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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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—Ludwig Photo

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KITCHEN-KLATTER
MAGAZINE
SHENANDOAH, IOWA
JOSEPH M. LUDWIG



Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Lucile Driftmier Verness,

Margery Driftmier Strom.

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

My! What a joy it is to wind up this April issue of our *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine!

Even though it is printed in March, we've been concentrating on the fact that we're dealing with April; and after the winter we've been through, just the sound of the word April gives our spirits a lift.

It's been many years since we've had such an endless string of dreary, mean-looking days, and Mother and I have had to remind each other frequently that if we must be so totally housebound, at least we're comfortable! That's more than many people have been able to say this winter.

Margery, for instance, has put in many difficult weeks since the first of the year. Her left shoulder and arm had been giving her trouble off and on for quite some time, but she kept on going in the hope that if she ignored the pain it would just go away.

Well, it didn't. None of the treatment she suffered through helped in the least, so the only thing left to do was to have surgery for the removal of calcium deposits in the bones and muscles of her shoulder and arm. This particular surgery is considered very rough, and certainly poor Margery found it to be so. She says it's the hardest ordeal that she's ever been through.

But at least she had one lucky break that we shared with her as a family, and this is the fact that we have a new doctor in town whose speciality is orthopedic surgery. If he were not here this work would have had to be done in Omaha, and it's a worry to have someone that far away, particularly with the bad weather we've endured so much of the time.

This is the longest Marge has been out of the running since she started broadcasting and rounding up the magazine a good many years ago. Fortunately, we've had loyal and faithful help to turn to during this period, so with

everyone pitching in we've kept going right along. Marge wants me to be sure and say that she has much appreciated your "Get Well" cards and letters. They really do make a difference when you're hospitalized.

At the last report my Albuquerque house still had not been restored to its original condition. The plumbers finally made it so the bursted pipes have been repaired, but the water-saturated carpet has not been relaid. There was a tremendous backlog of calls to be taken care of and they really were more urgent than my situation, everything considered, so until the carpet people get there I won't know if the former carpet can be relaid or if I must start out all over again.

Our mail has been full of reports on the Los Angeles earthquake. It seems there is scarcely a Midwesterner without relatives or dear friends in that area, so after reading all of these letters we feel that we've had a very unvarnished account of what really happened out there. Yet even with many, many reports it is totally impossible to imagine the terror of an earthquake unless you've actually been through one.

'Way back in 1937, Russell and I went through a very heavy quake in Mexico City. It did extensive damage to the house we were living in, and we were so shaken by the experience that we stayed out in the yard day and night for a full week while the aftershocks kept coming. With each one we thought that our last minute had arrived.

What we always remembered more vividly than anything else about that earthquake was the tremendous roar. People describe a tornado as sounding like a heavy freight train rumbling along, but the earthquake we experienced sounded like a thousand freight trains right underneath the house. We had to scream above it and we were in the same bed! Tornadoes are terrifying, of course, but they are child's play compared to the monstrous shock of a full scale earthquake. When the very ground rolls beneath your feet you feel

that THIS IS IT. No wonder so many, many people in the Los Angeles area said that they thought the end had come.

During this housebound winter Eula and I have gotten constant entertainment out of Abe. He is an extremely intelligent little dog (too smart for his own good, as they say) and has learned an amazing number of tricks. He can outwit both of us when he puts his mind to it, and if you think this doesn't leave you feeling peculiar you are very much mistaken. To date he has only been out of the house twice, and those were brief trips to the veterinarian for his shots. He spends quite a bit of time looking out the windows and studying things, but so far he has never made the slightest effort to slip through the front door or back door when they are opened. This is a great relief to me since Jakey-Boy was outside as much as he was inside. I got off on the wrong foot with him and I didn't want to make the same mistake with Abe.

I feel wonderfully lucky to have at least two long, long letters from Juliana every week with detailed reports on everything that's taking place. Some of my friends tell me that they just never hear anything from distant sons and daughters unless they telephone, so I think Juliana does well to get off these letters.

James is now completely dependable out in front and plays for two or three hours at a stretch with David, his little friend next door. They never wander off but stay right where they're supposed to stay with their trikes, pedal cars, etc. David is six months older and they have their spats from time to time, of course, but most of the time they get along very well together and have a lot of fun.

James rattles away on the telephone sometimes when I call and tells me what he has been doing. Last week he said that he had just made a "big batch of jelly bean soup" and also a "licious mud pie." Juliana is most fortunate never to have had a feeding problem with him, and the one thing he wouldn't eat at an earlier date (potatoes) is now a big favorite when "grapy" goes with it. He has always enjoyed highly spiced food and it certainly surprised me when he asked for meat sauce at 18 months!

Katharine has finally made up with the camera and consequently Juliana has sent some darling color shots that really give me a good idea of her development. She creeps all over the house at lightning speed and walks hanging on to things. After much fretfulness and misery, particularly at night, she at last cut a big collection of teeth, and from the pictures it looks

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FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

A few nights ago I was telling one of our dinner guests about the time my father thought that my school chum was one of his own children. We were all seated at the dinner table when father started to correct the table manners of my chum with comments that obviously indicated he thought he was correcting one of his own! How embarrassed he was when we set him straight on that score. Laughing at my story, our dinner guest told me how his mother used to dress all of her seven children just alike, being ready to explain it by saying: "Oh yes we like to dress them all alike. When they were younger, I dressed them alike so that we wouldn't lose any of them, but now I dress them alike so that we won't pick up any that don't belong to us."

When our David was home from the University of Massachusetts for a few days, we had several good visits about the attitudes of young people today. As I listened to him telling me his personal convictions on matters of war and peace, on the problem of pollution, and on the concern of the young for the population explosion, I could not help but be proud of him and proud of all the other young people who have much fear and who feel very insecure about the future of mankind. Without a doubt there is a passionate sense of justice which comes out in the feelings of youth about war and about the race issue. So too is there a very real sense of solidarity with the sin and suffering of all our fellow men.

I am one who shudders and turns his head away from the wildly disordered manner of dress of the young, but still in my heart I know that most young people deserve our understanding and our salute for a job well done. There is in so many of the young an inescapable sense of responsibility, of being one's brother's keeper, and thus it is that anything other than some kind of a universal program to help the poor and the outcast is a moral impossibility. The idea of a "great society in one world" simply will not let us go.

It seems to me that the young people today have a keen sensitivity for what it is that makes people — men and women and boys and girls of every race and nationality — more important than political theories and production schedules. We need young thinking to keep us awake to the fact that one cannot lay down in advance absolutes of right and wrong for all occasions, and then fit persons to them. For as the Bible says: "The Sabbath is made for man, not man for the Sabbath." Persons are more important than princi-



The Rev. Frederick Driftmier.

ples. Believe me, I simply cannot accept much of what passes for modern attitudes toward sex, but I must admit that many young people today are genuinely looking for a morality that cuts deeper, is more searching and less superficial than the standard hand-me-down rules of their elders. So often I have quoted to young people in our church a statement by Sir Edward Boyle, a former Minister of Education in Great Britain, who said, "Never has there been more serious discussion of the human love relationship than is going on today . . . I believe young people can be brought to realize that a close personal relationship can be either the most life-enhancing and joyous or, alternatively, the most destructive thing on earth."

Whenever our daughter Mary Leanna has been here in the house alone for an evening, she has complained about all the "spooky sounds". Tonight I am alone in the house while Betty is attending a meeting at the church, and now I know what Mary Leanna means about "spooky sounds". This house really does have some, and I have spent the past hour trying to identify and catalogue them so that the next time any member of the family has to be here alone there will be at hand a complete list of all the little creaks and groans and moans that might sound off. Check my list against one of your own for your house and see how they compare.

1. Steam pounding through the heat pipes.
2. Wind in the chimney.
3. Motor of the refrigerator.
4. Scratching sound in the humidifier.
5. Beams in the floor contracting or expanding.
6. Branches of shrubbery moving across downstairs window.
7. Motor of deep freezer in the base-

ment.

8. Air current from hot air register rustling drapery.

9. Dripping pipe in toilet reservoir.

10. Banging of a loose awning on side porch.

11. Moth caught in an indirect lamp fixture.

Ah, but the real place for night noises is down at the church! Some night I am going to have our church sexton help me to identify all the strange and scary sounds that I hear every night I work late in my church study. I swear that sometimes I hear all the sounds of dozens of people moving around in areas where there are supposed to be no people at all. I have even seen watchdogs frightened by some of the spookiest church noises. We usually have two college boys living in a little apartment in the church parish house, but the last ones moved out because they were bothered by the sounds at night.

Did you see the Sunday comic strip a few weeks ago that showed a young boy and his father talking about a "Rev. Mr. Ames"? Here in our church we all got such a hearty laugh out of it because our Associate Minister is none other than the Rev. Mr. John Willard Ames. Many of our people had seen the comic strip before coming to church on that particular Sunday morning, and what a good time they had kidding Mr. Ames. Without seeing the cartoons themselves, much of the comedy could not be appreciated by you, but there was one cartoon that showed a little boy reading a note from the Rev. Mr. Ames that said: "Dear Ralph, Since I saw your mother out shoveling the snow off your walks, I assume you are ill, and I am writing to say that I hope you get well soon." The husky, healthy boy was reading the note with obvious embarrassment.

Our Mr. Ames came to us from a church down in Florida, and last Sunday he told our Sunday school children all about Florida grapefruit. I was fascinated by the description he gave of the picking and packing process that makes it possible for a grapefruit to be on our breakfast table every day of the year. The grapefruit are washed and scrubbed three times, put through three rinses, and then just before packing are covered with a wax finish. No wonder they cost so much! While telling all of this to our children, Mr. Ames pointed out how many people God has to use just to provide the food for our tables. The children got the point and so did I.

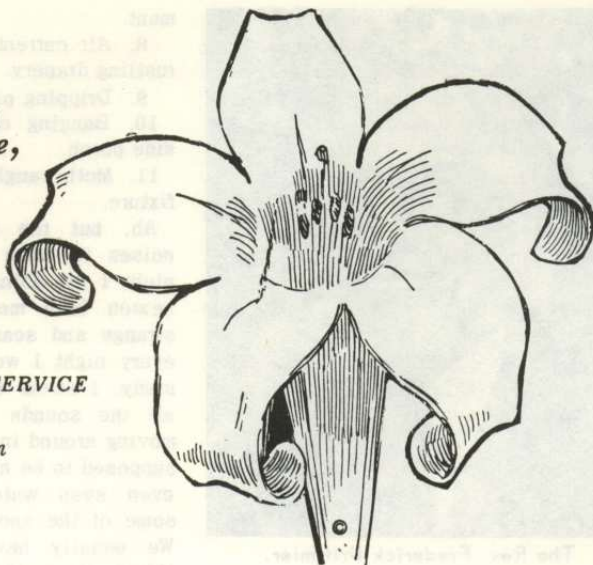
March is the time of the year when about one-fourth of our church membership begins its northward trek to New England after a long winter in Florida.

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Eternal Life, Eternal Joy

AN EASTER WORSHIP SERVICE

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Worship Setting: The completed setting will include a gold cross rising above a central arrangement of Easter lilies with a lighted white taper to the right and front. Sky-blue nylon chiffon draped and swirled softly about the base of the arrangement and the candleholder would add to its effectiveness. Before the service begins, the cross, the chiffon, and the unlighted candle are in place; also the flower holders (these can be styrofoam) concealed by the chiffon or greenery.

The speakers, as indicated in the script, come to the stage carrying sprays of artificial Easter lilies which they place in a holder after speaking their lines. Thus the arrangement is completed when the speakers have finished. The candle is lighted toward the close of the program as indicated.

Prelude: Joyous Easter music.

Call to Worship:

Thou shalt know Him when He comes,
Not by any din of drums,
Nor by vantage of His airs,
Nor by anything He wears,
Neither by His crown
Nor His gown.

But His presence known shall be
By the holy harmony
Which His coming makes in thee.

Hymn: "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today".

Scripture Readings: (By two readers, reading responsively. These readers, as well as the other speakers for the service, might wear choir robes.)

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of singing has come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land. The fig tree puts forth its figs, and the vines are in blossoms: they give forth fragrance.

**REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS:
AGAIN I SAY, REJOICE.**

Now after the Sabbath day, toward the dawn of the first day of the week, Mary

Magdalene and the other Mary went to the sepulchre. And behold, there was a great earthquake; for an angel of the Lord descended from heaven and came and rolled back the stone, and sat upon it. His appearance was like lightning, and His raiment white as snow . . . the angel said to the women, "Do not be afraid: for I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified. He is not here: for He has risen as He said."

THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE: WE WILL REJOICE IN IT AND BE GLAD.

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

BLESSED BE THE GOD AND FATHER OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST! BY HIS GREAT MERCY WE HAVE BEEN BORN ANEW AND TO A LIVING HOPE THROUGH THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS CHRIST FROM THE DEAD.

I am the resurrection and the life: he who believes in me, though he die, yet shall he live, and whoever believes in me shall never die.

WITHOUT HAVING SEEN HIM YOU LOVE HIM; THOUGH YOU DO NOT NOW SEE HIM YOU BELIEVE IN HIM AND REJOICE WITH UNUTTERABLE AND EXALTED JOY.

Prayer:

Drop Thy still dews of quietness
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess,
The beauty of Thy peace.

