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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

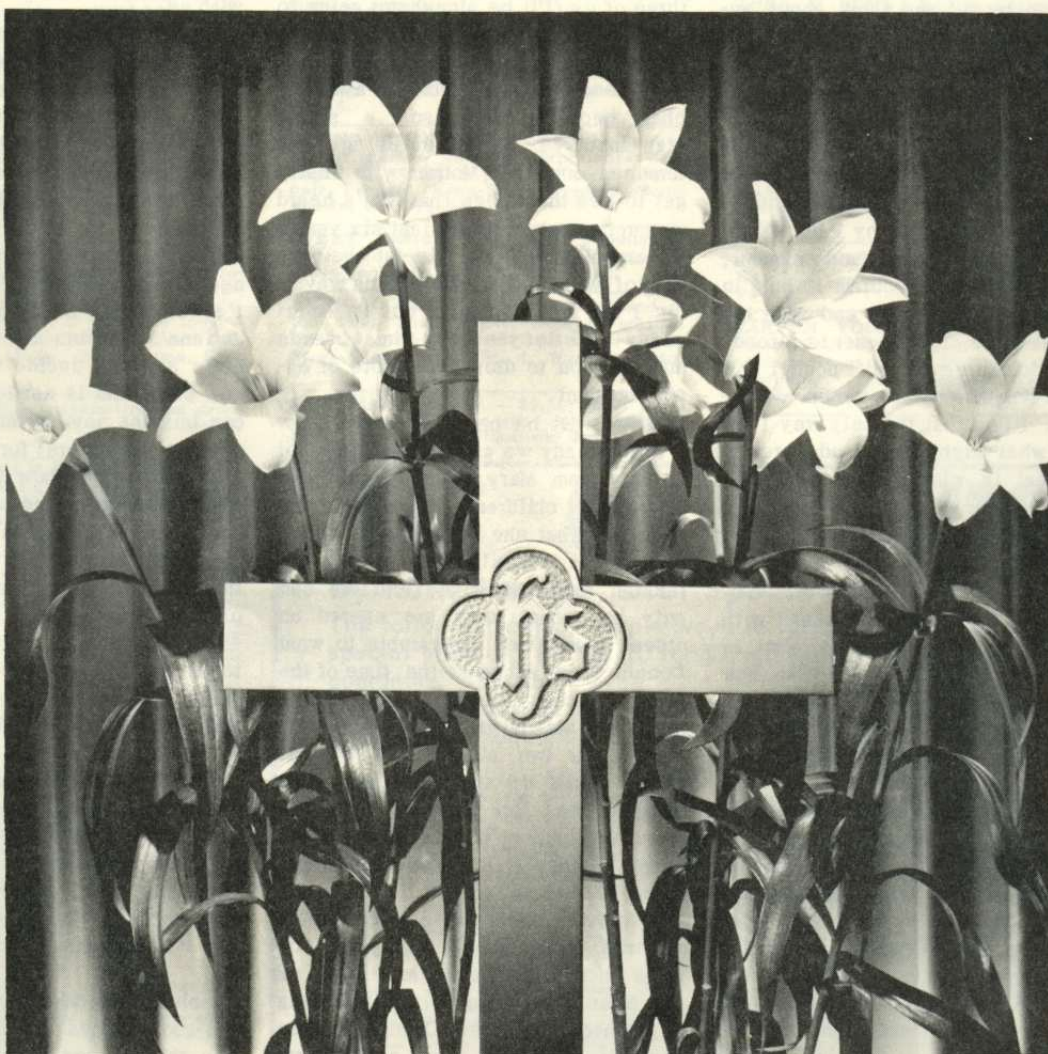
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— H. Armstrong Roberts

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

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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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This morning I've been settled at my kitchen table with a pot of coffee at hand, my trusty typewriter in front of me, a big stack of letters from old friends to reread and think about answering, and a hefty pile of bills to pay. Always the bills! They rival the morning sun for being right on schedule.

I've also had a grocery list in the making for my cupboard is so bare that Mother Hubbard would find it groaning! In days gone by I found it a problem to keep enough food on hand, and now I find it a problem to buy in such a way that I won't end with too many left-overs. The freezer is already full of odds-and-ends, so I ponder now at great length when I work on a grocery list. I find that the only way I can put on what might be called a really good meal is when I ask people to come for dinner — then I can light into preparations with genuine enthusiasm. Food eaten alone is just food, but food shared is much more than food.

These days I am looking ahead with great eagerness to Juliana's visit in the not too distant future. She has wound up all of her work at the University of New Mexico and before she registers for substitute teaching she wishes to spend some time in Iowa with me and with the other members of the family. (Juliana feels exceptionally close to her "Iowa roots" and is old enough now to know that she has been greatly blessed by having such deep family ties.) Once she starts her substitute teaching she won't be free to leave Albuquerque. Then with summer's arrival she must start work towards her Master's degree, and autumn will bring a full time teaching job, so this span of time right in here is a bonus that will not come again. If I can get everything worked out, busi-

ness-wise, I want to go back to New Mexico with her sometime in March.

And speaking of New Mexico reminds me to tell you that at long, long last Mother is actually going to make the trip to my place north of Santa Fe. Dorothy will be at the wheel and the three of us (I'll be along) are going to take it slow and easy on our trip down, and also on our return. My place is made-to-order for anyone in a wheelchair because there isn't a single step involved, so all of us are determined now that Mother will finally get to see the things that she's heard so much about for these last six years. We are planning this trip for the first part of May, and if she begins wavering I am going to send out an emergency call to you long time friends and ask you to drop her a note of encouragement.

Easter will be here before we know it and already we are making plans for a visit from Mary Beth, Donald and their three children. (Mother told me yesterday that she had already started making out menus!) They are driving through from Milwaukee and we can only hope that they are spared an ordeal in any way comparable to what Donald experienced at the time of the great Chicago blizzard. That storm found him stalled in a line of cars extending for two miles (this was 40 miles south of Chicago) and after sitting alone for several hours he joined a group of people who had decided to make it to the nearest farmhouse.

Eventually there were fifty people in that small house and they took turns sitting, standing and lying on the floor until noon of the following day when the Lake County Indiana Sheriff's office sent out a bulldozer and cleared a one-way path for four miles. Fifteen or twenty people decided to leave the farmhouse and try to make it to the nearest town, and

fortunately they were able to get through before more snow blocked the narrow path.

That night Donald spent lying on a bench in the courthouse, but the wives of the Sheriff's department had been wonderfully hospitable and brought quantities of good hot food to the stranded travelers. It was a terrible chore to get around Chicago when they were finally able to get moving again, and when he arrived back home in Milwaukee he had spent 78 hours making what is normally a 5½ hour drive. In the letter he wrote to us about it he said that it was an experience he'd never care to repeat again, but that the unbelievable kindness of people who did everything humanly possible to help complete strangers had made an unforgettable impression upon his mind.

Well, we're hoping for clear, bright skies and not a speck of snow when they start to Iowa to spend Easter with us.

These days I look around my house and realize that the time is almost at hand when I must stir around and think about getting some redecorating started. It has been eight years now since any work was done and I realize that some fresh paint would certainly make a difference in the kitchen and downstairs bathroom. The upstairs really needs a knock-down, drag-out job, but I always think of the second floor as Juliana's quarters and while she is at home she can decide on the color of new paint that is needed up there. She can buy the new curtains too (present ones are in tatters) for she has a real flair for knowing how to fix up things with imagination and taste. I have no confidence in this area and because of my uncertainty I'm inclined to do things over exactly the way they were originally.

Thank goodness the sun is shining today and the ice has melted, all of which means that it's safe underfoot and I can get out of the house. I have an appointment to get my eyes tested today and since dangerously slick walks have forced me to cancel two previous appointments it will be a relief today to get this job done. Then I'll swing by to see my rug that Mother has just now completed. It's a beauty and I'll treasure it for the rest of my life.

A blessed and happy Easter to all of you good friends and your loved ones. May this season of renewal and rebirth bring peace to our hearts and peace to our troubled world.

Always my warm affection . . .

Lucile

A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

We're having company for dinner tonight, but everything is "under control", so I'll write my letter to you before I set the table.

If you were a little mouse in our home these days, you'd see some mighty amusing sights. As I've told you, we've changed some rooms around — that is, we made the dining room a second living room, and moved the dining room to the den. We like the new arrangement very much, but I'm a creature of habit and more times than I frankly would care to mention, I've gone into the old den to turn on the television set and found myself face to face with the linen chest.

Perhaps it is even more confusing to our dog Nickie. He has an old chair which he claims as his own, and comes bounding into the new dining room only to find no chair. Then, very sheepishly, he remembers its new location and slinks off in the proper direction.

We finally have had a good chance to visit with Martin and hear all about his trip to the Southwest. He went directly to college for the second semester's work at the end of his jaunt, so it was a few weeks before we had an opportunity to see him. He and Richard felt they had seen some beautiful country, had met some very nice people, and had had a great adventure. Oliver and I were blessed that we were spared the anxiety of knowing that the car heater in the little compact car wasn't working in sub-zero temperatures over icy, snow-packed highways, or that something broke on the exhaust system and they had to drive for many miles through deserted country with the car windows rolled down until they could find a garage and a mechanic who could correct the problem. My blood ran cold as I imagined what *could* have happened, but nothing did, and Martin is convinced that this was the most wonderful trip he ever had.

Last month we told you that we were anticipating a visit from Wayne, so now I can tell you that he arrived right on schedule and we had a wonderfully good and relaxed visit with him. Two big dinners at the folks' house gave us all a chance to do some extra cooking, and we enjoyed lingering at the table for more than an hour after we'd finished our coffee and dessert. I make a point of this lingering at the table for we were always geared to get up instantly, once dessert was finished, and start cleaning



Aunt Jessie displays her rug.

the kitchen. With a family the size of ours we would have ended in chaos if anyone had taken a notion to linger around at the table.

Mother and Ruby, the nurse, have been making hooked rugs this winter, and Aunt Jessie watched with interest, for it appeared to be a hobby that she could enjoy also. Thumbing through the catalogue of rugs, her face suddenly brightened. "Oh, look! Here is one with a car on it and it looks exactly like the little red Brush automobile I had when I was County Superintendent of schools back in 1909. Do you think I could make this one?" Mother and Ruby assured her that she could, with their help, so the rug was ordered. While they were waiting for it to arrive in the mail, Mother remembered a book on the shelves in the library about the development of cars from the very first one. Sure enough, there was a Brush car that looked exactly like the one on the rug. I must tell you the interesting story about how Aunt Jessie happened to come by her little red car.

TRANSITION

Spring tiptoes on timid feet,
Eager, watchful, waiting,
Senses quickened by vernal sign
Of Winter's fast abating.

Plants appear in freshened garb,
Verdant, blossom-tipped;
Butterflies that burst their bonds,
From bloom to bloom now skip.

Twinkling noses taste the air,
Feet leap in happy rush,
Busy wings grow busier still,
'Til restful evening's hush.

Nature's tempo flows and builds
To annual crescendo,
'Til Spring, transformed, gives way
once more
To Summer diminuendo.

—Inez Baker

As many of you know, our Aunt Jessie was one of the first country school teachers to introduce such projects as the study of corn to select the best ears for seed. From this simple beginning came other plans and projects which developed into clubs for boys and girls. Friendly competitions were the natural result, as well as the numerous exhibits by these interested farm children throughout all of Page County, Iowa. There isn't space to tell you the history of these early "3-H" clubs (the fourth H was added later) or to relate all of their activities, but the little red Brush car has to do with the International Corn Show held in Omaha in 1909. It was the first prize for the best County Junior Collective Exhibit. The Page County boys and girls won the car and voted to give it to their beloved County Superintendent.

Up to that time Aunt Jessie had been using a horse and buggy and trying to visit the schools as frequently as possible so that she could REALLY get to know all the children in the county well enough to call each by name. How much easier it was with the new little car. And what fun it was when the youngsters heard her coming and scrambled to get into line for rides! For most, it was their first ride in an automobile.

