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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

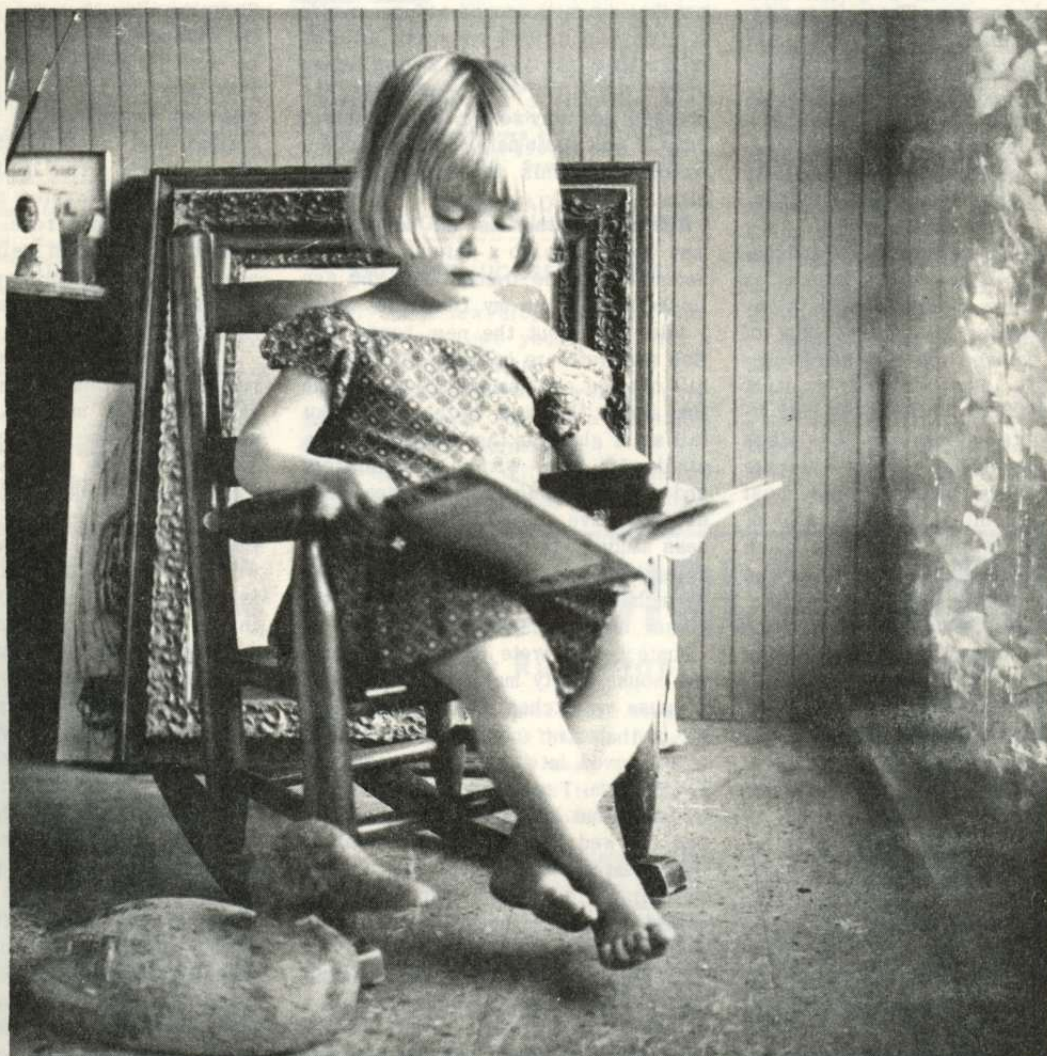
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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Before I came down to the office this morning I sat in front of the big windows overlooking the garden and watched with lively interest the four cardinals that were flying around in such a way that it reminded me of children playing tag. There is one female and three males, and never have I seen such swooping and diving and chasing each other in and out of the magnolia tree. We've always had a male and a female cardinal in our garden during the winter months, but this is the first time I've watched four together for several days running.

Another thing we've had in unusual supply during these winter months is cats — all kinds of cats. There is one that I'm positive is a descendant of Juliana's beloved old Saccafrass because it has identical markings right down to the four white boots and V-shaped white splash on its black throat. Some of these many cats are very, very big and certainly most beautiful (I'm thinking particularly of the huge orange one and the jet black one that are obviously Persians), and some of the others are as ugly as sin. Jake's greatest diversion is watching them through the windows and putting up a wild show whenever one appears. All you need to do to put him into a positive fit is to say in a quiet, conversational tone of voice: "Kitty-Cat!" Instantly there is a great explosion.

These days I know exactly where Jakey is walking about in the house because he jangles constantly. We've had a great deal of trouble about dogs in our town and the city council issued orders that made me sit up and take notice! I've always licensed him, of course, but until now he had never worn his tag. I didn't want to run the risk of having the dog catcher pick him up, so I bought a new red collar and attached the tag and he makes as much noise jangling around as Santa Claus at a distance.

Our cover picture this month has a real story behind it. The adorable little girl is Heather Watkins, daughter of Ruth and Bob Watkins of San Mateo, California, and a granddaughter of our Aunt Jessie Shambaugh. She is wearing a dress worn by her grandfather, I. W. Shambaugh when he was a little boy, and as nearly as we can figure out that dress is around 110 years old. It always surprises me when articles of clothing survive such a long, long span. No little boy would ever be dressed this way today, but in the old days it was customary to make clothes exactly like this for both boys and girls.

Heather's father is an advertising man but he is also a painter, and this accounts for the frames that you see in the picture. In my December letter I told you about the new house that Bob and Ruth are building high on the hill outside of Clarinda, Iowa, and in that house the bulk of the third floor (all solid glass on the north) will be a studio for Bob. With six youngsters and limited space he's never been able to have a real, honest-to-goodness studio, but certainly the one now being built will make up for the years when he couldn't have everything together in one place as he wanted it.

Since I last wrote to you we've had the house pretty much torn to pieces because my kitchen was repainted, and all of that stuff (mountains of it!) had to be moved into the dining room and living room. I remember when we settled into that kitchen around ten years ago I vowed that I'd never let things accumulate and pile up, but it was shocking to see how much had gotten buried in drawers and cupboards.

The kitchen was painted a lovely soft blue to begin with and I hadn't really contemplated changing it until I realized that it would be years (a minimum of ten!) before that big job was tackled again, so I decided to give up the blue and use a bright and cheerful daffodil yellow. This looks fine with all of the walnut, but frankly, I just cannot yet quite make it seem like my

own familiar kitchen. Everytime I go there I get a shock!

I had threatened to give up once and for all on the elaborately hand-embroidered lace panels that hang at the big Thermopane window on the north, but when it came right down to it I couldn't make myself part with them even though they are very extensively mended and patched. I figure that those curtains are at least 65 years old, possibly older, and there is a limit as to how long they can be expected to stay in one piece. The gifted woman who does them up for me always groans when I call her and says when she is done: "Now this is the last time, Lucile — I just can't mend them anymore." But she was willing to break down "just one last time" and thus my beloved old curtains are snowy white and back up where they belong.

Speaking of beautiful sewing or hand-work, I feel unbelievably fortunate to have our old friend, Mabel Schoff of Stewartsville, Missouri, able to make the christening robe and slip that will be worn by Juliana's and Jed's baby. I've never in my life known *anyone* who can do embroidery, setting in insertion, etc., as beautifully as Mabel. She is a real artist in the pure sense of the word. I wanted a long, formal 21-inch dress and robe that could be handed down as an heirloom to Juliana's and Jed's children, and this is exactly what Mabel is working on right now.

At first Mabel and I were much worried as to where in the world we could find exquisite material for such an outfit, but this problem was solved miraculously by the fact that Anita Turner had brought with her several yards of cartographer's linen. This is the finest linen manufactured in the world, comes with a stiff backing and is used to make maps. Once the backing is off you have extremely sheer material that is just like silk. Anita said she had no idea why in the world she brought that with her (she'd had it over 25 years) but just on a sudden impulse tucked it in as she was packing. Well, this proved to be the one most perfect thing for Mabel's talents and I still think it's rather eerie that Anita brought it along purely on impulse.

Anyone who wants to make baby clothes should be warned that it is virtually impossible to buy pure cotton insertion and lace. I couldn't find an inch of it here in Shenandoah and Mabel had a hard time with many disappointments before she managed to locate some in a small town in Missouri. Anyone who contemplates using pure cotton and lace should begin

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FREDERICK'S LETTER FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Have you ever eaten Ugli Fruit? No, I do not mean ugly fruit; I mean Ugli Fruit! We had some for breakfast this morning, and it is delicious. It is all the rage here on the eastern seaboard since so many people have been going to Jamaica for a winter holiday. Just this week our neighborhood fancy food shop received a supply from Jamaica, and we have been having some of our friends in to try it. Actually, it looks ugly — about the size and shape of a shriveled up grapefruit that had dropped from the tree while still green. To look at it, you would think that someone had stepped on it and given it a kick, but once it is opened, it is lovely. Inside it is like the juiciest, sweetest, brightest-colored orange you ever ate. If it were not such a rare delicacy we would eat it every morning. Just for fun, ask your fruit man for some Ugli Fruit and see what he says. He probably will think that you are a bit touched in the head!

As I sit here writing to you I am looking at the most beautiful vase of orchids. I think that they were imported from Jamaica, too, but I am not sure. The orchids were a gift to Betty when she was so sick with the flu last week. Oh yes, we both had the flu in a combination of varieties and attacks. I was only sick for three days, but poor Betty had it for ten days. Even my car had the flu or something worse! Honestly, I do have the worst luck with cars that get sick just when I need them the most. For no good reason the transmission on my old car started to get sick about a week ago, and ever since I have been debating about getting it fixed or trading it in on something else. I made the decision today when I learned that the sales tax and the excise tax on a new car would more than pay the \$300.00 needed to fix up the old one. And when I say "new car" I actually mean a one-year-old secondhand car. I never buy cars until someone else has owned and driven them for one year.

These have been difficult days for me; I am without an associate minister. The fine young minister who has been working with me for the past three years has been called to a big parish just about fifteen miles from here, and now my church is looking for a man to replace him. It is not easy to find a good associate minister these days when there is such a shortage of clergy. Our seminaries are not graduating as many men as they did a few years ago, and with the expanding population there is a greater need for them than ever before. What we would



Frederick, Betty and their two children had the pleasure of dining in true native fashion at a village inn when they visited Japan last summer.

like to do here is to find a man who has had his own church for several years but who is looking for the kind of experience that a large downtown city church can provide. Goodness knows that we have the problems and the challenges to provide a world of experience!

Our Neighborhood Recreation Room project is off to a good start with a fine staff of college students on the job each day. What we hope to do is to provide a nice recreation room facility for the young people who live in the tenements in the general neighborhood of the church. So many children live in small apartments with so many brothers and sisters that they are literally crowded out into the streets except for the hours when they are in bed, and of course it is the young people who hang around on the streets who get into trouble. We know that the secret of success for programs like ours is good supervision, and that we intend to have. I wish that you could see the many fine pieces of equipment we have placed in the recreation room for the use of the youngsters. It is a great temptation for me to play the games when I ought to be down in my study preparing sermons or Bible lectures.

Don't you think that Easter is just about the happiest day of the year? Sometimes I think that it is Christmas and sometimes I think that it is Easter, and now that Easter is only a few days away, I am sure that it is Easter. There is a spiritual satisfaction about a happy Easter that does something more for the soul than even the happiest Christmas can do. You see, Christmas comes on a Sunday only once in several years, but Easter always is on a Sunday, and it always brings more

people to worship than any other day of the year.

There are many rewards that come to a clergyman, but there are few things more rewarding than a blessed Easter — the thrill of a church packed with people who love the Lord, the thrill of beautiful music and beautiful flowers and more beautiful children than one sees in church on any other day. It seems to me that as I grow older Easter becomes lovelier and lovelier, so much so that I have wondered if Easter is simply a foretaste of what heaven will be like. In any event, we know it to be the most heavenly of days experienced in this life.

When we were in Japan last summer, we learned something about the Japanese that we all liked very much. The people of that lovely island country have an ability to enjoy life that most Americans do not have. Did you know that in Japan you may be invited to a tea-tasting party at which no conversation is expected? We went to one held in an exquisite little cottage deep in a grove of beautiful fir trees. There we sat in subdued but elegant surroundings and watched the hostess prepare a little taste of tea for each of us. In complete silence we did our best to stretch our appreciative abilities, nodding and smiling at the proper moment, and then, as a soft rain started to fall, taking our leave with many low bows and softly worded phrases of thanks.

The Japanese also have wood fragrance parties, moon-viewing parties, and snow-watching parties at which the guests sit and meditate on the loveliness of the world of nature. While they know how to work fast and

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Let All the Earth Her Song Begin!

