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Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Redlands, California

Dear Friends:

How time has flown! Although we've been in California the usual length of time, it seems to have been the "shortest winter" we've known. Perhaps this is due to the extremely fine weather. The days have been so pleasant that there have been few times when we couldn't go out-of-doors. If you could see how tan Mart and I are, you'd think that we had spent every minute soaking up the sunshine!

The high point of every day comes right after breakfast when the mail arrives. Not only do we look forward to the family mail, but also to the local newspaper. We're always eager to read the weather reports to learn how conditions are in Iowa.

Although the weather in Redlands has been unusually bright and clear, we've had a few welcome showers. They are extremely important to the water supply and also to the ever-present danger of forest fires.

One cloudy, rainy day I read a very interesting book about the history of Redlands and the San Bernardino Valley. This fertile valley, surrounded by towering mountains, was first inhabited by Indians. Since they had no written language, we know little about them except that they lived in a very primitive way. After many years the Spaniards came. They viewed with contempt the ignorance and primitiveness of the Indians and, under the mission system, introduced their religion and taught the natives how to cultivate the fertile soil and improve their living conditions.

The Spanish were joined by the Mexicans and, following this period of colonization, the Mormons came over the mountains from Utah. Their accomplishments were unbelievable! They built sawmills, planted orchards and vineyards and put in many fields of grain, demonstrating the possibilities of this area.

Slowly, other settlers drifted in from the East, thus forming the nucleus of this town.

Redlands has a fine tradition of high intellectual and cultural standards and achievements. There is a tradition of friendliness and cooperation which is still its greatest asset. We see proof of this in the many beautiful churches, the lovely parks, homes and schools and the thriving business houses.

The University of Redlands is another outstanding institution. It has maintained and increased its stature until it is now considered one of the finest universities in the country. We enjoy driving around the campus, noting the growth and changes over past years.

Redlands is not the "tourist center" that it was many years ago when it was considered the most popular vacation spot in California. In those days many wealthy people came from the East to build winter homes, parking their private railway cars on the side tracks near the depot. A huge hotel was built which had the honor of entertaining several presidents.

These days are gone, but in their place is something better—a city of friendly, happy, hard-working people, interested in their community and contributing to make Redlands a pleasant place to live and raise a family.

If you've read past issues of this magazine, you'll no doubt remember that my sister Sue and I came to California with our parents in 1907. We both graduated from Normal College in Los Angeles and taught in the Kingsbury School in Redlands. Two of Sue's daughters, Mary and Frances, still live here.

Frances has five sons—two of them in the air force. Dick is trained to fly a helicopter, which will be stationed on an aircraft carrier. John is a jet pilot and patrols the far north. Of the other three sons, one is in college and two are still at home and in public school.

Mary also has a son in the armed services. He is in the navy and is stationed on an atomic-powered submarine which just completed a trip around the world. She also has a son in college, a married son in Redlands, and a young son in high school. Her only daughter, Marilyn, is the wife of a navy flier and they are stationed in Florida.

Another niece, Louise Fischer Alexander, lives in Claremont, California and we have enjoyed some nice visits with her since we have been here. Louise and Roger have two children, Jeanne and Carter. Jeanne is married and she and her husband are attending graduate school in the East. Carter is in college in Denver, Colorado.

Where it has been relatively simple to see these relatives because of their

close proximity to Redlands, others live closer to Los Angeles where traffic presents a problem. Because of the congestion on the "Freeways", we were wondering just how we would manage to see Mart's brother Harry and his wife, Edith, when their two sons, Harold and Robert, called and suggested that they come after us. We had a regular Driftmier family house-party at Harold's home in Whittier. His wife, Mary, is a very gracious hostess—the kind who makes one feel it is no bother at all to have a house full of company.

It is equally pleasant to visit with Robert and Betty in Anaheim. Betty is a former Missouri girl and they have stopped at our home a number of times when they've made trips back to the Midwest to visit Betty's family. They have a beautiful collection of antiques—very unusual things from homes of early settlers in Missouri. Robert and Betty have become real experts at restoring the beauty of old walnut furniture.

Faith Field Stone, one of my brother Henry's daughters, and Weldon live in Escondido, California. We were so thrilled when they joined us for a day and we could catch up on the news of their family. All of their children are married, so Faith and Weldon have bought a house trailer and expect to spend some time "on wheels", visiting them in various parts of the country. It sounds like fun!

We hope that my brother Sol and his wife can spend a few days with us before we leave for home, but California is a long, long state and since they live in the northern section, it is quite a trip to drive to Redlands.

Today we are going to have company for my cousin, Pauline Speyerer, and her husband are coming to have dinner with us. Their home is in San Bernardino, which is only a few miles from Redlands. Hundreds of parents in their community are grateful to Pauline for the wonderful gift she has for teaching piano. She has given lessons for over thirty years.

It looks now as if we will be leaving California before long. Our plans call for stopping in Phoenix for a visit with friends. This helps to break up the trip a little and gives us a chance to have a good rest before continuing home. If things work out, Dorothy will meet us there to help Mart with the driving to Shenandoah. Our children are ever-reminding us that we aren't as young as we used to be and that it is time to help lift the load of driving over the long stretches of highway.

California, with its orange blossoms and beautiful desert flowers, is lovely in the springtime, but we are anxious to welcome spring at home. We would be sorry to miss the first burst of bloom in our own gardens!

Sincerely,

RAIN

Rain, rain, springtime rain!
Bring the flowers back again.

FREDERICK SHARES A SERIOUS MEDITATION WITH YOU

Dear Friends:

Yesterday was one of *those* days! It was a day when everything seemed to go wrong. I was driving the car to a breakfast appointment in a nearby village when all of a sudden the *gas tank fell off* with a great banging and clattering. I borrowed another car to take me to the breakfast while I had some emergency repairs made on mine. Then I picked up my car and drove back to the city. At noon I was driving toward the American International College to give a lecture when I discovered *one tire* was almost flat. I dared to drive on it to the first gasoline station where I learned that its air pump was broken. I drove slowly and carefully to the next service station only to discover that it had closed for the day. Finally, the next station I came to had air to put in that low tire.

When I came out of the lecture room that flabby tire was *flat again*. Eventually I did get started back to my own church. Then the car *ran out of gas*! That was not the end of my day but it is enough for this one letter!

We entertained the missionary committee of the church at our home last night. There were twelve members present and we had a good time making plans to entertain a visiting missionary next month. Every year we try to have each of the main church committees at the parsonage for a meeting; often it is the best attended meeting of the year. No matter how nice the church parlors are, nothing quite equals the friendly personality of the parlor of a private home.

Our church is trying very hard to build up its missionary giving. For years I have been convinced of the fact that the more we do for others the more God can do for us, and that certainly has been true in this church. Every time we increase our giving to missions our givings to the local budget have increased! Our total benevolence program amounts to just a little more than \$10.00 for each member of the church; it is not enough, but it is a good start. We hope it will not be long before we are doing much better than that.

This poem comes to my mind when I think along these lines:

"There is a destiny that makes us brothers,

None goes his way alone;

All that we send into the lives of others

Comes back into our own."

Just when I feel that life is as busy as it can possibly become something comes along to make it even more rushed. This last month has been filled with all sorts of activities and a great deal of time must be spent, of course, in preparing Lenten and Easter sermons. I have been working on one this week called, "Just Two Alternatives" and I thought you might be interested in some of the ideas which I am developing.



The folks were pleased to have a nice visit with Dad's brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Driftmier, and sent this snapshot taken on that occasion.

Perhaps the most ironic detail in the story of the crucifixion of our Lord is the fact that He was condemned to die by a man who admitted that he found nothing about Jesus deserving of punishment. Pilate had been warned by his wife to have nothing to do with Jesus and that was *exactly* what Pilate wanted—to have nothing to do with Him. He didn't want to convict Jesus and he didn't want to acquit Him. He wanted to remain neutral.

Jesus said, "He who is not with me is against me and he who does not gather with me scatters." Pilate thought that he had a third alternative; he thought that if he were not for Him, nor against Him, he could be *indifferent* and wash his hands of Him. Pilate was wrong about that and history will ever judge him so. He is remembered today not as a man who successfully dodged the whole issue of Christ, but as the one who *actually* condemned Him to die. There are only *two* alternatives. One either believes in Jesus and gives himself loyalty to the cause of Christ's kingdom or else he doesn't believe in Him and does not believe the things that Christ stands for. There is no third alternative. One *cannot* be neutral.

Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick tells the story of a man who was rowing down the Niagara River past Buffalo. He could not make up his mind whether or not to get off the boat at Buffalo. First he thought he would and then he thought he wouldn't. He was undecided. Ultimately he awoke at the very brink of Niagara Falls to discover that he *had* decided not to get off at Buffalo. He had *decided* by *indecision*! Just as Pilate's indecision decided the fate of Jesus, so does our indecision today decide the fate of Christ's work in the world and in our own lives.

Do you know why we are ashamed to write letters to our friends with the same missionary zeal of the early apostles? Do you know why we are self-conscious about telling our friends how much Jesus means to us? Do you

know why we are so reluctant to ask our friends to dedicate their lives to Jesus? I'll tell you why! It is because we have not learned to think in terms of: "He who is not with Christ is against Him." We are too often content to let our own religious life be dull and lethargic and in a mood of continuous apology. We haven't faced up to the issue that in the final day of judgment there will be only two kinds of people, not three. "He who is not with me is against me!" We haven't believed it enough ourselves. Too few of us *really believe* that the most important thing we can ever do is to dedicate our lives to Christ. Too few of us *really believe* that His Church and the things for which it stands are worth sacrificing for. Too few of us *really know* Jesus personally as a friend and companion and Saviour whose sacrifice for us demands that we give our lives *wholly* to Him.

This is a prayer with which I often start the day. It seems to fit into the subject we've been discussing:

Our Father in Heaven, forgive us for every foolish and thoughtless word and deed of yesterday and let us begin today with a new determination to be *more faithful, more thoughtful and more kind*. Let us so live our lives for others that our own fears and worries will be forgotten in the joy of *serving Thee*. Forgive us for trying to make life small; and help us to *make it big*. Amen.

Since this letter will reach you right at Easter time I would like to conclude with this inspiring benediction.

May the glad dawn of Easter morn
Bring joy to thee.

May the calm eve of Easter

Leave a peace divine with thee.

May Easter night on thine heart
write

O Christ, I live for Thee.

Sincerely,

Frederick

THERE ARE LOYAL HEARTS

There are loyal hearts, there are
spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and
true

Then give to the world the best you
have,

And the best shall come back to
you.

Give love, and love to your heart will
flow,

A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will
show

Their faith in your words and
deed.

For life is the mirror of king and
slave,

'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you
have

And the best will come back to
you.

—Madeline Bridges

LILAC TIME

By
Mabel Nair Brown

Can you think of a lovelier theme for a springtime banquet or luncheon than one planned around the fragrant lilacs which bloom so profusely in the Midwest in early spring? Such a luncheon has become almost traditional in our church—an occasion eagerly anticipated by our churchwomen and their friends.

Use bouquets and unusual arrangements of lilacs lavishly about the room and upon the tables, providing a beautiful setting and a heavenly fragrance that is Springtime itself!

Continue the gay theme by cutting colorful butterflies from colored construction paper and decorating them with spots of glitter dust or contrasting paper. A diagonal slit near the center fold of each butterfly allows it to be perched upon the lilac branches, on the rims of glasses or nutcups. Butterflies could also be suspended from the ceiling by inconspicuous threads, to hover over the floral arrangements.

For favors, floral sachets would be in keeping with a luncheon on this theme. They can be made by cutting flower shapes from pastel ink blotters. Put a few drops of glue in the center of each flower and sprinkle with gold glitter for a nice finishing touch. Spray each flower with lilac perfume.