Cars were made so simply in those days. If anything went wrong you just used your ingenuity! Aunt Jessie fixed whatever went wrong with a hairpin! And the horses! Why, today we have to drive around a horse in the road, but in those days the noise of an auto was such a rare sound that horses in the pastures kicked up their heels and ran to the opposite side of the pasture when one approached.

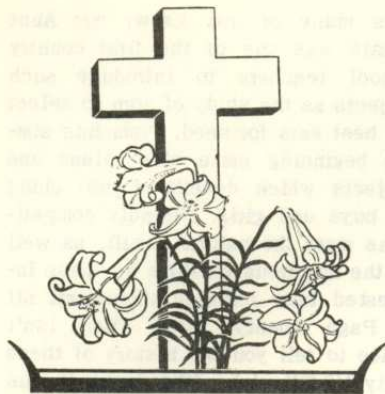
I think it would be interesting to hear from the people who remember riding in "Miss Field's Automobile". How thrilled Aunt Jessie will be to receive these letters. She is 85 years of age now and remembers many cars in her lifetime, but none with such affection as her little red Brush.

Incidentally, the story of the car is also told in a book, "The Very Beginnings", written about Aunt Jessie and her part in the creation of 4-H. If you are interested in obtaining a copy we could direct your inquiries on to Mrs. Wayne Whitmore, one of the co-authors.

Now it is time to set the table and put the fire under the vegetable, so I'll close and run to the kitchen.

Sincerely,

Margery



Canticle of Easter

An Easter Worship Service

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: This is to be a service of song, praise, and gladness that expresses the joy of Easter, so it is fitting that the worship setting feature spring blossoms. Since a rainbow also expresses promise, beauty, and joy in nature's loveliness, the setting might combine the beauty of the flowers and the rainbow. For a striking arrangement stretch rainbow shades of crepe paper from a table to the wall behind it in a half-fan shape. A low arrangement of flowers can conceal the ends of the paper.

Another idea would be to form a rainbow arch of pliable wire, anchoring the ends at opposite sides of, and toward the back of, the table. Attach rainbow colors of paper to the wire. Low floral arrangements could then be placed as pots of gold at each end of the rainbow.

Large letters, forming the lesson theme CANTICLE OF EASTER, might be stood on the table in front of the rainbow arch.

Another appropriate setting can be made by using Easter lilies, your church hymnal, and the Bible opened to one of the Psalms of praise. Small musical instruments might also be used in the setting.

It is also suggested that, since this is a special day, those having speaking and singing parts in the service wear choir robes, if available, to add to the dignity and beauty of the service.

The service should move along with joy and enthusiasm. It will help if there are mimeographed copies of the words of hymns used if hymnals aren't available and of the litany.

Prelude: "For the Beauty of the Earth", or any other Easter hymn.

Call to Worship:

Alleluia! Alleluia! Hearts to heaven and voices raise;

Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to God a hymn of praise:

He who on the cross as Saviour for the world's salvation bled,

Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, now is risen from the dead.

.....

After the winter snows a wind of healing blows,

And thorns put forth a rose and lilies cheer us;

Life's everlasting spring hath robbed death of his sting;

Henceforth a cry can bring our Master near us.

Scripture: Praise the Lord!

Praise God in His sanctuary; praise Him in His mighty firmament! . . . Praise Him with trumpet sound; praise Him with lute and harp! . . . Let everything that breathes praise the Lord!

Leader: "Praise the Lord!" sang the psalmist of old. "Praise the Lord!" sang the people in the temple. "Praise the Lord!" sing the birds as their lute-like notes come from the tree tops. "Praise the Lord!" echo the voices of spring as all nature bursts to new life. Let us then joyfully lift our voices to join in praise of our Creator and our God.

Hymn: "Joyful, Joyful We Adore Thee"

Leader: There is beauty in the forest when the trees are green and fair; there is beauty in the meadow when wild flowers scent the air. There is beauty in the sunlight and the azure skies above. Oh, the world is full of beauty when the heart is full of love.

Scripture: *O Lord, our God, how majestic is Thy name in all the earth! . . . When I look at Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast established; what is man that Thou art mindful of him? . . . Thou makest the springs to gush forth in the valleys . . . By them the birds of the air have their habitation; they sing among the branches . . . Thou dost cause the grass to grow for the cattle and the plants for man to cultivate . . . O Lord, how manifold are Thy works!*

Leader: While the earth remaineth, in God we shall trust. In Him we shall rest our faith, knowing so long as the

earth remains, each season will come as it must. "The Lord has done great things for us; we are glad."

Hymn: "For the Beauty of the Earth"

Leader: God, who touches earth with beauty, make me lovely, too; Keep me ever by Thy spirit, pure, and strong, and true.

Scripture: *Praise the Lord! Blessed is the man who fears the Lord, who greatly delights in His commandments! . . . It is well with the man who deals generously and lends, who conducts his affairs with justice . . . O give thanks to the Lord, for He is good; His steadfast love endures forever!*

Leader: God who touches earth with beauty, touch me, too; With Thy Spirit recreate me, make my heart anew. Help me to know Jesus — through His life illumine me,

That this Easter I be born anew, to live and work for Thee!

Scripture: *For God so loved the world that He gave His only Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have eternal life.*

Leader: The stories of Jesus bring gladness; the stories of Jesus bring joy because of his wonderful goodness, his love which man could not destroy. Let's heed the lessons he taught us — they speak of God's love and God's care. As we think of how Jesus loved and helped others, may we, too, try to be like him in thought and deed and prayer!

Hymn: "O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing"

Leader: How do I know the Lord Christ lives?

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

Leader:

How do I know the Lord Christ lives? I see Him in each life that gives Its love to God and bravely, too, That men may learn God's work to do. How does the Lord Christ live anew? In kindly acts His followers do. The deeds of service that I see Bring His spirit near to me.

—Author Unknown

Hymn: "Breathe on Me Breath of God", or other dedication hymn.

LITANY

Leader: The sun, the moon, the starry heavens, the clouds and the rain, the rainbows — all tell us of God.

All: PRAISE THE LORD. HIS WORLD IS A WORLD OF WONDERS.

Leader: He maketh the seasons that bringeth rest, rejuvenation, new life to growing things.

All: PRAISE THE LORD. HIS WORLD IS A WORLD OF WONDERS.

Leader: The lovely beauty of color,
(Continued on page 21)

ENDURING TREASURES

by
Mollie Dowdle

Once, a wise man, named Goethe, with profound insight, made this statement: "A man is only rich in proportion to the things he has learned to do without."

Every year as I grow older, I'm more thankful for a serene, happy existence without all the unnecessary encumbrances that I felt I just had to have when I was younger.

Now, the very essentials of living satisfy me and I have learned, through added years and gray hairs, that I can travel reasonably light. Perhaps the insight to determine what the essentials are has marked the difference between an abundant life and one that knows no real satisfaction.

I'm no more shackled to tradition and convention, nor supersensitive to the opinions of people. I'm not afraid anymore to step out decisively and live my own life as I see fit.

Another wise old man, Saul of Tarsus, wrote these words: "The love of money is the root of all evil." Not money, but the love of money. All about us we see a world corrupted by greed, frenzy and unrest and back of most of it is a grasping desire for nations and individuals to possess the things which in reality they do not need. It's good to reach a stage of your life when you can know contentment with just the more necessary things.

Perhaps it's human nature to a large extent to want things equally as good as those of your neighbors. But it's a real victory to be perfectly happy and satisfied if you're in a position where you find you have to live on much less.

It's a profound mystery — this desire to have and to do as other people. I've often wondered: "Why all this inner urge to mold our lives in the grooves set by our associates? Why not step out and say: 'Well now, this is the way I am. God meant me to be like this; He meant me to be me and you to be you; otherwise He would not have created us with such different abilities and personalities.'"

When it's firmly settled in your mind, it isn't nearly so important anymore if your neighbors have a better home, car or a more fashionable dress. After all, who can measure your unseen wealth of contentment against that of your more prosperous neighbor? Does it matter too much, after all, if their standards and style of living is far above yours?

The life of a widow isn't an easy



One of our most precious treasures is the smile of a child. Wearing this one is Andrew Brase, Dorothy's and Frank's grandson.

one and I can speak from experience. There was a time when the whole world fell down on me. I was left alone with a son who was hospitalized for several months. I had one in college with another boy I had taken in and given a home. Besides them I had two others under my roof, looking to me for help. I could have easily given up and please believe me, there were times when I was strongly tempted. But I didn't. I learned to be thankful for even the smallest blessing and some of them you couldn't see with the human eye. After awhile the way just seemed to become easier — I had learned how to bear my cross and not question why.

The most beautiful things in the world are all ours to enjoy and they don't cost a dime. When we become fully aware of that tremendous fact, we can begin to live much more abundantly.

All the money in the world couldn't buy the fragrance of the last roses in my garden: the sun casting its long rays down across the timber in back of my fields; nor could it pay for the love of a friend, or Ribbon (my dog), laying her fine, proud head up in my lap. These things are without money and without price and having them makes me very rich. I need not even ask for these things, it's only necessary to hold myself in readiness for them, the unspeakable riches of heaven and earth.

To be able to walk in peace and understand those who travel the way with me; to be ready to share, to give, to understand and to love greatly — these are the things that make for greater wealth. These are the treasures that endure, which no thief can steal, nor time destroy.

HELP YOUR CHILD TO A HEALTHY APPETITE

by
Julia Bockmann

There comes a time in almost every mother's life, when she must find ways to encourage her young child to eat the common, but highly nutritious foods he needs. Try the following "tricks", which I use only when necessary, to change my five-year-old son's "No!" to a beaming smile:

1. Place a colorful plastic iced tea spoon in his glass of milk or fruit juice.

2. Pour his soup into a small pitcher and let him serve himself.

3. Serve scrambled eggs in "pie" wedges.

4. Put a mound of rice, or mashed potatoes mixed with gravy, in an ice cream cone.

5. With oyster crackers, make simple designs such as stars, half-moons, etc. on his dish of vegetables — or write his name across the top with alphabet cereal.

6. Make cereal more exciting by sprinkling just a few of his favorite tidbit candies over the top — miniature marshmallows one day, then chocolate chips, candy corn, and the like. Reduce amount of sugar used to avoid oversweetness.

7. Form "bread cookies" from regular slices of bread with various cookie cutters. Use the special holiday designs too — he won't mind if they're out of season!

8. Shape ground meat into frankfurter-sized rolls; fry or broil and serve in hot dog buns.

9. Desserts seldom need glorifying to tempt youngsters, but if ordinary puddings and gelatin desserts seem "too plain", sprinkle top with a few bright cake decorator candies, powdered gelatin, or ade-drink mix.



THE COMMON TASK

Today is mine, from dawn to set of sun,

To do those simple tasks which wait for me;

Those common, little things which bring no fame,

Demanding though they be.

I pray my vision pass beyond these bounds,

Some heart made lighter, filled with love today;

More laughter, kindness, more joy released,

Because I passed this way.

—Gladys Niece Templeton

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

According to the calendar it is still winter, but it is so balmy outside this morning it is hard to believe it isn't mid-April. Thus far we certainly haven't had anything to complain about weatherwise in southern Iowa this winter. We have only had one snow of any consequence, and it didn't stay on the ground very long, but Frank says the weatherman is promising us some more this week, so maybe I'm bragging too soon.

One day last month Bob Woodcock came by with a friend and wanted Frank to go rabbit hunting with them. Frank had feed to grind and several other jobs that couldn't wait, so he said he would go some other time. Bob is a very close friend and he and Frank have a great time kidding one another, so Frank laughingly told him that if he was able to hit any he could drop them off here and I would take them to Shenandoah to the folks. Bob said, "Don't forget you asked for it. We'll bring you enough rabbits to keep you up all night cleaning them!" They stopped by later with twelve and thought they had a good joke on Frank. It does take quite a while to clean that many, but we knew the Shenandoah relatives would consider them a great treat. I took them down with me last month and Mother had a big family dinner centered around a heaping platter of rabbit.