An Easter Worship Service

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Place a Bible, opened to Psalm 96, on the altar. On one side of the Bible place your church hymnal and, if you have one, place your church's Book of Worship on the other side, standing these up so titles can be seen. For a backdrop, cut several singing bird silhouettes from sheets of old music and pin them hit-and-miss fashion on some dark material. Complete the setting with spring flowers.

Prelude: Any joyful Easter music played on piano, organ, or record player will be appropriate. This allows the group to become quiet and those taking part in the service to take their places, and sets a receptive mood for the service.

(It is suggested that those taking part wear choir robes. The Scripture is given by different readers as indicated by number.)

Call to Worship:

"Now let the heavens be joyful
Let earth her song begin,
Let all the world keep triumph
And all that is therein.

Let all things, seen and unseen,
Their notes of gladness blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy, that hath no end."

Hymn: "Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain" or "Welcome, Happy Morning".

Scripture: (First Reader) *For lo, the winter is past: The rain is over and gone: The flowers appear on the earth: The time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle dove is heard in our land: The fig tree puts forth its figs and the vines are in blossom: They give forth fragrance.*

Leader: "O rare is the splendor of lilies, and sweet as the violet's breath, comes the jubilant morning of Easter, a triumph of life over death; For fresh from the earth's quickened bosom, blossoms of springtime we'd bring, and scatter their satin soft petals to carpet a path for our King."

Hymn: "Christ Arose".

Scripture: (Second Reader) *O sing to the Lord a new song; sing to the Lord, all the earth! Sing to the Lord, bless His name: Tell of His salvation from day to day. Declare His glory among the nations. His marvelous works among all the peoples! For great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.*

Litany: (Scripture readers read in unison with audience giving the response, led by the leader.)

Readers: For the beauty of an awakening world, for the warm spring breeze, the blooming of flowers, the singing of birds, the sun, the rain

All: We sing our song of praise, O God.

Readers: For the life of Jesus whom God sent to show that serving others is better than being served, that love will overcome hate, that all peoples are God's family, equal in his sight

All: We sing our song of praise, O God.

Readers: For the realization that comes afresh each blessed Easter Day when we sing with joyful hearts, "Jesus lives! Jesus lives!"

All: We sing our song of praise, O God. Amen.

Leader: "Only God can take a world without form, void, bereft of life, touch it so, with the sun's bright rays, that beauty springs from roots of strife.

"Only God can take a man perverse and hard — bereft of good, touch him so, with his own dear Son, that love is born where hate once stood.

"Only God can take a heart broken and sad, bereft of light, touch it so, with his wondrous Word, that songs arise, though it be night." (Anon.)

Scripture: (First Reader) *In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God.*

Second Reader: *And the word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth: We have beheld His glory, glory as the son from the father . . . and from His fullness have we all received grace.*

Hymn: "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today", verses 1 and 2.

Leader: What is Easter?

It is joy different from other joys.

It is a tulip opening in a garden.

It is a bird singing, singing, singing.

It is a white lily before a stained glass window.

It is great music ringing alleluias.

It is wondrous happiness as faith is reborn.

It is a still quietness in the heart.

It is knowing that our Lord Christ lives.

He lives!

This is Easter.

Scripture: (two readers in unison)
John 3: 16-17.

Easter Joys: (Meditation narration with the readers or different members of audience giving the appropriate Scriptures.)

Narrator: Easter is many joys. There is undefeatable joy. Lent reminds us of this joy, for Jesus leads us all the way through Lent along a joyful way. He traveled the way of sorrows, but he traveled it with joy, knowing that he was carrying out God's great purpose — to bring to all mankind eternal life. Jesus had every reason to be bitter and sorrowful; yet he went from the Upper Room with a song on his lips.

First Reader: *And when they had sung a hymn, they went out to the Mount of Olives.*

Narrator: Easter brings us priceless joy. Jesus knew the joy of finishing the task that was before him, a hard task that took faith and prayer, and finally his life's blood. "For the joy that was set before Him, He endured the cross, despising the shame." In this world of pressure and hate, we are surrounded and upheld by His great love as He went the way before us.

Second Reader: *Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross. Jesus said, "For I am come down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me."*

Narrator: Easter brings us the promise of unconquerable joy. We live in a disturbed world shaken by the apparent triumph of evil over good. But Jesus left us words to remember when such times overwhelm us. Just hours away from his betrayal and crucifixion he spoke these words to his disciples that they not lose their joy and hope in all that was to lie ahead of them:

First Reader: *I have said this to you, that in me you may have peace. In the world you have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world . . . These things I speak to the world, that they might have my joy fulfilled in themselves.*

Narrator: Easter brings us undespairing joy. Many people believe that joy comes from "things", and in freedom from trouble and want. Yet over and over it has been demonstrated that trouble can stretch the soul. Christ demonstrated that the real joy of life is not in receiving, but in giving. Undespairing joy can lead us to the joyful way of service to God, and thus to mankind.

Second Reader: *For even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom to many . . . For this cause I*
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MUCH CONSTRUCTION UNDERWAY IN DENVER AREA

Dear Friends:

It's good to sit down to write this letter. Having just returned from my first bicycle ride in some time, I find my legs are grateful for a rest. Enough of the latest spring snow has melted that the cemetery roads are clear again. You'll remember that this is our favorite locale for bicycling. With today's relatively warm temperature and bright sun, I couldn't resist the enticement of fresh air and exercise.

We neighborhood golfers are going to have to do an especially good job of getting our muscles into shape this year. Most of us play golf at the same nearby country club. This spring, when play is resumed, we'll be on our brand-new course which will be much more strenuous than the previous one. It is laid out along the north side of one of the huge mesas that guard the city of Golden. As a consequence, we'll have a vastly increased amount of up-and-down walking to do. In addition, for the next year or two there will be "rock picking" to do. In this area it takes a long time to rid even the most tillable ground of rocks.

Those of you who visit Denver this summer will see an impressive amount of new construction throughout the lower downtown area. A new convention center, a new federal building and a huge new apartment complex are bringing new vigor to what was fast becoming a drab, depressed area. "Larimer Square", also located here, is a charming restoration of old buildings. With its shops featuring hand-crafted items, the interesting and the unusual, it is a delightful shopping center to visit.

One of Denver's favorite tourist attractions in the Civic Center complex, the Denver Art Museum, is closed now and will remain so for almost two years. A much larger new museum is in construction on the same site. What a marvelous addition it will be to the entire Rocky Mountain region! However, remaining open for visitors and housing special exhibits is a branch of the Art Museum called Chappell House. The exhibitions are changed with frequency so there is usually something new and different going on to keep up interest while the main museum is in storage.

Also in construction this summer is the seating addition to Bears Stadium. This building project is not expected to interfere with the regular baseball schedule of the Bears. So you Triple-A baseball fans can still enjoy seeing the Bears in action at home this summer. The capacity of the stadium for pro football fans will be increased to



Clark Driftmier feels he is a very lucky boy to have a Saturday job.

50,000 seats and is scheduled for completion in time for the start of the 1968 Bronco football season.

Here at home today we have a small construction project underway. The furnace in the basement of our new room is being enclosed. Also, a direct air vent going from the furnace to the outside wall is being added. Clark has decided he likes having this room for "his domain". So in order to avoid the danger of asphyxiation we are having this work done. The room may not bear any resemblance whatsoever to one of those cleverly co-ordinated creations of an interior decorator, but at least it is safe to sleep in now.

Clark is one of those lucky boys in his age group who has a job. He started in February to work at the nursery. At this time of the winter there are several thousand roses to be canned. In addition, the shipments of nursery stock for spring sale start arriving then. These must be unloaded and placed in the warehouse storage bins or "heeled in" in the peat moss-filled ground bins. Nursery work is hard physical work but, as hundreds of Shenandoah boys can testify, it's a good training ground. They really appreciated the later jobs they acquired after being initiated via the nursery fields. Of course we have lots of friends and acquaintances who would like to find employment for their boys at the nursery. We hate to turn them down but, actually, the nursery needs men to work, not boys. There isn't work for more than one boy at a time and sons of employees always get priority when hiring time arrives.

Even though Emily and Alison have worked at the nursery for several years, they have never had the opportunity to put in so many hours. Their employment has been confined to serving as hostesses during special weekend promotions and selling annuals on weekends during May and early June. My, how they would love to be able to pick up a regular pay check that repre-

sents as many hours of work as their "little" brother puts in!

Clark is required to save half his earnings for college; the other half he can use for his more immediate desires. I've heard better skis and golf clubs mentioned already, along with about one hundred and ten other items. You can imagine how joyfully all the speculation about what "I'm going to buy" goes over with his elder sisters! Alison has been scrounging coins for weeks on end trying to get enough money together to buy a pair of leather chaps. Emily is convinced that few other college students could possibly "exist" on the limited budget that she does.

Finding employment is tough enough for any teenager, but for girls it is even more difficult if they prefer something other than baby-sitting or housework. Both girls are hoping to find jobs for the summer. Alison would like to work at a kennel, for a veterinarian or on a dude ranch. Emily's preferences aren't so specific — just whatever will provide the greatest income.

Easter is fast approaching; during the accompanying spring break there should be a considerable amount of pounding the pavement in search of work. Emily's vacation is a week earlier than Alison's and Clark's, so making plans for the entire family is difficult. But anyway, Easter is a revitalizing occasion and we all welcome it and spring with deep gratitude.

Sincerely,
Abigail

LIVE EACH DAY

Let's live one day each day —

To still deep doubts
Or swallow fears
That tears will follow.
Smile, too, and laugh
In smooth satisfaction
With welcome words, "Well done,"

Yesterday is done, lost, gone —

Its mistakes, part of me,
Will not be undone.
Whether happy or sad
Days come, tick off, and go.
Why, then, think on yesterday?

And for tomorrow —

That's another day.
Let tomorrow tend tomorrow
For its time of joy and sorrow.

Together, all three days —

Too heavy for any soul:
Too many tears and fears . . .
Too many things to think . . .
Too many, too much, too much.

But one day's trials —

Each time, one day
Is like simply play:
Living best as best I can.
Who can ask more?

MATCHES

by
Helen Henson Hess

The other day I had occasion to refer to one of my several scrapbooks to confirm a date. This particular book is labeled "General Information". It is filled with newspaper and magazine clippings, even notes in longhand gleaned from reliable sources. These clippings pertain to the "beginnings" of things, so to speak, such as how, when, and where certain household devices came into being; who composed a favorite song and under what circumstances; to whom we are indebted for the many things the Walrus talked about, as well as slang expressions, traditional customs, etc., etc.

As I browsed through this book it occurred to me that many intelligent, well-informed persons, even those holding college degrees, are not aware that the blue-tipped matches, so plentiful now, evolved from a thin strip of wood six inches long, with a pointed tip dipped in melted sulphur. To ignite this "match" it was necessary to hold the thing in one hand, while with the other hand one had to forcibly strike a well-anchored piece of flint with a heavy piece of steel. The resulting spark, when coming in contact with the sulphur tip produced a flame. Incidentally, that flint, which we call "flint rock", is commonly found today in sandy soil.

Much midnight oil was burned and many experiments were conducted in primitive laboratories before improvements were made.

In 1826 an Englishman invented the lucifer match. There were various forms of this match with various chemicals tried out before this ingenious man, and others who improved upon his methods, found something satisfactory. These first lucifers were cut from resinous wood, the sticks whittled into shape and dipped by hand. Some of the sticks were square; some were round. The square ones didn't break as easily as did the round ones. These were called "striking" matches. To conserve wood as well as storage space the sticks were cut down to two inches in length. There was still a drawback. The chemicals on the tips were so inflammable that when they were packed too tightly, or handled carelessly, they would burst into flame.

In the course of time hand labor in the making of matches gave way to a product turned out by machines, and because more persons became aware of this new invention, the demand soon exceeded the supply — for a while.

The demand decreased when governments in the Old World and in our



Lucky, the Denver Driftmiers' poodle, relaxes in an easy chair.

United States imposed a tax on both the manufacturer and the consumer. Some manufacturers resented the tax to the extent that they went back to their primitive methods, but eventually all matches were made by machinery and, tax or no tax, matches were accepted by everyone.

Someone once said, probably with tongue in cheek, that lucifers were named because the ends, dipped in brimstone, produced such a hot flame; and the words "brimstone" and "flames" suggested the name Lucifer, or in other words, the name of the being in the regions below who uses brimstone as fuel for his devastating fires.

In 1892 a man in Lima, Ohio, invented book matches, also called paper matches. At first they were given away, free, because machines, made in the United States, lessened the cost of production and matches could be sold cheaply enough that common people could afford them. But the books being offered free to tobacco users only, didn't last long. Soon the books were used as an advertising medium, and whereas the covers had been plain or blank, tobacco growers, and dealers, and others used the space to advertise their product.

