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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

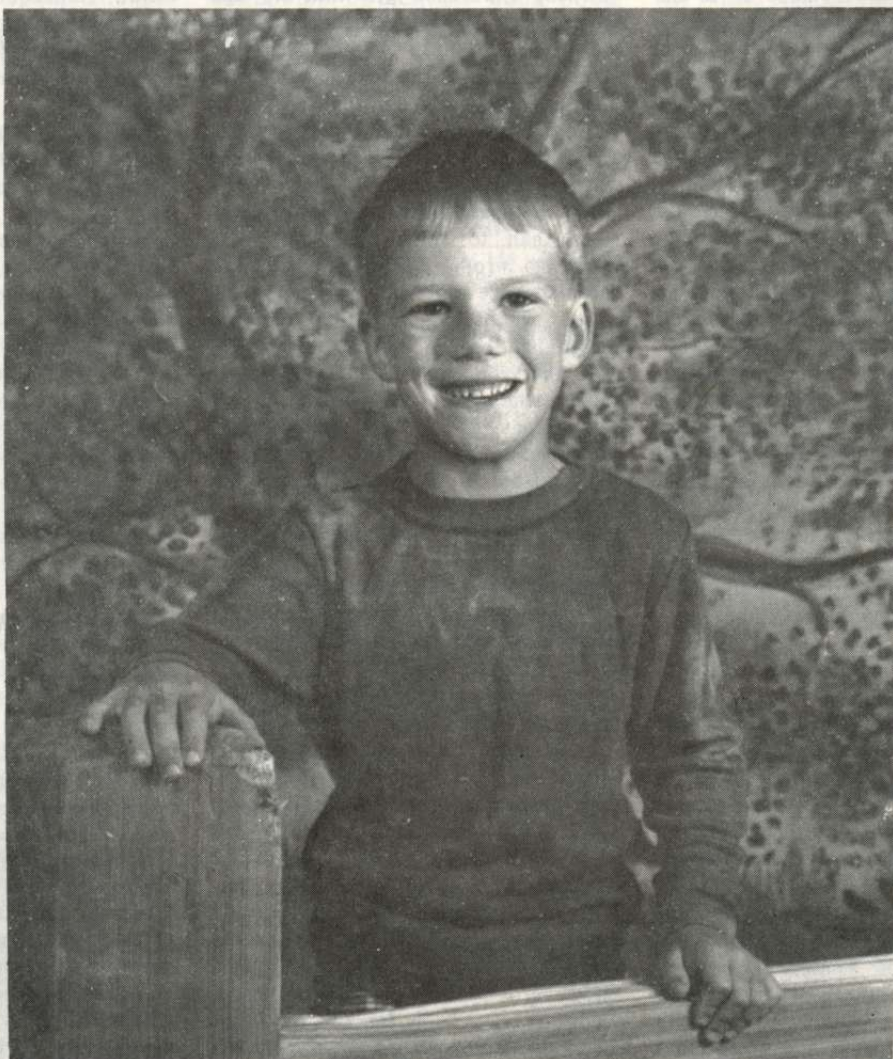
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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Well, it was nip and tuck this month if I'd get a letter off to you. I've been "under the weather again" (Isn't that a funny old-time phrase?) and I wasn't sure I was going to make it to the typewriter. As you can see, I did . . . and at the last possible second.

One of the first things I want to tell you is that through the years people have said to me endless times that I had such a "peculiar sense of humor". They explained this by saying that if things went wrong it struck me as funny when I came out on the losing end. I've had enough years behind me to give this some thought, and I've come to the conclusion that it is true — and I don't know why.

Anyway, my dear friend and office manager, Hallie Kite, has said to me just as sure as mid-December rolled around that my wonderfully loyal and faithful employees wanted to give me a Christmas gift, and every year I've said in deep earnest: "Please, Hallie, don't let them give me a thing. They have their own families to think about and I'd rather they just skipped over me."

I might as well have saved the breath it took to say this.

For a number of years in succession they left a standing order at our local floral shop to send me whatever I wanted for any special occasion at hand. I was deeply grateful and greatly enjoyed every single thing that was delivered.

Well, this past Christmas after our usual exchange of comments that never did me any good whatsoever, I was genuinely taken aback when a handsome big piece of walnut arrived with a red ribbon tied to it and a note that said I would be getting a big load of firewood later in the day . . . and when that supply was exhausted, there would be more forthcoming. This was so unexpected that I was truly taken aback.

The firewood was delivered later that day (wonderfully dried-out oak and walnut) and in the evening Betty and I prepared to have our first fire of the season.

It was only when we started to have our fine Christmas gift that we discovered one of the two andirons was broken — just plain busted! That fireplace is 15 years old and no grief with it before. Well, the next day we had it taken to a machine shop to be repaired, and when it was returned we thought we were all set to go.

Now I should have had better judgment than to think only one thing would go wrong, because as we prepared to have our first real fire of the winter we discovered that the fire screen had broken down!!!! Now you know that you can't have a good roaring fire when there is no screen, so we had to buy a new one immediately. (This had to be purchased in Omaha.)

The upshot of the whole matter was that we had to go over three weeks before we could use that beautiful wood. I suppose this should have struck me as a sad, sad situation, but my "peculiar sense of humor" made me laugh rather than cry. It just struck me as so incredibly ironic.

We've had such a peculiar winter in our neck of the woods. We needed rain or snow desperately, and didn't get any until almost everyone had given up. Then we had an ice storm that wrecked havoc with our trees. One big pine crashed into the greenhouse, shrubs of all kinds in the garden were pulverized, and one night the wind was so high I was certain that all of the awnings would be ripped off.

However, that ice storm did me a good turn. I'd tried for two years to get someone to come and saw off the dead section of our one peach tree — no luck. I reconciled myself to all of this by thinking that at least the bare section gave me a chance to see birds that otherwise couldn't be observed be-

cause of the heavy foliage around them.

At least the ice storm ripped off the dead section of the peach tree, so I don't need to give it any more thought — except to haul it away if I can ever get that done!

Betty has enjoyed tremendously watching the birds through our big windows across the end of the living room. She has good binoculars, and for reference a magnificent volume of Audubon that was a gift from Dorothy and Frank several years ago. We've seen birds this winter that have never been observed around here. Surely I have no explanation for this, nor does anyone else with whom we have talked.

On April 3rd Mother will be 90 years old; no member of her family has lived to reach that age. We first had elaborate plans for a great family reunion, and then it seemed to strike all of us at about the same time that she did not have the strength to cope with such a crowd. Consequently we are going to have a very quiet observance stretched over the summer months . . . just only one out-of-town family here at any given time.

Ruby has been with Mother now "going on" thirteen years and she knows what Mother can take and what she can't take. Next month I want to list what Ruby has done in the line of handwork just since the first of this year. I told her on the phone the other day that if any of us ever walked in Mother's house and found Ruby just sitting with idle hands we wouldn't waste one second asking what was wrong: we'd just dash to the phone and call the rescue squad unit!

It's Mother's great goal and dream to stay right there in her own home, and all of us understand this and will do everything within our power to make it possible.

Betty has been gone for a number of days because her daughter Hanna has had a severe case of pneumonia. As soon as Hanna is back up on her feet, Betty will return and we'll be restored to our usual routine — with one exception. We hope very much to drive to Albuquerque and how long this drive will take I don't know, because with my very bad hip I cannot stay in one position for extended periods of time.

Once in Albuquerque we'll take over while Juliana and Jed go to what is known as an archaeological dig in Mexico. They have both become fascinated with this subject and Juliana works as a volunteer at the department of archaeology at the University of New Mexico the five mornings of the week while Katharine is in kindergarten. They've made many, many new friends

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A BUSY SPRING FOR MARGERY

Dear Friends:

There are still some evidences of winter around us as I write today, but in all probability spring will be with us when you read this. At least we hope winter is behind us! One can never count on the weather for certain here in the Midwest, for it was the middle of April a few years ago when my husband slipped on ice on the back steps and went tumbling down to the sidewalk, breaking his ankle very severely. But that was a "freaky" April; we haven't had one quite like that in recent years.

With balmy weather in late February and early March, even spring bulbs and wild fowl were fooled. Oliver came in one morning to report that early bulbs were sticking their noses out of the ground and a flock of geese was flying north over the house. Snow and then cold days arrived after that for what we hope was the last gasp of winter.

The nice weather, plus entertaining a club group, urged me on to do some spring cleaning. A lady came to help me as I must be very careful how much I tax my back these days. We started with the upstairs, washing windows and woodwork, polishing the furniture, turning mattresses, etc., intending to do the extra cleaning downstairs the week of my meeting. As it turned out, flu hit her family and she couldn't make it, so with Oliver's help we plunged into the downstairs and together managed to have things pretty slicked up before club day.

The friend who was to give the program that day came down with the flu at the last minute — too late for a substitution — so we spent that hour visiting, lingering longer than usual over our dessert and coffee. We hope to hear the program at another meeting.

So far our family here in Shenandoah has missed this vicious new strain of virus, but Frederick and Betty were both very ill with it in Massachusetts. Martin called that Eugenie was ill, but it turned out to be a less serious variety. He did say, however, that the hospitals in Minneapolis were filled. The flu was so prevalent that people were being sent home as soon as they could keep medicine down so others could be admitted.

We called brother Wayne a few days ago. We hadn't visited with him on the phone since he and Abigail made their trip to the west coast, although we've had news of them by way of Mother and the Albuquerque relatives. These Denver Driftmiers make this west coast trip every winter before their busy season starts at the nursery. They stopped in Utah to view acres and acres of



One of the informal shots taken the day of the wedding of Martin Strom and Eugenie Davis was this one of the mothers, Margery Strom and Christine Davis.

magnificent blue spruce, then on to San Francisco and Los Angeles to look at new garden centers. Since they have a lovely garden center in Denver, they like to keep abreast of what others are doing in the same line of work.

What a happy time they had in Albuquerque with their daughter Emily, a graduate student at the University, and with nieces Juliana and Mary Leanna and their families. The weekend they were there a trip was made to the West Mesa to look for evidence of Indians. James and Katharine, Juliana's and Jed's children, always have the best luck in that department, and no doubt it is due to their being so close to the ground!

Wayne's and Abigail's daughter Alison has finished her education to be a veterinarian's assistant and is busy making appointments for interviews. They hope something will turn up in one of the southwestern states, as they love the climate there. Alison's husband, Mike, is a laboratory technician, so they are looking for openings in both fields in the same location —

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MOTHER

Life's choicest gifts I wish for you,
Health and Joy and Peace,
A stream of happiness whose flow will
never, never cease;
May each new day bring cheerful
thoughts to make your burdens
light,
And angels guard your every step, all
through the day and night.
Just as you add this year today unto
your goodly score,
I pray that God will let you keep on
adding more and more.

—Bernice B. Hulsbrink

not so easy, I would guess.

Clark Driftmier, the youngest in Wayne's family, is happy in his studies at Oberlin College in Ohio. He recently presented his first recital with his tuba, and is busy now practicing with the brass quintet in preparation for a spring concert tour in the East. One of the concerts will be in South Congregational Church in Springfield, Massachusetts, so Frederick and Betty are looking forward to seeing him.

A film was shown in our area recently, titled "The Hiding Place". It is based on the book by the same name and is an account of Corrie ten Boom's underground work in Holland during World War II, life in prison and in a concentration camp in Germany. It deals with Courage, Hope, Faith and Love. When the church we attend urged seeing the movie, Oliver and I hoped we could go, but we were unable to arrange it. Fortunately, we were able to purchase the book and both of us found it very moving. We learned later that Martin and Eugenie had arranged transportation for their church members to go to a nearby town where it was being shown.

Another book we've read recently, which we felt very well worth the time, was "A Town Like Alice". It deals with human struggle in a courageous way also.

On April 3rd Mother will be celebrating her 90th birthday. She is constantly amazed that she has lived such a long life, but we, her children know that she has achieved this through courage, hope, faith and love. It *must* be, for she has far exceeded the life expectancy the doctors gave her after she broke her back in 1930.

