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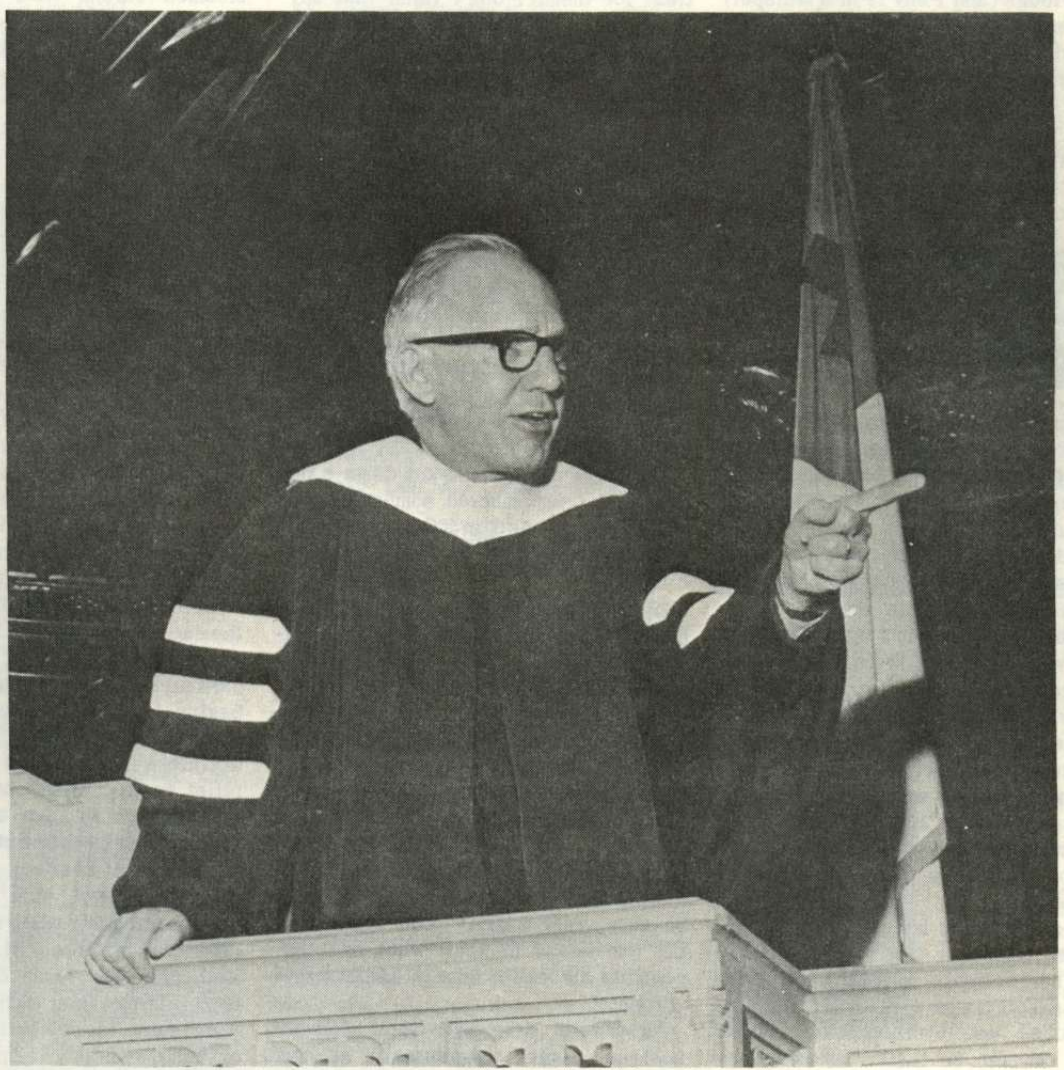
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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

What a gorgeous spring morning this is, the kind we really despaired of seeing after being bogged down for days on end with mean-looking skies, unusually heavy fog and fitful spells of rain. It looks (and I say it in a whisper) as if we've gotten over the hump of a long, long winter and are launched into more promising times.

As a rule I never have interruptions when I'm at my desk unless the telephone rings, but this morning I've been stirred up a number of times by James and Katharine who are busy building cages out of small blocks for their little zoo animals. I'm called upon to decide such questions as to who is to have the two gorillas and who gets the lions. A while ago I settled the matter of the giraffes by claiming them for myself!

Juliana and the children arrived about a week ago and we really had to laugh about their plane trip. Since they last were here there has been a new flight scheduled that made it possible to go from Albuquerque to Omaha with only a brief stop in Denver and no change of planes involved. This seemed a tremendous gain since it's mighty hard to cope with small children and lots of luggage in these huge airports.

So what happened? Their plane ran into mechanical difficulties and couldn't take off from Denver, so once again there was all the wrestling around of former days. As Juliana said: "If I ever made a plane trip without some kind of commotion I simply wouldn't believe it."

I am surprised at how many things the children remember from their last trip back here almost a year ago. They knew exactly where to find things in the house and even remembered the short cut up to their Great-Granny Driftmier's house. They are now able to play outside entirely on their own, and one of the things that gives me warm pleasure is to look out and see them riding on their green tricycles up

and down old Clarinda Avenue.

At first I was surprised that they were content to spend so much time going between the corners on this exceptionally long block, and then I remembered that since they live in the country these sidewalks are a great treat for them. I don't think that anything could be more successful entertainment than these tricycles and sidewalks.

As far as entertainment goes, I cannot think of anything more interesting than overhearing their conversations when they don't know that anyone is paying attention.

This morning, for instance, I heard Katharine say to our little Chihuahua: "Oh, Abey-Boy, I'm so proud of you because you have a tiny, tiny tail." And a moment later I heard James say to her: "Here, Katharine, give me that cupcake and I'll undress it for you" . . . surely a new way to refer to taking off the foil wrapping.

The other day when I got down a box of cereal I remembered something from our Christmas visit in Albuquerque that has always struck me as hilariously funny.

Eula and I were busy rearranging the lower cupboards in one section of Juliana's kitchen so there would be additional space to store some canned goods, and while we had all of the cereal boxes out on the floor Katharine came into the room and said instantly: "What are you up to?"

We explained what we were doing and she said very firmly: "If my father came home right now and found you fooling around with the cereal he would be very, very angry." You don't need but one guess to know what had happened at an earlier date to produce that comment.

As always, I've had much pleasure cooking meals considerably heartier than the meals Eula and I usually sit down to. Juliana cooks so constantly, not only three meals a day for her own family but for much, much company that I like to have her come to the table and

be surprised at what she finds in front of her. And since James and Katharine eat virtually everything that's put before them it certainly isn't difficult to plan meals.

Tonight, for instance, we're going to have a baked ham and when James saw it he asked if we could have "some of that delicious mustard sauce." This gives you an idea of what "good eaters" they are.

Recently we had a short but very pleasant visit with Wayne and Abigail who were back in these parts to look at nursery stock and then swung by to pay a visit to the home folks. Their stay was necessarily so short, what with the busiest season of the year in the nursery business almost at hand, that it seemed the best way to see everyone was to have a family dinner.

Fortunately, Dorothy was in town at that time, and thus eleven of us sat down to a standing rib roast, wild rice with mushrooms and water chestnuts, creamed onions with cauliflower, an eggplant casserole, hot rolls, many relishes, a cinnamon-applesauce molded salad, and for dessert that elegant Bavarian mint pie. I've gone into this because I always like to hear what you folks have for company, and turn about is fair play.

After dinner we set up the projector and screen and looked at the perfectly wonderful color slides that Wayne and Abigail took in South America. These pictures were so brilliant that we could almost feel light-headed when we heard that some of them were shot at altitudes of 17,000 or 18,000 feet. Mother and I both said that we really felt as if we had actually been there, and this was a great blessing since we've never seen such an untold number of steps EVERYPLACE. South American countries are definitely out of the question for the two of us.

All of these visits from members of the family who do not live around here certainly mean a great deal to Mother, particularly when a long, shut-in winter begins to draw to a close. Her siege with the flu left her feeling "pretty worthless", as she put it, and it was a relief to her when she began to feel well enough to take an interest once again in her needlework. Currently she is stitching away on a wall hanging done in crewel work and it will be highly attractive when it is done.

Our next visitors will be Donald, Mary Beth and their three children who are coming from their home in Delafield, Wisconsin, to celebrate Mother's 87th birthday with her. If April 3rd this year is as beautiful as the day we had last year for her big birthday dinner we should have a joyous celebration.

(Last year James was here on that
(Continued on page 22)

THE STROMS HAVE A NEW PUPPY

Dear Friends:

Lying at my feet is the dearest puppy! Last month I told you that we had spoken for her and were waiting for a free weekend to make the drive to Hastings, Nebraska, to pick her up. We didn't have to wait long until such a weekend came along.

We had made arrangements to pick her up on Sunday morning as I had some appointments lined up for Saturday afternoon. We couldn't wait to see her, though, so sandwiched in a quick run out to the Dyers' home. They weren't surprised that we turned up — had really expected to see us before the day was over!

The dog was all we expected and more. She is a Lhasa Apso and her coloring is blonde with black tips. She is very well behaved. We've run into no problems whatsoever. She loves to be held and is a very cuddly pup. She accepted us right off the bat and is very obedient. Being six months old, she had already had quite a bit of training and follows simple commands such as "No-no", "Come here", "Stay", etc. She is not trained to a leash yet, but I'll start on that as soon as the weather settles down so that we can get into acceptable routine for walks.

We borrowed a small pen for her outside exercise until one we had ordered arrived. At first we thought we would fence in an area of the yard, but decided it would be less complicated for the present to use a ready-made pen. After we build our new garage, we can arrange for a larger fenced-in area.

It was so nice to visit Hastings again after several years. Dorothy and I were there six years ago for a store opening and had a fine time visiting with the personnel at Radio Station KHAS (which carries our daily visits), as well as with all the friends we met at the store. Oliver and I were pleased to have a chance to visit with some of the employees at the station, and Debbie, a charming girl, taped an interview with me which perhaps some of you listeners heard.

It was also our pleasure to have a tour through the Hastings Public Library. You'll see some pictures of it in this issue. Miss Jeanette Hillers, the head librarian, told us that this is the first library in the state of Nebraska to be voted by bond issue. It is celebrating its 10th anniversary this month, National Library Week, with a number of special activities. We were really impressed with the size of the building and the many multi-purpose rooms. You people in Adams and Clay counties have every reason to be proud of the services this library makes available



A trip to the zoo to say "goodby" to the animals was a must before Juliana, James and Katharine left Albuquerque for their visit in Iowa.

to you.

Sometimes days and days go by without anything very special going on, but these past weeks seemed to have been filled with exciting things. Station KMA, here in Shenandoah, had a special event that was of great interest to us. They sponsored, along with some national and local businesses, a Homemakers School. It was conducted by Miss Joyce Siefering, who grew up in Coin, Iowa, which is so close by that we feel we can claim her too. She is a graduate of Iowa State University and after several years' experience in teaching, she became a cooking demonstrator. Dorothy drove over from Lucas to attend the school with me and we much enjoyed it as well as getting acquainted with Joyce. My! what a capable young woman she is! Since she conducts these demonstrations all over the Midwest, perhaps you've attended one, or will have the opportunity in the near future. Don't miss it if she is in your area, as it is lots of fun — and

COVER PICTURE

As nearly as I can recollect, we've not shared a picture of Frederick in the pulpit of South Congregational Church in Springfield, Massachusetts. Some of you readers have attended services there when you've been on trips in the East and have commented on how lovely the sanctuary is. It is even more beautiful on Easter Sunday when the altar is banked with lilies given as memorial gifts.

Easter, day of joy and gladness,
Loud may our anthems ring;
Let heart and soul and mind and voice
Salute our risen King!

very informative too. Dorothy and I picked up some new ideas we have since put to good use.

My church circle has met with me since I wrote last. We were fewer in number than usual, but accomplished a lot in spite of that. We had our salad luncheon first, and then we worked on our projects. I cleared off the tables and set up small sewing machines on them for those who like to stitch. Others worked on knitting, crocheting, and covering wire coat hangers. We keep a variety of handwork going so everyone can participate in some way. The items will be donated to nursing homes and regional institutions.

Speaking of handwork, I had asked for suggestions to use up leftover wallpaper. My! such a response! I haven't space to share all the ideas but would like to mention some of them.

"When I taught school, we made pictures using original ideas. One took first prize at the state fair. Scenic pictures were made by cutting flowers, trees, mountains, houses, etc., from wallpaper. We also used animals, etc., from paper for children's rooms to make circus pictures and the like. Children go wild over such projects. You can cover them with plastic to hang in their rooms. This makes good rainy day fun."

Another friend wrote, "I make many things with leftover wallpaper. Here are a few which might interest you:

1. Greeting cards for relatives and friends. (*The sample she sent had torn edges, was folded and held a message inside.*)
2. To make a club yearbook a little different, I have taken a square of wallpaper, pinked the edges and glued a photo in the center. This can also be done with a favorite poem.
3. Wrap a package with wallpaper. This is nice for a shower gift. The gift tag could also be made with wallpaper.
4. Throw-away place mats may be cut. Pink or scallop the edges and spray with clear plastic spray."

There were many other novel ideas, but space is limited to list all of them. I'm still open for ideas, so keep on sending them in.

Wen-Ch'eng is standing by the cupboard, so she is remembering where her dog biscuit treats are. Incidentally, Martin came up with the perfect name for her. (Our last dog was a male and it took a long time to remember to say *her* instead of *him*!) Wen-Ch'eng was the name of a Chinese princess who went to Tibet in 800 to be wed to the Tibetan ruler. This is the name we sent in on her papers, but we call her "Wendy".

