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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

I have just now picked up last month's issue of our *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine and noted that in my letter I said: "Now if ONLY the weather stays good and we can get back to Iowa without being stormbound, I'll be grateful and relieved."

WELL!

And again, WELL!

Dorothy, Eula and I (plus Abe, of course) told Juliana and Jed and the children goodbye on a perfectly gorgeous Saturday morning. No one could have dreamed up a more beautiful day to start back to Iowa, and my last words to them before we drove away were that we'd be back in Shenandoah around noon on Monday and I'd telephone Monday night to assure them that we had arrived safely.

When Monday night rolled around I telephoned right on schedule and the moment Juliana heard my voice she said: "What time did you get into Shenandoah?"

"We're not in Shenandoah," I said, "We're in Tucumcari."

"TUCUMCARI?" she screamed, and if a voice level could blow out phone lines those particular lines would have blown out then and there. After all, Tucumcari is only about 190 miles or so from Albuquerque and we had told them goodbye on Saturday before noon!

Well, we were stranded there from Saturday afternoon until the following Thursday, and it was an experience the like of which I'd never had before in all of my many trips back and forth to New Mexico.

Many and many a time during our siege we said to each other cheerfully: "Well, at least we're comfortable." And it was the truth. If we had to be stormbound we couldn't have fared better.

As a rule we don't mention places by name, but our unexpected stay in Tucumcari makes me feel keenly that I should tell you we were at the Holiday Inn, a stop that we'd made many times

before since they have two connecting rooms on the south side that are wonderfully designed for the convenience of people who move about in wheel-chairs. However, those had been only one-night stands, not five-night stands!

It's hard to imagine more courteous and helpful service than we had from everyone connected with that motel. They watched the weather forecasts as sharply as we did, and one morning when Dorothy went down to order breakfast the girl at the desk said: "Oh dear! I had the car radio on when I came to work and I thought to myself that you poor people would never get on the road today." And we didn't.

If you go in and out of a motel for one night (as we'd always done) it is one thing, but if you hang around seemingly forever it certainly gives you a picture of travelers that you'd never get otherwise.

Tucumcari is situated in such a way that it gets an unusual volume of traffic. U.S. 66 and U.S. 54, both major highways, merge at this point, and thus it makes for a tremendous number of travelers. Consequently, when snow and ice hit that area you're bound to have a lively situation, and that's exactly what Tucumcari had.

Dorothy was our reporter, so to speak, and with each trip down to the coffee shop she came back to tell us about the latest arrivals and their experiences. Offhand I can think of the woman traveling alone who had been six days trying to get from Atlanta, Georgia, to Tucumcari. The salesman who had been a full week trying to get from southern Illinois to Tucumcari. And the two couples who greeted each other with great excitement . . . seems they'd been held up for two days by ice in Oklahoma City and had gotten acquainted — didn't dream they'd run into each other in Tucumcari!

Then too, there were the people from Salt Lake City enroute to some point in Georgia who'd had a terrible time making it into Tucumcari and were changing their whole route to avoid further

storms. They told Dorothy how they planned to go and she worried about them from that point on because they were headed into the terrible ice storm that struck the area where they were headed.

All in all, it was something like the stories we've heard about the old stage coach stops where travelers sat around at night and told their experiences to an interested audience. Given ordinary conditions you don't hear much of anything, for people are tired when they arrive at a motel and are eager to get into their rooms and relax. A "natural disaster" such as ice and snow makes all of the difference.

Even when we left after five nights we felt uneasy because the reports in the area where we were headed called for icy roads and blowing snow. But we were mighty lucky — driving conditions called for caution but we made it to Liberal without trouble. After a night there we started out "on the bias" across Kansas up to Interstate 70 from the Ellsworth entrance, and called it a day when we reached Manhattan.

I'd long anticipated going to Manhattan, but they'd had so much snow and ice we were afraid to venture off the main highway for fear we'd get stuck on those side streets and hills that looked so interesting, and so risky under those circumstances.

The next morning we took off in high spirits elated that we were so close to Shenandoah, and thus it was ironic that we had the worst highway conditions of the entire trip on that last lap. As we looked at the country roads leading up to the highway we couldn't imagine how anyone had budged at all since everything was a solid glare of ice.

Finally, right on the dot of noon we made it into Shenandoah after one solid week of trying to get here. Poor Dorothy was one tired driver . . . I think her arms and shoulders ached for a week after she finally got out of the car.

It's an old, old chiche that the nicest thing about a trip is getting home, and I can only say AMEN to this in ringing tones. Eula and I were so happy to get back here that we didn't look around at the projects we'd lined up for reupholstering chairs, redecorating the ceiling, etc., until we'd been home for a week. And Abe's reaction to the whole deal was to get into his wicker basket and sleep for about two days . . . unheard of for him.

Now, of course, we're completely back into the normal routine of our life in Shenandoah. I was genuinely thrilled to sit down in front of the microphone once again, to get the daily folders of mail, to dash off letters at this type-writer, to rummage through recipes and

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MARGERY'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

We got up this morning to bright sunshine. I'm happy about that as this is going to be a busy day with lots of errand-running to do.

Thanks to you for the lovely birthday cards. I don't believe there was a duplication in any of them, and they were all so pretty. Many of you share the same birth date and told how you were spending your special day.

Oliver and I decided to celebrate mine with a dinner party. One of our close friends had a birthday the day before mine, so we made it a double celebration. I served the dinner from the dining room table, setting up several small tables for eating. We had ham with mustard sauce, twice-baked potatoes, curried fruit, a vegetable casserole, relishes, avocado salad, hot rolls and preserves and birthday cake. I served the cake from the pretty tea cart Mother gave me for Christmas. On Sunday we had another birthday cake with the family at Mother's.

My present from Oliver is a new little puppy. We haven't picked him up yet, but will try to make that trip in a week or two. She is a little four-month-old Lhasa Apso. This is the kind Emily (a niece) has, although hers isn't a pure-bred dog. Emily had her Hipias with her when she spent some time in Shenandoah a couple of years ago. She left him with us when she went east to check up on the possibilities of getting into the Peace Corps. During that summer I fell in love with her little dog! When Emily left for her volunteer work in the Corps in Brazil, she asked me if I would keep Hipias while she was gone. Knowing that this meant at least two years, I decided I'd never be able to give him up when she got back! But I decided at that time that if I ever got another dog, this was the kind I'd get.

Time has gone on and Oliver and Martin have been putting the pressure on me to get a dog. Actually, I was a bit surprised that they didn't get their heads together and get one for me for Christmas! But, then, I hadn't said I wanted one yet. When Oliver heard about a family who raised Lhasa Apsos, he started talking it up to me, and of course it didn't take long for me to make up my mind. We called them the week of my birthday and made arrangements to buy this little female pup. So far we haven't had time to drive to Hastings, Nebraska, to get her, but as I said, we will within the next week or two.

The errands I have to run today are to buy a dog basket, little collar and leash, and stop at the library to pick up a good book on dog training. I also hope that I can find a book that gives



Margery was five years old when this picture was taken. Many of you will remember when she sang the birthday song every Saturday afternoon on her mother's Children's Hour radio program. The doll she is holding was one her father brought to her when he returned from a business trip in the East.

me a little of the background on this particular breed. One thing I'm glad about is that they are quite small. Lucile has found Abe (her little Chihuahua) a good little traveler, so we'll plan to take our little pet with us on some of our trips too. Oliver suggested that I price fencing while I was downtown today, too, as we'll need some kind of outside enclosure for her when it warms up a bit more.

There is a drive going on in our area to raise funds for a new Girl Scout camp. We have a wonderful Scouting program in southwest Iowa and they are in need of some better facilities for their camping. I was never a Girl Scout, for when I was growing up we had a Camp Fire Girl program in Shenandoah and not one for Girl Scouts. How well I remember the good times we had around

COVER PICTURE

We are indeed grateful to Art Brase, Dorothy and Frank Johnson's son-in-law, for the fine picture of Kristin, Aaron and Andrew to share with you friends this month. It was taken on one of their frequent trips into the lovely mountains near their home in Durango, Colorado, for a picnic one beautiful Sunday afternoon.

Prior to their move to Colorado, this young family lived in Laramie, Wyoming, where Kristin and Art received their college educations. Although they loved Wyoming, they are equally happy in southwestern Colorado with all its scenic beauty.

our campfires and at our meetings.

One of the best lessons I ever learned in my life had to do with Camp Fire Girls. We were sponsoring an activity where we had to sell tickets. One of my friends and I were assigned the downtown area. The first call was on a local businessman. We walked into his office and said "You wouldn't want to buy a couple of tickets to the movie the Camp Fire Girls are sponsoring, would you?" He said, "No, I wouldn't." We were surprised — so surprised that we were a bit speechless and stood there feeling very uncomfortable. Then he said, "Sit down a minute, girls, for I want to talk to you." Well, we sat down and he launched into a lecture about how to sell! He made us practice our lines until we were in no danger of using a negative approach, but purely positive! Then he bought some tickets. I've never forgotten it to this day, and whenever a youngster comes around selling tickets to some school or group function and starts out like we two young girls did that day, I give them that same talking to! I hope they learned the same lesson from me.

We were looking forward to having Martin spend another week with us but it turned out to be shorter than we had hoped. The seminary has gone on the 4-1-4 schedule, and his one-month session was a concentrated course in Genetics at Macalester College which ran over a couple of days longer than originally planned due to some field trips. He felt it was too short a time to drive home that distance, but by flying he could manage a little more time with us. There are many flights a day from Minneapolis to Omaha and he was able to catch one after his last class on Wednesday. He had to leave on Saturday so he could get back in time to prepare for his Sunday morning responsibilities in a church where he is assisting this year. He'll graduate from the seminary in late spring with a master's degree in divinity, but is giving some thought to going on for a master's of theology. I expect he'll be making his decision in the next few weeks.

Martin brought the slides of his trip to the Holy Land as some of our friends had expressed an interest in seeing them. My! how we all wished we could take that trip some day! I had hoped he could leave the slides with us, but he is scheduled to show them to a group soon, so we'll have to wait a while.

This evening I hope to finish up some handwork. I bought two card table cloths to embroider and got one finished before my dinner party. I'm hostess for my circle meeting this month and will need the second cloth, so I'm working steadily away on it. The first one is done in lazy daisy and running

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We Say It with Flowers and Love

AN APPRECIATION PARTY FOR CHURCH WORKERS

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Perhaps you have been thinking that your church should do something to recognize the many faithful workers — Sunday school teachers and officers, choir director, choir, organist, librarian, and others — who have devoted long hours, perhaps years, to keeping the church wheels running. Right now, before the busy spring and summer seasons begin, is a good time to call a committee together to plan an appreciation party to honor these loyal workers.

Perhaps you have regular church fellowship potluck suppers and one could be a "surprise" program planned for afterwards, or you might prefer a churchwide evening party — with the red carpet (a length of crepe paper) rolled out to greet each honored guest upon arrival.

With a "flowers to you" theme, there are a variety of ways to decorate, so you can take your choice. Just try to choose a committee long on imagination and willingness to give some extra time in party planning and preparation.

If, as we suggest, your party is held near the "tag end" of winter, then the more colorful and gay your party decorations the better. One suggestion might be to use huge tissue paper flowers in a riot of color. Use them down the centers of the tables; use them in large basket or vase arrangements; present one to each honored guest just before the final number on the program.

Do most of those to be honored garden some in the summer? Then for an unusual flower corsage, pin a packet of flower seed (a bow of ribbon can have been glued to each packet) on each guest. Use the old-fashioned flowers for more fun — marigold, petunia, four-o'clocks, asters, etc. A clever toastmaster will use the names of the flowers for some fun quips about those receiving them.

RECOGNITION TIME

The following are a few verses and quotes to use as you name those to be honored on this occasion. The fun corsages might be presented each in turn as recognized, or given out to the

whole group near the close of the evening.

One teacher, Mrs. Bobbie Samson of Maryland, wrote this statement that expresses her teaching goals:

Oh, may I have the wisdom and foresight to show you the right path — and the courage to let you walk it yourself.

May I instill in you all that is honest and straightforward — and be able to show by example that there is only one way.

May my mind and needs always be open to your needs and hopes — and yet not closed to your faults.

May I be both teacher and friend to you — showing you how, and then being content with your efforts.

May I be able to let you know the importance of being an individual — and of still being able to conform to what is best.

May you learn from me the meaning of love and forgiveness — and that without these you cannot create any depth of relationship either with others or within yourself.

May you live as I have *wanted* to live — and not as I *have* lived.

But most of all, may you come to know Him as part of your innermost soul — and let Him lead you where He will.

GIGGLES

When Willie gets the giggles,
There's nothing you can say
'Cause Willie gets the giggles
Every other day.

He throws his head way back.
His freckled pug-nose wiggles.
It's quite a lively sight
When Willie gets the giggles.

Our teacher starts to scold.
Her voice becomes a BOOM.
But Willie's giggle-germs
Have spread around the room.