Although we planned earlier to have a gathering of the clan for this great occasion, it seemed too much to ask of Mother. It would be far, far better to have the family scatter their visits through the spring and summer. Although it would be great fun if we seven brothers and sisters could bring our families together — something we have never been able to do — there would be so many of us that we couldn't really visit as we would like.

Donald, Mary Beth, Paul and Adrienne are going to be visiting us during their spring vacation from school, so they will be the first to arrive. It has been some time since they've made a trip to Shenandoah and we're looking forward to their few days with us. Soon I'll have to put my mind to meals, preparing some dishes for the freezer in advance of their arrival.

Until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Margery



A Living Faith for Hope Renewed

by Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: In the center of the altar is a cross. On the left place a washbasin with a towel folded and placed in the basin so that one end drapes over the front side of the basin. On the right, slightly forward, place an open Bible with an Easter lily placed in it for a bookmark.

Costumes will help make this a special Easter service, and are simple to make. Dye old sheets in the suggested pastel colors. Drape and pin them on the different speakers to make long flowing robes. Each may have a wide sash (fastened from one shoulder, across the chest, to the waist) on which are printed their titles as follow:

Spirit of Hope — yellow. Spirit of Faith — pink. Spirit of Service — lavender. "The Word" (Scripture reader) — pale green. The leader wears a white robe.

Quiet Music:

Call to Worship: Stand up and bless the Lord,

Ye people of His choice;
Stand up and bless the Lord your God
With heart and soul and voice.
Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify.

—James Montgomery

(From old hymn dating back well over 100 years.)

Hymn: "Sing with All the Sons of Glory".

The Word: Early on the Sunday morning, while it was still dark, Mary of Magdala came to the tomb. She saw that the stone had been moved from the entrance, and ran to Simon Peter and the other disciple, the one whom Jesus loved. "They have taken the Lord out of His tomb," she cried, "and we do not know where they have laid Him." So Peter and the other disciple set

out and made their way to the tomb. They were running side by side, but the other disciple outran Peter and reached the tomb first. He peered in and saw the linen wrappings lying there, but did not enter. Then Simon Peter came up, following him, and he went into the tomb. He saw the linen wrappings lying, and the napkin which had been over His head, not lying with the wrappings but rolled together in a place by itself. Then the disciple who had reached the tomb first went in, too, and he saw and believed

The disciples went home again, but Mary stood at the tomb outside, weeping. As she wept, she peered inside and saw two angels in white sitting there, one at the head and one at the foot, where the body of Jesus had lain. They said to her, "Why are you weeping?" She answered, "They have taken my Lord away, and I do not know where they have laid Him." With these words she turned and saw Jesus standing there, but did not recognize Him. Jesus said to her, "Why are you weeping? Who is it you are looking for?" Thinking it was the gardener, she said, "If it is you, sir, who removed Him, tell me where you have laid Him, and I will take Him away." Jesus said, "Mary!" She turned to Him and said, "Rab-buni!", which is Hebrew for "My Master". Jesus said, "Do not cling to me, for I have not yet ascended to the Father. But go to my brothers and tell them that I am now ascending to my Father, my God and your God." Mary of Magdala went to the disciples with her news. "I have seen the Lord!" she said, and gave them His message.

—From the 20th Chapter of John, as written in The New English Bible.

Leader: The message of Easter cannot be written in the past tense. It is a message for today, and for all the days

to come. It is the HOPE that carries us toward tomorrow.

Spirit of Hope: Yea, verily, Easter does bring to all our hearts the SPIRIT OF HOPE! This is what the empty tomb brings to us. This is the message of the cross. Jesus died that we might have eternal life, Because He lives, we too, shall live! Out of the great blackness of Good Friday, out of the bonds of the grave, comes the great Light, the hope that carries us through today and into tomorrow, knowing that it is as He said, "Lo, I am with you always!"

And just so we won't forget, but will be ever reminded of this promise, Easter brings all the beauty of earth reborn. The dry bulb swells and puts forth bloom, the bare twigs put forth new leaves, tiny seeds sprout and break the soil to spring forth into new life. Truly, only God could bring forth this miracle; and hope in our hearts is reborn. If God watches so tenderly over the dry bulb, the tiny seed, the tender new growth, how much more doth He tenderly care for us! We look at these daily miracles of earth about us, and with Mary of Magdala we cry, "I have seen the Lord!"

Pledge of immortality in every living thing,

Promise of eternal life in seed and leaf and wing.

Love has triumphed over Death. The stone is rolled away.

God has granted unto us another Easter Day.

Leader:

All praise, O risen Lord, we give
To Thee, Who, dead, again dost live;
To God the Father, equal praise,
And God the Holy Ghost we raise.

There is no unbelief; for somehow by day and night "unconsciously the heart lives by FAITH the lips deny. God knoweth why!"

The Word: You must be born anew. The wind blows where it wills, and you hear the sound of it, but you do not know whence it comes or wither it goes; so it is with everyone who is born of the Spirit . . . Again Jesus spoke to them, saying "I am the light of the world; he who follows me will not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life . . . By grace are ye saved through faith; and this is not your own doing, it is the gift of God."

—Excerpts from John, Chapters 3 and 8; Ephesians 2:8

Spirit of Faith: I am the SPIRIT OF FAITH. Easter is a challenge to the faith of all of us. It should be a time of renewal of this faith. It is a time to be drawn even closer in daily communication with God through His blessed Word.

At Easter time we are made espe-

cially aware of the continuity of nature. This same continuity should be attached to our faith as well. One writer says, "Easter flashes its light about us and gives us a new vision of hope and confidence."

Imagine with me, if you will, how the newspapers of today would handle the Resurrection story. Can you not see the great headlines flashing the familiar words: "Christ Is Risen!"? But alleluia! These words are more than a flashy headline. They are true. There is assurance in them for us who believe.

Where is the soul that has never stood beside Mary at the tomb? Who has not wept alone when hope and light and love seem gone? Where is one who has not found all courage gone; only unbelief, despair, and questioning, filling mind and heart? Life is like that, sometimes!

Be still and know that I am God. Softly, quietly faith seeks the strength and comfort of the Bible: Who follows me will not walk in darkness; The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; Who shall separate us from the love Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution? Let not your heart be troubled; I will not leave thee comfortless; If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.

Once some travelers came to a detour sign. The children in the car groaned, and the parents sighed to think of the delay before they reached their vacation destination.

But the detour took them over a covered bridge, by a quaint old farmhouse with an old stone well with its oaken bucket, and finally along a stretch of seashore and by a famous lighthouse. In later years, as they recalled that vacation, it was these unexpected delights they remembered best about the trip.

On life's road we often must travel on side roads that are not of our choosing — illness, financial crises, family misfortune and worries. These unexpected changes often bring frustration and discouragement. Yet often we find some of these detours of life bring unexpected enrichment to our lives, more understanding of other people, a better appreciation of the main road we often take for granted.

In faith we move onward, accepting and trusting our heavenly Father to show us the way — to bring us through.

Easter! The blessed season brings a firmer faith in holy things;

Assurance of a loving Lord; a strengthening of the tender chord of love that binds us to life.

Alleluia! Faith is a fire in the heart!

Hymn: "Come Ye Faithful Raise the

Strains".

Leader: There is at least one useful and highly important task in this world that will not be done unless you do it.

There is some face upon which there will be no smile of joy unless you put it there.

There is someone with a breaking heart who cannot bear to go on with life unless you offer that word of encouragement.

There is some cause that will never "get off the ground" unless you give it your support.

There is someone who has stumbled and fallen by the wayside of life who will never get up and go on unless you offer your hand to lift that someone up.

—Paraphrased from Roy L. Smith

The Word: *It was before the Passover festival. Jesus knew that his hour had come and he must leave this world and go to the Father. He had always loved His own who were in the world, and now He was to show the full extent of His love.*

The devil had already put it in the mind of Judas Iscariot to betray Him. During supper, Jesus well aware that the Father entrusted everything to him, and that he had come from God and was going back to God, rose from the table, laid aside his garments, and taking a towel, tied it around him. Then He poured water into a basin, and began to wash His disciples' feet and to wipe them with the towel . . .

After washing their feet and taking His garments again, He sat down, "Do you understand," He asked, "what I have done for you? You call me 'Master' and 'Lord', and rightly so, for that is what I am. Then if I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another's feet. I have set you an example: you are to do as I have done for you. In very truth I tell you, a servant is not greater than his master, nor a messenger than the one who sent him. If you know this, happy are you if you act upon it."

—From John 13, The New English Version

The Spirit of Service: With this simple, homely act of washing their feet, Jesus commissioned His followers ever after, from His disciples to you and me, to a life of service. The SPIRIT OF SERVICE is another Easter alleluia, a living faith in action.

SERVICE is the challenge of Easter to carry on the work the Savior began here on earth. His commissions were always those of action: *Go, tell — Lift ye one another's burden — Seek — Find — Love thy neighbor — Feed my sheep — Freely give, and finally, Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.*

As we think of Christ's commission to serve, I ask you to ponder, with me, these questions: (Gives these questions slowly, thoughtfully, and prayerfully.)

1. Does my life please God? 2. Do I enjoy being a follower of Christ? 3. Can others see my enjoyment in following Him? 4. Am I seeking His Word daily in my Bible? 5. Do I often seek His guidance and assurance in prayer, setting aside daily moments of prayer? 6. How does my life look as an example for those who are not Christians? Can they see my light shine? 7. Do I place the true value on time, friendship, and service, rather than place higher priorities on selfish gains and worldly goods? 8. Do I place anything before Christ's commission of love and service for my brothers and sisters everywhere? 9. Am I honest with the Lord's money? 10. Do I love, serve, and act as if Christ is my partner in every thought, word, and deed? 11. Is the world a better place for my having lived in it?

"Breathe on me breath of God, fill me with life anew, that I may love what Thou dost love, and do what Thou wouldst do."

From Thee all skill and science flow,
All pity, care, and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope:
O pour them from above,
And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

Leader: (Soft music in background: "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today".)

Hear then, in words taken from the Bible, the great message of Easter to us:

In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth, and saw that it was good. And God so loved the world that He gave His only son. Jesus grew . . . in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man. When His work on earth was finished Jesus said, "Father, into Thy hands I give my spirit." To us Jesus said, "Lo, I am with you always!"

I say to you this day, "Christ the Lord is risen today. Alleluia!" Now let us all sing out the glorious good news of Easter.

(Those taking part in the program form a semicircle, with the altar setting in the center, for the closing.)

Sing: "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today".

Benediction: God be in my head and in my understanding; God be in mine eyes, and in my looking; God be in my mouth, and in my speaking; God be in my heart, and in my thinking; God be in mine entering, and at my departing. Amen.

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

We are having another fantastically beautiful warm day here. After the kind of winter weather we have had, with many, many days of above-normal temperatures, and only a few below normal, I'm almost afraid to start into spring. We have had only three snowstorms, I think, and they didn't amount to much, but Mother Nature has been known to play a few tricks on us, and we might still get some bad storms and cold weather about the time men should be getting the field work done.

Here at our farm several records have been broken this year. On February 26 all the ice was off the bayou and our friends were here fishing, and enjoying a good catch. On February 28 we heard the first peeper frogs of the season. So you see we did have an unusually warm month of February for Iowa. Speaking of the peeper frogs, last summer I decided to make a cassette tape of the night sounds at the farm, hopefully thinking I might get the calls of the bull frogs, whippoorwills, and maybe an owl or two. I had been wanting to do this for a long time and planned to send the tape to our daughter Kristin. I turned on the recorder and let it run for about 15 minutes, then played it back. All I had for fifteen full minutes was the sound of the peeper frogs, and it certainly wasn't interesting enough to send to anyone.

On the other hand, the one I made of the morning sounds, which were recorded about 5:00 A.M., was really pretty good, with many different bird songs, even a woodpecker pecking away, the geese, and a cow calling her baby. I think Kristin will really think it is fun to get this tape. When Andy was here at Christmas time I let him take the recorder outside to get a lot of farm sounds on tape to take home for his parents and Aaron to hear. He talked along with it, describing what he was doing, and he got a good tape which included the geese, hens and roosters, Grandpa calling the cows and all the racket they made in return, our dog barking, and the tractor as they went out to feed the cows. He has a real memento of his trip here.

