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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Margery Driftmier Strom.

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My dear Friends:

I don't know whether it seemed to you that spring was rather slow getting here this year, but it seemed so to me. We were all ready to give it a real welcome when it finally arrived. Many parts of the Midwest suffered the hardships that accompany serious blizzards which came one after another, but that is all a part of the past and now we look forward to pleasant days and the joy of outdoor life again.

Ruby, my nurse-companion, and I have been making notes of things we would like to plant this spring. Last summer I visited a friend in Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts, who had a beautiful tree in bloom in her yard. I had never seen anything like it. It was a Hawthorne and I decided then and there to plant one in my yard. Although it probably won't have any blooms this year, I intend to live to see it in all its beauty in the years to come. There are also some flowering shrubs that would be a fine addition to the yard, so we will see about those too.

The children know how much I love flowers of all varieties and how cheerful they are in the house when I am shut in during the winter months. This winter Frederick was the one who put in an order with a local florist to keep me well supplied. He had lovely plants delivered at scheduled intervals. It was a thoughtful gift and much appreciated.

Last week when I wheeled my chair out on the walk to a sunny spot for a little fresh air, I noticed one job we must attend to soon, and that is to have the trim on the house painted. A number of years ago Mart had white aluminum siding put on the house and it has been very satisfactory. Every rain washes the dust off and keeps the house nice and clean. The trim is all that needs periodic attention. Oh, yes, and the garage needs a coat now and then.

As I look out the dining room window I see Margery's dog Nickie trotting up the sidewalk, home from his morning

walk. He is a large white dog, a Samoyede, and looks much like an Eskimo husky. He is a one-family dog, not making friends with strangers. Because of this he is a good watch dog and is very devoted to his owners. We were so sorry for Lucile when her little Chihuahua, Jakey-Boy, died. He was her constant companion. He seemed to understand everything she said to him and probably the most intelligent little pet we've ever known. We hope that she will get another little dog, but she wants to wait a while before she makes a decision.

Lucile is still in New Mexico, but will be home before long. She said for me to tell you that there would be a letter from her next month. I can, however, bring you up to date on her activities. She stopped overnight at her home north of Santa Fe to rest up from the long drive out there, and then Anita took her down to Albuquerque to spend a number of days with her daughter Juliana and her family. She was so eager to see her little grandson after so many months, and to see the home they had purchased. What a pleasant time they did have together! James is an outgoing little fellow and made up to his grandmother in no time at all. To use Lucile's exact words, "He is adorable and smart as a whip!"

She is making a change that we think will be ideal for her. As she has told you a number of times, she and Russell bought the property north of Santa Fe as a retirement home in the years to come. At that time it was a very sound idea. Since Russell passed away, she has been debating the advisability of keeping it. On this trip to Albuquerque Juliana and Jed told her that the house across the street from them had just been put on the market and suggested that she look at it. It met all of her needs, so she has purchased the house and is selling the one near Santa Fe. How nice this arrangement will be for all of them! She'll be just across the street from them instead of driving almost 100 miles. Juliana and Jed can

keep an eye on the house when she is here in Shenandoah, which will be a big help. There are many more details that she will want to share with you when she returns to Iowa. Right now she is busy showing the Santa Fe house to prospective buyers, and if you have ever gone through that, you know how involving this can be.

I am so delighted to have another new great-nephew! Ruth, my sister Jessie's daughter, who lives in San Mateo, California, has a new baby. They were hoping it would be a boy for their lovely family consisted of five girls and one boy. Jeddie is so happy to have a brother. The last three babies in our large family circle have been boys — James, Aaron, and now Seth.

Since I'm on the subject of family, I'll answer some of your questions about Bertha Field, my brother Henry's wife. She is in very good health, lives in the family home next to the seed house, and keeps very busy taking care of her home, doing many kinds of handwork and, like the rest of us, is making plans for her spring garden. She spends many hours outdoors in the summertime, and we are glad that she does for we are the recipients of some tasty things! She brings me the most luscious fresh fruits and vegetables, and the most delicious jams and jellies. Because of the many steps into her house, I can seldom visit in her home, but we talk on the phone often, exchanging family news. When I go to her house to call, she comes out and sits in the car, but more often she comes up to my house.

Spring always brings graduations and we have several in our family this year. Two grandchildren will graduate from college: Mary Leanna Driftmier, from Boston University, and Martin Strom, from Doane College. Alison Driftmier graduates from Jefferson High School in Denver, and David Driftmier completes his high school studies at Tabor Academy in Massachusetts. Kristin Brase will be receiving her Master's Degree at the University of Wyoming in June. I wish that I could attend all of these graduation ceremonies, but that would be impossible!

Most of my outings will be closer to home, and I'm making a rather unusual one this afternoon. Have you ever wondered how I get weighed? It isn't an easy thing to do when one is in a wheelchair! But like anyone else, I do like to know what I weigh, and this is how I manage it. I make an appointment with one of the seed companies to use their big loading scales. Someone in the family drives me down to the big building and we drive in, unload the chair and weigh it, then I get out into

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## MARGERY IS DOING SOME SPRING SEWING

Dear Friends:

At this time of the year I find it necessary to schedule each day's activities. There is so much that *has* to be done, and so much that I *want* to do that I'm constantly wrestling with my conscience! Naturally, it is imperative to put first things first, but as soon as the "have to" items are taken care of, I eagerly launch into the more pleasurable projects.

I don't know when I have enjoyed a gift as much as the new portable sewing machine my husband gave me on my birthday in February. Before it came into my life I did very little sewing, and what I did do was tackled with some reluctance on a hand-me-down antique model, or on a borrowed machine if I had very much to do. Fortunately, the little portable can be left on the dining room table throughout the week, since the doors can be closed on the sewing mess, and not until Friday evening is it necessary to put everything away and have the table cleared for the weekend.

Your comments about the sewing articles in recent issues of the magazine have been interesting to us. We've learned that many more people are sewing than we realized, and that you've found these articles very helpful. Since I'm a beginner your comments have been a great source of encouragement to me.

Perhaps one of the most important suggestions I've received is that it is not foolish to purchase several pieces of yard goods at one time. In that way it is possible to coordinate your wardrobe. On good advice I bought material for a summer coat and three companion prints for dresses to wear with it. Since the coat will be lined and I've never lined a thing, I've been a little "chicken" so am making the dresses first. I'll work up to the coat! If Dorothy, who has done an enormous amount of sewing, isn't in town when I tackle it, several girls at the office have offered their assistance if I get stuck! With all these willing hands, I should manage somehow.

Perhaps the most encouraging comments came from Oliver and Martin when I modeled a dress I had just completed. Martin said, "Mother, this one doesn't *look* like you made it!" Oliver agreed, so I wore it to church the following Sunday.

Our Congregational church and the Presbyterian church have been conducting a study course during Lent which I've been attending each Sunday evening. Oliver stays with Mother while I'm meeting with this group, and later on we'll take turn about so he



Mother (Leanna Driftmier) and her nurse-companion, Ruby Treese, look at one of the books Martin located.

can participate. The discussions have been such an inspiration that we fully expect to continue them after Easter.

I made a short business trip to Illinois for Lucile before she left for New Mexico. It happened that my calls were in the vicinity of two of Oliver's sisters so I was privileged to visit with them between appointments. On previous trips across the interstate highway it wasn't convenient to stop at the Hoover Memorial Library, but this time I could work it into my schedule. How fortunate that I could, for it was a wonderful experience. I spent considerable time in the museum, which is open to the general public for a most modest fee, and then drove to the grave sites of the former president and his wife. It was early morning, a bright sunny one, and the light was fine for photography so I took a number of pictures to add to the ones we took of the Eisenhower Library and Museum at Abilene, Kans. Oliver and I hope to visit the Truman Library and Museum sometime this spring. Perhaps this will work in with the trip we plan to take after Lucile's return from the Southwest.

You will receive this issue about the time we are getting ready to leave — at least, as nearly as we know at this writing. Usually we take our vacation in late summer, but this year it seems advisable to take it early. We'll try it this year and see how it works out for us. We're hoping that Mother can go with us, but if not, we're saving a week's vacation for later when it might be that she could accompany us on a shorter trip somewhere.

Several of you have mentioned the two disasters that occurred at Crete, Nebraska, where our son attends Doane College. We were very shaken when the phone call came about the train accident which involved the anhydrous ammonia cars and the deaths and injuries to Crete citizens. Martin and some of his classmates assisted with the evacuation of residents of two

nursing homes to the college campus which is on high ground and was out of danger of the fumes. We had a more detailed report the following weekend when Martin came home for a dental appointment.

The second disaster was the loss of Doane's oldest building by fire. It had been our hope that Merrill Hall could stand at least until after the college observed its centennial in three years. I received this news at 5:00 in the morning when Martin called that he and his roommates had been awakened shortly before and were on their way to see if the building was a total loss. Most fortunately, no lives were lost, and no injuries either, as this building housed only a few classrooms and faculty offices. However, the loss of personal libraries, research papers for doctorates, etc., can't be estimated. So this, too, was a tragedy. Martin's compassionate nature moved him instantly to do what he could and he drove to Shenandoah before the ashes were cool to search through his grandfather's library for books on history to give to the history instructor who lost every one of his reference books. Mother knew that Dad would have been pleased that some of his books had fulfilled such a need.

Mother asked Martin, while he was making his search, to keep his eyes open for several very special books, the most important of which were two very rare books on the Civil War. They are truly collector's items and she wasn't sure just where they were. If it sounds strange that their exact location was not known, let me remind you that Dad's favorite hobby was collecting books and if there is a house in Shenandoah containing such a library, I don't know of it. There are books stored in the garage, in the basement, in every bedroom closet, on closet shelves, as well as in the library! Mother was very relieved when Martin called down from the upstairs that he had located the Civil War volumes on one of the closet shelves. He brought them down to the library where we could enjoy looking at them again. Oliver was delighted that they were found as Dad had told him about them and he had long wanted to see them.

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### COVER PICTURE

Natalie Sue Nenneman is as interested as any little two-year-old can be in the spring decorations her mother is putting around the house these days. Her sister Lisa, who is five, has been telling her all about Mr. Easter Bunny.

Natalie and Lisa are daughters of Donna and Tom Nenneman of Ralston, Nebr., and granddaughters of Howard and Mae Driftmier.



# Easter's Plus Sign -- The Cross

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



**Setting:** Arrange a simple wooden cross so that it is silhouetted against a blooming Easter lily. Two lengths of a tree branch nailed to a block of wood is most effective in such a setting.

**Musical Prelude:** "Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain".

**Call to Worship:** *As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.* (I Peter 4:10)

Only God can take a world  
Without form, void — bereft of life,  
Touch it so, with a 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.  
—Church paper

**Responsive Reading:** (By two readers wearing choir robes)

God is our refuge and our strength,  
A VERY PRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE.

Therefore we will not fear though  
the earth should change,

THOUGH THE MOUNTAINS SHAKE  
IN THE HEART OF THE SEA;

Though its waters roar and foam,  
THOUGH THE MOUNTAINS TREMBLE  
WITH TUMULT.

There is a river whose streams make  
glad the city of God,

THE HOLY HABITATION OF THE  
MOST HIGH.

God is in the midst of her, she shall  
not be moved;

GOD WILL HELP HER RIGHT  
EARLY.

The nations rage, the kingdoms totter;

HE UTTERS HIS VOICE, THE  
EARTH MELTS.

The Lord of hosts is with us;  
THE GOD OF JACOB IS OUR  
REFUGE.

Come, behold the works of the Lord,  
HOW HE HAS WROUGHT DESOLATIONS  
IN THE EARTH.

He makes wars cease to the end of  
the earth;

HE BREAKS THE BOW, AND SHUTTERS  
THE SPEAR, HE BURNS THE  
CHARIOTS WITH FIRE!

"Be still, and know that I am God.  
I am exalted among the nations, I am  
exalted in the earth!"

THE LORD OF HOSTS IS WITH US:  
THE GOD OF JACOB IS OUR REFUGE.

**Hymn:** "Come, Ye Faithful, Raise  
the Strain".

**Prayer:** Jesus, stand among us, in  
Thy risen power; give us new strength,  
new visions, in this hallowed hour.  
Amen.

**Leader:** As we look around us there  
is frightening evidence on every hand  
that we are living in a disturbed  
world. We keep wishing God would  
hurry up and work a miracle. But let  
us stop and think a minute. LET GOD  
WORK A MIRACLE? Let God do it?  
Well, but how does God work a miracle?

An artist who achieved great success once said that what some thought to be genius was due to nothing but concentration of his natural talent on his task. Examine some of the great successes, another writer tells us, and we will find that what others thought to be a divine creation turns out to be the work of a completely dedicated soul. The greatest contributions to the world have come about because men have dared to work at their God-given talents. This has often meant that these same men had to pick up crosses to carry along the road to success, which only proves what dedicated Christians have al-

ways known, that the sign of the cross is a plus sign! To follow in the way of the cross means that we may know all the plus gifts that can come to those who strive to be "good stewards of the manifold grace of God". Then we shall "come alive, be born again" and our prayer will be "God, work a miracle through me".

Let us consider some of the plus signs of which the Easter cross reminds us.

**First Speaker:** Nearly two thousand years ago Jesus told his followers that His cross would not be light but that their reward would be great. This is one of the plus promises that is a part of the Easter glory. If we take up His Way, we must bear the cross that goes with it — criticisms, discouragements, sneers, and heartaches. Yet we will know that though we may bend under the weight, it will never break us. God assures us of that through this plus from the Word: *They who wait for the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.* (Isaiah 40:31)

I see the plus of power, given by God.

