

AND





LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is being written at the very tail end of January and I, for one, am glad to be able to turn the calendar to February.

Every year it seems to me that January lasts just a little longer with its heavy dark skies, snow, sleet and ice. I haven't set foot outside the house since the day after New Year's, and when I look through the windows I can't see that I've missed very much. Well, next year for sure I'm going to spend the worst of the winter where it's nice and warm, and I'd like to talk Mother into going with me. Probably I won't be successful, but at least I'll give it a try.

There is a lot of pounding and banging going on down in the basement today. I'm having a new humidifier installed on the furnace and it makes for quite a racket. I had suspected that we didn't have much humidity in the house, but when Howard was here about a week ago he was shocked at what he found in the basement — old humidifier was completely shot. He urged me to take action immediately and I certainly did.

All of the walls in this house (aside from the painted kitchen) are covered with Japanese grass cloth, and there are metal threads woven into it. Every time we touched the wall we had enough of a shock to throw sparks! Between this wallpaper and the heavy wool carpet it was just like living permanently in an electric chair. I'm hopeful that when the new humidifier has had a chance to build up moisture we'll be spared at least some of the shocks.

Do you recall my telling you about the bedspread I had ordered — the heavy linen one with all-over embroidery? It was far too heavy for me to handle so I wrote to the Danish Needlework Guild in Denmark and asked if someone in the Guild could embroider it for me. (They are the ones who

offered it.)

They replied that if I would send it to them they would embroider it for me, so I packed it up and sent it back to Copenhagen. Well, the finished bedspread arrived back here just before Christmas and if I do say so myself it is surely very beautiful. Right now the dust ruffle (perhaps I should say skirt since there is no fullness in it) is being made, and when that is done the project will be completed. I will use it on the bed in the guestroom.

Incidentally, everyone who has seen this is of the opinion that the spread was put on a loom-type frame and rolled along as the embroidery was completed. I just don't see how else it could have been handled.

At least January has been good for refurbishing things in the house. I am having new lined drapes made for my room, and just as soon as the living room ceiling is redecorated I am going to tackle the curtains that hang across the Thermopane windows that look out over the garden. I don't need new curtains — it's just a question of rehabilitating what is already there. The cord in the traverse rod has gotten twisted, and as a result these curtains haven't been drawn across the windows for more than two years. I'll be happy to get the job done, something that I've neglected far too long.

Letters from Juliana bring the news that Jed has graduated from the School of Engineering at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque, an occasion that they celebrated by going out to dinner and then to a movie. They certainly hope that he can get lined up with an engineering firm in Albuquerque since they own their home and would like to stay right there. I can surely second this hope with heartfelt feeling!

James continues to change very fast. His vocabulary is increasing by leaps and bounds these days and he can get pretty much what he wants by asking for it rather than by pointing and rattling off a lingo that no one could

understand. His Christmas toys are still fresh to him and he plays alone contentedly for long stretches of time.

Albuquerque has had an unusually mild winter, so Juliana has been able to get a great deal of gardening accomplished. James is right at her heels with a little rake and shovel and he imitates every move she makes. While they were here with me over Christmas I was astonished to see how carefully he observed what we were doing and how swiftly he tried to do the same thing. Eula and I still laugh when we remember how he tackled the TV with a little plastic screwdriver; Jed was adjusting the controls and James was right beside him "helping".

I don't look at much television aside from the news programs and things that are billed as specials, but this winter I've enjoyed the Forsyte Saga, a series of 26 one-hour programs that has been televised over N.E.T. I'll look at it all over again if they ever replay it. I find it a wonderful picture of life in a big and wealthy English family.

Mother has embarked on what will be a big project: a lap throw done in crewel embroidery. Mary Beth and Donald sent this to her for Christmas and when it is done it will surely be very beautiful. At first it was slow going for she had never done any crewel embroidery, but now she has mastered the stitches and is making real headway.

Juliana does very beautiful crewel embroidery. Last year for my birthday she sent a wall hanging that looks lovely in my living room, and this year for Christmas she did a charming piece that is intended for the kitchen. I guess that crewel embroidery is not considered difficult, but it looks pretty complicated to me.

This winter I have read three books that I found interesting. One has just recently been published: *Night of the Grizzlies* by Jack Olsen. It is an account of the two young girls who were killed by Grizzlies at Glacier National Park. Anyone who is interested in the behavior of animals would find this an interesting book.

*Dearest Mama* is a volume of letters written by Queen Victoria and her eldest daughter. They wrote to each other every day and sometimes twice a day, and the complete correspondence fills 60 large bound volumes. These letters used in *Dearest Mama* can scarcely brush the surface, of course, but I enjoyed all of them since it provides a picture of life behind the throne that you couldn't get in any other way. Queen Victoria sounds like any anxious mother when she dwells on Bertie's wayward habits and his undesirable friends; he sounds like such a

(Continued on page 20)



## FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Today I am writing this to you while at my church study. As you know, I usually write from my study at the parsonage, but after a very early breakfast I am here at the church a good two hours before the rest of the staff will get here, and so what better could I do than to write to you? Have you ever been in a big building all by yourself when there was not one other soul around? I have been in this church so often all alone, that I think nothing of it, but many people would think something of it. We have had members of our large staff that would refuse to be in the church when none of the rest of us were around. Because of the number of robberies we had a few years ago, I can understand how they feel about it, but as for me, I rather like it. I like to go into our beautiful chapel and kneel to say my prayers. Sometimes I am almost overwhelmed by the beauty of it, the quiet of it, and in those sensitive moments I feel so surrounded by the prayers and the affection of all those saintly souls who have made this church the great one that it is.

Driving to the church at this early hour was no problem today, but if you could see the way the traffic will be backed up in front of the church this afternoon, you wouldn't believe it! Really, the traffic problem is a frantic one in our city, and the more super highways the city builds, the greater the problem seems to become. Just four blocks from the church they are building a big skyscraper of a building, and an enormous municipal auditorium will soon be built two blocks from the church. Neither building will be completed for at least another two or three years, and so our immediate traffic congestion is not about to disappear. One thing my doctor has told me I must do is to learn patience. I do get so impatient when my car is caught in a traffic jam, and of course that kind of impatience does no one any good. It doesn't solve the traffic problem, and it certainly does not do anything to help my blood pressure.

Oh! but we are going to be so glad to see the first signs of spring. This past winter has been one of the coldest on record here in New England. But with all of our cold, those of us in southern New England did not have it nearly as cold as some of you people out in the Midwest. No longer can the old-timers say: "I can remember when the winters were much colder than they are now!" Not far from us is a little village called Florida, Massachusetts, and it sounds so funny to hear the weather report in words like this: "And



There is a great need in cities for day nurseries to care for children of working mothers. Betty has been helping with a new one near their church.

in Florida this morning it was eighteen below zero."

I have a difficult call to make later this morning. Yesterday the principal of one of our local junior high schools called and asked me to check up on a fourteen-year-old boy who lives next door to the church. The boy has not been in school for two weeks, and the school officials believe that he and his family are not telling the truth about the boy's health. If the boy is not ill he should be in school, and this particular boy has a reputation for being able to pretend he is sick when he is not. Oh how hard it is to know what the right thing is when children say they do not feel well. The best guide I know to use is that of temperature — no temperature, then back to school.

If you do as much hospital visiting as I do, I am sure that you have noticed how often a patient sick with pneumonia or severe bronchitis is placed in a room with another patient who perhaps has nothing more serious than a broken leg. How on earth the hospital officials expect the broken leg patient to avoid contagion I do not know. Recently one old lady in our church had such a thing happen to her, and she threatened to walk right out of the hospital that very hour if the pneumonia patient were not moved.

Some people have no idea of the problem that confronts the hospital and the patient when visiting privileges are abused. Betty was once a patient in a hospital where only two guests at a time were permitted in any sick room, and the lady in the other bed never had fewer than six or seven guests at one time. Believe it or not; the guests were coming in the fire escape. The honest truth of the matter is

that nine out of ten hospital patients do not want to see visitors except for the most immediate members of the family. A few years ago when I was in the hospital for a month, I saw absolutely no visitors except my Betty and one clergyman, and I think I was better for it. Hospital visitors can be very tiring, and I suggest that you keep your visits short.

The people in our church do so many kind and good things for others. A few weeks ago we sent a check for \$10,000 to a Protestant hospital down in Puerto Rico, and this week we gave several thousand dollars to a number of organizations in our city which are trying to do something to help the poor and the underprivileged. We are particularly interested in three homes for boys who have been released from reform schools. So many boys when they get out of reform schools go right back into the old environment that led them astray in the first place, and these homes are meant to provide a place for the boys to live until they can be trusted to be on their own.

Each year for the past several years our church people have contributed to the building of a beautiful new dormitory for girls at the Andover Newton Theological Seminary near Boston. We want to do all we can to encourage young ladies to study Christian Education so that they can go out into the churches and help to strengthen our many very weak Sunday schools, but the trouble is that so many of our seminaries are not as adequately prepared to care for women students as they are to care for men. As a rule, Roman Catholics have much better facilities for educating their religious

(Continued on page 20)





# Rejoice!

An Easter Worship Service

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



Banners and symbols are playing an important part in more meaningful worship experiences for many persons today. What better time to use them than to express the faith, the joyousness, the beauty that is Easter? Preparation for such a setting will require extra work, but if you are responsible for a special Easter service, why not enlist the help of two or three friends to work on the banners? Later these banners might be displayed in church school classrooms, chapel, or sanctuary to bring inspiration to additional persons.

We will make suggestions for one large banner to be used as the backdrop for the altar. The altar may have upon it a cross or a single lighted candle (not both). The candle can rise from a cluster of white Easter lilies.

The butterfly is the symbol for our Lord's resurrection and the resurrection of those who die in Christ. Golden heralds' trumpets stand for joy and for "good news". Cut the trumpets from gold felt and glue sequins in the mouths of the trumpets. The butterfly can be cut from bright colors of felt or velvet with pearl and sequin trim. Cut the letters of the word "R-E-J-O-I-C-E" from felt. Arrange all of these on a large banner of burlap, choosing a color that will show off the letters and symbols best. Glue in place. A wide decorative fringe at the bottom of the banner adds to its beauty.

(Note: Perhaps your committee will become so enthusiastic they will each want to make a banner expressing their own idea of the joy of Easter. These could be hung about the room where the service is to be held.)

If possible have ready a record player and the recording of the "Hallelujah Chorus" from *The Messiah* to be played as the service closes.

**Prelude:** "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today" played triumphantly through two stanzas and then softly as the first stanza is read as the call to worship.

**Call to Worship:**  
"Christ the Lord is risen today,

Alleluia!

Sons of men and angels say

Alleluia!

Raise your joys and triumphs high;

Alleluia!

Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply,

Alleluia!"

**Scripture:** *Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ! By His great mercy we have been born anew and to a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, and to an inheritance which is imperishable, undefiled, and unfading, kept in heaven for you, who by God's power are guarded through faith for a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time. In this you rejoice, though now for a little while you may suffer various trials, so that the genuineness of your faith, more precious than gold which though perishable is tested by fire, may redound to praise and glory and honor at the revelation of Jesus Christ. Without having seen Him you love Him; though you do not now see Him you believe in Him and rejoice with unutterable and exalted joy.*

—I Peter

**Choral Response:** (Sung or spoken.) Jesus, stand among us in Thy risen power; Let this time of worship be a holy hour.

**Leader:** The message of Easter cannot be written in the past tense. It is a message of today and the days to come. It is God's message which must echo and re-echo through our lives. REJOICE! HE LIVES!

Out of the dark and grimy soil  
The pure, white lilies grow;  
Out of the black and murky clouds  
Descends the stainless snow.  
Out of the caterpillar's lair  
A butterfly is born;  
Out of the somber, shrouded night  
Behold! a golden morn!  
Out of the pain and stress of life  
The peace of God pours down;  
Out of the nails, the spear, the cross —  
Redemption and a Crown!

—Author unknown

The beautiful butterfly is used as the symbol of the resurrection of our Lord and of those who are born anew through Christ — a symbol which should ever remind us all to rejoice, for "the radiant symbol of Easter is wings . . . not life of the flowers come up from the soil, but life of the spirit that soars and sings, that lifts us above the stark dullness of toil and sets our hearts dreaming of heavenly things, strange glories too bright for our dim human eyes . . . There's something within us forever must call for life everlasting, for strength to arise above what is mortal, or petty, or small, and reach for the wideness and light of the skies."

