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# Kitchen-Klatter

## Magazine

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# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

**"More Than Just Paper And Ink"**

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder

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Margery Driftmier Strom

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good and Faithful Friends:

Well, here we are! The last thing to be set into type with our new composing machine is this letter, and the March issue cannot be "put to bed" (an old term used in printing) until it is done.

On this February day when I am writing to you, I can say in all honesty that I haven't had my head outside the house since I returned from the Omaha hospital a couple of days before Christmas. Everyone tells me that I haven't missed a thing, but my reply to this is that I want to see with my own eyes that I haven't missed a thing!

We've all read so much and heard so much about this winter that it's hard to find any new words to describe it. Every time I've heard reports about Buffalo (surely the hardest hit of all cities) it seems virtually unbelievable to me, because I remember Buffalo as a very nice city in July many years ago when Russell and I stopped there to spend the night. The Buffalo that we saw, and the Buffalo so incredibly battered this winter, have nothing in common whatsoever.

Our family grew up hearing stories about pioneer days and the great blizzards, and I believe the detail that has stuck the most firmly in my mind was the fact that men strung a line between the house and the barns so they wouldn't get lost even though they couldn't see a thing in any direction. This was my idea of a terrible storm.

But those of us who remember the thirties with its great snows in 1936 had sort of concluded that the day was past for such terrific blizzards. However, the winter that we are now going through is proof enough that in spite of everything we can still suffer from such great blizzards. We think we have the whole world harnessed with our fantastic expeditions into outer space, and then along comes a winter such as this that is proof enough we are still very much on this planet and defenseless in the face of its hazards.

The only genuine entertainment we've had this winter during the daylight hours is watching the tremendous collections of birds that have arrived full force to get a good meal at our feeders. Never before have I seen such huge bluejays, and when they descend with lightning speed on the edge of the feeders, all of the other birds leave instantly. There are finches galore at the finch feeder, and then several varieties that I've never seen before.

About two or three years ago I received for Christmas a wonderful big book from Dorothy and Frank. It is an Audubon study of birds, and the color plates are so large that there is no difficulty in identifying the various birds. One that we had never seen before and were mystified by was identified in the Audubon book as a *Henshaw Sparrow*. I'd never heard of this bird, let alone seen it.

One thing that we haven't seen this year, and for several years before it, was the jet black squirrels that appeared only in our section of town for quite a long time. People who were here and saw those squirrels for the first time were absolutely staggered by it: they couldn't believe their eyes. I thought that perhaps they were completely gone for good, but brother Howard told me that they've moved into another section of town and are still to be spotted from time to time. I'll never forget the people from Maysville, Missouri, who delivered Abe to us a long, long time ago, and there were several of these jet black squirrels on the telephone wires behind our house. It was hard for them to believe that they were really squirrels!

Those of you who have kept up with our family during the years will probably remember my many references to Eula Blake who lived with me for around four years. I was fond of Eula, and it came as a shock to me several months ago to hear that she had suffered a massive stroke and was confined to a nursing home in Kansas City and was unable to speak or to read. When this news first came I was almost unable to believe it, but there have been notes since then from members of her family, and these notes have confirmed all of the earlier reports.

Betty has now lived with me for more than three years, and since I've met her children and her mother, they are all very real to me and I'm concerned about the welfare of each person. I haven't been in Minneapolis and Saint Paul for many, many years; in fact, it was on my last trip there with Russell that I met Betty for the first time.

Both of us are still trying to figure out how we can manage the trip by car to Minneapolis and then get into the houses of her family that do not have long flights of steps. If we ever get this figured out you can be sure that you'll hear all about

it! Right now I think it would be mighty exciting just to get up to Essex, and that's only around six miles from us!

By the time you read this issue of our *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine I will have had a visit from Juliana, and those of you who are within distance of our voices on the radio will know for a fact that she was right here. It had to be a short visit, of course, but at least we had a chance to get caught up on everything. We all know that telephone calls and letters hit the high spots, but nothing takes the place of a face-to-face conversation. I am greatly looking forward to seeing her again. (This sounds like such a flat understatement!)

There will never be anyway to thank all of you for the wonderful letters that you took time to write after Mother passed away. We were all deeply touched by them. I guess that most people have at least two secretaries to acknowledge such letters, but we do not have these extra hands to take care of such matters. We wish that we could have such help, but in a great attempt to keep things going in these distressing times of almost unbelievable inflation, we have pared everything to the bone. I'm dead certain that everyone reading these lines will understand full well exactly what I mean.

I am very happy to see that all of you readers are extending such a hearty welcome to the next generation of our family who must now pitch in and help if the magazine is to keep going in years to come. They bring the viewpoint and life style of this generation, and it is refreshing to me to see what all of them are up to in their daily lives. Even I, right here in the midst of it, can scarcely believe that these small children (the stage that I remember so vividly) are now in homes of their own and tackling the reality of every day life. It gives me such a strong sense of continuity to realize this, and I'm glad that you share my feeling.

I am able to do only a very little when it comes to physical exertion, and consequently I've been reading...and reading...and reading. I finished *Roots* just before the TV chronicle began, and then as a great contrast I reread *The Folks* by an Iowa writer, Ruth Suckow.

I don't believe that any other writer from the Midwest has ever done a more profound study of a small town and one of its families. I noted that the book was copyrighted originally in 1934, and certainly it never had the response that it so richly deserved. I consider it a genuine masterpiece and I wish very much that it could be reprinted in a paper back copy so that it could circulate much more widely. Failing this, be sure you buy the original hard back edition if you ever find it at a sale or at a bookstore.

When I write to you next month I'll be able to bring you all up-to-date on

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## JULIANA SHARES HER EXPERIENCES

Dear Friends:

It hardly seems possible that a year ago at this time we had already had several picnics up in our northern mountains of New Mexico. I remember thinking that winter had passed us by completely. This winter is another story! We have had a lot of snow and cold weather. At first the children loved sliding, building snowmen, etc., but now they are tired of wearing boots and grumble about mittens, winter coats and wearing undershirts. I tell them that when I was growing up in Iowa I spent most of the year in warm clothes--or at least it seemed that way.

However, at this point I am the first one to say that I am ready for spring. I am starting to make plans for my vegetable garden and I have several new flowers that I am anxious to try out. I always try to restrain myself and not order anything from the new nursery catalogs until a little later in the year. If I order right away I get too many things and then don't get around to getting them all in the ground.

I am glad to be able to report that James and Katharine are doing well in school. Our neighborhood school is terrific! We are fortunate to have excellent teachers. Our school district just doesn't have enough money for any "frills" so the emphasis is on a basic education. Reading is the number one priority. As the result James is already reading the Laura Ingalls Wilder books and Katharine is able to read simple books. They use the school library and we make a weekly trek to our city library. I have a special place on our living room shelves reserved for the library books so they don't get mixed up with our own books. Before I came up with this system it was a mad scramble to get all of the books gathered up on library days.

I really thought that when both children were in school full time I would have much extra time on my hands. This is not the case. As you possibly know, I started volunteering time to an archaeology laboratory when Katharine started kindergarten. What was happening is that I am volunteering more time to the archaeology. We have several projects going on all at once so there is always something to be done.

Work is still going on with the Spanish colonial site. The project in Old Town Albuquerque resumed after the semester break for the Community College. The new projects include some very early sites and some prehistoric pueblo ruins. Each one of these projects has yielded interesting artifacts and all of them have to be cleaned, labeled and catalogued. In addition to this I am still trying to put broken pottery together. I sometimes wonder what it would be like



It's a great day filled with excitement when "the diggers" head for an archaeological site. Juliana was photographed overlooking a canyon the group is about to descend.

to put a complete pot back in one piece. I am also working on some things that I started over a year ago, and this certainly helps me to develop patience!

The Community College class is taking field trips and I have managed to go on all of them. The latest trip was to the southern part of New Mexico in the Las Cruces area. We visited several old forts and then swung through the Gila Wilderness area. We went to the Gila cliff dwellings and through the museum in the park.

On one of the side trips in the same general vicinity we stopped at a semi-ghost town called Los Pinos Altos. There are some beautiful old buildings in the town and a private museum. When we went into the museum imagine my surprise to have the lady behind the counter in the gift shop say "You must be Juliana! I recognized you from your picture in the magazine." Sure enough, she was a longtime *Kitchen-Klatter* friend. (Jed has never gotten over these utterly unexpected encounters!)

We are planning two more field trips for this spring. We may be going back to Casas Grandes in Northern Mexico, but this will depend on the political situation in Mexico. The other trip will be to northern Arizona and southern Utah. I hope that we will also have time to go to the Museum of Northern Arizona in Flagstaff. If you are interested in Indian things, this is an absolute must!

Among the new friends I have made through this archaeology group are several women who are exceptional cooks. One of them has never had a piece of store-bought bread in her house, and this really impresses me. I enjoy making bread, but it is definitely a treat, not an everyday occurrence. At any rate,

we all get together every month or so and have a pot-luck dinner. Everyone has a specialty, but the most successful dinner was an international feast. We were all assigned a country and brought two dishes traditional to that country. The meal ranged from hot Indian curries through Scandinavian cold plates. I have never seen such an array of foods! I was in charge of the Chinese portion of the meal and I cooked up some stir-fry shrimp and an appetizer.

Speaking of cooking--"thank you" everyone who sent the recipes for cooking trout. I have tried all of them, and as a result I have finally gotten all of the trout out of the freezer. This is really a feat as Jed has been able to fish most of the winter. There are several large drainage ditches in and near the city that are stocked with trout in the winter, and on nice weekend days Jed and James head out and usually come back with two or three fish. I have gone on several of these expeditions, but I really prefer fishing in the mountain streams. We are hoping for a good spring runoff in the mountains so the fishing will be good next summer.

As I am writing this I am hoping that the doorbell will ring, because I am expecting a roofer this afternoon to see what can be done about the five leaks in the library. This is the room we added on several years ago and it has been leaking since the day it was finished. Fortunately the leaks are not over the book shelves, but at the rate it is going the next storm will probably find leaks in that area too. Our house has a flat roof so I am afraid that is will simply have to be redone. I did find that all of my houseplants came in handy to put under the leaks.

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## Shure and It's Fun, Begorra!

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

March is the perfect time to have a real fun party and put an end to late winter doldrums, so let's plan a jolly, laugh-filled occasion, with an accent on the wearin' o' the green, of course!

### DECORATIONS

**Irish Pipe Centerpiece:** For the oversized pipe bowl use a clay flower pot, painted white (or a white plastic pot can be used). Mold a pipe stem (over-sized to match the pipe bowl) of papier-mache; or use aluminum foil crushed and molded to shape and then covered with strips of wide masking tape; or you might use the cardboard tube from a roll of waxed paper. Paint the pipe stem white and glue or tape to the bowl (pot). There are several choices for filling the bowl of the pipe; namely: (1) Plant in it a live shamrock or oxalis plant from the florist, (2) fill it with green foil-covered mints, later passed out as favors, or (3) make your own Irish posies for the pot by cutting out green shamrocks from construction paper and gluing two of these together with a green chenille stem between them. Place these paper shamrocks on a needlepoint holder and place in the bowl of the pipe with some swirls of curled, narrow wrapping ribbon used as "filler" among the shamrock flowers. Tie a green ribbon bow on the pipe stem.

For "pipe favors", fashion miniature pipes in a similar manner to above, using the smallest size nut cups covered with green paper for the bowl, with green chenille used for the stem. Fill with white mints and tie a tiny white ribbon bow to pipe stem.

Another idea for simple favors is to use large green foil-wrapped chocolate mints, tying them with the narrow white gift wrap ribbon, curling the ends of the ribbon. A small St. Patrick's memento can be tied into the bow if desired — tiny pipe, shillalah, tiny rock Blarney stone, or a shamrock.

**Door Decoration:** Using a sheet of cream color construction paper, sketch a large "happy face". Cut out the face. To it paste a large black top hat cut from construction paper. Make a very large green bow from green crepe paper.

Fasten the black-hatted face to the door and add the bow for a necktie. Note: These same smiling-faced "Irishmen" can be used about the party room for decorations — or make them up using different comical expressions for more laughs.

### ENTERTAINMENT

**Irish Hit Parade:** Each guest is provided paper and pencil. Allow six or seven minutes to see who can write down the longest list of Irish songs such as "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling", "Galway Bay", "Rose of Tralee", "Mother Machree", etc.

**Emerald Isle Tour:** Many Irish lakes, cities, people and things of historical significance have been named in song and story. For each place or thing listed, give a familiar phrase connected with it: 1. Tara ("The Halls of Tara"), 2. Kilkenny ("The Cats of Kilkenny") 3. McNamara ("McNamara's Band") 4. Tipperary ("It's a Long Way to Tipperary") 5. Dublin ("The Rocky Road to Dublin") 6. Shannon ("Where the River Shannon Flows") 7. Green ("The Wearin' of the Green") 8. Erin ("Come Back to Erin") 9. Tralee ("The Rose of Tralee") 10. Galway ("On Galway Bay") 11. Kathleen ("I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen") 12. Bendemeer ("There's a Bower of Roses by Bendemeer's Stream").