Many years ago we had several riding horses because Frank and Kristin and I used to belong to the Chariton Saddle



Julian, pictured with his mother, Kristin Brase, loves the big stuffed mouse his brothers, Andy and Aaron, gave him recently.

Club and rode with them quite a bit. We noticed that the horses' tails kept getting shorter and shorter and couldn't figure out what was happening to them, until Frank finally saw our old buck sheep walking along behind Bonnie, chewing on her tail. The mystery was solved. The only horse we own now is the Shetland pony, Little Buck, that we got for the grandsons, but we do keep our good friend Peggy Dyer's horse Cricket here, since she and Glenn live in Des Moines and spend only the weekends at their place on top of the hill.

Little Buck has always had a beautiful tail, which almost touched the ground. The other day Frank asked me if I had noticed how short Little Buck's tail is. He said Buck and Cricket were down in the meadow in front of the house and for me to look out the window and see how funny he looked. Sure enough, Buck's tail was about half as long as usual. Since there has been no other animal around Little Buck, the answer has to be Cricket. She is going to have a colt in May, so the next time Peggy came down we teased her, and said we thought Cricket was craving something, and maybe she ought to bring down some pickles for her to see if that was it.

As long as I am on the subject of animals, I might just as well go ahead and tell some more stories. The other day one of our friends in town came out to see us. He carried a box in his hands and said he had brought us a beautiful long-haired cat. I didn't get to see it because the minute they opened the box, as quick as a flash the cat jumped out and was gone. Frank

said he had only a fleeting look as it tore around the corner of the house and has never been seen since. We are wondering if it went back home like the cat that Edna and Raymond brought to us many years ago when they lived on the farm 35 miles from us. We were just about out of cats and they had too many, so one Sunday they boxed up this cat and brought it up in the trunk of their car. They took it to the barn and let it out. It strolled around and acted as if it were right at home, but when Frank went to feed it later it was gone and we never saw it again. The following Tuesday when Edna went out to feed the cats, here was the one they had taken to us, with all of its claws worn off from the long walk home. I will never understand how animals can find their way home again, especially when shut up in the trunk of a car where they can't see anything. One of the big mysteries of nature!

Four years ago when one of our cows had her first calf she refused to claim it, even after we had the veterinarian, who gave her a tranquilizer and said she would calm down and let the calf suck. Frank raised this calf on the bottle, named him Heathcliff, and he became quite a pet. The next two calves this cow had she claimed, and was a very good mother. A few weeks ago she had another calf, and once again wouldn't have anything to do with him. Frank came in and told me about it and said he had her shut up with the calf, and he was going out there and sit all day, if he had to, until he got her to accept her baby. Every time the calf would try to eat and the cow would start to butt him away, Frank would give her a whack with a stick. Finally, after an hour and a half, the cow gave up. The next morning when Frank went to the shed to take her some corn and hay, the little calf was all cleaned up and shiny, frisky as could be; and when I went out to see it, the mother pawed the ground and wouldn't let me near her precious baby.

I took a short trip recently that I should have taken a long time ago. I went to Iowa City to see my cousin Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger and her husband Clay. Gretchen has become the victim of acute rheumatoid arthritis and has been confined most of the time to her home. Of all her close relatives I live the nearest to Iowa City, and should be able to make the trip to see her frequently, something that I hope to do from now on. I didn't want her to worry about preparing a meal for me, so I told her I would bring the dinner, which I easily managed. We had a wonderful visit, catching up on all the

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LATEST NEWS FROM THE WISCONSIN DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

I have just put aside my grading for a spell after enjoying a few chuckles along the way. We are studying the human body this particular week in science class, and the class was asked to fill in a series of blank lines which directed another line to some part of the alimentary canal and the digestive system. Many of these terms are so elementary and at the same time so totally foreign to ten- and eleven-year-olds that some of the answers almost make my sides ache with fits of laughter. I must hasten to add that I almost never get amused in their very faces in class lest they think I am laughing at them instead of with them, but at home there are lots of good laughs mixed in with the hours of grading.

I also have high hopes of getting at my classics book when this letter is finished. The last book we finished was pretty much a girl-oriented book, being *The Girl of the Limberlost* by Gene Stratton Porter. She was one of my favorite Indiana authors from my childhood days. After watching the boys groan occasionally, as ten- and eleven-year-old boys will over a semi-romantic ending to any kind of story, I determined to give them a book to read that would be more appealing to masculine minds.

So thanks to the availability of pocket books, we are now reading Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Black Arrow*. This book is not too long, but it is written in quite a dialect. Much of the language is old English and has a vocabulary which takes real digging. I heard a few groans from the class, but I encouraged them with comments such as, "Just wait until the next chapter," when in all truth I was finding it not the easiest of books to digest, and when I put myself objectively into their shoes, I wondered how on earth they could manage it. We have been memorizing a poem lately about perseverance, and I quoted lines of it to them, and said they simply couldn't "throw in the sponge". We are now at page 98, and the entire tenor of comments has changed to sheer excitement, and they are literally tearing through the book. Two of the boys have read ahead now and, although they have not 'fessed-up to the fact, I know they have completed it. Others of the girls got to the part about the hooded leper appearing in the woods, and I absolutely know they are now permanently hooked on the story. No more need be said to them about looking forward



Mary Beth Driftmier uses every minute of her time to good advantage, even correcting papers while waiting for her ride home.

to the next chapter. I am now in a press for time to get my chapter tests and quizzes made out! This is going to be a hard book to follow, although there is one about Patrick Henry which I am anxious to have them read.

This is really a wonderful year for teaching history, too. Right now we are into the first meeting of the Second Continental Congress in 1775, and to add frosting to the cake is the wonderful series on television of "The Adams Chronicles" on the Public Broadcasting Stations. These children will not, I hope, forget their Bicentennial year, and I hope I can get it across to them what sacrifice went into the abundant way of life they now enjoy.

Paul is propelling himself through these final months of his high school career. Basketball practice is over and track has begun, but it is not so demanding, so we can have supper more often again as a family. I don't know if the full impact of his graduation has hit him. He had his senior pictures taken, although he has been so rushed with the end of basketball season that he hasn't informed the photographer of his final choice, and I am busy enough that I have not reminded and reminded him, nor done it for him, so I really think he is forgetting that he will graduate the first week in June. As I have mused before, he will never get an ulcer from worry or stress!

Adrienne is busy as a pup, and al-

EVERY CHILD NEEDS

Every child needs a hideaway,
A secret little nook,
Where he can enjoy aloneness,
His dreams or a favorite book.
His privacy is precious
And so is solitude;
Who knows what creativity
Such quiet times have brewed?

—Inez Baker

though I heard great sighs of relief when her basketball season was over, nevertheless, the first Saturday when the drive was clear of snow, I also heard the thud of the basketball being driven in for a quick "lay-up". She has decided to keep herself fit and trim with track also, so we'll probably have yet another kind of super-colossal sport shoes to buy! Dollars, dollars, and more dollars!

Adrienne is also very much aware that by the end of the second week of May her sister Katharine will be home again for the summer. Her plans for going to Woods Hole in Massachusetts are not materializing this summer, so she'll be here in Wisconsin going to summer school at Marquette University.

The latest news from her last Sunday, besides being a happy report on her personal affairs, were the vivid reports from her parasitology laboratory. She and her lab partner were delivered their large dog-type animal upon which to begin hunting parasites. There was a reward to the lab-partner pair who came up with the largest number of different kinds of parasites in the intestinal tract of their beast. She has always had such a soft spot in her heart for all little furry creatures that I could not believe my ears when I heard her explaining how she had gone through that beast's intestines with a fine-tooth comb, looking for tape worms and hook worms, and what a disappointment to find only six varieties! And the discomfort when the fleas jumped on her the minute they opened the plastic bag! It makes me a little squeamish to consider it, but the worst part to her was the arrival of the fleas as they left the body of the dog and leaped with joy upon her warm tender legs as she stood there in her cotton shorts, which is what anyone would wear on a hot Texas night when she had a five-hour lab. Next time, to hear her tell it, she will wear long pants. I am glad by whatever moved her that she had on a long-sleeved blouse!

Her last field trip to Galveston on Saturday morning was a real thrill. She saw herons, egrets, pelicans, snow geese, and all manner of birds that winter down there in the swampy areas; also a two-inch-in-diameter water moccasin which they came across, sunning himself on a rock on the path.

She tells us about the beautiful weather they are having, and we tell her about the snow inch-thick like ermine on the fence posts, and she sounds as envious as we are.

I must run now to read my classics book.

Until next month,
Mary Beth

A Daffy Dilly Luncheon or Party

by
Mabel Nair Brown

DECORATIONS

Come up with some daffy ideas for fun, use daffodils for decorations and to set the color scheme, and presto! you are ready for a springtime event that your guests are sure to declare was a "dilly".

Make a *Miss Daffy Dilly Centerpiece* by dressing a ten- or twelve-inch doll in a daffodil costume. Using bright yellow paper, make a full, many petaled skirt. For these petals cut large petal-shaped pieces and use the fingers to ripple the edges. Gather a row of petals on a string and tie around the doll's waist. Make several layers of these petals, fluffing and ruffling for extra fullness. Make bodice and sleeves of the same paper, and add a ribbon sash at the waist. Cut a circle, ripple the edges, and pin to the hair for a hat, pinning on a tiny ribbon bow and streamers at the same time. The ribbon on the hat and the sash should be pale green. Stand Miss Daffy Dilly on some green Easter grass. Fill a small basket with daffodil blossoms and hang over one of the doll's arms.

If you are having a luncheon, pale green and yellow ribbons can be attached to the basket and draped out to tiny individual baskets (nut cups) at each place setting.

A *Daffy Spring Mobile Centerpiece* is pretty and easy to make. Wrap a small hoop (this can be made from a wire coat hanger) with yellow paper or ribbon. Suspend from a center ceiling fixture, over a luncheon or tea table, or from a wide archway. To the hoop tie narrow yellow and green ribbons in various lengths. On the end of each ribbon tie a daffodil or crocus blossom. Feather butterflies (the ones sent as Kitchen-Klatter premiums a few years ago, if you have them) would be pretty used with this mobile. Clip one or two to the hoop and on a few of the streamers. If suspending the hoop mobile from an archway or over a table, a pretty addition would be a pretty glass wind chime which would be suspended so that it hung slightly above the center of the hoop.

Nut Cups will resemble the party theme flower if you glue a straight length of yellow crepe paper around the

cup, and ripple the top edge with your fingers. Now glue the daffodil petals to the base of the cup, shaping each petal slightly with the fingers.

Clown Cooky Favors would work in well with your "daffy" party, too. I use a gingerbread boy cutter, cut a tall pointed cap from dough and stick on the head, and also add a dough "ruffle" at the neck and at the ankle — all this before baking the cookies, of course. Decorate with icing to enhance the clown effect.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Daffy Clown's Tale: A clown once said that in his travels about the country he was always accompanied wherever he went, night and day, by: (You guess.)

1. Two playful animals (calves).
2. Many animals from the rodent family (hares — hairs).
3. One of the deer family (hart — heart).
4. Some whips (lashes).
5. Two percussion instruments (drums).
6. Two kettle coverings (lids).
7. Part of the queen's jewels (crown).
8. Two desert trees (palms).
9. Military equipment (arms).
10. Two hotel steps (insteps).
11. Ten Spanish gentlemen (ten dons — tendons).
12. Some shellfish (mussels — muscles).
13. Two kinds of flowers (tulips and iris).
14. Two established measures (hands and feet).

Madame Dilly's Hat Shoppe: The hostess (or a friend who is clued in on the stunt beforehand) as Madame Dilly, tells the guests that they are going to be let in on some millinery secrets, since once again hats are "in" for milady of fashion. She goes on to say that a good milliner not only must be able to sell hats, but to design them to suit special customers. She announces she will assign a special customer to each guest milliner. These "customers" are simply pictures cut from magazines and catalogues — persons of every age from babyhood up. The guests draw one of these pictures out of a hat. Have ready a supply of crepe paper in various colors, scraps of ribbons and laces, some feathers, old brooches, artificial flowers, pins, needles, and thread. Guests are then instructed that they must design a hat to suit their "cus-

tomers". Set a time limit, perhaps fifteen minutes, and then have the hats judged as to the prettiest, the most unusual, and the one most suited to the "customer".

