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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

As a rule I write to you in the morning, but this time it's a wild-sounding March afternoon and I thought our winds were pretty strong until I heard on the noon news that winds clocked at 90 miles per hour were raging in Livingston, Montana.

The instant I heard this I thought about Kristin and her family out there in Livingston and knew for certain that Aaron and Andy were not playing outside today. In fact, I wondered if Kristin could even stand up in such raging winds in case she had to make an emergency run to the store or some such thing.

I'm sure that Livingston is a most attractive town situated in a beautiful countryside, but Dorothy says that Kristin reports the wind blows *all of the time* — never lets up. I enjoy the restless winds of western Kansas and Nebraska, but they seem mild compared to Livingston.

At this time we are much enjoying a visit with Mary Leanna Garcia, Frederick and Betty's daughter. It will soon be two years since she spent some time with us, and thus we were all very happy when she wrote and said that she'd like to come back for a week or so during the spring between-quarter break at East Highlands University in Las Vegas, New Mexico, where she now makes her home.

There doesn't seem to be much commotion about getting around by plane, so Howard and Mae met her at the Omaha airport the otherday and brought her down to Shenandoah. She is making her Granny Driftmier's house home-base and fanning out from there.

We knew in advance that she was coming, of course, so Mother came up with the suggestion that we have what might be called a Parcel Post Shower limited only to the members of our family. She wrote notes to everyone who lives out of town and suggested that they send a gift that could be

opened in the afternoon when those of us who live here locally could be dropping by for an innocent cup of coffee, something so run-of-the-mill that Mary Leanna wouldn't suspect a thing.

That's exactly the way it worked out too. Marge, Mae and I just happened to drop in at the same time, and shortly afterwards Donna (Mae's daughter) and her two little girls, Lisa and Natalie, arrived from Omaha — just "happened to drop in" when they didn't find Mae at home.

Consequently, Mary Leanna was properly surprised when all of this studied nonchalance was exposed and in came a miniature bassinet (supplied by Ruby) heaped with baby gifts!!! All of our far-flung Driftmier clan was represented, and many of Mary Leanna's Crandall relatives back East were represented too.

After we had the fun of watching her open everything (and my! isn't this fun!) we had cake decorated with tiny baby shoes in pale pink and blue frosting, and two scoops of lime and pineapple sherbet. With these two colors to cover the old conventional ideas, plus the pale green and yellow to cover today's notions, we made allowances for everything.

All in all, it was a happy afternoon and we are all so glad that Mother dreamed up the idea of her Parcel Post baby shower. If only Mary Leanna's mother could have been there it would have been a perfect afternoon, although we felt the entire time that she was really there in her thoughts and feelings.

Mary Leanna's baby will be Frederick's and Betty's first grandchild, and all grandparents know what this means. They are overjoyed. And Tony's parents are overjoyed too since Tony is an only child and this will be their first grandchild too. How well I know the whole heart-warming story...

Since I made a reference to Lisa Nenneman, Howard's and Mae's little granddaughter, I want to go ahead and

say that after years of the most agonized struggles with asthma and allergies she seems to be in what could be called downright robust health after those dreadful days when half of her time was spent in doctors' offices, to say nothing of endless hospital bouts.

There were countless letters from you friends in which you expressed concern because you'd gone through something similar, and many, many of those letters concluded with the phrase: "I think there's a good chance she'll outgrow it."

At the time, this seemed pretty doubtful, but I mention it now because she is ten and it truly does look as if she is outgrowing the whole sorry story of wretched health. I believe Mae said that she had missed only one day of school this year, and it's been a year with almost unheard of absenteeism due to various types of flu, colds, etc. All in all, we feel vastly encouraged about Lisa.

Juliana reports that she is all set to do battle with a vegetable garden on the grand scale. Wayne and Abigail were kind enough to send her a big collection of seeds and with these, plus things she'd ordered on her own, she'll have enough to feed that entire area. Last year was her first real experience with a big vegetable garden, and even as a novice she had such overwhelming produce that she said the mailman, workmen there for a variety of reasons, etc., were almost scared to come because she loaded them down with so much stuff!

Goodness knows what she'll have to deal with this year now that she has a previous round of experience under her belt. I just hope I can get there when that garden is putting on a big show because I think that there is nothing more delicious to eat than vegetables just fresh out of the ground, and these are mighty hard to come by if you don't grow your own.

Before I forget it: recently on one of our radio visits I talked about a most unusual small book pertaining to the terrible dust storms of the 30's. The photographs are astounding and the text is unusually well done. I said on the radio that in my letter I would give all information necessary if anyone wanted to write and order a copy.

Well, in some totally unknown and bizarre fashion that book flew right off into thin air from the desk in our broadcast room, so I cannot carry through with my promise that I would furnish the information you need if you wish to send for a copy. However, I will write to my good friend in Cawker City, Kansas, who sent the book to me and get the necessary information from her.

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LENT IS A BUSY TIME FOR FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

All during Lent Betty and I have been having study groups meeting at the church on Tuesdays and here at the parsonage on Wednesday evenings. Eight couples were here tonight studying the ways in which Christianity and Hinduism are similar, and the ways in which those two great religions are very different from one another. What a good time we had. When the couples arrived I greeted them in the reception hall and they went into the dining room where Betty was serving coffee, tea, and the most delicious assortment of cookies, tarts, doughnuts, and little cakes. Then we went into the living room where I showed some colored slides taken on our visit to India. After twenty minutes of pictures we discussed religion.

An hour and half of discussion brought us to the conclusion that one should be careful about making any generalizations about religion. Just as certain as one makes a positive and definite statement, someone else is bound to point out an exception to it.

We also decided that the thing we like best about Hinduism is its hospitality to all other religions. Where religion is concerned, the Hindu is not an absolutist. That is, a Hindu is not apt to say: "My religion and only my religion is the right way." Most Hindus acquainted with the Christian religion see it as the way the people of the Western World worship God. They say: "Every man should follow his own religion. A Christian should follow Christianity, a Mohammedan should follow Mohammedanism, and so on. For the Hindus the ancient path, the path of the Aryan sages, is the best. For the Christians, Jesus Christ is the way of salvation."

One of the persons present at the discussion this evening read a piece from a modern Hindu sermon in which the priest said: "As one can ascend to the top of a house by means of a ladder or a bamboo or a staircase or a rope, so diverse are the ways and means to approach God, and every religion in the world shows one of these ways. Dispute not. As you rest firmly on your own faith and opinion, allow others also the equal liberty to stand by their own faiths and opinions. By mere disputation you will never succeed in convincing another of his error. When the grace of God descends on him, each one will understand his own mistakes."

As a group we decided that all of us during Lent should do more to make ourselves God-conscious. One person suggested that it would be a good thing



Every week Frederick's church has a party for little children in the neighborhood. How the youngsters do enjoy the good times, but not one of them has a better time than Frederick!

for each of us to say: "Thank you God," many times during the day. Another person said that during Lent she had been trying to memorize an inspiring verse of the Bible each day. Of course all of us thought that making some sacrificial offering every day was a good idea.

I suppose that every Protestant clergyman is working extra hours recruiting new members for his church. During Lent the grace of God leads more people into church membership than at any other time of the year. On the Thursday night before Good Friday we shall receive a large class of new members. At the time of the writing of this letter I am not sure how many new members we shall have, but it will probably be around sixty or seventy. Just to keep our present membership where it is now we have to receive at least 100 new members each year. Every other year we have a time of "membership revival" when we drop people from our church rolls. This year we took fifty people off the rolls for lack of interest in the church. We find that whenever we drop the so-called "dead wood" the whole church seems to be revived.

At this time of the year I am having to preach at least four different sermons each week, and since I always write out every sermon I ever preach, it seems that I am at this typewriter day and night. Don't misunderstand

COVER PICTURE

Almost every Saturday morning, Mother (Leanna Driftmier) heads for the kitchen to make something special for Sunday dinner — usually angel food cake. Ruby Treese, her nurse-companion, is pictured with her as she gets the ingredients out on the table in preparation for the baking session. Mother celebrates her 88th birthday April 3rd, and on that day *someone else* will bake the cake!

me! I never even look at the written sermon when I preach it. My sermons are all so well learned that I do not have to look at notes of any kind. I long ago decided that if I could not remember a sermon, I certainly could not expect the congregation to remember it. Of course it is hard work, but what job isn't hard work if it is done well?

While we are on the subject of religion, did you by any chance see that humorous story about the minister who sold a mule to a fellow and told the buyer that the mule was trained to go when the rider said: "Praise the Lord," and to stop when the rider said "Amen"?

The prospective purchaser mounted the beast, said "Praise the Lord," and the mule raced away. Becoming excited, the rider kept saying "Whoa!" with no effect on the critter. Then he remembered and said, "Amen!"

The mule dug in its hoofs and stopped abruptly. The rider looked down and found the mule had stopped right at the edge of a gigantic cliff. Wiping his brow in relief, the rider said gratefully, "Praise the Lord!"

That funny story reminds me of the time another missionary and I rented some Egyptian donkeys to climb some rugged cliff-like hills on the edge of the Nile Valley. What a time we had with those pesky brutes. By the end of the day we were exhausted from yelling at them. As a boy I always thought it would be fun to own a donkey like the one my mother had when she was a girl, but after that Egyptian experience I wanted no more donkey rides.

I have a reputation for being something of a daredevil. I enjoy any sport that has an element of danger in it for me, but I cannot stand to see other people in danger. We went to a horse show not long ago, and I had to get up and leave when they had the jumping events for the horses ridden by young girls. I was so sure that one of those girls would get thrown from her horse, that I simply could not stand it. I simply hate to see boys hurt in athletic events, but I myself am always getting hurt. Just the other day I was at the hospital getting an arm injury treated. I have a knack for getting hurt while keeping fit!

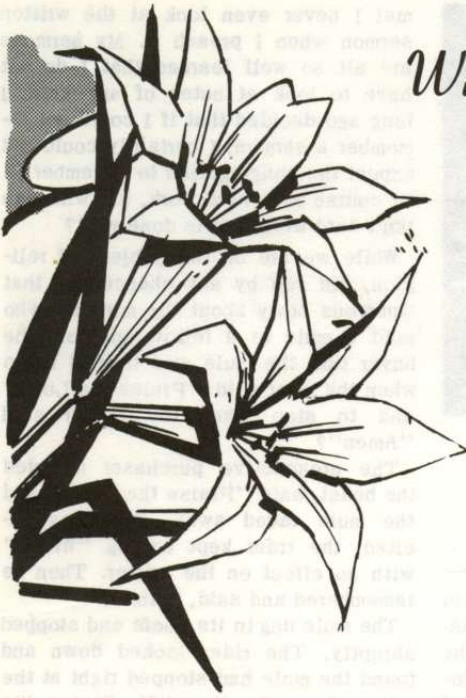
How are you doing fighting colds this spring? Someone told me the other day that the best time to fight a cold is to fight it while the other person has it. That is what we do in our house. We are becoming great believers in the Vitamin C treatment. Two years ago when so many people were sure that Vitamin C was the one sure way to prevent a cold, some of my doctor friends in the church just laughed at the idea. Today they are not laughing! As a mat-

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Winds of the Spirit, Blow on Me

AN EASTER SERVICE

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Setting: Drape the altar with a deep purple cloth. Place a glass filled with water in the center, and, to the right and back of the glass, lay a spray of Easter lilies. (Artificial lilies work nicely for this.) On the wall above the altar setting (or on an easel behind the altar table) fasten a large descending dove, symbol of the Holy Spirit, cut from white paper and mounted on a dark blue paper background.

For this special Easter program it would be nice if all those taking a special part would wear choir robes. Have ready, also, a spray of Easter lilies for each of them to use at the close of the service when they all return to the stage, gently waving their lilies as they join in the closing song; then, while singing the last verse they march, two by two, from the stage or chancel, down the center aisle, through the audience, and out. If you meet in a fellowship hall, perhaps you can arrange the chairs to provide for this center aisle; or they might divide and go down the two outside aisles, being sure to keep singing joyously with the audience as they go.

If your group is small, one or two persons may read all the narration, Scriptures, poems, and give meditations, but if you have a larger group, then by all means have several take a part in the program.

Quiet Music: "Breathe on Me, Breath of Life". Continue the music softly as the Call to Worship is given.

Call to Worship:

Blow, wind of the Spirit,
Blow on me.
Come, open mine eyes
That I may see
The precious living waters

That freely flow
Unceasingly to me.

Blow, winds of the Spirit,
On me forever more;
Deepen my faith
That I may know
The richer joys in store;
Find deeper love,
Climb greater heights
Than I have ever known before. -M.N.B.

Hymn: "O Spirit of the Living God".

Scriptures: (Read responsively by two persons.)

And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth; we have beheld His glory, glory as of the only Son from the Father . . . and John bore witness, "I saw the Spirit descend as a dove from heaven, and it remained on Him; but He who sent me to baptize with water said to me, 'He on whom you see the Spirit descend and remain, this is He who baptizes with the Holy Spirit.'"