Then our patient teacher
In a little while,
Looks at all her gigglers
And bursts into a smile! —Church paper

SALUTE TO OFFICERS OF LADIES' AID

Hearken, the women's work in a world
of need,

The Lydias and the Dorcas who
bake and sew,
Who mother the orphans that are no
one's heed,

Who hand out the bread of life to
neighbors as they go.

Hearken, the busy hands, always full
Of goodly deeds, philanthropists
untold;

Giving kind words, shouldering some
hard pull,

Priscillas who give themselves, a
greater gift than gold.

—Sincere thanks to a Church paper
poet's corner

THE VOICE OF THE ORGAN

The voice of the organ oft brings
Comfort to a distraught soul;

With a hymn of hope and comfort
It makes the sore heart whole.

It oft soothes the troubled spirit,
Brings balm to a worried mind

And changes a song of sorrow to one
That brings a peace of mind.

As I listen to our grand old organ
I think that God Almighty above
Must have sent the voice of the organ
As a symbol of His love.

Salute to Choir: (If possible have
some one make a tape recording of the
anthem on a Sunday before the party
and then play it as a surprise tribute
to the choir and choir director.)

As we have paid tribute to all of you
who have contributed so generously of
your time and talents for the work of
the church, it is our prayer that God
will continue to help us grow together,
and I like the thought expressed in
these lines:

God give us growth — a deeper joy in
serving,

A fuller understanding of Thy will;
A firm and constant faith that knows no
swerving,

The courage our commitments to
fulfill . . .

God give us growth — each day in all
our living,

That we may feel Thy presence
over all.

Thy blessing on each service — every
giving,

God give us growth — till we be
Heaven-tall!

Prayer: Send us forth in love, O
Father, the kind of love that can make
us strong when we are tempted, the
love that can accept criticism when we
haven't lived up to our best, the love
that can keep us working in unity and
understanding, one with another. Lead
us out into the world to follow Christ
and to LIVE love as He did, every day,
in everything we do. Amen.



FREDERICK WRITES FROM FLORIDA

Dear Friends:

There is no way I can put into words the beauty of the scene that meets my eyes as I write this letter. We are in Florida, and I am sitting on a large balcony twelve stories above a magnificent white sand beach. From here I can see nearly a mile of beach, and all of it at least one city block wide. There are dozens of white sailboats on the blue ocean, and in the distance I can see three large tourist boats moving along toward Port Everglades, the main ocean port for southern Florida. On the beach there are brightly colored umbrellas and several hundred happy people of all ages. When I look to my left I can look down on a delightful yacht basin where several dozen large, white yachts are tied up. All in all, it is just about the nicest scene in Florida, and when our two weeks of holiday are over, we are going to find it painfully difficult to return to cold New England.

You will remember that Betty and I visited her parents in Pompano Beach last February, and we are repeating that beautiful experience this February. Mr. and Mrs. Crandall have a condominium apartment spacious enough to make entertaining quite easy, and all winter long their children and grandchildren accept their hospitality. Although right on the beach, this place has its own swimming pool, and we divide our time between ocean surf and salt water pool. It is just what the doctor ordered, and when we return to our work in Springfield, we shall be rested and browned by the sun.

Never have I seen so many nice restaurants as there are in this Pompano-Fort Lauderdale area. One night last week we ate at a new Japanese restaurant that is as unusual a dining spot as one would ever find this side of Tokyo. Many times I have eaten in Japanese restaurants, but this one in Fort Lauderdale surpasses them all for beauty, for efficiency of service, and for good food. In most Japanese restaurants the food is cooked at the table on small hibachis, but it is done differently at this restaurant. The customers sit on three sides of a cooking grill that is as large as a very large kitchen table. After the food is ordered, a chef comes to the table-grill and prepares all of the dinner for those seated around that particular table. In our party of six there were four different meat orders, but in no time at all the chef had all orders cooking at the same time.

Believe it or not, there was no odor of cooking food on any of our clothing in spite of our being within ten inches of the grill. I could not believe how little time it took to cook the vegetables and



We're glad that Betty, along with Frederick, is having a fine vacation with her parents in Florida.

meat! No nationality prepares fresh vegetables better than the Japanese, and one of the secrets is undercooking. Of course the tea was what one would expect in a Japanese restaurant — very, very good. For dessert we had a mandarin sherbet with little bits of orange peel through it.

Here at the Crandall residence we eat a great amount of fish. I am sure you know by now that Mr. Crandall is one of the world's most famous sport fishermen, and it would be strange indeed if we did not have fish of all kinds. Our favorite is broiled Pompano, the fish that gave this town its name. Yesterday we had broiled rock shrimp, and tonight we had the most delicious crab meat salad. Tomorrow we are going to have a fish chowder made of shrimp, crab, lobster, and red snapper. Mr. Crandall makes the chowder, and he always makes enough to share with all the neighbors.

If you have been to Florida recently, you know how many new churches there are. The church structures are quite different from those we see in the North. They have much brighter interiors with pinks and blues predominant. The big church we attended last Sun-

day had very large potted plants, trees, and shrubs throughout the church building, and because we had to use folding chairs in the overcrowded church service, I found myself seated directly under a palm tree.

Church attendance is very good, with at least seventy-five percent of the congregation made up of visitors from the North. Last year we were in one church where there were at least 1,000 people attending the main service of the morning. At one point in the service, all the members of the church were asked to stand. When they did stand, I was shocked to observe that there were no more than 100 members present. Just imagine! There were 900 tourists attending that particular service.

A recent study of church attendance in America revealed that the best attended churches are in New England. We of Massachusetts find that hard to believe, but the statistics are authoritative. Right across the country the average church attendance on Sunday morning is just about one-third of the membership of the church. If your own church has one-third of its membership present on any Sunday morning, it is just an average American church. Our church in Springfield usually has about one-half of its total membership in church on a Sunday morning. One thing is certain — these Florida people can almost never blame poor church attendance on the weather. Oh what problems we have with weather on Sunday mornings in New England. We had an ice storm one Sunday in December when many churches cancelled services. We went ahead and had two services, but the attendance hit a new record low of only 199. The big threat to Florida church attendance is good beach weather. I wish we had more of that kind of weather back in Massachusetts.

A Methodist minister who is a good friend of mine decided to live on his forty-five foot long boat when he retired. Ever since he did that, I have wanted to do it. Here in Florida there are so many beautiful boats. I keep saying to Betty: "Someday we are going to live on a boat!" I know it is just a dream, and I know it is not practical, but nevertheless, while we are here in Florida I have been visiting boat yards and talking to boat salesmen. I just love boats! I love all kinds of boats and would be happy working as a deck hand on some beautiful yacht, but in my best and most reasonable moments I know it is no place to have as one's home. Betty brings me back to my senses by asking: "And where do you intend to keep your dogs??" She has a point!

Sincerely,
Frederick

MARCH WIND

Please, March winds, blow away the leaves

That speak in dry and restless tense,
Then blow the sheets from off my line
And twist them through the wintry fence,

But do not blow the blossoms from
The gnarled and patient apple bough —
They are its only hope of spring
And my own promise of it now.

—Rosalie Barnett Spindler



No, that wasn't a typographical error you just read. Years ago, perhaps, you might have found an article on hemstitching — but today's topic at hand is HIMstitching. In other words, the lively art of sewing for the man (or men) in your life.

First things first. What men's items do you want to sew? By checking the various brands of patterns, you'll find they offer all sorts of shirts: golf, T-shirts, Dashiki shirt, Western styles and body shirts, or the more conservative dress shirts many of the older men still prefer. You can find vest patterns varying from bolero, fringe, or the straight cut ones with a buckle closing (which you can buy, complete with leather straps, at the notions counters). Vests, of course, can be made from a variety of fabrics — brocade, upholstery or drapery fabrics, cut velvet, duck, denim, or you name it. Many of them are made reversible, which is not at all difficult to do. You can select pajama and robe patterns, swimwear, jackets of every description, coveralls, or jump suits, bib overalls, jeans, conventional slacks or the newer yoked ones. On slacks, there are pockets to suit every taste, and leg styles too. Welted pockets or patch, straight leg, full, or bell-bottoms — the choice is yours to make. There are jacket patterns in the popular double-breasted style, two- or three-button blazers, plus patterns for the "Jacket Suit" and the "Vest Suit", both very up-to-the-minute.

And you never had it so good. Never before has there been such an array of suitable fabrics and notions, readily available. Patterns, too, of professional quality and in smart designs. You are familiar, I feel sure, with those patterns available from Simplicity, McCall's, and Butterick. Some of them are very good, and may be exactly what you need. But should you have checked what can be had from these sources, and still not have found what you want, do be sure to get the pattern catalog from Kandel Knits and check their selection. Besides patterns for swim-suits and sweaters, they have some knit shirt patterns ... plus, they have the most smartly cut men's slacks pat-

tern I've seen. The styling details are superb, the directions clear and easily followed. One pattern (men's slacks pattern #11), multi-size, costs \$2.50, and contains the master pattern for waist sizes 28-38. This means that if you have a husband and several nearly grown sons to sew for, the master pattern can be used to create custom-sized patterns. You'll be able to achieve the perfect fit that formerly was the prerogative of the very rich, who could afford custom tailoring done to order. Send your request for a pattern catalog to Kandel Knitting Mills, 4834 N. Interstate Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97217.

Another source of excellent patterns is Sew-Knit-N-Stretch, 2458 Louisiana Ave. No., Golden Valley, Minn. Their men's slacks pattern can also be highly recommended, very quickly made, and with an unusually quick method of zipper application. Many women are also enthusiastic about the simplified way of putting in back welt pockets, for a professionally tailored look.

Vogue patterns, too, offer a distinctive collection of patterns for men. Among recent styles shown are a sports jacket with crisply cut and tailored super-wide lapels, plus patch pockets. Although superb in many fabrics, current trends point toward glen plaid as one of the best choices. Vogue carries a car coat pattern featuring slotted patch pockets, a very masculine, multi-pocketed safari jacket, and a pullover shirt pattern with button-front placket and a collar that's cut quite deep and somewhat more widespread than previously. Worn layered over a turtleneck dickey or knit shirt, it's surely a fresh and flattering fashion for men.

Once you've decided on the item you want to make, and have chosen the pattern, then you must find the just-right fabric. On today's market, the choice is wide. And, since men's tastes have expanded, the choice is wider than it would have been a few years ago, when dead dull colors, stark white, and funeral black were the only acceptable attire for the respectable man. Now you can find the highly popular denims (acceptable for both dressy and casual clothing) plus a marvelous assortment of poplins, seersuckers, ducks, and woven sports cottons, many with the addition of polyesters to make them quick dry and easy care. Polyester double knits offer the ultimate in luxury. For economy, perhaps you live near a men's clothing factory, and would be able to purchase mill ends from them. Sometimes the savings made in this way are unbelievable. (A friend of mine made her son a suit, that would retail easily for \$100, that cost her just \$25, plus her time.)

Besides the outer fabric for slacks or menswear, you'll have to get goods for pockets, interfacings, and in some cases a partial lining. Pellon is fine for most interfacing needs, in the weight you prefer. For pockets, be sure to use permanent-press goods. On some newer styles, the pockets are cut of the same fabric as the garment. For those that will see a good deal of hard wear, you'll want to use firmly woven material. Nothing too heavy, or bulky, to spoil the trim fit, you understand, but it must be durable. A synthetic and cotton blend poplin is excellent for this use, and the same poplin makes good lining for waistbands. (In fact, I find this particular fabric indispensable for my home sewing.)

You will find that many men, once they have tried wearing knit slacks, will prove reluctant to go back to their previous choices of woven fabric garments. The knits, while offering plenty of body, nevertheless offer the bonus of flexibility and superb comfort. Particularly for the stockily-built man, such comfort in clothing can be totally new — and quite welcome — experience.

The fabric manufacturers are now offering, for home sewing, yard goods of the same fine quality as the finest ready-mades. For slacks, sports jackets, or suits, you can't go wrong when you choose to use the new spun and filament polyester double knit, made by DuPont from 100% Dacron polyester. It resists snags and doesn't pull, two problems we encounter now and then, even with our otherwise-favorite knit fabrics.

If you look for it, you can also find a twill-stitch double knit polyester, a fabric that keeps its shape, and enjoys proven popularity as "the" fabric to use for jeans. Boldly contrast-stitched, knit jeans are a comfortable and modish addition to any masculine wardrobe.

When you're making men's slacks of polyester knit, you'll want to press in a sharp crease, for that professional look. To do so successfully, use a very damp cloth and a good hot iron (which will not damage the polyester fabric so long as you are certain to keep the damp cloth between iron and fabric). Press only when you are positive of proper crease placement, as this treatment produces a permanent line.