He's helping me now — this moment,  
Though I may not see it or hear,  
Perhaps by a friend far distant,

Perhaps by a stranger near,  
Perhaps by a spoken message,  
Perhaps by the printed word;  
In ways that I know and know not  
I have the help of the Lord.

He's guiding me now — this moment,  
In pathways easy and hard,  
Perhaps by a door wide open,  
Perhaps by a door fast barred,  
Perhaps by a joy withholden,  
Perhaps by a gladness given;  
In ways that I know and know not,  
He's leading me nearer to heaven.

—Author Unknown

**Leader:**

Lord make me a Mary!

My hands

Are Martha's restless hands.

Take them — poor, faltering, quivering —  
Into your own.

Clasp them and hold them fast.

Make my heart still enough

To listen to You

And my hands steady enough

And strong enough

To hold Your sacred Cup. —Selected

**Hymn:** "Eternal God Whose Power Upholds".

**Second Speaker:** The very foundation of religion is faith. Each of us must have faith in something — faith in God, else we cannot pray; faith in ourselves, else we cannot work; faith in others, else we cannot love. We must

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## FREDERICK HAS JOINED THE YMCA HEALTH CLUB

Dear Friends:

We have a beautiful new YMCA here in Springfield. It is a building that cost over three million dollars, and all of us in the community worked hard raising the money for it. Betty and I are proud to have our names engraved on a little plaque along with many other names of our friends who also contributed generously to this fine addition to the religious and social facilities of Springfield. I wish that you could see what a lovely and yet what a practical building it is. It has excellent provisions for the physical development of men and women and boys and girls of all ages.

This week I decided to join a YMCA health club that is specially provided for the professional men of the city. It has been so long since I took part in anything like this, that I am almost a novice and am therefore having to be very careful not to overdo. Years ago in one of my letters to you I described what happened to me at the local YMCA health department. It was right after I first came to Springfield to live, and I had joined the YMCA. On the very first day of my use of the athletic facilities, I broke both arches in my feet! Well, that ended that chapter, and so now that I am beginning a new chapter, I am being more cautious.

One of the values of good physical exercise is the development of good breathing habits. Most of us breathe too shallowly, and at the YMCA we are taught to do deep breathing. Do you know that we regularly breathe sixteen times each minute, 960 times each hour, 23,040 times each day? In one day approximately 35,000 pints of blood traverse the capillaries of the lungs, each blood corpuscle passing in single file, and being exposed to the oxygen of the air on both surfaces. How can this fact fail to compel us to awe and wonder at the Creator's infinite care and the perfection of his divine plan for our life.

I think that what I am going to enjoy the most at the new YMCA is the Swedish sauna. Have you ever taken a sauna? It is nothing more or less than a good steam bath. We sit in a room where the temperature is about 180 degrees and where live steam is pumped into the room in the amount needed to produce intense perspiration. Ten minutes is the most I stay in at one time, but I love it.

As I write this letter to you, I am sitting here munching on some Christmas candy. Four months ago one of the ladies' groups in our church sold Christmas candy to raise money for a missionary fund, and Betty took one



An aid to developing youngsters' interest in church attendance is active participation. These children line up for a part in the morning service.

dozen pound cans of the stuff to sell. Of course, she sold it all to me. We gave Mary Leanna some to take back to school with her, and we gave David a can or two, but the rest of it is right on the shelf where I put it in early December. I think I shall be eating Christmas candy all through the summer. My one hope at this late stage of the game is to get it used before we have to buy next year's supply. Actually, it is a very good grade of candy, and I do like to munch on hard candies when I am working in my office.

This reminds me of the way we eat Girl Scout cookies all year long. Betty and I simply cannot turn away some youngster out selling door to door for a good cause, and that means fifteen or twenty boxes of Girl Scout cookies each spring. It used to be that we knew when spring had come by the arrival of robins. Now we do it by the arrival of the Girl Scout cookies! Here again, the cookies are of first-rate quality and so we don't mind eating them — it is just the quantity!

Living in a city the way we do here in Springfield, Massachusetts, we miss many of the little small-town enterprises that both Betty and I knew as children. When I was a boy I used to go down to the seed house to wander through the many warehouse buildings smelling the delightful fragrance of farm seeds, and garden seeds, or the musty aroma of the damp peat moss used to wrap the shrubs and trees from the nursery. This past week I made the most wonderful, nostalgic discovery! Right out on the edge of the city I found a community feed store where they keep in large quantities all kinds of chicken and cattle feeds, as well as all kinds of lawn and farm seeds. Well, I went into the store, sat down on a

big bag of chicken feed, and just sat there visiting with one of the salesman for an hour or more. He knew all about the seed houses and the nurseries in Shenandoah, and we had a wonderful time talking about the ways the feed and seed business has changed over the years. I wandered through their warehouse feeling for all the world like a twelve-year-old boy again, luxuriating in the rural fragrances. I ended up buying a fifty-pound sack of mixed wild bird seed and making a mental note of some garden supplies I would have to get very shortly.

Remember those hollyhocks I told you I planted last spring? Well, they made it through the winter, and when summer finally gets here I hope to have a back fence area just like the one we had at home when I was a boy. We don't get any warm spring weather here until well into the month of May, and I shall have to wait until then to find out how my bulbs have done. Frankly, I am in despair about my lawn. We have so many trees in the back yard, and the heavy shade makes the growing of any kind of grass exceedingly difficult.

This is the time of the year when Betty begins to keep a close watch over me! She knows that every spring I get the sudden urge to buy either a new car or some animal. She says that I give myself away when I look at the evening paper — studying the "For Sale Ads" and the "Pet Columns". I admit that there is much truth in what she says, and I confess that I am beginning to get an urge different from any I have ever had before. I have had urges for rabbits, for cats, for dogs, for cars, for power lawn mowers, for hamsters, for tropical fish, and for ponies, but this year it is different. I

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## The Bible, A Book of Gardens

by  
Marjorie Fuller

Jesus interlaced growing things as symbols throughout his teachings. From Genesis through Revelation gardens, plants and trees play an important role.

Palestine, a country of varied temperatures and elevations, lies between the desert and the sea, providing climate for many and varied plants. Mountains from north to south form valleys between which produced figs, apples, grapes, apricots, olives and pomegranates.

Vines sprawling the hillsides grew cucumbers, melons and kitchen herbs. The wine grape, a symbol in the parables, at one time abounded but was later uprooted by invading Saracens and Babylonians.

The apple tree, most famous tree of the Bible, is sometimes called the Tree of Life or Tree of Knowledge. The fruit plucked and eaten by Eve was not named but scholars agree that it was probably the apricot not the apple, as frequently thought. Apple in Hebrew could indicate any of a number of fruits. The apricot flourished in the Holy Land and there are references made to the apple of gold.

Exodus and Deuteronomy tell us the framework and furniture of the Tabernacle were built of shittim wood, a species of the oriental acacia. Because of its durability the shittim was often made into coffins.

The box tree mentioned by Isaiah was used by the Syrians for galley benches while Roman poets sang of boxwood flutes of old. Today the box finds a place in modern engraving.

Though mentioned in the Bible the chestnut is not a native of Palestine. It is thought that the native oriental plane was referred to. Olive trees continue to grow in abundance around Jerusalem and Mt. Olivet. Dating from Noah the olive branch remains a world-wide emblem of peace.

The fruit of the carob tree mentioned in the parable of the Prodigal Son is still associated with the unsatisfying pleasures of the world. An evergreen with shiny leaves and small yellow flowers it grows thirty feet high. The pod seeds are used in making candies and the pods themselves for cattle feed. The tree appears in Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and California.

The Biblical sycamore was a fig bearing a small inferior fruit used only

by the poor. Some of these grow in Florida today. The sycamine spoken of in Luke is distinct from the sycamore. It is the mulberry tree.

Date palms were cultivated throughout Palestine. Jericho celebrated for its palm groves was called the city of palms. In their seasons of rejoicing palm branches served as emblems of victory for the Jews. According to the Arabs the date palm had as many uses as there were days in the year. Their camels feasted on ground date kernels.

From ancient times the seed kernel of the stone pine has been a delicacy. Jars preserving them in honey were found in the buried city of Pompeii.

The familiar rod cast by Aaron was carved from the almond tree. Jacob sent almond nuts to Egypt in exchange for corn. The Israelites "hung their harps" on the weeping willow.

Oil, gum, buds and cinnamon bark are distinctive to the cassia bark tree. Moses used the sweet spice when mixing ingredients for the holy oil used to anoint the sacred vessels in the Tabernacle. A favorite fruit of the Holy Land was the pomegranate, a symbol of fertility because of its many seeds, and of life. The Jewish high priests wore robes embroidered in motifs of the pomegranate.

Isaiah speaks of the cypress. It is thought to be the oldest tree. We know that it grew in Julius Caesar's time. Rome points with pride to the cypress doors of St. Peter's Cathedral.

*And they sewed fig leaves together, and made themselves aprons.* In Genesis 3:7 the fig is the first tree mentioned by name in the Bible. Moses received the fruit from spies sent out to search for the promised land, and Solomon used the fig as a symbol of peace.

The most majestic of the trees were the Cedars of Lebanon. They grew one hundred feet high and forty feet wide. "The trees of the Lord" as the cedars were often called are familiar throughout the Old Testament.

Today walnuts are cultivated on the slopes of Hermon and Lebanon. Solomon grew walnuts in his garden near Jerusalem. The pistachio grows in Syria and Palestine. There is no doubt that Joseph's brothers took the nuts to Egypt to use for trade or for gifts.

The quince grew then, as it does now in New England, a bush or small bushy

tree. The orange of the Bible was a dwarf variety grown as ornamental shrubs in pots or tubs. The flower petals were used for perfume and the fruit peel was candied. Our Floridan sour orange was imported by the Spaniards and is related to the Bible variety.

The citron, a small tree with long irregular branches and short stiff thorns, grew in Palestine. We grow it as a hot-house plant.

Thorny plants are common to the Holy Land. They thrive on the rocky hillsides. Biblically speaking a thorny growth composed our Savior's crown of thorns so that it was flexible enough to have been plaited.

In Hebrew barley means a "long-haired" grain as opposed to wheat. Commonplace in Palestine it was used as a unit of linear measure, three barleycorns to an inch. Some of the earliest pages of the Bible speak of wheat which was much like our own. It is always mentioned with tares, a sort of wild rice. An old superstition told that one became stupified if he unwittingly ate tare seeds. The fine linen of the scripture was woven from native flax.

Still familiar marjoram, mint, thyme, rosemary and lavender were herbals used in ancient kitchens. Hyssop identified with one of the six species of marjoram was used in observance of Passover by the Israelite families.

Both the leaves and fruit of the anise are used as a condiment in the Holy Land. Rue is mentioned as an herb tithe free, and valued for its strong smell. Mustard grew tall as a horse according to one writer. As incense became less popular myrtle was substituted. The flowers and leaves of the myrtle are still sold in Jerusalem as perfume. The buds are used as a spice, the fruit eaten as dessert and wine is extracted from the berries.

Predominantly grown vegetables were leeks, onions, lentils and radishes. It is said that when Satan stepped out of the Garden of Eden an onion sprang up where he planted his right foot and garlic where his left foot touched.

Palestine has abundant wild flowers. Red tulips of Galilee, purple gladioli, lupines and anemones (mostly red) and lilies abound. Salvias grew everywhere while bougainvillea vines covered the porches. The Bible speaks of eleven types of roses with the majority white. It is thought the rose of Sharon was actually the narcissus. Perfume and attar of roses were extracted from the rock rose. Stars of Bethlehem dotted the countryside while sweet-smelling oleander trees grew twenty-five feet tall.

The Biblical gardens containing most  
(Continued on page 20)



# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I don't know about the rest of you but I am ready for Spring! Although we didn't have a great deal of snow in our area this winter, we had more freezing rain than I can ever remember. I think people who live in the country are much more aware of the transition from winter to spring than those living in town because of all the mud we have to contend with when the frost begins to come out of the ground. When I see Frank struggling around in ankle-deep mud feeding the livestock, I wonder if it will ever be dry again.

One good way I have found to lift my spirits is to get out the beautiful new spring seed and nursery catalogs. Frank and his sister Bernie enjoy planting odd varieties and are always looking for something new and unusual. Last year they planted a few hills of blue potatoes out of curiosity, but they didn't do too well. Colored Indian corn and gourds aren't new, but we hadn't planted any before and enjoyed having them to give to friends for fall centerpieces. Bernie was rather unhappy with the gourds, however, because she planted them in her regular garden and the vines grew so well they knocked down the sweet corn, climbed over the fence and went halfway across the lawn! We'll find a different place to plant them this year. It will soon be time to make garden, rake the winter debris from the yards, and hear the tractors in the fields.

A job Frank has to get done soon is to take the martin house down and remove the sparrow nests. I gave him the martin house last year for his birthday and we were too late putting it up to attract any martins last year. But the sparrows found it immediately and took possession of this fine apartment house. I hope the martins find our house this spring.