Easter is a time to find renewal of our spirit through the message of God's love that comes to us over and over at Easter. *For God so loved the world that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believes in Him should not perish but have eternal life.* Easter is a time for renewal through hope born anew. REJOICE, HE LIVES! We, too, shall live.

**Hymn:** "Christ the Lord is Risen Today", second stanza, sung by a soloist or chorus.

**Meditation:** Easter is a challenge to the faith of each of us — a challenge to renew that faith. Everywhere we look in the springtime is evidence of renewal, rebirth. There is a continuity in nature. So should there be continuity in our faith. Easter comes each year and gives us new visions, the opportunity to evaluate our lives and our faith, and to find new growth in our spiritual life.

Did you ever stop to think that amid all the confusion of the early records that tell about that first Resurrection Morn one thing comes through loud and clear? No human eye saw the actual resurrection of Jesus. The Christian witnesses down through the years have born testimony only to the accomplished fact. How it came about is shrouded in the mystery of the unknown. Someone has written: "All great beginnings are thus conditioned and surrounded. Man becomes conscious of the results long after the causes have apparently ceased to operate."

Who knows all the processes, the mysteries, that take place in the darkness of old Mother Earth ere the seed takes on new life, which we later observe as the fresh green shoots appear above the soil? But we know it comes again, spring after spring!

Around us this Easter season the darkness and confusion of human affairs seem unpenetrable. Not so! Easter also says to us *God is here*, an unseen force at work in the world today and forever. Through Him miracles of growth and change can be wrought. Through Him is life, and life is positive.

(Continued on page 21)



## LATE WINTER NEWS FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Are you looking forward to spring as anxiously as I am? After you read Evelyn Birkby's article in this issue, I believe you'll be in the mood to start in on spring "brightening up" around the house. It certainly put me in the proper frame of mind.

The first thing I want to do is round up all the clothing, linens and odds and ends that are ready to be discarded and sort them for proper disposal. Like most of you who have families, we see that they have first chance at the "pickings". Often something that I don't want is just what someone in the family has been looking for!

Worn sheets and old white shirts go to the church sewing circle. The sheets are torn into bandages which are sent to a leprosy colony. We pay the postage and the cost of sterilizing them when they reach their destination. The shirts are made into hospital gowns. Other items are disposed of in the usual manner. Some things go to our local self-help center, and others to the church rummage sales and the like.

Because of the increase in the cost of living, I'm sure that we're more conscious of what is thrown out these days. Perhaps if we used more imagination we would come up with ideas for utilizing what we have instead of running out to buy something new to replace items that we may very well have just grown tired of. I gave some good long thoughts to the articles on alterations and makeovers that Mary Feese wrote for the magazine last month and this month. I'm confident that I'll be referring to her suggestions again and again. So run my thoughts as we draw closer to paying our income taxes!

A couple of weeks ago I took a good look at the Christmas ham still hogging space in the refrigerator and decided I had better get it baked and have some company in to help consume it. One of our minister's sons had a birthday about that time, so we invited Vernon and Lois Hauser and their two young boys, plus another couple for dinner in honor of Brent's birthday. We hadn't entertained a group for a meal since I was in the hospital with my back difficulties, so I decided to plan an easy menu that wouldn't require my being on my feet all day long. I came up with the ham, twice-baked potatoes, green beans in mushroom soup, fresh grapefruit and orange sections on lettuce with honey dressing, hot rolls with Juliana's apricot-almond preserves, birthday cake and coffee. I used the birthday cake, flanked with candles, for my centerpiece. When Brent opened the doors to the dining room, his eyes



This lovely print of James Chapin's "Boy with Globe" has just been framed to hang in the Stroms' entrance hall. The artist, whose wife is our cousin Mary Fischer, is one of our country's finest portrait artists.

really lit up for he didn't know that the dinner party was for *him*! His younger brother, Darwin, will have a birthday before long, so we'll plan a party for him too.

Both Oliver and I have been on weight-reducing campaigns. We diet through the week, but forget diets a little over the weekend. Oliver is gone weekdays, you know, and since I'm the one who supervises the diets, he's been calling frequently in the evenings to tell me what he has eaten, what he hasn't eaten, and to report on his weight loss. Sometimes this makes for pretty strange conversations! It is fun to splurge on weekends on a food we've been hankering for. We consider it sort of a reward for five days of keeping will power under control!

It seems to me that it is pure courtesy, however, to eat club refreshments that a hostess has prepared. I know there are some people who are on a strict medical diet who have to avoid foods, but these, in my estimation, are the only exception. When I go out I enjoy the refreshments along with everyone else, *but* make a guess at the calorie intake and include them in my day's rations. More than once my evening meal has been "rabbit food", as a result, but I survived until the following day!

One of those occasions was when I attended an anniversary luncheon of an organization I belong to. The food was delectable. I asked my neighbor if it was really as tasty as I thought, or was it because I hadn't indulged myself in such food for several days. She agreed that it was especially good. I went to bed a little hungry that night, but it had been worth it.

The program that day was most interesting. There was a narration of important events over the past 100 years, and at intervals a sextet sang a popu-

lar song of the day. A few costume items or props were used with each song and they were cute as could be.

Last month I mentioned that I was working on a church program. Oliver said every time he came into the house I seemed to have my nose in my book, but I had a deep subject to cover, "Breaking the Chains of Prejudice", and I wanted to be well prepared. That meeting is over now, and I believe that is the last program responsibility I have for the rest of the year.

Martin checks in occasionally by phone. He says he is much too busy to write letters, and from the reports on his schedule at seminary, I can believe it. This quarter he is taking Psychology, Old Testament, and Early Christian Writers. His field assignment is assisting the several ministers at the Hennepin Avenue Methodist Church in Minneapolis. Most of his work will be with the youth groups. He was very happy with this assignment for he was anxious to get into an actual church situation as soon as possible.

The seminary drama group, of which he is a member, has been rehearsing a play. They have dates for four presentations so far, plus putting it on educational television. The plans now are to travel with the play during spring vacation.

These are exciting days for me as I'm making plans to take a trip. As a matter of fact, I'm writing this a few days earlier than usual in order to complete this issue before I leave so that the printing can be done while I'm gone. I'm going by plane and Oliver will see me off at the airport in Omaha this Saturday afternoon.

Incidentally, when I picked up my reservation, the travel agent gave me some suggestions. Perhaps this is standard procedure these days. She gave me several identification stickers to place on each bag and cards with my name and address to put inside for identification in case the tag or sticker outside should come off. The colorful sticker for the outside on the tag helps you distinguish if from others of similar appearance when you are ready to claim it on arrival. When so much luggage looks alike, it is a good idea to have some quick way to identify yours.

My stops this trip will include Albuquerque, Tucson and San Diego. There should be some interesting experiences to report when I get back to Shenandoah in a couple of weeks.

Sincerely,

*Margery*

Time is that interim between doing something and nothing doing.

A meaningful life depends on one or the other.





## It's a Sure-fire Shenanigan

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

A rollicking St. Patrick's Day party is hard to beat for fun, and it's a wonderful time to plan a couple's party.

If you're sending written invitations, cut a cover and inside sheets in the shape of an Irish shillalah (cover of brown and inside sheets white), tying them together with green yarn or ribbon. The invitation, written in green ink, might read: We're invitin' ye to a sure-fire shenanigan that will beat the Irish with loads of fun. Come March 17th of an evenin' at eight. Hurry to join us with your favorite date. (signed)

### DECORATIONS

Hang a shillalah (use a short length of a knobby tree branch) on the front door for a knocker, tying it on with a big green bow.

Cut two large pig silhouettes from parts of heavy brown cartons. Cut top hats from heavy green posterboard, add white hatbands, and fasten the hats to the pigs' heads. Prop these up on the front steps, fasten to the porch rail, or place on either side of the front door. Decorations around the party room can be shamrocks, pigs cut from paper and, of course, some shillalahs. How about a big shillalah propped up in one corner? Someone can be tipped off to use this as a "prop" to keep order when the games get too boisterous.

If a couple is giving the party, it will add to the gaiety if the hostess dresses in the costume of an Irish lassie and the man in green vest, top hat, and bow tie. He might carry a shillalah.

Pretty shamrocks, posterboard shillalahs, paper pigs, plastic pipes, peanut leprechauns, and gold paper harps might be suspended from a ceiling fixture to make a merry Irish mobile.

A large rock (scrubbed clean, of course!) might be placed on a small table or pedestal near the door. Each guest, upon arrival, is asked to "kiss the blarney stone", and then told to speak with an Irish dialect for the rest of the evening or to pay a compliment to five other persons before he can be seated.

**Nut Cup Favors:** Make little drawstring bags of green material to hold the candies or nuts, and, if possible, a tiny miniature pig (the traditional "pig

in a poke", you know!). Or the bag can hold candies with a tiny shillalah tied to the end of the drawstring.

### ENTERTAINMENT

To start the fun as each guest arrives, pin a huge green bow tie on each man and fasten a large green bow in each lady's hair. Or the men might be given a paper top hat and the ladies have the bow fastened at the necklines of their dresses.

**Count the Irish:** Give one point for every green article a guest is wearing and one point for every green article found in the pocket or purse. The one with most green points wins.

**Shillalah Scramble:** Line up a row of players at one end of the room and hand each player a shillalah (news-paper rolled up and tied firmly). A green feather (dip a feather in food coloring and place on a paper until dry) is placed on the floor in front of each player. At leader's signal, the players attempt to fan their feathers across the goal line at the opposite end of the room, at the same time trying to fan their opponents' feathers away from the goal.

**Tricky Irish Poke:** The answers to this quiz are to be found in objects around the room, which the hostess has hidden in advance. Guests "poke" around until they find them. The first to come up with all the answers wins.

1. You hope you have a pretty one. (Mug)
2. By what means does an Irishman often obtain his fuel supply? (Saw, sir — saucer)
3. A city of the Emerald Isle. (Cork)
4. Often needed to fix the sink. (Router — pig)
5. The oldest piece of furniture in the world. (Multiplication table)
6. After the knot's been tied, an Irishman just might think of his home town. (Dublin — double N)
7. Belongs to the blue grass country. (Bowling Green — bowl and green ribbon)
8. New to the business. (Green hand — cut one of green paper)
9. A great traveler as a rule. (Green-back — dollar bill)
10. A state not to be envied. (Green-eyed — pair of green goggles or sun-

glasses)

**Molly's and Pat's Potato Parley:** This is simply a version of an old game. Work in couples. Each couple gets a small bowl of potato chips. The object is for the couples to stand back to back and at leader's signal the girl, using her left hand, feeds the potato chips by reaching over her shoulder to put them in her partner's mouth without looking around to "take aim". First couple to finish wins — a bag of potato chips.

## AN EASTER PARTY

by  
Mildred D. Cathcart

### INVITATIONS

From construction paper, cut out a bunny carrying an Easter basket. In the basket make slits through which bright-colored paper Easter eggs may be slipped. One egg may carry the time, one the place, and so on. Around the bunny's neck attach a ribbon bow with verse:

"Here is an Easter bunny,  
He's bringing a basket, too;  
Each egg has a message  
Especially for you."

### FAVORS

Little bunny favors may be made from half an English walnut shell. Let the shell be the body, add a small cotton ball for the tail, button eyes, and long paper ears. These may be used as place cards, too.

Easter baskets may be fashioned from cottage cheese cartons or other suitable boxes. Cover with gay colored paper, add a handle with a bright bow. Put green shredded cellophane in the bottom and fill with candy eggs, or cookies cut in the shape of Easter eggs may be decorated and one of them might carry the person's name. If you are entertaining youngsters, give them the empty basket and let them search for candy eggs.

### GAMES

An **Easter Egg Hunt** is traditional entertainment. One might give points for various colored eggs and give a special prize to the winner. If more convenient, eggs cut from different colored construction paper might be hidden.

To play **I Bought an Easter Basket**, the one who is "it" says, "I bought my Easter basket in (names a city)." He points to a player and within a designated time that person must name three things in the basket beginning with first letter in the name of the city. If he cannot name them, he becomes "it". For example, if the person named Chicago, the player might answer, "candy, cake, and chicken", etc.





## THE THRILL OF BEING A GRANDMOTHER

by  
Evelyn Witter

From a hundred miles away you have no idea how I jump when the phone rings.

"Is this it?" I ask myself. "Is the baby finally here?"

Finally Bob does call. "It's a boy!" he is saying. "Almost ten pounds!"