When sewing men's slacks, you'll need a strong, dependable zipper. Many come in an 11" length, which is fine for the stout man. For a slimmer man, or a shorter one, perhaps you'll prefer to use the 8", 9", or 10" length. The best way to tell, I think, is to measure the zipper in a pair of his pants that fit especially well. Buy the finest quality zipper you can obtain — it's false economy to purchase an inferior zipper

for this use. They will not hold up, and are a horrible pain in the neck to replace. For fabric that is hard to match, some seamstresses suggest using a 9- or 10-inch length heavy-weight skirt placket zipper for the fly, since they come in a much wider selection of colors than those sold only as trouser zippers.

There is one possible way to economize on zippers, and that is if you can salvage some from dress slacks that have met an untimely end. Say your man has snagged a big three-cornered tear in a pair of slacks he's worn only a few times; it's impossible to mend them neatly, and they're not suitable for work pants. The zipper, of course, is just as good as new. So, to be thrifty, you remove and reuse the zipper for a new pair. You may also manage to cut a small pair of slacks or shorts from the good pants fabric, for your young son or tiny grandson. "Use it up, wear it out, make it do . . ." heaven forbid that we do without, given good health, energy, and a modicum of ambition and ingenuity. How 'bout that?

Remember to use polyester or dual-duty thread for sewing, since you surely don't want puckered seams. The polyester will also provide the long wear need with the long-wearing fabric; it's a pity to have seams give way before the goods does.

And, if you've a yen to make men's sportswear, remember the brushed denims. These are currently high fashion, and are extraordinarily easy to work with. Relatively inexpensive, too. I saw it recently on sale at our new discount center for the low cost of 68¢ a yard, which definitely spells economy. The brushed denim makes marvelous coordinate ensembles, separate jackets, jeans, bib overalls, or the comfortable, yet smart, jump suits. (The trim fit of the latter, cut by today's mode, is a far cry from the baggy coveralls of yesteryear, don't you agree?) Jump suits are such versatile garments, you'll probably want to make several, in a variety of fabrics. Poplin is an excellent fabric choice for summer, in its bright colors that emerge from the laundry sparkling, time and again. Try sport denim, or firm-bodied knits. For colder weather, perhaps your favorite corduroy, or quilted nylon for warmth without weight. Or you might have some other favorite fabric, whose characteristics would serve the purpose very well indeed.

Now for a new twist in men's sewing — have you seen the patterns for making reversible neckties? Simplicity 5234 is one example. The possibilities are endless, such as a paisley pattern on one side, and an equally intricate geometric pattern, in similar colors, on



South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass., has many activities during the year for the members. One of their most interesting was a Gay Nineties party held recently. Imagine the searching for costumes! But we assume many of the ladies stitched up their own. Pictured at the party are Betty Driffmier and Mary Hough. Mrs. Hough's husband was Chief Surgeon of a Shrine Hospital for Crippled Children for many years.

the other. Use silk on one side, crisp taffeta for the reverse. Or dream up your own combinations. One word of warning, which I learned the hard way, be careful not to use too bulky a fabric when making a tie that will be knotted each time it is worn. Both a friend and myself had this experience, by trial and error, that such fabrics as cut velvet and nubby-surfaced heavy knits should be used for the pre-tied neckties that have a clip for holding them in place. Then you can patiently and perfectly knot them once, to have and to hold forever after. The appearance on these can be quite fabulous, but if used for a tie that must be struggled with each and every wearing, they can drive even a patient man right up the wall! Incidentally, I have found no patterns available for the pre-tied neckties, but a conventional pattern is quite easily adapted if you take an old pre-tied tie apart and compare the length, and the degree of tapering through the section that will be knotted. And clips? They aren't available everywhere, but can be found if you're determined. Some sewing centers carry them; I have seen them advertised in several magazines for women; or, you can salvage good usable clips from old pre-tied ties that are ready to be discarded.

That about covers the tangible "how-
(Continued on page 20)



THE STORY HOUR

One of the pleasures of parenthood is storytelling. The very young child responds quickly to ideas suggested in a story. He is searching for experiences to satisfy his individual needs, which he finds in stories. He grows into the world of nature and science at an early age; almost any emotion can be directed by his story. It is well for the parent to read the story first, making certain it directs the child's thinking as he or she feels best.

As all mothers have learned, the little one *sings* the story to his toys, his pets, or chatters to himself as he plays. His attention can be directed at this period. If he has a physical handicap which prohibits certain recreation or physical activity, stories become even more important. It is best to choose stories or books which direct his thinking at the *earliest* age. The emotions can be effectively handled by a story. Mother makes certain what he is reading, unknown to him. She discusses it with him and may be able to tie it to happenings about the home.

As he grows older his story pattern will change rapidly. The parent may suggest nature study, bird lore, or any other field of childrens' interests. Entire sections of the library are given to such. As he reaches the Scouting age, his projects are guided by his reading. One mother left her ironing to assist her little son in interpreting the "recipe" for making dough, which he wound around a stick to bake over the outdoor fire, having read instructions from his Scout booklet. He earned his badge, never knowing that she finished her ironing while he slept.

Such is the joy of parenthood. Learning knows no beginning; the present begins with "Once upon a time" and follows through the years.

Adults often project the present into the future at such a rate that the child seldom hears where things come from, how they are made, why, when, where.

Families that read aloud develop strong ties of togetherness. Books take an important place here. Keep them at hand for your child, regardless of his age. Knowledge governs ignorance.

—Gladys E. Templeton

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

The sky is a brilliant blue this morning, and if we could just forget there are about 12 inches of snow on the ground, we could feel that spring was really just around the corner. There is so much moisture in the ground that when all this snow melts we will probably have another flood. We have already had one this winter, the last part of December when the temperatures got up into the fifties. It is always hard to get the chores done when the snow is very deep, but I think it is even harder when the frost goes out of the ground and the mud gets deep.

I missed the warm temperatures, rain, and flood because I left for Albuquerque the day before all this happened. I drove to Shenandoah a few days after Christmas, where I left my car and flew from Omaha to Albuquerque. Lucile wanted to start home a week after the first of the year, and I planned my trip so that I could have a few days in Durango, Colorado, with Kristin and her family, and a couple of days with Frank's sister and husband, Edna and Raymond Halls in Roswell.

It was raining when the plane landed in Albuquerque and the temperature was dropping, so I figured it would be snowing before morning. I called Lucile and told her I thought the smart thing for me to do was go to a hotel for the night because we didn't know what the weather would be in the morning, and my bus left at 6:30, an awfully early hour for anyone at Juliana's to get up and drive the long distance from her house to town. This certainly turned out to be the best decision, because the hotel sent a courtesy car to pick me up at the airport and also to take me to the bus in the morning. It did snow, and it was icy.

It wasn't snowing when the bus left Albuquerque, but we hadn't gone far before we ran into snow, and with slick roads and poor visibility, I didn't envy the bus driver. I had called Kristin from the hotel to tell her I would be in on the bus because I hadn't been able to get a plane reservation from Denver to Durango, and she said it was a good thing I hadn't, because no planes were landing there because of deep snow.

Kristin, Art, Andy, and Aaron were there to meet me, and I'll swear I think



Aaron and Andy were thrilled with the coonskin hats their grandmother, Dorothy Johnson, gave them. They wear them constantly.

the boys have each grown six inches since last summer. Kristin had lunch all ready. While we were eating, the boys told me how their mother had done all this baking and cooking the day before, and then covered everything with foil and put signs on it that said "Do not touch", so their dad wouldn't get into it when he came home from work, and so they wouldn't eat all the cookies before I got there.

Kristin came down with a terrible head cold and the flu on Christmas day, so she wasn't feeling very well, and we didn't try to go anywhere or do anything special, except one night when we did go out to dinner. The boys love to go to a restaurant outside of town a little way, called "The Villa", and were unhappy because the last time I was there we couldn't get reservations. So this time we had to go. Art's mother, who bought a house in Durango and moved there last summer, went with us. After a delicious dinner Art took us for a drive all around town to look at the Christmas lights and decorated homes.

Andy and I baked a bundt cake one afternoon to initiate the pan we sent Kristin for Christmas. Andy's favorite is chocolate, and when we were at the grocery store I picked up a bundt cake mix, something I hadn't tried before. I'm not used to having little boys help me in the kitchen and we forgot to put the melted shortening in. After we had it in the oven for ten minutes Kristin found the little pan with the shortening still in it. Andy thought this was a good enough joke on Grandma to write a letter about it to Grandpa. The cake wasn't as light as it should have been, but there was nothing wrong with the

flavor, and we didn't have any trouble getting rid of it.

I had a wonderful, leisurely visit. Kristin and I had plenty of time to talk about everything. I had a good time with the grandsons, taking turns playing checkers with them. (Either one of them can beat me.) Their Grandma Brase has been a good teacher; in fact, Andy tells me she is the best checker player there is. Andy is also good at chess. We gave him a beautiful chess set for Christmas and he tried to show me how to play, but finally gave up. One afternoon when it warmed up a little I went outside to watch them coast on their big fat innertubes. They prefer these to sleds, and it did look like a lot of fun. This means of coasting was new to me.

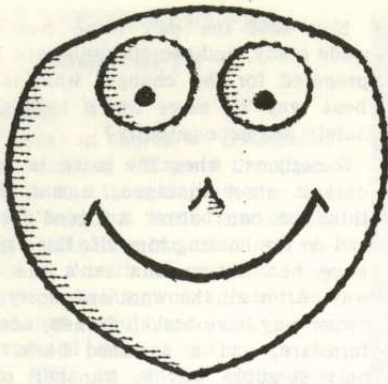
When I got back to Albuquerque I spent from noon one day until 9:00 the next morning with Juliana and her family, and Lucile, of course. At this time I took the bus to Roswell. Once again I was riding on icy roads for the last 100 miles. This was unusual for that area. There were many cars off in snowbanks at the side of the road, and we saw more places where they had gone off and had been pulled out. When the sun does come out down there, it is warm enough to melt the snow and ice pretty fast, and by the time I went back a couple of days later the roads were normal.

Except for a short ride one afternoon, we just stayed home and talked a blue streak. The humidity was very high with all the snow, and this is bad for Edna, so we were happy just to stay in the house and get caught up on all the news.

I got back to Albuquerque in time for the evening meal with them. Was happy to see Mary Leanna, who had arrived for the weekend. Juliana was anxious for us to see the movies she had taken at the farm last summer, and also the films they had taken at their house Christmas morning. We had fun reminiscing about the wonderful two days Juliana and the children and Margery spent at the farm with us while Kristin, Andy and Aaron were also here. Seeing those movies in color made me realize what a treasury of pictures Juliana has as a record of the happy experiences James and Katharine have had.

I'll not go into detail about the trip home, because I know Lucile will give you a good account of that in her letter. I will mention, however, that during our five-day stay in Tucumcari at the Holiday Inn, where we were stranded because of ice and snow, Lucile came up with a wonderful idea for a luncheon my friend Angie Conrad and I were planning for the Birthday Club

(Continued on page 22)



A Funny-Face Party

FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY

by
Mabel Nair Brown

What could be more fun than to key a rollicking St. Patrick's party to a funny-face theme and 'pulling out all the stops' to get loads of Irish wit and laughter into the evening?

INVITATIONS

For each invitation cut green construction paper about the size of a correspondence card. On the right half of the card paste a double circle of white paper, pasting the back of the bottom circle. The top circle is left loose like a flap. On this flap, with green ink, sketch the smilingest of faces, mouth turned up, eyes mischievous. Now fold this flap up half way and on the underside of it and the lower circle sketch a sad face, with mouth turned down, eyes downcast, etc. Leave flap turned up so sad face shows, and on the left side of the card, in white ink, write this invitation:

If you look like this

I won't let you in.

But if you turn down the flap

And copy this grin

Shure you'll have a good time at

(Name's) Funny-Face St. Pat's party

On (date) at (time).

DECORATIONS

Turn everything possible in the party rooms into funny faces — and of course you will fasten a huge face on the front door. Use a marking pen to draw funny-faces on long strips of white shelf or wrapping paper, and cover each lamp shade with this funny-face paper. Use a cleaner to mark smiling faces on mirrors and windows. Paste a funny face over the clock face.

Drape emerald green crepe paper streamers from central ceiling light fixture out to the walls and suspend smiling funny faces by black thread from these streamers. Use a green cloth on the dining table and fasten funny faces to the overhang.

Table Centerpiece: Paste faces to each side of large round flat lollipops, then arrange them in a large bowl, like flowers. Stick the lollipops into a block of foam. You might like to have enough so one could be given to each guest as a favor.

Fortune Centerpiece: Fasten three shillalabs (these can be lengths of tree branch or molded of crumpled foil and covered with brown paper) together at one end with green ribbon to form a tripod. To this tripod fasten a basket made by joining three shamrocks together to form the sides and taping one on the bottom. Fill the basket with slips of paper upon which fortunes are written. At some time during evening have each guest draw out a fortune and read it aloud.

ENTERTAINMENT

Shamrock Quiz: (Answers are to be found in the word Shamrock.)