THE WIND BLOWS WHERE IT WILLS, AND YOU HEAR THE SOUND OF IT, BUT YOU DO NOT KNOW WHENCE IT COMES, OR WHITHER IT GOES: SO IT IS WITH EVERYONE WHO IS BORN OF THE SPIRIT.

If you love me, you will keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and He will give you another Counselor, to be with you forever, even the Spirit of truth; you know Him for He dwells in you and will be in you.

BUT YOU SHALL RECEIVE POWER WHEN THE HOLY SPIRIT HAS COME UPON YOU: AND YOU SHALL BE MY WITNESSES IN JERUSALEM AND IN ALL JUDEA AND SAMARIA AND TO THE END OF THE EARTH.

-Parts of John 1, 3, and 4 and Acts 1.

Prayer: O Spirit of the living God, descend on us this Easter tide to open our eyes, our hearts, and minds to the blessings of Thy love, to make us eager to drink of the living water, bought for us at so great a sacrifice by Thy Son, Jesus. Inspire us to a living faith that goes forth courageously in a troubled world, knowing that in the Holy Spirit we may have the power to do what needs to be done, to be true witnesses in our world today. Amen

Narrator: Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, with all Thy quickening powers; kindle a flame of sacred love in these cold hearts of ours. In vain we tune our formal songs, in vain we strive to rise; hosannas languish on our tongues, and our devotion dies. And shall we then forever live at this poor dying rate? Our love so faint, so cold to Thee and Thine to us so great?

Meditation: Easter! The most wonderful day of the year for the Christian world. A day of great rejoicing. Alleluia! He lives and the Holy Spirit is at work all over the world. Are our eyes opened to see, are hearts willing to feel, are ears opened to hear what the Spirit says to us? How much this troubled, discouraged old world today needs the winds of the Spirit to blow upon it, to refresh and enlighten it! Why do we sigh and give in so easily to discouragement, to defeat? Did we not hear in the Holy Scriptures just read that God promised the Holy Spirit would give us power to be His witnesses anywhere in the world? And isn't that what Easter is all about? The resurrection tells us that as He lives, so we, too, shall live! Over and over Jesus gave His followers promises which they in turn have passed on to us through His Word.

Recall how the frightened disciples were gathered together in a room after the crucifixion and the resurrection when Jesus suddenly appeared in their midst. Once more He reassured them: "Peace be with you. As the Father has sent me, even so I send you." And when He had said this He breathed on them and said to them, "Receive the Holy Spirit." This Easter of 1974 He is saying to each of us, "Receive the Holy Spirit and then be about your business of witnessing."

What witnessing we can do if we let the winds of the Spirit lead us to follow His example in loving, in caring, in helping, in sharing! It will often mean getting into the marketplace of life where the going can get mighty tough, and we may get shoved and pushed around, but remember that Easter tells us we can believe God's promises and He tells us His power can see us through, if we believe. "The Friday dark makes Easter the brighter. Man's

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ALISON DRIFTMIER UNDERTOOK AN EXCITING PROJECT

Dear Friends:

This warm Gulf Coast weather never ceases to amaze me. There have been hints of spring appearing everywhere — robins landing in our trees, bulbs popping up in the garden, and it seems so uncommonly warm. When all of nature is so busy unfolding its secrets kept hidden throughout the winter, I thought what better time than this to share with you my secret project, one that likewise has been a deep dark secret throughout the winter.

A question that often puzzles me when I want to give a gift is, "What can I give a person who seems to have everything?" I think the two most treasured gifts anyone might receive are time and love, and these are the things I most wanted to give my grandmother, Leanna Driftmier.

I thought and thought, and finally hit upon an idea — a "granny quilt". My idea was derived from the old-fashioned concept of a "bride's quilt" or "friendship quilt". With this variety of quilt, each of the young lady's friends made and contributed a quilt block, and when the quilt was completed, the recipient had a life-long reminder of each of her dear friends. With my adaptation, instead of having each friend contributing a block, I would have my female cousins (Leanna's granddaughters and great-granddaughters) make the blocks. So, with everything still in the early planning stages I set to work.

I notified each girl and told her of the project. From each I requested four things: First, that the blocks be a specified size; second, that each girl sign her block in some manner; third, that they all be sent to me by a certain date; and last, that the whole affair remain a secret. No one was to spill the beans! I left the design of the block up to the individual. The more creative and original the better.

The response was overwhelming. Blocks arrived from all the girls, and they were exquisite! Some of the contributions were geometric patchwork designs, others were appliqued, and several were embroidered — two in cross stitch and two in crewel. I was delighted with the originality of each one, and was amazed at how I could match the donor of each with her block. It seemed as though each one's personality was evident in her block!

With such lovely materials to work with, it was not a difficult task to do the piecing and quilting by hand. My husband, Mike, made my quilting frame from a design I had drawn using two sawhorses. The whole frame can be disassembled for storage by merely un-



When Alison got the inspiration for this quilt she had no idea it would be such a successful project. You'll read the details in her letter.

doing the metal sawhorse brackets. I might also add that he was extremely patient about my quilting project taking over the entire living room — especially patient considering it was the finale of the football season!!

I must admit I was quite proud with the finished product, and I know that Granny was pleased when she received it. I would like to encourage all of you to try such a project. I'm sure there is a "special person" in your life who would be so appreciative of the time and love contained in a gift of needlework. And I can assure you that the joys that come with the creating of such an item as a "granny quilt" are ones to be treasured always.

With spring right in our doorstep I'm sure many of you will make an effort to watch all of the busyness of nature. Of all wild creatures I am beginning to think the world of birds is the most exciting. As many of you know, the birds in your northern areas have spent the winter with us down here in Texas along the Gulf Coast. I would like to recommend a fascinating place to visit if you're ever in this area — the Anahuac National Wildlife Refuge. This federally protected area was set aside as a place of safety for some 264 species of birds that make this their winter home. Here, far from the harsh snows and cold winds of the northlands, they nest and feed in the rice and grass marshlands near the ocean. Waterfowl from all over North America make the incredibly long flight each year. Thirty different species of geese and ducks alone have been seen at the refuge. At peak population times there have been as many as 235,000 of these

birds at the 10,000-acre reserve. And I believe it! The day we visited there were birds everywhere. Thousands were feeding and squawking in the marshes, and flocks of incredible size were flying overhead.

Needless to say, we kept our camera clicking. There is, of course, no hunting allowed, but superb nature photography abounds. My favorites were the huge, white, long-legged waterbirds, which we have seen quite often and must be native to this area. I think, perhaps, it is a variety of heron. They will sit quite still, allowing a slow-witted amateur photographer like myself to get quite close before taking off in a mass of enormous white wings. And, of course, I still get a thrill out seeing alligators and getting close enough to them for an occasional snapshot.

I had hoped, (or should I say "dreamed") of seeing a whooping crane, but found out when we arrived, that the cranes do not stay the winter at Anahuac, but at a spot further down the coast.

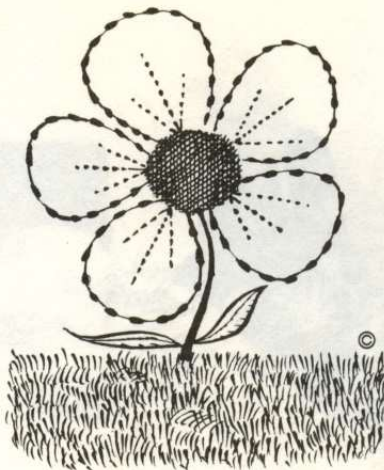
I'll just add one note on the location of this fascinating wildlife refuge for those who might be interested. It is east of Houston, Texas, located off State Highway 124, southeast of the small town of Anahuac.

As it is time for me to once again close my letter, I would like to leave with you a thought that has come to me again and again recently. We all need to stop and rest once in awhile and appreciate, *really* appreciate and be thankful for the simple things so often lost in our fast-paced society. No day

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When It Is Spring

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Creative Posies: 1. For each flower use one of the smallest size disposable drinking cups such as used in dispensers. These come in white or pastel colors. If you use white ones, you will probably want to paint them. Cut off the rim of the cup. Make four or six equal cuts (depending on size of cup) from the top down the sides of the cup, not quite halfway down. Bend the flaps thus formed outward and crease sharply so they stay "put". Round the corner of each tab to form a "petal". You may outline each petal with glue and sprinkle on glitter, or outline with contrasting color, using a marking pen. There, you have a quick easy posy which can be used as a nutcup!

2. For eggshell tulips, dye the halves of eggshells in flower colors. Paint with a thin coat of clear shellac or apply a thin coat of clear nail polish. When dry, use a small pair of sharp scissors to carefully cut around the top in petal shape. Glue a tiny dried flower or a yellow ball from ball fringe into the tulip as the center of the posy. These can be given green chenille stems, if you wish, to make a bouquet arrangement; or, for individual place favors, tape or glue each shell tulip to a cardboard base. Tuck a bit of Easter grass around the base.

3. Cereal daisy favors are easily made. For each favor cut a large daisy shape from construction paper, using pastel shades. For the center of each daisy, mold some rice cereal-marshmallow candy mixture into a small ball. Cut a small circle from waxed paper, glue to the center of the daisy, and set one of the cereal balls upon it — edible and pretty!

4. Gingham posy plants are pretty for a spring party. The small size paper cake cup is used for the flower pot. Cut checked gingham into pretty flower shapes (two matching ones for each finished flower). Cut white typing paper into matching flower shape. To make each flower, glue two gingham flowers together with a paper one be-

tween as a "liner". For the stems use short lengths of green chenille-covered wire. Bend one end of the stem to form a tiny "lip" to which the gingham posy may be glued. Green checked gingham leaves may be made the same way as the flowers. Put a bit of modeling clay in the bottom of the cup and insert two or three flower stems in it, and presto! a miniature gingham plant!

An *Easter Cross* to use on the wall above an Easter arrangement or for a home worship center, or in a Sunday school classroom, can be a lovely contemporary one made from a furnace filter. Simply take the filter apart and cut the copper-colored metal part (it cuts easily) into a cross shape.

A *Cooky Easter Tree* will delight the youngsters. We often think of this at Christmas, but try making your favorite sugar cooky into bunny, chicken, duck, and bird shapes for Easter. Anchor a small branch of lilac in a flower pot. Hang the cookies on the tree. (I prefer to bake a string hanger into the cooky — make a small hole at the top of each cooky with a nut pick and thread a short length of string through it. If you want to use ribbon to tie the cookies on the tree, you can attach it to the loop of string.) A few decorated eggshells hung on the tree will add to its beauty. If you use a lilac branch you will find it will leaf out with the prettiest pale green leaves, provided you have it in a pot to which you can add water.

Easter Egg Candy Ball Centerpiece: Use a large size foam ball. Mold green florist's foil around the ball snugly. Insert toothpicks into candy Easter eggs and then stick into the foam ball, until ball is completely covered. Slice a piece off one side of the ball so it will sit flat on a base. (I like to use my glass cake plate for this.) You can use this same idea to make an Easter egg candy topiary tree, using balls of graduated sizes slipped over a dowel stick which is anchored to a firm base. Wrap the stick with paper or ribbon.

Cooky Easter Eggs are pretty and

decorative on an Eastertime tea table. Any cookies such as Russian tea cakes or pecan butter balls, which are molded into shape, can be shaped like an egg. When baked and cool, ice in pastel colors, then use a cake decorator to decorate the "eggs" with tiny rosebuds, leaves, fluting, rosettes, etc. These are lovely. Do try it for your April party.

Do you have a *Wicker Handbag*? Fill it with spring posies for a delightful centerpiece, leaving the lid to swing open, of course, and arranging the flowers to cascade down one side.