Pheasants have never been so plentiful in southern Iowa as they have in the northern part of the state, but the birds seem to be on a definite increase around here. We have seen many more this winter, especially hens. Frank has talked to a number of men who said they got their limit on opening day of pheasant season this year, a feat which would have been virtually impossible a few years ago. One pheasant hen became almost a pet while the snow was on the ground, coming up every day to feed around the cribs and feed grinder.

This is the time of year when the newspapers are full of big ads for farm sales. Farmers like to attend these auctions hopeful of picking up some item that interests them. Some like to



Kristin, on top of Medicine Bow Peak (over 12,000 ft.) in Wyoming.

go just to see how things are selling, and some go only to visit and renew old acquaintances. It always seems a little sad when someone has to leave a farm and so many memories behind — the land which represents many years of hard work and hopes. It is especially sad if the sale is the result of illness, or a death in the family, which is so often the case. But then, we all have to step down sometime and pass the reins on to the younger generation. Frank's father turned the reins over to him and he loves farming so hopes he won't have to relinquish them for several years to come.

I never cease to be amazed at the strong habits of cows, and how hard it is to break them of these habits. All summer and fall our cattle get their water from the bayou, and were divided into two groups, each having their own particular spot where they liked to drink. When cold weather arrived and

MAGGIE

For her, I had a tolerance,
A casual affection that let me
Accept those endless puppies
Stoically; that let my hand rest gently
On her spotted brow, her light brown
eyes
Adoring me while every muscle in her
body
Yearned toward my caress.

At times an irritation grew as
Fawning, pleading, whining, she
Would dog my every step — and I
Could do no wrong! How sad my heart
Could never give to her the love I
Gave to others, much less good.

She's gone now. Near death, she
Licked my hand and wagged her tail
With feeble strokes. Sometimes I think
Of her and I'm ashamed that I
Gave only superficial tenderness.

Unlike most humans, she accepted
gratefully

Leftover love, given with restraint.

—Leta Fulmer

ice froze over the bayou, Frank had to go down each morning and break the ice. He just did this until he bought a new tank and had the heater installed in it. It was many days before those crazy cows would come to the tank and drink the nice fresh warm water.

We have found something that Andy's little pony Silver is afraid of. The other morning when Frank was pumping water for Silver and Nancy, Edna's horse, they came racing down over the hill as if they were scared to death. When they reached the fence, little Silver leaped over it as if it weren't there. Since she had never done this before, Frank wondered what in the world could have frightened her so much. Looking up to the top of the hill, he spotted a large doe and a little one. They obviously had just reached the top of the hill and were looking over the situation. We were afraid that since Silver knew she could jump the fence we might have trouble keeping her in, but so far she hasn't tried it again.

Frank and I have been having a great deal of fun with something I received for Christmas. Our daughter Kristin is so busy teaching and looking after her home and family that she has little time for writing letters. We thought perhaps we might hear from her more often if we gave her a tape recorder so she could mail letter tapes. This necessitated our having a tape recorder, too, so Frank gave me one for Christmas. How much enjoyment we have had from the tapes from Laramie! Our little grandson Andy realizes he is talking to us and all he wants to do is talk into the little microphone. He reads his books, sings songs, and tells us what he has been doing. While Andy is running to his book shelf to get another book to read, Kristin manages to tell us any news of their activities. We have been receiving at least one tape a week, and how eagerly we look forward to them. I told Kristin we wouldn't need many tapes because as soon as we got one from her we would erase it and make one to send back. However, I can't make myself erase the ones with Andy's little voice, so have had to invest in a few extra tapes. To those of you who are in the same position that Frank and I are in and only see your children and grandchildren a few times a year, I highly recommend these small tape recorders. They can furnish you with much pleasure.

I must stop now and get this ready to mail.

Sincerely,
Dorothy

ABIGAIL TELLS ABOUT HER WINTER PROJECTS

Dear Friends:

Last month my letter told a bit about the landscaping we put in to enhance the new addition to our home. When this was accomplished winter had arrived but we were able, even at this time of year, to include a new grass lawn. Through the increasingly popular method of "sodding" it is now possible to add a lawn virtually overnight during many months of the year.

The heavy construction trucks, especially the enormous cement trucks, had really turned our side yard into cemented clay. First it was necessary to bring in a tractor with a deep cultivator to loosen the ground. Two loads of peat and humus were tilled in to lighten the clay before the dirt was leveled and graded. Then in just another half mid-December day we had our grass all in place, with bed lines sharply outlined. Rolls of Kentucky bluegrass had been unrolled on top of this carefully prepared base, trimmed, and then firmed into place with a weighted roller.

More and more frequently commercial-grown sod is being used instead of grass seed and "do-it-yourself" planting of lawn areas. Not only can sod be installed during many months of the year when grass seed will not germinate and grow, but it also creates an almost immediate mature lawn with infinitely less time and effort on the owner's part. And in our area where water is so expensive, unless one has his own dependable well, the cost is not substantially greater than the old method.

One word of warning, since there are more and more grass areas being installed with this new approach. Be sure the base soil is well tilled and lightened if yours is clay type. The grass roots must have something decent to root into. It is almost impossible to have years of good grass without good soil, well prepared. Some sod-installers, to cut costs, will not do an adequate preparation of the base soil, and this is no economy in the long run for the land owner.

We also managed to plant a few daffodil bulbs around the new big evergreens for spring color. But the remaining small evergreens and shrubs will wait for the shipments of the new year — and spring.

The winter months are concentrated sewing months for me, and this year found Alison the primary recipient of my efforts. A little more than a year ago I undertook what was, for me, a



It is a special treat when members of the family who live a distance away come for visits. Wayne, shown here with Mother, came for 3 days between Midwest meetings.

difficult project, making her a black riding jacket. Because I could not locate a suitable pattern, it was necessary to adapt a man's sport coat pattern. Believe me, it's a challenge to change a man's size 34 jacket into a woman's size 30 long, flared riding coat! I was never pleased with this first and experimental model. After a year to recover I decided that surely experience ought to bring some improvement. So for Christmas I made her a new riding coat. This one in a gay red paisley-print corduroy, which turned out much better than its predecessor. With a bright red lining, it's a colorful sight in those events where such attire is permissible.

This experience gave me the incentive to try a pair of riding breeches. Ready-made English riding attire is dreadfully expensive, so this is why I'm inspired to learn to make some of the items. Again there was no pattern available, so I had to adapt a slacks pattern this time. The first attempt is just finished, of solid gold-colored corduroy to pick up one of the colors in the jacket. The result looks pretty acceptable at first glance but won't pass a closer inspection. The section that fastens around the calf of the leg is very unprofessional. Fortunately, those high black riding boots do a marvelous job of hiding the "goofs".

Alison had received two gift sweaters for which I made matching skirts. I could find only one bonded material that matched, so this meant making a lining for the other skirt — a wool flannel. This was so much more trouble that once again I offer public thanks to the genius who invented the bonding process for material. Also just in time to confront the bitterest temperatures of the year, I finished a full length robe for myself. It is a nylon-arnel blend in a swede weave which is hand-washable. Somehow I

managed to select a terribly ugly shade of green, but the robe is so soft, warm, and comfortable that the color doesn't bother me a bit. This particular material doesn't ravel at all, so sewing with it is speedy; the cut edges of the seams don't require any additional finish.

Sewing creates such a clutter in our dining room that I particularly enjoy doing this while Wayne is on his mid-winter nursery convention jaunt. This year he was gone longer than usual. He was on the program at the meeting in Kansas City, which provided time for a few days' visit in Shenandoah before the start of the Chicago meeting.

During his absence our dear friends next door sustained severe injuries in an automobile accident. They had just left Denver's airport to drive home when a drunken driver veered his truck across the highway and hit their car head-on. Fortunately, both had their seat belts tightly fastened or they likely would have been killed. The other driver had been drinking half the day, yet he was out on a busy highway with his two young sons riding beside him. Probably it is too much to hope that their bloody faces and bruised bodies will reform such an uncaring father. It really makes one wonder what responsible drivers can do to protect themselves from those so completely lacking in any sense of responsibility.

The one thing that came readily to mind was urging our representatives to pass the "implied consent" bill, which is currently before the state legislature. In essence this measure would provide that when anyone receives a driver's license, his consent to submit to tests for intoxication is implied should he be involved in an automobile accident. 1966 saw a substantial increase in Colorado's highway fatalities, so this measure has an increased amount of support in this session.

One thing I've been able to do to help our friends is to chauffeur "Hoot" over to visit his wife in the hospital. With a demolished car, cracked ribs, and numerous bruises and sprains, he isn't able to drive. It's time now to leave for the afternoon visiting hours, so until next month —

Sincerely,
Abigail

We should always compliment anyone who has done an outstanding job. It is this spirit that helps our fellow workers succeed as they try ever harder the next time.



An Appreciation Party for Church Workers

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Isn't it time that your church gives some recognition to those who devote much of their time to keeping the wheels of the church running — choir director, organist, Sunday school teachers, choir, and others? Most churches cannot afford expensive gifts, but that isn't necessary. Just the fact that appreciation of their work is expressed in a special way will mean much to those devoted church workers! Just for fun, how about a take-off on the Motion Picture Academy Award night?

Send each honored guest a special invitation to a party or banquet in the church fellowship hall. Make the invitation official looking by using gold-edged correspondence cards. In one corner place an appropriate seal. (Church catalogues usually list a variety of different religious seals.)

For the "royal treatment" a purple and gold color scheme would be appropriate for the decorations, which might include huge replicas of gold seals and scrolls on which are inscribed such phrases as: "In token of appreciation for services rendered", "For services beyond the line of duty", "Our love award to you", etc. Dime stores and novelty shops often carry amusing little statuettes which can be used in table arrangements. Or how about someone with artistic fingers molding some statuettes from papier mache? Spray these handmade ones with gold paint. These could be used as decorations or presented to the various persons at the "award" spot on the evening's program.

Make an official badge for each honored guest, to be pinned on as they

arrive. Cut a large round "seal" from gold paper, on which is printed the word "Thanks". Mark the seal with the number of years the individual has served in his particular job. Attach purple ribbon streamers to each badge. (If preferred, these badges might be pinned on during the recognition spot in the program later.)

RECOGNITION TIME

Each one may be given a more formal certificate of appreciation, signed by the chairman of the official board and by the minister.

Small scrolls might be made with a "flowery" message of appreciation inscribed on each. These can be made of heavy white paper and tied with purple and gold ribbon.

THE HANDS AT THE ORGAN

You might hold them up
And worry o'er their lack of grace,
But to those whom they have served
They have a special place.

They've filled our church so often
With music soft and sweet;
Soothing hearts and troubled minds —
Made worries to retreat.

You've oft spurred us to greater effort,
As, with vigor and with vim,
You "pulled out all the stops"
And played a stirring hymn.

Inspiration, joy, and gladness
To our hearts you've often brought
Through the music of the organ
Which your skillful hands have wrought.

Oft you've made the music to the rafters rise
And echo all around
Till it seemed heaven's doors had opened
To give out the joyous sound.

Other times your touch was tender
As our heads were bowed to pray
Seeming to waft our prayers on wings of music
On their heavenward way.

So "thank you and God bless you"
From us who know and understand
How richly we've been blessed
By the music of your dedicated hands. —Mabel Nair Brown

(I wrote this and dedicated it to our own church organist when she retired after 17 years at our organ. M.N.B.)

TO THE CHOIR

"Joyful, joyful, we adore Thee"
The choir leads, as we all our voices raise,
To join in love and adoration,
To sing our Maker's praise.

Then quietly we sit and listen
As their anthem fills the air,
Bringing joy, and peace, and comfort —
We lift our hearts in silent prayer.

BEATITUDES FOR TEACHERS

Blessed are you when you know God;
For you will then understand that
you must be a teacher.

Blessed are you when you teach wisely;

Providing fellowship, knowledge,
new skills and challenge for all
growing personalities.

Blessed are you when you know purity;
For purity will serve as a plumb
line testing your motives, and
your goodness will be swift and strong.

Blessed are you when you are dissatisfied with your attainment
and things as they are;

For your restlessness will lead
inquiring minds to summits of
achievements.