1. A month of the year (March)
2. An Irish city (Cork)
3. Part of your body (Arm)
4. Something you wear (Sock)
5. A food (Ham)
6. A material for towels (Crash)
7. No good housekeeper wants them (Roach)
8. One of the planets (Mars)
9. Once a popular conveyance (Hack)
10. Several in the bathroom are nice (Rack)
11. We all think it comes in handy (Cash)
12. An old, old boat (Ark)
13. Could be most controversial article a family owns (Car)
14. Used to disguise (Mask)
15. From where a runner begins the race (Mark)
16. Many young people enjoy it (Rock)

The Luck of the Irish: Provide a bottle of pop for each guest. To each bottle tie a small card on which is written a prediction of some good luck — "You will make a new friend in the near future who will bring sunshine to your life", "You will come into some unexpected cash in a few days", etc. Set these bottles of chilled pop on floor like tenpins. Have ready a small embroidery hoop wrapped with green yarn. Each guest, in turn, standing at a fixed distance from the bottles, tosses the hoop until he rings a bottle and learns his good luck, then drinks to the fulfillment of the prophecy.

Spin the Malarky: Divide guests into

the four seasons of the year (this might be according to birthdays). Each group is an Irish clan — say the O'Haras, the Flannigans, the McNamarras and the O'Brians. Each clan assembles and plans a big story about a hunting trip, or a fishing trip, or other adventure. Then in turn, the clans tell their story, with one player beginning, another member of the clan taking it up, then another, until they've completed their yarn. (Set a time limit of, say five minutes, for each clan to tell their story.) A judge might award a prize to the most ridiculous, or the most clever yarn — or to the biggest liars!

Irish Flag March: Beforehand Irish flags — small paper shamrocks, or squares of green paper glued to toothpicks — have been stuck up around the room wherever possible. A few may be hidden. To play the game someone plays a peppy Irish tune on the piano (or use a phonograph) and all guests march in a circle clapping hands. When the music stops suddenly at unexpected intervals, players scramble to grab the flags they see. Immediately the music starts they must resume marching and clapping hands. When it seems all flags have been collected, award a prize to the one who has grabbed the most.

Medley of Old Erin: Copy the words of some of the more familiar Irish songs on paper plates, one to a plate, allowing a plate for every four or five guests. Cut each plate into jigsaw puzzle pieces (four or five pieces, however you decide to divide your guests into a group). Put all the pieces in a paper bag. To play the game, let each guest draw one puzzle piece. Then at signal players try to put their puzzle plate together. The first group through immediately sings its song to be declared winners. Have each group sing its song; then have all sing at the same time. This is a good ice breaker.

Post Office Partners: Each girl draws a slip of paper upon which is written an Irish given name for a woman, as Bridget, Kathleen, etc. They pin these names to their dresses. The boys draw Irish surnames and a number, such as O'Leary 7, O'Hooligan 2, etc. At the post office (can be a bridge table set up in one corner of the room) the boys call for their package by number, as O'Leary calls for number 7. When he opens his package he will find the name of his supper partner (one of the ladies' names that has been given out) and a green paper sash for her to wear and a red bandana to tie around his neck as they eat their refreshments together.

REFRESHMENTS

Open-faced sandwiches cut with a
(Continued on page 21)

It's Your Move

by
Agnes W. Thomas



With thousands of people changing their addresses every day, the process of moving is an important one. Many families fail to consider the details involved in transporting their possessions from one place to another. Some neglect to find out what kind of neighborhood they're moving into, and a great many parents give little thought to their children or to the effect a move can have on the very young.

Some people move from one city to another because of health, or because they are offered a better job. Others prefer to stay in the place where they have lived all their lives. If the company wants to transfer one of its men to another city, the man can refuse to go, but he may lose his job. With working conditions being what they are today, the breadwinner of the family may have to take a job where he can find it.

Let's say you have decided to move to another city; what should you do first? Unless the new location has already been decided upon, you should be very careful in selecting the place in which you will be spending the next several years — maybe a lifetime. It might be a good idea to subscribe to the leading newspaper of the chosen city, write to their chamber of commerce, and order maps.

Is the city you have selected a progressive one? Are new buildings being constructed? Have slum areas been cleared? Does the city have strict pollution control to insure continuing clean air and water for you and your family?

What about public transportation? If your car should fail to start one morning would you be able to catch a bus to work? Are there many modern schools and churches? What about parks, libraries, and museums? Are the people friendly? Visit some of the stores and see if the hurried personnel take time to serve you courteously. Does the city have little theater groups, service clubs or community centers? Are there beaches near by? Or are there mountains within easy driving distance? Even the quality of television reception is important. Can you get clear, good reception for the shows you want to see? And what about the weather? Are the summers hotter or the winters more severe than you would like?

After you have found the city of your choice, you will need to look for a suitable house; one that you can afford, which will please your wife and accommodate your children. If possible, the wife should have a look at the house before final settlement. Is it in the right neighborhood? Is it convenient to church, school and stores?

Much consideration should be given to the construction of the house, its age, heating and cooling facilities, and foundation.

Having selected the city and the house, the next step should be to prepare the children for the upcoming change. The prevailing attitude seems to be that moving hurts a child's educational growth, but the parents' attitude has much to do with this. Traumatic adjustments and emotional scars can be eliminated if parents prepare their children for the new experience.

Young children are not as affected by moves as their older brothers and sisters are. For a two-year-old relationships outside the family are fleeting, but at the age of four relationships become more important. Most school-age children hate the idea of leaving their classmates and dread having to meet strange teachers and make new friends. Children of all ages receive from their parents the images of what makes a good life, and these include signals that suggests the importance of permanency in human relations. Explaining the necessity of the move to older children, and telling them of all the new and exciting things they will see, will help them to look forward to the change. Making sure to take along a child's favorite toy will help the youngster adjust more easily.

If a child does not adjust well to a new school or neighborhood, it may be because he has seen how uneasy his parents were about the move. If Mother has complained about leaving her bridge club, or if Father has been cross and irritable while packing, the children may develop an anxiety that will show in their schoolwork.

Moving does have an emotional hazard, but if parents are enthusiastic about moving, and if they share this feeling with their children, there can be a joy of anticipation about the new experience.

Now that the new home has been made ready, and the children have been prepared for the change, what is the best way to move one's belongings safely and economically?

Sometimes, when the move is to be only a short distance, a man might think he can borrow a friend's truck and do the hauling himself. But experience has shown this isn't the best way. After all the work and worry, the owner may have broken dishes, scarred furniture, and a sprained back. The only sensible way to transport one's belongings is to hire an experienced, reliable mover.

When you select a reputable transfer company, be sure to have the estimator come to your house. Expensive mistakes can occur when arrangements are made over the telephone. Unfortunately, it is the customer who pays for the mistakes, no matter who makes it.

Some transfer companies require payment in advance, and they may ask for it in cash. Be sure to have an understanding about this before moving day.

Even though your mover may be bonded and insured, protection for your household goods is not automatic. It is recommended that you buy additional insurance which is usually available at a reasonable rate.

Be sure to check the inventory list as the mover loads his van. This is your only proof that items were loaded. Check again when furniture is unloaded. If anything is missing or damaged, do not sign the inventory.

You should always make arrangements with the mover at least two weeks in advance, and try to make your move in the middle of the week if possible. If you can arrange it, have the mover deliver your furniture in the early morning. By doing this, you will have the whole day to get things put in place.

Since you will have to pay for every pound loaded into the van, this would be the perfect time to get rid of the clothes you don't wear, discard the furniture you don't need, and give away the books you no longer want.

With a little bit of know-how, the right attitude, and proper planning, moving day can be changed from a dreaded experience to a happy occasion!

TRACKS

The brown bear follows the honey bee,
The hunter follows the bear;
The wise hare follows the cabbage patch.
And the grey hound follows the hare.
The old car follows the winding road,
And the car track follows the car;
But Mother follows her muddy boy
To an empty cookie jar. —Unknown

SPECIAL PLANTINGS ATTRACT BIRDS

by

Gretchen Harshbarger

This past winter has been long, snowy and icy. But through it all we've had a fabulous and varied display of birds in our yard. Much of this is due to the special trees and shrubs we have planted, though the center of activity is the feeding station outside our living room picture window.

Our feeder is a huge glass jar affair that holds a week's supply of sunflower seeds, and has a knotted-string bag of suet tied on its top. It is protected from raiding squirrels by metal baffles. We hoped our tasty offering would tempt cardinals, chickadees, nuthatches, purple finches, evening grosbeaks and assorted woodpeckers. It does! But of course sparrows, starlings and squirrels come too!

We had to figure out a scheme to keep the gate-crashers away from the invited guests by feeding them at a sort of second table.

Cracked corn scattered on the ground away from the feeder is the main solution to our problem. We've found that squirrels, bluejays, sparrows, starlings, cardinals, juncos, woodpeckers, quail and many other birds all love this handy-sized corn. We buy it as "chicken scratch" at a local hatchery and feed store, and it is very economical. Even rabbits come up at dusk and night to eat it, and we figure that if they are well fed they won't be so apt to chew the bark off our young trees and shrubs.

So much for the feeder. Now let me tell you about the trees and shrubs in our yard that attract birds.

When we built our house, it was one of the first in a new development. The area has been open pasture, except for a fringe of trees along the river (which happily adjoined our property). Because the place was barren, there were almost no birds around.

Gradually evergreen trees such as pines, firs and spruces were started in our yard and those of our neighbors. As we developed our landscape plantings we also included evergreen shrubs such as yews and pfitzer junipers, in addition to many deciduous shrubs. Now, 15 years later, what a difference the presence of large evergreens makes in the bird population! The birds have secure places in which to hide when they're in danger, or cold. Some like to nest there.

We also planned our landscaping to include shrubs and trees that would provide supplementary food. This invites birds to settle here year after year, raise their young, and possibly remain over winter.



A few years ago Clay Harshbarger and sons Carl and Fritz constructed a sturdy bird feeder between their home and the Iowa River. The feeder, plus the variety of plantings, attracts many birds.

The fruit the birds like best in our yard in winter is that of the Washington hawthorn. This small ornamental tree grows slowly to about 25 feet high. It has attractive white flowers in early summer, orange foliage color in autumn, and myriad tiny red fruits that hang on the branches all winter or until eaten. Cedar waxwings, cardinals, evening grosbeaks and robins dote on it and come by flocks. Its one fault is its vicious thorns. I use pruning clippers to cut off all thorns as high as I can reach.

Another favorite for winter birds, and for hungry early-spring arrivals, is the fruit of certain varieties of flowering crab apple trees. Not all crabs have fruits that are small enough for birds to eat easily, or that hang on into winter. Two of the best for the purpose are "Zumi" and "Sargent". Both have white flowers. "Sargent" is a dwarf about the size of a large shrub.

Birches are usually planted for their graceful shape and decorative bark. That's why we planted a white-trunked gray birch near our living room window. But we find that the seeds in its dainty, dangling little cones are a treat for the littlest birds.

Outside our study window is a group of American highbush cranberry shrubs. In the summer we love them because of their showy white blossoms. In autumn the gorgeous deep red leaves form a background for the spectacular clusters of big, glossy red berries. The conspicuous fruits stay on all winter or until gleaned by hungry birds. Watching cardinals eat them on a snowy day is a visual treat.

Farther from the house, where the lawn ends and natural woodland begins, there's a thicket of native gray

dogwood. It's a shrub that grows to about 8 feet high, with white flowers in flat clusters, followed by little white berries on bright red stems. How the birds gobble them up in early autumn! They also like to harvest the white fruits of the red-twigged Siberian dogwood, and the blue berries of the woodland pagoda dogwood tree. The flowering dogwood tree in our front yard does not like Iowa City's climate, rarely blooms well, and produces almost no berries, alas.

Though most firethorns (*Pyracantha*) are not reliably hardy in this area, we are succeeding with the variety "Kasan" which we have espaliered against the house wall in a protected place. The birds are all atwitter when they found those bright red berries this fall.

There are lots of other bird attractors that we don't grow. Here are some of the best, if you'd like to try them. *Trees:* mulberry, all cherries, Russian olive, canear juniper. *Shrubs:* honeysuckle, barberry, euonymus, many viburnums, multiflora rose, privet, autumn elaeagnus, coralberry. *Vines:* bitter-sweet, Boston ivy, grape, Virginia creeper.



A FRIEND IS GONE

She was a dear and cherished friend of our family for many years. In fact, she was more than a friend; she was like one of us. She went with us nearly everywhere we went. She was there when we were married, and when our babies were born she went along to show them to Grandma and Grandpa. If there was sickness in our family it was a comfort to know she was there, always willing and ready to help.

Although she had always been in good health it was inevitable that she grew old. She began failing quickly, and sadly we faced the fact she would have to retire.

We had depended on her so much we felt we just couldn't get along without someone to take her place. It was difficult, but we finally found someone who soon proved herself dependable, winning our friendship and confidence. Already she, too, seems like one of the family.

But we recently saw our old and loyal friend. She looked so lonely and forlorn sitting there, obviously deserted by everyone. It was so heartbreaking to see her; yet at the same time we recalled her role in all our happy memories. She is gone from our lives, but she will never be forgotten. There will never be another CAR quite like her!