Juliana is coming up in a few minutes so I must close and put the coffee on.

Sincerely,
Margery



Come, Catch a Rainbow!

AN EASTER SERVICE

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: On an altar or small table, place a plain wooden cross at the center back. Anchor lengths of chiffon in rainbow colors at one end to the table top close to the cross so that you can swirl them about the foot of the cross and then up the right side of the cross in a graceful sweep. Place the other ends of the material through a large plastic ring or wire fastened to the wall above, and a bit to the right of, the cross. Conceal the ring by covering with a placard upon which the word "Alleluia!" is printed in large gold letters. The draped chiffon thus forms an elongated "S" shape, the cross in the bottom curve, with a rainbow formed behind the cross.

If the above arrangement is not feasible, make a standard to hold the chiffon rainbow behind the cross by anchoring a dowel upright to a firm base and nailing a crosspiece at the top. Drape the chiffon over this.

Piano Prelude: "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today".

Call to Worship: (To be read by leader and group.)

Leader: THE LORD IS RISEN, ALLELUIA!

Group: The Lord is risen, indeed.

Leader: HE LIVES, HE LIVES! ALLELUIA!

Group: Our Lord lives, alleluia!

Leader: SING, O HEAVENS; AND BE JOYFUL, O EARTH!

Group: For the Lord has comforted his people.

Leader: LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS! **Group:** We lift them, Lord, to Thee.

Scriptures: (May use two readers standing in the audience at opposite sides of the room.) *Whither shall I go from Thy spirit? Whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend to heaven, Thou art there! If I make my bed in Shoel, Thou art there! If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there Thy hand shall lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. (Psalms 139: 7-10)*

Second reader: Make a joyful noise to

the Lord, all the earth; break forth into joyous song and sing praises! Sing praises to the Lord with the lyre, with the lyre and the sound of melody! With trumpets and the sound of horn make a joyful noise before the King, the Lord! (Psalms 98:4-6)

Hymn: (All) "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today".

Prayer: For the joy and beauty that is Easter we give Thee grateful thanks, O God. Grant us eyes to see, ears to hear and hearts open to catch the rainbow that is the glory of Easter we pray, inspiring each of us to go forth to make our life a living alleluia unto Thee. In the name of the living Christ we pray. Amen.

Leader: The joyous message of Easter is that ours is a living Christ. No wonder we want to ring the bells and sound the trumpets! Why shouldn't we, for, as the once-popular song went, "Ain't it great just to be feelin'?"

Today we have chosen to call our Easter thoughts "Come, Catch a Rainbow" and for a few moments let us meditate on this "great feeling", the glory of a risen Lord and the promises of Easter. Come, catch a rainbow!

We are indebted to Helen Keller for these thoughts on Easter: "Precious as are all the seasons of the year, none so rejoices the heart as Spring. There is about Spring a gladness that thrills the soul and lifts it up into regions of spiritual sunshine.

"The natural world is suddenly transformed into an orchestra by silver trumpets, singing birds, laughing streams and a fairyland of bursting buds . . . Each tree and bush puts out tiny leaves of tender green loveliness. It is the festival of Eastertide and Easter bells of joy ring softly in every heart. The listening ear of faith hears again the Voice of Jesus proclaiming the victory of Life over Death. 'Go and tell the brethren I am risen,' He said to Mary and with every return of Easter the human soul is renewed by His message."

Here is Helen Keller, who could not see or hear the wonders of nature as we do, making this great testimonial to her Lord! She certainly listened and saw with FAITH! Telling us that the "white burst of radiance" which is Easter is made so because of the denial, the heartbreak, the agony, the crucifixion that preceded it, just as spring is the more beautiful for us because it bursts forth in all its loveliness after the barrenness, the winds and the snow of winter.

Isn't it enough to want to sing as we did when we were children, "I've Got the Joy, Joy, Joy, Joy Down in My Heart"? Come on! Let's start living our alleluias right now. Sing it with joy. He lives!

Song: (All) First chorus of "I've Got the Joy, etc."

Leader: There is no other day quite like Easter. It is more than a day of exultation; it is a triumphal day of bursting forth from all restraining bonds and evil to a day of Victory. It is the breathtakingly beautiful rainbow after the terrible storm, reminding us of all the love and promises of God, saying to us, "Because I live, ye too, shall live."

Let us try then to "catch a rainbow" as we meditate in these moments together.

First Speaker: Let us begin at the beginning: *For God so loved the world that He gave His only Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life.* Oh, let us catch onto that rainbow of promise, given to us at so great a sacrifice!

Love, love, love — truly it must be the brightest ray in our Easter rainbow.

Jesus' love of people was shown in so many ways. He not only taught them to live according to God's laws, but how to be kind and loving to one another. Whenever people were in trouble, or ill, Jesus was ready to help. He practiced love every minute in his relationship with others, be it friend or foe.

In his last days on earth Jesus told his disciples to "love one another" and "if you love me you will keep my commandments . . . He who has my commandments and keeps them, he it is who loves me." Then Jesus assures us that if we love Him and follow His commandments we will have help and guidance in following them for He says: "But the counselor, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things." Isn't that another rainbow of promise we want to catch — to know God is our strength, and our comfort, our ever-present help? Doesn't it make you want to sing the second chorus of our familiar gospel song — "I've got the love of Jesus down in my heart, down in my heart to stay"? Let's sing it joyfully.

Song: "I've Got the Love of Jesus, etc."

Second Speaker: Let's catch another ray from God's rainbow of promises — that of power unlimited. Think of it — power unlimited — for me — for you! In Romans 8:31 we read, *If God be for us who can be against us?* How about that when we feel in the minority, or when we feel that we cannot change things because we are only one of millions in the world? Think about what happens when God has worked through the minority. There is Noah, a real "loner" for sure when he was building that ark at God's direction. Joseph, did
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FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

We have just returned from a very pleasant drive in the mountains to the west and north of Springfield. Yes, we went to Ashfield and Conway, those two little hill towns where my roots go down so deeply. So many times we start out for a drive not knowing for sure where we are going, but invariably we end up in "Field country", the villages where the Field family first lived here in the United States. My Grandfather Field was born up there where the land and the sky meet high above the Connecticut River, and it is there that I return again and again. Little has changed in Ashfield or in Conway during the past one hundred years, and when I walk along the narrow streets looking at the old colonial houses, I can imagine what it was like in Grandfather's day. I get a particular satisfaction out of being so close to my ancestral home, and of course my church people are pleased that their pastor has genuine Massachusetts roots.

How many of you know what big Massachusetts holiday comes on April 19? It is Patriots' Day here in the state where the Revolutionary War began. Actually, it is the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington and Concord. Remember that famous line by Emerson: "By the rude bridge that arched the flood, their flag to April's breeze unfurled; here once the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard round the world." I don't suppose that it is an official holiday for you, but it is for us who live only minutes away from that historic spot. It is a day when children recite Longfellow's poem: "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere". One of the strange ironies of history is the fact that it was not Paul Revere who was the real hero of that midnight ride; it was a man by the name of Israel Bissell.

Paul Harvey's fascinating book entitled: *The Rest of the Story*, tells how Israel Bissell rode much farther and much faster than did Revere. The famous Paul Revere rode only about twenty miles, but Israel Bissell rode more than 300 miles across Massachusetts, on into Connecticut, and finally on the third day he went into New York State and then on into Pennsylvania. On the first day his horse dropped dead under him, but he grabbed another mount and went on. Paul Revere did not ride alone that night, and Longfellow for some reason or other did not even mention Bissell. As a matter of fact, Revere was captured before he ever got where he was going, and his companions had to finish the job. Perhaps Longfellow could not find enough words to rhyme with the



Frederick photographed our ancestral home near Conway, Mass.

name Bissell, but for whatever reason, poor Bissell never got a bit of credit for his heroism.

A literary critic by the name of Richard Kirk Washburn has written a poem to correct this oversight. Mr. Washburn is one of my very close friends, and I was the first to get a copy of his poem about heroic and patriotic Israel Bissell. Here it is:

LONGFELLOW CORRECTED

Listen, my children, and I shall tell
of the four-day ride of Izzy Bissell.
When he heard of the shooting at Concord
Bridge,
he was off and away like a flushed partridge.
In a couple of hours, he had gotten to Worcester,
where his mare dropped dead, for he really
had pushed her.
Provided there with another fresh horse,
our hero was off on his cross-state course.
He passed out of Massachusetts and rode
down through Connecticut
with scant pause for rest or the graces of
etiquette.
When he got to New York, he guzzled some
coffee;
in a big cloud of dust, then speedily off, he!
It was latter-day April and balmy, not chilly,
when our dauntless Bissell rode at last into
Philly
and up to the old City Hall made his way.
And this was the message he gave them that
day:
"We're fighting the British now up around
Boston,
so come to our help, irregardless of costin!"
Road-weary and dusty, conceive his surprise
when a subfunctionary of his plea replies:
"His Honor the Mayor today has gone fishin'
so come back again, if to see him you're
wishin'."
Alas for poor Izzy, whose exploits we hear
but have always ascribed them to one Paul
Revere!

How many times has history failed to record the heroic acts of persons whose conduct was worthy of national adulation! I could not help but think of this as I watched the Vietnam prisoners being returned to the United States. Here in Springfield we had several former prisoners returned to their families and to cheering crowds that waited for hours to see them. Over the past several years, boys wounded in Vietnam were returned to military hospitals in this area, and there were no cheering crowds to meet them! The public press and television were not there to tell us about the sacrifices made and the long months of hospitalization to be endured. Several hundred thousand wounded are in our country right now,

and I for one would like to see them get more attention.

This week I shall be speaking to a convention of New England farmers and their wives. They are people who have been selected for their outstanding contributions to their communities as well as for their superior achievements as farmers. The president of a local bank called and asked if I would speak at the closing banquet for the farm group. He said: "Dr. Driftmier, I know that you are an enthusiastic supporter of everything that benefits farmers, and we want you to give us an inspirational message. Be sure to tell us something about your mother and your Uncle Henry Field." That will be easy for me to do!

People from the western part of the United States drive through our New England states wondering where the farms are. They see what appears to be nothing but woods, hills, and rushing streams, but actually, there are farms in those hills. Most of the farming here in Massachusetts — except for the Connecticut River Valley which grows tobacco — is dairy farming or poultry farming. Seldom does one see a big field of corn, beans, or oats. For miles and miles around our major cities there are truck farms growing vegetables, but these are not apt to be seen near the highways because of the high value of land near the major arteries.

Remember how we used to envy the lucky people whose farms were near cities so that the farmers could enjoy the benefits of rural living and city living at the same time? We don't envy those farmers now because of the taxes they have to pay. Here in the East thousands of farmers living near urban areas are having their farms taxed as real estate land, and that is disastrous to farming! One day that is going to happen to many Corn Belt farmers. With our population growing the way it is, there is no alternative.

About this time of the year Betty and I are giving thought to our vacation plans for the summer. How to take a real vacation is an art known only to the few. It is one of the finest of the fine arts. It means disconnecting the wires that relate us to all the cares and questions and even the joys of our regular life. It is drifting out upon the open sea of adventure to discover some new world beyond the sunset "in the purple mists of evening". Every true vacation is a voyage of Columbus and its first requirement is that the old world be left behind and that out at sea we "behold its dock-lights die". It isn't the place of the vacation, but the mood that counts. We work seven days and seven nights a week during the church year, and we annually need the

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RIBBONS AND RAINDROPS

by
Leta Fulmer

Those first sharp licks on my typewriter had produced only faint grey marks. And now my probing fingers found nothing but empty space as I searched for a spare ribbon. I'd used the last one. I'd dedicated this rain-washed day to catching up on paper work and now I was stymied. Well, a quick trip to the shop would remedy that.

The fine mist had turned to rain as I parked the car. Head down against a windswept drizzle, I rounded the corner and blinked at the traffic light. Suddenly I stared past it. The shop was gone. But not just the shop — the entire building! I shook my head, checked my surroundings. Had I absent-mindedly taken a wrong turn in the rain? No, the Gas Company squatted there in its accustomed place. Crossing the street I stood peering down into yawning emptiness. I saw only bulldozed ground where rocks and shattered bricks edged through a scraggly growth of green. Urban renewal of course! But how dare it take such a greedy bite when I'd barely turned my back? I jaywalked across the slippery street to the camera shop.

"Where in the world," I demanded almost accusingly, "has the typewriter shop gone? It was here three months ago when I stocked up on ribbons."

"Well, you know this renewal thing. That's just about when it came down, I guess." The clerk seemed slightly amused at my obvious agitation. "Now, the florist shop has relocated up in the next block."

"Oh dear," I simmered down a bit. "I hadn't even missed that. But where did the other one move?"

"I guess you haven't heard," the voice turned sober, sad. "The owner retired to his fishing cabin down on the lake and had a fatal heart attack before he could even get settled. Sure was a pity."

Once again I stood on the wet sidewalk, clutching the rough guard rails that fenced the excavation. It was here

that I'd rented that first typewriter when John entered high school. The proprietor had applied the rental fee to the down payment when I'd decided to buy a new portable. And he'd allowed me to pay it off a dollar at a time. Through the string of years that followed, we'd discussed everything from fur coats to catfish bait. And when I'd timidly confessed the urge to write, he was all encouragement and interest.

"It's a real blessing to find something you can lose yourself in." He'd smiled his gentle smile. "Nothing is ever wasted if it's truly enjoyed."

