know why Easter is celebrated, but did you know that just about the only thing certain as to when it will fall is that it will be on a Sunday? This year Easter is on April 10th. It varies between March 22nd and April 25th, a leeway of 34 days.

Early Christians fixed Easter by the full moon. One reason, it is supposed, was to help religious pilgrims travel over the desert at night. The light of the full moon made it easier to reach the Holy City. Early calendars were so inaccurate that in some years an extra month had to be added. Even the Caesarian sun calendar of 364½ days was inaccurate.

In the year 325, Easter was fixed so it would come on the Sunday following the first full moon which follows the equinox, March 21. When there's a full moon just before March 21, Easter comes late in April. The date depends on the date of the full moon.

One of Christianity's most celebrated converts, the Emperor Constantine, is credited by historians with having made new clothes so much a part of the Eastertide that the custom has persisted through the centuries. The Emperor decreed that, as a special honor to the newly risen Lord, every member of his court appear on Easter morning in new raiment. This tangible symbol of rebirth and new life, after the austere period of Lent, we observe to this day. Some people persist in the old superstition that it is *unlucky* not to wear some new article of clothing or personal adornment at Easter.

And why make such a ritual of Easter eggs? One theory is that it all started because the Church at one time forbade the eating of eggs during Lent. The conception of eggs as a symbol of fertility and new life actually goes back to the Ancient Persian civilization when eggs were colored and eaten during the spring festivals. If it hadn't been for a religious custom carried on



What's more exciting than an Easter egg hunt? These Sunday school youngsters, including Craig Birkby in the background, seem to be happy with their finds.

by youngsters in Mesopotamia it's questionable that our own tots would search for Easter eggs as they do in this day and age.

Some say that the coloring of Easter eggs was originally practiced to capture the beauty given off by the rays of the aurora borealis, northern lights, and the dawning hues of the sun.

Mabel Nair Brown came across an interesting custom of observance in Holland called "egg nicking". Actually, it is a game using hard boiled eggs. One child will strike (nick) his egg against that of another, and the one whose egg is broken first is the loser and must give his egg to the winner. Well, that's one way to get enough eggs together for the breakfast table, providing one is talented at "nicking"!

And, Mabel says, in Switzerland they have an Easter egg race with the contestants dressed in humorous costume. The eggs are placed on the ground in a long row. One player tries to run to a designated goal and back before a person on the opposing team can pick up all the eggs and put them in a basket. This is operated like a relay race. I wonder how *that* game got started. It's a little bit like sending someone on a wild goose chase and stealing his eggs!

Easter is a wonderful day. It is one of the most joyously celebrated religious days of the whole year. Of course, we all know of its great religious significance, but through the ages many countries around the world have developed their own special customs around the spring festival observance.



HANG A CLUSTER OF EASTER EGGS

Wouldn't you like to add something new to your collection of Easter decorations by making a cluster of eggs to hang over your mantel, in a window, or over a table you wish to accent? It can be done in one very enjoyable evening.

Assemble these inexpensive materials: 3 doz. styrofoam eggs (in one of two sizes — hen eggs or pullet eggs), a 3-inch styrofoam ball, some medium heavy corsage wire, small amounts of crepe paper in white and pastel shades, and enough ribbon for bow and hanging.

Prepare the eggs first. Take a 12-inch length of corsage wire. Insert it in the styrofoam egg about a third of its length. Thread the wire back through the egg in a spot about 1/4 inch from the point your wire first pierced the egg. Thread the end of the wire back through the egg and twist the end of the wire to the longer bit of wire, forming a "stem" for the egg. Prepare all of the eggs in this manner.

If you'd like, you may attach "stems" to a couple of dozen small, green plastic leaves to use with the eggs.

You are now ready to cover the eggs with crepe paper. I hope you have selected some of the beautiful purples, aquas, lavenders and pinks. Cut a bolt of crepe paper in 1/2-inch strips. Each strip will cover one egg. To keep your paper even, cut from alternate edges each time. Dab a bit of white glue on the egg and glue one end of the strip on the egg. Begin wrapping. Approach the curve of the egg with vertical winding or loose curve, stretching slightly and changing your direction of winding constantly. Keep the paper taut, but do not stretch it excessively. Cover the egg with at least two layers of paper, and use more if it is needed to make the egg appear evenly colored. To finish wrapping, break the paper and glue the end in place.

Begin putting the eggs in a cluster by pushing the "stems" through the 3-inch ball. After two eggs are pushed through, you may twist the two stems together, etc. Clip off any excess wire. Continue covering the ball with eggs, interspersing the wired leaves, if you'd like, until the cluster is completely covered.

Attach a golden cord or bright ribbon in the length required for hanging in the desired position. Add a bow of the same material at the point your cord or ribbon is attached to the cluster.

Hang the Easter egg fantasy. Stand back and just see how much it adds to your Easter decor!

—Shirley M. Wenzel



GROUND OATMEAL AND RAISIN COOKIES

- 1 cup vegetable shortening
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. hot coffee
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 cups rolled oats
- 1 1/2 cups raisins
- 2 cups flour (unsifted)
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Grind the rolled oats and the raisins through the food chopper and mix together well.