—Carole Hefley Reese

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

CREAM CHEESE COOKY

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 cup flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Chopped nuts, crushed cereal or colored sugar

Combine butter or margarine, cream cheese and sugar. Cream until light and smooth. Stir in flavorings. Sift dry ingredients together and add to batter. Chill several hours or overnight. Shape into 1-inch balls. Roll in finely chopped nuts, or in crushed cereal, or in colored sugar. Place on ungreased cookie sheet. If desired a nut or a piece of candied fruit may be pressed into the top of each cookie. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes. Cool before removing from baking sheet.

This makes two dozen very pretty and delicious cookies. They brown only slightly so do not expect them to get a rich golden brown as some cookies do. A delightful addition to a cookie tray. —Evelyn

SAVORY PEAS

- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/3 cup chopped onion
- 1 1/2 cups thinly sliced celery
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas
- 2 Tbls. hot water
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- Pinch of thyme
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 Tbls. chopped parsley

Melt the butter or margarine in a saucepan; add the onion and celery, and saute slowly about 5 minutes, or until onion is golden brown. Add the peas, water, salt, pepper, and thyme. Cover and simmer 6 to 8 minutes, or until peas are just tender. Add the Worcestershire sauce and parsley, mixing lightly. Serve. —Dorothy

VERY GOOD CHICKEN CASSEROLE

- 3 or 4 cups diced chicken
- 1/2 green pepper, finely chopped
- 2 small green onions, finely chopped
- 4 Tbls. pimiento, chopped
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of chicken soup
- 1/3 cup rich milk
- 1 cup shell macaroni

Boil macaroni until tender and then drain.

Dilute soup with rich milk. Add all of the remaining ingredients and mix well. Turn into a buttered casserole and bake 20 to 25 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

(Be careful about adding salt to recipes that call for canned soup. Taste before turning into casserole and add a little salt if it is needed.)

If you don't skimp on the chicken in a dish of this kind you will find it amply good for company fare. —Lucile

DIFFERENT SLAW

- 1 quart finely shredded cabbage
- 1/2 cup seedless raisins
- 1 11-oz. can mandarin oranges, drained
- 2 Tbls. finely minced onion
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Combine cabbage, raisins and oranges. Blend onion, mayonnaise, sour cream and flavoring, and stir into cabbage mixture. Serves 6. —Margery

BEEF-STUFFED CABBAGE ROLLS

- 1 lb. hamburger
- 3 Tbls. grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. chili powder
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 cup uncooked rice
- 12 large cabbage leaves
- Boiling water
- 2 cups canned tomatoes and juice, sieved
- 1 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 1 Tbls. chopped celery

Combine meat, cheese, salt, pepper and chili powder with the beaten egg and uncooked rice. Divide into 12 equal portions and shape into oblong rolls.

Place cabbage leaves in boiling water and simmer until slightly wilted. Drain on absorbent paper. Place meat rolls on each cabbage leaf and roll up, folding sides to center over meat. Place rolls closely together in a greased casserole.

Make a sauce by heating sieved tomatoes with onion, green pepper and celery for five minutes. Pour over rolls and bake, covered, for one hour in a 375-degree oven, or until rice and meat are done. Serves six. —Mae Driftmier

ERMA'S ORANGE ROLLS

- 1 pkg. yeast
- 1/4 cup lukewarm water
- 1 cup milk, scalded
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 5 cups flour (about)
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 4 Tbls. orange juice

Combine yeast and water. Scald milk. Add shortening, sugar and salt to milk. Stir until shortening is melted and sugar dissolved. When cooled to lukewarm, combine with yeast mixture. Beat in half of flour. Add beaten eggs, flavoring and orange juice. Add enough flour to make a soft dough. Turn out on lightly floured board. Knead until smooth and elastic. Put in well-greased bowl, turning once to grease on all sides. Cover and let rise until double in bulk. Turn out on breadboard. Pat down and let rest 15 minutes. Shape rolls as desired. Place on greased cookie sheet. Cover, let rise until double. Bake at 400 degrees about 12 or 15 minutes, or until golden brown. Cool.

Glaze with a thin powdered sugar icing made of powdered sugar, orange juice and a little Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring. Erma used about 1 cup powdered sugar, enough orange juice to make it just a bit thinner than frosting consistency, and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring.

I happily had my taste of Erma's orange rolls when I stopped to see her "for a minute" and found her preparing these. —Evelyn

WHITE SOUR CREAM CAKE

- 2 cups thick sour cream
- 2 cups sugar
- 2 beaten eggs
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 cups sifted cake flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 2 tsp. baking powder

Combine the sour cream, sugar, eggs and flavoring and beat well. Sift the dry ingredients together three times; then add to the sugar mixture. Bake in a greased and floured 9- x 13-inch pan approximately 45 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

Sour Cream Icing

- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Stir the sour cream and sugar until the sugar is dissolved. Boil until it reaches the soft-ball stage (238 degrees). Cool until lukewarm, and then add the flavoring and beat until it is creamy. Stir in the nuts. —Dorothy

SIMPLE APPLE CRUMBLE

- 1 1-lb., 3-oz. pkg. spice cake mix
- 2 21-oz. cans apple pie filling
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup water
- Whipped cream, whipped topping or ice cream

Put half of dry cake mix into greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Spoon apple pie filling over first layer. Sprinkle remaining half of cake mix over top of pie filling layer. Combine remaining ingredients and spoon over top. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour. Serve with whipped cream, whipped topping or ice cream.

—Evelyn

APRICOT DESSERT

- 1 1/2 cups apricots
- 2/3 cups light syrup (if apricots are unsweetened)
- 2 cups water
- Boil water and syrup together for 20 minutes. Heat apricots separately. Then combine these. Add:
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- Let stand until batter is mixed.
- Mix the following ingredients in order given:
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. shortening
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- Put this batter mixture in greased cake pan. Pour apricot mixture over this. Bake in moderate oven, 30 minutes. Peaches, cooked apples, raisins, cherries, or prunes may be substituted.

MOCK CHICKEN LOAF

- 2 10½-oz. cans chicken noodle soup
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 cups dry bread crumbs
- 1 cup milk
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. poultry seasoning
- A dash of pepper
- Mash noodles in chicken noodle soup as fine as possible. The contents of the cans may be put into the blender and whipped together if you have one of these convenient appliances. Combine all ingredients and spoon into baking dish. Bake 1 hour at 350 degrees or until done. This makes a delicious meat loaf which really tastes like chicken. It is quite soft when it first comes from the oven, but as it cools it firms. Sliced cold it makes delicious sandwiches.

—Evelyn

RASPBERRY RIBBON PIE OR DESSERT

- 1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 1/4 cups hot water
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen raspberries
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/3 cup powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- A dash of salt
- 1 cup cream, whipped (or 1 2-oz. pkg. whipped topping mix)
- 1 9-inch baked pastry shell
- Dissolve gelatin and sugar in hot water. Add berries and lemon juice. Fold in raspberry flavoring. Stir until berries thaw. Chill until partially set.
- Blend cheese, softened to room temperature, with powdered sugar, vanilla and salt. Whip cream (or prepare topping according to directions). Fold into cream mixture a small amount at a time. Spread half of this white mixture in the bottom of a baked pie shell. Spoon half of gelatin mixture over white layer. Chill. Cover with another layer of white mixture and then a top layer of gelatin mixture. Chill until time to serve.

If you prefer, this can be made in a 5- by 9-inch glass dish and cut in squares after it is all firm. This eliminates the need for the crust and makes a different appearing, but simple dessert. A beautiful and tasty raspberry ribbon company or club refreshment.

—Evelyn

CRISPY CORNMEAL COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 1 cup yellow cornmeal
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup raisins
- Cream together shortening, sugar and Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring. Beat in eggs and remaining flavorings. Sift dry ingredients together and stir into mixture. Add raisins. Chill. Roll dough on floured breadboard until about 1/8 inch thick. Cut with cookie cutter. Place on greased cookie sheet. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake at 375 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes or until golden brown around the edges.

These are delicious, crispy cookies.

—Evelyn

TASTY ORANGE SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/2 cup salad dressing
- 1 8½-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1 cup carrot, grated
- 1 2-oz. pkg. whipped topping mix, prepared according to package directions
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Cool until syrupy. Add marshmallows, cream cheese, which has been softened to room temperature and beaten well with fork, salad dressing, pineapple, juice and all, grated carrots. Lastly, fold in whipped topping and flavorings. Chill well. This is a nice-sized salad. It will make a thick 8- by 8-inch salad making at least 9 fine servings.

—Evelyn

ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

- 2 1-lb. cans asparagus, drained
- 1 1-lb. can peas, drained
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 2/3 cup thin cream
- 1/2 of 10½-oz. can cream of chicken soup
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Buttered bread crumbs
- 1 cup grated cheese

Combine all the ingredients except the bread crumbs and half of the grated cheese. Pour into a greased casserole and sprinkle with the crumbs and remainder of cheese. Bake 30 to 40 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

UPSIDE-DOWN HAMBURGER PIE

- 1 onion, chopped
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 1 lb. hamburger
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. oregano
- 1 10½-oz. can tomato soup
- 2 cups biscuit mix, prepared according to directions on package (or use canned refrigerator biscuits)
- 1/2 cup shredded cheese

Cook the onion in the shortening in a large skillet until barely tender. Add hamburger and cook until brown. Add salt, oregano and tomato soup and heat thoroughly. Make up the biscuits, cutting into rounds. Pour the hamburger mixture into a casserole. Top with biscuits and bake in a hot oven, 425 degrees, for 20 minutes, or until biscuits are brown. Place a large platter over casserole, and holding firmly with both hands quickly invert. Sprinkle with the shredded cheese and slip under the broiler for a few minutes so cheese will melt.

This will serve six to eight. —Margery



A New Light on Cooking

Here's a simple hint that just could change your cooking habits: any recipe, old or new, can use a little change of pace once in a while. Whether it's a simple cold drink or a complicated dessert, there's no law that says it must taste exactly the same, time after time.

That's where **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** come in. They're concentrated, so you needn't use much. The flavor is so true-to-life, and the aroma so pure, that you'll be surprised how a few drops can change and enhance a recipe you have had for years.

Try all sixteen: **Mint, Raspberry, Almond, Blueberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Burnt Sugar, Maple, Pineapple, Banana, Coconut, Orange, Lemon, Butter, Black Walnut, and Vanilla.** (Vanilla comes in both 3-oz. and Jumbo 8-oz. bottles.)

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

Ask your grocer first. But if he doesn't have them yet, order any three 3-oz. bottles for \$1.50. Jumbo vanilla is \$1.00. We pay the postage. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

NEW CHOCOLATE MILK MIX

- 1 25.6-oz. box powdered milk
- 1 32-oz. can prepared chocolate milk powder
- 1 16-oz. jar powdered cream (non-dairy creamer)
- 3/4 cup powdered sugar

Combine ingredients. When well blended, store in tightly covered jar. To prepare, combine 1/3 cup mix to 1 cup boiling water. Add a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring and a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring to each cup for a delicious addition. More or less of the mix may be used according to individual taste. A fine mix to use at home or for a camping trip.

—Evelyn

ATLANTA SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 1 8½-oz. can tiny green peas, drained
- 1/4 cup liquid from peas
- 1/4 cup mild vinegar
- 1 1/2 cups celery, chopped
- 1 1/2 cups carrots, grated
- 1 Tbls. onion, chopped
- 1 Tbls. green pepper, chopped (optional)
- 1 tsp. dry or prepared mustard
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country-Style dressing

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. When well blended, add remaining ingredients. Pour into 9- by 13-inch pan, or in a salad mold. Chill until firm. Cut into squares and serve on lettuce leaves, or unmold into lettuce leaves on a pretty plate. This makes a large salad, 12 to 15 servings, for it includes a generous amount of vegetables. A delicious variation for serving vegetables. Fine with hot rolls for a luncheon menu. (Bob brought this home from Atlanta, Ga., when he returned from his bicycle trip.)

—Evelyn

SKILLET CORN FRITTERS

- 1 12-oz. can whole kernel corn
- 1/4 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup flour
- 3/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- Fat for frying

Drain corn. Combine with remaining ingredients. Mix well. Heat about 1/2 inch of fat in frying pan. Drop corn mixture by tablespoonfuls into hot fat and fry until golden brown on both sides. Makes 4 to 6 servings. Serve with hot syrup or honey. Delicious.

—Margery

ELEGANT PORK CHOPS

- Thick pork chops (or pork steak)
- 2 cups soy sauce
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. molasses
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/3 cup water
- 1 14-oz. bottle catsup
- 1 12-oz. bottle chili sauce
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 Tbls. dry mustard

Make a marinade by combining soy sauce, water, brown sugar, molasses, salt and burnt sugar flavoring. Bring to a boil. Let cool. Pour sauce over pork chops (or pork steak if you prefer a more economical meat). The thicker cuts make for a more elegant meat. Let stand several hours or overnight in refrigerator. Remove meat from sauce and place in baking pan. (Leftover marinade may be heated, cooled and stored in a covered jar in refrigerator to be used again.)