Flower Bingo: Beforehand, cut colored pictures of flowers from old seed and nursery catalogues and magazines. Cut uniform cards from yellow construction paper. Glue a flower to each card. Cut across each card diagonally, from top right to lower left corner. Place all pieces in a pretty hat.

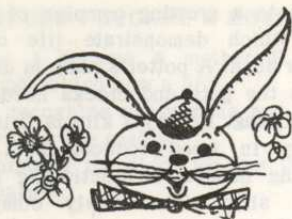
To play the game, each guest draws a piece from the hat. Then the leader starts passing the rest of the pieces around the group, one after the other. Whenever a player receives the piece that completes her card, she calls out "daffy dilly". She may then draw another card from the hat (as long as any cards remain) and continue to play. The player who completes the most flower cards by the end of the game may win a prize. Another way to play this game is that after the first drawing, with each person drawing out two cards, the players swap card pieces, sight unseen, trying to match as many flowers (cards) as possible before the leader calls "time".

Spring Bird Talk: Provide each player with a piece of paper and pencil. Have ready slips of paper with the name of a different bird on each slip — lark, bluejay, robin, thrush, quail, owl, starling, chickadee, brown thrasher, and sparrow, to name a few. Each person is to make a couplet which uses the name drawn as the last word in one line; for example, "The foolish bats all sleep till dark, but with the sunrise wake the lark."

Dilly Questions and Daffy Answers: Ahead of time on slips of paper, write out as many silly questions as you will have guests. Number each question. Make the same number of slips of paper and number them as you did the questions. When ready to play the game, each guest draws a question slip and a slip with just a number on it. Each guest in turn calls out the number of the question and then reads the question. The person having that number must answer, "It is I." The more ridiculous the questions, the more fun the game. Examples of questions are: "Who loves a red head?" "Who uses too much lipstick?" "Who thinks she is the prettiest woman in town?" "Who has her husband wound around her little finger and is proud of it?" "Whose beauty is only skin deep?"

T.V. Specials: Have ready slips of paper, as many as you will have guests. Divide slips into four groups, called the grins, the smiles, the giggles, and the laughs. Each group gathers in a

(Continued on page 20)



EASTER CENTERPIECES

by

Virginia Thomas

Bunny Family Centerpiece: For each member of the "family" you'll need one hard-cooked egg; or, if you prefer, one egg shell from which contents have been blown. These eggs will become the faces for the bunny family. Collars of stiff posterboard become the body of each bunny, and will allow the figure to stand upright. From there on, let your imagination take over, as you "costume" the bunny family.

Papa Bunny's Easter parade outfit might consist of striped paper coat in red and white lapels folded back to reveal pink shirt with a red tie. "Trousers" showing below the coat may be red or black. Make a smart paper "sail-or hat" of the matching red and white, with long pink bunny ears fastened on either side of the hat crown. Glue on felt facial features and use short lengths of pipe cleaner for whiskers, or use the fine white-covered flower wire.

Brother can have a bright plaid sport coat, plain trousers and perhaps, a matching beret. Mother and the girl bunnies could wear gowns made from scraps of material, with pleated skirt and wide satin belt with a bow at the waist, or an elegant satin sheath with a pearl necklace. They could wear flowered hats or bows on their heads.

Egg Stable: After blowing out a number of eggs and drying the shells, decorate them with scraps of lace, velvet and ribbons, pearls and sequins, tiny artificial flowers. (One might use the styrofoam eggs instead of the egg shells, and they would not be so fragile to handle. It would be easier to store them for future years.) Cover a long length of wire with a length of velvet tubing in one of the pretty Easter colors. Insert one end of the wire into a bottle which will hold it upright. Cover the bottle with a pretty matching material. Bend the wire into an interesting shape, so that ribbons may be fastened to the decorated egg shells and then attached to the wire to form a gay, colorful Easter stable.

Egg-Posy Pretties: Since large daisy-like flowers are very popular with the young in heart these days, why not make some unusual ones for your Easter tables? As you break eggs for cook-

ing, save those halves which are least broken and dye them in the bright colors of egg dye. Cut the huge daisy flowers from heavy paper in bright spring-time colors. Glue one of the egg shells to a paper flower — you'll see that you then have a huge flower resembling a sunflower. (Fasten an egg shell center to each side, if the back side of the flower will be visible in the arrangement.) Glue each flower to a long stem — wrapped wire or chenille covered.

SUNDAY EVENING WALK IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

"They" have filled the swamp on the corner lot where the cattails grew and the red-winged blackbirds swung on the reedy weeds.

Next week "they" will blacktop the fill for a parking lot. A series of stores face the busy street paralleling the lot.

Wild flowers grew along the swamp's edge. There are honeysuckles in bloom in a place where the dirt fill hasn't reached. Someone has dug the fringy purple plant along the sidewalk's edge. He should be warned that it will spread through lawn and garden.

The birds are singing evensong. The air is lilac sweet. A rare gardener is still trimming a hedge. The sound of power mowers is stilled. The lawns are emerald green, smooth as Aubusson carpet. The more's the pity that the street parking along the swamp is solid fluff of dandelions gone to seed.

This has been my neighborhood for 40 years. Except for four houses on my street, the rest of the neighborhood was vacant land. Now its family-sized houses are home to second generations, young people with children.

This is my neighborhood. I walk in the spring evenings. I live in an apartment near the house, my home for almost 40 years.

Change is expected. It is not regretted.

—Wilma Smith Leland



A NEW BEGINNING

The bush outside my window seems to be dead.

Still, I know that it will blossom. Though it appears to be dead, it must live, for within its roots are the elements of life.

Comes the sun and later, rain; and then, sun again and buds form; and once "dead" leaves will turn green with life. The bush will be alive with blossoms!

So, too, hope in tomorrow!

So, too, a new beginning, another chance.

So, too, the Resurrection . . .



When we first saw this picture, we thought there is a Lowey! It is Emily Rowe, the first child of Jed's sister Beth and her husband Bill. She is wearing a dress that Margery made first for Katharine Lowey, then it went on to her cousin Isabel and now back to Massachusetts to Emily Rowe.

EASTER FINERY

Tiny girls in frilly dresses

Patent shoes and curly tresses.

On each head a pretty bonnet,

Ribbons, lace and flowers on it.

—Unknown

A STURDY CASTLE

I would not live
By the sound of the sea,
Or the sound of a sea gull crying.
For this eerie one,
With its plaintive call,
Reminds me of death and dying.
Filling the air with a mournful sound,
A lonely surf that's crying.
Washing the world in all its tears,
Venting its spleen throughout the years,
Tends to fill me with fear and doubt.
Time in the hourglass running out.
Give me a solid land to roam,
Where the eye can stretch away to home,
And the tides of time cannot wash away
My sturdy castle, built to stay.
Where the hills are green
And the air waves float,
With the beauty of a songbird's note.
And the sun and moon that shines on me,
Are the same that shine on a lonely sea.

Beauty is where the heart abides,
Home is a state of mind,
Where love and warmth, and all things good,
Will leave the rest behind.

—Virginia Blakemore Moody

Again has come the springtime,
With the crocus golden bloom,
With the smell of the fresh-turned earth-mold
And the violet's perfume.

—Old English verse

HISTORY COMES TO LIFE

by
Evelyn Birkby

The country farmhouse looked familiar as we drove up to the side gate. How many white frame houses similar to this were built across our country about the turn of the century, I wondered, as my good friend Virginia Miller and I were assisted from the pickup.

We walked through the gate of the white picket fence and up the walk to the back porch. One *always* goes to the back porch and into the kitchen in this type of farmhouse.

"Now I know why this 1900 farm looks so homey and familiar to me," I exclaimed suddenly. "My mother was born in exactly this kind of house. We went back to visit her birthplace in eastern Illinois several years ago and this house could be a twin to her first home."

Oliver Gillespie, Executive Director of the Iowa Living History Farms, chuckled, "You would be amazed at the number of people who comment on the similarity of this house and one they have known. It is actually a farm home which was built at the turn of the century and later moved here, along with the barn and windmill, to create an authentic 1900 horse farm. And this is Mrs. Rishel, the farm wife who lives here." Mr. Gillespie introduced us to the lovely young woman who was splitting kindling near the porch.

As our hostess kindly gave us a tour of the home we learned that Mr. and Mrs. Rishel live here all through the year. The pattern of their lives is exactly that of a family about 1900. This includes care of the animals, farming practices, raising the food, cooking on a wood range, heating with a pot-bellied stove and canning and storing produce just as our grandfathers and grandmothers did. The young couple are a part of this functioning museum dedicated to make history come to life.

Mrs. Risel showed us the tidy, simple home. The cooking range glowed in the kitchen; a pan of granola was cooling on the kitchen cabinet. The parlor is small and simply furnished with a carpet on the floor made of loomed strips which have been stitched together. Across a short hallway is the bedroom with a high comfort-covered bed with a trundle bed underneath. The rug in this room is hand braided in many colors. A well-filled pantry, an entry way with nails for Mr. Risel's outdoor clothing, and the old-fashioned laundry equipment brought back a flood of memories of my grandmother's home.

As we drove away from the era of 1900 Mr. Gillespie told us that the Living History Farms is far more than



This etching made for stationery at the Living History Farms near Des Moines shows so beautifully the graceful lines of the Victorian-style mansion. It is only a small part of a growing complex of exhibits pertaining to the history of rural life in Iowa. (Drawing used by permission of Living History Farms)

just one demonstration area. It encompasses five hundred acres of land on the northwestern edge of Des Moines, Iowa. As one drives off Interstate 35 he can see the beautiful rolling prairie land where the Victorian-style Flynn mansion stands. Here young Martin Flynn came in the middle 1800's to purchase land and begin feeding cattle. Since his first money had been made as a contractor of railroad grades, it is only natural that he would conceive of installing a railroad spur right up to the barnyard to facilitate loading of his fine short-horn cattle.

Mr. Flynn eventually sold his land to the state of Iowa, and for almost fifty years it was used as a prison honor farm. In 1969 a group of foresighted, imaginative persons formed The Living History Farms, Inc., and purchased the farm in order to preserve the historical value of the area.

The big house was used as a dormitory during its prison days, but is now in the process of being restored to its original condition. Various groups around the state are assisting in this process; the Iowa Farm Bureau Women, the Iowa Colonial Dames, and the Iowa Bicentennial Commission, for example.

Mr. Gillespie showed us through the rooms in the Flynn mansion and then directed us to the room which had once been a large kitchen at the back of the house. It is now used as a craft shop where quality handcrafts made by individuals around the state (and carefully screened for authenticity) are sold to visitors. These crafts make up a display all by themselves! As soon as possible, we were told, the craft shop will be moved to other quarters and the old kitchen will be restored to its original condition.

Walking behind the big house one

comes to a growing complex of buildings which demonstrate life of the earlier days. A potter's shop is used to create the pots and crocks needed for daily living. Nearby a kiln is firing the pottery in wood-produced heat. One building houses a functioning blacksmith shop. The newly completed schoolhouse will be used by classes to experience life in a one-room school. A sturdy building contains a tremendous number of old quilts, several dating back *before 1776!* Certain weekends during the summer, women demonstrate their ability to piece and quilt just as their mothers and grandmothers did before them.

Next, Mr. Gillespie drove Virginia and me along a winding back road and through a tunnel which goes under Interstate 35. "This is really a 'Time Tunnel'," he explained. "We are now entering the pioneer days of Iowa."

We appeared to be entering another world. The narrow wagon-rutted road forded a stream and then lifted up toward a pleasant hillside timber. Nestled among the trees was a beautiful 1840 pioneer homestead. A hand-split rail fence surrounds the log house. A tool and grain shed, a smokehouse, corncrib, and a livestock shed housing two oxen are near the cabin. The oxen are used to farm the land and bring in the logs as needed.