Frank didn't do much trapping this year because it is so time consuming, but a few weeks ago he announced that the skunks were getting terribly thick around here and he was going to see what he could do to get rid of some. The first year we moved to the farm he had an unfortunate experience with a rabid skunk and had to undergo the very painful series of rabies shots. All the livestock we had in one particular pasture also had to have the



Aaron, the Johnson's new little grandson, is becoming increasingly aware of things around him, including his daddy's camera.

shots. Frank had seen the skunk bite several of the horses and, of course, didn't know how many of the animals had been bitten before he heard the commotion and investigated. We couldn't take any chances. In the last two weeks he has caught a lot of them which he gave to two young neighbor boys who have been trapping this winter.

When we first moved to the farm Frank ran quite a trap line and since this was a new experience for me, I liked to go with him to check the traps. Mrs. Johnson warned me that if I went along I would have to carry home the "catch" and then went on to tell me that when Frank was just a little boy and first started trapping he asked her to go along with him. She said she would go if he would let her carry home everything they found. The first trap they came to had a skunk in it, and in those first days of trapping Frank kept everything he caught so she had to stick to her bargain! Mrs. Johnson was a good sport and had a wonderful sense of humor, so she enjoyed telling this joke on herself. I was always lucky I guess, because we never came across a skunk in any of my trips around the trap line.

This was a long winter and I know from the letters I read while in Shenandoah, that you women in the areas where you had many feet of snow were shut in for weeks at a time, and I have been interested in learning what you did to pass the time away. I'll tell you a few of the things I did.

My recipe files had gotten into a deplorable state, so I worked one entire week sorting, filing, copying and getting them in some semblance of order. I had saved stacks and stacks of recipes, thinking sometime I might want to test them, so I went through all of them, discarding those which held little appeal. Also, I got out my entire file of *Kitchen-Klatter* magazines and

had a lot of fun reading all of the letters I had written from the time we first moved to the farm when Kristin was not yet three years old, and farming was a brand-new way of life for me. My memory was jogged about many things I had forgotten and I thought how fortunate I am to have this wonderful diary all in print of the activities we have shared together.

Another trip I took down memory lane came about because Frank's sister Ruth had bought two antique dolls at an auction. She left them with Bernie, thinking she might be able to find someone who would dress them for her. When Bernie told me about them I remembered that somewhere in this house, probably buried under boxes in the storeroom, was a box containing all the doll clothes I had made for Kristin when she was little. The dolls were given away years ago, but she had saved their wardrobes in hopes that some day she would have a little girl who would love them as much as she did. They were yellowed with age and were a sorry-looking sight, but after they were all washed and ironed they looked adorable, and I packed them away neatly in tissue paper. I was showing them to Bernie and our friend Belvah when they were here one day and Belvah said she didn't see how I had found the time to make so many. Well, back in those days when Kristin and I spent so much time alone together, sewing was a hobby in which I took great interest.

When I was in Shenandoah last month, Mother received a letter from Kristin, a portion of which went like this: "I have a project you can help me with if you want to. I need some puppets for a materials kit for communication stimulation in working with elementary children. I am going to demonstrate this kit in two classes and one of the professors is going to make a video tape of them. Among things to be included in the kit will be a variety of hand puppets. They can be the same size, made out of felt, and I will need a father, a mother, a boy, a girl and a baby. If Mother is there this week maybe she can help you." She enclosed a paper pattern showing the size she wanted them to be. In one of the stores I found squares of felt in many colors so we had a variety to work with. Mother cut them out and I did the machine stitching. Then came the fun of making them look like little people. Neither of us had seen any before, so we really put our imaginations to work. We were pleased with our little puppet family and hope Kristin finds them satisfactory. She also said something about sending a pattern to make some rag dolls, but Ruby already knew how to

(Continued on page 20)



## MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

The sun is blazingly beautiful this morning. And a welcome relief it is, too. We had no cheerful, beautiful snowstorms this winter to offset the bleak look of the grey grass and leafless trees.

Would you believe me if I told you that in spite of my genuinely dedicated efforts to keep abreast of the falling leaves last November, the shrubbery in front of the house is once again packed deeply with crisp, brown oak leaves? One room of the house extends forward so that I can look out the windows and see directly under these lovely bushes, and one of these days, when it isn't too cold, I'm going to get outside and crawl under them and clean them out.

The former owner wisely covered this area with exquisite crushed rock of some sort that has not only kept out the weeds but has added unusual beauty, because the rocks are not common crushed gravel but something most unusual. (Paul insists upon bringing handfuls of these lovely rocks into the house as a magnificent discovery, and I have to remind him that these are supposed to be under the shrubs. Indeed, these are "salted" rocks, as it were, and this amazes him.)

If he were aware that at the foot of our back yard, down the steep hill which ends in the river, there are reported to be lurking Indian arrowheads and other artifacts, he would be down there with or without permission. The woman across the street, the former owner, told me that every spring when the river runs deeper and more swiftly, there are Indian traces deposited along the bank. They have found quite a number of things. When Donald gets time to be home when there is daylight perhaps he can take Paul down for a hunting expedition.

In an effort to have a little time with my husband I decided that the only alternative to taking a camp chair out to his office in the evenings and sitting quietly in his presence while he works was to ride along on the drive he makes to Detroit. He spends about ten hours alone in the car on the round trip, so I asked Mother if she would stay with the children so I would be free to go with him. I haven't had a trip alone with Don since before the children were born, and although this was only an overnight trip it was very pleasant to be with him.

We left on a Thursday evening after five o'clock. My mother brought over the children's supper, and we waited until we got to Marshall, Michigan, to have dinner. Marshall, Michigan, is known nationally for their Schuler's Restaurant. Most of the businessmen



Mary Beth ran across this picture taken when Mother visited them a year ago. We believe it is the only one ever taken of Mother at a piano.

who drive between here and Detroit or on calls north of Detroit stop here to eat. It is an interesting restaurant and not exceptionally expensive, either. We enjoyed our lovely, quiet meal.

We arrived at the Detroit Motel at midnight and went directly to bed. In the morning we ate at an International Pancake House and then I rode with Donald to the Chevrolet plant where he makes his business calls. The Chevrolet buildings spread out over miles and miles of suburban Detroit. While Don was busy for three hours I drove to the shores of Lake St. Clair and enjoyed the beauty once again of a big body of water. I still think Lake Michigan is prettier, but unlike Michigan, Lake St. Clair was entirely frozen over, which I had never seen in Milwaukee. I don't believe Lake Michigan has frozen completely across since the 1800's.

At noon we drove downtown and had a quick sandwich in the shadows of the Fisher Building. Every year the Christmas card from the president of General Motors shows some view of the Fisher Building, and although I knew it was large I never expected such an enormous structure. It dwarfs the other buildings on the skyline. In fact, Don pointed it out to me as we were driving into town from suburban Birmingham and it loomed large on the horizon. Don had to make more business calls at General Motors Building in downtown Detroit, which is right across the street from the Fisher Building. This structure completely fills what looks like four square city blocks. It is sixteen stories high and needless to say I was impressed. I entertained myself that afternoon by browsing through the interesting shops on the ground floor of the General Motors Building. They had devoted four enormous showrooms to the display of all the new G.M. cars

and another room to appliances — stoves, dishwashers, refrigerators, washing machines, dryers, and a dozen other appliances which they produce.

At the end of April I am going to drive Katharine to Purdue University, where she will sit in on a seminar class in the Home Economics Department. Four of the girls at North Side Junior High have been selected by their teachers to attend these classes. Katharine has been one of the four chosen and it was a pleasant surprise for her. Although she has a decided ability for cooking and a budding talent for sewing, her real interests lie in the mathematics and English departments. Although she has four years in which to decide before college looms before her, I doubt if she will choose a home economics major. Goodness knows, it would be a wonderful minor for her to consider. She is convinced she is going to teach either math or English at the Academy as soon as she is graduated. (The Academy, you will remember, is the school in Brookfield we reluctantly left.)

This Saturday Katharine has an appointment with the six- to eight-year-old class of Saturday morning Library Club Readers at the city library. She was asked by her English teacher to take over this class one Saturday every month, and prepare the story or stories to be read to them. This month she is reading them selected stories from Beatrice Potter's animal stories. Adrienne has two English bone china figurines from the stories, and Katharine has received her permission to take these figurines along. One of the characters is "A Foxy-Whiskered Gentleman" and the other is "Mrs. Tittlemouse".

Until next month,  
Mary Beth



# Come Along, Breakfast Is Ready!

*A Special Easter Breakfast*

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



Morning meetings beginning with breakfast or ending with brunch have become increasingly popular with today's homemaker, so why not entertain at a gay Easter breakfast this year?

Do you have a lovely picture window in front of which the dining room table can be placed? If the windows overlook the garden and the first spring blossoms are blooming there, let natural beauty be the decoration. If there is no garden in bloom, then how about *Easter Egg Windows*? Buy some foam Easter eggs, in pastel colors, if possible. Decorate them with lace, ribbon, sequins, beads, etc. Suspend them on narrow ribbon streamers, in graduated lengths, across the top of the window. They make a lovely backdrop for the breakfast table.

A *Biddy Hen* from an egg carton will make an interesting centerpiece. Begin by cutting an egg carton in half crosswise. Cut a hen's head, wings, and tail from bright red or yellow construction paper. Eyes, beak, wing markings, comb and wattles can be of a contrasting color. Make a slit in the center of the closed end of half the carton and stick Biddy's head into it. Paste the wings on either side and fasten the tail to the open end, making the tail feathers curl by rolling them on a pencil. You will see that Biddy's "lid" can be lifted up, so you can tuck some Easter grass inside and add some candy eggs to be shared with your guests later.

Favors at each place might be *Peter Cottontail Nests*. For each favor you will need one nut cup filled with artificial Easter grass. For Peter Cottontail, use a large candy or hard-cooked egg as the body. Fasten on long ears of pink construction paper. For eyes and nose paste on gummed notebook paper hole reinforcements. Add a red mouth and glue on pipe cleaner whiskers. Set each rabbit on the grass in the nut cup nest.

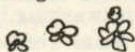
*Spring Violet* place cards are pretty and easy to make. Make the cards by cutting pastel correspondent cards into three cards, cutting crosswise. Fold each small card lengthwise through the center so that the card will stand up on the table. Make two slits

in the upper right hand corner of the front half of the folded card. Write or print the name, spacing it toward the left side of the card. Insert a short length of narrow green or gold ribbon through the slits in the card so that a loop of ribbon is formed on the front. Tape, or tie, the ribbon on the underside of the card. Just before serving time, pull the stems of two or three violets through the ribbon loop to make a miniature nosegay on each card. A single pansy or two or three flowering almond blossoms might be used instead of violets, or achieve a spring garden look by varying the posies on each card.

Miniature garden hoes, rakes, and spades make clever little favors. A packet of flower seed might be tied to the handle of each one. If the guest list is made up of actual gardeners, how about using a small garden trowel as the favor, with the name card tied to the handle? Serving large mints? Then place one in the scoop of one of these small tools so it doubles as favor and nut cup.

A *Humpty Dumpty* centerpiece is fun to make. For the wall, cover a small box with brick design crepe paper. Use a foam egg for Humpty's torso. Glue on features cut from felt scraps. Cut a pair of trouser legs from heavy black paper or a fabric. Glue legs to large end of the egg and paste on black shoes at bottom of leg. Cut shirt sleeves of heavy colored paper, bending at the elbow for a natural look, and paste on paper hands. Attach arms to the egg just above the legs. Paste on a wing collar cut from white paper, and add a red ribbon or yarn bow tie. Cock a perky paper hat on Humpty's head, and place him so that he sits on the wall, dangling his legs over the side. Group some pretty colored Easter eggs around the bottom of the wall.

For the menu you might serve fruit juice, scrambled or shirred eggs with bits of chipped beef for flavor and color, rolls and jam, and plenty of hot coffee. A choice of several kinds of coffeecake, or fancy breads, or a plate of doughnuts might be served instead of the rolls.



## APRIL MIXERS FOR FUN

by  
Virginia Thomas

*To Find Partners:* Pass two baskets, one to the men and one to the women, or if the group is all women, pass one basket on each side of the room. Fill the baskets with a variety of flowers, the contents of both baskets to be exactly alike as to kinds of flowers. Each person chooses a flower from the basket and those with like flowers are partners.

*Add It Up!* Each guest has a number pinned on him. Make these large enough to be seen easily. The leader, provided with a paper punch, calls out one large number at a time. The players must get together in groups so that their numbers added together will total the number called. The first group to have the correct sum wins, and the leader punches each of their numbers. The winner for the game is the person who has the most punches at the close of the game.

*A Spring Sell:* Have plenty of old magazines on hand and some paste, sheets of typing paper, and marking pens. Divide group into couples, or allow them to work individually if the group isn't large. The object is to see who can produce the best spring-accented ad, such as might appear in their favorite women's magazine. It may be an ad about flowers for a seed catalog, an ad for new spring furniture, or drapes, or something for the spring wardrobe to catch milady's eye. Instead of one prize, you might award prizes for the best eye appeal, the cleverest, the prettiest, etc.

*The Easter Pinata:* This is a takeoff on the Mexican party pinata. Place several candy eggs in a paper bag. You can paste on long paper ears and a cotton tail and mark on eyes and nose so that the sack looks like a bunny. Stretch a line across the room and pin the bag, or two or three, to it with a clothespin. Blindfold the players, one at a time, and hand the player a wire egg whip. Turn him around several times and then see if the player can hit the bag with the beater. You will need to set a time limit for each player. If the bag is broken, all the players scramble to get the candy eggs.