Put meat in 350-degree oven while preparing elegant sauce. Combine all remaining ingredients in heavy saucepan. (A little of the water added to dry ingredients to make a paste first blends them more smoothly if desired.) Bring all ingredients to a boil. Remove from fire and spoon a coating over top of chops. Return to oven. Continue baking, turning and coating with the elegant sauce until meat is done. Baking time depends on thickness of meat. A hotter oven will speed the baking time; a slower oven and a longer time make a moist, delicious product.

—Evelyn

CHERRY-PECAN BARS

- 3/4 cup margarine or butter
- 3/4 cup powdered sugar
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 1/2 cup diced maraschino cherries

Heat oven to 350 degrees. Blend margarine or butter and powdered sugar. Stir in flour. Press and flatten in ungreased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake for 12 to 15 minutes. Combine remaining ingredients in order given. Pour over baked layer. Bake for 20 minutes. Cut into bars when cool. Makes 24 bars.

—Margery

LATE WINTER NEWS FROM MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

Last Sunday in church we listened to a sermon entitled "Expect the Unexpected!" It was thought provoking and I couldn't help but think how utterly true this philosophy can be if one embraces it as a truth. Every single day this week something unexpected has happened that I would absolutely never have expected when I got up in the morning. This is not to imply that everything which happened was to my liking, but these things will work out for the best in the long haul if we have the faith to look far enough into the future.

The prime unexpected event which *never* was expected by our family was a phone call Katharine received one Sunday evening, shortly after I wrote my last letter to you. We were eating an unusually late dinner when we heard an abbreviated, one-sided conversation from our kitchen table. After many tantalizing bits of sentences, Katharine hung up the telephone and announced that she *had* been a winner in the VFW Voice of Democracy contest after all. I had read in the newspaper the name of a winner from some other locality, but this was *not* the county in which she was competing. The gentleman who was district commander called her from their meeting hall, where they had just chosen her essay as the winning one from the southeastern section of Wisconsin. We were absolutely speechless.

Katharine was so excited that despite the few notes she attempted to scribble down she really didn't know much about the new turn of events except that she was still in the contest.

Finally there was a phone call that confirmed that she was one of eleven finalists in the state competition. The final judging has now been held and although Katharine's essay was not the state winner, she had the honor to be third in the entire state. She is invited to be a guest at a banquet given for all the eleven finalists, and I know it will be a delightful evening for her. It was good for her self-confidence for her to have received this degree of achievement at the state level. It would, of course, have been fantastic if she had been able to go on to Washington, D.C., and compete further for the scholarship, but there are many, many scholarships that an enterprising student can apply for, and with the confidence this girl has now, she is willing to take on most any kind of competition. So, it proves how much good a positive mental attitude can do for a person, and how much mileage a person can make on such a wonderful outlook on life. Right at the moment our family is



Katharine Driftmier will graduate from high school this year.

looking forward to a trip to Iowa as soon as spring vacation begins. I am hoping that the weatherman will be as kind to us during the restless month of March as he was during January. We have to sandwich our trip around a date which Don has with our doctor to have his annual physical checkup. One week he goes in for all the laboratory testing and then a week later, after all the blood work has been done and the results prepared for the doctor, he goes in for a consultation with the big doctor himself. It is almost impossible to see these poor overworked doctors. We had to make our appointment as a standing affair from one year to the next in order to be sure we would get the right doctor. They have a clinic where there are thirteen doctors associated, but, of course, we have a favor

RETURNING THE FAVOR

Three times a week a kindly gentleman backs his truck into our yard and picks up the garbage. It is a big event for my four-year-old daughter who greets him gaily and follows him about as he does his work. Part of the attraction is the fact that he almost always has a stick of gum in his pocket for her.

She was a little disappointed one day when the pocket was empty. The trash man looked as unhappy as she did. Later that day I bought her a package of gum at the store. She seemed delighted, but did not offer to chew it. Instead, she carefully laid it aside.

Several days later I learned why she hadn't touched the gum. On trash day, she cheerfully greeted her friend with the unopened package. This time he was the receiver instead of the giver!

—Kathleen Molencupp

rite among these and we prefer to get him.

Speaking of doctors, we have been fighting planter's warts on poor Paul's feet for almost two years now, and after the last session of several treatments with X-rays we discover much to our dismay that these pesty warts are either back again or a new crop have popped up. Unfortunately, they are right on the ball of the foot and give Paul considerable discomfort. Don't know any home remedies you would care to pass on to me, do you? At this point I am ready for some Indian ritual as a cure if it would get rid of this poor chap's problems.

Tomorrow is going to be a big day for us at school. We've learned that the public and parochial schools are dismissed for the day, so our headmaster of the Lower School came up with the idea of inviting the friends of our students to come to school with them for a visiting day. Usually it is the parents of prospective students who come to visit and view us before they enroll their children in our Academy, but he thought he would give the children a chance to see how they would like our program for themselves. I am taking the neighbor boy, whom Katharine has baby sat for since he was three years old, to visit in the kindergarten class, and many of the little people in my room reported to me today that they are bringing *several* friends with them. It should make for a lively day, to say the least. As I have said often, my class situation always moves most smoothly with the children if things run on a calm, dependable schedule. However, I know deep in my heart that with very many little visitors things will not run according to any kind of schedule, but as with other "unexpected" elements, I cannot but expect that this, too, will be a great day for the school.

Today the children were excited at the prospect of cleaning up the room so it would look its very best for their friends. We gave our gerbils a fresh bed of cedar chips, shined up the walls of the old display case where we have a beautiful rock collection, vacuumed the rug with finger power, and gave the Siamese fighting fish a crystal clear bowl of water.

Katharine is now teaching art in my class with the help of another upper class student in the high school. The art teacher left me in a wretched state of affairs by deciding to have a baby — and I cannot draw a decent circle, much less teach children art. So Katharine found a free hour on Friday and she is now coming to teach art for me. She will find tomorrow interesting, too.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

ON THE ROAD

by
Bob Birkby

Let me explain it this way. When I was eight years old, my family went camping in Minnesota near Lake Superior. My brothers were just beginning to realize there was more to life than wet diapers, and I was living in that universal little-boy fantasy world filled with mystical heroes and villains. In the morning I might explore with Lewis and Clark, by afternoon I was pirating with Captain Hook, and Roy Rogers spent many a wide-eyed night galloping swiftly across my blankets.

Late one afternoon, as I was rescuing my mother from bloodthirsty gangsters for the hundredth time, a young man came pedaling up the road on a dusty bicycle, his camping gear tied neatly over the worn back tire. He coasted into the campsite adjoining ours, set up a small pup tent, and came over to visit. All my make-believe idols faded, pale in comparison to the real life hero standing before my young eyes.

He showed us all his equipment, let me crawl inside his tiny tent, and before he left the next morning, he completed his spell by allowing me to sit on his bike and strain my short legs toward the pedals.

The years ambled busily by, my legs grew longer and stronger, and with them grew a desire to adventure, a need only partially satisfied by annual backpacking pilgrimages to the mountains. Then last September, some 14 years after meeting the Minnesota cyclist, I loaded a tent, sleeping bag and a change of underwear over the back wheel of my own bicycle, aimed myself in the general direction of Florida, and pushed off for the first of 2,600 eventful miles.

For the next four months I meandered through Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and Florida. Some days I rode a hundred miles, other days only five or ten, pedaling slowly to sample America and savor it gradually. As the miles wore away the weeks and months, I occasionally glimpsed the elusive quality that makes our nation tick. Sometimes it was in the natural wonders of the countryside, sometimes in the man-made marvels lining the highways, but I found it most often in the people I encountered along the way, in their eyes and accents, in their actions and anecdotes.

I stopped for lunch in a tiny Iowa town, a changeless block of main street bronzed in the hot noon sun. As I paid for my groceries, the old clerk asked of my journey, then summed up his own existence in a few sentences.

"Once when I was about your age,



September, 1972, found Bob ready to load his gear on his lightweight 10-speed bicycle in preparation for a trip across half the United States to Florida. Taking almost four months to achieve his goal, Bob learned much about the country as he went. See picture on page 19.

long ago, some friends and I were going to take a Model T Ford, and we were going to drive west in that Ford and see the world. The other fellows went, but I had a chance for a job in this here store, and I've been here ever since."

He walked with me to the street, and his wrinkled hands gently brushed the morning dust from my bike. "Wish I could ride to Florida. Wish I could do anything. But how can I? How can I leave my store? I'm too old."

Too old. As I pushed on, I felt as if I was traveling for both of us.

Another stop was Lima, Illinois, a tiny apple orchard town near the Mississippi River. Late one afternoon I decided to camp in Lima's city park. Needing water, I crossed the street to a small church and stumbled upon an annual fish fry. Suddenly a plate and fork appeared in my hand, I was hustled down the food line, seated at a table, and surrounded by friendly folks anxious to tell me about Lima.

Not only did they fill my canteen and my tummy, they also gave me a warm place to sleep that night and offered me a job picking apples. You can't beat that for hospitality.

Bicyclists must be optimistic, very durable, and extremely waterproof. One

WORLD DAY OF PRAYER, MARCH 2

I sought my soul,
but my soul I could not see.
I sought my God,
but my God eluded me.
I sought my brother
and found all three.

These words of meditation were prepared as part of the World Day of Prayer service by New Zealand representatives of Church Women United.

Their theme this year is "Alert in Our Time". May we all be equally alert.

rainy morning I stopped beneath the awning of a rural Georgia store to wait out a thunderstorm. Suddenly a little man came out of the store and gave me a package of garbage bags. He had seen my wet clothes and decided I could wear the bags for protection. I thanked him for his thoughtfulness, he wished me well, and disappeared down the road. I never saw him again.

On the Gulf coast of Florida I helped a retired coast guardsman pull his sea-worn sailboat out of the water and onto a trailer. "I'll take you home for supper," he said, "but first you can help me scrape off the barnacles." For the rest of the day we worked under the boat, the old sailor scraping a lot and talking, me scraping a little and listening.

I found a family in Lakeland, Florida, with four children, two dogs, ten snakes, and a variety of rabbits, hamsters and turtles. They gathered me in off the highway, dumped me into a warm bathtub, and made me part of their family for a week during Thanksgiving. Although I journeyed on, I felt secure in having this home just a few days away where I could take off my shoes, unbutton my shirt, and feel so relaxed.

As with all good things, the trip finally came to an end, the muscle aches faded away, and I exchanged my tattered jeans and worn flannel shirt for more acceptable attire. But the memories will remain forever, memories of the America I found: the broad, sun-swept plains of the Midwest, the hot days spent pedaling between endless horizons of corn and wind toward distant water towers signaling the approach of towns, the roads rambling about the foothills of the Appalachians, the kind of hills you can coast down with almost enough speed to top the next one, the quiet owl nights of mountain forests and the neon profanity of highway advertising, flat coastal plains of cotton and pine, sandy highlands of oranges and grapefruit, and the stormy coasts of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico.

But of all my memories of people and places, my favorite is of the quiet fall evenings in small city parks when groups of children shyly gathered around to inspect my bike, my camp, and mostly me. I always answered all their questions, let them touch everything, climb into my tent, and finally balance carefully on the high bicycle seat. Their eyes would grow wide with excitement, and they laughed happily.

I often wonder if any of them will one day remember the stranger who pedaled through their town and decide to discover America themselves.

I would like that.

MARY LEANNA DRIFTMIER WRITES FROM NEW MEXICO

Dear Friends:

It's a Friday and I don't have to go to town until later, so having fed the dogs I decided to sit down and get off a note to you. It snowed yesterday, but the sun is out today. There's something about snow in this part of New Mexico — it melts off the roads but manages to stay on the trees, so the stand of pines behind the house is fairly sparkling against the blue sky.

How did I end up in New Mexico? You may remember that I visited my cousin Juliana on my way to Mexico last summer. I was so taken with New Mexico that I never continued to Canada as I had planned, but enrolled at New Mexico Highlands University and moved into a log cabin in the most beautiful canyon I've ever seen. Here on the southern edge of the Santa Fe National Forest I've learned to chop the wood for my fireplace, saddle a horse, and drive a truck. (I traded in my car for a small pickup.) Yes, this is the same girl who used to write to you about Boston! There have been a lot of changes, and they haven't all been easy, but I'm happy and healthy. My only regret is that the Sunday New York Times doesn't get here until Wednesday, and who wants to read a Sunday paper on Wednesday?

The cabin is one large room divided by furniture placement into bedroom, living room, and kitchen areas. Since I didn't come out here with the intention of staying, and had practically nothing with me, I was extremely fortunate to move into a house that was already furnished, including dishes and pots and pans. There is a lovely front porch where in warmer weather I drank my morning coffee and listened to the stream go by across the road. In the summer these cabins are rented to tourists, but in the winter only a small group of hardy folk live here. There's a wonderful sense of community, with a great deal of conversation and food exchanged.