I never seemed closer to you than when I tiptoed into your hospital room. You are asleep, your heart-shaped face a little paler than usual, and your suggestion-of-blond hair disheveled in childish fashion.

I hear myself whispering: "Darling, it's mother."

On hearing my voice you smile an endearing smile and your lashes flicker. "Mother!" your voice trembles a little. "Mother, we have a baby boy!" "That's wonderful, dear!"

"Isn't it?" You're wide awake now.

I slide into the chair next to the bed and we exchange a few pleasantries. Then we lapse into silence.

I feel your eyes peering at me inquisitively. "What are you thinking about, Mother?" you ask.

I tell you. "I was thinking about what lies ahead for you as a mother. You'll have to be making decisions from now on. Important ones. You'll be deciding constantly about which is right and which is wrong. These decisions have to be yours and Bob's alone. No one elses."

"We're ready for the responsibility," you say.

"I believe you are," I have to smile at your intensity. "I just meant that there are too many well-meaning, but poorly informed people who are always offering free advice. Usually these people tell you what NOT to do. I think you should decide WHAT to do. The positive approach to parenthood is so much stronger than the negative."

You smile at me. I have never seen you look lovelier. You hold out your hand and I take it. I hold your hand in mine and the touch warms my heart as

it always has from the first moment when the nurse brought you to me twenty-two years ago.

You have been my baby girl, my affectionate little toddler, my tied-to-the-apron-strings grammar school miss, my independent teenager, my serious-minded college woman. And now you are a mother.

Have I helped you to fulfill this most important of all the stages in your life? Have I really prepared you for the problems as well as the joys of parenthood?

The nurse bustles in to tell me it's time to leave now. I drop a kiss on your sweet lips.

"Mother," you whisper. "I hope I can be as wonderful a mother as you are!"

As I walk out of the room, my vision is a little blurred by the happy tears gathering in my eyes, but my heart is full of the magic thrill of grandmotherhood!

## SOMETHING JUST AS BEAUTIFUL

by  
Hazel E. Howard

"Oh, Grandma, come quick!" I found my grandchild in the living room gazing out of the picture window. "Isn't it just be-yoo-tiful?" She pointed excitedly to the rainbow, draped like a scarf of marabou in pastel colors across the shoulders of the San Bernardino Mountains.

A line from Robert Burns' poem, comparing pleasures to "the rainbow's lovely form, evanishing amid the storm," came to mind.

"It's lovely, darling," I said, then added, "but it will be gone in a few minutes."

"Yes, but there will be something just as beautiful tomorrow," the child replied with the incredible wisdom of the young.

*Something just as beautiful tomorrow,* I thought.

How true. Each day has its offering of beauty for us if we have perceptive eyes. Usually we find it at the most unexpected moments, oftentimes in the most unlikely places.

I recall a somber spring morning when a fine mist turned into sifting rain which barely dampened the parched ground. Soon a low-hanging fog wrapped the valley in a gray blanket. Walking spellbound along a brush-bordered trail in the mystic, muted world, I noticed a spiderweb attached to a small bush about a foot above the ground. Ordinarily I would have passed it by. But this was no common web. Raindrops, glittering like silver sequins on the gossamer lacework, had glorified it. Only after close observation did I discover the tiny black insect-in-waiting at the bottom of the funnel-shaped

opening.

Another day, following this same path after a shower, the buckwheat and sagebrush shrubs were decked with raindrop rhinestones, jewels money could not buy.

Then there was that unforgettable afternoon when the topaz sun, set in a dun-colored sky, appeared to be the hub of a wheel with rim and spokes of rose-tinted clouds, azure filling in the open spaces. Another time this same heavenly body, a ruby ball in the west, wore a band of gold across the center, giving it the semblance of a gigantic Christmas tree ornament.

Night, too, has revealed unexpected glimpses of delightful beauty. At times the sky became an art gallery filled with cloud pictures of birds, animals, ships, castle drifting along in the velvety dark. On the ground enchanting patterns made by tree shadows in the moonlight appeared.

God's creatures also have put a halo on my day — the fleeting flash of blue-bird wings; a quaint roadrunner darting from the bushes, cutting across the lane; a chromatic-winged butterfly poised on a crimson rose; a robin splashing joyously in a puddle of water.

At sundown I have come unexpectedly upon a colony of cottontails and jack-rabbits, sitting in council in a perfect circle, or in the moonlight, playing a game of tag.

"Beautiful moments," someone has said, "are a glimpse through the key-hole of Heaven." They may be transient, but each time we are privileged to view a revelation of the Creator's handiwork we can tuck it in a cranny of our mind to recall at will.

The child was right. There will always be something just as beautiful tomorrow. To quote Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "Earth's crammed with Heaven, and every common bush afire with God."

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## EASY THINGS TO DO TODAY

Say "Good morning" with a smile in your voice to an acquaintance.

Praise someone for a task well done. Help an aged person or a young child across the street.

Voice your thanks to those who help you.

Learn one new thing to improve your capacity to enjoy music or art or literature or baseball or . . .

Try to understand a problem with your heart as well as with your head.

Look for that which is good in others. Display some affection to those who love you.

Be grateful you're alive.

Have a happy day. You can if you want it.



# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It seems to me our winter has been particularly severe this year, just as the old-timers predicted it would be last fall according to all the signs. I've never paid much attention to these signs before, but from now on I'm going to, because I think it has been proved this year that they knew what they were talking about.

When I drove to Shenandoah last month the temperature was well below zero when I left at 1:30 P.M., but when I walked into Mother's house I was greeted by a breath of spring — potted hyacinths in bloom as well as a large plant of brilliant red tulips. Frederick's and Betty's Christmas gift to Mother was a standing order at the local florist's to have fresh flowers delivered once a week until spring. I think this is a wonderful gift idea for someone who is housebound all winter. When I was working in the County Superintendent's office many years ago, I gave my boss, Gladys Kiburz, a rose bowl for her desk and got a fresh rose to put in it every week until her own roses bloomed. This might give you an idea for that someone special you like to do things for the year around.

I got Frank something for Christmas that has turned out to be one of the greatest conversation pieces we have ever had — a 1908 copy of the Sears Roebuck catalog. People who start looking at it find it so fascinating they can't put it down. The day Wayne and his family were with us Clark really had fun looking at it. He said he found a lot of things he wished he could order today. When you compare the prices then with what they are today it is almost unbelievable.

About a year ago I became a member of a group in Lucas who are all good friends and just like to get together once in awhile for a good time. At one meeting we decided to do something to raise money, so we had a combination rummage and bake sale, and also served sandwiches, pie, and coffee. Everyone had a good time and we were thrilled at how much money we made. We recently served the lunch at a sale, so at our last all-day meeting we decided to buy some things for the Lucas Community Hall kitchen. A few years ago when it became necessary to have a new building in which to house the



It seems that all children love rocking horses, and Aaron is no exception. His was a Christmas gift.

fire truck and other equipment, money was raised by donations, community projects, etc., and a nice building was erected large enough so part of it could be used as a community hall. Our club had planned to get a steam table for the kitchen, but in the meantime this was purchased with other funds, so we bought a large electric roaster, a 75-cup electric percolator, and an electric mixer.

I got a new zig-zag sewing machine for Christmas and have been having a lot of fun experimenting with it. I had never thought I wanted anything but a straight-stitch machine, but then my friend Rose Caylor, who was a professional seamstress before she decided to open her own fabric shop, started holding classes and teaching those who were interested how to make all kinds of lingerie out of nylon tricot and Lycra spandex. After seeing all the things that could be made so much cheaper than one could buy them, I became interested and wanted to try my hand at it. A zig-zag machine is a necessity for this, and my wishes were granted, so now I have been "sewing up a storm".

Since the first of the year I have made Lucile a couple of dresses and just finished one for myself. When I was in Albuquerque I bought a few pieces of braid I thought particularly attractive, planning to build dresses around them sometime. That time came sooner than I expected. Frank had gone in to Rose's shop and picked out a lovely soft grey fabric for one of my Christmas gifts, and it was just perfect with one of the braids. I made the dress perfectly plain with long sleeves and a collar, and put a strip of braid, three inches wide, in shades of blue and green, straight down the front from the neck to the bottom of the dress as the only trimming. I have so many things stacked up to make that I wish that was all I had to do. Unfortunately houses do

have to be cleaned, recipes do have to be tested, and I can't spend all my time at the sewing machine.

In the kind of weather we have had this winter, it takes Frank just about all day to do the chores, especially when he has livestock at both farms. Larry's horse was at the other place, but the other day Frank brought him down and put him in with our Stardust and the ponies. Sid was perfectly willing to leave them strictly alone and tend to her own business, but Stardust, who feels she is solely responsible for the safety of the ponies, just had a fit when this strange horse trespassed into her domain. Stardust has always just tolerated Little Buck, but she adopted Sawdust immediately, and if Sid even looks in her direction Stardust makes him understand he has to keep his distance.

Frank's sister Edna and husband Raymond have moved from Mesa, Arizona, to Roswell, New Mexico. Her doctor thought she might feel better if she lived where the altitude was around 3500 feet, so they tried living in Roswell for about a month before they decided to make the move. They stayed in Mesa just long enough to pack their belongings and sell their mobile home, and then bought a new mobile home after they got to Roswell. (Raymond wrote that he missed me when he started to pack. When they closed their home and sold the farm, I helped him pack and label the boxes for the move to Arizona, and I must have done a satisfactory job if he missed me when it was time to move again.) They seem to be happy with their new home, which is larger than the first one they had. Edna wrote us a long letter about it and I must say it sounds attractive. Maybe before too long I can go down and see for myself. The most important thing is that she continue to feel better in the new location.

The last time I talked to Kristin everyone was well at their house for a change. For awhile this winter every time I called her it seemed someone was sick. She was sorry to lose her wonderful baby sitter, since their hours didn't mesh at all the second semester. She thinks she had someone lined up who was going to be fine. She says Aaron has passed through the stage when he preferred to have his mama always within sight, and now he couldn't care less who sits with him. He's happy with anyone.

Frank said something awhile ago about having me run an errand for him, so I'll get this ready to mail and get myself ready "just in case". Until next month . . .

*Dorothy*





## SEWING ALTERATIONS AND MAKEOVERS

by Mary Feese

*Editor's note: This is a continuation of an article in last month's issue. If you are a brand-new subscriber, we hope that you can lay your hands on the February issue for the helpful suggestions Mary Feese shared with you.*

Your boys' favorite sweaters, that are wearing out at the elbows, can stylishly go another season, too — just add the leather elbow patches (available by mail, or at many notions counters). The English have been doing this for years, on their expensive woolen jackets. In this country, it is just becoming fashionable — you sometimes buy a brand-new shirt or sweater that have elbow patches as part of the style!

That stretch denim skirt that doesn't quite fit because the owner has lost weight — what to do? The solution, in my case, was to remove the fabric waistband and replace it with wide, decorative, and brightly colored elastic for a comfortable skirt in which to work around home. The almost-dirndl effect is very attractive, and the skirt looks neat whether worn with elastic showing over a tucked-in blouse, or concealed by a trim-fitting overblouse.

Some changes don't quite fit either definition of "alteration" or "make over" — for instance, you have a dress that fits very well, perhaps needs the hem taken up a bit, but you look at it in dismay. Somehow, that neckline . . . isn't there some way to freshen it up a bit? Yes, Virginia, there is a solution — or a choice of them. You can make a removable collar, or you can sew a new collar and attach it permanently to the dress, in white or some flattering contrast color. You might just wish to add a pretty, purchased scarf if the dress has only a simple neckline. Peter Pan, tailored, upstanding band or mandarin collar, turtle-neck, widened cowl collar — what would blend best with the style of the dress you're working with? Often a change of belt and buttons will change the appearance from a dreary "make-do" into a sparkling "make-new" outfit that you'll be proud to wear in the busy days to come.

Or, for that sleeveless dress that's



It is surprising what one can do with good-sized pieces of leftover yard goods. Dorothy managed to get a dress out of the material left over after cutting out a dress for Lucile.

perfectly good, but doesn't go with any cardigan sweater you have (and you don't wear it as often as you might because you're chilly without something on your arms) just make a flattering little "shorty" or bolero jacket from a crisp fabric. I like to use the polyester blend poplin; it's easy care and just the right weight and crispness. For some dresses you'll choose a coordinating solid color; for others the smart solution is to make a jacket in white. (Incidentally, a simple short and collarless white jacket might "cover" for several sleeveless dresses, by choosing fabric that's quick to do up.) You needn't even line this quickie jacket unless you wish, although lining such a simple style isn't at all difficult. The white-jacket solution will extend the wearing season for those dresses from mid spring through early fall. For winter wear, you might prefer a trim jacket made from a remnant of bonded knit, which will need some interfacing to hold the shape of the front edges. (I experimented once, in a short-cut mood, to see if the fabric had enough body to skip this interfacing — and it didn't!)