Cream the shortening and sugar. Add the eggs and beat well. Dissolve the soda in the hot coffee and add to the creamed mixture along with the lemon and butter flavorings. Stir in the oatmeal and raisins and mix well. Blend in the flour and salt. Form into balls the size of a walnut and place on a greased cookie sheet. Flatten slightly. Bake in a 375-degree oven until nicely browned, about 12 to 15 minutes. These are crisp when first baked, but will soften in a day or two. They are good "keepers", so would be ideal for mailing.

—Dorothy

CALIFORNIA SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lemon gelatin
 - 3 3/4 cups hot water
 - Juice of 1 lemon
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 - 1 #2 1/2 can Royal Anne cherries, drained and pitted
 - 1 cup celery, diced fine
 - 1/2 cup English walnuts, chopped
- Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add lemon juice, lemon flavoring, and cherries. Chill until partially congealed. Then add celery and nuts and stir. Chill until completely set. Cut into squares and serve on salad greens with a dab of salad dressing on top.

SQUAW CORN

- 1 #2 can corn, drained
 - 4 slices bacon, diced and cooked
 - 3 eggs, beaten
 - Salt to taste
- Fry bacon until crisp. While still warm add corn, beaten eggs, and salt. Stir until eggs are done. Serve at once.

ORANGE BAKED PORK CHOPS

- 6 pork chops (or lean pork steak)
 - 1/2 cup orange juice
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 tsp. pepper
 - 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
 - 1/3 cup brown sugar
 - 2 Tbls. melted butter
- Trim fat from chops. Place chops in shallow baking pan. Mix remaining ingredients together and pour over the meat. Bake, uncovered, about 1 hour at 350 degrees. Baste occasionally.

—Margery

TOMATO, MACARONI AND CHEESE

- 1 8-oz. pkg. elbow macaroni
 - 1/2 cup minced onion
 - 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 - 2 Tbls. flour
 - 1/4 tsp. prepared mustard
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - Dash of pepper
 - 1 cup milk
 - 1/4 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 - 1 cup grated American cheese
 - 1 can tomatoes, drained
- Cook the macaroni, drain well, and combine with the minced onion, and pour into a greased casserole. Melt the butter and stir in the flour, salt, pepper and mustard until well blended. Add the milk gradually and cook until thick and smooth. Add the Worcestershire sauce and 3/4 of the grated cheese and stir until the cheese melts. Pour the cheese sauce over the macaroni in the casserole. Slice the tomatoes and lay them on top of the casserole mixture. Sprinkle the rest of the grated cheese over the top. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 45 minutes.

—Dorothy

SPICY WALDORF SALAD

- 2 1/4 cups cold water
 - 1 stick cinnamon or 1/4 tsp. ground cinnamon
 - 1 pkg. pink grapefruit gelatin
 - 1/2 cup apples, chopped
 - 1/3 cup celery, diced
 - 1/2 cup white grapes (fresh or canned)
 - 1/4 cup nuts, chopped
- Measure 1 1/4 cups water into a saucepan. Add cinnamon and bring to boil. Simmer 5 minutes. Strain. Measure and, if needed, add enough water to make 1 cup hot liquid. Add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Blend in remaining cup of cold water. Chill until slightly thickened. Stir in remaining ingredients. Pour into mold and chill until firm.

—Evelyn

COFFEE CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup margarine
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 cup cold coffee
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup raisins

Cream together the sugar and shortening. Add beaten eggs, coffee and flavorings. Mix raisins in sifted dry ingredients and add. Bake for 25 minutes in a large shallow baking pan at 375 degrees. Serve warm with afternoon coffee.

SUPER SLOPPY JOES

- 1 lb. ground beef
 - 3/4 cup onion, diced
 - 1 can chicken gumbo soup, *undiluted*
 - 1 Tbls. catsup
 - 1 Tbls. prepared mustard
 - Salt and pepper to taste
- Brown ground beef and onion in a small amount of salad oil. Stir in remaining ingredients. Continue browning and stirring until well blended and the meat is cooked through. Serve on buns.
- This is excellent for young people's get-togethers. The mixture can be made ahead of time and refrigerated until ready to heat and serve. When reheating, watch closely and add just a bit of water if needed to keep from sticking. This should be thick enough to hold on the buns. Serve with potato chips, pickles, cookies, fruit and a beverage.



The wise homemaker uses Kitchen-Klatter tested recipes.

CHEESE CORNBREAD

- 1 cup yellow corn meal
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 4 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 lb. grated or finely shredded very sharp Cheddar cheese
- 3 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/4 lb. margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Sift dry ingredients and toss in grated cheese. Beat eggs until mixed and stir in milk. Add to dry ingredients. Stir in melted margarine and butter flavoring. Bake in greased pan at 425 degrees for about 25 minutes, or until brown.

EASY COMPANY CHICKEN

- 4-6 chicken breasts, or other "meaty" pieces of chicken
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. thyme
- 1 tsp. garlic salt
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can cream of chicken soup

In a bag place the flour, salt, paprika, pepper, thyme and garlic salt. Coat chicken with flour mixture by shaking pieces in sack with flour mixture. Place in shallow pan. Sprinkle with onion. Blend the 2 soups together and pour over chicken. Bake uncovered at 400 degrees for 25 minutes. Cover tightly, reduce heat to 325 degrees, and bake for 1 hour.

—Margery

APRICOT BARS

Mix together:

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 Tbls. milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Spread into 9" square ungreased pan. Spread with 8 level Tbls. apricot jam. (This will be a very thin layer.)