FINDING GOD

I helped a little child to see that God
had made a willow tree —
And God became more real to me.
I tried to lead a child through play to
grow more Christian every day —
And I myself became that way.
Lord, keep me ever quick to see
By guiding children, I find Thee.

Blessed are you when the church
says, "Teach our children," for then
you are numbered among those who
follow His great commandment, "Go —
teach." Blessed are you when fathers
and mothers recognize your sincerity
of purpose, for Christian teaching is
doubly sure when the church and home
are in partnership.

THE POOR SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT

The lot of the Sunday School Superintendent is a hard one. If he writes a letter, it is too long; if he sends a postal card, it is too short; if he publishes a pamphlet, he's a spendthrift; if he never advertises, he's behind the times; if he goes to a committee meeting, he's butting in; if he stays away, he's a shirker; if the crowd is slim at worker's conference, he should have called up the members; if he calls them, he's a pest; if the Christmas program is a big success, the committee is praised; if it's a flop, the superintendent is slipping —

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
If others won't do it, the superintendent must.

(Continued on page 20)

MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

The dining room table has finally been uncovered enough to allow me to set up my typewriter for this letter to you. Paul and Don have been engrossed with Paul's crystal radio kit which we gave him for Christmas and, would you believe it, they were soldering in the dining room! (And I worried about Katharine's girl friends' spilling food on the carpet when they were here last year.) I wanted to suggest that they might just as easily do their work in our nice warm basement, but experience has taught me that there are times when a supercautious mother might just as well keep quiet.

At least Paul's radio is completed, and when I watched him listen with the earphone the first time, the expression on his face was closely akin to what I would have expected from Alexander Graham Bell when he heard the voice of his friend over his telephone.

I could hardly hear anything! The crashing and stomping of our dog El-oise as she walked across the kitchen floor completely drowned out the gentleman speaking into my ear. Donald assures us that the reception will be far better when the snow has melted sufficiently from the roof to allow him to string up the antenna. I wouldn't indicate for the world that I am anything but delighted with the reception he is receiving now, but it surely does take close attention to appreciate its full value.

I think we should try to find a glass bell or some other type of covering that will allow everyone to see his masterpiece and yet keep out the dust. Paul is beginning to get such a collection of items that the mere task of dusting his room has become a major project. He has so many rock samples and boat models and large to tiny automobiles and now this radio with its eventual out-the-window-antenna that soon it will be an engineering feat even to move about in his room.

While I'm talking about bedrooms, I want to share with you the newest addition to Adrienne's room that has come since the new year. She has just now begun to emerge from her little girl stage and we decided to appeal to her new grown-up status by giving her a beautiful picture for her room. It isn't an original oil or anything so deluxe as that, but rather a print of a painting by George Romney done in the eighteen hundreds. It is entitled "Miss Willoughby" and is simply a portrait of a young girl, about ten



Mary Beth says it will be a happy day when she can step out her front door and see grass instead of snow. They've had lots of it this winter.

years old, who is looking out in a demure manner in an old-fashioned costume. We chose it because she is so ladylike and the shades of pink in the picture are a perfect complement to the pinks in Adrienne's room.

This new picture is having a remarkable effect on Adrienne, and one which I didn't expect. Miss Willoughby is obviously so refined a young lady that a girl would not expect her to be happy in a slovenly room. And miracle of miracles! Adrienne is becoming a neater housekeeper. I have not allowed the occasion to drift by unnoticed, but have complimented our six-year-old on the "new" look in her room. She is responding by becoming proud of her room, which tends to encourage her to improve even further.

Adrienne has inherited the furniture that was bought when Katharine was a baby graduating from a crib. These beds have always been used as twin beds although they can be stacked as bunk beds. To give Adrienne a little more space, Paul and I stacked the beds one day recently, and suddenly this room has become the hottest item in the house. Katharine and Paul alternate turns at sleeping in her room in the bunk beds. At first I worried lest one of them tumble out of the upper bed, but we tuck the covers in tightly, and now that they are accustomed to the height I don't feel too much concern.

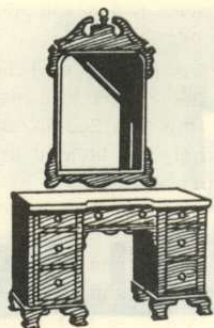
There is not much really newsy to tell you about. I did teach at our children's school for two days last week when one of the teachers was ill, and once again I found it giving me an almost heady feeling. I am not a teacher by academic training, but by our children I have been taught to be a teacher of sorts. What mother can oversee and supervise three children through four

years of homework without learning a few things about being a teacher? I did substitute teaching one day last year when another teacher was ill, but one day was hardly enough to give me quite the feeling of challenge that two full days did. This last time I had to take the incentive and plan what they would be expected to do for the evening's homework, and I can't possibly tell you how interesting it was.

I believe the one gesture which started me off with a feeling of considerable confidence was the respect with which I was greeted by these children when I walked into the room. They were all at their desks, standing quietly, ready to begin work when I entered, and not until I sat down at my desk did they then sit down. I had almost begun to suspect that a show of respect for elders has totally vanished, but my faith has been renewed to know that there are still a few holdouts for high standards.

Now I want to quote a speech made by one of the officers of our company, General Motors, for whom Don has now worked eighteen years. It relates to high standards that I mentioned above and I think you'll enjoy the thoughts. "We dare not limit our peak performance to the detail of our particular job. We must broaden our quest for excellence into every aspect of our lives.... Excellence implies more than competence. It implies a striving for the highest standards in every phase of life. We need individual excellence in every phase of life. We need individual excellence in all its forms in every creative endeavor — in political life, in education, in industry — in short, universally." Good thoughts expressed a little differently but still good food for thought.

Until next month,
Mary Beth



Restoring Antiques

by

Gladys Niece Templeton

Some time ago we discussed removing the old finish from the antique dresser. (See *Kitchen-Klatter*, January, 1965.)

Black walnut is treasured, but antique dealers advise us that the less restoration of an antique, the more valuable it is. First of all, you should consider the value of the article which you are about to spend long hours or weeks refinishing. Is it of good design, good wood, fine-grain hard wood, or a poor job of thin veneer?

It may be walnut, but of such poor quality that it will never take a good finish. You may find it necessary to remove the entire finish, perhaps layers of paint, to learn what the wood actually is. You may find that the top of the dresser is beautiful walnut but the remainder is pine. Perhaps the front is maple and the top is gum even though you were told it was walnut. If this is the case, and if you wish to match other walnut pieces, you can now buy walnut stain which is applied rapidly with the grain and wiped off quickly until the desired color is reached.

Perhaps the piece of furniture you are considering is poorly constructed or needs rebuilding. In this case, take it apart, carefully, and inspect it piece by piece. You may find that large, square nails or huge screws were used originally. In reassembling each part, use as many of these same nails and screws as possible. There may be empty nail holes and cracks which you can fill with colored wood filler before refinishing. Make all joints *solid*. Excellent glue can now be had.

Have at hand a plentiful supply of clean rags (never use paper) and the necessary tools for cleaning old finish out of corners and detailed trim. The least bit of old finish which you fail to remove will spoil an otherwise good job. Always work *with* the grain of the wood during the entire process. A generous supply of very fine sandpaper, say 00000, will be needed. Never skimp here.

Shellac finish is much used. Many insist it is *not* an antique finish, but it is accepted for practical use. This finish is not complicated: shellac sur-

faces with the grain of the wood. Let dry for a couple of days, and then rub with steel wool many, many hours. This is the time to enjoy your radio! After wiping the surface well, apply a second coat of shellac. Repeat the above process, remembering to rub *with* the grain of the wood. Apply a third, or perhaps a fourth, coat of shellac, rubbing with steel wool. Clean the surfaces *well*. Go over all with a felt eraser which has been dipped in linseed oil and powdered pumice stone. *Rub, rub, rub!* Clean surfaces well. Finish with the finest quality walnut paste wax, rubbing with the grain. Long hours will give that soft, lasting glow.

Some use the hot linseed oil finish, which endures hard use and *never* water spots, but it darkens the wood and many antique lovers refuse to use it. After the wood is as soft as it can be made from rubbing, clean the surfaces well. Heat linseed oil as hot as you can handle it (out-of-doors for safety), and mix with turpentine, half and half. Apply with brush or hands. After each coat, let stand in a warm place for a few days, that it may soak in slowly. Perhaps you should repeat this, depending on the condition of the wood. Then rub with the grain — for weeks. Now it is ready for the heavy coat of paste wax. Continue rubbing.

Many prefer the satin varnish finish. It is hard and waterproof and accents the grain in the wood. After the surfaces have been cleaned, the first coat of varnish is applied. Let this stand for several hours; then sandpaper lightly. Wipe well. Now you are ready for the second coat of varnish, again followed by *light* sanding and wiping. Use as many coats as you feel may be needed for its particular use. Rub well after each application. Finally, use a coat of satin varnish without the long rubbing ordeal. Let stand several days. If you have done the above carefully, you will see that a good coat of paste wax, followed by *much* rubbing, will complete your task. It will be beautiful and water-stain proof.

The easiest and quickest antique

finish, called wax finish, is very satisfying when the article is to be a show piece rather than utilitarian. It is satin smooth from much rubbing. Wax the surfaces, a small area at a time, and *rub, rub, rub*. Woolen rags or old woolen socks are perfect for such use. *This* is the genuine antique method. *Rub* for the satin gleam.

Working with wood is delightfully rewarding. Restoring old loveliness is satisfying work — an art.

TOO MANY COOKS

An old fisherman felled a tree and after the wood was properly seasoned, he started to build a boat.

A neighbor came along and discussed the project with him. "The bark is too thick," warned the neighbor, "You must carve out more wood."

So the old fisherman carved out more wood.

His wife popped out next and, after eying the boat critically, she said: "I want a more comfortable seat near the stern. Place many cushions there for me."

So the old fisherman stuffed in many cushions.

Then, a brave captain passed by. He too stopped to examine the boat. "It's a nice vessel," he agreed, "but the bow is too broad for speed. Your enemies would be upon you before you could sail to safe harbor."

So the old fisherman reduced the size of the bow.

At last the boat was ready to be launched. But when it hit the water, it sank.

The fisherman began to build again.

Again, his neighbor joined him and advised him how to improve his boat.

But now, the old fisherman pointed to the first boat under the water. "That boat," he said, "belongs to everybody. This boat is mine."

CONSIDER THE DANDELION

Consider the dandelion, so-called pest, Numbered in millions untold;

If only one plant graced this verdant earth,

Its worth would be measured in gold. In earliest spring it flaunts its coin In a realm both far and wide;

Small children laugh as they pick these blooms

About the countryside.

They run to Mother to offer this gift Of bounty from the land.

Blossoms that smiled as they thrived apace

Now droop in a warm little hand.

—Inez Baker

FREDERICK AND BETTY HAVE MOVED INTO NEW PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Well, the move is over! We are in the lovely new parsonage after several hectic weeks of exertion and nervous strain. That we survived the physical demands upon our strength is a wonder, but even more of a wonder is the way we survived the generosity of many good cooks in the parish and in the neighborhood. So many people brought us food — cakes, pies, rolls, bread, and full meals. All of it so good and tempting, and yet almost more than we could bear.

You should have seen all the things we gave to the church for its next rummage sale. We took load after load out of the attic, the basement, and barn, and even the kitchen and pantries. In the process of moving we found items of household use that we had long ago forgotten we even owned, and those all went to the church. As I said to Betty: "If we haven't used something for the past several years, it is obvious that we don't need it. Let's give it away." And give we did.

The hardest decision I made in the moving process was that of giving away many of our books. Just today I took between three and four hundred books to the church. Of course I kept several hundred, but some of them I had to store in the attic. In spite of the fact that we have moved into a larger parsonage, there seems to be less room for book storage, and that gave me a good excuse for getting rid of many of them. From now on I am bound and determined to give away books more frequently so that there won't be the big heavy boxes of them to carry the next time.