## SPRING SIGNALS

No one needs to tell me,  
"Spring is here."  
White clothes blow on the lines,  
So long unused,  
And older folks at leisure  
Walk behind the little ones,  
Running before, so glad of spring.  
No one needs to tell me,  
"Spring is here."

—Mary Kurtz



## TOO SOON GROWN!

by  
Dorothy Shumate

"They're young only once!" is a very familiar phrase. And it's true. But the moment a child is born a parent must start giving him up . . . holding him close, yet never clinging. For in order to reach full maturity a child must learn to stand alone.

Undoubtedly the most joyous time in a mother's life is when her children are very young. So enjoy them! When they speak . . . listen. When they question . . . answer. It isn't always easy to stop right in the middle of something. But do! It will be well worth your while . . . and theirs. Just as you would stop whatever you are doing to fix a hurt, take a moment to "Come see!" . . . to admire . . . be it a lovely flower . . . or perhaps even a toad! Through the eyes of a child rediscover the Wonders of God's World.

Sometimes a child's delight is quite mysterious. I remember once our eighteen-month-old was standing on a chair at the kitchen sink, watching me scrub a whole "dressed" chicken we had just brought home from the store. Suddenly he began to chuckle . . . first to himself . . . then right out loud. It was infectious! I never really knew why we laughed. But I remember the laughter!

Almost everyone admires a glorious sunset, but how long since you've watched a caterpillar gingerly climb a blade of grass . . . or rubbed your nose yellow with a dandelion? A child can refresh your memory.

And just as surely as each phase in the life of your child presents new and different problems, it also brings its own rewards.

So enjoy your children while allowing them to grow in responsibility. And before you know it . . . if you're lucky as most . . . they'll make you a proud and happy grandparent.

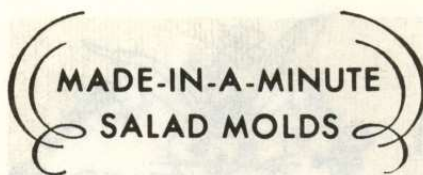
Then you can have the fun all over again!

## IRONING MEMORIES

Dad bought this shirt in Mexico.  
I can still see the little shop.  
I must put a patch on Sherry's skirt,  
And the hem is about to drop.  
Sue was so proud of this dress she made  
For the party the other night.  
Here is Billy's favorite shirt.  
He sure does like them bright!

It seems each piece has a secret pocket  
Where a memory is stored,  
Waiting to keep me company  
At my ironing board.

—Venita Meade



by  
Dagney M. Tinkey

You can have a variety of ring molds for zippy salads or other foods without buying out the kitchenware counter.

Have a whopping bowl for buffet gangs, a small ring for a twosome table, an individual dish for an invalid's tray. For that matter, the "ring" can be a square. Here is how!

Choose a bowl, pot or pan the depth and shape desired. Place a smaller bowl or glass in the center of this and fill it with something that will weigh it down; marbles, water or ice cubes will work. Pour the cooled, but not jelled, salad mix into the improvised outer ring. Set.

To unmold: Carefully run a warmed knife around the center dish and lift it out. Unmold salad as usual or leave it in the dish and fill the middle with pretty contrast food. A picture you can eat.

For variation, a bud vase may be used as a center dish. After the salad is unmolded, replace the vase in the opening and fill it with flowers. Picture fluffy pineapple-cream gelatin with pink rosebud decoration for an engagement or shower party table. Or jonquils centering a golden Eastertime salad.

Other suggestions for rings:

Lime green vegetable salad with center of red and white (peeled) radishes.

Lemon cream mold with hulled, sweetened strawberries.

Tomato aspic around mayonnaise sprinkled with parsley.

Jellied chicken with center fill of mayonnaise pinked with catsup.

Molded potato salad with a hot wiener bouquet in the middle.

Orange and pineapple gelatin around sweetened, whipped cream.

Ripe raspberry ring around vanilla ice cream.

One of my most successful ring molds was a huge, rather shallow circle of jelled cranberries placed around our sliced Thanksgiving turkey. I used a round, enameled roaster as a mold and my largest sheet cake pan as the center dish.

For another special dinner, a large ring of gelatin with pineapple slices surrounded ham.

Ring molds enable one to serve two dishes on one plate, saving table space and dishwashing, and they do make a plain meal seem an occasion.

## FAMILY PROVERBS

by  
Evelyn Witter

"Don't bury the biscuits," I said to our son Jim, as he stewed about the fumble he'd made in the last football game. His look and the tone of his "Yeah, I know" made me realize how much understanding had passed between us.

This line "Don't bury the biscuits" — one of many proverbs our family has made up — was created when, as a bride, I first tried to make biscuits for my husband Bill. No matter how much flour I added to the dough it stayed sticky. I was licked! So that Bill wouldn't see the mess, I buried the whole batch of gooey stuff on the slope right behind the house.

When he came home, Bill noticed the freshly dug spot. Upon investigation, he found my secret. "Don't bury the biscuits" became our family phrase for "Face your problems and try again".

When Jimmy began to walk and talk, he inspired another maxim. He would tell us that he was going "far away", and then would just trot around and around the yard until he was exhausted. To this day, anyone who makes a big fuss over getting nowhere is a "yard traveler".

Aunt Bertha and Uncle Arthur were responsible for a favorite family-made proverb. Aunt Bertha was inclined to wear too much jewelry and makeup. Whenever she especially outdid herself, Uncle Arthur would say that she looked "complete except for a ring in her nose". So, for our family, "all but a ring in your nose" means overdressed or gaudy.

One of our proverbs is about disappointment. Thank goodness we don't find much use for it!

A natural spring used to bubble on our farm. We took pride in its pure water. Friends from town who visited us often took jugsful home. But when the gas line came through our place, the spring changed course and vanished. Along with the spring, some of our city friends vanished, too. We remember them as "spring-water friends".

## SPRING

Replaced is the pale face of winter,  
With blooming cheeks of spring.  
The quickening pulse of nature,  
Reflects in merry tune birds sing.  
Rain-washed are grey, gloomy skies  
To a clear and heavenly blue.  
The cold, dampened spirits of men,  
Bright sun, warms and dries.  
Nature sheds drab garb of winter,  
Dons apparel of rainbow hue.

—Sara Lee Skydell



## EXCITING EASTER

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Easter brings us a message all by itself, but when coupled with April, spring, newness of life and school vacations, it is an exciting time, indeed.

If you live in Arizona you could go to the Grand Canyon for the Easter Sunrise Service. (In fact, many people from *outside* Arizona travel to the rim of the magnificent canyon for the special services.) Someday I would like to be part of the group of worshipers and share the inspiration of that moment. The voices of the choir lifting across the tremendous reaches of the canyon, the sunlight striking on the nature-hewn temples, spires and cathedrals, and the sense of the presence of God in such an awe-inspiring expanse of powerful beauty, would surely blend to create an unforgettable worship experience.

Bob plans to be in Arizona this Easter season but I do not know where he will be attending Easter services. Our nephew, Lynn Bricker, is being married April 6th and Bob is planning to represent our family at the ceremony. He will stay several days and visit for whatever time he can spare from college.

Unfortunately, school here in Sidney does not take a long enough Easter vacation, Robert cannot get away from the office and I have responsibilities with Kitchen-Klatter, so much as we would all like to be present for such a festive occasion, it cannot be. We will simply have to get the wedding ceremony and Easter in Arizona second-hand from Bob.

Another place I would enjoy being on Easter Sunday is in the Austrian Alps. Just imagine the beauty of the high peaks, rugged crags and picturesque lakes! The Austrian people like to gather on the mountainside for a sunrise service. They sing hymns as the sun rises and then — are you ready for this? — *shoot off cannons!* (I wonder where *that* tradition originated?)

Not only are sunrise services international in scope, but the tradition of colored Easter eggs seems also to be world wide. Eggs really were used as a symbol of spring and new life long before Christ's birth. The custom of exchanging eggs is credited to the ancient Persians. They are reported to have dyed eggs bright colors as gifts for their friends.

Did you ever hear of Columbus eggs? (Do these have anything at all to do with Christopher Columbus?) To make a Columbus egg, carefully poke a hole in each end of an egg with a sharp pointed manicure scissors blade or the



—Photo by Gene Dieken  
This beautiful handmade Easter egg is constructed of white spun sugar edged with a yellow frosting ruffle and topped with roses and green leaves. A tiny chicken and rabbit are tucked inside. It is 5 inches long and 3½ inches around. With bright flowers and a pretty nylon net underneath it makes a delightful centerpiece.

point of a darning needle. Blow contents of egg into a bowl. (Use this for scrambled egg later.) *Do not wash* the inside of the egg. Set the egg upright in a muffin tin. Drop a few B-Bs into the shell immediately. These will adhere to the egg white remaining in the shell. Let dry several hours. Paint with poster paint, food coloring or enamel. If the first two are used, a clear coat of shellac or varnish will make a pretty, glossy finish. Sequins, stars, glitter or other trimmings may be glued on for festive decorations. The egg will stand up on end by itself on a flat surface. It will also bob back up when placed on its side — like Humpty Dumpty! A number of these eggs clustered together make a lovely centerpiece. They can also be used for lovely table or tray favors.

Confetti eggs come from Mexico and provide a gay game. (I can just see a Cub Scout Den going to it with this one!) Preparation of the egg is the same as above, *except* rinse out each egg with water. Dry completely. Fill the eggs with fine confetti. Tape or glue flower designs over the holes at each end of the eggs. Decorate as desired: polka dots, zigzags, flowers, etc. The brighter the design the better for Mexican Easter eggs. Since each child should have several eggs, an added project for this game could be the making of baskets out of cottage cheese cartons. Tuck a few strips of colored paper inside each basket to help hold eggs firmly.

Now find a place where scattered eggshells and paper won't matter or can be easily swept up. Set limits and "safe" areas. Turn the kids loose for a "battle".

Another fun game comes from Ireland.

Paint six hard-boiled eggs different colors. Put a number on each egg. Set upright in earth outdoors or in a nest arrangement in the house. For the game, all players sit in a large circle around the egg nest. One player is blindfolded and given a stick. He is to see how many eggs he can touch with the stick in one minute. (Caution the player who is "It" *not* to *hang* on the eggs. Everyone needs a turn.) As the game progresses a little poem is sometimes recited by the Irish children:

Mike and Meg, Pat and Peg  
Watch me tap this Easter egg.  
Red, green, orange, white and blue;  
Four, six, one, five and two.  
Should I tap the egg of gold  
That will be my one to hold.

The first child to score twenty wins the game. Anyone who touches the gold egg keeps it for her own. (For small children it is wise to have as many gold eggs as children so no one will feel left out.) This game could be played with large candy eggs which have been wrapped in plastic. The numbers could be taped to the eggs.

Eggs are a happy part of many Easter decorations during April. Last year I used eggs the boys had painted for a mantel arrangement. I enlarged the hole at one end of each egg until I could slip one of the pastel-colored slender taper candles inside. A little candle wax helped hold the candle firmly in place. Each egg was then placed upright in a pretty egg cup. Six egg cups were then arranged on the mantel with green artificial grass around the base. Brightly colored bunnies and chickens completed the arrangement.

Besides the use of Easter eggs, making hot cross buns during Easter week is one of our family traditions. This custom really began as a daily "prayer". When the father of a family took a knife to cut a fresh loaf of bread he first marked the top of the loaf with a cross. This was a sign of thankfulness to God for the bread. Gradually, on special occasions, the cross was imprinted on the dough before baking. In England in the fourteenth century, rolls with a cross marked in them were baked on Good Friday and given to the poor. Gradually the custom spread to Ireland and other countries as well.

Easter week should include a sharing experience. The happy tradition of hot cross buns is an easy one to follow. Fresh buns can be made from any favorite recipe or a mix, or one of the real hot cross bun recipes may be used. Mark the top with a cross before baking. When cool, outline with frosting. Share with someone in need, a neighbor or a shut-in for a special springtime gift.



**CHOCOLATE EASTER BONNETS**

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 36 marshmallows

Cream sugar and shortening. Beat in egg, milk and flavorings. Sift together dry ingredients. Mix into batter. Drop 12 teaspoonfuls on each of 3 greased cookie sheets. Bake 8 minutes at 375 degrees. Top each cookie with a marshmallow and put back into oven for just 1 minute. Cool and glaze.

**Glaze**

- 1/3 cup butter or margarine, melted
- 3 Tbls. hot water
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 1 1/2 cup powdered sugar
- Flavoring as desired

Combine ingredients in top of double boiler. Heat and stir until smooth. Do not boil. Glaze top of cookie. Use shoestring licorice around base of marshmallow giving the effect of a "hat-band" on each Easter bonnet.

Pastel-colored powdered sugar frosting may be used for spring bonnets instead of chocolate if you prefer. Decorate with frosting ribbon and flowers.

—Evelyn

**CRAB MEAT SPREAD**

- 1 can crab meat
- 1/4 lb. margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 lb. shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 tsp. grated onion
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

Melt the butter and cheese. Add remaining ingredients and spread on split buns and brown under the broiler until mixture is hot and bubbly.

**HONEY-PECAN COOKIES**

- 1 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup honey
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Put the sugar, shortening, egg, honey and flavorings into a bowl and beat until fluffy. Sift together the flour, soda and salt and add to the first mixture. Stir in the nuts. Make into small balls and bake about ten minutes in a 375-degree oven, or until they are light brown and puffy looking. Do not overbake. As they cool they will flatten and have a krinkly top. These are delicious.

