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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

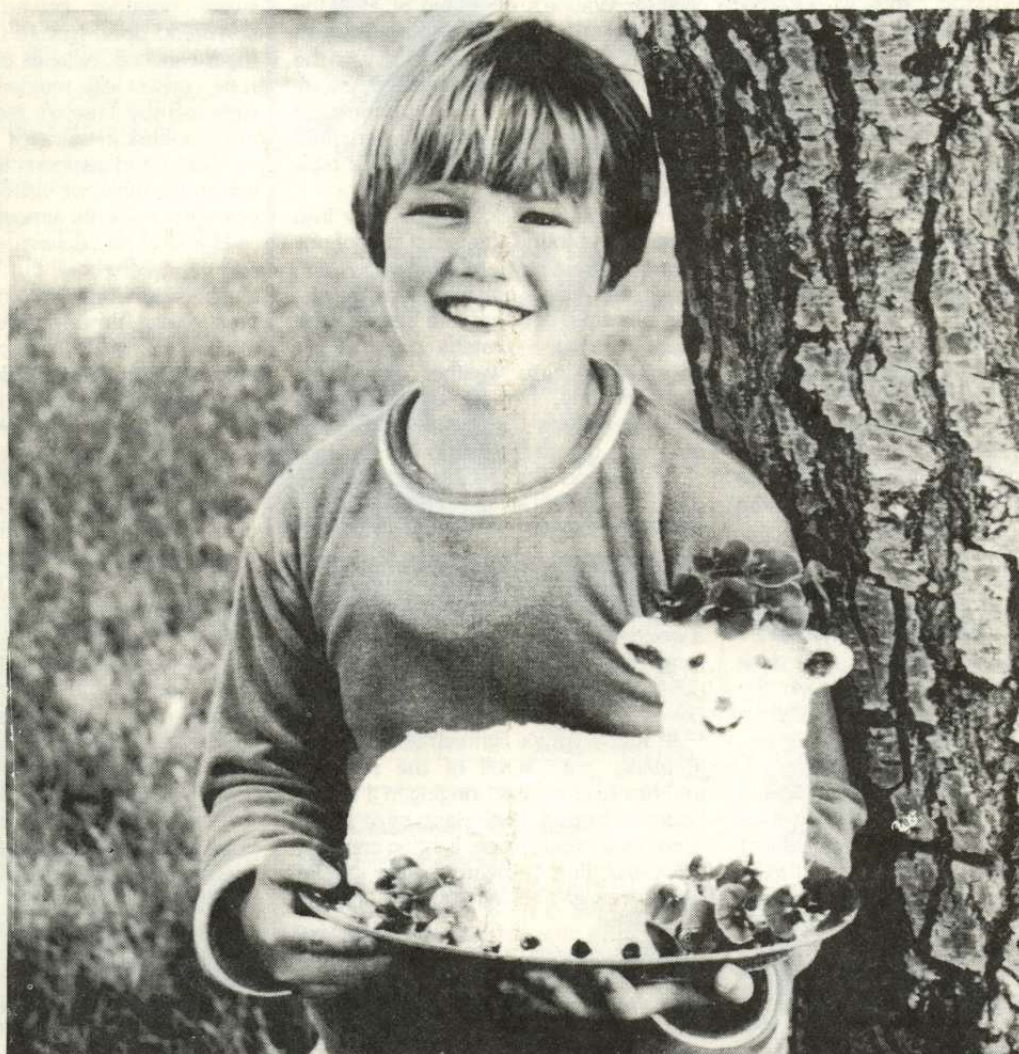
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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is a cold and blustery afternoon in March, the first Sunday of the month, and it seems like a very good time to visit with you friends. Somehow I associate Sunday afternoon with letters to relatives and friends because for many years it has been the one time I could sit down at my typewriter and whack out something other than business correspondence.

I have just wound up a perfectly wonderful get-together with my brother, Wayne, and his wife, Abigail, and I cannot tell you what a joy it was to see them again for a good visit. They had been here only once since Mother passed away, and then it was for a stop of less than twenty-four hours which gave me the sensation that they really hadn't been here at all!

Speaking engagements brought Wayne back to the Midwest, and since his schedule permitted him to be gone from his business for an additional brief time, it seemed like the perfect opportunity for Abigail to fly back from Denver and meet him, thus making the Shenandoah visit possible.

Wayne's first speech was given to the Agricultural School of the University of Minnesota, and I'm sure that when he stood to face his audience they hadn't the faintest idea of what he had gone through before they saw him on the platform. He had been through a harrowing experience and when I tell you about it you will agree, I'm sure.

Wayne is in constant demand as a speaker, and for these appearances he uses slides to illustrate his subject matter. His plane was late getting into the Twin Cities, and by the time he checked into a hotel it was close to midnight. Although he was very tired he felt that he should run through those slides quickly to be sure they were in the right order, and as he started to do this he realized in great dismay that he was looking at shots of his garage, the interior of his home, and a lot of other stuff that had nothing whatsoever to do with the lecture he was to give in only a few hours. For the first

time ever, he had two boxes of slides for which he had no earthly use—the ones he needed were back in Denver!

In this traumatic crisis, Wayne called Abigail and asked her if she could possibly get the all-important slides on a plane that would arrive in the Twin Cities at noon. After much frantic telephone skirmishing, Abigail found that if she delivered the slides to Stapleton Airport by 9:15 A.M., they could go out VIP—only thirty-five or forty bucks to get two small boxes of slides on a plane with the guarantee that they would be in the Twin Cities in time for the speech! Wayne went to the airport, picked up the slides, and appeared at the campus exactly on the dot. No one in the audience dreamed all that had gone on behind the scenes as they looked at those garden and planting slides.

As Abigail said: "Never before had anything like this happened and if there hadn't been two airports involved that have constant traffic, it could never have been managed at all."

After Wayne's speech in St. Paul, he flew directly to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, to fulfill an engagement with the South Dakota Nurserymen's Association which had been lined up for a full year. Even though he was very, very tired he at least knew that he had the right slides!

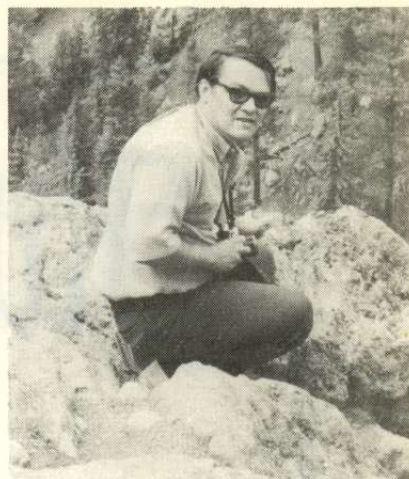
From Sioux Falls, Wayne flew into Omaha and found the worst day of our winter to greet him—blowing snow, high winds, etc. Abigail met him there, but she was a couple of hours late because the usual Denver-to-Omaha run couldn't be made due to weather conditions. Consequently, her plane was routed through Kansas City where she had a long wait before heading on to Omaha.

At this end Betty Jane and I stared out the windows all day and wondered if anyone could EVER arrive with such high winds and blowing snow. We knew they were renting a car in Omaha for the drive down here, and I can't tell you what a wonderful relief it was when the phone rang and Howard said: "They've just pulled in and we'll be down in about an hour."

At that point we lighted the logs in the fireplace, put on all of the finishing touches (this means bringing in a spring bouquet from a cool place so it could serve as a centerpiece, lighting candles, etc.), and then we heard the car stop in our driveway and Wayne and Abigail were here!

Before we sat down to eat, we had Blaine Barton come and snap some pictures, but I cannot share any of them with you until next month because this letter is the last thing to go into our April issue.

I'm always asking you folks to tell me what you've had to eat, so I'll tell you that we sat down to a perfectly delicious ham



This picture of Jed Lowey was taken in the Jemez Mountains where he enjoys going hiking and fishing. The mountain range is near Albuquerque, New Mexico, where Jed and Juliana live with their two children, James and Katharine.

with our homemade mustard sauce, sweet potatoes served with elegant simmered dried fruit (a Christmas gift), fresh broccoli, relishes of all kinds, hot rolls, currant jelly, molded avocado salad (this is Ruby Treese's recipe which is in our cookbook) and for dessert, angel food cake and raspberry ice cream. After we left the table, we visited in front of the crackling fire until almost one o'clock.

The next day dawned brilliantly clear and very, very cold, but Dorothy drove all the way from the farm near Lucas, Iowa, to see Abigail and Wayne. This had to be a short visit because she planned to be back home before dark, but at least she had a chance to talk with them even though it had to be so brief. All in all, it was a heartwarming time for us.

When you read Alison's letter this month, you will see that she has accounted for two of the momentous events that I referred to in my February letter. Ruby Treese (she was with Mother and Dad for thirteen years and seems like a member of the family to us) has already finished one of her adorable knitted outfits and is now starting on the second—one for Alison's baby and one for Emily's. Juliana has the bassinet safely back in her home and is going to take it down to Alison and Mike in plenty of time for their big event. How fervently we hope and pray that everything will go just fine in Ruidoso, New Mexico, and Washington, D.C.

Last month, I told you about one of the major events scheduled for 1980—Mary Lea's three-month stay in Biloxi, Mississippi, and then the transfer with her husband, Vincent, and little Isabel and Christopher to Offutt Air Force base in Bellevue, Nebraska. Now I've told you about the long-awaited two new babies in our family, and this leaves me with just

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Just when we begin to think spring will soon be here, a cold blast of wind blows in from the north with the thermometer dropping to near zero, to let us know that we can still have real winter weather in March.

We haven't seen any robins yet, but our friend, Glenn Dyer, was here and said he saw two in a hedgerow today. Their breast feathers were a very pale yellow, but later on when bugs and worms become plentiful, they will probably assume their dark red-orange color.

One of our favorite small summer birds is the indigo bunting. We see them often on the electrical wires as we drive out the lane to the main road. They build small nests in the little trees and brush along the roadside. You can't see the nests when all the leaves are on, but in the winter a lot of them are clearly seen. We put up "No Spraying" signs in our lane so that the birds and wildlife will be protected, however, the brush and trees had grown so tall between the road and the creek that they were interfering with the wires. This week the electrical maintenance men have been out cutting a lot of the branches down and now the roadside looks so bare and funny. We hope this doesn't frighten away the beautiful buntings.

We haven't decided whether we are having early spring calves, or late-late fall calves, but apparently some of our cows thought this mild winter weather was as good a time as any to have their babies. Frank has always preferred to have early fall calves, but this year it didn't turn out that way. Our cows started calving in early January, so we really appreciated the mild winter.

I have never ceased to marvel at how a cow can make her calf "stay put" until she decides it is big enough to come out and join the throng. We have an old crib we no longer use for corn, and one cow went in there to have her calf. She made the calf stay inside the crib for about a week before she finally let him out. We have named him "Dennis the Menace" because he is into everything and his mother has a terrible time keeping track of him. He found a place in the fence around the horses' pen large enough to crawl through, so he goes in to visit Cricket and to help her eat hay. His mother stands outside and bawls and bawls for him to come out but he just ignores her.

Our brother-in-law, Raymond Halls of Roswell, New Mexico, has been visiting his sisters in Lucas and Chariton for a



—Photo, courtesy of The Chariton Newspapers
This is the Lucas County Senior Citizens' Center located in Chariton, Iowa.

couple of weeks, and we have enjoyed the time he has been able to spend with us. He says the weather in Roswell has been very unusual also this winter. They had one storm that left them with thirteen inches of snow; down there people don't know how to drive on snow-packed streets and the number of accidents in one day was terrific. Fortunately, the snow didn't last long.

The people of Lucas County are very proud of their beautiful new Senior Citizens' Center located just off the square in Chariton. An open house was held last October when the public was invited to tour the new facilities. All of the senior citizen agencies are now housed in this building, which is accessible to the handicapped, a goal the Agency on Aging had been working toward for many months. There are eight different agencies, and space doesn't permit me to go into detail about all their purposes, but I do want to tell you about the wonderful congregate meal program.

I had a long visit the other day with my friend, Margaret Lewis, who has done such a great job as the director of this program. When congregate meals were first served in 1975, a small house was being used. Then the coffee shop at the hotel closed, and this space became available. A larger number of people, could be served at the hotel, but a flight of steps into the dining room made it impossible for the handicapped and difficult for the elderly to attend the meals. The new Center has no steps, is beautifully decorated in cheerful, sunny colors, and best of all, can seat 165 at one time in the dining room.

