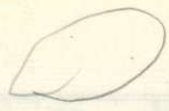


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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,

Lucile Driftmier Verness,

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

As a rule I don't begin the day by making telephone calls the first thing in the morning, but today was an exception. By the time my breakfast coffee was gone I had managed to line up a crib, a highchair and a car seat, all of which will be put to active use when Juliana, James and Katharine arrive the latter part of this month to spend Easter with me.

Our original plans called for this trip to be made in early May, but after considerable reflection Juliana concluded that she simply couldn't lose out on so much of the planting season. Their new place calls for almost everything that can be put into the ground and she has great plans for the entire project.

Albuquerque has had a series of most unusual weeks, weatherwise, with high temperatures day after day. By the first of March, she said in a recent phone conversation, their apricot tree had bloomed and faded. New leaves were appearing on everything and all of this premature performance was dismaying because it seemed only reasonable to expect at least one severe spring storm that would leave everything frozen.

In this same conversation she said that they were going ahead and plant some trees and shrubs, and added that she had to go to the store to buy some cheap fish before they tackled the job. It seems that when Jed was growing up on Cape Cod he helped his father plant trees and they *always* put fish in the hole that was dug!

Juliana thought at first that he was joking, but when a neighbor dropped in and was told about it she exclaimed: "Oh yes, that's the thing to do. I grew up in Virginia and we always got sardines to use when we planted things."

I told Juliana that I'd certainly never heard anything like this, but that I did remember reading about the Pilgrim days when the Indians always planted their corn with fish. I'd assumed that this practice belonged to misty days of

long, long ago, but I seem to have been mistaken.

Wayne and Abigail spent a day in Albuquerque fairly recently and Wayne was able to give Juliana invaluable help in planning what to put where. He recommended one shrub that I'd never heard of before: *Mohonia*. This seems to have bright purple berries and foliage that looks very much like holly. It needs a half-day of shade so the front of the house is the perfect place for it — and that's where it will be planted. I'll be anxious to see it when it gets anchored and is flourishing.

There is still plenty of time to get organized for the Loweyes' visit, but I'm already planning ahead on what I can cook in advance and store in the freezer. Mother's 86th birthday coming up gives us a splendid chance to have a big family dinner and I'm already mulling over that particular menu.

James is anxious to see if he'll be able to ride his new tricycle on this coming visit. Last summer he couldn't quite make it, so since that time the trike has stood in the basement awaiting his return. His conglomeration of trucks and other toys are also stored down there, and I'll be so happy to get them up and ready for his arrival.

They can be here only two weeks, but I'm mighty grateful for even that amount of time. Mother feels most hesitant about tackling a trip out to Albuquerque, so at least this will give her an opportunity to see her great-grandchildren.

(Incidentally, James calls me "Granny Wheels" and Granny Driftmier is "Granny Nanny Wheels". I asked Juliana what he calls his Grandmother Lowey and she said: "Nana". It's a wonder he doesn't call her "Nana Wheels", everything considered!)

This last month Eula and I had a most happy two weeks with our old friend, Anita Turner of Santa Fe. Eula and Anita have been good friends for almost 40 years, and it was through Anita that I met Eula and we made arrangements to live together.

It's curious, isn't it, how things work out. When Anita was living with me and Eula came up from Kansas City to spend a weekend here I didn't dream that someday it would be a long-term arrangement. But after Anita had to move back to Santa Fe to manage her sister's estate, it worked out that Eula would move here from Kansas City . . . so that's how it all came about.

I haven't had much contact with Santa Fe now for several years, and I was interested in Anita's report on how swiftly the place is changing. Traffic is terrible, she reports, and she never goes up to the Plaza (heart of town) unless there is no earthly way to avoid it. Areas that used to be tranquil and free of commotion are now bustling the year around. Santa Fe has always been a tourist attraction, but certainly not to the degree that it is today.

And speaking of changes . . . not long ago I spent a day in Omaha when we went to meet Anita's plane. I hadn't been to the Omaha airport for more than two years, and I'd *never* been much beyond old landmarks on West Dodge Street.

Well, I was simply flabbergasted by that city. To the west it stretches for miles and miles, far beyond Boys Town that I had always thought of as out in open country. The number of new subdivisions, shopping centers, etc., is astonishing. I'd certainly been aware of the fact that Omaha was growing rapidly, but until I saw it with my own eyes I simply didn't realize the extent of that growth.

Tom and Donna Nenneman (Howard's and Mae's family) have a house that strikes me as being wonderfully practical for a growing family. The ground level is a self-contained unit with a huge living room (complete with a fireplace) and a big utility room that contains the working core of the house. This gives the children a grand place to have their stuff and to carry on all of the activities that go with playmates on deck.

Such an arrangement releases the second floor for a more adult way of life — what fancy decorating magazines call a "formal life" but I wouldn't go that far, and I'm sure that Tom and Donna wouldn't either! However, such a floor plan does eliminate the constant admonitions not to knock over that lamp, not to spill those cooky crumbs on the living room carpet, not to this and not to that. It seems to me that it does away with a lot of "talk" and short tempers.

These days we are looking forward eagerly to spring. Once again my two magnolia trees are loaded with big buds, and once again I'm hoping earnestly that they're not frozen by a late

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FREDERICK'S LETTER FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Did you ever read the story about the vicissitudes of henpecked husbands?

"But let me tell you," said one, "I'm boss at my house. Last night I found there was no hot water. So I raised the roof! Believe me, I got hot water, too — and in a hurry!"

There was a pause, and he added: "I hate to wash dishes in cold water, don't you?"

When I read this to Betty she got a good laugh because we have just been through the most trying ordeal on the matter of hot water. Six months ago we installed a new hot water heater, and from the day of the installation we had trouble. This is a big parsonage, and we have seventeen hot water faucets all supplied by our big hot water heater. The very day the new heater was put in, Betty asked the plumber why he had not connected one of the pipes that had been connected to the old heater, and he replied that with the new heater that pipe was not needed. Within a matter of days we complained to the people who sold us the heater and told them that the new one was not giving us nearly enough hot water.

Over a period of five months we had four different experts come in to find the trouble, and each time Betty would tell them about the pipe that was disconnected. She would say: "I have to believe that that pipe has something to do with the problem." Each time, the plumbers would smile and look at her in a manner that seemed to suggest: "You are just a woman! We know that that pipe is unnecessary." Finally, we became so upset about the whole business that I made a personal call on the president of the firm and told him that he had to do something or I would contact some lawyers. Another expert was called in, and with him came an old man who had installed the hot water system in our house fifty years ago. The old man took one look and said: "But why did someone disconnect that pipe? That is a recirculation pipe which is absolutely essential in a house as big as this one!" The pipe was connected — the very one Betty had mentioned six months before — and now we have plenty of hot water. Perhaps my good wife should be a plumber.

I wish that you could be here with Betty and me today to help us make a decision about our travel plans for the summer. This morning I was positive that we would go to London, Paris, and Rome making the round trip across the Atlantic on the new *Queen Elizabeth*, the world's largest passenger liner. This afternoon I am positive that we



Our mother Leanna Driftmier, who celebrates her 86th birthday this month, is in fine health.

won't go to Europe, but will instead go across Canada on one of the fine Canadian-Pacific trains, visiting Lake Louise, Banff and Jasper, Victoria, Seattle, and Portland. We have been to Europe so many times, and we have never been to our own Pacific Northwest. On the other hand, I dearly love big ships, and I rather long for the lovely ocean voyage over and back. Never have I been so torn between two equally nice vacation plans. Today Betty suggested that perhaps we should do something else entirely different — something like a cruise to Iceland, Norway, and the lands above the Arctic Circle. One thing is certain, we cannot go on like this. We must decide before another sun is set. Each day we wait it becomes harder to get reservations.

Rev. John Willard Ames, my Associate in the ministry of South Church, is taking thirty-two members of our church on a tour of Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Denmark this summer. This will be the fourth consecutive summer that he has taken our church people on a European tour, and from all reports each tour is better than any before it. When he returns from this summer's tour, he will go with his family to their summer home in Maine. Betty and I will not leave until the Ames family are ready to return to the church in early August. Since we have stopped going to Nova Scotia all of our summer plans are so different. For years we always have done about the same thing with an occasional quick trip to Europe before or after going to Nova Scotia. We miss our big church house parties in the Nova Scotia woods, but we are slowly adjusting to the change.

So many churches are conducting their own European and Mediterranean tours these days. Air travel has made it possible to do and see so much in a much shorter span of time than in the old days when all travel was by steamers. Most people have more money to

travel, and guided tours are relatively less expensive.

At the breakfast table this morning Betty and I were talking about the amazing reserves of physical strength most people seem to have. We have had two or three friends who have had to undergo surgery for the removal of a lung, and without exception each of them is getting along fine on one lung. We have a friend who had one of his kidneys removed a few years ago, and he is as healthy as either one of us today. Isn't it amazing the way our Divine Creator endowed us with a wide margin of safety in many of our vital organs? Actually, most of us can live on about one half of one kidney and have a normal life. We probably have about seven times the liver tissue needed to survive, and we even can live with less than two thirds of our stomach. As a matter of fact, we have a very close friend who has no stomach at all. We can live without a gall bladder, but we have to have all our heart.

Speaking of gall bladders, I must tell you this. As a pastor of a large church I have to spend several hours of every week visiting hospital patients. In my twenty-seven years of hospital calling I have seen dozens and dozens of patients who have had gall bladder surgery, and I don't think that I ever have seen two alike. Doctors tell me that each gall bladder operation is different from every other. Most patients recover easily from such surgery, but there are those who have a very hard time. Never take that kind of surgery lightly.

Having been a hospital patient myself some twelve or thirteen times in my fifty-five years. I have had many fine experiences. Perhaps the most unusual and the most inspiring was the time a surgeon about to operate on me asked everyone in the operating room to join him in a word of prayer. Just before I was given the anesthesia, he took my hand in his, bowed his head and said the most comforting and beautiful prayer. That happened thirty years ago, and to this day I can remember what he said: "Heavenly Father, Thou art the creator and sustainer of our lives. All knowledge and all truth comes from Thee. Grant unto me the skill and wisdom I need for this hour. Give to this patient a complete trust in Thy loving care. Give to him the faith, the courage, and the patience he will need for the days of his recovery. Give us all Thy blessing. Amen."

My how times have changed since I had that surgery! I was not permitted to set a foot on the floor for two weeks after that operation, and today they have patients walking on the very day of the surgery. Seven of ten prescrip-

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The Powder Puff Varieties

A Spring Luncheon and Style Show

by
Mabel Nair Brown

In spring, when a woman's thoughts just naturally turn to the rejuvenation of her wardrobe, a luncheon combined with a style show is bound to be a hit — and if it offers styles for the heart as well as for the figure, so much the better!

Powder Puff Invitations will cue the guests in on the theme. For the cover of each invitation, cut two circles from heavy white construction paper, leaving them joined for an inch at one point. Cut a matching circle of typing paper, write the invitation on it, and paste it inside the cover. Using the same pattern, cut circles from outing flannel in pastel colors. Cut baby ribbon, in the same colors, into lengths slightly longer than the diameter of the circle. Glue a "powder puff" (circle of flannel) to the front cover of each invitation, gluing the ends of a length of matching ribbon in between the flannel and cover, just as it appears on many powder puffs. A pretty ribbon rosette might be fastened in the center of each ribbon.

Program Booklets: Cut the covers as paper dolls, just as we cut them when we were children, leaving them joined at the top of the head and stapling in the inside sheets. Round the skirts on each doll so that a small powder puff can be glued to the front of each doll to form the skirt. A half powder puff might be glued on as a hat.

Centerpiece: Fasten tiny puffs (they often come in assorted pastels) with narrow pastel ribbons to a tree branch which has been sprayed white and anchored in a flowerpot with clay. Set the pot in a pretty container.

ENTERTAINMENT

The usual style show in which local shops show their new fashions with your own members modeling is always popular, but you might like to try a different type of style show this time.

What woman wouldn't like to shed ten years off her age? Guests might be

asked to come dressed as they were ten years ago. Some of the younger women will be costumed as school-girls, of course, which adds to the fun.

If one of the members of your group has an especially good imagination and many willing helpers, perhaps she could plan a skit in which helpers model fashions as she sees them to be in the year 2000 A.D.

The styles in 2000 A.D. might include the "Mars Marvel Suit", "Jupiter Jet Jacket", "Saturn One-Piecer", etc. Using cardboard cartons, aluminum foil, tin cans, and plastic containers, one could come up with all sorts of weird fashions for laughs — some equipped with built-in oxygen tanks, ballast for space walkers, "atmosphere towlines", "space buttons", and "zodiac zippers". Since it may be all push-button living, be sure to have plenty of lounging styles, and protectors for the hard-working *punching* fingers!

The following skit is offered for those who would like to add a few good fashions for "character" to their afternoon program. (Thanks to Doris Reed's editorial in *The Iowa Business Woman* for the idea inspiring this skit.)