**The Irish Pipe Dance:** Guests are seated in a circle. At the leader's signal a toy pipe is passed around the circle. Each player upon receiving the pipe holds it up high and says, "Shure, and I've found me pipe," then passes it on to the next player. Meanwhile an alarm clock has been set to go off in one minute or longer. The player holding the pipe when the alarm goes off must perform a stunt requested by the player on his left. At the end of the game all those who have not had to perform might win prizes — or do some stunts as given out by the leader.

**Rocky Road to Dublin:** Fill a child's wheelbarrow with blown-up balloons. Use large paper shamrocks and lay out a course on the floor, the shamrocks being eight to twelve inches apart. Each player in turn must steer the wheelbarrow in

and out among the shamrocks to the end of the course without touching a shamrock or losing a balloon. If a mishap occurs that player is out of the game. If desired this may be played by two teams, with each successful trip scoring 5 points for that player's side.

**Five-Word Shenanigan:** The leader announces, "There are three words in the English language that are spelled with exactly the same letters. Each word is a very common one, but each word has a different meaning. Which one of you can write down these five words first? That person I will declare Prince Opst." The leader allows five minutes for this, or until someone comes up with the list. The five words are: stop, spot, tops, pots, and post.

**St. Patrick Spelldown:** Choose two sides with nine players each. On two chairs at the far side of the room place boxes in each of which are the following articles: a short length of string, toothpick, pencil, apple, a man's tie, a grain of rice (or a rock), a picture of an infant, a piece of candy, and a short length of heavy cord tied in a knot. The idea of the game is to see which side can first spell out the word "St. Patrick", using letters from the articles in the box. At the leader's signal, the first player on each side runs to the box and picks out the object representing the letter "S", then runs back and touches the next player, and so on until the objects have all been used, and the word "spelled" correctly.

**Shamrock Mix-Up:** Beforehand have ready paper shamrocks. On these one half have riddles written on them and the other half have the correct answers. Each player draws a shamrock, then at the leader's signal the players try to match up the riddles with the correct answers. When all think they are matched correctly, have the players read the riddle and give the answer. Those failing to match up correctly must perform some stunt. Here are some riddles you might use:

1. What begins with P and ends with E and has more than a thousand letters? Post office.
2. What turns without moving? Sour cream
3. When will there be but 25 letters in the alphabet? When U and I are one.
4. How many insects does it take to make a landlord? Ten ants (tenants)
5. What is the difference between a mouse and an attractive girl? One harms the cheese while the other charms the he's.
6. When is a window like a star? When it is a skylight.
7. Why is the heart of a tree like a dog's tail? It is farthest from the bark.
8. What shape is a kiss? Elliptical (a lip tickle)

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## GLEANINGS FROM GREYSTONE

### “SPRING”

by  
Harold R. Smith

Spring appears in Missouri in many forms. An adage states, “When March comes in like a lamb, it goes out like a lion.” We have learned from experience it often comes in and goes out like a lion and the “lamb” is never seen!

Heavy winds accompany the rain which falls continuously. The ground is completely saturated as water flows off the surface tracing its way to the lower ground into ditches seeking the little stream which normally flows gently through our village. We watch the stream with cautious glances as we pass over the bridges. Normally a trickle, except when heavy rains upstream occur draining hundreds of acres, it can become a swollen angry torrent of swirling, muddy water. New residents ignore the stream but those of us who have lived here for many years know the fury it can produce flooding homes and lands in the lower regions.

The winds continue gusting from the north and swinging ever so slightly to the east. It catches on the old dormers and skips across the roof bringing with it a solitary shingle which falls to the ground. At night the sound of the heavy wind often precludes storms which gather in the southwest. In this day of electronic marvels, we gather near the television or listen to the radio which reports the progress of the oncoming storm. People often complain that such emergency broadcasts interrupt their favorite programs but countless lives have been protected and saved by these broadcasts and warnings.

In days gone by, people watched the sky for ominous signs. Calling the family, they made their way down to the root cellar securing the door safely behind them. As a child, I often spent lazy days at my grandparents' farm where we often went to the cellar seeking shelter from severe storms. My grandfather, watching the sky as varied shades of yellowish-green and black appeared, churning the sky like a boiling cauldron, would call for us. Taking a lantern, shovel, axe and occasionally a bit of food, we would descend into those dark depths to wait out the storm. When we came out, often hours later, we were grateful to see the farmhouse and outbuildings intact. As a child, it was an adventure that broke the monotony of those long summer days.

Rain comes down in torrents and people often state that these should be the rains of late spring. Our seasons have changed and we remark we once



Greystone.

predicted the weather of the months of Missouri with great accuracy by previous years. Rain pours off the old house as it awakens me in the night. We have some slight seepage in the old basement. It was dug by hand, lined with rocks carefully cemented in place. Viewing the vast spaciousness, I often wonder how many men it took and how long to build this basement. A huge drain, thoughtfully, is placed in a corner and what little water appears on the floor rapidly disappears.

How green the grass has become; it seems far too early to see it so! The old lilac bushes, trimmed back in the fall, boasts green shoots with miniature leaves. The japonica, planted many years ago, is filled with tiny buds and will burst forth into glorious red blooms if we do not have a late frost. I look at the forsythia and it, too, should bloom with dazzling golden flowers. The contrast between the red and yellow blooms is a silent, colorful symphony of spring.

The winds have blown down many small limbs and these must be placed in the old barbecue pit and burned on a quiet, windless day in the future. The old walnut tree seems to lean just a bit more and appears to be slowly dying, year by year. Bearing walnuts occasionally, a family of squirrels still inhabits the upper limbs chasing one another and flinging themselves into the nearby poplar and hackberry tree. Sitting on the steps observing the back lawn affords me an intimate look at nature and her intricate ways. The cardinal family is busily building a nest in the cedar. The male chirps loudly and is silhouetted against the dark greenery. The cardinals by instinct must know the tree is a safe place to build a nest and rear their young. My beloved cat, Chequers, comes around the corner and immediately spots the activities of the cardinal family. Knowing that cedar trees are virtually impregnable to cats, he is content to sit at my feet and watch.

The peonies are sending up deep red shoots and one can only wonder how they produce such large leafy bushes bursting into huge blooms; the fragile pink, the pure white blushed with pale pink, the dark cerise. The buds are

picked, placed in containers of water in the cool basement and covered by newspapers. Occasionally, long-stemmed buds are refrigerated to retard the blooming process. Plunged into water prior to Memorial Day, they unfurl their petals into glorious blooms and are used to decorate the graves of our loved ones. We still tend to use the term “Decoration Day” in our rural areas for most of us are descendants of the Old South.

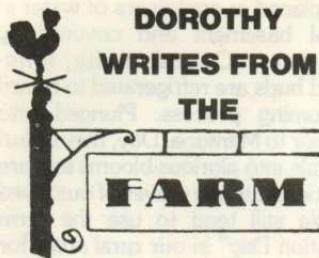
The long privet hedge is forming small leaves. Wide and thick from years of pruning and clipping, I search for dead, woody growth to be removed before the masses of leaves form. In previous years the hedge was clipped laboriously by hand but today electric clippers whirl smoothly along and the whole job is reduced to a mere thirty minutes!

I inspect the Scotch pine, planted now less than a year in the middle of a circular brick walk. Indeed it has wintered well. The walk extends to the north where an old cast iron ornament reposes, a gift from a great-uncle's estate. The ornament once graced an iron bridge next to the family's distillery over one hundred years ago. I once saw a photograph depicting two of these ornaments at either end of the bridge high on the span. I often think as I see this ornament that those days are now gone which produced ornaments as this spiked urn for something as utilitarian as a bridge. The uncle, having stored this when the bridge was dismantled, had preserved a bit of history in the dark confines of his old shed. It retains the original red, rusty appearance in my back lawn as it did high on that bridge of yesteryear, now only a memory.

Spring is an awakening of nature which slowly unfolds after the hibernation of long winter months. Truly a resurrection is witnessed each year. We buy seeds and plant them, knowing that almost every one will sprout and produce either a vegetable or flower. There are those who profess no faith in God yet they continue to plant gardens and flower beds. We have much faith in the knowledge that what we sow we shall reap. Warm, sunny days bring a flurry of people into their gardens where they prepare the soil by tilling, fertilizing and eventually planting. A favorite doctor, an expert in gardening and now long gone, once said that after May 10th one could plant in our area with complete safety; today, I think, it still holds true.

Tender new garden peas, richly creamed, is a dish indeed fit for a king. The curly leaves of new lettuce, wilted with the sweet-sour tang from vinegar and sugar, bacon and its drippings, and green onions finely chopped to crown the top, is my favorite taste treat of spring.

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Dear Friends:

The desk with my typewriter on it is right next to a window where I can look out toward the north pasture. This is where Frank usually feeds the cattle in the winter. It is right on the edge of the timber and this makes a good windbreak for them. Although the temperature isn't awfully low this morning, the wind is very strong and the wind chill factor makes it seem much colder than it really is. My heart has surely gone out to all men whose work has required them to be outside most of the time this winter. It has been a rough one.

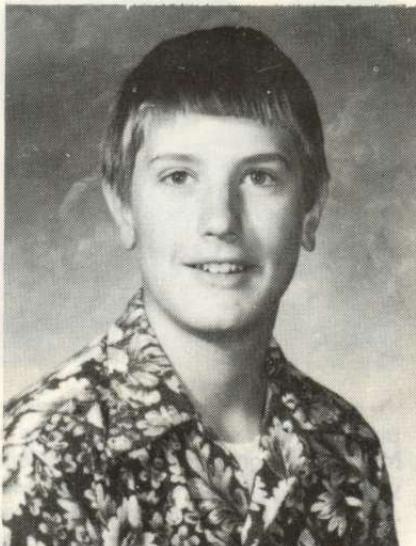
Frank, who is a real nature lover, says he gets to see many unusual things when he is out doing his chores. One bright spot in his day when he is feeding the cattle is the brilliant sight of all the cardinals on the snow-covered ground. There must be at least twenty-five that come to feed there every morning, and they aren't the only ones. Frank says there must be at least two dozen different species that come there to feed because it is close to the timber and well sheltered.

At my request we put up a bird feeder one year and we never saw one bird feeding there, although it was filled with a special bird feed. When you think about it, it really was a silly idea when the birds around here can find more food than they can possibly consume around the barn lot and corn bins.

Frank saw something the other day he had never seen before. There was a squirrel sitting on a tree limb minding his own business, when all of a sudden a woodpecker swooped down and lit on the squirrel's back. He said the squirrel was so mad it was really funny to hear him scold the woodpecker, and he kept right on scolding for a long time.

We have never had to have a fence around the bayou because the cattle have never tried to cross over to the other side. This may be because they drink out of it in the summer and know that it is deep. The ice has been so thick and snow-covered this winter that they have discovered they can walk right across. It looks as if we are going to have to string up some wires before the weather warms up and the ice begins to thaw, or they might go through it.

From all the reports we read it looks as if the price of land is still going up. You would think it should reach its limit



Andrew Brase, Frank and Dorothy Johnson's eldest grandson, is in the seventh grade.

before long. As Frank says, "Land is something they can't make any more of, and the more land they use for buildings and the more they cover the cement, the less there will be for crops." Since Frank and I have reached retirement age some people have asked Frank why he doesn't sell out while prices are high, and he always tells them that this is our home, the life style we love, we can't take it with us, so why should we leave.

We have had so much sadness within our Birthday Club recently that we haven't had the heart to have any parties for quite some time. One of our members, Faye Pennington, lost her husband after a long illness. He was a brother of another member, Lettie Allen, and just three days after Harold's death, Lettie died very suddenly. When this happens in a group where everyone feels as close to each other as we do, it is always hard to get together for the first time. But life goes on, so probably my friend Dorothea Polser and I will try to plan something in a few weeks to get things started again.

As you know, most of our family dinners are held here at our house, mainly because Frank prefers it that way. I think he has a very valid reason for this and I sympathize with him. He is the only male in our small crowd — our "phone booth crowd" as he calls it — and if we always eat here, he can go outside when we are finished and work while we sit around and have our "woman talk". There are two exceptions to this — my birthday dinner, which is always at Bernie's, and Bernie's birthday dinner, which is always at Belvah's. Last night we were invited to Belvah's for a very good supper for Bernie. The birthday cake had been baked and given to Bernie by another friend, Helen Briggs. Helen is one of these people who can do just about anything and do it well, and she

comes up with clever ideas. Bernie has been one of the last hold-outs as a believer in UFO's, which Helen is always teasing her about, so the cake was shaped like the descriptions we have all read of flying saucers, and decorated accordingly with the yellow lights, etc. Standing in front of the "saucer" were three little men made of green frosting with antennae on their heads. We all got a lot of fun and laughs out of it.