Flower Rhyme Quiz:

1. Long ago in a Persian monarch's garden I grew.
I was Grandma's favorite, too.
(Lilac)
2. I was a youth so vain, alas!
A streamlet was my looking glass.
(Narcissus)
3. In Holland far across the sea,
That is really home to me. (Tulip)
4. Symbol in days of yore in France
When gallants fought with spear
and lance. (Fleur-de-lis)
5. Though they'd think it silly now,
Victors once twined me 'round their
brow. (Laurel)
6. In China land I am found
Where in the fields my blooms
abound. (Poppy)
7. We were symbol of a strife. In Eng-
land long ago
We gave the thing our name you
know. (Roses)
8. To be given one 'tis said it's true
That someone's thoughts are all
with you. (Pansies)
9. On an Alpine mountain peak I grow
Up near the white and drifted snow.
(Edelweiss)
10. Where now in creation
Is my congregation? (Jack-in-the-
pulpit)
11. For glowing sun that shines above
I have a true and changeless love.
(Sunflower)
12. Often when you see a bride so fair
I am nestled in her hair. (Orange
blossoms)

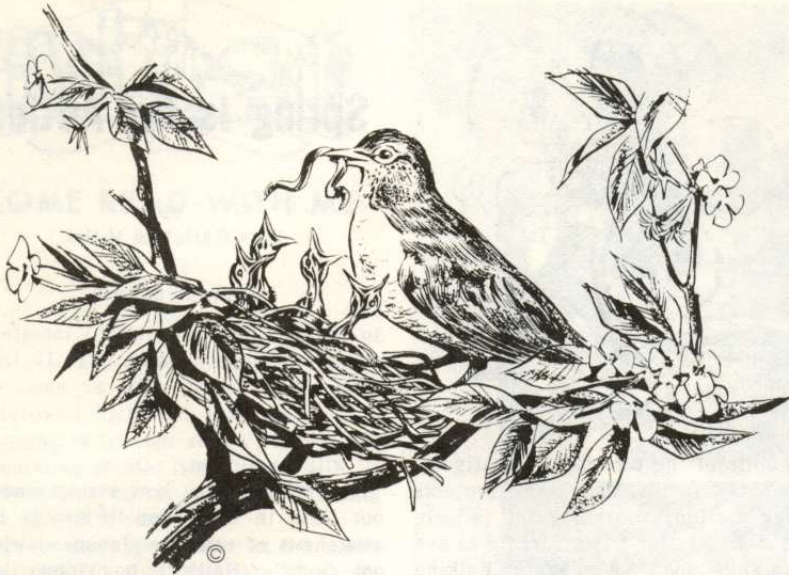
COMING ALIVE

Look for the wonders of Easter time;
Wonders that April will bring.
Open your eyes for a new surprise!
God is at work in the spring.

SPRING FEVER

This morning when the sun arose,
I jumped into my working clothes
And gathered curtains, bedding, sheets,
And covers from upholstered seats.
I polished, scrubbed, and waxed and
cleaned
And proved myself almost a fiend!
I've started nearly everything
That one attempts in early spring!

—Dorothy Cline



Birds of a Feather... Sing Together!

by
Don Beckman

"Oh! the darn birds in my yard," I recently heard an unthinking lady complain. "If only I could find some civil way to get rid of them! They invariably perch themselves on my bedroom windowsill and *squawk* me awake in the morning. I'm so fed up with them I can hardly see straight."

My! how my ears did ring when I heard her senseless complaint. And how quickly I flew to the defense of my feathered friends. For if there is a sound I love to hear above all others it is the song of little birds singing me awake in the morning.

When I consider the remark of this unthinking lady, I immediately think of my grandmother, who was stone deaf. A disease suffered as a young woman had affected her auditory nerves to the extent that no mechanical device would come to her rescue. Therefore she was never able to complain of barking dogs or singing birds, because she could not hear them. Rather, she would have considered it a great blessing just to have been able to hear their voices, a privilege which, for years, had sadly been denied her. Neither could she listen to her favorite radio program, visit with friends on the telephone, listen to music, or even visit well with guests in her home. If we wanted to converse with her we either had to move our lips slowly and largely so she could read them. Or, if we were not in too much of a hurry (and we usually were, much to our later regret) we could write out conversations with her on paper. Thus, in short, it may be said that our grandmother's affliction was something we took too much for granted and gave entirely too little consideration.

What should have happened to us, of

course, if but for the course of a few short hours, is for Nature to have struck us deaf, so we could have understood the better her predicament, which would certainly have encouraged us to give her the same attention we would want for ourselves if we were so affected.

But this never happened, and Grandmother lived in a quiet world that none of us ever quite learned to appreciate. Now, when it is years too late, we realize we should have done more to help bring voices and music to her life which she so courageously did without. As it was, however, our communications with Grandmother were one-sided affairs, with her doing all the talking. For she was a delightful speaker, if one wished to spend the time listening to pioneer stories (which she sometimes told in too loud a voice), or other general chatter. We children, of course, were spellbound by the old-time stories she told on winter evenings as we gathered around the foot of her chair while she sewed at one of the woven rugs she was continually at work on.

If winter was the time for story-telling, then spring was the time for working in her garden, hers always being an elaborate arrangement of flowers that created a form of silent music that could be heard all over the tiny village in which she lived, and which continued, year after year, as long as she was able to care for it. But the most wonderful part of spring, and one which extended far into the summer, was the coming of the birds, who somehow seemed to know that Grandmother could not hear them.

So what did they do? The wrens inhabited the little house my grandfather

had created during his last illness, which was easily within sight of Grandmother's porch, where she spent countless happy hours watching them flutter about in continuous activity. From her porch swing she could also watch the pair of robins build their nest in the branches of the blossoming apple tree that stood by the walk near the wash house door. The same pair of robins arrived for nine straight years, to be at home with Grandmother. She could walk almost to their nest, put out crumbs of bread and other bits of food, without having them lift a feather in protest.

It was both educational and entertaining to sit with Grandmother on her porch and watch the progress of the robin family as they made their nest, so solid and secure, among the flowering branches. How we marveled at the ability Nature had given them in being such expert craftsmen! And how happy they were as they went about their business!

But what was most wonderful and amazing of all about the birds in Grandmother's yard, was the fact that Nature, in its unselfish urge to give us pleasure, had made so many different sizes, given them so many different colors, and put into each tiny throat a different voice and song which they could sing with the most astounding ease although none of them had taken a single lesson.

Finally the nest was finished, eggs were laid — and hatched — and we watched with great excitement while the new parents carried food to their young. Later we saw the nest bulge with tiny mounds of soft feathers. And then, after more waiting, the day arrived when the parents brought their young onto Grandmother's clothesline, where they were taught to fly.

What a chore it sometimes was for those tiny birds to learn to use their wings. But sure enough, with persistence, fluttering, and a lot of chirping, the young took wing and flew away. Soon, too, the parents were gone for the summer.

I think of those wonderful bird-watching summers with great pleasure, and know that in their own small way the birds, by their very activity, did provide my deaf grandmother with a certain type of music which, to her, was equally as melodious as that we heard with our own alert and youthful ears.

Therefore, when I heard the lady issue her senseless complaint, I could not help but think again of my grandmother; nor could I help but feel a certain sense of sorrow for those who do not appreciate the thoughtfulness of little birds who take it upon themselves to come and sing us awake in the morning.

* * *

THE "DO-IT-YOURSELFERS"

by
Mollie Dowdle

Lately, I've been turning it over in my mind that my bedroom needs a new covering of wallpaper.

On a couple of occasions, when I'm in town, I've done a bit of looking around for a bargain — no bargains. Someday, I'll find something cheap enough. Then will come that wild disorderly time when we will eat canned spaghetti and tuna fish sandwiches while I do nothing but hang wallpaper.

After about 40 years of practice, I still consider myself a novice at the job, but, I'm more dexterous at plastering the stuff on the wall than I was the first time I ever tried.

It was a long time ago, and it wasn't difficult to talk my husband into most anything. I connived around for a week, planning my approach, before I mentioned that I would like his help in putting up some wallpaper.

"Do you know anything about hanging wallpaper?" he asked dubiously, eyeing up the rough walls. "No," I answered, "but anybody can put up wallpaper. Why can't we?"

We didn't have a single tool that I later learned was a "must" for wallpaper hangers. In fact, all we had at the time was a bulky roll of felt paper and my fool determination. First of all, I decided we must have some sort of a scaffold (ten foot ceilings, you see). So my husband erected two wobbly sawhorses and we placed a long heavy board between them. Well and good. Step number one was accomplished.

Then I made a dishpan of gooey paste out of flour and hot water. Somewhere I had heard that lye made it stickier, so I added half a can of Red Devil, which made the goop boil and bubble to high heaven.

Brushes were casually mentioned, but my goodness, who would have wallpaper brushes? Rags would surely work just as well, and after all, we did have a broom that would take care of the swiping. And we had some dull scissors that would saw through the felt paper. Most important of all, we had my enthusiasm.

The walls weren't too impossible, and by the time they were finished, we had acquired sort of a rhythm and routine that was a boost to my unreasonable confidence. All we had left was the ceiling!

The room was 15 feet in length, and I reasoned we should put the paper up the long way. Ringling Brothers' Circus tent seemed no bigger before I finally had that ceiling covered. The crazy paper just wouldn't stay put. Folding it was something unheard of to us, so I'd get hold of one end and my hus-



In spite of the fact that I greatly enjoyed my family and many projects during the long winter, spring is more than welcome. Isn't it a miracle to see green grass and flowers again? Walking out across the yard, without boots, makes me feel like a child going barefoot. The song birds are back from the Southland and giving their gay mating time serenade. The earth and all upon it is washed and aired and sunned until homemakers feel a great urge to do the same inside their homes. Renewal seems to be the order of the day.

No wonder our grandmothers did a great and thorough spring housecleaning! My own housecleaning is done more piecemeal with more modern appliances, but I still enjoy spring cleaning and redecorating. Even the house plants get a thorough spraying and fresh, scrubbed pots, and often a new foil wrap in fresh spring colors.

When Easter arrives the middle of April we feel the true renewal of the spirit by once again being reminded of the resurrection of our Christ.

As I clean up my yard and flower beds first I shed my scarf, then those hot garden gloves, then my sweater is thrown aside on the grass. I fairly soak up that warm, life-giving sun. I can understand why the early primitive people were sun worshippers. I see the cats think my sweater an ideal napping spot, and the neighbor's little pup runs

band the other. Hold the paper with one hand, swipe with the broom with the other. Husband backing up on the board while I tripped behind, trying to pound it into place.

Oh, it was awful! As fast as we let go, it would sag, droop, and then drop kerplunk to the floor. My arms ached so bad I thought they would drop off, but I'd pick up my end of the paper and away we would go again.

I don't remember how many times we went through that excruciating ordeal, but it was plenty. I got hotter, tired, and glibber, and my husband got madder and madder. Then I got a hot idea to cut the 15-foot strip into two pieces.

Spring Is for Action!

by
Fern Christian Miller

off with my gloves.

As I work I think how spring renews our faith in God. For "Faith is the awareness of utter helplessness without God." "Faith is the victory that overcomes the world."

Our song birds are arriving daily. What faith these tiny feathered creatures must have to attempt such a long hard journey each spring and fall! We are told that is merely instinct on their part, but surely that God-given instinct is an inborn faith? All the hardy plants must have faith, that winter will not return right in the middle of their flowering. Do we have as much faith as God's creatures? Let us then spring into action. "God will supply, but we must apply." Let us do all those splendid things we have been dreaming and planning all the frozen winter. Let us renovate our yards, our homes, our clothing, and most of all our spiritual lives!

Some wise man said, "Use your gifts faithfully and they shall be enlarged; practice what you know, and you shall attain to higher knowledge."

Winter always serves to fill my wells of inspiration to overflowing with much good reading, handwork and writing, drawing, machine sewing, gift making, visiting, dreaming and planning. But spring is for action! "Faith and works are twins."

By that time the broom had gone through the paper in several places, but I was sure the holes could be smoothed out and would dry in fair condition. Somebody had told me so. So away we went again.

Same old story. Crazy, wildly, here, there, everywhere. It simply had to work this time.

My frantic scurrying wobbled the board and I felt it slipping off the edge of the sawhorse. I decided to save my own neck, so I leaped to safety and yelled a warning to my husband. Too late! Over went the plank. There, under 7½ feet of gooey paper was a man with

(Continued on page 20)

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

When Frank came in for lunch today he said we had three new baby calves, so we are glad that right now we are having a spell of nice weather with the temperatures higher than normal. This will give the babies a chance to get well started before we have another cold snap, which is bound to happen at this time of year.

We really haven't had a severe winter this year, at least not as bad as most Iowa winters have been in the past, but there has been a lot of sickness, with many schools closed because of absenteeism due to the influenza. I think what we all need is a lot of sunshine and dry weather.

I was telling you about our trip to Kalona, Iowa, in my last letter when I ran out of space, so I will pick up when I left off and finish it this month.

A blacksmith shop was our next stop, where the blacksmith was working on a broken buggy wheel. He had been expecting us, and had hoped he would have a horse or two in being shod, but he didn't, so he talked to us about how much buggies cost and places in the East where they are still made. He showed us step by step how he makes a buggy wheel, and the cost. It was all very interesting.

Our next stop was the Eastern Iowa Cutting Room. When I saw this on the agenda I wondered what in the world a "cutting room" could be, and was anxious to find out. It is a work room sponsored by the area Mennonite churches, where their project is preparing garments for relief work. They don't do any of the sewing here, but as many as 1500 items per day can be cut to pattern to be sewed later by church women groups. They weren't working that day, but there were two women present to demonstrate for us how they cut the fabrics, many layers at a time, with an electric cutter. After they are cut, they are packaged and labeled as to garment and size, then put on shelves ready to be sent out. They had little dresses and pajamas made up and on display so we could see what they were like. Under the supervision of the Mennonite Central Committee, the garments go to Hong Kong, the Congo, Jordan, Korea, Viet Nam, Appalachia, and Arizona. Along one wall there were many bolts of fabrics for



This picture of the club was taken in front of the Country Store on the grounds of the Historical Village with guides, Sally Kern and Ellen Reber.

anyone who was interested in buying some for their own use.

