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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

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- Photo by Strom





LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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My Dear Friends:

When I write the word "friends", my mind flashes back over the past forty-five years. Throughout these years I've enjoyed the friendships of so many people by way of the air waves that my heart swells with joy! One does not comprehend the passing of time, but in looking back, I realize that many of you who are grandmothers now were being rocked to sleep while your mother listened to Kitchen-Klatter.

This is my birthday month and I feel very thankful that God has given me 84 years to enjoy His beautiful world. I have you Kitchen-Klatter friends to thank for the inspiration that has come to me through your letters. It is wonderful to know there are people who care when we need strength to meet the hard experiences in life and who are ready to rejoice with us when special blessings have come to us. You have been such friends. God bless you all!

A number of years ago I received this lovely verse on my birthday. I'd like to share it with you so that you, in turn, can pass it on to another. It was written by Bernice B. Hulsbrink.

Life's choicest gifts I wish for  
you, Health and Joy and  
Peace,

A stream of happiness whose  
flow will never, never cease;  
May each new day bring cheerful  
thoughts to make your burdens  
light,

And Angels guard your every  
step, all through the day and  
night.

Just as you add this year today  
unto your goodly score,

I pray that God will let you keep  
on adding more and more.

Margery came in today to take a picture of me for the cover of this issue of Kitchen-Klatter. I was sitting at the card table with my adding machine and business records before me. When my husband's health began to fail, he realized that some day I would have to take over the bookkeeping on the farm and household expenses. Although he

had never had a formal business education, he kept complete and accurate records of all income and outgo. His tax accountant often complimented him on his perfect set of books. (Mart taught me many valuable lessons that I'll never forget. I can hear him yet calling me to come out to the dining room table, where he often worked on his records, to fill out a check stub in more complete detail!) During the early years of his illness he started teaching me how to keep his books and I was able to assume this responsibility when he passed away. If I might offer a piece of advice, I would suggest that every wife familiarize herself with family finances.

Our Christmas poinsettia is still in bloom. It is amazing how long the new varieties last these days! Some of the green leaves are falling off, but it is still far from the end of bloom. Also, I have a pot of lovely red tulips to brighten the living room. As a Christmas gift our son Frederick and his wife Betty contacted a local florist to keep me in fresh flowers until spring. I prefer potted plants, for they can be set out in the garden and will bloom again next year, so that is what has been delivered to me. We've had no duplication of plants so far, and have enjoyed many different kinds. Ruby Treese, my nurse-companion, is one of those who possesses a real "green thumb" and takes such wonderful care of the plants that we keep them blooming for a surprisingly long time.

Ruby and I keep busy from morning till night. We both enjoy handwork of all kinds and are always looking for something new to try. I don't know how many afghans and rugs we have made since she's been with me. Right now Ruby is making an afghan in a new pattern that she ran across recently, while I work on the beautiful crewel afghan our son Donald and Mary Beth sent for Christmas. It is almost finished and when it is cleaned (it is white wool, and no matter how careful I am, it is getting a bit soiled) I'll

have Margery take a picture of it for the magazine. I've established a deadline for completing it as Donald and Mary Beth and the children are coming for a visit during their spring vacation and I want to have it over the back of the davenport when they walk in the front door.

My! how we are looking forward to this visit. Children the ages of theirs grow up so fast! Katharine reminds me so much of myself when I was her age. Lucile thinks there is a strong resemblance in looks in the last pictures that arrived, so we're anxious to see if we are still of that opinion when they get here. Paul looks so much like his daddy that I'm forever calling him Donnie Paul instead of Paul! We still think Adrienne looks like Mary Beth, but she is shooting up so fast that she may have changed a great deal since we saw her last.

Frederick's and Betty's two children, Mary Leanna and David, are hoping to come to Iowa sometime during the summer months for what we all hope will be lengthy visits. Living in the East they haven't had the opportunity to come to Iowa as frequently as the other grandchildren. I'm sure they'll have much to tell us about the problems they witness firsthand that are very real to them. Here in our part of the Midwest we read about these pressing issues, but few encounter them personally in their daily lives. Our country is made up of families like yours and mine and the young people of today must be able to assume the responsibilities of keeping America beautiful and also supplying the Christian leaders without whom our nation couldn't survive.

How thankful I am for the telephone. Lucile is not able to get out in bad weather either, so we do a lot of visiting on the phone, sharing family news. The others in town are in and out during the week, always ready to run errands or look after things I can't handle. Last week, for instance, Howard put new legs on my davenport that raised it up a few inches higher so I can get off it and into my wheel chair without being helped.

The weather will be improving with each day, and soon we'll be busy in our yards and gardens. Although I don't do as much with flowers as I used to do, I can wheel out to the edge of the flower border with my little pointed hoe and take care of a few of the weeds.

The sun has come out so brightly since lunch that I think Ruby and I will drive over to Clarinda to see my sister Jessie Shambaugh. She, too, has been shut in a great deal but is feeling very well for her 88 years of age.

Sincerely,

Leanna



## MARGERY'S LETTER TO YOU

Dear Friends:

Reflecting on past years, I know that robins can make mistakes, but I've seen so many in the yard these days, surely spring is almost here! By the time you read this no doubt we'll be seeing tiny green leaves bursting their casings, for buds are swelling on the trees. It seems to me that we had more warm days earlier than usual. I wasn't here for many of them, but phone conversations with members of the family informed me that some days were almost as mild as those I was enjoying in the sunny Southwest.

My letter last month was written several days earlier than usual so that I could get started on my vacation. The trip was made by plane. Had Oliver been able to go, we would have traveled by car, but he couldn't leave his work at that time. He urged me to take the time from my responsibilities while I had the opportunity, and we'll hope for a trip together later on. This is often the situation when both husband and wife are employed.

Oliver drove me to the airport in Omaha and saw me off on a beautiful bright Saturday afternoon. I had a three-hour layover between planes in Denver so Wayne and Abigail picked me up and we had a lovely drive around the Red Rocks area, plus a few minutes at their house for a cup of coffee before I boarded the plane to continue my flight.

Juliana, Jed and James met me at the airport in Albuquerque. I was hopeful that James would remember me from his visit in Shenandoah over Christmas, and he obviously did for he gave me a big smile and didn't shy away from my kiss.

The few days in Albuquerque simply flew by! We took some nice long drives around the area, seeing things I hadn't seen on previous trips, and shopping at an Indian trading post Juliana and some friends had discovered recently on the eastern slope of the Sandia Mountains. Juliana is a marvelous cook, so we had some delightful meals. It had been my intention to stay in Lucile's house across the street, but Juli and Jed wouldn't hear to it — they insisted that I sleep in their spare bedroom. However, I did go over to see the house and take pictures. Little James was sure that he would find his "Granny Wheels" there when we opened the door, and looked in every room for her, unwilling to take our word that his grandmother was NOT in the house this time!

I also have very dear friends living in Albuquerque, friends since childhood, and I spent one day with them. Marilo and I had lunch together at an excellent



Margery Strom was thrilled to see the lovely Pacific Ocean again.

Mexican restaurant in Alameda, just north of Albuquerque, followed by a visit to Old Town to look around in the interesting little shops. Her husband Bill joined us in late afternoon for a good visit before we had dinner together. On the past two trips to Albuquerque I had missed seeing them as they had been out of town. Bill's business takes him out of the city occasionally and now that their two children are grown and married, Marilo often goes along with him.

It was hard to leave Juliana and Jed and James, but my ticket scheduled me to leave on Thursday for Tucson to visit our dear long-time friends, Howard and Eltora Alexander. When they spent several weeks with us this past September, I promised that we would visit them in Tucson as soon as we could arrange it. They were disappointed that Oliver hadn't been able to come too. Howard loves to fish and before their move to Arizona he and Oliver used to fish together some. I teased Howard that he hadn't written to Oliver about any good fishing spots in the area! Since my return word has arrived that he has found the fishing spot so Oliver doesn't have reason to postpone his visit!

Between the Alexanders, their two married daughters and their families, plus two Field cousins, every day of my stay in Tucson was crammed with activity. On Friday Howard, Eltora and I drove out to Old Tucson, an old western town constructed for a movie set which has been maintained as a point of interest in the area. Films are still shot there, including the television show "High Chaparral". We arrived in time to see one of the "shoot-outs" which are staged periodically throughout the day, creating lots of excitement for the tourists.

On Saturday we had lunch with my cousin Hope Field Pawek who has retired to Tucson to make her home. She lives in a beautiful mobile home in one of the loveliest mobile parks I've ever

seen. After lunch she showed us around the grounds to see the recreation center, swimming pool, shuffle board courts and all. I was particularly impressed with the friendliness among the residents. Hope is delighted with her location and I could readily see why.

Cousin Philip Field and his wife Marie picked me up Sunday morning to attend church services with them, after which we had dinner at a fine cafeteria popular with Tucson residents and visitors alike. We cut our visit short as Marie was recovering from a virus infection and needed her rest, but I promised Philip that I would be up early the next morning when he planned a trip into the mountains for the two of us. I no sooner got into the house when the Alexanders had a phone call from Shenandoah friends for a get-together in an hour.

Cousin Philip and I had a fine day together on Monday. In the few years he and Marie have been in Tucson, they have collected a vast amount of knowledge of the area. As we rode around the city Philip gave me a rundown on the history of the city from its earliest days to the present time, showing me various points of interest.

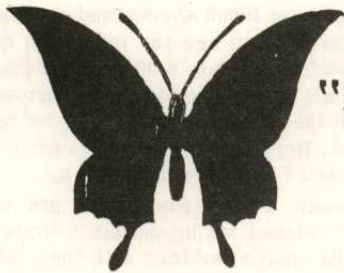
We drove out to San Xavier del Bec Mission, heard the lecture in the sanctuary, and wandered around the grounds for some time. Incidentally, for you television fans, some of the "High Chaparral" scenes are also shot behind the mission. By noon we were getting hungry, so we drove to the nearest fried chicken place and bought two chicken dinners to take out. Our picnic spot was in Sabine Canyon, a beautiful place in which to relax and catch up on family chat while we ate. Marie was fully rested by midafternoon, so we stopped by their lovely trailer park for a visit before Phil delivered me back to the Alexanders' house.

This gives you a few examples of how my days were filled in Tucson. I saw many other points of interest, had some wonderful meals with all my friends and relatives and, all in all, had a marvelous time. I was guest at a luncheon on Thursday and then left for the airport for my scheduled flight to San Diego to visit cousins on the Drift-mier side of the family, Merrill and Dorothy Rope, and Gene and Georgeann Rope. Merrill and Gene are sons of Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert who live in Mountain Home, Arkansas, and whom we've mentioned frequently.

San Diego surprised me a bit. I didn't realize that it was so hilly, and I didn't realize it was so large! Landing at the airport in the middle of the city was just a bit nerve-wracking; I was sure the wings would touch the tall buildings! Dorothy and Merrill have lived in

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## "Say It with Butterflies"

A BRIDAL SHOWER

by Mabel Nair Brown

Bridal showers are fun to plan for any time of the year but springtime showers can be especially lovely. This time try a butterfly theme instead of the usual hearts and bells. Whether it is to be a bridal luncheon or a party, a butterfly decor will prove indescribably beautiful.

**Invitations:** The colors used in the invitations and for the decorations may be in the bride's chosen colors, especially if they happen to be pastels. However, you might like to depart from the usual plan of the bride's colors and use several springtime shades — soft yellow, pink, violet, lime and delicate greens — to give your party decorations the beauty of a rainbow of color. We shall use this latter idea in our plans given here.

Use heavy lime green paper for the invitation. For each one cut a strip  $4\frac{1}{4}$ " x  $8\frac{1}{2}$ ". Fold this strip in half. Glue a small (4-inch) lace paper doily to the front. Cut a butterfly (top wing-spread about  $2\frac{1}{4}$ ") from yellow, pink, or violet paper. Crease sharply through the center so that when glued or stapled to the center of the doily, the wings will stand out. Glue glitter on the body and sequins on the wings. Write the invitation on the inside with white or violet ink. You might "pun" the invitation to read something like this: You'd butter-fly to my house on (date) at (time) to join the fun we'll be having at a bridal shower for (name).

**Decorations:** Fashion a large butterfly of crepe paper or colored foil, using sequins and glitter for the markings. Fasten this to a wisp of white veiling with white ribbon streamers into which sprays of artificial lily-of-the-valley have been tied, and hang the arrangement on the front door.

Feather butterflies can be perched on flower arrangements you are using about the house, or on the corner of a picture frame, with a few fastened to the drapes.