Margaret tells me that a lot of people have the mistaken idea that the congregate meal program is a welfare program, and that the meals served are only for the needy older people. This is not true. It is open to any senior citizen over sixty, rich or poor. The object of this agency is not only to supply one good nutritional meal

a day, but just as important is the sociability that goes along with the food. How much wealth you have doesn't determine how lonely you are. Every afternoon the Center has special programs, sing-alongs, crafts, and other activities for those who want to stay and participate. Once a month, a free blood pressure checkup is given. Margaret says she has had many people tell her they just live to come to the Center.

I asked how many meals are served in a day and Margaret said it averages 180. The largest group served at one time in the new Center was 279. The total attendance in 1975 was 19,182 compared to 40,605 in 1979. You can see that the news that they serve good meals and also have a lot of fun is getting around. Who does all the cooking? Well, they have two full-time cooks; one works the first three days and the other works the other two days. These employees are paid, plus one cook's assistant, a dishwasher, and a cleanup lady. The rest of the helpers are volunteers and twelve of them are used each day in the dining area. Margaret says, "No one could have more faithful and wonderful volunteers than we have. To show my appreciation in a small way, I gave a Valentine party for them one evening here in the Center and we had fifty who came. I prepared all the refreshments at home and took them to the Center. My guests were really thrilled with the homemade ice cream."

Since Lucas County has no public transportation—no buses, trains, or taxis—there are two mini-buses which operate out of the Center. They will go anywhere in the county to pick up senior citizens and take them wherever they need to go. There are a lot of people who don't drive, and when they have to get to doctor or dentist appointments, buy groceries, go to the Center for dinner, or just anywhere they want to go, it is hard for them to be continually indebted to

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Invitations

Since Easter and eggs go together like friends and fun, let eggs be the theme of your Easter party. "Eggy" invitations can be made from white or colored note paper folded in half. Draw an oval on the paper, one side of which touches the fold. When you cut out the ovals, they will look like two eggs joined together. Draw or paste a spring flower design on the front oval. Write an invitation to the party on the inside.

Decorations

A *Cracked-Egg Tree* is just the right choice for a centerpiece. Save all the eggshells for several days before the party. Wash and dry them carefully. Dye them with different colored egg dye or food coloring and put on newspapers to dry. Using a medium-sized needle, punch two holes in each egg from inside the shell, being careful not to break it.

Run a thread through the holes, leaving enough to tie the eggshell onto the "tree". The "tree" is made by planting a gracefully shaped branch in a can of dirt or sand so it will be firm. When all the eggshells are tied to the branch ends, the tree will look as if it were in full bloom. Finish the centerpiece by covering the can with aluminum foil or brightly colored crepe paper.

Easter Baskets: Don't throw away your cup-style egg cartons! Use them to make little Easter baskets for table decoration, favors and take-home gifts.

Cut one twelve-cup carton into three parts, each part having four cups. Color the cups any pretty color combination you like. You may even cut small pictures from magazines and paste onto the sides of the basket. Make two small holes in the center top of basket and insert the ends of a pipe cleaner. Twist the ends of the pipe cleaner so handle cannot pull out.

Tie a ribbon bow on the handle of the basket and fill it with artificial grass and candy eggs or four large colored Easter eggs.

Games

Egg Spear Race is fun to play at an Easter party. Divide players into two lines. Before each line, place a dish containing enough jelly beans for everyone in line, minus one. Give each

Easter Party Ideas

by
Evelyn Witter

player a strong plastic toothpick. At the starting signal, the first person in each line spears a jelly bean, feeds it to the second person and then passes the dish to him. The side finishing first is the winner.

Easter Word Game: Another good Easter game is one in which each guest is given a pencil and paper and told to list as many words as possible which begin with an "e" and have a "g" anywhere in the word (as egg does). A few suggested words are eager, eagle, edge, eight, ego, Egypt, elegant, emerge, engine, engage, English. The person, or group, who makes the longest list of words in the time limit decided upon, is the winner.

Refreshments

The egg theme can easily be carried out in your party refreshments. Here is a suggested menu. When the guests come to the table, have an "egg" on little plates at each place. These are made by arranging a circle of shredded coconut to resemble egg white; in the middle of each circle place an apricot half, cut side down. This looks just like a freshly fried egg. The next course could be rolls, sliced ham, and hard-cooked eggs. For dessert, serve more eggs—chocolate ones you can make yourself.

To make *Homemade Chocolate Eggs*, butter egg cups or plastic egg holders from the refrigerator. Melt a large bar of plain sweet chocolate in the top of a double boiler. Pour into buttered egg holders and place in refrigerator to harden. Remove with a nut pick or by placing egg holder briefly in warm water to loosen. Put two of the egg halves together to make whole eggs. Warm chocolate applied to the seam will cause the halves to stick together as the egg cools. A wooden tongue depressor is a good tool for applying the melted chocolate. Dip eggs in powdered sugar and serve in egg cups.

When your guests bid you goodbye, they will thank you for inviting them to such an "eggciting" Easter party.



A SPRING LITANY

For grass so green,
For birds that sing,
For flowers gay—
All signs of spring,
We thank Thee, Lord.

For kittens and puppies
And honeybees,
Dandelions gold
And gentle breezes,
We thank Thee, Lord.

For life renewed,
For growing pains,
For pussy willows,
Life-giving rains,
We thank Thee, Lord.

For marble games
And jumping ropes,
For happy children—
Our dreams, our hopes,
We thank Thee, Lord. —M.N.B.



FLOWERS FOR EASTER

(For a children's program)

by Mabel Nair Brown

Place vase on a small table. Have each child carry a different flower. As he finishes reading his or her verse, the flower is placed in the vase.

1st — Sunshine and springtime showers

Helped to grow our Easter flowers;
These lovely blossoms now we bring
As our Easter offering.

2nd — We offer up our joyous praise
On this glorious day of days;
To God who sends the sun and light
I offer this, my blossom bright.

3rd — For those who do a kindly deed,
Like Jesus taught, to those in need;
For those who give and help and share,
I bring now this flower fair.

4th — I think my flower must surely be
For the care of Him who watches over me.

I'll send my thanks to God above
As I place this flower—with love.

5th — For blessings of home and for food,

For parents dear and kind and good;
I would my praises gladly sing
As this flower of thanks I bring.

6th — For the Bible, God's word so true

That He has given to me and you;
For life that lasts through eternity;
For all of this shall my flower be.

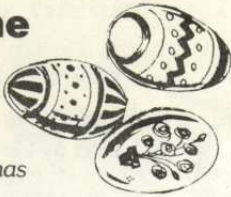
All — Joyous hearts like bright spring flowers

Should brighten all of Easter's hours;
And with the flowers which we now bring,

We give our offering to our risen King.
—Mabel Nair Brown

About the Easter Egg

by Virginia Thomas



The story of Easter eggs goes back for centuries with its origin based on the fertility lore of Indo-European races. Many are the myths, legends and traditions concerning the egg.

In ancient Persia, red eggs were exchanged in observance of the spring equinox, a welcome to a new growing year. It is said that eggs were used because those people believed the world was hatched from an egg!

The Chinese, Egyptians, Greeks and Romans all used colored eggs. In China, red eggs were passed out to announce a birth in the family. The Chinese also put an egg in a baby's first bath—one white egg for a boy and two red eggs if a girl. This was done to insure the child good health, a long life and good fortune.

The early Christians gave a religious symbolism to the red egg. Christ's tomb was represented by the shell of the egg, the red denoted Christ's blood and the hatching of the egg symbolized the Resurrection.

The custom soon spread to use many colors for dying eggs to represent the aurora borealis and the colors of the rainbow.

Tradition says the Balkan countries began the practice of making designs on eggs.

Back in the fourteenth century, eggs were used as rewards. King Edward I once had 450 eggs boiled and covered with gold leaf. He then gave them as gifts to servants in the royal palace.

In central Europe, Easter egg-coloring time has become an important community event. Preparations begin weeks in advance with much visiting between the homes of friends and families. Coloring techniques in some families are closely guarded secrets, passed on from one generation to the next. Many of these decorated eggs become genuine works of art which are treasured family heirlooms.

It is significant that the designs placed on the eggs in most European countries are not comic or silly ones, but religious motifs, flowers, stars, grapevines, messages of love, symbols of happiness, prosperity, or good health.

In Germany, one may find papier-mâché eggs filled with goodies. Among the Pennsylvania Dutch peoples in the United States is the custom of hanging the colored eggshells on trees during the Easter season. In our home, we make an Easter egg tree centerpiece each year, using a branch of a lilac tree placed in a container of water. After a few days the

buds on the lilac begin to open into the tiny delicate green leaves, a lovely contrast to the colored eggshells.

The custom of the egg-rolling contest comes to us from England. Dolley Madison was the first President's wife to hold an egg-rolling on the White House lawn, starting a tradition which continues today.

When I was a child growing up in central Iowa, it was a tradition in our family to hide hen's eggs at Easter time. About two weeks before Easter, Mother would tell the children in our family that we could begin hiding eggs. The only restriction was that we must leave a dozen or so of each day's laying for her to have for household use. The fun came when each child tried to find as many eggs as possible each day and hide them in some secret place where no one else could find them. If you found another person's eggs, you could take them and hide them with your own. My! how awful it was to have your eggs stolen and have to start over. With all the sneaking around and the sleuthing that went on, what fun we had! Then on Easter morning, each of us went out and brought in our collection of eggs. Mother

always had some little prize to give to the child who had hidden the most eggs. I'll never forget one year when Mother decided to join in the fun and hid eggs all unbeknownst to the rest of us. How we laughed when she came bringing in a big basket full of eggs, more than any of us children had accumulated.

COVER STORY

Katharine Lowey is pictured on our cover this month with her lamb birthday cake that she had so much fun helping to decorate. The mold used for this cake was an item we handled so many, many years ago that it served to bake a traditional lamb birthday cake for all of the nieces and nephews who were close to Shenandoah, or right here in town. It was truly manufactured for the ages—extremely heavy cast aluminum that couldn't be damaged unless you ran over it with a truck! Helping to decorate that wonderful lamb was always one of the big highlights of any birthday. With this particular mold still looking brand new, it should take care of generations to come!

—Lucile

FROM OUR LETTER BASKET

Andhra Pradesh, South India
Dear Lucile:

On December 27, 1979, the September issue of the *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine arrived and, as usual, I promptly sat down to read it. I was very much interested in the letter from Anna Olsen on page six. She had shared with the readers the very wonderful service she and her friends render by making quilts.

The reason for my keen interest is because that very day we were distributing quilts to needy people here in South India. These quilts had come through CASA (Christian Agency for Social Action), the organization which handles the overseas distribution for various relief organizations. I am enclosing a photo which shows only a few of the happy people who received blankets this year. At least 270 blankets were distributed at the two hospitals with which we are associated.

I wanted to share with you and Anna the joy and thankfulness with which these blankets were received. The Indian people are very grateful to the women who have taken the interest and time to make these quilts. We have no way of knowing who has made which blankets because they are shipped through the relief organizations, but they are much appreciated by those who receive them.

My husband and I work for the Reformed Church in America and the

Church of South India. My husband is an ear, nose and throat specialist and I work at a girls' high school. We live in Madanapalle, a large village in Andhra Pradesh. The elevation here is 2,300 feet and the evenings in December and January get quite cold. The balance of the year, with the exception of May, we enjoy a very comfortable climate.

I grew up near Orange City, Iowa, of "Tulip Time in May" fame. My mother was an avid listener to the *Kitchen-Klatter* radio program until her death in 1977. She gave me a gift subscription to the magazine for many years and I have continued to enjoy it. I love to try out the recipes, but the availability of many ingredients in India leaves something to be desired, however, I have become very adept at improvising.

May God continue to bless you.

Yours sincerely,
Darlene Vander Aarde



Quilts being distributed at the M.L.L. Hospital in Madanapalle, South India.

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

Here it is early spring, and in a matter of hours we are going to be sailing out across the blue Caribbean on the beautiful Holland America cruise ship, the *S.S. Stantendam*. We are so excited about this trip! You see, Betty and I often have been on large ships, but never have we taken a Caribbean cruise. For years, Betty has spoken of her earlier trips across the Atlantic on ships of the famous Holland America line, so for her, this cruise is going to bring back many pleasant memories. It will be my first time to be on a large ship having a crew of Dutch officers famous for seafaring on all the seven seas. I am going to have the special privilege of being the Protestant Chaplain for this particular trip and have received my orders to board ship a full half day before the other passengers. On the first night out, I shall be given a formal introduction to the many passengers.