Topping

- 1 egg, well beaten
- 4 Tbls. melted butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups shredded coconut
- Spread by tablespoon over jam layer. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. (You can cut down on coconut and add Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring.)

RED, RED SALAD

- 1 6-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 can (2 cups) cranberry sauce
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen red raspberries

Dissolve raspberry gelatin in hot water. Add cranberry sauce and beat until well blended. Add remaining ingredients in order given. The raspberries will thaw as they are stirred into the hot gelatin mixture and the salad will begin to set. Pour into mold. Chill until firm. Serve with a mild mayonnaise which has been diluted with cream.

—Evelyn

FUDGE SAUCE

- 2 squares bitter chocolate (cut up)
- 1/2 cup cold water
- Cook until chocolate melts then add:
- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 2/3 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. corn syrup
- Cook until medium thick.

—Mary Beth

HAMBURGER CASSEROLE

- 1 to 1 1/2 lbs. hamburger
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 1/2 cup diced onion
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can mushrooms, stems and pieces
- 1 cup cooked rice
- Slivered almonds
- Fry meat, celery, and onion, until hamburger is browned. Pour off fat. Add the soups, mushrooms, and rice. Pour into greased casserole and sprinkle with slivered almonds. Bake at 325 degrees for 1 hour.

This is also good prepared with fresh sausage, providing it isn't highly seasoned.

—Margery

EXTRA-GOOD WHITE CAKE

- 1 cup sour cream (cold)
- 3 egg whites
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 cups cake flour, sifted
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 2 tsp. baking powder

Put the sour cream in a large mixing bowl and whip it. In a separate bowl, beat the egg whites until stiff and then combine them with the whipped cream. Stir in the cold water and vanilla. Sift the dry ingredients together four times and add to the cream mixture, blending well. This can be baked in two layers, or in a large cake pan, in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

ZUCCHINI FLORENTINE

- 2 lbs. zucchini
- 2 medium-sized onions, chopped into small pieces
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 cups canned tomatoes
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Pepper
- 1/2 tsp. crushed oregano
- 1/2 cup grated sharp cheese

Wash zucchini and cut, without peeling, in 1/4-inch slices. Saute onions in butter until golden; add zucchini and cook over low heat 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add tomatoes, salt, pepper and oregano and simmer covered 5 minutes longer. Place in greased casserole, cover with grated cheese and bake in moderately hot oven (375) about 20 minutes or until cheese browns nicely. Serves 6.

Zucchini or Italian squash is a new discovery of mine cooking-wise. Now we wonder why in the world we waited so long before making it a regular on our menus.

—Abigail

NEW ORLEANS PECAN PIE

2 Tbls. shortening
 1 cup brown sugar
 2 Tbls. flour
 1 cup light corn syrup
 3/4 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
 flavoring
 3 beaten eggs
 1 cup broken pecans
 1 9-inch unbaked pie shell

Cream shortening, sugar and flour. Add syrup and beat well. Add eggs, vanilla and salt and beat. Add pecans. Place in unbaked pie shell and bake 10 minutes at 400 degrees, then 35 minutes at 325 degrees.

PIE CRUST

3 cups flour
 1 cup lard
 3/4 tsp. salt
 1 egg
 1 tsp. vinegar
 Water

Sift together the flour and salt. Cut in the shortening. Beat egg slightly with vinegar and add enough water to make 1/2 cup liquid. Blend into mixture. This makes 5 crusts and a nice feature about it is that the pastry dough can be handled more than usual.

—Margery

**NOODLE AND CHIPPED BEEF
CASSEROLE**

1 tsp. salt
 4 oz. medium-sized egg noodles
 1 1/2 qt. boiling water
 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/4 cup finely chopped onion
 1 cup milk
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 Dash of pepper
 1 4-oz. pkg. chipped dried beef
 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/3 cup grated American cheese

Add the salt and noodles to the boiling water and boil rapidly for 3 minutes. Remove from heat, cover, and let stand while you are preparing the other ingredients. Melt the 3 Tbls. of butter in a saucepan, add the onion and cook over low heat for 5 minutes. Stir in the milk, soup and pepper until well blended, and heat thoroughly. Rinse the noodles with warm water and drain well. Mix the sauce with the noodles, and add the dried beef which has been torn into small pieces. Pour the mixture into a greased casserole. Melt the other 2 Tbls. of butter in a small pan; stir in the bread crumbs and cheese, mixing well. Sprinkle this over the top, then bake in a 350-degree oven for 30 minutes.

—Dorothy

**PICK A NUMBER**

If we asked you how many Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings there are, you'd probably say, "Sixteen." And you'd be partially right, too, since we actually bottle that many. But that doesn't mean you have only sixteen to choose from!

We continually hear from good cooks like yourself who have experimented and come up with some dandies, by combining two or more. Like maple and almond, or coconut and orange, or butter and burnt sugar. See how easy it is to add new dimensions to desserts, salads and drinks?

Here are the sixteen "original" flavors you can expand into a whole new world of cooking experiences:

Raspberry	Banana	Lemon	Cherry
Almond	Burnt Sugar	Coconut	Butter
Orange	Black Walnut	Strawberry	Pineapple
Blueberry	Maple	Vanilla	Mint

(Vanilla comes in both 3-oz. and Jumbo 8-oz.)