Another idea would be to make "pillow" sachets from lilac taffeta, trimming the edges with tiny lace. Fill the sachets with lilac-scented sachet powder.

The following service is one that we used at a spring luncheon in our church.

Consider The Lilacs

SETTING

Cut the letters L-I-L-A-C-S from dark purple construction paper and place them in a semicircle on the wall behind a low arrangement of lilacs. The letters should be placed well above the bouquet so that violet or white ribbon streamers attached to the bouquet can run up to each letter on the wall. Place a large lighted white candle at the right of the arrangement.

MEDITATION

Leader: "How often Jesus counseled his disciples to take a lesson from nature—the vineyard, the fruit tree, the lilies of the field. How forcefully God speaks to us in the springtime if we but open our ears to hear and our eyes to see! For a few moments let's consider the lilacs and the message they have for us.

"I walked out on my lawn today and thought of God. The breeze upon my face spoke of His love, and every sunlit blade of grass whispered His name. The lilac bush and the green-ing elms, long stripped of seeming life, now burst in resurrection song, and joined with my heart in praises to the Lord."

"L": "The 'L' might stand for LIFT, for who would deny that the beauty of lilacs brings a light into our lives

in springtime—a lift to our soul? In Matthew 5:14, Jesus says, 'Ye are the light of the world.' In verse 16, 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.' In John 1:7 we read, 'If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one for another.' So the lilacs bloom to give a LIFT, a light to the glory of God and to remind us to help lift the burden of those who walk the Road of Life with us and to bring to them the light of God's love."

"I": "The 'I' stands for INSPIRATION, for in the fragrant lilac blossoms we can certainly find inspiration. Each little floret, so perfect and dewy fresh, is a living, glowing testimony of beauty wrought by the hand of God. So, too, should our lives be a living testimony—an inspiration to others of how wonderful our lives can be when they are willingly submitted to God's will.

"Oh, Lord, I hope You let me live until my hair is gray,
Until my limbs are feeble and my work is put away.
I hope You let me carry on until my dreams are spent,
And I have given all the world my every sentiment,
For You have been so good to me I want to honor You;
And teach as many as I can to love and praise Thee too.
I want to be of service, Lord, through every day and night,
In which to guide another soul to Your eternal light.
I want to live beneath the stars and see the morning sun
Until my soul is satisfied that all my work, for Thee, is done."

"L": "Another 'L' must surely stand for one of the most beautiful words in any language—the word of LOVE. How often we find the word used in the Bible! 'Love thy God, Love thy neighbor, Love thine enemies.' 'If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us.' Who can look at a lilac in full bloom and deny God's love for us? He brings forth all this beauty for our enjoyment, season after season, year after year. 'His love never faileth.' If we would only play the old game of 'Pass it On' and pour out love upon our families, our friends, our neighbors and our world, how different would be each individual life. The lilacs remind us that God gives life and love. Let us pass it on."

"A": "In these days of world-wide fear and apprehension, how much we need ASSURANCE. A poet has said 'God's in His heaven, all's right with the world.' The letter 'A' stands for the assurance that comes when the lilacs bloom again. Yes, in spite of man-made conflicts and worldly tensions, there is the message of assurance. Just as sure as the lilacs bloom each spring, so is God constantly watching over and caring for us. By the way we face up to life's problems, by voicing our prayers of faith and thanksgiving, by the precepts and example of our 'practiced' Christianity, we may bring assurance of God's abid-

ing love into the lives of others."

"C": "I would have the 'C' stand for the gay, lilted CHEERFULNESS of those beloved, hardy, old-fashioned lilacs. What color they bring to the garden and to this room! Think of the joy they must have stirred in the hearts of pioneer mothers as they faced the loneliness and the primitiveness of life on the prairie. What sorrows can be lessened, what burdens can be lifted, what dark corners of life can be brightened by wholesome, everyday cheerfulness! Remember the cheerfulness of the old familiar hymn, 'Brighten the Corner Where You Are'?"

"Do not wait until some deed of greatness you may do.

Do not wait to shed your light afar,

To the many duties ever near you now be true—

Brighten the corner where you are.

Just above are clouded skies that you may help to clear;

Let not narrow self your way debar.

Tho' into one heart alone may fall your song of cheer;

Brighten the corner where you are."

"S": "Our last letter is 'S' and it stands for SWEETNESS. How precious is the sweetness and the haunting fragrance of the lilacs! How lovely would the lilacs be without the fragrance? One single blossom can fill an entire room with delightful perfume. Just this way, the sweetness we bring into plain, everyday living can change our whole relationship with family and friends. It has been said that we cannot sprinkle perfume upon someone else without getting a little upon ourselves. Surely we must say that sweetness is a prime ingredient in a Christian life. The best portion of a good man's life lies in his little, nameless, uncounted acts of kindness and love—his sweetness in daily life."

Leader: "Consider the lilacs! Will we, like the lovely lilacs, bring a LIFT, an INSPIRATION, LOVE, ASSURANCE, CHEERFULNESS, and SWEETNESS to others each day, thus passing on the message of the lilacs?"

Song: "I Would Be True" (Sung as a solo or by the group.)

Closing Prayer: "Dear God, how beautiful are Thy works, how lovely are Thy creations. Help us to remember the lesson of the lilacs that we may ever be seeking to lighten and brighten the lives of those about us and prove to be worthy of the name 'Christian'. In the name of our Savior, we pray. Amen."

HOPE GOETH BEFORE

Leaf buds make spotted shadows
Across the tender lawn,
While fluttering wings are
everywhere . . .
Builders possess the dawn.

I stand in pleasant wonder
On my tiny plot of land,
Hoping, trusting, clasping
Seed packets in my hand.

—Gladys Niece Templeton

MARGERY'S LETTER TO YOU

Dear Friends:

This is an ideal time for me to write my letter to you friends for Oliver and Martin will be late for supper this evening. Oliver called from the office to tell me that he has a late appointment and Martin has gone to Youth Choir practice.

The Youth Choir is working up a presentation of the 23rd Psalm in motion and if they become as inspired and enthusiastic as they were last month when they worked out a presentation of the Lord's Prayer, I know that this session will last later than usual.

Perhaps you are curious as to what this is all about. It is quite a new idea that we have been using with our youth group and I suppose it might be called "Religion through Motion". The idea itself is not a new one, for it is a means of expressing deep feeling in religion that has been used almost since the beginning of time. The children listen to the words of the scripture and by movements of hands and head interpret them. For an example, as in the Lord's Prayer, when they say "Our Father, which art in heaven—", they extend their hands to heaven. "Hallowed be Thy name—" and they bring their hands to a prayerful position. It is truly beautiful to watch the youngsters express their sincere reverence in this manner.

The first time the children did a scripture interpretation for us, we were very moved. To use Martin's own words, "I just *felt* so much inside!" Indeed, the scriptures begin to take on more meaning for the children and they are able to understand the emotion of religion.

I don't know just how this revival of "Religion through Motion" got started, but I understand that a number of denominations are realizing its value to the child. A number of representatives from other local churches have come to observe our youngsters at their rehearsals for they are interested in starting it with the children's groups in their own churches.

Last month I told you that Martin was working on "something" in his Industrial Arts class, and that it was being kept a secret. Yes, as I suspected, it was an item for the house and he brought it home last week—very proudly! It is a wall-type letter holder and woe be to anyone who forgets to deposit the daily mail in its rightful place!

The second project is a footstool, and we are receiving daily reports on its progress—yesterday, *more* sanding and today, the first coat of varnish. Wood-working is fun and I'll have to confess that I sometimes have to call down the basement stairs several times to remind Martin that he *must* leave the workbench and get busy on his homework.

Last month I also told you the plans I had for my living room drapes. Unfortunately, they have fallen by the wayside because I can't find the old-fashioned fringe I had in mind. Surely



A real milestone, as far as years are concerned, was the occasion of Margery's fortieth birthday. It was celebrated at the Verness's home with a family dinner. In our cover picture you see Lucile and Juliana serving coffee while joining Martin and Oliver Strom in teasing Margery about "life beginning at forty"! But there was no nonsense when Margery cut the first piece of the huge Anniversary Cake Lucile baked for her.

I can locate some in a large city department store, so I'll bide my time until it is convenient to make the trip.

After reading Kristin's article on renovating an old commode in the March issue of the magazine, I had an idea about rehabilitating an old piece of furniture in my office. When Dorothy was here last month I discussed it with her and she agreed that it would improve the piece—an old secretary desk with a very disreputable appearance. As a matter of fact, almost everything in my little home office has an unsightly appearance! So far, all that has seemed important to me is that I have a room I can work in and that I have a desk, bookcase, large files, etc. (After all, I *could* shut the door.) Now I'm beginning to think of ways in which I could make everything in the room more attractive. They will be terrific undertakings and will undoubtedly require months and months of spare moments (they are so few!) but the end results should be worth the effort. One of these days, when I become sufficiently inspired, I'll get to work on this room.

My family has good cause to chuckle over my ideas for home improvement because my plans are a good deal larger than I can encompass. If you could see the scrapbook of ideas that I hope to utilize *eventually*, I'm sure you would chuckle too. But such scrapbooks are fun and it gives me no end of pleasure to pour over them dreamily, particularly on a dark, rainy day.

Speaking of rainy days, laundry drying is no longer a problem at this house during damp weather for we have bought a clothes dryer. I have ample space in the basement for dry-

ing things, but with a recent recurrence of my old back trouble the doctor suggested that I cease the back strain that accompanies hanging wet laundry. He would have preferred eliminating the basement steps also, but as much figuring and measuring as we did, we couldn't find convenient space for laundry equipment on the first floor.

The workmen were scarcely out of the house before I put the dryer to use, for I washed some blankets and throw rugs as soon as it was clear that they were on their way to install it. I've found this new appliance a great time-saver as well as a back-saver for it has eliminated time spent at the ironing board also. Many things that previously required a touch of the iron come out so fluffy and smooth that they can be put away with no pressing whatsoever.

A number of articles have dwelled upon the subject of what women do with the time saved by the use of modern appliances. I suppose I could say that they allow me more time for other work, and yet that isn't completely true for I'm one of the first to rally in defense of the phrase that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." It is perfectly true that I could work every waking moment for there is no end to things that must be done around a house. Yet, I feel it equally important to do some things that I like to do for the pure joy that they give me. One of these is my embroidery work. I find it very beneficial to rest for a little while each afternoon and although I don't lie down and take a nap, I do enjoy sitting down for a few minutes with some handwork. Very frequently I

(Continued on page 16)



It was a momentous occasion for the Verness's when Juliana turned eighteen and it called for this picture which we are happy to share with you. Not only was there a family dinner in her honor, but also a genuine "surprise party" which Lucile tells about in her letter.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

This morning when I stood in line at the check-out stand in one of our local supermarkets I heard four different people say: "Well, no matter what happens now it can't last long."

A stranger from far parts probably wouldn't know what "it" was, but there was no confusion about this in the minds of Shenandoah citizens who were wrestling with carts of groceries. No one can really quite believe we've sneaked through such an unbelievably mild winter in Southwestern Iowa, and we all remind ourselves that whatever is dished out to us at this late date can't possibly hold on long.

I think most of us feel sobered when we contemplate the spectacle of a gigantic city such as New York completely paralyzed by the weather. We've witnessed scientific feats so dazzling that we can't begin to comprehend them, and thus we are shocked when Nature rares up and shows Man how puny he really is. New York is famous the world over as a symbol of power and glory, but there wasn't much power and glory around when it came to a total halt and lay like a stricken beast smothered in ice and snow. It's one thing when a Midwestern city or town is knocked out by the weather, but it's another thing when New York folds up completely. I'm just grateful I wasn't mixed up with any of it.