For the *table centerpiece* tie two embroidery hoops together to form a kissing ring, wrapping the hoops with white satin ribbon. Fasten the ring to a base of styrofoam. Inside the ring at the top tie two wedding rings such as can be bought for favors, leaving the ribbon loops long enough so the rings are easily seen. A spray of lily-of-the-valley can be tied with ribbon to the

top of the kissing ring with a feather butterfly perched on top of the bow. Tuck some small flowers and greenery around the base of the kissing ring. A shower of feather butterflies in many colors suspended by fine thread from the ceiling above the table centerpiece would add to the beauty of the setting.

For a luncheon, narrow ribbon streamers in pastel colors might be fastened to the centerpiece with a streamer tied to the handle of each nut cup. Perch a small butterfly on the handle. Make the nut cups in a rainbow of pastel colors, covering with ruffles of crepe paper, or with a circle of nylon net gathered up around the nut cup and tied with a ribbon. Matching pipe cleaners will make the handles. If nut cups are not used, make a V-slit in heavy paper butterflies and perch on the rim of each water glass.

Even the napkins can become a colorful array of butterflies around the table by sliding the napkin through the tines of the fork at each place setting, and then shaping the napkin to form the wings of the butterfly.

**Refreshments:** Remember the once-popular butterfly salad made with pineapple? For each serving, cut a ring of pineapple in half, place the curved sides together on a bed of lettuce, and use strips and circles of red or green pepper or maraschino cherries to make the antennae, the body, and the wing decorations. Serve the dressing separately. Chicken salad served in the butterfly-shaped patty shells along with hot rolls would be delicious — and elegant.

How about a rainbow of ice cream balls served from your prettiest crystal bowl? Well ahead of the party day, scoop out balls of ice cream in a variety of flavors and colors, roll in coconut, and freeze until ready to serve. Serve with cookies cut in the shape of butterflies.

**Entertainment:** *Future Forecast:* Have a big stack of old magazines handy with scissors and plenty of pins, scraps of materials, ribbons, crepe paper, empty pill boxes — all kinds of odds and ends and gadgets. Also have ready large sheets of newsprint or wrapping paper. Each guest is to take a sheet of the paper and fasten articles from the collection to the paper to illustrate some event or activity she

sees in the bride's future. (The hostess might be ready to supply requests for other aids to the artists such as toothpicks, clothespins, marking pens, etc.) Award prizes to the cleverest, the funniest, the most artistic, and the most realistic. It's amazing what can be illustrated — the christening dress, depression days, baking the first biscuits, trying a new recipe on a new hubby, first day of school, or winning the fair award. Allow guests to guess the titles before the "art" is judged, then have titles written in before presenting them to the bride to keep if she likes.

**Reporting the Wedding:** When the reporter from the local paper went to get the wedding story the family gave her these clues, all to be found in the names of flowers and herbs. Can you "clue in" on the wedding?

*Prologue:*

1. How did the bride learn he loved her? Aster
2. What did she ask for before saying "Yes"? Thyme
3. What advice did her mother give her? Marigold
4. Who said, "Grab him while he's in the notion"? Poppy

*About the Bride:*

1. The color of her eyes. Violet
2. What adorned her head? Bridal wreath
3. What shoes did she wear? Lady's slippers
4. What did she wear on her hands? Foxgloves
5. Of what was her gown made? Queen Anne's lace
6. What did she tell little brother when she was all ready? Touch-me-not

*The Ceremony:*

1. What promised her a happy wedded life as she awoke on her big day? Morning glory
2. What rang the nuptial hour? Canterbury bells
3. What musical instrument heralded the bride's approach? Trumpet
4. At what hour was the ceremony? Four-o'clock
5. Who performed the ceremony? Jack-in-the-pulpit
6. What two dudes acted as ushers? Cockscorn and dandelion
7. Who was the bride's attendant? Black-eyed Susan
8. What did the bride offer her new husband? Tulips
9. What did the bride say to an old suitor who turned up at the wedding? Begonia (be gone, ya)
10. This made him angry enough to pop his — Bachelor's buttons
11. What unwelcome friend of the groom showed up unexpectedly? Painted Daisy

*The Wedding Supper:*

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## AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter to you on a Sunday afternoon after a very busy day. I was up long before dawn to go over my two different sermons — one for the early service on the radio, and one for eleven o'clock service — and I had to write still a third sermon for the children. Is there any time of day nicer than the dawn, particularly a dawn in springtime? I don't think so! You should have heard the birds in our back yard this morning. I think that the cardinals and the robins were having a whistling contest or a song competition of some kind.

I have a way of telling time that most of you have not; I tell time by traffic. We live on a very busy street, and just by listening to the traffic sounds I can tell the hour of the night. At about one o'clock in the morning, there is an unusual amount of truck traffic. By two o'clock I am beginning to hear the sound of sports cars as young folks race to get home before their parents get angry. Between three and four o'clock there is almost no traffic, just a lone car or two. By five o'clock the morning rush hour is just beginning, and by six o'clock the rush hour is going full speed with much squeaking of brakes as cars slide to a halt at the traffic sign just two doors down the street.

Here in our house we always are playing a little game the purpose of which is to discover the best auto route to different parts of the city. The other evening I came home bubbling over with enthusiasm about a new route I had discovered involving a brand-new stretch of highway. I can now drive from one side of our city to the other in a little less than a half hour, and that is a record of sorts. Betty just loves it when she finds a route better than any I have found, for she is a great believer in taking a route with traffic lights, while I, on the other hand, will go for blocks to avoid a traffic light. I do better bucking traffic if there are no lights with which to contend, while Betty, on the other hand, has a very hard time getting up enough nerve to fight her way through an intersection. The amazing thing is the way she beats me to the destination even though she goes the traffic light way! I drive fast, take short cuts, weave in and out of traffic, and then find Betty in her car waiting for me at the other end. Any man would have to agree that that is real frustration!

A few days ago Betty and I were reading the evening paper and listening to the radio when we heard the newscaster say: "Several hundred students were



This new picture of Frederick was taken in his office at the church.

stricken with food poisoning at the University of Massachusetts. Special buses have been drafted into service to take them all to the hospitals in the neighboring towns!" At once we were concerned about David, but we received no word from him or from his roommate, and so we assumed he was all right. It turned out that he was not all right! He was one of those stricken, but he never reported it to anyone, and he just stayed in bed in his own room for a couple of days. When he did call us, he said that he was not nearly as sick as some of the others. As I write to you now, I am not certain if the source of the food poisoning was ever determined, but David said that most of the officials thought it was caused by some spoiled roast beef.

That food-poisoning incident made me think of the great responsibilities many very ordinary people have to carry. There are 24,000 students at the University of Massachusetts, and if some food handler in one of the enormous university kitchens makes a mistake or is careless about checking the purity of food, it could cause great danger to many people. Believe me, not all the heroes are on the battlefield! Sometimes jobs that appear to be rather unimportant to the casual observer, can be critically important.

Haven't you often watched a school bus go by and marveled at the bravery of the man or the woman who drove it? I have many times. Just the thought of having all those young lives in one's care is a staggering one, and yet the people who do drive school buses take it in stride! In so many, many ways their work is more dangerously responsible than the work of the men who fly our biggest jet planes. Make a mental note to thank your neighborhood bus driver the next time you see him or her.

Speaking of driving, did you see that cute joke about the salesman who drove

his car around and around the block looking for a place to park, and not finding one, parked his car in a No-Parking Zone? Well, he put a note on the windshield that said: "I drove around the block 20 times looking for a place to park. If I miss my appointment, I shall lose my job. Remember: 'Forgive us our trespasses.'"

When the man came back to his car, he found a police ticket with this note: "I have had to walk around the block for 20 years. If I did not give you a ticket I would lose my job. Remember: 'Lead us not into temptation!'"

I was telling this story to an old lady in a nursing home earlier this afternoon, and after laughing heartily she said: "I have a good story for you, Dr. Driftmier. It seems that there was a man who gave his daughter an allowance to twenty cents a week. When he gave it to her he said: 'Now here are two dimes. I want you to give one to the work of the Lord, and I want you to keep one to spend in any way you like.' A few minutes later the young girl was happily skipping along when she dropped one of the dimes which proceeded to pass out of sight. Without a moment's hesitation she said: 'I am sorry God. I lost your dime!'"

Across the river and down the road a few blocks there is a new shop with an old, old idea. A friend of mine has given up his job as a school teacher and gone into business making candles. In all my life I never had seen a candle-making shop until I saw this one, and I found it so interesting. It takes hours and hours to make some of the big, beautiful candles that sell for twenty or thirty dollars apiece, and at first I found it hard to believe that people would buy such big and expensive candles, but they do. As a matter of fact the candle shop has become such a popular place that my friend is planning to open another one down on Cape Cod this summer. You would be amazed to see the many different kinds of candles he makes — all sizes, all shapes, all colors, and all fragrances.

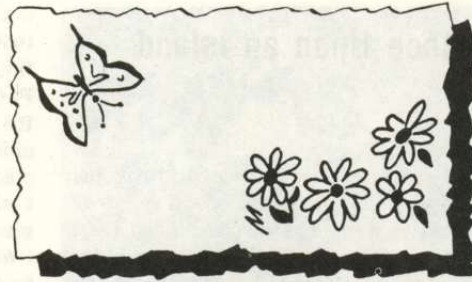
Who would have thought that a candle-making shop would be a financial success? It just goes to show that there is no end of opportunity for the person with a good idea and the ability to see it through. There still is a market for quality, but we all can pity the person who opens a shop or a restaurant that is less than the best. In our competitive world, only the best can survive. When a young man came to ask for my advice about his opening a small snack bar for the sale of sandwiches, ice cream, etc., I said: "Frank, I am sure you can make a go of it if your shop is the cleanest, neatest one in town, and if your food is better than that of any

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## STATIONERY: ESPECIALLY YOURS!

by  
Mary Feese



The soft spring-green envelope bore the handwriting of my friend; eagerly opened, it revealed the most elegant stationery I've seen in many a day! "Do you know how to make this?" she wrote. "The cost of buying it is something phenomenal, but isn't it lovely?" It seems that a friend of hers handmade the enchantingly beautiful folders, but since she also sold it, it hardly seemed proper to write and boldly ask for her secret . . .

Did I know how to make it? Well, no, at that time I didn't — but I surely set to work immediately, finding out. And now, facts at hand, and having tested it myself, I'll share the information with you, so you can try your hand at the fascinating new hobby too.

The original sample I have here is made with a multi-layer construction, something like a greeting card with the top fold cut open. (Do try this method to make greeting cards, incidentally — they'd be equally lovely.) On the front is a graceful spray of colorful pressed flowers and ferns, set off by a small hovering butterfly, also pressed. These are protected by . . . what is it, parchment or rice paper or . . . ? Very expensive in appearance, but hard to identify, it has been feathered by careful tearing, at the edges; inside this folder is a folded sheet of pastel writing paper of good quality, but with no added decoration. The envelope matched the inner sheet.

These directions were nearly as hard to come by as if one had expected to obtain crown jewels merely by asking for them! But I followed up every lead, wrote to friends, pored over the hobby magazines, read about a thousand ads (well, it seemed like a thousand!) and finally perseverance paid off. The materials are easy to get, and relatively inexpensive. You'll need Elmer's glue, facial tissues in white or a color matching your inner stationery, pressed flowers (and pressed butterflies if you can find them, otherwise lovely designs can be made with only flowers), pastel writing paper with matching envelopes, a bottle of glitter, and some cotton. (Note: I experimented with several brands of tissues, and you want those that are super-smooth, firm-textured, fine quality. Some of the "economy" brands simply fell into shreds while I

was working with them.) Now, gather up from your household supplies scissors, pinking shears, a sharp-edged ruler, brown paper (for which you simply cut open a grocery bag) and waxed paper (hopefully, your brand is good and "waxy"! Last, set up your ironing board and iron.

"You've forgotten something," you point out gently. "What about the parchment you mentioned? We live in a little town, and I'm sure they don't sell *that*." Hold your breath, you're in for a surprise. Remember the facial tissues you bought? It seems unbelievable, but when you've followed all the directions carefully, the flowers on your finished stationery, too, will be protected by "parchment". Try it and see!

To begin, choose a time when you're not too rushed. For it does take some time, and is so fascinating that you'll be beguiled into spending more time than you first planned, besides. Cut your waxed paper into sheets the same size as your facial tissues. Next carefully separate those double layers of tissue, for you use only a single layer for your work. In a cup or shallow bowl, dilute your Elmer's glue half and half with water. Lay the waxed paper horizontally before you, and determine the center; arrange your pressed flowers on the right half of the paper only, after first dabbing the diluted glue on this portion of the paper. When folded, you see, this decorated right-hand portion will be the front of your note paper. (And I further experimented, using a butterfly cut out from a greeting card; while not as charming as the real thing, still this substitution method adds flexibility. For it allows you to add design details that often, for lack of natural materials, you'd otherwise be forced to omit. You, too, can experiment to get the effect you want.)