We have only one anxiety about this cruise: gaining weight. On an ordinary passenger ship, the food is most abundant, but the menus on a Holland America ship are really special. Betty has told me that we probably shall be served the most elegant dishes we ever have seen—tantalizing foods of every description and nationality. Since the middle of last February, I have been dieting, hoping to get my weight down to 175 pounds so that the extra weight gained on the cruise will not be so obvious.

Last week we had a cruise of another type. We were the guests of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company on its blimp, *The Enterprise*. You will remember that five years ago Betty and I were given a ride on a Goodyear blimp, but this year we had a very special ride. I made a Kitchen-Klatter broadcast from *The Enterprise* as it flew along the southern Florida coast. The ride was much longer than the broadcast, and Betty and I were able to see our favorite part of Florida better than we ever had seen it before.

To give you an idea of the blimp's size: *The Enterprise* is 192 feet long, 59 feet high, and 50 feet wide. Her sausage shape is maintained by 202,700 cubic feet of helium inside a rubber-coated polyester fabric envelope. Power is supplied by twin, 6-cylinder, 210 horsepower engines, which give the airship a cruising speed of 35 miles per hour with a maximum speed of 50 miles per hour. It normally flies at an altitude between 1,000 and 3,000 feet, with a



Frederick and Betty had an exciting experience riding in this Goodyear blimp. It is appropriately named *The Enterprise* after the yacht which was the winner of the famed American Cup Race in 1930. The *Enterprise's* American sister blimps are also named for former yachting race cup winners.

maximum ceiling of 8,500 feet. Fastened to its underside is the cabin which comfortably carries six passengers and a pilot.

There are only four passenger-carrying blimps in the entire world, all of them owned by Goodyear. One is kept in Florida in the winter, one is kept in Los Angeles, another in Houston, Texas, and the fourth operates out of a little town near Rome, Italy.

Blimps are even safer than airplanes and are much more fun. They fly low enough and slow enough to give the passengers thrilling views of the earth beneath. While Betty will not go up in a hot-air balloon with me, she loves to fly in blimps.

Betty and I have always wanted to visit the west coast of Florida so a few weeks ago we rented a car and drove across Florida to the city of Sarasota. Just south of there, some of our good friends have a lovely condominium apartment right on the beach. Behind the apartment house, they maintain a beautiful five-room cottage as a guest house for their friends. They invited Betty and me to use the guest house for just as long as we liked, and we stayed there for five days.

Do we like the west coast better than we like the east coast? The answer is both yes and no. There is no question as to which side of Florida has the finest beaches—the west side. Never in all of my life have I seen a more excellent beach than the one on which our friends live—Siesta Key, south of Sarasota. We visited beaches from Sarasota all the way down to the very tip of Florida, and every beach was a beautiful and special one.

It used to be said that the west coast of Florida is not as built up and as densely populated as the east coast, but I do not think that can be said anymore. Everywhere one travels in Florida, now, there are people.

My favorite place in Florida is still the east coast because of the beauty of the Atlantic Ocean with its big waves and the huge ships passing by. When we are in Pompano Beach, there is rarely a day that Betty does not call me to the balcony

to watch some beautiful ship pass by on its way to Port Everglades or the Port of Miami.

At the breakfast table, I frequently read aloud humorous items that are in the daily newspaper. This morning I read a witticism about a young girl who was not sure she was quite ready to marry a young man who was in a hurry to marry her. The girl sought the advice of one of her mother's sisters, a lady who had never married.

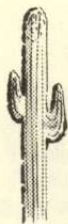
"Auntie," she asked, "do you think I'm too young to marry?"

"My dear," said her aunt thoughtfully, "if I had it to do over, I'd get married before I got older and had sense enough not to."

There probably is no subject more conducive to laughter and more apt to bring tears than the subject of love. Ernest Hemingway once said, "If two people love each other, there can be no happy end to it," and there are many people who hold to that opinion. My Aunt Susan used to say, "No woman ever loves a man unless she thinks better of him than he deserves," and you probably know people who would say a loud "amen" to that. Have you ever noticed how we almost instinctively associate love with the relationship between a man and a woman, and have you thought of the fact that in the Bible that aspect of love gets very slight attention? (It does get a little attention in the Gospels and the Epistles.) The Biblical emphasis is on the love of one's neighbors, the love of one's fellowmen and women.

All of the recent stir about the hostages in Iran and the Russian move into Afghanistan is making many people face up to the fact that at the heart of our religion is the teaching: "Love your neighbors, or prepare to die an early death." In our hearts we know that the people of the world cannot go on hating one another decade after decade. Recently, I found some scientific support in a state medical journal for what our hearts tell us is true: "More and more clearly every day, out of biology, anthro-

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ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

As I sit down to write to you this evening, I am reminded most physically of the exciting news I am able to share with you today. For, you see, I am wearing my favorite and most comfortable pair of blue jeans, yet these pants which fit so well for so many years are starting to seem three sizes too small! I'm afraid in a week or two they will have to take their dutiful place in the closet beside the rest of my wardrobe in semi-retirement. There they will patiently wait for a rejuvenation late next August.

Yes! You've guessed the news. Grammatically speaking, the singular "I" has become a plural "we", for Mike and I are expecting our first baby late this summer! I can well imagine your surprise because for so many years it has been just the two of us. It's hard for me to believe, but this month we will celebrate our 9th wedding anniversary. It scarcely seems that long ago when the picture of my wedding day appeared on the cover of *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine. I have that issue here beside me now, and although 1971 doesn't seem so long ago, the blushing girl of nineteen seems worlds away. In honest recollection, I believe it was the most fortunate day of my life; I live in eternal wonderment that I was chosen to receive such an incredible blessing—to love and be loved by my husband, Mike, for nine wonderful years.

Nevertheless, throughout these years I think just about everybody had given up on there ever being little Walstad grandchildren. In the last several years, I've hardly even heard the subject mentioned from Mike's or my parents. So the news, if slightly exaggerated as a volcano erupting, was at least a minor bomb-shell!

I knew my parents, Wayne and Abigail Driftmier, would be ecstatic. After all, it's hard to have three grown children and no grandchildren! This is especially true when all your friends are talking about their fourth, fifth, or even sixth grandchild. Poor Mom and Dad. With each of their children gradually approaching the age of thirty, the situation probably looked quite hopeless.

Although I knew I was pregnant slightly earlier, I decided to delay the news until Christmas Day. We were unable to get away for a family visit during the holidays, and I thought the news would be a marvelous surprise to bring us all closer together. It was hard to keep the secret to myself, especially

during pre-holiday phone calls with Mom and Dad. However, I managed to keep silent and only let down once to tell my brother, Clark, who was sworn to secrecy.

It seems, though, that I did not have a monopoly on surprises. Little did I know that secrets were gently surrounding and entwining the holidays like a spider web of joy. When Christmas Day finally emerged amidst all the intrigue, our parents sat back stunned and shocked as they learned that they have TWO daughters expecting their first babies this year, TWO daughters scheduled to give birth the same week in August, and TWO daughters saving the secret news for a Christmas surprise! My sister, Emily, and her husband, Rich, are as thrilled about the prospect as we are, and needless to say, it will be a yuletide none of us will ever forget—certainly not Emily nor myself, and certainly not our parents, who must be convinced that in our family, when it rains it pours.

Mom, though, is still faced with a dilemma. Years ago she had decided that should there ever be a grandchild, she would be there right alongside. And now—what to do? Both babies are due within a few days of each other, one in Washington, D.C., and the other in New Mexico. We'll all have to see what nature has planned for us, thankful for jet planes which can whisk people from one end of this country to another should the need arise.

I have been feeling quite chipper physically and mentally for which I am most grateful. With my schedule I hardly have time to feel ill. The running of my kennel business still falls completely in my hands—work I enjoy a great deal. The dogs are good company and the puttering around the yard keeps me healthy and trim. Although my free time becomes increasingly scarce, I simply

refuse to abandon my other interests. In particular, gardening, needlework, and my horses have been sources of enjoyment since childhood, and rather than give them up, I squeeze in minutes here and there to devote to each.

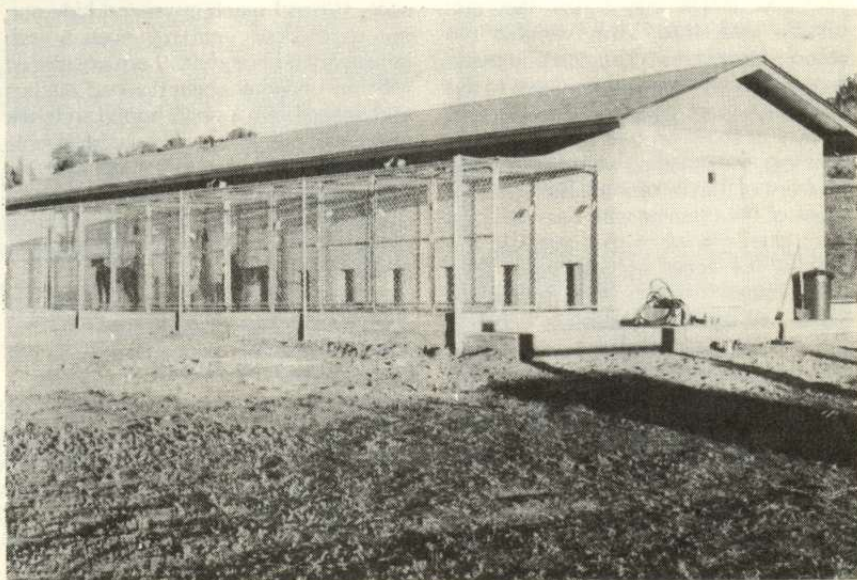
Also demanding more and more of my schedule is my work with the local Humane Society. We are a newly formed group which arose from a profound need in our community. Our goal is to build and staff an animal shelter and implement an effective animal-control program. At the present time, we have neither. I serve on the advisory council and often explain animal problems and solutions to our local government officials. In the coming months, I'll be preparing a report on the basic budget, staff, and building requirements of our proposed shelter. In the meantime, my brief experience with journalism got me "volunteered" to do the quarterly newsletter for the society. All in all, it's time I gladly donate. Someday, when our dreams become a reality, our reward will come in knowing we did all that is humanly possible to help and protect the living creatures within our midst.

I would enjoy hearing from any of you involved in Humane Society work. Our program is emerging from the ground level, and since all of us are new to society work, we appreciate every tidbit of advice and encouragement received from successful programs.

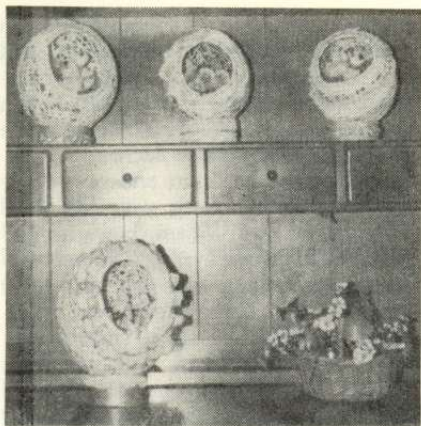
Amazingly, I'm out of room already. Honestly! when I get started talking about our Humane Society, I can't stop. (A fault about which Mike often reminds me.)

This should be a very exciting year for me in many special ways, and I look forward to sharing it with all of my friends.

Sincerely,
Alison Walstad



Alison Walstad's boarding kennel in Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico.



Made with the opening at the top and with the addition of pipe cleaner or wire handles, these lacy eggs make delightful May baskets. Any time of the year they make lovely holders for artificial flowers.

HOW TO MAKE LACY EASTER EGGS

First, find egg-shaped balloons. Blow up balloon to size desired. Use knit or crochet thread in the color desired and wrap this in open fashion around the balloon—wind it around, back and forth, up and down, using several layers but with space in between to make it airy looking. Be certain to leave six or seven inches of string at the top of the balloon to use in hanging it up later.

Combine 1 cup of sugar and 1/2 cup water. Heat until sugar is dissolved and mixture is almost too hot to touch, but not hot enough to break the balloon. Carefully, using a tablespoon at a time, drip this warm sugar solution onto the thread on the balloon. Pat with the hand until the threads are well coated. Hang the balloon from a hanger, using the six or seven inches of thread at the top. Let dry thoroughly—two to three days.