Erasable bond, yellow sheets, ribbons, typewriter repair — we renewed our acquaintance each time I entered the shabby building, though I never even knew his name! Now the shop was gone. Only a few weather-beaten splinters angling through the disturbed earth attested to the fact that it ever was. And its owner was gone too. His last words spun around in my thoughts as I gazed upon the rubble of what-used-to-be.

"Yes, I've been real content here. My life has kind of centered around this little place since my wife died. Of course, I'm always looking ahead to the time when I'll retire with my fishing rod and can of bait. Then I'll really be on Cloud 9. But you know," he'd grinned and shrugged his shoulders, "sometimes I think that the looking forward to those rainbow plans is almost as good as the actual thing."

Memories crisscrossed in my mind as I lingered there. I was only vaguely aware of my dripping hair, my toes squishing inside sodden sneakers. Why should I feel such a sense of loss? The life of this quiet man had touched mine so seldom, so casually — like the swinging of a gentle pendulum. And yet —. I became conscious of the small boy beside me only when he tugged at my hand. I stared into a tilted freckled face, topped by a pointed rain hood. He repeated his question.

"Lady, how come you keep looking down there? I don't see a thing but dirt and junk." As my lips moved to form an answer, his young mother yanked him quickly up the street, pausing to toss back a suspicious glance. No wonder, I thought, as I caught my drowned-rat reflection in the angled window of the Gas Company. What could anyone think of the spectacle of a middle-aged woman, drenched to the skin, who stood entranced before the empty pit of an urban renewal project? Only I could see the poignant bits and pieces that poked through the mud-soaked debris to shine in retrospect. Nothing dramatic, nothing of world-shaking consequence — just gentle, pleasant moments that would never come again!

THE HAPPINESS TREE

by
Donna Thompson

Have you ever thought about planting a happiness tree? It is an intangible tree, you know. You can't see it. You can't put it in your yard, but it is real, a part of your life if you will use it.

And on it are handfuls of happiness. That isn't as fantastic as it sounds.

"You can't take a handful of happiness," you say, "because happiness is an elusive something. The more you try to get hold of it, the farther away it is."

But a happiness tree doesn't go farther away. It becomes a part of your life.

It is an extremely versatile tree and produces all sorts of things. You can reach up and pick a glass of blackberry jelly; or a jar of strawberry preserves, thick and rich because the sunshine helped make them that way. You can gather a cheerful telephone call for someone who needs cheering, a gay greeting, or a happy note for someone who is ill. You can take some happiness with you to friends in rest homes or hospitals and, as you walk down the street, you can give a happy smile to the people you meet.

Happiness from your tree can make your heart gay and joyous and your life expanding and useful. It can make you look at the world through rose-colored glasses, and help you meet each day with a smile. It can make the evening come with the thought that you are glad you have lived today, and are thankful for the nice things that have happened to you.

The wonderful thing about a happiness tree is that it is like a fairy tree — filled with magic. Clouds won't bother it, nor rain, nor sleet, nor snow, nor high winds, nor any of the things that might damage other trees. It just grows, and the more of it you give away, the more it produces.

Why don't you plant a happiness tree in your life and gather from it all the nice things that make other people happy — good deeds and encouraging words?

The strange thing is, it is like an ever-flowing spring; it keeps on giving you happiness in your heart if you will let it. Try it and see!

TRAIN . . .

YOUR MOUTH to smile when the day is dark;

YOUR TONGUE to speak for the advancement of humanity;

YOUR NOSE not to sniff at those beneath you;

YOUR EARS to hear nothing but good of others.

YOUR EYES to see the needs of your fellow men. —Selected



Easter Eyecatchers

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Easter Candles: We use many candles at Christmas, but they are also lovely to use in Easter arrangements. I melt old Advent candles and make an "ice cube" candle in a lovely lavender color to use with a cross arrangement or with a little white church. A lavender candle with a candle ring of spring flowers is beautiful beside an opened Bible for a family worship setting. The lighted candle is a symbol of Jesus, the Light of the World, you know, so most appropriate at Eastertide.

Nut Cups: Children will be delighted with a "rocking duck" or "rocking hen" nut cup. Trace two ducks or trace around hen cookie cutters on heavy construction paper or lightweight poster board. Cut them out, cover with yellow paper if necessary, then glue a small pill box or tiny nut cup between them. Be sure to eliminate the feet so there is a rounded bottom and the cup will rock.

Easy Wheelbarrow Nut Cups: Choose a package of soda straws and small paper baking cups which come in assorted colors. You will also need some Lifesavers in pretty colors. Put a soda straw through the candy "wheel" and then make two holes on opposite sides of a paper cup and thread the handles through — so easy and colorful filled with pretty candies.

Cotton Ball Chicks and Bunnies: Children will love making these, so buy a package of pastel cotton balls and turn them loose to make Easter favors. They make cute tray favors to take to a nursing home.

Make the bunnies or chicks by gluing two balls together to make the body and then paste on eyes of colored paper or bits of felt. The chick will need an orange beak. Give little cotton-tail big pink ears, a tiny pink nose and a bit of cotton fluff for his tail, with bits of toothpicks stuck in for whiskers. For the hen cut wings of yellow felt and a comb of red felt or paper.

Posey Basket Cake: Make your favorite three-layer cake or use a box mix, baked in round layers. Ice the cake

with a pale yellow or chocolate icing. Using a fork, mark the icing into a basket weave pattern, one row with fine marks alternating up; then across. Then on next row have cross marks below up and down lines, etc., to get the "weave". For flowers use small gumdrops (be sure they are nice and fresh) in flower colors. Sprinkle sugar on your pastry board and roll a gumdrop to a thin oval. Cut in half crosswise. Now gently roll one half to form a "rose" center. Using the other half, roll and shape it around the center, shaping it out to get a petal effect. Make enough of these to fill the top of the cake (basket). You might want to use large gumdrops for a few larger flowers. Roll green gumdrops and cut into leaf shape. Use the back of a paring knife to gently mark in the veins of the leaf. Place leaves here and there among the flowers. Glue a length of stiffened ribbon (dip in liquid starch and dry) to a length of chenille in the same color and attach to cake basket as the handle. (If the ribbon is stiff enough, you'll not need the chenille.)

Decorative Yarn Eggs: This is a good way to use up scraps of yarn. Glue the yarn to foam egg forms. You can make up your designs as you go along. Glue on a contrasting yarn over the other first layer to form a design, or stripe in a three-dimensional effect. You can also glue on pearls, bits of old necklace chains, and sets from earring if you want to add sparkle, but just the yarn alone is most attractive as you use various color combinations to form the designs. Use them as place favors, on a mobile, in a centerpiece arrangement, or hang on a tree branch.

APRIL GAMES

Spring Hash: Add the letters of the word *salt* to the word in column one; then mix them up and you find a new word defined in column two.

- | | |
|--------|------------------------------|
| 1. Be | Building for horses & cattle |
| 2. Cry | A clear, colorless mineral |

- | | |
|----------|------------------------------|
| 3. Ice | Strip used for suspenders |
| 4. Five | An entertainment celebration |
| 5. Deep | Base of support for a column |
| 6. Yet | Dignified, lofty |
| 7. Pane | Agreeable, pleasing |
| 8. Mice | A climbing flower |
| 9. Gin | Continuing, durable |
| 10. Main | Charm |
| 11. The | Concealed manner of acting |
| 12. Per | A wire stitching machine |

ANSWERS: 1. stable. 2. crystal. 3. elastic. 4. festival. 5. pedestal. 6. stately. 7. pleasant. 8. clematis. 9. lasting. 10. talisman. 11. stealth. 12. stapler.

Historical Charades of Famous Folk Born in April: Divide guests into nine groups and hand each group a slip of paper upon which the name of the person and a clue about him is given. The group then plans and acts out a charade for the rest of the guests who try to guess the name of the famous person. Here is the list:

- Thomas Jefferson — 1743. Third president of United States
Henry Clay — 1777. American statesman
William Shakespeare — 1564. English poet and play writer
Hans Christian Anderson — 1805. Author of fairy tales
William Wordsworth — 1770. English poet
Washington Irving — 1783. New England author
Oliver Cromwell — 1599. Puritan England ruler
U.S. Grant — 1822. American general and president of U.S.
James Monroe — 1758. Fifth president of the United States

April Fool Art Gallery: Fake exhibits to display and the captions to go with them.

Ten Views of Dwight Eisenhower (Ten postage stamps with his picture)

Fifty Points in Colorado (Sketch of Colorado with fifty dots)

Among the Rockies (Several rocking chairs — doll furniture)

Views of the North Sea and South Sea (Have a strip up cardboard which you can stand north and south. On each end is a letter "C".)

The Bust of a Commentator (A potato)
The Greatest Elevator (Package of yeast)

The Rose of Castile (Rows of castile soap)

The Peacemakers (Pair of scissors)
A Study in Black and White (Piece of chalk and piece of charcoal)

A Diamond Pin (Dime and a pin)
The Unopened Letter (The letter "O" printed on paper)

(Continued on page 22)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Last month when I wrote my letter to you the snow was twelve inches deep, and this month the mud is at least that deep. I don't know which is worse. I guess actually it is harder to get around and do the chores in the mud. The ruts just keep getting deeper and deeper. I got Frank a new pair of four-buckle overshoes when I went to town the other day, and he said this morning maybe I should have gotten five-buckle ones.

I think people in all parts of the country are more than ready for spring and summer to arrive after one of the craziest winters in history. When I drove back home from Shenandoah yesterday it looked odd to see farmers picking corn. Precious few farmers got any fall plowing done last year, so if the ground ever does dry out in time for the spring work to start on schedule, it will take a lot longer to get the crop planted.

Kristin and Art live in an area where the principal winter sport is skiing, and she said they had wondered how long it would be before Andy would be after them to take him up to the ski slopes so he could learn how. The last part of February the pleas began, and when I talked to her last week she said they might take the boys this weekend. It was a hard decision to make because Art works in one of the hospitals in Durango and sees all the people brought in from the ski slopes with broken legs. Last weekend alone they brought in fifteen patients to one hospital and ten to the other. When Kristin was Andy's age she had a small pair of skis she used on a hill behind our house, and enjoyed them so much that she would like to see her boys enjoy this sport. There is a certain amount of risk with any sport, and you can't keep boys in padded shells.

Andy is getting to be quite a letter writer, and enjoys writing in the evenings while his mother corrects papers and makes lesson plans for school. He complained to Kristin one day that although he wrote lots of letters, no one ever answered them. She explained to him how busy everyone is and that eventually he would get answers to his letters, except from Grandpa Johnson, who never gets around to writing letters to anyone. Much to his surprise



Aaron Brase is ready for April showers in his new yellow raincoat.

(and Kristin's) the very first letter he got was from Grandpa Johnson. Andy thought that was quite a joke on his mother, and she told him this just went to prove how special his grandpa thinks he is.

I have had several requests for information on where Frank ordered the Davy Crockett coonskin caps for the boys for Christmas. He got them from The Deerskin Trading Post, 119 Foster Street, Peabody, Mass. 01960. You can write to them if you are interested, and ask them to send you a catalog.

I told you last month about the luncheon Lucile and I planned while we were stranded in the Holiday Inn at Tucumcari for five days, and said I would give you all the details this month. My friend Angie Conrad was to entertain our Birthday Club at her home, and I had told her I would fix the food for a luncheon if she wanted to wait until I got home from my trip. There were going to be twelve of us, so she put all the leaves in her dining room table and seated us together instead of putting us at three card tables.

For the centerpiece she used a large art tissue snowman placed on some twigs of evergreen, with tall red tapers in crystal candlesticks on either side. The tablecloth was white, and the Holiday Inn placemats we used were green maps of the United States; the Holiday Inn napkins were green and white. For favors we had a golden pixie at each place dressed in suits of yellow, green, red and blue — three of each color. For place cards I typed the recipes for the food we were serving, and Angie made little booklets, using various colors of construction paper for the covers, and tied them with gold twine. On the cover she printed Holiday Inn Luncheon, the date, and the guest's name.

The food was served buffet style and kept hot on electric trays. Angie had

one, and Belvah had given me one for Christmas, which we initiated that day. We had Chicken with Orange, Viking Casserole (asparagus), green bean casserole, hot muffins (Angie made these), and a molded salad made by another member, LeOna Polser. Of course there were relishes and preserves on the table. For dessert we had Royal Chocolate Cream Pie with mint-flavored whipped cream on top.

After we had eaten the dishes were removed and we played two games using the map placemats. We asked everyone to name as many of the state capitals as they could, and the one naming the most got a prize. Then we gave each woman a colored pencil and had each one draw a line, beginning at home, of a trip she would like to take if she had the money and the time. Then we went around the table and had each one tell us about her dream trip.

One of our members was unable to attend the party because she was at home with a broken leg, but we fixed her a tray she could put in the oven and warm up, and one of the girls dropped it off at her house on her way home. Very soon we plan to have another luncheon and will fix the food and take it to her house (at her request), so she can join with us in the fun.

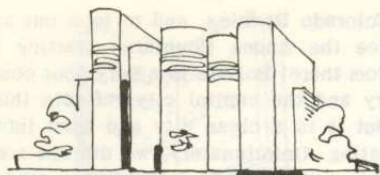
We are still taking down dead elm trees. When our first started to die, Frank rushed out with his chain saw, cut them up and burned them, or, if they were too close to the buildings, he hauled them away. With the hundreds of elms we have here it soon became "mission impossible". There are many young elm trees that seem to be perfectly healthy. Perhaps when the disease has run its course we will have elm trees again, and they do grow more rapidly than most other trees. We read in the paper a few weeks ago that there now seems to be a disease killing the oak trees. Since elm and oak are the predominant trees in the timbers in this section of the country, this would really be a bad situation.