Our friends who have a home not far from Allentown, Penn., wrote graphic accounts of their experiences, and one incident struck me as most unusual.

"The other morning when we were having breakfast, all snow-becalmed, a sudden cloud darkened the windows and it was an enormous number of pheasants settling everywhere, on snow and in the trees and on the

birdhouses—everywhere, looking for succor and food. Never saw so many; never saw them in trees (they seemed so enormous perched there!); never saw them so hungry. Of course we rushed out and got corn and wallowed to and from the corncrib in snow to our necks, more or less, to feed them. And seldom, I'm sure, has food been more appreciated."

I've never seen more than one pheasant at a time, and only twice have I really seen one at close range, so I find it hard to visualize a flock that darkened the windows.

The last few nights I've been going to bed with a book that has a wealth of variety and interest: *Roundup*, a Nebraska Reader compiled and edited by Virginia Faulkner and published by the University of Nebraska Press in 1957. This is the kind of a book that makes you feel as if you've had a wonderfully stimulating conversation with many people, and in the process of being entertained you've learned a great deal.

I thought a number of times as I put it down and turned off the lamp beside my bed, that this would be a wonderful book to give to a nursing home for there is so much in it that can stir the imagination and memory of elderly people. I've been asked a good many times what kind of a book would be suitable to read aloud by dedicated volunteers who are trying to find some way to alleviate the terrible loneliness of old people in nursing homes, and I can't imagine a better book than this particular collection of articles about Nebraska. There is something in it for everyone.

Another book I've dipped into recently is *The Waste-Makers* by Vance Packard. There may be people who are startled and surprised by various things in this book, but I can't imagine who they are or where they live! From grim experience I can only say

that Mr. Packard confirmed what I had already suspected.

In one way I feel that my generation has been hit the hardest by "The Waste Makers" because we can compare the way it used to be with the way it is today. Juliana has grown up in a generation intimately acquainted with repairmen, non-functioning appliances, and ALWAYS at least one thing on the blink or beginning to fall apart right at the outset. This is the normal condition of affairs and simply to be expected. She is adjusted to this and nothing in the line of trouble comes as a surprise.

Russell and I, on the other hand, remember the days when things worked, and we find it an awful struggle to resign ourselves to present day reality. But little by little we're losing the will to cope with all the things that go wrong, and we try not to discuss such painful subjects as the Verness family washing machine that chugged along like a faithful horse for twenty-two years; or the Driftmier family refrigerator purchased in 1928 that has had only one thing done to it and keeps food cold to this very day at Dorothy's house; or the refrigerator that Russell and I bought twenty-four years ago that is STILL working in the home of friends who bought it when we moved from Minneapolis. (The company that made the refrigerator folded up five years ago!!!!!!)

Yet even though we try to avoid references to these things, sharp reminders crop up here and there to make us fretful! For instance, just before the folks went to California the day after Christmas, Russell and I dropped by to see them and were asked to stay for supper. Mother had fixed cream chicken on toast, and as the toast popped up she said:

"Lucile, do you remember when I got this toaster?"

I studied for a minute and then said: "Yes, I remember because it was a gift to you from all of us on your 50th birthday and we gave it to you at Aunt Helen's house."

"That's right," she said. "I didn't know if you'd remember or not because that was back in 1936."

And Dad added: "Yes, and that toaster makes just as good toast today as it did in 1936."

Things like that stir you up! A whole flock of dreary memories comes swooping down and in your mind's eye you can see everything from an electric blanket (ours practically set the bed on fire even when it was turned to the lowest point) to an electric mixer that had to be taken apart and put together again before it could ever be used. You'll note that I've used comparatively minor items as an example. If I let myself think about the really big things I'd go right through the roof! So you see, there were no startling revelations for me in Mr. Packard's book.

Juliana was 18 on February 25th and her friends succeeded in giving her the surprise of her life—a real party that took her totally unprepared. Kristin was here for the occasion and she

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TWO APRIL SHOWERS

By

Deleta Landphair

Not too many years ago, babies were arrayed in little dresses with lace edging and beruffled bonnets. When about one year old, the baby would take on the general appearance of its own sex—boys were buttoned into overalls and sported boy-type haircuts while little girls went right on wearing more bows, ruffles and hair ribbons. Now the trend is to recognize the fact that you have a boy or girl right from birth and treat the child accordingly.

With this in mind, showers are often held after the baby arrives for then the party can be planned specifically for a boy or a girl. Here are some ideas which may help you with just such a party.

IT'S A BOY

Invitation:

Have you heard the good news?

The _____ have a boy.

Please help us welcome

This sweet bundle of joy.

Date _____ at _____ o'clock

Place _____

Flying Kites Game: Before the party, get some downy feathers and color each feather a different color with vegetable coloring. Divide the guests into groups of three or four people and assign each group a different color. Give each team a wide mouth container such as a fruit jar and place the containers around the room. Now step to the center of the room and toss the feathers high into the air. Each team must blow the feather of its color into the jar without touching it or the jar. If the feather drops to the floor, they can still get it back into the air by blowing it.

Daffy Detective: Provide each guest with a pencil and a copy of the questions listed below. Have the clues to the questions hidden about the room such as behind pictures, pinned to the drapes and under chair seats. The contestants are to match the right clue to the corresponding question. Begin the game by reading the following:

"There is a new member of the _____'s household who is suspected of upsetting household routine. Mr. _____'s meals have been late several times, lights come on at all hours of the night and someone seems to be constantly doing the laundry. You are all appointed detectives to get to the bottom of the mystery. Here are some questions and it is your job to find the clues and match them up to the right question. The first detective coming up with all the right answers will win a great award. (Look on a variety store's toy counter for a detective's badge for your "Star Detective".)

1. How much does the suspect weigh?
2. What hour and date was he born?
3. Who are his accomplices?
4. When is his favorite social hour?
5. What clues does the suspect leave behind him?
6. How does he always get his own way?
7. What are his chief occupations?

8. Who are his favorite people?

9. When does he prefer his meals?

(Of course, some of the clues will have to be changed to fit your own particular needs, for instance, the answers to questions 1, 2, and 3.)

- (1) Eight lb. 14 oz.
- (2) February 6 at 10:02 A. M.
- (3) (Names of brothers and sisters or Grandparents.)
- (4) 2 A.M. or fifteen minutes after Mother has headed for bed to catch a nap.
- (5) A whiff of talcum powder and an endless number of diapers.
- (6) With Charm. If that fails, tears.
- (7) Eating and sleeping, sleeping and eating.
- (8) Anyone who bends over his basket and makes admiring remarks.
- (9) Right after the rest of the family has started to eat.

Pandemonium Pantomime: After everyone has settled down from Daffy Detective, divide the guests into teams of two or three. Ask each person, simultaneously with her team-mates in the group, to pantomime her own idea of a six year old boy at play. If your guests are at all imaginative, they will rebuttal their dresses incorrectly, yank their hair over their eyes, and untie shoe strings, while imitating a zooming airplane, racing car, or just standing there asking endless questions of an imaginary mother. Look for the liveliest action from the contestant who has a close-to-six-year-old in her own family. Let everyone act as judges and vote on the best team performance. Have some little whistles, popguns or such nonsense for prizes.

Opening the Gifts: Since fishing is natural for a boy, assure the new mother that she must get in a little practice. Rig up a fishing pole made of a short length of dowel stick, a few feet of strong cord with a net sack attached to the end of the line. (Fix a little side opening in the net so a gift can be slipped inside.) Before the guests come, partition off a corner of the room with a sheet and put the gifts behind it as they arrive. Then at fishing time, ask another guest to slip behind the partition and put one gift at a time into the net for the honored guest to "fish" out. If you have an oversized gift which couldn't possibly be attached to the fishing line, use this verse:

"The last fish is too big to lift.
Look around for a whale of a gift."

IT'S A GIRL

For a tiny baby girl's shower a happy theme is taken from the expression "She looks like an angel!". The first color scheme that comes to mind, when thinking of angels, is pink and white. Pink and silver would also be appropriate.

Use heavy white paper for your invitations and cut each one into a 5 x 6-inch strip. Fold the long ends together so it will look like a book-style invitation. If you are handy with a drawing pencil, sketch little angels on the front. A Christmas stencil or a picture from a Christmas card may be used if you need a pattern.

Invitation:

A sweet little angel named _____
Has come to the _____ to stay.
We hope you can come to her
shower.

To welcome her on this happy day.

Date _____ at _____ o'clock

Place _____

Chaotic Corsages: Have on hand as many little paper sacks as you will have guests. Put odds and ends of baby necessities in each sack such as swab sticks, cotton balls, little cans of baby powder or oil, rattles, safety pins, baby booties, and a few pieces of florist's wire or string. As each guest arrives, hand her a sack with the instructions that she use the contents to make a corsage for herself. When you are ready to begin the entertainment, call a vote for the best handiwork. After the voting, bring out a real corsage for the honored mother. This can either be a corsage from the florist or one cleverly made with baby rattles, artificial flowers and satin ribbon.

Mother Goose Puzzlers: Before your guests arrive, make posters with illustrations of Mother Goose rhymes. Choose those rhymes which are easy to illustrate such as Little Boy Blue. (Cut out of magazines pictures of a little boy, haystack or bale of hay, and a horn. Put these figures together to make a poster.) Tape these posters to the wall and ask the guests to write down the complete rhyme as soon as they identify each picture. In a short time, check the answers and award the prize winner a little book of nursery rhymes.

Braiding Contest: Round up enough old hats so that you will have one for each team of four guests. Attach three strands of twine, heavy cord, or crepe paper to the back of each hat. Appoint one person in each team to act as the little girl who will have her hair braided. Slip the hat on her head and give her three teammates a strand of the cord. After each team is similarly equipped, direct them to braid the "hair" without letting go of their own particular strand, a feat which will require each person to rapidly exchange positions in order to hold on. Shout "go" and award the prize to the team which finishes first.

Fortuneteller's Forecast: After each guest has been given a paper and pencil, instruct her to prophecy the baby's future using each letter of the child's first and second names. For instance, if the baby's name is Mary Lee, the prophesy might be as follows: "I predict Mary Lee May Attend Royalty Yet Learn Electrical Engineering." After all are finished, let everyone read their prophecies and then collect and give them to the new mother to put in her baby's scrapbook.

Feeding Baby: Seat four guests around a card table which has a tray of puffed wheat in the center. Give each contestant a drinking straw and a glass which is covered with a picture of a baby's face with a little hole for the mouth. On a given signal, each person places the drinking straw in her mouth and uses it to transfer the puffed wheat from the tray to her "baby". Give each group of players

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WONDERFUL NEWS FROM MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

We're still in Anderson, Indiana but *this is the last letter* I shall write from here, barring some major event. We are planning on moving in just three more days! Before we do move, however, the moving people will bring their truck out to Mother's and load up all of our belongings. I have an idea they are in for a rather large shock because already the dining room table has been opened up and covered with loose items that will have to be packed away in boxes; as yet I haven't really begun to search the house thoroughly for *all* our things. The majority of my clothes and the children's have to be hung in the standard wardrobes and clothes for three children and one mama make up a very *large* item. To complicate packing even further, I have added to Katharine's wardrobe considerably. The little children's shop near Mother's home had its annual clearance sale of winter merchandise and I was able to buy almost all of Katharine's wardrobe for next winter.