Next, cover the pressed items with a single layer of tissue, very gently saturating it with the diluted glue. Use a large piece of cotton, dip in, and then wet the tissue so gently that you don't tear it. Let the tissue crinkle slightly, as this will accentuate the parchment effect you're striving for. While the glue is wet, sprinkle lightly with glitter in strategic spots, and set aside to dry thoroughly. (I dusted my paper butterfly with glitter, to help disguise

his lowly origin.) Go ahead and work up several more pieces, whatever you have time for, but don't rush and try to take the next step before the glue dries.

Incidentally, if you're short on time, you can stop at this point, and do the rest another day. If you do, lay the partially finished stationery carefully out flat, to dry. A large, shallow cardboard box is ideal for this, and do store it where it won't be disturbed.

When the glue is dry, place a decorated sheet between two pieces of brown paper, and press with a hot iron. Begin at "wool" setting, and adjust slightly higher or lower to your own preference as you work. Your working speed, the weight of the paper, and even your particular iron can influence the heat setting you need. Press carefully until the wax melts into the tissue, giving it a semi-transparent appearance. Press all that you've prepared, then go on to the next step.

Here, there are two perfectly good ways to finish the edges; take your choice. Quick and easy, is to use your pinking shears, and cut these decorated sheets the same size as the folded sheets you're using inside. Or, measure precisely, and, using your sharp-edged ruler for a cutting edge, tear carefully to the right size. The resulting feathered edge look, by the way, is a great favorite for the expensive stationery lines that are sold in prestige shops. Next, fold your outer, "parchment" sheets sharply in half, and insert your pastel writing sheets to form a booklet assembly, with a finished appearance very similar to a greeting card.

There are hobby and craft suppliers that sell pressed flowers and foliage, and even the pressed butterflies (which are somewhat expensive), but I know many women who often press flowers or leaves, or four-leaf clovers (that I think would make novel and very personalized stationery, using this method). Your yard, fence row, or nearby woods can provide you with plenty of material. Try pansies, and violets, and the wild deep yellow flowers, and sprays of fern-like foliage; many of these will hold their colors delightfully. Don't use flowers that are too thick at the base, as they'll never press down flat enough to be satisfactory on your finished product. A simple procedure is to place the flowers between two layers of paper toweling, making sure all portions are flat, and are arranged to best suit you. Press them in a heavy, thick book — a large dictionary, or an old catalog. Distribute them throughout the book, close it, and set it away in some undisturbed spot, piling heavy weights on top, then leave

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## Once Upon an Island

by

Leta Fulmer

Might that whirring, stirring blanket of snow geese still be there this morning? That possibility had teased and taunted me since I'd seen my husband off to work. Just at sundown the night before we'd sped along the flat road in hopes of catching a glimpse of them. In the half light we'd have passed them by if we hadn't known of their position. The snowy mass stretched for acres, a living, squirming carpet of fluffy feathers. And this morning I just couldn't dismiss the sight from my mind. "All right," I muttered. "I give up!" Tucking the movie camera under my arm, I snatched the car keys and took off.

From the graveled road I turned sharply onto a deeply rutted lane. I was on The Island, so nicknamed long ago because, more often than not, it was swallowed up in whole or in part by the unpredictable Missouri River. A haunting sense of familiarity pressed around me and I lightened my touch on the foot-feed. Jimmie and I had clattered down this lane with 'JUST MARRIED' scrawled all over our jalopy over 35 years ago. For more than a decade tin cans and hunks of junk, flung from our wedding chariot, had spotted the ditches and fields on this route. Located but a few miles from our present home, but off the beaten track, I'd given it no real thought in years.

Now I carefully searched for remembered landmarks. Just at this curve sat the white frame schoolhouse, where we haggled good-naturedly over bids for box suppers. Now a green tractor occupied its place. Beyond it, overlooking the muddy waters, had perched the one big house on the whole island, holding in its spacious rooms several related families. I remembered harvest time there, the trestle table creaking under the weight of a bounteous breakfast — fried green tomatoes, ham, eggs, gravy, fried potatoes, and brown scratch biscuits dipped into tangy sorghum. No white hens ringed the doorway now. No children's voices screamed delightedly in "Run Sheep Run". The weather-beaten walls were shrunken like a pricked balloon, the screened veranda was completely gone, and the field was plowed right up to the crumbly foundation.

My snow geese were gone. I was not surprised. Rather eerily it had dawned on me that my true objective hadn't been the geese anyway. A tiny ghost had perched upon my shoulder the night before, followed me home, and led me back today! Thoughtfully I eased the car down the road till it stood opposite

a dismal mass of ruined buildings just a few yards from the roadway. I debated crossing the just-combined field, but a glance at my canvas shoes dissuaded me. I remembered copperheads and spreading vipers which, then at least, considered this territory their domain. I'd missed the lane. Surely there must still be one, for a huge gleaner squatted in the middle of the field. I pulled the car to the shoulder, disturbing the nap of a richly engraved turtle. I grinned as he wobbled disgruntledly into the ditch and out of sight. Lifting my eyes, I looked upon my honeymoon cottage.

The house was a sickening shambles (I remembered now there'd been a fire) of rotting boards, blackened planks, and rusty tin. Beyond it the dirty grey barn remained, but it leaned perilously as though it had just one short breath to go. And the woodlands — where were they? That deep tangled underbrush where elderberries gleamed with purple frost, and rabbits flipped their puff-ball tails in flight. Where cardinals and orioles ventured near enough to serenade, or scold, as I hung hand-scrubbed overalls upon the sagging line. The chicken house had disappeared — that flat-topped shed where sneaking wolves made off with my red hens, and hungry straying hounds devoured the eggs I'd marked for setting.

The rising sun touched sparks from metal near the barn — the crumpled, wrinkled old horse tank. I recalled that awful tug of nausea (I was pregnant at the time) pulling at the pit of my stomach when Jimmie proudly held the string of fish below my twitching nose. Mud cats, channel cats, carp. And that fiercely beaked, slick-skinned monster, the sturgeon. Never, never could he convince me that it wasn't first cousin to a crocodile! The tank was a temporary home for the fish, just a stopover on the way to our kitchen table. Dick, Bob, and Dan, their sweat-encrusted sides twitching at the sting of gallinippers (king-sized mosquitoes), drank with thirsty gulps, pretending not to notice the intruders.

And now I shivered, remembering the icy coldness of that little matchbox we called home. Through the plasterboard walls and cracks about the doors and windows the wind roared to penetrate into our very bones. Even the new linoleum was an undulating sea of frost. In freezing desperation we moved our bed into the kitchen, pushing it right up to the stove. From the halfway warmth of mountainous comforters, we

could poke chunks of wood into the insatiable beast that roared ineffectually the whole night through. And in the morning we'd laboriously chip the dipper free from the skating rink that was our water bucket.

It was here that our first son was born and those two rooms held a bit of transient glory. But it was here too, that we mourned his loss. It was our first face-to-face encounter with crushing sorrow. Our friends rushed in with precious gifts — deep understanding, sympathy, and sincere love. And we discovered early in our lives that even the most poignant grief is more easily borne if truly shared.

But there were happy times too. Spring wagons pulled about our doorway, horses tethered to the clothesline, and junky cars pointed every way of the compass — our Saturday night square dance! While fiddles squeaked and guitars whanged, lusty voices rang with "Grab your partner and do-se-do"! And happy children slept on my bed as tightly packed as bright crayons in a yellow box. All through the week we'd scrimp and save to manage all those goodies crowded there on the checkered tablecloth. We were all clinging to the same leaky little boat, drinking skim milk and selling the cream to buy flour and sugar. We shared the little we had with no apology. We were all so pitifully poor — and so happy that we didn't really know it!

That first frantic flood warning was almost a lark. By the flickering flame of the coal oil lamp I pulled on layer after layer of clothing to the tune of muddy trickles winding through the yard. Alone, I rode old Dan to town, trying not to jostle too much (I was expecting again) to Mom's house. While I waited for the waters to recede, Jimmie joined the other Island men in a vain attempt to beat the river. Such heart-breaking aftermath — tender shoots of corn tangled in the rubbery roots of Johnson grass, fields of wheat a muddy mass of silt, wet brush, and sand. My brave petunias were scraggly bits of scarlet mixed into the foot deep slime on the kitchen floor. And yet we tried again — planting and replanting until it was just too late to plant again. And always hoping, with an uneasy eye on the river, that next year, next year — . But the river won!

Too late for us, the huge piledrivers chugged onto the water, spitting towering logs deep into the riverbed to change the water's flow. Too late, the rugged levee rose to guard the little farms. The homes were gone, the people too. I sighed. We'd vowed — we Islanders — to keep in touch. But when we left our island home, we left behind some intangible ingredient. Perhaps it

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# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

A few beautiful spring-like days have given me the fever to get outside and start cleaning up the winter debris, but I've put temptation behind me for a few more weeks. Since I have lived in Iowa for over fifty years of my life, I know by now that although our temperature has been in the sixties this week, by next week we could have snow on the ground. I decided I had better turn my attention to the inside of the house and take inventory of things I could do to brighten it up.

I've accomplished one thing this past month that had been put off too long. We have a chair in the living room that has been an eyesore for a long time. I was always fond of this small barrel chair, which was still in good condition except for the upholstery, so I hated to discard it. One day when I was shopping in Des Moines I found a piece of material I liked so I bought it. A friend in Derby said she would do the upholstering anytime I wanted to bring it down. This was last October and I'm sorry I didn't get around to taking it then, for I would have saved some money. When Mrs. Sanders laid out the material in preparation for cutting, she found she would need 26 inches more. I knew there wasn't a chance in a million the same bolt of fabric would be there after four months, but I made the trip back to Des Moines to see. It was gone so I had to buy an entirely new piece of upholstery. I learned my lesson the hard way!

When Frank and I drove down to pick up the chair I could hardly believe what I saw. It looked like a brand-new chair, since she had even refinished all the wood. How glad I am I didn't throw that chair away since it is now such a cheerful addition to the living room.

I have spent a great deal of time at the sewing machine this past month. Mother says she is certain now that I actually would rather sew than eat. When I spend my week in Shenandoah addressing the magazine I always take my sewing machine with me, and when I walk through the front door a little after five every day I go directly to the sewing machine. This has been especially true since I got my new machine for Christmas and took the lessons for making lingerie, because it has been so much fun. When I was in the store



Dorothy took this picture of their farm home just before the big old elm tree was cut down. They'll miss the wonderful shade it provided.

the other day Rose told me she was starting her lessons for making bathing suits, stretch slacks and coordinating cotton knit T-shirts, and sweater sets. I can hardly wait to tackle these new things. I'm sure Kristin is going to be happy about it too.

Lucile and Kristin were the ones I concentrated on this past month. One of the dresses I had made for Lucile in January was a double knit, and I felt that once she had worn this fabric she would feel so comfortable in it, sitting all the time, that she wouldn't want anything else, and I was right. So I made her two more; one is a beautiful shade of olive green and the other is gold, two colors that are very becoming to her. After making the grey dress I told you about in my last letter, I had enough material and braid left to make Kristin a jumper. I also got Kristin's jumper made up with the material she had picked out when she was here. It is a brown, orange, and yellow plaid. It is funny how the difference in material can make such a big difference in how the finished garment will fit. I made both of her jumpers from the same pattern, and both fabrics were bonded, but the grey was a knit and the plaid wasn't. Kristin said the grey fit beautifully but the plaid was a shade too tight, so the seams will have to be let out.

Kristin is so busy she doesn't have time to write many letters, but we talk to each other frequently by phone. She is teaching two classes in the education department at the University this semester. Due to a resignation at the end of the first semester they needed someone for the remainder of the year, so she decided to apply, and got the job. One class meets for one hour on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and the other one meets the same hour on Tuesday and Thursday. Since this one hour didn't interfere with her schedule of classes, she was able to

continue with her own studies in graduate school. She is elated and happy because things have gone so well and glad to be teaching again.

This new sitter is working out very well. She is a young mother whose husband is attending the University. She has a two-year-old boy she brings with her, so Aaron has someone near his own age to play with. Kristin says that although Aaron is almost a year younger than Johnny, he is much more aggressive and she hopes Johnny doesn't get the worst of it. I told her this reminded me of someone else I know when she was this age. I took care of Juliana during the daytime while Lucile and Russell both worked. From the minute Russell left her in the morning until we took her home at night Kristin ruled the roost, and Kristin was four months younger than Juliana. I used to get provoked with Juliana because she wouldn't stand up for her rights.

Kristin said Aaron's hair had actually grown so much it was beginning to lie in little ringlets across the back. The other day when the four of them were taking a walk and Andy was pushing Aaron in the stroller, they met a man who said something to Andy about taking his little sister for a ride. Kristin thought it was funny, but Andy and Art didn't, so the minute they got home Aaron got a haircut.