My friend Peggy Dyer is another person who can do just about anything, and has more hobbies than anyone I have ever known. When I was staying at their home in Des Moines all the weeks Frank was in the hospital after his accident, I marveled at how many interesting things she could get accomplished, and with such apparent ease. Every night when I came in she was working on something different. She would spend an evening working on the hooked rug with the old Ford emblem in the center for Glenn's den; the next night she might be making a large stuffed gingham doll with long yellow braids, starched petticoat and a dress with a pinafore for some young friend; or an adorable stuffed teddy bear. She made a tiny teddy bear for Julian when he was a baby. Peggy is very good at ceramics and was working on a set of chess men, also a mushroom table set for a wedding gift. She does a lot of crewel embroidery, liquid embroidery, oil painting, and quilling; also a hobby called eggery (decorating eggs). Peggy sews a lot, making all her own clothes and a lot of things for two teenage nieces. While I was there she made five flannel shirts, three pairs of overalls, a wool pant suit, and a jump suit. For Christmas she gave me material for a pant suit, and then took the jacket material home to make it for me while I made the pants, which I thought was very nice. You might say that Peggy Dyer is never bored for a minute.

Besides the hobbies she does with her own hands, and I know I haven't mentioned all of them, Peggy is a collector of many things, but I'll tell you about those in another letter. I will just mention that she has become an enthusiastic hunter of Indian artifacts since she found her first arrowhead, and can hardly wait for the snow to go off so she can start hunting again.

We have had some nice letters from our grandsons since they moved to Chadron, Nebraska, and are happy that they have made friends already and like school there. Andy is active in Junior High basketball, which he enjoys, and informs us that he is the tallest member on the team, a fact that doesn't surprise us. Both boys enjoy bowling and are active in junior leagues, and I imagine summer will find Andy back on the tennis

(Continued on page 22)

## FREDERICK AND BETTY VACATION IN FLORIDA

Dear Friends:

I have just returned from a meeting of our South Church Men's Club where we had a delicious dinner and a splendid program. We have in our church a couple by the name of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Frisbie who have spent the past several summers travelling into the mountains and forests photographing wild birds and fishing for trout and salmon. Mr. Frisbie spoke to our church men about the wild beauty of the United States and Canada, illustrating his talk with some of the finest colored slides we ever have had in our church. It was a great presentation, and our men enjoyed it thoroughly. One of the joys of serving a large church is the ease with which one can provide first-rate programs from within the church membership. As I observed how our church men responded to the lovely nature photographs this evening, I found myself once again thanking God for the way a person's love of nature can lead that one to an ever-deepening love of God.

It was only a few months ago that I was telling you about the splendid redecoration job our church ladies had done with one of our large church parlors. A considerable sum was spent on carpeting, furniture, drapes, painting, and papering, etc., etc. When it was completed, we were so happy and proud of a much-needed improvement. Well, we have been reminded in a very dramatic way that the Lord has a tendency to humble the proud and the successful. A steam pipe froze and broke, filling the room with moisture. Tomorrow, all of the carpeting, drapes, and furniture must be removed, the floor must be taken up with pneumatic drills, and hundreds of dollars of work must be done! We are hopeful that insurance will cover much of the cost, but it is a heartbreak. Of course, it could have been much worse, and we thank God that it was not.

I don't think that I remembered to tell you about our experience with the January freeze down in Florida. It was cold! We saw snow in Pompano Beach (just north of Miami) for the first time in history. The most amazing thing we saw was the way the ocean was obscured from our view by clouds of white mist rising from the seventy-degree water as thirty-degree air passed over it. On the beach outside of the condominium where we stayed was a sign which said: "Water temperature seventy! But beware of dangerous icebergs!" In the two and one-half weeks we spent in Florida, there were only two days warm enough for swimming.

We attended some interesting churches in Florida. The new church



Frederick took his junior choir on an outing to New York City recently. They all had a turn viewing the city from one of the tallest buildings.

architecture is not like anything we have up here in New England. Floridians call it "Bahamian Colonial". It looks all right down there, but it would seem to be very garrish up here in the North--too much bright color and gaudiness. One church we attended was decorated with life-size artificial palm trees! I do not mean the kind of palms we use on Palm Sunday, but fifty feet high palms!!

The plane trip to and from Florida always is a happy experience, and the one this year was even lovelier than usual. We are over the ocean about one-half of the way, and on a beautiful day we usually see many ships leaving long white wakes behind them. On the trip home this year, we looked down on a fairyland of lights all the way from Norfolk, Virginia, to Springfield. From the air on a clear night it is easy to see why this east coast is called "Megalopolis". It really is one continuous city! Never have I seen New York City more splendidly. It was just a maze of lights as we looked down from 25,000 feet. Even from that height, we could pick out the World Trade Towers and the Empire State Building. Then to add the frosting to the cake, there was a new moon low in the western sky. Really, it was too beautiful to describe.

Have you ever wondered how far one can see from a place on a clear day? Betty and I have discussed this subject frequently, and we were so pleased to find a little chart in our plane seats which gave a scientific answer to our question. One's view from a plane depends on the curvature of the earth and the height of the plane. If you are interested in the mathematics of it, just consider that your view in miles equals the square root of your altitude in feet multiplied by 1.22. But if you've forgotten how to do square roots (and who hasn't?) here is a little idea of the conclusions.

From one thousand feet (about where I fly in hot-air balloons) one can see forty miles to the right and the same distance to the left. From a mile high, one can see eighty-seven miles in either direction. From 35,000 feet (about where most planes fly these days) one can see two hundred and twenty-eight miles out either side of the plane. That is some view! This means that the pilots of the planes looking ahead at the horizon can actually get a full sweep of four hundred and fifty-six miles all at one time. It is almost too wonderful to believe, but it is true. One can almost say that it is miraculously true!

This Sunday I am going to preach a sermon entitled, "Overcoming a Sense of Ordinariness," and in it I intend to speak about the incredible loveliness and miraculousness of our world. The more I learn about the world, the more I adore and worship God. For example, from the standpoint of its inhabitants, the earth presents a combination of features so exceptional it must be considered miraculous. Its size is just enough to hold a sufficient atmosphere but not so great as to exert too strong a gravitational effect upon life. The atmosphere contains enough oxygen to support life, yet not enough to permit excessive oxidation with all the harm that would cause. Our distance from the sun is almost unbelievably perfect for the exacting requirements of life. Because of this exact distance from the sun, the earth is unique among all the planets for having liquid water so essential for life. It is this distance from the sun which gives us the temperature ranges necessary for life. A delicate temperature balance is maintained so perfectly in the earth's orbit that the most trivial deviation would destroy everything.

I like to think that we are living in the eighth day of creation right now, for (Continued on page 22)

## I REMEMBER THE OLD SOAPSTONE

by  
Evelyn Cason Tuller

Dear, oh dear! Do I remember those 50-year-ago winters before central heating? Those spine-chilling winters that still cling to my bones and remain frostbitten in my memory?

As we're winding up another winter, I'm recalling the modern comforts I've been thankful for, remembering the contrast. Listening, Mr. North Wind outside my bedroom has seemed to be fugitive from Childhood Past, the thought making me cuddle a little closer beneath the warming comfort of the dacron spread on my bed. Toasty-warm beneath the covers, I've hovered on the edge of sleepiness, listening to the icy fingers pecking at the bedroom window, grateful for the thermostat that guards against invading cold.

How easily we take for granted present-day conveniences! Until an emergency jolts us out of our smug complacency.

The energy crisis had revived old memories, brought back recollections, and sent "necessity" seeking first-aid remedies from the good old days.

Who says you can't ever go back? Lowered thermostats recalled the old fads in a hurry and brought them up to date. Flannel granny nightgowns, snuggies, and pants suits gained a new respect. Mini skirts lost wearing appeal.

But from among my souvenirs came a treasure I never expected to greet like a long-lost friend. I rediscovered the old family soapstone — priceless among forgotten family heirlooms. How it brought back a flood of memories! What did it matter that this time it had been heated on a modern floor furnace, which had been turned down to the relative comfort of 65 degrees? Relative, recalling those unheated upstairs bedrooms of chilly-winter childhood. And the old-fashioned gadget thawed out my bones, warming my spirit with bittersweet recollections.

Could those upstairs bedrooms in our two-story farmhouse really have been as cold as I remembered them? No, my memory reassured me, it wasn't playing goose-pimply tricks. On those winter nights when we opened the stairwell door leading to the upper floor, we braced ourselves for the climb into the arctic region above, to the bedrooms where we youngsters slept.

Ours was the average white frame, two-story farmhouse. Originally it had consisted of two rooms downstairs, the same above, later enlarged with the addition of a kitchen and framed-in back porch. During the snowy, stormy winters we experienced then, ice-crusted evergreens stood like sentinels around



March snows are often the deepest.

our house, rubbing icicles off the limbs together to keep warm, scratching against the house as though asking to come in out of the cold. Insulation at the time was of a makeshift variety, storm windows still unheard of; chunking up the cracks at the advent of winter weather was a regular fall-time chore. This meant that the front door, which faced the north, must be battened down with oilcloth tacked across the screen with papers and/or rags stuffed between screen and door; afterwards, the door was not opened until cold weather had passed, so entrance by family, as well as guests, had to be by the back door. Windows wore cardboard masks; frames which did not fit tight enough to shut out drafts were lowered against a layer of paper to make the rooms easier to heat.

Midway on one of the outside living room walls stood the heating stove which, after the kitchen fire had gone out, must serve to heat the whole household. The stovepipe, which went through the ceiling to the second floor and then into the chimney, was covered around its entire length with an iron grillwork, which graduated in size both at the ceiling grate and the juncture where the pipe was set into the stove. A warming oven rested halfway up the length; the grill could be opened to let the heat out into the room, or closed — to serve as the original thermostat, would you say? A real fun job, keeping that grill polished, clean and dusted free of settling soot — a chore which demanded attention even in warm months when no fire was required, for it was a natural dust-catcher the year around.

That hard-pressed stove served multiple purposes on cold nights. There was no question of energy conservation, with wood and cobs serving as fuel, and manpower in demand to supply it. Saving on fuel was a matter of self-preservation. It was the younger generation's job to keep the cob baskets filled, a chore that was done each night with little or no reminder. Chores were just a fact of life, something to be done without question. Earlier in the fall our father had cut and brought in our winter supply of wood; a

generous woodpile loomed at the back door; the woodbox on the back porch was kept filled by Papa or the older children. From this largesse, the day's or night's supply was moved up to first place in the woodbox, which was kept behind the kitchen stove.

The water system followed the same rugged pipeline chain. At the back door stood our generous deep well. The reservoir at the back of the kitchen stove must be kept filled, as were the two teakettles — one with hard water, and a second with soft water from the cistern placed at a farther distance from the back door.

After the supper dishes were done, the cookstove fire was allowed to go out in the interest of conserving fuel, so a supply of water was taken to the living room for heating overnight. Pans and teakettles were placed on the flat surface, where they would be close to bearably warm for morning's washing-up use; the water bucket was set close to the stove to keep it from turning to ice.

Papa had a thing about his water system, to the end that it served family and farm to its utmost best. He kept a large tub at the well to be pumped with water for the stock during cold weather. At times, when it had frozen over, Papa broke the ice on the tub while Mother heated two or three pans of water on the stove. These were poured into the stock tub; then Papa brought the horses and cows up for water. The milk we sold was our winter income, and Papa believed that he got better production from his milk cows when they did not have to water at the frozen ponds or stock tanks. He carried out his theory in giving special care to his stock during cold weather, currying the horses and cows because they responded to his TLC attention.

It was such special gestures which kept the winter from closing in on the family members, too. Who could forget the frigid atmosphere waiting beyond the stairwell when there was the fun of buttery-hot popcorn popped over the coals in the front of the stove, the crisp enjoyment of apples brought in from the cold pantry, the sleepy warmth gathering us close to the stove.

But those waiting shock waves couldn't be delayed indefinitely. With gentle urging we were eventually headed for that door. To soften the blow — and the cold — soapstones and flatirons went with us, having been heated through the day on top of the heater or the back of the cookstove, prepared for use as they were wrapped first in a thick layer of newspaper, then in a fold of old blanket or worn-out towel, finally to be secured with large safety pins to prevent any danger of burns should they become undone through the night. A rush upstairs, a race to get undressed, and a (Continued on page 20)

# Moving Day on the Farm in 1918

by  
Fern Christian Miller

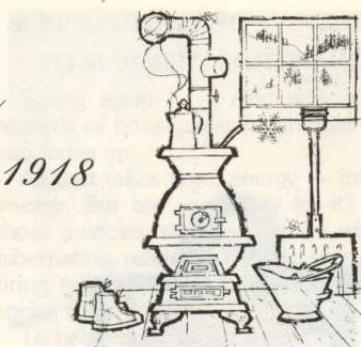
In years gone by March first was moving day on the farm. On March 1, 1918, my parents moved four miles to a larger farm. It was below zero, and the narrow rutted roads were drifted with snow. The folks that bought our little farm were moving in that day, so it was essential that we move regardless of the weather.