Stand balloon upright in a bowl. Pop the balloon. The egg is now lacy and delicate and holds firm without the balloon form inside. They can be made large—fifteen inches tall, or down to the small eggs three or four inches tall. Cut an oval opening on one side of the upright egg, thus making what will become the front of the decoration. Bind the raw edges of the opening with one-inch bias tape, glue with white glue and fold the tape so the edges are enclosed. Trim with rickrack, ribbon, lace, whatever.

Use rickrack for the boys' balloons and lace for the girls'. The lace is slightly gathered and glued to the egg about one inch back from the opening.

Make a cardboard collar for the base of the egg—use the crochet thread core cut to about one inch high. Cover this cardboard with contrasting material, bias tape, lace, ribbon, etc., securing with white glue. Put glue around the top of the collar and set the egg into the collar, holding in place at the angle

desired until the glue sets.

Place artificial grass into the bottom of each egg and then put in chickens, Easter lilies, decorated eggs, candy eggs, etc.

These decorative eggs are simple enough for children to do themselves, as in a church school class or a Scout troop, fancy enough for an individual who is creative to make for a centerpiece to use at home, or an idea for a group to prepare as gifts for individuals in hospitals or nursing homes.

—Mae Dragoo

SPRING FEVER

I look a mess. In fact, I just scared the good-looking young telephone repairman half out of his wits. There was a look of shock on his face as I came around the corner of the house. There I was, wearing a ragged and torn jacket (it has nice, big, roomy pockets for hiding bread wrappers), carrying my lucky stick, with twigs in my hair, scratches on my face, and mud on my knees.

I have an incurable malady that strikes me in late April which lasts two to three weeks. I feel twinges all year long, but the fever takes complete control in the spring. My family understands me—maybe a better word would be tolerates me—at this period.

During this time I neglect household chores, the beds go unmade, the dishes are undone, and even some meals are skimpy and late. At the drop of a hat I am off and running. My mind is preoccupied. Conversations with others usually dwell on one lone subject. Even in my sleep, visions and dreams center on a single object.

The symptoms include urges to don ragged old clothes, pull on gum boots, and carry a crooked stick. Then there is a frantic desire to slip away without being seen. When I reach my secret hide-out, my pace slows and my eyes search longingly and hopefully. I am possessed with an uncanny ability to leap ditches and ravines with a single bound and walk miles without tiring. The unbelievable part is I bravely venture forth with no thought of the danger of encountering a snake or wild animal. Any other time of the year I cringe at the sight of a lizard or earthworm.

I know I'm hooked, but I'll not get discouraged. There is no known cure and if the disease ever gets a firm grip it will last a lifetime. No doctor or scientist is looking for a remedy so I'll just suffer the ill effects. Few will sympathize with the symptoms and no one will share their secrets. However, family and friends will all eagerly share your success.

Yes, my addiction is searching for the succulent springtime favorite. I may look a mess—but I've found a mess of mushrooms. —Adena Clayton

FIX THE FLOPS

by
Vern Berry

Everyone who calls herself a housewife sometimes has a miserable failure in her cooking or sewing. The trick is to "fix the flops" into something maybe even better!

I make a delectable pastry torte—six layers of delicate pastry circles put together with a custard filling an hour before serving time. One time, entertaining a group of special friends and wanting to make a big impression as to my cooking expertise, I planned the dessert torte. Imagine my consternation when the beautiful dessert just disintegrated before my eyes! As I tried to lift the pastry circles, they literally fell apart! I was left with a bowl half full of thickened raspberries and half full of cream filling! What to do?

I quickly got a package of cake mix, beaten as directed and into the oven. Just before dessert time, I spread the cream filling between the layers of warm cake, piled the raspberries on top and spread whipped topping around the sides and piped a bit on the edges! Voilà!

I placed my cake onto my prettiest cake plate and carried it proudly to the table. Gasps of admiration met me! No one ever suspected that dessert was a near flop.

Another time, tiny cream puffs destined to be filled for a New Year's Eve party hors d'oeuvre tray failed to puff! I stacked the odd-shaped little failures on the cracker plate to be used for dips. They became a toothsome tidbit which I quickly called "fallures" with the accent on the first syllable! One lady even asked for the recipe!

The same technique goes with sewing. If a mistake is made, it can nearly always be fixed some way! My most admired jacket started out a huge mistake! Carefully matching the plaids at the side seams in cutting the garment, but overlooking the most important place—the front, was almost a catastrophe! I had the inspiration to eliminate the button closing and stitch a wide bias band along the edge on each side of the front opening. No one else has a jacket like it! No one ever knew it was a near flop!

Another time in looking for a plain strip to use in binding buttonholes, I snipped a strip from the already cutout front section of the jacket! Horrors! I simply carefully patched the stripped material. No one ever suspected what a careless clod I am sometimes.

So, "fix the flops". You give your creative ego a big boost and everyone thinks you are so talented!





—Photo by Wm. Louis Meissner
The story below tells of this giant Minnesota tree.

OUR ARBOR DAY MONUMENT

by Aileen Kilgore Henderson

Arbor Day is back in style! I'm glad, because it's one of my favorite national days. We live in a former schoolhouse made over into a home. The acre of Minnesota land surrounding the old building is beautiful, with a wide variety of trees which shelters birds and wild animals.

It wasn't until we met Miss Clara, living just south of us on the farm where she was born, that we fully appreciated the meaning of all our trees. Miss Clara wasn't too steady on her feet, and her grey hair escaped in wispy strands from her hairpins, but she had merry eyes and rosy cheeks along with a sharp mind.

"I well remember Arbor Day when I was ten. That was 1899, the spring after the new school opened," she told us. "All the children walked to school that winter. Many times our lunches were frozen so hard we couldn't bite into them. So we were in high spirits and more than ready for Arbor Day. It was like the official end to winter."

Every child took part in the day's activities—Clara recalled—raking the school grounds, picking up trash, and cleaning the building.

"Then a schoolboard member gave a solemn speech. Even the littlest of the children kept quiet for it. Afterwards, we planted the big cedar that stands on the south side of your house. We all wrote our names on a paper—the teacher too—and sealed the paper in a bottle. When the boys planted the cedar, they

also planted the bottle among its roots. As far as I know it's there yet."

We were fascinated to think we owned a time capsule from 1899!

"Tell us more," we begged Clara.

She chuckled. "Well, sometimes we didn't stick to business. Our teacher, a young girl, lost a new mitten in the fall, and couldn't find it, but while the boys were raking on Arbor Day they uncovered it. They also uncovered a garter snake, which they carefully put in the mitten. Then they rushed to the teacher joyfully announcing that they'd found the mitten which she'd been so upset about losing. The teacher was delighted, and immediately tried it on to see if it still fit. You could have heard her scream from here to Timbuktu!"

As the years passed, many other trees found their niche in the schoolyard. "We tried to plant a different kind each year," Clara said.

We learned that more than fifty years ago the twenty regal blue spruces that form our windbreak were set out. The green ash was planted in the 1930's. A bottle with the students' names in it was also planted with this tree.

When we took a census of our trees, we found, besides the blue spruces, the red cedar and the green ash, that we had American and Chinese elms, ash-leaf maples, hard maples, black walnuts, white cedars, white spruces and several Norway pines—Minnesota's state tree. Our one huge oak had been planted well

before community memory began. Everyone agreed it must have shaded the original school which stood in that spot.

"Just think," Clara said, "it could have been set out the first Arbor Day Minnesota celebrated back in 1876!"

We soon became aware that the Arbor Day tradition existed in our area long before there was a school, long before there was such a day, long before Minnesota became a state. Clara told us about that too.

"See that odd tree over there?" she asked one day as we stood in our yard. She pointed toward a twisted beauty of a tree standing some distance away at the edge of a small pioneer cemetery—its needles a blue-green mass, its cinnamon-colored limbs stretched nearly twice the width of its height. Two people with outstretched arms can barely encircle its girth. We had wondered about it but never suspected that Clara knew its secrets too.

"It's over one hundred years old," she said. "Here's a picture of it taken in 1926." Though the photo was yellowed with age, it was clearly our strange pine. On the back, in a steady hand, was the date and this information: "This is a German pine tree standing near the graveyard. It is 75 years old. Grandpa Simondet planted it. He brought the seed along from Germany."

Clara had known the woman who wrote this inscription, and knew her for a truthful and accurate person. "I remember her telling about Grandpa Simondet—how as a young man he buried his wife and newborn baby in the cemetery."

This unusual-looking tree had crossed the ocean as a small brown seed in an immigrant family's pack! Its life began in the Minnesota Territory in 1851. What a memorial to a young pioneer mother and her baby, planted by a man, we learned from our library, who later survived the Indian massacre at New Ulm, Minnesota, and served his adopted country with the Minnesota troops in the Civil War.

The "German" pine's story became a loved part of our community lore. And guess what? It is now listed in Minnesota forestry records as the largest of its kind (*Pinus sylvestris*) in the whole state!

So now you see why the national observance dedicated to an appreciation of trees is such a favorite of mine. Dates vary, in some states Arbor Day is held in April; Minnesota sets aside the last Friday in May for this special day. Your library can tell you when your state celebrates it. This year, why not help your children or grandchildren start their own Arbor Day tradition?



50 YEARS IN IOWA CITY

(Our dear cousin, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger, and her husband, Clay, have sent wonderful greetings to their countless friends and relatives for many years. The one I received during a recent holiday is so descriptive of the changes which have taken place in the University town of Iowa City, that we wished to share it with you. —Lucile)

This year we're looking forward, as usual. But we're also giving an appreciative glance backward over our shoulders. We're saluting the start of our second half century in Iowa City, for it was fifty years ago this past fall that we stepped off the Rock Island train and Clay began teaching at the University of Iowa.

Time has truly flown!

Countless big changes have taken place during our sojourn here, and now it seems an appropriate and interesting time to do a little memory-prodding and researching in old newspapers to check on how things were in 1929.

Here are some of our findings:

When we first arrived, there were only 6,045 students, compared to the 23,349 enrolled this year. Clay's salary as an assistant professor was a magnificent \$2,750, so within a year we felt affluent enough to purchase our first car.

The football stadium was new and dedicated at the 1929 homecoming game when Iowa and Illinois played to a 7-7 tie.

The University Hospital had just moved from the east campus (East Hall) to the fledgling medical campus on the west side of the river. Today, that medical complex has approximately 1,800 beds, 800 doctors and dentists, 1,290 nurses, and a total of 4,000 employees. It is still growing! No wonder that the University, plus the University Hospitals and Clinics, is the major "industry" in town. And no wonder there are traffic-routing problems on the west side of the city.

Keeping in step with the growth of the University, city population has more than tripled, from about 15,000 in 1929 to about 50,000 now. The community is a youthful, zesty place with 57% of its citizens under 25 years of age, and 75% under 35.

Needs for increased housing have caused developers to expand into every nook, cranny and cornfield. In our early days, River Heights, the rural subdivision overlooking the Iowa River where we live, was nothing but a hilly cow pasture three miles north of town. Now it sustains about 120 single-family homes.

Modes of transportation have gradually altered. Fifty years ago, long-distance travel was mostly by rail. The Rock Island lines brought travelers and students on splendid passenger trains. There were sleeping cars and dining



Margaret Lewis is a very good friend of Dorothy Johnson's. She shared with Dorothy the many joys and successes experienced by the Senior Citizens' groups of Lucas County, Iowa, which Dorothy describes in her letter on page 3. —Photo, courtesy of The Chariton Newspapers

cars. The Crandic trolley (CR and IC) provided popular commuting service to and from Cedar Rapids every hour each way. Its uptown loop terminal was handily right across the street from the University's Pentacrest. Automobiles were important, too, and could be driven on a newly paved and curbed scenic route to Cedar Rapids (Old Highway 218). Now no passenger train of any sort stops here. Four-lane interstate highways rush cars, buses and trucks along. People in more of a hurry board commercial airline planes at Cedar Rapids.

Even the countryside is not the same. Wild prairie flowers used to grow along sunny roadsides and railroad right of ways. On Sunday outings we'd find butterfly weed, puccoon, baptisia, cone-flower, prairie phlox, etc. Now weed-killers and zealous mowing have obliterated most such native plants.