One of Frank's hobbies in the winter time is trapping, but it is time consuming, and this season he hadn't trapped at all. One morning early last month he was going up the road along the creek channel on the tractor and saw signs where a beaver had been out through a patch of thin ice the night before. All work and activity came to a sudden halt and remained that way until a beaver trap could be brought to the scene and placed just so under the ice. Needless to say Frank was up and

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"Come along!" urged my husband. "I've got to go anyway, on business, and we'd have a good talk on the way. I like having you."

"But I'm busy. The dishes aren't done, nor the floors . . ." At the last, was my tone less resolute?

"They'll wait." (I *knew* that.) Then, knowing me so well, he chuckled and added the magic words. "You'll have about three hours at the big shopping center, and you've been wanting time to shop for sewing supplies."

Well! In five minutes flat, we were on our way, destination a larger town than we have close by. The sixty-mile trip on good highways was a pleasant drive, very relaxing. (Much more fun than scrubbing floors, too.)

After we agreed where to meet, I browsed the sewing supply department, stopping whenever the notion struck (like a child in a toy store). And now, use your imagination to come shopping along with me, and see all the sparkling new products that are "this year" indeed. What fun!

Look, they have cards with the new chain-linked buttons. They're so "in" for the new vests and smart jackets, and — until now — have been so hard to find. Here, too, are the 2" and 3" metal rings to use on belts, on scarves, between buttoned-back tabs for a unique jacket closing.

The gold-rimmed and the silver-rimmed covered button forms are here, and — yes, the new Buttonsapps, too. You can cover your own buttons to suit your mood, and change to another set if you wish, for they'll snap on and off. (Besides which — don't tell anyone! — you don't have to make a single buttonhole, for there are special fastening snaps included, too.)

Zipper have gone undercover. You can buy invisible ones that require a special zipper foot to insert. Or buy ones that don't. They all look exactly like a seam. And the conventional zippers are tamer — they no longer bare their teeth at you. The latest development is zippers that are made of a new polyester rather than of nylon, that don't melt as easily as the nylon ones

did, if someone was careless with the iron and got too close. (And I ask you, what good is a melted zipper?)

Here are cards of FlexiLace, in more colors than ever before. This stretchable lace in the narrow width rapidly became a favorite of mine — perfect for hem tape on knits, lovely on lingerie. It just couldn't be improved upon. Or could it? Well, they *did* — now they have the stretchable lace hem facing 1¼" wide. Even easier to handle the hem on the most difficult knits. Or to use in new ways you never tried before: flat bands down the front of a dress, or to glamourize (in a contrast color) those pastel pillowcases and top sheets, or (yes, really!) to flip diagonally around the corners of a package and coax into a perky bow. I choose two colors for today, and promise myself more later.

Now, a counterful of thread, row after row, from shy colors to sizzling. All the trusty sewing books, a few years ago, advised that it was proper to use animal thread with animal fiber, and cotton thread on cotton. So you dutifully used silk thread to sew wool, and had it dry cleaned. But then came nylon. And washable wool. And Dacron, Fortrel, and Arnel, and . . . well, it's enough to make you dizzy to try to remember all those names. Silk thread (that required dry cleaning) on washable fabrics seemed silly, but cotton thread didn't quite do the job, either. Now what? Someone designed that slinky nylon stuff with all the charm of a wet fishing line, that "fought back" when you tried to sew with it. And (at least for me) *that* wasn't the answer either. But matters have improved, and seamstresses of the Seventies have "got it made." Because the thread companies have stretchy thread. It'll sew anything, stretchy or not. There's Polyspun, and Poly-Bond, and Spun Dee, that they call the "anything thread." For today, I buy a spool of each, to see which one I like best.

I marvel at the fabrics. Row upon row, bolt after bolt, thousands of yards of goods that shimmer and shine, glow, whisper, crackle, drape. Fabrics to inspire your personal creativity, to make your fingers itch to begin sewing. I see bonded lace that actually washes, border prints with their one-of-a-kind style possibilities, brocades, cut velvet, fake fur, crisp poplins, "pow prints" . . .

Oh good — there's my old friend, Indian Head cotton. It always stayed so crisp, so colorful, and was extra easy to sew. Cut in either direction, and it has no "wrong side". I used it for years happily, for what more could you want? But when permanent press came along, for a long time my friendly Indian stayed on the reservation — no newfangled notions for him, thank you!

So I lost track, and began buying new brands, making new fabric friends. Like good old Dan River, who just kept rollin' along with the permanent press tide. But I'm getting reacquainted, for Indian Head has adopted the modern ways of life. Now there's a nice new easy-care finish to keep it wrinkle free. Some new colors. A new 45" width for even more economical cutting. New prints, too. A super-heavy-weight 54" width for decorator use. New friend or old? Plans swarm in my brain like bees — more plans than sewing time, to be sure, but this is a familiar phenomenon. I choose enough Indian Head for a perky, flaring skirt, and move on down the counter.

Here's something I've never seen before — these neat little clips to hold up the hem while hand stitching it. They look very like pin curl clips (I've used them for hems sometimes. Have you?) but with a distinctive difference. These are marked just like a ruler, and measure and hold up to 3" hems conveniently. Cost, 59¢ a clip, and you'd need about six for the most efficient use. (These can be ordered by mail, incidentally, if you prefer.)

I buy a yard of iron-on interfacing, since I'm out of it. It's a fascinating product, nonwoven fabric that's covered with little gleaming granules that fuse, with the iron's heat, to the outer fabric of your garment. Since it adds body, I find I consider it a necessity for small detail areas such as buttonholes, tabs, under embroidery, and a multitude of other similar uses.

See those genuine mink buttons, one dollar each. Neither my budget nor (fortunately) my tastes run to this, so I sneak a peek just to make their acquaintance, clutch my dollars closer, and move on. (Could I tell them from fake fur without the tag? I wonder, and decide; probably not.)

Here's the bound buttonhole maker. Maybe you have one. Of course you can make bound buttonholes without the gadget — still, it really does make the job easier, and the button holes march briskly down the front of your garment, all exactly alike.

Speaking of gadgets . . . I pause, fascinated, before the array of everything from a bodkin to a plastic apron clip, from a chain jacket hanger (to be sewed at the neckline) to the high-fashion golden chain weight for the jacket's lower edge. I see packages of more prosaic lead weights which, of course, must be concealed in the hem that needs weighted. There are automatic pleatmakers and bachelor's buttons; there are magnets and lint brushes and buckle kits and . . .

I look up. Here comes my husband; it's time to go home, and sure enough!

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## Is There a Junior-Senior Prom in the Making?

by  
Virginia Thomas

Every spring sees our high school juniors eagerly searching for a theme for the oncoming prom and wanting something really new and different. Given an idea that clicks, they become a class of "eager beavers" with no task too hard or tiresome if the end result is a banquet that sets the whole town talking — or at least impresses the high and mighty seniors! It's difficult to come up with an absolutely brand-new banquet idea these days, but some of the best of the old ones can be given new guises, or two or three ideas combined under a new title and given a new setting.

Movie spectaculars or Broadway hits always make colorful banquet and prom settings, furnishing the inspirations for the decorations, costumes for the waiters and waitresses, and for special musical numbers. "Camelot", "My Fair Lady", "The King and I", "Sound of Music", "Music Man", and "Finian's Rainbow" are starter suggestions. "A Night with Rogers and Hammerstein" would certainly allow for variety in decoration and entertainment which might be as elaborate or as simple as the purse strings of the class dictate.

Of course a banquet "In Japan" or "A la Paris" is old hat these days, but there are many other spots around the world that could provide the inspiration for an unusual and colorful theme. How about "An Evening in Spain", "A Night in Algiers", "In Fabulous Monaco", "The Austrian Alps", or "Along the Nile"?

How about "Space Unlimited" or "Mars Possible"? I can see a ballroom with a star-studded ceiling from which falling stars fall occasionally to the delight of the couples lucky enough to catch one. The falling stars are balloons covered with sequins and glitter into which slips of paper on which fortunes have been written are slipped before the balloons are inflated. A volcano, a crater, a mountain can all add interesting artistic effects to the setting. Modern ingenuity makes it possible for the volcano to puff smoke, geysers to erupt, and fountains to splash for that extra atmosphere, so rockets

and launchpads, space capsules and Mars mini-houses should offer no obstacle to creative minds and hands.

For novelty themes there are "Country Music" or "Barn Dance Country of Tennessee", "Hooterville Junction", or "Dogpatch".

And some of the old-time themes still make for beauty when it comes to banquets — "Evangeline Country", "Indian Love Call" or "Hiawatha", "Moonlight and Roses", "The Greatest Show on Earth", or "Call of the Islands".

Travel agency literature can be a big help if you decide to key your banquet to a particular country, island, or city. In them you'll find ideas for costumes, scenic spots to highlight, cuisine, and special characteristics to feature.

## ATMOSPHERE

by  
Norma Jennings

Brilliant red geraniums greeted me as I entered the dining room. The table was aglow with the warmth and cheer of red place mats tempered and subdued with the femininity of white lace doilies covering them. Lovely floral translucent china adorned the mats and the delicate aroma of jasmine tea gently wafted about our heads and teased our nostrils as we bowed our heads for a moment of silent prayer.

How could I remain a stranger to this lady who had invited me in for a spot of tea and served me as graciously as royalty?

As we sipped our cups of tea floating with jasmine petals and conversed, my mind mentally took a color picture of the scene to imbed permanently in my cranial book of memories.

I was to remember this moment once again when a friend entered my home and said, "Your home is so inviting."

Really, I had never thought of it that way. I looked around at the worn frayed rug, the faded draperies, the cramped, crowded spaces.

But then I smelled the freshly baked rolls, the merrily perking coffee, and saw the cheery sunshine pouring in through the south windows. Yes, it was inviting.

We can't always have rolls baking or geraniums in full array but we can add little touches to make our guests feel important and to lend a touch of atmosphere to even the most casual occasion.

Even our closest friends would enjoy being served their cup of coffee or tea in our best china instead of the everyday plastic. A lace doily or an ivy growing in an imitation milk glass dime store planter can lend a touch of elegance or a special feeling to a simple chat over the kitchen table.

It is really not the material things of luxury that make the greatest impressions that linger in our memories but the simplicity of a sunlit corner, a bit of lace, a pleasant inviting aroma or a dash of color for cheer.

When my luck seems all out, and I'm  
down in the mouth,  
When I'm stuck in the North and I want  
to go South;  
When the world seems a blank and  
there's no one I love,  
And I seem not to find God in his  
Heaven above,  
I've a cure for my grouch and it works  
like a shot —  
I just think of the things that I'm glad  
I am not:

A bird in a cage.  
A fish in a bowl.  
A pig in a pen.  
A fox in a hole.  
A bear in a pit.  
A wolf in a trap.  
A fowl on a spit.  
A rug on a lap.  
A horse in a stable.  
A cow in a shed.  
A plate on a table.  
A sheet on the bed.  
A case on the pillow.  
A bell on a door.  
A gnat in a willow.  
A mat on the floor.

When I think of the hundreds of things I  
might be,  
I get down on my knees and thank God  
that I'm me.  
Then my blues disappear, when I think  
what I've got,  
And quite soon I've forgotten the things  
I am not. —Anonymous



## SPRING

The seeds of spring burst forth  
With gentle winds  
And skies ablaze with sun.  
The ground, now warm with life,  
Caresse the earth  
With grass around and soft flowers.  
And somewhere deep within,  
My heart sings songs of spring:  
Its melody part of me.



## AN UNEXPECTED SURPRISE FOR THE DENVER DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

With Easter arriving at such an early date this year, it seems as if we had almost no winter. A contributing factor to this feeling was the weeks of mild balmy temperatures those of us living along the front of the mountains enjoyed. Because there were copious amounts of snow in the mountains for skiers and future water needs, everyone was happy — except for those people who know something about horticulture.

The pleasant climate of this winter and the passage of several weeks' time provided opportunity for further assessment of the damage caused by the fantastic drop in temperature experienced here on three mid-October nights. There had been no mild freezes preceding this amazing plunge to temperatures well below zero. Accompanied by heavy snow, havoc in the form of broken branches and trees was rampant throughout the entire region. At first it was thought that the heavy wet snow might have protected from freeze-kill those trees and shrubs able to bear up under its weight. As weeks passed, however, it became obvious that many trees and shrubs which at first appeared alive had suffered mortal damage to their life-support systems. The ends of the branches might appear alive while tests along the trunk could produce no indication of life. This terrible event occurred the same year the Dutch Elm disease reached our area!

Some knowledgeable people estimate that seventy- to eighty-percent of all trees and shrubs are either dead or in such weakened condition that they will be unable to survive the hot sun and wind of summer. So we await the arrival of spring and summer with genuine apprehension as to what this will mean to the beauty and comfort of our surroundings.