We had a new freezer delivered and installed the other day, and am I ever thrilled with it! We have had a freezer for several years but it was a small one and I have been limited with the amount of food I could prepare ahead and freeze. Now I am excited with the prospects of all the baked goods I can test, and am looking forward to freezing vegetables and fruits. And just think of all the different kinds of ice cream I can make and store!

I think I'll go to the kitchen right now and make up several pie shells to freeze. Until next month

Sincerely,

Dorothy



ALWAYS WAITING TO BE ENJOYED

by

Gladys Niece Templeton

A recent comment (by a model housewife) gave me considerable thought of something which should be brought to everyone's attention. A local professor lost several *old* books in a fire, volumes that would be difficult to replace, which problem he was discussing with her. Her prompt answer was, "I have some of those very books, and you are welcome to them. They have been stored in an upstairs closet for years!"

Many persons have so few books in their home that no care is given them. Once read, they are of no further value. In this case they should be given, while new, to a library or other book service. The Bible is a library of books printed on fine paper, as is the average dictionary. Very old books are not only valuable but are treasures wherever they are found.

It is a pleasure to find in the bookcase a book used (and loved) by one's grandfather when he was a child. No wonder he became a reader and advanced in learning throughout his eighty years. Most antique books are in splendid condition, indicating the care given them through past generations.

One of the first things a little child should be taught is the handling of his picture book: to have *clean* hands and sit on the floor with the book between his legs. In this position it doesn't suffer. He should be taught to put it away in a definite place chosen for its care. Some children eat messy candy or ice cream cones while looking at their picture books, thus spoiling the pages. Habits stay with a child, so here is an opportunity to teach him proper ones. The first books for children were called hornbooks and were made of wood, with the words on paper, which was tacked to the wood. One can visualize the task of teaching caution here!

This may be the beginning of a lifetime of love for books. Whether one is rich or poor, sick or crippled, regardless of his attitude or personality, books can be a refuge. They are a way of life, past or future; they offer travel over the world . . . the prized gift available to all. By providing the *right* books for the child, we are silently guiding him in the right direction. The book can be the silent, accepted teacher.



This beautiful public library at Hastings, Nebr., is celebrating its 10th anniversary this April during National Library Week.

Leather bindings require special care, but are seldom seen in the modern home. Paperbacks are more common, and can be covered with plastic jackets. Paper binding is used only to keep the cost down; the pages are often made of good paper. Plastic jacket covers can now be had at little cost and are easily put on. They guarantee protection from all soil and are not easily torn. They also make the book more attractive, and are easily washed. Although books now cost more, few are as well bound as the old were, so the plastic cover gives added service.

Not everyone can have open shelves (I made mine), but he can locate a place where there is plenty of *light* and *air*, where the books are well supported; the book suffers if it *leans*. The unseen binding is easily ruined.

Uncared-for books have an unpleasant odor; they fairly tell you they need attention. If so, open them outside in the sunshine at times. Whether or not they are well-bound, they *need* sunshine and fresh air and should *never* be stored in an attic, a dark room, or unkept or damp basement.

Have you given thought to the day-to-day care of your books? Do you turn down (dog-ear) the page or poke anything into the book to mark your place; eat while reading; drop or toss the book when interrupted; handle it with unclean hands (wet hands are as bad); drop ashes on the pages?

One can find a book on any subject he is interested in. Study your library setting. Learn to do your own research, to find your own references, and use the many helps available at your library. When possible, visit a city library and try your skill at their files in

locating a certain book. You can learn much in this way. My day spent at the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., was an event to me. I used the files (open to the public), reference books, and channel for locating a *certain* volume. I also visited the other floors with such in mind. Hours spent in the luxurious libraries in Seattle, Denver, and Phoenix were rewarding, to say the least. Each demonstrates the care of books; hundreds of persons working together to protect them, regardless of their intrinsic value.

Books may enter where persons may not — the sick room. They may bring the comforting word in sorrow; they may give the advice longed for; may give the quiet moment where one is in the midst of confusion. Books fill the lonely hours of those necessarily removed from company. Being a librarian, I like to see them well cared for and never taken for granted.

A good book represents long periods of research, writing, and rewriting before the publishers do their part. It is a treasure regardless of its cost, a silent friend always waiting to be enjoyed.

Remember National Library Week is April 8-14.



FOR BETTER OR VERSE

When I was young and in my prime,
The reason that the world went 'round
Was that I gave it so much time —
At least that's how I made it sound.
Then drained of youthful energy,
And relegated to the shelf,
I came to terms with lethargy —
And found the darn thing runs itself!

—Author unknown

ABIGAIL REPORTS ON TRIP TO SOUTH AMERICA

Dear Friends:

A once-in-a-lifetime golden opportunity is wonderful — especially if you are lucky enough to be able to take advantage of it. That is the way Wayne and I felt about a trip to South America this past winter. It just seemed to us that we would never have a more opportune time to travel there. We could meet Clark on his return to the United States after spending the better part of the past year as an exchange student in Brazil. Our daughter Emily had been out of sight and sound for some fifteen months. Another twelve months loomed ahead to complete her tour of duty with the Peace Corps in Brazil. The prospect of a reunion in the midst of this long separation was an additional irresistible temptation.

We arranged to meet Emily and Clark in La Paz, Bolivia, for two reasons. The first was that going on to Brazil would have added a sizeable amount to flight costs for Wayne and me. With time, as well as monetary, limitations we decided to concentrate on a few locations of particular interest to us.

Planning the details of our three-week sojourn in Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador and Colombia was my responsibility, with particulars arranged by a travel agent. We were not members of a tour group. Having our two children somewhat fluent in Spanish freed Wayne and me (who don't speak Spanish) from being tied to regular tour guides throughout the entire trip. Our Denver travel agent did arrange, however, to have us met by local tour agencies in most of our major stops, and this certainly minimized the time and hassle of entering new countries. Also, this contact with a local tour agency was to prove tremendously valuable when Emily encountered a considerable difficulty in Peru.

South America, for the most part, has been bypassed by the travel boom. The countries there have not pursued the tourist dollar with much zest. To the traveler this means that you are not overwhelmed by fellow tourists and grasping locals trying to get every tourist dollar they can gouge out. It also means that circumstances are not geared for the person with tourist money in hand. If you have patience, persistence and tolerance, this is a fascinating part of the world. But if you expect things to happen almost exactly as you have planned and at the time you have planned, then you'd best stay home or go elsewhere.

We carried water purification tablets for use in the hotels which did not have notices posted that their water was potable. Of course it's always pos-



Clark Driftmier, at the Sacsahuaman (Inca) ruins near Cuzco, Peru.

sible to purchase bottled water but we don't care much for brushing our teeth with carbonated water! At mealtime we drank either coffee or bottled beverages. Incidentally, the coffee is very, very strong, but never bitter. It is usually served with a pitcher of very hot milk and sugar, both of which "locals" use in quantity.

The food we ate was never highly seasoned or "hot"; this must be a characteristic of southwestern U.S. food for the most part. Occasionally a "hot" sauce was served, but always in a separate side dish. The beef is good but not comparable to that available in the U.S. It is leaner and has more cartilage. I'm guessing this is because the cattle are not "finished off" in feed lots. In Peru there were restrictions for meat rationing. This didn't bother us because we were enjoying the fresh fish which was abundant and delicious. Also, we avoided fresh uncooked vegetables and fruit which did not have a skin or peel to be removed.

Flying from Miami via Lima, Peru, Wayne and I arrived in La Paz, Bolivia, a day ahead of Emily and Clark due to flight schedules. Fortunately, for once the mail delays between Brazil and the U.S. kept us from receiving their letters relating all the difficulties they both were having in getting out of Brazil. Wayne and I spent that day walking about the city and never once did we see anyone who looked like a fellow tourist. Somehow Emily and Clark each managed to resolve the endless red tape and boarded the once-every-four-days flight from Brazil to Bolivia for our joyful reunion.

Although La Paz is considered the most "Indian" capitol in Central or South America, very few tourists go there. Perhaps this is because they are afraid of the altitude; La Paz is more than 12,000 feet high. The airport is located almost 2,000 feet higher than the city on what is called the "altopiano". It's a strange feeling to know you are landing at an elevation almost the same as the summits of our tallest

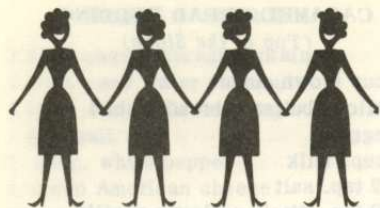
Colorado Rockies, and to look out and see the Andes Mountains starting up from there! Bolivia is a very poor country and the capitol city reflects this. But it is a clean city and most interesting. Unfortunately, we did not realize at the time that the Indian Market we explored and patronized sparingly would be the most outstanding we were to encounter through the trip.

Wayne found the zoom lens for his camera invaluable in this area. The Indians here are still afraid to be photographed; he was able to do this from such a distance they were not distressed. However, this same lens was not satisfactory for interior photography. Without a tripod it proved to be very difficult to hold the camera still enough for a sufficient period of time.

From La Paz we traveled by bus to Lake Titicaca, a huge inland sea located more than 12,000 feet high. Here we boarded a hydrofoil and skimmed over the salt water to Copacabana, one of the very most famous shrines in all of Latin America. After viewing the much renowned statue of the "Virgin of Copacabana", we continued on by taxi to the modern government hotel in the small city of Juliaca, Peru. This drive gave us a fascinating glimpse of life in the high Andes. There were hundreds of llamas and alpacas grazing in pastures along the way. Farmers were plowing their fields with oxen and primitive wooden plows. The wife and children followed directly behind planting the potatoes that are such a staple here. If they weren't doing this, they held a supply of llama or alpaca wool and the simple wooden spindle used to spin it into yarn.

The next day was spent on an equally fascinating and scenic trip, this time by train traveling along the Urubamba River to Cuzco. While we were on this portion of the trip Emily discovered her wallet had been stolen. It contained her diplomatic passport, tickets, travelers' checks, cash in Brazilian and U.S. money — and everything else of this nature in documents and funds. I won't go into the details of trying to get this situation straightened out after we arrived in Lima, the capitol of Peru, so that we could leave the country. Suffice it to say that it was a dreadful hassle and would have been much more difficult and delayed without the advice and help from our Peruvian travel agency. These people were much more willing to be helpful than either the U.S. embassy or the Peace Corps. When you travel just never, never, *never* let a similar kind of wallet out of your sight for even a brief period of time!!!

Cuzco is a sizeable city that was the capitol of the tremendous Inca Empire, (Continued on page 22)



Are You Making the Most of Your Club Membership?

by
Mildred D. Cathcart

Almost all women belong to some type of club whether it be social, study, handcraft, or just a chance to get together and enjoy one another's company.

However, being a member of any organization is far more profitable and enjoyable if you participate. You need to express your opinion, offer suggestions, and if opposed, give in graciously to the wishes of the majority.

Often women are afraid to speak up for fear of doing or saying the wrong thing. It is a good time to brush up a little bit on parliamentary procedure which is actually very simple.

If you wish to make a motion, all you have to do is rise and say, "Madam Chairman (or President)." The chairman will recognize you by repeating your name or merely by nodding to you. You will say, "I move that" and state your motion. If you wish to second a motion, you need not stand or be recognized but say, "I second the motion." Many of our small clubs are much more informal but still it is well to keep things done in an orderly way.

Perhaps you have the honor (or the turn) at being president. If so, it is well to have for ready reference, the order of business you wish to follow. Most meetings will follow an order similar to this:

1. Call meeting to order.
2. Devotions (Our club chooses to close with a prayer.)
3. Secretary call roll.
4. Have minutes read and approved.
5. Announcements.
6. Reports of secretary, treasurer, other officers.
7. Reports of standing or special committees.
8. Unfinished business.
9. Ask for new business.
10. Adjournment.

Usually a motion is not made for adjournment. When the chairman has all business finished she may say, "If there is no further business, the meeting will be adjourned." She waits a minute and if there are no comments, she says, "The meeting is adjourned."

If you are the secretary, be sure you keep an accurate account of all the procedures. If you have not been able to write a motion as it was being stated or have failed to get a name or other information, do not hesitate to ask that it be repeated. Should you make an error,

do not feel hurt if someone makes a correction when the chairman asks if there are any corrections or additions. Some clubs have had difficulty getting their club activities in the local newspaper. It is a good idea to contact an editor and ask for any rules or regulations concerning publications of items.

Being treasurer is probably one of the most exacting offices. I would make one definite suggestion. Write down every exchange of money. You may be sure you can remember who paid or was paid and for what. BUT do not rely on your memory. You may be surprised when you start to balance the books to find you have forgotten something. Keep the books up to date *always*.

Usually the vice-president feels she can relax but this is not so. She must be ready at all times to take over on very short notice. In most clubs the vice-chairman is also the program chairman. If your club has been meeting many years you may find it difficult to think of innovating and interesting things to do. This year our Y.W. STUDY CLUB has done something for roll call which we find informative. Each person was assigned a topic in which she is especially interested, and each month she brings us up to date on that subject. For example, I like to read, so each roll call I answer by giving a brief review of a book that I think the members would enjoy reading or hearing about. We have reports on household hints, foods, inspirational thoughts, humor in the news, fashions, women in the news, etc. This is helpful since many of our members are employed and are not as well informed as we would like to be.

There are other ideas we have enjoyed. One is a foreign food dinner. Each member brings some foreign food dish and we have a 6:30 co-op dinner. When the club meets with me in June, we are having a "Salad Supper" and each lady will bring a favorite salad. I will supply the "extras". This we have never tried but I am sure it will be fun and no doubt we will have new salad ideas to try out during the summer months.