Kimono-sleeve styles often pull out under the arms, while the rest of the dress is perfectly good. To redo this dress, cut off the bodice just above the bustline, under the pulled-out place, and using the cut-off portion as a pattern, and adding sufficient extra fabric for seam allowances, cut new lace yoke and sleeves for a new look. (Buy some of the lace with bonded backing, in an appropriate harmonizing or contrasting color, for a really professional touch; the bonded lace is easy to handle because of the extra body, and will wear well. Be sure to check whether or not your bonded lace is washable, for some isn't, and it would have to be limited to use on dry cleanable dresses.

Some other brief suggestions are: Use

the good woolen material from discarded winter coats for warm interlinings, for interlining doesn't show anyway. For an extra year's wear on children's jackets, purchase some knit cuffs; often the jacket is large enough in every respect except the sleeve length. On an everyday play or work jacket, you might even salvage cuffs from worn gloves or mittens, and make the repair at no additional cost.

You surely all agree that permanent press is wonderful, to buy new, or to sew new. But beware of the pitfalls if you're altering or making over. The rules are different for these than they were for the non-treated fabrics that we've become familiar with over our years of sewing experience. Creases will not come out. If remaking pants, creases must fall in the same place. Sometimes it simply cannot be done, so . . . On some newer garments, the hems aren't permanently pressed, and can be lengthened; others, not. To shorten permanent press slacks, cut off the cuff. 1¼" will be taken up in the seam allowance, so subtract this amount from the measurement that the slacks need shortened. Hide the seam under the cuff (seam on right side of fabric) and stitch down flat. If you use a flat fell seam, it will prevent raveled threads that might show out after subsequent laundering. This is an undetectable repair when the slacks are being worn; in fact, it can be seen only by a close examination, in which the cuff is turned down to look.

Vests are so stylish for girls and women this year, and needn't match the skirts; in fact, they're more often contrasted. So check those outgrown skirts, leftover men's jackets, or a discarded coat for fine fabric that will coordinate well with this year's skirt; plan and make a stylish new vest. The pattern catalogs offer so much variety in vest styles that there's sure to be something to suit your taste; buy a simple new pattern and try your hand at this wardrobe-freshener. Notions counters are now carrying, I'm glad to report, the so-stylish chain link closings, that use buttonholes on both sides of the vest or jacket, and the chains have a modish metal button on each end. Yes, they do cost quite a bit, but one set can be used with several outfits if you wish, as they're not attached to the garment itself, and this helps reduce your over-all cash outlay for the season.

By this time, you've surely decided on a few alterations or make overs that suit your family's need, and perhaps your fingers are itching to get at them before the mood passes. Since enthusiasm lightens any task, this is surely the time to begin them, so I wish you Happy Sewing!



## ABIGAIL HAS TAKEN ON A PART-TIME JOB

Dear Friends:

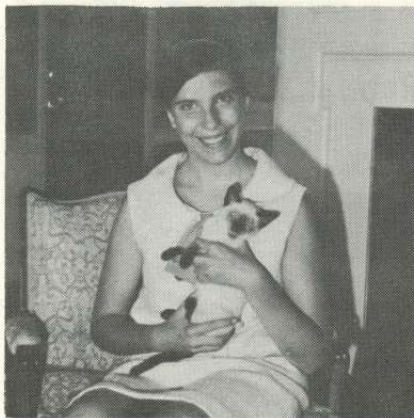
Those of you who listen to the Kitchen-Klatter program on radio know that Wayne, Alison, Clark and I drove back to spend several perfectly delightful days in Shenandoah at Christmastime. Not only did we have a delightful visit there, but the drive itself going and returning was so much easier. I can't tell you how pleased we are that Nebraska has completed much of its interstate highway east and west across the state. A few years ago we had abandoned auto travel across Nebraska in favor of Kansas because of the poor roads. But from now on, Kansas' Highway 36 will be minus one more car with Colorado license plates.

There may be justifiable criticism of certain aspects of the interstate highway system. But it is mighty nice to be able to drive just a few blocks and get on interstates that provide an easy drive all the way to Lincoln. Now if the state of Nebraska would just put an interstate highway around Lincoln that ends in Nebraska City, we'd really appreciate it! There might even be hope that Iowa would do something about the treacherous highways that connect with it!

We think the scenery along Nebraska's interstate is very pleasing. The Platte Valley gave the appearance of lushness even in the dead of winter. Fortunately, we couldn't tell the difference between the bare trees; that is, which were dormant and which were dead of Dutch Elm disease.

There is a section of interstate about 23 or so miles long where Colorado and Nebraska join that is not complete. One of the little towns that the old highway goes through is Big Springs. Whenever we enter this very peaceful village I glance up the street a block to the bank building on the corner and wonder what terrible quirk of fate made it the scene of such awful tragedy. Undoubtedly there are a number of other locations of dramatic history along the way but I'm not acquainted with them.

Emily's Christmas dinner suffered by comparison to ours. She ate in a "dreary, dirty, desert town" on one of the innumerable stops the bus makes traveling between Mexico City and Oaxaca, Mexico. At the last minute she had learned that she could take a little over a week off from her English tutoring obligations and this provided an excellent opportunity to visit the archeological sites of the Yucatan Peninsula. It was a very adventurous and absolutely memorable trip. But I think that on Christmas Day she would much have preferred being up north with the cold, snow and ice among the



Mary Beth mentioned in one of her letters that their Siamese kitten was very sly about slipping out the door when the children left for school. She sent this picture of Katharine holding it as proof that it is still with them.

rest of us in Shenandoah.

In Oaxaca Emily was introduced to one of the special Christmas customs of Mexico. They eat toasted crackers called *bornillos* dipped into a syrup in a clay bowl. When the syrup is consumed, the bowl is thrown and broken. The resulting number of pieces is supposed to indicate the number of years of happiness awaiting the person who threw the bowl.

1970 finds me embarking on a new venture. I have undertaken a part-time job doing market research interviewing. With Emily and Alison gone from this household much of the time and Clark old enough to have a driver's license, I found fewer demands on my time as a mother. No longer do I spend hours sewing for the girls; they do most of their own. I don't even chauffeur Clark any more except on rare occasions. Having put many hours into volunteer and club activities in past years, I wasn't much interested in increasing my endeavors along these lines. But one thing I hadn't done since college days, and I did little enough then, was work at a "regular, paying" job, so I decided to give a try to this aspect of life that so many women pursue.

Full-time work doesn't attract me at this stage because, frankly, I don't want to work that hard. I enjoy doing all of my own housework and sewing and most of the yard and garden work. Also, I want some time for club and volunteer activities. And I certainly would hate to give up trips to the golf course and mountains!

There were severe limitations on type of work I wanted to or could do. Under no stretch of honesty could I inflict myself on an employer as a typist or bookkeeper. With Clark still living at home, I wanted to work mostly during school hours and days. This rather precluded work as a sales clerk

or receptionist. Finally, I was interested in doing something that was different from my regular life — in other words, I wasn't anxious to do cooking, cleaning, sewing or yard work.

Now you will readily note that with these qualifications and my lack of skills, training and experience, I wasn't exactly going to have an enormous variety of choices awaiting me. However, there was one big factor working in my favor: I live in a large city where there is a bigger variety of jobs available.

Fortunately for me, Denver is one of the major cities in this country for market research projects. Manufacturers like to have new products, packaging devices and advertising programs tested in a few key cities across the country in order to get some determination of how well the new item will do or what revisions should be made before placing the item on the general market. Denver, as the largest city of its region, is frequently chosen as its representative test market.

The firm I work for handles these projects locally for clients from throughout the country and it uses a great many part-time employees. Because there is such variety among the projects, they need people to work all different hours of the days of the week, so an individual can pretty much choose to work whatever hours or days are best for him and he will be assigned to projects accordingly.

I had studied market research in college but that was more than twenty-plus years ago. Having not kept up with developments in this field since then, I was a real novice and could offer no experience.

Applicants are given a choice of telephone or field work, which is direct personal contact either door-to-door or perhaps in a store or shopping center. I expressed a preference for field work, although I was willing to do telephone contacts if needed. I figured I'd enjoy being out and talking to people face to face.

The job is still too new for me to tell how well I'm really going to like it. But I have discovered that interviewers need one qualification that wasn't mentioned when I was applying — a genuine love of dogs! Almost every house or apartment I've contacted has at least one dog and frequently more. Almost without exception they bark — continuously. So far luck has been with me and I have yet to encounter one that has bitten me.

Sincerely,  
Abigail

The blanket of earth . . . The roof of sky . . . The smell of spring . . . Can heaven be far?





## A Retreat to Yesterday, U.S.A.

by

Ed Schaffer & Evelyn Cason

In an attempt to "get away from it all," man has at last made a way to the moon.

Other travelers, equally adventuresome, are finding it possible, at least for a space of time, to leave the cares of modern civilization behind, this feat accomplished as closely as 68 miles from St. Louis, one of our larger cities.

We then find two quests: First, a speeding generation racing its way on unknown journeys into outer space, there seeking out hidden places of the moon, to unravel the mysteries of its uncharted wilderness; second, just as urgent, those following their own Grail, searching for the peace, the charm, and the more leisurely pace of the past.

The object of this nostalgic quest quaintly but appropriately named the *Village of Yesterday, U.S.A.*

And where is the Village of Yesterday, U.S.A.? It is found just off Highway 67, sixty-eight miles south of St. Louis, Missouri. A traveler then must follow Highway H for a short mile. Further guided by signs of Highway AA, he may indulge his own flight of fancy to recapture the peaceful mood and flavor of this retreat to Yesterday, U.S.A.

Yes, it is on such a flight of fancy the traveler will find himself in St. Francois County, Missouri. On 700 woodsy acres, log buildings imported from the place of their origins were erected in the foothills of the Ozarks to become a unique period place.

The Village was born from the imagination of those who believe a spirit of renewal can be found among its souvenirs of yesterday. Though only a few years old, it is an accurate portrayal of the American Way of Life, from the early 1700's to the latter years of the nineteenth century.

Normally a spring and winter festival mark pilgrimages to this reminiscent setting, authentic reminders of the time when log houses and rail fences symbolized the solid structure of a pioneer heritage. On these pilgrimages, many Grail-seekers, their faith renewed, have reclaimed a greater strength from the spirit of yesterday.

And again, within this other-world atmosphere, the modern pilgrim will be amazed by the local potter's cabin,

moved log by log and rebuilt in all its sturdy structure on the present site. The traveler is further entranced as a piece of clay is transformed by skilled hands and old-fashioned tools into some delicate gift of art.

Another sentimental reminder of another time and place is a blacksmith shop. First constructed in 1842, the smithy is presided over by a competent blacksmith, working over his anvil during the festival days and even on Sundays.

A more humorous highlight along a traveler's journey into the bygone era is a moonshiner's shack. One can find inside those contraptions which no doubt were pressed into service with many a jugful of "corn-squeezin's".

Reflecting the spirit of a more reverent nature, a century-old Church of the Cedars stands no more than a stone's throw away. The modern wayfarer shares quiet solitude with a creche scene composed of dolls from the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries.

As in those days past education occupied a back seat. The school to be imported to its scheduled place is two miles in the woods, mud-mired. With an assist from nature, it is hoped it will be in place in time for the opening. To the education-conscious present, one can only doff a dunce cap for such rugged beginnings, but surely only admiration can be evoked for scholars of yesterday. They acquired, through rugged individualism, education in what might be now termed "disadvantaged opportunity"; in short, learning to cope with what they had.

And like a beacon from the past, a primitive homestead now houses the candle maker's shop. Exquisitely hand-crafted candles are temptation not to be resisted. In another world their old-world charm will blend with the latest decor of the modern home.

In the midst of the village setting, yesterday's history is here, in the making. Whether one's interest is fact or fancy, delicate glass blowing or hardy tools, fragile dolls or rugged artifacts, there is something to appeal to every taste in the colorful folklore of the past:

A small child presses his nose to the

"Sweet Tooth" confectionery shop.

A well-fed, weight-conscious traveler sneaks home a sack of fresh-ground grist for a meal of cornbread and high-fat milk.