NEW FASHIONS FOR SPRING (A Skit)

(Note: The skit requires a narrator and model for each part of the new costume as designated. Music always adds to such a skit. For a prelude use "Easter Parade", followed by appropriate tunes — popular tunes, old hits, or even hymns to fit the narration with part of costume mentioned. Some of the music used might include "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet" (hat), "Golden Slippers" (shoes), "What the World Needs Now Is Love" (gloves), "Sweet Violets" (corsage), and other similar numbers.)

Narrator:

A pretty little maiden
Bought a pretty little bonnet
With a ribbon and a feather and a little
lace upon it.

In order that the maidens in the town might know it,
She wore it to meeting on Sunday just to show it.

"Alleluia, alleluia", sang the choir above her head.

"Hardly know ya, hardly know ya!" were the words she thought they said.
—Rev. Brown Garlock

There are fashions in clothes and at no time are we more conscious of it than when once again the earth springs to new life with greenening grass and bursting buds. It's also a good time to think of new thoughts and new life, so we now bring you some spring fashions in thoughts.

Hat: When I think of the springtime I think of a new hat. I love hats and I'm glad they are coming back in style. But I wear them whether they're in fashion or not.

But, dear me, purchasing a new hat calls for a decision, and sometimes it's a hard one to make.

Shall it be the hat of flowery flattery with a bow of froth and lightness, or that one of beautiful satin sincerity, accented with integrity and loyalty? But how about that lovely one of velvet compassion, trimmed with understanding and forgiveness? Decisions, decisions! Well, I do have a weakness for pretty hats. I'll give up the flattery and froth, but I really do need two hats, so wrap up the other two, would you, please?

Dress: My mother always told me I got the cart before the horse, but I'll match the dress to the hat, instead of the usual procedure. I want the dress to give me a lift, to be sparkling and gay.

I'm sorry to say that what I must have is one that will do a real cover-up job. I really did overindulge these last months!

My new dress! Will it hide any inclinations toward intolerance, hatred and bitterness? Ah, yes, I do like this gown of sharing, with its trim harmonizing friendliness and neighborliness, and that accent of sympathy. Why, it really makes a new ME, doesn't it? Oh, this is a dress to bring joy, not just to me but to everyone who sees me wear it.

Shoes: There are no ifs or ands about it, I must have new shoes to spark up my spring wardrobe. My old pair is downtrodden with self-pity and scuffed with uninvolvedness and disinterest. Wow! look at that gay and colorful pair, shining with zest and enthusiasm! Why, it peps me up just to look at them! Such a pair is sure to lead me to take pride in whatever task I find to do and to step forth to meet life with joy and to greet my fellowman with a smile of friendship.

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MARTIN STROM DESCRIBES TRIP TO THE HOLY LAND

Dear Friends:

Earlier this year, I had the good fortune to join a 9-day tour to the Holy Land. Some of my experiences on this trip have already been mentioned over the radio, but most have remained untold. Knowing this, and that many of you readers live outside our listening audience, I am happy that the family has given me the opportunity to share this letter with you.

Our overseas travel was carefully arranged, allowing us the freedom to relax and enjoy the memorable sights. We flew from St. Louis via New York and Lisbon (with its beautiful white buildings and pink tile roofs) to the island of Cyprus, landing in Nicosia, the Capitol. Flying east at such high speeds, our night was short; hardly had we finished supper when it was time for breakfast.

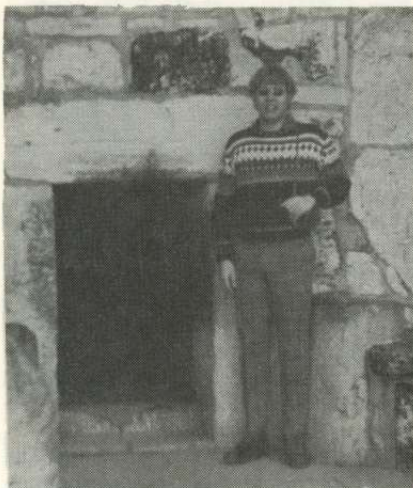
Being a little behind schedule, we postponed our sight-seeing in Cyprus for the return trip and went directly by bus to Famagusta, the large seaport on the eastern coast of Cyprus. There we went aboard the *Orpheus*, a Greek ship which served as our floating hotel for the next week. If my memory serves me correctly, there were approximately 280 passengers aboard. Before leaving on the tour I knew only five others of our company; I was delighted at how quickly everybody made friends. To share an experience like this builds strong bonds between people.

Our first night at sea was the only rough one, partially because we had to adjust to the motion of the ship, and partially because that night we had unusually high waves.

Breakfast, aboard ship, was served between 6:30 and 8:00, which is not a long time when you have to serve over 280 people. My admiration goes out to the kitchen crew for their excellent meals (especially after my own cooking out here in Montana!) and to the waiters for their courteous service.

The first country we visited was Turkey, landing at Mersin where we again were met by motorcoaches. We were driven to Tarsus, the birthplace of Paul, where we stopped at the well which is located near the spot where Paul's house once stood. We also stopped at the one remaining gate of the old city. It is called the Cleopatra Gate, because it was through its arch that she entered Tarsus for her first meeting with Mark Antony. On the outskirts of Tarsus were many gypsy camps for they had brought their flocks down out of the mountains for the winter season.

We next passed through Adana, which is the center of the cotton industry in



Martin Strom, outside Bethlehem's
Church of the Nativity.

Turkey, and the wealthiest city as a result. Here there is an ancient Roman bridge still in use today.

As we turned south, we passed through the battlefield of Issus, where Alexander the Great defeated Darius III, king of the Persians in 333 B.C.

In the middle of the afternoon we reached Antioch. As you might know, Antioch was the third largest city in the Roman Empire, smaller only than Rome and Alexandria. It was here that Paul began his ministry and that the name "Christian" was first applied to the followers of Jesus. Here is the Church of St. Peter, a cave on the outskirts of town where early Christians came to hear Peter preach. In many respects it is the first Christian Church. So dangerous was it to be a Christian in Antioch that this cave was probably chosen because of the escape tunnel leading away through the mountain. Also, in Antioch, we visited the museum of ancient Roman mosaics dating mostly from pre-Christian times. The subjects of the mosaics are Greek mythology and a few of everyday life in the city of Antioch.

We boarded our ship in Iskenderun and during the night it made south along the coast for Beirut, Lebanon. Because I had retired early on the previous night, I was awake in time to watch us approach the Harbor of Beirut and see the lights of the city shimmering in the fading night. I thought so then, and may still believe, that Beirut is the most beautiful city in the Holy Land.

After breakfast, we boarded some buses and began the twisting climb up the Lebanon Mountains which rise abruptly from the coast. While still within easy sight of the city, we reached over 4,000 feet, crossed over and began to descend into the valley between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon Mountains.

I am sorry to say that we never did

see any of the famous cedars of Lebanon, but only a few more recent plantings within the past two or three hundred years.

We drove north up the valley, past vineyards and orchards to Baalbek where we visited the ancient Roman ruins covering some sixteen acres. Most of the ancient city is still covered by the modern city, but the temples have been excavated. Some of the stone blocks used in the construction of the Temple of Jupiter weigh as much as 800 tons. These being the first extensive Roman ruins I had ever visited, I took more slides here than any place except Jerusalem.

After leaving Baalbek, we drove back down the valley and crossed the Anti-Lebanon Mountains into Syria. We were driven to Damascus, the Capitol and possibly the oldest continuously inhabited city in the world. At lunch in a very beautiful restaurant many of us tried some Turkish coffee. I doubt that I could ever become accustomed to its strength and flavor! After lunch we visited the Grand Omayad Mosque where the head of John the Baptist is buried. It was good to be reminded that many of the people important to Judaism and Christianity are also important to Islam. Next, we drove down the "Street Called Straight". It being a Muslim holiday, the Bazaar was almost deserted. As the afternoon wore on, we returned to Beirut and our ship.

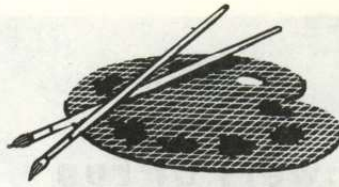
The next morning we arrived in Haifa, Israel's principal seaport. From here we drove south along the eastern slope of Mt. Carmel, following the Kishon River through the plain of Esdraelon to Megiddo, the ancient city-fortress which controlled the trade routes which passed through the valley. Because of its location, this city and valley were the scenes of many major battles and it is thought that Armageddon may refer to the valley of Megiddo. Megiddo is also well known for its secret tunnel leading out under its walls to the hidden spring.

Leaving Megiddo, we drove to Nazareth, passing the "Hill of Precipitation", viewing Mt. Tabor in the distance (Mt. of Transfiguration), passing Cana of Galilee, where Jesus performed his first miracle, and on to the Sea of Galilee. We were taken through the location of Magdala, home of Mary Magdalene, past the Mount of Beatitudes and to Capernaum, which was the center of Jesus' ministry. Here we visited the sight of Peter's house and the synagogue, before crossing the sea by motor launch to the ancient Roman city of Tiberias for lunch.

After lunch we drove around to the south end of the sea and the Jordan River. Above us rose the Golan
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The Language of Color

by Mary Feese



A single line in my notebook caught the eye of my friend: "Write about the language of color." She quirked an inquiring eyebrow at me. "Do colors have a special language? You know, that's something I hadn't thought about."

If you stop to think about it yourself — well, of course they do! Color choices can tell you something, wordlessly, about the personality of the person who chose them. Conversely, color can affect the personality and the mood of the onlooker. Color can add to or subtract from size, can beautify, add drama, can soothe or irritate or stimulate. Color, skillfully used, carries great influence. Largely, it's a matter of good taste and suitability of application. Not too far from here, for instance, I've seen a purple house — and I can tell you truthfully, I'd rather see than own one! On the other hand, the smaller quantity of purple required for a dress may appear regal, dramatic, dignified, and infinitely becoming, if the style and fabric are well chosen. Brilliant orange is eye-catching for hunting garments, to name another controversial color, but could "drive you right up the wall" if you chose to paint the walls that color.

Yes, colors do say something about personality. And yet, you may find that your preference in colors changes from time to time, with age or with the seasons. I wonder, does the color represent what one actually is — or what one is seeking, at the time? Who knows?

Since interior decorating is a field all its own, let's confine this analysis to choosing colors for your wardrobe. We'll assume you have a working knowledge of coordinating colors with a basic or neutral shade, upon which you've based your clothing plan, and will concentrate upon the colors themselves.

We tend to think of red first; it is a warm color, sociable, and sometimes a flag of courage. Pure red is young and gay. Tending toward the orange tones, it becomes defiant and challenging. Deeptoned but clear, cranberry red can invoke a mature joy and anticipation, a sense that life is good indeed. Darkened to the smoke-toned maroons and wine, the mood changes to dignity, a crystallizing of values and of character. Red's "baby sister" pink, though, seems optimistic, a looking on the bright side of life, a mark of gentle good cheer or even of innocence.

Orange, pure, might represent an out-

rush of energy, but in a harsh tone seems dangerous. Softened, it tones into dreamy peach and luscious apricot and into salmon shades, with degrees of meaning. Hope, perhaps, and outreach? In the misty shades, it's a far, far cry from undiluted orange, which should be used with caution, and perhaps in limited quantities.

Yellow speaks of accomplishment and energy, a reaching-out for more. When pale or bright, it offers springtime and sunshine, while gold tones offer the richness and glow of autumn splendor, the sum of maturity.

Green is a chameleon of moods; it ranges from soft and restful to deep and impressive, from nerve-twanging chartreuse to deep emerald, from velvety comforting depth to sharp and glossy as glass, slick, superficial. There's a brittle, cheap plastic-green that irritates, and a gentle spring-green that soothes.

Then come the in-between shades, that fit the in-between moods. You find turquoise and peacock and aqua, neither blue nor green, nor even a "mood-blend" of the two, but each a separate color of itself, with its own connotations. Aqua is almost universally becoming, and will hold its own well in the company of any other color. For some reason, it usually makes a fabric look a bit more expensive and higher quality than it actually is, although I don't know any logical explanation for this phenomenon. How becoming the richer shades of turquoise and peacock may be depends upon one's complexion and hair coloring, as well (sometimes) as a particular bit of flair in dressing.

Blue offers serenity, with gentle memories. Blue is a universal favorite of men, in most of its infinite variations. And these are many, for the blues range from my favorite bright, singing, fairy tale, sky blue, through "just plain blue", to navy blue — which can be bright or dark or limp and oppressive. Don't forget royal blue, nor the majestic mood of midnight-blue velvet, star-spangled with some sort of sparkling trim.

Lavender is misty, like smoky twilight, "the color of dreams", a sort of other-worldly, a sense of the "might-have-been". Violet is sheer magic; clear or deep purple is regal. White may indicate silence, or purity, or sheer detachment. Black can be interpreted as dense and definite, or gloomy and repressed. It can be crisp and decisive,

or it can take its mood from the color it's sparked and accessorized with; often the mood of black depends upon style and cut, and upon depth and texture of the fabric. Shades of gray bespeak less austerity, more serenity; these may be iced with white, or softened with the mood of the sherbet pastels.