Since so many of us work, we have found a candy and cooky exchange near the Holidays is very nice. Each of us brings a big batch of goodies and exchange these. Thus we have a variety of sweets for our holiday entertaining

and have had to make only one kind ourselves. This saves much time, as you can see.

One of the things we probably enjoy most and certainly find the most relaxing is our "Night Out". During the hot months of July and August, we find a restaurant that has a dining room we can reserve and we meet there for a seven o'clock dinner. Some of the women have just come in from the hay fields, some from an office, and some of us are pooped from trying to do in a few weeks' vacation all that has piled up during the other months we have worked. Here no one has to worry about getting a guest speaker, fixing a dessert, or even dusting out the corners. We just let down our hair and have fun.

You might remember this little message which has been printed many times in many booklets:

WHICH ARE YOU?

Some members are like wheelbarrows — not good unless pushed.
Some are like kites — if you don't keep a string on them they'll fly away.
Some are like balloons — full of wind and ready to blow up.
Some are like tractors — they have to be pulled.
Some are like a gold watch — open faced, pure gold, quietly busy, and full of good works.

Your club will be as progressive, as pleasurable, and as profitable as you, the member, choose to make it.

SOME DO'S

Do more than exist — live.
Do more than look — see.
Do more than read — absorb.
Do more than hear — listen.
Do more than think — ponder.
Do more than talk — act.

LAFEMME PACK RAT

Button, button, who's got the button? Almost every home has its button box for repair jobs, but buttons have also come into their own as hobbyists are now "doing their thing" by looking for old or unusual buttons just as coin collectors do.

Some collectors are interested in the history of buttons. Others want to find out how many different types of material can be found in buttons: wood, pearl, fabric, etc.

Some collectors look for buttons that can be made into different types of jewelry. Books on instruction in jewelry making can be found at your local public library.

Any hobby usually leads your interest into other fields; a "take off" from buttons could lead to the collection of campaign buttons, for instance.

—Mrs. Eugene Kiso

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

ROYAL CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE

- 1 quart vanilla ice cream
- 2 Tbls. ice cold milk
- 1 4-oz. pkg. chocolate instant pudding mix
- 1 graham cracker pie crust
- 1/2 pint whipping cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

Place the ice cream in the mixer with the milk and turn on medium speed until well mixed. Add the pudding mix and blend. Pour into the pie shell and freeze. When ready to serve, whip the cream and add the mint flavoring. Decorate with shaved chocolate. —Dorothy

SEAFOOD CASSEROLE

- 1 can shrimp
- 1 can crab meat
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 cup commercial stuffing
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce

Drain shrimp and crab meat. Blend all ingredients together and bake in a 2-quart greased casserole for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Delicious! —Margery

CHICKEN WITH ORANGE

- 2 frying chickens, cut up
- Seasoned flour
- 1/4 lb. butter or margarine
- 2 large white onions
- 1 large can frozen orange juice concentrate
- 1 orange, peeled and sliced

Dredge the chicken pieces in seasoned flour, and quickly brown in melted butter or margarine. Do not finish cooking, but take it out of the skillet and keep it warm. Slice the onions thin and saute in the same skillet until clear. Add the orange juice concentrate and heat well. Pour this mixture into a 9- by 13-inch pan, or a small roaster, and add the partially cooked chicken and orange slices. Place in a 350-degree oven for about 45 minutes, turning several times to glaze. Garnish with orange slices and sauce in the pan.

—Dorothy

MAPLE CHIFFON CAKE

- 1 cup, plus 2 Tbls. sifted cake flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup salad oil
- 2 egg yolks
- 6 Tbls. cold water
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar

Sift flour, baking powder, sugar and salt into large bowl. Add oil, egg yolks, water and flavorings. Beat until smooth and creamy. Beat egg whites with cream of tartar until very stiff peaks form. Gently fold first mixture into whites until just blended. Pour into ungreased angel food cake pan (or 2 ungreased 8-inch layer cake pans). Bake at 325 degrees for about 45 minutes for the large cake, 30 minutes for the layers or until light golden on top and showing signs of pulling away from the edges. Invert pans and let cool before removing from pans. Frost with the following:

Maple Frosting

- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
 - 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 - 2 Tbls. cream
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
 - Powdered sugar
- Combine brown sugar, butter or margarine and cream. Heat, stirring, until melted and well blended. Remove from heat. Stir in flavoring and enough powdered sugar to make of spreading consistency.

—Evelyn

THREE-BEAN SALAD

- 1 15-oz. can garbanzos, drained
- 1 15-oz. can pinto beans, drained
- 1 1-lb. can cut green beans, drained
- 1/2 cup sliced onion
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2/3 cup vinegar
- 1/3 cup salad oil
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. pepper

Turn garbanzos and pinto beans into colander and wash thoroughly. Then add the well-drained green beans. (I always cut these into small pieces.) Combine beans with onion and green pepper.

Combine remaining ingredients and bring just to a boil. When completely chilled, pour over the vegetables and toss lightly.

Do not use until the following day. The longer this stands the better it tastes. Remember to stir it up from the bottom of the bowl whenever you open the refrigerator door.

—Lucile

CARAMEL BREAD PUDDING

(Top of the Stove)

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 4 slices buttered bread, cubed
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Place brown sugar in top of double boiler. Add bread cubes. Beat eggs lightly with fork; add to the milk. Stir salt and flavorings into milk mixture. Pour over top of bread in double boiler. Do not stir. Cover and place over hot water in bottom of double boiler. Cook for 1 hour, or until custard is firm. To serve, run a knife around edge and turn out on serving dish. The brown sugar forms a caramel sauce over the top of the pudding. A very simple and delicious way to make an economical dessert.

Serve with cream, whipped cream, whipped topping or ice cream if desired.

—Evelyn

OATMEAL ROLLS

- 2 pkgs. yeast
- 1/2 cup lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 1/4 cups milk, scalded
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 6 cups flour (about)
- 1 cup uncooked rolled oats

Combine yeast, water and the 1 tsp. sugar. Set aside. Scald milk and combine with butter or margarine, butter flavoring, the 1/3 cup sugar and salt. Cool to lukewarm. Add eggs, yeast mixture and 2 cups of flour. Beat well. Add rolled oats. Continue adding flour to make a soft dough. Turn out on floured breadboard. Knead well until very smooth and elastic. Place in well-greased bowl; turn to grease on all sides. Cover and let rise until double in bulk — about 1 hour. Punch down. Cover for about 10 more minutes. (This resting may be done on the breadboard if desired.) Shape into about 3 dozen rolls as desired, or make into two loaves of oatmeal bread. Place in buttered pans, brush tops with melted butter, and let rise until almost double in bulk — about 45 minutes. Bake in 375-degree oven 15 to 20 minutes for rolls, 45 minutes to 1 hour for loaves. Turn out on cooling racks.

This bread freezes nicely. When cool wrap in freezer paper or plastic and freeze until time to warm and serve. A delicious and nutritious bread.

—Evelyn

VIKING CASSEROLE

- 3 #300 cans asparagus, drained
- 2 8-oz. cans water chestnuts
- 1 large can mushroom soup
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. white pepper
- 1/2 cup American cheese

Grease casserole with butter or margarine. Place a layer of asparagus in the casserole; then a layer of sliced chestnuts, and next a layer of mushroom soup. Repeat until all are used. Add the seasonings and cover with grated cheese. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 15 to 20 minutes. —Dorothy

SWEET-SOUR CABBAGE

- 1 medium-sized head cabbage
- 1/2 tsp. celery seed (or 2 stalks fresh celery)
- 6 strips bacon
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/4 cup cider vinegar

Shred cabbage and dice celery (if you use the fresh), cover in refrigerator until remaining ingredients are prepared. Dice bacon and cook until crisp in large skillet. When done, remove bacon pieces, leave drippings in pan. Add celery seed (if you are using this), sugar, salt, mustard and vinegar. Bring to a boil, stirring to dissolve sugar. Add cabbage. Stir to coat well. This may now be served as a hot cabbage salad. Or, continue cooking until cabbage is tender-crisp, just hot through, and serve as a vegetable. Spoon into vegetable dish and sprinkle bacon bits on top. A very delicious way to prepare cabbage.

When I prepared this recipe I served it with baked ham, baked potatoes, a fruit gelatin on lettuce leaves, ice cream and cookies. It would make a fine spring or summer meal using crispy crackers or sandwiches with fresh fruit and a cookie for dessert. —Evelyn

BAKED SPARERIBS WITH SAUERKRAUT

- 2 sides spareribs
- Salt and pepper
- 1 29-oz. can sauerkraut
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 apple, chopped
- 3 cloves
- 1/2 tsp. caraway seed
- 3 Tbls. brown sugar

Have ribs cut into serving size pieces. Using half of ribs make a layer in bottom of large roasting pan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Combine remaining ingredients. Cover the ribs with kraut mixture and top with rest of ribs. Add a little water if sauerkraut seems dry. Cover the pan and bake in slow oven for one hour. Will serve four to six. —Margery

MILLIONAIRE PIE*(Makes 2 pies)*

- 2 cups powdered sugar, unsifted
- 1 stick margarine, well softened
- 1 egg
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 baked pie shells
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, well drained
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Cream together the powdered sugar and margarine. Add egg, salt and vanilla flavoring. Mix well until light and fluffy. Spread this on the two baked pie shells. Chill.

Whip cream until stiff; blend in the well-drained pineapple and nuts. Spoon on top the sugar-margarine mixture and chill again. —Margery

PORK AND APPLE LOAF

- 2 lbs. very lean ground chuck
- 1 lb. good pork sausage (mildly seasoned)
- 3/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 2/3 cup chopped onion
- 2 cups grated peeled raw apple
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. black pepper

Heat oven to 325 degrees. In a large bowl combine all ingredients; mix well. Form into loaf or put in a large loaf pan. Bake for 1 hour and 45 minutes.

Our family enjoyed this very much. —Margery

DELICIOUS COOKIES

- 1 cup margarine
- 1 cup salad oil
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 cup rolled oats
- 1 cup coconut
- 1 cup Rice Krispies
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips

Blend margarine and salad oil; then cream in the sugars. Add egg and flavorings and beat well. Sift together the flour, salt, soda, cream of tartar and mix into creamed mixture. Lastly stir in the oatmeal, coconut, Rice Krispies and chocolate chips. Drop onto lightly greased cookie sheet and bake about 12 minutes at 350 degrees, or until lightly browned. Makes about 6 dozen cookies. —Margery

RAISIN AND NUT SAUCE

- 2 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 1/4 cups water
- 2 Tbls. white corn syrup

Place in saucepan and cook over medium heat, stirring until mixture boils. Cover and boil gently 2 minutes. Remove cover and cook about 3 minutes, or until slightly thickened (220 degrees on candy thermometer). Add:

- 1 cup seedless raisins
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- Dash of salt

Yields 3 cups of sauce. —Margery

SAUCEPAN APPLESAUCE BARS

- 1 cup margarine
- 2/3 cup white sugar
- 2/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup sieved applesauce
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup raisins

Melt the margarine in a saucepan. Remove from heat and blend in the sugars and applesauce. Stir in the flour, baking powder and cinnamon. Add eggs and flavorings and beat well. Add the nuts and raisins and stir lightly. Pour the batter into a buttered jelly roll pan and bake 25 to 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven. DO NOT OVERBAKE. Cut into bars and frost with 1/4 cup margarine, 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar, 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring, and cream enough to make it a good spreading consistency. Spread thinly. —Dorothy

CHICKEN CASSEROLE

- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen broccoli, cooked
- 4 eggs, hard-cooked and sliced
- 3 breasts of chicken, cooked and cubed
- 2 10 1/2-oz. cans cream of Cheddar cheese soup
- 3/4 cup mayonnaise
- 4 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 4-oz. can button mushrooms
- 1/2 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 cup soft bread crumbs, buttered

Drain the broccoli very well and arrange in bottom of a shallow 2-quart baking dish. Layer the eggs, then the chicken, on top of the broccoli. Combine the cheese soup, mayonnaise, lemon juice and mushrooms and pour over the chicken. Sprinkle the shredded cheese and then the buttered crumbs over the soup. Bake at 350 degrees for about 35 minutes, or until bubbly and lightly browned. —Mae Driftmier



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Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

APRICOT AMBROSIA

- 1 46-oz. can apricot nectar
- 7 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 small angel food cake
- 2 2-oz. pkgs. whipped topping mix, whipped (or 2 cups whipping cream, whipped)
- 1/4 cup sifted powdered sugar
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Cook the nectar, cornstarch, sugar and flavoring until thick. Break the cake into bite size pieces and place in a bowl. Cool the nectar mixture to lukewarm and pour it over the cake pieces, mixing well. Put this in a 9- by 13-inch pan and chill overnight. When ready to serve, prepare topping mix according to package directions (or whip the cream), add powdered sugar and nuts, and spread over the top. Cut into squares and serve. This is delicious. —Dorothy

HAWAIIAN SALAD

- 3/4 cup pineapple juice
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. minced onion
- 2/3 cup crushed pineapple
- 1 cup diced cucumber
- 4 Tbls. diced green pepper
- 3/4 cup mayonnaise

Heat the juice and add the gelatin and flavoring. When partially set stir in the rest of the ingredients except the mayonnaise. Fold this in last. This can be either poured into a mold, or a square pan, and refrigerated until firm. Serve on a lettuce leaf. —Dorothy

VEGETABLE-BEEF CASSEROLE

- 2 lbs. ground beef
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen mixed vegetables
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
- Crushed potato chips (optional)

Brown the meat in a very large skillet. Add the onion and cook until tender. While this is cooking, pour boiling water over the vegetables and let stand a few minutes until the vegetables are well thawed, and then drain them well. Add the seasonings, sugar and cream cheese to the meat and stir until the cheese melts. Add the tomato sauce and vegetables. Pour into a large 3-quart casserole and sprinkle with crushed potato chips if desired. Cover and bake in a 375-degree oven 40 minutes. Uncover and bake another 10 minutes. —Dorothy

RASPBERRY CHEESE PIE

- 4 cups cornflakes (or 1 cup packaged cornflake crumbs)
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup margarine or butter
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 4 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened
- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 Tbls. sugar

If using cornflakes, crush into one cup fine crumbs; set aside. Measure the 1/4 cup sugar, margarine and cinnamon into small pan. Cook over medium heat until mixture begins to bubble, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Add crumbs; mix well. With back of tablespoon press crumb mixture evenly and firmly in bottom and around sides of 9-inch pie pan to form crust. Set aside.