Even though there were plenty of matches in existence when our Midwest was being settled, not everyone could afford to use them extravagantly, so those thrifty people used spiles (sometimes called spills) to supplement their precious supplies of regular matches. Spiles were ignited in the flames of their kitchen fires and used to light kerosene lamps, candles, and the men's pipes. They made the spiles themselves from strips of newspaper approximately ten inches long by four inches wide, folded edge to edge the long way, then folded again until they had a stiff strip of folded paper. That job was relegated to many pioneer children. Since I am past 90, I have made them myself. I hope that this bit of factual information might meet the eyes of school girls and boys of today who will not find such information in their history textbooks.

THINGS TO MAKE

"SALT BARREL" BANK

This is made from a small baby food jar. Remove the cardboard liner from the lid. Place the screwdriver in the center of the lid and hit with the hammer until you have made a slit in the top through which coins will drop. Replace the lid on the jar. Take apart wooden, square-type clothespins and stand them evenly grooved around the jar. Glue them to the jar, holding securely with a rubber band until the glue has dried. You may then paint them, varnish them, or leave "as is". They will look like miniature wooden barrels, in which you can "salt" your money away!

"DOGGY" BABY BIB GIFTS

Your baby brother or sister or friend will love a "Doggy" bib for a gift! And they are so easy to make! All you need is a not-too-heavy turkish washcloth (yellow is pretty), a half yard of sturdy ribbon, and some brightly colored scraps of cloth. Fold the washcloth to make a triangle. Cut the ribbon into halves. Tie the end of one piece of ribbon tightly around one corner of the washcloth to make one ear for the doggy — about two inches long. Do the same thing to the other corner of the washcloth. Now you have the two ears of the doggy face bib. The ends of the two ribbons tie around baby's neck. Cut eyes and nose and mouth from cloth of contrasting color and stitch on. You may add a little red tongue if you like.

RAIN CAPE AND SCARF

Be prepared for sudden showers with this plastic rain cape and scarf so lightweight you can carry it in your book satchel at all times. And so easy to make yourself in only a few minutes' time!

You will need one large plastic bag — you may use the ones that come around dry cleaning, but a heavier bag is more practical. With the scissors, cut up side through the middle of the bag. Across the bottom center of the bag, cut a slit large enough for your neck. With very small running stitches, bind the edges of the neck with bias tape of whatever color you choose — leave ends of the tape long enough so you can tie your cape. You may also bind the rest of the edges of your cape, if you wish.

With another piece of plastic, cut a triangle large enough to cover your head. Bind this all around with the same color of bias tape and leave the ends long enough to tie under your chin.

—Mildred Grenier



Color in Your Life

by
Selma Ross



There's a lot more to color than meets the eye. Do you know that a given color does not look the same to everybody? We are not speaking of people who are color-blind — but the average person. Each sees a color a bit differently — some *very* differently. This may explain why a certain color combination may seem attractive to you, but not to someone else. You may be looking at different colors!

Have you ever applied some of the principles of color science to everyday business decisions? For instance, if you know someone who is planning to open a butcher shop, tell him not to paint his walls *yellow*. A butcher who makes the mistake of doing his walls in yellow will probably have his hands full with complaints about the unsavory look of his meat. The reason: "after-image." When we turn our eyes from one color to another, we are left with a distorted impression of the first color. Yellow walls leave us with a blue "after-image" that makes us see fresh red meat as purple! A quick change to neutral white walls should put our butcher friend back in business.

If you have a friend who is going into the restaurant business, tell him not to select a *blue* decor.

Blue is a "cold" color, fine for packaging butter but not recommended for decoration in a restaurant. A blue restaurant will literally give the customers "chills". One restaurateur was plagued with complaints about draughts, improper heating, etc. A friend told him the secret. The introduction of a warm orange and yellow color scheme cut down complaints and the fuel bill.

If you are opening a gas station catering to a Chinese clientele, stay away from the color *white*. The Chinese associate white with death, just as we associate black with funerals. So, if you want to do business with the

Oriental, stay away from white unless you own a funeral parlor.

All of us are "color conscious", and we expect certain things to be a certain color. Margarine is a good example. White and yellow margarine taste the same and have the same nutritional value. But white margarine proved a poor seller. Why? We expect a spread to be yellow. When a harmless food coloring was added, margarine sales soared. Now it was the color we expected it to be. Grocers noticed a strange phenomenon: compliments about the "nice taste" and how much fresher the margarine was. Of course, the yellow color did not change the taste nor make the margarine fresher. But it *seemed* to.

This "color expectation" sometimes has a harmful effect. For many years, men were practically married to three colors in clothing: brown, blue and grey. Though fashion designers tried, they could not budge the male from his belief that he should fade into the background and let his colorfully clad wife steal the spotlight. But tastes change. In recent years, men have been developing an interest in their appearance. For one, they have become weight conscious, with many joining their wives in diet-watching. Slimmer figures have become stylish. And men have become aware that the choice of certain styles, fabrics and colors makes for a slimmer look. And, while they certainly don't want to compete with their wives, men have definitely become more fashion conscious. Today's fashions in men's apparel are a far cry from the dull and uncomfortably heavy clothes of yesterday. The acceptance of brighter and lighter colors has made such progress that men's clothing producers predict more "color" in the years to come.

Man's awakening interest in a more colorful wardrobe is not surprising in this new colorful age of the atom. What

GRANDPA'S HOUSE

I often dream of Grandpa's house.
It nestled, quiet as a mouse,
Beside a quiet country lane.
Though weather-beaten from the rain
And storms of many, many years,
The thought of it calms nighttime fears.
A picket fence with swinging gate
Surrounded bushes full of flowers,
So often wet with dew and showers,
And trees all weighted down with cherries,
Apples, pears, and peaches. Berries
And persimmons grew inside
The fence. But Grandpa's land stretch-
ed wide
And wild plum burst its blossoms white
Among the dark trees, like a light.
Along with countryside's clean smells,
I hear the tinkle of cowbells.
I like to dream of the flowing rills
And of the wild plum on the hills.

—Gladise Kelly

***** SPRING

Little brown bulb,
Deep in the ground,
Awaken and listen —
Lady Spring is around!

Little brown bulb,
Push and grow,
Break the soil —
It is Spring, you know!

—Helene B. Dillon

is surprising is that it took so long. If we look back through history, we see countless examples of *genus homo sapiens* decking himself out in color. The ancient English Britons would paint themselves blue. The Romans, adorned only in gold and plumes, were nearly frightened out of their wits by the sight of "blue" guerrillas hiding in trees. But might proved weightier than color. The Romans vanquished the Britons, just as our early American settlers conquered the fiercely painted Indians. While the Britons and the American Indians painted themselves for courage, ancient Egyptian women found that color, properly applied, could win battles, too. They were probably the first to use facial make-up for beauty. And, needless to say, the male is still attracted by a colorful face.

All living things, it seems, are color prone. Mosquitoes love red, but not blue. And, while we "see red", the bull doesn't. It's the waving of the cape which infuriates the bull — not the color. The cape could just as well be a yellowish green; topaz, a tint of yellow and orange, a light reddish orange, or fiesta, a reddish-orange. Yes, we also give colors "colorful" names.

An awareness of color and its effect on you can add much to your pleasure of living.

MARY BETH AND DONALD SOLVED SEVERAL PROBLEMS

Dear Friends:

The house is full of unusual noises this morning. Adrienne and Katharine are home from school with some virus. Adrienne had been sick for a little more than a week when two days ago Katharine began to complain of similar symptoms. So I put her on Adrienne's liquid diet, and she has managed to keep reasonably comfortable. Once in a while Adrienne gets up and shuffles to Katharine's room for a visit. I've insisted that they stay in bed as much as possible.

Because the girls were both sick yesterday and able to keep each other company, Don and Paul and I went to church alone. It was already arranged for Don to visit the entire eight grades of Sunday school to give them music lessons. It seems that hymn singing is becoming a lost art for many adults, so the education department of the Sunday school decided to begin with the little children and teach them to sing the hymns of our church. Don was asked as a choir member to work with these little folk, and although he thoroughly enjoys the opportunity to work with these children, it means he misses regular church. It occurred to us that perhaps we could tape-record our Doctor Ream's sermon and replay it at home when Don could listen. This tape recorder, which we received for Christmas, runs on both electricity and batteries. It is smaller than my purse, so all I had to do was lay it on the seat beside me and push a button when the sermon began. The machine began noiselessly to memorize all it heard.

We weren't too sure how well the tiny microphone would "hear" Dr. Ream because the nave is quite large, but the sermon was beautifully reproduced. Katharine and Adrienne as well as Don were able to listen to church-after-church in the living room after we returned home. As is usual with Dr. Ream, the sermon was thought provoking, and we were glad that Don and the girls were able to hear it. Now, whenever sickness keeps one of us at home, some other member of the family can record the sermon, and we'll have the spoken word available for those kept at home.

It doesn't seem one bit odd to have Don teaching Sunday school, because during the weeks since Christmas I have been teaching, too. So many of the teachers at our children's school have been sick that I've been working nearly four of the five days each week. I have not been called upon to substitute for any of the seventh, eighth, or ninth grades, but keeping my wits about me enough to adapt from kinder-



Adrienne and Paul stand in front of the junior high, a new addition to the day school which Donald's and Mary Beth's three children attend.

garten to sixth grade is really quite a challenge. I have not been asked to teach any French, fortunately, but for three days the gentleman for whom I substituted also taught two full classes of Latin. Well, I took Spanish in high school but no Latin. The first day I had the children study quietly from their books. This was fine and I was free to grade math papers. The second day, however, was too much. Looking into Katharine's schedule, I saw that during those hours she would be discussing something with which she was quite familiar, so I borrowed her. She has been studying Latin since fourth grade, and although she is not an "A" student, she certainly could give more than adequate instructions to these ten-year-olds who were in their first year of Latin. She was really good. Forgive my motherly bragging.

It was a marvelous experience for her because she got a chance to teach what she had been taught, and it gave the children an opportunity to see how far they would be by the time they are twelve years old. She was nervous but I was probably the only one to whom it was apparent because I know her mannerisms when she is a little uneasy. She had five boys at the blackboard diagramming English sentences and then translating them into Latin, and she knew what she was talking about. She easily made them aware of their errors and the class went smoothly. When the second hour of Latin rolled around I again borrowed her, told her what page they were on, and she took over handily. I explained to the assistant headmistress of the Middle School, which are grades four, five, and six, what we had done during Latin class, and she thought it an excellent idea. She men-

tioned that it was worth remembering the next time they needed to free a Latin teacher for an hour, and what invaluable experience it was for the student doing the teaching.

One book which the children were using for reading class seemed exceptional to me. The subtle moral lesson is one which is so valuable that no child should miss being exposed to it. Too often when lessons come from Mother and Daddy they aren't nearly so effective. This book, copyrighted in 1951 for Holiday House, New York, is *Fire-Hunter* by Jim Kjelgaard. It is listed in Wilson's High School Catalog, Wilson's Children's Catalog, and American Library Association's Booklist. It is a story of the days when saber-tooth tigers and woolly mammoths roamed the earth. Fire was man's greatest friend and human hands and brains their only advantages over the wild beasts. Boys love this book but both girls and boys will be enchanted by the courage of Hawk and Willow and the manner in which they outwitted the elements. 217 pages of excitement await your children and you, too, when this book comes into your home.

Speaking of books reminds me of Mrs. Piggie-Wiggle. Do you remember Mrs. Piggie-Wiggle, who always had a cure for some childhood ailment or problem that needed correcting? I won't mention any names lest I may embarrass someone, but Don and I resorted to a "Mrs. Piggie-Wiggle" cure last evening, and it was so successful that it bears repeating. It came to our attention that one of the younger members of the family was unduly interested in matches. Indeed, matches were even

(Continued on page 22)

Eggs and Easter Eggs

(Past and Present)

by
Jean Jones



The coloring of eggs began long before the first Easter morning, some historians believe as early as 5000 B.C. Early civilizations for centuries considered the egg a symbol of fertility and new life, and hence historians feel that this made the egg acceptable as the symbol of the tomb from which Christ arose.

Painted Easter eggs containing both religious and abstract designs have been traced back to the thirteenth century. In the sixteenth century artificial eggs were elaborately decorated and often contained surprises. In this era Francis I of France received a delicate wood carving of the Passion cradled in an eggshell. During the next two hundred years France was well known for the works of art produced on eggshells.

By the early eighteenth century the designs had less religious significance and were more secular and gay. The Nuremberg egg of about 1700 is the earliest egg known to exist. Its design is intricate and elaborate. In the 1743 inventory of Queen Anne Sophie of Denmark is an egg which was described in detail as "a golden egg with a small enameled hen inside, within the hen a signet with a royal crown set with brilliants, rose-cut diamonds and pearls and with a carnelian on which is engraved a posy". Another egg from the same period of history was made for a Spanish prince by a goldsmith in Paris. The Gospel was inscribed on the outside and it is believed to have had a mechanical cockerel on the inside that sang two different melodies.