Then there are countless shades of brown, from the palest ivory through eggshell, and taupe, the dreary and dull browns, the dark brown-blacks. There are the coppertones and bronzes, singing with life and forward-looking. There's russet, with a distinct mood of its own, challenging life on its own terms. There are drab beiges and those subtly toned with pink.

The language of color becomes even more apparent when you read through a list of descriptive names, that invoke the mood as clearly as music in the room, or a spoken word, or a luxurious painting. Indeed, almost as clearly as though the colors themselves were there at your fingertips in a luxurious panoply of fabrics spread out lavishly, for you to choose among. Read the names aloud, and "taste" their differences: raspberry, cinnamon, peach, cardinal red, coral, maple brown, cocoa, vermilion, shell pink, geranium red, melon, topaz, sapphire, apricot, royal blue, periwinkle, cornflower, rose, lemon, crimson, blue-grey, bronze, olive, cherry red, grape, midnight blue, plum, oatmeal, cream, pumpkin, scarlet, honey gold, ginger, cranberry, candy pink, persimmon, and chocolate. Elegant, indeed!

Next, try to match those descriptive names with the people you know who prefer certain colors, and think of the relationship with their personalities. Or choose your own favorites, and identify your own mood at the time you've preferred each of them. You'll find that there truly is a correlation between choice of colors and the wearer's personality. Very likely, you will spend some extra time choosing the colors for your new spring wardrobe, to effectively present your unique individuality through this heretofore neglected medium, the expression that you alone can achieve by making use of the intangible language of color!



LOOK YOUR BEST FOR SPRING

Use these ingredients to look your April best:

- 1 cup of neatness in dress
- Lots of cheerful disposition
- 2 sprinkles of color
- 1 large friendly smile
- Generous measure of understanding
- Mix well and all will be well.



Showers of Fun for April

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Posy Pot Favor: If you know three weeks or so in advance of an April luncheon or party coming up, use large size nut cups or short, squat paper cups as flowerpots, one for each guest. Fill with soil and plant with seed of a fast-growing annual. Dwarf marigolds are fine for this. Tie a pretty ribbon bow around each pot, add name card if desired, and give one to each guest at the party. The plants can be transplanted out-of-doors later to bring continued cheer to the recipient. You might pot up a single pansy plant in each cup instead of planting seeds, if time is short.

GAMES AND STUNTS

Stunts are especially good at an April Fool's Party.

Boxing Contest: You will need two cartons large enough so a person can work inside the box while in a sitting position, the open side being on the floor. Cut a hole on one side of each box large enough to put an arm through. Choose two players, giving each an equal amount of clothing — skirt and blouse and shoes, for example. Players, dressed in these clothes, squat on floor side by side and boxes are placed over their heads, with the arm holes facing each other. At a signal the players remove the clothes they have put on, putting clothing outside the box on floor so the other can reach it. They must exchange clothing and redress. First to complete the change stands up.

Grand Pick-Up: There are two players, two inflated balloons, and a deck of cards. Half the deck of cards is scattered on floor near one player and other half near his opponent. The stunt is for each player to pick up his twenty-six cards with one hand while keeping the balloon in the air with the other. It can be done! Allow a minute.

April Fool Hunt: Each person is given a list of articles to hunt for on this scavenger hunt, or they may look in couples. The trick here is that while all articles are in plain sight, they have been camouflaged. As a player

finds an article he checks it off his list without giving away the location to the others. The one who has the longest list when time is called wins. Suggestions for a few such camouflaged articles are: a short thread placed on cloth of same color, dark brown hair placed on dark varnished wood, a pin stuck in the edge of a mirror or a window.

Foolish Quiz: When you've completed the answers to these clues, the first letters of the answers will spell out the greeting of the month:

1. Man-made bird (Airplane)
2. Ham on the hoof (Pig)
3. What the tortoise and hare had (Race)
4. A plant that wends a crooked path (Ivy)
5. Aromatic member of a growing thing (Lavender)
6. Very undesirable with spring costumes (Fat)
7. Eccentric (Odd)
8. A poem (Ode)
9. Unlawful abstraction (Larceny)

You're in Stitches: Each answer to clues is a kind of sewing stitch.

1. Has disagreeable disposition (Cross)
2. Precedes a fall (Slip)
3. Has a frog in the throat (Hem)
4. Not desirable in fish (Bone)
5. Has links (Chain)
6. Is screwy (Crazy)
7. Ate the canary (Cat)
8. Weighs least (Feather)
9. Requires a key (Lock)
10. Cannot see (Blind)
11. Is warmest (Blanket)
12. Goes farthest (Running)
13. A thorny plant (Briar)
14. Put in soil (Seed)
15. Is eaten (Popcorn)
16. A soft material (Satin)



PEOPLE

Foolish people gossip about others. Unimportant people talk of places and things.

Great people discuss ideas.

OF FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

by
Virginia Thomas

Poetry, tradition, and common usage have attached particular meanings to a great many flowers. The Greeks and Romans had an extensive flower language to symbolize their thoughts and feelings, and chivalry of the Middle Ages, as well as the Roman Church, used much floral symbolism. Even here in America in the gay nineties era and in the early part of this century, romantic young swains often used the language of flowers to carry their feelings to their ladies fair.

'Tis said it is in spring when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love — and flowers — and here are a few of our more common spring blossoms and the meanings attributed to them:

- Apple blossom — Esteem
- Dandelion — Coquetry, flirtation
- Hyacinth, purple — Sorrow
- Hyacinth, white — Loveliness
- Lilac — Discernment
- Lily-of-the-valley — Unconscious sweetness
- Pansy — Thoughts
- Tulip, yellow — Despairing affection
- Violet — Modesty

Somehow I'd always thought of the pansy as a very old flower, but pansies as we know them were developed from the wild Johnny-jump-up in 1812. *Viola* is the genus name of pansies; thus it is of the same family as violets, and the little pansies we call violas.

It is interesting to note the names this favorite flower has acquired: "heartsease", "call me to you", "love-in-idleness", "three faces in a hood", "love true" and "tickle my fancy" are a few. A name which amuses me is "meet her in the entry, kiss her in the pantry". The name pansy comes from the French *pensée*, meaning thought, because of the pensive appearance of the hanging pansy faces.

The lily-of-the-valley comes to us from Europe, where it grows from Lapland to Italy, growing wild in many areas. The first use of its lovely fragrance was in lily-of-the-valley water which was so prized that it was kept in golden containers. These flowers have become one of my favorites for forcing. It is easily done. They must have our cold weather to thoroughly chill the pips, so I pot the pips just before the ground freezes too hard to get them up, and leave them out in the cold until about a month before I want them to bloom, then bring inside. Keep pips moist but do not overwater.

The hyacinth is an Old World garden plant of the lily family, its origin going

(Continued on page 22)

ABIGAIL AND WAYNE SEE ANOTHER OFF TO BRAZIL

Dear Friends:

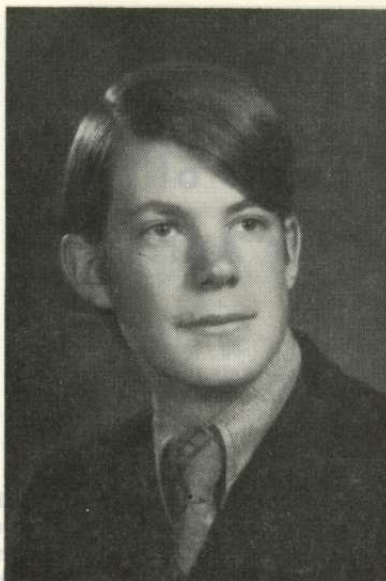
"Well, we're back where we were twenty-five years ago, except that we have one more dog now." Those were Wayne's words as we walked away from Denver's airport by ourselves one afternoon after bidding Clark goodbye upon his departure for Brazil. We then postponed adjusting to our childless home for ten days by taking off on a jaunt into southwestern United States.

The final two weeks before Clark's departure were a whirlwind of activity. There had been one delay and complication after another in securing his special visa. Ordinary tourists would encounter few of these complications for any visit of up to six months, but a student requires a special visa because of his greater length of stay. Also, we wanted to wait until the last possible minute to purchase the clothing he would be taking. Clark's growth has been so rapid in recent months that we were afraid he would outgrow his clothing before his return. Finding clothing to fit someone who is six feet, three inches tall, and weighs but one hundred sixty pounds is not an easy matter in the first place. Trying to find summer weight clothing in the dead of winter in Denver is equally difficult. In addition there was a myriad of concerts and forensic meets, and, finally, a number of farewell events. And then suddenly, it seemed, he was gone!

Enroute Clark stopped overnight in Houston to visit a friend he made in music camp last summer. Clark was favorably impressed with the design and planning that had gone into the Houston airport. His plane also landed in Mexico City, which was almost totally obscured by smog. However, after take-off, the pilot flew by Popocatepetl, the famous volcanic mountain, which had steam coming from its snow-capped crater. Additional stops were made in Guatemala City and Panama City before landing in Brasília, his home for the next ten months.

Brasília, the new Capitol of Brazil, has been in existence only eleven years. It is the country's great showcase of modern city planning and architectural design. Clark reports that the city has a marvelous lack of congestion and quantities of open space. There are hundreds of small playgrounds for the children as well as large tracts of land set aside for future parks within the city. The climate is delightful and there is no visible smog. It is rare for the temperature to exceed 80-85 degrees and the humidity is usually under 50%. In addition there are breezes of 10-15 miles per hour.

Almost everyone, except for the high-



Clark Driftmier graduated from high school in midyear and left a few weeks ago to spend a year abroad as a Rotary Exchange Student.

est-ranking federal officials and foreign ambassadors, lives in apartments at the present time. The residential area is divided into what are called "superquadras". Each superquadra has streets only on the exterior and contains about 10 small apartment buildings with generous grounds, and a playground and school for the children living there. In addition a small commercial area contains stores with essential items such as food and drugs. Clark reports that the apartments are quite small and austere by U.S. standards. For example he mentioned the small kitchen stoves with ovens the size of a breadbox.

The streets reflect modern traffic engineering. There are no stoplights because there are no intersections. Streets pass either over or under each other on a different level. Automobiles and gasoline are very expensive. An extremely small (foreign-type) Ford costs more than \$4,000 U.S. dollars, and gasoline sells for \$1.80 a gallon. It is a real luxury to own even one automobile, and buses transport most of the people about the city. I'm sure Clark is hoping that bicycles are readily available and not too costly. As a foreign student, he is forbidden to drive an automobile, but he does enjoy cycling.

Emily's surroundings in Brazil are quite different, to say the least. She completed her training and was as-

signed to Cidade Miguel Calmon, a city of about 10,000. We couldn't find it on the map of Brazil in our atlas, but have just received a map of the state of Bahia from her, which shows its location. A dirt road was recently built into the town; previously it was accessible only by railroad. It required eight hours of bus travel for Emily to reach it from the city of Salvador. She said she really felt as if she were at the end of the world when she got off the bus, wondering how she was going to start her life there. Suddenly people came out of the church nearby, rushed over, and threw their arms around her, hugging and kissing her. Such was their welcome to the first Peace Corps Volunteer in their midst. She'll be working closely with the Roman Catholic Church in the community. She says the poverty is staggering; many of the children look like those of Biafra. Agriculture, manganese mining, and three small factories provide the economic activity of her small city. The countryside resembles the extreme southwestern portion of the United States, a dry, desert-type locale.

Emily mentioned the contrast in the way Brazilians eat avocados as compared to most people from our continent. Brazilians eat them just as they would any fruit — with lots of sugar and perhaps milk or cream. When she described how she was accustomed to eating avocados with lemon and salt or in salads or as guacamole, they were horrified. She guesses she must still be more Mexican than Brazilian. In general she hasn't been much taken with the food of Bahia, which is quite heavy. She hasn't sent any recipes, since most call for manioc flour and oil from the dende plant, which would be mighty hard to find in these parts!

By the time this letter reaches you our other child, Alison, and her husband should be in Mexico. They've been painting gasoline storage tanks and service stations for Mike's father for some time in order to provide the where-with-all for this trip south of the Rio Grande. They'll be spending some of the time in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, where one of Alison's friends and former instructors has started a riding academy. They're also hoping to travel through Yucatan and on into Guatemala and perhaps others of the Central American countries.

In the meantime Wayne and I are very much at home in Denver, Colorado, U.S.A. Spring season is the most demanding portion of the year for Wayne and I'm without my very last yard assistant. The brightly blooming crocus are inspiration to get out and get to work.

Sincerely,
Abigail

THINK ABOUT IT . . .

The minds of men are divided into three categories:

- 1 — Those without thought.
- 2 — Those with thought.
- 3 — Those who do what they think.



HOUSEWORK CAN BE THERAPY

by
Dagney Tinkey

Can housework provide healthful exercise?

Yes . . . but only if we stop the shuffle, drop the droop. Neither will burn excess calories, stir circulation or improve posture. Instead of occasional jogging, how about putting "jog" into jobs?

First, get as much fresh air into the house as possible. Open doors, windows or turn on the air conditioner. Shoulders back, take deep breaths while house air is being changed.