I've been to Milwaukee again, as you may have guessed by reading this far, and Donald and I spent two days making the rounds of available houses with a realtor. We saw several houses we liked. One house I liked very much but Donald saw errors in construction that grated on his engineering know-how and he simply could not say "Yes" to buying it. In like manner a house which he liked, I thought was only fair so I couldn't honestly say I wanted us to buy it. When it looked as if we would again have to give up hope of finding something, we saw a sign in the window of a dear red house which said, "For Rent". Thus ended our looking!

I really think we were willing to rent that house without seeing the inside. However, we did locate the realtor that was renting it. The agent took us through the house and within the hour *we had a home!* I am really delighted with it. It has three bedrooms, a beautiful tile bath with colored fixtures (which is a luxury we have not enjoyed before), an ample sized living room with walnut paneling along one wall and a very attractive kitchen done in sunshine yellow. There is bright yellow tile on top of all the cabinets. It has a built-in electric range and oven which solves the problem of our cooking facilities since we had sold our stove with our Oak Park house. There is an additional half-bath located close to the back door, a full basement and an oversized back yard. This sounds too good to be true, doesn't it?

The only problem facing us right now is an ungraded yard but the company from whom we rented the property has promised to have the yard taken care of at their expense. *All* I have to put up with is the nuisance of keeping the children corralled until the grass grows! I am so pleased that they are willing to put in the lawn



We think that this will always be one of our favorite pictures of Mother and Dad. The rest in California sunshine has done them both world's of good."

that the problem of what to do with the little ones when the weather gets warm doesn't faze me. I shall probably use this as an excuse to go exploring the zoo or sandy beaches on Lake Michigan and other of the fascinating activities which Milwaukee offers.

So, we have actually signed a year's lease and I feel confident that in that year we will find a house to buy. This gives us the advantage of making our decision without pressure. We will be right on hand to look at every prospective house that comes along and not have to drive hundreds of miles on each trip.

This house is not in Hales Corners. It is in the village of New Berlin which is, as I understand it, the same as a township. But it is only three miles from Donald's office and one-half mile from an ultra modern new school. This closeness doesn't mean an end to driving Katharine to school—at least not yet. She would have to cross a desolate stretch of uncleared land and until I see how many other children use this path I'm not going to turn her loose. I've spent too many years living in the relative safety of a small town to feel ready to swiftly adapt myself and the children to the ways of a big city so I'll proceed with caution until I am certain it is safe.

The interesting part of this story is the reason such a lovely, brand new house was sitting vacant with a "For Rent" sign in the window. This house was built by a contractor who experienced financial difficulty before its completion and was forced to take bankruptcy. According to Wisconsin law this house cannot be sold for a period of twelve months in order to give the original contractor an opportunity to straighten out his business and redeem ownership. We are sorry he had this difficulty but are glad to be able to use this year getting our housing problems under control.

The ironic end of this tale came when we arrived home from our last house hunting trip. I was so *elated!* We had found our house and had eleven days left in the month in which to get everything together and be in Milwaukee by the first of the month when our prepaid rent became effective.

The children were still napping when Donald and I got the car un-

loaded so we had an excellent opportunity to tell Mother all about our find and plan when we would move. Katharine came dreamily walking out of the bedroom, wandered over to her delighted Mama and asked what in the world were those *little spots* on her tummy. Right then I knew we wouldn't be moving in eleven days. We had *chicken pox!*

Katharine was fortunate because she had a moderately light case. She was under the weather about eleven days, even though she was required by city law to remain out of school for fourteen days. You have already guessed the remainder of the story, I'm sure. On the twelfth day after Katharine broke out with chicken pox, Adrienne blossomed forth with little blisters and on the thirteenth day Paul followed suit.

I can speak lightly of it all now because the worst is over and everyone is on the mend. Adrienne was one mighty sick baby. She had such a severe case that the poor little tyke was absolutely *covered* with blisters! She was miserable and I felt so sorry for her because there as so little I could do to help. The itching caused her to suffer so much that the third day I finally talked to the doctor. I simply didn't see how she could go on much longer without sleep. He prescribed an antihistamine liquid and this gave some relief until the worst of the breaking out was over. Paul had a more severe case than Katharine but not nearly as bad as Adrienne.

As things stand now we are planning to leave for Milwaukee in just three more days. Mother has consented to travel with us and stay to help me with the children until I get things settled. More important, she will be on hand to help control the little ones on the long trip. Donald is not coming here this weekend. He has many things to do to have our new house prepared for our arrival.

The problem of where to stop for lunch with these children still looking like spotted leopards (it takes a long time for the spots to fade even after all the infection is past) was solved by an invitation from Mother's sister, Hazel Hillmer. She lives in La Grange, Illinois and has invited us to stop for a rest and lunch with them.

We will drive on to a motel at Hales Corners where we will spend the night. The moving van is supposed to be ready to unload at nine o'clock the next morning so we should all be able to sleep in our own beds the second night for the first time in months—except for Mother.

I'm really looking forward to spring. Indiana has had an unusually bad winter with so much snow. And I've been shut inside with these three little speckled chickens long enough! Good-bye for now. I'll write next month from New Berlin, Wisconsin.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

One thing sure—if you laugh at your troubles you will probably always have something to laugh at!

ABIGAIL DISCUSSES CIVIL DEFENSE

Dear Friends:

This morning as I sit here at the dining room table, I can see nothing but peaceful activities. Our retired neighbor across the back fence is spading his garden and another neighbor is giving her throw rugs a brisk shaking. Almost every clothesline is filled to capacity with sheets, bedspreads and curtains billowing in the fresh spring breeze. The little preschoolers are riding their tricycles up and down the sidewalk in front of our house. This spring little Linda who lives on the corner has joined the tricycle brigade and I realize more sharply how time does fly.

Yes, this sounds peaceful enough and yet my own thoughts are hardly at peace. Last night I attended a meeting concerned with Civil Defense, a subject that I realize now we have heard mentioned too rarely. Occasionally when there is another international crisis someone may casually comment, "I wonder what we'll do if they drop the Big Bomb?" But none of the people we know have ever indicated any concrete plans for such a horrible occasion. The usual attitude expressed appears to be fatalistic.

The Denver area is now the fifth ranking target for nuclear warfare in the United States. Yet in such a prime target area apathy and indifference constitute the typical reaction to the mention of Civil Defense. The people called to last night's meeting were all novices like myself. The P.T.A. of our local elementary school has asked us to serve as a committee to investigate the possibility of taking measures to protect our children at school. The one expert present was our Jefferson County Civil Defense worker and much of which she related was a real eye-opener to me. I would like to pass a few of these points along to those of you who may also have ignored this painful subject.

First of all, there is no point in worrying about survival if you happen to be caught in the immediate blast area. There is no defense in such a place. However, there is defense in the radiation fall-out areas if you know what to do and how to prepare. It is appalling, but encouraging, to learn that 80% of the non-blast casualties of Hiroshima and Nagasaki could have been saved if they had known what to do! Fall-out can hit any place in this country. You are just as vulnerable to fall-out on an isolated farm in the Midwest as we are in a prime-target area.

Equipped fall-out shelters are the best home protection. Those of you with a good storm or tornado cellar have a fall-out shelter already. Wouldn't it be wise to contact your nearest Civil Defense office to learn just what is necessary to adapt your storm cellar as a fall-out shelter? With the tornado season rapidly approaching some of you are probably planning on putting in a new storm cellar. Why not make this new storm cellar a place



Linda Eastman, who lives only two doors down the street from Wayne and Abigail, is the "darling" of the neighborhood. Emily and Alison are frequently called upon to baby-sit when the Eastmans have errands to run and this responsibility makes both girls feel very grown up.

adequate to take care of your family for the two-week period of fall-out protection too? You may never have to use it for a storm and you may never have to use it for atomic defense, but history can give no assurance of safety on either score. Chances are you'll have more warning to prepare for a tornado than for war-released atomic, chemical or biological weapons.

Incidentally, you know most of us think of disasters as occurring at night. But military experts say that when (they don't say if) bombs are dropped on our country, it will probably be between 2:30 and 5 o'clock on a weekday afternoon. That is the time when the most people are away from home and streets and highways most crowded. Therefore the maximum number of people would be victims of panic, chaos and disaster.

There are a number of informative pamphlets which your county agent should have on hand. Among the most pertinent are three offered by the Federal Civil Defense Administration, "Home Protection Exercises", "What to Do Now About Emergency Sanitation at Home", and the Technical Bulletin for May 1958, "Family Shelters for Protection against Radioactive Fall-out". The U. S. Department of Agriculture also has Farmers' Bulletin No. 2107, "Radioactive Fall-out on the Farm". Most of this information is valuable in any emergency whether fire, flood, tornado or radioactive fall-out.

I must confess I find it a very difficult task to comprehend living in this space age! So many of its ramifications seem to be beyond my powers of understanding or adaptation.

Last January Wayne and I attended the Colorado Nurserymen's Convention held on the campus of Colorado State

University at Ft. Collins. This was my first opportunity to see something of the campus and the work being done there. One of the most interesting new buildings has two rooms still under construction. These two rooms will be used to propagate plants for transplanting to planets in space. The objective is to transplant only plants that are completely free of disease, fungus and insects. Only a few cells of each plant will be taken into these sterilized rooms and from these few cells, the plants will be propagated.

In another section of this building very special growing cubicles will soon be finished. In these cubicles it will be possible to have very exact controls of temperature, humidity and air pressure and movement. The scientists hope to duplicate climatic and air pressure conditions of other planets and moons. Thus it may be possible to predict which varieties of our Earth plant-life could be transplanted across space.

There were many experiments in process in the greenhouses also. One of the most interesting to me concerned two close botanic relatives, the potato and the tomato. The researcher is attempting to discover why potatoes produce tubers while tomatoes produce fruit. He has one double-graft plant that is potato on the bottom, has a tomato stem, and then a potato top. This particular plant hasn't been growing long enough to produce either potatoes or tomatoes and no one is predicting what will happen. A double-graft of this type is extremely difficult to achieve and calls for infinite patience and very delicate skill.

Still another research project, much further along, concerns the development of a tomato plant suitable for machine harvest. A tomato harvesting machine is similar to a corn picker. The objective here is a short, bushy plant with strong stalks which has firm fruit growing in clusters on the plant. The researcher expects to have this plant ready for commercial production in another few months.

Here on the home front our church is still without its own minister but things are running along surprisingly well. And this is in spite of the additional loss of several of our key families through transfer away from Denver. We are fortunate to have two devoted churchmen who drive down from Boulder every Sunday to conduct regular services. One is a retired ordained priest who conducts the 7:30 Communion services. The other, Dr. Francis Wolle, is a retired history professor from Colorado University who certainly is anything but retired. He studied extensively, passed the difficult tests and was recently ordained what we Episcopalians call a Perpetual Deacon. As such, he can conduct all services except Holy Communion.

Dr. Wolle's wife, Muriel Sibell Wolle, is a very well-known Colorado author and artist. She has written and illustrated several books about western mining towns. Her book "Stampede to Timberline" is considered the definitive work on Colorado mining towns.

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Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

SPRING SALAD

- 1 small can mandarin oranges
- 1 #303 can crushed pineapple
- 1 #303 can whole peeled apricots
- 1 pkg. peach flavored gelatin

Drain the fruit thoroughly. Dissolve the gelatin in 1 cup boiling water and then add 1 cup of combined juices. When the gelatin is partially set, stir in the pineapple, orange sections and the apricots which have been cut into small pieces. Chill until completely set.

A sweet dressing is very good on this salad. A simple one can be made by combining mayonnaise with some of the juice from the fruit and a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener.

SALMON CUSTARD

This recipe is amazingly simple to taste so good!

- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- Dash of paprika
- 1 can salmon, flaked

Beat the eggs slightly and then stir in the evaporated milk, salt, pepper and paprika. Drain the salmon and flake it; then add to the mixture. Pour into a greased casserole and bake in a shallow pan of hot water in a 350 degree oven for about 25 minutes, or until a knife inserted comes out clean. Serves 4.