Prices seemed high as shown by these examples from ads in the *Daily Iowan*:

- Sunday dinner at the Union — 50¢ and 75¢.
- Movies (a Will Rogers film) — 50¢.
- Camay soap — 15 bars for \$1.00.
- Beef roasts — 25¢ per lb.
- Men's oxford shoes — \$8.00.
- Men's suits — \$24.50, with extra trousers \$5.00 more.
- Hourly charge for household help — 25¢.

So that's the way it was 50 years ago.

—Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger

Good human beings are responsible for themselves as well as for their neighbors.

The wise know what needs doing. The proficient know how it can be done. The successful do it.

SLEEPY TIME DOWN SOUTH?

by
Leta Fulmer

The muffled voice of the alarm clock yanked me awake. I lay quietly, savoring the memories of the past week. New Orleans was indeed a land of magic! I'd laughed at the wild sow as she scolded her razorback pigs into the safety of the swampy underbrush. The famous French Quarter was all I'd ever dreamed it would be. I'd marveled at twisting narrow streets, iron-filigreed balconies, cobblestone courtyards, quaint cafes and curio shops. I'd peered over shoulders to stare at the artists in *Thieves Alley*. And last night we'd invaded *Basin Street*—savoring the beat of Dixieland jazz. We'd laughed at the over-zealous barkers, who almost used physical force to entice us inside. We'd sampled it all, from posh nightclubs with thickly carpeted floors, to the *My Father's Mustache Tavern*, where we noisily chomped peanuts, tossed the shells onto the sawdust floor. Now my niece laughed as I entered the kitchen fully dressed.

"I can't waste time sleeping. As you go to work, can I ride along while the rest of the family sleeps?"

"O.K." she grinned. "But you'll find New Orleans pretty dull this time of day!"

The quiet of the morning was almost a tangible feeling. A young woman, colorless except for brassy red hair, walked her poodle. From her appearance, she could grace one of the floor show chorus lines at night. A young sailor wandered along, looking lost and bewildered. In the *French Gardens*, tables were bare, chairs were empty. A few artists were setting up displays in *Thieves Alley*. I must have rated as a poor prospect—not one favored me with even a glance. No barkers stood in doorways. A janitor, with slow-moving broom, pushed last night's litter to and fro. He picked up a left-behind shoe, stared at it questioningly, then gingerly dropped it into a trash can. This was an entirely different *French Quarter*. I felt a twinge akin to embarrassment—it was much like dropping in on a neighbor before she is awake!

A rickety carriage stood nearby hitched to a swaybacked horse whose limp ears poked through a shabby straw hat. His driver snored in the front seat. Resting on a bench in *Jackson Square*, I watched panel trucks make early-morning deliveries. A man, snoring on a nearby bench, opened one eye and seemed about to speak so I moved hastily away. Finally, I came to my very favorite place — *Cafe DuMonde*, an outdoor cafe—the chickory coffee and benoits (a kind of doughnut) made my morning complete. As I walked back onto
(Continued on page 22)



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

It is certainly a blessing that most mortals do not have the capacity to see into the future because if I had known, the last time I sat down to write to you, what lay ahead in the brief four weeks to come, it is doubtful I would have had the courage to throw off the blankets each morning.

To begin with, Paul was due to drive up from Florida. His beautiful, red Firebird automobile was having problems. There were many phone calls prior to his leaving Florida to solve a few last-minute financial problems connected with getting this car road-worthy for crossing the mountains between Orlando, Florida, and Delafield, Wisconsin. This served to unsettle my digestion a tad.

Why is it that a once-carefree girl can wake up one morning and discover that all the things that never gave her a second's pause now give her indigestion? I remember well, driving home for some vacation or other from Bloomington, Indiana, I was with one of my beaus in his antique 1930 model "T" Ford, which was his pride and joy. However, it was not exactly a warm and safe car to drive on slippery southern Indiana roads. I thought the experience was the greatest lark in the world. It never once occurred to me that it might be fraught with hazards. Oh, well, enough of nostalgia! So here were Don and I, neither one of us admitting our deep concern to the other, very worried for Paul's safety on this long haul over the mountains. Then, to compound our peace of mind even further, a monumental snowstorm commenced to move in from Iowa and points south and blanket the southern states with one of their century-rare snowstorms.

Thoughtfully, when Paul hit central Indiana, this big fellow of ours remembered to phone and keep us abreast of his progress. He had headed to my mother's house for a meal and several hours of sleep. He was, unbeknownst to us, about four hours ahead of the snow. The most dangerous parts of his trip were behind him and we on the home front sighed an enormous sigh!

The abbreviated conclusion to this tale is that Paul and his friend, Gary, pulled into our driveway about twelve hours later safe and hungry! They had come through some hairy miles on the northern end of the snowstorm but had no problems.

Paul has since landed himself a job, which was something he devoutly hoped would happen but which he was not all

that certain would come to pass. The factory where he applied told him that they would be hiring again in perhaps three weeks and would call him. As he was combing the classified ads the following day, the phone rang and it was the same factory where he originally applied with the unusual news that a man had been injured and they needed an immediate replacement. So, before the day was out, Paul was in the employment office having his physical and learning what he needed before he could begin work. What he needed were steel-tipped shoes with steel-protected, over-the-arch tongues. He also had to have safety glasses.

Paul has now completed his first full week going to work at 4:30 A.M. and swinging a sledge hammer for eight hours. His job consists of chipping the edges off hot castings which come to him



Donald Driftmier.

from the molding floor by way of an overhead conveyor. He returns home exhausted at 3:00 P.M., looking as though he had just stepped off some theatrical stage where he plays the major role of a chimney sweep. His muscles are complaining but the man isn't.

Needless to say, Paul's father and mother are proud of his ability to keep up the pace required of him on this job. He eats a good big supper, packs his good big lunch for the next day, and turns in for a good night's sleep by about 8:30 each evening. The first night that he went to bed so early I thought he was sick. Also, I thought I would have to mentally keep track to be sure he got off to work early each morning—as all conscientious mothers should—but the fellow from Florida once again proved himself to be a grown man. He gets himself up, feeds himself what looks like a substantial breakfast, and drives away into the dark in his beloved car. I always hear him drive away because his muffler is apparently riddled with holes and it sounds like a helicopter hovering over the house until

he turns the corner a block away. For the sake of our neighbors (whose bedroom is next to the garage-end of our house), I hope Paul's paycheck will stretch to include replacing mufflers before spring arrives and house windows pop open!

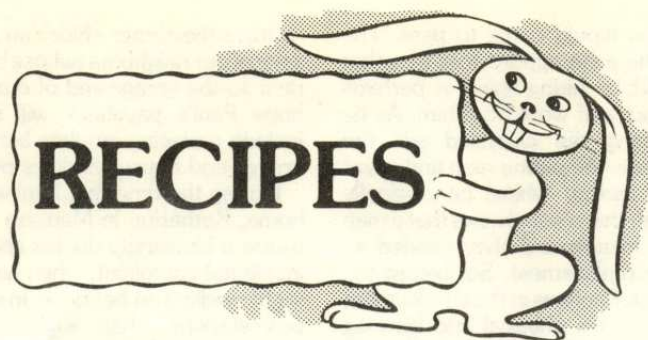
During the time that Paul was driving home, Katharine in Madison had been to see a University doctor about a very incidental complaint, when he noticed a slight swelling on her neck. In spite of her protestations that slightly enlarged thyroids ran in her family, the doctor sent Katharine posthaste to see a specialist, one with the title of "nuclear physicist and internist". He examined her and told her what we already knew, that she had a lumpy thyroid. He then ordered her back to see him the next week for an iodine-radium cocktail. This created a situation of seven long days of wondering for those of us third-party observers who were listening and wondering at home. Don remembered that his mother had had a goiter operation. I knew that my mother had had surgery for an enlarged thyroid many years ago, and I, myself, have been reminded by every physician I've ever seen professionally, that I have an enlarged thyroid. No one, however, had been quite so concerned as the physicians now were about Katharine.

One doctor appointment led to another and the specialists all finally concluded that whatever Katharine had on her thyroid must be removed. Katharine, herself, set the wheels in motion to line up a surgeon. She got herself booked into University Hospital in Madison and before I could quite comprehend the situation the surgery date was set and Katharine was bringing her Siamese cats to our house for kennel services.

To make another long story short, Don and I found ourselves one of a sober group of families sitting in the surgery waiting room in the Madison hospital. Every person was watching the arrival of each surgeon still dressed in his white coat with a green mask dropped to his collar, hoping that he was coming to bring good news. It took two hours longer than we had expected for Katharine's white-garbed doctor to bring us our mind-easing message. The surgeon had needed to remove only half of Katharine's thyroid. The golf-ball size growth also excised was not malignant! Another three hours of waiting and wondering saw her out of the intensive care unit and back into her room where we were finally able to see for ourselves that she was all right.

We're bringing her home from University Hospital next week and she will recuperate with us here until she can go back to her apartment and her job. Thank goodness this month is nearly over.

Sincerely,
Mary Beth



BANANA-PECAN CAKE

- 1 pkg. (2-layer size) yellow cake mix
- 1/2 cup mashed banana
- 1 pkg. (4-serving size) instant butter-pecan pudding mix
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/4 cup oil
- 1/2 cup finely chopped pecans

Place all ingredients in large mixer bowl. Blend, then beat at medium speed for 4 minutes. Pour batter into 10-inch tube pan or a 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 50 minutes or until done. Cool. Frost with favorite icing or serve with fresh, sliced bananas and dessert topping. —Dorothy

EASTER NESTS

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 10-oz. pkg. regular marshmallows
- 5 cups crumbled shredded wheat biscuits
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- Jelly bean egg candy

Melt butter, butter flavoring and marshmallows over low heat, stirring. Remove from heat and add all but jelly bean candies. (Use the whole shredded wheat biscuits, crumbled, so the nests will look as if they were made from little sticks.) Make nests the size desired, shaping first into a ball, then push a depression in the center to form the nest. Place on waxed paper to cool. Fill center of each nest with jelly bean egg candies.

Use the nests on a paper doily for a favor, on top of a frosted cake for decoration or on top of frosted cupcakes for individual nests.

These could be made into the shape of a basket using a pipe cleaner curved and pushed into the base for a handle. Greased muffin tins would make nice forms to use in shaping the baskets.

STUFFED HAM

- 1 12- to 14-lb. fresh ham
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 3 cloves garlic, minced
- 7 cups soft bread crumbs (crusts removed)
- 2 large unpeeled apples, diced
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 cup chopped parsley
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1/2 tsp. black pepper
- 2 tsp. sage
- 1 tsp. thyme
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Remove bone from ham making a cavity for the stuffing. Remove skin from ham. Preheat oven to 325 degrees.

Melt butter in skillet and saute onion and garlic until tender, but not brown. In large bowl, mix sauteed onion and garlic with rest of ingredients. Pack stuffing into ham cavity. Fasten with skewers. Place ham, fat side up, in roaster. Bake 35 minutes per pound weight of ham. Serves 15 to 20. —Robin Justiz

BROCCOLI-BRUSSELS SPROUTS CASSEROLE

- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen broccoli spears
- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen Brussels sprouts
- 1 can water chestnuts, sliced
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
- 1/4 cup commercial sour cream
- 1 can Cheddar cheese soup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 cups onion- and garlic-seasoned croutons
- 6 Tbls. melted butter or margarine

Cook broccoli and Brussels sprouts according to package directions. Cut the broccoli into 1- or 1½-inch pieces. Layer vegetables in 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Sprinkle with the chestnuts and mushrooms. Combine the sour cream, soup and milk. Pour over the layered ingredients and gently stir. Toss the croutons with melted butter or margarine and sprinkle over top. Bake in 350-degree oven for about 30 minutes. —Dorothy

CLAM AND CORN SOUFFLE

- 1 1/4 cups crumbled soda crackers
- 1 cup milk
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 can minced clams, undrained
- 1 cup frozen corn, thawed
- 3 Tbls. melted butter
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 cup shredded sharp cheese

Combine crumbled crackers, milk and beaten eggs. Let set 30 minutes. Stir in all the rest of the ingredients except cheese. Mix gently and spoon into 1½-quart casserole. Cover and refrigerate for several hours or overnight. Bake, uncovered, in 350-degree oven for about 50 minutes. Sprinkle with cheese and return to oven for about 10 minutes. —Robin

RHUBARB DELIGHT

- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 4 tsp. sugar
- 3 Tbls. melted margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 cups finely diced fresh rhubarb
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup liquid (see below)
- 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 2 tsp. unflavored gelatin
- 2 Tbls. cold water
- 1 9½-oz. carton whipped topping

Combine the graham cracker crumbs, 4 tsp. sugar, melted margarine and butter flavoring. Press into the bottom of a 9- by 13-inch glass baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees for 7 minutes. Cool.