Then for your morning exercises:

Turn on your radio, television or record player. (A good lively tune, please!) If a gymnast program is in process, fine. If not, count as you work, "One . . . two . . . three . . . bend . . . stretch . . . pick up a toy . . . replace a newspaper . . . straighten cushions . . . rise to full height . . . drop arms . . . relax . . . repeat." A neat living room in record time.

Double time around beds while making them. Stoop from the waist, no knee bends, while tucking sheets in place. Fling the spread with spirit; resist temptation to sag. You'll get nearly as much exercise from making a king-sized bed as you would from walking around the block.

Don't just stand there while ironing. Being rooted to the vinyl is wearying. Occasionally kick back or sideways between smoothing wrinkles. And do have the ironing board high enough so you won't get shirt-hunch shoulders.

For dusting, ironing, any one-hand job, change your "working hand" frequently, sometimes left, sometimes right. Notice how weak a little-used hand and arm become? Better be ambidextrous than lopsided.

Stand on tiptoe while cleaning shelves . . . up . . . down . . . to strengthen ankles.

Swing sideways smartly as you set the table. If you don't think this motion trims the waist, look at check-out girls in the supermarket. Most of them have wasp waistlines thanks to side-to-side swinging motion of their bodies all day.

Walking from room to room, pretend you are a majorette and raise knees high. Imagine you are a soldier and

swing into a goose step. The family will think you are crazy? Well, that's *their* brain exercise.

Bending from the waist as you wax floors is strenuous but if the middle needs it, result can be rewarding to the figure.

Eyes need exercise, too. While sewing, at times look up and away. Study the ceiling. Without turning, look to the right as far as possible, then to the left.

Sing when you work and give lungs a workout, smile and rejuvenate your face.

Is this silly? Not at all. If anything, it's more sensible than struggling with dull exercises while work waits.

Most important rule of all . . . walk especially fast when you pass the refrigerator door!

GOOD NEWS EVERY SUNDAY

by
Grace V. Schillinger

Are you fed up with bad news? I am. This fall I decided to do something about it. We have 12 grandchildren, the oldest being 16. I got to thinking — what kind of vision are we demonstrating to them? Should their attention always be channeled to terrible things?

When eleven-year-old Randy rushed into our kitchen hollering, "Grandma! Hear about the car wreck up on the blacktop? Two guys killed — mashed all over the road!" — that's when I made a decision.

I'm not saying that accidents and robberies can be kept from children who can read, and parents can't deprive them of all TV programs. But how could I — a grandmother — do just one small thing to change our grandchildren's outlook on life?

"Randy, I'm sorry about the accident. The driver must have been driving too fast," I said. "Come on over here, let's talk a while." He followed me over to the big oval pine table and we sat down and looked out at the Rock River as it flowed past the house. It looked so calm that day and I longed to bring a little of its serenity to the boy beside me. "When you go home,

would you tell Renae and Mark something for me?" They are his six- and seven-year-old sister and brother.

"Sure! What?"

"Today's Thursday, and on Sunday when you all come here with your mother and dad, I want you three to have something good to tell me."

"Something good?" Randy's big eyes gazed solemnly into mine.

"From today till Sunday hunt up something good to share with me — something you see, or read, or that happens to you."

On Sunday, after church, Renae announced when they tramped in, "Gram, we all got good stuff to tell you!" The bright smiles on their faces looked like pretty good stuff, too, I thought.

"Mom says I can ask five girls to our house for a picnic," Renae told me. "Is a picnic good, Grandma?"

"Wonderful," I told her. "The girls will love it!" I turned to Randy. "What's good with you?"

"Dad's going to let me run the motor when we go fishing in the lake. How about that?"

"Looks as if your dad thinks you can be trusted," I said and watched a pleased expression play over his face.

Mark looked a little worried. "Can you think of something good to tell me, Mark?" I said.

He shook his head once. Then once again, slowly. Then he yelled. "Wait a minute!" and dashed out the kitchen door and ran around the house.

When he returned, both hands were behind him.

"What is it?" I asked.

He whipped out a bouquet of violets and offered it to me. "Flowers! Good, aren't they?"

"Violets — why, Mark, flowers that are blooming this early in the year are about the best news in the world. I love 'em! And you, too!"

See what I mean? A person has to begin somewhere, and what better place than in children's minds?

It's a standing order now. When our grandchildren who are old enough to know visit us, they bring something good to tell me. It certainly brightens my day, and it's one tiny step toward breaking up a world full of bad news.



STROLLER PARADE

How long I've watched their gay parade,
Envious of the bright sunshades
That shield assorted girls and boys
Who ride therein, and of the noise
Of squeaking wheels that seem to say:
"Look, friends and neighbors, we display
The winter's babies for your view
Who stayed indoors while cold winds blew."
But now warm days tempt mothers out
To wheel their babies all about.

I greet this Spring with special thanks —
Today I joined the Stroller Ranks!

—Carol Kosek

WHEN WORDS ARE JUST WORDS

by
Gladise Kelly

Clerks are apt to say, "Oh, it's easy to put together." They may even add, "Even a child could follow these simple directions." But clerks seem to have so much more confidence in my "put-together" knowledge than I have myself. Their very words might classify me as a moron, at least along those lines. But thank goodness, only I know just how lacking I am in "do-it-yourself" ability.

Anything that has to be "put together" after purchase, I buy with trepidation and avoid as much as possible. However, there are times when there is just no avoidance. If I want an article in one piece, I just have to get it into that shape myself!

Take a recent example. I bought new drapes for the living room-dining room combination. The former owners of the house were kind enough to have a draw-drape rod in the living room, but there their ideas diverged from mine. They didn't have any in the dining area window, and I wanted my drapes alike.

Courageously, I shopped for a draw-drape rod and courageously I tackled the job of getting it up. After reading the first sentence, I thought I could understand that, so I set to work. Step by step, I followed the instructions (or thought I did). Hurrah, the rod was finally up and the two panels of the drapes hung neatly. I began feeling elated — I never thought I could do it! Past experience gave me plenty of reason for that thought. Then to draw the drapes. Sure enough it worked, but, alas, when I tried to pull them open, one worked fine. The other didn't budge an inch. I had to work it by hand. After two years, they are still hung the same way. Draw one, work the other by hand. I'm the only one who knows (so far) that they aren't hung right. No one else has operated them. There's a table in front of the window, so no one has tried!

Then there was the time I bought a bookcase for a high-school son (for Christmas). I didn't even open the box until after the holiday. Then my son and I tackled it together. It was then I discovered he must have inherited my inability at constructing things. We got the bookcase all together, though, after several tries, set it up — and it fell apart — all over the living room floor. After about five more tries, we gave up. I called the man who sold it to me. He came out and had it on its four legs in about ten minutes. That was about six years ago and I still marvel that it continues to stand upright. Just why couldn't I have done that?



The guitar is bigger than the boy, but James loves to strum on it and "sing like a cowboy"!

Then there's a recent experience with knitting. A friend caught me in a "bored" period and suggested she teach me to knit. After I learned to knit three articles, my teacher suddenly moved out of town. Well, I knitted pincushions, dust mitts, and house slippers, one after another — because I found I really liked to knit. But soon that became monotonous, and I longed to be able to knit more things. I also began to wonder what I would do with all those pincushions, house slippers, and dust mitts. I was running out of friends to give them to, and running out of space for storage. I would either have to learn to knit more things or enlarge my circle of friends.

I got out the knitting books I had purchased and thought I would try something new — a cap for instance. The first sentence, "Start at the center," floored me. I had nothing there — nothing at all except some knitting yarn and two needles — where could I find a center? I gave up the cap and knitted some more pincushions, dust mitts and house slippers!

About the time I decided to start something else again, I saw a booklet advertised, *Knitting Dictionary, 800 Stitches, Patterns*. That was for me. Maybe I could find out what I wanted to know. After waiting for several weeks, the booklet arrived. One look, and I knew it was way beyond me — all those complicated stitches — and those words meant absolutely nothing.

Fortunately, about that time — I was still determined to learn more about knitting — I saw a notice that the local high school was offering night classes in beginning knitting. There would be someone there to *show* me! I enrolled. I attended. I am knitting a few more articles now, but with the knowledge the teacher is in town and I can get in touch with her — to show me.

My most recent attempt at "do-it-yourself" was putting a new roller on a closet door. For two years the door had leaned against the bedroom wall, because I feared tackling the job. Well, I shopped for a new roller — which didn't fit (even I knew that, when I tried to put it on), and had to go shopping again. Finally, I decided I had the right kind. There were two ways I could possibly get it on — I chose the wrong way! I did manage to get it off again and on the right way. Success! It fit into the track and all was well. I congratulated myself. About that time, the door fell right out of the slot and right into the middle of the floor. I finally set the door against the wall (where it had been for two years already). That evening a neighbor came over and hung the door for me (in less than ten minutes)!

Only this spring I crocheted a couple of toy elephants for my grandchildren. One of them has his trunk on the back of his head. I will have to remedy that situation before next Christmas.



THE NON-VIOLENT LITTLE FLOWER

O Little Flower,
Blooming here beside the road;
I cannot find within myself
The strength to pluck you by the stem
And cease to let you grow.

O Little Flower,
I bow to your great brilliance,
For I know that-you were made
Neither by a mind nor hand of violence;
For violence is never at peace with itself

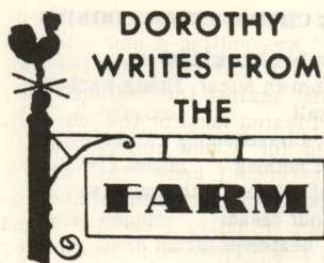
As you are;
Nor does it lift the soul
With its fragrance,
And its blissful color.

O Little Flower,
How well I know
That not a single petal of ill will
Is there within your heart
For God or Man;
How much better then
That I should leave you
Spread your message of good will
Beside the road,
Than strike you dead,
And hold you in my hand.

—Don Beckman

For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

—Song of Solomon



Dear Friends:

The last time I was in Shenandoah to address the magazine, I read a poem which had come in the mail from a Missouri listener about the Ladies' Aid, that was so true. I wonder how many small churches throughout the country are sustained and kept going through the combined efforts of the women in the church. I suppose every small church has its own pet ways of earning money to help defray expenses and make it possible to hire a minister, and I would be interested in learning about some of your projects.

For several years our church women have been serving meals at the Humeston sale barn about once a month. I believe that at one time the cafe there was open all the time, but now they use it only on sale days, and the owner, Tommy Johnson, lets the different church groups in the area prepare and serve the dinners. The kitchen is equipped with a commercial size stove, a steam table, and refrigerators, and everything is convenient. Humeston is twelve miles from Lucas, so the fact that we don't have to transport any dishes, only the food, makes it possible for us to do this. Those of us who donate pies each bake two of our own choice. I am always amazed at the wide variety we have. We seldom have more than two pies of the same kind. One of my jobs is to help cut the pies and dish it up onto plates, and just for fun I'll see if I can remember the kinds we had last time: apple, French apple, raisin, raisin cream, cherry, strawberry, peach, pecan, raspberry, custard, pumpkin, coconut cream, coconut custard, gooseberry. That is quite a variety to choose from in a cafe, and they all looked wonderful.

A friend of mine recently visited her daughter in Alabama, and she brought some recipes she thought I might like to look at to see if there were any I would like to test and share with our readers. I thought the story she told about the recipes was interesting enough to share with you, and perhaps it will give you an idea for raising money. The church her daughter goes to is large enough to have several circle groups, and instead of going to all the work and expense of getting out a cookbook to sell, this is what they do. Once a year they have a large

luncheon, and in advance of this luncheon the women turn in a copy of their favorite recipe, or recipes, with their name and circle group number on it. These are mimeographed, compiled into books, and stapled together. The food for the luncheon is furnished by the women, who must bring the dishes made from the recipes they contributed. The tickets for the luncheon are \$1.50, and include a copy of the recipe booklet. I thought this sounded like a lot of fun, and from the size of this booklet there was certainly a terrific amount of food there, with great variety. I would like to have been there.

There was another idea in the mail that sounded different and fun. For a guest day entertainment, each woman brought an old hat, dress, and purse, each item wrapped separately, and these were auctioned off. At the next meeting each person had to wear what she had bought. The friend who wrote said she was lucky that the dress she bought fit her without much altering, but not all were so lucky. If you wore a size 18 or 20 and happened to get a size 9 or 10, wouldn't that be fun?

Frank has been keeping two tank heaters going this winter with some of the dead elms we have all over the place. The son of a friend of mine had some bad luck recently. He was sawing down a dead elm tree this winter with a chain saw when the vibration caused a large limb in the top of the tree to fall, and he was hit on top of the head. He was in critical condition in the hospital for awhile with a concussion and

partial paralysis. We have many dead elms in the timber, and every time the wind blows more big limbs come crashing down. I have been amazed that we haven't lost any cows or calves from these falling trees.

I haven't gotten nearly as much sewing done as I wanted to this past month. I did get a long skirt and blouse made for Kristin and sent them to her for a valentine. The skirt was slightly gathered at the waist and was made of olive green knit. The blouse was made of whipped cream material, a white background with bouquets of bright flowers. The green leaves blended well with the skirt. It was a surprise and she was real happy with it.