A frustrated reporter, with the scent of printer's ink in his nostrils, watches the old-fashioned printing press in action.

Ladies of the push-button age marvel over looms which created cloth not only for wearing, but hardy enough to withstand wear-and-tear footsteps as carpet coverings.

And around every corner, the little-boy-at-heart, renewing his youth among rare buggies and wagons in the horse-drawn transportation museum, perhaps carrying home a broom he has observed being formed from raw-corn beginning.

Hands fondle gun stocks which reflect the pride of pioneers who depended on them for livelihood. Eyes glow as shapes of imagination are brought to life from inanimate blocks of wood.

In the clock shop the traveler is only too well aware that for a moment time has stood still for him.

And in the saw mill a whiff of fresh sawdust renews a long-forgotten childhood memory. Surely such a peaceful mood can be preserved in the piece of rustic furniture he stashes in the trunk, regretting having to coddle it against tailgaters and the modern pace on the homeward journey.

Yes, just as the Village has been fed by man's imagination, so is man's imagination fed by the St. Francois River through the Ozark acres. It lies quiet at the side of the village, with the serenity of a peaceful memory from the past, then rages farther on with all the ruggedness of pioneer history, becoming rushing rapids over magnificent red granite boulders. Red granite is featured in many of the attractive homes in the area, the material having been cut in the old stone mill from huge boulders in Boulder Field, believed to have been brought in by glacial movement from the Ice Age.

Racing for the moon? No, this quiet quest indulges flight of fancy within the bounds of an imported, log-housed, peaceful setting.

Just as the Village has delighted others, so it will fascinate those who enjoy this pilgrimage again this year. And whether one is merely a curious onlooker, a romanticist wooing the nostalgic past, or a traveler simply thinking yesteryear might be a good place to visit but doesn't care to live in its rugged memory, the *Village of Yesterday, U.S.A.*, certainly provides its own note of dramatic appeal.





**RICH BLACK WALNUT BARS**

- 1 egg, separated
- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Put egg yolk in large mixer bowl with flour, sugar, margarine and flavorings. Blend well and then stir in 1/2 cup of the walnuts. Spread in ungreased 10-by 15-inch shallow pan (jelly roll pan is ideal). Beat the egg white till frothy and brush over dough. Sprinkle with remaining nuts. Bake at 350 degrees for about 25 to 30 minutes. Cut into about 40 bars.

—Margery

**SCRAMBLED EGGS FOR 5**

Warm to room temperature one 3-oz. pkg. of cream cheese with chives. Break into bowl 10 eggs. Add 3 Tbls. rich milk or cream and add softened cream cheese. Mix these together thoroughly and pour into skillet containing 3 Tbls. melted butter. Cook as usual for scrambled eggs seasoning them to your taste.

This makes a tangy, delightful change to a morning breakfast.

—Mary Beth

**COUNTRY STYLE LIVER**

- 6 slices bacon
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1 Tbls. onion
- 2 cups milk
- 1 lb. sliced liver
- 1/4 cup buttered bread crumbs

Cut bacon in squares and fry in skillet till crisp. Remove bacon. Add flour, salt and pepper. Add milk and cook till thick and smooth. Roll liver in flour and brown in more bacon fat. Layer liver, bacon and onion in greased casserole. Pour milk and flour mixture over all and top with buttered crumbs. Bake for 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

**APPLE-RAISIN COFFEECAKE**

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup seedless raisins
- Apple slices

Heat oven to 375 degrees. Mix sugar, shortening, egg together thoroughly. Stir in milk and flavorings. Sift together and stir in dry ingredients. Add raisins. Spread batter in greased and floured square pan, 9 x 9 x 1 1/4. Arrange apple slices in fancy design on top of batter, pressing them in slightly. Sprinkle top with 1 tsp. cinnamon mixed with 2 Tbls. sugar. Bake 25 to 35 minutes until toothpick stuck into center comes out clean. Serve warm, fresh from oven. Makes 9 three-inch squares.

—Margery

**CALIFORNIA SALAD**

- 1/2 cup stuffed olives
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 3/4 cup boiling water
- 1 8-oz. can tomato soup
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, room temperature
- 2/3 cup mayonnaise
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup finely diced green pepper

Slice the olives. Dissolve the gelatin in boiling water, add the soup and lemon flavoring and cool until slightly thickened. Blend the cream cheese with the mayonnaise and whip until smooth. Fold into the gelatin mixture. Arrange a few olives in the bottom of ring mold, then add the remaining olives with the celery, onion and green pepper to the gelatin mixture. Spoon carefully into the mold and chill until firm.

**UNUSUAL AND WONDERFUL  
STUFFED HAM WITH APRICOT  
GLAZE**

You will need a large whole ham for this recipe, and ask the butcher to remove the bone and sew up the shank end. (Give him some advance notice on this job.) When ready to cook, prepare a stuffing made as follows:

- 1 lb. very lean ground fresh pork
- 1 medium onion, finely chopped
- 1 egg
- 3 slices crumbled bread (no crusts)
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- Dash of cloves
- Dash of cinnamon
- 1/3 cup seeded raisins
- 1 cup spiced grapes, drained

Mix all of the above ingredients thoroughly and fry a tiny bit to check it for seasonings. Insert your hand into the cavity of the ham and stretch in all directions to make the hole bigger. Fill cavity with stuffing and tie up the open end with heavy string.

Wrap the ham in heavy foil, seal the edges and put it, fat side up, in a roaster that has a lid. Pour in 2 cups of water, cover with lid and cook in a 300-degree oven, allowing 20 minutes per pound for a 10- or 12-lb. ham. Add a little water from time to time to make steam and prevent browning. When cooking time is over, open foil and allow to cool to lukewarm.

**Apricot Glaze**

- 3/4 lb. dried apricots
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 3/4 cup water
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch

Boil apricots until puffy and tender and press through a colander. Add flavorings, water and sugar and cook for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add cornstarch dissolved in a little water and continue cooking for a minute or two.

Put lukewarm ham in a shallow pan and carefully coat it with as much apricot glaze as will stick. Put it in a 400-degree oven until glaze has set. In about 20 minutes coat again with glaze and return to oven. Keep this up until all of the ham is completely coated — except on the bottom. Allow to stand at room temperature for at least two hours before serving.

I first made this several years ago and served it again to company just recently. I remembered that the stuffing was so delicious that this time I doubled the recipe and cooked the excess in heavy foil along with the ham.

—Lucile



**CHICKEN POLYNESIAN**

1/2 cup orange, grapefruit or pineapple juice  
 1/2 cup light corn syrup  
 1/4 cup vinegar  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/8 cup prepared mustard  
 1/4 tsp. Tabasco sauce  
 1/8 tsp. ginger  
 2 tsp. cornstarch  
 1 Tbls. water  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring  
 Chicken pieces  
 Cherries, orange or pineapple sections and almonds (opt.)

Blend first 7 ingredients; add cornstarch mixed with 1 Tbls. water and flavoring. Cook until thickened. Salt chicken pieces; place skin side down, in 9- by 13-inch baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour, basting occasionally with sauce. Add remaining sauce, fruits and nuts. Serve with rice.

—Margery

**APPLE PIE**

6 large tart cooking apples  
 1 cup sugar  
 2 Tbls. flour  
 1 tsp. cinnamon  
 1 tsp. grated lemon peel  
 1/8 tsp. ground cloves  
 1/8 tsp. salt  
 9-inch pie shell

Peel, core and thinly slice these 6 apples. Toss them in the ingredients indicated above and arrange them overlapping in a 9-inch pie pan lined with your favorite flaky pastry.

Now combine and pour over the apples the following:

1/2 cup flour  
 1/4 cup sugar  
 1/8 tsp. salt  
 1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese  
 1/4 cup melted butter or margarine  
 Bake in a hot oven at 400 degrees for 40 minutes or until crust and topping are golden brown.

—Mary Beth

**DRIED BEEF CASSEROLE**

3 Tbls. margarine  
 A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 2 Tbls. flour  
 2 cups milk  
 5 oz. dried or smoked beef  
 1/2 cup diced celery  
 1/2 cup sliced stuffed olives  
 2/3 cup grated American cheese  
 2 cups cooked noodles  
 Melt margarine; add flavoring and stir in flour. Add milk; cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add dried beef, celery, olives, cheese and noodles. Pour into buttered casserole. Bake in 350-degree oven for 25 minutes. Serve. Yield: 6 servings.

—Margery

**PINEAPPLE CLUB DESSERT**

1 1/4 cups graham cracker crumbs  
 1/3 cup milk  
 1 10-oz. pkg. miniature marshmallows  
 1 13 1/4-oz. can crushed pineapple, well drained  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring  
 2 cups whipping cream  
 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Line a 9- by 13-inch pan with 1 cup crumbs — reserve the 1/4 cup for topping. Heat milk in top of double boiler or heavy saucepan over low heat, add marshmallows and stir till melted. Set aside to cool. Whip the cream, add drained pineapple, flavoring, nuts and the cold marshmallow mixture. Mix together lightly till blended and pour over crumbs. Sprinkle the 1/4 cup crumbs over mixture and chill in refrigerator for several hours or overnight.

This can be tinted a pretty yellow, pink or green by adding a few drops of food coloring.

—Margery

**BARBECUED PORK CHOPS**

Brown chops on both sides and place in baking dish. In saucepan combine:

1/2 cup catsup  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1 tsp. celery seed  
 1/2 tsp. nutmeg  
 1/3 cup vinegar  
 1 cup water  
 1 bay leaf

Bring to boil and simmer 4 or 5 minutes. Pour over chops, cover, bake at 325 degrees for 1 1/2 hours.

—Margery

**HEARTY VEGETABLE SOUP**

4 lb. shin beef and bone  
 Salt  
 2 cups sliced cabbage  
 1 cup chopped onions  
 1/2 lb. carrots, diced  
 1/4 cup chopped green pepper  
 1 cup celery, chopped  
 3 1/2 cups canned tomatoes  
 1 pkg. frozen, cut green beans  
 2 cups whole kernel corn  
 1 cup potatoes, cubed  
 2 tsp. parsley  
 1 6-oz. can tomato sauce  
 1/4 tsp. cloves  
 1 tsp. sugar  
 1/2 tsp. pepper  
 2/3 cup barley

Place beef and 1 Tbls. salt in 4 quarts water; bring to a boil. Skim. Add cabbage, onions, carrots, green pepper, celery and tomatoes; cook, covered, for 30 minutes. Add 1 Tbls. salt and remaining ingredients except barley. Simmer, covered, 2 hours. Add barley; simmer 1 hour longer. Remove meat; cool and cut from bone into cubes. Return to soup. Simmer 30 minutes. Yield: 16 servings.

—Margery

**ANY KIND OF CAKE**

1 box any kind cake mix  
 1 pkg. any kind instant pudding  
 2 cups milk  
 2 eggs  
 1 tsp. any kind Kitchen-Klatter flavoring

Combine all ingredients and blend well. Pour in 9 by 13 pan and bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

Use your imagination and use a variety of cake mixes, puddings and flavorings for an endless number of combinations. For example, chocolate cake mix, butterscotch pudding and burnt sugar flavoring.

—Margery

**GRANDMA'S FAVORITE GINGERBREAD**

2 1/2 cups sifted flour  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1 tsp. baking powder  
 1 tsp. ginger  
 2 tsp. cinnamon  
 1/2 tsp. cloves  
 1/2 cup shortening  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 3/4 tsp. soda  
 1 cup molasses  
 2 eggs  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1 cup hot water

Sift dry ingredients together. Cream shortening, sugar and soda. Add molasses. Stir in part of the flour mixture. Beat in eggs one at a time. Stir in flavorings. Add rest of flour mixture alternately with hot water. Beat very well. Turn into greased and floured 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake in 350-degree oven for 45 minutes or until it tests done. Serve either warm or cold with whipped cream, whipped topping or ice cream. A hot cinnamon dip is excellent, also.

This truly is one of our favorite gingerbread recipes. The spices are just right, the flavoring delicate and the crumb fine and easy to cut. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring gives this a nice variety.

—Evelyn

**JELLIED CUCUMBER SALAD**

1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin  
 1 cup hot water  
 2 Tbls. vinegar  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add vinegar and flavoring. Chill and whip. Fold in:

1 cup salad dressing  
 1 cup diced cucumber  
 1 Tbls. green pepper  
 1 Tbls. minced onion  
 Chill until firm. Serve on shredded lettuce.