Kalona's newest endeavor is a Historical Village. It all started in 1970 as a community project to have the town's old railroad depot preserved as a railroad museum, and in the process the Kalona Historical Society was created. They acquired land for the village (part of it was donated to them), and the depot was the first building moved to this site. It is now completely furnished, including mannequins dressed as a conductor and station agent. The second floor is completely furnished, in the period of the times, as the living quarters for the station agent.

The Wahl Museum has been built and is filling up fast with valuable antiques — dishes, clothing, furniture, household equipment, farm tools, and many other articles from the past. Another lovely building which has been erected is the Iowa Mennonite Historical Society Museum and Archives. Three other buildings which have been moved to the grounds and are in the process of being restored are the Figgins Log Cabin, a Country School which was used as early as 1870, and the Kempfstown Store, which served the Amish community from about 1890 to 1895. It was run by twin brothers, Menno and Milo Kempf.

I bought a copy of the Kalona Historical Village Cook Book, the proceeds of which go to the Historical Society, and in the front of it was a quotation. I don't know whose words these are, but I like it very much. "A people who have not the pride to record their history will not long have the virtues to make history worth recording; and no people who are indifferent to their past need hope to make their future great."

While the rest of our group went down town to visit Reifs Department Store, which has served Kalona for ninety some years, I drove out to visit for a few minutes with Marge Gingerich, her

father and sister, and to thank her personally for writing to us about Kalona and the tour. We all thought we had a wonderful time and enjoyed every minute of the day.

We left Kalona about 4:00 and drove on to Iowa City, where we spent the night at the Holiday Inn. Angie Conrad, one of our club members, has a sister who lives at Columbus Junction, not far from Iowa City, and she and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hedemann, came to the motel to visit and went to eat with us at the Purple Cow, a restaurant on the highway not too far from where we were staying. It was a family-type place, and the food was very good. After our big meal at noon no one was very hungry, so most of us settled for sandwiches and dessert.

When we got back from eating I called my cousin Gretchen Harshbarger, and she and her husband Clay drove over to have a visit with me. It was a beautiful fall evening, just cool enough that a light wrap felt comfortable, so we sat outside by the swimming pool and had a good time catching each other up on family news.

The next morning, after breakfast at the Inn, we headed for Amana, where our first stop was the woolen mill. I had been in Amana only once before and that was many years ago, and although I went through the mill then, the machines were idle. This time everything was in full operation and I found it fascinating to watch the beautiful plaid woolen material being woven. The noise was so terrific though, you wonder how people can stand to work in the midst of it all day long. I would imagine they wear some kind of ear plugs for protection. The display and sales room has been enlarged a great deal since I saw it before, and now, besides tables and tables of fabrics, they also sell clothing.

We stopped next at the furniture factory, and this building had really changed since I had seen it. Their showrooms have been enlarged, also, and their beautiful hand-crafted furniture is handsomely displayed in several different rooms. You can also go into the factory part and from the balcony watch these craftsmen at work.

We visited the meat market, where one of our Kitchen-Klatter friends from Owatonna, Minnesota, recognized me and came over to speak. We made one more stop, at the General Store, before we had a good dinner at Ronnenberg's. By now everyone was ready to start home, and we thought our trip was so successful that we began thinking about another trip somewhere in the fall of this year.

I must dash if this is to go out in the mail tonight, so until next month . . .

Dorothy

"THE PRESENT IS ALL THOU HAST"

by

Donna Ashworth Thompson

When I was a little girl we had a leather sofa pillow with a deep fringe around it. Burned on the center of the pillow was a verse. The author I do not know, but that verse is burned on the pillow. I looked at it day after day and I have never forgotten it. It reads like this:

"Don't worry about the future;
The present is all thou hast.
The future will soon be present,
And the present will soon be past."

Whenever I start to worry about the future, that verse comes back to me with startling clarity, and I try to get busy right then, living in the present. I have today in my hands. It is here and I must live it the best I can.

Many people are so busy worrying about the future that they never enjoy the present. The dictionary says "Worry means to feel or express great care and anxiety." And these people are feeling great anxiety about the future. All the time they are thinking about what the tomorrow will bring. Will they have enough money? What is going to happen to them? Fortunately, or unfortunately, we do not know what is going to happen to us.

People are advised to save for a home, for a college education for their children and to have a nest egg in reserve for unforeseen events. That is good advice. But don't put all those nest eggs in a future basket and have nothing left for today.

This not only applies to money, but to time and energy as well. It is not good to spend all of the available hours of a day working, with no time for friends, family or recreation, trying to get ready for tomorrow. When we do this, we are giving up so much of our lives that we cannot have returned to us. We should constantly remind ourselves that we can save for tomorrow and at the same time spend something in living today. It is folly to do without everything that makes life pleasant and deny ourselves that which we can enjoy, to close our eyes to all the beauty and wonder about us, because tomorrow we may not have enough.

Tomorrow, too, we may not be able to see the beauty around us, the loveliness of the flowers, the gloriousness of the sunrise, the blue of the sky with floating white clouds, and the faces of friends. Tomorrow we may not be able to hear the songs of the birds, the wind in the trees, the wonderful music on television and the voices of those we love. Tomorrow our friends may be gone and our energies depleted. We all



How happy our mother, Leanna Driftmier, is to have warmer days after being shut in all winter. It means she can resume attending meetings and enjoying some rides.

know this. It is no secret. But in constantly worrying and fretting about it, too often we forget to enjoy to the fullest those things which we have today.

I went on a trip not long ago and there was one woman in the party who was constantly making notes. All she did was sit on the bus and take notes about what the guide was saying about the historic past of the country through which we were passing. She did not look out of the window and see the beautiful countryside, the cattle in the fields, the houses, buildings and the charm of the towns. When she returned home she was going to make speeches about the tour to civic clubs and organizations of various kinds. On a tomorrow she was going to tell all about the tour and give the information the guide had handed out. But she saw nothing of the real beauty about her in the present. She was too busy thinking about tomorrow. I thought of how much she missed, how much we all miss when we lose sight of the now.

The same thing applies to the past. Our past has made us what we are. Our memories are very close and very dear to us. But we should not look back all the time and wish for the things which are no more. We cannot bring back our loved ones who are gone, but they can live in our memories. Most of us cannot always live in the places we especially loved, and it only makes for unhappiness to keep looking back and wishing things were different. They aren't different. They will only be different as we make them that way. And tomorrow we may be looking back and wishing we had done differently today.

So tomorrow is not here. Yesterday is gone. And we are living in the now.

Save for tomorrow — yes. Plan for tomorrow — yes. But don't let it take up all of your life today. Remember, *today is in your hands.*

I listen to people talk and many of them bemoan the mistakes and losses

of yesterday. They are unhappy because the past is gone and are fearful of what the unknown tomorrow may bring forth. They are doing without even small things which will make them happy today because of that dreaded tomorrow which the insurance companies and investment companies warn. They talk so much about the terrible illnesses and accidents that may happen tomorrow that they have made people afraid. No longer do they look forward to the future with anticipation and pleasure, but with fear. Only the very young look ahead with courage.

I don't need a leather pillow with a verse burned on it because the verse is burned in my heart and brain. But I wish that all of those who are fearful of the future had one on their sofa where they could look at it every day, and read:

"Don't worry about the future;
The present is all thou hast.
The future will soon be present,
And the present will soon be past."

Today is here. It is in our hands to do with as we will. Let us make the most of it.



GETTING ACQUAINTED

Take this slip of paper and see how many blanks you can have filled in before the STOP signal is given.

1. Write the name of a person who has the same name or one initial like yours. _____
2. Write the name of a person who can correctly repeat the first ten books of the Old Testament. _____
3. Write the name of a person who has red hair. _____
4. Write the name of a person whose birthday is in the same month as yours. _____
5. Write the name of a person who is wearing something blue. _____
6. Write the name of a person who has a black and white spotted dog. _____
7. Write the name of a person who has been to a Bible camp within the last two years. _____
8. Write the name of a person who does NOT like chocolate sundaes. _____
9. Write the name of a person who has blue eyes. _____
10. Write the name of a person who has a brother or sister that is too young to go to school. _____
11. Write the name of a person who has taken at least one year of algebra or geometry. _____
12. Write the name of a person who has gone to Sunday school for two years without being absent. _____

—Mildred Cathcart

READY -- SET -- GROW

by
Evelyn Birkby

The sun is shining, the grass is turning greener each day, the robins are holding a convention on our front lawn and we are watching for small green sprouts to come out on the raspberry bushes, on the grapes and the first tiny green tips of asparagus to poke through the ground.

Our garden this year really had its beginning last fall. Robert had ordered a garden tiller early last spring hoping it would arrive in time to assist in the summer weeding. Too many other gardeners had the same idea and it was a hot day in the middle of August before the new tiller was unloaded down by the mailbox and triumphantly driven up the lane to the garden.

For days Robert was like a boy with a new toy. He tried out every use for the tiller suggested in the instruction book. By the time the fall gardening was over, Robert was off and running to prepare the soil for this spring's planting. He carted in pick-up loads of natural fertilizer from a friend's nearby horse barn. He begged and helped remove loads of leaves from yards all over Sidney. Both these natural soil builders were worked into the ground with the new tiller.

Two new flowerbeds suddenly took shape, thanks to the easy digging virtues of our efficient tool. A crescent-shaped tulip bed appeared north of the roses and south of the peonies. Another half moon was prepared at the end of the lane near the fruit trees. Here the zinnias, petunias and marigolds will make a bright splash of color against a trio of tiny evergreens.

As soon as the first snow began to fall in late autumn, Robert tucked his tiller away for the winter. Then began an exciting period of daydreaming. Stacks of gardening books began to appear, borrowed from the local libraries. Christmas brought a prize gift: *Wyman's Gardening Encyclopedia*, by Donald Wyman (published by The Macmillan Company, New York, N.Y.), given to Robert by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Birkby.

Soon after the first of the year the seed catalogues began arriving. Every company from coast to coast, it seemed, had our box number on their mailing list! The pile of catalogues grew higher as fruit trees, vegetables, flower and planting guides were added to those already on our bedside table. Robert enjoyed looking at them a little each evening before turning off the light. They surely must have given him pleasant dreams of springtime.

Robert's daydreaming almost got out



Robert Birkby's main hobby is gardening. He thoroughly enjoys coming home from the office, getting on his oldest clothes and digging into the earth. Here he is planting tiny tomato seeds in a new cold frame as the Birkby dog, Attu, keeps him company.
—Photo by Craig Birkby

of hand, what with his tiller as an efficient helper. As he told a friend, "Just when I have my garden all planned, Evelyn cuts it down to the size she thinks she can handle in the kitchen." Which is, I keep assuring him, a very practical part of gardening decisions in any home.

In February the pruning began, starting with the tall poplar trees. The straightest and strongest limbs which were cut off were trimmed and saved to use later as bean poles. Kentucky Wonders and New Golden Wax beans will (we hope!) grow well on these supports.

Grapevines were pruned next, and the ragged, twisted branches which had been broken during last winter's ice storm were trimmed and the cut stumps on the trees painted to prevent "bleeding". Four new apple trees and two peach trees are on the list to be put out soon to replace the severely damaged trees.

One very warm, sunny day the middle of February, Robert mixed up the dormant spray and went over the berry bushes, the grapevines and fruit trees. About the same time the flats were put together, layered with fine soil and planted with cauliflower, cabbage and lettuce seeds. Each succeeding week saw more seeds going into the flats. Eventually, when the first true leaves showed on the tiny stems, the plants were set in their own individual peat pots and placed in the cold frames outside.

Even though Good Friday, with its proverbial signal to plant potatoes, does not arrive until April 12th, some of our Kennebecs went into the ground the third week in March. A "gambling" row of beans went in at the same time,

and the first of the onion sets.

We have never grown sweet potatoes, so that is one of the new crops planned for this season. Another is soybeans — strong on protein, easy to cook and good for freezing and canning. Also on the experimental list are green limas and the little peas in edible pods. Shallots are recommended and supposed to be easy to grow and maybe a hill or two of spaghetti squash will be added.

Hopefully our herb garden will produce more than in years past. Sage and dill have done very well — the dill seems to reseed itself from year to year and the sage comes up from the strong root system which lives through the winter. Although most sources say mint is easy to grow, we've tried several times and cannot get a stand. We had good luck one year with coriander; it is great to add to salads and stews when green and to use as seasoning when the seeds form. I'm encouraging the head gardener to plant it again this year.

Every season we learn something more about growing gardens. Last year Robert plowed under a stand of fine green rye he had planted in the fall to use as a green manure crop. When the corn seeds he planted in the prepared ground did not do well, he discovered that he had not given the rye time to completely decompose. Tiny insects, which help break down the grasses in the soil, also enjoy nibbling on the seed corn. Now we know to allow more time to elapse between the plowing under of grasses and the planting of new seeds.