—Dorothy

**PORK CASSEROLE**

- 6 serving size pieces of pork steak or pork chops.
- Onions, carrots and potatoes
- 1 can tomato soup
- 1/2 can water
- 1 cup half-and-half or rich milk

Season and brown the pork steak or chops on both sides in deep skillet or roaster. Pour off excess fat, leaving meat in bottom of pan. Cover with a thick layer of sliced onions, a layer of carrots, sliced, and then a layer of sliced potatoes. The exact proportions will depend upon how many chops you are fixing and the size of your family. Season with salt and pepper and then pour over this the can of tomato soup mixed with the water. Cover and cook on top of the stove or in a moderate oven until vegetables are tender (about 1 hour). A few minutes before serving pour 1 cup of half-and-half or rich milk over this and turn down the heat to very low. Simmer for a few minutes. This makes a delicious meal with a salad and dessert.

—Lucile

**BANANA SPLIT PIE**

- 24 single graham crackers
- 3/4 stick margarine or butter
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 30 large marshmallows
- 1 cup milk
- 1 envelope whipped topping
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1 small can crushed pineapple
- 1 large banana (diced)
- 1/3 cup nuts
- 8 maraschino cherries to decorate the top

Make a graham cracker crust using finely crushed crackers, margarine or butter, and sugar. Line a 10-inch pie pan, reserving 1/4 cup crumbs for garnish. Bake 10 minutes in a 350-degree oven and cool. Melt marshmallows in 1 cup of milk over boiling water. Cool to room temperature stirring often. Drain pineapple very dry, dice banana and chop nuts. When crust and marshmallow mixture are cool, prepare whipped topping according to package directions with the 1/2 cup milk and flavorings and fold into the marshmallow mixture. Add fruit and nuts. Pile into crust and garnish reserved crumbs and the cherries. Chill overnight, or at least several hours before serving.

—Margery

**CRUNCHY ICE CREAM SQUARES**

- 4 cups crisp rice cereal
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup coconut
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 cup nuts, chopped
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- Ice cream

Melt butter or margarine. Combine with remaining ingredients, except ice cream. When well blended, pat half of mixture into 9 by 13 greased pan. Cut slices of ice cream and cover crunchy layer. Smooth remaining crunchy mixture over top of ice cream. Freeze. Cut into squares.

This is a very easy company dessert. It makes delicious club or church refreshments. Serve on pretty doilies if desired. The Neopolitan ice cream makes a nice combination of flavors and colors for these bars. If you are planning a special color scheme use ice cream which blends with the colors. This crunchy topping is delicious with any flavor. A favorite with children as well as adults.

—Evelyn



**PINEAPPLE-GLAZED PORK ROAST**

4- or 5-lb. pork loin roast  
 2 cloves garlic, sliced  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1 tsp. curry powder  
 1/2 cup honey  
 1/4 cup catsup  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring  
 1/4 cup pineapple syrup or juice  
 2 tsp. soy sauce  
 Pineapple slices and sprigs of mint (if mint is available)

Make slits in the roast with a sharp knife and insert half of the garlic slices. Rub the outside of the roast with a mixture of the salt and 1/2 tsp. of curry powder. Roast meat in a rack in a shallow baking pan at 325 degrees, or until done. Meanwhile, prepare the glaze by combining the honey, catsup, syrup or juice, soy sauce, remaining garlic, curry powder and flavorings. Simmer for about five minutes and then brush over the roast several times during the last 30 minutes of roasting time. Garnish with the pineapple slices and sprigs of mint. If mint is not available, a touch of parsley will do as garnish. This size roast should serve six or eight. —Lucile

**SPECIAL APPLE SALAD**

1 pkg. lemon gelatin  
 1 cup boiling water  
 1 cup pineapple juice  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

1 1/2 cups pineapple tidbits  
 4 cups coarsely grated raw apple  
 1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese  
 1 cup miniature marshmallows  
 1 cup cream, whipped

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add pineapple juice and flavorings and chill until partially congealed. Then fold in the remaining ingredients and chill until firm. —Margery

**CHEESE-AND-GRITS CASSEROLE**

3/4 cup hominy grits  
 6 cups boiling water  
 1 tsp. salt  
 3/4 lb. sharp cheese, grated  
 3 eggs, well beaten  
 3 tsp. seasoning salt

Add hominy grits to the boiling salted water and cook until thickened. (It won't be very thick.) Fold in the grated cheese, beaten eggs and seasoning salt and cook for 45 minutes over hot water. Place in a 2-quart greased casserole, cover, and bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes.

People will be asking for "seconds", so be sure to make plenty! —Lucile

**NINA'S MOLDED VEGETABLE SALAD**

2 pkgs. lemon gelatin  
 3 1/4 cups hot water  
 2 Tbls. chili sauce  
 1/4 cup chopped green pepper  
 1/4 cup chopped stuffed olives  
 3 Tbls. chopped pimiento  
 1 cup chopped pecans  
 1 cup diced celery  
 3 Tbls. pickle relish

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water and set aside to cool while you prepare the remaining ingredients. When the gelatin is slightly set, add the rest of the ingredients and place in 8 individual molds to chill until firm. Serve on lettuce with a dab of mayonnaise and sprinkle of paprika.

—Margery

**PARTY BROCCOLI**

2 Tbls. butter or margarine  
 2 Tbls. minced onion  
 1 1/2 cups sour cream  
 2 Tbls. sugar  
 1 tsp. white vinegar  
 1/2 tsp. poppy seed  
 1/2 tsp. paprika  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 Dash cayenne pepper  
 2 pkgs. frozen broccoli

Cook the broccoli until tender and drain. Melt butter or margarine in saucepan. (When I use margarine, I add a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.) Sauté the onion and remove from heat. Add sour cream, sugar, vinegar, poppy seed, paprika, salt and pepper. Arrange broccoli on a heated platter and pour the sauce over it. If you have some cashews on hand, sprinkle a few over the top when you serve it. This should serve 6 to 8.

The sauce can be prepared in advance and heated before serving over the broccoli. —Margery

**SPRING ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE**

Asparagus  
 1 can mushroom stems and pieces  
 1/4 cup green onions, sliced  
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 2 Tbls. flour  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 1/2 cup milk  
 1/2 cup cheese

Wash and trim asparagus. Cut if desired. Place in baking dish. Cook onions in butter or margarine until transparent. Add flour and butter flavoring and blend well. Stir in milk and mushroom liquid. Add salt. Stir over low heat until medium thick. Add cheese and stir until melted. Stir in mushrooms. Pour sauce over asparagus and sprinkle a little cheese on top. Bake 30 to 40 minutes or until asparagus is done. —Evelyn

**PARTY PINK PIE****Crust**

Use your favorite recipe for a one-crust pie, and add to it 1/4 cup of coconut, and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring. Bake in a 450-degree oven 10 to 12 minutes.

**Filling**

1 pkg. white frosting mix  
 4 drops red food coloring  
 1/2 cup commercial sour cream  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring  
 1 can cherry pie filling  
 1/4 cup slivered almonds  
 3 Tbls. coconut

Prepare the frosting mix according to directions on the package. Add the red food coloring. Place one cup of the frosting mix into a bowl and fold into it the sour cream, flavoring, and pie filling. Pour this into the baked pie shell and put the remaining frosting over the top. Toast the almonds and coconut together until golden, and sprinkle over the top of the pie. This pie should be frozen four hours or longer, then thawed for one hour before serving. —Dorothy

**SPECIAL SAUCE FOR HAM**

1/3 cup raisins  
 1/2 cup water  
 1/3 cup currant jelly  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring  
 1/2 cup orange juice  
 3 Tbls. brown sugar  
 1 Tbls. cornstarch  
 1/8 tsp. salt  
 1/8 tsp. allspice

Combine the raisins, water, currant jelly, orange flavoring and orange juice and bring to a boil. Combine the brown sugar, cornstarch, salt and allspice and stir into the orange mixture. Cook and stir until thick and clear and serve over ham. I usually put it in a little sauce boat and pass it at the table. —Margery

**FISH CROQUETTES**

2 Tbls. butter  
 5 Tbls. flour  
 1 cup flaked and boned fish, cooked  
 1/2 cup milk  
 1/4 cup chopped green pepper  
 1/4 cup chopped onion  
 2 eggs  
 1 cup dry bread crumbs  
 1/3 cup dry, fine cracker crumbs

Melt butter, add flour, then chopped green pepper, onion and milk and blend; cook 5 minutes until thick and smooth. Add fish, 1 egg (well beaten) and bread crumbs; mix thoroughly and chill. Form into round patties about 1 inch thick; dip in 1 egg, slightly beaten, then roll in crumbs; fry in butter until browned. —Abigail



**RECEPTION PUNCH**

(Serves about 150)

- 8 cans frozen orange juice
- 8 cans frozen lemonade
- 8 qts. pineapple juice
- 8 cups sugar
- 8 qts. gingerale
- Approximately 1 1/2 gallons water
- Orange sherbet

Dilute the orange juice and lemonade according to directions on the cans. Combine with the pineapple juice. Dissolve the sugar in some of the water and heat to dissolve. Add, along with the remaining water, to desired strength and sweetness. I found the amounts given to be about right for my taste. Chill this mixture until ready to serve. Just before serving add the gingerale and float a large chunk of orange sherbet in the punch bowl.

—Margery

**SUNDAY ROASTING CHICKEN**

- 1 whole roasting chicken
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1/2 cup egg noodles
- Dried onion soup mix

Place chicken in large roasting pan. Combine soups. Pour over lightly salted chicken. Sprinkle noodles on top of soup. *Do not mix* noodles into soup or they will stick to bottom of pan. Sprinkle dried onion soup over top. Cover and bake until tender in 350-degree oven for 1 1/2 hours or

longer, depending on size of chicken.

It may be well to check this as it is baking and add a little water if it seems dry. Dressing may be stuffed into the chicken before baking if desired.

With a salad and vegetable this makes a delicious meal. The gravy, noodles and meat are all cooked together. An excellent Sunday dish to have tucked into the oven while the family attends church.

—Evelyn

**GOOD AND RICH CHOCOLATE PIE**

- 1 cup chocolate bits
- 2/3 cup evaporated milk
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3/4 cup chopped pecans
- 1 9-inch unbaked pie shell

Put the chocolate and milk in a small saucepan and cook over low heat until creamy and smooth. Combine the remaining ingredients in a bowl and gradually stir in the chocolate mixture. Pour into the pie shell and bake in a 375-degree oven for about 45 minutes.

—Dorothy

**ESPECIALLY GOOD PIE CRUST**

- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- Resift with:
- 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 6 Tbls. sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- Cut into these ingredients with a pastry blender until blended:
- 1/2 cup shortening (I used 1/4 cup butter and 1/4 cup vegetable shortening)

Add:

- 1 egg, beaten

Work dough with hands until it will just hold together. Chill dough at least 2 hours. Grease a 9-inch glass, oven-proof pie pan. Put chilled dough in center of pan and work it out to cover the pan evenly. Add your favorite fill- and bake until done at 350 degrees.

—Juliana

**MOIST HONEY COOKIES**

- 1 Tbls. instant coffee powder
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup strained honey
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 3 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Dissolve the coffee powder in the water. Cream together the sugar and shortening. Beat in the egg, honey, coffee and flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients together and stir it into the sugar mixture. Add the raisins and nuts. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet and bake about 15 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

**CURRIED TURKEY CASSEROLE**

- 2 cups chopped turkey
- 3 cups cooked rice
- 1/2 cup mushroom pieces
- 2 Tbls. margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. curry powder
- Dash of pepper
- 1 1/4 cups milk

Combine the turkey, rice, mushroom pieces. Melt the margarine in a saucepan. Combine the flour, salt, pepper and curry powder and stir this into the margarine. Add the milk and cook until thick. Combine the sauce with the turkey mixture and pour into a greased casserole. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 30 minutes.

—Dorothy



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## ABIGAIL DESCRIBES VISIT TO MEXICO CITY

Dear Friends:

Our visit to Mexico City took us to one of the really great cities of this planet. It is the oldest continually occupied city in the Americas; seven million people live there now. Though its past is ancient and dramatic, its present is dynamic with growth and development that promises continuing greatness.

Mexico City is the hub of the country, a combination Washington, D.C., and New York City. Incidentally, the Mexicans refer to the city as "Mexico" just as we refer to New York without adding the word "city". It is an exciting place with beauty that is present all year but which at Christmastime becomes most spectacular.

A friend had told us we should not travel to this country and fail to see the city of Mexico, especially during the holiday season. The decorations are indeed spectacular. Many of the office buildings have enormous neon decorations that cover almost the entire front of the buildings with Christmas and New Year's motifs. In addition there are numerous special lighting effects installed on the major public buildings, along the streets, and in the parks. Huge balloons are very popular and everyone, adults as well as children, carries them as they promenade along the sidewalks. Cars drive slowly along the streets with these big balloons streaming above and behind the autos. There are many groups of The Three Kings walking about in silk and satin costumes. Little children have their pictures taken with the Kings just as in this country the children pose with Santa Claus. The whole atmosphere is one of gaiety and joy and celebration.