One thing that made our moving easier than that endured by some people is the fact that we have two large storage rooms in the basement of the new parsonage, and into those rooms I could put everything that was not immediately needed upstairs. For the next several weeks we are going to be carrying things from the basement up to the other rooms as we find places for them. The move was made easier by the fact that we were moving into a larger house and not a smaller one. Good heavens! Had we been moving into a smaller house, I don't know what we would have done with all our things. Of this much I am certain — we would not have been able to move so quickly, for we would have had to take several weeks selling off our excess goods.

I think that our favorite room in the



Frederick is constantly being asked to speak before groups outside the church, and no invitation ever pleased him more than the one to address the young men at Tabor Academy for his son David was one of the students.

house is going to be our downstairs library. It is a bright and cheery room with a nice big fireplace, several easy chairs, two of which are old-fashioned rocking chairs. The big living room is a bit on the formal side, but we are studying ways to make it more informal and livable. Just today I told Betty that we needed to put some brighter and livelier colors into it, and I think that we can do that with some nice slipcovers for a couple of the chairs.

Along with moving, it was necessary to get my work all lined up here at the church so that I could get away for a trip to Cleveland. We had our denomination's mid-winter meeting out there, and I had to take part in the deliberations of the board handling all of our overseas missionary enterprise. There were new missionaries to employ, and old ones to be retired. And, of course, we talked about the never-ending problem of raising money for the Lord's work. With taxes going higher and higher, and with our government doing more and more mission work with the Peace Corps, and with the discouraging attitudes of some of the foreign governments toward mission work, it is becoming harder and harder to raise money. Just today I received a letter from one of our missionary teachers out on a lonely island in the South Pacific, and he told of all that he could do if only he had some more money, and so it is all over the world. Everyone is trying to cut costs at the very time when we need to do more,

and give more, and spend more for the Lord than ever before.

One day last week one of the deaconesses of the church told me how her work with the Cub Scouts, serving as a Den Mother, had brought her the fulfillment of her dreams. While on an errand for the Cub Scouts, looking for some materials for the boys to use in their craft work, she found the Oriental rug for which she had been searching for years. She had been looking for one that would bring into her home all of the loveliness of a spring flower garden — a rainbow of colors in soft, subtle shades against a warm and quiet background. When I first saw the rug in her home, I stood enraptured by the beauty of it, and immediately I understood why she had searched so long for it. Noticing my pleasure with it, she smiled and said: "I guess you could say that my Cub Scouts gave it to me. It is my incidental blessing!"

Well, that phrase, "incidental blessing" gave me my inspiration for a sermon. How true it is that many of the best things, the happiest things in life come to us incidentally. I do not mean that they happen accidentally, for I am firmly convinced that all of the threads women weave into the pattern of life are beneficently guided by a Master Weaver who seeks to work our efforts into His design. If we live by His guidance, seeking each day to work things out according to His purpose, nothing that enriches our lives, or quickens our courage, or inspires our faith, or wipes away our tears, happens by chance.

When people come to me with their stories of unhappiness, of failure, of shattered hopes, I try to point out something that in our best moments all of us know to be true. We know that one does not find comfort for a broken heart by searching for it as though it were a collar button that had rolled under the radiator. We do not find happiness when we strive for it as a goal in itself. Happiness comes to us when we are so busily involved making other people happy that we forget for a time the things that subdue our own happiness. When we obey God's commandments to love one another and to serve one another, we learn how wonderfully we are healed and made whole again. The point is, our own happiness is incidental to our efforts to make others happy. We must always remember that the Grace of God touches our lives as it passes through our hands on the way to bless others.

Sincerely,

Frederick

**LIGHT-AS-A-CLOUD DESSERT***(Orange-Blueberry)*

- 1 pkg. orange gelatin
- 1 1/4 cups hot water
- 2 cups vanilla ice cream (1 pint)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring
- 1 to 1 1/2 cups blueberries
- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Combine orange gelatin and hot water. When dissolved, stir in ice cream. Add blueberry flavoring. When ice cream is mixed in and mixture is smooth, fold in blueberries. Fresh fruit is wonderful if available. If not, use canned blueberries. Drain well (reserve juice to make blueberry syrup to use with pancakes) and rinse under cold water. Drain well and fold into ice cream mixture. Spoon into baked pie shell. Garnish with blueberries or coconut. Whipped cream or whipped topping may be used for garnish if desired.

This dessert may also be used without the pie shell. Spoon the dessert into sherbet glasses, sprinkle coconut over the top and chill until time to serve. An exceptionally delicious dessert.

—Evelyn

LEMON BREAD PUDDING

- 2 1/2 cups of 1/2-inch bread cubes (4 slices)
- 2 cups milk
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/3 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup raisins or currants

Soak the bread in the milk for 1/2 hour. Combine the remaining ingredients and mix with the bread. Bake in a buttered casserole set in a pan of shallow water in a 350-degree oven for 50 minutes, or until an inserted knife comes out clean. This will serve six, and is good served warm with whipped cream or plain cream.

—Dorothy

SUPPER TUNA FISH SALAD

- 2 cups macaroni (tiny rings are preferable)
- 1 can drained tuna fish
- 1 small onion, chopped fine
- Salt to taste
- 2 diced hard-cooked eggs
- 1 cup celery, cut fine

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and chill. Combine with remaining ingredients, and mix lightly with salad dressing or mayonnaise. This is a hearty, good salad that will make a filling main dish for supper.

—Margery

MARVELOUS JEWEL SALAD

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1 pkg. lemon-flavored gelatin
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
- 1 cup hot water
- 3/4 cup pineapple juice (drained from crushed pineapple)
- 3 Tbls. fresh lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 cup small curd cottage cheese
- 3/4 cup crushed pineapple
- 1 envelope whipped topping
- 2 pkgs. flavored gelatin (for cubes)

Make up 2 pkgs. of gelatin in flavors and colors desired with a little less water than usual. Pour into 8-inch square pans and refrigerate several hours or overnight. Cut into cubes. (The colors can go with a color scheme for a party or to suit the time of year... green for March, pink and yellow for spring, red and green for Christmas.)

Combine unflavored gelatin and lemon gelatin. Add hot water and sweetener. Stir until dissolved. Add juices and fruit flavorings. Mix until well blended. Chill until syrupy. Combine cream cheese and cottage cheese and blend with a fork. Fold into gelatin with pineapple. Whip topping and fold in. Lastly, fold in colored gelatin cubes. Pour into mold. Chill well. Serve with whipped cream topping.

TOURTIERE*(French Canadian Meat Pie)*

Pastry for two 9-inch pies

- 1 lb. ground pork
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/8 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/8 tsp. ground cinnamon

Prepare pastry and line two 9-inch pie plates. Combine all other ingredients in saucepan. Cook over medium heat, stirring frequently, until meat has lost pink color but is still moist. Cool. Pour half mixture into each pie shell and top with crust. Be sure to put a few slits in top crust for escaping steam. Bake in 425-degree oven for 25 minutes or until nicely browned. Makes 10 nice servings.

These meat pies freeze nicely. They can be baked, cooled, wrapped in foil and frozen. Reheat directly from freezer until piping hot.

—Evelyn

BAKED CELERY

- 4 cups diced celery
- 5-oz. can water chestnuts, drained and sliced
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1/2 jar pimientos, diced
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup slivered almonds
- 2 Tbls. melted butter

Cook the celery in a small amount of water for about 8 minutes. Drain. Combine with water chestnuts, cream of chicken soup and diced pimientos. Blend together the bread crumbs, slivered almonds and melted butter. Mix half of this crumb mixture into the other ingredients. Sprinkle the remaining crumbs over the top. Bake for 35 minutes at 350 degrees. This is very delicious.

BAKED SHRIMP AND CHEESE CASSEROLE

- Small can of mushrooms
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 can shrimp
- 1 1/2 cups cooked rice
- 1 cup shredded cheese (I used American)
- 1/2 cup cream or evaporated milk
- 3 Tbls. catsup
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- Salt and pepper to taste

Saute the mushrooms in the butter. Add shrimp, rice and cheese. Mix together the cream, catsup, Worcestershire sauce and salt and pepper. Add to the mixture and pour into a buttered casserole. Top with bread crumbs and bake in a moderate oven for about 25 to 30 minutes.

—Margery

CRAB IN TOMATO ASPIC SALAD

- 1 46-oz. can tomato juice
- 4 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 2 Tbls. wine vinegar
- 1 tsp. salt.
- 1 Tbls. horseradish
- 1 cup chopped fresh vegetables (celery, cucumber and carrot)
- 10 sliced, stuffed green olives
- 2 cans (6½-oz.) cooked crab meat

Dissolve the unflavored gelatin in 1 cup of tomato juice; heat remaining tomato juice just to boiling point and add the dissolved gelatin-tomato juice mixture. Stir until thoroughly dissolved and smooth, then stir in the wine vinegar, salt and horseradish. Chill until partially thickened. Then add the chopped fresh vegetables, sliced, stuffed green olives and drained crab meat, being careful to fold these in thoroughly but not beating the mixture too much and breaking up the chunks of crab meat unduly. Place in oiled mold and chill until firm. Unmold on bed of lettuce and serve with a dressing made by combining sour cream (commercial) and mayonnaise.

If desired, a more decorative mold can be made by first placing some of the larger, more colorful chunks of crab meat in the bottom of the oiled mold with the slices of stuffed olives surrounding the chunks. Then carefully spoon the tomato aspic mixture over the top.

—Abigail

BAKED HASH

- 2 cups left-over meat, diced
- 1 cup cold water or consomme, broth or thin gravy
- 1 cup cooked potatoes, cut into small cubes
- 1 Tbls. melted butter
- 1 medium onion, finely chopped
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- Parsley

Combine all ingredients in a greased pan and bake for about an hour at 350 degrees.

—Margery

PIE CRUST WITH EGG

- 3 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup lard
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 3 Tbls. water

Sift flour and salt into a bowl. Add the lard and work until like fine corn meal. Beat the egg and add to the egg the teaspoon of vinegar and 3 Tbls. water. Blend into first part. If more moisture is needed, add 2 Tbls. of water one at a time, but no more than that. This is an exceptionally good recipe for pies to be frozen.

—Leanna

ORANGE SLICE CAKE

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup margarine
- 4 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup buttermilk
- 3 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 cup fine coconut
- 1 lb. orange slices, cut in pieces
- 1 can frozen orange juice (undiluted)
- 2 cups powdered sugar

Cream the margarine and sugar until fluffy. Beat in the eggs one at a time. Add the flavorings. Dissolve the soda in the buttermilk and combine alternately with three cups of the flour and the salt. Mix the other half cup of flour with the dates, walnuts and coconut. Stir this into the batter, then stir in the cut up orange slices. Bake in an angel food cake pan which has been greased and floured. Bake in a 350-degree oven for one hour, or until done. Remove from the pan, and while it is hot, pour the combined orange juice and powdered sugar mixture over it. Let stand overnight in the refrigerator.

—Dorothy

PUMPKIN BAVARIAN MOLD

- 1 1/2 cups canned pumpkin
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 cups whipping cream
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine pumpkin, molasses, milk, sugar, spices, salt and vanilla flavoring in a large bowl. Soften gelatin in water; dissolve over boiling water. Stir gelatin into pumpkin mixture. Chill until slightly thickened. Whip the cream until stiff and then stir in the burnt sugar flavoring. Fold into the gelatin mixture. Pour into a 1 1/2-quart mold. Chill until firm. When unmolded, garnish with additional whipped cream and pecans. Serves 8.

This is a very unusual dessert and one that is bound to bring raves and requests for the recipe.

—Margery

CABBAGE-SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

- 1 1/2 lbs. pork sausage links
 - 2 Tbls. water
 - 1 1/2 lbs. cabbage, cut fine
 - 1/4 cup butter or margarine
 - Salt to taste
 - 1/4 cup flour
 - 2 cups milk
 - 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
 - 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
 - 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
 - Grated Parmesan cheese, if desired
- Place sausage and water in cold skillet. Cover and cook slowly 5 minutes. Remove cover and continue cooking until sausage is brown on all sides. Pour off grease.