Wayne has refused to be this pessimistic about the devastation that could well unfold in the coming weeks and months. He feels that Mother Nature just can't fail to make some provision to reconstitute herself. Since the unique temperature extreme was a natural phenomenon, Nature will compensate. The one possible flaw in this thinking is that most of the trees and shrubs growing in our area were not brought here by Nature. It was men, seeking to introduce new plant life to the Great American Desert, who transplanted the relative profusion of plants we have enjoyed this past century. All the early explorers' sketches show vast stretches of treeless, shrubless grasslands interrupted only by an occasional cottonwood or willow until the



Clark Driftmier appreciates the exceptionally fine tuba that has come into his possession and says practicing is more fun now!

evergreens spilling down from the mountains are encountered. How we would hate to live under those original limitations in this day and age!

Spring housecleaning is also upon us. Perhaps some of you are planning this year to really clear out the accumulation of years from your attics, garages, or basements. Clark's birthday present this past year might have a bit of interest to some one of you who is faced with the problem of discards, specifically old, untouched musical instruments.

Clark plays the tuba; in past years it was always a rather beat-up school-owned instrument. Now he has his own bass recorder, a stunning mass of shining brass and silver with a beautiful tone. But you should have seen this instrument before it was reconditioned! His music instructor hauled it back last summer from a garage in Illinois and asked Clark if he would like to have it. It looked hopeless — a mass of dents, the brass dull and covered with scratches, and most of the valves stuck tight. However his instructor knew it would be basically a good instrument if it could be reconditioned.

A local firm which does this sort of thing gave us an estimated cost of

\$300 for reconditioning. (A new tuba sells for about \$1500, so we knew this would be the least expensive way to provide Clark with his own instrument.) We couldn't believe our eyes when we first viewed the restored instrument; it was handsome! Then we found out that this particular instrument is worth more than many new ones. Superior workmanship, materials, and construction, with resulting tonal quality, make this German-made instrument more desirable than contemporary models. So before the frenzy of spring cleaning leads you to discard every unused item in sight, take time to investigate whether that old musical instrument that has been kicking around of years really is so worthless after all.

Playing the tuba has a couple of obvious disadvantages. First of all, it is a bulky item to transport from one place to another. Having had two flutes in the family, I was particularly conscious of this factor. Also because so few tubas are needed in a musical organization, not many choose to learn this instrument. As a result there is a decided lack of competition to whet the musician's performance. For this latter reason we have encouraged Clark to play with as many different groups as he could manage. This same reason prompted his instructor to urge his entrance into the Golden Symphony-sponsored Young Artists Auditions this past winter. Because of his instrument and lack of experience there was no expectation he could place in the contest this year. But it would give him valuable solo experience and the judges criticisms would be of great help to him in improving his technique. Hopefully, then, in another year or two he might stand a chance of placing in this contest.

What an unexpected and thrilling surprise it was to all of us when Clark was placed second in the non-piano division! Now, of course, he has a whole new incentive to practice and improve. For not only was there glory, but second place carried an award of \$37.50. First place and the accompanying \$75 make pretty good inspirations to an obscure, impecunious teenager.

In all probability none of this would have been possible without the use of the restored instrument and its fine tone. The next problem is to locate music written for tuba soloist with orchestral accompaniment. First place winners are presented in concert with the symphony, so audition numbers are chosen accordingly. However, we are learning there is a decided dearth of music so written and orchestrated.

We hope the joy and triumph of Easter will be meaningful to each one of you.

Sincerely,

Abigail

### HELPING HAND

Lord, give me strength  
And some to spare.

Another, weak and in distress  
May need my shoulder now,  
To lean upon.

Someone may need  
My helping hand.  
Perhaps a smile, a gentle touch  
May ease a heavy load  
Too much to bear.

So give me strength  
And something more —  
An understanding heart to know  
How much to help, and when  
To make the weak let go —  
And stand alone!! —Leta Fulmer



**TURTLE COOKIES***(Baked in waffle iron.)*

- 1 square baking chocolate
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 egg, beaten
- 6 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Melt chocolate and shortening together in heavy saucepan. Remove from fire. Cool. Stir in remaining ingredients. (NO soda or baking powder in this recipe!) Drop by teaspoonfuls on medium hot waffle iron. This should be greased if it is not Teflon. Bake 60 seconds, remove from waffle iron and make more.

These are delicious eaten warm. Or, they may be frosted with chocolate icing. For a real turtle cookie, frost and stick raisins and/or nuts onto cookie to make a head, legs and tail. Children would enjoy making these; they are simple enough for even smaller children to prepare and bake. Excellent for a younger Scout group project. Makes 1 1/2 dozen cookies. —Evelyn

**FAVORITE CHICKEN CASSEROLE**

- 3 cups diced chicken
- Put diced chicken in large mixing bowl. Add:
- 1 can undiluted cream of chicken soup
- 3/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup diced onion
- 1 cup diced celery
- 2 cans water chestnuts, sliced
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, diced
- Juice of 1 lemon
- Mix well and transfer into buttered casserole. Seal with foil. (Can hold for 24 hours in refrigerator if desired.) When ready to cook, roll fine contents of 1 small package potato chips and sprinkle over top.

Preheat oven to 450 degrees and bake for 20 minutes or until bubbly hot. Serves 8. —Margery

**SOUR CREAM RHUBARB PIE**

- 1 9-inch unbaked pie shell
- 3 cups rhubarb, cut in small pieces
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 6 Tbls. sour cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Mix the sugar and flour together and sprinkle 2 Tbls. of this on the bottom of the unbaked pie shell. Add the beaten eggs, sour cream, flavorings and salt to the rest of the sugar mixture. Add the diced rhubarb and mix well. Pour into the pie shell, sprinkle lightly with nutmeg (optional), and bake 10 minutes at 450 degrees, then 40 minutes at 350 degrees, or until the center is set. —Dorothy

**SKILLET CUSTARD**

- 4 eggs, beaten
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3 cups milk
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- Beat eggs. Add rest of ingredients. Spoon into 8 custard cups. Set in large skillet (electric skillet is fine for this). Pour COLD water in skillet around custard cups until almost level with custard. Bring to boil. Cover tightly and turn off heat. Let stand about 10 minutes. Check custard for firmness and it should be just right to serve — a very delicate and easily prepared dessert. (If your custard cups should be too large for cooking in 10 minutes, simply heat water again to boiling, turn off heat, cover tightly and leave in water until custard is firm.) This is excellent for those of you who use custard often. The recipe may be easily cut in half for a smaller quantity. The full recipe makes 8 generous servings. —Evelyn

**TANGY SAUCE**

- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 2 Tbls. onion, chopped fine
- 2 tsp. prepared mustard

Combine ingredients. Refrigerate until time to serve. Excellent as a dip for beef cubes cooked in a fondue server. Makes a fine tartar sauce to serve with fish. Hard-boiled egg may be diced and added and served on lettuce wedges for an excellent dressing.

**CHERRY CHEESECAKE DESSERT**

- 1/2 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 5 eggs, separated
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine first four ingredients. Pat into greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Beat egg whites until firm peaks form. In another bowl, beat egg yolks until light, beat in sugar and continue beating until thick. Add cream cheese and sour cream. Stir in flour and flavorings. When smooth and well blended, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Spoon over graham cracker mixture in bottom of pan. Bake in 275-degree oven for 70 minutes. Turn off oven and leave cheesecake in the oven for another hour. DO NOT open the oven door ANY TIME during the baking and cooling process.

While the cheesecake is baking, prepare the cherry topping:

- 1 lb. red tart cherries
- 1 cup liquid (cherry juice plus water)
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Red food coloring, if desired

Combine cornstarch with a little of the juice-water mixture until smooth. Combine with remaining ingredients and cook over low heat, stirring, until thick. Cool. Serve over baked cheesecake.

Other toppings may be used with the cheesecake. A pineapple topping prepared similar to the cherry would be delightful. Commercial sour cream mixed with a little Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring would give a delicious almond topping.

This is the finest, delicate cheesecake I've ever made. It would be excellent as a dessert for a company meal or a club luncheon. —Evelyn



**STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM SALAD**

- 2 3-oz. boxes strawberry gelatin
- 1 pint vanilla ice cream
- 1 3/4 cup hot water
- 1 #2 can crushed pineapple
- 1/4 cup pineapple juice
- 1 cup celery
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 cup nuts, optional

Combine gelatin and hot water. When dissolved, stir in ice cream. Add remaining ingredients. Turn into flat pan or mold and chill until firm. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise. Serves 15.

—Evelyn

**BUGABOO GINGERBREAD**

- 3/4 cup bacon fat (or other shortening)
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup molasses or sorghum
- 3 cups flour
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. ground ginger
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. ground cloves
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Cream bacon fat or shortening with sugar until light. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Beat in molasses. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with buttermilk and flavorings to batter, beating until smooth. Pour into greased 9 by 13 pan and bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes or until it tests done. Cut into squares and serve warm with whipped cream. Chopped candied ginger over the top of the whipped cream adds a nice garnish.

This is an old Southern recipe. The name "bugaboo" comes from the use of bacon fat, for often bacon fat accumulates and the thrifty homemaker does not want to waste it. Strain the bacon fat into a container, cover and refrigerate until ready to mix gingerbread.

—Evelyn

**HONEY DRESSING**

- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. celery seed
- 1/3 cup strained honey
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. onion juice (bottled)
- 1 cup salad oil

Mix dry ingredients; add honey, vinegar, lemon juice and onion juice. Pour oil into mixture slowly, beating constantly, or blend in blender. Makes 2 cups.

—Margery

**FLY AWAY ROLLS**

- 1/4 cup butter
  - 1 cup milk
  - 3 Tbls. sugar
  - 1 tsp. salt
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
  - 1 pkg. yeast
  - 1/4 cup lukewarm water
  - 1 tsp. sugar
  - 2 eggs, separated
  - 1 tsp. coriander (optional)
  - 3 1/2 to 4 cups flour
- Scald milk. Stir in butter. Add sugar, salt and Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring. Cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in warm water, stir in 1 tsp. sugar. When milk mixture is lukewarm and yeast is dissolved, combine two mixtures. Add 2 beaten egg yolks and coriander if available. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Add flour until dough can be handled. Turn onto lightly floured board and knead. Use as little flour as possible for a light dough. Chill dough in covered bowl. Pinch off dough the size of a walnut. Let rise on lightly floured board until double. Brown in deep fat, 370 degrees, until brown on both sides.

OR, when dough comes from refrigerator, shape into rolls and place in greased pan. Let rise until double in bulk. Bake in 375-degree oven about 25 minutes.

Either way you prepare these rolls they are delicious! They are not a refrigerator roll which will keep several days, just chill the dough and then use as directed. I have made the fried balls for lunch and dinner rolls for our evening meal from one recipe. Ummmmm!

—Evelyn

**FAMILIAR FISH CASSEROLE**

(Dressed up a bit.)

- 1 16-oz. can salmon (other fish can be substituted)
- 1 egg
- 3/4 cup evaporated milk
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Pepper
- Paprika
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 3 Tbls. butter, melted
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 1/4 cup chopped pimiento
- 1/4 cup sliced and toasted almonds
- 1/4 cup stuffed olives, sliced
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 1/2 cups medium white sauce or 1 can undiluted cream of mushroom soup plus 1/4 can milk

Combine all ingredients together thoroughly. Bake in buttered 1-quart casserole for 1 hour at 350 degrees. Serves 4.

—Abigail

**ASPARAGUS-MUSHROOM CASSEROLE**

- 1 lb. fresh asparagus
  - 1/2 lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced
  - 4 Tbls. butter
  - 2 Tbls. flour
  - 1 cup milk
  - 1/4 cup cream
  - Salt and pepper to taste
  - 1/2 tsp. paprika
  - 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
  - 3 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
  - Bread crumbs
- Cut asparagus in 1 1/2-inch chunks; cook until tender. Drain well. Saute mushrooms in butter until tender; remove. In same pan make a cream sauce with the flour, milk and cream; add the salt, pepper, paprika and Worcestershire sauce. Place alternate layers of asparagus, sliced eggs and mushrooms in greased casserole, ending with mushrooms. Pour the cream sauce over and top with bread crumbs. Bake at 350-degrees for 30 minutes. Serves 6.

—Abigail

**RHUBARB SPRING SALAD**

- 2 cups fresh rhubarb
- 1 6-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1 can crushed pineapple
- 2 cups apples, diced
- 3 1/2 cups liquid, heated
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Cook rhubarb. Drain off juice and add it to pineapple juice drained from crushed pineapple. Add enough water to make full amount of liquid. Heat. Stir in gelatin. When dissolved add pineapple, rhubarb, chopped apples and flavoring. Spoon into mold. When firm, unmold on lettuce leaves. Garnish with mayonnaise. Frozen rhubarb may be used in place of fresh if desired.