I had to stoop as we entered the door to the cabin; it is small and low of roof. Simple cooking utensils and handmade log furniture furnish the dwelling. Hanging from rafters near the fireplace are strings of vegetables drying, grown laboriously in the small kitchen garden. Fabric is all handwoven from natural fibers, and dyed with colors gleaned from the woods.

The young couple who live on the pioneer farm during the summer were not at home so we did not get to meet them. However, we could feel an empathy for the rustic sample of life demonstrated — a pattern not at all uncomplicated and simple, but extremely difficult and dangerous.

On a nearby hill a new log house is being built, the kind a pioneer husband would provide for his family when time permitted. It will be the next step in the living history story for visitors to see and appreciate.

As we drove back to the Flynn mansion and the visitors' parking area, Mr. Gillespie told us of the next project to be created — a farm of today and the future. It will include the latest in modern and experimental equipment and technology for the family and animals that will complete the continuing story of living history.

Living History Farms is a national-
(Continued on page 22)

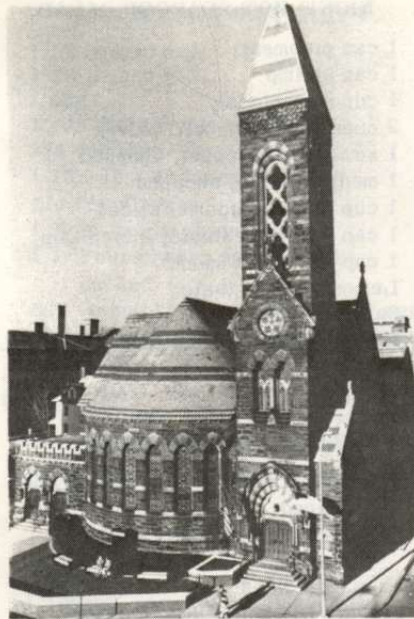
FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

I have just returned from a program called: *Mother's Morning Out*. It was a neighborhood group of women from several different churches who just wanted to get together for coffee and intelligent conversation. They had asked me to speak to them about finding spiritual strength for daily living. After my talk there was some discussion, and during that discussion period I pointed out to them that they were all stronger people than they realized. I told them, for example, about air pressure and the weight of air that each human being carries with him all the time. Not a single woman in that group knew that while seated or standing she carried 600 pounds of air pressing down on her head and shoulders! I said: "Each one of you lift your right hand! Hold it up high! Now, do you know that with your upraised hand you are holding up 180 pounds of air?" We had a lot of fun with that one. I went on to explain that the reason we do not feel the exertion of lifting 180 pounds of air is because the air under the hand pushes up with the same force as the air above pushes down. The reason we are not mashed flat by the weight of 600 pounds of air on our head is because the air pressure inside the head is pushing up with the same weight the outside air is pushing in. Amazing, isn't it? That is the kind of a world in which we live.

If I ever write a book, I think that it will concern the spiritual and physical strength I have observed in people. The longer I live, and the more opportunity I have to help people in their times of great need, the more I marvel at the power of human survival. Just the fact that an infant survives the trauma of being born is amazing! For thirty years I have been calling on hospital patients, and yesterday I visited with a woman that I have seen at least once a month for twenty years. All that time she has been in the hospital section for chronic patients. Since I have known her, she has had major abdominal surgery, has had both of her legs amputated at the hips, has been treated for diabetes, for emphysema, and for a heart condition. But of all the people I visit in hospitals, she is perhaps the most cheerful! Most of us know people like that, and the incredible thing is that we don't think of them often enough in times of our own troubles.

One day when I was a bit depressed and feeling somewhat sorry for myself, I made a call in a home where a lady was badly crippled with arthritis. We talked about the fact that she was soon to have a birthday, and just making



Lovely old South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass.

conversation I asked: "What would you like for a birthday present?" Her answer brought tears to my eyes. She said: "The one thing I want more than anything else is just the chance to sit in a bathtub filled with warm water, and to just sit there and soak!" In the presence of a spirit like that, how could I go on feeling sorry for myself? I couldn't and I didn't!

Our church has done something rather unique in the way of church policy. It has had published a beautiful new history of the church at a cost of many thousands of dollars. That in itself is not unique, but what is unique is the fact that the book is being given to the church members. Even if people want to pay the printing costs of \$7.50 per copy, their money is not accepted. It was felt by the committee in charge that the people deserved to receive the book as a gift. It was their generous support of the church through many years that made the publishing of that book possible, so why should they be asked to pay anything extra for it? The committee had just one answer to that question. No one would be permitted to pay for the book.

Our new church history is simply filled with pictures. I have not counted how many pictures there are in the book, but I do know that there are dozens, and dozens, and dozens of them. I had nothing to do with the choice of the pictures to be used, and since the book has come off the press, I have had many surprises. Most amusing to me are the pictures taken of Betty and me back in the early days of our ministry here. Oh how we have changed in the past 21 years! We were delighted to see how many pictures of our Nova

Scotia house parties were included in the book. Those pictures brought back such happy memories of the years when each summer found us taking three dozen or more persons along with us to the family estate at Argyle Head on the south shore of lovely Nova Scotia. The new history also featured reproductions of some of the many birthday cards that I have mailed out to each church member on his or her birthday. For each of twenty years I have had created a different card using different photographs of the church or of the parsonage or of me. Since those cards have been reproduced in the history, I have been amazed to learn how many of our church members have kept each card ever received from me. I wonder how I manage to say something different on the cards each year since there is no way for me to remember what I say on each of the many hundreds of cards? It baffles me.

During the celebration of the Bicentennial of our nation, many of us are becoming more conscious of history and the part our own towns and villages played in it. Only yesterday I was thinking of the fact that James Whistler, the artist famous for the painting generally known as "Whistler's Mother" lived just a few doors from our church. You know the painting of his mother, I am sure, but do you know that she was only 44 years old when she posed for that? Most of us have forgotten that a hundred years ago a person in his or her forties was considered to be old.

One of my friends told me a story this week about an old man in his seventies who was hospitalized following a bad fall in his home. The fall injured his head and caused some complications producing a confused mental state. As the man's condition improved and his mind cleared to the point of his being ready for discharge from the hospital, he casually remarked to his doctor that he would call his mother and ask her to drive over and pick him up. As a result of that comment, the doctor detained the man in the hospital for three more weeks before the doctor discovered that the man did indeed have an aged mother 95 years old living in the next town. The old lady did drive her car still, and she fully intended to drive over and get her 72-year-old son just as soon as the doctor would release him.

I don't know what the churches in this land would do if they could not depend on the witnessing and volunteer work of the senior members of the churches. Thank God for "old people"! Recently one of our local churches had a special house tour program for rais-

(Continued on page 18)

Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen - Klatter Family

CHERRY PIE SUPREME

- 1 9-inch unbaked pie shell
- 1 1-lb., 5-oz. can cherry pie filling
- 4 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 cup dairy sour cream

Preheat oven to 425 degrees. Prepare pie shell. Spread half of pie filling in bottom; set rest of filling aside. Bake pie shell 15 minutes, or just until crust is golden. Remove from oven and reduce oven temperature to 350 degrees.

In small bowl, with electric mixer, beat cheese with sugar, eggs and flavorings until smooth. Pour over hot cherry pie filling; bake 25 minutes. (Filling will be slightly soft in center.) Cool completely on wire rack.

To serve; spoon sour cream around edge of pie. Fill center with remaining cherry pie filling. Makes 8 servings.

For variation use blueberry pie filling and Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring in place of cherry. —Lucile

POTLUCK POTATO CASSEROLE

- 2 lbs. frozen shredded hash browns
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. dried minced onion
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1 10-oz. can cream of potato soup (or cream of celery soup or cream of chicken soup)
- 2 cups sour cream
- 2 cups grated Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 cup bacon-like pieces or cooked drained bacon pieces
- Sprinkle of parsley
- 2 cups cornflake crumbs

Thaw potatoes. Mix all ingredients except cornflake crumbs and some of the cheese for the top. Place in buttered 9- by 13-inch pan. Sprinkle reserved cheese and cornflake crumbs on top. Bake for 40 to 60 minutes at 350 degrees, uncovered. This dish can be made ahead and refrigerated until time to bake. Serves 10-15. —Ester Mae Cox

NICK'S HOT SEAFOOD SALAD

- 1 can crabmeat
- 1 can shrimp
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 2 cups finely chopped celery
- 1 small green pepper, chopped
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 cup raw mushrooms, sliced
- 1 can water chestnuts, sliced thin
- 1 cup slivered almonds
- Lemon juice to taste
- Salt and pepper

Blend together in buttered casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for 30-35 minutes. And enjoy! —Lucile

BETTY'S GREEN BEANS

- 2 to 3 cups green beans, cooked and drained
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing
- 1 tsp. dill weed
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 1/4 cup sour cream
- Crumbled bacon (optional)

Reheat beans with Italian dressing and dill weed. Heat thoroughly but do not boil. Remove from heat and add Country Style and French dressings. Reheat again but do not boil. Add sour cream and stir gently. Sprinkle cooked crumbled bacon over top, if desired. Serve hot.

SWEDISH RYE BREAD

- 2 cups rye flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup molasses
- 1/2 cup lard
- 5 cups liquid (2 cups potato water and 3 cups milk)
- 2 Tbls. salt
- 1 pkg. dry yeast
- 1/2 cup lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- Enough white flour to make a stiff dough, about 12 cups

Mix rye flour and 1/2 cup sugar in a very large bowl. Pour in molasses, lard, liquid, salt and the yeast which has been dissolved in the 1/2 cup warm water with the tsp. of sugar sprinkled on top. Mix well. Add white flour until too stiff to mix. Turn out on floured breadboard. Add a little bit more flour if needed so it will knead well. Knead for 8 to 10 minutes. Let rise in greased bowl until double in size. Turn out on board and knead again for 4 or 5 minutes, or until elastic. Make into 5 loaves. Place in greased bread pans. Let rise in warm place. Bake at 325 degrees for one hour. (This temperature is correct. Rye bread should not be baked at a very high temperature.) A fine crusty bread with a delicious flavor. —Evelyn

DOUBLE DELIGHT BARS

- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 egg white, stiffly beaten
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Sift together flour, salt, and baking powder. Cream shortening with sugar until fluffy. Add eggs, vanilla and butter flavorings. Stir in flour mixture; mix well. Spread in ungreased 10- by 15-inch baking pan. Fold brown sugar and burnt sugar flavoring into beaten egg white. Spread over batter and sprinkle with pecans. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) 15 to 20 minutes. Cool and cut into bars. —Ester Mae Cox

PORK AND APPLE BAKE

- 6 pork chops or pork steak
- 4 apples, sliced
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Brown both sides of pork chops or pork steak in skillet. Place sliced apples in greased casserole. Combine sugar, burnt sugar flavoring and spices. Sprinkle over apples. Dot with butter and butter flavoring. Place chops on top. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for one hour or until meat is done through.

CHEESY BEEF

- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 medium green pepper, chopped
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 lb. ground beef
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 15-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1/2 lb. Monterey Jack cheese, shredded

Saute the celery, onion and green pepper in the butter or margarine until limp but not brown. Add the ground beef and cook, stirring to break up until lightly browned, drain excess fat from beef; salt and pepper to taste. Add tomato sauce and bring to boil, lower heat and cook for about 5 minutes, stirring occasionally to keep from sticking. Add cheese and stir until melted. This is good served on rice or noodles. —Mae Driftmier

WATERGATE CAKE

- 1 regular-size pkg. white cake mix
- 1 pkg. pistachio nut pudding mix
- 3 eggs
- 3/4 cup cooking oil
- 1 cup 7-Up (room temperature)
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup coconut
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Combine the dry cake mix and the pudding mix. Add the eggs and oil and mix well. Slowly add the 7-Up (the batter will get foamy) and mix well. Add the nuts, coconut and flavoring. Pour into a greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan and bake according to directions on the cake mix box. The cake will be a light green and rather shiny when you cut it. It is very moist.