Juliana picked out some coral lightweight wool for a long dress she asked me to make for her, and I tried to get it done in time for her birthday, but didn't quite make it. Frank's sister Bernie had a piece of blue corduroy that had been given to her several years ago, and I finally got that made up into a dress for her. For myself I made a pair of navy blue knit slacks with a red and navy plaid top. This didn't make a dent in the fabric pile at my house, and I wish I didn't have anything else to do but sew, but unfortunately there comes a time when I have to do a little housecleaning.

Marge said she told you on the radio program about the knitted boots she saw on her trip to Wisconsin, and she got the directions so Ruby could try her hand at making them. Since then she has had several requests for the directions. She doesn't have a letter in this month, so I said I would include this in my letter. I don't knit, so I don't understand a bit of this, but for those of you who do knit, I'm sure it will make sense.

Boots: Size 9 or 10 needles — 1 hank 4-ply, 4 oz. Cast on 42 sts. 50 for high boots — 50 for men. Knit 3 rows plain (garter st.). Row 4 — knit 1 yarn over — knit 2 together. Repeat from across row ending with knit 1. (Do not yarn over before your knit st.) Knit 2 rows plain. Tie on contrasting colors (if 2 colors are used). Increase in every st. across row (84 sts.). Knit 18 ridges (20 for men). **Last Rows:** Tie on first color. Knit two together across row (42 sts.). Knit 2 rows plain. Knit 1 yarn over — knit 2 together. Repeat from across row ending with knit 1. (Do not yarn over before your knit st.) Knit 3 rows plain. **Take off sts. Sew or crochet one end together for boot.**

Ties: Chain 2 yds. for 42 sts. Chain 2 1/4 yds. for 50 sts.

I must close now and get this in the mail. Until next month . . .

Dorothy

THE LADIES' AID

We've put a fine addition on the good old church at home,
It's just the latest kilter, with a gallery and dome,
It seats a thousand people — finest church in all the town,
And when 'twas dedicated, why we planked ten thousand down;
That is, we paid five thousand — every deacon did his best —
And the Ladies' Aid Society, it promised all the rest.
We've got an organ in the church — very finest in the land,
It's got a thousand pipes or more, its melody is grand,
And when we sit on cushioned pews and hear the master play,
It carries us to realms of bliss unnumbered miles away.
It cost a cool three thousand, and it's stood the hardest test;
We'll pay a thousand on it — the Ladies' Aid the rest.
They'll give a hundred sociables, cantatas, too, and teas;
They'll bake a thousand angel cakes, and tons of cream they'll freeze;
They'll beg and scrape and toil and sweat for seven years or more,
And then they'll start all o'er again, for a carpet for the floor.
No, it isn't just like digging out the money from your vest
When the Ladies' Aid gets busy and says: "We'll do the rest."
Of course we're proud of our big church from pulpit up to spire;
It is the darling of our hearts, the crown of our desire,
But when I see the sisters work to raise the cash that lacks,
I somehow feel the church is built on women's tired backs,
And sometimes I can't help thinking when we reach the regions blest,
That men will get the toil and sweat, and the Ladies' Aid the rest. —Unknown

**RHUBARB DREAM DESSERT**

- 1 cup sifted flour
- 5 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/4 cup flour
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 2 beaten eggs
- 2 cups finely chopped rhubarb
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Blend 1 cup flour, powdered sugar and butter or margarine together. Press into ungreased pan, 7 1/2 by 11 inches. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes. Sift sugar, 1/4 cup flour and salt. Mix with eggs, rhubarb and flavoring. Spoon onto crust. Bake for 35 minutes at 350 degrees. Serves 6.

—Margery

BEEF SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 3/4 cups hot water
- 1/4 cup beet juice
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. onion juice
- 2 tsp. horseradish
- 3/4 cup chopped celery
- 1 cup diced, cooked beets

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. When cool add other ingredients and put in the refrigerator to get firm. Serve on lettuce with your favorite salad dressing.

We like this salad with casseroles.

CHERRY WHIP

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cherry gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup cherry syrup (water added to make 1 cup if necessary)
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 cup red cherries
- 1 cup whipped cream

Dissolve gelatin in hot water; then add syrup and flavoring. Chill until partially set. Beat until frothy. Fold in cherries and whipped cream. Chill in refrigerator.

—Margery

ASPARAGUS-CHEESE CASSEROLE

- 3 cups fresh asparagus, washed and cut into 1-inch pieces
- 1 onion, diced
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. celery salt
- 2 cups milk
- 1/2 lb. grated Cheddar cheese
- 2 cups buttered bread crumbs

Boil asparagus in small amount of water until done — about 5-10 minutes; drain thoroughly. Melt butter and add diced onion and cook until onion is golden. Stir in flour and cook 5 minutes. Gradually stir in milk, then salt, mustard and celery salt and cook until smooth. Place layer of asparagus in greased casserole, add a layer of cheese and repeat. Pour sauce over all and top with buttered crumbs. Bake in 350-degree oven until bubbly. —Abigail

ITALIAN BEEF CASSEROLE

- 2 lbs. ground beef
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper (optional)
- 2 Tbls. shortening or drippings
- 1/2 tsp. salt

1/2 tsp. oregano
3 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
1 8-oz. pkg. wide noodles, cooked
1 lb. cream-style cottage cheese
1/2 cup grated cheese (your choice)
Brown ground beef, onion and green pepper in shortening or drippings. Pour off excess fat. Combine salt, oregano and tomato sauce and add to meat mixture. Place half of cooked noodles in bottom of greased 3-quart casserole or large glass baking dish, place half of cottage cheese on noodles, spread half of ground beef mixture over cottage cheese. Repeat layers, sprinkle with the grated cheese and bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

I divided the recipe into two casseroles — one to serve immediately, and the other to freeze.

—Margery

SOUR CREAM RAISIN COOKIES

In a large bowl combine:

- 2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg

Add to this, beating thoroughly:

- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 cup melted shortening
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Sift together and add:

- 3 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder

Stir in:

- 1 cup chopped raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet and bake approximately 10 minutes in a 425-degree oven. —Dorothy

SALMON PIE

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup flour
- 2 cups milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1-lb. can salmon
- 2 cups cooked peas
- 1/4 cup chopped pimiento
- 1 Tbls. minced onion

Biscuits for top

Melt the butter or margarine. Work in the flour until smooth. Stir in the milk slowly to mix well. Add butter flavoring. Gently fold into this white sauce the salmon, peas, pimiento and minced onion. Pour into a greased 2-qt. casserole. Make round biscuits, using your favorite recipe, and place them over the top, touching. Bake at 350 degrees for about 12 to 15 minutes until the biscuits are lightly browned.

We've enjoyed this same dish made with tuna.

—Margery

RUBY'S WHOLE WHEAT DATE BREAD

- 1 3/4 cups milk
- 1/2 cup warm water (not too hot)
- 2 pkgs. dry yeast
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 3 Tbls. vegetable shortening, melted
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup finely chopped dates
- 1/2 cup pecans, chopped
- 4 cups white flour
- 2 cups whole wheat flour

Mix all the ingredients in a large bowl in the order given. Put in a greased bowl, grease the dough and let raise until double in bulk. Punch down and knead on a floured board until elastic. Form into 2 loaf pans (greased) and let raise until double in bulk. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes.

PORK GOULASH

- 2 lbs. lean pork, cut into 1" cubes
- Salt and pepper
- 1 Tbls. paprika
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- Juice of 1 lemon
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 Tbls. capers
- 1/2 lb. fresh mushrooms
- 1 large onion, sliced thin

Brown cubed pork in small amount of hot fat very fast; drain off fat. Add salt, pepper, paprika and garlic; stir thoroughly. Add lemon juice and sour cream, capers and mushrooms and mix thoroughly. Add onions on the top of mixture. Cover and cook over moderate heat for 1 hour. Goulash should cook down to a nice gravy thickness but check after 45 minutes to see if water should be added. Serve over rice or noodles. Serves 4-6 people. —Abigail

MEXICAN CORN RELISH

- 1 1-lb. can whole kernel corn
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimiento
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing

Thoroughly heat corn; drain and cool. Combine with remaining ingredients. Chill several hours. Makes 3 cups.

—Margery

APRICOT-PINEAPPLE SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups apricot nectar
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

- 1 1-lb. can drained, peeled apricots, pitted and diced
- 1 cup drained, crushed pineapple

Dissolve the gelatin in boiling hot nectar and water. Add lemon juice and flavorings. Chill gelatin until it starts to congeal, and then fold in the diced apricots and crushed pineapple. Pour into an 8-inch square pan and chill until firm. Meanwhile make the following topping:

Topping

- 1 cup juice drained from fruit
- 1 slightly beaten egg yolk
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 cup sugar
- Dash of salt
- 1 cup cream, whipped

Bring the juice to a boil and stir in the slightly beaten egg yolk. (Carefully!) Blend the cornstarch and sugar and salt. Stir in. Cook until the mixture thickens. Cool, and then fold in the whipped cream. Spread this topping over the firm gelatin salad. —Margery

RHUBARB CAKE

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

2 cups fresh rhubarb, finely cut
Cream sugar and shortening together until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each egg is added. Then add dry ingredients, which have been sifted together, alternately, with the milk. Stir in the flavoring. Last of all, mix into the batter the rhubarb. Bake in a 9- x 12-inch pan, which has been oiled and floured, in a preheated 350-degree oven for 35 minutes or until it tests done.

This cake is best served warm with the following sauce:

- 1 1/2 cups water
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine and cook until sauce is thick and clear. —Mae Driftmier

KATHARINE'S CREPES

- 1 cup cold water
- 1 cup cold milk
- 4 large eggs
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 4 Tbls. melted butter or margarine

Put the water, milk, eggs and salt in a mixer and blend. Add the flour all at once, then the melted butter or margarine. Mix thoroughly by hand or with a mixer if you have one. Cover and refrigerate two hours if possible. (I must add here and now that Katharine did not have the time to wait this period so she immediately cooked the crepes and they were fantastic.) Batter will be of the consistency of very light cream.

Heat a skillet or waffle-pancake griddle over moderately high heat until it starts to smoke. With a brush, sweep on some cooking oil or clear bacon grease. Remove the pan from the heat and pour in a scant 1/4 cup of batter, tilting the pan in all directions so the batter just coats the bottom. Return the pan to heat for 60 to 80 seconds. The crepe will loosen along the edges when it is browned. Lift the edges with a spatula. Turn the crepe with a spatula or with your fingers if you are adept. The second side will be brown in about 30 seconds. Slide the crepe onto a plate and repeat the process, greasing the pan very lightly before making each crepe.

Sprinkle the finished crepe with pow-

dered sugar and add any one of a number of tasty toppings ranging from sour cream to orange marmalade to blueberry syrup or strawberry preserves.

These will hold nicely in a very warm oven until you have enough to take care of your table full of hungry eaters.

—Mary Beth

SPECIAL CABBAGE SALAD

- 6 cups cabbage, shredded
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 4 tsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. dill seed
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 Tbls. rich milk
- 2 apples, diced
- 2 tsp. lemon juice

Grate cabbage. Combine remaining ingredients with exception of apple and lemon juice. Combine with cabbage. Apple may be diced, sprinkled with the lemon juice and folded in. Chill well. Or, all ingredients except apple may be chilled and then apple folded in just before serving so fruit will not darken. Serve in lettuce cups for a delicious and refreshing salad.

—Evelyn

DREAM PIE

- 1 1-lb. can red sour pie cherries
- 1 1-lb. can crushed pineapple
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

- 8 medium bananas, sliced
- 1 cup pecans

- 3 baked 9-inch pie shells
- Whipped cream or whipped topping

In a large saucepan combine cherries and pineapple, juice and all. Stir flour and sugar together and add a little of the juice to make a paste. Stir this paste into the fruit in the pan. Cook over low heat, stirring, until thick. Remove from fire and immediately stir in gelatin. When dissolved set aside to cool. (This may be refrigerated until just beginning to congeal.)

Stir flavorings, bananas and pecans into fruit-gelatin mixture. Spoon into three baked pie shells. Chill thoroughly. Top with whipped cream.

For smaller pie shells, or fewer, simply put fewer bananas into filling. The filling will make 1 large 10-inch pie if only 3 bananas are used. This may also be varied by whipping the cream or whipped topping and folding this into the filling at the same time the bananas, nuts and flavorings are added.

—Evelyn

ORANGE-WHEAT GERM BREAD

- 2 1/2 cups unsifted flour
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup wheat germ
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1/3 cup vegetable oil
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Put all the measured dry ingredients into a bowl and stir well to blend. Add the remaining ingredients and stir just until all the ingredients are moistened. Pour into a well-greased 9- by 5- by 3-inch loaf pan and bake 50 to 60 minutes in a 350-degree oven, or until toothpick inserted into the center comes out clean. Remove from pan immediately and cool on a rack. Wrap in foil and store overnight if you want it to slice easily. Adding the wheat germ to this makes it a very healthful bread besides giving it a delicious flavor.