**CHOCOLATE SYRUP**

- 2 Tbls. white corn syrup
- 9-oz. bar sweet chocolate
- 1/2 cup cream or half-and-half
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 cup nuts, chopped (optional)

Combine corn syrup, chocolate bar and cream. Cook over low heat, in double boiler or in a *fondue pan*, stirring constantly until chocolate is melted and mixture is smooth. Stir in remaining ingredients. Use as a topping for ice cream, for white or yellow cake or as a *fondue dip* with marshmallows and fruit cut into cubes.

Remember that Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring is excellent for such a recipe as this. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring could also be used for a different variation. Just add a few drops and then taste until you have the amount desired for your taste. —Evelyn



**CHICKEN TETRAZZINI**

- 1 stewing chicken
- 1/4 cup chicken fat
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. onion, diced
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 cups chicken broth
- 1 can mushrooms
- 1 Tbls. pimiento, diced
- 1 can peas, drained
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 egg yolk, slightly beaten
- 3 Tbls. light cream
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Cooked spaghetti  
Parmesan cheese

Stew chicken until tender. Remove meat from bones. Melt fat in top of double boiler. Stir in flour and blend until smooth. Add onion, salt and chicken broth. Continue cooking, stirring frequently, until mixture begins to thicken. Stir in mushrooms, pimiento, peas and Worcestershire sauce. Blend egg yolk with cream and butter flavoring. Stir a little of the hot mixture into egg yolk mixture to keep yolk from curdling, add to sauce, stirring. Add cut-up chicken. When hot through and sauce is of gravy consistency, spoon over cooked spaghetti. Top with Parmesan cheese. Keep in low oven until time to serve.

This is a delicious and filling one-dish meal. It can be made with turkey as well as chicken.

**CINNAMON CREAM SYRUP**

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup white corn syrup
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup evaporated milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine sugar, corn syrup and water. Boil 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and add remaining ingredients. Serve hot over pancakes, French toast, waffles, etc. Has the flavor of cinnamon toast when served over the hotcakes.

This could also be used as a cinnamon sauce over cake or gingerbread. If you want a thicker sauce, use a little cornstarch for thickening with the water.

—Evelyn

**SWEET POTATO FLUFF**

- 3 cups cooked and mashed sweet potatoes
- 3 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- 1/3 cup thin cream
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup miniature marshmallows

Combine everything except the marshmallows and place in a buttered casserole. Press the marshmallows into the potatoes. Bake, uncovered, in a 350-degree oven for 30 minutes.

—Dorothy

**ORANGE HONEY CAKE**

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2/3 cup honey
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 2 egg yolks
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 2 egg whites
- 1/4 cup sugar

Cream together the shortening and 1/4 cup sugar. Add the honey, salt, egg yolks and flavorings and beat well. Sift the cake flour and baking powder together and add alternately with the orange juice. Beat the egg whites until stiff, gradually beating in the 1/4 cup of sugar, and fold into the batter. Bake in two layer pans approximately 35 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Ice as desired.

—Dorothy

**CHOPS AND BEANS**

- 6 pork chops
- 1 large can baked beans
- 1 cup chili sauce
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 green pepper, cut in rings

Season the pork chops with salt and pepper to taste, then brown on both sides in a skillet. Place in a deep baking dish. Combine the beans, chili sauce, brown sugar and Worcestershire sauce and pour over the chops. Place the green pepper rings on top. Bake for one hour in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

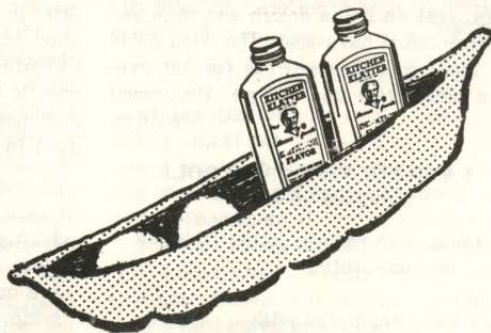
**FUDGE PECAN COOKIES**

- 3/4 cup margarine
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 ounces chocolate, melted
- 3/4 cup milk
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 2 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Cream together the margarine and sugar. Beat in the eggs, flavorings, and melted chocolate. Sift together the dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk. Stir in the chopped pecans. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet and bake about 15 minutes in a 375-degree oven. When cool, frost with a butter icing and top with a pecan half. This will make about four dozen cookies.

—Dorothy

# Alike as . . .



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## MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

The typewriter and I are becoming fast friends, and this letter should move along more rapidly than ever because I use it so much these days. I have only to worry lest it wear out. I've had it since I went to college and it has served me well, but it has never before been called upon for daily performances. Katharine is taking freshman typing in school and uses it daily for her homework exercises. Donald is called upon every four weeks to make out grade reports, and he uses it, so you can imagine that if typewriters could talk this one would say "Whew"!

This is a gorgeous day. The sun is rising in the heavens toward the north, but it still streams in the glass doors and is making my back literally bake. I can hardly believe that spring is almost upon us again. The sun tells me so and the calendar reports it, but I cannot believe that the weeks have sped by so rapidly. It is undoubtedly because I am so happy with my new job. I have *never* worked so hard even when our children were small, and yet I have never been happier. The challenge of teaching small children and reaping the rewards of seeing their progress plus parents' appreciation are ample compensation for the long evenings of homework.

Donald and I really enjoy our mutual endeavors. We have taken over the dining room completely for study purposes. We don't have time for company for dinner any more, so the dining room is a handy place for studying, even handy to the kitchen for late snacks.

In addition to his math department tasks, Don is equipping the physics laboratory for next fall. He is doing this with paper and pencil and a catalogue thus far, but soon the equipment must be ordered and the actual installation must begin. He will be teaching this in the September, 1970, school year and it should be very challenging.

This year he has been giving special attention to a 13-year-old boy who has a gift for things electrical. They have just completed buying the tubes and needed eye protectors for the Laser beam which this chap is building. He has already built a refrigerator, a television set, and a television camera. His father is not inclined along these lines, but he encourages his son in every respect, and has agreed to finance him on anything he attempts. So the school has given Don the opportunity to work with him to see just how far he can go. He sounds like a budding Edison to me.

I used to take care of the house work, but now this is a whole family project — and lucky I am to have a husband



Adrienne helps care for the family pets, including her Siamese cat.

who doesn't consider it unmanly to wield a vacuum. The children are routed out of bed pretty promptly Saturday morning, and while I proceed with the washing and ironing, Donald lines up the children three and they clean the house — from one end to the other! With a good schedule I can have the shirts ironed and the rest of the washing done but not dried by noon. The house is cleaned and we can start on the week's shopping at noon. On week nights when the children are through with their homework they have the job of packing their own lunches for the next day. Paul thinks this is quite a lark because he can finally choose the sweet things he prefers. (I have not had the heart to look into his lunch sack.) I have insisted on a sandwich of nutritional value, and, peanut butter and globs of honey are nutritional. However, he isn't getting fat (fact is, his bones protrude unbecomingly) so I suppose he is thriving. I do see to it that our suppers are well balanced though not fancy.

One of the things we treated ourselves to this winter was a standing order of oranges and grapefruit from Florida, and how we have enjoyed this! Every day the children and Don have tucked an orange in their lunches, and perhaps this was partly responsible for our good health. (Thus far Paul is the only one who has missed a day of school.) This was an economical way to buy oranges, I might add, because the company we ordered from has a special price for bushel orders such as we receive every four weeks. We could not possibly buy winter oranges from the grocery for the price we paid last October.

Tomorrow after church we are treating ourselves to an afternoon out. Last Sunday was supposed to be it, but the theatre tickets for *Dolly* were sold out completely, so we had to buy them for this week. We were downtown and the

little ones (how on earth can I call my five-foot eight-inch daughter, Katharine, a little one any more?) were very disappointed, so Paul piped up with the idea that we go to the museum. Here we found one of the samples of Moon rock on display. I was mightily impressed, I'll tell you, to see that small chip of grey-black rock. It was under armed guard protection and equipped with brilliant spotlights and strategically placed magnifying glasses. My how it sparkled! I still cannot believe it — and the children's reaction. Very matter of fact! They expect this type of miracle and although they thought it wonderful they can hardly realize that it wasn't possible a very few years ago. Paul was impressed. This is his cup of tea. We did the new sections of the museum, and by the time we left downtown the raw wind was whipping in off the lake, so we were happy to come home to snitches of leftover homework.

Tonight I have a phonics test to grade. We move reasonably slowly with phonetics in my age group — five-year-olds, eight-year-olds, and six-going-on-seven-year-olds. They do absolutely unbelievable work. Two of the children are so alert that they have flashed through all of the Beatrix Potter books, and this weekend I must pore through two new books to select one for them.

One book which I was delighted to find in the storeroom is a reader copyrighted in 1913 by Andrew Edson and Mary Laing. It is entitled *Working Together*, and probably many of you readers grew up with it. The good moral lessons in it are a refreshing breath of air to me. They won't be able to keep these books, but I imagine the parents will wish they could. One of the stories concerns *The Little Worm That Was Glad to Be Alive* from "Lectures to Kindergartners" (copyrighted, 1886). Absolutely beautiful!

Have I told you what else I'm teaching? Palmer method penmanship. I'm not an experienced enough teacher to take much credit, but their work is simply magnificent. They were never taught to print but began with cursive writing, which even the five-year-olds do with ease. They are a great group of children. Each day they have a spelling test, and one day last week 13 out of the 15 had one hundred. How we did clap for ourselves!

Now they are learning to find words in the dictionary in a young edition put out by Webster, which they think is great sport. They get excited to see which one of them will be **FIRST** to find a word. All of which goes to prove that learning can be fun and still is. I am enchanted with my job. Can you blame me?

Until next month,  
Mary Beth



## AN EXCITING DISCOVERY

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Driving along Interstate 80 west of Des Moines is a joy for a number of reasons. Since my mother (Mrs. Mae Corrie) lives in Des Moines, the highway has made our trips to see her, and hers down to see us, much easier and more rapid.

But a new joy has come with the revelation of the views along the highway. The rise and fall of the rolling Iowa hills makes for a continued change of scenery. Lovely homes and clean, well-kept farms pass by in bold relief sharing a variety of colors with the changing seasons.

"Winter is my favorite time to drive to Des Moines," I stated several months ago as we drove past snow-clad fields. The sun had just come up over the eastern edge of our world to shine glistening on frost-etched trees, fences and bushes. The countryside was a fairylane of silver.

We had passed the Booneville exit when suddenly out of this snowy landscape, as if painted by an inspired artist, rose a white frame church with its spire pointed toward the deep blue of the sky. A cross at the peak of the steeple declared the building's purposeful existence.

"Look! Look!" I squealed. "That is the Maple Grove Church."

Surely my long-suffering husband wanted to say, "So what?", but Robert held his tongue knowing that I would soon explain why I had suddenly become so excited at this discovery.

"When I was in high school we lived near here in the town of Waukee. My father was the Methodist minister there. He also served this rural church. It was far out in the country and situated in the center of a lovely grove of maple trees. That," I concluded with a grin, "is why the congregation gave it the name Maple Grove Church! Only now the trees are gone and the location of the interstate puts the building right on the highway."

As I lapsed into silence, I turned back for a final glimpse of the small white structure, remembering the many, many times I had entered its doors and participated in its activities. The sun shone on the cross and I realized how like a beacon it stands as busy, rushing people hurry past.

That small frame church, as is true of many other rural churches, has been the setting for many and varied important occasions in the lives of its people, I thought as we drove on east toward the city. In my mind I conjured up all the children who had been baptized, the people, young and old, who had joined the church, the many who



Old-time circuit riders are still with us. This gentleman attended the Sidney rodeo and visited with Evelyn before the parade.

reached out to God through communion rituals, the feeling of quiet closeness to God which came Sunday after Sunday during the worship services, and the great number of heart-touching moments of final earthly contact with friends and loved ones. How much of the human drama of this world is felt and seen within the sheltering walls of rural churches.

I remember, too, the fun of social gatherings full of laughter. The exuberance of youth meetings, the fellowship of church suppers, the gaiety of ice cream socials and the fun of Christmas programs and parties, permeated many such church rooms. I could almost hear the voices singing — children, young people, even the faltering notes of those growing lovingly older.

"You are a million miles away," Robert broke into my reverie.

"No, not really," I answered, "Just still back at the Maple Grove Church and the several other marvelous rural churches which were part of my life. Can you imagine all the people who have been a part of those churches through the generations since they began?"

"It was one hundred years ago when the Maple Grove Church really started in a brick schoolhouse. It was really just a Sunday school at first. Then in 1900 enough people were interested to go through the struggles of raising money and donating material and labor to put up a building." Now that I had a listener I warmed to the conversation.