In these quiet moments, O Lord, fill our hearts with the joy and gladness of Easter, in knowing that because Your Son lives, we, too, shall live. Help us that through this hope and our faith we gain the calmness of spirit and the serenity of outlook to meet the problems of a troubled world. We pray in

the name of Thy Son, our risen Lord.
Amen

Leader:

His Spirit floweth free,
High surging where it will;
In prophet's word He spoke of old —
He speaketh still.
Established in His law,
And changeless it shall stand,
Deep writ upon the human heart,
On sea or land.

He hath eternal life
Implanted in the soul;
His love shall be our strength and stay,
While ages roll.
Praise to the living God!
All praises to His name,
Who was, and is, and is to be,
And still the same. —14th Century

Hymn: "Sing with All the Sons of Glory", or other resurrection song.

Leader: Easter is a day we welcome with joy and gladness because it stands for man's undying hope of immortality — the GOOD NEWS of Jesus Christ. The lily in all its radiant purity, its permeating fragrance, has become a cherished symbol of Easter. Out of the brown bulb springs the glorious Easter lily. Just so Easter comes each year to remind us of the great joy that is ours through the hope of life eternal. So often our values of things eternal are dimmed by the things of the present. Let the Easter lily remind us not to let the events of today eclipse our hope of tomorrow and of the eternal life that is the gift of Easter. I have asked some helpers to share with us some thoughts on the hope and promise of Easter.

First Speaker: To some people Easter's greatest meaning is that they get a new hat or new clothes. To me Easter is much more than that. It is a time for newness, but in such a different sense. Just as the radiant lily springs forth from the small brown bulb, so my hope soars as once again Easter reminds me that I can shed my old prejudices and hate, discard old differences, forget past mistakes and worries, and begin anew, striving to become a new person through the gift of the risen Christ. How wonderful to have this assurance, to have our faith renewed to become a new person ready to meet today's needs!

This spring we need the faith that Jesus taught,
More surely now than in the ages past;
We need the strength to meet the fierce onslaught
Of madmen who have set the world agast.
This spring we need the courage Jesus showed
While dying on the cross for others' shame;

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Emily Driftmier has taken a lively interest in sewing and makes many of her own dresses and slacks.

"Mama, Mama!" The two little girls held their long calico skirts out of the way of their bare feet as they raced each other toward the log cabin. Bursting in, breathless, their words spilled out helter-skelter. "Somebody's coming!" "A horse and rider - see?"

Puffs of dust rose behind the horse, on the rough dirt trail leading to the homestead. Their mother smoothed her dark hair and slipped off her voluminous calico print apron, reaching to hang it on a peg behind the door. Under it, spotless, was a white cambric apron, crisply starched and ironed. Now she was prepared to receive this unexpected caller . . .

A bit of pioneer history? Yes, it is - but aprons do have a good deal of history behind their story. Some super-particular housewives, a century ago, wore aprons layered like onionskin - an outer, work apron, then a pretty bright print, and last, the white one for special company. Others wore only one apron, but kept a fresh one hanging handy on that convenient peg behind the door.

Aprons, and little girls' pinafores, proved particularly practical and useful in cold climates, where a winter wardrobe consisted of one (or possibly two) wool dresses in a dark shade chosen because it didn't show soil readily. These woolen dresses weren't washed, either, just "spot cleaned" with an occasional dab of a dampened cloth, or sometimes thoroughly brushed. Removable collars and cuffs of washable fabric were often used (remember those Pilgrim collars?) and generous, cover-all aprons went over the dress. For schoolgirls, checked gingham pinafores became accepted wear for school, with a "Sunday best" pinafore of starched white fabric, ruffled over the shoulders, trimmed perhaps with eyelet embroidery or a bit of handwork.

When the settlers began to surge westward, the women's aprons served a multitude of purposes. As, to gather up the scattered dozen baby chicks as the thunder rumbled ominously on the horizon and the gusts of chill wind carried the unmistakable tang of rain

sweeping toward them. Corners looped up to form a big pocket, an apron served to gather eggs or kindling. A bashful child sometimes took refuge under its comforting folds. The corners wiped a toddler's tears, served as a potholder to slide the cornbread from the oven, or hastily dried dishwater from the owner's hands. Indispensable indeed! And I recently ran across an old-time pattern for an ingenious "gathering" apron, cut almost circular, and with a drawstring casing around all the edge not attached to the waistband. To use it, the woman pulled the drawstring up to form the size pouch she needed; this way, you see, both hands were free to gather eggs or dry cobs for the fire, or fresh roasting ears from the patch out back.

We no longer live in pioneer times, but aprons are popular still. Why? Well, they're quite practical even yet. Variations by the dozen offer something to please everyone, for many uses and wildly different preferences. Besides, they're a pleasure to make. For some women, the making of aprons is a relaxing hobby, an "extra" done after everything required is finished. She may plan the style first and buy special pattern, fabric, and trim; more often, she looks at supplies she has in the house, and designs a new creation on the spur of the moment. (This is surely half the fun!) This sort of creative make-do satisfies the thrifty instinct, to have something both attractive and useful, for only pennies in cost.

You find so many styles to choose from, that it's hard to know where to begin. You still see pinafores for little girls, many of them worn strictly "for pretty". (Incidentally, though, they work wonders as "bibs" when you have dinner at Grandma's house - a pinafore will catch the spills, yet save the small girl's new-found dignity too.)

For heavy housecleaning, you'll find that a cover-all apron with pockets is

the most useful. At the very top of this list is the cobbler-style apron, for comfort and for the convenience of its deep, roomy pockets all across the lower front at such a handy level. To improve still further on its usefulness for some seasons of the year, why not make a cobbler-type topper, that requires no blouse beneath it? It could be made with only slight pattern alterations; such a top would be perfect over skirt or slacks for gardening, or housecleaning. You'd need to cut armholes and neckline higher, fitting closely as does your favorite sleeveless blouse, and close the back opening with buttons or a zipper all the way down. Using a no-iron broadcloth-weight blend, you'll find this topper both comfortable and convenient for gardening or yard work, during hot weather.

A half apron is a favorite to slip on quickly while fixing a meal, since it protects the area most often smudged or spattered as you work with food. This style slips on and off quickly, without mussing your hair, too. Many women love to "run up" one of these, gathered on a band, with waistline ties. But have you tried making them the easy way, using a plastic apron clip? This clip slides out for laundering, and surely simplifies sewing the apron. For, you see, a clip-apron only needs a heading such as you find at the top of your curtains. No gathering to do, no ties to make. The fabric opens out flat as a tea towel (easy to iron if the goods requires it) and takes only seconds to slip back onto the clip. Incidentally, it's also quite comfortable to wear. One clip serves for several fresh aprons, so the expense of the clip is insignificant. (It costs less than a dollar, anyway.)

A couple of terry hand towels can make a quick, but very practical, apron. Using twill tape or sturdy grosgrain ribbon, add a strap over each shoulder. Slip it over your head and mark your natural waistline at each side; slip it off, and add ties at the markings. This apron absorbs splashes, making it a good choice when you're washing dishes or bathing the baby. This same "poncho-top" idea could be used with rectangles of sport denim, with a nonsense pocket, for a man's barbecue apron.

Party aprons, for the hostess and her helpers to wear only while serving, are often made from frilled nylon net, with imaginative trim of felt or sequins. Or from a dozen dainty paper napkins, the prettiest you can find, with one edge sewed to grosgrain ribbon for waistband and ties. (On this one, you tear off and discard the top napkin, each time it becomes soiled.) A word of caution here, though: be careful around

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MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

As I said in my letter last month, time surely does fly. Paul and I have celebrated our birthdays; his thirteenth, and I shall smile demurely about mine. It comes as no little shock to me to realize that, as young as I feel, I am the second oldest teacher in our building at the Academy. I should hasten to add that our building houses only the lower grades, namely first through sixth, so the more mature (ahem!) staff is in the upper school. However, when you consider how large a segment of the population is under twenty-four years of age, it really isn't surprising that I am a senior member of the staff. Makes me feel a bit of an advisor to these young things that buzz about. (They don't seek me out as an advisor, so I suppose that sort of thing is passé, too.)

For our nearly mutual birthdays we treated ourselves to a trip to Chicago. For Paul it meant a much-awaited visit again to his favorite museums. He is terrifically interested in the heavens and the star movements, so we squeezed in some time at the Adler Planetarium. I didn't partake of all the hiking and tramping through the marbled halls of wisdom. I have had a new artificial limb ordered since last October, and Chicago is the closest office for the manufacturer from whom I have bought them for lo! these many years. It was time to return to their office for another fitting and this is undoubtedly my most dreaded occupation. I nearly go berserk waiting the hours which *must* be endured in order to get a new limb. I take knitting and books and still it is a frustrating time of idleness. I have been walking around the classroom hoping against hope that this antique, worn-out limb I now possess will hold out just a few more months. We had ourselves a meal out in Chicago, and so all in all it was a really nice day.

Our birthdays came during spring vacation from the Academy. These children really put in very stiff studying hours, so when they get their vacations the school gives them enough time off to adequately rest their minds and spirits. It gave me enough time to get caught up on house cleaning and to rest. It gave Katharine the time to get out and make calls about our territory. I should hasten to mention to you that I am selling cosmetics. Because my oldest daughter is not the possessor of a driver's license yet (thank heavens) I must drive her to and from my territory. Way last December we were eager to buy some cosmetics that are always so nice to give and receive for Christmas, but for the first time in years I received no call from a cosmetic sales-



Katharine, 15-year-old daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Donald Driftmier, is a sophomore in high school.

lady. After some not-too-difficult sleuthing we found a saleslady, but she came from quite a distance. I bemoaned the lack of salespeople to their district manager and, in passing, mentioned to her that the children were holders of some of their stock. It did seem unfortunate that we could not buy their products when we wanted them. And before I knew it I had said for goodness sake I would sell it. Before you could shake your head twice, I had signed a contract for a year. I really do love this brand of cosmetics, so we consider that we're doing our neighbors and friends a literal favor to be able to supply them with these extraordinary toiletries.

One little thing led to another and Katharine was soon filling orders from her friends for their 'neat' teen-age toiletries. So I decided that any girl who could work in an antique shop and run it for the owner single handed every Saturday could justifiably be allowed to delight in the profits of sell-

FULL CYCLE

WINTER

White warm blanket drawn
Shutting out the bumbling world
Brings oblivion.

SPRING

As gentle rain falls
Earthbound shoots stretching upward
Burst into beauty.

SUMMER

Lush green foliage
Hides ever-quickenening life
Until fulfilment.

AUTUMN

Bountiful harvest
Realizing earth's sure promise
Bestows joy and peace. —Inez C. Ladd

ing other products. She has more and more taken over the bookwork, but we always go out together to do the selling. I would never consider allowing her to go alone into a stranger's home as young as she is. There is no objection to her delivering the pretties when they are mailed to us from the regional office. She has turned this into a very nice nest egg for college.

She has a bank account (not, I might add, earmarked for the feeding and caring of her horse) set up entirely for the college of our choice. She is going to have to think seriously of a college soon. I never realized that entrance into a college was such a far-in-advance arrangement.

It may seem peculiar to state that she will pick out a college of our choice, but, as we have reminded the children often times, they are living in a state of benevolent dictatorship here at our house. They have as much freedom to do as they please as we can possibly give them, but we still retain final control over what they do, and this will surely be felt on the decision of a college. By next year I hope we'll have time to take her to visit several campuses to determine if they have the courses she will want to major in. I have a cousin in Tiffin, Ohio, who is a college professor at Heidelberg College, and still another cousin at a university in Mississippi. She has her heart rather set upon a small college in Rockford, Illinois, but it is a case of love at first and only sight. She has never seen Donald's college nor mine, so she knows nothing except that a college campus looks lovely and very grown up.

There isn't much else new on our home front. We survived (I surely do hope it is over) the long winter. I remember that in Laura Ingalls Wilder's book *The Long Winter* an Indian told his tribe predicted severe winters every seven years, and every seventh set of seven winters there is an even more difficult one. I must say this seems the worst winter I can remember. The melting snows are running across our basement floor, causing Donald considerable consternation but creating little damage. I can remember one house we had in the parade of the many we've lived in where the rain would run through the lower area of the house in a regular stream. All we had to do was open the lower door and let it run out on the opposite side. In spite of our snow we only had three days severe enough to cancel school, and one of those was because of ice combined with the snow.

Until next month, when we will surely see spring flowers and budding trees, I remain

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

WAYNE AND ABIGAIL GO SKIING

Dear Friends:

The walks and driveway have just been scooped and the bird feeder re-filled. With these little duties taken care of, I can relax and enjoy a lovely spring snowfall. There must be almost twelve inches on the ground now with no indication that the end is close at hand. But I suspect this white beauty is completely lost on the forelorn appearing robins. Unusually mild temperatures this winter deluded them into reacting as if spring arrived on January 21st. They must think summer will never arrive.

In spite of the mild winter, not because of it, Wayne and I managed to gather enough self-discipline and other circumstances to accomplish some long overdue interior painting in our house. Neither of us enjoys this maintenance activity, so we can procrastinate for several years about taking the first step towards getting started. Do you find taking the first step much more difficult than completing the entire unwanted chore? We certainly do. Now, of course, we are pleased with the result of our handiwork and wonder why we waited so long to get started.

The interior walls in most of our rooms are an extremely rough finish plaster. How they could have been painted in the days before rollers were developed is a mystery to me. As it is, all the brush (trim) work is reserved for Wayne because he is so much more accurate than I.