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A FUNNY BONE HELPS

by
Evelyn Birkby

It is a great blessing to have a funny bone. How else can one get through the painfulness of childhood, the stresses of adolescence and the rigors of adulthood?

My own childhood had thorns aplenty, for I was a child who grew lean and lanky, tall and awkward. The fact that a number of my relatives were quiet and lady-like did nothing to help my frame of mind.

Take Olivia, for example. She was sweet and gentle with a low voice which was attractive to all who heard it. The minute my booming speech and boisterous laugh entered the same room with Olivia my funny bone had best be near at hand for no one ever compared the two of us and listed Olivia as a *shy, retiring* young thing. No, they always looked as if to say, "What a shame Evelyn can't be more *quiet* and *refined* like her cousin."

Cousin Louise was another thorn in my early childhood. No matter where she went or what she did she was *immaculate*. Never did she have a hair out of place or a wrinkle in her dress. I could sit quietly with my hands folded and end up as *disheveled* as a chimney sweep! Of course, my natural tendencies (undoubtedly inherited from *very early* ancestors) were more inclined toward climbing trees and sliding down cellar doors than to sitting quietly in anyone's living room.

As I grew older I also grew larger. Soon I was a poorly proportioned five foot eight and one-half inches! I tried to turn this into an asset — after all, weren't *all* the Corries tall? I read all the magazine articles available about tall girls who were lovely models. Visions of being slender, willowy and graceful danced through my mind. It was consoling to find that I had a *clearer view* at circuses and parades and found it *easier* to *reach* things on high shelves than did my shorter counterparts, but *not much*.

During this *stage* visions of a graceful entrance into a room often ended disastrously as I tripped over an almost invisible doorsill. It became painfully apparent that my left foot seldom knew where my right foot was going. The crowning blow came when I met Cousin Joy for *she* came from the Corrie side of the family. Joy was dimpled, dainty, well-proportioned and *five feet tall*. No book on heredity had prepared me for such a traumatic shock!

Having a funny bone helps tremen-



Craig Birkby uses his funny bone frequently in playtime. Character acting provides excellent opportunities for children to learn to laugh at themselves.

dously when it comes to sibling rivalries, for one's sisters and brothers invariably find just the spot to jibe away at weaknesses and foibles. My only sister, Ruth, not only had the advantage of six years maturity, but she developed different temperament, tastes and attitudes. (This, I learned later, is par for *any* family!) She was naturally neat and orderly in all she did. She was happy with tasks around the home. I loved to be outside roaming in the fields, helping Dad prepare for his beloved Boy Scout troop and bringing home wild life to cage for a few days of concentrated study. (Later these experiences were invaluable in the raising of my own three sons.)

Since Ruth was naturally neat, my lack of interest in housework showed

COUNT DOWN

I count the years by seasons —
Winter, summer, fall;
And as each season opens,
I count that best of all.

I count the days by happenings —
Bird song, rainbow, a smile;
The total of these little things
Makes every day worth while.

If scenes sometimes are tawdry,
I try hard not to mind,
And when I see them with my eyes,
I tell my soul "Be blind!"
I would be like the sundial,
Humbly enduring showers,
And as each day progresses
Count only sunny hours.

—Lula Lamme

up horribly in comparison. I could make a cup of tea and dirty more dishes, pans and rooms than Ruth could manage in an entire meal. Finally, the family came to my rescue with humor. "You have a real talent," Dad would josh. "No one else, as far as I know, can leave such a trail of destruction while preparing one small pot of tea."

"Learn to laugh at yourself," Dad frequently admonished. "It will take you over some mighty rough spots in life." Then he would go about his own life practicing what he preached. For example: early in his twenties Dad lost his lovely, brown wavy hair. From then on he collected jokes about bald heads. His favorite one was short — "I have one face and *space cleared for another!*"

Dad loved to pick up funny little phrases and use them as family jokes. At long last he had found the key which helped dissolve much of the early self-consciousness with which I had been burdened — my funny bone!

In our own home we are finding this light approach invaluable with our three sons. Recently Bob came home from his Sophomore speech class crushed by what he felt was a very poor presentation. He had written an excellent sales talk, practiced it, and then in front of the class he had frozen in that all-too-familiar chill which beginning speakers frequently experience. "The only point I got across was that the thing was *harmless*," he sputtered.

Robert began to laugh. Bob looked startled. "It's *not funny*," he grumbled.

"Sure it is," Robert explained. "Just think, from now on whenever anyone blows their lines, messes up an assignment or scorches the pudding, we can toss off your famous line, 'It's harmless.' No one is perfect. This is just the first step in speaking and someday you'll discover yourself laughing over your first efforts in appearing in public."

Sooner than we thought, Bob was laughing at the joke on himself before he left the supper table.

Now that I have a home of my own and children to enjoy I am happy to report that *some* personal changes for the better have taken place. Oh yes, I still stumble over a crack in the sidewalk, pull out the stops when I laugh at something that is really funny and hump my shoulders like a refugee from a phone booth when I see a cute, dainty five-footer go by. But I have discovered that *everyone else* has self-conscious spots and childhood disasters. Developing a massive funny bone and laughing at my own shortcomings has become my way to come out on top.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder



Some flowers and vegetables do best if planted as early in the spring as the soil can be worked. Among these are poppies, larkspur, sweet peas, bachelor button, garden peas and faba beans. How early this can be accomplished depends on how well the weather cooperates. The soil should be dried off enough to work up readily. If it is gummy and sticks to your tools, wait for a few days of sunshine.