ALISON'S CHOCOLATE DROP COOKIES

- 1/3 cup soft butter or margarine
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 squares chocolate, melted and cooled slightly
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup finely chopped nuts

Cream together the butter and brown sugar. After the chocolate has been melted and cooled, add it to the creamed mixture, and then add the eggs. Beat well. Add the vanilla to the milk and add. Sift the dry ingredients and add with the nuts. Drop by teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 8 to 10 minutes.

These can be frosted with chocolate powdered sugar frosting if desired. We always add a little Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring and Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring to the frosting.

SCOTCH TOFFEE

We hesitate to call these cookies and yet they are not really a candy. Perhaps we could settle for "treats"!

The friend who sent in this recipe says that it has made a great hit with the "teen-agers" in their community.

- 1/3 cup butter or margarine, melted
- 2 cups uncooked rolled oats
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, packed
- 1/4 cup dark corn syrup
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 6-ounce pkg. chocolate chips
- 1/4 cup chopped nut meats, if desired

Blend together the butter and the rolled oats, then blend in the sugar, corn syrup, salt and flavorings. Pack the mixture firmly into a well-greased 8-inch square pan. Bake for 12 minutes at 450 degrees. Cool; then warm the bottom of the pan and turn it over so that the sheet of cookies falls out of the pan. Melt the chocolate chips over hot, *not boiling*, water and spread over the cookies. Sprinkle with nuts, if desired. Cut into small squares after chilling in the refrigerator.

SAUCE FOR BRAISED PORK CHOPS

Brown pork chops or pork steak well on both sides. Cover with the following sauce and let simmer until meat is done—about 30 to 40 minutes, depending upon how thick the meat is.

- 1 bouillon cube
- 1/3 cup hot water
- 1 tsp. ginger
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1/4 cup honey
- 1 Tbls. soy sauce

Dissolve the bouillon cube in the hot water. Add the remaining ingredients and pour over the browned pork.

If you prefer, you could let the meat marinate over night in the sauce, then bake the chops in the oven, basting with the sauce as needed to prevent the meat from drying.

GREEN GAGE PLUM SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups hot water
- 1/2 cup syrup from plums
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 1 No. 2 1/2 can green gage plums
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds
- 1/4 tsp. dry ginger
- 2 3-ounce pkgs. cream cheese

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add syrup, salt and vinegar and cool. Cut fruit from pits and place in molds. Scatter nuts over plums and cover with half the gelatin. Chill until firm. Chill remaining half of gelatin until partially set. Beat with rotary beater, then add ginger and softened cream cheese. Pour over first part. Chill. Serve on lettuce with fruit dressing.

FANCY BAKED BEANS

- 4 slices bacon
- 1 medium onion, finely chopped
- 1 Tbls. bacon drippings
- 2 Tbls. molasses
- 2 Tbls. catsup
- 1/4 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 tsp. worcestershire sauce
- 2 1-lb. cans pork and beans
- American cheese

Cut the bacon into small pieces and fry until crisp. Drain, saving 1 Tbls. of the drippings. Set the bacon aside and cook the onion in the bacon fat until tender but not brown. Pour the beans into a greased baking dish. Combine the bacon, onion, molasses, catsup, mustard and worcestershire sauce and pour the mixture over the beans, stirring well. Bake for one hour at 350 degrees. Remove from the oven and place strips of American cheese over the top. Return to the oven for six to eight minutes, or until the cheese is just melted.

ORANGE NUT BREAD

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. soft butter
- 2 eggs
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 cup California walnuts, chopped
- 2 1/4 cups all-purpose flour, sifted
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup milk

Cream the butter, then gradually add the sugar, beating until fluffy. Beat in the eggs one at a time. Stir in the Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring and the nuts. Sift the dry ingredients together and add to the mixture alternately with the milk.

Pour the batter into a greased bread pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 55 to 60 minutes, or until done. Turn out onto a rack to cool.

This recipe makes delicious orange muffins also by pouring the batter into greased or paper lined muffin tins. Bake for about 25 minutes at 350 degrees. Both bread and muffins freeze nicely.

GOLDEN VEGETABLES

- 1 medium head of cauliflower
- 1 cup raw carrots, sliced or diced
- 1/4 cup onion, chopped
- Salt to taste
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup American cheese, diced

Break the cauliflower into flowerettes. Arrange layers of the cauliflower and the carrots in a buttered casserole. Cover with the onions, seasonings and butter. Pour milk over the vegetables. Sprinkle the cheese on top and shake a bit of paprika over all. Cover and bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees. Uncover the last 15 minutes of baking time to brown the top slightly.

The baking time may be lessened if the vegetables are pre-cooked in boiling salted water until half done. Then proceed to put together as directed.

PIQUANT SALAD DRESSING

- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 Tbls. stuffed green olives, diced
- 1/4 tsp. grated onion
- 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped
- 1/4 cup celery, chopped
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup chili sauce
- Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener, if desired

Combine all the ingredients. If you prefer a sweet touch, add Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener to taste. Chill for several hours or overnight before using. Serve over lettuce wedges or on a tossed vegetable salad. It is a delicious and versatile dressing.

CHERRY UPSIDE-DOWN DESSERTS

- 1 1-lb. can (2 cups) pitted, tart red cherries
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. red food coloring
- 1 1/2 cups packaged biscuit mix
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 beaten egg

Drain cherries, reserving 1/2 cup of juice. Combine cherries, 1/2 cup sugar, and the flavoring and coloring. Divide cherry mixture among 8 well-greased custard cups.

In a bowl, combine the biscuit mix, sugar, milk and egg. Beat well. Spoon the batter over the cherries, filling the cups 2/3 full. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for about 25 minutes. Turn out onto plates and spoon the following cherry topping over each one.

CHERRY TOPPING

- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- Dash of cinnamon
- Dash of salt
- 1/2 cup cherry juice
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Few drops red food coloring

In a saucepan, mix the cornstarch, cinnamon and salt. Add the juice gradually. Bring to a boil and then add the sugar, keeping over low heat and stirring constantly until clear and slightly thick. Remove from heat and add the butter, almond flavoring and food coloring.

SUNNY SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 can mandarin oranges, drained
- 1 small red apple, unpeeled and diced
- 1 cup celery, thinly sliced

Dissolve the gelatin in the hot water and let chill until it begins to congeal. Add the fruit and return to chill until completely congealed. Serve on lettuce with a "dab" of salad dressing.

This is a very simple salad, yet it is very refreshing. The apple and celery give the salad a nice "crunchiness". (Nutmeats could be added if desired, but are not at all necessary.)

MINT SURPRISE PIE

- 2 cups scalded milk
- 5 Tbls. flour
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 4 egg yolks, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

A baked pie shell

Scald the milk in a heavy saucepan. Combine the flour, sugar and salt and stir this into the milk. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until the mixture is of custard consistency. Beat the egg yolks; stir a little of the custard mixture into the egg yolks and then blend them into the custard. Continue to cook for 1 more minute. Remove from the fire and add the Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. Set the custard aside to cool. When cool, pour into the baked pie shell. Now prepare the next layer.

Mint Layer

- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. green food coloring

Combine the ingredients in the top of a double boiler. Cook over boiling water until the mixture is thick and clear, stirring occasionally. Remove from the fire and cool. Spread this over the custard filling. Top with a meringue made from the 4 egg whites, 8 Tbls. sugar and 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar. Brown the meringue in a 375 degree oven for 12 to 15 minutes. Refrigerate the pie before serving. (It needs to be completely cool before cutting.)

LIMA BEANS AND TOMATOES

- 1 cup dry lima beans
- 3 cups water
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 4 slices bacon
- 1/2 cup onions, chopped
- 1 cup canned tomatoes

Boil the beans in the water for 2 minutes. Remove from the heat and let soak for at least 1 hour. Add the salt to the beans and simmer for 1 hour. Drain.

Chop the bacon into small pieces and start frying in a skillet. Stir in the chopped onion and continue cooking until the onion is transparent and the bacon is brown. Drain off the fat. Add the beans and tomatoes. Salt may be added if needed. Boil gently until the beans are completely tender. (This takes about 30 minutes.) You will need to stir occasionally to be sure that the beans are not sticking. A little more water or tomato juice may be added if the mixture becomes too dry.

This recipe serves 4. It is an excellent dish to freeze so it could easily be doubled or tripled and the leftover beans frozen for a later meal.

Serve with corn bread or peanut butter muffins, a tossed green salad or a gelatin salad and for dessert, ice cream and cookies.

OVEN FRIED POTATOES

Peel 6 medium-sized potatoes and slice lengthwise in 1/2 inch strips. Dry the slices thoroughly between paper towels. Dip them in melted butter or margarine and lay flat in a shallow pan.

Bake in 450 degree oven 35 to 45 minutes or until the potatoes are tender and brown. Turn once during baking. Sprinkle with salt and serve immediately.

TAMALE PIE

- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup cornmeal
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 lb. pork sausage
- 1/2 lb. ground beef
- 1 can tomato sauce
- 1 can pitted whole ripe olives
- 1 can whole kernel corn
- 1 can tomato soup
- 1/2 lb. grated American cheese
- 1 Tbls. chili powder
- Salt and pepper to taste

Beat the egg and add the milk and cornmeal. Let this mixture stand while preparing the remainder of the ingredients.

Fry the pork sausage and ground beef until done, then add the remaining ingredients. Add the cornmeal mixture and stir until everything is blended in. Pour into a large casserole and bake in a 325 degree oven for about 45 minutes.

This is absolutely delicious! It seems to be an especially popular dish in California, but is sweeping across the country.

EASY-TO-TOTE BURNT SUGAR CAKE

- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Cream together the shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add the egg and flavorings and beat well. Add the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Beat well for 1/2 minute. Turn into a greased and floured 9 by 9-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes. Remove from the oven and top with the following mixture immediately.

BROILED TOPPING

- 1/3 cup butter, melted
- 1/2 cup light brown sugar
- 1/4 cup milk
- A dash of salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

1/2 cup crushed cereal or coconut
1/2 cup chopped nuts
Combine all the ingredients. Spread over the top of the cake. Place under the broiler for about 3 minutes, or until golden brown and bubbly. Be careful not to burn!

COMPANY HARVARD BEETS

- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup vinegar
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, including juice
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1 1-lb. can beets, drained

Mix the sugar, cornstarch and salt in a medium-size saucepan and stir in the vinegar and water slowly. Add the raisins, pineapple and butter. Stir this constantly as you cook it over medium heat until thick. Add the beets and continue cooking over low heat until they are thoroughly heated.

This is just another way to fix Harvard beets to add that "something different" to your menu. I especially like to serve this when we are having fish, or a tuna casserole.—Dorothy

FRUIT-JUICE DRESSING
(Low in calories!)

- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
- 2 egg yolks

Mix together in the top of double boiler the cornstarch and salt. Gradually stir in the lemon juice until you have a thin paste. Add the orange juice and Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener, blending well. Place the top of the double boiler over boiling water and cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture begins to thicken. Remove from heat and very slowly dribble into the beaten egg yolks. Stir constantly while you are adding this mixture to the yolks. Return to double boiler and cook until thick, again stirring constantly. Chill and use as a dressing with fruit salad.

LOW CALORIE FRUIT SALAD

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold, unsweetened grapefruit juice
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
- 1 1/4 cups hot grapefruit juice
- 1 can mandarin oranges, drained
- 1 apple, diced
- 2 bananas, sliced
- Soak the gelatin in the cold juice for 5 minutes, until dissolved. Stir the gelatin mixture into the hot grapefruit juice and stir until it is melted. Add the salt and Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener. Cool until syrupy and then stir in the fruits. Put into a lightly oiled ring mold and chill. This is a delightfully tart and fruit-filled salad.