Place eggs, vanilla flavoring, lemon juice and 1/3 cup sugar in small mixer bowl; beat until well-combined. Add cream cheese, a small amount at a time, beating until smooth after each addition. Beat 1 minute longer. Pour into crust; spread evenly.

Bake in 375-degree oven 20 minutes or until set. Meanwhile, place sour cream and 2 Tbls. sugar in small bowl; blend. Remove pie from oven and spread sour cream evenly over filling. Return to oven to bake 5 minutes longer. Cool and refrigerate. Serve with Glazed Raspberry Topping.

Glazed Raspberry Topping:

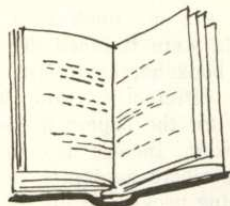
- 1 tsp. cornstarch
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen red raspberries, thawed and drained
- 3 Tbls. currant jelly
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Put cornstarch and sugar in small pan; mix well. Stir in raspberries, jelly, and flavoring. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until thickened and clear. —Margery

CREOLE-STYLE BROCCOLI

- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen broccoli
- 2 Tbls. chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup canned tomatoes

Cook broccoli according to package directions. Drain. Cook onion in butter or margarine until just tender. Add to onion mixture the flour, sugar and salt, stirring until smooth. Add tomatoes and cook one minute. Stir prepared broccoli into tomato mixture and mix well. Serve immediately. Simple and very delicious. —Margery



COOKBOOK MEMORIES

by Mary Pansy Rapp

My old cookbook — what a part of my life it has become! Tattered and torn though it is, with all its splatters and smudges from more than forty years of use, I would no more part with it than I would with Grandmother's family album or my baby's first shoes.

A cookbook comes to say so much more than "Take 2 cups flour; 3 eggs." What stories I see between the lines, of lunch box cookies baking with the breakfast fire, their mixing sandwiched between the tying of hair ribbons, hunting of mittens, and all the hurry-scurry of getting children off to school.

Or corn relish — I remember the summer when three of us homesteading neighbors pooled our scant resources from gardens and cupboards and worked all day making a great kettleful of the spicy concoction, amid much visiting and baby-tending. The togetherness was a bonus ingredient which we treasured, along with our share of the finished product.

Then, here is Mother's Three-day Buns, still a family favorite, although it is no longer necessary to soak the cake of yeast and set the sponge overnight, thus shortening the process to two days. But still there is the same ritual, just before bedtime, of making them out in the pans, to rise all night, ready to pop into the oven first thing in the morning to come out twenty minutes later, feathery light and delicious, for Christmas or Easter breakfast.

I find this precious write-in recipe: Baby Formula. As I look at my six-foot-plus son, it hardly seems possible that he is that baby for whom I mixed and cooked the milk, Dextri-maltos and farina (first thing in the morning, so I could let the fire go out and cool off the house); then sealed it in a fruit jar and entrusted it to the cool waters of our spring for refrigeration.

Mincemeat — now there is a recipe to conjure up memory pictures. First there was butchering day, when Old Whitey's yearling reached his ultimate in achievement and became steaks and roasts — and the boiled beef, broth and suet which was the foundation on which good mince pies were built. Add to that the tangy zing of carefully hoarded winesaps or Jonathons, and vinegar saved from the last jar of pickled peaches, the sugar, the spices and the

raisins; the cooking, the stirring and the tasting while the wood crackled and blazed under the stove lids, and finally, the storing in the stone crock, to be carefully set away in the cellar to ripen. And at last, crowning glory of a year of cooking, the fragrant, juicy pies, a full inch and more thick, to top off the Christmas dinner — enough for seconds all around and more to come back to when evening chores were done.

Yes, there is a great deal more in my old cookbook than "2 cups flour; 3 eggs." May my kitchen never become so modern but that it furnishes an honored place for this book of memories!

THE JOY OF SMELL

In one of his poems Christopher Morley asks: "Why is it that poets tell so little of the sense of smell?" I, too, wonder why this is often the least appreciated of all our senses.

It is so easy to add immeasurable pleasure to our days, without spending an extra dime, if we but take time to enjoy aroma.

The spring dawn brings a breeze wafting through our open window. We need not look to know that dew is on the grass; that young leaves are swelling in their buds. Tiny cells or essence of oil brings nature's message to our nostrils. When bustling rain goes about her spring cleaning, the air quivers with freshness.

The day's routine adds its quota of delight. Ghostly oils of Araby rise from the perking coffee pot, capable of conjuring far-away places, or companionable times spent with family or friends. Bacon sizzling in a pan, or stew bubbling in a nest of pearly onions can lift the most jaded appetites.

And there's the pungency of newly turned garden soil! For me, it evokes a memory of long ago.

Bare-footed I walked behind my father's plow as he furled ribbons of dark loam across the field. The aromas of that day — the perfume of wild plum blossoms coming from a thicket to blend with the salty smell of the horses pulling against the leather harness and wheat stubble being covered by moist earth — all blend with the garden's promise of delights to come with summer's sun.

Children have their own emanation of delight. A cooing baby, lifted from his bath to be snuggled in warm blankets compares to any rose; small boys tumbling on the grass absorb the breath of nature and carry it with them into closed rooms.

Perhaps it is because the delights of smell are so much a part of daily life that we take them so much for granted.

—Seletha Brown

NO LIE!

A lie starts out as stranger.
Once repeated, the lie enters as guest.
And in time, the lie becomes master.



We suggest that you stop, pour yourself a cup of coffee, and catch up on the news, recipes, and household helps from the Kitchen-Klatter Family.

You can hear us each week-day over one of the following radio stations:

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SPRING AT LAST

by
Evelyn Birkby

It has been a strange, long winter and more than usual spring is being welcomed to the land.

In very gentle, subtle ways one is aware of the coming of milder, more pleasant weather. The buds are heavy on the trees. The pussy willows along the damp lowlands are sending out soft fuzzy pussies to test the moderating breezes. Tiny tufts of green are beginning to show in areas which have long been dry and brown.

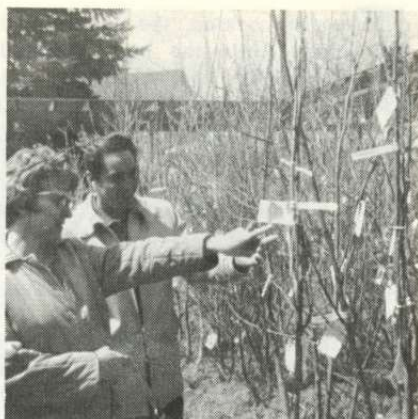
Attu and Ahab romp with a new sense of abandon and the tensions brought on by the storms of winter seem to have drained from their systems. Ahab particularly looks at the cold and snow as a great conspiracy against all cats. Surely his crippled hind foot has something to do with his dislike of winter, for he pulls it under him sharply when it becomes chilled, as if it hurts.

Attu, of course, loves the cold and snow, but he also enjoys swimming in the ponds and streams of the area. Hiking and picnics increase with warm weather and Attu enjoys nothing better than going along on any kind of an outing. He is a consistent helper in the garden, also, and has already helped with the spring plowing by carefully following behind the tractor as Robert guided it back and forth across the areas of rich, black earth he is preparing for planting.

Soon the potatoes will go into the ground — Robert felt Good Friday came a bit late this year to wait until then for the seed potatoes to be planted. For the past two years he has put out the Kennebec potatoes and we have had a fabulous crop both years. Enough to last us until the new crop came on were dug and stored in a deep cave where the temperature and humidity proved excellent to keep them firm.

The scars of the many winter storms experienced this past season are still around. The tall spruce which stands at the northwest corner of our house had one great section broken down by the first ice and snowstorm of the year. Thankfully, the tree was of portly enough build that the remaining two sections still standing give a balanced appearance. Trees and bushes were hurt all over this area by several of the winter storms which concluded with very heavy snow and ice which clung for days. Power lines were hard hit, also, and near here some homes and farms were without power for as long as three days.

The winter days were not wasted in this household, for much needed work in the basement progressed as the months went by. While we may recall



It is time to plant new trees and shrubs. Ruthella Barnard, sister of Robert Birkby, chooses a new fruit tree with the help of a nurseryman.

this as the year of the big snowstorms, it will also be remembered as the year when Robert collected all his limited handyman talents and swung into the project of redoing the east side of the basement.

Several years ago Robert had put a partition down the center of the basement to divide it into two rooms. At the bottom of the stairs he built in a cupboard and bookshelves. He lowered the ceiling and installed acoustical tile. A year ago we put down an indoor-outdoor carpet, gave the walls a fresh coat of yellow paint, added bright flowered curtains and pillow covers, and refinished several pieces of furniture with red enamel to dress up the recreation room.

Bob's studio bed and wardrobe are in this room, so it really is his when he is home. My sewing machine is in one corner along with a small chest of drawers to give me a piece of the action. If I go down to do some sewing and find my section preempted by the ping-pong table it doesn't bother me, however; it simply means that either Bob or Jeff has come home and, along with Craig, pulled out the table for some fast games.

Now the other side of the basement is taking shape. Robert arranged a partition to give him an office which is something he has long wanted and

PUPPY LOVE

"I have a little shadow",
As the famous poet said.
A small brown puppy dogs my steps
Until I go to bed.

When I arise she wakens,
My canine satellite,
And stays within my orbit
From morning until night.

Though best laid plans may go astray,
It brings a smile to me
To know to one small dog at least
I am a V.I.P.
—Carol Kosek

needed. His big desk went in before the walls were finished. The file and several bookshelves furnish the small space efficiently. Now he has a "home" for the papers needed for his Scout work, income tax information, church projects gardening periodicals, beekeeping books and *all those handyman articles!*

The workshop area also has settled into a place of its own, at last. Hopefully, it will remain uncluttered and organized so projects can move along unhampered. Robert even has a space earmarked as a place to refinish some of the furniture which is beginning to need attention. The list of the items for next winter's projects is growing.

The shower stall and sink section south of Robert's new office is still in the process of being remodeled. Hopefully, it will soon have a new enclosure and a wall of some kind of plastic to make it more waterproof. Bright colored paint will help spark up the cement block wall. I'm anxious to have this part of the work completed.

One section of the side wall of this side of the basement has been given over to storage space. For the first time in my life I have a closet for out-of-season clothing! Shelves make up part of the storage section and the rest is given over to a table for sorting (great when I'm working on carpet strips) and two old chests of drawers.

The newest acquisition, and my favorite at the moment, is a new freezer. After 25 years of perfect performance, our old freezer simply stopped! It came close to breaking my heart when the repair man informed us the replacement of worn parts would be so expensive we best put the money in on a new one.

Although I've always had an upright and found it exceptionally efficient and easy to use, we finally chose a large chest freezer — mainly because at the moment it was the best buy! It is larger than the old one and the space still amazes me. We are putting it to good use with sale items from the grocery, make-ahead dishes, sandwiches for quick lunches and discovering the fun of having a freezer large enough to do almost anything I please along the food line. Come summer with the garden produce and we'll really enjoy having space for all the good food Robert will raise for our use.

With all our projects well underway, the garden plowed and the new freezer at the ready, it is time for spring. Officially, as of March the 20th, it is here. As Faith Baldwin calls it, "the annual triumph of spring over winter". It is impossible for me to doubt God's abiding love when spring moves across the land. The dependability of the seasons helps me to confidently ground my life in the dependability of God.



Easter -- The Reawakening!

by
Fern Christian Miller

Christmas is loved throughout the Christian world as the birthday of Christ, the Son of God. But Easter surely proves by His arising from the tomb that He was most surely the Son of God. So it is the world's greatest special religious holiday. Easter comes on a Sunday between March 22nd and April 25th. This year, 1973, it is April 22nd.

The name Easter actually is derived from the Teutonic goddess, Eostre, a pagan diety of dawn and spring and fertility. In ancient Rome feasts were held to celebrate the vernal equinox, March 20th. So as the sun comes nearer our hemisphere and all growing things are reawakening from a long winter's dormancy, and the birds and animals are having, or preparing to have their young, what more wonderful time to celebrate, with all the Christian world, the beloved Easter Sunday? All four Gospels tell of the Resurrection of Christ.

Why do we color eggs, and use baby chicks and bunnies for children's Easter baskets? Authorities tell us that eggs have been considered a symbol of fertility, or resurrection, because they contain the germs of life. Since the rabbit, or hare, is so prolific in production, it is also a symbol of fertility. The old countries had gaily colored eggs and Easter bunnies and garlands of early spring flowers in little baskets for young and old before America was even discovered.