Wayne and I had also intended to give cross-country skiing a good try this past winter. This particular type of skiing has zoomed in popularity around here recently. Neither of us has ever skied although Emily and Clark are both avid fans of the sport. Alpine (downhill) skiing causes many severe injuries because of the speed of movement combined with heavy, rigid boots and bindings. The equipment is quite expensive and so is the cost of tow tickets.

Cross-country (Nordic) skiing is vastly less dangerous because it is done at slow speed on relatively level ground. Thus the skier doesn't build up great momentum. Also the boots are soft and one's heels move up and down from the skis in very light bindings. The equipment is much less expensive and there is no necessity to buy tow tickets. One simply drives to a location where there is substantial snow cover and starts out. Cross-country skiing is rather like hiking with skis on, except that the legs move in more of a gliding motion than a walk. This type of skiing takes one into the quiet countryside, away from the crowds of people. There are not the frustratingly long tow lines to battle. Herein lies



Most of the time Alison has a needle in her hands—this picture is an exception.

the newly found popularity of this type of skiing. Another advantage is that the skier stays more comfortably warm because he is in constant, steady motion.

For our initial cross-country skiing experience we decided to go to the Winter Park Ski Area so that we could take a lesson from a qualified instructor. The temperature was zero degrees, the wind was blowing about 40 miles an hour, and the altitude was about 10,000 feet. In short, the chill factor was about 75 degrees below zero. Yet when we moved out into the forest for our lesson, we were so protected from the wind and cold that in no time we were actually hot.

Our tempting introduction to cross-country skiing came to an abrupt and rather ignominious ending, however. Wayne was standing perfectly still on level ground when somehow he lost his balance and fell down. Nordic skis are much narrower than Alpine skis, so for an absolute novice they make balance more difficult. However, since such falls are slow and easy, you usually don't get hurt. But somehow in the process Wayne sprained the big toe on one foot. In the status world of ski injuries and casts, filled with spiral and compound fractures and other exotic injuries, a toe, sprained, is unheard-of and unheralded. But it brings to a halt further cross-country skiing just as effectively as a full-length body cast; that is, until the injury heals. At the moment the "ski-nut" is back out again, anxious to make up for lost time. Although a sprained toe isn't compatible with skis, it doesn't interfere with a paintbrush. And those newly painted walls and ceilings do look mighty refreshing.

Several weeks ago our minister asked me to take on the job of being in charge of receptions at our church. The

lady who used to handle this assignment moved to Australia. In the meantime the kitchen at the church has been shut down for almost a year. The men of the church had undertaken the very sizeable assignment of turning the old kitchen into a nursery, creating eight new classrooms, and building a new kitchen upstairs adjoining the parish hall.

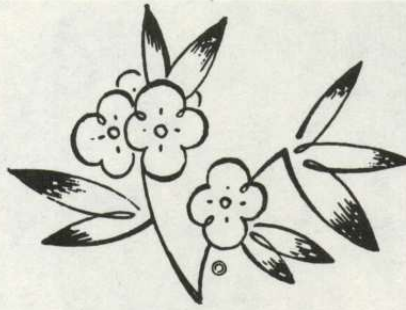
In a year's time a church like ours has quite a turnover in membership, so there weren't a large number of experienced hands to call upon when the first reception was scheduled. But now, after three wedding receptions and one for new confirmands, I'm beginning to feel more comfortable in this assignment. One thing I've learned from experience is that this is a "fun" job. The occasions are always happy events, and the scheduling of these activities is so irregular that it doesn't become tiresome.

Unfortunately I'm afraid I'm going to become a persistent nag to the men of the church until one glaring error in the beautiful new kitchen is corrected. Because it is glaring only to the women who wash dishes there, the men are procrastinating. Not that I blame them; they donated thousands of hours to complete this remodeling project and the thought of a few more must be quite distasteful. However, the impressively handsome stainless steel commercial-type sink they bought was installed without sufficient thought. The fact that the legs on it telescope should have tipped someone off to contemplating the reason. Apparently that didn't happen, and the working crew installed the sink at regular counter height.

The compartments on a commercial sink are made extra deep in order to hold a large quantity of dishes. When

(Continued on page 19)

April Fun



Lazy Fun: Have a large basket or tray filled with all kinds of flowers, sprigs of greenery, flower wire, cord, string, bits of ribbon, and have each woman make a corsage. If your group is at all flower conscious, they will thoroughly enjoy this game.



Spot the Flowers: This is good for a club group. Have a large sign up saying, "Don't pick the flowers — jot them down." The flowers, wild and tame, will be in full view, though disguised. Guests will jot down flower and location. For instance, a safety pin dangles from a window shade — jot down "bachelor's button on window shade" and then go on to search for other clues. Here are some flowers that bloom in queer places and their correct names.

1. Card bearing rows of buttons. (Rose)
2. Memo pad or birthday book. (Forget-me-not)
3. Picture of a hobo. (Rambler)
4. A fox fur and a glove. (Foxglove)
5. A few peas in a saucer of sugar. (Sweet peas)
6. Picture of lion with monocle and cane sketched on it. (Dandelion)
7. Can of coffee or package of breakfast food. (Morning glories)
8. Drinking cup and picture of cow. (Buttercup)
9. A girl's house slipper. (Lady-slipper)
10. Picture of girl applying lipstick. (Tulips)
11. A small kitchen pan. (Pansy)
12. A pair of spectacles safely sewn to card. (Iris)
13. A sheet of paper tacked to wall on which is written "California" and "La"! (Calla)
14. A football placed on piece of paper that contains a picture of someone touching his fingers to his lips. (Chrysanthemum)
15. Sheet from a calendar. (Daisy)



Spring Planting: Answers are names of flowers.

1. Plant a dairy product and a dish with a handle. (Buttercup)
2. Plant a happy facial expression

and a tool used by a woodsman. (Smilax)

3. Plant a man's name and a feather. (Jonquil)
5. Plant a city in England and something that tolls. (Canterbury bells)
6. Plant a part of a train and our whole country. (Carnation)
7. Plant a farm animal and a garment. (Cowslip)
8. Plant a couple of articles and a part of the face. (Tulips)
9. Plant a fowl and something we use in making our toilet. (Cockscomb)
10. Plant a bird and something worn by cowboys. (Larkspur)
11. Plant a quartet and a timepiece. (Four o'clock)
12. Plant a visitor to a dude ranch and a wild animal. (Dandelion)
13. Plant a necessary liquid and an Easter flower. (Water lily)
14. Plant a child's toy and a man's name. (Balsam)
15. Plant a girl's name and a precious metal. (Marigold)
16. Plant a Bible character and something we hate to see. (Job's tears)
17. Plant something dogs do and an extinct animal. (Snapdragon)
18. Plant an animal and an article of clothing. (Foxglove)



Floral Love Story: This old contest is a perennial favorite, so it can well be added to your collection.

1. Her name and the color of her hair. (Marigold)
2. Her brother's name, and what he wrote it with. (Jonquil)
3. Her brother's favorite musical instrument. (Trumpet)
4. With what did his father punish him when he made too much noise? (Goldenrod)
5. What did the boy do? (Balsam)
6. At what time did his father awaken him? (Four o'clock)
7. What did he say to him? (Johnny-jump-up)
8. What office did father hold in church? (Elder)
9. What did she call her lover? (Sweet William)
10. What, being single, did he often lose? (Bachelor's button)
11. What did he do when he proposed? (Aster)

12. What did he lay at her feet? (Bleeding heart)
13. What did she give him in return? (Heartsease)
14. What flower did he cultivate? (Tulips)
15. To whom did she refer him? (Poppy)
16. Who married them? (Jack-in-the-pulpit)
17. When he went away, what did she say to him? (Forget-me-not)
18. With what did she punish her children? (Ladyslipper)
19. What hallowed their last days? (Sweet peas)



Wife's Name: (The answers to these are based on husband's profession.)

1. A civil engineer. (Bridget)
2. A gambler. (Bette)
3. A humorist. (Sally)
4. A clergyman. (Mary)
5. A shoemaker. (Peggy)
6. A sexton. (Belle)
7. A porter. (Carrie)
8. A dancing master. (Grace)
9. An upholsterer. (Sophie)
10. A doctor. (Patience)
11. A fisherman. (Nettie)
12. A lawyer. (Sue)
13. A Pullman conductor. (Bertha)
14. A real estate dealer. (Lottie)
15. A jeweler. (pearl or Ruby)
16. A farmer. (Dell)
17. An animal trainer. (Ceilia)
18. A bird shop owner. (Polly)
19. A geography teacher. (Virginia)
20. A hardware dealer. (Pansy)



Funny Bunnies: Hand out slips of paper with cue words and each guest must find a two-word rhyme to fit. A peppy group will soon be thinking up their own "funny bunnies". Suggestions:

1. A sly hen. (Trickin' chicken)
2. A rude, ill-humored high school girl. (Surlly girlie)
3. A badly frightened man. (Pale male)
4. Color of the sky on a bright July day. (Blue hue)
5. A sorrowing boy. (Sad lad)
6. An escaped fowl. (Loose goose)
7. A very small sausage. (Teenie weenie)
8. A girl from Switzerland. (Swiss miss)
9. A bee's abode. (Live hive)
10. A fresh vegetable. (Green bean)
11. Timid insect. (Shy fly)
12. A flower napping. (Lazy daisy)
13. Two good-looking girls. (Fair pair)
14. Skillful stunt with wood. (Stick trick)
15. A hobo in the rain. (Damp tramp)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

The other day when Frank and Bernie and I were eating a meal together we discussed foods we particularly remembered from childhood. I had made a big kettle of vegetable soup for supper, and this is one of the foods I always associate with home. I think possibly it is the aroma of the cooking vegetables that takes me "home" again in my thoughts more vividly than any other thing, and I always associate it with a very cold winter day with lots of snow.

Another food I associate with cold weather is hot cornmeal mush. We always had our big meal at noon, and once in awhile during the winter months we would have big bowls of mush with cream and sugar for supper. Mother had a big black iron kettle she made it in, and she always made it full; then after supper, if there was any left, she thickened it with a little flour, poured it into bread pans, and in the morning sliced it thin and fried it for our breakfast.

It is funny how two people can grow up in the same home, eat at the same table, and not have the same memories. Frank remarked that he didn't like applesauce now because he had it so frequently in his lunch bucket when he went to country school. Bernie said she loves applesauce and can't remember ever having it in her lunch bucket. There was one food they both remembered well and associated with the same thing — ground veal sandwiches made with their mother's delicious homemade buns, which she always served when she entertained the neighborhood club. In those days it was unthinkable to serve as refreshments just a dessert and coffee. The lunch she served was practically a meal.

When we lived in California during the middle forties, veal was a common meat in the market, and I served it often. Once lately I wanted to test a recipe calling for veal and asked for it in the market. The butcher acted surprised when I asked for it, and said he hadn't sold any veal for years. Last spring when Bernie entertained the Sunshine Club she wanted to serve the ground veal sandwiches just for old time's sake, but she couldn't find any either. When she went to New Mexico to see Edna last fall, she found ground veal loaf in one of the markets, and since



Dorothy and her daughter Kristin, whom she visited this winter.

she was to entertain the club again as soon as she got home, she decided to bring it home with her and freeze it until she needed it. I went to club that day, and the sandwiches were good.

When I visited Kristin and her family in Laramie after the first of the year, I saw two ice-skating rinks with both children and adults enjoying this sport. I suggested to Kristin that we would be happy to get a pair of skates for Andy and mail her skates out to her if she thought she would have time to participate in this activity. She was enthusiastic, but had forgotten she had any skates left that would fit her. I reminded her that we had gotten her a pair of skates the first year she went to college in Missouri because they had a small lagoon on the campus where they could skate.

When I got home and got out the catalog, Frank helped me pick out the skates for Andy to be sure he had a good pair. Frank knows a lot more

about ice skates than I do because he did a lot of skating when he was a youngster at home. When he went to high school there were no school buses to pick them up at the door, and many times during the winter months he skated to school on the creek. How happy he would have been to have a pair of shoe skates instead of the old-fashioned kind that clamped to his regular shoes and fell off once in awhile.

Usually Laramie has long winters and severe cold weather, but this year was warmer than usual so they weren't able to go skating often, but Andy has loved the sport in spite of all the falls, bumps, and bruises that go with learning to skate.

One drawback with shoe skates is that they are outgrown fast at this age, but in our case they can be handed down to Aaron. He is an active and agile boy and I wouldn't be afraid to bet that he will be skating by next year.

I got a cute letter from Andy the other day that he had printed himself. Over a year ago we got him one of these mini-cities that folds up like a suitcase, and a lot of matchbox cars to go with it. Lucile got him a big car-carrier truck with several more cars. It was while I was out there that Andy discovered for the first time that the "city" glows at night when the lights are out. He had just happened always to close it and put it away before the lights were turned out at bedtime, and hadn't seen this feature. Finding this out brought new interest to the game, and he began digging around in all the toy boxes for his cars. Lucile had sent money along with me to get the children something from her, and I decided a collector's case for the cars was very much in order. Kristin wrote that he had put all his cars away in the case, and this inspired him to write the following letter: "Dear Grandma: I like my Matchbox cars. Will you begin thinking about getting me some more." Needless to say there were two more tucked into the valentine box, and of course two for Aaron.