At one time I thought Robert was born one hundred years too late, that

(Continued on page 23)

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

PINK HAWAIIAN SALAD

- 1 13-oz. can crushed pineapple (do not drain)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. grape gelatin
- 16 large marshmallows
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1 envelope topping mix

In a saucepan combine the pineapple, flavoring, gelatin and marshmallows and heat until all is melted. Set aside to cool thoroughly. Combine the cream cheese and milk and blend until smooth. Prepare the topping mix according to package directions and add to the cheese. Fold the cheese mixture into the gelatin mixture and pour into a salad mold. Chill until firm. —Dorothy

MOCK COCONUT MACAROONS

- 1 1/3 cups buttermilk biscuit mix
- 1 1/4 cups instant potato flakes
- 1 stick margarine, melted
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Combine all ingredients. When well mixed, chill at least 1 hour. Shape into small balls and place on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees about 8 to 10 minutes or until lightly browned around the edges. Let cool on cookie sheet. Lift carefully to remove.

These are exceptionally good and really do taste like coconut macaroons without one bit of real coconut added. Even the texture resembles the original macaroon. They are crisp and crunchy, and yet moist. A good keeper. The dough may be refrigerated several hours or overnight if desired. Do not fool around with this recipe — make it just as it is for a truly delicious cookie.

(Note: the biscuit mix may be purchased in the 5 1/2-oz. pkg. and the potato flakes in the 2-oz. pkg. to make exactly the amount as measured for a single batch of coconut macaroons.)

—Evelyn

MOTHER'S SAUCE FOR SEAFOOD

- 8 Tbls. tomato catsup
 - 2 Tbls. vinegar
 - 1 1/2 Tbls. horseradish
 - 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 - 1/4 tsp. black pepper
 - 2 drops Tabasco sauce
- Combine ingredients and chill thoroughly.

ITALIAN SKILLET BEEF

- 1/4 cup onion, diced
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 8-oz. can spaghetti sauce
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. oregano
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup carrots, diced
- 1 cup zucchini, diced
- 1 cup green beans

Brown onion and ground beef in a little hot shortening. Add remaining ingredients. Simmer, covered, until vegetables are tender. Excellent served with garlic bread, cooked spaghetti or broad noodles, and a tossed salad with Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing.

This is a fine recipe to use the frozen vegetables from your freezer. The mixed frozen vegetables would also do nicely.

—Evelyn

BISCUIT TEA RING

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 Tbls. granulated sugar
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 2/3 cup milk (more or less as needed)
- 2 Tbls. butter, softened
- 1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds

Sift flour with granulated sugar, baking powder, salt and cinnamon. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles coarse meal. Gradually add milk, stirring just until all flour is moistened. Turn out on lightly floured board and roll out or pat into a 7- by 16-inch rectangle, about 1/4 inch thick.

Combine butter, brown sugar and flavoring; mix well. Spread mixture on dough. Sprinkle with almonds and roll as for jelly roll. Moisten edge with water and seal. Place on greased baking sheet, sealed side down, forming a circle or semicircle. Join ends and seal. Cut with sharp knife or scissors two-thirds through ring at 1-inch intervals. Twist each cut section on its side. Bake at 425 degrees 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown. If desired, spread with powdered sugar glaze or sprinkle with powdered sugar. Serve warm. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

—Margery

RED RASPBERRY BAVARIAN DESSERT

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. red raspberry gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 1 cup cold water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen red raspberries
- 1 10-inch angel food cake
- 2 cups whipping cream
- 1 cup raspberry juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 tsp. softened butter

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water. Add the cold water and 1/4 tsp. raspberry flavoring. Chill until slightly thickened. Beat until light and fluffy. Drain the berries and reserve the juice. Whip the cream. Fold the cream and the berries into the gelatin. Tear the cake into bite-sized pieces. In a 2- by 9- by 15-inch pan, alternate layers of cake and gelatin mix. Chill until firm. Make a glaze by blending your last four ingredients together and cook until clear. You may add a few drops of red food coloring to this if you want the color to be a little redder. Drizzle this over the cake mixture and return to the refrigerator until ready to serve.

—Dorothy

ORANGE CAKE

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 1/4 cups sour cream
- Grated rind of 1 orange
- 1 cup chopped walnuts

Preheat oven to moderate (350 degrees). Cream butter with sugar until pale and fluffy. Beat in egg yolks, one at a time. Add Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring, blending gently. Sift together flour, baking powder, and baking soda. Add dry ingredients to batter, alternating with sour cream, beginning and ending with dry ingredients and mixing until smooth. Stir in grated orange rind and chopped walnuts. Beat until stiff the 3 egg whites and fold this into the batter. Pour batter into a greased 9-inch tube pan. Bake for 50 minutes or until cake tests done.

Topping

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Combine sugar, orange juice and flavoring. Pour over hot cake while it is in pan. Allow cake to cool before removing from pan.

—Mary Beth

BREAST OF CHICKEN KIEV

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. chopped parsley
- 6 chicken breasts
- Flour, salt and pepper
- 1 beaten egg
- Fine bread crumbs

Soften butter or margarine and blend in the parsley. Shape into 6 rolls, about 2 1/3 inches long. Chill until firm. Have chicken breasts boned, leaving half of upper wing bone on. Pound out meat to flatten. Place a butter roll in each breast and fold meat over to cover completely. Chill thoroughly. Flour, salt, and pepper breasts; then dip first in lightly beaten egg; then in fine bread crumbs. Brown on both sides in about 1/2 inch of hot shortening. Place in baking pan and bake in 350-degree oven for 20 minutes.

—Margery

ELEGANT CAULIFLOWER

- 1 head cauliflower
- 1 can frozen shrimp bisque (or canned cream of shrimp soup)
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup cheese, grated

Cook cauliflower head in boiling salted water until tender. Combine shrimp bisque (or shrimp soup) with dressing and flavoring. Heat, stirring, until bubbling hot. Place cauliflower in serving dish — or casserole — pour hot soup mixture over top and sprinkle on grated cheese. Serve immediately, or keep hot in the oven until serving time.

—Evelyn

HONEY-OATMEAL COOKIES

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 Tbls. liquid shortening
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup honey
- 1 egg
- 1 Tbls. water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/2 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1 1/2 cups uncooked rolled oats
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped (optional)

Combine shortenings, sugar, honey, egg, water and flavorings. Beat well. Sift dry ingredients together and add. Stir in remaining ingredients. Chill several hours. Drop by teaspoon on greased cookie sheet. Bake 12 minutes at 350 degrees — or until golden brown. Remove from sheet and cool on rack or towel. Makes about 3 dozen cookies.

This is a small recipe, just right for one person. If a larger amount is desired the recipe can easily be doubled.

—Evelyn

CLUB LUNCHEON CASSEROLE

- 1 8-oz. pkg. broad egg noodles
- 3 qts. boiling water
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1/2 cup chicken fat
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 4 1/2 cups chicken broth
- Salt and pepper
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen peas
- 6 cups cubed cooked chicken
- 1 3-oz. can chow mein noodles
- 1/2 cup toasted slivered almonds

Cook the noodles in the boiling salted water for five minutes. Drain. Blend the chicken fat, flour and cold water together and add to the chicken broth, and cook, stirring, 3 to 4 minutes. Salt and pepper to taste. Pour boiling water over the peas to separate them, and drain. Arrange cooked noodles, peas, chicken and gravy in layers in a greased 9- by 13-inch baking dish. This can be made up the day before and refrigerated overnight. Bake in a 375-degree oven about 45 minutes. You can figure a little less time if it has not been refrigerated. Before serving, sprinkle the chow mein noodles over the top, and the toasted slivered almonds.

When I made this I cooked the chickens ahead of time so I could chill the broth. The fat came to the top and was easy to scrape off and measure.

—Dorothy

APRICOT BARS

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2/3 cup dried apricots
- 2 to 3 Tbls. water
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/3 cup sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Combine butter or margarine, sugar, 1 cup flour and butter flavoring. Pat into a greased 8-inch square pan. Bake 25 minutes at 350 degrees. While this is baking, combine apricots and water and simmer until soft. (Add a bit more water if needed, but use as little as possible.) Beat eggs and combine with brown sugar, 1/3 cup flour, baking powder and salt. When blended and beaten smooth, add remaining flavorings and apricots. Spread on top of baked crust. Nuts may be sprinkled over the top if desired. Bake in 350-degree oven until golden on top, about 25 minutes. Remove from oven and cut in squares while warm. Sprinkle the top with powdered sugar.

DELICIOUS ORANGE SALAD MOLD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. regular orange tapioca pudding
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup milk
- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 envelope topping mix
- 1 11-oz. can mandarin oranges, drained
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Combine the pudding, flavoring and milk in a saucepan and slowly bring to a boil. Remove from heat and add the gelatin while it is still hot. Add the hot water. Cool. Prepare the topping mix according to the package directions. Fold into the pudding mixture. Fold in the drained oranges and nuts. Pour into a mold and chill.

—Dorothy

SWISS GREEN BEANS

- 2 Tbls. margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. minced onion
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 3 cups cut green beans, cooked and drained

1 cup Special K cereal
1 cup grated process Swiss cheese
Melt the margarine in a saucepan over low heat. Stir in the flour, salt, pepper, sugar and onion. Add the sour cream and stir until smooth. Cook until the sauce is bubbly and thickened, stirring constantly. Fold in the green beans. Turn into a greased baking dish. Lightly toss together the Special K and grated cheese. Sprinkle over the beans. Bake in a 350-degree oven approximately 20 minutes.

—Dorothy

HOMINY GRITS CASSEROLE

- 1 1/2 cups quick-cooking hominy grits
- 6 cups water
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 lb. soft processed cheese, cubed
- 1 stick butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

11 drops Tabasco sauce
4 small (or 3 large) eggs
Cook hominy grits in boiling salted water about 5 minutes, or until thick and cooked through. Remove from fire. Stir in cheese, butter or margarine, flavoring and Tabasco sauce. Stir to melt. Cool a bit. Beat eggs lightly with a fork or whisk and then stir into grit mixture. Spoon into 2 greased loaf pans or 1 large casserole. Bake at 350 degrees, 30 minutes for the loaf pans, 45 to 50 minutes for the larger casserole. This becomes firm and a golden brown on top. It is an excellent main dish for a meatless meal. Can also be substituted for potatoes.

—Evelyn

LIVER AND APPLES

- 1 lb. liver, sliced
- 2 Tbls. cooking oil
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup apple juice
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 2 apples, sliced
- 2 tsp. sugar

Scald liver in boiling water for 2 or 3 minutes. Drain. Rinse in cold water and pat dry on paper towels. Dredge in flour. Combine cooking oil and butter flavoring in skillet. Heat. Brown liver

on both sides. Add apple juice and salt. Simmer, covered, until almost done. Add apples and sugar. Cover and continue simmering until liver is completely done and apples are tender. Stir occasionally. Add a little more apple juice if needed. Serve hot with cooked rice for a fine main dish. —Evelyn

CURRIED BEAN SPROUT SALAD

- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 tsp. soy sauce
- 1 tsp. curry powder
- 1 can mixed Chinese vegetables
- 1/4 cup slivered green pepper
- 1/2 cup pineapple chunks

Thoroughly mix the mayonnaise, soy sauce and curry powder. Pour over the vegetables and pineapple and toss until completely coated. Line the serving bowl with lettuce and spoon in the vegetable mixture, or serve in lettuce cups. For additional crunchiness sprinkle with toasted almonds, if desired. Serves six. —Mae Driftmier

BLACK BOTTOM PEANUT BUTTER PIE**Crust**

- 2/3 cup instant cocoa mix
- 2/3 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine, melted

Chocolate Layer

- 1/2 cup instant cocoa mix
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. unflavored gelatin
- 1/3 cup milk
- 3 Tbls. light corn syrup
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Chiffon Layer

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
 - 1/3 cup sugar
 - 1 2/3 cups milk
 - 2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
 - 1/3 cup creamy peanut butter
 - 3 egg whites
 - 1/4 cup sugar
 - 1 cup frozen whipped topping, thawed
- To make crust: Thoroughly combine ingredients in 9-inch pan; press firmly against bottom and sides. Bake at 350 degrees 8 minutes. Cool.

For chocolate layer, combine instant cocoa mix, sugar and gelatin in saucepan; blend in milk, corn syrup, egg and butter. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture just begins to boil. Remove from heat; add flavorings. Pour into baked pie shell; cool completely. Chill.