JEFFREY'S BROWNIES

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 2 cups light brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup unsifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup nuts

But butter and brown sugar in a pan over a low flame. Stir until melted. When this is cool, break the eggs into it and stir until well mixed. Measure the flour, baking powder and salt into the same cup. Add the flavorings and the dry ingredients to the first mixture. Stir until blended and then add the nuts. Grease and flour an 8 by 8-inch pan. Pour the brownie mixture into the pan and bake for 20 to 25 minutes in a 325 degree oven. Cut while warm.

This is a recipe which the children enjoy helping put together. It appeared in one of Jeffrey's Sunday School papers and he insisted that we make them before the week was over!

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By
Frederick

The word is getting out! The ladies of my parish are aware of my interest in cooking and more and more I find a favorite family recipe carefully copied to hand to me when I come to call. They seem pleased when I express an interest in a particularly fine dish.

Yesterday I had lunch with the minister and staff of another large church in Springfield and an excellent oyster stew was served. It was different from any oyster stew I had ever eaten. The lady who made it was called from the kitchen to tell me how it was prepared and she seemed delighted to share her secret with me.

She had made a regular oyster stew and then added to it some diced pimiento and some slices of canned mushrooms. She also used a generous sprinkling of paprika. Do make these additions the next time you make oyster stew.

We serve a great deal of ham at our church dinners for almost everyone likes ham, it is easy to serve, and there is no waste to the meat. However, we never serve it without a good mustard sauce. Since we are constantly being asked for the recipe for our sauce, I thought perhaps you friends would like to have it too.

Mustard Sauce for Ham

- 2 eggs yolks, slightly beaten
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup vinegar
- 2 Tbls. dry mustard
- 1 cup cream

Blend all of the ingredients together and cook in the top of a double boiler until the mixture thickens to the desired consistency.

Our next door neighbors make a delightful confection called "Truffles". Now this is a very queer name for a candy because a truffle is actually a subterranean edible fungi. Queer name or not, it is delicious! Recently they brought us a beautiful decorated basket containing this candy and we thought it was so unusually delicious that we wasted no time in asking for the recipe.

Truffles

- 1 egg yolk, beaten
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 cup milk
- 3/4 lbs. sweet milk chocolate
- Ground nuts (any kind)

Mix together the sugar and flour and add the milk and beaten egg yolk. Cook this over boiling water until thick. Cool. Now melt the sweet chocolate, but do not overheat. Add the melted chocolate to the cool custard. Let this stand over night in the refrigerator. Knead and roll into small balls. Roll the balls in the ground nuts and then wrap in squares of foil or thin plastic wrap. Keep in the refrigerator. (Instead of kneading this candy, some people use an electric mixer.)

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Shenandoah, Iowa

A REPORT FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Having just finished scrubbing the kitchen floor, I put down clean newspapers, hoping that they will catch some of the mud that is being tracked in these wet spring days. I don't like the looks of the papers on the floor, but feel that I can stand it for a day if they'll help to keep the floor clean a little longer. Perhaps other farm women reading this do the same thing.

Being farmers, Frank and I are always interested in the long-range forecasts published in some of the periodicals. According to a recent prediction, it sounds as if we might have normal precipitation this spring. If this proves to be right, we'll be very happy.

Last night I was recalling that until we moved to the farm I paid little attention to weather news and forecasts. If it rained I didn't have to make any great changes in my plans—it just meant *running* from the house to the car instead of *walking*! Now I don't make plans for the next day until after I have heard the late evening weather reports. A half-mile of dirt road can make one stop and think twice before leaving the house on a rainy, spring day. Remember the slogan we heard and read so often during the gas rationing days of the war—"Is this trip really necessary?" As far as I'm concerned the slogan didn't end with the war, for it is still much in use at our house.

Our way of life and our income is controlled by how much or how little it rains. For the benefit of new readers, our cultivated land is all bottom ground, bordered by a very large creek that can get "wild and unruly" at times. In the fifteen years that we have lived here we have seen our crops under several feet of water more times than we like to remember! Is it any wonder that weather forecasts have become so tremendously important to us?

Kristin could scarcely wait for the days to start growing longer and warmer so that she could begin riding her horse after school again. She was afraid that Stardust might have forgotten everything she had been taught in the fall. The young man who broke her told Kristin that Stardust was one of the nicest riding horses he had seen in this country, but in order to keep her that way she should be ridden some every day. Naturally, it was quite dark when Kristin came home from school during the winter months and frequently it was so cold that she couldn't ride her. However, Stardust had learned her lessons well and is responding as we had all hoped that she would.

The only other horse we have now is Bonnie, Stardust's mother. Bonnie was the first riding horse we bought after moving to the farm. Since we purchased her when she was two years old, she is no longer young. However, she's kept her wonderful disposition through all these years. When a child is on her back she is as careful and gentle as can be. No matter how many youngsters are piled on her



So many of you have asked to see a picture of Kristin's riding horse, Stardust, that we are happy to share this one with you."

back, she remains patient. On the other hand, she can show plenty of spirit when she senses that her rider wants some "get-up-and-go"!

Stardust is not her first-born, for Bonnie bore twins when she was first with colt. They were beautiful little fellows, marked exactly like Stardust, and it was a great disappointment when they didn't live.

We have always felt that Bonnie was one of the best investments we ever made in the livestock line. We have always entertained a lot of young visitors on the farm (Kristin's friends from town as well as the cousins) and they never felt that their visit was complete unless they got to ride Bonnie around the big meadow in front of the house.

About this time every year I get the urge to sew. I suppose it is because the new spring materials are in the stores. (Some of you start your sewing projects much earlier because you have baby chicks to look after. Because we live so close to the timber, we haven't been able to do well with chickens, so haven't raised any for some time.) I love to sew and consider it my hobby. The only trouble is that I haven't the time for it that I would like. The pixies keep me pretty much occupied.

The last time I was in Shenandoah for my Magazine Week, I ran out of materials to make pixies, so spent a few evenings sewing instead. The girls at the office were surprised that I could sew for Kristin when she wasn't available for fittings. This is really no problem at all for Kristin and I wear the same size blouse and our waist measurements are very close. I just use myself as the model! The pattern I selected was for a two-piece dress and I was able to take it home completed.

While I was shopping, I also got material for another skirt and two blouses which will be interchangeable. The "extra day" hasn't appeared so that I can get started on it, but with the material, thread, buttons and zip-

per on hand, I'll be ready when such a day shows itself.

When we entertain in April, we think of Easter rabbits and decorated eggs. Easter falls early this year but maybe you are entertaining early in the month and would still welcome an idea for a rabbit cake.

I made a very clever cake one year that wasn't a bit hard to decorate. First, I baked a 9-inch square cake. When it was cool, I removed it from the pan and placed it on a large cardboard covered with waxed paper. Then I cut a 1 1/2-inch strip from each side. These two strips were for the ears and the rectangular shaped piece that was left was used for the head. I placed the ears about 1 1/2 inches apart, then frosted the entire cake with white seven-minute icing. To give the rabbit a furry look, I sprinkled him with coconut. Jelly beans work nicely for eyes, nose and mouth, or you could make them of tinted frosting. Don't put the eyes too close together! (I *did* once, and had a very funny looking rabbit!) They should be spaced about two inches from the top and side. The nose should be just about in the center of the head. Six plastic toothpicks, three on each side of the nose, make very good whiskers. Inserting them so that they stick out a little from the cake, will create a three-dimensional effect.

If you have time, decorate some fancy eggs to place around the edge of the cake. I have seen some beautiful dyed eggs that were decorated with strips of metallic rick-rack, narrow velvet ribbons, and satin ribbons with sequins glued on them. If you are a leader for Girl Scouts, Brownies, or 4-H club, these eggs might be something your girls could make at a meeting next year. They would be nice gifts for County Homes and nursing homes, as well as nice little favors if the girls entertain their mothers at an Easter tea.

Speaking of favors, one year we bought tiny little Japanese umbrellas at the dime store and had little peanut pixies hold them. The umbrellas were in such an array of pretty colors that they looked very gay on the table with a centerpiece of sweet peas and pastel-colored candles. How cute they would look with an "April Showers bring May Flowers" theme!

Plans are being laid for the folks' return from California. There is a possibility that they will drive to Phoenix to spend a few days and that I will go there by train to meet them, helping Dad with the driving back to Shenandoah. I'm hurrying to finish my spring housecleaning so that I'll be ready to leave when they decide on their departure date. There will be more to report on that next month.

Until then,

Dorothy

The grand essentials to happiness in this life are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

SPRING FEVER

By

Evelyn Birkby

If I did just exactly as I feel like doing, this beginning of spring, I would simply head this article . . . "Have spring fever, just left!" Then I would leave this typewriter and go out into the sunshine. I would go completely oblivious to responsibilities of home, family and writing deadlines. If wanderlust directed I would head west, for just over the hill from our house the country road reaches nearer and nearer to the scenic Missouri River bluffs.

Up and down my seven league boots would go, past farm houses perched high on a hill or snuggled down in a valley. Now for a climb upward to the top of the bluff ridge itself, blown here thousands of years ago by some errant winds, piled into rough ridges and peaks. Deep gullies have been cut by the rain as the centuries passed, leaving the bluffs rough-hewn and jagged. Spread at my feet would be the great Missouri River area, reaching far and flat and fertile and beautiful.

Now, in my imagination, if I could just find a tall tree—not for shade today, but to sit beneath and lean against and dream. What a perfect spot this would be to build a house. What unlimited materials nature has made available; what a masterpiece of architecture one could contrive in the fabrication of this make-believe mansion. This would be a very special house, wedded to the bluffs, the sky, the river. Its exterior and interior would need to be made of the wood and stone and brick which are native of the land. A great wall of glass facing west would frame a magnificent picture of nature at its best. This is not a time to be concerned about the source of water or the rigors of cold winter winds or the difficulties of getting in and out on an icy evening. This is only the moment in which to create a vision of perfection, unhampered by practicability.

Wild life abounds in such a spot and surely my siege of spring fever would find a welcome from the tiny bustling squirrels and the early arriving birds. The geese and ducks would undoubtedly be nearby on their incredible journey toward the Arctic Circle. How full of energy and ambition they seem beside my lazy lethargy. In graceful, V-pointed lines their wings swoop in easy, yet swift, flight. Little wonder that man was restless until he found the secret of flying for himself. Tantalizing, beckoning wayward feet to far off places, the call of the wild goose forever haunts the earth-bound, routine life of those who hear it.

If only this wishing hour could last through a brilliant sunset with the sun casting rays of pink and gold and lavender high upon the few scattered clouds, as if reluctant to let the last of this jewel-like day vanish. The quieting of the small wild things preparing for a night's rest, the awakening of the night creatures, the drawing of the cloak of dusk across the sky,



The minute the weather grows warm enough, Evelyn Birkby and her family go hiking in the bluffs near their home. Here she shows a distant view to Craig and Jeffrey.

would only emphasize the wonder to come. For what greater vision reaches mortal eye than a star-sprinkled sky in the spring? Seeing the brilliant spangels glow, as they have for millions of years, gives a sense of the closeness of the eternal. No petty aggravations, no small complaints, no touchy feelings can hold the center of attention when God flings His wondrous panorama of beauty upon the peaceful sky.

When I suffer from an acute case of spring fever poetry is never far from my mind. If I could go galloping across the hills to sit under the tree upon this favorite place of mine atop the bluff, I would be sure to recite some of the verses which mean so much to me. This is a short poem my father often used and loved. I hope I remember it well enough to repeat at moments when nature and God seem near.