"That church grew during the good years when the land produced well and peace was more than just an ideal. It survived through lean years, drought, difficulties, conflicts and war. I wonder if the spiritual growth was any greater in the hard years when man depended more on God than on himself; we are sometimes poor judges of true progress."

"Most of the churches started the way this one did," Robert entered the

conversation. "I remember hearing stories of William Rector who was a veteran of the War of 1812 and an itinerant minister. He settled west of Sidney, Iowa, at the foot of the bluffs south of the settlement of Knox. He was a free-lance circuit rider and traveled up and down the Missouri River preaching wherever an audience would gather. He preached the first sermon at Council Bluffs, Iowa, when it was still called Kanessville. I wonder how many Sunday school classes he started that turned into churches?"

"Do you remember hearing about William Simpson?" I asked. (Robert opined that the name was familiar.) "He was the Methodist missionary bishop circuit rider whose parish extended from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sioux City, Iowa. Imagine covering that much territory! He made the circuit on horseback every four weeks in summer and *whenever he could* in the winter!"

"No one will ever really know the hardships those men experienced," Robert commented as we neared the outskirts of Des Moines. "The results are seen in the churches created and the lives of the people they have touched."

"Yes, and with all the fast transportation and trends toward smaller rural population many of the rural churches are being sold. Even when I know nothing at all about a church, if we drive by an abandoned church it seems so lonely and forlorn with sagging steps and boarded or broken windows. I would rather see such a structure torn down and used in other ways or converted to grain storage or an animal shelter, at least then it is serving a useful function."

The car was turning off at the 35th Street exit and we drove south to Grand and up the driveway into Wesley Acres. Mother was waiting at the door to greet us.

"Just wait until you hear about our exciting discovery," I said as I gave her a big hug. "One of the churches you know so well is alive and thriving. You will be so pleased."

So while Robert went on to his business meeting, Mother poured two cups of coffee, cut a lovely angel food cake, and I told her all about our drive along Highway 80.



### WHEN CHILDREN PRAY

When little children kneel to pray  
Sometimes it's amusing what they say.

"Jesus, tender shepherd . . . bless Mom  
and Dad,  
Help to make me a good little lad;  
Don't let me forget to say thank you  
For all the kind things you do;  
Watch over me and keep me  
From sucking my thumb, pinching brother  
Tom."

So, when little children pray  
Listen to what they say — you might be  
surprised!  
—Helene B. Dillon





## Family Fun Night

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

In this brief time just before everyone gets geared to jump wholeheartedly into the many, many spring activities, why not resolve to banish the rainy day doldrums with a good old family night? This can be your church group, 4-H families, Scout families, or any group which you feel will enjoy an evening out for the whole family.

Since the group will probably be a large one, no doubt it will be held in a church fellowship hall, a lodge hall, or school gym. Don't let the size of the room dismay you when it comes to decorating — and decorations do add much to the atmosphere of the party! Just make them big and colorful.

Everyone loves a circus, so why not let your decorations follow a circus theme? Youngsters and oldsters alike will be delighted. Use plenty of the regular round and oval balloons, but let the real eyecatchers be the huge balloons which come in the shapes of animals and clowns. Fasten these to the wall and stand some of the big fellows on the tables. Corners of the room might have huge lion or tiger balloons caged in cartons which have had the sides cut to resemble the bars of cages.

If you cannot find enough of these animal balloons, use large regular balloons and glue on yarn tails, paper ears, with fierce faces painted on with a marking pen. They can be all the funnier for being original creations.

Perhaps you can leave part of the decorations to be made by some of the youngsters who are early arrivals at the party. Give them balloons and materials, let them create their own animals, and fasten them up as decorations for all to see. These might be judged later in the evening and prizes awarded.

ENTERTAINMENT will depend, of course, on the age groups involved and somewhat upon whether it is a covered dish supper or an evening party. After the supper meal you may want to gather the small children for games in one room, the teen-agers in another, and so on. However, often times the group can

stay together and have a wonderful time. While not everyone will participate in all the games some can look on and be the rooters for their sides.

This party may be a combined family night and recognition party. In that case recognition time for officers of the organization, parents, Sunday school teachers and officers are some of the situations that might be incorporated with family fun night.

Every circus has a grand parade, so why not have a grand recognition parade? The children would enjoy this, too. Here again the huge balloons would be used. Write the honorees' names in big letters on the balloons. As the program chairman names the person to be honored and makes the presentation speech, let a child carry that person's balloon into the main auditorium accompanied by a lively march played on a record player or piano. Thus if several persons are to be recognized there will soon be a long 'parade of stars' marching around the auditorium. This can be a lot of fun for all with a bit of beforehand planning — and a complete surprise to the honored guests, of course!

**Grand Opening Mixer:** As each guest arrives he prints the initial of his last name on a card which is then pinned to coat or dress. Each person is provided with paper and pencil and instructed to spell himself into words. The words are spelled by grouping himself with other guests. Miss "I" and Mrs. "N" would stand together to form word "in". Messrs. Ball, Irwin, Thomas, and Eckley would become "bite", etc. The player who can line up the most words involving himself wins the prize, so all will want to circulate as much as possible.

**Peanut Toss:** You will have two teams for this. The players on one side are each given a small bag of peanuts. Each player on the opposite side is given an empty paper bag. The players line up about ten feet apart with the ones having the peanuts directly opposite the ones holding empty bags. While some lively music is

played, those with peanuts toss as many into the empty sacks opposite as they can. At the height of the excitement the music stops, and, though a player's hand may be in the air ready to throw a nut, no peanut may be thrown after the music stops. If one is let go after that, a point is subtracted. Nuts falling on the floor also mean the loss of a point. The music starts suddenly and then stops again — about three times. Peanuts then are counted to see which couple has won — those opposite each other being partners.

**Funny Movies:** Guests draw from a hat slips of paper on which they will find the word smile, frown, laugh, giggle, or other similar words. After the drawing all those having the same word collect in one corner of the room. They are given five or ten minutes to think up a stunt to perform in which their word is used. After all the stunts are performed award a prize to those who have the funniest stunt and to the persons who were able to guess the word used in each stunt.

**What's on the Billboard?:** This can be a real laugh getter if the person pinning on the advertisements chooses players that "suit the ad". One person is placed before the audience with his back toward the crowd, and a large advertisement is pinned to his back. The audience tries to point out resemblances between the object advertised and the person, or they may ask leading questions which contain a clue. The person wearing the ad tries to guess what he is advertising by listening to clues from the audience.

### RIDDLES

What is the best thing out? An aching tooth.

What is always behind time? The back of a clock.

Why is a peddler like the covers on a bed? Because he usually gets turned down.

Why should a man always wear a watch when he travels in the desert? Because every watch has a spring in it.

Why do you always put on your left shoe last? If you have put on one, the other is left.

Why is coffee like an ax with a dull edge? Because it must be ground before it is used.

When is it a good thing to lose your temper? When it's a bad one.

What is better than presence of mind in an accident? Absence of body.

Why is there no such thing as an entire day? Because each one begins by breaking.

When is a wall like a fish? When it is scaled.

Why is a hat like a king? Because both have crowns.



## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

National Library Week will be observed April 12-18 with the challenge "to create a better-read, better-informed America by encouraging lifetime reading habits and stimulating greater library use." Following are some books you may enjoy checking out from your library.

*Homeland: A Report from the Country* (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$4.50) by Hal Borland contains a series of reports written as quarterly articles for *The Progressive*, each treating a season of the years from 1964-68. Readers acquainted with his previous books know Mr. Borland is a poet and philosopher, besides being a countryman. The dispatches add up to a statement of affirmation:

"What can a man believe in? I suppose it depends on what a man is looking for, but I know that if you watch a nesting bird and experience a mid-summer dawn you can't fail to believe in something. In life and time, if nothing else. Given those, almost anything is possible that a man might want."

Mr. Borland reminds us that our lives are bounded by truth, the truthful elements, the way things are and not the way we shape them. He says that April is the epitome of integrity, of truth in action.

"April is what we think of when we



Margery knew that her little great nephew had really accepted her when he came with a book and climbed up on her lap. He points to the animals and birds in the pictures and calls them out by name.

are full of idealism and hope . . . April is what the best dreams and the highest motives might make of life, for it is spring and beginnings. It is hepaticas in bloom and violets in bud. It is green grass, young, tender, reaching out to cover the whole of this scarred, battered earth with healing green."

In *Homeland* Hal Borland says we can't waste a season. Perhaps this is the day you can walk about the countryside and enjoy April.

In *Review Pictures I've Kept* (Doubleday & Co., \$7.95) is the book Dwight David Eisenhower edited using condensations of certain significant sections from four of his previous books. In his own words he recalls memories

of his boyhood, his distinguished military career, and the White House years. A number of the photographs of the late President and others are shown for the first time outside the Eisenhower family album. Together, the text and pictures provide a self-portrait of a man whose dignity can never be surpassed.

When President Eisenhower had his final news conference at the White House, he was asked to sum up his idea of what kind of United States he would like his grandchildren to live in. His answer: He hoped they might live "in a peaceful world . . . enjoying all of the privileges and carrying forward all the responsibilities envisioned for the good citizen of the United States, and this means among other things the effort always to raise the standards of our people in their spiritual, intellectual, and economic strength." Really, that's what life is — privileges and responsibilities.

*The Emily Post Book of Etiquette for Young People* (Funk and Wagnalls, \$5.95) by Elizabeth Post was written with one idea in mind: to make the process of becoming an adult as easy and as much fun as possible. The "why" of writing the book is because young people have to get along with adults as well as with each other. The "Wherefore" is that certain basic suggestions or rules will make life easier for the young person and those around him.

She repeats the very simple meaning of etiquette: good common sense linked to thoughtfulness for others. Its purpose is to make a person more attractive and easier to get along with. Both young persons and adults will gain wise information and confidence from the book. Mrs. Post writes a sentence that is so true, "Courtesy begins at home."

If you are interested in how to guide your child into a good relationship with books, read *A Parent's Guide to Children's Reading* by Nancy Larrick. Now revised and enlarged, this is the third edition of a book first published in 1958. We know how reading helps a person to grow and develop, to develop a sense of values, to become a more secure person. Your example will certainly influence your child's life. Included is an annotated list of favorite books for boys and girls. (Hard-cover book, \$5.95, paperback, \$9.95.) If your regular bookseller does not have copies, you may order the hard-cover book of *A Parent's Guide to Children's Reading* from Doubleday and Co., Garden City, New York. For the paperback edition, send 95¢ plus 15¢ per copy for handling and postage to Mail Service Department, Pocket Books, a division of Simon and Schuster, 1 West 39th St., New York, New York 10018.



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## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder



A reader wants to know why her five-year-old apple tree refuses to bloom. "Our apple tree looks perfectly healthy and has grown into a nice size, but it has never bloomed," writes Mrs. T. H., Iowa. "Last spring I sprayed the foliage just as new leaves appeared with an all-purpose fruit spray. Could this have prevented it from flowering? Should we plant another variety of apple nearby for pollination?"

Your apple tree will not bear fruit until it flowers, of course, but it is old enough at five years to begin production. Most nursery fruit trees have tops that are 1 or 2 years old and it usually takes 4 to 7 years after planting before they will produce (some of the new dwarf trees are exceptions). Tree health and environment, bearing habits, and cultural practices all have some bearing on when a tree will set fruit. Those that grow vigorously usually begin to bear earlier than others.

Spraying your tree does not prohibit bloom unless the material was applied so strongly that it "burned" the tender growth. Proper spraying at the right time with a good fruit spray will take care of disease and insect pests and assure a better crop.

All fruit trees require pollination to produce fruit. Even if an apple tree blooms abundantly, it will not bear unless adequately pollinated. With the exception of Golden Delicious, most apple varieties are self unfruitful. It is generally best to plant at least two varieties together. Some varieties are poor pollen producers such as Staymen, Baldwin and Rhode Island Greening.

Occasionally certain apple trees bear heavily one year and scarcely at all the following year. This is known as biennial bearing. It is difficult to change or correct but it may be helped by picking off part of the fruit in a heavy-bearing year before it can mature. This should be done about 30 days after blooming when the apples are very small. This will allow the tree to use some of its strength to produce flower buds for the coming year. Many nurseries give the fruit-bearing habit of the apple trees offered in their catalog descriptions.

Every tomorrow has hope and another chance.

Take advantage of both.

## YOU . . . UNTO OTHERS

There is much in the nature of man that makes him want to be accepted as a fellow human being. That acceptance affirms his desire for achievement, pride, affection, even love.

One's relationship with others, therefore, is based on how they accept him.

Some people have that natural knack for being liked, being understood. No unusual effort is required to be "in" with everybody who is anybody.

Others, however, must learn how to develop that certain sensitivity, that human spark, to enable them to get along with people and to make themselves accepted.

What does it take?

Psychologists have written volumes on the subject.