Long before daylight Mother had a hot breakfast prepared for us of hot oatmeal, sausage, gravy, and hot biscuits and sorghum molasses. As fast as we finished breakfast she swiftly washed the dishes and pans, and packed them in a big box and the wash boiler. Big covered pans of cooked food were placed in the wash tub to be heated for the first meal at the new home.

Next she washed all five of us, combed our hair, and dressed us in our warmest clothes. Father rapidly emptied all the ashes and coals out of both stoves and dumped them outside in a big snow bank. As soon as the stoves were cool enough the pipes were taken down, cleaned of soot, and packed away in the first wagon along with baskets of cobs and kindling, the kerosene can, and buckets of coal. Next came the beds, and bedding, with our night clothes pinned in our individual pillowcases. The dresser glass was removed and pinned in a big blanket. Mother drove the wagon with us children bedded down in deep clean straw with the food, dishes, pans, clothing, a water bucket and wash pans, and towels.

Neighbors drove their own borrowed wagons loaded with tools and machinery. The wagon containing the floor coverings and stoves went first. Each wagon had a big scoop shovel on the side with which to scoop snow if necessary. We were all warmly wrapped and an old mule-hide lap robe tucked about us. Hot bricks, well-wrapped, were placed at our feet. I held baby sister. The cows were driven along behind by some young brothers of my father. The hogs were to be moved the next day.

We started the cold drive all excited and in good spirits, but as the day passed and the men had to stop to shovel out the snowed-in road again and again we became very cold and hungry. The wind began to blow the snow into freezing



particles. It seemed that the wagons were stopped more often than they were moving. Mother's face above her wool muffler was blue with cold. Baby sister began to cry.

A long low farm house came into view as we topped a small rise. Smoke poured from its two chimneys. "Here is Mr. Martin's house," Father called back to us. An old man bundled to his nose came across the snowy yard. "Mrs. Christian, you and the children come in and get warm. My wife and daughter have been watching for you. Let the men go on and get the carpets down, and the stoves up, and the house warmed. We don't want any sick kids over this moving, now do we?"

Mother was reserved and quiet, but she saw this new neighbor was kind and friendly. In no time he and Mother had us in the warm house by a red-hot coal heater. Chubby little Mrs. Martin and her soft-spoken, golden-haired daughter fed us children hot stew and corn bread and big mugs of milk, while Mother saw to baby sister. All the while the woman talked cheerfully about the weather and the neighbors. The older Martin children were married, with children of their own. After feeding us Ethel brought us the "grandchildren's toy box". While we played with the toys, Ethel popped a big pan of corn and polished some red apples.

It was dark when my weary father tramped back to drive Mother's wagon on over. There we found a nice warm big home with carpets all tacked down and the stoves hot. Mother soon had the food hot for the tired men. She made the beds while they ate, and very soon had us tired children tucked into bed.

We made a good move that year, although it started so cold! Good crop years followed our move. Some of the land Father rented, near our farm, he broke out of the original prairie sod. Corn grew high without fertilizer. Father soon had more land purchased.

That was many years ago, but I will never forget those kind farm neighbors. Ethel Martin, and her husband, still live on a farm near Windsor, Missouri. This is only a few miles from our present home in Windsor.

\* \* \*

## GRACE AT EVENTIDE

Thank you, Father, for this evening  
And the day that went before;  
Thank you for your many blessings,  
For earth's beauties and much more.  
Bless our dear ones, friends and family;  
Bless this house where we abide;  
Thanks again for all your bounty,  
For food enough at eventide.

—Inez Baker

## QUEEN OF THE CHURN

Old churn in an auction-store window  
Brings back old days and old ways,  
Pushing the dim mists of memory  
Back, back to a jersey cow.  
Goldie, my father milked with joy  
And Mother strained the frothy milk  
Into earthen crocks which, when cov-  
ered,  
Were placed upon the cool cellar floor.  
Later the thick, rich cream was skimmed  
off to sour.  
Then the fat-bellied churn was brought  
forth  
And I, enthroned upon the back porch,  
Was master of this magic jug  
To transform with rhythmic strokes of  
up and down  
That liquid mass into golden, sweet but-  
ter.  
This Mother skimmed off into a bowl  
To wash and pat into a shiny ball,  
While my reward — a glass of butter-  
milk —  
Made this humble process a part of my  
happy childhood.

—Alice G. Harvey

## A YARD OF PRINT

What can you do with a yard of print?  
Well you can do a lot.  
You can make yourself an apron,  
Or a dress for a little tot.  
You can make a pretty bonnet  
Or a clothespin bag or two,  
Maybe cover an old cushion —  
Make it look brand-new.  
You can make a pair of slippers  
Or some kitchen mitts to use,  
And make somebody happy,  
So what have you got to lose!

—Verna Sparks

## PRESS HERE

The tabs I'm supposed to *pull* always rip,  
And those labeled *lift* most often slip.  
The keys on cans don't want to unwind,  
And jars marked *unscrew* bind.  
Strings on sacks for unraveling don't.  
Dots directing *punch out* won't.  
*Push* and *press* create distress  
And, with *cut here*, cause a mess  
Which I suppose is why I propose a plan,  
Simple signs saying *open if you can!*

—Unknown

## KATHARINE DRIFTMIER WRITES FROM TEXAS

Dear Friends:

Having never before visited with you, it seems that some introduction is in order. My name is Katharine Driftmier. But you already know me! You have come to know my family well by their extension of friendship to you through the years that has probably kept you far more acquainted with the news of my many aunts and uncles and cousins than I, who live so far away and out of touch. So, even though you already know me, I am pleased to finally meet with you myself and extend my hand in saying hello!

My mother, Mary Beth, writes often of my new life in Texas where I am a student at Rice University. The distance which separates my busy, sunny Houston life from my calm and restful life in the snowy woods of my Wisconsin Christmases impresses me first in considerations of the miles and hours and airline transfers in the terminals of the rainy South. The flights between Milwaukee and Houston are amazingly short. Time in the plane allows a hot meal, perhaps, and a pleasant visit with my neighbors. Housewives with infants, clergymen, engineers, and traveling businessmen have kept me entertained and increased the brevity of my continental hop. But the distances extending between these two geographic locations are much more broad and more uncompromising within my soul.

Parts of my young life experiences lie in both places now. Each has qualities which make it "home" for me; in passing over the trough which lies between them I must sacrifice the things I love in one part for the recognition of the others. My two worlds complement each other to meet my demands, but wherever I am I yearn for the abandoned half, the part which is not there. I am ever greedy, and thus unsatisfied.

For now, I am at Rice. Spring pays us occasional visits, stays a few days to tempt us with her warm and sunny messages of the good life farther south, then fickly deserts us in the midst of cold and driving rains from the Gulf. But thank goodness for winter! At least we have a moment's rest from the heat.

My spring semester is already well established, as is my schedule, that daily discipline that regiments my activities that I may complete my duties in their own times. Don't you find it amazing how automatically we all order our existences? Mine is patterned by the order of classes, laboratories, discussions sessions, and regular evenings spent at Fondren Library. The Rice campus is a community quite complete in itself, and my daily activities usually keep me "within the hedges," as we say.



Katharine Driftmier is holding Simba, their fierce Siamese pussy cat.

Among the spacious, wooded grounds and the many edifices of the campus my days are all supplied: my jobs are on campus, my academic life is here, and here my social pursuits are centered. We who find pleasure in cross-country running are even given a track which surrounds the three-mile perimeter of the University. Such a popular pastime this jogging is! Rice people and folk from the Houston community as well partake. For although the air is rarely clean or fresh, especially along the well-traveled city streets within which my Rice home lies, the climate offers us year-round the opportunity to be active outdoors, rain or shine.

Really, were I to elaborate upon all the exciting experiences I've had during these past three years in Texas, you would begin to think that I never worked! I've been very fortunate to have many fine friends with whom I've shared excursions, canoeing adventures, and the many cultural introductions which the Houston area offers. But do believe that the curriculum of Biology and Biochemistry in which I steep is quite consuming.

The hard times, the often unrewarded hours, and the many small failures are spiced with good times, successful ventures, and long-range rewards. This year especially have my schemes to become a biologist seemed attainable. Galveston Bay and its estuaries lure my professor Dr. Fisher and me in search of mollusks and the parasites they host. Towards this same end are my hours of scuba diving lessons directed, and towards pleasure too. Hard work is work. But it's also play when faced with a happy heart. Blessed with this Rice opportunity, I am ever thankful and happy.

Life in Houston is bright. The friends and challenges are great. The city life, the

ballets and symphonies, and the closeness of the sea are exhilarating. And so my world of the University calls me back for each new semester, across that trough and away from my northern home. Steadfastly the woods and meadows drifted with snow, and the church and family I love more dearly than any city home I may adopt, remain behind. I know that I am fortunate to have the chance to live in two types of world. But I think I am unlucky, for I'm always leaving one in lieu of the other.

I have enjoyed this visit... it has been too short. So I will write again soon and we can continue it.

Sincerely,  
Katharine

We'd like to share this poem, sent by Katharine's mother, Mary Beth Driftmier. We think it gives the reader a great deal to ponder over as we are launched into our third century as a nation.

### UNTITLED POEM

One day through the primeval wood,  
A calf walked home, as good calves  
should;  
But made a trail all bent askew,  
A crooked trail, as all calves do.  
Since then, three hundred years have  
fled,  
And, I infer, the calf is dead,  
But still he left behind his trail,  
And thereby hangs my moral tale.  
The trail was taken up next day,  
By a lone dog that passed that way;  
And then a wise bellwether sheep,  
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,  
And drew the flock behind him, too,  
As good bellwethers always do.  
And from that day, o'er hill and glade,  
Through those old woods a path was  
made.

And many men wound in and out,  
And dodged and turned and bent about,  
And uttered words of righteous wrath,  
Because 'twas such a crooked path;  
But still they followed — do not laugh —  
The first migrations of that calf . . .  
A moral lesson this might teach,  
Were I ordained and called to preach;  
For, men are prone to go it blind,  
Along the calf path of the mind,  
And work away, from sun, to sun.  
To do what other men have done.  
They follow in the beaient track,  
And in and out, and forth and back,  
And still their devious course pursue,  
To keep the path that others do.  
They keep the path a sacred groove,  
Along which all their lives they move;  
But how the old wood-gods laugh,  
Who first saw the primeval calf.  
And many things this tale might teach —  
But I am not ordained to preach.

—Saw Walter Foss

## A TRIBE

by  
Evelyn Birkby

It is strange how one theme can surface from several different sources at the same time. Recently Lucile asked me if I would write down some of my ideas for *Kitchen-Klatter* on the sense of community, as she feels it is one of the greatest needs in the world today.

The very next evening after my visit with Lucile, a television show participant mentioned that one priority which should be stressed is a renewed sense of tribe. I was chopping lettuce for a salad and frying hamburgers for our evening meal so my attention was divided and I did not hear the name of the gentleman who made the statement. He commented that the return to the tribe is needed, starting with the basic tribe, or family unit, and then including neighbors, communities, groups, organizations and cities.

Remembering a book in the Sidney United Methodist Church library which might be helpful, I drove down the next day over very icy streets to get a copy of the "The Family" (text by anthropologist Margaret Mead and photographs by Ken Heyman, published by Macmillan Company, New York). Two of the men of the church were working on a leaky faucet in the church kitchen when I went in and they laughed at my driving over the ice to get a book.

"This project cannot wait," I explained. "I need to write an article on the sense of community and from all I can discover that begins with the family."

"Strong families make strong communities," one of the men commented as he struggled with a big wrench on the leaking pipe. "My feeling is that more effort should be made by every family to be as sturdy a unit as possible."

As soon as I drove back home, carefully, I delved into the fine book and found exactly what I wanted. Margaret Mead emphasized the same thought as my plumber friend. In her research she has discovered that human beings have always lived in families. Dissolving or displacing the family has been tried but has never been successful for long.

One statement made by Mrs. Mead bears remembering: "Integrity of a society rests with the integrity of family life."

My mind kept returning to the strange term used on the television discussion, the tribe. This is certainly a word which comes from ages past. How does it apply to our present modern community? My Webster's New World Dictionary gave an unexpected twist to the meaning. Would you believe that the first part of the definition for tribe indicates it means to grow and to flourish? It also means a group of persons, families or clans



Taking photographs is a hobby shared by all the members of the Birkby family. Whenever the "tribe" is home they try to find an unusual setting for a group picture. A small sleigh in the County Historical Museum at Sidney was used for their latest such session. Craig stands at the left, Evelyn and Robert are in the sleigh, Jeff and Bob are at the right.