Topping

- 1 pkg. pistachio nut pudding mix
- 2 pkgs. Dream Whip
- 1 1/2 cups milk

Combine and beat together until thick enough to spread. Spread on cooled cake.

This topping is also delicious on angel food and other cakes. Has a delicate green coloring and is so pretty for spring. —Lucile

SALMON BALL

- 1 1-lb. can red salmon, drained and bones removed
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese (room temperature)
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 tsp. grated onion
- 1 tsp. horseradish
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. liquid smoke
- Chopped pecans

Mix all together except nuts with electric mixer. Shape into a ball or log, and then roll in the chopped nuts. Chill for 6 to 8 hours to blend flavors.

—Lucile

THREE VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen baby green limas
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen cauliflower
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen broccoli (spears or chopped)
- 1 10-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 small jar of Cheese Whiz
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1 can French onions

Precook the green limas for just a few minutes; then drain well. Pour boiling water over the cauliflower and broccoli and drain well. Layer the vegetables in a buttered casserole. Combine the soup, cheese and milk in a saucepan. Heat until well blended. Pour over the vegetables and bake 30 to 40 minutes in a 350-degree oven. During the last ten minutes of baking time, cover the casserole with the French onions. —Dorothy

BARBECUED HAM BALLS

- 1 lb. ground ham
- 1 lb. ground pork
- 1 egg
- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 10½-oz. can tomato soup
- 1/4 cup vinegar
- 1 Tbls. prepared mustard
- 1 1/4 cups brown sugar, firmly packed

Mix together the ham, pork, egg, cracker crumbs and milk. Form into small balls and place in an oblong baking dish. Mix together the rest of the ingredients until well blended and pour over the ham balls. Bake in a 350-degree oven for one hour, basting often.

—Dorothy

ESTER'S SALMON CASSEROLE

- 2 eggs
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 1-lb. can salmon

Beat eggs. Add can of cream of mushroom soup and salmon. Place in oven casserole. Cover with crumbs if desired (bread, cracker, potato chip). Bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes. Serves 4-5.

—Ester Mae Cox

PARTY EGG SCRAMBLE

- 1 1/2 cups diced Canadian bacon
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 4 Tbls. margarine or butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 12 beaten eggs
- 1 3-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
- 1 recipe Cheese Sauce (below)
- 4 tsp. butter or margarine, melted
- 2 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs (3 slices bread)
- 1/4 tsp. paprika

In large skillet, cook Canadian bacon and onion in 4 Tbls. butter or margarine and butter flavoring until onion is tender but not brown. Add eggs and scramble just till set. Fold mushrooms and cooked eggs into Cheese Sauce. Turn into a 2- x 7- x 12-inch baking dish. Combine 4 tsp. butter or margarine, soft bread crumbs and paprika; sprinkle atop eggs. Cover. Chill until 30 minutes before serving. Bake, uncovered in 350-degree oven for 30 minutes. Serves 10.

Cheese Sauce

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 - 2 Tbls. flour
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/8 tsp. pepper
 - 2 cups milk
 - 1 cup (4 oz.) shredded cheese
- Melt butter or margarine; blend in flour, salt, pepper. Add milk and cook, stirring, until bubbly. Add shredded cheese until melted. —Ester Mae Cox

VERLENE'S DROP SUGAR COOKIES

- 2 eggs
- 2/3 cup salad oil
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Beat eggs with fork. Stir in oil, flavorings. Blend in sugar until mixture thickens. Measure flour, then sift with baking powder and salt; stir in. Drop by teaspoonfuls, 2 inches apart, onto ungreased baking sheet. Flatten with greased bottom of glass dipped in sugar. Bake 8 to 10 minutes at 375 or 400 degrees. Remove immediately. Makes about 3 dozen, 3-inch cookies.

Verlene iced them with a powdered sugar icing with Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring added. —Margery

CHEESE STRAWS

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 well-filled cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. red cayenne pepper
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Have butter or margarine and cheese very soft, (room temperature) and then blend. Add flour, pepper and salt. Roll out thin and cut in narrow strips (crinkle wheel roller is nice to have). Bake 5 minutes in hot oven, 475 degrees. Keep well in tightly covered container. Delicious to make and serve with salad at club, or at home with soup. —Margery

BETTY'S FILLING AND DELICIOUS CASSEROLE

- 12 ozs. wide egg noodles
- 2 lbs. hamburger
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 3/4 cup finely diced celery
- 1 medium green pepper, diced
- 2 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 2 10½-oz. cans condensed tomato soup

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/3 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Cook noodles according to package directions. In 12-inch skillet over medium-high heat, cook ground beef, onion, celery, green pepper, salt and pepper until meat is browned, about 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Spoon off fat. Stir in undiluted tomato soup.

Place hot noodles in 3-quart casserole; toss with butter or margarine until it is melted. Stir in meat mixture. Sprinkle cheese over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes or until hot and bubbly. Makes about 12 servings.

HAMBURGER-POTATO ROLL

- 1 lb. ground chuck or hamburger
- 2 cups salted mashed potato
- 1 Tbls. dried minced onion
- 1/8 tsp. dried minced garlic
- 1 Tbls. shortening
- 1 egg lightly beaten
- 2 slices bread, crusts removed
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. oregano
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- Cracker crumbs

Saute the onion and garlic lightly in the shortening. Remove from the heat and combine with the beef and beaten egg. Soften the bread in water a few minutes, squeeze out the water, and add the bread to the meat along with the salt, oregano, and pepper. Mix well. Spread out a piece of waxed paper and sprinkle it with the cracker crumbs. Turn the meat out onto the crumbs and pat it into a rectangle about one-half inch thick. Spread the mashed potato over the meat. Roll up the meat as you

BUCKWHEAT

GOOSEBERRY HAM
PUMPKIN
WATERMELON
PORK CHOP
APPLE
GUAVA
LIME
SWEET POTATO

These are a few of the flavors we *don't* make . . . and there are lots more. We never stop experimenting, though, so maybe some new ones will be showing up one of these days.

More important is the story of the 16 flavorings we *do* make. It's a story of quality without compromise. We're proud of **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Of their life-like taste and fragrance. Of the way they mix and blend in any recipe . . . and how they don't steam or bake out. Especially how economical they are (more important than ever, these days).

Try them. You'll like them as much as we do. **Almond, Banana, Black Walnut, Blueberry, Burnt Sugar, Butter, Cherry, Coconut, Lemon, Maple, Mint, Orange, Pineapple, Raspberry, Strawberry and Vanilla.**

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

If you can't yet buy them at your store, send us \$2.00 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Vanilla comes in a jumbo 8-oz. bottle, too, at \$1.25. We'll pay the postage. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

would roll a jelly roll, and lift it carefully into a shallow casserole or pan. If the meat is quite lean you should grease the casserole first. Bake about one hour in a 350-degree oven. This is good served with a gravy over the top made from the pan drippings. Or you can do what I do when I'm in a hurry — open a can of mushroom soup and heat it, then pour it over the roll. —Dorothy

FROZEN PINEAPPLE SALADS

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 cup white sugar
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 15 1/4-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained
- 2 cups pineapple yogurt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 cup chopped pecans
- 1/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries

In mixing bowl beat cheese and sugars thoroughly. Drain pineapple well. Stir pineapple, pineapple yogurt and flavoring into sugar mixture. Spoon into 12 paper baking cups in muffin pans. Combine pecans and cherries. Spoon some of this mixture on top of each cup. Cover and freeze. Let stand at room temperature about 10 minutes before serving. —Margery

CRANBERRY SAUCE BEETS

- 4 tsp. cornstarch
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups cranberry juice
- 3 16-oz. cans beets, drained
- 1 Tbls. frozen orange juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Blend cornstarch, sugar, salt and cranberry juice. Cook until thick. Add beets, orange juice and flavoring. Simmer 10 minutes and serve hot. —Margery

ITALIAN SALAD

- 1/2 head cauliflower, sliced
- 2 medium carrots, pared and cut in 2-inch strips
- 2 stalks celery, cut in 1/2-inch slices
- 1 green pepper, cut in strips
- 1 small jar sliced pimiento
- 1 small jar pitted green olives, drained
- 3/4 cup vinegar
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. sugar

Combine all the ingredients in a saucepan. Bring to a boil, stirring occasionally. Reduce heat to a simmer, cover and simmer five minutes. Cool and refrigerate overnight. This salad can be put in fruit jars and sealed; then before using, shake well so the oil and vinegar are mixed.

Cocktail onions and ripe olives may be added if desired. —Dorothy

LUCILE'S MONDAY MORNING BARS

In a large bowl, cream together:

- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup soft butter

In another bowl, combine and stir vigorously:

- 2 cups unsifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup raw rolled oats

Add this to the creamed mixture and blend well. Then add:

- 3 well-beaten eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Stir in:

- 1 cup pecans, chopped
- 1 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch morsels

Spread batter in a well-greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake about 35 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Cut into bars.

CHICKEN IN FOIL

- 1 or 2 meaty pieces of chicken
- 1 potato, quartered
- 1 carrot, sliced in chunks
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 Tbls. water

Salt and pepper as desired

Place in large square of foil; seal. Put in 350-degree oven for about 45 to 60 minutes. Time will depend on sizes of chicken pieces and sizes of chunks of vegetables. Delicious and so easy! —Margery

HEARTY SUNDAY OMELET

- 1/4 cup mild onion, diced
- 1/4 to 1/2 cup green pepper, diced
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 6 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

1 cup cooked, drained noodles
 Saute onion and green pepper with butter or margarine and butter flavoring in omelet pan. Remove vegetables to small bowl. Beat eggs lightly. Combine with remaining ingredients, including sauteed vegetables. Return mixture to hot omelet pan or heavy skillet, adding more butter or margarine if needed. Cook, lifting gently from edges so uncooked portion will run underneath. The last minute a lid may be placed on top if desired to complete cooking.

If you have a small omelet pan and prefer making this into individual portions, cook enough for each person at a time, folding omelet in half to serve. This serves 4 to 6. —Evelyn

BEFORE I BECAME A MOTHER

Before I became a mother I didn't understand how a boy could recognize every make and model car on the road — but mistake the floor for the laundry hamper.

Before I became a mother I didn't understand how a boy could throw a tantrum at the mention of a bath, then cheerfully stay in the tub for two hours and emerge with dirty fingernails.

Before I became a mother I didn't understand how a boy could devour three servings of spaghetti and two scoops of ice cream but be "too full to eat any more" after only two bites of string beans.

Before I became a mother I didn't understand how a boy could remember his zip code, phone number and Pledge of Allegiance but forget to close the front door behind him.

Before I became a mother I didn't understand, but now I do.

—Judie Underwood

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IT NEVER FAILS

We've sorted the junk in the attic, We've placed it in more than one heap; As usual, the one that's the biggest Is what we've decided to keep!

PASSING REMARKS

It started out as one of those days when everything seems to go wrong. The long-distance number I needed to get had been busy for half an hour. The cat found my knitting and unraveled half a sweater sleeve. The plumber had promised to come in the morning and at 3 hadn't showed. I made a careful shopping list and left it on the table when I started out. Oh, it was That Kind of Day, all right.

At odds with humankind I stood in line at the check-out counter. A little old lady behind me tugged my sleeve.

"I hope you won't mind my saying how nice your hair looks!"

Ice scattered; mountains moved. "You are very kind," I murmured. The day I had lurched into with misgivings and resentment had vanished.

I thought, how fragile the means of pleasure, and how easily traded! Why not continue the pattern?

I don't go about with a mindless grin, but I have found that people of all ages react generously to a diplomatic compliment that makes One of Those Days, One of Those Good Days!

—Eleanor C. Wood



GIVE A DOORKNOB A NEW TWIST

by

Lorraine Seamer

"There has to be a better use for these lovely old doorknobs," I said to myself one day while cleaning my century-old farmhouse.

Armed with a screwdriver, I removed the entire assembly, discarding for the moment the knob with the stationary steel rod. Then I plunged a bouquet of tiny multi-colored, various-sized dried flowers into the square flange opening at the top of the remaining knob.

I snipped a bit of narrow green velvet ribbon and tied it around the rather ugly flange holder; and there it was, a pretty bit of new decor for one of my living room tables.