—Dorothy

SAUSAGE WITH APPLE DRESSING

- 1/2 lb. link sausage
 - 2 cups bread crumbs
 - 1 1/2 to 2 cups finely chopped apples
 - 1/4 cup chopped onion
 - 1/4 cup brown sugar
 - 2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- Fit sausage in bottom of baking pan. Make a dressing of other ingredients using enough apples to bind dressing together. Pack in closely over sausages. Bake 45 minutes in 350-degree oven. Drain off fat.

—Margery

NEIGHBOR DOROTHY'S MACAROONS

- 2 egg whites
 - 1 tsp. vinegar
 - 2 cups powdered sugar
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
 - 1/2 cup pecans, chopped
- Combine egg whites and vinegar. Beat until frothy. Continue beating and gradually add powdered sugar. Beat until very thick — like whipped cream. Fold in flavorings and nuts. Drop by spoonfuls on a cookie sheet covered

with brown paper. Bake at 325 degrees for about 10 to 12 minutes, depending on the size of the macaroon. Let stand a few minutes before peeling off the brown paper backing. Makes 26 to 30 marvelously tender and chewy cookies.

PARMESAN ASPARAGUS

- 40 fresh asparagus spears (about 2 lbs.)
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces
- 1/4 cup sliced green onions
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Wash asparagus; trim and dry thoroughly with paper towels. Arrange asparagus in a baking dish. Drain mushrooms; reserve liquid. In a frying pan cook onion in butter until tender. Blend in flour and salt. Add the milk and mushroom liquid. Cook slowly until thick, stirring constantly. Add 1/2 of the mushrooms. Pour sauce over asparagus. Sprinkle with cheese evenly. Spread remaining mushrooms on top. Bake at 375-degrees for 40 minutes or until asparagus is tender. Serves 6.

—Mae Driftmier

NINE-LAYER CHICKEN DISH

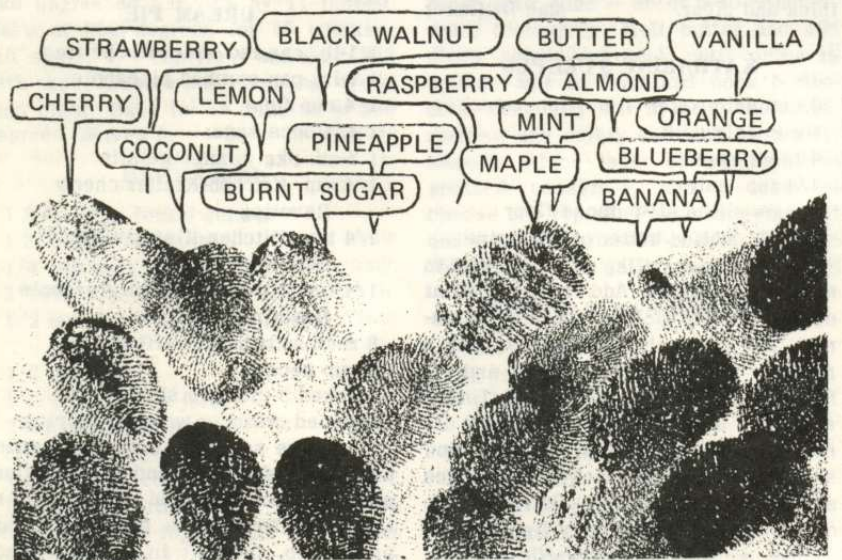
- 9 slices bread (cut off crusts and save)
 - 4 or 5 cups chicken, cooked and cubed
 - 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces
 - 2 8 1/2-oz. cans water chestnuts, sliced
 - 1/2 cup mayonnaise
 - 9 slices Cheddar cheese
 - 4 eggs, beaten and combined with 2 cups milk and 1 tsp. salt
 - 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of chicken soup
 - 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of celery soup
- In a 9- x 13-inch baking dish place the ingredients in layers as listed. Cover with foil and refrigerate for 24 hours. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 1 1/2 hours. During the last 15 minutes, cover with bread crumbs made from the crusts you cut off and saved. —Dorothy

DELICIOUS SQUASH CASSEROLE

- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen squash
- 3/4 stick melted margarine
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 2/3 cup chopped onion
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 1 cup thin cream
- 2 cups cracker crumbs

Put the frozen squash in a medium-sized pan over low heat until thawed. Add all the other ingredients and mix well. Pour into a buttered casserole. Bake in a 375-degree oven for 40 to 50 minutes.

—Dorothy



Just as no two fingerprints are exactly alike, so no two tastes are quite the same. One likes peanut butter, another dates or prunes. That's why we've gone to so much trouble to provide the sixteen delicious flavorings above. There's something . . . a lot of somethings . . . there for everyone.

But, while each is different, they're all alike in one way: quality. All have a rich, full flavor that never bakes or steams out. Each has a mouth-watering aroma. And each is concentrated, so a little goes a long way.

If your grocer can't yet supply you, send \$1.50 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Jumbo vanilla is \$1.00. We pay the postage, of course. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

MARY BETH HAD VISITORS IN HER CLASSROOM

Dear Friends:

I know it is a tired cliché, but, regardless, I shall say it again. Where does the time go? I cannot believe that it is time to write you again. Nor can I believe it is only one week until report cards are due again. Come to think of it, is it possible that we're only two months away from the closing of another school year?

I've really had a good year at school. Everything has gone like clockwork after a relatively scratchy trial-and-error period last year. I find myself checking back to the daily schedule that I kept last year, and we are a full month ahead in the Hay-Wingo Phonics Book. This is more of an accomplishment than you might perceive from a casual glance. There are a dozen exceptions to the rules that the children must learn as the keys to easy spelling. There was a professor from the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee extension, in my classroom with a young student teacher, and they happened in during our phonics lesson. It is a highly controversial area among educators concerning the relative merits of teaching spelling by the phonetic approach or by the simple look-and-memorize method.

We, at our school, definitely adhere to the premise that the phonetic approach is the one we prefer, and this chap was there to be convinced, beyond a doubt, that we were wrong. I had chosen such a free-and-easy method that I really didn't know how it would work out until I tried it.

The children's favorite contest is a spell-down, and we were working on difficult words which were spelled with vowel diphthongs (which to the average mother means two vowels which go together to make two new sounds). We were on a page of "ou" and "ow" words as in "house" and "frown"; and also "oi" and "oy" as in "coin" and "toy". I have a sack full of bottle caps which have on them the presidents of the United States and famous dates in United States history, which I give to the children as we begin the contest, and as they miss a word they are penalized by having to throw in a bottle cap.

The youngsters were sitting on their desks with their feet on the inner circle of the desk arrangement we have in the room, and we started off. They spelled and spelled their way through the page of words which were examples of these specialized sounds, and no one missed a thing. I am sure the professor must have thought it was a put-up job because they were so good. Finally I switched to another book with



Katharine Driftmier hopes to get in some extra horseback riding during spring vacation.

far more difficult words in it, and they began to miss occasionally, but the beautiful point of the morning was that they had learned their rules so well that they were truly in tip-top form. The gentleman then listened while the children read, and because they were being observed they tried to be at their best. He came up to my desk when they went outside for recess and said he was truly impressed. He didn't realize these little folk could do so well under these phonetic-teaching methods. I felt pleased at his kind words, and was sure that although the state school policy does not agree with our method of teaching, they surely saw firsthand what was accomplished in an atmosphere of fun, and that the youngsters were obviously happy and learning.

We're just about ready now for our spring vacation. It will be a "changeable weather" vacation — it always is this time of year — and I don't have any big plans save to stay home and rest and catch up on a few necessities of the housekeeping nature. Sometime during that time we expect to take Katharine to see the campuses of Rockford College and Hillsdale College in Michigan. It is almost time for Katharine to begin taking her college entrance examinations. I simply cannot absorb entirely the fact that my child-rearing days

have come to such a sudden turn that one of our little chicks is ready to step out on her own into college. They grow up in such tiny bits and the changes in them are so gradual that I guess I think of them as very young yet.

I must say that, in these difficult days of rearing children, I have been blessed with a husband who is so firm and strong in his forthright convictions. Since Don no longer has a job requiring that he travel, it has been a much easier task making decisions concerning the children because he sees very often with clear-cut wisdom the wiser of any choices to make. And doesn't it all go back to the strong, firm, straightforward manner in which we are all brought up in our homes? I thank my lucky stars Leanna and Martin Driftmier drilled into their son the difference between right and wrong and the self-discipline to do the right thing when it was necessary. I am also grateful to my parents that I have a strong, firm foundation to base my beliefs upon, because there are days when we, as parents, must make those unhappy decisions which are at complete odds with the wishes of our children, and then we must be able to stand firm when the winds of debate blow hard and strong.

I must share with you one of the happy occasions that has suddenly reared its beautiful head at our house. Our son Paul isn't terribly enthusiastic about schoolwork. He accepts it as one of the things in life which one does as a dutiful son, but he has received it coolly — until the past four months when the wonderful world of science opened up to him. He has a champion of a young man for a general science teacher, and all of a sudden our son's interest has been sparked, and he is doing 94 work for the first time in his life. If the boy has a latent aptitude for things scientific, I am certainly happy he has deep in the inner corners of his brain the knowledge of how to spell and write sentences. And the delightful result of this new discovery is that Paul is so proud of himself for his good work that he is simply beaming with self-respect.

There is not much else new to tell you this month. We are all working hard. Donald is getting himself ready to become a real estate broker as the school year comes to a close. We have been offered the use of some friends' camping equipment, and hope to get away sometime this coming summer for some peace and quiet in some beautiful north woods area.

I hope you have a holy and meaningful Easter,

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

COVER PICTURE

Lisa and Natalie Nenneman have grown up a great deal since their last cover picture appeared. They both enjoy school and are proud to "show off" their progress in reading and arithmetic when they come to Shenandoah to visit their Driftmier grandparents. (In Lucile's letter she tells you something about the house they live in.)

A Very Special Easter Egg

by
Evelyn Birkby



Standing on my desk is a small domed glass container. Inside, carefully protected from dust, dampness and careless hands, is an egg. It is decorated in bright reds, blues, greens and yellows. Delicate geometric designs are repeated along the curved body of the shell and bright golden dots line the black border to give depth and character to the artistic quality of the egg.

Sometime, long, long ago, this very egg was lovingly chosen in the far-off section of the world known as the Ukraine to become a beautifully decorated Easter egg. Carefully rinsing its smooth white surface in warm water, or possibly salted water, it was dried and plans made for the design to be used.

Using melted beeswax and probably a homemade stylus, the artist first covered the parts on the shell he desired leaving white. Then the egg was dipped into yellow dye. When thoroughly dry, melted wax was coated on the parts of the eggs which were to be kept yellow. Next the egg went into an orange or red dye to give it rich, bright, color. Covering the parts now to be kept red, the artist continued the process with ever-darkening colors — green, purple, finally black. The wax was then wiped off with a warm cloth, or the egg was held over a candle until the wax softened and could be wiped off with absorbant tissue, or it could even, after the contents were blown out, have been placed in a warm oven to melt the wax. After wiping the wax off gently, dots were added using a toothpick for dropping the spots of dye where desired. A final coat of protective varnish or shellac gave the egg a high gloss and helped protect its delicate shell.

This lovely symbol of spring, Easter and the resurrection probably went to church along with others decorated in equally bright, jewel-like colors and gay designs. In some countries many people follow the custom of taking their cold Easter dinner in a basket to the church. Their beautiful eggs are placed on top — carefully decorated for such an important occasion — and the contents of the basket blessed by the priest. The lunch is then taken home to become the Easter day dinner (a great idea for those of us who feel that

our big holiday feast dinners are getting out of hand). The eggs were carefully placed on the table for decoration during the meal.

Following Easter the eggs are still kept in a bowl for decoration throughout the year as many people consider them talismans to bring good health, wealth, happiness and protection to the household.

Perhaps this particular egg was given as a gift, for the Ukrainian people give such gifts at Easter time to friends and loved ones. It is common to use them as gifts to a teacher from a child, also for a boy to give a girl he likes and a girl to give a boy. Perhaps my particular egg helped start a romance, who knows?

Somehow, someone did decide to pack up his belongings and sail to the United States from the country far across the sea. In the trunk, carefully wrapped, came twelve of the delightfully decorated Easter eggs. How they arrived near Sioux City, Iowa, I do not know. Eventually, the owner died and his belongings were purchased by a Sioux City antique dealer. Tucked carefully in the bottom of the old trunk were the twelve lovely eggs brought across the ocean so long ago.

Armada Swanson (of "Come Read with Me" column in the *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine) took me to the lovely antique shop near the Morningside College campus. On one of the tables in a little basket were several of these antique Ukrainian eggs. Armada brought one which is now carefully held by an antique egg cup on one of her display shelves. Mine is usually on the bookcase shelf in the study, but as Easter nears it comes to a more prominent location, usually on the fireplace mantel or the hutch in the family room.