**NOODLES HUNGARIAN**

- 1 6-oz. pkg. fine noodles
- 1 cup cottage cheese
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/4 cup finely chopped onions
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- Dash Tabasco sauce
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash pepper
- 2 well-beaten eggs
- 3 Tbls. grated American cheese

Cook noodles in salted water, stir in other ingredients. Bake in greased casserole at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Sprinkle with American cheese, return to oven 10 minutes. —Mary Beth

**LUNCHEON CHICKEN**

- 1 qt. coarsely cubed stewed chicken (stewed in salted water)
- Layer chicken in baking dish.

**Dressing**

- 1 1/2 quarts bread cubes, cut in 1/2" squares
- 3/4 cup butter, melted
- 1 1/4 tsp. sage
- 1/4 cup cream
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- Pepper to taste
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- Combine ingredients and spread over layered chicken.

**Gravy**

- 1 qt. chicken broth
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 4 Tbls. chicken fat
- Combine and pour over all. Bake at 350 degrees for 40-45 minutes.

—Margery

**GOOEY TOPPING FOR CINNAMON ROLLS**

- 1/3 cup honey
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine ingredients in heavy saucepan. Boil, stirring constantly, until a soft ball forms when tested in cold water. Pour into well-buttered 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Sprinkle with nuts if desired. Put cinnamon rolls into this syrupy mixture. Let rise until double in bulk. Bake at 400 degrees until nicely brown, about 20 minutes. Turn out of pan immediately.

This is the most delicious, "goeey" cinnamon roll topping I've ever tried. Make up some the next time you are mixing up rolls and see it you don't agree. —Evelyn

**DELICIOUS FISH FILLETS**

- 1 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. salt
- 1 1/2 cups dry bread crumbs
- 2 tsp. paprika
- 2 lbs. frozen fish fillets, thawed
- 3 Tbls. melted butter or margarine

Combine milk and salt in one bowl; then combine crumbs and paprika in a second bowl. Dip fillets in milk and then in crumbs, coating well. Place on slightly oiled shallow pan. Drizzle melted butter over fish and bake in a hot oven until fish is brown and crisp, about 15 minutes. —Margery

**DELICIOUS TEA**

- 1/2 cup instant tea
- 2 cups Tang
- 1 (2-qt. size) pkg. lemonade (dry)
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 cups sugar

Mix together and store in a coffee can. To serve put 2 tsp. in a cup and pour hot water over and stir. —Margery

**CHOCOLATE SHEET CAKE**

- 2 cups flour
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 stick margarine (1/2 cup)
- 1/2 cup cooking oil
- 4 Tbls. cocoa
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup buttermilk
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

In a large, heavy saucepan combine margarine, oil, cocoa and water. Bring to a rapid boil. Turn off fire and sift flour and sugar into the hot mixture immediately. Add slightly beaten eggs by stirring a little of the hot mixture into the eggs first, then combining with complete batter. (This keeps eggs from cooking as they might if stirred directly into mixture.) Add remaining ingredients and beat well. Pour into greased and floured 16- by 11-inch sheet pan, or a 9- by 13-inch pan if you do not have the larger size. Bake in 350-degree oven for 30 to 40 minutes, or until it tests done. Remove from pan and spread with the following icing:

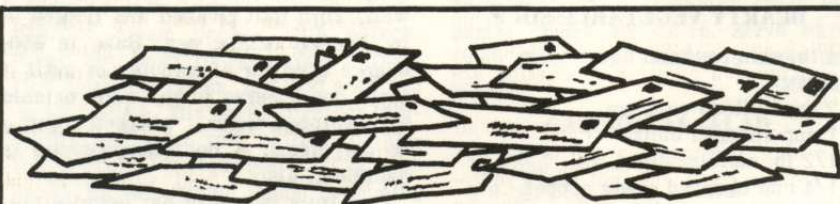
**Sheet Cake Icing**

- 1 stick margarine
- 4 Tbls. cocoa
- 6 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- Powdered sugar

Heat margarine, milk and cocoa together. Stir until smooth and well blended. Remove from fire and stir in flavorings and enough powdered sugar to make of spreading consistency. Spread on Chocolate Sheet Cake.

This cake goes together in such a different way it is a delight to make and almost as easy as a box mix. Only the one pan is needed for mixing. It has the added quality of being moist and keeping well. It is almost better the second day than the first!

A white icing with a little Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring and a sprinkle of black walnuts or other nuts on top would be a nice variation to use for this delicious cocoa cake. —Evelyn

**FUN MAIL**

Nearly every day we get letters from nice ladies — like you — who tell us how they use **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. How they've experimented by adding new flavors to favorite recipes, and how everyday dishes have become party favorites. They tell us how economical they are, because a little bit goes a long way. And how **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** never bake out or cook out. Look at the list below; don't you have a recipe that could use a little sparking up?

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

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

**Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**

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



## TIME FOR A CHANGE

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Robert was hammering away at his basement workbench when I called to him, "Come quick and see this bed!"

He came over from the east side of the basement to the west side recreation room where we have the television set and said, looking intently at the picture, "What bed?"

"That bed on the floor pushed up close to the fireplace!" I explained patiently.

Robert gave me the look husbands give their wives when they think the little woman is about to take leave of her senses. But he did have to admit that in the setting for the TV movie a mattress was indeed set on a low wooden platform. This was pushed close to a large ornate fireplace which acted in lieu of a headboard.

"My goodness," I exclaimed as he turned to go back to his task of nailing supers together for the beehives. "A person can get exciting ideas for decorating changes from many places, even television and the movies."

"Don't you get the idea you can throw our bedroom set out and put the mattress on the floor of the family room next to the fireplace," Robert called over his shoulder as he disappeared through the door. He did not see the face I made behind his back.

But that bed on the floor made me think, why do we *always* have to put a mattress up on four legs with some kind of a headboard? Building a low wooden platform a little larger than a mattress and covering it with paint or material would certainly be inexpensive. A *really good mattress* could be purchased to go on this platform and then tightly covered with a firmly woven bedspread. What a fine idea for newlyweds who have such big furniture expenditures the first few years.

So often the bedroom space is only used at night. The more I think of this bed-on-the-floor the more it seems like a good idea for making a bedroom into a multi-purpose room. A number of bright-colored *pillows* would turn it into a place to sit during the day. A den, recreation, sewing, television or study could use this idea as well.

While we are discussing bedrooms, I recently saw a lovely wicker lounge chair upholstered in an old, handmade *quilt*. The quilt was past its prime and had too many worn places to be used as a bedspread, but cutting out the good parts gave enough material to cover the chair. It looked lovely in an old-fashioned bedroom. This idea could be used for any upholstered chair or to make cushions for wooden chairs or rockers, to create a pad for a deacon's



This time of year bees need a change just as much as humans. Robert and Craig Birkby are checking a hive, determining the remaining honey in storage for the bees to feed upon and getting ready to add new supers in preparation for the spring flow of nectar.

bench or a piano bench, to cover a footstool or even to make into throw pillows.

Seating accommodations do not *always* have to be ordinary chairs or davenports, either. I have an *old stool* which came from a shoe store. It still has the metal section where people used to prop up their feet when they tried on shoes. This is now painted a dull black. I put foam rubber on the wooden seat and covered it with bright plaid material. It serves as an extra seat or a footstool in the recreation room. *Milk cans* topped with foam padding and covered with gay material is another *fun* addition to seating accommodations.

*Director's chairs* have been popular for a long time but they can be used in any room in the house, not just a recreation room or on the patio. You can buy these chairs with many kinds of material and colors now, but the cheapest are the ones you paint and cover yourself. This makes it fun to change the colors and materials often when you decide you need to freshen up a room, or if you want to change the chairs from one location to another. They also fold for storage. One newly married couple used two of these director chairs and a card table for their first dining room furniture.

Another unusual idea for a dining room started with two old *church pews* purchased when a country church was sold. The pews were simply scrubbed well and waxed. Gay pads were stitched and laid on the seat part of the pew for comfort and color. A trestle table made of *sawhorses* with a *door* laid across the top completed a most un-

usual dining room set.

*Scatter rugs* can quickly change the mood of a room. I have some lovely small *braided* and *hand-loomed* rugs which were purchased at an auction sale. Sometimes they are in the hall, sometimes in front of the living room davenport and chairs, sometimes in the entrance hall and frequently in the kitchen and bathroom. *Old rugs* may be made into area rugs by cutting out the good part and stitching a fringe around the cut edges. These can be squares, rectangles and circles, of course, but if the rug is worn into strange cutouts go ahead and use the odd shapes. Have fun in the accessories of your home!

In fact, using something usual in an unusual way can be the answer to that need for change which homemakers desire this time of year. For instance, take an *old fur coat* (one of your own or one discovered at a rummage sale or thrift shop). With a razor blade, remove the lining and cut on the reverse side of the fur to make 8- or 10-inch squares. With the sewing machine stitch twill tape to the cut edges. Use an overcast stitch and sew the squares together. This will make a delightful throw for the foot of a bed, over the back of a deacon's bench, or for a rug in the bedroom. How about tossing one on that bed-on-the-floor!

Changing the mood of a room can come simply by putting a bright cover on a chair or davenport, or twining artificial flowers around a hanging chandelier, or putting circus posters in the kitchen or the bathroom, or hanging musical instruments over the fireplace or grouped on top of a buffet or hutch, or covering an old table top with marbled paper (shellac or paint with clear plastic to make a waterproof finish), or gather all the candleholders in the house into a group on a low coffee table or on the hearth in front of the fireplace to hold various height (and perhaps various colored) candles, or get some of the bright beads and hang them at the window in place of curtains or beside the bathtub instead of a shower curtain (they won't keep the water confined but they will be gay and *different!*).

Don't forget the value of flowers in adding a bright spot of color. I have seen a number of blooming geraniums in natural clay pots on the floor in front of tall glass windows, on kitchen window sills, on the counter of a bathroom and on top of a glass-topped chest in a bedroom. Remember, too, that a tall potted plant makes an excellent and very inexpensive room divider.

Ideas for variety in decoration can come from many places: advertisements, model rooms in stores and magazines, art shows, libraries and *even* from television programs and movies!



## ATTICS ARE FOR REMEMBERING

by  
Mary McKee

"And, Mother, the next time you go to the attic, would you bring down those two black leghorn hats that Grandma gave Mary Elizabeth and me? One would be just right for Triss."

Triss was my ten-year-old granddaughter. It was a telephone conversation, so luckily her mother couldn't see my face. I didn't need to answer. She took it for granted the hat would appear. She didn't know I had come home from the office several weeks before with a spurt of energy in my bones. The attic had been long neglected; I would spend a few hours up there. The stairway was wide, the lighting good, and the attic full.

You might be surprised at that white thing on the left side. It was a most unusual teeter-totter made by their grandfather for his three little girls. It had large pretty decals on each side, the worse for wear now. It was in use by the neighborhood long after its owners were too old for it. Finally the wood cracked, and I had it taken to the attic. Now I wondered why. Oh, well, it did seem too bad just to throw it away.

And there was my baby bed with white metal spokes and brass knobs — fancy as could be. The white cupboard, also grandpa-made, had traveled around the family to the children of its original owners, and back home. Of a generous size, with shelves, drawers, and cupboard space, it had held many treasures. And it still held a motley collection.

There was that pile of old sheet music, already here when we bought the house. Way back, under the eaves, was an old tin dinner bucket. (Its owner was no doubt helping out the railroad through our small town. I had been told this attic was rented to workers then.)

There were mysterious round cement cylinders with a small metal loop in the center. They were the heating units for the homemade fireless cooker I had seen years ago. They were put on the stove until very hot, then picked up with a button hook and carried to the cooker. Today I would think that risky business. Now how did they get in the attic when the cooker has long been gone?

Beds and more beds over by the chimney. There was the walnut bed, three-quarter size, given me by my grandmother. Such a beautiful carved headboard! There was a brass bed, in style again, and several more wooden beds. Nothing I could do about those things. My eye couldn't miss the brown wicker baby buggy. It had been jiggled for



Dale Lewis and James Lowey didn't know what to make of all the activity when they visited the office.

daughters and granddaughters. Close by were two doll buggies. I wondered where the third one was.

But I really hadn't done anything yet. There were the trunks, four of them. I would look in each one, and decide where to work. The first one held World War I uniforms and some pictures and letters. My, but that heavy wool took a lot of room! No sign of moths. The next trunk was full of navy uniforms — blues and whites — and so many embroidered dragons. Shades of Korea! On the more somber side, a dagger in its sheath. What stories these trunks could tell!