Cover rhubarb with the 1/2 cup sugar; let stand one hour. Then simmer in a heavy saucepan until rhubarb loses crispness. Drain well, reserving liquid. Add enough cold water to rhubarb liquid to make the 3/4 cup liquid. Dissolve the strawberry gelatin in the boiling water. Stir in the 3/4 cup liquid. Chill until syrupy.

Combine 1/2 cup sugar, flour and milk in a heavy saucepan. Bring to a boil; reduce heat and cook, stirring constantly until thickened, about two minutes. Remove from heat and stir in remaining flavorings and unflavored gelatin, which has been dissolved in the 2 Tbls. cold water. Let stand five minutes, then fold in whipped topping.

Whip chilled gelatin mixture until fluffy. Fold in rhubarb. Then fold in half of the custard mixture. Spread into cooled crust and top with remaining custard mixture. Swirl with knife to make a marbled effect. Chill overnight. —Verlene

SALMON LOAF WITH SAUCE

- 1 1-lb. can salmon, drained and flaked
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup finely chopped onion
- 1 Tbls. parsley flakes
- 4 eggs, lightly beaten
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted

In a large bowl, combine the above ingredients. Spoon into 5- by 9-inch greased loaf pan. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for 45 minutes or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Let stand a few minutes and then invert onto platter. Serve with the following sauce:

Tangy Cream Sauce

- 1/3 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
 - 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
 - 1 tsp. lemon juice
 - 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- Mix all sauce ingredients in small saucepan. Heat. Serve hot over salmon loaf. —Dorothy

PINEAPPLE-HAM SALAD

- 1 1/2 cups finely chopped ham
 - 1 8-oz. can chunk pineapple, chopped
 - 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen green peas (uncooked)
 - 2 Tbls. chopped onion
 - 6 ozs. sour cream
 - 1 Tbls. prepared mustard
 - 1 Tbls. prepared horseradish
- Combine all ingredients. Chill. Serve on bed of lettuce. —Donna Nenneman

CREAM CHEESE COFFEECAKE

- 1 loaf frozen bread dough
 - 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 1 egg, beaten
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 6 Tbls. margarine
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 3/4 cup flour
- Thaw dough according to package directions until almost doubled in size. Roll into circle and place on greased 12-inch pizza pan. Pinch outer edge to form rim.
- Cream cheese and 1/2 cup sugar. Add egg and vanilla flavoring. Beat until smooth. Spread evenly over dough in pan. Cut margarine, 1/2 cup sugar and butter flavoring into flour with pastry blender. Sprinkle over cream cheese layer. Let rise for about 30 minutes. Bake in 375-degree oven for about 30 minutes, or until lightly browned. Remove from oven and drizzle with the following icing:
- 1 cup sifted powdered sugar
 - 1 Tbls. (approximately) milk
- Combine icing ingredients and drizzle over warm coffee cake.

PEANUT BUTTER BROWNIES

- 2 1/4 cups unsifted flour
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2/3 cup butter, softened
- 2/3 cup smooth peanut butter
- 1 1/4 cups granulated sugar
- 1 1/4 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 12-oz. pkg. semisweet real chocolate chips (divided)

In small bowl, combine flour, baking powder and salt; set aside. In large bowl, combine butter, peanut butter, sugars and flavorings. Beat until creamy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Gradually beat in flour mixture. Fold in half the chocolate chips. Spread evenly into well-greased 10- by 15-inch baking pan. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for about 35 minutes. Remove from oven and sprinkle top with remaining chocolate chips. Let stand about 5 minutes until chips become shiny and soft. Using spatula, spread evenly over top of brownies. Cool completely. Cut into 2-inch squares. —Betty Jane

HOMEMADE CREAM CHEESE

- 2 quarts skim or whole milk (or 1 quart half-and-half or light cream or 3 cups whipping cream)
- 1/4 cup buttermilk, if using skim or whole milk (2 Tbls., if using half-and-half, light cream or whipping cream)

In pan over low heat, heat 2 quarts milk (half-and-half, light cream or whipping cream) to lukewarm—90 to 100 degrees. Pour into bowl and stir in buttermilk. Cover and keep at room temperature 24 to 48 hours or until a soft curd is formed (mixture looks like soft yogurt). Curd forms faster on warm days than on cool days.

Line a colander with a clean muslin cloth; set in sink. Pour in curd and let drain about 10 minutes. Fold cloth over curd. Set colander on a rack in a rimmed baking pan (for milk curd, allow one inch between rack and pan bottom). Make the whole unit airtight by wrapping in clear plastic film. Let curd drain in refrigerator for 36 to 48 hours.

Spoon drained curd from cloth into a bowl and add a little salt if desired. Discard whey (liquid drained from cheese) if any has accumulated.

Makes about 2 cups cheese. Use as a spread for crackers or as a substitute in recipes calling for cream cheese.

Skim milk makes a tart but surprisingly rich-tasting cheese; whipping cream makes a velvety, cool-tasting cheese; whole milk and light cream produce subtle variations.

—Betty Jane

BAKED EGGS

- 7 slices white bread
- 1 1/2 cups diced ham
- 1/2 lb. Velveeta cheese, cubed
- 6 eggs, beaten
- 3 cups milk
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 tsp. dry mustard

Butter the bread slices and cut into cubes. In a 9- by 13-inch glass baking dish, scatter the cubed bread, diced ham and cheese on the bottom. Mix eggs, milk, salt and dry mustard with electric mixer. Pour over bread mixture. Cover and refrigerate overnight. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for 45 minutes or until custard is solid. —Verlene

HEARTY CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. ground beef
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can tomato soup
- 1 can chow mein noodles

Brown beef, drain excess fat and season to taste with salt and pepper. Add celery, onion and green pepper to meat and simmer until vegetables are tender. Add undiluted soups; mix and let simmer until heated through. Transfer to large mixing bowl. Add three-fourths of the noodles. Mix and place in buttered 2-quart baking dish. Sprinkle remaining noodles over top. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes. Let stand 15 minutes before serving.

—Donna Nenneman

ANGEL BISCUITS

- 5 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 3/4 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 pkg. dry yeast
- 1/2 cup lukewarm water
- Pinch of ginger
- 2 cups buttermilk

Sift together the flour, soda, baking powder, salt and sugar. Cut into flour mixture, as if making pie crust, the vegetable shortening. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water to which a pinch of ginger has been added. Then make a well in the flour mixture and add the dissolved yeast and buttermilk. Mix with a spoon until all of the flour is moistened.

Store in a large container with tight-fitting lid and refrigerate for up to two weeks.

When ready to bake, roll out on floured board to about 3/4 inch thick and cut. Bake at 400 degrees for 12 minutes.

These can be baked as soon as they are mixed, or at any time within two weeks. —Lucile

FISH BATTER

- 1 cup ice cold water
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 1/3 cups unsifted cake flour

Combine the ice water, soda, salt and 1 cup of the flour. Mix until just blended, leaving a few lumps. Sprinkle the remaining 1/3 cup flour over top of batter and stir very lightly with fork. Some flour should float on top. Place bowl of batter in larger bowl in which you have placed some ice. Keep batter cold while dipping fish.

—Betty Jane

CHERRY-BANANA BUNDT CAKE

- 1 2-layer size cherry cake mix
- 1 regular-size pkg. instant banana pudding mix
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup oil
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 4 eggs
- 1 can cherry pie filling (cut cherries into small pieces)

Combine cake and pudding mixes. Add water, oil and flavorings. Beat at medium speed. Add eggs and beat at high speed for one minute. Put into greased and floured bundt cake pan. Spoon pie filling around top of batter. Do not allow filling to touch sides of pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes. Cool 15 minutes before removing from pan.

—Juliana

LOGAN PEACH DESSERT

- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup finely chopped nuts
- 24 large marshmallows
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2 cups whipped cream
- 2 1-lb. cans sliced peaches, well drained
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. peach or orange gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 2 cups cold water

Combine the brown sugar, margarine, butter flavoring and flour and mix as if making a pastry crust. Stir in the nuts. Press into 9- by 13-inch baking dish. Bake at 325 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes or until light brown. Cool enough to handle. With fork or fingers, crumble until like fine meal. Press into 9- by 13-inch pan.

In double boiler, melt the marshmallows and milk. Add the almond flavoring. Cool. Fold in the whipped cream and spread over crust in pan. Arrange the peach slices over whipped cream layer in rows. Keep chilled.

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water; add the cold water. Chill until syrupy and pour over the peaches. Chill overnight.

A wonderful dessert for club refreshments.

—Betty Jane

SUPER CHICKEN CASSEROLE

- 1 family pack chicken
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 2 Tbls. minced onion
- 1 1/2 cans cream of chicken soup
- 1 cup salad dressing or mayonnaise
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 1/2 to 2 cups stuffing mix
- 3 Tbls. butter, melted
- 1 cup slivered almonds

Stew chicken, remove meat from bones and cut meat into bite-size pieces.

Combine chicken with celery, onion, soup, salad dressing, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Spread in baking dish. Toss the stuffing mix with the melted butter and scatter over top of chicken layer. Sprinkle the almonds over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes.

—Dorothy

MARY PICKFORD'S TARTS

- 4 ozs. cream cheese, softened
- 1/2 cup butter, softened
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2/3 cup red raspberry jam

Combine cheese, butter, flour and flavoring. Form into balls. Chill several hours or overnight. Roll very thin—making about a 3-inch square out of each ball. Place a scant teaspoon of jam in the center of each square. Bring points to center and pinch to seal. Bake on ungreased cookie sheet at 400 degrees for about 12 minutes or until light brown.

—Betty Jane

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SPLIT PEA SOUP

- 4 ozs. salt pork, chopped
- 1/2 lb. ham, chopped
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 cup chopped carrots
- 2 garlic cloves, minced
- 2 cups chopped celery and leaves
- 2 Tbls. butter (if salt pork is lean)
- 1 tsp. coarsely ground seasoned pepper
- 3 sprigs parsley
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 Tbls. mixed herbs
- 2 14½-oz. cans chicken broth
- 2 soup cans water
- 2 cups green split peas
- Parmesan cheese or cooked crumbled bacon (optional)

Lightly fry the salt pork and ham. Add the onion, carrots, garlic, celery and butter (if necessary). Cook until onion is lightly browned. Add the pepper, parsley, bay leaf, mixed herbs, chicken broth, water and peas. Cook for 2 1/2 to 3 hours. Put through blender and return to heat until heated through. Serve hot with Parmesan cheese or crumbled bacon sprinkled over top if desired.

—Juliana

COME IN FOR A VISIT

by Evelyn Birkby

This certainly hasn't been my day—or week—or month. I pick up a glass; it falls and breaks, I walk into a room; I stumble over the rug. I have a counter full of dirty dishes just as the city water is turned off for repairs and company knocks at the door. The phone rings and by the time I get to it the caller has hung up. When a day is warm and sunny and I plan to hang the clothes on the line outdoors, the wind begins to blow and by the time the washing is done it is raining. Just as spring approaches and I am complimenting myself for a health-filled winter, I come down with "what is going around". When I begin to feel better, Robert catches the ailment and is convinced it is my fault.

When all else fails, a stint of bread baking can lift my spirits. It is my undisputed theory that many of the troubles of the modern world are due to the demise of bread baking. It is truly a healing therapy. Stirring up the batter, kneading away for about ten minutes, punching down the dough and pounding out the loaves is one of the best ways I've found to reduce tension. And when Robert (and our sons when they are home) comes into a house fragrant with baking and makes joyous exclamations as the first brown, crusty loaf comes from the oven, I know life is worth living no matter how many annoyances may come my way.

A crotchety frame of mind does not belong to this time of year, not with Easter right around the corner. Winter, albeit not a very long and hard one this year in this part of the country, is rapidly turning into spring. Pussy willows are laden with their fuzzy kittens, lilac buds are popping with tiny leaves, patches of green show here and there across the yard, and tiny crocus spears are thrusting up from the dark earth.

Seeing plants beginning to sprout and stretch turned my mind toward the growing season ahead. Step one in preparation for me is to clean out our freezer. Each year at this time, I take out everything that remains from last year's production, inventory each package so I'll know what needs to be used quickly, defrost and wash out the interior and rearrange the food as it is returned to the baskets so none of the packages get lost in the far corners.