I got some sewing done this month, but have a lot more to get done before time to get out into the yard to work. Kristin wanted a long, belted knit shirt to wear with the slacks I made for her, so while I was making this type of thing I made a tee shirt for myself and one for Bernie. Frank had gotten Bernie a lovely pair of slacks for her birthday, and one of my gifts to her was to be a shirt to go with them. Lucile needed a new robe, so I got this finished in time to take to Shenandoah the last time I went. Margery had a dress cut out to make for herself and was waiting for me to come down to help her, since she

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MOTHER'S ROOM

I like this room! my fireside rocking chair
Invites me into rest; soft shadows cast
Gray patterns on the crocheted rugs; in square
Frame window beds begonias mass
In coral puffs of cheer. A spinning wheel
Still holds upon its spindle an old skein.
The waiting organ holds true chords to peal
From out its hand-carved case. I see again
Her printed dust cap hanging on the door.
Upon the mantle her worn Bible stays;
A book of hymns and one of ancient lore.
I like this room, its wisp of yesterdays,
And cherished memories that I revere
Bring my dear mother closer to me here.

—LaVerna Hassler

SOURDOUGH IS DELIGHTFUL

by
Evelyn Birkby

Breads made with a sourdough base are much more tasty than the name implies, and should be used much more often than they are now. We became acquainted with it when our son, Bob, taught Mexican cooking at the National Scout Ranch near Cimarron, New Mexico. Among the recipes he used and passed along to the Scouts was one for sourdough pancakes. When he returned home he insisted his were much superior to my regular everyday pancakes. Needless to say, Bob makes the pancakes now when he is home!

Sourdough is reportedly the oldest of all breads, dating back as far as 4,000 B.C. It has been stated by a number of authorities that the first sourdough used in this country came over in the ship with Columbus.

Many a pioneer woman carried sourdough starter along with her in a covered wagon. Countless prospectors carried starter pots along with them when they headed for the gold fields to grub out their fortunes. Many of them never found the treasure they sought, but with the precious starter they could make a hearty batch of bread when needed.

In fact, the Alaskan prospectors became known as *sourdoughs* because of their extensive use of the tasty starter. Some even carried their pots inside their shirts to keep the yeast warm and working!

Anyone who has a starter given to him by an old-timer treasures it as he would precious jewels. But it can be started from *scratch*, kept in the refrigerator, used often, replenished as needed and made into the delightful, pungent breads which brought nourishment to many an old settler, sheepherder or gold seeker.

MARVELOUS SOURDOUGH

Starter

- 1 envelope yeast
- 2 cups warm water
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. sugar

Dissolve yeast in warm water. Combine with remaining ingredients in a glass bowl. When well mixed, cover and let stand in warm room for 48 hours. Stir down occasionally. Spoon into large glass jar and cover. Refrigerate. (When you need to replenish this starter mix, simply add equal amounts of flour and water.)

Sourdough Pancakes

- 1 cup starter
- 2 cups warm water



Sourdough Applesauce Cake and coffee go together for an afternoon's neighborly visit. Evelyn pours a cup of coffee in her kitchen to share with friends.

- 2 1/4 cups flour
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine the 1 cup starter with the warm water and flour. Cover bowl and let stand several hours or overnight. With a wire whisk beat in rest of ingredients. Stir with a light hand so as to keep as many bubbles intact as possible. Add a little more flour if needed. Let stand 10 minutes. Fry on hot griddle, turning once. (Remember to replenish sourdough mix with about the same amount you take out. Return to refrigerator until time to use again.)

Sourdough Biscuits

- 1 cup starter
- 1/4 cup salad oil
- 1 cup flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda

Combine starter and oil. Sift remaining ingredients and stir in. Pat or roll out and cut into biscuits. Bake at 425 degrees until golden brown.

Sourdough Cinnamon Roll

Biscuit recipe as given

- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 more Tbls. salad oil

Use the sourdough biscuit recipe, but add slightly beaten egg and 1 more tablespoon salad oil with the starter. Continue as given above, adding sugar to sifted dry ingredients. Roll out dough. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Roll up like a jelly roll. Cut

into slices and place on greased baking pan. Bake at 425 degrees until nicely brown. May be glazed while hot with a powdered sugar icing. Excellent for breakfast!

Excellent Sourdough Applesauce Cake

- 1 cup starter
- 1/4 cup non-fat dry milk
- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup applesauce
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 2 tsp. soda
- Nuts or raisins, if desired

Combine starter, dry milk, flour and applesauce. Set this aside while rest of ingredients are being combined. Cream sugars, shortening and butter flavoring together. Add remaining ingredients. Lastly, stir in applesauce mixture. Beat by hand until well mixed. Bake in well-greased tube pan or in 9-by 13-inch baking pan at 350 degrees. Baking time depends on size and type of pan used, 30 to 45 minutes. This is excellent for use with a Bundt cake pan. It makes a rich, moist cake.

Sourdough French Bread

- 1 pkg. yeast
- 1 cup warm water
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 1/2 cups sourdough starter
- 4 cups flour
- 2 tsp. salt

Dissolve yeast in warm water. Stir in remaining ingredients. When dough is smooth, cover and let rise 1 1/2 hours in warm spot. Turn onto floured board. Work in a little more flour if needed until dough kneads nicely and is not sticky. Knead about five minutes until smooth and elastic. Shape in 2 long loaves. Place on cooky sheet which has been sprinkled with cornmeal. Let rise 1 1/2 hours. Make slashes in top with sharp knife or scissors. Place in 400-degree oven. Have shallow pan of water on bottom shelf during baking time. Bake 400 minutes or until crust is medium dark brown.

This makes a very delicious French bread. One of the finest flavored I've ever made. Note that it *does not* include any shortening. A most economical bread.

Food, clothing, housing — each is vital to life. Still, there are many with an abundance of each who have not learned to live.

MEMORIES FROM THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT

by
Mary Feese

My twelve-year-old thrusts his treasures into my hands. I grasp at the masses of spring blooms, while one part of my mind records his chatter. "We took Grandma for a walk across the road — you know, in the little valley back of that old, lonesome house. We found these there . . ."

I gaze in speechless delight, for they have brought me Dutchman's Breeches! With them, they have brought me dreams — for suddenly, I am twelve years old again myself, picnicking with my folks in another enchanted wood. Even then, it was known throughout the neighborhood as the spot where the rare, old-time flowers grew, the flowers that, even then, held the memories of springtime years before. And on that long-ago day, we found Jack-in-the-Pulpit, fragrant purple violets, and the plants in their magic circle that promised May apples a bit later in the season; we found the small white lilies that grew in wild profusion (I called them Easter lilies, and to this day do not know their name). That day, my mother showed me Dutchman's Breeches, the hardy little blooms on their own personal clothesline, flaunting courage so early in the spring; I had not seen them since, till now.

They told me then, that as civilization spread — more roads, more cities, even more cultivation — so would the wildflowers dwindle. Our delight in the flowers was tinged with regret; how long, we wondered, would they continue to bloom? Some day, would they be lost except in memory? My twelve-year-old heart yearned both ways — toward the remembered past, the known gladnesses, and with the eagerness of youth, toward the tantalizing mysteries of the future.

With a surge of effort, I reluctantly recalled myself to the present moment. I become aware, that here before me stand two sons of eleven and twelve, no longer children, not quite yet adult. Do they, too, sense the transitory nature, the fleeting joy caught in these fragile blooms? As though from a long distance, their urgent voices tug at me. "Mooother! We're talking to you — what you thinking about, anyway?"

I glance toward my mother, and in her eyes, too, are dreams of long ago, of woodlands and wildflowers mingled inextricably with youthful dreams. "Dutchman's Breeches," I speak with wonder. "But they're so rare —"

"There are lots and lots of them in the hollow," volunteers one son. "You'd never know there were houses



Four generations — great-grandmother Mrs. Mabel Burke holds one-month-old Christopher Lee Hopkins while grandmother Mrs. Hallie Kite and mother Mrs. Jocelyn Hopkins look on. Hallie Kite is supervisor at Kitchen-Klatter.

and people and roads when you're back there. I bet it hasn't changed in a hundred years or more!"

Yes, Dutchman's Breeches are rare nowadays, but even more rare are the sort of secluded spots that nurture them. Today's world offers supersonics and superhighways, astronauts and atomic wonders, superspeed and split-second decisions. It offers the hustle-bustle of getting ahead.

And now and then, it offers moments like this: we stand here, three generations together, eyes on the delicate flowers, thoughts like restless butterflies. The future beckons still, yet we find a special sort of comfort in knowing that they still exist — those small, enchanted spots that, somehow, Time forgot

JUST A STONE'S THROW AWAY

by
Leta Fulmer

I shinnied over the gate. Pickles wriggled her spotted terrier body through the barbed wire while Abe, the big collie, cleared it in a single bound. Three yellow kittens straggled along in a complaining line; a chilly walk was pure idiocy, they thought, but they refused to be left behind!

Plastic bag in one hand, long knife in the other, I was on safari in search of the pretty stones that dot our westward hill, especially after a gully washer. They lay there before me, as though tossed haphazardly by a giant hand — bits of rosy quartz, bright blue stones polished by the wind and rain, and odd-sized rocks of every shape and hue. One looked like twisted taffy and I let my fingers rub the smoothness of the grain. Suddenly I could almost feel the tug of small hands pulling at my jeans. I fancied I could hear Timmie's childish voice rising in the excitement of discovery. But Texas is far away,

and Timmie was here only in my thoughts. Hurried visits twice a year just cannot forge that special bond that demands intimate contact, and soon Timmie would celebrate his third birthday!

While the dogs zigzagged through the plowed ground and the cats wound about my legs, my mind was as busy as my prying fingers. I came up with a zany idea for a birthday gift, as I rushed back to the kitchen and flipped open the sewing machine. It was dark red vinyl — this bag I stitched so hurriedly, and fringed it at the top and ran a drawstring through. Into it I dropped those pretty stones, washed free from sand and polished to a glow. Then I pounded out a little verse. I sent a bit of Missouri, and Grandma, to Texas — and to Tim!

FROM A FUNNY GRANDMA — WITH ROCKS IN HER HEAD

Grandma walked back on the hill
To find some stones for Tim.
She knew he'd like to talk about
Bright rocks she found for him.

Three small kittens went along
To see what they could find,
And Abe and Pickles barked out loud,
"Don't you leave us behind!"

Pickles found a stone of grey
And laughed at what she found.
"I know" she said, "Tim wants this
stone —
It's funny, fat and round!"

Abe dug out the biggest one,
All blue with yellow lines.
He grinned and said "Send this to
Tim —
It's big, and mighty fine."

When the kittens looked around
They purred so happily.
"Look here," they cried, "These are
the ones
We'll send to Timothy."

Grandma picked up lots of rocks,
Pink and white and blue.
When Tim comes back to visit her —
He'll pick up bright stones too!!!

YOU'RE WORTH A FORTUNE!

One human being is much like another. Both are animals of a distinct species. Nobody argues that in terms of similar physical structure.

However, in terms of sensivity, musical aptitude, ambition, muscular coordination, understanding, intellectual attainment, and the countless other traits that place men above other animals, no two are alike.

Determine your greatest natural potential and develop it. Sharpen it.

For you are your greatest treasure.

**MOON SALAD**

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

1 cup hot water
 1/2 cup pineapple juice
 1 cup crushed pineapple
 1 cup nuts, chopped
 Soften cream cheese to room temperature. Dissolve lime gelatin in hot water. Add mint flavoring and pineapple juice. Beat in cream cheese until smooth and fluffy. Fold in crushed pineapple and nuts. May be molded in any shape mold, but a round mixing bowl makes a nice "moon-shaped" salad. Turn out on bed of green lettuce. Drizzle a little Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing around base of salad. Leave the rounded top to look like a pretty moon made of green cheese.

—Evelyn

BREAKFAST APPLE MUFFINS

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. ginger
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/3 cup vegetable oil
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

- 2/3 cup sweetened applesauce

Sift the dry ingredients together into a bowl. In a separate bowl beat the egg. Stir in the oil, milk, flavorings, and applesauce. Add to the dry ingredients and stir only enough to mix. Spoon into muffin pan cups which have been greased only on the bottoms, filling cups about two-thirds full. Combine 2 Tbls. of sugar and 1/2 tsp. of cinnamon and sprinkle over the batter. Bake in a 400-degree oven about 25 minutes. This will make one dozen large, or one and a half dozen medium muffins.

—Dorothy

STUFFED COUNTRY HAMBURGERS

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup oatmeal
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

- 1/2 cup onion, diced
- 1/4 to 1/2 cup celery, diced
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 to 1 tsp. ground sage
- 1/2 cup water, or meat stock
- 1 bouillon cube
- 5 slices bread, diced
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup milk

Combine beef, Country Style dressing, egg, oatmeal, salt and pepper. Shape into large flat patties and place in 9- by 13-inch baking pan.

Melt butter or margarine. Add butter flavoring, onion and celery. Saute until onion is golden and transparent. Add seasonings, water or meat stock and bouillon cube. When boiling hot, remove from heat and lightly stir in diced bread. Spoon this dressing over the top of meat patties.

Combine cream of mushroom soup with milk. Heat, stirring constantly, until smooth and hot through. Pour over top of dressing. Bake at 350 degrees 30 to 40 minutes, or until meat is done and topping bubbling and lightly browned.

Variations: Pat meat mixture into flat layer in bottom of baking dish. Top with layer of dressing and then pour soup mixture over top. Bake as directed.

Make very flat meat patties, spoon dressing onto each patty. Bring edges up and pinch together. Pour soup mixture over these fat, stuffed meat patties and bake as directed.