Make chiffon layer by combining gelatin and sugar in saucepan; blend in milk and egg yolks. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture

coats a spoon. Remove from heat; blend in peanut butter with wire whisk or rotary beater. Cook, stirring occasionally, until mixture mounds from spoon. Beat egg whites until frothy in small mixer bowl; gradually add 1/4 cup sugar. Beat until stiff peaks form. Carefully fold in peanut butter mixture; fold in whipped topping. Spoon over chocolate layer. Chill about 4 hours. Garnish with salted peanuts, if desired. —Lucile

PINEAPPLE TORTE

- 1 9-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 24 crushed graham crackers
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Combine contents of can of crushed pineapple, 1/2 cup sugar and water. Cook until sugar is dissolved. Remove from heat and cool. Cream shortening and 3/4 cup sugar. Add egg yolks and baking powder. Stir in cooled pineapple mixture and crushed graham crackers. Lastly, fold in nuts, flavoring and stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into greased 8- by 12-inch baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes. Cut into squares and serve with topping of whipped cream, or whipped topping. Garnish with cherry or nut.

SAVORY BEEF STEW

- 2 lbs. stewing beef, cut in cubes
- 1/4 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 beef bouillon cube
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 1 #303 can tomatoes
- 3 Tbls. quick-cooking tapioca
- 1/4 tsp. minced garlic
- 1 Tbls. parsley flakes
- 2 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 bay leaf
- 6 to 8 carrots, pared and cut in pieces
- 3 medium potatoes, pared and cut in quarters
- 1 cup sliced celery

Brown the beef in the shortening in a large skillet. Dissolve the bouillon cube in the water. Add this to the beef along with the onion, tomatoes, tapioca, garlic, parsley, salt, pepper and bay leaf. Bring the mixture to a boil. Pour into a Dutch oven (or a covered casserole) and cover. Bake in a 350-degree oven for one hour and 30 minutes. Add the carrots, potatoes and celery and continue baking, covered, for another hour or until the vegetables are tender. —Dorothy



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SCHOOL CLOSINGS AND GAS SHORTAGES AFFECT MARY BETH AND DONALD

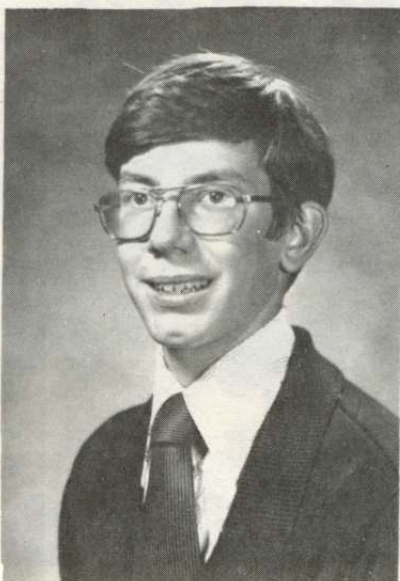
Dear Friends:

My homework is done for the evening so I shall gather my frayed bits of nerve endings together for one final accomplishment. I usually have a great many more papers to grade, but today the children were working on grammar papers in class, so I graded them as they went along lest they go on committing errors.

Donald had occasion to bring a young parent into my classroom last week, and as they were sitting there the children were putting their sentences that they had just completed onto the board. I give them their spelling words in sentence form, which I dictate to them, using both their assigned words from the evening before and any phonetic word which they should be able to apply their rules to — considering that all except one of them have had two years of phonic lessons. In order to demonstrate why they could punctuate these sentences, I ask each child what classification of sentence each one is. They very easily but with great dignity examined the sentence quietly and then replied that it was either declarative, imperative, interrogative, or exclamatory. They simply delight in performing for guests, and this day was no exception. This gentleman was properly impressed.

I mention all of this trivia to you because a great many of you write me about books which I mention that I use, but which all too often I fail to name. So this time I want to share with any of you who are teachers and and mothers who teach at home, as I did before my children toddled off to school, the name of this charming grammar book which is intended for any child who can read. It is a self-teaching English grammar book and puts it so delightfully that it should be put into every little child's hands. The book's name is *Grammar Can Be Fun*, by Munro Leaf, Library of Congress Card Number 34-29533, published by Lippincott Company. This book does not get down to the classification of kinds of sentences, but does hit the basics, including saying "yes" rather than "yeah".

Since I wrote you last we have had several interruptions in our school schedule. First the building in which I teach was so cleaned out by the Victorian strain of flu that the headmaster finally cancelled school for two days. Several of the teachers were ill, not bad enough for them to stay home, but the classes were absolutely empty. The following week we reopened, and within one day the Upper School and College Prep School were forced to



Paul Driftmier, Donald's and Mary Beth's middle child, celebrated his sixteenth birthday in March.

close; this time for three days. This did not affect me, however, so for three terrible days I had to drive into Brookfield to school in simply wretched weather. Let me add as an aside that while I usually buff my nails while riding to school each morning, I have not given much notice to the trials of driving in traffic. However, I wish to report that I am not impressed with the general courtesy of John Q. Public in his automobile at 7:30 in the morning enroute to work. I gladly and willingly returned the task of driving each morning to Don when his building reopened the next week. But it was not for long!

What started out as a gentle snowfall continued on into the night and the very next week we were out of school again, housebound in a blizzard which appeared beautiful to me, but was expensive from the taxpayer's viewpoint. It cost \$650,000 for just removal of the snow.

This was an extraordinary twist of events to be out of school for so long, and it has presented us on the teaching side with a distinct problem. Having lost this much time, we are hard pressed to finish our self-set goals for end-of-the-year material covered. After much consideration they have decided to extend the school year in June by a week, with the hope that we will recapture some precious minutes. I do not expect the children will look too kindly upon this prospect, but the school felt they had an obligation to the parents to fulfill a contract which we all entered into, and as all of these parents are tuition-paying customers, they are entitled to their dollar's worth regardless of the tricks of the weather. It will be a real challenge to see if we

can compete with the warm sunshine and songs of the birds come that second week in June.

I wonder as I write what the coming weeks will bring in the way of difficulties in getting to school. I mentioned last month that we were planning our trips and making fewer of them, and it is a good thing we had ourselves mentally switched into the lines of thinking "gas saving". Now we find the gasoline picture one of closed stations, and our not just conserving gasoline, but saving it for getting to school. The end of each month becomes a real exercise in mileage budgeting, so there are no more trips into school for a play or basketball game. There is now talk of re-establishing the commuter train which runs from near Madison to downtown Milwaukee and goes directly through the little village of Brookfield. So, I guess, if things get terribly tight, we will be riding the train to school. It might be a relief to Donald, but it surely would be a severe shock to our time schedule: I don't know when a train would go through nearby Nashotah but it certainly would not wait, as our patient father-driver does, on all too many occasions.

I've written rather too much about school and not told you much about the family this month. Adrienne and Paul are fine. Adrienne escaped the flu entirely. Paul had a five-day siege but not of the intensity of the children who were absent two weeks. Don had a touch of the bug for two days when we were home for the snowstorm. And I did not get it at all. Since when are mothers allowed to get sick? While we were home I had a full day of cooking all the things I haven't ordinarily time for. I wrote letters to people who had been on my letter list for years, I believe. And at that I didn't get all of my letters written. I have delegated some of the family letters to Don, but he procrastinates worse than I do.

Katharine writes that she is deeply involved with her differential calculus and loves math more every week. This pleases her father, needless to say. It astounds me, because I get the feeling in retrospect that my father got me through high school math, and I must have magically passed lightly over my college statistics course. Math isn't too clear to me, except I do understand my checkbook balance, but that is about the top of my comprehension. So I'm impressed with my children's affinity for things mathematical.

By next month we should have spring, let us hope,

Mary Beth



LET THERE BE LIFE

Though the rituals of Easter are rooted in religious traditions, many of the holiday symbols originated with ancient customs. The word Easter itself stems from Eostre, the Anglo-Saxon goddess of spring.

The spring season was celebrated by the ancient Egyptians and Persians who used the egg symbol as a sign of renewed life and fertility. During the spring festival, they colored the eggs just as do the children of today.

Like the Easter egg, the Easter rabbit also stems from the ancient Egyptians. Since the hare is born with its eyes open and since it usually prefers night to seek its food, the Egyptians found a parallel between the rabbit and the moon, for both were the "open-eyed watchers of the sky".

The lamb, symbolizing the flock of Christ, concerns the first Passover when the Angel of Death did not visit the homes of the Jews, for they had been instructed by Moses to sprinkle the blood of the Passover lamb on the lintels of their doors. Hence, the Jews lived while the children of Egypt were taken by the Angel of Death.

With the advent of spring and renewed life, the ancients declared misfortune on those not wearing some new item of adornment. Easter, then, is a time for new clothing, particularly milady's hat.

And there must be flowers, for the Puritans decorated their churches with many flowers, particularly lilies.

So have we built on the religious and historical customs of the past to herald renewed life with the coming of spring as well as renewed life with the Resurrection.

Find peace in the satisfaction that you are you.

Believe in the promise of tomorrow, but live this day to its fullest.

EASTER STRESSES HOPE

Unused, unspoiled, untouched is tomorrow. And though many put off today what they think they will do tomorrow, the day remains, waiting. It waits for you to command.

Command it, then. But plan for it. Think of its possibilities. Yesterday ended last night; today ends tonight. Why let past troubles ruin tomorrow?

That tomorrow is perfect. No one has yet lied or robbed or murdered. Accidents have not happened; no tears have been shed; friend has not dealt treacherously with friend; the battlefields of the world have not tasted a single soldier's blood.

It's a good day.

And if you have faith in yourself and those about you, it will remain a good day with another tomorrow to follow.

That is the promise of Easter: the hope for a better tomorrow.

Hope, then. But help, too. Plan for that better tomorrow . . . today.

THE COLORING OF EGGS AT EASTER TIME

by
Helene B. Dillon

On the third day after his crucifixion Christ arose from the tomb. We observe Easter to celebrate His resurrection, and Mother Nature awakens from her long sleep to rejoice with us. Easter is a time of hope, of faith, of love.

When we think of Easter we think of the custom of coloring eggs, which seems to be as old as the use of the egg as a symbol. Many beautiful legends are told regarding this custom of coloring eggs. I like to think this one is true:

"Near the Cross on Calvary, in a sheltered place, a mother bird sat

brooding on her nest, and the scene of sorrow and cruelty so wounded her tender heart that she grieved and mourned and, after awhile, left her nest and flew from the scene of pain and wickedness and they who looked into the nest found the eggs colored with drops of blood, as if from the mother's heart."

In Italy, eggs are carried to the church to be blessed and then taken and set out with the flowers on the table. Every visitor during Easter week is invited to eat an Easter egg.

It is said the Persians give eggs at the feast of the vernal equinox in honor of the renewal of all things. In early times, tender blades of wheat which at this season were just beginning to show, were used for coloring. A handful of wheat blades thrown into a pot with the eggs would color the eggs a dark, beautiful green. Soon after, colors were obtained by steeping leaves from the mulberry tree.

Easter is a day of deep religious significance, a believing in the rebirth of all things.

APRIL DAY

Take a dozen little clouds and a patch of blue,
Take a million raindrops, as many sunbeams, too,
Take a host of violets, a wandering little breeze,
And myriads of little leaves dancing on the trees —
Then put them all together in the very quickest way:
Clouds and sunshine, buds and flowers,
And you'll have an April day.

—Anonymous

SPRING CALL

The winds of winter now are hushed and still,
The sleeping woods have wakened . . . it is Spring
And feathered choirs rehearse their caroling.
The thawing streams of crystal purl and spill
Their liquid notes and trickle down the hill.
The fragrant breezes blow and trees now fling
A shower of petals; butterflies take wing
Above the beds of golden daffodil.
The tulip cups are gemmed with heads of dew,
And lilies in the garden sway and nod.
The hyacinths display their pastel blue
Where yesterday my eager feet had trod.
Yes Spring is here for sure both near and far,
Proclaiming Him who fashioned bud and star. —Delphia Myrl Stubbs



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

National Library Week is the week of April 21. The purpose continues to be the same as other years: to create a better-read, better-informed America by encouraging lifetime reading habits and stimulating greater library use.

David Grayson has written interesting thoughts on books:

"There must be surprise in the books that I keep in the worn case at my elbow, the surprise of a new personality perceiving for the first time the beauty, the wonder, the humor, the tragedy, the greatness of truth. It doesn't matter at all whether the writer is a poet, a scientist, a traveller, an essayist, or a mere daily space-maker, if he have the God-given grace of wonder."

Seasons (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$14.95) by Hal Borland is a continuing series of essays of one countryman's findings, the story of life on earth. Mr. Borland has been setting down progress reports for years in books and editorials, including *Beyond Your Doorstep* and *Sundial of the Seasons*.

So *Seasons* is another installment. Mr. Borland writes, "That is why I have spent so much time interviewing trees, in a manner of speaking, investigating swamps and woodlands, attending conventions of crows and grackles, gathering statistics from milkweed pods, goldenrod flowers and snowflakes, being on hand for sunrises, thunderstorms, and Harvest Moons." As to the season, spring, Mr. Borland says it needs no documentation; if he didn't believe in spring he would have to wipe the slate clean and say he didn't believe in life.