So it was that yesterday I went to the freezer ready to prepare for this summer's bounty. It almost looked like a wilderness safari was about to take place for I had taken the radio with me for company, two pans to hold hot water, heavy blankets to cover the packages of frozen food while they were outside the freezer, a pair of gloves so I could handle the cold packages with ease, a cloth for



Chopping wood for the fireplace takes care of many spare moments for Robert. Even though the Birkbys have burned a great deal of the less-expensive fuel this winter, Robert still keeps the woodpile stocked for future use.

washing, a towel for drying, a spatula for scraping and a cup of coffee for sustenance.

Pleasant discoveries surfaced as I dug deep into the interior of the freezer: a package of stewed chicken, a jar of broth, a bag of homemade noodles, a sack of edible podded peas, a box of raspberry puree, long stalks of rhubarb and a container of gooseberries.

As I sorted and wrote down quantities and mentally planned meals for the coming week, I found myself whistling the melodies which were coming out of the radio. My mind busied itself with thoughts of each food item moved: pictures of the grape arbor laden with heavy fruit, flashes of delightful memory as the raspberries were picked and sampled, visions of our dog, Attu, being kept out of the patch because he likes to eat the berries right off the bushes. And the gooseberries—how is it possible one package of gooseberries could set my mind to meandering back to the days when the boys were little and our family would go each year to the timber to pick wild gooseberries? Since the boys would always take their butterfly nets and insect jars along with them on such forays, it was a tossup whether they spent more time hunting for additions to their insect collections or if they really helped pick very many gooseberries.

Now we have our own tame gooseberries bushes and we no longer need to go to the woods for a supply. I like the tame berries better, they are larger, sweeter and the bushes have fewer prickles, but going out to the garden to pick the year's supply is far less exciting than the "good old days" of getting the wild ones.

We still go to the bluffs to hunt for mushrooms, however. I found one pan of the delicious morels in the freezer, chuckling at the memory of the many, many treks the family has taken in the spring to find the succulent delicacies. We are not as good at such sleuthing as many of our friends. One of our problems is that we look at the flowers and trees and birds instead of keeping our minds on the

search at hand. One needs a singleness of mind to be a really good mushroom detective.

It was the pan of morels which came up the stairs with me for supper. Since I flour and fry them almost done before I chill, wrap and freeze them for storage, all I had to do was crisp them in the oven and they were ready to eat. With hot, buttered asparagus and some long-lost cupcakes, the simple supper menu was all supplied from the freezer-defrosting project.

Of such common, homely tasks is a happy day constructed.

But we had more pleasures to come—just before bedtime the phone rang and it was Craig. He had not had time to write, so decided to give us a call. His studies, he reported, are going well and keeping him very busy. He is trying to decide whether to go to a medical students' convention in Philadelphia during his spring vacation or come home. It sounded as if Philadelphia is winning.

We have not been able to find time to make the drive up to Iowa City as yet this year but do want to go as soon as the weather lets us know that spring is really here. Craig is encouraging us to come at a time when we can attend some of his lectures with him. Since sitting in on medical discussions is something we've never done, it looks as if it might be an exciting experience.

No sooner did Craig hang up the phone than it rang again. It was Jeff calling from Helena, Montana. He had been deep into the writing of a leaflet on geothermal energy which is to be distributed to high school students and decided to take a breather with a chat with the home folks. He mentioned the fact that he had been making a great deal of bread each weekend and is developing quite a reputation when he takes fresh loaves to his office Monday mornings. The weather has been as sporadic in Montana as it's been in the rest of the country, but Jeff told us he has gotten in his running, jogging and bike riding almost every day.

Bob and Jeff spent several good weeks together in Helena, primarily with Jeff teaching Bob how to ski. From the stories they have both shared with us, Bob's first lesson could well have discouraged him enough to be his last. It seems the two brothers hit a very icy slope. Then the weather changed, clouds and snow moved in, and a whiteout descended so earth and sky seemed to become one. Skiing down a mountain covered with ice and with no sense of depth, direction or distance became a bit scary. On top of all that, Bob discovered that the only way he could stop was to fall down!

It is possible that by the time you read this, Bob may have had enough
(Continued on page 22)

Needle Notes

by
Brenda Carl Rahn

As Easter approaches, we dream of the youngsters in their frills and finery, quite a change from jeans and a T-shirt, or rompers for the toddler set! If you have a young daughter or granddaughter, it may be less expensive to recycle last year's dress or to add a special touch to a simple dress you have on hand than to buy a new one. If you made last year's dress and saved extra material, simply add to the hem to lengthen, concealing the seam line with an overlay of lace and ribbon or other purchased trim. A ruffle can be added provided there is enough material, just follow the same measuring guidelines given below for the frilly apron.

One friend of mine purchases enough

material to make a dress plus a pair of slacks long enough for the next year. Since her daughter is at the age where she is growing taller, but her chest measurement does not greatly increase in one year, she has a dress one year and a pantsuit the next.

Most girls never wear those darling dresses enough to really wear them out! One of my favorite ideas is to make a frilly underskirt. This is less expensive than attaching a lace ruffle to each and every dress, and a lot less work. Purchase cotton fabric in a contrasting or coordinating color (white is often the best all-purpose color) and make a simple skirt with an elastic waistband. Just use your favorite pattern for the proper fit, then add pre-ruffled eyelet, two to four inches wide, to the hem of the underskirt. Ideally, the hem where the eyelet is joined to the underskirt should be one-half inch shorter than the hem of the overgarment. Should you decide to use several layers of a dainty lace, make the underskirt longer and stitch the lace on in tiers starting from the bottom, overlapping each row by one-eighth of an inch.

The underskirt is used with dresses that have plain hems. For dresses with a ruffled hem, another approach is

needed—the insert. You can either match or contrast colors, but the real charm comes from contrasting the patterns. If your dress is plain blue, buy a red or blue calico print and ribbon to match the print. The reverse is true for a print dress. Simply remove the ruffle and measure the circumference of the plain edge of the dress, purchasing enough material to go around the hem, adding the length desired. In most cases, one-fourth yard is adequate, but don't forget to include seam allowances! Stitch the contrasting fabric to the plain hem, then the ruffle to the new bottom edge. Stitch ribbons above or over the seam lines and to the hem of the ruffle if desired for a country-charm look that has become so popular.

To spruce up a plain dress for Easter, trims, appliques and lace are marvelous. All you really need is to let your imagination run free!

Another versatile alternative to permanent change is to make a pretty tabard or apron. To make one without a pattern, measure your child's chest all the way around, subtract four inches, then divide the remainder in half, use the resulting number as your width measurement. For length, simply measure from the shoulder to the desired length, minus two inches for the ruffle. Cut a round or square neck to fit your child at the top of the rectangle, round off the bottom corners of the apron equally. For the ruffle, measure around the apron, multiply this measurement by one-and-a-half or two, depending on the fullness desired. This is the length you will need. It may be necessary to join several strips of fabric. The width of the ruffle should be three inches, one-half inch for a narrow hem and one-half inch for the seam allowance. Hem the edge and the shoulder ends. Along the raw edge, apply two rows of basting close together, gently gather up basting to fit ruffle to apron. Stitch to apron. Press seam toward apron, topstitch close to ruffle on the apron edge and trim seam close to stitching. Face the neck edge with self-fabric or bias tape; topstitch one-fourth inch from neck edge.

For apron, make straps long enough to crisscross, go through side loops, and tie at back waist. Slipstitch ties to shoulders and make thread loops at each side waist.

A tabard is simply two matching aprons stitched together at the shoulders. The ruffle is applied after the shoulders are sewn and is made continuous or lapped at center back. The tabard is tied with ribbons sewn to the side waist. A pretty addition to any little girl's wardrobe.

Happy Easter and take lots of pictures!



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These pictures of Katharine Lowey (left) and Emily Rowe (right) were taken when each girl celebrated her first birthday. Emily is the daughter of Jed's younger sister, Beth, and her husband, Bill Rowe of Woods Hole, Massachusetts. You will note immediately that both babies are wearing the identical dress. It is now back at Juliana's and Jed's home in Albuquerque, New Mexico, awaiting a call in August that will tell them if the dress should be mailed on.

BROCATEL

by
Evelyn Witter

Brocatel, that upholstery and drapery fabric that gives the unmistakable air of elegance, luxury, and grandeur, is the perfect fabric to use with antique furniture or with sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth century reproductions.

For centuries, brocatel (also spelled brocatelle) was the fabric used in palaces and mansions. With the early Renaissance in Italy, the rearing and keeping of silkworms was established in the West. As silk became more available, the Italian cities of Florence, Genoa, Naples, Milan, and Venice developed silken brocades, brocatels, damasks, and velvets.

Brocatel, at that time, was supposed to be an imitation of the Italian tooled leather where the background is pressed and the figures embossed.

Other countries in Europe were not long in following Italy in the fabric field. By the reign of Louis XIV, France took the lead in silk weaving. French brocades, brocatels, damasks, and velvets became increasingly lighter in weight. France became the leader in fabric and fashion. This leadership was interrupted by the revolution, but France took the fabric world leadership again under the reign of Napoleon.

Brocatel became more and more similar to brocades and was made on a pattern loom developed for weaving elaborate designs. This loom was invented by the Frenchman, J.M. Jacquard (1752-1834). This French brocatel featured raised figures made of woolen yarn on a background of silk.

English rulers knew and wore brocades and used brocatels in their castles. They could not, however,

establish silkworm-growing either in England or America.

Wealthy colonists in America followed the English example and imported brocatel for draperies and upholstery.

Today, true brocatel is a double-cloth fabric made of silk and linen warp and silk and linen filling. Rayon may replace the silk. Present-day materials are somewhat changed in effect from the original fabrics, but they have all preserved the embossed figure in the tight, compact woven-warp effect.

Brocatel is still considered a staple decorative fabric for drapery and upholstery use.

Among the leading manufacturers in the United States who produce brocatel are: F. Schumacher & Company, New York; S.M. Hexter Company, Cleveland, Ohio; and Westgate, Fort Worth, Texas.

These companies sell brocatel to department stores, interior decorating establishments and fabric shops throughout the United States.

If you would like to read more about this interesting fabric, here are three excellent sources: *Modern Textile Encyclopedia*, New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1963. *Encyclopedia of Textiles*, Prentice Hall, 1972. *Textile Dictionary*, Celanese Fibers Marketing Co.



EASTER

Easter is —

New lambs frolicking in a pasture green,
A blue, blue sky, a robin that sings
Among the pussies on my willow tree.
Dew-kissed violets, the first honeybee,
A quiet happiness deep within.
Joy that fills my heart to the brim
Because He lives!

Alleluia! He lives! —Mabel Nair Brown

MAN FINDS \$3,000 IN HIS HOME. IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU.

MINNEAPOLIS (Special)

... A local man made an unexpected and profitable discovery during a recent move. He dusted off one of his father's old coins, took a pretty plate his wife bought in 1971 for \$25, some old stamps, and his son's comic books and tried to sell them. After asking a lot of questions and writing a lot of letters he ended up with \$3,000 in his pocket.

Because he had a hard time getting information on collectibles of all kinds, he decided to start a society for collectors that would make it easier for people to learn how to spot a good bargain and make a profit. Right now, he is offering non-members the opportunity to share the same fact-packed collecting kit that has helped many people find a small fortune in their homes. The kit, including the best selling book "Profitable Collecting", is loaded with ideas on how to tell the value of many of your household items, both old and new, as well as what to look for when investing in collectibles.

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Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

Members of our Sorosis Study Club chose to honor the memory of a charter member, Mrs. C. A. Hickman (Edith), in a special way; that is, by presenting books to the Morningside Branch of the Sioux City Public Library. Mrs. Hickman thought that being a good wife and mother was most important in her life. She encouraged others in their work and dreams, and was a good listener. In a booklet of prose and poetry written by Mrs. Hickman and her daughter, Mildred Stevens, she penned these thoughts:

"If you can inspire even a few to work toward a better life, you have won a living monument."

The books chosen have a particular meaning because they were written by members of the Hickman family.

White Churches of the Plains (Colorado Associated University Press, Boulder, Colorado, \$9.75) by Robert Hickman Adams is a collection of black-and-white photographs of the plains churches of eastern Colorado. The high plains proved to be a forbidding

homeland to settlers, and to move to such a land required a strong faith in God. From necessity and nostalgia, they built simple churches such as those they remembered from earlier communities. Today, a few of these churches are still being used.