No volumes here. Just one vital characteristic: *Think in terms of the other person.* That glow of friendship begins

when you show that you are interested in that other person. And he becomes a friend who will impart, as Sir Francis Bacon noted, his "... griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart."

Listen carefully and show your concern, for you hold your own acceptance as a fellow human being within yourself.

The camelia is the namesake of Camellius, a Jesuit priest; Anders Dahl, a Swedish botanist named the dahlia, and Pierre Magnol is responsible for the magnolia. An American physician, Casper Wister, responded with the wisteria, while Dr. Alexander Garden of Charleston, South Carolina, gave us the gardenia.

Joe Poinsett, minister to Mexico in 1851, introduced the poinsettia to the United States, where it has become a part of our Christmas decor. —M. Fuller



The KITCHEN-KLATTER radio program is like  
having a friend drop in for a chat.

Tune in each weekday for one of the following stations:

KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KLIN	Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 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.



## GET AN EARLY START ON MAY BASKETS

by  
Erma Reynolds

The hanging of May baskets is such a pretty custom. On the night of May first, children creep up to the door of friends, hang a pretty basket filled with goodies on the knob, knock or ring the bell, and then run away before they are caught.

If this is not a traditional observance in your neighborhood, why not introduce it this year? It brings so much pleasure to children, and keeps small fingers occupied for many happy hours in preparation.

Here are suggestions for simple types of baskets that the children can make, with perhaps a little help from mother.

One of the easiest to construct is the cornucopia. From colorful wallpaper, cut a circle measuring eight-inches across. Roll paper into a cone, overlapping the edges, which are fastened



About all it takes to make May baskets is a few materials and enthusiastic children, such as Teresa, Ted and Ann Black. Their father, Val, who prints *Kitchen-Klatter*, and his wife Julie have two other children, Tim and Tony.

with glue, tape, or staples. To decorate the top edge, fringe it, cut with pinking shears, or glue on rickrack. Fasten sturdy paper ribbon, or a loop of the wallpaper, to inside top edge to serve as a handle.

Lace doilies make dainty baskets. Using two doilies together, they may be folded into a half circle or cornucopia shape. Lace narrow ribbon or yarn through the doily wherever you wish to hold it together. Make a handle of ribbon, and decorate with sequins or flower stickers.

Take a square of bright-colored paper, any size. Fold each corner into the middle and crease the fold. Turn the square over and turn the corners in again. The rest is just shaping. Turn the smaller square over. Push the center up and the corners down to form four pockets. Attach a handle and decorate.

Large paper drinking cups, small cereal boxes, or cut-down milk cartons, make good foundations for Maybaskets.

"Snowflakes" cut from paper doilies, floral seals, sequins, artificial flowers, rickrack — all make effective trimmings for the baskets.

To be certain a handle will hold its load of goodies, sew it on, or staple it, rather than relying on paste.

Candy, small cookies, colored popcorn, gum, shell nuts, all make tasty fillings for the baskets.

After the baskets are filled, tuck a bit of paper inside bearing this sort of message: "To Betsy from Jane." Even though a donor tries not to be seen, it would be a shame to remain anonymous after working so long and diligently on the May baskets.

And don't forget — please do not forget — to suggest to your children that they hang the prettiest of the May baskets on the doorknobs of shut-ins, or elderly neighbors.

## THIS AND THAT

by  
Helene B. Dillon

APRIL! It's time to have a Spring Brunch . . . get out of those drab clothes and get into something bright and beautiful . . . "carry a big stick" and go poking for tiny green shoots half buried in the sodden blanket of leaves . . . bend your ear and hear the throbbing of Spring as it moves over the earth.

\*\*\*\*\*

APRIL is much like a fickle woman — bright and sunny one minute and suddenly cool and forbidding.

\*\*\*\*\*

It isn't too early to hoard the pennies for that summer vacation.

\*\*\*\*\*

Can you take a lesson from the violet and spring back stronger and more beautiful than ever after being "cut back"? Can you?

\*\*\*\*\*

Someone has said,  
"Pleasures are like poppies spread;  
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed."

\*\*\*\*\*

To me the beginning of Spring is a sort of cleansing of ourselves — a coming out of our shells revealing the great joy we behold in God's perfect creation. When we begin this "new life" let us be reminded of these words, "Let us not clutter up today with the leavings of other days."

\*\*\*\*\*

A sure way to dig out of the doldrums is: polish your windows to the tune of a cardinal's song . . . get out the beautiful material you stashed away.

\*\*\*\*\*

If you enjoy Pearl S. Buck do read her newest novel, *The Three Daughters of Madame Liang*. This is a novel of China today, yesterday and tomorrow and through the magic of Pearl Buck's great gift of words you learn much about the great country of China and its people.

### SHOPPING FOR SEWING — Concluded

I chatter all the way. (Do men enjoy sewing chatter — or just enjoy having their wives to keep them company?) Anyway, I've picked and chosen, and bought a bagful of "sewing dreams" to take home and make my dreams come true. Safely tucked away in the back of my mind are all those new ideas, those new products, that I now know can be bought as I need them.

So won't you dream along with me? With all the dazzling new products available to us who sew for the Seventies, surely for dresses, as for dreams:

" . . . The best is yet to be."



## LOVE SONG TO A FAITHFUL FRIEND

I think of all the things I clean  
and scrub and wipe each spring:  
The walls and halls and windows...  
why, almost everything!

The picture frames are grimy,  
the stair rails need a touch.  
There's grease up on the ceiling...  
it really is too much!

It's then that I remember  
my good old "friend in need":  
It's **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**,  
the housewife's friend, indeed.  
For this great low-suds cleaner  
its chores will never shirk.  
As I go through the motions,

**Kitchen-Klatter** does the work!  
I recommend you get it

At your friendly grocery store;  
You'll wonder how you ever  
got through housecleaning before.

**Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**



## APRIL CAME

I dreamed in February  
Of April flowers swift growing.  
Now my dream has come to me,  
Soft April winds are blowing.

I dreamed in cold gray winter  
Of April rain drops falling.  
Now April grass is greening  
And April robins calling.

I dreamed in February  
And all my dreams came true,  
Because bright April came to me  
With days of gold and blue.

—Harverna Woodling

## FOOTPRINTS

I walked the road to sorrow,  
A road so dark with care,  
So lonely, I was certain  
That no one else was there.

But suddenly around me  
Were beams of light, stretched wide;  
And then I saw that Someone  
Was walking by me side.

And when I turned to notice  
This road which I had trod,  
I saw two sets of footprints —  
My own — and those of God. —Unknown

## BRIDAL SHOWER — Concluded

1. In what was the punch served?  
Pitcher plant
2. What sweets were served? Butter-  
cups
3. What chocolates? Bittersweet
4. What cookies? Lady fingers  
*The Wedding Journey:*
1. What did the bride leave behind?  
Bleeding hearts
2. What did she tell them? Forget-  
me-not
3. How many people watched them  
depart? Phlox
4. What speeded them on their jour-  
ney? Rocket
5. What did everyone wish for them?  
Sweet peas (sweet peace)

*Presenting the Gifts:* If you would like to have the gifts hidden about the house, attach a little butterfly to one end of a long string with a package tied to the other end. Hide the packages but leave the butterflies so that they can be seen. When it is gift-opening time, tell the bride she is to "go chase butterflies". Provide her with a butterfly net to catch her gift. When she spies a butterfly she follows the string until she finds the package.

*Make a keepsake butterfly pillow* for the bride by cutting two large butterflies from nylon net in one of the party colors. Trim with sequins and ribbons. Sew the two together to form a pillow, leaving a place open along one side. As the bride opens her packages, one of her attendants might be asked to place the bows in the pillow.



Natalie and Lisa Nenneman found a sunny spot on the floor of the library at Great-Grandmother Driftmier's house and busily occupied themselves with scissors and paper. Ordinarily, of course, Lisa would be using blunt-bladed scissors but for the picture she wanted to use the "grown-up" ones.

## DON'T BE DEAF!

### TEAR OUT THIS AD!

If you act now, you can get a wonderful FREE 16-page book that may help you hear again—with both ears. Know who's talking, where sounds come from, and what's been said.

Simple words and pictures show new Beltone aids created for folks who won't wear a hearing aid for fear of being conspicuous. It may be the answer to your prayers! Write for it today.

For your second chance at happiness at home, with friends, at work—write for this valued Beltone book, "New Hope for the Hard-of-Hearing." Write to Dept. 4408, Beltone Electronics Corp., 4201 West Victoria, Chicago, Ill. 60646.



## April-shower Fresh



That spring-like fragrance means just one thing: **BLUE DROPS** clean clear through! Super-cleaning strength and new high-brighteners guarantee a completely clean wash, with dazzling whites and brighter colors. See for yourself! Get **BLUE DROPS** at your grocer's before next washday.

## Kitchen-Klatter BLUE DROPS

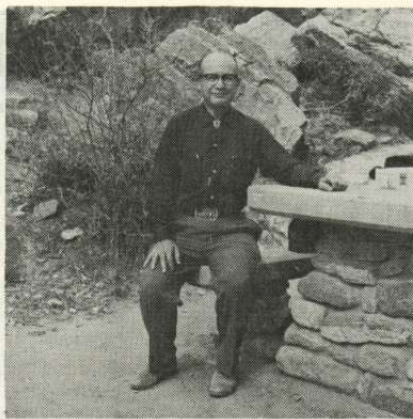


**MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded**

San Diego since the climax of World War II, and have seen the city grow from around 60,000 to around 600,000. Having lived so long in the area, they are familiar with everything of interest to the visitor. Again here days were filled from morning till evening. Three highlights were Balboa Park with its fabulous zoo, Mission Bay with its many ships (foreign freighters as well as our navy), and Sea World, the world's largest oceanarium-park. Each one is worthy of an article, and more, but space won't permit much detail at this time, so I'll try to tell you more at a later date.

It was great seeing the Pacific Ocean again after 23 years! When we were visiting with my cousin Gene, his wife and their children one evening, I said that Oliver and I would surely have to manage a trip out to California together sometime. This is one of the few states Oliver hasn't seen so when that time comes it certainly won't be in and out again in four days!

Sincerely,  
Margery



Philip Field at the picnic table.

**DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded**

out unusually early the next morning to check the trap. Sure enough he came home with a beaver. We weighed it after its fur had dried, and it weighed a trifle over 48 lbs.

I hope by the time I write next month some of the early field work will be started.

Sincerely,  
Dorothy

**FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded**

other shop of its kind, and if your service is fast and pleasant, and honest. But along with all of this, you must be willing to work eighteen hours a day, six days a week! If you cannot meet these standards, my advice would be to leave it alone." He decided to leave it alone.

By the time you get this letter Easter will be another beautiful memory. Isn't it a wonderful day? If our religion did not have Easter as a special holy day, we would have to think of something to take its place for at this time of the year every tree, every flower, every blade of grass just seems to shout a resurrection faith. I always have liked that little verse by Ralph W. Seager that says:

Spring itself is Resurrection!  
Bough and bud combine to prove  
That death is a temporal imperfection  
Through which all of Life must move.

Sincerely, *Frederick*

**STATIONERY - Concluded**

for a couple of weeks. (Experiment a bit with carrot tops and parsley for "ferns" in your designs - you'll be surprised.)

So exercise your imagination in choosing flowers and greenery, and exercise it some more in arranging those items in an individualistic way. Work carefully, and you'll soon have lovely stationery for yourself, for gifts, and - most certainly - for compliments!

**ONCE UPON AN ISLAND - Concluded**

was the cry of the wind through twisted branches, the chilling yowl of the coyote as a distant train rumbled through the dark. Or, perhaps it was that profound feeling of shared isolation. The Island had been our common ground, welding us together. Without it, the bond was gone. Memories, memories - how strange, this bittersweet nostalgia that had struck with overwhelming force after half a lifetime. Is there a very special key that fits into the doorway to the past, when mood and mind and solitude combine to wipe away the present and set the past right there within its place?

As the motor purred to life, a shadow passed across my face. And overhead I heard the whine of silver wings against the sky. A solitary snow goose sailed there aloft, perhaps a tardy sleepyhead. He circled once, dipped down so low I could see the laquered jet of his beak, then whirled away into the rays of the morning sun. He left The Island far behind. And so must I, for the second time.

**YOUR BLOUSE'S NIGHTMARE**

With these horrors to lose sleep over, no wonder your favorite blouse looks limp and worn out in the morning. Send her worries away, by introducing her to **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. She'll be sparkling and new looking every day, now. She'll be bright and sweet, with never a thought of wearing out too soon. That's because **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** contains no harsh chlorine, as so many liquid bleaches do. And no matter how dainty and fragile your blouses (and other fine things - even new synthetics) are, if they're washable, they're bleachable . . . in

**Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**



## "LITTLE ADS"

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

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