This is a marvelous recipe. It makes ground beef into a VERY fine company main dish. Serve with baked potatoes, a tossed vegetable salad and a fruit with cookies or cake dessert.

ELEGANT PARTY POTATOES

- 10 medium potatoes, mashed
 - 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 - 1 cup dairy sour cream
 - 2 Tbls. chives
 - Salt and pepper to taste
 - Butter to dot top
- Beat all the ingredients together well except the butter. Put into a 9- x 13-inch buttered pan. Cover tightly and refrigerate until one hour before serving time. Bake one hour in a 350-degree oven. This will make 15 to 18 servings. This recipe can safely be cut in half for a smaller group. —Dorothy

UNUSUAL CHOCOLATE CAKE**1st Mixture:**

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 scant cup cocoa
- 1 cup sweet milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Put this in a pan over medium heat and boil, stirring constantly, until slightly thick. Set aside to cool.

2nd Mixture:

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup sweet milk
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour

Cream the sugar and shortening well. Add the eggs and flavoring. Add the milk alternately with the flour. Combine the two mixtures and beat well. Dissolve 1 tsp. of soda in a small quantity of hot water and stir this into the mixture last. Bake in a 9- x 13-inch pan about 35 to 40 minutes in a 350-degree oven. When cool, frost with your favorite icing. —Dorothy

GREEN BEAN CASSEROLE DELUXE

- 1 medium onion, diced
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
- 1/3 cup margarine
- 1/4 cup (rounded) flour
- 1 pint thin cream (half-and-half)
- 1/8 tsp. Tabasco sauce
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cans French-style green beans, drained

1 can water chestnuts, sliced
 Saute the onion and mushrooms in the margarine. Stir in the flour until smooth. Add all but the last two ingredients and stir constantly until thick and smooth. Gently stir in the beans and water chestnuts. Pour into a greased casserole and bake about 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven. —Dorothy

LEMON DAFFODIL CAKE

- 1 1/2 cups egg whites (about 12)
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 6 egg yolks

Add salt and flavorings to egg whites in the large bowl of the electric mixer. Beat until frothy. Add cream of tartar. Beat whites until stiff but not dry. Continue to beat, gradually adding 1 cup sugar, using mixer at low speed.

Sift cake flour and 1/2 cup sugar together three times. Fold into beaten egg white mixture.

Beat egg yolks until thick. Add one-third of the egg white mixture to the egg yolks, folding in gently. Drop white and yellow mixtures alternately into an ungreased angel food cake pan. Bake at 400 degrees for about 40 minutes. Remove cake from oven, turn upside down to cool. Remove gently from pan and cut into three layers and put together with the following Lemon Filling. (This may also be used spooned over wedges of the cake.)

Lemon Filling

- 1 1/2 tsp. unflavored gelatin
- 2 Tbls. cold water
- 3 egg yolks
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/3 cup sugar

3 stiffly beaten egg whites
Soften gelatin in cold water. Combine egg yolks, 1/3 cup sugar and lemon juice. Cook over hot water until mixture coats the spoon. Remove from heat. Stir in flavoring and gelatin. Stir until dissolved. Cool. Beat egg whites until stiff peaks form. Gradually beat in 1/3 cup sugar. Fold into custard mixture. Use as a filling for cake, or a topping, or to spoon over wedges. Excess filling *must be refrigerated* and if the cake has been put together with the filling, *keep cool* until time to serve. This would be delicious made with orange as well as lemon. —Evelyn

COUNTRY SAUCE FOR VEGETABLES

- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 2 tsp. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. prepared mustard

Combine ingredients and serve over green beans, asparagus, carrots, etc., for a delicious sauce variation for vegetables. —Evelyn

LAYERED STRAWBERRY SALAD

- 2 pkgs. strawberry gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 large pkg. frozen strawberries
- 1 #2 can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 2 large ripe bananas
- 1 cup sour cream

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. (1 6-oz. box may be used instead of 2 regular-sized boxes if desired.) Add frozen strawberries and juice. Stir in drained pineapple and flavoring. Mash bananas and add. Entire mixture may be beaten with an electric or rotary beater to make a fine, fluffy consistency. Pour half of mixture into 8- by 12-inch pan. Chill until set. Keep remainder of gelatin at room temperature. Spread 1 cup sour cream over bottom layer. Cover with remaining gelatin mixture. Chill.

ELEGANT CHERRY-BERRY DESSERT**1st Step:**

- 6 egg whites
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 3/4 cups sugar

Beat the egg whites and salt until foamy, and then add the cream of tartar and beat until stiff. Gradually beat in the sugar until stiff and glossy. Spread this mixture in a greased 9- x 13-inch pan and bake in a 275-degree oven for 60 minutes. Turn the oven off, but leave the pan in the oven for about 12 more hours. I made this up about 7:00 in the evening and just left it in overnight.

2nd Step:

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. Philadelphia cream cheese
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups whipping cream (whipped)
- 2 cups miniature marshmallows

Beat the softened cream cheese, sugar and vanilla together until fluffy. Whip the two cups of cream and fold it into the cream cheese mixture, then fold in the two cups of marshmallows. Spread this over the meringue and refrigerate for three to four hours, or until well set. When ready to serve, cut into squares and pour a little of the following topping over the top.

Topping:

- 1 can cherry pie filling
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen strawberries, thawed
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Blend well and it is ready to serve.

—Dorothy

LEMON BARS

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup powdered sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Blend together flour, margarine, powdered sugar and butter flavoring with pastry blender or two knives. Put in 8-inch pan, loosely (don't pat down). Bake 20 minutes at 325 degrees. Beat 2 eggs, then beat in sugar, sifted flour and baking powder, lemon juice and lemon flavoring. Pour over baked layer. Bake 25 minutes at 325 degrees. Cut before cool. Cool and frost with powdered sugar frosting. —Margery

SOUTHERN HAM LOAF

- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/3 cup brown sugar
- 6 slices canned pineapple
- 1 lb. lean smoked ham, ground
- 1/2 lb. fresh lean pork, ground
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1/4 tsp. black pepper
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- 1/4 cup milk

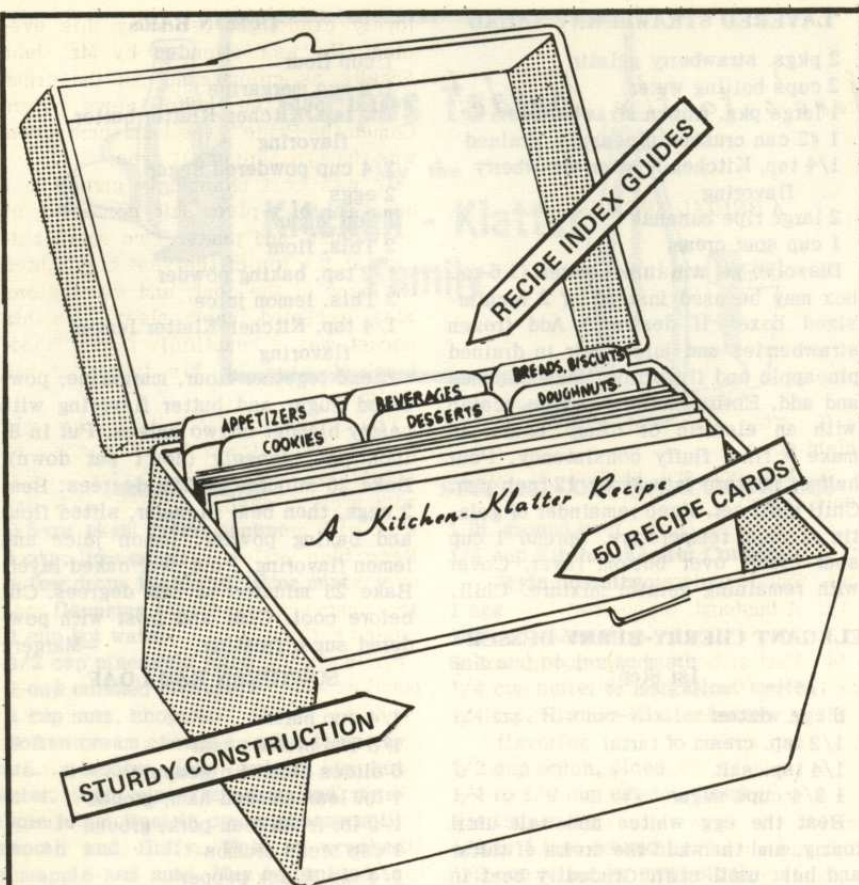
Melt butter, add brown sugar, stirring until dissolved. Add pineapple and saute a few minutes. Mix meat with remaining ingredients and spread in pan over sections of pineapple and press down. Bake in hot oven, 375 degrees about 50-60 minutes. Turn out on platter with pineapple on top. Serves 8.

—Margery

CALIFORNIA SALAD MOLD

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

Slice olives. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add tomato soup and lemon flavoring. Cool until slightly thickened. Mash cream cheese with fork and blend with mayonnaise and dressing. Blend into thickened gelatin mixture. Arrange a few olives in the bottom of oiled molds. Combine remaining ingredients and spoon carefully into molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce to serve.



Continued . . . by Popular Demand!

We announced our recipe box premium last month, and the response has been overwhelming! So much so, that we've decided to continue it. Many ladies are ordering several, so they can use some as gifts. In case you've forgotten, it's made of gleaming white, high-impact plastic, with a colorful daisy design lid. It comes complete with recipe cards, and a complete set of index cards covering just about every kind of cooking and baking, including outdoor cookery. And it's yours for only **\$1.10** and three cap liners from any **Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring**. Offer expires December 31, 1971.

Vanilla
Lemon
Almond
Maple

Burnt Sugar
Orange
Mint
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Cherry
Coconut
Strawberry
Black Walnut

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Banana
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If they're not available at your grocer's, send **\$1.50** for any three 3-oz. bottles. Jumbo 8-oz. vanilla is **\$1.00**, and all are postpaid.

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BIRTHDAY SUPPER CASSEROLE

- 1 cup uncooked elbow macaroni
- 2 cups diced chicken
- 1 cup mild Cheddar cheese, shredded
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
- 1/4 cup chopped pimiento
- 1/2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. melted butter

Cook the macaroni as directed on the package, then drain. Mix all the ingredients together except the bread crumbs and butter, and place in a buttered casserole. Toss the bread crumbs in the melted butter and sprinkle over the top. Bake uncovered in a 350-degree oven for 50 minutes.

—Dorothy

EXCEPTIONAL HONEY FROSTING

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 Tbls. honey
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups powdered sugar
- Walnuts, if desired

Combine all ingredients with exception of nuts, and beat well. When smooth, frost cake. Sprinkle nuts on top. A very smooth and exceptionally delicious frosting. Could be used on any kind of cake or cookie.

SOUTHERN BAKED DISH

- 1 cup cornmeal
- 3 cups boiling water
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/2 cup American cheese, diced
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine cornmeal, boiling water, butter flavoring and salt. Boil stirring occasionally, over low heat for about 15 minutes until well done. Pour this cooked mush into a well-greased 9- by 5-inch baking dish. Cool slightly, then refrigerate until mush is firm.

Make cheese sauce by melting butter or margarine. Stir in flour and seasonings until smooth. Add milk, stirring constantly. When this begins to thicken, add cheese and butter flavoring. When all is melted and smooth, remove from heat. Pour over mush in baking dish. Bake in 350-degree oven about 20 minutes or until ingredients are well heated, sauce is bubbling and light brown on top.

This is a very delicious combination of ingredients, all simple and economical. Fine for the main dish of a meatless meal.

—Evelyn



Here's to the Bride!

A BRIDAL SHOWER

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Invitations: Cut heavy paper in the shape of a hand mirror. Glue on a circle of silver paper for the mirror face. If possible glue the face of the bride-to-be (cut from a snapshot) to each mirror as if the mirror reflected the face of the honoree. A second sheet of paper cut in the same shape as the cover can have the invitation inscribed upon it. Tie the two together with narrow ribbon. Let this be a personal shower for the bride, with the guests instructed to bring gifts for her dressing table.

Make a frilly dressing table skirt to cover the table which will hold the gifts. Perhaps this could be placed against the wall with a large mirror above it to add to the dressing table effect. Some garden roses might be arranged in a pretty perfume bottle as a decoration on the table so it will not appear bare before the gifts are placed upon it.

Favors might be small powder puffs with a sprig of lily-of-the-valley and a wisp of net in one of the bride's chosen colors fastened to the center with a tiny ribbon bow.

If you are using a tea table at this shower, fashion a bride doll for the centerpiece, using a large perfume or toilet water bottle for the body, nail buffers or orange sticks as the arms, and cleansing tissues to form the gown. Cut a veil from a scrap of white net and attach to a tiny powder puff crown. The doll can carry a pretty, beribboned lipstick case as her bouquet. The articles used to make up such a centerpiece might be the hostess's gift to the bride.

ENTERTAINMENT

Suitcase Quiz: (Fill in the blanks with things the bride will pack in her honeymoon suitcase.)