There are those who are determined to preserve the buildings, as the sole surviving founder of one church, a woman in her eighties said, "It will remain as long as I live." Robert Adams discovered that a church at Stoneham, Colorado, seemed to yield remarkable pictures. He writes, "All successful photographs are gifts, but few things are so easily, unavoidably lovely as the prairie churches."

I'm Moving (Abingdon Press, Nashville, Tennessee, \$5.25) by Martha Whitmore Hickman is a book for children ages 5-8 who have that adventure of moving ahead of them. William is moving because his father has a new job. So the family, including the baby brother and a turtle, move to a new house in a new city. William finds that some things must stay, such as his apple tree, but the sandbox can go. *I'm Moving* helps to show that such a change can be a happy adventure.

Love Speaks Its Voice (Word Books, Waco, Texas, \$5.95) by Martha Whitmore Hickman tells of the sights and sounds of life. It is a personal book about experiences of the past, but primarily about where she was when the book was written in 1976. She writes that mid-life is an invitation to embrace life. By sharing with the reader her own joys and sorrows, Mrs. Hickman demonstrates how life can be filled with vitality and delight. She writes that Grandma (Mrs. Edith Hickman) was one of those who seemed to have achieved in her age a serenity and a continuing full participation in life that gives us hope.

Study club members are pleased to have as valued members of the group, Mildred Stevens and Alice Thurow, daughters of Mrs. Hickman. Carrying on a family tradition, their club programs are remarkable learning experiences.

ALL ABOUT SPRING

1. A large city in Illinois and Missouri. (Springfield)
 2. A season of the year. (Springtime)
 3. The early settlers looked for this. (Spring water)
 4. One "not so young" and no (Spring chicken)
 5. Used by athletes. (Spring board)
 6. A beautiful song of the 20s. ("Springtime in the Rockies")
 7. A listless, restless feeling. (Spring fever)
 8. Used in the country a generation ago to keep food cool. (Springhouse)
 9. Fastens automatically. (Springlock)
- Evelyn Lyon



Mabel Nair Brown and her husband, Dale. Long-time readers will recognize this name immediately as Mabel has contributed many articles to our *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*.

HINTS FROM THE LETTER BASKET

When rolling out dough for cinnamon rolls, spread just a little cooking oil over the breadboard instead of flour. This would be great for doughnuts or any dough that needs to be rolled. It cuts down on the amount of flour that is worked into the dough and the finished product is lighter.

Also, when you put "goo" in the bottom of the pan before putting the cinnamon rolls in, don't. Put the rolls into the greased pan first *then* pour the "goo" over the top. Just be certain the syrup mixture is lukewarm. Bake as usual. This keeps the bottom of the rolls from getting soggy. —Mrs. E.C., Beaver City, Ne.

I like the whipped honey butter served in some restaurants. I make my own by taking one stick of margarine or butter and beat with 1/4 cup honey. Store in plastic tub in refrigerator until time to use. —R.B., Des Moines, Ia.

To make rice whiter and fluffier, add one teaspoon of lemon juice to each quart of cooking water.

—Mrs. B.J., Mexico, Mo

For lunch-box cake, make cake in two layers. Frost one layer and place second on top. Having the frosting in the center instead of on top of a square of cake makes it wrap and pack much easier. For cupcakes, slice across the middle and frost the two sections, putting together and wrapping. Again, this protects the frosting by having it in the middle instead of on top of the cupcake.

—M.M., Lincoln, Ne.



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to
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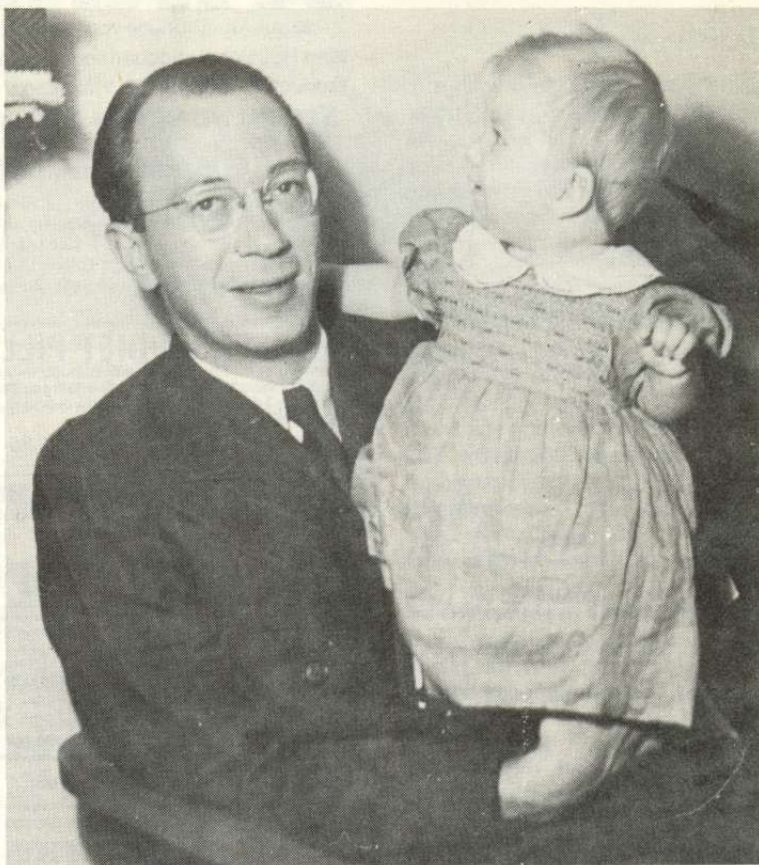
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- KSMN** Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
- KCOB** Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:35 A.M.
- WJAG** Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
- KHAS** Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
- KVSH** Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.
- KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
- KOAM** Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KLIK** Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.



From Our Family Album

Through the years we have shared with you very few pictures of Russell Verness, my husband, and there is an excellent reason for this: he was always behind the camera rather than in front of it. Juliana was around nine months old when her father mounted his camera on a tripod in our living room in Hollywood, California, and then told me exactly when to trip the shutter. That was all I could ever do with a camera—just trip the shutter! Russell died on the night of December 12, 1963, and from that date on Juliana and I have had to carry on without him.

—Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
pology, sociology, history, economic analysis, psychological insight, plain human decency, and common sense, the necessary mandate of survival that we show love of our neighbors as we do ourselves, is being confirmed and reaffirmed."

Whenever I find myself tempted to hate some of the people of the world, the lovely line of Susan Coolidge comes to mind: "Oh, wonderful story of deathless love, each child is dear to that Heart above." Or that quip Robert Frost once made: "You've got to love what's loveable, and hate what's hateable. It takes brains to see the difference."

Somehow you and I and everybody else must bring into our lives that spirit of Jesus which could love the person and at the same time hate the evil the person

did. Well, you pray for me, and I'll pray for you, and let's see what happens.

Sincerely,
Frederick

PERFECT

I like the sun of morning,
The shining glow of noon,
And the dark of evening,
When the stars do shine.

I like the flowers of spring,
And the heat of summer,
And the golden autumn,
And the snows of winter.

I like the way God made the seasons,
And the times of day and night.
For He made just everything,
As perfect as Himself.

—Annette Lingelbach

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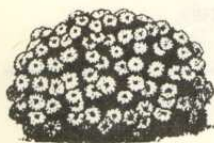
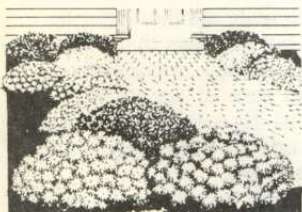
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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded
one more thing to report that I promised in my February letter.

For quite a few years, Clark Driftmier (Wayne and Abigail's only son) has been deeply involved with symphony orchestras as a member of the brass section; this instrument is the tuba. After two strenuous years with the Jalapa Symphony in Vera Cruz, Mexico, he has decided that he doesn't want to spend the rest of his life in this fashion. (I was greatly interested in Wayne's and Abigail's accounts of what goes on behind the scenes in a big symphony orchestra!) At any rate, he is leaving the field of music and preparing to join his father in the nursery business.

It will be a year or so before he hits the Denver scene, because he is serving an apprenticeship in California. At the present time, he is located in Santa Ana as the first step in learning the business from the ground up—most literally! He has already found that his fluent Spanish is of great help because he is presently the only bilingual employee in the company to which he has been assigned. Anyone who has ever spent any time in the Southwest (plus California) knows what a tremendous advantage it is to be able to speak Spanish; it is used in daily life and is not just a classroom acquaintance.

As soon as the weather is dependable, we are looking forward to a visit with

Betty Jane's mother, Lu Rice of St. Paul, Minnesota. She will be driving down with her only sister, Mrs. Edna Wanzong of St. Paul. Frankly, I am astounded by Lu's ability to adjust to a radically different car. For many years, she had driven a old-fashioned car with a stick shift and all of the other features of a 1963 or 1964 model. That car served her well for thousands of miles, but finally it reached the point where no further surgery could be done, so she bought a 1980 model that is just about as different from her old car as a horse and buggy would be compared to ANY car.

In no time at all, she was driving all over the Twin Cities and was only held up for a spell by a hospitalization for eye surgery. After this bout, she took to the wheel again and, as I said, when the weather is dependable she will drive down here with her sister to spend at least a week with us. Edna has never driven, but Lu has such an indomitable will that the trip has no worries for her. Betty Jane and I are surely eager to see them.

And so . . . time to light the logs in the fireplace once again. Sunday afternoon is drawing to a close. There are several more things that I'd like to mention in addition to what I have already written, but space is space and my own allotted space has come to an end.

Always devotedly,

Pucile

SLEEPY TIME — Concluded

the uncovered part of the sidewalk, a pouring deluge began suddenly. It rains in New Orleans without a second's notice. Hailing a cab, I settled back for the ride home so the family would not be questioning my whereabouts. They had no way of knowing that I'd caught the French Quarter wearing its "morning face"; that I'd captured a bit of treasured nostalgia to tuck away in my own secret, personal memory!

COME IN FOR A VISIT — Concluded

experience to remain vertical at the conclusion of a ski run, but the last time we talked he still was ignominiously tumbling to the ground whenever he wanted to stop a slide down the slopes.

At least life is never dull for these three—and their sharing with us is a continual delight.

The fire in the fireplace is beginning to die down, so I best stop and go get some fresh logs to keep it going. (If my luck continues as it has been running, I'll probably drop the largest one on my foot!) It is time, as well, to pull the chicken and noodles out of the freezer for supper. Perhaps the fortunate discovery of such food for tonight's meal shows that my luck has changed.



Andy Brase, Dorothy and Frank Johnson's eldest grandson, is becoming quite a handyman. When this tree grew too close to the Brase garage and the branches began to damage the roof, Andy soon had the problem solved with a sturdy saw and his own strong arms.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

friends and neighbors to take them. With the buses they can now be more independent. If it's possible, the bus dispatcher likes to have people call the Center the day before and tell what time they want to be picked up and where they want to go, so the drivers can be as prompt as possible. Margaret said that according to their 1979 transportation records, the buses served a total of 13,860 units.

If you are ever passing through Chariton, you are welcome to stop in at the Senior Citizens' Center. Just ask for Margaret Lewis and she will be happy to show you around.

Kristin and her family are active and busy. She lost her nice baby sitter so Julian now goes to the Child Development class (Day Care Center) at the College. He enjoys being with the other children. Next year he'll be in kindergarten. Kristin is taking a class at the college on Saturdays, so this doesn't leave her much time to get everything done at home on weekends. She has been wanting to write another letter for our magazine, but she says that by the time she teaches all day, attends all the meetings, takes care of her family's needs, goes to all the activities the boys are in, and so on, she hasn't found the time for letter writing!

Until next month, when we can say "Spring Is Here",

Sincerely,
Dorothy

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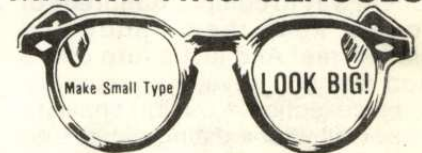
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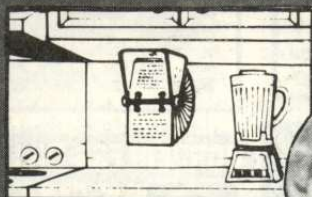
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