Church people of today have wisely combined all of these refreshing, renewing, fun customs from time immemorial in their observance of Christ's Resurrection Day.

We are told that that the first Easter sunrise service, which so many of our churches observe today, was held in a cemetery in 1732 in Germany. Today, it is an unforgettable experience to join the pilgrimage and listen to the famous sunrise service on Mount Rubidoux in California. There are many famous sunrise services held each year today.

The annual Easter parade held in many cities after church is considered a great event by the fashion world. The famous New York Easter parade inspired the gay song:

In your Easter bonnet, with all

the flowers upon it,
You'll be the grandest lady in
Easter parade.

Many think Easter has been commercialized entirely too much. But are not pretty new clothes and attractive hair styles merely our mortal way of attempting to beautify and renew ourselves after a long drab winter? For many years a new Easter hat was considered essential to wear to church, but styles and customs change. Last Easter only two women in our church wore hats! The hair was all shining and beautifully arranged, however. I suppose the ladies of high fashion in the New York parade still wear expensive hats.

Beautiful Easter cards with appropriate messages are sent to old people, shut-ins, and relatives at a distance. Greenhouses do a thriving business in white Bermuda lilies potted for churches and homes. These pure white lilies have long been considered a symbol of the Resurrection. These, along with gay daffodils and other early blossoms, are pictured on lovely Easter cards. Last year a dear friend sent me a large card with a picture from Walt Disney's charming portrayal of *Snow White*. The fresh young maid, surrounded by the baby creatures of the forest, stood gazing in wonder at the new green leaves and blossoms, and clear rippling water of a little brook. Birds peeked shyly from the trees, and the Seven Dwarfs, with Grumpy actually smiling, were peeking through the bushes. Over the entire scene was glittering sparkle in green and gold! What could be more appropriate than the sparkle of spring sunshine and the new green of fresh growing leaves? This card shared honors with a card showing Christ appearing to the three Marys in the garden by the empty tomb.

We should all attend church on Easter morn; no one service is so fraught with meaning. Radio and T.V. also broadcast fine services for those unable to attend the church of their choice. But we should also make it a gay, happy time, with many traditions and customs for our children and grandchildren. How about that huge Easter egg rolling contest on the White House lawn on Easter Monday? And why not look our best at

this renewal time of year? As the beloved poet, Grace Noll Crowell, so aptly says:

So long as there are April days
And Easter Sundays when men
hear
Above the old earth's dusty ways
The voice of bright bells, silver
clear,
Hours cannot grow too hard to
bear,
Nor life be overborne with care.

**FAST
FAST
FAST RELIEF**

**From Monday
Morning
Headache**

If your Monday morning headaches are caused by dingy washes, by stained cuffs and collars, by gray diapers or grimy coveralls, relief is in sight!

The combination of **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops** and **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** will almost make washday a pleasure. **Blue Drops** is the new controlled-suds laundry detergent that's tailor-made for today's washes and today's washers: wringer or automatic. Team it up with **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**. The bleach with brighteners, but still safe for all washable fabrics, including the new ones.

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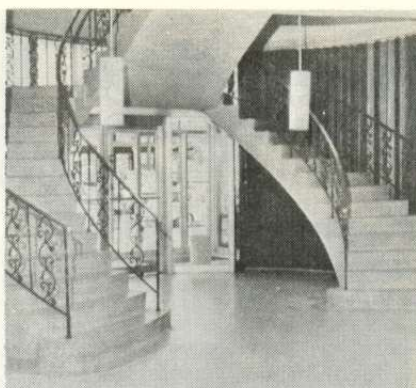
COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

April 8-14 is National Library Week. The purpose: to create a better-read, better-informed America by encouraging lifetime reading habits and stimulating greater library use.

American philanthropist Andrew Carnegie contributed \$64,000,000 to the construction of nearly 1700 library buildings in our country. He wrote: "It was from my own early experience that I decided there was no use to which money could be applied so productive of good to boys and girls who have good within them, and ability and ambition to develop it, as the founding of a public library."

It was Henry Ward Beecher who wrote, "A book is a garden, an orchard, a



The beautiful interior entrance of the Hastings, Nebr., Public Library.

storehouse, a party, a company by the way, a counsellor, a multitude of counsellors."

Let's peek into a few. Author-naturalist-photographer Edwin Way Teale's new book is *Photographs of American Nature* (Dodd, Mead and Co., \$17.50). His books of the seasons, one being *Journey Into Summer*, have been highly successful. He has received the John Burroughs Medal for distinguished nature writing.

Photographs of American Nature in

cludes pictures of life of forest, sea-shore, desert and prairie. Taken during the last forty years in the United States, the 290 nature photos of bird and animal wildlife are complete with descriptive captions. This would make a fine gift to a public library as a club project.

An outrageous mix 'n match revolution is going on — *Freedom of Dress!* Plaids with checks, stripes with dots, the tiniest flowers with the boldest abstracts — everything goes. Clothing now has a voice.

How does it speak for you?

How does fashion reflect your mood?

How might your appearance help you to secure a job?

Such questions and more are discussed in *Guide to Modern Clothing* by Sturm, Grieser, Roberts, and Lyle (McGraw-Hill, \$9.28).

Emphasizing the sociological and psychological impact of clothing on the lives of people, this lightly topical book encourages both male and female students to consider the importance of personal image, creativity in dress, clothing management and care, and consumer responsibilities. Also provided are the creative and consumer aspects of making clothes. The units are so ordered that each individual user is able to develop to his or her own level of creativity.

As noted by the authors, "Each person builds an image which represents him in the eyes of others. It is an expression of his inner self projected through his outer appearance. A large percentage of this outer appearance, and thus of his total image, can be attributed to the clothes he wears. His clothing expresses his values and his feelings about himself."

Richard Bach, author of *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, (MacMillan Co., \$4.95) must at times stand in awe at the tremendous success of his book. More than 1,000,000 copies have been sold. Translations are underway in ten languages. The motion picture is in production. *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* is now in paperback editions. *JLS* is an adult fable about a seagull who wants to escape the humdrum to live a life of pure joy. As an extraordinary bird who persevered, it is for those who aim at trying to do better. As an allegory of Christian life, *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* makes unusual reading. As one reviewer wrote: "Whenever you're tempted to worry, just say to yourself: J. L. Seagull! You'll be back on course."

Marjorie Holmes' latest book is *Nobody Else Will Listen* (Doubleday, \$3.95) and is a collection of thoughts of a teenage girl — a girl's conversations with God. More next month on this new book.



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GROW IT YOURSELF

by

Marjorie Spiller Neagle

How many of us realize that real beauty may be hiding in the fruit and vegetable scraps we throw away? You can prove that we do.

You may have had grapefruit for breakfast this morning. If you did it is more than likely that the skins, or shells, were thrown out. Next time, save a few of them. Scrape out all the membrane. Then cut off a *very thin* slice across the bottoms to keep the shells standing upright.

Let the seeds stand in a dish of cold water for ten to twelve hours. Now fill the shells with rich dirt and put two seeds in each "flower pot".

If the soil is kept damp the seeds will soon sprout and the plant will grow rapidly. Before long it will be necessary to transplant them. They will keep on growing for years.

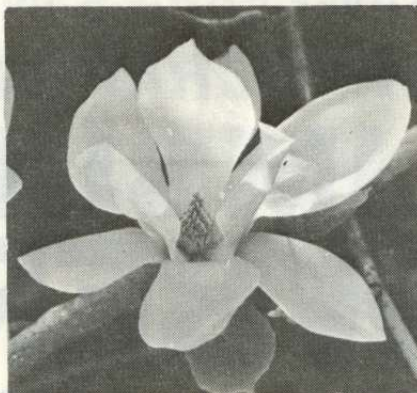
Put an avocado pit on three toothpick legs and let it stand in a bowl of water just deep enough for the end of it to keep wet. It will grow and make an unusually interesting plant.

Most of us have at some time grown plants from carrots or sweet potatoes. If you have forgotten how and would like to try again, just place the potato . . . one whose "whiskers" have begun to sprout . . . halfway down in a container of water. Almost before you can believe it is happening it will begin to put out an ivy-like vine.

Try cutting off the tapered end of a thick carrot. With a corer scoop out the center of what is left. Don't disturb the green foliage growing on the top. Make two holes in the small end, insert a stout string and hang the carrot upside down in a sunny window. Keep the "cup" filled with water, and you will have lovely foliage that will cover the carrot and give you a leafy basket.

One of the prettiest do-it-yourself vegetable plants imaginable comes from a beet. The first step is to slice off the bottom of the vegetable to give it a flat base. Put the beet in rich soil and keep it quite moist until the roots appear. It will put out rich red leaves with green veins.

Wonderful things can happen to the parings of the common Irish potato if they are thick and contain a few eyes. Bury them in pots of ordinary dirt . . . one paring to a pot, please . . . and watch for straight hairy stalks to ap-



Many refer to the "saucer" magnolia as the "tulip tree" because the distinctive shape of the blooms.

pear. If they become too long you can trim them down with scissors. To your surprise shoots will sprout sideways.

You can cut off the root end of a rutabaga, fill it with soil and plant morning glory seeds an inch deep.

All you need to make a real palm tree grow in your house is a plant pot half full of soil, and two or three date pits. Bury the seeds half an inch deep in the soil, letting them lie on their sides. Water them carefully so as not to wash

away any of the dirt. Use lukewarm water. Repeat every other day. Keep the pot in the sun. In three weeks or so the seeds will sprout into tiny, lovely palm trees.



TULIP TREE

Spring brought a new pink parasol
And spread it under April's shawl,
It seemed my early tulip tree
Had opened out that I might see
The intricate design of flowers
That sheltered it from sun and showers,
But with much change from warmth to tear
The gentlest cover will show wear,
Since satin baubles will not mend
It tossed bright petals to the wind.

—Rosalie Barnett Spindler

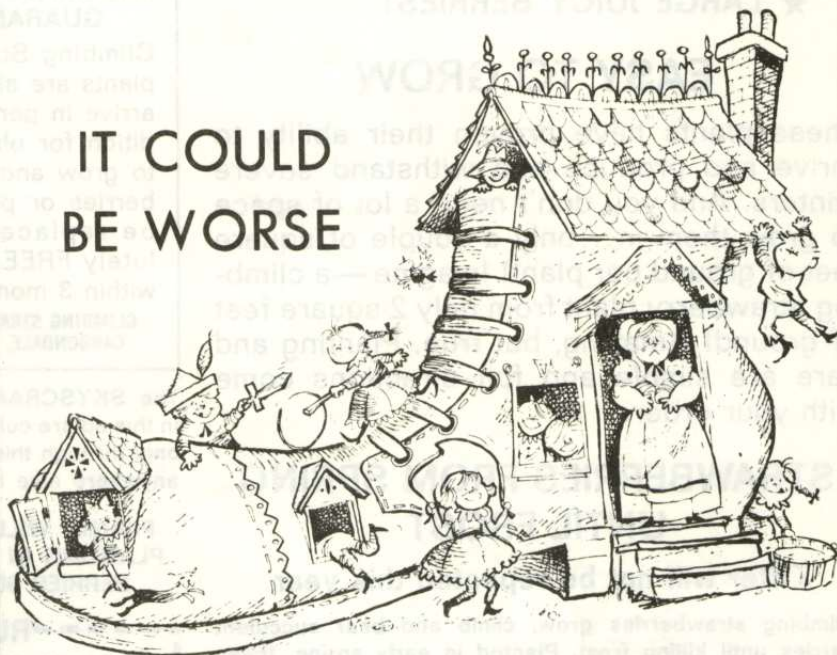
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APRIL DEVOTIONS — Concluded

he feel chosen of God when he was sold into slavery and imprisoned; yet think what he was able to do because God was "for him". Then there was David, fighting the impossible giant, ridiculed by his brethren. What about Martin Luther when he nailed his thesis to the door, or Paul, in chains and in prison, still witnessing and writing the letters that have witnessed through the centuries? Martin Luther King — Oh, our list could grow long of those who have been granted power unlimited when following God's plan for them. Someone has said it so well: "One man and God constitute a MAJORITY. Truly, *I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.*" (Phil. 4:13)

Solo: "The Impossible Dream", perhaps with guitar accompaniment; or you might prefer the group to sing a chorus of "Put Your Hand in the Hand", or "Let There Be Peace on Earth", or some other song with a similar message.

Third Speaker: One of the most comforting rays to catch in our Easter rainbow is that of the power and comfort of prayer. *Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.* (Matt. 7:7) Jesus didn't make prayer difficult. He explained it so simply — ask, seek, knock. He then assures us with these words: *For everyone who asks receives, and he who seeks finds, and to him who knocks it will be opened.* No, Jesus didn't say our prayers would be answered exactly as we asked, or that we would find exactly what we started out to seek. Perhaps we ask with the wrong motive, or for the wrong things, or we look in the wrong direction. Sometimes we need "listening prayer" in order to find out God's will for us. Are we like the old elder who prayed so loud and long in church that a little girl asked, "Is he trying to shout God down, Mommy?" Are you LISTENING for an answer when you pray?

"The dimensions of your prayers, what are they? How wide? How deep? How long? Do you pray only when your heart is sad? Or do you also pray with a song? The width of your prayer — it really should be like the winds. Enough to include your family, and wide enough for worldwide friends. The length of your prayer? It depends on your need of conversing with God, no matter how large or small the need. But the most important dimension of all is the depth of the prayer life you lead. What do we mean by depth of prayer? Just to be sincere on your part. God wants you always to pray from the very depth of YOUR HEART!" —From church paper

Song: The Negro spiritual "Every Time I Feel the Spirit", or "Be Thou My Vision", or some other similar hymn.