1. What she says when she meets her sweetie at the door. (step-in)
2. Used in war, and a confection. (powder puff)
3. That which is needlessly thrown away. (waist)
4. Poetical name for valley. (veil)
5. Possessed by a chicken. (comb)
6. Waterworks. (hose)

7. After dark and a long dress. (night gown)

8. Not hot and product of cows. (cold cream)

9. To slide. (slip)

10. Beast of burden. (mule)

11. Woods undergrowth. (brush)

12. A husband. (supporter)

13. Fitted tightly. (girdle)

14. Part of body, mongrel dog, and a big Indian. (handkerchief)

15. A contented cat does it; and to fret. (perfume)

The Bride's Trousseau: This is a game in which the names of fabrics provide the answers to the clues. For each guest you will need to have ready a small plastic bag filled with the necessary items. Into each bag goes a paper with at least fourteen straight pins and a string of fourteen paper girl dolls (with skirts) such as we cut out from folds of paper as a child, with the dolls joined at the hands, and fourteen fabric swatches as indicated in the following clues in parenthesis. (This is where your scrap bag will come in handy.) Small squares, about 1 1/4", work out nicely on dolls that are about four inches tall. The dolls are numbered 1 thru 14, and each has the appropriate clue written on it. The game is for the guests to pin the appropriate fabric to the skirt of the doll with the right clue as follows:

1. A freckled foreigner. (dotted Swiss)

2. Badge of mourning. (black crepe)

3. Lots of it in Washington. (red tape)

4. Found in banks. (checks)

5. It marks time. (ticking)

6. A string, a letter, a boy's name. (corduroy)

7. A tall story. (yarn)

8. Used in a game of sports. (net)

9. Found in a newspaper. (print)

10. How a chair is used. (satin)

11. A day in the country. (outing flannel)

12. Dancing Dorothy. (polka dot)

13. Part of the flag. (stripes)

14. Burned up fall guy. (seersucker)

With the Groom in the Spotlight of News: Mr. Albert Randall became the bridegroom of Miss Alice Burgess in a

lovely candelight ceremony this evening. He was attended by Mr. John Schultz as groomsman. As the organ pealed out the joyful news "Here Comes the Bride", the handsome groom was the cynosure of all eyes.

He was most charmingly garbed in a beautiful three-piece suit, consisting of coat, vest, and pants. Two small buttons at the top of the vent highlighted the back of the coat, and two buttons also accented each sleeve. In his pocket was a beautifully folded handkerchief worn by his father at his wedding.

The severe simplicity of the groom's pants was relieved by a glimpse of smart, hole-proof, blue nylon socks, with a clock design at each ankle and worn with genuine leather black shoes. Deep blue galluses gracefully curved over each shoulder, being attached to the pants fore and aft by small concealed buttons.

His matching blue satin tie, in the popular wide style, was knotted becomingly at the V-line of his white shirt collar. The shirt was beautifully fashioned of pure white oxford cloth.

Mr. Schultz's costume was practically identical to that of the groom, except that he wore a smart, flowing tie in tones of grey, a gift of the groom.

The bride wore the conventional wedding attire.

REFRESHMENT IDEAS

Wedding Ring Cookies: Use your favorite recipe for decorated sugar cookies. Cut out the rings with a doughnut cutter, or if you do not have such a cutter, use a regular round cutter and a thimble. Cut one ring and link it with another on the cooky sheet, thus forming entwined or double wedding rings. Brush with egg white and sprinkle with sugar. Decorate one ring of the pair with silver dragee (diamonds). Let cool a few minutes and then carefully remove the cookies from the pan. For extra special cooky rings, after brushing with egg white, sprinkle with finely chopped almonds, then sugar.

Bridal Petit Fours: Bake your favorite white cake recipe in a sheet cake. Cool thoroughly. Cut into diamonds, circles, triangles, squares and rectangles. Frost with a butter cream frosting. You can tint this in the bride's colors if desired, but I like to use white frosting and pick up the colors in the decorations made with a cake-decorating kit. Outline the top edge of each little cake with a fluting of icing. Rose buds with a leaf or two, pink hearts, a blue lover's knot, or tiny white sugar doves or bells are some of the decorations you might use on the cakes. The charm of petit fours is the variety in decorations as well as in the shapes.



Santa Fe Trail

by
Elaine Derendinger

Our home overlooks the highway which was once a part of the Santa Fe Trail, from 1821 to 1872; fifty years of folks going west. The trail stretched a thousand miles from Franklin, Missouri, to Santa Fe, New Mexico (from "Civilization to Sundown").

During the daylight, when cars cruise by at 80 MPH, and trucks take produce to market in only minutes, it is difficult to imagine that an entire way of life passed by our front door. But, in the evening, when shadows cover neighboring farms and lights in the distance "could" be campfires, the children and I sometimes talk of what we really "see" when we look at the Santa Fe Trail...

Our daughter, Chris, sees an abandoned campsite (but the embers still burn). Skeletons of burnt wagons and bodies strewn about like broken dolls show that a battle with Indians who resented the pioneers passing through, was lost. Overturned and empty pots of food say that they were eating an early supper. Items the Indians valued are gone from the scene — jewelry, horses, the few pretty dishes, a fur cape and length of cloth. Lying on the ground are scattered family pictures, a letter, and a child's cornhusk doll. It is very still, an evening breeze has begun to blow, and a coyote is heard laughing in the distant hills.

Our son, Mike, sees the morning sunshine on the white tops of the covered wagons; now moving along at a brisk pace after the night's camp. The men walk with the horses and women sit holding the reins. Cows bawl and kick up a dust, and the men sometimes sing or whistle as they walk along. Dogs bark and chase one another in early morning exuberance. Occasionally a family will decide that these hills along the Missouri River bottoms are the prettiest yet, the bottomland extremely fertile — and plenty of trees for building a log cabin before fall. The hills hold wild game and nut trees and berry bushes. So they settle here, build their cabin, raise their family and today their great-great grandchildren are driving the cars that cruise by at 80 MPH on the same trail where great-great grandfather did 3 MPH on foot!

Dan, the younger boy, sees the hunters and trappers on the trail. He thinks "living off the land" would be the ideal life. (He has, in fact, tried it a few times and after spending two days and nights in the same clothes and partaking of rabbit, coon, etc., he arrives home in a state of collapse and shaken stomach — and we walk a wide detour around him until he has napped and bathed.) These men he sees roamed the hills and bottoms at will along the Missouri and the game was plentiful; not too hard to shoot, but hard enough to be a challenge. In the spring, they paddled canoes loaded to the brim with fine furs and were paid fabulous prices for them. No one questioned their right to hunt (and fish too) anywhere they chose. This is what he sees and how he would like to live today. (However, he isn't especially fond of fish either!)

Melody, our younger girl, sees the Indians living in the hills north of the Santa Fe Trail. From the highest hill, they could see for miles in all directions. Here they could send signals to neighboring tribes and spot game afar off. It was an ideal spot to study weather conditions under a wide panoramic sky. Their neat tents made of skin dotted the hillside and until the settlers started west on the Santa Fe Trail, they lived in peace with the land and with each other. She sees the cute babies crawling in the green grass, the older children playing games with a ball and stick, the women washing clothes in the clear brook that runs through the woods. The men came home from the hunt with plenty of fish and game. It was an ideal life. Today, all we know of it is an Indian mound on a high hill and some chipped arrowheads under the pecan trees. The sad thing about progress is that while someone gains by it, someone else always loses.

Since much of my time is spent at indoor duties, and since the oldest part of our house is reputed to have once been an inn, I "see" weary travelers stopping here to spend the night. They hook their horses' reins to the iron rings on the wall out front. Before coming to the door, they settle their horses for the night and drink long of the cool, clear water from the spring-

house in the corner of the yard. I see the lady of the house cooking huge pots of stew in the big fireplace in the kitchen. She bakes quantities of biscuits here too. Later, the travelers roll up in their bedrolls and sleep on the floor in front of the fireplaces. Occasionally someone will rouse and throw another log on the fire. Sparks swoosh up the chimney and a child lies half awake seeing images of his future in the fire.

What would you see if you looked out on the highway that was once a part of the Santa Fe Trail?



APRIL IN IOWA

April in Iowa!

Warm refreshing showers
Waken up the sleepy earth
And hurry lazy flowers;
Drab brown hills have turned to patchwork
Quilts of varied hue;
And over all a canopy
Of God's own shade of blue.

April in Iowa!

Busy laughing brooks
Flowing thru the ledges
Into flowery nooks;
Wee lambs gamboling about
Sounds for which we've yearned,
Songbirds singing — children laughing —
April has returned!

Why search afar for beauty?

It's abounding everywhere!

In Iowa; how I love it!

Now that April's there. —Nona Ferrel

COVER PICTURE

Our two little cover boys this month are Andrew and Aaron Brase, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Art Brase of Laramie, Wyoming.

In case you're still trying to figure out who's who in our big family, we'll go ahead and explain that their mother is the former Kristin Johnson and their grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson of Lucas, Iowa.

Andrew will be seven this April and puts in a full day at school, of course, but Aaron isn't too lonesome at home for there are other two-year-olds to play with in the immediate neighborhood.

Like countless other grandparents, Frank and Dorothy don't have many opportunities to see their grandchildren, but when circumstances permit Andrew and Aaron to make a trip to Iowa there is a royal welcome waiting for them at the farm.



EASTER ANIMALS

by
Leona Meals

There is a goodly list of animals connected with Easter, some real, some legendary. Because Easter is symbolic of rebirth, the peacock, symbol of immortality, is first on the list of Easter animals. According to legend, when a peacock dies its flesh never decays. The yearly renewal of its feathers symbolizes rebirth. That is why ancient tapestries show the Holy Grail against a background of colorful peacocks.

The eagle and the phoenix are also symbols of renewal. The eagle was believed to fly into the heart of the sun when it got old. After the sun consumed it, it returned to earth as a young eagle. According to legend, the phoenix built a nest of spices when he was 600 years old. Then he fanned it into flames with his mighty wings. He emerged to a new life from the fire.

According to a charming legend the crossbill was at Calvary. When Jesus was nailed to the cross, a bird with a strong bill tried to pull the nails out from the torn flesh. It tugged so hard that its beak was permanently pulled out of alignment.

The meekest and mightiest animals belong in the Easter parade. The lamb has been a symbolic part of man's religious rites for centuries. The paschal lamb was served when Jesus and his disciples gathered for the Passover feast. The lion has also been symbolic of resurrection. It was believed that lion cubs were born dead. They were brought to life by their sire's roaring.

The butterfly is the universal emblem of resurrection. Ancient Greek philosophers interpreted the transformation of the drab caterpillar and dormant pupa into the lovely butterfly as the soul's immortality.

The world's most patient animal, the donkey, belongs in the Easter parade. The highest honor in the animal kingdom was bestowed upon him when he carried Jesus into Jerusalem. As a reward, according to legend, the donkey wears the sign of the cross on his shoulder fur.

The pagan moon symbol is the hare. Since the date of Easter is determined by the moon's cycle, the hare has also become connected with Easter. Like the moon, the hare appears at night and carries its young one month, or moon. Also hares are born with their eyes open, which parallels the watchful eye



Aaron has heard about the Easter bunny and can't wait for the big day.

of the moon. That's why the bunny joined the modern Easter parade.

According to a Persian legend, the earth was hatched from an egg. To include the symbolic egg, the bunny was designated to deliver the traditional Easter egg. Ducks and baby chicks joined the parade quite logically because of their alliance with the egg.

It is a long road from paganism to the complex world of today. The legends are all but forgotten. In the ensuing years kittens, puppies, birds, guinea pigs, white mice, and rats have become Easter animals.

At Easter time all young animals have become symbolic of springtime and rebirth.



EGGS-ACTLY RIGHT

Time to color Easter eggs again. But this year make it an easy chore and get the most colorful results.

First, use "blown" eggs, that is, the eggshells only.

Just pierce both ends of the egg. Be sure the inner membrane is punctured. Then, blow out the contents of the egg, and you have a whole shell.

Dip the shell into a pot of water so that every bit of egg is removed.

Once dried, you have an easy-to-work-with shell.

To decorate the shells, use any dye or paint. Some people add sequins, bits of ribbon, even artificial flowers. By stringing a number of shells, you can create an Easter egg tree.

And the wonderful part of the beautifully-colored Easter egg shells, which have been blown, is that you can keep them from year to year.

SWEET SPRING

Again, sweet spring
A time of many things:

The smell of rich soil
newly turned
and sown with seed . . .

A sign of green,
and bright leafy limbs on trees
alive with birds . . .

Above it all, the stretched sky
with pillowed clouds; then,
thunder
to trumpet forth new life . . .

That simple touch of heaven —
sun and soil, green and growth —
all these speak of spring . . .

So dream and sing;

It's time to live like kings.

BRAND NEW

OLD FASHIONED DRESSING



Rich and creamy, fragrant with spices, touched with tomato, vinegar and oil. Not too sweet, not too tangy. A real old-fashioned favorite in a brand-new party dress.

Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing . . . the kind of Grandmother's country-kitchen quality that only modern technology can produce.

And don't stop with salads; use it as a marinade, or on your favorite sandwich. Brand-new at your favorite market.

**Kitchen-Klatter
Country Style Dressing**



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

The publication of *The First Four Years* (Harper & Row, Publishers, \$4.95) by Laura Ingalls Wilder is a major event, for this is the last story in her chronicle of frontier life known as the "Little House" books, which are cherished by millions of readers. The manuscript of *The First Four Years*, discovered among Mrs. Wilder's papers after her death and published just as she wrote it the first time in pencil in an orange-covered school tablet many years ago, begins where *These Happy Golden Years* ends, with Laura's marriage to Almanzo.