—Sentinel Photo

believed to be descended from a community, or any group of people having the same occupation, habits, ideas, or who are closely related geographically. No wonder the television commentator said we need a better sense of tribe. Considering the definition given by Webster the word was well chosen.

If we begin with the family unit it is not too difficult to realize some of the patterns which make the tribe strong. My own parents spent much time with my sister Ruth and me in building a secure, close relationship which continues to this day. Busy as they were, they always made time for our problems, our joys and our projects. They stood by us and encouraged us when we failed, and praised us when we succeeded. Whenever possible, they saved from Dad's meager salary so we could buy a worthwhile book or attend a play or concert which they felt was of particular value. Picnics and camping trips (this at a time when camping was an oddity) were insisted upon as essential. Our parents felt we needed to learn to love God's world, and by frequent outings as a family we could also grow closer to one another as well as God.

Robert has been the instigator of many a hike, picnic and camping trip with our own family as our boys were growing up. I'm certain, however, that any shared activity can be as useful for family solidarity as a hike in the woods or a tent in the wilderness.

A tribe can be more than just a family unit, as Webster indicated. My mind goes back to the time we moved to a farm south of Farragut, Iowa. It was my first experience with real farm living and the

adjustment was not easy. A brand-new baby filled my hours, but also kept me close at home during that first cold winter. On Sundays we went to church, finding immediately a caring, loving tribe who helped us in so many ways. Then, twice a month, a small neighborhood country club met. Designated geographically, held together by the location of their farms, these women extended my family in a most important way.

One factor that remains in my mind, both from the church group and the country club, was the sense of caring for one another. We shared ideas on child raising, prepared boxes for the needy, exchanged recipes, studied various mind-stretching subjects, held summer picnics and winter covered-dish meals, celebrated births and assisted during periods of sickness and death. Each person felt important, each was considered an individual who contributed to the value of the whole.

Developing this sense of closeness has never been easy. Pioneer families went across unmapped wilderness areas, immigrants sailed the lonely, frightening seas toward unknown territories. From such difficult beginnings people had to create a sense of community among strange people in a strange land.

How does a town or area develop the sense of togetherness that is needed? We saw a great deal done in the year of 1976 because areas worked together on specific projects. A central organization or committee with a few strong leaders can do wonders in pulling a town together. Whether the plan is as simple as an old settlers or alumni picnic or as

(Continued on page 23)



**Tested  
by the  
KITCHEN-KLATTER  
Family**

**BLUEBERRY SQUARES**

6 oz. black raspberry gelatin  
3 cups boiling water  
1 can blueberry pie filling  
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter blueberry flavoring  
1 1/2-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened to room temperature  
1 envelope whipped topping mix  
Dissolve gelatin in the boiling water. Chill until partially set, then add the blueberry filling mix and blueberry flavoring and refrigerate until firm. Whip topping mix as directed on the package. Whip in the softened cream cheese and spread over the firm gelatin. Cut into squares and serve on lettuce.

—Margery

**GREEK CASSEROLE**

1 lb. ground beef  
1 large onion  
2 Tbls. butter or margarine  
2 to 3 cups tomatoes  
1 small can tomato sauce  
1 cup corn  
1 4-oz. can mushrooms  
Ripe olives, as desired (optional)  
1/2 cup green pepper, chopped  
1/2 tsp. Tabasco sauce  
1/2 tsp. garlic salt  
1/4 tsp. cloves  
1/4 tsp. allspice  
1 Tbls. sugar  
Salt and pepper to taste  
1 8-oz. pkg. noodles, cooked and drained

Sauté ground beef and onion in butter or margarine. Add remaining ingredients with exception of noodles. Add all juices (i.e. from corn, mushrooms, etc.). Simmer one hour. Cook noodles in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Stir into first mixture. Spoon into 2 baking dishes. Top with cheese and buttered bread crumbs if desired. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

This could be a top-of-the-stove meal; serve the meat mixture over the hot noodles in individual servings or on a large platter. The addition of black olives adds color and flavor for a company meal. Freezes well. Could be prepared in slow-cooking pot.

—Evelyn

**SPECIAL CHICKEN BREASTS**

5 or 6 chicken breasts, cut in half and boned  
2 cups sour cream  
2 tsp. garlic salt  
1 tsp. salt  
4 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
1/3 cup lemon juice  
Dash of pepper  
2 cups fine bread crumbs  
1 cup melted butter

Blend the garlic salt, salt, Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice and dash of pepper with the sour cream. Pour over the chicken and let stand overnight in the refrigerator. Coat the chicken with the bread crumbs and place in a baking pan in a single layer. Pour half of the melted butter over the chicken and bake about 30 minutes. Pour remaining butter over and bake another half hour, or until chicken is done. This is delicious, and makes a fine meat for company.

—Margery

**BACHELOR BUTTON COOKIES**

1 cup butter or margarine  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
1 cup brown sugar  
1 egg  
1/8 tsp. salt  
2 cups flour  
1 tsp. soda  
1 cup black walnuts, chopped  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring  
1 cup coconut  
Mix in order given. When well blended, roll in balls one inch in diameter. Place on lightly greased cooky sheet and press with fork in crisscross pattern. Bake at 400 degrees about 10 minutes.

—Evelyn

**DELICIOUSLY DIFFERENT MEATLOAF**

2 lbs. ground beef  
1 onion, chopped  
3 large or 4 small eggs  
3/4 cup tomato juice  
1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing  
1 1/2 to 2 cups dry cereal (cornflakes, wheat flakes or crispy rice cereal)  
1 tsp. seasoned salt  
1/4 tsp. Tabasco sauce  
2 tsp. Kitchen Bouquet

Combine all ingredients until well mixed. Place in baking pan and shape into loaf. Bake at 350 degrees for about one hour or until done. Small "haystack" loaves may be shaped for individual servings and baked in a larger pan or in small individual pans. The small meatloaves will probably bake in 30 to 40 minutes depending upon the size. A truly delicious combination of flavors for a different meatloaf.

—Evelyn

**MINT DELIGHT SALAD**

1 20-oz. can crushed pineapple  
1 envelope unflavored gelatin  
1/3 cup mint-flavored apple jelly  
1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring  
1 cup heavy cream, whipped (or 1 10-oz. carton whipped topping mix)

Drain the pineapple, reserving the juice. Soften the gelatin in 1/2 cup of the pineapple juice. Place over low heat, stirring constantly, until the gelatin is dissolved. Remove from heat and add the jelly and mint flavoring and stir until melted. Add the pineapple and rest of the juice. Chill until thick and syrupy; then fold in the whipped cream (or topping mix), pour into a mold and chill until set.

—Dorothy

**FOIL PACKAGED DINNER**

For an easy, quick meal, tear off a square of foil for each person to be served. Slice carrots, potatoes and onions in center of foil. Crumble raw ground beef over the top, season with a little salt and pepper, then spoon a tablespoon or two of cream of mushroom soup over the top. Seal the ingredients and bake about an hour at 400 degrees.

This can also be prepared with chicken or steak instead of the hamburger.

—Margery

**MYRT'S CHEESE BROWNIES**

1 4-oz. pkg. German sweet chocolate  
5 Tbls. butter  
1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese  
1 cup sugar  
3 eggs  
1 Tbls. flour  
1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
1/2 tsp. baking powder  
1/4 tsp. salt  
1/2 cup unsifted all-purpose flour  
1/2 cup chopped nuts  
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Melt chocolate with 3 Tbls. of the butter over low heat, stirring constantly. Cool. Cream remaining butter with cream cheese. Gradually add 1/4 cup of the sugar; cream well after each addition. Blend in 1 egg, 1 Tbls. flour, and 1/2 tsp. of the vanilla flavoring. Set aside.

Beat remaining 2 eggs until thick and light in color. Gradually add the remaining sugar, beating until thickened. Add baking powder, salt, and 1/2 cup flour. Blend in chocolate mixture, nuts, 1 tsp. vanilla flavoring and almond flavoring. Spread about half in a greased 8- or 9-inch square pan. Spread cheese mixture over top; spoon on remaining chocolate batter. Zigzag through batters with spatula to marbleize. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes. Cool; then cut. Makes 16 to 20.—Lucile and Betty

**LAYERED SALAD**

1 head lettuce, torn in bite-sized pieces  
 1 cup diced celery  
 6 or 8 hard-cooked eggs, sliced  
 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas, do not thaw  
 1/2 red onion, diced fine  
 8 slices crisp cooked bacon, diced  
 Layer vegetables, eggs, bacon in order given in large flat plastic pan with lid.

Mix following topping: 2 cups real mayonnaise, 2 Tbls. sugar. Spread over salad. Top with 1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese. Let stand, covered in refrigerator at least 8 to 12 hours. Better if longer.

—Betty Tilsen

**CREAMED BRUSSELS SPROUTS**

2 10-oz. pkgs. Brussels sprouts frozen in butter sauce  
 1 cup dairy sour cream  
 3/4 cup shredded Cheddar cheese  
 2 Tbls. flour  
 2 Tbls. diced pimiento  
 1/2 tsp. salt

Cook Brussels sprouts according to package directions. Open the sprouts just enough to pour off the butter sauce into a medium-sized pan. Stir in remainder of ingredients except the Brussels sprouts. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until the cheese melts. Add Brussels sprouts and heat thoroughly. This will serve 6.

—Mae Driftmier

**FROZEN CHOCOLATE-MINT DESSERT**

1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted  
 2 cups vanilla wafer crumbs  
 1/2 cup butter or margarine  
 1 1/2 cups sifted powdered sugar  
 3 eggs, slightly beaten  
 4 ozs. unsweetened chocolate, melted  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
 3 eggs, slightly beaten  
 1 1/2 cups heavy cream, whipped  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring  
 1 8-oz. pkg. miniature marshmallows  
 1/2 cup crushed peppermint stick candy

Mix the 1/4 cup melted butter or margarine and vanilla wafer crumbs; then press into the bottom of an 8-inch square pan.

Cream the 1/2 cup butter or margarine and the powdered sugar thoroughly; add the eggs and melted chocolate and burnt sugar flavoring and beat until light and fluffy. Spoon over the crumb mixture in the pan. Set in the freezer while you whip the cream. Fold the mint flavoring and marshmallows into the whipped cream and spread over the chocolate mixture. Sprinkle top with the crushed peppermint candy and finish freezing. Cut into squares to serve.

—Mae Driftmier

**DIET LO-CAL GOLDEN SPICE CAKE**

1 3/4 cups sifted cake flour  
 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder  
 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon  
 3/4 tsp. cloves  
 3/4 tsp. nutmeg  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 7 eggs, separated  
 3 Tbls. non-nutritive liquid sweetener  
 1 cup canned pumpkin  
 1/2 cup salad oil  
 1/4 cup water  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar  
 Set oven at 350 degrees.

Combine flour, baking powder, spices and salt in large bowl. Add the egg yolks, sweetener, pumpkin, salad oil, water, and black walnut flavoring and beat until smooth. Beat the egg whites until foamy; add the cream of tartar and continue to beat until stiff, but not dry. Gently fold the beaten egg whites into the pumpkin mixture. Spoon the batter into 8-inch ungreased tube pan and bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes. Remove from oven and invert until cool about one hour. Yield: 20 servings. About 110 calories per serving.

—Betty Tilsen

**WASHINGTON CHOCOLATE CAKE**

1/2 cup margarine  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1 1/2 cups sugar  
 2 eggs  
 2 cups flour  
 1/2 tsp. baking powder  
 1 cup water  
 2 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate, melted  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
 1 tsp. baking soda  
 1 Tbls. hot water

Cream together the margarine, butter flavoring and sugar. Beat in eggs. Sift flour and baking powder together and add alternately with water. Stir in melted chocolate and remaining flavoring. Dissolve soda in hot water and mix in. Pour into 9- by 13-inch pan which has been greased and floured on the bottom — or into 2 round layer pans which have been greased and floured on the bottom only. Bake at 350 degrees, 40 minutes for the larger cake, 25 minutes for the layers, or until the cake tests done in the center. Cool and frost with chocolate frosting and top with nuts if desired.

This is a fine moist cake which keeps well. We first ate it in the Olympic Mountains of Washington on a camping trip. Brought to the campground in a 9- by 13-inch pan with a slide-on lid, it survived several onslaughts by hungry hikers.

—Evelyn

**SHORTBREAD COOKIES**

1 cup butter or margarine  
 1/2 cup granulated sugar  
 4 Tbls. brown sugar  
 1 egg  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 2 1/2 cups flour

Cream the butter or margarine with the sugars. Beat in the egg and flavorings. Lastly, stir in the flour. Form the dough into small balls about the size of a walnut and press down a little, leaving the dough a bit rounded. Press criss-cross fashion with a fork. Bake at 375 degrees for about 15 minutes, or until the edges are golden brown. Watch closely. Makes 48 to 50.

Please note that there is no baking powder or soda in this recipe.