This unusual egg started me on the search to learn more about this delightful form of folk art. Such information has come my way as:

Some people blow out the contents of each shell before proceeding with the batik-like technique of waxing and dyeing. Some wait until all the work is done, then make a tiny hole in each end and blow out the contents. The traditional way is to leave the egg in-

tact, storing where the air can reach it at all times, and eventually the contents will simply dry up.

The handmade stylus has been supplanted by many with a pin imbedded in a matchstick. The head of the pin is dipped into melted beeswax and then used to "draw" the melted wax on the egg wherever desired. Another method is to use a straight pen point. Place in a pen holder, scoop a little beeswax with the point, hold over a candle until melted and then spread on the egg.

When dyeing, always work from the lightest color to the darkest, covering each area to be protected with the wax before the next dye bath.

Traditional designs have been handed down from generation to generation and various localities have different designs. Early dye was made from roots, flowers and bark. Now commercial Easter egg dye can be used. Homemade dye can be made by combining:

- 1 cup boiling water
- 2 tsp. vinegar
- 2 tsp. liquid food coloring

Cool to lukewarm before dipping the egg so the dye will not melt the carefully positioned layers of wax.

Some people sketch the design on the shell very lightly with the point of a pencil before beginning the waxing process. Various colors and designs hold symbolic meanings. Red is the symbol of joy, Christ's blood and the sun. Dots symbolize the Virgin Mary's tears. Circles and bands and even curlicues stand for eternity. Triangles stand for the trinity. Pine trees mean eternal youth. Stars, crosses, ladders, stylized flowers and animals are also basic designs used.

One of the beliefs among the Ukrainians is that as long as the tradition of decorating such beautiful Easter eggs continues the world will exist. Because these eggs are so special, they believe the good they create can conquer the evil of the world.

I'm not sure my making decorated eggs in this fashion will count in saving the world from evil, but I do try my hand at this old technique. It would certainly make a fine project for a church school class or group who would like to incorporate the study of early traditions and symbols with the decorations of pretty white eggs. Using them as gifts for shut-ins, nursing home favors or gifts to take home to parents would be another fine use. For a girl to give a boy? Well, that might be carrying the idea a bit far!

At any rate, I'm grateful to the unknown artist who set me on the path to find information on this lesser-known folk art. His egg will have a special place on my shelf until someday it will be passed along to someone else to treasure.

MARTIN'S LETTER - Continued

Heights, perhaps best known for the battle which took place there during the Six-Day War. Retracing our path, we stopped in Nazareth at the well where Mary would have drawn water for her family. One of the strange things is that I had never pictured Nazareth nestled in the mountains, as were almost all biblical cities, saving all of the good land for cultivation. We returned to Haifa for supper and a late evening stroll around some of the city.

On our second day in Israel we visited the copper works and ancient harbor in Akko, along with the prison mentioned in *Exodus*. Leaving Akko, where I bought a tray for Mother and Dad, we drove south, back through Haifa and on to Caesarea with its reconstructed Roman amphitheater and aqueducts. This city is probably best remembered as the place where the first gentiles were converted to Christianity and where Paul was imprisoned for two years before being sent to Rome. Continuing south, we crossed the Plain of Sharon, where David kept his flocks, and arrived in the modern city of Tel-Aviv. This city is said to have marvelous stores, but as it was the Sabbath, all of the shops were closed. Part of Tel-Aviv is the ancient port of Jaffa which we also visited. It was from here that Jonah embarked for Spain in an attempt to escape the will of God. We returned to Haifa along a modern 4-lane highway paralleling the coast, and retired early in preparation for the following two days which we were told would be the longest and busiest.

When we left our ship the next day, we drove down the central part of the country, passing through territory which belonged to Jordan before the Six-Day War. On our way we passed through Dothan, where Joseph was sold into slavery; Shechem, where Jesus spoke with the Samaritan woman and where Abraham built an altar; Shiloh, where the Ark of the Covenant had been housed; Bethel, which was the royal sanctuary of the Northern Kingdom; and Gibeah, which was Saul's Capitol. As it was still early when we arrived in Jerusalem, we drove straight through the city to visit Bethlehem first. On our way back into Jerusalem we also stopped at David's tomb and the room of the Last Supper before taking time out for a late lunch at a cafeteria from which we had a beautiful view of the city across the Hinnom Valley. Afterwards we were driven around the walls of the old city, taken to the museum where the Dead Sea Scrolls are on display, and finally to the top of the Mount of Olives, Garden of Gethsemane and Rock of Agony in the Church of All Nations. Watching



Martin watched from the back of a camel as the sun set over Jerusalem.

the sun set over the city was a very impressive sight, one which I am sure I will never forget. It was while we were waiting for the sun to set, that I had my opportunity to ride a camel. We checked into our hotel near the old city at dusk.

After dinner we were given a tour of some of the modern city, such as the governmental buildings, etc. It was rather late when we got to bed that night and some of us had little sleep

as we were awakened by early morning Muslim call to prayer.

We only had time for a quick breakfast before we were taken to Gordon's Calvary and the Garden tombs of Absalom and Zachariah and entered the old city (on foot) through the Dung Gate. Within the old city we stopped at the Wailing Wall; the Dome of the Rock on Mount Moriah, site of Solomon's Temple; the Pool of Bethesda; the Via

(Concluded on page 20)

THINK TWOICE

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Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

As I write, we are having another snowfall. By the time you read this, Perhaps the weather will have softened a bit and we'll be wandering about the yard in search of tiny green shoots and the approach of Spring.

Hal Borland writes in his book *Borland Country* (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$7.95) that there may be a thousand things wrong with the world, but "a million things are right." He names a few:

"Water still runs downhill, making brooks that sing. Grass sends up new shoots, greening hillside and meadow.



Lisa Nennoman is a second-grader this year. She enjoys reading to her sister Natalie, who started to kindergarten this year.

Robins migrate and strut about the lawn and sing their mating call. Daffodils swell in bud and open petals that are more yellow than gold. Weeping willows turn green and graceful while

maples put forth their wine-red blossoms. The new-turned earth of field or garden is still full of fertility. The man of the soil prepares his fields and sorts his seeds, knowing that earth is eager to nourish another crop."

A statement he makes is so true; that if these things happened once in ten years, we'd wait breathless for their arrival. Instead, they are commonplace and we tend to take them for granted. This should inspire you to take a nature walk this very day.

Selections from the best nature editorials from the *New York Times* by Mr. Borland, accompanied by artistic photographs by Walter Chandoha, make *Borland Country* a very special book. The author's way with words regarding nature certainly will encourage readers to look for themselves and make their own findings about the great out of doors. To put you in tune with Spring, he writes, "... the heart responds, already sensing the seedling, the new shoot, the summer's dappled shade. April whispers from the hilltop, even as March goes whistling down the valley."

(*Borland Country*, \$7.95. At your bookstore or J. B. Lippincott Co., P.O. Box 8340, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 19101.)

A book for "the Miss or Mrs. who has a towel rack with rickets, a faucet with sinusitis or a home anemically disposed — the prescription is: DON'T 'let George do it.' DO it yourself" is called *Okay, I'll Do It Myself!* A handy-woman's primer that takes the mystique out of home repairs is written by Barbara A. Curry in humorous style but with much useful information. There's a chapter on tools with descriptions including crescent wrench, spirit level, keyhole saw, and electric drill and how to use them. There are simple directions to take apart, put together, replace, install and fix up almost anything. Also included are ways to brighten up, cover over, or make nothing look like something. *Okay, I'll Do It Myself!* (Random House Publishers, \$6.95) by Barbara Curry would be a great aid to the homemaker. I hasten to add the man of the house here is the handyman!

Come Back, Amelia Bedelia by Peggy Parish is an I CAN READ book for the young child. (Harper & Row, Publishers, 49 East 33rd St., New York, N.Y. 10016, \$2.50) *Amelia Bedelia* means well, but being a very literal-minded lady, things don't always turn out well. For instance, when Mrs. Rogers asked for cereal with her coffee, *Amelia Bedelia* put the cereal in the coffee. Mrs. Rogers fired her; she went job hunting — to the beauty shop, the dress shop, the doctor's office — and succeeded in doing the wrong thing. She



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pinned up Mrs. Hewes' hair with safety pins. To shorten dresses at the dress shop, she cut off the hems. Finally, she went back to Mrs. Rogers to finish the cream puffs, where she was rehired. If there's one thing she *can* do, it is to make perfect cream puffs. Children will get much fun in reading this book and also the other Amelia Bedelia books by Miss Parish.

Readers of nonfiction books by Eugenia Price will appreciate her latest fiction book *Lighthouse* (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$6.95) in which she completes the trilogy — *Beloved Invader*, *New Moon Rising* and *Lighthouse*. This new novel tells of James Gould and his facing reality while dreaming of building a lighthouse. St. Simons Island, off the coast of Georgia, is where Mr. Gould realizes his dream. Along the way he meets people of all kinds and tastes both failure and success. A fascinating part of the book is the fact that the characters, with few exceptions, were real people who lived and suffered and loved on the coastal island. The descendants of James and Janie Gould have become friends of Eugenia Price.

Miss Price writes that she fell in love with St. Simons Island and has now built her home in the woods, less than a mile from Christ Church. She passes the graves of her characters every time she drives to the village. The work on her books has been absorbing and rewarding.



Don't forget to plant zinnias this year! They are so showy with their bright blooms. This happens to be Peter Pan Plumb, a new variety.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

April can be chilly, blustery, warm, wet and even dry, but it is *never* a dull time for a gardener. There are so many tasks clamoring to be done that one could readily panic and not get the foremost ones out of the way. First, check winter mulch and if tulips and daffodils are struggling to come up, remove a layer at a time. The same goes for roses — do not take all the protection away at once as there is danger of hard-freezing weather and cold, but drying winds. Cut off the canes and branches of roses and ornamentals as far as they have been winter killed. Be sure to add the mulch to your compost heap where it can be used to enrich soil another spring.

If the soil becomes dry enough to be worked (as soon as it no longer sticks to your boots and tools) you can work up an area for early vegetables and annual flowers. We like to plant poppies, larkspur, sweet peas, and alyssum as soon as the weather permits. Of course lettuce, radishes, broad beans, and garden peas are planted for early table use. You can poke onion sets in the soil between the perennials in the border if you don't have any other place to plant them. They'll be ready to use soon and because they grow straight up, they require little space.

A reader wrote to inquire if I could print some information on "jewel flowers". "I had some years ago," she writes, "and they were delightful. I saw seed listed in a spring catalog so am sending for them. I forgot if they can be planted right in the garden or if they must be started early indoors. It could be that I had purchased seedling plants at the time."

The name "jewel flowers" brings to mind *Schizanthus* and *Nemesia* — they could be the common name for either

annual. The first, *Schizanthus*, has orchid-like flowers that hover like miniature butterflies over the finely lacinated foliage. The foot-high plants bloom from June to frost, prefer a sunny location and come in many colors: white, rose, pink, purple, gold and crimson. The second, *Nemesia*, also produces flowers that look like small orchids and come in many colors. They, too, grow about a foot tall but do best in partial shade. I would start the latter early this month, indoors, and set the seedlings in beds and borders as soon as they are large enough to transplant. Allow 8 to 10 inches between plants as they branch freely. *Nemesia* does best in cool weather while *Schizanthus* performs well in hot weather. You may wish to try both annuals this year.

PIANISSIMO

These grays are lovely: Tender gray
That plumes the breast of doves. The way
A scarf of rain is silver-blown,
A birch tree's winter monotone ...
The tremulous fabric masking all
The crimson witcheries of fall.
Mother-of-pearl, against the dawn,
Repeated after dusk comes on.
Gray wings that wedge across blue skies
And gray that shadows April's eyes.

—Helen Mitchel

I BELIEVE IN MIRACLES

When once again the birds find their way northward to trill the "Spring Song" from their orchestra pit high in my apple tree,

I believe in miracles.

When plump catkins sit primly sunning themselves along the graceful branches of the pussy willow beside the garden gate,

I believe in miracles.

When almost overnight the snowdrifts vanish and dried brown grasses beneath do a quick-change act to become a carpet of green where Meg's new kittens frolic,

I believe in miracles.

When presto-chango! gay crocuses lift their heads above the snow and fat hyacinth buds poke their noses out to see if they have stolen a march on the daffodils,

I believe in miracles.

When April comes and suddenly it's spring, and all the earth begins to sprout, and grow, and bloom, and sing,

I believe in miracles — and God.

—Mabel Nair Brown



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Juliana Lowey wrote, "In case you're wondering, we DO take James and Katharine to places other than the zoo, but it is their favorite spot for an outing so many, many pictures are taken there."

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded
tions in the drugstore were unknown twelve years ago. When our grandparents were young, man could go only as fast as a horse would carry him. Today we send men out into space at a speed of 18,000 miles an hour. When our grandfathers were young there were only four cities in the world with more than one million population, and today there are 109 cities with more than a million population. But here is the most amazing statistic of all - at the rate the population is growing, the population of our cities will double in the next eleven years. It is something to think about.

Sincerely,
Frederick

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KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial - 2:05 P.M.

MARTIN'S LETTER - Concluded

Dolorosa; walked through the Stations of the Cross; and finished our walking tour of the old city by spending some time and money in the Bazaar (tourism is the second largest industry in Israel).