Cook cabbage in boiling salted water to cover for 5 minutes; drain thoroughly. Melt the 1/4 cup butter or margarine and blend in salt and flour. Add milk and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add chopped pepper.

Place half of the cabbage in bottom of greased casserole. Arrange half of the sausage on top of cabbage. Spoon half of the sauce over meat and cabbage. Repeat layers.

Melt 1 Tbls. butter or margarine and mix with crumbs. Sprinkle crumbs around edge of casserole. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Bake in 350-degree oven 30 minutes.

—Abigail

CARROT COOKY

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup margarine
- 1 cup cooked, mashed carrots
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream the margarine and sugar well. Add the remaining ingredients and beat until well blended. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet and bake 15 minutes at 350 degrees. These can be frosted with an orange, butter, powdered sugar icing. They are very moist and delicious.

—Dorothy

CORN CREOLE

- 1 cup whole kernel corn
- 1 cup stewed tomatoes
- 1 Tbls. onion, chopped
- 4 slices bacon, fried and crumbled
- Salt and pepper

Cook on top of stove to heat through. This is a different vegetable to serve for company or nice to take to a covered dish supper.

—Lucile

SCOTCH SCONES*(Delicious Quick Bread)*

- 2 cups flour
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 egg
- 3/4 cup buttermilk

Combine flour, baking powder, soda, salt and sugar. Cut in butter or margarine. Beat egg slightly with fork and

combine with buttermilk and butter flavoring. Stir into dry ingredients lightly with fork. Knead three or four times. Cut into two portions. Pat each portion into a greased pie tin. Bake in a 425-degree oven 10 to 12 minutes, or until lightly browned. Serve hot with butter, honey or jam.

For a sweeter, very delicious quick bread, add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring and 1/4 cup raisins to the dough. After patting out in the pie tins, brush the top of each with a little slightly beaten egg white and sprinkle with sugar. Bake as directed.

—Evelyn

BUTTERSCOTCH CHIFFON PIE

- 1 baked 9-inch pie shell
- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 cup brown sugar firmly packed
- 1 cup scalded milk
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 cup granulated sugar

Soak gelatin in cold water for 5 minutes. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Gradually beat in the brown sugar, then the milk; add butter and salt and cook over hot (not boiling) water until mixture coats a spoon. Stir in gelatin. Cool. Add flavorings. Beat the egg whites until quite stiff. Then add the granulated sugar gradually while continuing to beat until stiff. Fold into the cooked custard. Pour into pie shell. Chill until firm.

We like this pie because it has a delicate flavor, is attractive in appearance, and yet is not too rich in calories.

—Lucile

ORANGE-ALMOND FILLING*(A sweet roll filling)*

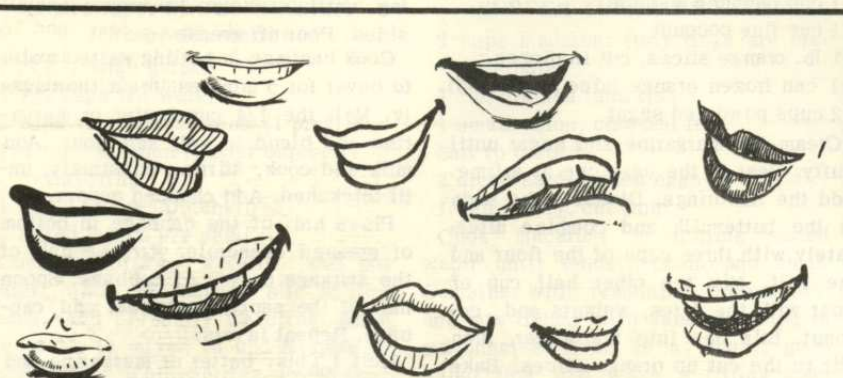
- 1 recipe for favorite sweet roll dough
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup cornstarch
- A dash of salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 1/4 cups fresh or frozen orange juice
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Make out your favorite roll recipe. (*Evelyn's Favorite Rolls* from *Kitchen-Klatter*, Nov. 1960, is perfect for this.) While the roll dough is rising the first time, make up the filling.

Combine sugar, cornstarch, salt, orange flavoring and orange juice. Cook over low heat, stirring, until thick and clear. Add butter or margarine and the vanilla and almond flavorings. Cool.

Knead out dough and roll into a big rectangle. Brush lightly with butter. Place orange filling on dough. Roll up as for a jelly roll. Cut into pinwheels and place on greased cooky sheets, leaving space between for them to rise. Let rise 45 minutes. Bake at 375 degrees until brown. Serve warm for dinner rolls or with powdered sugar icing for coffee or breakfast.

—Evelyn



Anyone with a MOUTH will enjoy this.

Everyone likes to eat, and most of us have a few mainstays in our diet that we prefer over all else. But even "meat and potatoes" dieters like to have some variety once in a while. And that's where you can shine.

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THE TABLE TALKS

by

Elaine Derendinger

Today my family retired me from active duty, I say "my family" for although they bought me 20 years ago, I feel as if I own them because I can't imagine what they would have done without me. You see, I'm the old oak dining table. I'm not sad about my retirement, not really.

I'm sagging in the middle where I've been reinforced underneath many times. Teen-agers have studied, if you can call that commotion study, around me at night, and there's a toddler who was beginning to beat my legs with toys. My nerves are shot, and many times I've thought I'd throw my bolts!

The children all learned to eat sitting around me and even, in fact, cut their teeth gnawing on my knees. Several of them learned to eat everything and several of them didn't. But they all seem healthy enough, and that's all that counts!

You might say they learned to do practically everything they know sitting, or running, about my sides. What's the handiest place to play games on? The dining table. What's a good thing to sit children at each end of after a fight? The dining table. Where is there enough room to spread out all the little girls' paper dolls? The dining table. And now that the little girls are big, where do they draw and sew? The dining table. Oh, the times I've been punctured with pencils and nicked with needles!

The boys, during their busy days, have cut pieces of wood with knives and glued model cars together with great gobs of glue. One used to clamp a food chopper on my edge to grind up sad and shrivelled apples for cider. Of course their mother tried to take good care of me, and I'm sure she succeeded. Twenty years is a long time, but I'd rather have been used and loved than left sitting alone and dusty.

The young folks weren't the only ones to give me hard wear. The mother typed out pieces on me with an old office typewriter that weighed a ton. Father re-assembled clocks and kitchen appliances that were acting up. (Sometimes he didn't re-assemble them, but he tried!)

And there were guests! Men sometimes struck matches on my underside, or in their heated discussions pounded my middle. Tiny tots even climbed on me and ran around on my top.

I only hope that my successor has

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To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.

To make all your friends feel that there is something in them.

To look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.

as much fun and sees as much during his stay as I have. He will probably emerge in better condition, unless, of course, there are grandchildren who will spend a lot of time there! Then his lot may be mine all over again.

To think only of the best, to work only for the best and expect only the best.

To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile.

To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others.

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

—Optimist International



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Your grandparents may never have heard of them. They cast no shadows, can't be seen. You can't clean them, dust them, sweep them, wash them, scrape them, throw them out, lock them in . . . or ignore them. They're friends to some — villains to others.

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A GREAT CONFERENCE

by
Evelyn Birkby

Thousands and thousands of conferences and conventions are held throughout the United States every year. They cover as wide a variety of interest and purposes as there are occupations and hobbies. Of all the possibilities, surely a Family Life Conference presents a broader field and has a more important message for the day in which we live simply because everyone, no matter who or where he may be, is a member of a family.

At the Methodist Family Life Conference, which was held recently in Chicago, I discovered that even people who live alone — widows, career women, bachelors, students — make a family unit of one. A family does not always mean two or more people living under the same roof. Certainly, as we all observed, the pattern, problems, opportunities and joys of each family changes and fluctuates.

Over three thousand people, most of them young parents, gathered in the huge assembly room. As might be expected, music contributed many high points in the conference. A large organ and a grand piano were used as accompaniment for most of the singing. One evening the Salvation Army Band gave a stirring performance. They also played for the hymn singing which was tremendous as we followed their lead.

The theme of the conference was "The Responsible Christian Family" and the speakers bore down hard on the word "responsible". In the first address, Mrs. Evelyn Duvall, author and authority on teenagers, said too many people feel like the kindergarten child who defined responsibility as meaning, "I gotta do it!" Rather, she said, it is response-ability, the *ability to respond*. We all need to become more aware of one another and the world which we share and be able to respond to the situations which arise.

It soon became apparent that families have the same problems everywhere. In most places, for example, concern is being expressed for the abolishment of childhood. Educational pressures, over-organized groups, have all but eliminated the natural activities of childhood and youngsters are pushed into being adults much too soon. Bishop Hazen Werner of New York emphasized this point and states, "Children need time to be as well as do."

Concern was expressed by many about the gradual weakening of the



Myrtle Felkner, on the left, and Evelyn Birkby had a great visit about *Kitchen-Klatter* when they accidentally met at the Family Life Conference in Chicago.

influence of the home. Lack of respect, one member for the others, was cited as one reason for this loss. Lack of respect by children for their parents came out in many discussions. The answer most frequently heard was for parents to begin to act like adults. They are the ones who need to build a strong foundation in their home by giving their children loving support, guidance and corrective discipline.

Too many adults have lost their goals. Too many homes are built on what is pleasurable, what is easy, what is expedient, not what is right. One speaker emphasized the fact that we need to grow a generation of young people who are not afraid of what is right and what is true. These must be young people who are disciplined to higher ideals than an immediate round of pleasure. They cannot be developed without parents who can show them by example.

A workshop led by Mary Alice Jones, who has written a tremendously worthwhile series of Christian books for children (*Tell Me About God*, *Tell Me About Jesus*, etc. published by Rand McNally and Co. of Chicago) went deep into the point of standing up for what we think is right.

"Tell your children how you feel about different circumstances and actions," Miss Jones stressed. "Don't be afraid to say, 'Yes, I know what the Jones' are doing, but we don't do that in our home. This is what we believe! This is what we do!'"

A most unexpected surprise came beside the elevator one morning. The lovely lady waiting for the elevator and I began to visit and when we exchanged names we were amazed. She was Myrtle Felkner of Centerville, Iowa, who started writing for *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine some twenty years ago. We felt like old friends even

though we had never met before. We attended the day's sessions together and had dinner in the evening in a delightful Irish restaurant.

Myrtle commented that it was such a relief to hear that the home is still the best environment in which children can grow emotionally, physically and spiritually. Strong character cannot be grown in a vacuum. Strong, spiritual children cannot develop in an environment filled with materialism.

As Myrtle said, in a time when large schools, television, and organized recreation are expanding all around us, the feeling nags that the home is no longer as influential as it used to be. If this is true it is only because we parents have allowed the home to be pushed into second place.

The family is truly the reason for existence. It is the place where a young person can get hold of what he believes. It is the place where religion can become real and meaningful. It is the place where ignorance and intolerance and prejudice can be abolished. It is the place where children can achieve world-mindedness. Bishop Copeland of Nebraska stated it so well when he said, "Home is the birthplace of *learning* and the beginning of *living*."

Bishop Copeland brought into focus much that had been said during the week. The word "love" had come into many discussions and he summarized it all by saying that man's deepest need is to be loved and to express love; that love starts with God's expression of love for us. The Christian home is the place where love, without pretense and sham, is working within with spiritual strength. We are channels through which God's love can work in the world. We find love only by giving it.

He also stressed that rights are balanced with responsibilities; liberty with loyalty; and freedom of love with fidelity.

The service at which Bishop Copeland spoke was the final meeting of the conference. The couple who sat to my right were Presbyterians from Pennsylvania; the young man on my left was a Catholic from Texas. At the close of the service all three thousand persons present, from all states, from many economic groups, from a variety of races and several foreign countries, were asked to join hands. Together we sang Malotte's "The Lord's Prayer". With tears in many eyes, the conference was dismissed with the prayer that somehow the family of the world can find the unity we had felt so clearly during that stirring service.