"God made the earth of rock and gas
And water's wearing power,
Then out of mud and ugliness
He grew a lovely flower.

"God made the body's tender flesh
With nerves that burn and sting,
Then out of all the agony
He made a soul to sing."

No, this is not a day for deep concentrated thinking. It is a day to let the dust accumulate on the furniture and the dishes stay in the sink. It is a time to relax and enjoy. It is not possible for me to really go off across the hills, but the mind *never* need lack for seven league boots. I can sit on the bench in the big bay window and my mind can go *anywhere* in this great wide world! Even in the yard outside, the wonders of spring are enticing enough to draw my thoughts from everyday activity. I can spend long moments looking at the tiny green tracery along the branches of the lilac bushes; watching the bustling hungry mama robin preparing her maternity ward; and have a glow of pleasure at the sight and sound of happy, playing children.

The school children have spring fever also. Warm days this time of year present problems to pupils and

teachers alike. When Bob was in kindergarten his teacher wisely scheduled a circus unit beginning the first of April. It took up a great deal of the slack, or should I say excess energy and lagging interest, which can be a real problem when school days seem long and spring fever grows acute. A big circus mural which the children drew and colored, bright pictures cut from magazines, a play tent put over a table and a small cardboard circus set up in the corner of the room gave a gay setting for the climax of this unit.

A day was planned for the youngsters to bring costumes. I could not stay away. Armed with my camera I enjoyed the culmination of this fine unit as much as the children. Clowns, bareback riders, trapeze artists, oodles of cowboys, a few animals and a ringmaster made up the characters. (I use the word *characters* lovingly!) The teacher brought balloons and one of the little girls brought her birthday treats. All in all it was a great day for the kindergartners. It provided just the kind of safety valve which would be good for all of us when we feel the pangs of spring fever spreading over us.

And what did they learn from this circus unit? How to work together on a project. How to share colors and ideas. How to identify unfamiliar animals. How to sing happy songs which fit into the subject. Why, they even had phonics work, for they sounded out new words as they needed them to print on the posters and the mural. This project was not just for fun, it presented their lessons in a context which was so enjoyable they hardly realized that counting lions and tigers was arithmetic, identifying and matching pictures of clowns was developing perception and sounding out words was extending their reading ability, all vital learning experiences.

But this year the boys seem exceptionally happy when they pile off the school bus in the late afternoon. They are just like wild young things at heart now that they are free of bungle-some winter coats and caps and have more daylight hours to play outdoors. They leap into the tire swing. They clamber up and down the trees. They run with their brown collie, Bonnie, and her chubby baby puppy, Boots. The sandpile becomes rivers and lakes and hills for road equipment and trucks; it becomes forts and ranches and mountains for Indian and cowboy raids; it becomes more than any feeble adult imagination can possibly conjure.

If the yard seems too confining the three boys explore the expanse of the creek and woods. They come back with their arms full of pussy willows which are pushing tiny soft kittens through the hard cradles which protected them all winter. Hayden Pierson calls them "gray furred pennants flung to the early April sunshine". The children love them—and so do I! We put them in the milk glass pitcher and place it on the bookcase. Craig pets a tiny soft round pussy and whispers, "Meow . . ."

(Continued on page 17)

HERE THEY ARE!



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LUCILE'S LETTER—Concluded

helped the conspiracy along by assuring Juliana that if anything were afoot she'd know about it, and even though she'd been with the girls on Friday night and Saturday morning, not one single word had been said. This quieted the few stirring suspicions Juliana had had, so when she stopped by at one of her friend's home to see a new piano in the recreation room she was overwhelmed to have twenty girls jump out and cry "Happy birthday!"

Juliana had always said that no one could ever really surprise her in such a way, but she was mistaken. That party took her completely off guard. The next day, Sunday, we had a family dinner and then rounded up the 18th birthday with a big three layer cake in the evening. It was a happy time for all of us.

I want to thank each and every one of you for the extremely interesting and thought-provoking letters that are still coming to my desk regarding the school problem. There are points of disagreement, of course, and I hope there will always be differences of opinion on important civic subjects. This is the best assurance we have that our priceless heritage, freedom to express our ideas, is still full of life and vitality. I hope and pray that nothing ever takes this priceless heritage from us for it is the very cornerstone of our Democracy. So whether we agree or disagree, at least we are exercising the tremendous blessings of our citizenship when we speak up and say what we think.

I started this letter with a reference to the weather and I'm concluding it with another reference to the weather for a very good reason: the phone just now rang, long distance, and it was Russell's brother Richard in Minneapolis. He and his wife haven't been here since our house was rebuilt, so next weekend they're driving down if—IF the weather holds and we don't have a March blizzard thrown at us!

Until next month . . .

Lucile

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

will sit down and rest while the dryer is in operation.

This past month my handwork has been smocking. I've finished a red-and-white checked gingham, smocked in red, with white collars and cuffs, and am currently working on a little pink dress that is smocked with deep wine thread. This latter combination of colors is one of my favorites and this is the second one I have made this winter. When it comes time to do the machine-stitching I'm always grateful that my sewing area is upstairs for it isn't necessary (in my estimation, at least) to put my sewing away after each session at the machine.

This is also the space Martin uses for his electric train setup and it is often a bit trying to wend my way through the maze of track to reach the machine! However, a duo-purpose room grants us some time to visit together as we pursue our hobbies and with Martin's tremendous load of homework these days, those opportunities to visit together are precious.

This month Abigail has a few words to say on Civil Defense. A few years ago the children in Martin's class were asked how each would spend \$5,000. We have no recollection of the answers given by the other youngsters, but Martin's reply was that he would buy a bomb shelter! This came as a complete surprise to us for we had no idea that his thoughts were centered on the possibility of enemy attack. There is truth to the old saying that "You can't tell what's going on in a child's mind." It is such a sad thing that our children are growing up with such fears, and it presents an even greater responsibility to the parents. I'm no psychologist, so I must rely upon common sense, hoping that Martin's childhood isn't too clouded with fear of the future to build strength to meet the stresses of living, to have faith in God and mankind and to hope for a brighter tomorrow.

Sincerely,

Margery

IT'S TIME FOR KITCHEN-KLATTER!

Can't think what to fix for the next meal? Lonesome for down-to-earth woman talk? Well, we're glad to slip in every weekday morning and keep you company, as best we can. None of us claim to be an expert on any subject, but our 30 minute radio visit every day does give us a chance to try and be a good neighbor.

KVSH
KHAS
KLIK
KWOA
KWBG
KFEQ
KCFI
WJAG
KWPC

Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.

WHEN AN UMBRELLA SHOWED COURAGE

By
Evelyn Witter

At the time when people of the thirteen colonies were courageously talking about their freedom from England, a gentleman in England was displaying courage too. His courage was not of such a serious nature as "getting freedom" but it was a remarkable kind of courage just the same.

This gentleman's name was Jonas Hanway. Jonas was the first man to use an umbrella and this is the story:

As he walked down the streets on a rainy day carrying a contraption over his head, people screamed with roaring laughter. They thought he was the funniest sight they ever had seen. Almost everyone in London jeered at the man with the umbrella. He was ridiculed and insulted.

But Jonas Hanway disliked getting wet and catching cold. He liked the protection of his umbrella and had the courage to continue using it. He explained to those interested enough to listen that the umbrella was not his invention for it had been used for centuries by the Chinese. If the Chinese had found it a beneficial protection, why shouldn't the English profit by their experience?

In time the laughter died down and other brave souls found the courage to protect themselves from the weather just as Jonas Hanway did. It wasn't long until umbrellas became standard equipment in every household. So a custom came into being because of the courage of one man whose common sense told him that he was right!

The finest spur to accomplishment is to have someone say it can't be done.

APRIL SHOWERS—Concluded

three minutes to see who can have the best fed baby.

Gift Table: Since the opening of the gifts is the high spot of the shower, plan to emphasize the angel theme at the gift table. Place a card table in a corner of the room. Hang a handmade angel or Christmas tree angel in the corner a little above eye height. Attach three pink crepe paper streamers to the wall underneath the angel and bring each streamer out to one of the three corners of the table.

Refreshments: A tea table would be a lovely way to serve your refreshments. Use a white linen tablecloth with a pink net overcloth (net is available at stores which carry yard goods and is comparatively inexpensive). A centerpiece of flowers with tiny china angels and white candles would be lovely. Clothespin angels will provide a satisfactory substitute if you do not have china ones. These can be made by using two-pronged, straight clothespins as a base. Make the gown by forming a cone of white construction paper around the clothespin. Fasten together with a stapler or cellophane tape. Wings can be cut from white construction paper, but if you are handy and patient, form them with fine wire and pink net. Bend the wire in the shape of wings and cut the net slightly larger. Wrap the edges of the net over the wire and glue with a clear glue. Make the face with poster paint and the hair from curled gift-wrap ribbon. These hand-made angels may also be used for clever favors.

SPRING FEVER—Concluded

Craig cannot stay still for long and the great out-of-doors is too inviting. With his brothers at his heels he bangs the screen door behind him, whooping loudly as he goes. I finally rouse myself from this lethargy within me and go outside to join in the fun, surrounded by spring.

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YESTERDAY'S LAUGHTER

By

Elaine Derendinger

Whatever happened to those funny, silly, practical pranks of yesterday? The old pocketbook trick, for instance, is one I'll never forget because during my grade school days my best friend and I spent our Saturday afternoons perfecting it. First we found an old purse, opened it on the kitchen table and collected all the objectionable objects we could find with which to fill it. Pieces of a broken dish, potato peelings, a rag, broom straws, wads of paper and a withered onion, all these and more found their way into the purse.

We walked to the small bridge just below our house, laid the purse enticingly in the road and crept beneath the bridge to wait for a car. Sometimes we had a long wait—this was a yesterday of long ago, remember! Cars drove slowly and the driver had ample time to spy the riches. We would hear the car stop and the door open; we had to clutch our sides to keep our smothered laughter from splitting them. When we heard the car start it was safe to peer out. We knew the purse would come sailing out the window after the interior was examined!

Once a man played a horrible joke on us—he dumped the contents out the window and kept our pocketbook! We surely would have gone on for a long time fooling unwary motorists, but we grew careless and one day stuffed a purse with a newspaper blissfully ignorant of the fact that the family name was printed on the neat yellow label!

Later we heard of a group of boys living on a road near us who tried a trick also designed to send the drivers of cars out of their minds. They would take a metal bar, which was not too large, and tie it to the end of a rope. Then they would climb a tree, whose heavy, leafy branches hung out over the road. There they lay in wait for a car. When one came a boy would get ready, take aim, and, as the car passed under the tree he would drop the metal bar until it clanged on top of the car—then immediately jerk it up into the tree. Of course, the driver thought the loud, sudden clang was his engine drawing its last breath. He would stop, rush out, lift the hood and look the engine over carefully. Finding nothing wrong, he would close the hood, walk around and kick the tires, and finally leave with a puzzled shake of his head. All this time the tree simply shook with silent laughter. Unfortunately for boys, this trick, too, came to an end. Cars kept getting faster and by the time a metal bar could be lowered the car was only a cloud of dust in the distance.

Children who lived in town had their favorites, too. If I had lived there I would certainly have helped with the old hat trick! Old straw hats or old felt hats were used, depending on the season. It worked best on sunny days when men were more apt to be out pleasure walking. The children first placed a brick on the sidewalk, then they put the disreputable looking hat over the brick and went behind a bush or board fence to wait. A man walked more leisurely in yesterday's less hurried world, and he often could not resist kicking a can, a rock or a hat out of his path. When he kicked the hat and his soft shoe came in contact with a hard brick, he would yelp and the kids behind the bush or board fence howled with laughter!