It was on August 25, 1885, the Wilders moved into their bright new house on a Dakota homestead. The pressure of harvesting did not allow time for a big wedding, nor even a proper wedding dress. So Laura was married in her new black cashmere, despite her mother's adage: "Married in black and you'll wish yourself back." Not two days later Laura's first dinner for the threshing crew proved a disaster — the



Laura and Almanzo Wilder, pictured the winter they were married. It was a fight to win out in the business of farming. Laura understood Manly's love of the land as he said, "Everything will be all right, for it all evens up in time."
—Photo Property of Laura Ingalls Wilder Home and Museum.

navy beans were underdone and she forgot to put sugar in the pieplant (rhubarb) pie! The four years which followed saw the birth of her daughter, Rose, and the death of an infant son.

There were joys — twilight pony rides, singing "Don't Leave the Farm, Boys", and happy Christmas celebrations — but there was also the ruin

of their crops by freak storms that swept the prairies. And always there were debts . . . Perhaps Laura and Manly encountered more than their share of sadness and hardship, but there were also years of companionship and happiness.

Rich with the homely details that make Laura Ingalls Wilder's books so real, *The First Four Years*, with Garth Williams' beautiful illustrations, joins the handsome uniform edition of the other eight "Little House" books — *Little House in the Big Woods*, *Little House on the Prairie*, *Farmer Boy*, *On the Banks of Plum Creek*, *By the Shores of Silver Lake*, *The Long Winter*, *Little Town on the Prairie*, and *These Happy Golden Years*. The Wilders left Dakota in 1894 for a farm in Mansfield, Missouri, (a trip described in Mrs. Wilder's journal, *On the Way Home*, annotated by Rose Wilder Lane), where Mrs. Wilder lived until her death, at the age of 90, in 1957.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Lichty, curators of the Laura Ingalls Wilder Home and Museum at Mansfield, Missouri, hope to open in the new Museum building May 1 and to dedicate the building in June. One wing will contain Laura Ingalls Wilder memorabilia. The other will house Rose Wilder Lane's records. In between will be the shop that helps support it all. Laura's home will be returned to its former state with her furniture arranged just as she had it.

Visitors may browse in the Museum and tour the Wilder home to see how they lived. The Home and Museum will be open May 1 to November 15 and appointments for school tours will begin in April.

The introduction to *The First Four Years*, written by Roger Lea MacBride of Charlottesville, Virginia, says, "We all wish there were more of Laura's stories. We have come to know and cherish their qualities of character and spirit. They have entered our lives and given them meaning. But if there cannot be more, may we make life stories of our own worthy of hers."

(The *Little House* books, including *The First Four Years*, are available from bookstores or from the Laura Ingalls Wilder Home and Museum, Rocky Ridge Farm, Mansfield, Mo. 65704.)

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WINDOW WASHING

Although I rub and scrub
I'm never on the "win" side,
For spots show on the outside
When I am on the inside.

And whether panes are clean,
I'm always on the "doubt" side,
For smears show on the inside
When I am on the outside. —Unknown

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

Most nurseries prune their fruit and ornamental trees before they are shipped. If you receive some that have *not* been pruned, do so before planting them. Cut just above a bud which faces out and leave no more than four branches. Long, scraggly roots should be cut off, too, so the tree can be properly seated in the planting hole.

Dig a deep, wide hole and work compost, old rotted manure (or complete fertilizer if the manure is not available) and some good top soil into the bottom 1/4 of the hole. Make a cone, spread out the roots and set the tree firmly on the cone. Fill in around the roots with good top soil and tamp firmly. Slowly pour water in the hole and let the soil settle before adding more. Tamp after each fill to avoid air pockets. Leave a saucer-like depression around the base to catch rain water and cover the depression with a mulch of marsh hay or straw. If it doesn't rain every few days, do water your newly planted trees and shrubs. Getting them off to a good start in early spring gets the roots established before hot weather comes with its intermittent dry spells.

Last fall Alfred planted a lovely clump of white birch in the yard across the driveway. As I sit at the typewriter in my little office I can see the birch clump through an arch in the old lilac hedge. He pounded three stakes at angels a few feet from the base of the clump and using old nylon stockings, he tied them to the slender birch saplings and to the stakes. It's a bit disconcerting to see them now but the 'anchors' will be removed in early summer after the birch clump is established and cannot be made to grow crooked by the wind. By then I hope to have a bed of bright petunias around the front of the clump facing my window.

If your fruit trees and shrub order should come before you have time to prepare the planting sites properly, heel them in this manner. Dig a trench in a protected place and space the roots in it letting the trunks or canes lay against the sloping side of the trench. Fill in with top soil, tamp down and cover with mulch or soil. Remember this is only a temporary arrangement and the plants will grow down if left too long. Get the ground prepared and plant them as soon as possible.

Strawberries and perennials should be stored in a cold place if they can't be planted at once. We have kept strawberry plants in the vegetable crisper in the refrigerator for more than a week when they arrived during a nasty, cold spell of weather.



No one is ever happier to see Spring than our cousin, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger who is so widely known as an authority on gardening. This is the first year for a long, long time that she can welcome it in her Iowa City garden that is landscaped so beautifully.



EASTER PARADE

The age-old custom of "dressing up" Easter Sunday started with Emperor Constantine. He ordered that every member of his court appear in new clothing on Easter morning in special honor of the newly risen Lord.

ABIGAIL'S LETTER - Concluded

installed at the same counter height as a home sink, it makes dishwashing, literally, a back-breaking job even for short women. I mention this because I'm guessing that some one of you is probably involved with a church that is remodeling or building a new kitchen. Don't let the same mistake happen in your church. Repairing this kind of error is a nuisance. Sincerely,
Abigail

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KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

WATCH YOUR STEP

There are many laws still on the books which probably make you a law-breaker every Sunday. For instance, in both Ohio and Connecticut legislators apparently disapproved of having men look their best on the Sabbath, for they decreed, "It is against the law to shave on Sunday within the boundaries of our states."

In Carmel, New York, an old law says that men may not wear trousers and coats that do not match on the day of rest.

There is an old law in Dadeville, Alabama, which makes taking a little catnap during church services a law-breaking act.

One of the laws passed long ago in Fredericksburg, Virginia, makes reading the paper on the front porch of your home an activity from which citizens are cautioned to refrain.

The Maine lawmakers decreed, "No whistling on Sunday is permitted in our state."

In Pennsylvania, shoot no frogs on Sunday unless you are ready to pay for your lawbreaking activity.

And ignorance of the law, remember, is no excuse!

—Evelyn Witter



An apple keeps Katharine happy while Juliana washes the dishes.

APRONS — Concluded

candles or any other sort of flames.

For aprons that serve a more workaday world purpose, you'll remember to choose durable fabrics that launder well. Some of the best are gingham, chambray, broadcloth, percale, and sometimes organdy. Some women like clear plastic aprons, to allow their dresses to show through; others prefer to make an apron from goods to match or especially complement the dress. Currently, it's something of a fad to make a patchwork apron. I see patterns

for these, but most of you will probably feel that you have enough ingenuity to "patchwork" a suitable amount of fabric, and then use your own favorite pattern for it.

After you've used remnants left from previous sewing, sometimes you'll be even more thrifty, and do a make-over on something that can no longer be worn as it is. Housedresses often split out under the arms, or across the shoulders, or perhaps get stained down the front. The back of the skirt, however, often has bright, usable material that shows no noticeable wear, and that can be used for a utility apron. Of course, you won't spend much precious time or handwork on this salvaged goods, but will whip up a neat "quicky". Don't forget to put at least one pocket, though, as utility aprons just aren't quite finished without one or more pockets. You may properly make every one of your dresses without pockets, if you prefer, but an apron without a pocket? Perish the thought!

Another quick-trick make-over is to cut collar and sleeves from a worn man's shirt, bind the resulting openings with bright tape, and turn them to button down the back for children's "artist smocks". You'll find that you don't feel nearly so bad when they get paint smears on these, as you would if you'd spent much time or money on new garments to serve the same purpose.

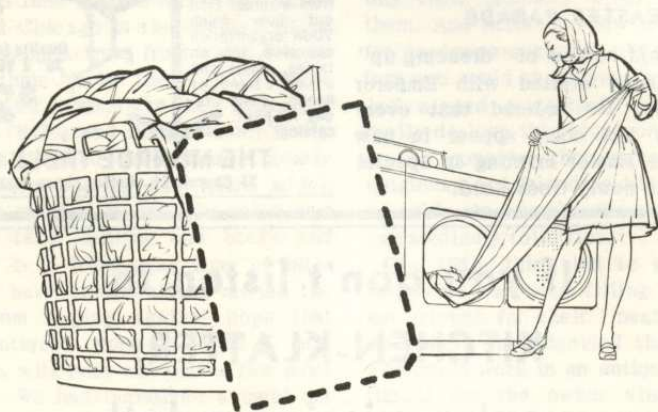
Keep one last point firmly in mind, though, as you plan those perky new aprons. Although what fashion designers suavely term the "Layered Look" is considered stylish just now, there's one variation of it that's purely *awful*. You know what I mean, and most likely you know someone who actually wears this look. Someone a little old, and a little cold, and a whole lot too busy to stop for a long, thoughtful look in the mirror. So, she hustles around the house layered like a rather untidy onion, with a print dress on, then an apron of some different print and different color, topped off fetchingly with a baggy sweater or perhaps a smock made of yet another color of print goods.

You'll remember, of course, to avoid that type of Layered Look. Otherwise you might receive an apt comment such as we overheard from a neatly dressed young man. "She looks," he said (with a wry tone and a lifted eyebrow), "like a walking rummage sale."

So, avoiding Early Pioneer and Late Rummage styles, plan and sew some pretty new aprons. For yourself, for gifts, for the bazaar.

You might even find yourself sewing them for one more reason, "What's that?" you inquire.

Be sure that you sew some of those aprons "just for the fun of it"!



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APRIL DEVOTIONS — Concluded

We need His wisdom on this war-torn road,

And true compassion for the ones to blame.

This spring, above all others, we should see

The need for more united brotherhood;
We need to map the course in harmony,
And work to salvage all there is of good;

This spring when blossoms tell of life renewed,

We need an understanding gratitude.

—Unknown

(Places Easter lilies in arrangement.)

Leader:

He arose!

And darkness turned to day,
Faith walked a blithesome way,
Joy came to bide with men,
Hope filled all hearts again!

Second Speaker: Easter comes to remind us to put an end to doubt, to be joyful and live in faith. Easter is an experience that comes to people. Something happened to people after that first Easter. Instead of being afraid, they were brave; instead of being sad and fearful, they were filled with joy. They realized that God's power is great enough to carry out the promises he has made. They became confident they could carry on. Jesus had risen! He was with them still. No longer did they doubt. God's love would live on through them. What joy! Because He lives, we too, shall live! Easter should be such an experience for us.

How can one hold a doubt of God
When lilies come to bloom
From bulbs held deeply in the sod
Like bodies in a tomb?

Oh, miracle of man and star!
And roots beneath the sod!

How can one doubt that these things are

The spoken word of God?

(Places lilies.)

Leader:

He arose!

And darkness turned to day,
Faith walked a blithesome way,
Joy came to bide with men,
Hope filled all hearts again!

Third Speaker: The fragrance of the Easter lily reminds me of the love of God and what the spirit of love can do if let loose in this world of ours. "God so loved the world that he gave His only son!" Isn't it a miracle that death did not end the story of Jesus; that a loving life and spirit cannot die; that love remains and lives in the hearts of people? Someone has said that love is like perfume because you cannot spill some on others without getting a little upon yourself. Easter reminds me that we must strive each day to channel His great love to everyone we meet, a constant reminder that there is a God who

cares, who will show us the way.

If we have God, then we must show His presence good and sweet
And we must channel love, His love,
To everyone we meet.

If we have God, such evidence
Must shine through every hour.

If we have God, if we have God,
Must we not have His power?

If we have God, light will pour out
Illuminating our way.

Where is the love that makes men whole,

The miracles today?

Oh, God is here! Men need Him much!

The world must find Him in our touch!

—Church paper

(Places lilies.)

Leader:

He arose!

Faith walked a blithesome way,
Joy came to bide with men,
Hope filled all hearts again!

Fourth Speaker: The Easter lily speaks to me of the joy of Easter. It seems at this time the whole world becomes a song of joy. There are the singing birds, soft spring breezes blowing through newly green trees, flowers abloom along the garden border like bits of rainbow come to earth, the greening grass, all speaking out to say, "This is God's world and we're here to tell you! Be joyful, the Lord is risen, indeed." It is a time for "Joy, joy, joy, joy, deep in your heart." For

as surely as Christ arose from the grave, so can God work through us, if we but bend to His will, to bring the love and peace to this world for which we hope.

The day of resurrection! Earth, tell it out abroad;

The passover of gladness, the pass-over of God . . .

Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let the earth her song begin!

Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein!

Let all things seen and unseen!

Their notes of gladness blend,

For Christ the Lord hath risen,

Our joy that hath no end.

—John of Damascus, 8th Century

(Places lilies.)

Leader:

He arose!

And darkness turned to day,
Faith walked a blithesome way,
Joy came to bide with men,
Hope filled all hearts again!

(Lights candle.)

Hymn: "Crown Him with Many Crowns".

Closing Prayer: Lord of life, create in me a clean heart, remaking my life anew. Plant in my heart the seeds of love and brotherhood and fill me with the spirit of joy that is Easter, with its hope of life eternal. These things we ask in the name of Him Who gave His life that all men might live. Amen

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Safety Bleach**

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

as if she has had the misfortune to have Driftmier teeth — the bane of every dentist we've known through the years. Juliana says that the pediatrician calls her Fang!