—Margery

**BARBECUED HAMBURGER**

1 lb. hamburger  
 1/2 medium onion, diced  
 1/4 cup water  
 1/2 cup catsup  
 1 1/2 tsp. prepared mustard  
 2 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce  
 2 Tbls. sugar  
 1 tsp. vinegar  
 1/2 cup tomato sauce  
 1 tsp. chili powder  
 1 Tbls. barbecue sauce  
 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter French dressing

Crumble hamburger in skillet and fry with onion until done. Mix remaining ingredients and add to meat mixture. Cook for about 10 minutes and serve on buns.

—Margery

**1-2-3 HAM AND POTATO CASSEROLE**

2 lbs. frozen hash-brown potatoes  
 3 cups diced leftover ham  
 6 Tbls. butter or margarine (If margarine is used, use 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.)  
 6 Tbls. flour  
 2 cups cold milk  
 1 5-oz. jar Old English processed cheese  
 1 tsp. dry dill weed

In buttered casserole spread potatoes and ham. Melt butter or margarine; and add flour until bubbly. Add cold milk and stir until mixture begins to boil. Reduce heat and simmer. Add cheese and stir with wire whisk until smooth. Add dill weed. Taste for salt. Pour over ham and potatoes. Bake covered for one hour in 350-degree oven. Remove from oven and mix ingredients with spoon. Return to oven for 10 minutes uncovered. Let stand 10 minutes before serving.

—Betty Tilsen

**MEXICAN DATE ROLLS**

3/4 cup milk  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 1 tsp. salt  
 1/2 cup margarine (1 stick)  
 1/2 cup warm water  
 2 pkgs. instant blend active dry yeast  
 1 egg (room temperature)  
 3 3/4 to 4 1/4 cups unsifted flour (I used the 4 1/4 cups)  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Scald milk; stir in sugar, salt and margarine. Cool to lukewarm. Measure warm water into large warm bowl. Sprinkle yeast in and stir until dissolved. Add lukewarm milk mixture, vanilla flavoring, egg and 2 cups of the flour; beat until smooth. Stir in enough

additional flour to make a stiff batter. Cover tightly with plastic wrap or aluminum foil. Refrigerate dough at least 2 hours.

Divide dough in half. Roll each half to a 12- by 15-inch rectangle. Cut each rectangle into twenty 3-inch squares. Place 1 rounded teaspoon Date Filling in center of each square. Overlap two opposite corners; seal tightly. Place on greased baking sheets. Cover; let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour.

Bake at 375 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes, or until done. Remove from baking sheets and cool on wire racks. I drizzled powdered sugar frosting on top of each roll.

**Date Filling**

1 egg  
 2 Tbs. milk  
 1 1/2 cups pitted dates  
 1 1/2 cups finely chopped peeled apples (I used 5 medium apples.)  
 1/2 cup chopped pecans  
 3 Tbs. light brown sugar  
 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon  
 1/8 tsp. ground nutmeg  
 2 tsp. grated lemon peel  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Put the egg, milk, and dates in blender container and process until fairly smooth. Combine date mixture, chopped apples, pecans, brown sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg, grated lemon peel and vanilla flavoring. Mix together thoroughly. —Verlene

(Verlene works at our Kitchen-Klatter plant.)

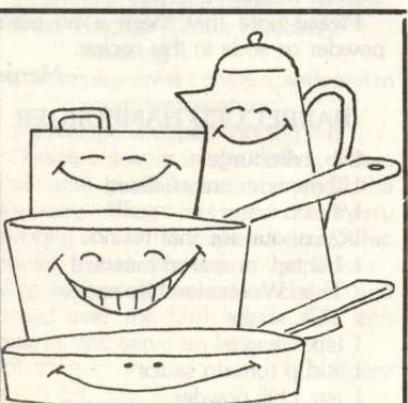
**FRENCH ONION SOUP**

2 Tbs. butter or margarine  
 2 cups onion, sliced in rings  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1 small clove garlic, cut fine (or 1/4 tsp. garlic salt)  
 6 beef bouillon cubes  
 5 cups water  
 Salt to taste

In large saucepan melt butter or margarine. Stir in onion rings, butter flavoring, and garlic. Stir occasionally and saute until onions are golden. Add bouillon and water. Simmer, partially covered, for 10 minutes. Taste and add salt if desired.

Excellent served with saltine crackers, or with a Holland Rusk topped with grated cheese and broiled just long enough to melt the cheese and then floated in the soup. Parmesan cheese or a few cheese-coated croutons may also be used on top.

This makes a fine, clear onion soup familiar to fine restaurants. An elegant beginning for a company meal, or a hearty main dish for the family. Makes 6 cups of soup. —Evelyn

**HAPPY COOKIN'**

Nothing makes for grins in the kitchen like surprises from the stove. You can see the smiles pop out when the family comes in from the cold and whiffs the aroma of something good and hot.

Homemakers are discovering that their cooking efforts are doubly rewarded when they use a little imagination . . . and a little **Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring**. Even everyday recipes can profit from the true-life flavor and aroma these magic bottles can bring. Next time you pick out a recipe, ask yourself which **Kitchen-Klatter Flavoring** would add that perfect surprise touch. Here are all sixteen:

**Vanilla, Raspberry, Orange, Blueberry, Banana, Almond, Coconut, Cherry, Butter, Pineapple, Lemon, Mint, Black Walnut, Burnt Sugar, Maple, and Strawberry**

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

**CHILI-CHEESE CASSEROLE**

1 lb. ground beef  
 1/4 cup chopped green pepper  
 1/2 cup chopped onion  
 2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce  
 1 16-oz. can kidney beans, drained  
 1 Tbs. chili powder  
 1 tsp. salt  
 Dash of Tabasco sauce  
 2 cups corn chips  
 2 cups Monterey Jack cheese  
 Brown meat and drain. Add green pepper and onion, cook until tender. Add tomato sauce, kidney beans and seasonings; bring to a boil. Spread 1 cup corn chips in the bottom of a 2-quart casserole; cover with half of the meat mixture and 1 cup of the cheese. Repeat the layers and bake for 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Makes 6 servings.

—Mae Driftmier

**CANDIED CARROTS AND ONIONS**

6 medium-sized carrots  
 1 lb. small white onions  
 1/2 stick butter or margarine  
 1/2 cup maple-flavored syrup  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

Pare carrots and cut in half crosswise; then into quarters lengthwise. Peel onions. Cook carrots and onions, covered, in boiling salted water in medium-sized skillet for about 30 minutes, or until just barely tender. Drain thoroughly and return to skillet. Add butter or margarine, syrup and flavoring. Cook slowly for about 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cook until vegetables are done and glazed. Serves six.

—Mae Driftmier

**SPECIAL CHOCOLATE FROSTING**

2 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate  
 2 Tbs. butter or margarine  
 2 Tbs. homogenized shortening  
 2 cups powdered sugar  
 5 Tbs. hot milk  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
 Nuts, if desired

In a small saucepan melt chocolate, butter or margarine and homogenized shortening together, stirring over moderate heat. Set aside. Sift powdered sugar into a bowl and stir in hot milk and flavorings. Stir in melted chocolate mixture. Beat. When spreading consistency, spread on cake. Sprinkle top with nuts. (Texture of frosting can be adjusted: if too moist, add a little more powdered sugar, if too dry add a bit more hot milk.)

This is a fine frosting which goes equally well on chocolate or white cake.

## ANOTHER MOST MEMORABLE MEAL



In February of 1968 I was able to spend a month with my daughter and her family on the big island of Hawaii. Her husband is a doctor and he has a Japanese partner whose father was also a retired doctor. Both of the Japanese families live separately in a large wooden building which years ago was also a private hospital owned by the senior doctor. This building still houses their offices. It was interesting to see these very old buildings and the new modern buildings that are being built now.

We were invited, along with two other couples visiting from the Mainland, for an authentic dinner. It was held in a large sparsely furnished room with very low tables and lots of pillows to sit on. Because I love flowers, I can vividly remember some of the beautiful Oriental floral arrangements in the room. After getting acquainted with our hosts and the other guests, the young doctor's four daughters were brought out for us to meet. Darling Japanese girls. They did not stay and eat with us.

I never have seen so much food in my life, and would not have remembered any of it if a good friend hadn't given me a book, "My Trip", as a going away gift, and I did keep notes in it.

While we were visiting over punch, the elder doctor's wife and a very close friend of hers were cooking Hekha on a hibachi in this large room. From my notes, this is a dish of long rice, bean sprouts, green onions, mushrooms, bamboo shoots and chicken.

The buffet table was set beautifully, and these were some of the foods served. The Hekha (the main dish), Abalone, Squid, Shrimp, Sweet Potato Tempura, Cucumbers, Sashimi (raw fish), Con-ten (Japanese gelatin), Pineapple, Ladyfingers, Coffee, Tea and Rice Crackers. We sat on the pillows and everyone was trying to use chopsticks. There was a lot of other food, too, as I recall.

After everyone had finished eating, we were entertained by the elder doctor's wife who played the Koto and sang. This is a Japanese instrument and she gave lessons on it.

Who could forget a night like this? It was like being in another world!

—C.A.P., Nebr.



## SPRING CLEANING CAN LEAD TO SUMMER NIGHTMARE

Spring again . . . And with it the hazards of house cleaning and painting and fixing up.

All that takes time, energy — lots of energy. But are you ready for it? Are those muscles, still sleepy from winter hibernating, ready for the necessary but tiring toils of spring, particularly when spring fever hits?

To help ease into the feverish activity of spring —

- don't try to do everything over one weekend.

- rest when you feel tired.

- sharpen tools carefully.

- store tools in proper places on hooks or racks with points and edges down.

- get help if objects are too big, too heavy.

- check ladder to make sure it's steady and place it on a firm surface before you climb it.

- mix inflammable paints outside.

Remember: spring cleaning and spring fever should not end up as a summer nightmare.

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Saint Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, lived during the latter part of the fourth century in England. According to ancient tradition, he was kidnapped very young by a band of marauders and held in bondage six years. Fortunately, he escaped, and after many adventures made his way to Gaul, Italy, and later to the monastery of Lerins, where he spent a few years. Returning to his old home, he became imbued with the idea of missionary work in Ireland, and went to Gaul to study. He spent fourteen years in religious preparation.

In 432 he was consecrated, and journeyed back to Ireland, where many of the Christians had taken up Pelagianism. During years of labor and strife he sought to overthrow the idols and win the pagans back to the faith. Of an intense spiritual and convincing eloquence, he accomplished wonders, and out of the religious chaos came order and a reconsecration to the Church.

Although not well educated, Saint Patrick's commanding personality made him a leader wherever he went. During the process of his labors in reorganizing the disrupted Church, he came in contact with certain unsanitary conditions, and it is from his alleged efforts in that direction that the story of the extermination of the snakes under his direction has come down to us.

Saint Patrick has the love of Irishmen everywhere, and his birthday anniversary, March 17, is celebrated everywhere.



## COWBOY GAMES FOR INDOORS

Cowboys have to keep their hands limber, quick, and aim-perfect for the big lassoing jobs ahead. One way to keep hands in shape and have fun too is to play a game with twigs that the Indians taught the white man. The game is called "Twig Twist" and this is the way it is played.

Each cowboy stands up with his hands stretched out in front of him. He must hold his hands close together. The one player who is called THE INDIAN places six small twigs (about four inches long) on the backs of each cowboy's hands.

When THE INDIAN says, "How!" each cowboy tosses his twigs up in the air, twists around, (making a complete circle without moving from his place) and tries to catch the twigs on the palms of his two hands as they fall. The hands are always kept close together or the cowboy is out for that round.

Each cowboy is given three tries and the one who catches the most twigs is THE INDIAN for the next round.

This game is played with soft rubber balls and fly swatters (one of each for each player). The balls are the cattle being driven into the loading chute, and the fly swatters are the prodders the cowboys use to drive the cattle.

For the last round-up, two chairs are placed back to back to form a canyon pass. The table legs are used as handicaps to get around in the winding trail to town, and a pasteboard box at the end of the room is the final pen.

The first player to get through the chair canyon pass, around the table legs, and into the pasteboard box by guiding the ball with the swatter has won the LAST ROUND-UP.

—by Evelyn Witter

## BURBANK

Horticulture was never quite the same after Luther Burbank took hold of it.

Born March 7, 1849, in Lancaster, Massachusetts, Burbank was responsible for improving and developing more varieties of things that grow than anyone who ever lived.

At the age of 22, he made one of his earliest contributions — the Burbank potato. New varieties to tomatoes, peas, rhubarb, squash, corn, asparagus, and odorless onions came out of his experiments. Burbank also was responsible for the Shasta daisy, a variety of spineless cacti and even the plumcot, a cross between the plum and the apricot.

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The easiest way to get into trouble is to be right at the wrong time.

You can't have a gossiping tongue unless you have gossiping ears.