The height of Easter egg design was reached by Carl Fabergé, the court jeweler for Alexander III and Nicholas II in Russia. Fabergé made the

first of his creations in 1885 for Alexander III to give his empress. It so delighted the tsar and tsarina that Alexander III asked to have one made each year, a practice that continued until the assassination of the Imperial Family during the Revolution.

Many of these eggs have been preserved, and a large collection of them is on display at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond, Virginia. Perhaps the most detailed of Fabergé's eggs is the Coronation Egg made in 1898. This egg contains a replica of the Cathedral where the tsars were crowned. The wall, towers, and staircases surround a translucent white enamel egg, with a window through which can be seen a minutely accurate representation of the interior of the cathedral. Clocks on the two towers chime the hours, and the Coronation Hymn is played when the button on the back of the egg is pressed. The egg stands on a white onyx base and is about twelve and a half inches high.

The Poles and Ukrainians still create eggs with the same patient skills as those used by craftsmen in past centuries. Women and girls spend long winter evenings working on original designs and producing them on uncooked eggshells. For their intricate designs the egg is put on a rod and held in place with a cork so that the artist can easily turn it as he works. Melted beeswax is applied to the areas which are to remain white, and the egg is then dipped into cooled dye. After each dipping wax is painted over the area where the preceding color is to remain. With repeated dip-pings a complex pattern of lines, dots, and colors emerges so that no two eggs are ever alike. The designs are

symbolic: the sun for good fortune, a hen for wishes come true, a deer for continued good health, and flowers for love. Each egg takes about four hours to make, and they are saved as heirlooms.

In Central Europe another technique is used. The eggshell is placed on a white cloth, and small green plants and blossoms, such as clover and violet leaves, are arranged on the egg. The cloth is drawn tightly around the egg and sewn firmly in place. The eggs are then boiled gently for 30 to 60 minutes in water and red onion skins. The longer they are boiled, the richer and deeper the color becomes. The eggs are removed at different times to obtain a variety of shades. After the egg has cooled, the cloth and plants are removed to reveal the design. A shiny finish is achieved by rubbing with oil.

An idea that has been adopted here in the United States is making papier-mache eggs, as is frequently done in Germany, and painting them with bright colors and a variety of designs. Anyone interested in wood carving might experiment with carving designs in the shape of an egg, as is done in the Holy Land, where olive wood is used for elaborately carved eggs.

The Pennsylvania Dutch are credited with the delightful practice of decorating a small tree or branch with brightly painted eggs. Again eggshells are used, decorated in various ways. The colored eggs are then hung from the tree with ribbon. Eggshells that are broken can sometimes be used by filling them with tiny artificial flowers, rabbits, or chickens. Originally, an evergreen branch was used, but a leafless branch is also effective. The branch can be painted to complement your color scheme. These make charming decorations.

My favorite colored eggs, however, are the ones prepared the way my grandma served them for dinner on Easter Sunday. The shell was removed from the hard-boiled eggs, which were then put to soak in a jar of beet pickle juice. How delicious those deep red eggs tasted to this little girl!

Decorating eggs is a delightfully custom which has been universally practiced, but here in the United States we save coloring eggs for the Easter season, when it symbolizes to us the Resurrection and Eternal Life.

CONTRADICTION

After an evening
Pursuing the flitting
Of fleet-footed youngsters,
I don't think it's fitting
This job should be called
"Baby SITTING"!

—Unknown



Five volunteers move Johnny Crawford's head, arms and legs in five-minute patterning sessions.



Johnny goes through fifteen-minute crawling sessions on the floor following his table work.



Donna Crawford and Johnny read one of the books used to stimulate and develop his damaged brain.

HOPE IN THEIR HEARTS

by
Evelyn Birkby

The first time I remember seeing Johnny Crawford he was sitting sullenly on the curb near his home watching the cars go by. He suddenly picked up a clod of dirt and threw it angrily into the street for no apparent reason.

Johnny spent many long hours just sitting on the sidelines watching not only the cars, but boys and girls as they ran and played. He watched children going to school and fathers working in the yard with their sons helping them.

For Johnny could not play well or go to school or help his father in the yard as the other children in his neighborhood were doing. At the age of five months he had been critically ill and had emerged from an extremely high temperature with brain damage. His parents, Bob and Donna Crawford, and his older twin brothers, Jim and Jeff, devotedly did everything they knew to assist him in developing. He was taken to various doctors to try to find help. The special education teachers of the school gave him as much training as they possibly could.

When Johnny was eight years old, the family heard of the Philadelphia Institutes for the Achievement of Human Potential where work is being done with brain-damaged individuals. Upon investigation they discovered a branch of the institute in Texas (Institutes for the Achievement of Human Potential, 204 East Rapsody, San Antonio, Texas 78216). The Crawfords wrote to the Texas Institutes and their son was accepted for evaluation. It was six months before an opening in the busy schedule of the doctors made an appointment possible. But finally, with nervous concern and hope in their hearts, the Crawfords took him to find out if anything could be done to help

break through the damaged walls of his mind.

At the Institutes, trained personnel checked Johnny — mentally, physically, emotionally. For three days they watched, tested and evaluated. Finally, the doctors were ready to tell Bob and Donna that they felt their son could be helped.

The basic philosophy of the Institutes is that the potential of the human brain is far greater than we dream possible. The functions of the brain, it has been learned, can be transferred. The injured brain is never a dead brain; while there are dead cells which cannot be rejuvenated, there are also cells which are alive but whose functions have been depressed. Also, uninjured cells are present which have never been trained to function fully. Stimulation and training of these cells, then, is the basic premise of the treatment.

The purpose of the therapy recommended is to pour into the brain all the stimulation possible. Intensity and frequency of physical patterns impress movement on the brain and, in so doing, the brain begins to respond in other ways as well. The course of treatment for each child is set up on an individual basis according to his own needs and potential.

Johnny's therapy began with *exercise* on a table with his arms, legs, and head being moved by five people to create a *crawling* motion. Five minutes at a time this rhythmic *patterning* is done, twice in the morning and twice in the afternoon. After helping hands "pour" this stimulation into his brain, Johnny goes down on the floor and continues the same rhythmic movement of *crawling* by himself for fifteen minutes. Back and forth, back and forth on his stomach, pushing with his feet, pulling with his hands, turning his head to and fro. Then Johnny gets up on his hands and knees and goes through *creeping* exercises. Donna

supervises a complete program of *reading, coloring, form and texture study, dexterity work and stimulating mental games*. Johnny's diet is carefully planned and he has a *masking* for one minute every hour which helps develop deeper, controlled breathing which is a problem with many brain-damaged individuals.

Twice a day, seven days a week, neighbors, friends, willing helpers from Sidney and from miles around this small Iowa community, come at regular intervals to assist. Some read, some answer the phone, some bring food and five at a time come to help with the *patterning* and *floor work*. One neighbor, Mrs. Duane Dyke, who is not able to help with the physical work, mans the phone and coordinates the volunteers, arranges schedules and makes substitutions when needed.

Periodically the Crawfords take Johnny to Omaha where the Institutes for the Achievement of Human Potential of Nebraska, Inc., is now in operation.

Sometimes the progress seems very slow. Sometimes improvement seems imperceptible for weeks. Then, suddenly, a new ability will become apparent, a new brightness will shine from Johnny's eyes and another ray of hope is present.

To those of us who work with Johnny, the greatest noticeable change has been an emotional one. No longer is he a sad, frustrated, angry child who is striking out at a world with which he cannot cope. The outlets of activity and learning have channeled his energy and released the walled-up child within. The outpouring of love which each volunteer has brought has helped create a warm environment in which he can grow. The everlasting patience, consistency and devotion of his parents and two brothers have given the stability to the program which is essential.

(Continued on page 20)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I have just been out walking around the yard to see if there are any signs of spring. Late last fall Ruby, who stays with Mother, gave me a huge box of peony plants to take home and set out, and I can hardly wait to see if they all survived. She has many beautiful flowers of all kinds in the yard at her own home, and when she wanted to cut out some of her peonies she offered her surplus to me to share with Frank's sister Bernie. We divided them and had plenty for our yard and also for a long row along the road at Camp Andybear. If we did a good job and they all come up and bloom this year, we should have a bright splash of color around the last of May.

We have fallen in love with the Eutin roses. The seven bushes we planted last spring bloomed profusely all summer and I hope to set out some more this year.

Frank and Bernie and I took a weekend trip to Rochester, Minn., this past month. Sister Edna, who moved to Phoenix a couple of years ago for her health, has been quite poorly for several months, so she and her husband Raymond flew to Rochester so Edna could go through the fine clinic there. When they called to let us know where they were, we decided to drive up to see them, since it is much closer to Rochester than to Phoenix. We arrived in the afternoon and were fortunate to get a room at the same hotel where they were staying, so we could spend all of our time together. We left after lunch the next day and planned our trip home by way of Aplington, Iowa, so we could stop for a coffee break with our good friends the Clarence Meyers. We hadn't seen their young son, who has just turned two, since he was eight months old, and were most anxious to get acquainted with him.

Mother had planned to spend a few days with us about this time, but after she heard of the Rochester trip she decided to wait and ride home with me after my next visit to Shenandoah so that I wouldn't have to make the extra trips to get her and take her home again. She did just that, and we managed to get her to stay about a week with us. Mother always brings some fancy work with her, and this time while she was here I got out my sew-



The pet goat, Sadie, has a new home.

ing machine and did some sewing, too, and we had a happy time sewing and visiting.

I made a dress for Juliana for her birthday and told her I would be happy to make her another one if she was pleased with the first one and it fit well. She wrote immediately that everything was fine except the length, and she would be most thrilled to have another one. It seems that this year dresses can be any length one wants, real long or real short, and I didn't know which category Juliana wished to be in. She isn't quite as tall as I am, so I made it a little short for me and thought perhaps it might be just right. Fortunately, I had the presence of mind not to press the hem in, so it was easy for her to adjust it herself. The one I just finished should be about right. I must get busy now and see what I can turn out for Kristin before I start my spring housecleaning.

When brother Don and Mary Beth were here in January they asked about Sadie the goat. Their children had much fun with her last summer. I don't think I have ever told you what we did with Sadie. She got to be such a problem that we had to keep her locked up all the time, which we hated to do because she was so unhappy. We discovered that a family who live not too far from us have quite a few goats. They have several children, some of whom can't drink cows' milk; hence, so many goats. We asked if they would like to have Sadie, who grew up to be one of the biggest goats I have ever seen, and they were happy to come

and get her. So now Sadie has lots of playmates and a good home. I don't think we have ever shown you a picture of Sadie, so I am including one with this letter. Sadie was Alison's goat that she and her Uncle Frank brought home one day when it was a cute little baby, and she had fun with her the summer she spent with us at the farm. Alison couldn't take it home with her, so she gave us permission to do what we thought best.

Frank's sister Bernie has been spending as much time as she can working on her little house which she calls Camp Andybear (named for our only grandson). In case you are a new reader of our magazine, this is the house on the farm adjoining ours, the former home of their uncle and aunt. After Uncle August's death in September, Aunt Delia moved to town and Bernie has been fixing the house up as a second home. Bernie lives in town, but loves the farm and plans to spend as much time as possible out here. Frank has her vegetable garden plowed and she is anxious to get the garden planted and has great plans for beautifying the yard. One thing she wants to do, with Frank's help, is build a decorative white fence across the front of the yard. On our trip to Rochester we kept our eyes open and saw several different styles of fences we liked. It is going to be nice to have Bernie so close to us this summer. She doesn't want to have a phone installed, so we are considering getting some walkie-talkies so we can talk to each other.

When our grandson Andy visited us last summer he had so much fun making cut-out animal cookies with me that I decided to start collecting as many different shapes of cookie cutters as I could find to send out to Laramie to him. The other day I mailed them and Kristin said they spent one entire afternoon making cookies. She let Andy pick out the cutters he wanted to use and of course he used every single one of them. I hadn't counted them so didn't know how many were in the box, but Kristin said she was curious and as she washed them she counted 41. Andy wants to make cookies every day now, which of course is impossible, so Kristin got some Silly Putty and Andy spends hours at a time rolling it out and cutting out "cookies". This may give you a suggestion for an entertaining occupation for your own small fry on a rainy day.

Frank has some errands in town this afternoon, so I am going to put away the typewriter now and make out a grocery list before I start lunch. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

HUMILITY

The golden deed you did today

Will be more golden yet

If you let others tell the news

And you, yourself, forget.