Highlands University is located in Las Vegas, a fifteen-mile drive over a winding mountain road. On the way I pass through the town of Montezuma whose chief landmark is an enormous old hotel that used to attract guests from as far away as Europe to sample its hot springs. The hotel later became a monastery and is now vacant. Las Vegas is historical as well. It was the first stop for the Santa Fe railroad after the journey across the plains, and it was here that the United States announced it had taken over control of the territory from Mexico. The population is still largely Spanish, and it is partly because of this that I am in such



Mary Leanna Driftmier (right) has appreciated being close to cousins and frequently visits them. This was taken when she spent some time with Kristin (Johnson) Brase in Durango, Colorado.

an excellent academic program.

I am working towards a Master's degree in Bilingual Elementary Education. One of my courses last quarter was a practicum that required me to teach science and math in Spanish to second graders in the demonstration classroom in the Teacher Education Center. I can't tell you how much fun it was! I adored the children and they apparently liked me. I had to learn a lot of new words, since the Spanish

spoken here is different from that spoken in Spain and Mexico. I am so happy to be part of a program that allows these early Americans, the original New Mexicans, to learn more about their culture and language. I am also taking some undergraduate courses in order to be certified to teach, so my academic program will keep me here for at least two years.

Nothing I ever ate in Mexico prepared me for the spiciness of New Mexican food! I can now eat a bowl of red chili without passing out, but I have yet to conquer green chili. My favorite food discovery is *posole*, a specially treated corn whose kernels grow enormous as they boil away, seasoned by pork and chili. When I have a day at home I usually cook up a pot of beans. I'm still talking about learning to bake bread, but as yet no progress has been made in that direction.

I would like to see more of New Mexico, but it's so pleasant where I live that I can hardly tear myself away. When I do leave for the weekend it is usually to visit Juliana's family. Albuquerque is only two hours from Las Vegas, so it's not a long journey, and I used to be able to break up the trip in Santa Fe when Alison and Mike were living there. James Lowey loves to ride in my little red truck, of course, and Katharine thinks I can read stories almost as well as her parents, so I feel like a real member of the family. I hope to make another trip to Durango before too long to see Kristin and her family.

(Continued on page 20)



A salad is more than wet lettuce.

You carefully select a firm head of lettuce. You rinse it, drain it, bag it in plastic and put it in your refrigerator to crisp. You wait till the last minute, then tear it instead of cutting it. You don't salt till the very, very last minute. So far, so good.

Now don't spoil the whole effort with a "nothing" dressing. Be sure to reach for a **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressing**. Whether you prefer **French** or **Country Style**, you know you'll be adding quality, flavor and goodness to your salad. Smoothly blended to perfection, with just the right accents of herbs, vinegars and oils.

The perfect topping to a perfect salad.

Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

The art of making and enjoying home-made ice cream seems to be on an upward swing. *The Great American Ice Cream Book* (Atheneum, \$7.95) by Paul Dickson grew out of the author's concern that the only people taking ice cream seriously worked in the ice cream industry. To fill this gap, Mr. Dickson has created a detailed and informative book about this favorite dessert. Included are the secrets of the great soda jerks; the origins of the cone; the language of the soda fountain, and some of the greatest ice cream formulas from out of the past.

The Eskimo Pie, the Good Humor Bar, and the Popsicle have had a tremendous impact on the ice cream industry. It was fun to read about the Eskimo Pie:

"One afternoon in 1919 a young boy entered a candy store in Onawa, Iowa, and ordered an ice cream sandwich but then changed his mind and ordered a candy bar. Christian Nelson, the proprietor, asked the boy if he really knew what he wanted, to which he replied, 'Sure I know - I want 'em both, but I only got a nickel.' The lad's comment prompted Nelson, a Danish-born school teacher who ran the candy store as a sideline, to conclude that there was probably a market for a confection that combined chocolate candy with ice cream. He experimented with the idea but got nowhere because he was unable to make chocolate stick to ice cream.



The first pictures have arrived from Wayne and Abigail. This one was taken as they were departing for South America for their sight-seeing trip with their daughter Emily and son Clark.

Weeks later he learned from a candy salesman that cocoa butter improves the clinging ability of chocolate, and he tried again. He succeeded on the first try and dubbed his chocolate-covered creation the 'I-Scream Bar'. The first five hundred bars were taken to the Onawa Firemen's Tournament, and all were sold."

Interesting recipes for ice cream, as well as pictures of historical value, help make *The Great American Ice Cream Book* worthwhile reading.

"I guess if I could choose one of the most important moments in my life, I would go back to 1947 in the Yankee Stadium in New York City. It was the opening day of the World Series, and I was for the first time playing in the series as a member of the Brooklyn Dodgers team. It was a history-making day. It would be the first time that a black man would be allowed to participate in a World Series. I had become the first black player in the major leagues." The speaker was Jackie Robinson and the paragraph of great importance is taken from his autobiog-

raphy *I Never Had It Made* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$7.95).

There was both triumph and tragedy in his life. He was saved from becoming a juvenile delinquent by the guidance of his mother, a sympathetic friend, and a young minister. He was the important part of Branch Rickey's "noble experiment" for equality in baseball. He had to stand up to merciless persecution and not retaliate; he still had to have spirit. Finally, he was able to be a full-fledged participant whose triumph did not carry bitterness.

After baseball, he had three new careers - business, politics, and civil rights. He and his wife, Rachel Isum, watched their three children grow. It was Jackie, Jr. who made headlines with his addiction to drugs, his extraordinary rehabilitation at Dayton, and his tragic death in an auto accident. The chapter on drug addiction is a most important part of the book.

On Sunday, October 15, before the second game of the World Series at Cincinnati, Jackie Robinson was saluted by Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn for integrating baseball 25 years ago, and for his work with young people against drug addiction. Some few days later the black sportsman died. *I Never Had It Made* is a thought-provoking, courageous book.

Beyond Dark Hills (McGraw-Hill Book Co., \$6.95) by Jesse Stuart was written in 1932 at Vanderbilt University as a paper for an English professor who had asked his seminar students to turn in a maximum of 18 typewritten pages about themselves. In the 11 days allotted for the assignment, Jesse crammed 322 pages from border to border with the story of his young life. After having read Stuart's work, the professor said, "Stuart, I believe you're a genius. If you were my son, I don't know what I'd do with you."

In the book there are memories of his grandparents, his parents and family, of cutting corn in the bottoms of the Ohio River Valley when he was twelve; of depression times and working for 11 meals a week at Vanderbilt; and hymns to the land.

In the foreword of the book, Mr. Stuart writes, "Everything in my world has changed since *Beyond Dark Hills* was written. It is certainly a book of time and place, born in the beginning of the Depression and first published in the middle of the Depression.

"Now, *Beyond Dark Hills*, a collectors' item in its first edition, will be published again and it will have more readers, I know, than it had before. And some readers will be American young people who seek to make their lives count, as I sought, from a ghetto of poverty, to make mine count."



The **Kitchen-Klatter** magazine goes to every state in the United States and many foreign countries. Friends who read the magazine write: "I do not want to miss a single copy," "I read every article," and "I have taken **Kitchen-Klatter** since it started and still have every issue."

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Many times readers write in requesting a source of inexpensive gardening books or manuals on certain phases of gardening.

Mrs. Stella W. writes, "I am interested in making both an herb garden and a rock garden this spring. I would like specific information on each project. I realize that space does not allow you to give me enough help in your column, but you might know of some inexpensive booklets on these subjects."

The Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave., Brooklyn, New York 11225, has just the answer to the request as well as manuals covering other phases of gardening and at the low price of \$1.25 (a few cost \$1.50) each. All the manuals are printed on good quality paper and well illustrated.

The one titled *Rock Garden* has 125 pictures of the best ideas on design, construction and care, as well as a list of the best plants for rock gardening. The cost is \$1.25. There is a handbook on herbs by this same title that gives the basic kinds, the culture and uses of herbs. The cost is also \$1.25. A companion to the *Handbook of Herbs* is one called *Herbs and Their Ornamental Uses*. It lists the most attractive herbs for gardens and for kitchen use. It gives instructions for designing a small herb garden, how to design and plant a knot and a fragrance garden. It also lists the names of old rose varieties. The manual sells for \$1.50. Please order your booklets direct from the Brooklyn Botanic Garden at the address given above. Do not order through me or *Kitchen-Klatter*.

Mary R. writes that she likes to start all her bedding plants from seed but has trouble in growing petunias. "I can't get the seed to germinate. How do florists or nurserymen get petunias to grow? Any help you can give will be appreciated."

Petunia seedlings are easy to start and come up within five days after sowing if you set the pans on a small electric heat cable to supply bottom heat. Use Jiffy-Mix or any sterile planting medium available. Fill a flat container with the medium and set in a pan of tepid water. Moisture will draw up through the Jiffy-Mix and when the surface is moist, set the pan out and let it drain. Scatter the fine petunia seed on the surface, pop the pan into a plastic bag and set on the heat cable where there is good light. Seedlings will appear on the surface in a few days. Gradually remove the plastic but keep the seedlings misted so the roots do not become dry. Remove from heat



Bob Birkby was just eight years old and the year was 1958 when he met Vern Jarosak of Minneapolis, Minn. Vern had ridden his bicycle to Gooseberry State Park, Minn., where he camped next to the Birkby family. Bob was so impressed with his new friend he vowed then to someday go on a long bicycle trip and find adventure for himself.

cable and grow seedlings in a cool window area. Pot up individually as soon as the second set of leaves appear.



THE MAGIC DOOR

Rock gardens are a magic door
That open wide from work day hours
To shining dreams of mountain tops,
And valleys rainbow-strewn with flowers.

Amid these rocks that I have placed
In strata or as glacial drift,
Wee Alpine flowers as jewels gleam
From sheltered pocket ledge and rift.

White heartsease, ferns, and buttercups
Are tucked by tiny pool and wood,
In miniature I've made a world,
And I, who love it, find it good.

—Jessie Field Shambaugh

SEEK TO SEE

The late Reverend Peter Marshall, Chaplain of the U.S. Senate, left a rich heritage of sermons and prayers. From one of his Senate prayers comes this excerpt:

"Give us clear vision, that we may know where to stand and what to stand for — because unless we stand for something, we shall fall for anything."

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE

Hark! There's good news for you gals feeling blue

Because you have scads of patching to do.

They've come up with a whole new slant on things,

And it's sure to make you happy as kings.

As you clip and sew and try every means

To fix up once more that old pair of jeans,

Cheer up! Take heart, and shed no more tears.

You're really not patching — you're recycling, my dears!

—Eileen Larson

MARCH ELF

Hold on to your hats!

Hold on to yourself!

The March wind is here;

He's a merry old elf.

He'll grab at your coattails;

He'll give you a whirl.

He does not care whether

You're a boy or a girl.

He'll jostle and push you

Along the whole street.

He'll blow dancing leaves in

A twirl at your feet.

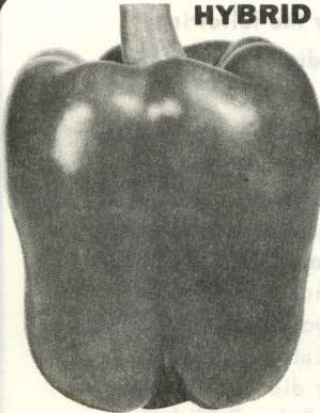
"Mind your manners!" he'll whistle,

This jolly old elf,

"And take your hats off, or

I'll do it myself!"

—Sunshine



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KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
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KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
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KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

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Call it gumbo,
Call it sand,
Call it pure
Organic land.

Call it compost,
Lime or peat —
Modern terms or
Obsolete.

Mixed or matched
Upon my floor,
Its name is MUD —
Forevermore!!

—Leta Fulmer

CONCERT

I saw the strangest thing today;
For high up in the air
I saw so clear against the sky
A music lesson there!

The lines and spaces all were drawn
Upon a page of blue,
And notes ran up and down the scale
As notes of music do.

But then I saw some notes change
place;
And soon I laughed to see
The notes were birds upon the wires
All playing happily!

—Sunshine Magazine

MARY LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded
There are almost as many relatives around here as there were in New England.

I want to get out for a walk with the dogs before heading for town, so I'll close this letter now. I would encourage all of you to visit my little corner of the "Land of Enchantment" if you ever have the chance. Sincerely,

Mary Leanna

LAFEMME PACK RAT

A pack rat by any other name is "me" and countless millions. Collecting things — "anything" — sometimes starts very innocently. As a girl I attended a P.M. Party, a cute name for a slumber party I thought. Arriving at the party I found the girls seated on the floor amidst a huge pile of old envelopes. You ask, "Were they cutting out the stamps for my collector friend?" No! cutting out the P.M. — post mark. Said friend then filed them away in a loose-leaf notebook by states and countries.

My suggestion to those who find the P.M.'s something different to collect, save the unusual stamps for some friend who collects them. You probably know one right now, as stamp collecting is the number one collecting hobby in the United States.