The reader will be enchanted with the pictures by outdoor photographer Les Line, editor of *Audubon* magazine, and they complement the text. *Seasons* is a beautiful book, both in words and pictures, and would make an appropriate gift to your library or a nature-lover friend.

Helen Hoover's latest book is *The Years of the Forest* (Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher, \$6.95). She has previously written *The Gift of the Deer* and *A Place in the Woods*. Mrs. Hoover and her husband gave up the comforts of city life and made a home for themselves in a remote cabin in the Minnesota woods. The reader experiences the joys and challenges of wilderness



These are the shelves that replaced the windows in Juliana's and Jed's living room. This was taken from the living room side and looks into the new library. As you can see, the new shelves give her room for house plants and Indian objects that she's picked up through the years.

living, far from the services that city people take for granted. Their keen observation for living creatures gives the book a special meaning. *The Years of the Forest* teaches as it entertains the reader.

A Nickel's Worth of Skim Milk (Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, Illinois, \$4.95) by Robert J. Hastings is a book of nostalgic memories of life in a small town in Illinois during the Depression years, as experienced by a small boy whose father was a miner until he lost his job. The times were hard and money was scarce, but families and neighbors shared hardships and simple pleasures, church and school, fishing, the county fair, the lettuce patch, and birth and death. Although the town mentioned is Marion, Illinois, it could well be other small towns and communities during those years of Depression.

Dr. Hastings became a minister and is now director of the Office of Communications of the Illinois Baptist State Association. In *A Nickel's Worth of Skim Milk* he has written, "Successful living involves an attitude, a spirit, a set of values — whatever you want to call it. Each person must find meaning in life as he copes with the unique problems of his generation. We cannot artificially impose yesterday's problems on today's society and expect instant happiness.

"What a youngster's feet touch as he jumps out of bed — cold linoleum or warm carpeting — does not necessarily mark his destiny. What counts is the kind of person who walks across these floors. We must never forget this. Because what we are and who we are is far more than what we eat or where we live or what we wear."

Makes sense, doesn't it?



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When the sun goes down behind the high hills west of Albuquerque, Katharine and James Lowey run to get logs for the fireplace to take the chill out of the evening hours. People who have fireplaces are using them more than ever to save on fuel during the energy shortage. Juliana and Jed, the children's parents, have appreciated their fireplace more than ever.



Do This in Remembrance

A SACRIFICIAL MEAL AND WORSHIP SERVICE

by Mabel Nair Brown

Arrange the tables in the shape of a cross and use white tablecloths. The meal is a simple one, using the types of food which may have been served in Bible times. This might include bread, cheese, fresh fruits (as dates and grapes), almonds, rice, and grape juice. This may be put on the table before the meal begins, with the food then being passed quietly about the table. Use white candles in simple holders and serve the meal by candlelight, as the Last Supper was served, no doubt.

The narration may be done by one person or there may be several who read the various Scriptures. Hymns used should be mimeographed onto a sheet which the audience can easily handle at the table. Participants should make careful advance planning so that the meal and program go off smoothly and quietly, and that there is a worshipful attitude throughout.

Call to Worship: ("Be Thou My Vision" played softly as background music for this Call.)

Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting. (Psalms 139: 23-24.)

Leader: May we join in silent prayer that we may have our hearts and ears open to hear God speak to us in this hour. We will then join together in the Lord's prayer.

Silent Prayer and Lord's Prayer:

Hymn: "Be Thou My Vision".

Leader: We are gathered here today for the sharing of this simple meal as we unite our thoughts and prayers for a few moments of meditation. At the close there will be an opportunity for us to share in an offering of the cost of an average lunch. In "remembrance of Him" who gave His all that we might live eternally, let us be in an attitude of prayer and worship, remembering the words of the Psalmist, *Be still and know that I am God*, and of Jesus when He said *Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come to him, and will eat with him, and he with me*. Let us bow for the table grace.

Table Grace:

O God, Thou giver of all good,
Thy children live by daily food
And daily must the prayer be said,
"Give us this day our daily bread."
The life of earth and seed is Thine;
Sun glows, rains fall, by power divine;
Thou art in all; not e'en the powers
By which we toil for bread are ours.
For daily bread we thank Thee, Lord.

(Hostess assigned to each table now starts the meal by passing the dish of food in front of her and asking others to pass food. After singing the next hymn all eat slowly and thoughtfully as the Scriptures and meditations continue.)

Hymn: "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind".

Scripture: The Last Supper — Matthew 26:20-29; John 13:3-20; and 13:36-38; John 14:1-6.

Hymn: "The King of Love My Shepherd Is" or "Unto the Hills I Lift Mine Eyes" or "Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled".

Reading: WAS IT I? WAS IT I?

A brother was sad, lonely, discouraged,
But people passed him by;
Not even a smile or a warm handclasp—
Lord, was it I? Was it I?

A brother was hungry, thirsty and cold,
But people passed him by
Without a glance and hurried on —
Lord, was it I? Was it I?

A brother was tired, lost, and missed
the way,

But people passed him by;
Left him there to die alone —
Lord, was it I? Was it I?

Someone promised to follow in Thy
steps,
Wherever Thy path might lie;
But someone stumbled and fell by the
way —

Lord, was it I? Was it I? —M.N.B.

Scripture: Matthew 26:36-40.

Hymn: "'Tis Midnight and On Olive's Brow", verses 1 and 2.

Scripture: Matthew 26:42; Luke 22: 42-48.

Hymn: "'Tis Midnight and On Olive's Brow", verses 3 and 4.

Leader:

He did not come to judge the world,
He did not come to blame.

He did not only come to seek —
It was to save He came:

And when we call Him Savior,
Then we call Him by His name.

Scripture: The Crucifixion — Luke 23:33-46.

Special Musical Number: "For God So Loved the World" or hymn which might be sung by all: "Were You There?"

Meditation: *For God so loved the world that He gave his only Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have eternal life. If we believe in Him at all, we must believe that every man wants God in his heart*

(Continued on page 22)



Kitchen-Klatter Dressings have that just-right taste! Not too sweet, not too tart. The great combinations of vinegars, oils and spices your family will really go for in a big way.

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APRIL SPRING LURE

She could not sew straight seams
 Across the goods;
 The stitches leaped to match her pulse.
 The woods
 Were calling where a robin played his
 flute,
 And springtime rain
 Has drenched each tender root
 That soon would swell
 And push through wakening sod
 That held imprints
 Where eager feet had trod.
 As stitches flew, her heart went out
 the door
 To follow Spring
 Across an April floor
 Where beauty soon would spill her mys-
 tery —
 A living proof of immortality.

—Delphia Myrl Stubbs



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

Can one grow okra in the northern section of our country? This question comes in often from new gardeners who like to try everything in the seed catalogs. One gardener wrote, "How do you cook okra? I finally got a few pods to set on my plants so I boiled them and got a sticky, gooey mess. No one would eat it. We find chunks of okra in soups that we buy and think it delicious. How should okra be prepared so it is palatable?"

While okra is essentially a crop for warm climates, you can grow it in the north if you start the plants indoors when you sow tomato seed. I have also planted seed in the garden with fair success. In any case do not plant outdoors until danger of frost is past and the soil is reasonably warm. Okra is grown for its immature pods that are used in stews and soups. Perhaps some reader will write in and tell how okra can best be prepared for the table.

"What ever do you do with a paper narcissus that has finished blooming?" asks Anita S. "A friend sent me a bowl of these sweet-smelling plants and I hate to discard her gift. Will the bulbs bloom again?"

Generally, except for tulips, most bulbs such as narcissi have exhausted themselves and are of little value for replanting. However, if you are a "die hard", let the bulbs rest until fall in a cool basement and try them over by planting in rich, moist soil and pre-cooling in the refrigerator for a few weeks. Leave about half of each bulb protrude above the soil line.

We used to relegate the spent bulbs of daffodils and narcissi from the green house (after they had finished flowering) to the compost heap. One of our helpers asked if she could plant some of them in our border just to see what might happen. Lo, and behold, over half of the bulbs bloomed the next spring much to our delight and surprise. Now, when I'm asked what to do with spent bulbs, I hesitate to tell anyone to discard them.

✕ ✕ ✕

USE IT . . . STORE IT . . . SELL
IT . . . GIVE IT . . . OR JUNK IT

At this time of the year there is an innate national desire to clean up, to get everything shipshape for Spring. For a few weeks everyone seems efficiency minded. Statistics tell us that junk accumulates at a rate of 2 lbs. per person per day, or about 58,400,000 tons a year!

If you are one of those (and who isn't?) who has accumulated a pile of assorted "stuff", these five questions may help you during this Spring Sorting Season:

1. USE IT? If it's something you can actually use, that's fine! Is it functionally valuable, or aesthetically beautiful, or is it simply a dust collector and space stealer?

2. STORE IT? If you decide to keep it for future use store it — well marked and protected.

3. SELL IT? If it has commercial value, sell it — (a) to people you know, (b) by ad in local paper, (c) to second-hand or scrap dealer. Better to realize a few dollars now than keep it for 10 years in the attic.

4. GIVE IT? The most satisfying way to dispose of unneeded things is to give them to friends and neighbors who can use them. There are always rummage sales and social agencies that need help.

5. JUNK IT? Don't be afraid to use the trash can as a depository for junk. Better to get rid of in now and make your home safer and healthier.

Remember, one man's junk may be another man's jewel. Profitable collector items not of obvious value are often found in homes. Old books, magazines, newspapers, pictures, furniture, toys, guns, textiles, buttons, and dishware are just some of the items that could be profitable.

LIVE WITH UNDERSTANDING

The rich would be more understanding if they could see how the poor lived.

The poor would be more understanding if they could see how the rich worked.

And those in between who are neither poor nor rich should understand both, for they live a little with each.



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:

KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscataine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KTAV-FM	Knoxville, Ia., 92.1 mc. on your dial — 11.15 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

KITCHEN-CHATTER

by
Mildred Grenier

SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: The words, and the letters of each word, of this Bible verse are scrambled. The punctuation is also left out. See if you can decipher, and read the verse. The answer will be at the end of this column.

NAM MIH GINTH NI TUB NI HEMBUL-STT SI FI EH SAUBCEE A KAWL ON EREHT HILTG HET.

Sign seen at a church: Are you interested in going to Heaven? Visit us and get your flight training free.

Many people are "recycling" plain paper into cleverly decorated note paper today. If you are making folded note paper, decorate the front fold of the paper; if you use the single sheet, decorate the top of the sheet. You can make attractive decorated note paper for children using plain colored ad-



One of Aaron Brase's best friends is the lovely elderly lady who lives next door. He thinks his day isn't complete if he hasn't had a little visit with her.

hesive-backed paper. Trace pictures of nursery rhyme characters, animals, clowns, etc., from children's coloring books on to brightly colored adhesive-backed paper. With felt tipped pen, draw in details of the picture, and cut out. Peel off the backing, and press to the note paper. Backgrounds for the figures may be drawn in with pen and ink. Some adhesive-backed paper has pictures of flowers, animals, houses, etc., on it. These may be cut out individually and stuck to the paper. Or you may trace small figures on brightly colored scraps of felt, cut out, and glue to the note paper.

I have also seen buttons used to decorate note paper. Glue the button (one with only two holes) to the note paper to make a lady's face. The two holes make the lady's eyes. Dot the button with red nail polish to make the nose and mouth. Cut a fancy hat for the lady, glue on, and decorate with sequins, small feathers, small plastic flowers, etc. Glue a small strand of yarn on for the hair. Draw in the neck and bust of the lady with colored ink. Make her earrings of small sequins or very small beads or buttons. Glue a strip of decorative braid across the lady's bust and decorate with glitter or sequins.

You can also decorate the children's note paper with the buttons. Glue a button on the paper to make the animal's head. Cut the body from felt, glue on, and draw in background details with pen and ink. Or the buttons may be used to make the wheels of automobiles, wagons, wheelbarrows, carts, etc., cut from felt or construction paper. You must buy a hand stamp

(PLEASE USE HAND STAMP) and stamp all the envelopes so the decorations will not get crushed in the canceling machine.

ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: St. John: 11:10. But if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him.

ALISON'S LETTER - Concluded

should be so rushed that we no longer have time to create things with our own talents, such as cooking from scratch or sewing by hand. And we should not be so blind that we miss seeing the small joyous things, like the bird outside the window who has flown hundreds or thousands of miles to build its nest in your tree, and add life to this new spring season.

Sincerely,
Alison

"DO-IT-YOURSELFERS" - Concl.

full-fledged grounds for a divorce. There was a lot of noise and a stirring under the "drapage", a heave and a ho, and slowly a head, two arms and a body emerged. There are times in marriage when you just don't speak. This was one of those times.

Slowly he rumbled up my wallpaper, wadded and wadded it, and with no discretion, he heaved the mess out the door. Then he headed for water to soak off the paste. Said he was burning like fire from the Red Devil lye. Well, so was I!

In loud tones, he announced, "Do your own wallpapering. Don't you ever ask me to get in such a so and so mess again."