Soon I was replacing all of these lovely old knobs of white, black, and brown marbled glass with new ones, and filling them with various types and colors of dried flowers.

These same doorknobs I find selling reasonably at antique shops, flea markets, and junk shops, and priced from \$1 to \$1.50. The lovely old worn brass ones are priced up to \$6.50 but they are worth it when filled with flowers and trimmed with a bit of lace, fringe or ribbon.

One knob which I thought was brass, I purchased for \$3.50 from a friend who has an antique shop. But when I used a tarnish remover on it, a rosy pink bronze emerged with a lovely raised design.

I just couldn't bear to turn the knob over and set it, design side down, on a table where its beauty would be hidden. So I use this one in a flower arrangement, design side up, as an elegant mushroom.

Some of the knobs I find have no flange opening, making it difficult to arrange flowers in them. Into the round opening of one of these knobs, I twist a small candle, add a bit of ornamental gold braid or greenery around the bottom of the candle, and it makes an entirely different bit of pretty.

With a little hard work, you can make

the lovely round or oval ornamental doorknobs, such as my beautiful bronze one, into necklaces.

First, you must remove all of the doorknob assembly, leaving only the hollow knob. Then attach a large chain link to the top of the knob and run a heavy chain through that link to complete your necklace.

I've seen the entire doorknob left intact with keyhole plate and mounted on square or oblong boards, ready to hang on walls.

Before you open another door, take a good look at its knob. Maybe, with a little imagination, you can give that lovely old doorknob a new twist.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: When Margery and Oliver remodeled their house this past year, several beautiful, fancy brass doorknobs had to be removed as they were no longer repairable or functional. Margery was delighted to have these fine suggestions for using them, just as we know you will be.)



We would like to come into your homes every weekday by way of radio. Set your dial to one of the following stations and we'll be there to visit with you — just like good neighbors!

KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:35 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.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.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 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.

COULD YOU NOT WATCH WITH ME ONE HOUR?

Meditations for a Sacrificial Meal

by

Mabel Nair Brown

A number of readers have asked for a plan for a sacrificial meal, so I've prepared one for you this month.

For this meal use the simplest of table settings and food. If plain white tablecloths are used, use lavender or purple candles, since this is the liturgical color for Lent.

Homemade bread might be placed on a small breadboard at each table, to be sliced at the table by the table hostess. One should be appointed for each table to see that everything goes

smoothly and quietly without interrupting the prayerful mood of the service. Place a pitcher of grape juice on each table and a bowl of fresh fruit. There should be an empty bread basket placed near the breadboard, into which the hostess can place the sliced bread for passing. Sometimes the loaf of bread is not cut, but passed around, with each person breaking off a small piece as was done in Bible times. On each table there should be a small basket or dish to be passed at the designated time to receive the offering.

Quiet Music: "'Tis Midnight and on Olive's Brow" — continues on through the call to worship.

Call to Worship: *Create in me a clean heart. O God, and put new and right the spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy holy Spirit from me. Restore to me the joy of Thy salvation and uphold me with a willing spirit.* (From Psalms 51)

Jesus, stand among us
In Thy risen power,
Let this time of worship
Be a holy hour.

Leader: We come together for this hour of prayer and meditation that we might be drawn closer in the Presence of the Living God and closer in fellowship one with another, because we have supped and prayed together. Shall we bow our heads now for moments of silent prayer, after which we will all join in repeating John 3:16.

(Silent prayer and John 3:16 in unison.)

Hymn: "'Tis Midnight and on Olive's Brow"

Leader: Will you now join hands around your various tables, with heads bowed for our table grace?

Table Grace:

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour is the mill;
And back of the mill is the wheat and the shower

And the sun and the Father's will.
We give Thee the thanks, the praise, and the glory, O God. Amen.

(The hostesses now start the food around the tables as the program continues.)

Scripture: Matthew 26: 30-41.

Meditation: Once again during this, another Easter Season, Jesus is asking of us, His followers, "Could you not watch with Me one hour?" Can we not pause in the hustle and bustle of our busy lives to take time to think quietly

and prayerfully about all that Easter means to us? To think and ponder about what took place there at the Last Supper and in the garden of Gethsemane? Can we not take a few moments to put ourselves in the midst of the crowd following Jesus to the cross? What would we have done if we had been in Peter's place?

Jesus said to the sleeping disciples, "So you could not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray that you may not enter into temptation; the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." How well Jesus knew and understood the frailties of the human race!

Easter is a call to loyalty, the giving of our allegiance to the Lord's service, faithful to the tasks He left for us to do. Easter is also a promise, the promise of His unfailing strength if we remain steadfast in His service. Can we not watch and pray and do that which is required of us who call ourselves Christians and His followers?

Solo: "Were You There?"

Reading:

I stood alone at the bar of God,
In the hush of the twilight dim,
And faced the question that pierced my heart:

"What will you do with Him?
Crowned or crucified? What shall it be?"

No other choice was offered me.

He held out His loving hands to me,
While He pleadingly said, "Obey!
Make Me thy choice, for I love thee so",

And I could not say Him nay.
Crowned or crucified — this it must be;
No other way was open to me.

—Author unknown

Scripture: John 14: 12-21

Meditation:

There is a hill where stood a cross
On which the King of glory died;
For love of you and love of me
The Lord of love was crucified.
O the cross, the cross
Where Jesus died for you and me.
Let us linger in its shadows
Till the light, blessed light,
Shall shine for you and me.

Out of Easter comes a faith to live by — a faith that bolsters our faltering steps as we try to follow in the Master's footsteps, a faith that points us to the right path when we become weak and are tempted to take the easiest way, a faith that keeps us loyal and true to the One who gave His life that we might have life everlasting.

Lord, give me a faith
That is like a seed
That will grow and grow;
That will bear me up in time of need,
So courage I may know . . .

(Continued on page 19)



LETTUCE Plain and Fancy

Salad starts with lettuce. And you can stop right there, or you can go on and on. Adding other leafy greens. Tomato wedges. Sieved eggs. Onion. Carrots. Cheese. Or whatever.

No matter — the important thing is the dressing. And thousands and thousands of homemakers have discovered that **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings** add so much to even the simplest salad. That's because our dressings are lovingly blended of finest ingredients in spotless kitchens. And from three great recipes: **French, Italian and Country Style.**

Whichever one you choose, you'll be sure of the same fine quality and creamy goodness. They're waiting for you now, at your grocery store.

Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.50 for an 8-oz. bottle. Specify Country Style, French or Italian. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Ia. 51601. We pay the postage.



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

With the Bicentennial in full swing and the Spirit of '76 much in evidence, a likely keepsake is a paperback book called *Poor Richard's Quotations* by Benjamin Franklin "Being a Collection of Quotations from Poor Richard's Almanacks, Published by Ben Franklin in the Years of Our Lord, 1733 through 1758." In this reprint, linecuts are based on original linecuts used by Benjamin Franklin in *Poor Richard's Almanacks*, selected and designed by Dr. Stephen Schutz.

Remember the wise quotations:
He that's content hath enough;
He that complains, has too much.

Glass, China and Reputation,
are easily crack'd and never well
mended.

Poor Richard's Quotations makes thoughtful reading. (Published by Blue Mt. Arts, Inc., P.O. Box 4549, Boulder, Colorado 80302, \$3.95.)

My friend Anita recently attended a meeting in Indianapolis, Indiana. This "Praise Gathering for Believers" for laymen included sermons and workshops in the field of music, prayer, Bible study, etc. The highlight of the convention was the keynote speech by Corrie ten Boom, author of the inspirational true story *The Hiding Place* (Bantam Books, \$1.75 paperback). Appreciating her Christian message, my friend described Miss ten Boom as being neat and vivacious, sort of fragile and precious like a lovely antique.

Corrie ten Boom was a watchmaker in Haarlem, Holland, when she and her entire family, Dutch Christians, became motivated by love to help others when the lights went out of a free Holland. The family members were arrested by the Nazis for sheltering Jews. Papa ten Boom died in prison, as did her sister Betsie. Corrie was released, through a clerical error, in December 1944. Her sister Betsie had said they must show love where they had known hatred. It was God's strength that sustained them through times of horror, and His spirit and words were their guide.

By writing and preaching, Miss ten Boom has gotten across her sister's message. Now her prison life is the subject of a film *The Hiding Place*, produced by Rev. Billy Graham's film



Martin Strom, in the parsonage office, preparing a sermon.

company. The film, she says, shows people how to come through with God in difficult times.

Words of tremendous power are in her book *Prison Letters*, which show her thoughts and prayers at the time of her greatest trial. Her next book, the story of her first 50 years, will be *In My Father's House*.

The story of *Young Pioneers* is the intensely dramatic account of young newlyweds who, in the 1870's, leave their state and homestead in the Dakota Territory. Now this book has been presented on ABC television as *Young Pioneers*. Ed Friendly is the producer of this project, which is also the pilot of a new series. Mr. Friendly says, "It is our aim and intent to portray that era of which Rose Wilder Lane wrote with integrity and authenticity."

If you saw the movie *Young Pioneers* on March 1, and feel this kind of program has a rightful place on television, write to your local ABC station, or to ABC Television Network, 1330 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019

At this time I have not found the paperback copy of *Young Pioneers*, but *Let the Hurricane Roar* is available at our library. It is one of the most famous of American novels and it places Rose Wilder Lane among the few American writers who have drawn from the deep roots of our national life to create fiction of lasting value.

May Sarton, distinguished poet and novelist, has written a book for young children, ages 4-8, called *A Walk Through the Woods*. All morning they had been apart: lazy Tamas, the dog, snoozing; Bramble, the cat, out hunting; the poet at her desk. And then it is noon. "Come on everybody. It's time for a walk." Racing round and round, Tamas barks. Between frolics he sniffs the ground for the morning news of pheasants and deer who have passed. Bramble scoots up a tree, or pounces on little things. And the poet, too, is "looking and listening and smelling the spring smells" of their walk through the woods. Soft yellow, green and brown wash drawings reflect the wondrous feeling of spring in this story-poem. At this time of year we can all identify with *A Walk Through the Woods* (Harper & Row, Publishers, 10 East 53rd St., New York, New York 10022, \$5.50). May Sarton is the author of more than 25 books, including *Journal of a Solitude*.



COMING ALIVE

Out of the egg comes a singing bird;
Out of the seed comes a flower;
Dark of the night turns to morninglight;
Clouds turn to snow or shower.

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

—Church paper



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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

The Bicentennial has triggered a lot of nostalgia for old-fashioned plants our great-great-grandmothers grew in their gardens. Several readers are seeking information on herb gardens. Nancy G. writes, "My husband came home with an old wagon wheel that he had bought at a farm auction. He wants me to use it as a frame for flowers. That is, he did until I told him about a picture of an herb garden made in a wheel shape. Now we have decided an herb garden planted in the wheel would be



Have any of you had an African lily bloom like this? Mother's had 2 stalks that came out at the same time — one above and one below. It was a strange sight. We've never had one bloom this way.

ideal for a spot near our kitchen door. The location is in full sun. We need help in selecting herbs that will grow well and that can be grown from seed if possible (to cut down on costs). Have you any suggestions?"

Part of the fun of growing an herb garden is the challenge of starting your own seeds. Buy them in garden stores or send to any firm that offers an herb section in its catalog. Pre-seeded kits may work the best if you are a beginner. Usually the easiest-to-grow herbs from seeds are annuals. Try some of the basil, summer savory, thyme, dill, sweet marjoram, chervil and, of course, parsley (a biennial). Use a sterile starting medium such as milled sphagnum moss, vermiculite or a combination of materials sold under various brand names for starting seeds. Soak the medium in tepid water for several hours before filling seed containers. Do not press firmly or you will exclude air. Level the surface and broadcast the herb seed thinly over the surface. Barely cover with more medium and set containers in a warm place. Cover with clear plastic.