A hobby may be an extension of one's job, or it can be directly opposite as an escape valve from the "everyday".

As you might have guessed, one of my hobbies is collecting news items, books, etc., on other people's hobbies. I find it quite interesting and you would be surprised what some people will save!

—Mrs. E. Kiso

HIMSTITCHING — Concluded

to's' of sewing for men. So, last but not least, let's bring up the subject of confidence. Have you, by any chance, been afraid to attempt sewing for your man, because you felt you weren't expert at tailoring? Well, fear no more! The new patterns are too explicit, the new methods too simplified, the new fabrics too easy-sew and easy-care, for you to harbor any doubts as to your abilities. Have you been successfully making your own outfits? If so, there's not a reason in the world that you can't be successful in the field of men's wear, too. Take them a step at a time, if need be, to build your confidence. Accuracy, patience, neatness — the same prerequisites hold here, as they do in any field of sewing. Imagination, a bit of flair for combining style, color, cut and fabric — these, too, are important. There truly is no reason that you can't do a superb job of "himstitching" once you set your mind to it, and the man in your life will be delighted to have a new wardrobe you've custom-created just for him!

THE PERSONAL TOUCH IN MISSIONS

by
Mrs. Earl Gibbons

May I tell you of the few "fun" things our Missionary Society of about 14 women does?

One project was to send bushels and bushels of used greeting cards all over the world. Our missionaries told us how to prepare the cards, and of how natives walk from 20 to 40 miles to get one. Some natives have never seen a card.

We matched cards — floral or animal or scenic — back to back. Then we punched around the two fronts of the cards, and with bright scraps of yarn, crocheted around them, leaving a loop at the top so it can be hung on a wall. Many huts in Africa are virtually plastered with cards, each with a different Bible verse.

The missionary sends us sheets of verses in the dialect of the local people. This is a wonderful way for communication to begin between the native and the worker in that area.

(Cards that are not so meaningful can be put in scrapbooks and sent to some state institution. Juvenile and Santa Claus pictures and caricatures of animals are excellent for these scrapbooks, which we make for the children's departments.)

Some missionary workers among women's groups prefer the card to be left as it is. We sew bobby pins, needles, colored thread, buttons, safety pins, hair clasps, and colorful little pins on the back page of the card. The plain pages of a used card can be used as a notebook. We cut out floral designs, and animals and trees, and paste them over the personal messages on the cards.

We received a letter from a state hospital for the retarded which wanted plastic flowers, vases, and other containers. So we collected lots of flowers and used vases. We cleaned out our closets and shelves, and did we find lots of goodies! Nonedible, but still goodies.

Here is a true story about edible goodies — Kitchen-Klatter flavorings — that went to Africa. They had a lovely trip. (Our denomination provides salaries for its missionaries, but we thought a box of goodies would make a few of our foreign service workers, who are also homemakers, happy.)

A dear nurse friend, Irene Piper of Gabon, Africa, sent a list of suggestions. There are many things they can't buy in the local open-air markets, or in a store — perhaps 40 miles away. We ran all over trying to locate dress materials and trimmings suitable for their



The Shenandoah Congregational Church circle holds a luncheon each month, after which the members work on mission projects. Mrs. Edward May, hostess for the day, fills coffee cups for Mrs. J. D. Rankin, Mrs. Maurice Spies and Mrs. George Rose.

climate. In addition, our contribution included chocolate chips, walnut meats, and dry, seasoned salad dressing. Everything, including Kitchen-Klatter flavorings, really went over big. (They especially enjoyed the black walnut flavoring.) The nutmeats and chocolate chips were sent in three-pound cans, and they arrived in perfect condition even though it took them months to get there.

One of Miss Piper's native helpers was Mary, a tiny, good-natured widow. We got her dress and undergarment sizes and made several outfits for her. We found some suitable material in our quilt block box. (Never send anything to a missionary that you wouldn't want to use or care for yourself.) Mary was observed, kneeling by her ironing board, and with tears running down her cheeks, thanking her Heavenly Father for her dear, unseen friends.

The personal contact we have had with our missionary, and our efforts to supply their expressed needs and wants, have made our missionary work extremely meaningful. We recommend it.

ST. PATRICK'S PARTY — Concluded shamrock cookie cutter might be spread with a green-tinted cheese spread, decorated with tiny sprigs of parsley, or rounds cut from whole slices of bread might have pimiento or other cheese spread on them and then, smiling face features (slices of olives for eyes, a strip of red pimiento for the mouth).

There are many green gelatin salads which might be cut in shamrock shape, or in rounds, with smiling faces piped on, using a decorating tube filled with salad dressing or whipped cream.

Potato chips or shoestring potatoes or potato salad are most appropriate for the St. Patrick refreshment. Why not tint the chip dip a pale green?



It's March, All Right!

You don't have to look at the calendar; just look at the tracks in the hall. The fingerprints around the doors. The noseprints on the windows. And all the rest of the mud and mess that means thawing and snowballing (and work for you).

Aren't we lucky to have **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**? It goes into solution the minute it hits water — and that's how it goes to work: instantly. No suds or scum to rinse away, either . . . just hard-working cleaning power that removes even stubborn dirt with a single wipe.

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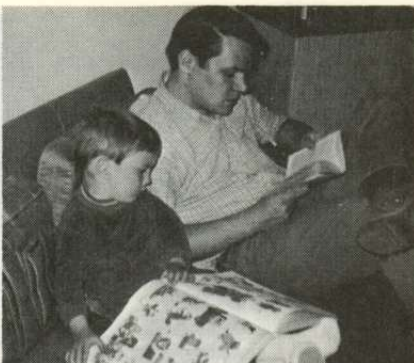
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Marshall Field, the world's most successful retail merchant, said there are twelve things to keep in mind while working on the road to success:

- One, the value of time.
- Two, the success of perseverance.
- Three, the pleasure of working.
- Four, the dignity of simplicity.
- Five, the worth of character.
- Six, the power of kindness.
- Seven, the influence of example.
- Eight, the obligation of duty.
- Nine, the wisdom of economy.
- Ten, the virtue of patience.
- Eleven, the improvement of talent.
- Twelve, the joy of originating.



James is his daddy's little shadow for whenever Jed is home, James imitates whatever he is doing.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

figure out what to test.
When you reach retirement age I'm sure the great difference in attitudes is what it is you're retiring FROM. In my case I can honestly say that I love my responsibilities and would be totally lost without them. In my wildest flights of imagination I cannot imagine for a second what in the world I'd ever do with myself if I didn't have my work and my interests.

Of course, I must admit that we seven Driftmier "children" (!) have quite an example set for us by Mother! She will be 87 on April 3rd and, aside from not-out-of-the-ordinary skirmishes such as a siege of flu this winter and some aches and pains, is still going strong. It would be quite embarrassing for us, everything considered, to call a halt to our life-long activities and begin roaming around for lack of anything more demanding to do. All I ask out of life is sufficiently good health just to continue what I am doing.

My wonderful letters from Juliana keep me up to the minute all of the time on their activities and plans. Recently she had a highly successful trip to El Paso for a weekend with her dear old friends, Dr. Steve Crouse and his wife, Chris. It's a six-hour trip by bus and the children enjoyed it tremendously; they're old hands at planes, but it was a great thrill to take the bus!

Before Juliana's extensive gardening projects are too demanding she wants to come back for a visit with all of us here in Shenandoah. That will break up the time before I go out to Albuquerque for a summer visit. This last trip with such stormy weather most of the holiday season convinced me that I should get to New Mexico more than just once a year. Given nice days we could have picnics, drives in the mountains, etc.

For goodness sakes, after such a hard, hard winter here in the Middle-west (and many other places too) let's hope for an early and promising spring.

Always faithfully . . .

Lucile

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

stitch with French knots. The one I'm working on now is all in cross stitch which takes me a big longer. I hadn't done any embroidery of this type for a long time and am really enjoying it.

Mother is working on a crewel wall hanging she got for Christmas. It is going to be beautiful when it is finished. It is more elaborate than the last one she did. Ruby, her nurse-companion, is knitting away on some birthday sweaters for members of her family. She ran across a new pattern that I just love. Maybe when she finishes these I can talk her into making one for me! It always amazes me how quickly she picked up knitting complicated patterns. I remember the day a few years ago when I taught her how to knit a simple sweater, and now she does stitches I wouldn't dream of attempting! My space is running out, so I'll bring this to a close.

Sincerely,

Margery

DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

when I got home. We had a Holiday Inn cookbook with us, so we looked through it and picked out the entire menu. They let me have enough place mats and napkins from the coffee shop to use on our table, so Angie and I are giving a Holiday Inn luncheon next week. I will tell you more about it in my next letter.

While I was gone our friend Belvah Baker retired from her job at the telephone office after forty-four years with the company. Frank's sister Bernie retired from her job at the post office last summer, so now these two good friends are looking forward to enjoying their retirement. All the years Belvah worked in Chariton she lived in an apartment close to her job, but now she has moved back into her lovely home in Lucas, just half a block from Bernie's home. Tonight she is entertaining Aunt Delia and us at a birthday dinner for Bernie. In a gift shop in Tucumcari I found a tiny silver rocking chair charm and brought it home for Belvah to add to her charm bracelet.

The road maintainer has been down our road now, so I must dash to Lucas to get this mailed. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

A hundred times a day I remind myself that my inner and outer life depend on the labors of other men, living and dead, and that I must exert myself in order to give in the same measure as I have received and am receiving.

—Albert Einstein

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FROM MY KITCHEN WINDOW

by
Fern Christian Miller

This 10-degree winter morning I thank my maker once again for the two big windows in the north end of my kitchen. The double sink and some counters are under these windows. The small wall clock is between the windows and below it is a small, clear calendar. In a drawer within easy reach is my notebook and pen, Bird Field Guide Book and binoculars. In another drawer are my shopping pad and cookbooks. My tall, high-backed kitchen stool is near.

From this warm, light place I can watch the birds come and go at the feeders both in my yard and the neighbor's across the alley. As I cook and wash dishes, plan meals and grocery lists, or write letters or articles, I can keep an eye on the feeders. These yards provide food, nesting sites, water, and protection in vines, shrubbery, and trees both summer and winter.

In spring, summer, and fall I enjoy the flowers, foliage, and seeds of the borders planted in our back yards. As I have sharp, far-sighted eyes I seldom need either binoculars or eyeglasses to identify my feathered visitors.

This morning I wrapped myself in a heavy coat and scarf, and hurried out early with warm cans of water and bird feed: leftover popcorn, suet, wild bird seed mix, toast spread with peanut butter, sunflower seed, and apple cores and peelings.

I set the cans of water on the covered bird baths, and filled my variety of feeders with the food. The peelings and apple cores were tossed on the compost pit behind the tall trellis. I hurried back inside my pleasant kitchen when the north wind hit me. Most of my yard is protected from this wind. The feeders are placed in protected places here and there.

As I washed and scalded and drained dishes, and started lunch for my family, I watched the feeders. First came the brilliant cardinal and his more softly shaded mate. How they love the popcorn, sunflower seed, corn and warm water.

Next came our winter's surprise — a mockingbird! She ate on apple cores and seeds, and drank leisurely, ignoring the fussy starlings and sparrows. Four handsome blue jays scolded her, but she calmly finished her meal and returned to a thicket of honeysuckle near a low-branched cedar tree in a neighbor's yard. Apparently this is both her winter and summer home. Usually our mockingbirds migrate south.

Now the English sparrows and starlings take over for a time. Even these less desirable birds get hungry and are fun to watch. A red squirrel runs along the telephone cable above the alley. So far they have left our feeders alone, perhaps because they have an abundance of walnut and hickory nuts and acorns from the old trees in the big yards across the alley. Also I toss ears of corn and apple parings on the shed roof for them. (It is almost flat.)

I sit on my comfortable stool and write for a time. When I look out again it is snowing a little. I see a new bird, for me for this winter, a big flicker eating suet. With his large brownish and black body, stiff tail, long sharp pointed bill, the red spot on the back of his head, and narrow black shield at the top of his breast and bright yellow on the sides of his wings and tail, he really can't be mistaken for any other bird. He loves to hunt for ants on the ground in the spring, and relishes all berries in season. He also loves peanut butter. I watched him eat his fill and fly back to a big sweet gum tree across the way.

I do enjoy my kitchen windows!

CAPTAIN NORMAN'S CREED

In some way, however small and secret, each of us is a little mad. Every one is lonely at bottom and cries to be understood; but we can never entirely understand someone else, and each of us remains part stranger even to those who love us. It is the weak who are cruel; gentleness is to be expected only from the strong. Those who do not know fear are not really brave, for courage is the capacity to confront what can be imagined. You can understand people better if you look at them — no matter how old or impressive they may be, as if they were children. For most of us never mature; we simply grow taller. Happiness comes only when we push our brains and hearts to the farthest reaches of which we are capable. The purpose of life is to matter, to count, to stand for something, to have it make some difference that we lived at all.



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