I've never been able to imagine what in the world we could ever want for our children beyond the fervent wish that they be happy in their own homes. Certainly Juliana has a very, very happy home and when I get blue and depressed I just remember this and feel better almost instantly. Jed's mother said the same thing in a letter that reached me the other day. This has been her first winter without Jim, and she said that when she wondered how to keep going alone she just remembered the children and felt her spirits renewed. We are fortunate women.

These winter months I've watched many of the late TV "talk shows" for the first time. (If only they didn't come on so late!) They're not always amusing, of course, but they certainly give you an idea of the entertainment world from A to Z . . . and it's a world that I'm heartily thankful not to be involved with in any way. I really cannot imagine why anyone would stick with it once he had made enough money to retire, but the old phrase about show business getting in your blood must be true. Probably, too, their standard of living is such that they must keep right on working to support it. I'm glad that I'm not mixed up with such a rat race.

Mother has been working away on her latest afghan and thinks that she'll have it done by the time Spring rolls around. The exquisite pale green one that she finished went out to Juliana and will be treasured for many years to come. It is on the single bed in Katharine's room and looks very beautiful, she reports.

It's time to leave this typewriter and get ready for what we call a premium meeting. It's occurred to me that perhaps you'd like to hear what these meetings are really all about, so perhaps sometime this year I can snatch some extra space and tell you what is involved in the decisions that must be made.

And may it be a happy Spring for you

Faithfully,

Lucile

SPRING CLEANING DUE

Spring clean-up time is the season for planting good fire prevention ideas. Start today, urges the National Fire Protection Association, by ridding your property of clutter, trash, dry grass and branches, and all unwanted material.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

So many of our people go to Florida for the winter that I threaten to follow them for parish visitation. They all send us letters and cards telling about the wonderful weather and the good fishing, and quite a few of them send me church orders of worship that they pick up on Sundays. It is fun for me to see what other ministers are doing in their Florida churches, and of course it is comforting to know that my people are going to church even when they are away from home. People always are impressed by the large congregations that they see in Florida, but for the most part they don't care for the kind of preaching they hear down there. Don't you think that one's own church is something like one's own home? We get used to it whether it is good or bad, and nothing else seems quite its equal.

I hope that all of you are doing your part to help keep our churches' strong influences for good. When the American people stop supporting their churches, you can bet that they won't support anything else that is of any real value to themselves or to their country.

Sincerely,
Frederick

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

hadn't made anything out of the double knit material and was hesitant to start by herself. When I got to Shenandoah I found her laid up with her sore shoulder, so of course she was unable to sew. I got busy and made it for her. The material was a beautiful pink and white jacquard print that I loved work-with. She should feel very springlike when she wears it.

Every spare drawer in our house is filled with material to be made up. Most of the pieces Frank picked out and gave to me as gifts on every occasion he could think up, and I'm awfully anxious to get some sewing done for myself now. Rose Caylor is getting in new spring material every day, and I just drool everytime I go in there. I can't remember a time when women have been so interested in making their own clothes. I don't know if it is that they don't like the new ready-made styles, or that we have learned how to work with all the new fabrics. I know why I do — it's fun, and it's cheaper.

Frank just came in to have a cup of coffee, and told me to look out toward the yard gate into the barnlot. He had closed the gate and the geese couldn't get into the yard. They were walking back and forth, back and forth, and, as Frank said, they looked like a group of picketers picketing our yard. Until next month

Sincerely,
Dorothy

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Enchanting patterns & designs. Vals, edgings, insertions, braids, etc. in beautiful colors & full widths. For women's, girls', babies' dresses, pillow cases, decorative edgings on many articles, etc. Pieces - least 10 yards in length. None small. **FREE 100 New Buttons!** Beautiful quality. All kinds, all sizes. ALL colors. ALL NEW. Many complete sets. 100 Buttons FREE when you order the LACE - none without LACE. Only 98¢, but pls. include 27¢ extra for postg. & pkg. or \$1.25 in all.

**FREE
100
BUTTONS**

50 BRAND NEW TOWELS \$1.00!

UNWOVEN COTTON & RAYON-

Assorted beautiful Pastel Colors. BRAND NEW-20 Seconds-50 Towels for \$1.00, or 100 for only \$1.89! Deluxe Quality. Pls. include 25¢ extra for postg. & hvc. with EACH 50 Towels you buy. These Towels are terrific-we've sold 50,000,000 already!

1000 GOLD STRIPE ZIP-CODE LABELS 45¢



FREE LOVELY GIFT BOX!

1000 Deluxe, Gold Stripe, 2-color, gummed, padded Labels printed with ANY Name, Address & Zip Code. 45¢ for EACH Set. Pls. include 10¢ extra for Postg. & pkg. SPECIAL! 3 Sets for only \$1.50! Prepaid. EXTRA! FREE! Plastic Gift Box with each order for 1000 Labels!

PILLOW CASES 29¢ ea. 4 for \$1



Our soft, dazzling White Pillow Cases are fantastic. Wonderful on Trips, in Slickroom, Club House, Hospitals, Sanitariums, Old Folk's Homes, Baby's Room, etc. Only 29¢ each; 4 for \$1.00 plus 25¢ extra for postg. & pkg.; 1 Dz. to 8 Dz. \$2.50 Dz. plus 30¢ extra for postg. & pkg. for each Dz.

ZIPPER SALE! 20 for 98¢

20 new, high grade, first quality Zippers in assorted lengths and colors, only 98¢. Perfect for all Zipper needs. Order NOW while our limited supply lasts. 20 for only 98¢ plus 17¢ for postg. & pkg.

Carry A Full Length Mirror In Your Purse!



Now a wonderful new 4" high Purse Size Mirror gives you a full length view. Mirror has folding stand. Comes in velvet carrying case. Carry it with you at all times for checking your appearance. Only 69¢ each or 2 for \$1.25. Please include 10¢ extra for post. & pkg. for each Mirror you buy.

AUTOMATIC NEEDLE THREADERS!



LOWEST PRICE Low 9 1/2¢ as AUTOMATIC NEEDLETHREADERS on the market! Threads ANY style or size Needle INSTANTLY! AUTOMATICALLY! Just push a button-that's all! Retail value \$1.00 each. Order NOW at these low prices: 1 Dz. \$1.65; 6 Dz. \$8.75; 12 Dz. \$13.50 Please add 15¢ extra for postg. & pkg. for each dozen ordered. Samples 25¢ each or 5 for \$1.00.

50 YDS. SEAM BINDING

Our beautiful, new Rayon Seam Binding is 1 1/2" wide and comes in an assortment of 5 popular, attractive colors-each containing 10 yards. 50 yards only 88¢ plus 12¢ extra for postg. and pkg. or \$1.00 in all. A MUST for everyone!

5¢ SHOE REPAIRS with LIQUID LEATHER

Only **97¢** Tube

Our miraculous new product-LIQUID LEATHER-quickly repairs holes in shoes, builds up worn heels and resurfaces soles for about 5¢ per shoe. Doubles the life of leather and synthetic shoes. LIQUID LEATHER comes in a tube. Easy to use. Spread it on and let it dry. Seals tight. Water-proof, flexible, durable. With shoe repairs at home, fix your family's shoes for pennies-save dollars! Only 97¢ Tube plus 13¢ extra for postg. & pkg.

FREE GIFTS

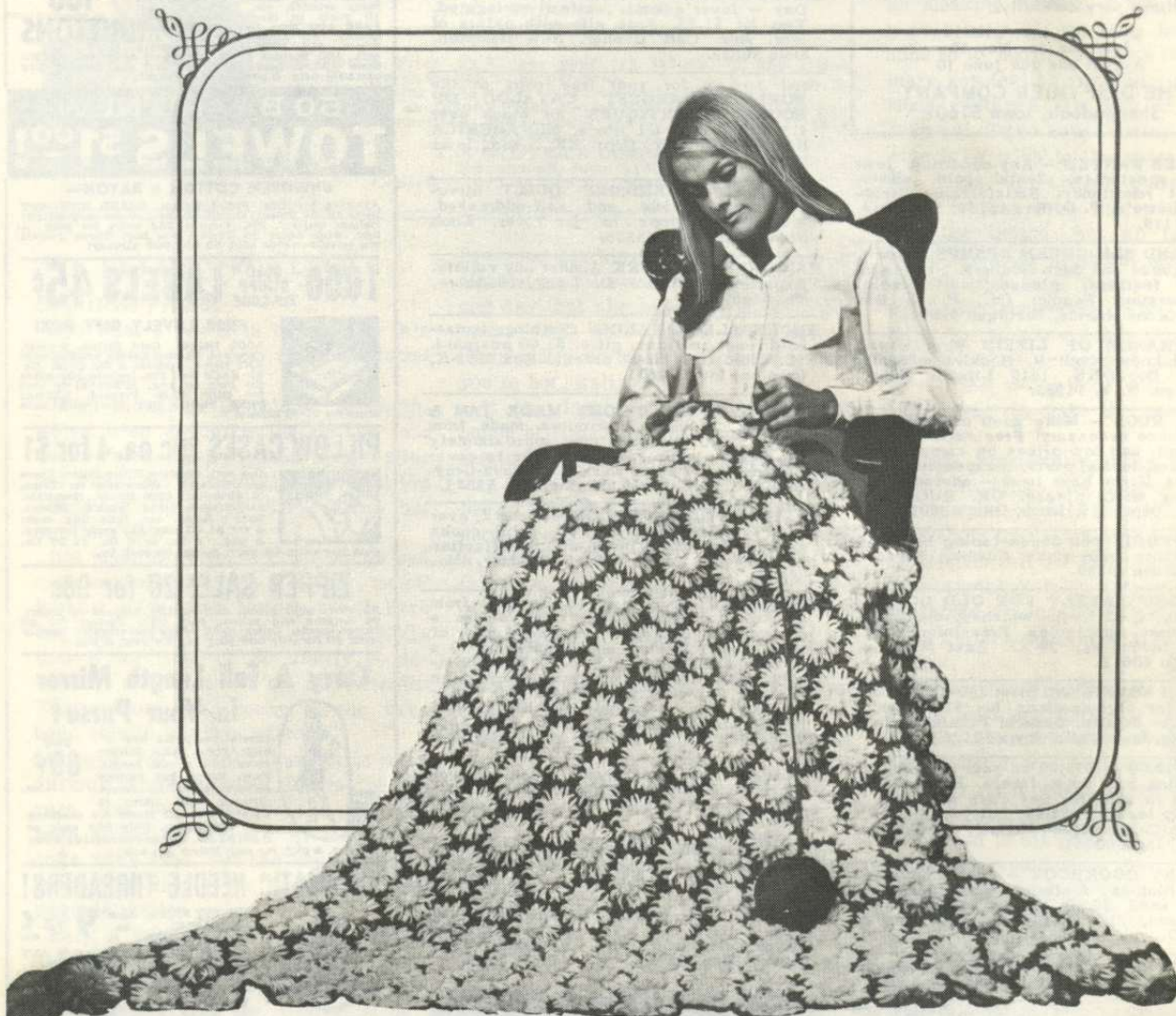
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EVEN IF YOU ARE ONLY A
BEGINNER YOU CAN CREATE
THIS MAGNIFICENT DAISY AFGHAN
IN LESS THAN A WEEK!

Only **\$10⁹⁸**
**AMAZING
PRICE BREAK!**

AFGHANS OF THIS DESIGN SELL FOR \$18.00 OR MORE IN FINE STORES



It's easy...it's fun! Using an incredibly simple loom
that pops off your daisies, one right after the other, you'll complete
your entire afghan—48" x 62"—in just a few delightful days

EASY TO FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS . . . NO COMPLICATED LESSONS

Yes, even if you're only a beginner you can create this superb daisy afghan in less than a week. And it's so easy...An incredibly simple loom is the secret. You simply wind the yarn on, the little loom pops off the finished daisies, then you crochet them together using a simple chain stitch. You actually see your afghan grow before your very eyes...a magnificent work fully 4'x5', each with daisy in snowy white petals, lemon yellow centers and ringed with avocado green. And the work is delightfully intriguing and creative...a pastime so rewarding you'll find yourself sinking into hours of contemplative relaxation as you loom away your pretty flowers. So be the first to bring this newest decorating sensation into your home...order now while this

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special offer lasts.

**OFFER WILL NOT BE REPEATED
THIS SEASON**

Because these marvelous afghans are becoming a decorating rage, we urge you to order now while our special supply lasts. We'll send you the complete kit including enough machine washable yarn to complete a full sized 48"x62" afghan. Complete, easy-to-follow instructions PLUS THE FREE LOOM. During this special offer we'll send you the complete kit for just \$10.98 on full money back guarantee if you are not absolutely delighted. (The magic loom is yours to keep whether you decide to keep the rest of the kit or not.) But hurry, this offer will not be repeated this season.



FREE!

Daisy loom that pops off flowers also can be used to create ponchos, sweaters, evening blouses, baby sets, placemats and much more.

**COLONIAL STUDIOS, DEPT. ADN-47
20 Bank Street, White Plains, N.Y. 10606**

Please send me the Daisy Afghan Kit including machine washable yarn, easy to follow instructions AND THE FREE LOOM for the amazing low price of only \$10.98 on full money back guarantee if I am not absolutely delighted. Add \$1.00 postage and handling.

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☐ **SAVE! SPECIAL OFFER!** Order two kits for \$21.00. Extra kit makes a superb gift!