Many dresses, all kinds, sizes, and materials, filled the other trunks. I wondered why these particular ones were saved — especially mine. But the girls' dresses! I could have sat up there through many Easter and Christmas programs, recitals, and contests. These trunks and their memories! I decided it was worthwhile to keep the dresses.

Hats, old straw hats, were in large boxes. Some of the sacks had been torn, by peeping females no doubt. I thought here I could start. Surely there was no sense in keeping these old hats, out of style and out of shape. The girls would never remember they had those black leghorns, much less want them.

No cleaning done, but I had taken stock of the attic, and would get rid of the hats. So with the feeling that I had accomplished something, I carried the boxes to the alley, where I enjoyed the snowy evening while the hats, even the black leghorns, burned.

Attics are for keeping memories — and leghorn hats!

## IMPROVISON

Today I took a well-worn hat  
And made it into something that  
Will turn some heads aside to say,  
"A very happy Easter Day!"

—Dorothy Cline

## FROM OUR LETTER BASKET

Dear Kitchen-Klatter friends:

Many years ago I brought home from Mexico a large metal tray, but later small dark, rust-like spots showed up on the silver-like surface. I treasured it as a keepsake, and decided to spray it with bronze paint. Surprise! The modern Mexican landscape and houses simply popped into view, and the name "Mexico" became very prominent.

In the art department of a large store I found an old-fashioned cord and tassel such as I'd seen pictures hung with years ago. I slipped this through the handle slots and hung the tray above a walnut bookcase what-not type of chest, and after five years I cannot bring myself to change the arrangement.

—Missouri

Dear Girls:

My kitchen cupboards were an eyesore, having been painted with a horrible color before we bought the house. That paint was more durable than any I have bought before or since. No matter how much sanding or painting I did, some of that color would show through sooner or later. I made up my mind to remove all the finish and varnish the wood. After weeks of work I found that doors were of plywood, and the top ply was not a grained wood but more like a brown pressed wood. That did me no good at all, but I was not to be outfoxed! I bought adhesive-backed plastic in a blond wood-grain design. I painted the base of the cabinet ivory and applied the plastic to the inside and outside of 30 doors. I trimmed it with a razor blade to fit perfectly along the beveled edges. Then I covered it with two coats of a polyurethane, which is a clear finish supposed to be stronger than varnish. I wondered if the edges of the plastic would curl, but now, after a year, I am so pleased with the results I just have to share it with someone. They are a dream to keep clean. They still look as good as the day I finished them, and people have thought we put in all new birch cupboards.

—Nebraska

## SIMPLE THOUGHT FOR EASTER

If you cannot reach Him, He will reach you.

For that is His will.

What counts is the trying.

Yours . . .

## FRIENDSHIP

Each kindly word and friendly smile  
And helpful deed is worth my while;  
For if the one for whom it's meant  
Fails to respond I'm still content;  
As it has done something for me,  
Just trying to more helpful be.

—Grace Darling Ludwick





The day of greatest joy to Christians is Easter. This festival is observed on the first Sunday after the full moon that occurs on March 21 or on any of the 28 days following that date. Thus, Easter always comes in March or April. In addition to its deep religious significance, Easter is the focal point of many charming and happy customs, especially for children, who have found a special friend in the Easter Rabbit.

The custom of wearing gaily feathered or flowered Easter bonnets and other finery began in pagan celebrations honoring "Eastre" or "Ostara", the Teutonic and Saxon goddess of spring, whose name we have given to this holy day. Lovely new garments were worn then as a token that everyone was sharing in a new life-year. New apparel for Easter has become an established habit for most of us.

The symbolism of Easter eggs also dates back to antiquity. Romans considered the egg to be the emblem of the universe. Christians later featured it as a representation of the element of future life. It is particularly appropriate for Easter when Christ arose from the tomb.

The lily is the traditional Easter flower, but there is another flower that interests me more. The delicate little anemone seems fully as much a part of spring and childhood and Easter. Many years ago my mother was wont to call it the "Star of Bethlehem" as she told us children the following beautiful legend:

There was once a Spirit of Flowers whose name was Chloris. The Spirit of the West Wind used to come into her garden to make love to her. Chloris had many pretty nymphs in her garden, among them one little maiden called Anemone. One day the Spirit of the West Wind turned from Chloris and made love to Anemone. This angered the jealous Chloris, who drove Anemone from the garden and left her to perish in the wilderness.

Happily, the Spirit of the West Wind came that way and found Anemone just as she was dying. He turned her into the little white, tender flower that now

grows beneath the trees in early spring. Somehow this delightful legend has made the anemone more beloved to me — a sentiment cherished from my childhood.

The precious "make-believe" time of childhood quickly takes wings and flies away. But during that brief enchantment the bright Easter eggs, the generous Easter Bunny, the finery of churchgoers, and the beauty and promise of the Easter service are all vital parts of their understanding that life renews itself.

## TIME TO MEDITATE

by

Fern Christian Miller

Are you rushed, nervous, and frustrated? Do you love your family, yet are often short-spoken and out of sorts? Do you long for a little time to yourself to do what *you* want to do? Possibly your doctor has even told you he finds nothing physically wrong, yet there is an uneasy core of unhappiness within you that keeps you from being your best self. You read, here and there, that we all have twenty-four hours a day, and should be able to find time to do what we really want to do. Some make a success with the same hours we seem to be wasting.

As a mature woman I have found an answer to this frustration. What you and I need is a time for meditation. We need to be alone for a short time each day to organize our own thinking, or actually to re-organize our thinking. I have even found it pays me to get up half an hour earlier to find this time. Keep a small notebook and pencil handy. If your work is bothering you, make a list of absolutely necessary tasks you must accomplish today. Drop all that can be dropped; maybe you are attempting too much. Streamline those chores. *Put first things first.*

Iron only the necessary items. Sit down when you iron. Plan ahead when you cook. When you use the oven, make an oven meal. Clear your house of litter and dust-catchers. Magazines and appliance people are full of ideas to help us, but are we taking advantage of that help? Are we, perhaps, spending that saved time by talking too

long on the phone, or dawdling over shopping without a list, or chatting over the back fence, or watching TV shows we honestly don't give a hoot about? Take stock!

After you get organized, use that spare time for something you honestly want to do. Each of one hundred women might choose something different: sewing, knitting, reading, gardening, visiting with loved ones, writing letters taking a correspondence course, playing a musical instrument, painting, making jelly, taking a walk, or study-

(Continued on page 20)

# Welcome

to

## KITCHEN-KLATTER

Perhaps this is your first issue of our magazine. Did you know that we visit with you on the radio too? Look for the station nearest you and tune in each weekday.

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.
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.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscataine, Iowa, 860 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.



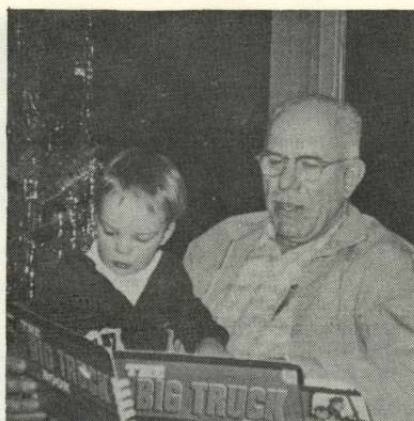
## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven . . ." Ecclesiastes 3:1. This serves as the title of a book with a message *To Every Thing a Season* (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York, \$3.95) by Joyce Hifler. Continuing Ecclesiastes 3:1-8, the author enlarges on the words and discusses "a time to break down, a time to build up; a time for tears and laughter; for stones or a flower garden; a time to embrace, to be loved and wanted; a time to keep and to cast away; a time to reap, a time to sow; a time to keep silence, a time to speak."

Remember the song "The Best Things in Life Are Free" and its meaning? Mrs. Hifler reminds us, "The best of life's beautiful things are still free. They are bits and pieces of the joyful things that become part of us, that stay in our memories like a child in a field of daisies, a friendly hand, a smile, a whisper, a prayer of thanksgiving. What are we that is not a fragment from a past happiness? What are we worth but what we collect of life's beautiful things?"

*To Every Thing a Season* gives strength and personal inspiration to the reader. Thoughts for devotions, the right word to a friend, and an inner peace are all found in it. Joyce Hifler, who was born and grew up in the Indian country of Oklahoma and is of Cherokee descent, has a delightful goal in



James adores being read to and was very attentive when Great-uncle Howard Driftmier read "The Big Truck". This is a favorite story-book for he is fascinated with things that run on wheels.

writing: to make people happy.

The next book mentioned here is entirely different from Mrs. Hifler's reaffirmation of all good things. The first chapter begins, "It never crossed my mind on December 19, 1966, that it was to be my last day in Moscow and in Russia. Still less could others around me have imagined anything of the kind — my son Joseph, his wife Helen, my daughter Katie, and many friends who dropped in that day."

*Only One Year* (Harper & Row, \$7.95) by Svetlana Alliluyeva, daughter of Stalin, tells how she left Russia, in a blinding snowstorm, for India, on a month's visa, in the custody of an employee of the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs, carrying the urn that held her

husband's ashes. It ended on December 19, 1967, in Princeton, New Jersey, as she and two American friends joined in a toast to her new life in freedom. In that year of pain, turmoil, and new hope, Svetlana reached the decision to break completely with the world of Communism, to turn her back on her country, her children, her friends, and face the unknown world.

You will realize why she came to that decision after reading about life in the Communist world. She describes her daily life in the U.S.S.R. how her years of childhood were warmed by her mother's presence, and how the ten years after her mother's death by suicide were passed in monotonous isolation in the Kremlin. Then her realization that Stalin was the complete personification of power without democracy, built on the suppression of millions of lives. Those who managed to survive were reduced to slavery, deprived of the right to create and think. Now, as a free person, she values that freedom and lives in such a way that her children are completely separated from her and can bear no responsibility for her actions. *Only One Year* is a touching record, with an irresistible appeal of one human being's yearning for truth.

*America the Vanishing Rural Life* and the *Price of Progress* (The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, \$6.95) edited by Samuel R. Ogden is an anthology on the changing American landscape and the values of those who have lived with it and on it, yesterday and today. It is described as "a nostalgic memorial to what was, and a disapproving commentary on what is." Renowned authors present articles on "The Unspoiled Land," "Years of Spacious Living," "Going Back to the Soil," "Degeneracy with Progress," and "Looking for a Silver Lining". John James Audubon, John Muir, Thoreau, Mark Twain, Hal Borland, E. B. White, and Rachel Carson are some of the well-known contributors.

Read *America the Vanishing* for enchanting reading, for entertainment, for the joy of the return to country life, and then contemplate the price of progress with much controversial material, including a chapter from Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*. She writes of the strange blight that crept over an area in the heart of America, a shadow of death, mysterious illnesses, withered vegetation at roadsides, lifeless streams. She remarks, "No witchcraft, no enemy action had silenced the rebirth of new life in this stricken world. The people had done it themselves." Harrison Brown's world of his imagination is "a world where man's creativity is blended with the creativity of nature,

(Continued on page 21)

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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

March is an exciting month, no matter how erratic the weather, because it holds the promise of spring. Gardeners who can no longer restrain themselves from planting seed may do so if they have a small greenhouse or sunny, heated porch. It is time to sow petunia seeds, snapdragon, begonia, pansy, and slow-germinating perennial flower seeds. Do not plant tomatoes, cabbage, or quick-starting asters, marigolds and zinnias. One should not start such plants sooner than six weeks before outdoor planting time in your area. Here in central Minnesota one cannot trust the weather until after Memorial Day and then suitable cover should be kept handy for tomato plants.

A reader asks for the names of fungicides she can buy to prevent damping-off and other diseases. "Each spring," she writes, "I plant seeds which germinate readily but the little plants tip over and dry up before they can be transplanted. I've heard this is a disease and that it can be prevented by treating either the seeds or the soil, but I need more information on what to use and how to apply the material."

We have always used a soil drench called Pano Drench. Two teaspoonfuls of Pano Drench are mixed in three gallons of tepid water and applied with a watering can to the surface of the soil. A one-ounce bottle costs \$1.95 and is available at nurseries and garden centers. With any fungicide, follow the directions on the package for best results.

A tip to help get seedlings through the damping-off stage is to keep the soil on the dry side once the little plants are through the surface.