## HERE'S TO THE GIRL SCOUTS

For Girl Scout Anniversary Month

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

March brings the sixty-fifth anniversary of the Girl Scouts of America. Whether it be in a church service of recognition, or a special evening event with family and friends sharing in the anniversary observance, a helping hand in the program planning by some adults is sure to be appreciated.

**Setting:** A large birthday cake with a single large white candle placed in the center (candle unlighted until later in program) is placed in a prominent place on stage, along with the Scout emblem and other banners as desired.

**Opening Song:** "America" or "The Star-Spangled Banner", by all.

**Pledge of Allegiance:** By all.

**Invocation:** Gracious heavenly Father, we ask Thy blessing on all Girl Scouts of America, and may this anniversary remind them and us of the ideals and goals which these girls represent. May their days as members of this great organization be happy ones, and strengthen their minds and hearts in ways that are kind and just. Amen.

**Leader:** One great national leader of the Girl Scouts once said, "In a time of almost frantic change, with youth erupting all over the world, one thing at least is constant: The Girl Scouts of America . . . The basic needs and interests of girls go on. Certain values do not change. But you may need new words to interpret your values."

Among the changeless values are good citizenship and service to others. Both have been high goals of the Girl Scouts since the organization was founded in 1912 by Mrs. Juliette Gordon Low in Savannah, Georgia.

The program we're offering now is what girls need NOW, very different from our programs of 30, 20, even just ten years ago. The girls themselves play an active part in the decision making as to what the Scouting program should be.

Girl Scouts do more than sell cookies and camp out, although camping does remain a very important part of their training. They are trained to recognize human needs and do something about it

individually on a person-to-person relationship. Youth needs this. The present generation is very much aware, very much concerned for others. Whether it be helping to assimilate a displaced family from another land into the life of the community, or collecting used clothing for a needy family in their own neighborhood, or collecting funds to send to needy ones abroad, the Girl Scouts are right in there, helping in any way they can.

They have been conservation minded for years, so naturally they are now joining in the ecology battle.

As we have said, values do not change, but new words are needed to interpret these values as the years go by. So it was, when in 1972, after the ethical code of Girl Scouting had remained unchanged for over fifty years, and after a representative sampling of over 80,000 of the then some four million or more Girl Scouts of America agreed that the PROMISE and the SCOUT LAWS should be updated to make them more relevant for today and tomorrow, that the National Council voted for a new reworded version. The underlying basic concepts were retained.

I am now going to ask that our Girl Scouts stand and repeat for us, first the Promise and then the Law for you.

**The Girl Scout Promise:** On my honor I will try: To serve God, my country and mankind, and to live the Girl Scout Law.

**The Girl Scout Law:** I will do my best: to be honest, to be fair, to help where needed, to be cheerful, to be friendly and considerate, to be a sister to every Girl Scout, to respect authority, to use resources wisely, to protect and improve the world around me, to show respect for myself and others through my words and actions.

**Leader:** I now light this birthday candle (lights candle on cake) for this sixty-fifth anniversary of the Girl Scouts. Just — as this candle shines — so may the Girl Scouts be "lights" in every community in which they live. (Everyone might sing "Happy Birthday, dear Girl Scouts" if desired.)

**Benediction:** Our God and Creator, we thank You for these Girl Scouts, for the ideals and laws for which they stand, and for the good they bring into our homes and our community. May their Promise and their Law, under Your divine guidance, be with them in the years ahead, we ask in Christ's name. Amen.

## TO MARCH

With rushing winds and gloomy skies,  
The dark and stubborn winter dies.  
Far off, unseen, Spring faintly cries,  
Bidding her earliest child arise.

—Hugh Bell



Even if you have to leave the house, you can still listen to the KITCHEN-KLATTER radio visits.

Tune in each weekday to the following stations:

**KCOB** Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:35 A.M.

**KSMN** Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

**KWPC** Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

**KWBG** Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

**KMA** Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

**WJAG** Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.

**KHAS** Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.

**KVSH** Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.

**KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.

**KOAM** Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

**KLIK** Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

**KSIS** Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.



"Oh, thank goodness, Ellie will be there! Ellie will make the coffee."

When I spied Ellie's name on the lunch committee, I drew a deep breath of relief and relaxed. Serving as chairman on a committee that is responsible for preparing lunch for an indefinite number of people can be an unnerving task. But if Ellie is on your committee you'll never be quite as uneasy.

Ellie is a tall, angular woman, with a slow smile and a special dry wit of her own. She's not given to complaining although she's had more than the common run of worries. Ellie is quick to help, and the first one to get work started. She's wonderful on the Kitchen Committee because she seems to know instinctively how to handle the many little plaguey jobs that are always springing up when there's a banquet or a dinner to be served. No one has to ask her to make the coffee for the banquet. When the rest of us think about it, Ellie is already filling the big pots and measuring the coffee.

Ellie has the special knack of knowing what is most important, and what must be done first. If it's peeling potatoes, Ellie is busy with a paring knife and a dishpan full of potatoes. She's the one who remembers to shred the lettuce, to fill the relish trays, to see that the rolls are warmed. There's no fuss, no bother, Ellie just quietly goes ahead with the task at hand.

When the banquet — or dinner — or tea — has been served, Ellie is in the kitchen, scraping and rinsing dishes so they can be washed. It's strange how often Ellie's big, capable hands are the ones that put a mountain of dishes through the hot suds and bring them out sparkling and bright.

Ellie knows the kitchen well, whether it is the kitchen in the Parish Hall, the kitchen in the school cafeteria used by the PTA, or the kitchen in the Legion Hall. She has worked in all of them so often she knows which ones have temperamental drains in their sinks, the ones that have cupboard doors that stick, or fail to close, and the kitchen where there's never enough hot water. Ellie always has big kettles of water heating when she works there.

It's a joy to watch her move quietly among crowded tables, pouring her

## Ellie Will Make the Coffee

by  
Dorothy Enke

Illustration by Dorothy Enke

of work no blood to wash the stuff

and not a drop to drink the stuff

operate more efficiently and helpfully. Suddenly, and surprisingly, you find yourself determining not to be a *leaner*.

Thank goodness for the Ellies in the world!



This makes a people great:  
Black or white, in any land,  
Using mind and heart and hand,  
Working for their neighbor's good,  
Risking life in brotherhood;  
Whether high or low their state,  
God in people makes them great.

—Unknown

# Twins



Terrified by that pile of dirty clothes? Wonder if they'll ever get really clean? Afraid of what your bleach will do to the fragile fabrics? Or what they'd look like if you didn't bleach? Washday getting you down, Mom?

It's time to send for the twins!

The Kitchen-Klatter Laundry Twins, of course: **Blue Drops Laundry Detergent** and **All-Fabric Bleach**. They're the ones which will get everything clean — fresh and sweet-smelling clean. From baby clothes to greasy overalls. And even synthetic fabrics and wash-and-wears will be perfectly safe in our bleach (it contains no chlorine). Next time you grocery shop, look for the twins:

**KITCHEN-KLATTER**  
**Blue Drops**  
**Laundry Detergent**  
**and**  
**All-Fabric**  
**Bleach**

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# Afraid You're Going Deaf?

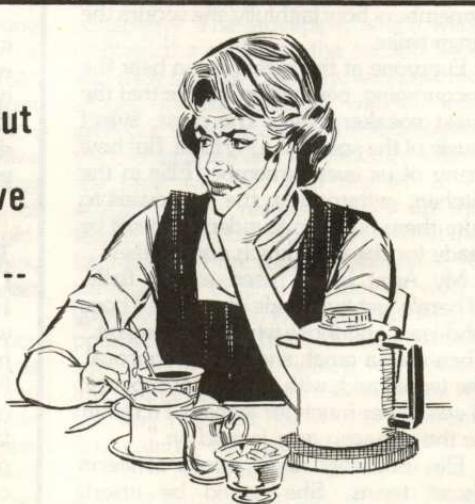
Chicago, Ill.—A free offer of special interest to those who hear but do not understand words has been announced by Beltone. A non-operating model of the smallest Beltone aid of its kind will be given absolutely free to anyone answering this advertisement.

True, all hearing problems are not alike . . . and some cannot be helped by a hearing aid. But audiologists report that *many can*. So, send for this non-operating model now. Wear it in the privacy of your own home to see how tiny hearing help can be. It's yours to keep, free. The actual aid weighs less than a third of an ounce, and it's all at ear level, in one unit.

These models are free, so we suggest you write for yours now. Again, we repeat, there is no cost, and certainly no obligation. Thousand have already been mailed, so write today to Dept. 4583, Beltone Electronics Corp., 4201 W. Victoria, Chicago, Ill. 60646.

\*\*\*\*\*

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or what to serve  
for company?**



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**KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601**



## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

There are plenty of books on how to raise your children but how many books have you seen that are about and for grandparents? Charlie W. Shedd, minister, lecturer, family counselor and newspaper columnist, enthusiastically offers advice to grandparents in his book *Then God Created Grandparents and It Was Very Good* (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York, \$6.95).

The table of contents gives you an indication of ideas in the book:

Grandparents are for listening . . . Grandparents are for having fun with you . . . Grandparents are for telling you what it used to be like, but not too much . . . Grandparents are for saying, "I think you're O.K."

My grandmother says, "Go ahead and cry. It will make you feel better" . . . My grandmother is always telling me some of the things she thought were pretty awful turned out good . . . Everybody is hurting a little bit somewhere . . .

All children need certain places which will always be the same . . . This gives them security.

Dr. Shedd tells of the joys of being a grandparent: sharing wonder with your grandchildren, reaching out across the

years, giving time and sympathy that no one else can offer in quite the same way. The main thing you'll learn from the book is that grandparenting can and should be fun.

After reading *Then God Created Grandparents and It Was Very Good*, it made me recall precious memories with my own special grandparents, as well as loving aunts and uncles. Now I see our children enjoying this same relationship with their elderly relatives, and what a wonderful feeling it gives my husband and me.

*Bless This Desk Prayers 9 to 5* by Ken Thompson (Abingdon Press, 201 Eighth Ave. South, Nashville, Tennessee 37202, \$3.95) contains down-to-earth prayers written for men who face the hectic pace and the competitive crunch of the business world. They are realistic reflections of the problems men encounter daily, and therefore, this book can help their wives better understand the men's lives from within. It will also give insight to the pastor, helping him better understand the layman's business world so often foreign to his own. Ken Thompson writes on the Meditation of an Early Bird:

Dear Lord, the office is so quiet at this hour.

Arriving early has brought a dimension to things

I seldom see when the tempo picks up . . . Let me reach back during the day today And get the strength I feel right now from the knowledge

That there is peace in your world. . .

Ken Thompson successfully manages a demanding career in advertising in harmony with an active "second career" as a clergyman in the Episcopal Church. *Bless This Desk* speaks well for his double career.

Four new Harper Trophy (paperback) picture books are available for young children. They are: *Animal Babies* which include many fine photographs of baby animals and their parents. (JP 13, \$1.95) *The Little Elephant* tells about the elephant's dream coming true in leading a parade. (JP 14, \$1.95) *The Sleepy Little Lion* shows a lion cub as he gets acquainted with other young animals and children in the world outside the zoo. (JP 15, \$1.95) *Two Little Bears* is the story about little bears forgetting their mother's warning and getting lost. (JP 16, \$1.95) These books for children are made special by the photography of Ylla. Her genius for capturing the individual personality and expressions of animals has made her books beloved by children everywhere. The brilliant photographs are accompanied by texts which both children and grownups will enjoy. (Harper & Row, Publishers, 10 East 53rd St., New York, New York 10022.)

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Your whole family will have a world of fun watching these giant indoor-blooming Hyacinth Bulbs grow into gorgeous flowers right before your eyes. Need no soil. Just place bulbs in a teacup and add water. Grows fast. Soon the cup is filled with graceful waving roots and the bulb bursts into a velvety pastel-colored bloom. Very attractive. Especially fragrant. Easy to grow. Make ideal gifts. SEND NO MONEY. On delivery, pay postman \$1.00 for two bulbs, \$1.75 for four bulbs, or \$2.50 for six bulbs, plus COD charges. We pay postage on prepaid orders. If not 100% satisfied, just return shipping label for refund of purchase price — you keep the bulbs.

**HOUSE OF WESLEY, Greenhouse Div., Dept. 7459-45**

**2200 East Oakland Ave., Bloomington, Ill. 61701**

Send me  Hyacinth Bulbs  Prepaid  COD

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## KITCHEN CHATTER

by  
*Mildred Grenier*

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

SEIAR DNA REPARY KCSI NDA HET  
MIH DROL PU VASE EHT LHALS HTE  
FO AITFH LHLSA.

\*\*\*\*\*

Young people today, and many oldsters, too, like to "get back to nature" or "bring the outdoors inside" when they decorate. If there is a young lady in your family, she will love this "outdoorsy" decorating idea for her room.