—Flo Montgomery Tidgwell

Recipes

Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

GAY POTHOLDERS

Potholders on my kitchen wall
Help to bring me cheer —
Pennsylvania Dutch girls, plus
Gay chanticleers.

Some of these are pieced and bound,
Others are crocheted;
All remind me of dear friends,
For by them they were made.

—Mary E. Buege

INDIVIDUAL BAKED HAM LOAVES WITH GLAZE

3/4 lb. smoked ham, ground fine
3/4 lb. lean pork, ground fine
1/2 tsp. salt
Dash of pepper
3 Tbls. onion, finely chopped
1 egg, beaten
1/2 cup fine bread crumbs
3/4 cup milk
Mix together well. Bake at 350 degrees 45 minutes in individual loaf pans.

Glaze

1 cup brown sugar
1 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
1/4 cup vinegar
Boil 1 minute. After baking loaves 20 minutes, remove from oven and glaze. Return to complete baking time which is 45 minutes.

—Margery

ORANGE MARMALADE BREAD

3 cups sifted flour
4 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1/3 cup sugar
2 Tbls. shortening
2/3 cup milk
1/3 cup orange juice
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/2 cup orange marmalade
1 egg
Sift the dry ingredients together into a bowl. Cut in the shortening. Add the liquids, flavorings, marmalade and egg. Beat until well blended and pour into a greased bread pan. Bake for about one hour in a 375-degree oven.

—Dorothy

EASTER EGG COOKIES

1 cup butter or margarine
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
1/2 tsp. salt
1 egg, beaten
3 cups sifted flour
1 cup uncooked oatmeal
Blend butter, sugar, flavorings, and salt together. Add beaten egg. Stir in flour and oatmeal. Work with hands as this makes a very stiff dough. This recipe has no leavening. Shape into egg-shaped cookies and bake on ungreased cooky sheet for 20 to 25 minutes at 325 degrees. (It depends on the size "eggs" just how long these will take to bake. Bake until a light brown.)

Frost with a flavored powdered sugar icing, using the Kitchen-Klatter flavorings and the food coloring as desired. Be sure to frost these as they need the sweetness the icing adds. After the colored frosting hardens these can be decorated with flowers, stars and lines of various colored frostings using the cake decorating set. Piled into a pretty basket they look like a lovely collection of darling Easter eggs.

—Evelyn

FROZEN STRAWBERRY SALAD

16 large marshmallows
1 pkg. frozen strawberries, thawed
1/2 cup drained crushed pineapple
3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
1/2 cup salad dressing
1 cup whipping cream

Melt the marshmallows in 3 Tbls. strawberry juice in top of double boiler. Cool for 5 minutes and then add the strawberries, crushed pineapple. Blend the cheese with the salad dressing and fold in. Whip the cream and fold it in. Pour into an 8-inch square pan and freeze. Cut into squares to serve.

—Margery

LEANNA'S FRUIT DRESSING

1/2 cup orange juice
1/4 cup pineapple juice
1/4 cup lemon juice
1 cup salad oil
2 tsp. sugar
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Place all ingredients in a jar and shake well. Chill and serve on fruit salad or cottage cheese. Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener can be substituted for the sugar.

CORN-CHEESE BAKE

1 cup milk
1 1/2 cups bread crumbs
1 cup whole kernel corn, drained
1 cup American cheese, grated
1 Tbls. butter
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
Salt and pepper to taste
3 egg yolks, beaten
3 egg whites, beaten stiff
Combine in order given, lastly folding in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in individual, buttered casseroles or custard cups at 350 degrees until firm, depending on the size casseroles used.

Fresh corn can be used for this recipe by cutting corn from the cob and cooking with a little water until tender. Drain and add a small amount of butter (1 tsp.) and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring and a dash of salt and pepper. Proceed according to directions.

—Evelyn

CHILI CHICKEN

5 or 6 chicken thighs
2 Tbls. butter or margarine
2 Tbls. vegetable shortening
1 can tomato soup
1/3 cup chopped green pepper
1/3 cup chopped onion
1 Tbls. vinegar
2 tsp. chili powder

Brown chicken pieces in melted butter and shortening. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over chicken. Cover and simmer over low heat for about 45 minutes, or until tender. Stir occasionally.

—Margery

SWEET POTATO CASSEROLE

2 cans (1-lb. size) whole sweet potatoes, undrained
1 can (8 3/4 oz.) crushed pineapple, undrained
1/2 tsp. nutmeg
1/2 tsp. salt
2 Tbls. light brown sugar
1/4 cup melted butter or margarine

Topping

1/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1/2 cup melted butter or margarine
2 cups corn flakes, crushed
Turn the potatoes into a large bowl and mash smoothly. Add the pineapple, nutmeg, salt and 2 Tbls. of brown sugar and 1/4 cup melted butter. Mix with a fork until all are combined. Turn into a shallow baking dish and spread evenly. Make a crunchy topping of the brown sugar, melted butter and corn flake crumbs, by tossing until cereal is well coated. Sprinkle evenly over the sweet potato mixture. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes, or until the topping is brown and crisp.

LUCILE'S POUND CAKE

- 1 cup soft butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 4 large eggs (1 cup)
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Cream the butter very thoroughly and then gradually cream in the sugar. If this is done slowly enough, and creamed thoroughly enough, it should take about 10 to 12 minutes! Beat in the flavoring and lemon juice and then beat in the eggs, one at a time. Sift together the cake flour, baking powder and salt and beat into the mixture just until smooth. Pour into a greased and floured loaf pan. Bake at 300 degrees for 75 to 90 minutes, or until cake tests done with a toothpick. Be sure that the cake has cooled completely before slicing.

—Lucile

LEMON CREAM

- 1 cup sugar
- 5 Tbls. flour
- 1 slightly beaten egg
- 1/3 cup lemon juice
- 2/3 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Blend sugar and flour. Blend egg, lemon juice, water and flavorings and add to sugar-flour mixture. Cook in top of double boiler over hot, simmering water, stirring until smooth and thick (about 10 minutes). Cool. Whip cream and fold in. Chill. Serve over pound cake or angel food cake.

—Margery

SWEET-AND-SOUR BRUSSELS SPROUTS

- 1 lb. fresh Brussels sprouts or
- 3 pkgs. (10 oz. each) frozen sprouts
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup white vinegar
- 1 tsp. cornstarch
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- Dash of dry mustard

Clean fresh Brussels sprouts and boil until just barely tender, or cook frozen sprouts according to directions on package. (Fresh sprouts taste so much better that we hope you can lay your hands on some.)

Melt butter or margarine, blend in brown sugar, vinegar, cornstarch, grated onion and dash of mustard. Stir constantly until it thickens and then pour over cooked sprouts that have been very thoroughly drained. Serve at once. Brussels sprouts take very well to this combination of flavors.

TUTTI-FRUTTI DESSERT

- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

1 #2 1/2 can fruit cocktail, drained
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup chopped nuts
Sift together the flour, sugar, soda and salt. Beat in egg and flavorings. Add the drained fruit cocktail. Smooth the dough into a 9- by 13-inch greased and floured pan. Sprinkle on topping of brown sugar and nuts. Bake about 35 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve with whipped cream.

This is also delicious made with other fruits such as cherries, peaches, pineapple or sliced apples.

—Margery

ALMOND REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

- 1 3/4 cups unsifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- Few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1/2 cup chopped blanched almonds
Combine flour, soda, and cinnamon and set aside. Cream the margarine until light and fluffy and gradually add the brown sugar. Blend well. Add egg and flavorings and blend in the flour mixture. Add almonds. Form the dough into 2 rolls about 2 inches in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper and chill for several hours. Slice and bake at 375 degrees. Baking time will be about 10 to 12 minutes.

—Margery

BEST LEMON FROSTING

- 2 3/4 cups powdered sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 1 Tbls. white corn syrup
- 1/2 cup shortening (butter or margarine or homogenized shortening)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- A few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine all ingredients and beat until smooth and creamy. A little lemon juice may be added if desired for tartness or if needed to thin frosting. This amount will cover two layers or a 9- by 13-inch sheet cake.

RICH-AND-ELEGANT CHOCOLATE CHIP CAKE

- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 1/4 cups boiling water
- 1 tsp. soda
- 3/4 cup margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. cocoa
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup chocolate chips
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Pour the boiling water over the dates and add the soda. Set aside to cool. Cream together the shortening and the 1 cup of sugar. Add the eggs and flavorings and mix well. Sift together the salt, cocoa and flour and add. Stir in the date mixture. Pour into a greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan.

Mix together 1/2 cup sugar, chocolate chips and chopped nuts. Sprinkle this over the top of the cake. Bake in a 350-degree oven for approximately 45 minutes.

—Dorothy

CURRIED CHICKEN

- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. curry powder
- 1/2 tsp. ginger
- A dash of pepper
- 3 cups milk
- 2 cups cooked chicken, diced
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, diced
- 4 cups cooked rice

Melt butter or margarine and stir in flour and seasonings. When smooth, add milk and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thick. Add chicken and eggs. Serve hot over cooked rice. This may also be served over Chinese noodles or hot biscuits.

—Evelyn

MAPLE CREAM DESSERT

Soak 1 envelope of unflavored gelatin in 1/2 cup cold water. Boil 1 cup maple syrup for 5 minutes. Add soaked gelatin to syrup and let cool about 1/2 hour. Add 3 egg whites beaten stiff and 1 cup heavy cream, whipped, folding in lightly. Let stand in refrigerator for several hours to set.

This is a very simple dessert and so delicious. Make up the maple syrup using our Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring. This is the kind of dessert that you could do a lot of experimenting with using plain sugar syrup flavored with our wide variety of Kitchen-Klatter flavorings.

VELMA'S SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1 cup half-and-half
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 2 cups chopped nuts
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

To the juice from the pineapple add water to make 1 cup of liquid. Add the flavoring and heat to boiling. Dissolve the gelatin. Cool slightly and then add half-and-half, cottage cheese, celery, nuts and pineapple. Pour into a mold and chill until firm.

—Lucile

MEXICAN CORN BREAD

- 1 cup corn meal
- 1 cup cream-style canned corn
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup melted shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Cheddar cheese, grated

Mix together in order given with the exception of the cheese. Put half of mixture in well-greased 8-inch square pan. Grate cheese over batter. Spoon remaining batter on top. Bake 30 minutes at 400 degrees.

—Evelyn

GREEK LEG OF LAMB

- 1 leg of lamb
- Salt and pepper
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring diluted in 2 Tbls. water
- 1 clove of garlic
- 4 potatoes, split
- 3 tomatoes, sliced thickly
- 1 tsp. chopped parsley
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 2 Tbls. melted butter

Wipe meat with a damp cloth and rub well with salt. Combine lemon flavoring, water and mint flavoring and rub on the meat and salt again lightly. Make a slit near the knuckle and insert the garlic. Arrange the meat in the roaster with the potatoes. Garnish the lamb with the sliced tomatoes. Combine the melted butter and parsley and pour over the lamb and potatoes. Cook in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, for 1 1/2 hours, or until tender. The meat should be slightly pink in the center.

—Juliana

BAKED CRAB CASSEROLE

- 1 cup crab meat
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1 cup half-and-half
- 1 1/4 cups mayonnaise
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 6 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 1 tsp. chopped parsley
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds
- 1/2 cup crumbs
- 2 Tbls. butter

Mix together the crab meat, soft bread crumbs and half-and-half. Add mayonnaise, flavoring, chopped eggs, chopped parsley, salt and almonds. Turn into casserole and top with remaining 1/2 cup of crumbs which have been browned in the 2 Tbls. butter. Bake at 350 degrees for about 40 to 45 minutes. Serves 6 to 8.

—Lucile

JELLIED BEET SALAD

- 1 can diced beets (1 lb.)
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 2/3 cup orange juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 tsp. grated onion
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 cup diced celery

Drain the beets and add enough water, if necessary, to make 1 cup of liquid. Heat to boiling and dissolve the lemon gelatin in it. Add flavoring, juice, salt, onion and vinegar and chill until syrupy. Fold in the beets and celery and pour into mold. Chill until set and then unmold on lettuce. Serves eight.

—Margery

DECISIONS! DECISIONS!



Life is full of decisions: what to wear, where to go, how to do it. And now we've added so many more!

When you open the cabinet and look at those 16 great **Kitchen-Klatter Flavors**, you're beset by indecision. Try one of the fruit flavors to add new zest to a gelatin dessert. Or perhaps a cake, today, with a new dimension through almond or maple or black walnut. Or should we just have tea with a touch of **Kitchen-Klatter mint**? Or milk with vanilla . . . or burnt sugar!

One decision you needn't worry over: the brand of flavoring. We can agree on that: **Kitchen-Klatter** . . . the full-bodied, fresh-staying, economical flavorings we can always depend on.