We arrived on Sunday, which is the day for the bullfights. The first order of business after checking into our hotel was to secure tickets for this nationally popular spectator event. The only seats available were in the top tier in the smaller of the city's two bull rings. Subsequently we decided we were glad to be that far removed from the scene of activity. Vendors sell a booklet, "Toros without Tears", which explains bullfighting in English, but like so many *Norte Americanos* we didn't comprehend why this event is so popular. There were two bullfighters scheduled to divide and fight six bulls. Even to our uneducated eyes, it was quite apparent that one bullfighter was more skilled than the other. However, after three bulls were dead we left. I don't think any of us will ever understand why they kill the bulls.

Our hotel was located on what is un-



Natalie Nenneman knows what is coming from her sister Lisa's balloon and is ready for it!

questionably one of the handsomest and most impressive streets in the world — the *Pasco De La Reforma*. We chose this hotel because of its location midway between Chapultepec Park and the Zocalo and because it was owned by the same chain as the place where we stayed in Guadalajara. Securing accommodations was not a problem.

Chapultepec Park is located on Grasshopper Hill, the closest promontory overlooking the ancient heart of the city. Within and adjacent to its boundaries are located many public buildings, facilities, and monuments. Overlooking all of them is the Castle, renowned as the Mexican Alamo, and restored as the official residence by Maximilian and Carlota. Many of their furnishings are preserved as well as many historic items dating from the last two hundred or so years.

The Zocalo is a large paved plaza surrounded by the National Palace, which is the official seat of government, the National Cathedral and Sagrario, and numerous other national buildings. It has been the spiritual and governmental heart of the city since pre-Conquest days. The Spanish deliberately destroyed the magnificent buildings of the Aztecs and then constructed their own buildings upon the rubble. It is possible to see a fragment of Aztec construction which has been excavated and restored nearby. There is also a fascinating scale reproduction of the Aztec capitol as the Spaniards found it.

One of the absolute "must" places to visit — and it should be one of the very first — is the Museum of Anthropology. This building has to be one of the most outstanding examples of modern museum architecture in the entire world. Within its walls the great pre-Spanish civilizations of Mexico are depicted. Words are inadequate to explain how much this repository of a fabulous Indian history and cultures impresses all who view its contents.

Because our time was so limited and there was so much that we just had to see, we hired a taxi and guide for one long day of sight-seeing. It was an exhausting day but an unforgettable one.

We started in modern urban Mexico with a tour of the National University, noted for its stunning architecture and art, and also visited several adjacent Olympic sites. One of the outstanding subdivisions for luxury homes is located on lava beds nearby. Modern architecture has achieved impressive dwellings and gardens in this once-ignored locale.

Upon leaving this scene of contemporary life, our route took us almost the entire length of the city, south to north, and several miles beyond to a very ancient city of Mexico, Teotihuacan. This great ceremonial center came into existence before the birth of Christ, and was the locale of a very highly developed culture when Europe was still living in the Dark Ages. Extensive excavation and restoration have been completed, and it has become a most impressive reconstruction of a truly outstanding civilization. In case your education, as did mine, neglected the history of the Americas in favor of the history of Europe and the Near East, I think you will be amazed and impressed by this ancient Indian religious center. (Wear sturdy shoes and informal clothing here; I would recommend culottes or slacks if you plan to climb the pyramids even though slacks are rarely worn in Mexico outside the resorts.)

Returning to the city, we stopped at the most meaningful church in the entire country as far as most Mexicans are concerned, the Shrine of Guadalupe. This basilica is built adjacent to the place where the dark-skinned Virgin appeared miraculously to a poor Indian, Juan Diego, in 1531. We were here late on New Year's Day, and the building was absolutely jammed with people. We couldn't get anywhere near the main altar. Our guide, whose face evidenced his Indian ancestry, became extremely animated when he started to explain the significance of this shrine to Mexicans. A woman praying nearby interrupted to tell us of a miraculous experience she had witnessed as a small child in this building. We were almost overpowered by the fervor and intense devotion that surrounded us. I don't see how anyone could really make acquaintance with Mexico without visiting the Shrine of Guadalupe. It was a fitting finale to our wonderful trip to that most fascinating country. Fervently, we hope it won't be our only trip there.

Our best wishes for a blessed Easter —

Sincerely,  
Abigail





"Have we time to run into the fabric store for a moment?" I asked my husband eagerly. "I need a couple of zippers and some buttons." Since it was nearly an hour until our next definite appointment, he agreed that we had time. (My "moments" in *any* fabric stores are more than likely to be extended!)

Well, to make a long story short, we came out with the two zippers, buttons, thread, a new pattern, some gorgeous bonded crepe, and a new book on sewing. Those of you who love to sew know how this goes, I'm sure. And, of course, I came out with dozens of new sewing ideas; there's something about the very atmosphere of such places that inspires new ideas.

Seriously, though, how *do* you choose your fabrics for sewing? Are you the impulsive type, too? Or do you soberly choose, keeping firmly in mind what you have on hand and exactly what is needed to fill in the gaps? It seems, truth be told, that most of us are something of a mixture: we are basically sensible, plan first, and seldom buy on the whim of the moment. There are times, though, when you run on to real bargains in materials, and should have the flexibility to know when and how to purchase these.

For even impulse buying can be part of a plan, really. If you have firmly decided, at home, that you *must* have washable fabric because — in your circumstances — dry cleaning is not practical, that Sally can't stand anything orange, and that navy blue is unflattering to Anne, then, using your common-sense knowledge of suitability and value, you'll be well prepared to make spur-of-the-moment purchases that still prove a good value when you get them home.

You'll want to compare carefully. I have seen remnant counters where the same goods sold for no more straight from the bolt — and occasionally, even for less! You can't always compare just price, per yard, either, since fabric widths differ. Wider fabric often cuts quite economically, even more

than simple mathematics would indicate. (If you're in doubt as to yardage required for the style you have in mind, step over quickly and check with the store's big pattern catalog — for even if you have a pattern already at home, similar patterns should have similar fabric requirements.) If you're planning two garments from the same goods, this will save a bit of yardage, too, for you can often get the facings from odd pieces. And if it is (for instance) bonded fabric at \$4 per yard, you can see that a half-yard savings is something really worthwhile. Often the savings made in this way can purchase all the notions needed for the outfits.

Just think: the fabrics we accept as a matter of course when we step into the store were, a few years ago, some nonexistent, some only for the wealthy. Velvet, the fabric of royalty for so many years, that any of you can now buy if you wish; not only that, but it washes beautifully if you choose certain brands. When you select velvet, or velveteen, or corduroy, purchase enough to allow for the "nap" of the fabric. Some rules will tell you to run this nap up on all pieces, some will say down — please yourself, use it the way it looks best to you, but *do* cut them all in one direction. Years ago, I had some corduroy scraps left from other sewing, and decided to use them up for baby crawlers, entirely disregarding the direction of the nap! Oh my! The crawlers were a total disaster, looked at least three different shades (since I'd run the rib crosswise on the bib) and . . . well, the baby wore *those* only when we alone!

Perhaps you'll choose wool, since most of them are easy to work with; the resiliency of the fabric makes it easier to set the sleeves perfectly, and to give a crisp look to the seams when pressed. Even yet, most wools require dry cleaning, but if this presents no particular problem to your family, do try a wool dress; you'll find that you "Sew like a pro." Many of the new bonded fabrics, especially the knits, are particularly easy to handle, and will give this same expert touch to all your sewing. The modern patterns with their simple cut make it still more easy to give your finished dresses, suits, or other outfits that professional touch. Some of the bonded crepes, especially the lustrous ones with metallic threads woven in, can give a luxurious effect with little sewing and with no more than average skill — the combination of elegant fabric with utter simplicity of cut gives that "understated" look that is so much desired by those who know true fashion.

Permanent press fabric is a wonderful new development, too, but like other new skills, working with this fabric must be learned. It handles somewhat differently than other goods, even the same material that is not treated. Some weights do not gather nor drape well; if you've chosen one of these, be sure to choose a simple pattern with mostly flat areas. Rather than to use hem tape, turn under the raw edge and stitch, then proceed with the hem as usual. If you can't get that sharp finish you'd like at neckline or edges, be sure to neatly topstitch to hold these edges in place. There's nothing wrong with doing so, whether or not your pattern specifies such a finish. Just use your feeling of "rightness" as to the placing of this stitching, and whether it should be bold or as inconspicuous as possible. When you first begin using the permanent press fabrics, you'll probably want to avoid using patterns that call for set-in sleeves, for this goods is impossible to "ease" into the armhole for a perfect set. Later, as you grow bolder, and decide you want your dress to be permanent press, yet *still* want those set-in sleeves, then try the following method: remove a little of the "ease" from the sleeve cap, between notches on the pattern. Trim it a bit, so the arch is not so high. Experiment a little on some old goods, or on an inexpensive dress; then, as you get the feel of it, you'll find yourself doing this more and more. For it *works*, regardless of what your high school home economics teacher, or your trusty old sewing book, may tell you. At least, it's worked on dozens of things we've made at our house!

Another point you'll want to remember is to use no-iron trimmings on permanent press goods, or you've lost a good deal of the usefulness of the garment, just from poor planning.

There are also Orlon blends that look a good deal like wool, and wear like iron; some of these are washable, pleatable, and have many wonderful points. However, like some of the permanent press materials, they do not "ease" well, and you'll be wise to use the same technique for set-in sleeves. These blends are often a penny-wise buy, however, since many sell for well under \$2 a yard, and retain their new look for seasons and seasons and seasons. So, it's well worth the bit of extra care required when making them up. These are ideal for school clothes, for girls, and also good for boys' sports jackets, if you care to make them. Or, if you've a salesclerk or secretarial job to help out on the family budget, these make grand dresses and skirts for this sort of wear, too. (Continued on next page)



And speaking of the cost of fabric, one of the latest being shown in specialty fabric shops is a double knit wool, with an elaborate band, very wide, of patterned tucking commercially done; this was shown in the window display, made up into a simple straight shift, with the tucking down the front, and long sleeves — not at all difficult to make, and it would be easy to give it the professional finish. This would be expensive to make, however, for the cost was \$7.98 per yard, and even the widest width . . . well, possibly if you were size 10, and could get the sleeves out of the same yard as the body of the dress . . .

"But," you say in dismay, "I haven't access to a good fabric store. How, then, am I to choose new fabrics? How, indeed, am I even going to *buy* them?" There are several solutions. One, there are fabric-by-mail clubs, that cost two or three dollars a year to join; in turn, they send you actual samples of fabrics, complete with detailed descriptions, price, and how-to-order instructions. These have always seemed a bit high in cost to me, although the quality of goods also seems high. Another possibility is through your trusty mail-order catalog from one of the main mail-order houses. Their descriptions, in almost all cases, will prove very dependable, and the prices are always reasonable. Now, to improve on this still more, watch for their sales. The prices will sometimes be so low that they are difficult to believe — such as Peau de Soie suitable for making formals and other elegant dresses, at a mere 45¢ per yard — and they'll have other bargains, in brocade, taffeta, permanent press prints, corduroy, home-decorating fabrics — you name it, and they just might have it! Mail-order is for those of you who have had some fabric experience, and who can translate the descriptions visually, so that you'll be able to "see" them as a completed garment. If you are one of the thousands of women who can do this, then you'll have no trouble choosing precisely the fabric you want from the brilliantly illustrated catalog pages.

When you need encouragement, just remember that the most skilled seamstress you know, the one who sews beautifully and chooses her fabrics unerringly, was *not* born knowing all this; she, too, had to learn even as you and I: "from scratch". You will learn, with experience, to choose the goods best suited to your needs; indeed, it will become so easy as to be almost second nature. Just like knowing your personal friends, you will come to recognize a fabric "friend", and know instantly all the values for



The rug that Mother and her grandson Martin hold is made with the yarn left over from rugs she hooked for her children. She planned the border and then filled the center with colors of the rainbow.

which you'll be able to depend on it.

How well do you know fabric characteristics? If you've had lots of experience, it's possible to buy goods at the mill outlet stores, and get some wonderful bargains, for much of what they have at the back, displayed untidily on tables rather than properly on racks, are truly reduced in price. Sometimes you can walk around the front of the store, refreshing your memory on some of the newer crepes and luxury fabrics by reading labels, and *then* go back and bargain-shop. For, often, these back-of-the-store bargains are entirely unlabeled, and you buy them "as is". Some may be slightly soiled, or barely snagged, selvage defective, or similar flaws. If you are experienced with fabrics, there will be a few that stand out immediately from the rest; they "shine like jewels" and, if they meet your standards for the unbreakable rules you've set for "must" or "must not", then, you've found a bargain. At one store I've seen bonded knit in several colors, shown on the same table as the commonest cotton — both marked for sale at \$1 per yard. Sometimes they'll have a lovely quality of Dacron and cotton broadcloth at 3 yards for \$1, or corduroy 50¢ a yard . . . well, you can't predict beforehand what they will have; you can only go in and look, and be prepared to buy if you find material that will fit beautifully into your sewing plan. You cannot go in with the intention that nothing will do but pale green wool flannel, or gold brocade — if you have something to make that *nothing else* will do, then choose your best source of supply and buy it outright. But here, please, bring an open mind and lots of imagination. It's perfectly permissible, of course, to think, "a church dress, preferably pastel," or "washable material, probably with a pattern, to make a house-

dress," but — the race here is, not to the strong, rather to the imaginative. Look at the display first for quality, choosing the very finest pieces from the particular price range before you. Then — from these — select the ones that will satisfy your needs best. If you've shopped like this before (and you're a woman — I'm sure you have!) you know there's a wonderful thrill when you walk out — triumphant — from your Great Treasure Hunt. Half the fun is in the shopping, the other half is admiring the finished garment and receiving compliments on it. Your fingers begin itching to try again . . .