After lunch in the hotel, we left Jerusalem, stopping at the tomb of Lazarus before we started down through the Judean wilderness, past the Good Samaritan Inn to the Dead Sea and the ruins of Qumran where the Dead Sea Scrolls were found. Because the Jordan River now serves as the border between Israel and Jordan (and there is still much political tension), we were unable to visit the site where Jesus was baptized by John.

As we started north we stopped at Jericho, the oldest walled city in the world, then drove parallel to the Jordan River, but separated by several miles of countryside, rows of barbed wire, and mine fields. This was certainly a strong reminder of the unrest in the world today.

It was late when we reached our ship and I was a little tired, but it was with reluctance that I went aboard knowing that it would soon be leaving this fascinating land. Many of us stood at the windows for a long time watching the lights of Haifa disappear in the distance.

We docked in Famagusta in the morning and were allowed to do some shopping and sight-seeing around the ancient city of Salamis where Paul and Barnabas stayed and preached. We had our final meal aboard the *Orpheus* before we were driven to Nicosia and our waiting plane. On our way we passed the buses bringing the tourists who were replacing us on the ship. We shouted and waved and cheered, remembering how expectant we had been only a week before. We knew the wonderful and moving experiences ahead for these people which were now behind us. I think that we were a little envious of them!

In the early hours of the next morning we were home. Parts of the trip were already becoming dreamlike in our minds.

I sit here now, out in the vastness of Montana, and try to recapture the stark beauty of Lebanon, the sense of history and faith of Israel, and the easy pace of life in Cyrus, hoping that someday I will be able to return.

Sincerely,
Martin Strom

Friendship is an act of giving, not getting.

Understand yourself and you shall begin to live. Begin to live and you will understand others.

POWDER PUFF VARIETIES - Concl.

Gloves: The gloves that I buy for my spring wardrobe must spruce it up. Will they be gloves of protection, protecting me from involvement? Or will they be gloves that help me smooth the rough spots along the road of life for my loved ones, work gloves that will help me see that others might be spared hunger and cold, gloves that will help me lend a helping hand wherever needed? When I choose gloves, I'd better remember mother's saying "Pretty is as pretty does!"

Handbag: One look at my poor, beat-up, overloaded, old handbag, and anyone can see that what I need is a spanking new bag of tricks — a new sense of values, a re-evaluation of my time. For what am I living? For whom am I living? Why am I living? It's all in the bag, if I just have the good sense to know how to use it!

Corsage: Perhaps it's a corsage I need to brighten up the outfit I already have — the beautiful corsage of appreciation, reflecting the happiness of home and family, of loyal friendships, the great joy of health, and especially the strength of an abiding hope and faith. This corsage lends love and brightness to everything I wear, everything I do every day of the year — a corsage made of the ever green leaves of love.

Narrator:

So now the pretty little maiden,
Heroine of our little sonnet,
Knows there are more important things
in life

Than a pretty new spring bonnet;
For fashions come and fashions go —
Little giddy things — and go so fast!
But truly good fashions of heart and
mind

Are those which last and last and last.

DARK EASTER

Dear Lord, this Eastertime — amidst
turmoil

Walk with us, hold fast our hand,
You Lord: who knoweth all.
Scarlet is our shame when man, superior
being,

Fires with hatred all the world.
At Easter — and spring
Hilltop flowers are as fair,
Wildwoods resound with song;
The lark's clear call awakens us.
Thus we know Thou art carrying on.

We have Thy promise and Thy word
You gave us mind and voice;
This trail of blood across the world
Is there by man's own choice.
Please God, let flowers bloom on that
trail

Worn down by strong, young feet.
Let Eastertide bring far and wide
Peace, where continents meet.

—Annie Parish Slankard



Natalie Nenneman's favorite art object at her grandparents' house is this happy Mr. Hoo-Ha. The unusual piece, a gift to Howard and Mae from an artist friend, has fascinated her since she was a baby.

DESIDERATA

Go placidly amid the noise and haste,
and remember what peace there may be
in silence. As far as possible without
surrender be on good terms with all
persons. Speak your truth quietly and
clearly; and listen to others, even the
dull and ignorant; they too have their
story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons,
they are vexatious to the spirit. If you
compare yourself with others, you may
become vain and bitter; for always
there will be greater and lesser persons
than yourself. Enjoy your
achievements as well as your plans.

Keep interested in your own career,
however humble; it is a real possession
in the changing fortunes of time.
Exercise caution in your business affairs;
for the world is full of trickery.
But let this not blind you to what virtue
there is; many persons strive for high
ideals; and everywhere life is full of
heroism.

Be yourself. Especially do not feign
affection. Neither be cynical about
love; for in the face of all aridity and
disenchantment it is perennial as the
grass.

Take kindly to counsel of years,
gracefully surrendering the things of
youth. Nurture strength of spirit to
shield you in sudden misfortune.

But do not stress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are borne of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself.

You are a child of the universe, no
less than the trees and the stars; you
have a right to be here. And whether or
not it is clear to you, no doubt the
universe is unfolding as it should.

Therefore be at peace with God,
whatever you conceive Him to be, and

whatever your labors and aspirations,
in the noisy confusion of life, keep
peace with your soul.

With all its sham, drudgery and
broken dreams, it is still a beautiful
world. Be careful. Strive to be happy.

(This was found in old St. Paul's
Church in Baltimore, dated 1692.)

FAITH

"Faith is a living thing. It is always
losing something and gaining something.
It is not like a pile of rocks on
which you toss something, adding to
the pile. If a thing doesn't change, it
doesn't grow. Faith should be like a
tree in the wind — the leaves shake and
blow, but the roots are deep in the
earth."



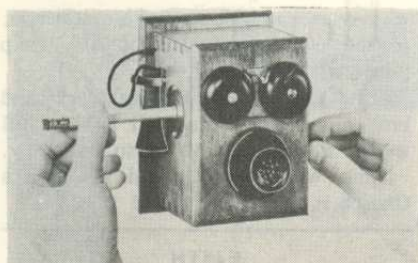
**It's fresh as a daisy
in April . . . but what
about next fall?**

Your new blouse is so crisp, so
fresh. But how long will it stay
that way? Will it be dingy by summer? Will it yellow? Or, if your
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This is the house Lucile mentions.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

storm. Both of these trees looked exactly like yardsticks when they were planted years ago, and I well remember Russell covering them with old coats and blankets when they were still small and the temperature dropped.

Although winter has hung on long enough, goodness knows, it hasn't seemed as long to me as usual. I think the main reason for this is that I spent part of December and January in Albuquerque and thus broke up the usual pattern. Then too, we haven't had as much snow in Shenandoah as they've had in many other sections of the Midwest.

It looks as if I've used my allotted space, so this must be all for now. Until May, I am

Faithfully yours,
Lucile

THIS AND THAT

by

Helene B. Dillon

WELCOME TO APRIL! Bend your ear to the fragrant ground; Lady Spring is buzzin' around. A sprinkle of rain, a dash of sun, and Old Man Winter is on the run!

I like: The emerald tinge of grass beneath the glassy sheet of the thawing ice . . . browsing through the seed catalogs, dreaming of the lovely flower or vegetable garden, and not a single weed is pictured . . . the first showing of spring hats . . . thinking of Easter Sunday and the reverence it inspires.

When you can be of help to another person, count it a double blessing — both theirs and yours.

April Fools' Day! I can remember putting a thin slice of potato in my father's shaving mug and standing close by while he stropped his razor, fairly bursting with the "giggles" because he could not whip up a lather.

Listen to the humming of life in every tree and shrub; carry a big stick and go poking for every little green shoot pushing through the leaf blanket. It is SPRING!

No quality is more priceless than the gift of seeing a bit of humor in every situation.

April Magic is in the sudden showers. "It isn't raining rain you know, it's raining violets." April's warmth is much like a soft feather brushing your cheek. April is magic; it is a flowing stream, a shower of golden popcorn on the forsythia bush.

CORRECTION!!!

Margery goofed last month! The mayonnaise in the Crab Molded Salad should be ¾ Tbls., not ¾ cups!

FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN SPRING -

Concluded

back centuries. The plant was named for Hyacinthus, a Greek youth mentioned in ancient Greek mythology, and said to be a favorite of Apollo. As the myth goes, when Hyacinthus was accidentally killed by the god, the plant now bearing his name sprang up on the spot from his blood.

We always think of Holland when we think of tulips, but did you know that the word tulip comes from the Turkish *tulband*? It means turban, the shape of the blossom somewhat resembling a Mohammedan turban.

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by Ruth
Pfahler

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\$6.00 dozen paid lacing baby boots! Cowboy, Warsaw 74, Indiana 46580.

BRITTLE SPLITTING FINGERNAILS respond miraculously to new brush-on nail care product. Satisfaction guaranteed. \$1.99 postpaid. Ransom Company, P.O. Box 510K, Brighton, Colo. 80601.

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PIN MONEY opportunities! (up to \$200 possible each issue!) \$1.00. Pin moneytree, Box 638kk, Manchester, Mo. 63011.

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Plant a Tree for the Future

by
Mabel Nair Brown



"Other days repose upon the past — Arbor Day proposes the future." You will find these words inscribed on the monument at Arbor Lodge, Nebraska City, Nebraska. The monument honors the memory of the Honorable J. Sterling Morton, who might be called the Father of Arbor Day.

The first observance of Arbor Day was on April 10, 1872, in Nebraska, as the outgrowth of the efforts of J. Sterling Morton, then serving as a member of the Nebraska State Board of Agriculture.

Mr. Morton was concerned that the trees of the forests as well as the urban areas of our country were rapidly being destroyed, with little thought of the consequences. He took every opportunity to urge that trees be planted to replace those lost. To impress this upon the minds of the people of our land, he launched a movement for the observance of an annual day devoted to the planting of trees, and regarded it a great victory when a resolution was adopted to observe such a day in 1872. In 1885 Arbor Day was made a legal holiday in Nebraska.

At first it was promoted through agricultural organizations and departments. (Mr. Morton became the Secretary of Agriculture under Cleveland in 1893, serving until 1897.)

By 1882 the day was being promoted through the schools, with special tree-planting programs and festivals being held. The idea rapidly spread beyond Nebraska to all the land, so that it eventually became a special day in every state. The date is not the same in all states, due to climatic conditions, but a greater proportion of the observances are held in April.

On that first Arbor Day the citizens of Nebraska planted a million trees. Twenty years later some 100,000 acres of wastelands had been converted to woodlands through their efforts! Nebraska now observes Arbor Day on April 22, Mr. Morton's birthday.

One of the early supporters for the observance of the day once said, "The planting of a tree is a symbol of our faith in the future. Whether we plant

for beauty or utility, we plant for tomorrow. When we plant trees and assume the responsibility for their care, we make a contribution to the future of our community and our nation." In view of the tragic loss of trees by the dread elm disease, the great forest fires, the wanton cutting of forests, and loss through storms, think how urgently important it is that we plant trees today!

Why not each of us promote the observance of Arbor Day in our own community this year, through our schools and through our clubs and other organizations? What better way to invest in the future for our children? Don't wait for someone else to suggest it to your club, P.T.A., or ladies' aid. YOU speak up and say, "Let's plant trees." Plan a special ceremony and be sure to include the youth in the tree-planting ceremony.

Perhaps you'd like to use this verse, found on a plaque in a park in Seville, Spain, in your ceremony.

Ye who pass by and would raise your hand against me,
Hearken ere you harm me!

I am the heart of your hearth on the cold winter nights,

The friendly shade screening you from the summer sun,

My fruits are refreshing drafts,
Quenching your thirst as you journey on.

I am the beam that holds your house,
The board of your table,
The bed on which you lie,
And the timber that builds your boat.

I am the handle of your hoe,
The door of your homestead,
The wood of your cradle,
And the shell of your coffin.

I am the bread of kindness, and the flower of beauty.

Ye who pass by, listen to my prayer:
harm me not.

—Sunshine Magazine



Let this be a better world and let it begin with me.

Every kind of kindness comes to those who are themselves kind.

AN APRIL PUZZLE

My first is in car but not in trolley;
My second is in happy, but not in jolly.
My third is in girl, but not in boy;
My fourth is in train, but not in toy.
My fifth is in April, but not in May;
My sixth is in gulf but not in bay.
My seventh is in moon, but not in star;
My eighth is in oil, but not in tar.
My ninth is in love, but not in hate;
Try this trick if you aren't too late!
(April Fool!)



Oh, to be in _____,*
Now that April's there!

*The poet said "England." You fill in your own favorite place.

Sometimes it seems like, in April, most any place would be preferable to home. For April, for many of us, is housecleaning month.

All winter, the fireplace and Pop's pipe have been smoking. Fingerprints mar the cabinets and woodwork. Everything seems to need a good, thorough cleaning.

Or *kleaning*. For that's where your old friend **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** really proves how great it is: going into solution quickly, even in cold water. And slicking up that grime and grease the first time across, with no suds or scum to make an additional rinse necessary. And so economical, too.

Oh, April's not so bad, after all . . . as long as the grocery continues to stock

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