Pineapple
Blueberry
Maple
Coconut

Butter
Raspberry
Banana
Lemon

Mint
Orange
Black Walnut
Strawberry

Cherry
Almond
Burnt Sugar
Vanilla

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

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Ask your grocer first. However, if you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00) Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay postage.

FOOD FACTS

by
Cora Ellen Sobieski

It's fun while eating food to know a few interesting facts about it. Tonight at dinner, eating sauerkraut, it really offered some food for thought.

German people are known to like sauerkraut and this dish usually appears on German menus. However, the Germans did not originate sauerkraut as many people mistakenly believe. Emperor Shih Huang of China, in the third century B.C., used a form of kraut to supplement the rice diet of the workers building the Great Wall. This cabbage was fermented in rice wine. Through the years it has changed little. The Germans named this dish *sauerkraut* and that is what we know it by today. A German tradition prescribes cabbage eaten on New Year's Day to insure plentiful food for the coming year.

The hot dog is a favorite American food. Some call them wieners and some prefer frankfurters. The hot dog is another pet name for this food that originated in Europe. In 1852 a Viennese sausage maker developed a sausage which he named "wien" for Vienna and the wiener was born. In Frankfurt, Germany, about this same time, a similar sausage was invented and named frankfurter for Frankfurt. This is why today they are called by both names.

When spreading mustard on a hot dog, wiener, or frankfurter, it is interesting to know that in medieval times the mustard was used to concoct love potions. Mustard has been known to man since prehistoric times.

Some people call the tomato a fruit, others call it a vegetable. Some sprinkle sugar on it and some use salt. Botanically the tomato is a fruit but its use is as a vegetable. It is a member of the potato family, although I can't see much of a resemblance. Legally it has been judged a vegetable.

Pickles are very popular today as they were, also, centuries ago. Cleopatra prized the pickle as a beauty aid as well as a delicious tidbit. Caesar was another who loved pickles. Napoleon loved pickles so much that he ate them every day at every meal. He liked them sweet and highly spiced. Legend has it that Waterloo was fought on the day the chef forgot the pickles! I must say that there is a war here every time I forget to serve pickles with a meal.

Sauerkraut, cabbage, tomatoes, hot dogs, mustard, or pickles, anyone?

The longer you take to tackle a problem, the longer will it be your problem.



Nancy Watkins, as well as her four sisters and brother, has been exposed since birth to the great outdoors and its wonders by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watkins of San Mateo, Calif. Old Molly, the family pet, has now gone where all good dogs must finally go, and is sorely missed.

ONE OF THE JOYS

by
Elaine Derendinger

Our Shelly was born on a beautiful spring day in April. One of the joys (one of many!) of having a spring baby is this: you can take her outdoors as soon as your stay at the hospital is ended.

Shelly is now nearly two and has been outside every day of her life — except the first three! This would probably not be unusual in Florida or southern California, but mid-Missouri weather ranges from over 100 degrees in July to 15 degrees below zero in January!

Shelly has never had a sign of a sniffle! I firmly believe it's mostly due to the out-of-doors. A healthy child accustomed to all types of weather simply has more resistance. One who goes out only occasionally in cold or damp weather often does not.

Shelly has what was once called a "peaches and cream" complexion. I give good fresh air much credit for this too. The sun and wind make her skin smooth and tan and almost immune to rashes and skin eruptions. (In summer we do sometimes use insect repellent.) A rule that fits in here is: don't overdress baby. Put on the minimum of clothing!

Just as important as bodily health (perhaps even more so!) is mental health. The world of nature helps one to be mentally alert; there's so much to hear, see, and smell. From the time she was tiny, I would show her a sunflower, point out a bluejay flying, ad-

mire the blaze of crimson sunset. Now, Shelly is the one who points to these things for me to see!

I don't plan our daily walks, except that they usually occur in the morning around ten and again just after the evening meal. (I work in the afternoons.) We just go out and things develop. The cats may have a spat that's fun to watch; an airplane flies over low; Shelly finds a head of dandelion seed to blow; I might call her attention to a rabbit in the driveway. There are so many wonderful things to watch out-of-doors!

The out-of-doors is also soothing and restful. Many times when Shelly is fretful, a trip outside for just a short time is all that's needed to turn her into a happy baby again.

If necessary, I neglect my housework to take Shelly out for a walk. Household duties just have to wait for us. A child really can't be considered a baby after a year or so, and kindergarten comes *all too soon*. She will remember her outdoor fun (it's been found that children remember very early events) but not the waxed coffee table or newly washed curtains!

I know that I, too, will find my memories of leisurely walks with my child far more pleasant than my memories of cleaning!

DREAM AND KEEP DREAMING

A dream promises . . .

A dream creates hope . . .

A dream keeps life in love with tomorrow . . .

Keep your handful of dreams.

And when any one dream comes true, may two replace it.

GRANDMA'S FLOWER GARDEN

The memories of my grandma's flowers
Light up my thoughts of childhood hours.

She had no plot where grass would grow,

But there were bushes row-on-row
Of roses, yellow, white, and red.

Her whole yard was a flower bed,
And climbing roses would entwine
Among her honeysuckle vine.

Her purple lilacs and the white
Made perfumed scents, to my delight.

I spent so many peaceful hours
Among my grandma's many flowers;
I didn't know it was unique

But now, today, when I may seek
Some peace and quiet which I need
(A call which every man best heed),
A growing calm descends on me
When in my mind's eye I can see
The garden Grandma nourished there
With work and tender loving care.

I see her house upon the hill
And dream of Grandma, living still.

—Gladise Kelly

SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING!

An Easter Party

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Butterflies are especially significant at Easter, since they are a symbol of the resurrection. Make them of crepe paper or felt, and perch them on napkins, the edge of water glasses, or the tines of dinner forks. Cut the wings of crepe paper, using a length of a black pipe cleaner to go around the center part of the wings, and drawing the wire up slightly to ruffle the wings. Twist at the top and spread slightly to form the antennae. Glue a few sequins to the wings.

For larger butterflies slip toy clothespins over the wings and wire on pipe cleaner antennae. The clothespin can be painted gold or black. Edge the wings in gold and add contrasting paper or sequin dots. It is effective to cut the wings double, using two shades of paper.

Cunning Bunny Carts can be made from waffle wafer-bar cookies. Two cookies become the sides of the wheelbarrow cart. Round off the corner of each at the back of the cart. Cut a bar in half for the front. Glue the three sides with icing to another wafer which serves as the bottom of the cart. Small round cookies serve as wheels. Run a green pipe cleaner through the center of the wheels and back to the side front of the cart. Twist more pipe cleaners for handles and back leg rests. This cart favor can hold artificial flowers or candies. They can be used around a centerpiece, each cart "pushed" by a candy or cotton bunny.

Milady's Hat Salad: Mold gelatin in very small muffin pans. Mold the same flavor gelatin in a tin can about an inch larger than the top of each muffin cup. To make the hat, cut the bottom from the can and push the gelatin out so you can cut slices of it for the brims. Place a "brim" on a salad plate with a "crown" on each brim. Trim each differently with whipped cream or salad dressing put through a cake decorator to make ruffles, hat bands, or streamers. Use bits of fruit to make the posies.

Egg Candle Ring: Make small holes at each end of the egg and shake or blow out the contents. Cover one hole with tape or clay. Place each shell in a muffin cup and keep it upright with crumpled paper or clay. Pour different colors of the melted wax into the shells and let harden. For two- or three-tone eggs partly fill the shell mold, let that layer harden, and then add another layer of partly cooled wax in another color. Before the candles become too hard, insert a wick from



When Evelyn came to broadcast recently, she had one last shot on her camera, so she snapped Margery in Lucile's kitchen.

old candles in the top of each. (Dip the wicks in wax and place in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator while molding the candles. The stiffened wicks can be inserted easily.)

When the candles are peeled they can be placed on cardboard or styrofoam circle holders or set in egg cup holders just as they are. Or they can be decorated with loops, fluting, and posies of decorator icing. Place in a ring about your centerpiece.

Popcorn Bunny Nests are made by tinting popcorn ball syrup a delicate green and shaping the popcorn ball mixture into little nests. Fill the nests with small Easter eggs or jelly beans. These are especially nice for a children's party.

ENTERTAINMENT

Catch the Bunny: Place three flowerpots on a table, one marked "Bunny", one "March Hare" and one "Bad Egg". Each player in turn is blindfolded, turned around twice, given a flower, and told to place it in the pot for the Bunny. If this is accomplished the player is awarded a prize, but if the flower is placed in either of the other pots he must pay a forfeit.

Easter Egg Hunt: Have each child draw a colored paper or ribbon from the hat. They hunt for eggs, but may pick up only those corresponding to the color drawn. (This insures each child will have some eggs.) The hostess might provide little baskets woven of different colored paper. Thus the child could have his basket of eggs as a party souvenir. These are especially pretty if it is an indoor hunt for candy eggs.

Bite of Bunny: Hang a yardstick horizontally from a wide doorway or ceiling. Tie a candy bunny to one end and balance it with some other object, such as a small sack of flour. Spin the stick and let each guest take a turn trying to bite a piece out of the bunny — no use of hands allowed. (If a flour

sack is used, protect the floor with plenty of newspapers.)

"T" Time: A Quiz

1. What T makes us ill at ease? Formality
2. What T makes true friendship? Sincerity
3. What T is gained through the press? Publicity
4. What T becomes a maiden? Modesty
5. What T is the best policy? Honesty
6. What T can be measured? Capacity
7. What T describes a want? Necessity
8. What T may be either political or social? Party
9. What T do we like in a menu? Variety
10. What T is easily won by friendship? Popularity



GOING PLACES — BACK AND FORTH

Obviously, the rocking chair was invented by some unsung genius who could not sit still. Some say it was Benjamin Franklin, but all that history really knows for sure is that its origin is strictly "Early American".

The earliest known reference to the rocker is contained in a bill presented on February 11, 1774, by Philadelphia cabinetmaker William Savey, "for bot-toming a rocking chair."

The curious thing about it is that the rocker comes up masculine more often than feminine. Theodore Roosevelt, for instance, expressed his fondness for the rocker in numerous passages.

The late President Kennedy often was pictured in one which he used to ease his back. Rocking chairs have served mothers with restless children, little old ladies with laps of handwork, and countless porch sitters.

Finer chairs may grace our living rooms, but in some corner most homes have a rocking chair to soothe a fretful child or comfort an older person who has no place to go except back and forth.

—Evelyn Pickering



KITE WEATHER

He knew that April had come back
When he first felt the string go slack,
And had to run to help his kite
Take the blue sky and take it right.
Wings were on his either heel,
And as he ran the boy could feel
The string stretch taut, the kite lift up.
And neither clods nor barking pup
Changed his swift course nor made
him fall.

There was no plan in him at all
Except his timeless plan for spring:
To tie the sky to earth with string!

—Unknown



The Easter Lily

by
Virginia Thomas

The beautiful, waxy, white lily is our most popular Easter flower. Through the years the white lily has come to be the universal symbol of the hope and renewal of Easter.

The Easter lily we know originated in Japan. Some 300 years ago it is said that a sea captain brought some of the bulbs to Bermuda, and thence it came to America. Great fields of the lilies are cultivated in Bermuda today and then shipped to other lands, including the United States.

The bulbs arrive in this country in the early fall, generally in September. They are planted in pots and kept in a cool, dark place until the roots develop and tops begin to show. They are then brought to the light. From then until Easter, the florist controls the heat very carefully, being able through this heat control to hasten or retard the lily plants so that they will bloom for Easter Day.

Many legends have grown up about the lily. At one time it was supposed to have great healing power. Garcia, king of Navarre, in 1048 dreamed of lilies while he was seriously ill and, according to the story, he immediately recovered. In gratitude King Garcia established an order of knighthood called the "Blessed Order of the Lily". Knights of the order pledged themselves to acts of charity and to the living of pure lives.

Another legend says that until the first Easter, the flower we know as the Easter lily was a tiny white flower, its blossom dropping very close to the ground so that it was hardly noticed. Though small it gave off its perfume and folks often noticed the fragrance and wondered whence it came, never

dreaming it came from the little unnoticed flower at their feet.

The little flower yearned to serve humanity and to share its fragrance with the world, so it prayed that God might let it become the most beautiful of white flowers.

Time passed and the little white flowers were growing in great profusion in the Garden of Gethsemane, their fragrance blessing Jesus as he prayed there.

Then came the crucifixion and the little white flower grew at the foot of the cross, sending its perfume to comfort our Lord on the cross. Because of its sympathy and love, the little plant grew to its full height and its beautiful, big, white blossom looked up into the face of the Saviour as he hung upon the cross. The weeping women gathered around the cross were comforted by its beauty and its delicate perfume.

The story goes on to say that a tiny white bud grew near Jesus' tomb and, after struggling for three days to lift its drooping head, on Easter morning it burst into radiant beauty.