Everyone loves the fragrant sweet peas, but not all gardeners can grow them successfully. It is important to plant the seed early and to prepare the planting site properly. Sweet peas need a cool soil that is rich and friable so the roots can go down deep. Dig a trench ten inches wide and at least ten inches deep and spread a two-inch layer of rotted cattle manure in the bottom. If this isn't available, buy a small bag of dried cattle manure and sprinkle it generously over the bottom of the trench. Cover this with three inches of good topsoil and work in a few handfuls of bone meal. Make a small furrow the length of the row. Soak the seeds for a few hours in tepid water and inoculate with a nitrogen fixative. Then sow about three inches apart and cover with a little fine soil. Firm the furrow with the back of a rake. The seedlings will poke through the soil in about 15 days.

As the seedlings grow, fill in around the base of the plants with more top soil until the trench is almost level with the ground. Sweet peas planted in this manner develop a wonderfully strong, deep root system — the kind that makes for big trusses of blooms later on.

Watch for aphids, small insects that suck the juice from the foliage. Dusting with 5% DDT, or any all-purpose garden insecticide, should keep them under control. It is a good idea to mulch along the base of the plants before hot weather arrives. Use straw or old marsh hay and apply it deeply. Provide support for the tall growing kinds. Some of the new dwarf varieties do not need support as they grow only about 15 inches high. Two fine, recent dwarf-growing sweet pea introductions are Bijou, and Knee-high.



MY APRIL

April is the joy
Of a clear-singing bird;
The instinctive striving
Of roots long unstirred.

April is the freedom
Of a beckoning breeze;

The sweetness of new green
Misting the trees.

April is the ecstasy
Of returned sunshine;
The tenderness of walking this way
With your hand warm in mine.

—Harvena Woodling



TRIM THEM OFF

Unwanted inches around the waist? We all know how to get rid of them, but dieting's no fun. In fact, it's plain hard work!

Now there's an easy way to cut down on calorie intake . . . without giving up sweetened drinks, salads and desserts. Sound wonderful? It is! We are talking about **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** — the crystal clear liquid that adds delicious sweetness, but never a single calorie. Added to coffee, tea, cereals or the things you bake or cook, it never tastes "artificial", never bitter. Just good and sweet! Use all you want, from the handy flip-top dispenser bottle.

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COME, READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

Keep Growing — Read is the slogan for National Library Week, April 17 to 23. One author, Joan Bodger, has certainly followed this theme with her book *How the Heather Looks: A Joyous Journey to the British Sources of Children's Books* (The Viking Press, \$4.95). When she was ten, Mrs. Bodger's mother took the children home to England to meet the relatives. In Wales, the cousins all came down with mumps. Since there was nothing to do but read, she "found vast treasures of books stored in a cupboard beside the fireplace in the nursery." After their release from quarantine, they saw more of Britain, but she "always had the feeling of entering a new landscape ... a new country ... realms of gold ... through the gateway covers of those books."

How the Heather Looks is the ac-

count of the discoveries of the Bodger family (Mrs. Bodger, her husband John, small daughter Lucy, and nine-year-old son, Ian) during a summer's rambles in a small car in England and Scotland. It is a travel book with a difference: for while it records vividly the actual sights and impressions and happenings of an imaginatively planned motor trip, it displays as well the landscape and legend and the scenes of great stories.

Explorations by the Bodgers included the country of Randolph Caldecott, early illustrator of children's books. On the ramparts of Cadbury Castle they watched son Ian glow with King Arthur's magic. Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows* provided an excursion down the Thames River to see Toad Hall. At Harwell, they found where L. Leslie Brooke lived while illustrating *Johnny Crow's Garden*. At the home of *Christopher Robin*, A. A. Milne's masterpiece, they met Mrs. Milne and the land of Pooh, including fabled Pooh-stick Bridge. Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses* led them to Edinburgh and the Waters of Leith, with its brown color like coffee (caused by infusion of peat). Do you remember?

"Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.

It flows along for ever,

With trees on either hand."

Hats off to Joan Bodger for *How the Heather Looks*, for sharing the delights of reading with her son and daughter and then the rich experience of travel with us.

With the approach of Easter, *The Life of Christ* (The World Publishing Co., \$6.50) by Frederic William Farrar, Dean of Canterbury Cathedral, has proved good reading. This work has been widely esteemed for several generations for its religious insight. The attractive new edition has been redesigned for the modern reader. Included are full-color reproductions of the Life of Christ by the Old Masters. The pictures are examples of the inspiration of the New Testament for artists.

Cannon Farrar's beautifully written book provides the reader with the background to deepen his knowledge and understanding of the Gospels, and the opportunity to appreciate the human surroundings of the life of Jesus.

A Concordance of Bible Readings (The World Publishing Co., \$3.95) compiled by Charles R. Joy is designed to serve as a practical guide to Scripture selections for public reading, group study, or private meditation. There are more than 5,700 Bible passages under 1,560 alphabetically arranged topics. A brief quotation follows each reference, so that the reader can determine whether the content of a given reading fits his individual purpose. The topics range from basic themes of faith and life to celebrations of the church year and national holidays.

Thanks to Charles Joy for this fine compilation, which should be of tremendous help to ministers, teachers, speakers, and laymen.