Now, I wonder if you ever tried any of these tricks?

ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

We never make a trip into the mountains without taking this book along. And it is just plain good reading even if you never go near an old mining town.

The Garden Show at the Old Coliseum is one of Denver's main attractions this spring. Last year the initial show of this type was held and it was wonderful! With the experience gained then I'm very sure that this year will be even better. Not only will it be beautiful with the thousands of flowers in bloom, but there will be all kinds of practical ideas for home gardens and patios. The design for the show was completed months ago. All winter long many local greenhouses have been filled with potted plants, shrubs and trees being forced into full bloom just for this show. Constructing such elaborate displays is a tremendous undertaking but it does make wonderful viewing and learning.

Wayne just phoned that he can snatch some time for a quick lunch at home so I must bring this to a close.

Sincerely,
Abigail



Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Strom and Martin.

MADER'S

The last time we were in Milwaukee, pounding the pavement looking for housing, Donald took me out to eat in one of Milwaukee's wonderful German restaurants. Mader's is in downtown Milwaukee at 1037 North Street. It was such a busy place I didn't dare bother them to ask for a recipe. The food was delightful and the old world atmosphere was charming. My good German soul was especially delighted with this eating place. Don't miss it if you ever have a chance to be in Milwaukee.

The story of this old restaurant is fascinating so I thought I would share it with you.

When Charles Mader lit the gas lamps which illuminated the sign outside his restaurant in 1902, it fulfilled a dream that began when he was a small boy in Germany. The flickering light revealed that dinner or supper included "Suppe, Kaffee, Milch or Tee" and could be had for only 20 cents. And what a choice of palate-tingling dishes our grandfathers found on that "Speise Karte" (menu). There was "Leberkloesse or Brot-suppe" (liver dumplings or bread soup) to quiet the most persistent hunger pangs, to be followed by "Gebratene Schweinhaxen mit Sauerkraut," ("Sauerbraten mit Kartoffelkloessen" (beef, marinated in vinegar and spices, served with potato dumplings) or "Kartoffel Pfannkuchen mit Apfelmus" (potato pancakes with apple sauce). Of course, there were many others as delectable, and for the many Milwaukeeans lately from the Old World . . . as nostalgic.

The cook who created these mouth-watering dishes was Charles' wife, Cellia, mother of the present owner, Gustave Mader.

You'll discover those same masterpieces of cuisine, prepared from the old recipes, on Mader's menu today.

And you'll discover, when you enter Mader's, a story book setting for the finest in dining. Here is a re-creation of all the color, romance and charm of Medieval Bavaria. You'll gaze in wonder at the authentic museum pieces that line the walls of the massive dining halls; ancient fowling pieces and duelling pistols, knights in 15th Century armor and early Teutonic weapons that date back to the 12th Century.

These museum pieces will enchant your children and as soon as we are moved we plan to take the whole family there to eat . . . even the high chair set is welcome. — Mary Beth

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 15¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Note changes in deadlines very carefully.

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MAKE BEAUTIFUL RUGS on barrel hoops, 35¢. Jessie Young, Red Feather Lakes 1, Colorado.

MINIATURE FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS, in plastic boat—six inches high, \$2.00 postpaid. Mrs. W. C. Johnson, Box 67, Albion, Pennsylvania.

FOR SALE—linen hankies. Exquisitely fine crocheted lace edgings. Beautiful gifts. White or colored, \$1.00 and \$1.50. Postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Esther Hazel, Riverdale, North Dakota.

MAKE FIGURINES—Cement Lawn Novelties, Molding Rubber Extra Thick. Sample Free. W. Wooley, 2801-KK Latrobe, Peoria, Illinois.

ROSE GARDENERS make your own house-perfume your friends will envy. One dollar. T. Roberts, 302 South Main, Jennings, Louisiana.

WANTED TO BUY: Odd pieces of iridescent CARNIVAL glass, in purple, white, orange, etc., with impressed designs. Describe and price. Elsie Kucirek, 1507 South 58 Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

(NO SUGAR) DIET RECIPES—cake, cookies, candy, etc.—most any kind—state your wants, 6 for \$1.00. Rare flower and garden seeds, 12 packets \$1.25. Box 296, Almena, Kansas.

PRETTY 15" (Approx.) metallic wheel doily, \$2.25. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth N. W., Canton, Ohio.

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AFRICAN VIOLET LEAVES—labeled, 10 for \$1.00. Started plants, 3 for \$1.00. Mrs. Carl Clement, Thayer, Iowa.

THROW RUGS WOVEN—mail prepared balls, \$1.25 yd. I'll prepare, weave, \$2.00. Guaranteed. Rowena Winters, Grimes, Iowa.

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REPAIR DOLLS—make rubber stamps; invisible reweaving; Catalogue of "75 Ideas" Free. Universal, Box 1076-KK, Peoria, Illinois.

HOW TO RESILVER MIRRORS—Instructions—\$1.00. D. Dykes, 904 Sunset Drive C., St. Joseph, Missouri.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS—45 RPM, 4 for \$1.00. Slightly used. Send 10¢ for big list. Maureen Loots, Carroll, Iowa.

APRONS—Gay, cross-stitched gingham, \$2.50; Fancy pastel and white organdy, \$1.60. Mrs. Ernest Stanley, Danville, Indiana.

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AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS with unique India Lucky Bean Jewelry. Small ivory cap can be pulled out of the attractive ¼ inch bean pendant to release a herd of 5 tiny hand-carved ivory elephants. Legend has it that whoever owns this magic bean will be protected from harm and will have the strength of the elephants inside. Necklace, earrings, charm bracelet, each \$1.98 plus 30¢ Federal tax and postage; key ring \$1.50 plus 10¢ postage. Zoddicraft, P. O. Box 311, Spring Valley, California.

APRONS—English big apple, Lacy delight, Hidden Pocket, Ruffly Petite, \$1.50 each; 4—\$5.00. Cross-stitched, \$2.25 each. June Walter, Murray, Iowa.

24" ROSE TV DOILY—\$3.00. Lovely crocheted pineapple scarf, \$5.00. 42" pillow slips, embroidered lady and edge, \$4.50. 7 dish towels embroidered, \$3.35. Butterfly hankies, \$1.00. Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr, Rt. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

CROCHETED hairpin or tatting pillow slip edgings, 42"—\$1.00 pair. Pineapple popcorn stitch doilies, 12"—\$1.00. All Colors. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

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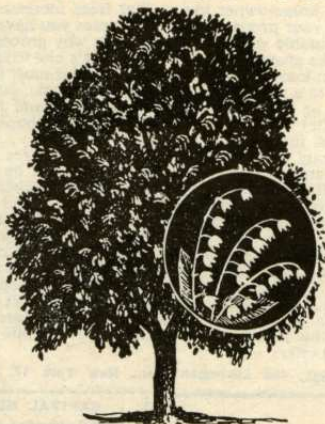
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That's right, thanks to this miracle of nature, you are going to take any spot in your garden, on your front lawn, next to your patio or alongside your driveway ... and in just a few months time you are going to see that barren, sun-beaten patch suddenly bathed in the cool shadows of a majestic-looking tree. Yes, a majestic-looking shade tree that surges skyward with such fantastic speed that you can actually take a ruler and measure the difference in height each and every day ... up to 10, 12 or even 15 feet of towering beauty in a single season.

Honestly, there's just nothing else like it in nature. And remember — this magnificent tower-tall variety is not just merely another shade tree ... but a flowering sky-scraper that at this very moment is adding indescribable beauty to state parkways, botanical gardens, million-dollar estates — why even planted by the French Government along the elegant tree-lined boulevards of Paris!

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It means that if you plant just one Ailanthus today, in just a few short months you'll be rewarded with a majestic-looking tree standing in the middle of your lawn, beautifying your garden and increasing the value of your entire home. It means that if you plant them next to your patio, your patio will be shaded and cool all summer long for years and years to come. It means that if you plant one on each side of your driveway, you'll see these twin towering showpieces form the most graceful natural archway you ever laid eyes on ... because this amazing shade tree thrives in any soil, grows in virtually any weather ... and literally surges skyward foot after foot, season after season, no matter what the conditions may be!

USED BY PROFESSIONAL LANDSCAPERS ... IT'S GUARANTEED TO BEAUTIFY AND INCREASE THE VALUE OF YOUR HOME IN JUST A FEW SHORT MONTHS

Every home-owner knows that trees increase the value of your property. The more trees you have the more valuable your property. That's why growing a tree is like growing money. Only there's one trouble:

As you know, it takes 5 to 10 years for most trees to grow to a respectable size and even worse, during those 5 or 10 years, you have to nurse and baby these other varieties along. But this year, thanks to Ailanthus, instead of slaving half a lifetime ... you are actually going to grow a huge, towering tree, just as high and just as tall as the one you see on this page, all in a single season. And remember ... Ailanthus' almost unbelievable growing power has been demonstrated in the New York Botanical Gardens ... on State Parkways ... why even on the grounds of libraries, schools and hundreds of other public buildings. Therefore every statement you have read on this page is not just a dream or a hope or a theory, but a well established scientific fact that has been proven over and over again before we offered this amazing tree to the public on this special trial offer.

So if you would like to see a luxurious flowering shade tree standing in the middle of your garden by the end of the summer ... if you would like to drive down your driveway under graceful flower-laden branches that form majestic archways of beauty ... if you would like to grow a towering showpiece that leaps roof high in one season and that adds dollar after dollar of value to your home and property, each and every year ... In other words, if you are interested in taking advantage of the most amazing garden offer in the past 50 years, and you are willing to spare the 5 or 10 minutes it takes to plant this miracle of nature ... then you owe it to yourself to take advantage of the no-risk trial offer below! Remember, all you risk is the few moments it takes to fill out the coupon, and you have a lifetime of towering beauty and elegance to gain!

Now, the price of these super-growing shade trees on this special introductory offer is not the \$15 or \$20 apiece you might expect ... but a mere \$3.98. Think of it! Just \$3.98 for this magnificent flowering beauty that will reward you with a soaring tower of beauty just a few short months after you put it in the ground.

SUPPLIES ARE GOING FAST — THIS OFFER EXPIRES IN 15 DAYS. ACT NOW!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Yes, if your miracle shade tree doesn't grow to roof-high size or more the first season ... and up to 60 by maturity ... if it doesn't soar higher than an elm, taller than the stately mountain ash, wider than a maple tree ... if it doesn't grow so fast that you can actually measure the difference week to week ... your money will be refunded — no questions asked. But supplies are limited ... We cannot guarantee another supply of these Nursery-grown trees until 1963 — So **ACT NOW!**

A wonderful surprise for your children — their own tree — one they can plant and watch grow.



Nothing adds more charm to a home than a natural archway at the foot of your driveway.



Plant a matching pair now — enjoy their beauty and shade for years and years to come.

CAPITAL NURSERIES SALES CO., INC., Mail Order Division, Dept. 625 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please rush me immediately the number of trees I have checked below for which I will pay postman the amount indicated plus C.O.D. and postage. I understand that you fully guarantee each tree I order to grow and beautify my home just as you have stated, or you will refund my money at once, no questions asked.

- ☐ 1 Ailanthus Treeonly \$3.98
 - ☐ 2 Ailanthus Treesonly \$6.98 (a savings of \$1.00)
 - ☐ 4 Ailanthus Treesonly \$10.00 (a savings of \$4.00)
- Sorry, but no more than 4 trees per customer.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

- ☐ **SAVE MORE:** Enclose cash, check or money order with your order and
- ☐ we pay all C.O.D. and postage charges. A savings of approximately 56c.