Mrs. Jennie Huyette, who recently celebrated her 92nd birthday, has been a steady listener to Kitchen-Klatter for 45 years. Formerly of Berryton, Kansas, she now makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. Veryl Wilch, in Wichita.

Fourth Speaker: I point you to the wonderful ray of unconquerable joy in our Easter rainbow. *These things I speak in the world, that they may have my joy fulfilled in themselves.* (John 17:13) Truly at Easter "all nature sings" to remind us of the joys that are ours. Yes, great joy in spite of a disturbed world. Remember Jesus, too, lived in a time of conflict and trouble. Yet He warned His disciples not to lose joy in the perplexities of the struggles of life. He told them again and again that they should keep joy in the heart because God's will would be done in spite of evil forces at work in the world, and He is saying that to us today. Hold on to joy!

In the church service four-year-old Nancy heard the minister read the text "My Yoke Is Easy", and later asked her Sunday school teacher what it meant. The teacher asked the class to tell what they thought it meant. One boy thought it was something to put about the neck of some barnyard animals.

"But what does it mean when we say God's yoke?" the teacher persisted.

"That's when God puts His arm around our neck", one little girl replied.

With God's arm around our neck, we too can find unconquerable joy, and the desire to make our lives an alleluia to God, not just at Easter, but every day of the year.

Song: (All) Sing again the first chorus of "I Have the Joy, Joy, Joy, etc.", or use the more contemporary "Joy Is Like the Rain".

Leader:

"Hosanna in the highest!"
That ancient song we sing.
For we behold the Easter rainbow
And all its promising.
O let us ever praise our God
With heart and soul and voice,
Make our life a living alleluia to Him.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!

Leader: THE LORD IS RISEN, ALLELUIA!

Group: The Lord is risen, indeed. Alleluia!

Benediction: May God's love, the greatest blessing that He can give to men, be with you and surround you as Easter comes again; may it fill your heart and bring you the joy of Easter day and be with you to sustain you every step along life's way. Amen.

(Note: If possible use mimeographed sheets of the Call to Worship and the closing in which the group participate, as well as the songs to be used. If unable to do this, the Call to Worship might be printed in large letters on a sheet of newsprint or an easel blackboard so the audience can see them. Two persons may read these parts responsively, but this program has been written to be a sharing celebration type of program with all participating.)

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James Lowey listens intently as his mother explains something about the animals at the zoo.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

occasion and I'll never forget how he surveyed the long dining room table and said wonderingly: "My, that's a lot of grown-ups!" I was sitting at a side table with him and had to agree that ten grown-ups in a row was "a lot".)

This year he and Katharine will be back in Albuquerque before the birthday dinner since Juliana has enough garden projects lined up to keep a dozen people going from sunrise to sunset and cannot be in Iowa for more than two weeks. It will seem like a very short visit but I'm just grateful for every minute of this trip.

Spring work is almost at hand, but please try to get off a letter to us. As always, the morning mail is the high point of our day.

Faithfully yours . . .

Lucile

ABIGAIL'S LETTER - Concluded

and as such became an important Spanish colonial center. The Incas selected a beautiful setting high in a lush mountain valley. The city has suffered many minor and two extremely severe major earthquakes in recorded history, the most recent just a few years ago. It is revealing to note that the Inca construction has survived while the European architecture and construction was badly damaged. Large portions of the city have been rebuilt in a most attractive restoration. The combination of contemporary, Spanish Colonial and Inca architecture, history, art and heritage make this a truly memorable city to me. I would leap at the opportunity to return to this part of the world again.

Located out from Cuzco is one of the great archeological discoveries of this century. In 1911 Hiram Bingham of Yale University found Macchu Picchu, romanticized as the "Lost City of the Incas". But the highlights of it and other places on our trip will have to wait for another month.

Sincerely,
Abigail

THIS AND THAT

by

Helene B. Dillon

SPRING! the "bright as a dollar" month. It gives us that freshly scrubbed feeling; the trees are dressed in filigree, and the air is soft against our cheek. That's Spring.

Hats are *in* this year, so dream of an Easter chapeau. Nothing is more feminine than a hat dripping with spring flowers and twirls of velvet ribbon.

Can you remember when you were a youngster and the warmer days meant shedding your winter coat and tying the sleeves around your waist to make a long elegant skirt? This school-girl nonsense was a part of every spring from your first grade through the sixth. Remember?

The first fly of the season is not a novelty. It still remains an unwanted monster.

Bring your tea cart out of the corner and use a pitcher of jonquils (real or artificial) to spruce it up a bit. Bake your favorite tea cookies and call some special friends to drop in. Spring is a renewal, so again polish your friendships and come out of the doldrums.

Bird Notes! "Sphere! Sphere!" calls the cardinal . . . "Chick-a-dee-dee" from the beady-eyed chickadee. Flute-like tones are heard as the bluejay zooms into the feeder, and don't forget the timid chirp of the drab little sparrow. Add it all together and you have a very pleasant spring chorus.

Longfellow once said:
"Come the Spring with all its splendor
All the birds and all the blossoms,
All its flowers, and leaves, and
grasses --"

A blessed Easter to you.

APRIL GAMES - Concluded

A Pair of Slippers (Two banana peels)
First Airship (Kite)
The Children's Companion (Wiener - dog)

Sweet Violets: The clues tell you of words to be found in the word *violets*.

1. Part of a house (tile)
2. Found in every garden (soil)
3. Part of a man's attire (tie)
4. To answer a puzzle (solve)
5. Necessary for a building (site)
6. Land surrounded by water (isle)
7. To obscure from view (veil)
8. A foreign fruit (olive)
9. We all wish to do (live)
10. Part of your body (toe)
11. A Biblical character (Lot)

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DAINTY TATTED variegated bookmarks with matching ribbon. Plus stamp \$1.00 each. Iva McReynolds, Chilhowee, Mo. 64733.

FOR MOTHER'S DAY! Beautiful Mother's-Grandmother's "remembrance" pins with your children's birthstones. Circle wreath — up to 9 stones — gold or silver — \$5.00; Tree of Life — up to 14 stones — gold only — \$5.00; Bow wreath — up to 23 stones — gold or silver — \$6.00. Gift boxed. (Specify birthmonths.) The Gift Fair, Box 1125-K, Oak Park, Illinois 60304

GOOD KITCHEN-KLATTER Magazines, 1950-1972. 10 cents each copy plus postage. Anne Heusinger, 111 North Birch, Norfolk, Nebr. 68701.

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OUT OF PRINT BOOKFINDER. Box 663KK, Seaside, Calif. 93955. Catalog for stamp.

HANDWORK OF ALL KINDS. Afghans, pillowslips and hankies. Stamp for reply. Mrs. Dale Brown, R. 4, Harlan, Iowa 51537

MAKE SCRUMPTIOUS CANDY SUCKERS with life-time metal molds — donkey, rooster, chicken, tree, Santa, reindeer, old-fashioned locomotive. Each design, with 50 lollipop sticks, recipe, instructions, only \$2.49, plus 75¢ postage, handling. Any three molds just \$6.98, plus \$1.00 postage. You SAVE \$1.73. Money-back guarantee. Aunt Maggie, Box 29339-KK, Denver, Colorado 80229.

FUND RAISERS! CLUB WOMEN! Something new... a bulletin that features ideas for better meetings, money-raising projects, etc., \$2.00 — 4 issues; 75¢ — sample. IDEA EXCHANGE, Box 1132-KK, New Brunswick, N. J. 08903.

BOOK: 1001 valuable things free. Send \$1.00 to: Gateway Sales Co., R. 1, Logan, Iowa 51546.

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POETRY MAGAZINE: Poems old and new, hobbies shopping center, pen pals, hobbies. Bi-monthly 35¢ copy \$2.00 year. Guaranteed. Poetry Club, Edith Soles, Clinton, Arkansas 72031.

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FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded blessings that come with a true change of scene. On a vacation we can feel the old sore places of the mind and heart healing up, and always we return to our work refreshed, and eager. We shall keep you informed of our plans.

Sincerely,
Frederick

You're never too old to hear better

Chicago, Ill. — A free offer of special interest to those who hear but do not understand words has been announced by Beltone. A non-operating model of the smallest Beltone aid ever made will be given absolutely free to anyone answering this advertisement.

Try it to see how it is worn in the privacy of your own home without cost or obligation of any kind. It's yours to keep, free. It weighs less than a third of an ounce, and it's all at ear level, in one unit. No wires lead from body to head.

These models are free, so we suggest you write for yours now. Again, we repeat, there is no cost, and certainly no obligation. Write to Dept. 4425, Beltone Electronics Corp., 4201 W. Victoria, Chicago, Ill. 60646.

50 YARDS LACE 98¢

Enchanting patterns & designs. Vals, edgings, insertions, braids, etc. In beautiful colors & full widths. For women's, girls', babies' dresses, pillow cases, decorative edgings on many articles, etc. Pieces at least 10 yards in length. None small. **FREE! 100 New Buttons!** Beautiful quality. All kinds, all sizes. ALL colors. ALL NEW. Many complete sets. 100 Buttons FREE when you order the LACE — none without Lace. Only 98¢, but plus include 27¢ extra for postage & handling or \$1.25 in all. 2 sets, or double order. \$1.80 plus 41¢ post. & hdlg. or \$2.30 in all.

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TIFFANY Jeweled Cross Necklace \$3.00 each



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ORDER TODAY!

SAVE

up to 50%

Early Spring Color Beautiful Borders

CREeping PHLOX

1/2 PRICE 6 for \$1.00



An amazing 1/2 price offer during this special sale! The rich colors of creeping phlox — rosy red, steel blue, pure white, and pearl pink — are a delight in early spring when little else is blooming. And these hardy EVERGREEN plants make lovely ground covers or borders ALL YEAR. Strong field divisions grow to 4", thrive in sun or partial shade. Use the handy coupon below to order colorful creeping phlox (Phlox Subulata) at this low sale price.

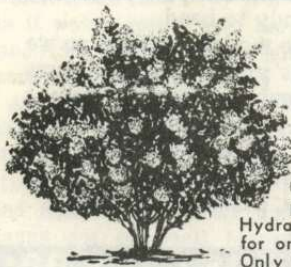
EXTRA BONUS! HYDRANGEA TREE

(Hydrangea P.G.)

only

25c

Orders for \$6 or more can also purchase the color-changing Hydrangea Tree (a reg. \$2.00 value) for only 25c. Choice 1 1/2-3' plants! Only one 25c bonus per customer.



NOW 1/2 PRICE!

Five Year Old — 1 to 2 ft. Tall

COLORADO BLUE SPRUCE

ONLY \$1.00 each

(3 for \$2.50)

(6 for \$4.50)



Now, in this special sale, you are able to purchase the ever-beautiful, ever-popular Colorado Blue Spruce (Picea Pungens Glauca) at one-half our regular catalog price. These select, branched, 5-year-old transplanted trees are not seedlings — they are at least 1 to 2 feet tall. Having been transplanted, the root system is well developed and will help the plant to get off to a fast start. Colorado Blue Spruce will add real value to your property. Buy now while our 1/2 price sale lasts and have the added pleasure of shaping your tree just the way you want while you watch it grow.

HOUSE OF WESLEY
Nursery Division

RR #1

Bloomington,

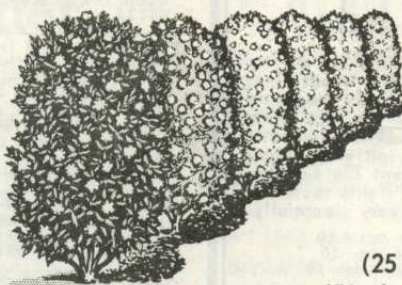
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TODAY!**

All items guaranteed to be of high quality, and to arrive in good healthy condition or purchase price will be refunded. RETURN SHIPPING LABEL ONLY — you may keep the items. (One year limit.) Please add 65¢ to order total to help cover postage and handling.

ROSE OF SHARON HEDGE



100 Feet of Friendly Fence

only \$2.98

(25 shrubs — 100 ft.)

(50 shrubs — 200 ft. \$5.75)

Delightful blossoms of red, white, or purple each summer in a lifetime fence of natural beauty. Rose of Sharon hedge — a practical, lovely frame for your landscape — will grow naturally to 5-10 ft. for an informal privacy screen or can be trimmed for a neat colorful hedge. You'll get healthy 1-2' shrubs. (Hibiscus Syriacus.)

BONUS! Regular \$1.00

RED PEONY

Bush for only 15c

Orders for \$4 or more can order one of these beautiful Peony bushes for only 15c. Only one 15c bonus per customer.



CREeping RED SEDUM

Red summer flowers
Evergreen winter foliage

4 for \$1.00

Strong versatile Sedum (Sedum Spurium Dragons Blood) will bring gay color to rock gardens, borders, edgings, shady places, and steep banks. The neat 3-4" tall cover will spread quickly to form a dense perennial mat with red star-like flowers all summer. Each plant will easily and quickly fill on square foot. Order now at this low price and receive hardy northern nursery grown plants.

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

HOUSE OF WESLEY, Nursery Division
R.R. #1, Dept. 8947-45, Bloomington, Ill. 61701

Please send the following items:

HOW MANY	CAT. NO.	ITEM	COST
	182	Blue Spruce	
	241	Creeping Phlox	
	242	Creeping Red Sedum	
	632	Red Peony Bonus 15c	
	741	Rose of Sharon Hedge	
	848	Tree Hydrangea Bonus 25c	
TOTAL			

Please add 65¢ for postage & handling.
Illinois residents please add 5% sales tax.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____