FOR WEARIN' OF THE GREEN TIME

by
Virginia Thomas

DECORATIONS

Start your St. Patrick's party right off with a big blarney! Put up a large white banner across the room where the guests will see it as they arrive. Write in large green letters the Irish motto *Gaid Mille a Failthe* (a thousand welcomes to all).

Kissin' Centerpiece: Using the kissing ring idea such as we use at holiday time with mistletoe, fasten together two white circles to make the ring. This might be placed on a pretty glass footed cake plate. Inside place a smooth rock for the blamey stone, entwining artificial shamrocks around the ring. Peanut pixie leprechauns can be perched on the ring.

ENTERTAINMENT

Irish Stew Fortunes: The hostess should ask someone to be the "fortune lady", who wears a white paper apron trimmed with green shamrocks and a white ruffled cap, and presides over the cauldron (large kettle) which contains water. Upon the surface of the water are floated "dumplings" made of absorbent cotton wrapped in plastic. Inside each dumpling place a fortune written on a slip of paper. Each guest is allowed to ladle out a dumpling from the "stew" and thus learn his fortune.

Shenanigan Mix-Up (names of places in Ireland):

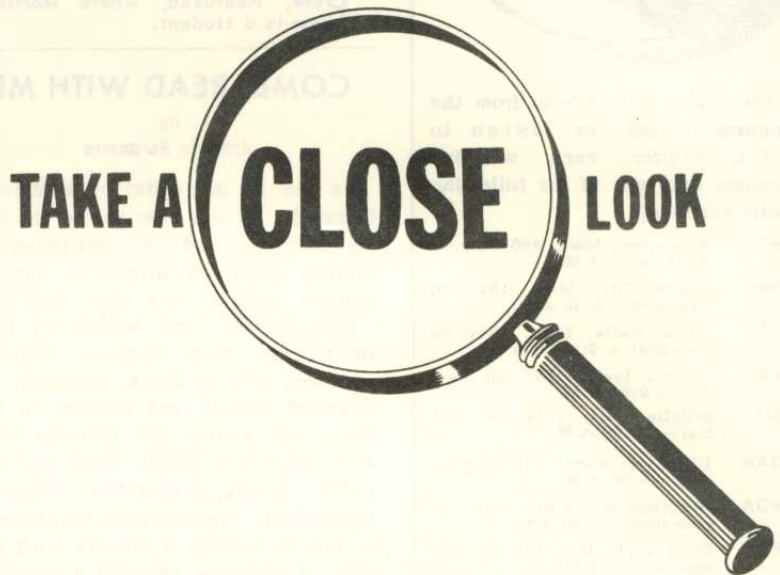
1. Rokc (cork)
2. Nnnohas Verri (Shannon River)
3. Ainkellyr (Killamey)
4. Yenralb Lectas (Blarney Castle)
5. Tselfba (Belfast)
6. Replrypati (Tipperary)
7. Ldnubi (Dublin)
8. Iiclerkm (limerick)

Wearing of the Green: Names of various greens and vegetables (celery, spinach, cabbage, lettuce, etc.) are written on numbered slips of paper. The slips are pinned to the backs of the guests. At a signal each player tries to see the name written on the tags of the others without letting his own be read, writing them down on a piece of paper beside the correct number. Give a bunch of celery as a prize

to the one who first gets all of the names down correctly.

Feeding the Pig: Hang a large piece of an old sheet across a door, on which has been drawn a large pig face. Cut out a hold for the mouth, just big enough that a small potato can pass through. Each player is given three potatoes which he tries to toss through the hole from some distance away. To make it more difficult, the players can be blindfolded.

Visit to "Doublin" Art Gallery: Each guest is given a paper and crayon, the paper folded into three equal sections. On the first section each player draws the head of something, folds the paper over to cover it, and passes it to someone else. The second person draws the body. The third time the papers are passed the person draws the feet. Display all the pictures in the "gallery" so that all may see what creatures have been drawn.



Take a good close look at the last clothes you bought. How long do you think they'll continue to look so new and bright?

Maybe you'd better take a close look, now, at the bleach you're using. The answer probably is right there.

If you're using a harsh liquid bleach, the chlorine in it may take out dirt and stains, but chances are it's taking the life out of the fabric, too. First thing you know, "bleach rot" is doing its ugly work. And if you're using a "lazy" bleach, your things just get dingier and dingier.

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KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans. 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn. 730 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
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.



The library at Doane College, Crete, Nebraska, where Martin Strom is a student.

COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

We are in the midst of a Midwest blizzard. Did you ever notice the family coziness and neighborliness exhibited during a blizzard? Anyway, summer sounds very nice just now.

That famous and well-loved radio interviewer, Mary Margaret McBride, who was born in Paris, Missouri, and attended school and college in that state, has written *The Growing Up of Mary Elizabeth* (Dodd, Mead and Co., \$3.75). Lively, loving Mary Elizabeth MacDonald, twelve-going-on-thirteen, is sure to become a favorite book heroine. A charming story of a sensitive young girl, the book is enhanced with fine illustrations by Lorence F. Bjorklund. Warm featherbeds, so hard to make; ribbed stockings, over bulky long underwear; lamp chimneys, cleaned with pieces of newspaper, and a wire shaker, for popping corn in the fireplace all remind the reader of living in 1910. The Old Home Place,

where Mama had been born, had a family's history built into it. The picture of a stalwart, loving and happy Missouri farm family of a little over a half century ago is found in *The Growing Up of Mary Elizabeth*.

Mary Margaret McBride now spends much of her time at her home in the country of upstate New York, where she broadcasts three times a week, chatting informally with her neighbors and with the world's great.

With the approach of Easter, I've enjoyed reading *Faith, Peace, and Purpose* (The World Publishing Co., \$4) by Richard L. Evans. Each Sunday millions of listeners across the nation tune in to hear the inspiring broadcast of "Music and the Spoken Word, from the Crossroads of the West." For more than thirty-six years Richard L. Evans has delivered the brief but eloquent messages that are featured with the music of the internationally acclaimed Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ.

In response to request, he has again selected more than one hundred meditations of enduring value, arranging them around central themes to provide a permanent treasury of spiritual insight. *Faith, Peace, and Purpose* illustrates once more the "common-sense wisdom" that reviewers have found in Richard Evans' previous books. His "down-to-earth" understanding of everyday trials and joys is enriched by a profound sense of truth and moral purpose. Chapter headings give an idea of the contents: The Wonder of Work; Mistakes . . . and Lessons Learned; Habits: Cobwebs, Then Cables; Decisions - and Self-Control; and "The Song I Came to Sing."

The words of the great prose writers and the classic simplicity of the writing of Richard L. Evans makes *Faith, Peace, and Purpose* a book of lasting truth and moral purpose.

A slim volume, 96 pages, called *Six and God* by Louis B. Seltzer (The World Publishing Co., \$3.95) is interesting reading because it tells of the devotion of ordinary people to the service of God. Recently retired as editor of the *Cleveland Press*, Mr. Seltzer has known the great and the near-great in all walks of life. He writes of Rebecca Tariano, who, after the death of first her husband and then her infant son, devoted herself to good works in her neighborhood; John Fleming, who rose from abjection to make his peace with God; and Effie Pekar, a tiny schoolteacher who led a classroom troublemaker to the path of good citizenship. Uplifting reading.

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Happiness is getting perfect germination from a rather costly packet of hybrid petunia seeds, and then having the seedlings develop into sturdy little plants with no evidence of the dread 'Damping-off' disease. This was our good fortune with a seed packet of a new large-flowered double petunia called "Think Pink". The flowers of this new introduction are said to be 6-7" across with great wide petals of a beautiful mid-pink tinged with salmon. The plants are said to bloom early (we are watching anxiously for the first buds) with the huge blooms covering the foliage. You can get seeds of Think Pink from the Geo. W. Park Seed Co., Greenwood, South Carolina. (50 seeds for \$1.00)

Double petunias make delightful house plants and will bloom all winter long if placed near a sunny window. New plants can be started readily from soft cuttings. Petunia seeds need bottom heat (70 degrees F.) for best germination and should be sown over a moist sterile planting medium such as milled sphagnum moss. Do not attempt to cover the fine seeds. Water the container by setting in a tray of tepid water for a short time. Place a sheet of clear plastic over the container until seedlings appear. You may need to prop the plastic up a bit to let in needed air. Do this also when moisture collects on the underside of the cover. Feed the tiny plants a weak solution of any good soluble plant food after the plants are a week old. Grow them cool and on the dry side to discourage 'damp-off'. If you notice some of the tiny plants falling over, you already have the trouble. Use a fungicide such as Pan-o-drench to combat the fungus, being sure to follow the directions on the bottle. An ounce bottle of Pan-o-drench costs only 98¢ and if you can't buy it locally, search through the products section in some of your seed catalogues. It is a good idea to order a bottle along with your flower and garden seeds "just in case".

Prick the seedlings out of the growing medium and transplant to soil as soon as the second set of leaves has formed. Grow them where they will get the best light possible but where the temperature is between 55 and 60 degrees F. for sturdy plants. Don't be afraid to pinch out the top of each plant to make them develop side shoots. If you like lots of petunia plants for beds and borders, starting your own plants is most rewarding.

RESURRECTION

A little brown seed dropped to the ground

Away from the parent stock,
A summer breeze wafted it on its way
Near the side of a friendly rock.

The little brown seed in its shelter there

Awaited the sun and the rain,
With the mystery of life in its little brown coat,
(Resurrection will come again.)

The south wind called the little brown seed,

It pushed its shoot up through the sod,

The soul of a flower soon to unfold,
And the secret is known only to God.

—Mary E. Boyles

MUMPS TRUMPS

When kiddies have the mumps
It's bound to make Mom glum
But think of all those pennies
You can save on bubble gum.

—Julia Bockmann

THE JOURNEY

I have traveled the road of life,
Beset with care, trouble and strife.
But when 'twas roughest I could still
See that gleam atop the far hill . . .
Of a beacon light, and its bright glow
Beckoned me onward and I'd go
Another mile; and the great load
That Fate had upon me bestowed,
Hampered my progress; but the will
To reach that beacon was there still.
Oft I wondered, if round the bend
A resting place would be road's end;
But life's road does not end that way,
And I'm still traveling today.

—Helen Henson Hess

EDITOR'S NOTE: This poem was composed on her 90th birthday.



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Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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5¢

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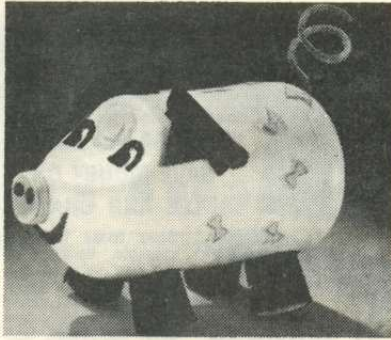
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Also send my **FREE "99-PLUS PLASTIC PROJECTS"** Book under separate cover.

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The cost of living keeps climbing higher, but the cost of success remains the same.



Aunt Jessie Shambaugh (center) and friends George Welty and Mrs. Wayne Whitmore received "Partners in 4-H" awards at the annual 4-H Leaders Banquet held in Shenandoah in January. We are grateful to the Page County Extension office for sharing this picture with us.

MARCH DEVOTIONS - Concluded DIVER'S DISEASE

(A story that might be used as the master of ceremonies urges more people to give of their time and talents to some special job in the church.)

A quaint old preacher stood up to preach. He read his text: "They brought to Jesus all sick people that were taken with diver's diseases."

The preacher said, "Now, the doctors can scrutinize you, analyze you, and sometimes can cure your ills, but when you have diver's diseases, then only the Lord can cure you. And brethren, there is a regular epidemic of diver's diseases among us today!

"Some dive for the door after Sunday school is over, or when the superintendent asks them to teach a class. Some dive for the television set during any evening church meeting. Some

dive into a bag of excuses about any work that needs to be done around our Heavenly Father's house. Others dive for the car to take a trip over the weekend. Then a few dive into a flurry of fault-finding every time the church takes on a work program, or evangelistic mission.