When pruning trees, or thinning out shrubs, saplings, etc., save a limb or small tree with several horizontal branches to make a "Scarf Tree" for her room. Leave the tree in its natural state (birch is beautiful) or spray paint it white, or any other color to blend with the room decor. Set the tree in a wooden bucket of sand and place in a corner of the room. Your young lady will love to hang her colorful scarves on the branches of the tree.

\*\*\*\*\*

If you get a cut or break in vinyl upholstery on chair, sofa, footstool, etc., and it seems impossible to repair, don't despair. Simply purchase several of the adhesive-backed flowers in a color that blends well with the upholstery, and apply, with one, of course, over the break. Solves the problem as well as adds a decorative touch to the furniture!

\*\*\*\*\*

In addition to the "Scarf Tree", you can also make "Necklace or Earring

"Trees" in a smaller version for a girl's dressing table or dresser. Choose a branch or twig with several horizontal branches and set in a plastic margarine tub of sand or white gravel. Leave as is or spray paint white, in color — or make a "rainbow tree" with each branch a color of the rainbow. Necklaces may be hung over the branches and earrings will clip over the smaller branches.

\*\*\*\*\*

Sign seen at a reducing salon: "Waiting for hips that never come in?"

\*\*\*\*\*

**ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE:** James 5:15: And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.

### JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

Jed still swears that this is the only house he knows of where he needs a hard hat to walk through because of all of the hanging plants. My latest addition is the big variegated pineapple plant! I still scour all the greenhouses in town looking for unusual plants. I try to get small plants and then grow them into monsters, but that big hanging pineapple plant was gorgeous and on sale at half-price. My will power just deserted me because I'm a true plant addict.

This year is shaping up into a busy and happy one for the Lowleys. After the sadness of last year—losing my Grandmother Driftmier and Jed's mother, Mary Lowey—the regeneration of all things in springtime renews our faith in the continuance of life. We may lose people, but we will never lose their impact upon our lives.

Sincerely,

*Juliana*



Katharine Lowey, Juliana's and Jed's six-year-old, is interested in her mother's field trips and is learning some of the terminology for the artifacts.

## The Story Of An American Family

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For many, many years the original book has not been available, but now you can have it in a new edition.

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Shenandoah, Iowa 51601**

**OLD SOAPSTONE — Concluded**

dash under the covers, against blankets that were reluctantly slow to lose their chill.

Featherbed nests to sink into; quilts and comforts piled high in a weight that threatened permanent back injury. And two sisters in each bed, sleeping in spoon fashion, turning in unison, taking turns in warming one another's back. Squeals and protests as cold feet came in contact with bare legs. Reaching gingerly against the cold blankets, stretching toes toward the mound of warmth that had been pushed to the foot of the bed. Ah, yes, I remember.

Awaking again to the early-morning cold. Hearing the shaking of the ashes in the heating stove as Papa built the morning fire. A grab for clothes. There were no dawdling motions as we dressed in record time. The first one upstairs at night had opened the register to let the heat come upstairs; the last one down closed it to save all the warm air possible for the downstairs rooms. And when hurried baths were taken in the upper regions, they were just that — hurried; the bather huddled perilously close to the ironwork grill to absorb every possible ounce of heat.

Soapstones, flatirons, bricks — they were lifesavers in those cold-weather conditions. One or the other of those foot-warmers went to school with us



James Lowey's school picture arrived last month. He is the 8-year-old son of Juliana and Jed Lowey of Albuquerque, and is in the third grade.

during cold weather, as we huddled close under a quilt in the Model-T that was not only without heater, but had curtain flaps as sole protection against the outside elements. In town, a kind merchant offered neighborly service, heating such irons on the top of a pot-

bellied stove, so returning travelers again had advantage of such merciful warmth during a cold ride homeward.

Methods which seem primitive now were appreciated then. The soapstone at the foot of the bed, or a hot iron smoothed over chilly blankets, offered a particular brand of comfort that brought on blessed childhood sleep.

Times change — but nostalgia remains the same. Which meant I could identify with another nostalgia victim who lamented that at present prices, she couldn't even afford to buy a brick to warm her feet this winter. Like the modern-day Pilgrim, she settled for what she had — setting the thermostat back to 70, and plugging in the electric blanket. But for the cold-blooded nostalgia buff, it doesn't quite take the place of the foot-warming, heartwarming soapstone.

Good old days? Shades of nostalgia — is it all that it is brought up to be?

**ST. PATRICK'S PARTY — Concluded**

9. Why is an empty room like a room full of married people? There isn't a single person in it.

10. Why is a thief called a jailbird? Because he has been a-robbin'. (a robin)

11. What goes round a button? A billy goat

12. When do elephants have eight feet? When there are two of them.

*Begorra, You Try It:* Divide the players into couples. Give each couple a sheet from an old newspaper. Tell each couple they are both to stand on the newspaper in such a way that neither can touch the other. If no one solves the trick, then show them. Just spread the newspaper in a doorway, close the door, and then have one person stand on the paper on each side of the door.

Take a piece of an old sheet and in the center sketch a Blarney stone with a crayon. Now drape the sheet around a box so the Blarney stone is visible at the front, and then place the box on a chair. Each player must stand with toes at a line marked on the floor about two feet from chair, then bend forward from the waistline, with hands on hips and kiss the Blarney stone — it's not as easy as it sounds. For more fun, blindfold the players after they are standing in position. (Have some one handy in case a player loses his or her balance.)

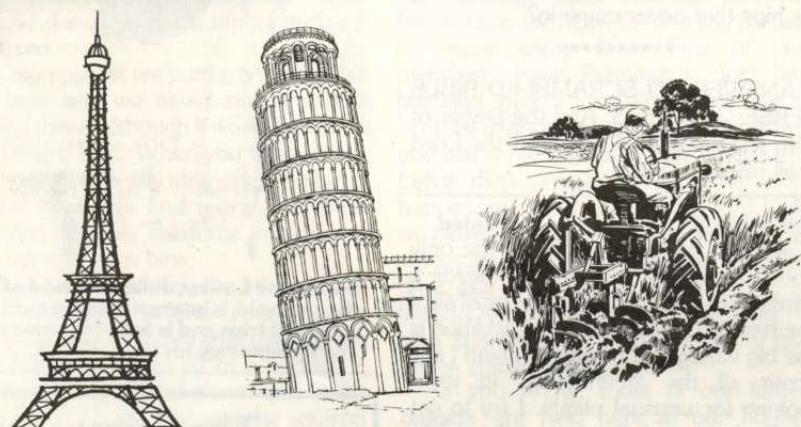
**PLAN SPRING GARDEN NOW**

Having a spring garden this year? Here's one that all of us can plant:

First, five rows of peas — preparedness, promptness, perseverance, politeness, and prayer.

Next, five rows of lettuce — let us be faithful, let us be unselfish, let us be loyal, let us love one another, and let us be truthful.

No garden is complete without turnips — turn up for church, turn up with a smile, turn up with a new idea, turn up with real determination.

**ALL DIFFERENT — ALL GREAT**

Like their namesakes, **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings** are unique and distinctive. Each with a different fragrance, consistency and aroma.

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• Lift out corn.



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**SEND COUPON TODAY!**

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I cried every time I brushed

My hair was so thin and weak and brittle, I was breaking it off in bunches. I tried everything to stop it . . . protein treatments, conditioners . . . but nothing really helped.

Then I heard about AVIDO . . .

the amazing new miracle hair "body-builder" that doctors discovered by accident! After using AVIDO\* for just a few short weeks, my mirror and my hair brush showed me the difference.



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Catalogue 35¢

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Spring is for planning and going and doing.

Start!



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Best little dirt-fighter in the game.

**KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER**

**FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded**  
certainly the physical features of the land today are quite different from what they were thousands of years ago, and will be just as different in the future as they are today. Do you remember my telling you about that new island we visited in the North Atlantic two years ago? Well, that island called Surtsey did not even exist on this earth before 1965. Think of what is happening to the State of Louisiana. That state expands by one square mile every sixteen years as the Mississippi River dumps tons and tons of soil into the Gulf of Mexico each year. When one flies over the delta region, one actually can see the good middlewestern farm soil pouring out of the river's mouth. The river already has given Mississippi 12,000 square miles of rich farm land during the past many centuries, and there is much more to come.

The man who sat across the aisle from me on the plane trip home told me that he was a student of caves. I had never before visited with anyone who knew very much about caves, and I was fascinated. He told me that the state of Kentucky has an amazing 8,000 square miles of underground caves. But even more amazing is the presence of more than 100,000 miles of underground rivers and tunnels beneath the states of Indiana and Tennessee and more of them being developed each year. Well, I shall leave the exploring of caves to someone else. As for me, I shall stick to hot-air balloons and planes for I much prefer to look up and out than to look down and in. The fact remains that no matter where we look, we see miracles, things we cannot explain without faith in God.

Betty joins me in sending you our very best wishes. How often we wish we could speak to you face to face. It is wonderful to have so many friends.

Sincerely

Frederick

**DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded**  
courts again. I think having these interests always helps them get acquainted in a new town.

Kristin loves the house they bought in Chadron, and says she even finds the housework fun because she is enjoying being at home again, and I'm sure Julian is loving it too. Kristin is helping Art with his work when he gets swamped and needs her. She is getting anxious for me to come out to see them, but no more anxious than I am.

I'll tell you what I am going to do right now — I'm going to the kitchen to make a big batch of caramel corn to take over to Louise and Roy Querrey when we go over to their house for supper tonight. Until next month.....

Sincerely,  
Dorothy

## COVER PICTURE

This is what Lucile calls "the fireplace end" of her living room. It is used constantly during the winter months (particularly *this winter!*) because that fireplace provides a great source of heat, but when summer comes this section of the L-shaped living room is not used frequently. Obviously our cover picture was taken during the summer months when the down cushions of the couch were all plumped up, and there are jars of caladiums placed right in front of the fireplace.

Above the couch there is a framed wall print done by Lucile many, many years ago. It is a scaled-up print of a very popular Picasso painting, and is done entirely in linen with millions of stitches in wool and cotton. Almost needless to say, this was done (along with four others) before Juliana was born, and in those days there was still time for such handwork.

## LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

Juliana's visit, and if anything else happens even a shade as important as her visit, I'll surely get it down to share with you. Until then I remain always your faithful friend...

*Ruth*

## GREYSTONE — Concluded

Spring is a busy time of seeking the ravages of winter that must be corrected or repaired; painting the trim, washing windows, replacing a shingle, and leaves to be raked.

The first warm days of spring produces what we term "Spring Fever" whereby one wants only to sit idly in a warm spot and survey nature as this new season unfolds. The grey, leaden skies of winter have passed and we now bask in liquid sunshine which warms the earth.

A full moon, almost perfectly circular, rises slowly over the hill shining with the patina of antique gold. The big dipper is upside down and seemingly appears to have spilled its contents upon this earth. Small, brilliant stars appear set on a background of darkest navy blue. My beloved cat walks beside me to the basement door and stops to attack a leaf which the wind has blown.

Familiar objects tend to recede in the night's shadow as I gaze about. A flutter of bird wings comes from the old cedar. My silent prayer for peace and compassion for all races of all nations is directed upward toward the heavens. As the mystery of God's universe unfolds above and below, I ponder the thought of those who once inhabited this old house generations ago, now long gone, who viewed similar nights and marveled, as I do, at this new season mankind calls Spring.

## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 25¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count zip code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

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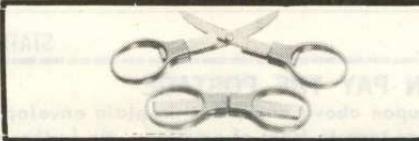
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### A TRIBE — Concluded

elaborate as a recreation center or city park, getting together, making decisions, enjoying the pleasure of each other's company as the work is being done creates a sense of closeness. Last year many towns, counties and states found that they could set aside traditional differences and become communities. On the 4th of July, 1976, the entire nation paused and for one miraculous day it, too, regained its sense that out of many we are truly one.

Every town I know has clubs, groups and churches which can be the pivot point for unity. Every area has problems that need to be tackled and projects which can be developed. Every organization has key people who can encourage and give the necessary leadership for discussions, committees and work sessions.

Lucile gave quite an assignment and I feel as if I've only scratched the surface of the situation. All I can conclude is that nothing else can give stability to an area as much as closely knit families, caring neighborhoods, loving churches and compassionate communities which watch over the needs and share the joys and troubles of those near at hand. Then each one can reach his hand out to those around the world who also belong to this human tribe of ours.



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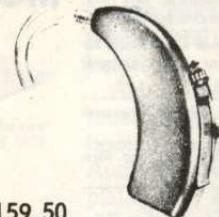
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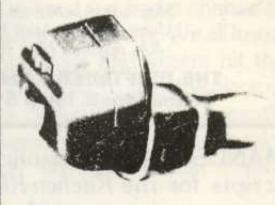
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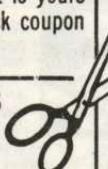
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