When choosing your goods, you'll want to keep in mind texture as well as color, for it has such a great bearing on the finished appearance. Think a minute; there is such an utter difference between soft yellow chiffon, sunny yellow satin, and deep gold velvet that you'd hardly think they were different values of the same color, would you? Or between the same shade of red — made up identically in velvet, taffeta, crepe, chiffon, and — for contrast — harsh, cheap cotton? And pattern, which can cause such infinite variation of mood . . . from the geometric, almost military precision of some prints, to the misty, romantic, almost musical mood created by soft georgette or chiffon in blurred yet vibrant swirls of rainbow colors, to the completely feminine look that comes from the faintest pastels, shirred or frothed with delicate lace . . . ah well, what woman can look long at beautiful fabrics without finding that there's a designer included in the many faces she shows to the world? Women are, by nature, creative beings, and one of the special pleasures of home sewing is that you are able to express so much through this medium: personality, skill, originality, a trend for the classic or a flair for the unusual — all can equally well be shown through the designs you create, the combinations of fabric and cut and color, which are uniquely yours. And you'll find yourself dreaming up new ideas, looking for new inspirations, and when you're near a fabric store, the next voice you hear (yes, *yours*) will be saying, "Honey, do we have a minute? I just want to run in and look . . ." Have fun!



#### CHARM

Envied attribute is CHARM.  
Something vibrant, warm;  
Not to do with fair of face.  
Something more than figure — grace;  
Charm is more than beauty's art!  
Charm is GIVING of the HEART.

—Unknown





## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

Part of the enjoyment of a book is knowing something of its background, how the author came to write it. A favorite for children, ages 9 to 12, is *Blue Willow*. When Doris Gates, children's librarian in Fresno County, California, received a note saying the library would be closed one day a week because of a lack of funds to keep it open, she decided to write children's books during her day off. Migratory workers of the San Joaquin Valley became the subject. Compassion was felt for the children of these families who seldom owned a book, never knew a real home. They moved from camp to camp as their parents picked cotton near Fresno, oranges near Los Angeles, and lettuce in Imperial Valley. Her sympathy went out to these youngsters. *Blue Willow* (The Viking Press, \$3.50) by Miss Gates tells of Janey Larkin and the blue willow plate, with its picture of a stream and a bridge and a real house beyond, the symbol of the home she could only dimly remember and of the



Juliana and Jed built inexpensive shelves to store their books using boards and concrete blocks.

time when the family would once again be able to make roots for itself in one community. She hoped that some day they could answer the confident words "As long as we want to" to the question "How long are you going to stay?"

Published in 1940, *Blue Willow* became one of the most popular books published and has stood the test of time. The day off from the library became a blessing in disguise; it gave Doris Gates a chance to discover that she could write.

A fascinating book of a complex personality is *A Biography of Thomas Wolfe* (Roger Beacham, Publisher, Austin, Texas, \$7.95) by Neal Austin.

This is another book to add to the collection of those written about Thomas Wolfe, the prose Whitman of our century and a writer who lived his short life to the fullest. Stonecutter W. O. Wolfe of Asheville, North Carolina, loved many things in his world, especially his seven children and his home. Each child was his favorite, each had some special quality he loved, but young Thomas Clayton Wolfe, born October 3, 1900, was his father's greatest source of joy.

Neal Austin has done a remarkable job in writing of the life of Tom Wolfe from his early childhood and youth in Asheville, to his position as a colorful, recognized writer after the publication of *Look Homeward, Angel* in 1929. Here, too, writer Austin shows the frustration Tom felt because of his tremendous height. He was careless of his appearance as he was of time, always late. He drove himself with work and trampled on the lives of those he loved the most. Thomas Wolfe died a few days before his thirty-eighth birthday. Many felt death had ended a brilliant talent.

*On Reflection* seems such a good title for an autobiography, it's strange it hasn't been used before. Helen Hayes has chosen the title for the story of her life. Because of her faith in the world, she decided to write this book as a legacy for her grandchildren; to be read one day when they are grown. It's a grandmother's special gift — a bridge to the past. *On Reflection* (M. Evans and Co., \$5.95) by Helen Hayes with Sandford Dody is a legacy for all of us with her family stories, the backstage anecdotes and her recollections of spiritual struggle. All the Helens are here — the child, the young actress, the wife of Charles MacArthur, the mother of Mary and Jim, "The First Lady of the Theater," and the mature woman. Three things remain now that she's reached a grandmother's age — faith, love and memory. Her best-selling book *A Gift of Joy* did not discuss her private world. *On Reflection* looks directly at life's lessons as Miss Hayes was forced to learn them.

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P.S. We send gift cards.

## CROCUS TIME

Crocus time along the valley of spring  
Pushes a sliver of hope for glory days  
Of accomplishment.

Wherever dreams arise  
beyond old ways  
And visions appear to mold  
patterns of growth  
Crocus time bends down  
to hear the whisper

That creeps like a breath of wonder  
Along the throbbing crust of earth.

—Alice G. Harvey





## THIS AND THAT

by  
Helene B. Dillon

"Come the Spring with all its splendor,  
All the birds and all its blossoms,  
All its flowers, and leaves, and  
grasses —" —Longfellow

\*\*\*\*\*

Science has made great strides in the past year, but many things remain unchanged. Again it is April — April with the grass greening. We still have the lovely spring-like blue sky above us, birds are busy with song and building nests high in the treetops. "God's in His Heaven"! Nature and the seasons remain forever the same.

\*\*\*\*\*

Unwelcome sign of the changing season — a whopper of a fly buzzing through the open window.

\*\*\*\*\*

One basic rule for a pleasant day; if you can't be agreeable, at least be UNDERSTANDING.

\*\*\*\*\*

Forsythia blossoms might well be tagged, "showers of gold".

\*\*\*\*\*

The saucy chickadee with his black skull cap is "dee-dee-deeing" all over the place.

\*\*\*\*\*

Things I like: White ruffled petunias on my doorstep . . . polishing heirloom silver . . . rereading the marked passages in a borrowed book . . . READING a new recipe and actually capturing the flavor of the concoction . . . the tiny laugh wrinkles forming around eyes growing a bit dim with the years.

\*\*\*\*\*

Remember way back: When Milady touched up her eyebrows with burnt matches? When housecoats were "wrappers"?

\*\*\*\*\*

Regret is one of the most miserable burdens we are compelled, at one time or another, to carry.

\*\*\*\*\*

When you plant a seed you reaffirm your faith. Did you ever think about this?

\*\*\*\*\*

I have always like this Lenten thought. It has remained anonymous these many years.

## LENTEN THOUGHT

Not I, but Christ  
Be honored, loved exalted;  
Not I, but Christ  
Be seen, be known, be heard;  
Not I, but Christ  
In every look and action;  
Not I, but Christ  
In every thought and word.

## THE MISSIONARY'S LILY

by  
Evelyn Witter

Most authorities agree that it was a missionary, a Mr. Roberts, who first introduced the lovely Bermuda Easter lily which so many of us enjoy today. Many of the Easter lilies which symbolize the Resurrection in churches everywhere are Bermuda lilies, for thousands and thousands of lily bulbs and stems are exported from Bermuda each year.

They were first introduced to Bermuda in about the year 1850, when Mr. Roberts, whose ministry coincides with that date, was returning home from Japan. The lily is a native of Japan — the Liukiu Islands to be exact — a chain of islands stretching from the south of Japan to Formosa. Mr. Roberts' lily did well when he transplanted it in Bermuda, for the climate was perfect for its culture. (Bermuda's climate is one of the most pleasant in the world, the average

temperature being 70.7 degrees.)

As the years went on, the missionary's lily attracted flower lovers. In 1883 a New York hotel exhibited a cask of lilies with no less than 145 blooms on one stem. Some of the lilies took prizes at the Horticulture Exhibition in London that same year.

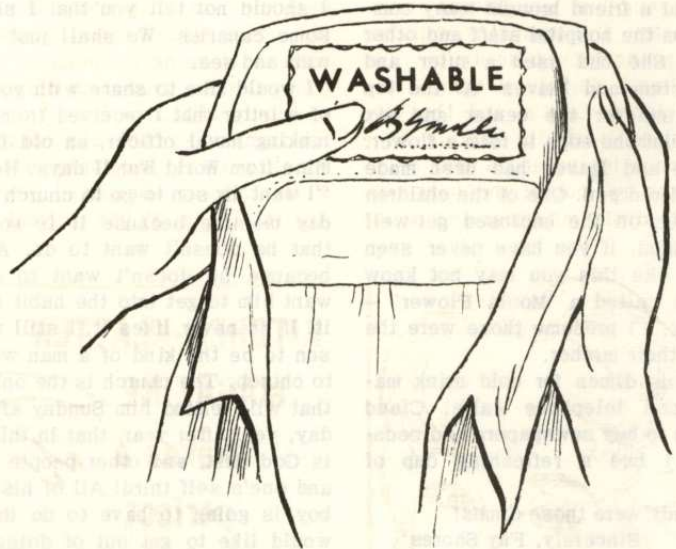
General Russell Hastings, a retired Civil War veteran, was the first to export the lilies to the United States. Bulbs were taken to the United States, too, by a Mrs. Thomas P. Sargent, described as an "amateur gardener". In 1903 nearly three million bulbs were exported from Bermuda.

Now people everywhere enjoy the beauty of the missionary's lily, admiring its loveliness, and appreciating its symbolism of the Risen Lord.

## PRAYER FOR EASTER

Thank thee for Easter lily's bloom,  
And that day Jesus left the tomb;  
For this, to me, does best explain  
That I, too, will have life again.

—Mildred Grenier



## Bleachable, too . . . IF

These days, a "washable" label means "bleachable" too . . . IF you use **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. But beware of entrusting fine washable fabrics to harsh liquid bleaches. That's dangerous anytime . . . and especially so when washing some of the lovely new synthetics.

Here's the secret: **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** contains no harsh chlorine. That means you can bleach any washable with confidence . . . even man-made fabrics.

Although it's gentle on fibers, **Kitchen-Klatter Bleach** is rough on the films that make clothes look dull. Whites look white and colors sparkle, wash after wash after wash.

Just remember this: if it's washable, it's bleachable . . . in

**Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**



## A HELPFUL SUGGESTION

Dear Friends:

My husband just returned from the hospital after suffering his third heart attack — the second in six months. I don't drive so was dependent on friends and neighbors to take me to and from the hospital. I rode up with a neighbor who went to work near by and rode home with anyone who happened to be up for the evening visiting hours, or phoned one of the invitations I had to call.

The first few days seemed endless for he was in the "Intensive Care Unit". It is wonderful for the patient but hard on the loved one who is waiting. One member of the immediate family is permitted five minutes with the patient, every hour, on the hour. Although thoughtful friends and relatives couldn't see Claud they came up to spend some time with me and make my waiting periods shorter — or seem shorter.

I wrote this letter to share a novel idea that someone else might find interesting and useful.

This card received from the four children of a friend brought many comments from the hospital staff and other patients. She had used a ruler and made a stem and leaves. At the top was a dime for the center and six dimes around the edge to form a flower. The stem and leaves had been made with a colored pen. One of the children had written on the enclosed get-well card, "Claud, if you have never seen a flower like this you may not know that it is called a 'Moola Flower' — Love, Pat." I presume those were the words of their mother.

One needs dimes for cold drink machines, and telephone calls. Claud used them to buy newspapers and occasionally I had a refreshing cup of coffee.

How handy were those dimes!

Sincerely, Fay Shores

## VAGABOND

Home is where the heart is  
But my heart has gypsy blood,  
Especially in springtime  
When the trees begin to bud.

When the meadows are a'greening  
And the river's running free,  
I get this gypsy feeling  
Deep within the heart of me.

And my feet begin to itching  
And my pulse begins to ping,  
And I start this crazy dreaming  
When the wrens begin to sing.

O! I'd love to be a gypsy  
When the skies are springtime blue,  
But home is where the heart is  
And my heart is home with you!

—Carlita McKean Pedersen

## RAIN

Rain wakes up the daffodils  
And bathes the fir tree clean,  
Stirs a song as it drums along  
From Robin while he preens.  
Rain's quick fingers seek, unfold  
The lilac's new-born buds;  
They cleanse anew spring skies of blue,  
Send sunshine down in floods.  
Rains nourish all the farmer's crops,  
His meadows of grassy sod;  
They help us know these blessings  
flow,  
In truth, by the grace of God.

—Inez Baker

**FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded**  
want two cages of canaries, with two canaries in each cage. I can't help it! I simply have the canary urge, and if Betty can keep me out of the pet shops for just three more weeks I think I shall pass a crisis without buying any. She has even asked the secretary at the church office to call her if I start acting strangely. At this point I don't think that I should tell you I won't buy any canaries this spring, but then on the other hand with Betty's vigilance, I should not tell you that I shall buy some canaries. We shall just have to wait and see.

I would like to share with you a part of a letter that I received from a high-ranking naval officer, an old friend of mine from World War II days. He wrote: "I want my son to go to church on Sunday morning because it is something that he doesn't want to do. And just because he doesn't want to do it, I want him to get into the habit of doing it. If he never likes it, I still want my son to be the kind of a man who goes to church. The church is the only place that will remind him Sunday after Sunday, year after year, that in this life it is God first, and other people second, and one's self third! All of his life my boy is going to have to do things he would like to get out of doing, and I want him to begin right now to get into the habit of doing hard things without any trying to get out of it with alibis and excuses." And then this officer went on to say: "Of course, my boy doesn't like to go to high school either, but the government sees to that. He doesn't get to stay home from school because he doesn't like it, so why should he get to stay home from church because he doesn't like it? I think that it is just as necessary for my boy to learn what decent people believe about religion and morals, as it is necessary for him to learn English grammar and mathematics."