The end of the story is that I whacked up the felt paper in short strips and swiped it on. And it served the purpose. And if I do say so myself, it was a pretty good job - amateurish, but it looked good to my eyes.

I was sure no one would ever expect perfection in a do-it-yourself wallpapering project.

HOW NOW, GROUND COW?

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Hamburger Man,
Make me a patty as quick as you can,
Mold a mock chicken leg, Salisbury steak,
Put it in a skillet in the oven to bake.
Brown it and hash it and chop suey, too,
Put it in buns, call it beef bar-b-que,
Mix it in meat loaf, baked casserole,
Turn up the burner, shovel in the coal,
Fool all the family, coin a new name,
Revise it, disguise it, hamburger's the same!
-Inez Baker



And Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops and Safety Bleach are for moms who have kids who think like that! This washday combination not only lifts out the dirt and whisks it down the drain, it does it quickly and safely - leaving clothes new-looking and smelling sunshine fresh. Low suds, too, and perfect for any washer: top-load, front-load or wringer. No chlorine in Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach, so even new synthetics and permanent-press fabrics are now bleachable as well as washable.

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Blue Drops &
Safety Bleach

At your grocer's.

APRIL DEVOTIONS – Concluded

reign is for but a day. God's rule is forever." That's why we can sing "Alleluia" at Easter. It so well expresses all the excitement, the joy, the hope that is Easter.

Close your eyes a moment and think of the dawn on that first Easter. "The Garden of the Sepulchre lay hushed beneath the light of day's first glimmer, wet and gleaming with the dew of the night. When suddenly upon the wind a little sound was borne – and God's beloved Son came walking in the beauty of the dawn." He had kept His promise. Shall not the winds of the Holy Spirit blow upon us and give us the power to do His work in our day-to-day living? The wind of God's Spirit still blows creatively, spontaneously over whatever is waste and void and dark. It blows where there is hunger and greed and hate – it has a purpose which cannot ultimately be turned aside. As Richard P. Mathison so aptly puts it, "Jesus promised us a Counselor to be with us forever and ever. A Counselor is one who is 'called alongside'. That is what God does, He 'comes alongside'. He comes to renew, revitalize, strengthen with an irrepressible loving hand!" Blow, wind of the Spirit, blow on me.

Hymn: "Sing with All the Sons of Glory", 1st verse.

Scripture: In John we read of Jesus' visit to the well of the woman of Samaria. She wondered why a Jew would be asking for a drink from a woman of Samaria and Jesus answered her, *If you knew the gift of God, and who it is that is saying to you, "Give me a drink", you would have asked Him and He would have given you living water.* He went on to say, *Everyone who drinks of this water will thirst again, but whoever drinks of the water that I shall give him will never thirst; the water I shall give him will become in him a spring of water welling up to eternal life.*

Meditation: Water is one of the most common things on earth. We have oceans of it, rivers of it, yet in some parts of the world the finding of enough fresh, clean water is a constant problem.

Water is a necessity to all mankind. Without it there is no life. With water, even the desert can be made to bloom like a garden! Water refreshes. Is there anything that tastes better on a hot summer day than a cup of clear, cold water? Water cleanses. We use it to wash away the grime and soot of winter and to freshen up our homes in the spring. We cleanse away the dirt or grease from our hands as we go about the jobs that make up our daily lives. Think now how much water means to you and your family. How often you use

it every day of your life!

Water is beautiful. It may be a winding mountain stream sparkling in the morning sun, an awe-inspiring waterfall, a power running giant turbines, creating tremendous energy, a giant wave beating upon the rocks along the seashore.

Now we begin to see why Jesus chose water to get his message across to the woman of Samaria. "Living water", which having received we will never thirst.

At Easter we stand once again at the well, and Jesus offers us the living water of eternal life – offers it freely, lovingly. Eternal life, eternal joy – that is the living water our glass of water would remind us of today.

Solo: "Immortal Love, Forever Full", verses 1 and 6.

Narrator: "Easter lilies, tall and slender, bell-shaped flowers of purest white, lift their heads in peaceful splendor in the brightening morning light. Easter time with power is sweeping down the avenues of life, lifting hearts oppressed and weeping, gently healing wounds of strife. Thus we greet Easter morning, feel the power that death defies, clothe our hearts with love's adorning, join the anthem of the skies." –Saiki

Meditation: And Jesus said, *I am come that they might have life, have it more abundantly.* The Easter lily in all its white purity is reminding us of the newness of life, of life eternal that may be ours when we are moved by the Holy Spirit. It tells us that just as the beautiful Easter lily bursts forth from the brown bulb in the earth, so Christ broke the bonds of the tomb that we, too, might live again.

I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

Alleluia, because he lives, we, too, shall live!

The day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad,
The Passover of God.

From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ has brought us over
With hymns of victory.

–John of Damascus

Narrator:

Blow, winds of the Spirit,
Blow on me.
Renew, refresh, rekindle,
That I may be
More willing to follow in His steps,
Walk closer, Lord, to Thee.

Blow, winds of the Spirit,
Blow on me.
Set me alive, a-fire,
Let the whole world see
My life a glorious, living
Alleluia unto Thee!

–M.N.B.

Hymn: "Christ the Lord Is Risen To-

day" by all. (Note: At the beginning of this closing hymn let those who have taken part come back on stage carrying Easter lilies, the first one carrying an extra spray which is handed to the narrator. They form a semicircle so the altar is in the center, singing as they come on stage. During the last verse they march offstage, as suggested at the beginning. If your group is small, this recession may be omitted.)

Benediction: Father, be our strength in hours of weakness; in our wanderings, be our guide; through endeavor, failure, danger, Father, be Thou at our side. Amen.

If you can face tomorrow without fear and yesterday without regret, how happy a day is today.

April prepares her green traffic light and the world thinks GO.

–Christopher Morley



"April Showers Bring May Flowers"

WELL, THOSE AREN'T BUTTERCUPS!

April showers are mighty welcome, until they start getting tracked into the house. And no matter how careful everyone is, mud seems to have a way of getting in.

And that's when you reach for **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. It's the fast-acting, deep-cleaning household detergent that turns rainy days into sunny ones. **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** is biodegradable, which means there's no froth or scum to rinse away (or clog drains, sewers or cesspools). It gets the dirt the first time over. And it's inexpensive, too.

Let the rains come!

Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner

Get it at your grocer's.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

She said that she had two copies of it.

My own household has settled down into a tranquil routine, and now Betty and I are making plans to drive out to Albuquerque for two weeks with Juliana, Jed, James and Katharine just as soon as we have fairly secure weather forecasts (if there IS such a thing) and assurances of enough gas. It seems



Almost every week Juliana and Jed Lowey take James and Katharine to the Albuquerque zoo. The children never tire of making this weekly excursion; their interest increases as time goes by. We doubt there is an animal they couldn't identify. The highlight of any day is when they learn a baby animal has been born since their last visit.

ironic to me that just as I am at last free to come and go as I please there is terrible anxiety about gas! I guess it's expecting too much to take for granted that things will mesh together without furor and commotion.

Since I last wrote to you I've had an experience that I think you might be interested in hearing about because possibly something of this nature has never come to your attention. I know that I had never heard of anything like it before.

Last year Saint John's Episcopal Church here in Shenandoah started a series of Lenten Masses in homes during the season of Lent. In years gone by I had attended many Lenten masses, but these were held at Saint John's Church, not in any individual's home.

When I heard about this I was very much interested since I knew full well (because of the steps) that I could never again attend any kind of a service at the church. Communion read for one individual in his home is commonplace, of course, but communion for a group outside of the church proper struck me as something I should look into.

Everyone signs up at the opening of Lent for the date on which he wishes to serve as Host, so I asked for the evening of Friday, March 1st. I hadn't the faintest idea how to go about any of this, but people who participated last year were most kind to give me the help that I needed. The host furnishes the meat, I learned, and plans the rest of the menu; then the people who are invited bring what is needed.

Consequently, about 6:15 on Friday evening communicants of Saint John's began arriving with their covered dishes. We had plenty of oven space to

keep the ham and two vegetable casseroles hot. Molded salads and relishes went into the refrigerator, and a platter of cheese along with crusty bread, (these are requirements) along with curried fruit, etc., stood on the counter in the kitchen.

After everyone had arrived we gathered in the living room for the celebration of Holy Communion. It was a moving and touching experience to be part of a group linked in such warm, human fellowship. I'm sure that everyone felt this as keenly as I did.

Following Holy Communion we had dinner, and then we relaxed around the fireplace until almost 11:00.

Saint John's is a small church and during the Lenten season all members must be invited to one of these Home Masses. Perhaps something of this kind would not be feasible in a large parish, but in a small parish it can surely be managed. And it is an enriching experience for everyone, not just those who cannot get into a church for physical reasons.

My space is more than gone. Next month I'll hope to tell you about my trip to Albuquerque.

Faithfully yours . . .

Lucile

DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE - Concl.

more than anything else. He wants the love, the peace, the wisdom and the understanding that come when God is within the heart. If we believe in Him, then we must accept His commandment to "Love thy neighbor", to care about His people everywhere. As an outward expression of this Christian love in our hearts, we bring now our sacrificial gifts "in remembrance of Him" Who so loved us.

Offering of Sacrificial Gifts: The hostess at each table might have a collection plate ready to pass around her table; or, if an altar has been arranged, then the gifts might be brought up and placed there by each individual or by the hostesses.

Dedication of Offering: "We Give Thee but Thine Own".

Dedication of Self: (This might be mimeographed so each person has a copy to read at this time.)

In the name of our Savior Who gave His life for us

We dedicate ourselves to trying harder to follow in His Way.

Dedication Hymn: "A Charge to Keep I Have" or "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go".

Benediction: May the spirit of Him Whose love is eternal be within us to refresh us, above us to bless us, around us to protect us, underneath us to hold us up, and before us to lead us on; one God, world without end. Amen



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LEARN HOW BOXTOPS bring dollars! 50¢ sample. Monthly publication. TREASURE CHEST, Box 1132-KK, New Brunswick, N. J. 08903.

FOR SALE: Kitchen-Klatters: January 1940 thru 1973 - \$1.50 a year. Mrs. Ervin Beseke, Arlington, Minn. 55307.

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FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

ter of fact, my personal physician has me taking large doses of Vitamin C each day. It must be that it is effective because I have not had a cold since I started taking it. But then, there were other years when I did not take Vitamin C and did not have a cold either. One experimental season is not enough to convince me absolutely. If it works next year too, then I shall be convinced, and you will hear all about it.

How are you doing at the gas pumps? Several of my church members are using the long waits for gas as a time for devotions. They keep their Bibles in the car, and while they wait, they read and pray. One of my deacons is using the same waiting time as a time for learning the names of people whose names he should know. He keeps in the car a list of all the members of his luncheon club, the members of his church, and the members of the city government. Yesterday he said to me: "It's great! I almost wish that the gas lines were longer so I would have more time for name study." How about that?

Betty and I send you our best wishes for a happy Easter. May it be a day of wonderful Grace for you and yours.

Sincerely,
Frederick

READY-SET-GROW - Concluded

he should have lived when he could have provided everything for his family with his own hands. But with the needs of our present day for conservation, for emphasis on people who love and care for the land, who enjoy tilling the soil and growing fine flavored, nutritious foods for family and friends, perhaps he came along at exactly the right time. Surely it was just in time for me - and for our three sons - to enjoy the fruits of his labors and get in our share of the working end of preparing and eating great foods.

How's Your Hearing?

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 requesting it.

This is not a real hearing aid, but it will show you how tiny hearing help can be. It's yours to keep, free. The actual aid 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.

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WORLD'S SMALLEST FIRE ALARM plugs in anywhere - attic, furnace room, garage, bedroom. This tiny 2"x2" alarm with a big voice really sounds off when temperature reaches 135 degrees. Can be moved from room to room, even packed for use in motel and hotel rooms. Plugs directly into 115 volt electric outlet - no batteries to run down. Low cost protection at only \$10.95 each. May be returned within 10 days if not satisfied. OB Products Co., 912 Marshall, Rock Rapids, Iowa 51246.

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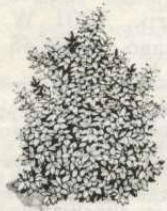


An amazing 1/2 price offer during this special sale! The rich colors of creeping phlox — rosy red, steel blue, pure white, and pearl pink — are a delight in early spring when little else is blooming. And these hardy EVERGREEN plants make lovely ground covers or borders ALL YEAR. Strong field divisions 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.

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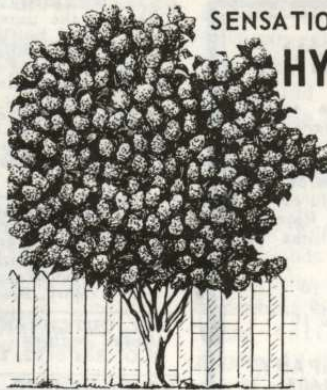
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