Another reader wants to know if amateur gardeners should use the new slow-release fertilizers. "Last spring I bought some very healthy looking petunias," writes Millie G., "I couldn't set them out for several days so I asked if I should give them some plant food and the nurseryman said none was needed because he had mixed a "slow-release" material in the potting soil. I'm wondering why we can't buy this stuff if it is so good." The fertilizer was probably Magamp and it is available in home-garden sized 3-lb. bags at \$3.75 each, postpaid, from several seed firms. Look in the garden supply section of your new seed and nursery catalogs for Magamp.

## HERB HINTS

by  
Cora Ellen Sobieski

Meat dishes take on a distinctive touch when flavored with seasonings and exotic herbs. Give your spices and herbs a sniff test once in awhile as they have a tendency to lose flavor and aroma if kept for too long a time. Sniff a newly purchased stock and compare with the old supply on your shelf and you'll know the difference. Spices can be kept by closing containers promptly after each use and storing away from heat and sunlight.

Here are some wonderfully good suggestions for "go togethers".

Allspice — ham.  
Basil — beef stew.  
Bay leaf — lamb stew.  
Cinnamon — pork chops.  
Cayenne pepper — barbecued beef.  
Celery salt — meat loaf.  
Cloves — boiled tongue.  
Dill — grilled lamb chops.  
Garlic — roast lamb.  
Marjoram — roast lamb.  
Mint — roast veal.  
Oregano — Swiss steak.  
Parsley flakes — lamb stew.  
Rosemary — lamb loaf.  
Sage — cold roast beef.  
Tarragon — lamb and beef marinade.

A favorite herb in meat cookery is marjoram and it's very good when mixed with other herbs and used in poultry stuffing. Vegetable juice cocktail improves its flavor with a pinch of fine, dried leaves. It also may be used when cooking starchy vegetables. The fresh leaves are also very good in salads. Dried or fresh, it can also be used to flavor soups.

Another popular herb is rosemary and it's excellent to flavor stews, soups, lamb and veal dishes, fish, and meat sauces. The tender fresh leaves may be used in cider and other fruit cups.

A dash of nutmeg in shortcake dough

brings out the flavor of the berries.

When coating pork chops with seasoned flour before frying, add a little ground ginger to the seasoned flour to enhance the flavor.

Herbed butter adds a special taste to bread. Cream butter with parsley and tarragon and use as a spread for French or Italian bread. Slice the bread, but not all the way through. Then spread both sides of each slice with some of the herbed butter. Wrap in foil and heat in a hot or moderate oven before serving.

Here's to some spice in your life!

## BETWEEN SEASONS

Earth has worn her ermine snow and silk ice almost everywhere. Now, in rags, she seems to know that she needs something new to wear.

Trying to make the old things last, she adds accessories that are new. She brightens up her overcast with a patch of brilliant blue.

Distracts from what is shoddy, thin, with diamond necklaces of light, sets a jade and emerald pin of grass upon her tattered white.

This will not suffice for long. Earth will shed tag ends and try wardrobes of brilliant birds in song, rainbows vivid on the sky.

Blossoms billowing through trees, young buds in a thousand frills in bushes and the fineries of flowers ruffling the hills.

Head to toe, adorned in Spring, fresh and elegantly in style earth will be a lovely thing that will make the whole world smile!

—Helen Harrington

The begonia was named for Michel Begon, governor of Santo Domingo in 1710, the fuchsia for Leonard Fuchs, a German botanist and physician.

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**LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded**

typical young man that it's hard to remember that in reality he was the heir to the throne of England.

There is one good lesson to widows that is clearly revealed in this correspondence. Poor Queen Victoria was totally distraught by her husband's death, but she suffocated everyone with her ceaseless mourning and grieving. Five years after his death she was indignant with her daughter for going out for a drive on the anniversary of his departure. She couldn't understand such thoughtless and disrespectful behavior. I think that Queen Victoria's children had a very hard row to hoe.

The third book that I've enjoyed is so very well written that it seems a shame not to remember the author's name — Juliana took my paperback copy when she was here for Christmas so I cannot refer to it. *Nicholas and Alexandra* is the fascinating account of the last Czar of Russia and his family. It held my attention from the very opening word, and Juliana reported that she simply couldn't put it down and read far too late at night. As I said, this is now out in paperback and I hope you can put your hands on it if you're looking for a good book.



Mother (Leanna Driftmier) is interested in a variety of handwork. She finished this afghan for Juliana before starting on the large crewel lap throw that Mary Beth & Donald gave her for Christmas.

The office just now called me to say that our latest imported premium had arrived and was being unpacked. We allow between four and five months for these imports to arrive because the items are made only *after* the order has been received — there are no warehouses bulging at the seams such as we have in our country. When we study samples we wish that we could order everything we look at for there are surely beautiful things to choose from. Our policy of simply breaking even and never making a cent of profit enables us to keep the price down where people can afford them. Any of these premiums surely make wonderful gifts.

Well, the youngsters who attend Central School just a short distance down the hill are coming home for lunch now and I must think about lunch too. Until next month I am faithfully yours . . .

*Lucile*

**FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded**

One very popular project of our church this winter was the equipping of a new day nursery school. The school was Betty's idea and she was able to raise all of the necessary funds except the money to buy the furniture and the play equipment. When I told her that I thought our church would be willing to meet that cost, she was delighted. A church just up the street from us provided the rooms for the school, and the community met the cost of the teaching staff. Our own church could not provide the rooms since all of our space is used each day by large numbers of junior high school youngsters who live in the tenement district not far from the church.

There are many Spanish-speaking persons in our city, and our church is paying a large part of the salary of a Puerto Rican clergyman to work with these people. When our son David was home last weekend, he used his mother's car to haul furniture for a community center that we are helping to provide for the Spanish-speaking people. From businesses that could contribute, David picked up chairs, tables, desks, and even sewing machines. He said that when he drove up with load after load of things, the people get more and more excited until he had more than a hundred people trying to help him carry the things into the building.

For a church that only has 1,200 adult members we think that we do quite a bit to help the Lord, but then when we see how much is yet to be done, we are discouraged. Every day the problems loom larger and larger, and we often get the feeling that we have to run just to stand still. Do you know what I mean? I'll bet you do!

Sincerely,

*Frederick*

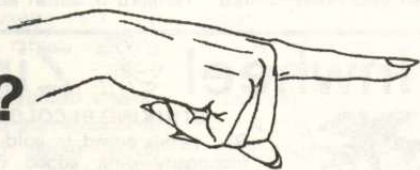
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**TIME TO MEDITATE - Concluded**

ing her Sunday school lesson. The choice is yours. As you meditate, you will decide what *you* need most. Perhaps there is a creative drive within you that isn't being used.

It has been said that *unused creative ability makes the soul sick*. What if you never become famous? If you help yourself to be a happier woman, your husband and children will also be happier. Get control of your life. Take time to meditate. Once you seriously start, you will get help from the source of all power. I truly believe the Lord intends for each human being to make the most of his capabilities.

If you are unhappy, you are probably too involved with yourself.



**MARCH DEVOTIONS — Concluded**

Out of the breaking-up and sloughing-off of the old, the outworn, the waste, come the stirrings of new life and growth. Easter is a time to evaluate, to cast aside, to grow!

As we take out the pages of our life's book for a critical look, let us think of some of the challenges that Easter makes to us.

First of all we are challenged to love and be loved — "God so loved." Is there love greater than this? Do we accept it and acknowledge it?

*In the beauty of the lilies we can see the love of God. They, without a conscious effort, rise supreme above the sod clothed in tints of radiant glory, fed by springs sent from above, each a message of Creation, each an emblem of His love. O ye souls that doubt and falter, here is truth sublime that lives in the flowers kissed by heaven, proving love divine He gives.* Are ye not of much more moment than the lilies of the field? Love is the gift of God, divine and pure, but challenging us also to love one another, our brother, that which is good, to love kindly, to love tolerantly, to love unselfishly. REJOICE, for we are loved and we can love others.

We are challenged to count our blessings. When we pause to truly consider our many, many blessings — so many of them coming to us without any effort on our part but simply because we are children of a loving God — we can truly REJOICE!

EASTER is a time for reconciliation — to resolve to redouble our efforts to become one world brotherhood. The patient, determined spirit of man, inspired by hope and faith in the Divine Order, will yet bring to power the living principles of international brotherhood and service, now obscured in the bitterness of war and racial strife. Future generations will say, "While it was yet dark we discerned the birth throes of a new world order — just so, centuries ago on that first Easter, while it was yet dark occurred the miracle of the resurrection, bringing new hope and a promise of eternal life to a despairing and dark world."

Finally, Easter is a time to grasp a vision, to hold a dream, to go forward in new beginnings. "Never mind yesterday, life is today! Never mind yesterday, lay it away! Never mind anything over and done. Here is a new moment, lit with new sun!"

"We are budgeted and shackled, in this little space of existence we call life, by boundaries of Time," wrote Esther York. "Time limits our strength and our abilities; it separates and cuts short. Only our hopes and our dreams are ever free. How wonderful, then, to know that Easter is eternal, that

Christ's victory over death and time is ours, as well; that love and life and gladness are forever." With God all things are possible, so let us hold fast to the larger visions, to dream big and shining dreams, dreams that challenge us to greater wisdom and understanding, greater courage and a deep and abiding faith.

REJOICE THAT IN EASTER WE FIND RENEWAL OF LOVE AND HOPE AND FAITH — truly cause for great joy and gladness.

**Hymn:** "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today", last two stanzas, by soloist or chorus.

**Prayer and Closing, by Leader:** "May the glorious dawn of Easter Morn, and all that it imparts, bring hope anew to each of you and love to every troubled heart. May the glory of our risen road shine so the world may find true brotherhood, with prayer and faith, for peace to all mankind.

"Now let the heavens be joyful, let earth her song begin; let the round world keep triumph, and all that is therein; invisible and visible, their notes let all things blend; for Christ the Lord is risen, our joy, it hath no end." Amen

(As leader comes to the last phrases of the prayer, a helper starts the recording of the "Hallelujah Chorus", timing it so the singing begins just as the prayer ends. The leader keeps head bowed until close of the Chorus, thus indicating that the audience also remain in prayerful silence until the end of the great Chorus.

(Note: If you cannot locate a recording of this number among your friends, ask your local library to borrow it for you, being sure that you reserve it well in advance of your meeting date.)

**COME READ WITH ME — Concluded**

and where a moderate degree of organization is blended with a moderate degree of anarchy. But if we let the present trend continue it is all too clear that we will lose forever those qualities of mind and spirit which distinguish the human being from the automaton." *America the Vanishing* is an interesting, powerful book with thought-provoking ideas.

Peg Bracken's reputation for blending wit with common sense is enhanced by her new book *I Didn't Come Here to Argue* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.95). She's the well-known author of *The I Hate to Cook Book*. Full of a variety of original observations, graced with lyric prose, laced with laughter, alive with anecdotes, and sparkled with surprises, *I Didn't Come Here to Argue* is pure Peg Bracken, which means it's pure pleasure.

**A BIT OF IRISH BLESSING**

A "real Irish" blessing — from the Gaelic — may well be remembered on St. Patrick's Day:

"May the blessing of light be upon you. May the sunlight shine upon you and warm your heart. May the blessings of the earth be upon you — the great and round earth . . . May all have a kindly greeting for you as they pass along the road of life."



## SMOG comes indoors, too!

Maybe not the same, but it's there, all right. Settled in the curtains, in the drapes, in the rugs. A light film covers the walls, the fixtures, the mirrors and shelves. And why not? The house has been closed up all winter. The furnace has been running, the fireplace, too. We've been cooking three meals a day, and perhaps someone's been smoking. No wonder the place is smoggy!

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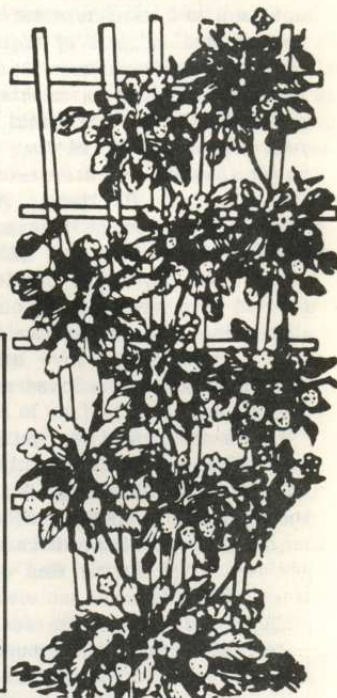
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