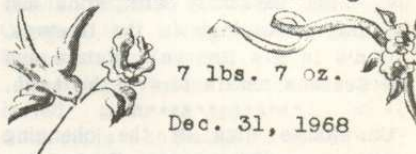
I wish there were more people like that in the world!

Sincerely,

*Frederick*



Melanie Denise Kling



7 lbs. 7 oz.

Dec. 31, 1968

When we saw this birth announcement, we thought it was one of the cleverest ideas we had ever seen. This sweet little baby is the daughter of Sp.5 and Mrs. Benny Kling and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Kling. Norman helps with the engineering on the Kitchen-Klatter radio programs.

## THE BIBLE, A BOOK OF GARDENS

—Concluded

of the trees, flowers and shrubs mentioned grew on the outskirts of towns enclosed by hedges of thorn or walls of stone. A lodge or watchtower was built into each garden to house a keeper who was to fend off wild animals or robbers.

The rose garden of Jerusalem was notable as being one of the few gardens planted within a city.

## DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

make dolls from stockings, so she made one for me to send. Mother also made a few yarn dolls to tuck into the box. Among the doll clothes I found a small rag doll of Kristin's so sent this along too.

Kristin and her family, like thousands of others, had the flu. Andy really had it the hardest and was house bound for two or three weeks. The jigsaw puzzles and Lincoln Logs I had sent him helped to keep him entertained for hours at a time. Little Aaron is growing and changing every day and we certainly appreciate the good pictures his daddy takes so we can follow his progress.

Frank just came in and wanted to know how soon I would be going to the post office to mail this as he wants me to pick up some mineral and salt for the cattle. I told him I would be ready to leave in ten minutes, so until next month . . .

Sincerely  
Dorothy



**APRIL DEVOTIONS — Concluded**

believe! Not just believe, but know! Think of the ways of our knowing — the glories and beauties of God's universe such as Nature's rebirth each springtime, the Bible and the teachings and examples of Jesus, the joys of sharing in our church fellowship, the writings and conversations with richly spiritual persons — the living saints who have blessed our life, the joy and peace of the Holy Spirit's presence felt within our hearts. We must believe; then faith becomes another plus in our lives.

Attempt to pour the sunset into flask Of perfumed crystal! Such a futile task I set myself, to put in words a creed — (And yet it is a very human need), So here I make a start —

I do believe —

But where are words to tell the ecstasy Of Oneness with The All; of drawing breath

From vast eternal Forces that decree There is no thing called Death?

I do believe —

But how to tell the millionth part of things

On earth that manifest the Great Divine?

What song can I evoke that faintly sings

The wonders of The Plan — the great combine

Of God and man, to make a dream come true —

Why THIS will do! These words are all I need —

Three little words to make a glowing creed,

I DO BELIEVE! —Anonymous

**Solo:** "I Believe", or any appropriate Easter hymn sung by all.

**Leader:**

He does not lead me year by year,  
Nor even day by day,

But step by step my path unfolds;  
My Lord directs my way.

Tomorrow's plans I do not know;

I only know this minute:

But He will say, "This is the way,  
By faith now walk ye in it."

And I am glad that it is so;

Today's enough to bear;

And when tomorrow comes, His Grace  
Shall far exceed its care.

What need to worry, then, or fret?

The God who gave His Son

Holds all my moments in His hand

And gives them one by one.

—Anonymous

**Third Speaker:** Jesus' love for people was shown in many ways. Not only did he try to teach them to live according to God's laws but he showed them how to be kind and loving to one another, and he told them over and over of the heavenly Father's love for all mankind.

Wherever there were people who were ill or in trouble or hungry, Jesus was ready to help. Even when they nailed Him to the cross He lovingly remembered his mother and provided for her care; and even those responsible for his death on the cross He could still remember in love and say, "Father, forgive — ". LOVE, LOVE, LOVE! In love God gave His only begotten son that whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish but have Everlasting Life.

"Immortal love, forever full, forever flowing free, forever shared, forever whole, a never-ebbing sea." Love — the most precious plus of all.

**Reader:** Imagine life surrendered to the will of God, a life lived in a spirit of faith and prayer, a life lived the way Jesus taught — even if it means being laughed at, even if it means sacrifice, even if it means giving of our daily bread not just to our children but to children everywhere, even if it means forgetting and forgiving

wrongs against us. Is not such a life a miracle? Cannot such a life help God work a miracle in the lives of others? God, in His immortal love, gives the power and strength, and we, living in faith, provide the hands and "elbow grease".

Thus we see the cross at Easter — wonderful, glorious Easter — the plus sign in the lives of all who call themselves Christian.

With God's POWER and LOVE with us, in FAITH we can work miracles in this disturbed world today. This is what Easter is saying to us: HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON!

**All:** "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory".

**Benediction:** O God, when all the world is full of lovely new things, which remind us anew of our Creator, we rededicate ourselves to do Jesus' work, with our hands, with our thoughts, with our love. Amen.



SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

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## A BRIGHTER APRIL ... COMING UP!

Let's have a bright April — a cleaner April — a **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner April!** Let's have shiny mirrors and spotless walls and squeaky-clean dishes and pots and pans. Let's have snowy-white sidewalls on tires. And crisp coveralls. And shining showers and tubs, too.

Unlike many special-purpose cleaners, **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** makes itself at home in any cleaning job, in any room in the house. Dirt and grease disappear in a wink . . . and you save even more time because there's no froth or scum to rinse away.

It works. It really does. Ask any of the thousands of homemakers who use it week after week.

Or try it yourself.

## KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

"You go through the motions . . .

**KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER does the work!"**



**MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded**

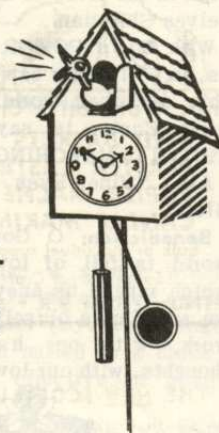
Speaking of books, some are due back to the library today, so I'll bring this to an end and run that errand before closing time.

Sincerely,

*Margery*

# It's Time For KITCHEN- KLATTER

!!!



We usually talk about cooking, cleaning, decorating and related subjects, but sometimes conversation turns to the completely unexpected!

Listen each weekday over the following radio stations:

- KOAM** Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
- KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M.
- KSIS** Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
- KLIK** Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
- KFEQ** St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
- KWBG** Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
- KWPC** Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
- KCFI** Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
- KSMN** Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
- KCOB** Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
- KSCJ** Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
- KVSH** Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
- WJAG** Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
- KHAS** Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
- KLIN** Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.

It's spring! Spend some time alone with the sun.



A visitor from Missouri took this picture of Margery Strom, busy at work in the magazine layout room.

**LEANNA'S LETTER - Concluded**

my chair and roll onto the scales. We always have a good joke about it, because these scales are normally used to weigh big bags of feed, etc.

If any of you are planning a vacation trip in our area, do stop at the Kitchen-Klatter building where our products are manufactured and where this magazine is printed. Our friendly employees would be happy to show you around. Usually some of the family are around and they would love to meet you. I don't go down to the plant very often anymore, but you can almost always find me at home.

Sincerely,

*Leanna*

**FOR THE GADDING GARDENER**

by

*Marjorie Fuller*

An indoor water garden provides a quick lush greenery for the "too busy gardener" with little or no sustaining effort.

No decor is complete without a foliage focal point. The philodendron, ivies, Chinese evergreen, wandering Jew and pothos vine are some varieties quite at home in water. Cuttings will root quickly and grow for long periods into dramatic effects.

Potted plants may be transferred to water after the roots have been carefully washed clean. Colored bottles prove especially attractive as containers. An opaque or colored glass container produces the most satisfactory growth, though clear glass can be used. A lump of charcoal sweetens the water to a longer freshness. The water should be changed occasionally but the roots must not be left out of water long, it is best to keep them submerged.

The water hyacinth will bloom in water when kept in full sun. The sweet potato and carrot sprout into interesting arrangements via the water route.

## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

*Eva M. Schroeder*



Isn't it ironic that April has only 30 days when a gardener needs twice that much time to accomplish all the tasks that need to be done? Check the perennial border and remove mulch gradually from tender plants and new bulb plantings. Remember that April weather is fickle; a warm sunny spell can be followed by cold, freezing nights that will hurt new buds. Don't be in a hurry to take the soil away from hybrid teas and other tender shrubs.

Now is the best time to dig, divide and transplant perennials before they have made any top growth. Those that will be in bloom within a few weeks should not be disturbed (fall planting is better), but mums, perennial phlox delphinium, monkshood and those that bloom from midsummer on, may be dug and divided. Discard the center parts of old perennial clumps (delphinium is an example) and use the outer young growth for new starts. An inverted clay pot will help new transplants get off to a good start.

Sow seeds of poppy, larkspur, sweet peas, bachelor's-buttons, and Clarkia. If the ground is workable (not too sticky) you can sow smooth-seeded garden peas and flava beans, radish, and lettuce seeds. Onion sets can be put out too - we tuck them here and there among the perennials. If you don't use them all, they will come up another spring along with the flowers and provide early green onions.

When everything has a modern, new face, it gives one a delightful lift to receive a seed catalog with an old-fashioned format. On one there is a picture of the firm's founder on the front cover and though lavish with modern color, there are still old-fashioned drawings to illustrate the vegetable section. In such a catalog you are likely to find the delicious old-time vegetables that graced the table in great-grandmother's time. Paging through this particular catalog, I found Lazy Wife's pole bean, Wren's Egg bean, Striped Creaseback and Speckled Cut Short (or Corn Hill) bean. They sound interesting, don't they!

Last year, in the April column, I told about the mini-vegetable garden we were going to plant. It truly was a success. You will be surprised at how much produce you can grow in a small area. Try it this spring.



## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 20¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address and count Zip Code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

June ads due April 10  
July ads due May 10  
August ads due June 10

**THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY**  
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

### "LITTLE ADS" BRING RESULTS.

*"I have had real good results from these ads. Sold \$1884.00.*

—Mrs. M.B., S. Dak.

**WATCHES WANTED — ANY CONDITION.** Broken jewelry, spectacles, dental gold, silver. Prompt remittance. Items held for approval. Lowe's, Holland Bldg., Saint Louis, Missouri 63101.

**EARN \$100.00.** Fast lacing and assembling our beautiful products! Cuties, Warsaw 84, Indiana 46580.

**CASH AND S&H GREEN STAMPS** for new, used goose and duck feathers. Free tags. Used feathers, please mail sample. Northwestern Feather Co., P.O. Box 1745, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49501.

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## Poetry

### TO THE NEW GRANDSON (A matter of communication)

Ethan,  
I hold you close and  
introduce myself in language  
which you do not know.  
But when I smile and brush your cheek  
you stare at me contented so  
and love the warmth of being  
wanted. You cannot speak my tongue  
and so you yawn and sigh.  
— No need to talk to me —  
I know your baby-cry. —Lois Drew

### SPRING IS FOR BIRTHDAYS

Spring is the season for infants,  
For younglings of the wild,  
A time for newborn fox kits,  
For the spotted elk child.  
And barnyards fill their quota  
Of residents brand-new . . .  
Big-eyed calves, spring-legged lambs,  
Chicks and ducklings, too.  
So, in this best of all seasons,  
The whole world's fresh and gay;  
In joyous surge of renewal . . .  
Human young, too, have birthdays.  
—Inez Baker

### TO SLEEP OR NOT TO SLEEP

Beside the television set  
I nod, then jerk my head,  
To do the nightly chores before  
I stagger into bed.  
Then drowsily I brush my teeth  
And clear the floor of toys.  
I take a bath and then I go  
To cover up the boys.  
And then before I douse the lights,  
Put out the dog and cat.  
I lock the doors and wind the clock,  
Turn down the thermostat.  
Now, wide awake between the sheets,  
I toss and turn until  
I rise again for one more thing,  
To take a sleeping pill.  
—Gladise Kelly

### COOKY JAR

Way up high, there  
On the shelf —  
Now if I had a ladder,  
Or if I were an elf!  
Or maybe a fairy  
With pretty wings  
Oh, I could do the  
Best of things!  
Mommy took and put it there,  
Said I musn't touch!  
But I can taste that cookie now  
I'd like one very much!  
First I must eat my vegetables  
Say "Pardon me" to you,  
Then maybe if I'm *really* good,  
She just might give me two!  
—Carole Hefley Reese

### MIDNIGHT RAIN

Pattering on the roof above,  
Smattering on the pane,  
In the darkness of the night  
A gentle dripping rain.  
No one would have insomnia  
If science could contain  
In capsule form the drowsiness  
Of a midnight rain. —Venita Meade

### PRAYER FOR APRIL

The maples put green jackets on.  
The sun's a little stronger,  
Our brook has ripped its icy coat,  
And days are growing longer.  
Brown blades of grass are green again,  
The world is singing praise —  
And so I thank you, too, dear God,  
For April's thirty days.



## CURTAIN TIME

Spring is here . . . or at least very near. And, for most of us, that means spring housecleaning.

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