Following the Resurrection it is said that where'er the footsteps of Jesus pressed the little bud to earth a beautiful Easter lily sprang forth!

Today the fragrance and purity of the Easter lily add a special beauty and meaning to our Easter.

"In the beauty of the lilies
We can see the love of God.
They, without a conscious effort,
Rise supreme above the sod,
Clothed in tints of radiant glory,
Fed by springs sent from above,
Each a message of Creation,
Each an emblem of His love."

EASTER

Christ arose on the third day
To promise the world new life.
As Spring awakens nature from sleep-
ing depths
So brought He hope from strife.

Christ arose on the third day
Shedding wisdom for one brother-
hood.

Giving us love and faith
To turn men from evil to good.

Christ arose on the third day
And a joyful Easter was born.
Love had broken the bonds of the tomb
As he stepped forth on that glori-
ous morn. —Helene B. Dillon



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COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

The slogan for National Library Week — April 21-28 — is *Be all you can be. Read.* There's much food for thought in that slogan.

A remarkable book *Gifts from the Bible* (Harper & Row, Publishers, \$4.95) by Ennen Reaves Hall makes excellent reading for the Easter season. Mrs. Hall shares with us her greatest treasure — the Bible she inherited from her father. With tenderness the author selects ordinary things and imparts meaning to each as Bible stories are built around them.

The Book of Psalms suggests David and his musical instrument, the lyre, as Mrs. Hall pictures the Hebrew genius and the various psalms. She writes, "To the lonely I would leave the beautiful 23rd Psalm, which is my great comfort whenever I feel I walk alone." The 46th Psalm is to "strengthen the weak, comfort the troubled, guide the erring, and calm the fearful." She continues, "I would bequeath Psalm 150 to all who call themselves Christians, yet forget to exalt God in their earthly affairs, or fear the threat of heathen powers. Praise, constant affirmation of what we say we believe, will keep us strong as a nation and as individuals."

Of a Jewish exile named Nehemiah and his stone-mason's hammer, the author writes, "Because this valuable tool becomes valueless unless it is used, I would bequeath it to the Christian youth of this generation, who seem more aware of the dangers of apathy and defeatism than do most of their elders. Not only would I place it in the hands of the skilled, but also the unskilled. The hope of the world, and the preservation of ideals and of the Christian religion, lie not only with the educated and highly trained, but also with those who are dedicated to helping their fellow man . . ."

The knife of the ancient patriarch, Abraham, is a symbol of deep faith. Mrs. Hall remarks, "Love, Abraham would say, carries an obligation to discipline pliant young minds, teaching them respect for authority as represented by parents, teachers, the law, the Word of God. Such authority spells security to a child. Has one the right to deny him that security?"

The sponge found in the New Testament suggests forgiveness. The author reminds us what Christ Jesus would have her do with the sponge used to quench his parched lips. "He would ask me to leave it to those who have wasted their lives as had the two who died with him — lives that belong to him; to those who can watch indifferently, or jeer, while others die to make a better world; to those who, like Pilate, wash their hands of responsibility and let Christianity be crucified; to those who, like Joseph of Arimathea, secretly believe but consider it poor policy to say so; and to those

whose hearts are too hardened to believe."

Love, faith, comfort and peace shine through Ennen Reaves Hall's *Gifts from the Bible*. She has written a rich inheritance for her readers.

A warm and human book that will make any woman proud to be a wife and mother is *Love and Laughter* (Doubleday, \$4.95) by Marjorie Holmes. Short sketches from her regular column in the Washington *Evening Star* make up the book. Divided into twelve sections, the book covers a woman's home, family, pets, apron pocket philosophy, and a woman's faith. She recalls the mail-order catalogue, she praises the American husband, and she writes of the full buffet drawer as an object of love. With nostalgia she remembers when the George D. Sweet Players visited her hometown of Storm Lake, Iowa. A kinship with Marjorie Holmes is felt as I, too, recall the magic of the tent shows and the three-night stands of comedy, drama, and mystery presented by the Sweet Players. Although she never minimizes the hazards of living, *Love and Laughter* is spirit lifting and a book to ENJOY, ENJOY.

Because of the continuing reader interest in the *Little House* books by Laura Ingalls Wilder and the home and museum located at Mansfield, Missouri, it is a pleasure to offer a reprint from TOP OF THE NEWS honoring Laura. Featured is an article by William T. Anderson, a junior high student in Michigan, as well as articles about the Pomona (California) Public Library Children's Room and Detroit's new Laura Ingalls Wilder Branch Library. A fine article by Mrs. Irene Lichty (Mrs. Lichty and her husband, L. D. Lichty, are devoted co-curators of the Wilder Home and Museum at Mansfield) tells of the preservation of the Home, the treasures found there, including Pa's fiddle, Mary's nine-patch quilt, and original manuscripts, and the hope and need for a fireproof building. Interesting pictures add charm to the reprint. The ten years that Mr. and Mrs. Lichty have given their time, effort and resources show their devotion to the children of the country and their love for Laura.

Laura Ingalls Wilder reprint from TOP OF THE NEWS, 50¢.

Story of the Ingalls by William Anderson, \$1.00 (rather than 75¢ mentioned in reprint, because of printing costs).

Send to:

Laura Ingalls Wilder Home and Museum
Rocky Ridge Farm
Mansfield, Missouri 65704.

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STAND ON YOUR OWN FEAT

by
Marie Mitchell

At the crack of a new year, I generally do not hasten to make New Year's resolutions. I did compound a few earlier this year, though. One of my resolutions was prompted by the F.B.I.'s Wanted List in circulation. I formulated a Chide List, and the occupants of my Chide List are:

The person who originated Finders-Keepers. One day I was pushing a cart along an aisle in a supermarket. Just as I was negotiating a turn, a little girl tripped on something and landed right in my cart. I was elated! "Finders-Keepers", I shrieked, and proceeded with the grocery-buying task at hand. The reason I was so elated at being on the receiving end of a founding girl is that I happen to be the mother of all-boy progeny. However, my interlude with finders-keepers did not end amicably. I soon found myself being *accused of girlnapping* in no uncertain terms! Dolefully, I returned the charming bundle of femininity to her mother. If I could but find the originator of "finders-keepers", I'd hurl a few choice invectives at him myself.

The maker of sewing tape measures is on my list. I've written him a letter and will mail it just as soon as I can locate his address. The letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Tape Measure Maker:

For the most part, I have no complaints in regard to your tape measures. They're strong, they're accurate, they're inexpensive. My only complaint is that they're edible. Oh, I don't consider them edible, but my *five-year-old boy* finds them appetizing. To him, they're irresistible. If I leave a newly purchased tape unattended for even a few minutes, both ends disappear. I'll return to find 1 1/3 inches gone from one end, and 1 3/8 inches from the other end, which involves fraction subtraction if I wish to use the tape in its appended condition. Subtracting fractions never was my forte, not even in grade school. Cutting off to even up doesn't work either, as everytime I cut, he bites, I recut, he rebites, and pretty soon the tape is only five inches long. Isn't there something you can do to make your tapes less palatable?"

Onion growers have not been overlooked as listable targets. Don't misunderstand. In our family, we know our onions and love 'em . . . in salads, stews, casseroles, etc. But they are such tear-jerkers when they're being peeled. I wish onion growers would consider crossing an onion with a mild-mannered member of the vegetable family, such as the potato. I've been

peeling potatoes for years without shedding a tear.

Also nominated for listmanship are department store sponsors of Lucky Number Day. I once received a Lucky Number Day sales leaflet containing various items for sale such as: decorator throw pillows (regular price \$4.98) — (matching Lucky Number Day price three cents.) The leaflet number was to be matched to numbers posted in the store on a designated one-day-only basis. Having a definite proclivity toward number seven, I was elated to discover the number on my leaflet to be 30777. Optimistically, I moseyed my 110-pound self down to the store. Number 30777 was posted . . . oh boy, oh joy, oh glory . . . making me eligible to purchase a 120-pound Weight Lifting Set for two cents . . . down boy, down joy, down glory. My faith in lucky numbers shattered then and there.

This Chide List should be hurried along to the printers, so that it can be put into circulation as soon as possible. By contacting the right personage, perhaps I can obtain permission to have my list posted alongside the F.B.I.'s. As for pictures, I don't know what my Chide List people look like, but reasonable facsimiles can be drawn. Consequently, the next time you sally forth to the post office and discover my Chide List festooning their wall, you can thank your lucky stars you're not an onion grower, or a tape measure maker, a finders-keepers originator, or a lucky number day sponsor.

On the other hand, I can try standing on my own feat, independent of lucky numbers and finders-keepers. I can attempt growing my own onions and fashioning my own tapes, too.



HOW SAFE CAN YOU BE?



This young man probably is thinking you can carry safety too far. We disagree. For instance, when we told our chemists we wanted to market a bleach, we made one thing clear: this bleach must be safe for all washables. Not just cotton. Not just *some* synthetics. We demanded a bleach that would do the work of bleaching and brightening, yet could be used in any and every washer load. And we got it.

Make us prove it. Get your box tomorrow when you shop for groceries. See if you don't agree with thousands of other homemakers who know:

If it's washable, it's bleachable . . . in

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Gardening starts off with a bang this month and with a veritable explosion of activities. First check the mulched plants to see if it should be removed or merely loosened. If spring-flowering bulbs are pushing weakly up through their cover, remove it gently. Check rose bushes and other tender shrubs that have been mounded with soil and then covered with mulch. Remove the mulch but take the soil away a little at a time. If you remove it all at once, a hard, sharp freeze can damage the bushes. Sow sweet peas as soon as the soil can be worked, and broadcast poppy seeds where they are to grow. Bachelor's buttons and larkspur are two annuals that like to be planted early.

Summer- and fall-blooming perennials can be divided this month and replanted for more plants. Perennial phlox, monkshood and delphinium are three that appreciate early root division. Don't disturb bleeding heart, iris and peonies or you will damage their bloom potential. Bare-rooted rose bushes, ornamentals and fruit trees must be planted early while the ground is moist, cool and receptive to root



This picture shows Marjorie Fuller's mother standing by a sweet fennel plant which she uses to enhance sauerkraut, soups and fish.

growth. I have lost some choice clematis that came up early and then had to endure a hard freeze. Keep your clematis mulched deeply, but if the plants insist on growing, do cover them on cold nights.

This spring we are going to plant a mini-garden — one that is microscopic in size compared to those of former years. Because it is such a small garden, vegetables must be chosen with care, and those that require considerable space, such as sweet corn and potatoes, will be eliminated. We will plant onion sets, beets, radishes (cabbage will fill the space later), two pepper plants, six tomato plants, four hills of Blue Lake pole beans at one end and four hills of a bush winter squash at the other end. The flower garden will, I expect, be more grandiose in its dimensions. Everyone knows that flowers do not have to be cooked, canned or frozen — all you have to do is plant them and enjoy them. At least it's a nice thought!

APRIL RAINBOW

White cherry blossoms,
Yellow sunshine,
Pink peach petals,
Green grass,
Blue sky,
Brown plowed earth,
And violet flowers —
God's rainbow
After April showers.

—Unknown

HOPE IN THEIR HEARTS — Concluded

The Crawfords feel that the miracle of Johnny's improvement has come about because so many people were willing to give of their time to help. But for the volunteers who have watched this growth unfold, it has been a growing, learning experience. We are grateful for the opportunity to be a part of this exciting project.

HUSTLE YOURSELF SOME HERBS

by
Marjorie Fuller

In ancient times herbs played an important role in seasoning and preserving foods. The colonial kitchen cooked with an abundance of herbs brought from Europe and England, but as the pioneer movement turned westward they were replaced with more staple items.

Easy to grow and readily available, herbs can add a frequent zesty tang to the menu. The tender young leaves can be picked and used fresh during the growing season. When picked to be dried, the leaves should be left until the plant begins to flower.

Herbs are useful in a variety of ways. Aside from their addition to baked and roasted dishes as whole leaves, they may be chopped or dried. Butter is an interesting media. Fresh and unsalted, it absorbs the flavor best, though salted butter, meat drippings or chicken fat may be used.

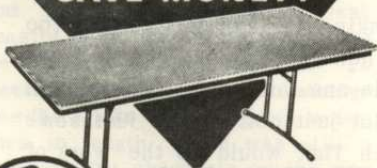
Blend finely chopped fresh leaves with the fat to be used — approximately one well-packed level teaspoon of fresh herb, or one-half teaspoon dried herb to 4 tablespoons of fat. Dried herbs attain a special flavor when dipped in lemon juice for a few minutes.

Tightly covered, the spread will keep for several days, refrigerated. Meat, fish or egg dishes become delightful with such a spread. Parsley and chive make a good combination, or may be used singly.