A Touch of Greatness (William B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., \$3.95) by Harold E. Kohn is a remarkable collection of essays showing what Reverend Kohn calls "a touch of greatness." Not a book for those who see greatness only in terms of fame and fortune, rather it explores the potential for true greatness in the life of every human being. He reminds us that trying to refashion the world to our liking is impossible, but we can change the atmosphere in our own environment. How? By being more responsive to human need, more cheerful, more appreciative to our families, associates and friends.



Wrath is the wind that blows out the flame of intelligence.



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- KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
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- WJAG Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
- KVSH Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KCFI Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KSMN Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- KWBG Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KWPC Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KOUR Independence, Iowa, 1220 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

WHY NOT STAPLE IT?

by
Hazel E. Howard

How I got along so many years without a stapler in the house is more than I can figure. When a friend gave me a medium-sized, six-inch one, I first thought its only purpose was to fasten sheets of paper and bills together. Now I find it plays many useful and varied roles.

When I'm in a rush and needle, thread and time are lacking, I use my stapler to fasten a ripped hem, torn pocket, or seam. Later I repair the damage permanently. I have even stapled a sofa pillow cover and have found the little gadget indispensable and a "quickie" when fashioning children's costumes, whether of cloth or of crepe paper.

In the kitchen, too, I have discovered several tasks for my stapler. It makes the sandwich bag or waxed paper wrapper tight, as well as opened packages of food, such as sugar, flour, raisins, spaghetti and beans. And . . . there are no messy spills.

When sending small coins through the mail, I place them in an empty penny matchbook, or an index file card, and "seal" the edges with a few clicks of my stapler so the coins will not fall out. Torn magazine covers and pages are replaced with its aid.

And when I find the hook on the end of a typewriter ribbon is missing when changing ribbons, I cut one from an old ribbon, leaving about two inches attached, and fasten the ends together with the stapler. It holds.

My children are fascinated when they can "work" a stapler and it comes in handy for many home crafts, substituting for gooey paste and glue and thus eliminating "stuck-up" fingers. It will hold paper hats together, links in paper chains, pictures in scrapbooks, and even keep trimming in place on doll clothes.

When buying a stapler, you will find more than one brand and several sizes from which to choose. A box of staples lasts quite awhile and is inexpensive. I'm glad the stapler came to my house to stay. Incidentally, I've given them to friends for Christmas or birthday gifts, when I learned they did not own one, enclosing a list of uses. To say the least, this original gift is enthusiastically received.

JOY OF A BOY

Thank Heaven for little boys!
Though they lack the polished poise
Of little girls they view quaintly,
Boys are boisterous and not saintly.
Though they're not apt to be coy,
A boy is a boy. He's a boy!
They're up to something each minute,
If there's a pie, fingers are in it,
When parental punishment is due —
Meaning eating those carrots in the stew —
The orange circles go down with a frown,
But boys being boys will still clown.
I had a little boy one day,
Now a teenager and on his way
To behaving like a gentleman.
Oh! For a little boy again.

—Cora Ellen Sobieski

WELCOMING OUR BIRDS — Concluded
or test tube and the other end to a dowel stick. Then push the feeder into the ground among your flowers. While other birds perch on the edge of your birdbath before drinking, the hummingbird, with wings beating at a high rate of speed, will hover over this tiny cup for a drink. The dessert of bird watching would be to have one of these colorful birds choose your garden for

its summer home.

Regardless of your local surroundings, a whole new world of interest and happy surprises is awaiting the family which will put out a back yard welcome mat for their feathered friends. By providing our birds with desirable housing, fresh water, and a supply of natural food, these fascinating creatures will know we are truly glad to have them return each spring.

Birdhouse specification chart:

Bird	Floor		Entrance	Diameter	Height
	Area	Depth	Above	of	Above
	Inches	Inches	Floor	Entrance	Ground
			Inches	Inches	Feet
Barn swallow	6 x 6	6	(one to three sides open)	8 to 12	
Bluebird	5 x 5	8	6	1 1/2	5 to 10
Chickadee	4 x 4	8 to 10	6 to 8	1 1/8	6 to 15
Nuthatch	4 x 4	8 to 10	6 to 8	1 1/4	12 to 20
Woodpecker	6 x 6	12 to 15	9 to 12	2	12 to 20
Robin	6 x 8	8	(one to three sides open)	6 to 15	
Screech owl	8 x 8	12 to 15	9 to 12	3 1/2	10 to 30
Wren	4 x 4	6 to 8	1 to 6	1	6 to 10

STOP — LOOK — LET LIVE

At the corner of a street near a school in one community, the Chief of Police ordered this sign to be erected: DEAR CROSSING.

No, it's not a spelling error, but rather a reminder to all motorists that school children are dear indeed.

The optimist sees the world as a place for opportunity.

The pessimist, as a place for doom and trouble.

The artist, as a place for beauty and inspiration.

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Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



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Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



Aunt Jessie Shambaugh closed her home in nearby Clarinda, Iowa, and spent this past winter with the folks. When warm days arrive, she'll be anxious to get back to her own home and lovely garden.

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Keep these clever little fellows on hand. Use them as birthday gifts, bridge prizes, hostess gifts or your own decorations. Made entirely by hand with red trimming.

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by Ruth Pfahler, Diet Specialist

The following tested, simple ways to take off fat sent to you in plain wrapper at special prices: 5 for \$1, 10 for \$2, all 20 for \$3.25. Money back guarantee. You don't even have to return the diets. Clip this, check diets wanted. Mail to RUTH PFAHLER, Diet Specialist, Dept. 13-66, Decatur, Ill. Please add 25¢ for postage and handling.

- Special Diet S: lose weight all over including fat stomach.
- Special H: all over control; hips, thighs, arms, derriere, etc.
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- 14 Days to get slim, fast, popular, but not easy.
- Sweet Cravers' Diet, The fastest, most pleasant of all.
- High-Protein, low carbohydrate diet, very satisfying.
- Stay Young Diet. Lose but feel and look younger.
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- Ruth Pfahler's favorite of all of her diets.

AN EASTER ACROSTIC

(An Easter lily is placed on a table at the front of the platform. As each child speaks, he places his letter in front of the flower. When the last child speaks, the word "Easter" is seen,

E is for Easter, most joyous day,
When Christ arose from the dead
and made our hearts gay.

A is for the angel who stood near the tomb,
With a message of hope to dispel all doubts and gloom.

S is for a song that our hearts now can sing;

Praises to a risen Lord — our heavenly King.

T is for a tomb with the stone rolled aside,

No bonds could hold Him, whom wicked men crucified.

E is for the eternal life that God will freely give,

Christ tasted of death so that we forever might live.

R is for risen Redeemer in heaven to reign,

And some day we'll meet Him, His praises to sing.

(All letters are in front of the lily as the children repeat the following poem in unison.)

This bulb lay buried in the ground
Like Christ within the tomb,
Then it arose above the earth
And brought forth this lovely bloom.

So we, who go by faith with Him
To Calvary where He died,
Shall likewise live in purity
And in His love abide.

—Mildred D. Cathcart

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

was sharing with another minister. At first Mr. Humphrey told us to finish our desserts, but we told him we were all through and wanted him to have our table. Then he graciously accepted, and he and three of his personal guards sat down. We chatted with him for a minute and found him to be a very gracious and a very pleasant man.

Mrs. Driftmier joins me in sending to all of you our best wishes for a Happy Easter. Here in our church Easter is the happiest day of the year, and that is the way it should be. This year more than ever we need to hear again the story of that first blessed Easter. May it bring to our hearts a new hope, a new peace, and a new awareness of the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Sincerely, Frederick

APRIL DEVOTIONS — Concluded

other, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God. (I Peter 4:10)
 Along the path that He once trod,
 I tried to walk today;
 In footprints made so long ago,
 I tried to find my way.

Not in dear old Nazareth,
 Nor down by Galilee,
 Neither in Jersusalem,
 Nor in Gethsemane.

I walked where men were weary,
 Sad and in despair;
 I tried to give them hope again —
 Their burdens help to share.

I helped a blind man cross the street,
 Found a puppy gone astray,
 Made glad the heart of a little boy
 As I went along the way.

Along the path that He once trod,
 The burden that I bore,
 Was somehow lifted from my back —
 I felt its weight no more.

—Sunshine

Does this help us to see that life is not ease, nor fame, nor wealth — but service? We will find we have crosses to bear, just as Jesus did. But let us look closer and see that the cross has always been a *plus* sign. When men can see God in us, when we give out love, help, and understanding to our fellowmen, we *add* to the beauty of the world and to mankind's understanding of God.

LET GOD THROUGH! *They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary, and they shall walk, and not faint.* (Isaiah 40:31)

Through is an open door — a two-way communication. Ours can be newly recreated hearts only when we let God work His will through us. Through our faith in Him, we shall find the strength and the will to do that which is set for us to do. Through this faith we can face with radiance the trials and tribulations of daily life. Through this faith we will find the fortitude to meet tragedies and to defeat the forces of evil at work in our world. Faith *without action* is dead. Thy will be done, Thy kingdom come on earth, Lord, through me.

We must ever keep before us the wonderful promises of God. He asks so little against all that is promised! *All things are possible to him that loves the Lord. He that believeth on me, the works that I do he shall do also.* (John 14:12)

How would it be, if I had to go
 Into the world, alone?
 What would I do, if the Lord had not
 Made my last pathway known?

How would it be, had He not assured —
 So I could always know?

"If it were not as I promised you,
 I would have told you so!"

Create in each of us a clean heart, O
 God, a heart that will let God *through*.

Leader:
 His spirit floweth free,
 High surging where it will;
 In prophet's word He spoke of old —
 He speaketh still.
 Established is His law,
 And changeless it shall stand,
 Deep writ upon the human heart,
 On sea and land.

He hath eternal life
 Implanted in the soul;
 His love shall be our strength and stay,

While ages roll.

Praise to the living God!
 All praises to His name,
 Who was, and is, and is to be,
 And still the same. —14th century

Hymn: "Eternal God Whose Power Upholds" or any hymn stressing dedication service.

Closing Scripture: (by two readers in unison) *Go ye therefore, and teach all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.*

Benediction: Send us forth, O God, with a clean heart that Thy will may be done here on earth IN, OUT, and THROUGH us. Amen



**ONE
 BATTLE
 WE'RE
 WINNING**

Not so long ago, bleaching clothes was one battle we couldn't win. If we used a "safe" bleach, things didn't come out white. If we used a "strong" bleach, we paid for the strength with ruined clothes.