When the plants have their first sets of true leaves, prick them out of the medium and transplant to peat pots. Set the peat pots tightly together in a flat or empty fruit crate and grow in a warm sunny place. Set the box outside during warm days but do not let the little pots dry out or you will lose the seedlings. When the weather is settled and your outdoor bed is properly prepared, set the plants where they are to grow. Use a mixture of gritty sand and garden loam for the wheel. Once established herbs seem to thrive under adverse conditions and no insect pests tend to bother them. You can use the tips of the plants fresh for flavoring soups, salads and casseroles. Dry or freeze the excess for winter use.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
ing funds, and the most active member of the tour committee was a woman 94 years old. Think of it!

If you are one of those persons dreading the thought of retirement at age 65, you should be interested in what the government of Sweden is now doing about the retirement process of its senior citizens. The Swedish government is encouraging a program of gradually tapering off a full work schedule for those over 65. The Swedish government has recognized that the problems affecting the elderly are primarily psychological rather than financial. It is arranging for people to be offered part-time employment and a chance to adjust to a more relaxed way of life instead of having to face an abrupt halt to their useful working years. It makes sense to me.

Betty and I have learned one advantage to having gray hair. We know how to use our age as an excuse to go home from a dull party. When nine-thirty rolls around, I stand up and say emphatically: "Well, it's time for us old folks to go home! We have to get our rest, you know."

There is one church holy day that is more meaningful to the old than to the young, and that is Easter. The longer we live, and the more we see of life, the more certain we are that Christ lives. Happy Easter! Sincerely,
Frederick

SACRIFICIAL MEAL — Concluded

Lord, give me a faith
That I, too, can say,
"Not my will, but Thine be done."
So as I meet my tasks each day,
Find strength for my Gethsemane,
Knowing, through Thy love, each battle
will be won.

(Paraphrased in part from poem by unknown author.)

Leader: Comes now the time when we can put into action our desire to carry on Christ's work which He left for us to do. Comes now the test of how deep our loyalty, how firm our purpose, how clearly we have heard His commandment to love one another!

By our sacrificial gifts, given in love and in remembrance, we can crown our Lord as King of our lives.

Collection of Sacrificial Gifts: Soft music during offering, "Take My Life and Let It Be".

Dedication of Offering: We give Thee but Thine own, whatever the gift may be; all that we have is Thine alone, a trust, O Lord, from Thee. Amen

Leader: Let us all stand, and in singing the hymn, dedicate our lives in service to our God.

Dedication Hymn: "Take My Life and Let It Be".



Spring into Spring (cleaning)

Nobody's ever going to accuse spring cleaning of being fun. But it does beat having a tooth drilled, and it certainly isn't the chore it once was.

Our houses have a lot to do with that. Heating systems are a lot cleaner and more efficient. Most of us don't have to depend on burning coal, wood or corncobs. Storm windows and weatherstripping keep out dust. Carpets are no longer hung up and beaten.

Credit our cleaning aids, too: like **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. It goes into solution immediately, and attacks grease and dirt the minute it touches them. No foam or froth to rinse away . . . another timesaver. And since it's a powder, it's easy to use, easy to store, and costs less, too.

Better stock up, before spring cleaning gets to you.

**Kitchen-Klatter
Kleaner**



THE FOOLISH QUESTION

by
Evelyn Witter

On an April day in 1775, nine-year-old Eli Whitney rode double in the saddle with his father. He was always eager to go to the blacksmith shop. Restless clouds roamed the skies over Massachusetts that day. It was as if they too had been stirred up by the Revolutionary War. Shots had already been fired in Lexington and Concord, only twenty-five miles from the Whitney farm.

When Eli walked into the blacksmith's shop he blinked his eyes. He couldn't see. It was dark in there. The only light was from flames coiling and curling over red coals in the forge. The smell of hot metal irritated his nose.

Gradually, as his father and the burly man talked, Eli's eyes and his nose felt natural again.

Eli admired the blacksmith who used tools so well. Eli's favorite pastime was working with his father's tools. Eli thought that any man who could make parts for guns and wagons on his forge and lathe was a great man. He watched the blacksmith with full attention as the man balanced his father's musket in his big hands.

"Ain't much. Don't balance too good," said the smith, stepping to the open door where shafts of sunlight came through in patches. He frowned. He worked his trigger finger on the trigger again and again.

"Ye don't have a trigger ye can depend on, Mr. Whitney," he said finally.

Eli glanced at all the muskets piled beside the forge. "Did all those guns have to be fixed too?"

And then, as if in answer to his thoughts the blacksmith said, "Got all them to fix." He nodded his head in the direction of the forge.

"Then when do you think you can put a new trigger on mine?" asked Mr. Whitney.

"These comes first. Thar for fightin' men. You ain't goin' to be doin' no fightin' with a wife ailin' and four young'uns to raise."

Mr. Whitney started to protest, but the blacksmith went on. "I'll have your musket in time for huntin' deer come fall."

Eli heard a deep-throated groan come from his father's lips.

"That long, eh?" Mr. Whitney frowned.

"I can't make triggers fast," replied the blacksmith. "Each one takes a deal of doin'."

Eli began to think about making triggers. Why couldn't the blacksmith take a trigger from one of the guns by the forge and put it into his father's gun?

He looked up into the blacksmith's face and asked, "Why don't you make triggers that will fit on all the muskets the same?"

The blacksmith's lips curled away from his yellowed teeth and he threw back his head in a roaring laugh.

He laughed until he was out of breath. Mr. Whitney and Eli soberly watched the man in his mirth.

When he quieted he gasped out, "I ain't never heard such a foolish question!"

But Eli didn't think it was a foolish question. He kept asking himself that same question many times.

About five years later, he found the answer. Eli made muskets for the government of the United States of America. Each part could be changed from one musket to another musket. He called these parts "interchangeable parts".

"I'm glad I asked that foolish question," Eli Whitney once told some people who asked him where he got such an important idea.

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Katharine Lowey, Lucile's granddaughter, has been fascinated with the huge African lilies her mother has been growing in the house this late winter and early spring.

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DAFFY DILLY PARTY — Concluded

close circle and the groups are allowed ten minutes to think up an original skit which they will perform for the entertainment of the other groups. The best performance may be awarded a prize.

Color My World with Fragrance: Cover ten small bottles with paper in ten different spring colors. In each bottle place something with a different smell — perfume, vanilla, vinegar, peppermint, camphor, rubbing alcohol, orange juice, mouthwash, and oil of cloves, for a sample list. Number each bottle. Each player is given pencil and paper and tries to identify the contents of each bottle by smelling it. Place bottles in a row on a table and make the rule that no one picks up the bottle — just sniffs the contents. Give prize to one with most correct answers.

Cleaning the Dresser Drawers: Spring is cleaning time, so here is a daffy way to clean. This is a relay game, so appoint two captains and have them choose up sides. The sides line up on opposite sides of the room. A chair and a pair of large size men's gloves are placed at each end of each line of players. On the "starting chair" on each side is placed a variety of small objects — safety pin, bobby pin, small comb, hair pin, marbles, needle, match, etc. The captains are each handed a bucket. At leader's signal, the captain on each side puts on the gloves and picks up one of the objects and drops it into the bucket and passes it to the next player in line, who hands it to the next and so on down the line. The last player in each line must put on the gloves, take the object from the bucket and place it on the chair, take off the gloves and place on the chair again and then start the bucket down the line to the captain, who then goes through the same procedure with another object. The first side to get all of the objects on the chair at the end of the line wins the game.

REFRESHMENTS

Leanna's Daffodil Cake served with lime sherbet would be a lovely treat and perfect for the color scheme. The Daffodil Cake recipe can be found on page 302 in the *Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook*.

The lemon or orange gelatin cakes where holes are poked in the warm cake and the hot gelatin syrup poured over the top, cut in squares and topped with whipped cream or a topping mix, would be refreshing.

For a luncheon, how about a favorite chicken casserole baked in a large cake pan and cut in squares for the main dish, served with buttered peas or a tossed salad, followed by one of the desserts described above?

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James and Katharine Lowey, Lucile's grandchildren, don't have genuine sidewalks in their neighborhood, but they do have a large patio and long driveway on which they can ride their "wheels". Fortunately, the street in front of their house carries little traffic, so they are permitted to ride there.

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

whom they enjoy tremendously, and I think it's wonderful for a young couple to expand their friendships and to get to know people of all ages. I've never known a couple who shared as many interests as Juliana and Jed. And James and Katharine profit by this too since it opens up to them a wider world.

We are working full tilt on the new edition of "The Story of an American Family" and as soon as it is ready to go out we will let you know.

I am flabbergasted by the letters pouring in here about "The Most Memorable Meal I Can Remember". Now at night when I can't sleep I can stew and fret and worry about how best to handle these. They are simply fascinating letters and I'd like to figure out how to share all of them with you, not just one or two. I don't know WHEN I've read such interesting letters - there simply has to be some way to get them all together but as yet I haven't been able to figure it out.

I always use more space than I'm supposed to use, so I'll simply quit this second and say once again:

Always faithfully your friend,

Paul

COVER PICTURE

This is James Lowey's school picture and he will be eight years old on April 12.

DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

news of both of our families. I hope to go back again in April when her sister Louise will be visiting her.

Kristin and her family are fine. They haven't moved to Hardin yet. Since they have a nice house to live in so close to the school, they decided to stay there at least through the winter months. This will give them a chance to take their time redecorating the Hardin house they bought, and have it all sparkling clean and ready to move into. One of the happiest telephone calls I have received for a long time was a few weeks ago when she called to tell me they finally had gotten their phone installed. They had applied for the phone when they first moved to Busby in September, and the telephone company was all this time getting it hooked up.

Kristin has sent a lot of pictures lately of the boys, and we hope to share some of them with you. Of course Julian, being the littlest, changes with every picture, but to us the one who is changing the most is Aaron. He is really shooting up, and looks much older than his seven years. I'm anxious to go out to see them, but I think I'll wait until school is out so we can have more time together. Maybe then she can come home with me for a visit while I'm along to help with the children. We'll cross that bridge when we come to it.

It is time to think about what we are going to have for supper, so I'll head for the kitchen. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

HISTORY COMES TO LIFE - Concl.

and state-endorsed Bicentennial project and many exciting festivals are being planned for 1976. For example, a Craft Festival will be held May 22 and 23, a Homespun Festival on June 5 and 6, a Bicentennial Celebration on July 3, 4 and 5 and Quilting and Needlecraft, September 11 and 12. More information can be obtained on this and other special dates by writing to Living History Farms, 2600 Northwest 11th St., Des Moines, Iowa 50322, or by phoning 515-278-5286. Starting April 12 the Farms are open daily from 9 to 5. It is advisable to make reservations for groups over 15 in number.

Someday I want to return with Robert and revisit the Farms. It will be difficult to keep him from moving into the pioneer situation, and I may have a problem staying away from the farm so much like my grandmother's. Perhaps we could compromise on the house of tomorrow! Now *that* would be a great place to live and create history for the future generations.

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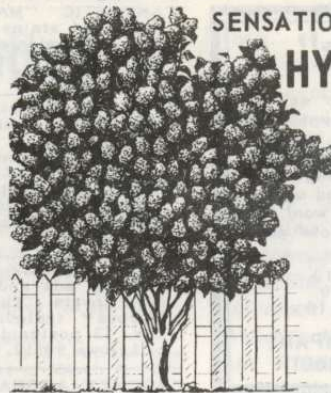
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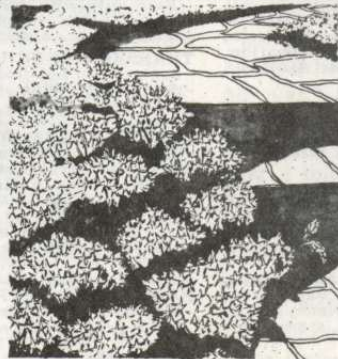
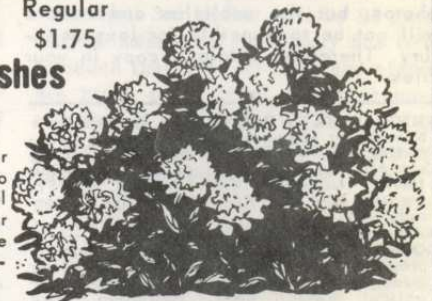
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