"Yes, brethren, it takes the Lord and love of the church to cure diver's diseases. Do *you* need Him? Do *you* need to take the cure?"

Paul Lawrence Dunbar's well-known poem "The Lord Had a Job for Me", is fine to use in this same line of recruitment.

THE WORLD'S BIBLE

Christ has no hands but our hands
To do His work today.
He has no feet but our feet
To lead men in His way.
He has no tongues but our tongues
To tell men how He died.
He has no help but our help
To bring them to His side.

We are the only Bible
The careless world will read.
We are the sinner's gospel.
We are the scoffer's creed.
We are the Lord's last message,
Given in deed and word.
What if the type is crooked?
What if the print is blurred?

What if our hands are busy
With other work than His?
What if our feet are walking
Where sin's allurements is?
What if our tongues are speaking
Of things His lips would spurn?
How can we call ourselves Christian
If we do not His love return?

—Selected

"God Be with You Till We Meet Again", "May the Good Lord Bless and Keep You", or "Blest Be the Tie" are songs that might be used in closing, to be followed by the benediction.



TIME TELLERS

Both are public servants, from work
Never surcease; diligently perform
Regardless of the weather,
Clear skies or gathering storm.
Calendar upon the wall,
Clock in entrance hall.
Each numbered day falls into step
With sounding seconds of the clock.
Weaving into weeks — weeks
With months interlock.
And months in like manner race
With the ticking clock keep pace.
When final month of calendar
Leaves an empty space,
Another is quickly hung —
Taking the old one's place.
Calendar upon the wall,
Clock in entrance hall.
Long would be your holiday
If man was able time to stay.

—Sara Lee Skydell



The **Kitchen-Klatter** magazine goes to every state in the United States and many foreign countries. Friends who read the magazine write: "I do not want to miss a single copy," "I read every article," and "I have taken **Kitchen-Klatter** since it started and still have every issue."

If you are already a regular subscriber, why not send a gift subscription to a friend?

\$1.50 per year — 12 issues \$2.00 foreign subscriptions

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

MARCH DEVOTIONS - Concluded

the mysterious secrets of the source of wind and tides, the germ in a brown seed are in God's keeping.

All: PRAISE THE LORD. HIS WORLD IS A WORLD OF WONDERS.

Leader: The knowledge he has made known to man - inventions and discoveries that have made of our lives a wonderful thing - how great!

All: PRAISE THE LORD. HIS WORLD IS A WORLD OF WONDERS.

Leader: Our minds with which to think, to ask questions, to search for answers, to plan - all gifts from Him - the whys and wherefores we do not understand!

All: PRAISE THE LORD. HIS WORLD IS A WORLD OF WONDERS.

Leader: The example, the teaching, the love, the life of Jesus all freely given to us.

All: PRAISE THE LORD. HIS SON WAS THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL - WONDERFUL COUNSELOR, FRIEND, AND SAVIOR OF MANKIND. PRAISE THE LORD.

Solo: "I Believe" or "He Lives".

Leader:

Look to this day, for it is Life -
The very Life of Life!

In its brief course lie all the Verities
And Realities of your Existence:

The Bliss of Growth,
The Glory of Action,
The Splendor of Beauty;
For Yesterday is but a Dream.

And Tomorrow is only a Vision;

But Today well lived

Makes every Yesterday a Dream of
Happiness,

And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.
Look well, therefore to this Day!

-from "The Salutation to the Dawn"
from the Sanskrit

This is the joy of Easter. Because He lives, we, too, shall live! This is the challenge of Easter - remembering each day that "This is the day which the Lord hath made. Rejoice and be glad in it." John 13:17 tells us "If you know these things, blessed are you if you do them." Then shall we truly know the joy of Easter.

Hymn by All: "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today".

Closing Prayer:

Thou great Lord God, as Thou createst the earth anew each springtime, create our hearts anew this Easter. Fill our hearts with gratitude for the gift of Thy dear Son, and for all His gifts to us. Grant us the wisdom, the courage, the faith to follow where He has shown us the Way. Amen.





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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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Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner goes into solution the minute it touches water - even hardest water. And, because it leaves no froth or scum to rinse away, it cuts cleaning time even more.

If you aren't using this modern miracle worker, you're missing something! Your grocer has it.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER



PICK STRAWBERRIES IN 60 DAYS SKYSCRAPER® CLIMBING STRAWBERRIES

EVERBEARING PRODUCE ALL SUMMER UNTIL FROST.

4 for \$1⁰⁰

- ★ LARGE JUICY BERRIES!
- ★ PRODUCES BERRIES FROM BOTTOM TO TOP!
- ★ BEARS FRUIT FIRST YEAR!
- ★ EVER-BEARING PERENNIALS-GROW YEAR AFTER YEAR!
- ★ CAN BE TRAINED ON ANY TRELLIS, FENCE OR POLE!
- ★ EASY TO GROW-SIMPLE TO PLANT!

It's true! A beautiful climbing strawberry. A strawberry plant that produces delicious, honey-sweet red strawberries the whole way up! Read these facts and learn how you can grow these beautiful ornamental plants that produce berries that you can pick from the vine.

Imagine the curiosity, the envy of your neighbors as they watch you grow strawberries on a pole, trellis or fence. Imagine the interest and excitement as they watch this richly foliaged plant reaching vigorously upward. Imagine your own delight as you watch enticing bright red strawberries appear. Just picture yourself leisurely walking through your garden picking real, red strawberries from your own exotic climbing strawberry plants...picking delightful tasting strawberries right off the vine...without having to wash off the dirt...and popping them into your mouth to enjoy their vine-fresh flavor!

CLIMBING STRAWBERRIES ARE PERENNIALS

EVER-BEARING—PRODUCE ALL SUMMER UNTIL FROST

You don't have to buy and plant these Climbing Strawberries every year! Because they are hardy perennials, they'll grow year after year. And each spring they'll produce even more lustily, increasing in length quickly and forming 5 to 6 rosettes at intervals. These rosettes produce clusters of flowers from which the berries fruit profusely this year. In turn, the rosettes produce more runners which bear more flowers and fruit. A prolific, splendid plant to enjoy for years and years. It is truly everbearing.

EASY TO GROW

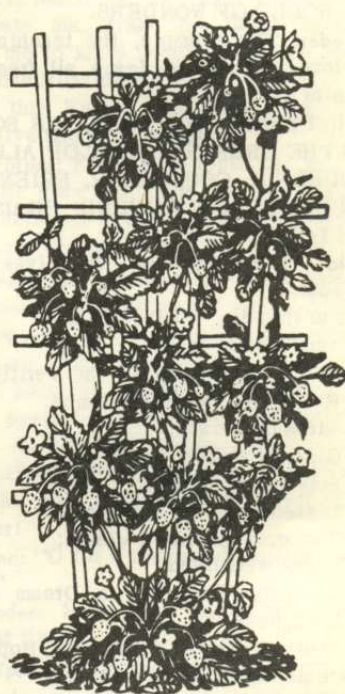
These plants have proven their ability to thrive and produce and withstand severe winters. And you don't need a lot of space to grow them in...only a couple of square feet of ground per plant! Imagine—a climbing strawberry plant from only 2 square feet of ground! Amazing, but true. Planting and care are simple and full directions come with your order.

STRAWBERRIES FROM SPRING UNTIL FROST

Offer will not be repeated
this year

Climbing strawberries grow, climb and bear succulent berries until killing frost. Planted in early spring, these climbing strawberry plants start producing berries around July and continue to produce week after week, until frost. You can enjoy the firm texture, tempting fragrance and delightful taste of these magnificent strawberries for months. But that's not all! These plants are as beautiful as they are practical. Not only do they produce delicious fruit, but they also help to dress up your garden with beautiful greenery decked generously with bright red berries. A splendid ornamental plant with luxurious wax-green foliage. Act today!

Our Skyscraper Strawberry parent plants were imported by us from England. These plants have been propagated and cultivated **EXCLUSIVELY** for us in the United States and are available **ONLY** through this advertisement and **CANNOT** be purchased **anywhere** else.



3-MONTH WRITTEN GUARANTEE

Climbing Strawberry plants are shipped to arrive in perfect condition for planting...to grow and produce berries or plants will be replaced absolutely **FREE** anytime within 3 months!

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**4 Plants Only \$1.00
10 Plants Only \$2.00**

Please rush me my CLIMBING STRAWBERRY PLANTS 4 for \$1.00... or 10 for \$2.00.
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July ads due May 10.

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- _____ Special Diet S; lose weight all over including fat stomach.
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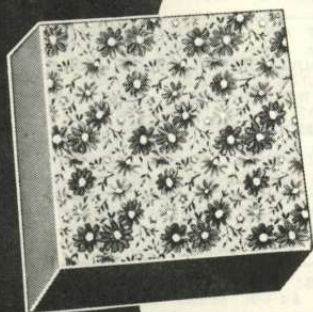
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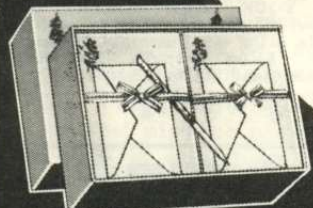


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SOMETHING SPECIAL
ALL OCCASION ASSORTMENT
20 truly magnificent cards.
Smart new styling in
striking iridescent
colors. Breathtakingly
beautiful



NEW!
ALL OCCASION
GIFT WRAPPING
ENSEMBLE
20 gay, colorful large
sheets plus matching
gift tags. Terrific

Last year some folks made
only \$25 to \$50 while others
made \$150 - \$250 - \$500
and more selling our entire
line of greeting cards.
Many church groups, or-
ganizations, schools, lodges,
etc. do this year after year.



NEW!
GOLD AND SILVER FLORAL
STATIONERY ENSEMBLE
Elegantly embossed rose design.
Rich vellum sheets and envelopes.
Includes pen-letter opener.
Just lovely

**FREE
SAMPLES**
PERSONALIZED
STATIONERY
and CATALOG OF
OUR ENTIRE LINE



NEW!
"THE CRITTERS"
ALL OCCASION ASSORTMENT
Latest rage! 10 different, delightful
animals in full jungle colors. Extra
large cards. Suitable for wall
decorations. Unusual

**CUT OUT ENTIRE
BUSINESS REPLY
COUPON AT RIGHT**

**FILL IN
FOLD OVER FIRMLY
AND MAIL TODAY**

**No Stamp or
Envelope Necessary**

IT COSTS
YOU
NOTHING
TO TRY

for selling only 100 boxes of our new Glamorous Greetings All Occasion
assortment. You make \$1.00 for selling 1 box, \$2.00 for 2 boxes,
\$10.00 for 10 boxes, etc. You can make a few dollars or hundreds of
dollars. All you do is call on neighbors, friends and relatives anywhere
in your spare time. Everyone needs and buys Greeting Cards.
Cut out entire Business Reply Coupon below - mail it today
-and free samples of personalized stationery-plus other
leading Greeting Card box assortments will be sent you
immediately on approval. No experience necessary.



Cut Along
Dotted Line

Postage
Will be Paid
by
Addressee

No
Postage Stamp
Necessary
If Mailed in the
United States

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

First Class Permit No. 589, White Plains, New York

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY

20 Bank Street

White Plains, New York 10606

Dept. P-52

DO NOT CUT HERE JUST FOLD OVER, SEAL AND MAIL—NO STAMP OR ENVELOPE NECESSARY

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY, Dept. P-52
White Plains, New York 10606

YES, RUSH MY ALL OCCASION CARD SAMPLE KIT

I want to make extra money. Please rush me free samples of personalized
stationery. Also send leading boxes on approval for 30 day free trial, and
everything I need to start making money the day my sales kit arrives.

Fill in your name and address below - No stamp necessary

Name _____ Apt. _____

Address _____ No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

If writing for an organi-
zation, give its name here _____

THIS ENTIRE FOLD-OVER COUPON FORMS A NO-POSTAGE-REQUIRED BUSINESS REPLY ENVELOPE

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY
White Plains, New York 10606

Cut Along Dotted Line—Seal (Paste, Staple or Tape) and Mail