But now we've won! With new **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**, we can bleach anything that's washable, in perfect safety . . . and **Kitchen-Klatter's** safe-power knocks out dullness and grayness, leaving whites whiter and colors brighter.

Get on the winning side! Start bleaching the safe, effective way. Remember, anything that's washable is bleachable in

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

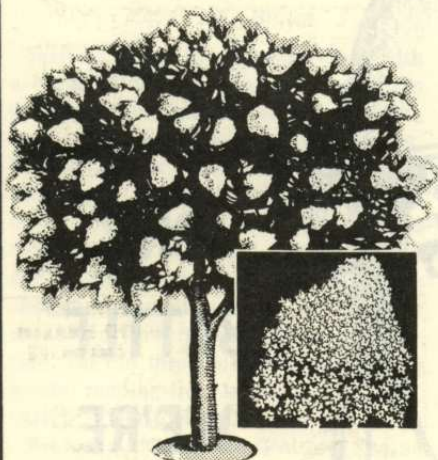
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Every July, this tree changes almost overnight from a pretty green shade tree into a white cloud of thousands of flowers like Lilies-of-the-Valley. The second miracle happens in the fall with the first frost, which causes the whole tree to turn to a flaming red. One of the most beautiful and unusual of all trees (*Oxydendrum arboreum*). Grows to 30'! You receive 2 to 4' top-notch collected trees.

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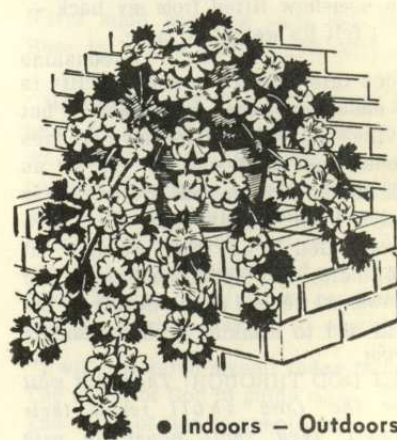
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July ads due May 10.
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Listen to Kitchen-Klatter.



Especially for Easter

Bunny Bag Baskets: These are cunning for children to put their eggs in at the Easter egg hunt. Smaller ones are cute to hold a gift of candy or other treat for a child. Very small ones might be used as favor nut cups for a party. White bags might be used, especially for favors, but for children's egg hunt baskets the heavy brown bags are best.

Be sure the bag is folded flat in the original folds; then fold it lengthwise in half. After sketching in the cutting lines with a pencil, cut down from the top on the outside fold line not quite half the length of the sack to form the ears, going on in a curved line to form the top of the head. Mark in the face with crayon or paint. Staple the ears together on each side at the top. Glue a fluff of cotton on the back for bunny's tail.

Sugar Plum Tree: Make up a batch of your favorite sugar cookies, using the smallest cutters you can find in the shapes of rabbits, hens, birds, etc. The ones I have measure about 1½ inches across. Decorate the cookies as prettily as you can with cake decorator, having yellow chicks and brown ones; red birds, blue birds, and yellow canaries, all accented with white icing trim. Each cooky must have a string to tie it to the tree. I have best luck if I bake the string right in the cooky, but some prefer to use a large darning needle to thread the string through the baked cooky. Select a shapely tree branch, paint it white, and when dry, anchor it to a firm base. Tie the cookies to the tree and arrange some colored Easter grass around the base.

Bunny Spool Favors: These the children can make. An empty spool becomes bunny's body. On one end glue a fluffy cotton tail, and on the other glue a cardboard head with long ears on which the face has been drawn with crayons. Legs can be pipe cleaners wrapped around the spool, or cardboard which is glued on. Looking in old magazines, the children can find the faces of different animals which they can glue to the spool bodies for added fun.

Tulip Garnish for the Easter Ham: Dye peeled hard-cooked eggs in tulip shades with Easter egg dye. You will need large fresh cucumbers for the "leaf" bases of the tulip posies. Slice cucumber into 1½" to 2" slices. Carefully hollow out each slice to form a cup-like center. Leave a thick green rim, which you then cut in petal shape. You now should have a pretty petaled cup in which the colored egg can be set for the tulip "blossom". These make a beautiful ring of springtime color for the meat platter.

Lollipop Posies: These are pretty as centerpieces for a buffet luncheon, along the counter at a snackbar party

for the teenagers or anywhere you want a touch of spring fantasy. For each flower, use an oversized lollipop. Cover with clear cellophane. Make an imaginative flower out of each one, using a scrap of lace to make an edging around one, perhaps. Another might have a ribbon rose in the center, or sew around the edge of one with contrasting yarn in a big buttonhole stitch. For each "plant" use a pretty pastel flowerpot filled with sand, and stick the lollipop stick "stem" into it. Sprinkle colored Easter grass over the top to conceal the sand and for added color.

—Virginia Thomas

HOW DOES SHE DO IT?



Whether it's club meeting or just "drop-ins" for coffee, her house always sparkles. It always looks like the day after spring cleaning. And, amazingly, she doesn't look worn out from keeping it that way.

Perhaps some of that credit should go to **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. She knows this one fine cleaner does all the tough cleaning jobs — all over the house. It goes into solution immediately, even in hardest water. And, since it never leaves froth and scum to rinse and wipe away, **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** actually cuts cleaning time in half.

Keep *your* house up with minimum work. From cellar to attic, front porch to garage, the work goes better when you use

You go through the motions . . .
KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER
Does the work!