Vinegar acquires the flavoring well creating a pleasant taste in salads. Cider or white vinegar serves as an excellent basis. Pack a jar full of fresh herb leaves, press down hard and cover with vinegar. Close tightly. Let stand from two weeks to two months. For a dish uniquely your own, you may experiment with combinations. Tarragon, basil, burnet and mint are tasty used alone.

A candied mint leaf is conversational on a dessert tray. Select large pretty leaves of spearmint or peppermint. Clean and wipe dry. Dip leaves into whipped egg white to which one-half teaspoon of water has been added. Then, holding by stem, quickly roll the leaf in granulated sugar until completely covered. Lay carefully on waxed paper. When thoroughly dry the leaves can be packed in a box. A fun addition to your next guest's plate, they will remain green and sugary for a year or more.

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APRIL DEVOTIONS - Concluded

came into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth.

Narrator: Easter brings us the joy of hope and love. Again and again we are reminded that this is God's world. It is God who controls the universe, who says to us, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." We cannot but see that each day brings us one day nearer the goal Jesus died to give us - Eternal Life.

Surely Easter says to us over and over, "God loves us."

"God put his love for us in human form,

So men of Galilee
Might know and tell its wonder.
And then for generations still to come,
On earth's first Easter morn,
He burst the tomb asunder.
That by a Story and a Presence won,
Our captive minds and hearts
Would join in full surrender."

First Reader: *Ye now therefore have sorrow, but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you . . . Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.*

Narrator: All these lead us to the eternal joy of Easter, eternal joy that gives a new glow to the future. God's love is not limited by the years; it bears a security for eternity.

Readers: (in unison)

"Hosanna in the highest!"

That ancient song we sing
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heav'n our King.
Oh, may we ever praise Him
With heart and life and voice
And in His blissful presence
Eternally rejoice!"

Narrator:

"God, who touchest earth with beauty,
Make me lovely, too;
With Thy spirit re-create me,
Make my heart anew."

Leader:

"Joy dawned again on Easter Day,
The sun shone out with fairer ray,
When to their longing eyes restored,
The Apostles saw their risen Lord.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
Beside the Syrian Sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow Thee."

—J. G. Whittier

"Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
of triumphant gladness: God has brought his people forth into joy and sadness. Now rejoice, Jerusalem, and with true affection welcome in unwearied strains Jesus' resurrection."

Hymn: (by all) "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today."

Closing Prayer: Heavenly Father, fill each heart with love and joy. Grant

that we may continue to find joy in following the example of Him through whom these joys of Easter were made known to us. Give us the grace to receive the passing joys of this life that we may at last know the fullness of eternal joy with Thee. Amen.

SPRING PRAYER

I thank thee, God, for this spring day,
For butterflies and birds' song, gay;
For blooming flowers, leafing trees,
Fireflies at night, and soft cool breeze.

—Mildred Grenier

NEW BABY

Hello, Daughter, just arrived,
Welcome to your world;
Join the Nursery Set, my dear,
With diapers unfurled.
You've come in Spring, that magic time
Of promises fulfilled
For every being's destiny,
As our Creator willed.
So, here's to you, sweet April child,
We're glad you plan to stay;
For you we wish the bright, good life,
Beginning with this day.

—Inez Baker



What I'd like to see less of this year

. . . ME!

And I've found the easy, happy way to cut my weight: **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. This one has a real natural sweet taste . . . no aftertaste. It's in a handy, flip-top dispenser bottle (not in hard-to-dissolve tablet form). It doesn't cook out or bake out. Always tastes good, yet never, never adds a single calorie.

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Ask your grocer first. However, if you can't yet buy it at your store, send 50¢ for a 3-oz. bottle of sweetener. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601 We pay the postage.

MARY BETH'S LETTER - Concluded
found in the child's bedroom - a scary situation to say the least. We had a talk with this particular member of the family and assured this party that as many matches as desired could be lighted so long as the lighting went on with adult supervision where there was no danger. Then Don got out an unopened box of kitchen matches, numbering at least 300, and sat the child down on the hearth for a real match-lighting session. Fingers were burned a few times in the process, and boredom set in long before Don was ready to call it quits. All 300 matches were lighted, and unless we're terribly mistaken, there won't be any matches problem again. But if the child wants more, they are readily available from Daddy any time, but with supervision.

Until next month,
Mary Beth



Jake's favorite napping spot is on a cushion on the davenport.

liteness with no tips expected, and as I observed how the same courtesy was extended to each of my children as well as to each adult, I got along just fine. All that was expected from us was a nod of appreciation and a smile of thanks, and that we gave willingly.

One day we watched a Japanese businessman asking directions from a policeman on a busy intersection in downtown Tokyo. The man bowed and the policeman bowed. Then the man smiled and bowed again, and the policeman bowed again. The man asked his question and bowed. The policeman answered his question and bowed. Then they both bowed, and as the man turned and walked a short distance he turned and bowed again, and received in reply another bow from the policeman. Now I ask you: have you ever bowed to a policeman as an act of great appreciation, or have you had a policeman bow to you when you have asked directions? It just doesn't happen here, but we could wish that it did. A little more show of courtesy to our policemen, and a little more of their courtesy to us could make a big difference in our country right now.

I hope that you have an opportunity to visit Japan someday, but before you do, be sure and visit New England. When in New England, remember where the Driftmiers live: 293 Long Hill St., Springfield, Mass. 01108.

Sincerely,
Frederick

LUCILE'S LETTER - Continued
searching for it right now; probably when the present slim supply is exhausted there just won't be anymore.

Last week I sent to Juliana a box that contained two darling little outfits that Mabel had made with some of the linen she had at hand. If the baby is Katherine Mary there will be an exquisite little dress and slip beautifully embroidered, and if the baby is James Edward there is a two-piece outfit that I just couldn't begin to describe. I simply know that James Edward will be a sensation in it! Juliana was thrilled to death to get these things. She has a drawer now for baby things and is happy going through them.

I'm so grateful that Jed's mother can go down from Cape Cod to Albuquerque when the baby is born and can give Juliana a hand for the first few days. Goodness knows I'd be willing to go, but I most certainly couldn't be the kind of help that she'll be needing. I can baby-sit at night when the baby is safely in bed, but this is about the limit of what I can contribute in the line of aid.

All of us are very happy and thrilled about Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger's new book titled "McCall's Garden Book" that will be the April Book-of-the-Month club selection. Simon & Schuster are the publishers and they've given it tremendous advertising, so we're happy that Gretchen's years of work on that book are being rewarded. There are three separate editions at different prices and I wanted the Verness Memorial Fund at the library to have the deluxe edition (this is extremely handsome) so this has been ordered and will arrive before long.

In one of my letters not too many months ago I told you about Howard's and Mae's little granddaughter, Lisa Nenneman, who had had such a terrible round of asthma and allergies almost from the time she was born. It had reached the point where she was virtually an invalid and was simply in and out of the hospital all of the time.

Well, it still seems miraculous to all of us, but they made a radical change in her medical care and she has thrived beyond our wildest dreams. Each time we see her it seems a miracle that she has gained weight, is eating heartily, doesn't have anymore attacks and is a completely normal little girl. I believe, if I'm not mistaken, that only three things are excluded from her diet: chocolate, whole egg and nuts. Aside from this she can eat anything and for the first time in her life is anxious to get to the table and eat a hearty meal. Only people

(Continued on next page)

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Boil the contents until you get common sense and mix in a sensitive spirit with good manners.

Salt the results with education and make use of the recipe every day.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

who've gotten terribly discouraged over a child's health can imagine what it means to see Lisa bouncing around as if she'd never had a day's sickness in her life.

The last time Dorothy was down here she insisted that Mother go home with her, and this actually all worked out. We were all most happy that she could go and have the change, but my! how we missed her! I don't know how many times I started to dial her number before I remembered that she wasn't there.

So many cards and letters of sympathy have come to us since I wrote to you last month that I'd like to repeat our deep gratitude and appreciation to all of you who were kind enough to remember us. Mother said she hoped you would understand why she couldn't write a note to each person, and I assured her that I was sure you would. Ruby Treese is continuing to stay with her, you know, and things are going along fine.

Anita and I have settled into a comfortable routine. Everyone in these parts is anxious to see the end of winter, and Anita is particularly anxious because she is an ardent golf player and wants to get out on our local course. Our American Legion Country Club has excellent greens, so I've been told, and when bright spring days arrive there will be the usual crowds out there.

I think I've used my allotted space and more too, so this must be all. Please write to us as often as you can. Your letters have been the high point of our days for years and nothing will ever change that. Devotedly yours,
Lucile

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THIS AND THAT

by
Helene B. Dillon

SPRING

Today I heard the song of a spring
bird,
A herald of earth's awakening from
sleep.
To me it is like God's promise first
heard,
It brings spiritual joy, eternal and
deep.

Can you remember way back when
every school building had a cinder
dump? This dump was made attractive
to the children by bits of colored
chalk, a worn out eraser, maybe a
stubby pencil or two, perhaps a few
bent paper clips — all of this refuse
from the daily emptying of waste bas-
kets. After school it was our greatest

delight to climb over the cinders in
search of these treasures. Can you re-
member that you were one of a favored
few if you were allowed to stay after
school and dust the erasers? We would
carry them in the wastebasket out of
doors on a beautiful spring day and
then, with an eraser in each hand, we
would pound them together vigorously
and the air would be filled with chalk
dust. Remember?

Is there anything sweeter than a
robin's song at sunset, or the bubbling
song of the wren at sun up?

When you can derive as much pleas-
ure from planning a flower garden as
from buying a new hat, you may be
sure you are entering a new period in
your life.

Do children still dream up jokes on
April Fool's day . . . play "jacks"

come the first warm day . . . wish on a
star . . . count the days 'til summer
vacation?

Positive thinking can sometimes turn
out to be a real joke — sometimes IT
WORKS!

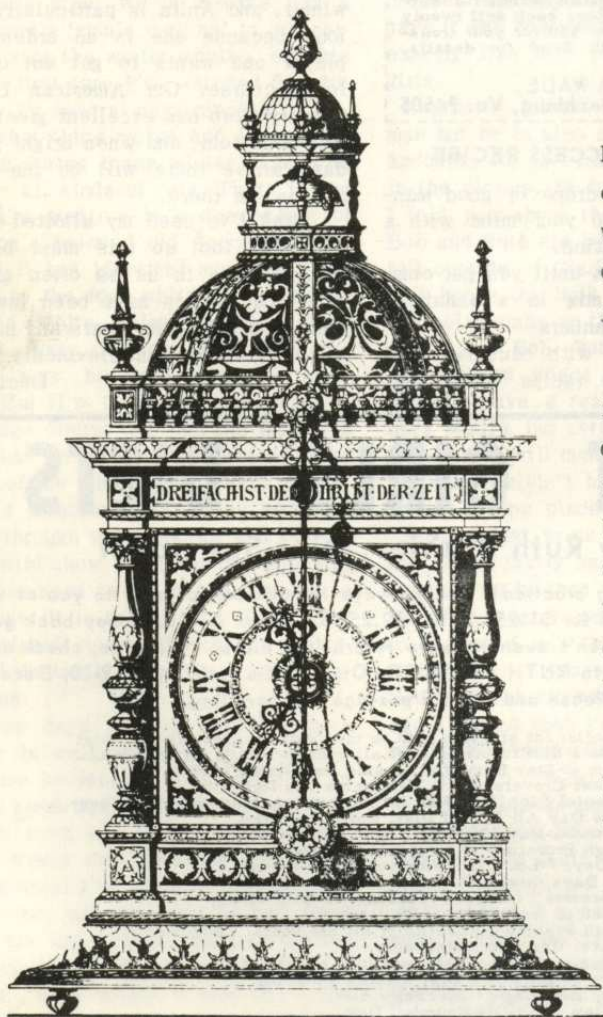
"The first day of spring is one thing,
the first spring day is another."

—Henry Van Dyke

Some people spend the best years of
their life promoting themselves and in
the end they do not like what they
find.

Signs of Spring: The little wren pros-
pecting for his mate's nesting place;
the woman of the house, stick in hand,
poking around in the dead leaves for a
few green shoots; the man of the house
practicing his golf swing.

CRAFTSMANSHIP



What has this antique clock — built for the
Roway Austrian Court — in common with our
cleaner? We'll tell you: craftsmanship. Pride in
work well done. We knew, when we put our name
on **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**, that it had to produce
just as promised. And it has, through the years.

It does take much of the work out of hard clean-
ing. It does go into solution immediately, and it
does start dissolving grime and grease the instant
it touches it. And we've improved it, too: made it
biodegradable (which is the scientists' way of
saying that it doesn't add suds or scum to our
water supply . . . and is easier to use, too.) We
could name a hundred uses for **Kitchen-Klatter
Kleaner**. With your help, a thousand.

We may not know how to build a fancy clock,
but we know how to build a better cleaner. And
we did.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER