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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good and Faithful Friends:

Harken! Harken!

This month we are able to tell you that the happily anticipated new member of our family is safely here and coming to grips with daily life at Rough Rock, Arizona — of all places!

Christopher David Palo was born to Vincent and Mary Lea (Driftmier) Palo on February 6th, and since they had a 60-mile drive to make to the hospital I had lively visions of a "car baby". I've known two such babies and there is very little to recommend such an entrance into this world.

Christopher was named for Mary Lea's cousin and the David was in honor of her brother David. He weighed 8 pounds and I'm going to add with real feeling: thank goodness! Mary Lea's father, Frederick Driftmier, tipped the scales at better than 11 pounds, and her brother David also hit the 11-pound point. I'm glad that Christopher David was a very reasonable 8 pounds.

Juliana arrived back here in Shenandoah for a brief visit immediately following the baby's birth, and she filled us in with her Aunt Betty's wild plane flight from Springfield, Mass., to Rough Rock, Arizona. That trip was so harrowing I can only wait for someone else to narrate it at a later date.

I simply couldn't resist having a little fun (something that's been in short supply around this house) by teasing you folks with the news that we expected a new baby in the family but that you wouldn't know WHO had the baby until it was safely here. Considering the number of family members it left a goodly amount of guessing, although I was interested that with no clues whatsoever most of you hit the nail right on the head. It must have been sort of a mass hunch!

Juliana's visit couldn't be strung out over very much time since she had had to make arrangements for James and Katharine to get to school and then back home when their father returned from the office. She had left all kinds of frozen casseroles, etc., and didn't worry that they would actually go hungry, but you

know and I know that no home feels exactly normal when mother isn't right on deck.

In this most uncertain of all winters we were truly blessed to have decent flying weather from Albuquerque to Iowa, and then equally good weather on the return trip. I always feel tremendously relieved when the phone rings and Juliana reports that she's safely home. I've gotten all over my earlier fits of acute anxiety when she boarded a plane, but I'll still admit I'm relieved when that phone rings!

The other evening I was going back through an issue of this magazine (February, I think it was) and I came across something that knocked the breath right out of me. In black and white it says: "I believe Juliana covers more ground in one week than I cover in an hour!" What I had INTENDED to say was exactly the opposite, and I still don't know how I ever managed to twist it around in such a crazy fashion. If you ever look back over this letter, please make a mental note to read it the way I had intended it.

Recently I had a letter from our dear cousin Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger in Iowa City, and for the first time I had right in front of me the definite medical term for my dreadful bone ailment. Many times during my hospital stays I heard this, but it was said swiftly and I could never make out the medical jargon past "osteo" . . . and I knew that meant bone. Beyond this, I was lost and I never asked any questions for fear I might hear something that I didn't want to hear.

Well, Gretchen has the same condition and it is *osteoporosis*, a real tongue twister. It's something you just creep along with, hoping and praying that you don't become a complete bedfast invalid. I was amazed to see how closely our cases correspond. We even have many of the same medications! Well, I'm rooting for Gretchen to be able to stay out of bed for stretches of each day, and I'm sure that she's rooting with equal fervor for me. It seems curious, doesn't it, that Gretchen and I were always such demons for work! I don't know if there is some kind of a lesson here that I just don't see.

It's a tremendous blessing that Betty Jane and I share so many, many interests and notions that being housebound (at least on my part) is lightened immeasurably by knowing, almost without speaking, what the other person is contemplating doing. Betty Jane is a wonderful and imaginative cook. I can't lift anything (and you know how much lifting is involved when you're getting a really nice meal) but as soon as I can I'm going to surprise her someday with food that she has had no part in preparing.

Letters still reach us from Mother's old, old friends that touch our hearts.

The thing that I find myself doing every single day is reaching over to pick up the telephone to tell her something that I think will be of interest to her. More than once I've been ready to start dialing before I remember. It is not an exaggeration to say that her life was a wonderful blessing and inspiration to all who knew her. If there is anyone who can take her place I most surely have never met them.

Howard is the Executor of Mother's estate, and not long ago he brought down three big old-fashioned file boxes filled with all kinds of correspondence that went back for years and years. It gave me such a strange feeling to read some of the letters that I had written to Mother and Dad when I was a patient in the University hospital at Iowa City back in 1924-1925. I didn't dream that those letters had been saved.

I have found a few of them that might possibly be of interest to you, and sometime if I can find a corner to tuck them in, I'll share them with you. One thing particularly caught my eye. You know how casually people jump into a car in 1977 and drive to Iowa City? Well, Dad's meticulous train schedules between Shenandoah and Iowa City more than 50 years ago are a wonder to behold!

I'm hopeful that Juliana, James and Katharine can come to spend their Easter vacation with Betty Jane and me, but this all depends upon many, many things. Jed is in Howard's boat (he is also the Executor of his mother's estate) and the distance between Albuquerque and Woods Hole makes it a mighty complicated affair. Juliana couldn't be gone from home if Jed had to be in Massachusetts at the same time. At least Howard doesn't have great travel complications.

I know one household that is going to be mighty busy on Saturday, March 12th, and that is when Juliana and Jed open their home for a wedding reception. The bride? Our dear niece Emily Driftmier, elder daughter of Abigail and Wayne. The groom? Richard Di Cicco, a native of New York City.

Rick (everyone calls him this) is Sales Manager for Controlled Data, a job that takes him all over this country and to big chunks outside the country. He and Emily will make Washington, D.C., their home base.

Immediately following the wedding service at a nearby Episcopal church they will all go to the Loney home for the reception. Details will simply have to wait for another issue.

Oliver Strom retired from the Employment Service of Iowa and Margery decided to retire too. This way they'll have some time together while they are still able to travel and have good

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FREDERICK AND BETTY WELCOME NEW GRANDSON

Dear Friends:

This evening Betty and I were talking on the telephone with our family out in Arizona, and it seemed so wonderfully strange to hear a baby crying in the background. Our grandson, Christopher David Palo, is quite the boy! When Betty returned from her three-week stay as "mother's helper", she was just ecstatic with her praises of the new arrival. Betty got to the Palo home on the big Navaho reservation where Vincent is a teacher only a few hours before Mary Leanna had to leave for the hospital. Three days later mother and son were back on the reservation. The way they do things in the hospitals these days, I would not have been surprised if they had discharged Mary Lea on the very day the baby was born!

Now that Christopher is one month old, he has gained back his birth weight and added two more pounds. When we get a picture to show you, it will be obvious what a handsome boy he is. On the Sunday I announced to our church congregation that I had become a grandfather again, I was so proud and so flustered that I could hardly remember what it was I wanted to say.

Since Betty's return, I think she has gone shopping each day for things to send to Arizona — baby clothes, toys for Isabel, etc., etc. What a joy it is to have grandchildren. Of course, having another grandchild means having something more to worry about! I must say a little prayer for Christopher and Isabel at least twenty times a day. Incidentally, it does make me feel a bit older, too.

Did I remember to tell you about the success of our big oyster stew supper? My associate, the Rev. John Willard Ames, and I cooked and served an oyster stew supper for seventy-five men. Because so many of the harbors and bays were frozen over this winter, the price of oysters was the highest ever. We had to pay \$26.00 a gallon, and we bought five gallons! It was worth it, for the stew was absolutely delicious.

When the men first arrived, we served them a hot mixture of tomato juice and orange juice with some added seasonings. With that they had all the fresh shrimp they could eat, plus smoked oysters, sardines, and assorted crackers. As a first course at the tables, they were invited to make their own salads at a very inviting salad bar loaded with various prepared fresh salad vegetables, fresh mushrooms, etc., etc. I wish that you could have seen the size of some of those self-made salads! You would have thought that there was no way in which those men could have found room for any oyster stew, but find



This picture of Mary Lea and Isabel was snapped only about a week before Christopher David Palo made his entrance into this world.

room they did. We actually were able to provide the men with as much stew as they could eat. The stew was served in oversized soup bowls. One of the men in the church is noted for the quality of his fresh homemade bread, and we had some of his best on each table.

With a supper like that, what do you think we had for dessert? Mr. and Mrs. Ames had made what was without a doubt the finest Indian pudding any of us had ever eaten. On the pudding we served all of the vanilla ice cream the men wanted. We even served seconds to those who wanted them. The quality and tastiness of the pudding surprised me, for I just could not believe that an Indian pudding could be that good. The men all agreed that it was one of the best meals they ever had eaten in our church dining room.

That supper cost each of the men \$3.50, and what we did not tell them was that Mr. Ames and I contributed another \$150.00 out of our own pockets to cover the cost of the meal. We wanted to keep the price down, and we were too proud to admit to them that we spent well over the proceeds from the tickets. After seeing how happy the men were with the dinner, I would pay that amount out of my own pocket again tomorrow if need be. Another year, the cost of the oysters and shrimp may be lower.

Tomorrow Betty and I are going to drive down to Rhode Island to look at a small cottage now owned by our nephew. He wants to sell it, and we have been thinking about buying a cottage near the shore. If we do buy it, it will give us a place to have the children where they can walk to one of the finest ocean beaches each day. It also will mean that our custom of going abroad each

summer will have to change. That will suit me, for when we were flying home from Spain last August, I told Betty that I had just about had all of the foreign travel I wanted. We have been to Europe so many times, and we have seen as much of the Far East as we want. The only trip I still want to make, is one to New Zealand, and that can wait for a few years.

Speaking of travel, our church is all set for its 1977 tour. This year, instead of a European tour, my associate will take our people on a tour of the national parks in the Northwest with a side trip up into British Columbia. The trip was sold out within a few days of its announcement. Only members of the church are permitted to go on our tours, but once in a while for a good reason a non-church member is accepted. Because we live right here on the east coast, a trip like the one we plan for our church this summer costs just as much as would a trip to Europe.

Tonight at the dinner table, Betty and I were talking about one of our Congregational churches that is soon to close its doors. Would you think that a church which had 2,000 members only twenty years ago would now be closing because it had less than 300 persons willing to support? It is unbelievable but true. Although very run down now, this church was at one time a very beautiful edifice. As a matter of fact, it was the only church in our city with an air-conditioned church auditorium. What few members it has left are beginning to attend other churches, and quite a few of them are planning to become a part of our South Church. We shall welcome them with open arms.

This is what can happen when a city has too many churches of one denomination. Our metropolitan area used to have twenty-four Congregational churches, many of them having more than 1,000 members. For some time we have known that there would have to be some mergers and some closings for the protestant population is moving away from the metropolitan area. We are so grateful that our church remains strong.

One of the reasons that Betty and I do so much entertaining is the effort we make to become acquainted with new church members and with prospective church members. One night last week we had two large families with children here for dinner. Betty served an eighteen-pound roast of prime beef with baked potatoes, green beans with slivered almonds, Yorkshire pudding, and everything else that goes with a dinner like that. It had been a long time since we had had so many young children at the table — seven of them — and what fun it was. Don't you just love to see children feasting on foods they like? And aren't you surprised at some of

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Holy Week — “Think on These Things”

AN EASTER WORSHIP SERVICE

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Place a cross made of rough tree branches at the right side of the altar. Place an empty vase on the left side. On the wall above the altar hang a large copy of the painting “Christ in the Garden” (Gethsemane). The Scripture is read in a loud clear voice by one person from offstage or at the back of the room.

Quiet Music: (softly) “Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?”

Call to Worship: “Grant that this day of hallowed remembrance may be the beginning of a new way of life for each of us, a new kind of living that shall be the best answer to the confusion and to the challenge of evil in our day.”

—From Peter Marshall

Leader: No single period in time is so filled with meaning for Christians as Holy Week, the last week in Jesus’ life, the events of which led up to the crucifixion and then — Halleluia! to Easter.

On the first day of Holy Week Jesus and his disciples went to Jerusalem. It was the time of the celebration of the Passover, and all Jews who could possibly go were traveling to Jerusalem.

Scripture: *And the disciples went as Jesus commanded them, and brought the ass, and the colt, and put on them their clothes, and they set Him thereon. And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way: others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way, and the multitudes that went before and that followed, cried, saying, “Hosanna to the Son of David: blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord: hosanna, in the highest.”*

Hymn: “Hosanna in the Highest, the Little Children Sang” or similar song. (By all, with several persons, designated beforehand, marching down the center aisle waving palms and singing. They march to altar where each places the palm in the vase and then marches on down the outside aisle to the back, still singing with the audience.)

Leader: So it was that, as the Sabbath sun’s brilliance shown down on Jesus’ triumphal ride into Jerusalem amid the waving of palms and shouting of hosannas, the Pharisees hurried to the scene, drawing their cloaks about troubled faces as they heard the joyous acclaim. Hurriedly they called secret

councils among the chief priests and scribes to discuss the threat this carpenter’s son had brought into their midst. And so ended that day as Jesus and the twelve went out to Bethany and lodged there for the night (Mark 10:11). The next day they returned to Jerusalem and Jesus continued to go about His Heavenly Father’s business.

Scriptures: *And they came to Jerusalem. And He entered the temple and began to drive out those who sold and those who bought in the temple, and He overturned the tables of the moneychangers and the seats of those who sold pigeons: And He would not allow anyone to carry anything through the temple. And He taught, and said to them, “Is it not written, ‘My house shall be called a house of prayer for all the nations?’ But you have made it a den of robbers.”*

Leader: Meanwhile the chief priests and scribes were hearing reports on what Jesus was doing and saying, and seeking a way to destroy Him and His influence on the multitudes who followed Him and marveled at His teachings. Thus Monday drew to a close and again Jesus and the twelve returned to Bethany for a night of quiet and repose.

Many have called the Tuesday of Holy Week the “day of controversy”. It was the last day of Jesus’ public ministry as recorded in the Bible.

As He came back to the temple that day, the priests, scribes, and elders were waiting to question him:

Scriptures: *By what authority are you doing these things, or who gave you the authority to do them?*

Jesus said to them, “I will ask you a question: answer me, and I will tell you by what authority I do these things. Was the baptism of John from Heaven or from men? Answer me.” And they argued with one another. “If we say, ‘From Heaven,’ He will say, ‘Why then did you not believe Him?’ But shall we say ‘From men?’ ” They were afraid of the multitude for all held that John was a real prophet. So they answered Jesus, “We do not know.” And Jesus said to them, “Neither will I tell you by what authority I do these things.”

Leader: So as the Pharisees and

scribes spied, and listened, and criticized, and plotted his death, Jesus went on to speak to those gathered about Him, often speaking in parables, and being often interrupted by His enemies with questions by which they sought to entrap Him, but each time Jesus gave them an answer which they could not dispute. Still they planned and plotted.

It was on this day that Jesus gave us two great commandments for our lives:

Scriptures: *And one of the scribes came up and heard them disputing with one another, and seeing that He answered them well, asked Him, “Which commandment is the first of all?” Jesus answered, “The first is, ‘Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God, the Lord is one: and you shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind, and with all your strength.’ ”*

“The second is this, ‘You shall love your neighbor as yourself.’ There is no other commandment greater than these.”

Leader: On that day Jesus continued to teach his followers. It was then He instructed them in the ways that men of God should live, words that speak to us in these days of world hunger.

Scriptures: *Come, O blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me, I was naked and you clothed me, I was sick and you visited me, I was in prison and you came to me . . . truly, I say to you, as you did it unto the least of these my brethren, you did it to me.*

Hymn: “O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee”, or another hymn of love and service.

Leader: There is no record of events in the life of Jesus on Wednesday of Holy Week. It is thought that He sought quiet and seclusion in the homes of friends in Bethany; probably He continued to prepare His disciples for His death and told them of the Heavenly Father’s plan for His Son and for them in the days ahead.

Jesus sent two of the disciples to go into Jerusalem to find a room and prepare it for Jesus and the twelve where they might observe the Passover feast.

Judas Iscariot slipped away and secretly bargained with the chief priests, agreeing to betray Jesus for thirty pieces of silver — about \$20 in our money.

Hymn: “Are Ye Able?”

Leader: Now it was Thursday. Not many hours of life remained for Him on this earth. It was His wish that He gather His disciples about Him for last moments of fellowship and prayer. So it was that when evening came He sat down with the twelve in the Upper Room for the

Passover feast. Because of events that followed, to all Christians it would become known as The Last Supper.

Jesus loved His disciples, and to the very end wanted to leave with them assurance of His love, and words of strength and comfort. So it was that He rose from supper, laid aside His garments, and washed the disciples' feet and silenced their protests by saying:

Scriptures: *You call me Teacher and Lord; and you are right, for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Teacher, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that you should also do as I have done to you. Truly, truly, I say to you, a servant is not greater than His master; nor is He who is sent greater than He who sent Him. If you know these things, blessed are you if you do them.*

Leader: Then Jesus broke the loaf of unleavened bread, blessed it and gave it to them saying:

Scriptures: *Take, eat; this is my body.*

Leader: Then Jesus took the cup of wine and gave it to them, saying:

Scriptures: *Drink it all, all of you for this is my blood of covenant, which is poured out for many.*

Leader: Then He gave them one last commandment:

Scriptures: *This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you. Greater love has no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends.*

Hymn: "Are Ye Able?" (First verse sung again.)

Leader: As the supper ended they sang a hymn and then, taking with Him Peter, James, and John, Jesus went to the Garden of Gethsemane to pray. Leaving the three to watch and wait, Jesus went a little farther, and fell to His knees and prayed:

Scriptures: *Abba, Father, all things are possible to Thee; remove this cup from me; yet not my will, but what Thou wilt.*

Hymn: " 'Twas Midnight and on Olive's Brow".

Leader: Then Judas came with a crowd with swords and clubs, and he betrayed the Lord with a kiss. The disciples fled in confusion, and Jesus was led away to the high priest to begin His mock trial, for the chief priests and the whole council sought testimony against Jesus to put Him to death. SO ENDED THURSDAY.

Now came Friday, day of long-suffering shame, of mockery, insults, Peter's denial, the falseness of a "fixed" trial, the terrible pain, and at last death upon the cross.

Scriptures: *And when they came to the place which is called The Skull, there they crucified Him . . . And there was*



Every Easter there are countless lilies sent to the South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass., where Frederick is pastor. For many years our family has sent lilies in memory of M.H. Driftmier and Russell Verness. This year we will add a third in memory of our mother, Leanna Driftmier.

darkness over the whole land until the ninth hour, while the sun's light failed: And the curtain of the temple was torn in two.

Then Jesus, crying with a loud voice, said, "Father, into Thy hands I commit my Spirit!" And having said this He breathed His last.

Hymn: "Were You There?"

Leader: (Drapes a black cloth over the altar, covering palms and cross.) Now it is Saturday of Holy Week, day of darkness and deep sorrow. Jesus' body lay in the tomb where loving hands had placed it.

Scriptures: *Now there was a man named Joseph from the Jewish town of Arimathea. He was a member of the council and a good and righteous man who had not consented to their purpose and deed, and he was looking for the Kingdom of God. This man went to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. Then he took it down and wrapped it in a linen shroud and laid Him in a rock-hewn*

tomb.

Leader: On this Sabbath day we know that the disciples, the two Marys, Joseph of Arimathea, Mary Magdalene, Lazarus, and others who had been so close to Him, must have mourned and prayed as they rested according to the commandment, no doubt consoling each other as they recounted the many stories of His healing, and His kindnesses as He had lived among them.

Meanwhile His enemies were so afraid as they remembered Jesus' words, "After three days I shall rise again," that they had a strong guard placed around the tomb.

Quiet Music: (For a brief interlude.) Medley of "Are Ye Able", " 'Tis Midnight and on Olive's Brow", and "Were You There?"

Scripture: (During the last part of this reading the black cloth is removed from the altar, and perhaps you might add white Easter lilies at the base of the cross.) *And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the mother of James, and Salome, brought spices, so that they might go and anoint Him. And very early on the first day of the week they went to the tomb when the sun had risen. And they were saying to one another, "Who will roll away the stone for us from the door of the tomb?" And looking up, they saw the stone was rolled back, for it was very large. And entering the tomb, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, dressed in a white robe; and they were amazed. And he said to them, "Do not be amazed; you seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He has risen; He is not here."*

Hymn: "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today".

Leader: Jesus appeared to Mary at the tomb, He walked with disciples along a road, He came and stood in their midst, showed them His wounds. He talked to the eleven disciples on the mountain at Galilee:

Scripture: *Go therefore and make disciples of all nations . . . teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age.*

Leader: As Jesus spoke to them they felt new power surging in their hearts. "Peace be with you", "Receive the Holy Spirit", "Feed my sheep". Why, the crucifixion had not been the end, but the beginning!

Easter comes and once again the Spirit is born anew within us, urging us to new life, new purpose, a new call to mission — go tell "Feed my sheep". Alleluia! He has risen! He lives!

Hymn: "He Lives" or similar hymn.

Benediction:

Jesus stand among us
In Thy risen power;
Send us forth, our faith renewed
From this hallowed hour. Amen

CREED

Let me live with the wind that I may see beauty.

Let me touch the earth and feel within its soil the miracle of creation.

Let me look to the sun and find contentment in its warmth and wonder in its power.

Let me respond to the universe and know that man and nature are bound one unto the other.

—Julia Yancey Petty

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

In the thirty-one years I have been writing letters to you in the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* I have sat down in front of the typewriter in many different places, but tonight is the first time I have been in this particular spot to write my letter. I am in Juliana's old room at Lucile's, and although it is a very familiar place to me, I still feel strange and sort of dislocated. I know I shouldn't, but in all the years since I got married and left home, whenever I came to Shenandoah to visit or to work, I always stayed with the folks and they anticipated their monthly visits with me. Now I either stay with Margery or Lucile where I feel very welcome and very much at home, but I imagine it will take me a long time to get over the feeling that I should be in my own room in the old family home.

Time marches on and many things change. Frank and I were talking the other day about how much our own neighborhood has changed since we moved there in 1946. There are only two families left that were there when we came to the farm. Two more farms close by were sold this past year. The neighborhoods still change when the first of March rolls around. When I passed one of the farms the other day a big semi had pulled in and they were unloading belongings for the new owners, and I couldn't help but contrast this with the way it was done such a few short years ago. Many trips made with a team and wagon, and more often than not on the first of March it was raining, and the mud was hub deep on the wagon wheels.

This has been one of the longest and coldest winters I can remember. It just seemed to go on and on. We knew we were going to have a few calves early, and when the temperatures were below zero for so long Frank worried a lot about it and kept a watchful eye on them all the time. Fortunately we had good luck. The tips of their ears got nipped a little bit but that was all. I never cease to marvel at how smart the cows can be. They seem to find a nice sheltered spot in the sun to have their babies.

If and when our grandsons come to visit us this summer I'm afraid they will find the fishing in our bayou pretty bad. Frank came in yesterday and asked me to go with him for a little walk. He wanted to show me a sickening sight in the bayou. The ice is still about 18 inches



Ferne Knox, a longtime Kitchen-Klatter friend, is seated with Dorothy.

thick, and along the sides where it was pretty clear, we saw literally thousands of dead fish of all kinds under the ice. We had been reading articles in the newspapers about the heavy fish kill this year in Iowa, and the evidence was all there. Conservationists attribute this to the low water level in the streams and ponds and the thick ice with a heavy snow cover which shut off the oxygen. I imagine most farm ponds will have to be restocked this year, as well as the rivers, streams, and lakes.

Our bayou had a lot of huge carp in it that were always fun to watch and fish for. Late in the afternoon the carp would swim close to the top of the water where we could see them clearly, and I remember how mad Juliana got last summer when they would swim right by and all around her hook and wouldn't take it. When she came into the house she claimed it was the most frustrating fishing experience she had ever had. Frank told her on the phone the other day she would really be sick if she could see the thousands of big ones that she missed catching lying dead under the ice.

I told you in my last letter that my friend Dorothea Polser and I would probably be entertaining our Birthday Club before long, and we did. We decided to have a valentine luncheon at her house. Her table is large enough so she can seat twelve, and it really looked lovely. She used her white tablecloth and her centerpiece was a red valentine made of art tissue that we had as a premium a couple of years ago. Place cards were valentines with the guests' names written on them, attached to favors wrapped in red. Red napkins and white nutcrackers filled with red candy hearts added the final touch.

Dorothea fixed part of the food and I fixed part, with everything being something new we hadn't tried before. All the girls just love this recipe-testing thing, and the next day our phones rang all day wanting the recipes. We played some games after we ate, with the prizes being fun things like valentine suckers, small boxes of candy, etc.

I told you in a recent letter about a supper I helped with put on by the Lucas Community Workers to raise money to use for some improvements on the community hall. I was asked to help with another project they had last week which was a food sale at the First State Bank in Chariton. The four of us who worked the sale all agreed that the most popular items are pies, homemade bread of any kind, rolls, and sweet rolls. Our only trouble was we just didn't have enough of these particular items to sell. They disappeared almost before they hit the table. We decided if they ever have another sale we would suggest the contributions be either pie or bread. I might add that the proceeds were used at this time to help pay for lowering the ceiling in the hall, which has made a great deal of difference in the fuel consumption and the warmth.

The next project for the Community Workers was to be a chili supper in March, but the date they had set coincided with an exciting event which is taking place in our small town, so instead of a supper they will be serving beefburgers, pie, and coffee all day at the community hall. Roy Palfreyman, one of our local businessmen, will be celebrating his ninetieth birthday this summer, and has decided he will retire. Roy has lived most of his life in Lucas on a farm not far from our home. As a young man he spent some time mining in Nevada and the Southwest, and has many interesting stories to tell. His business in Lucas was antiques, and he is going to have an auction in March and sell everything. He plans to donate all the proceeds equally among the three churches in Lucas, and we think this is a wonderful thing for him to do.

The next day after Juliana came to visit her mother she called to see if I planned to come down to see her. She said she would be broadcasting every day and wouldn't have time to come to see us. Frank and I talked about it but he didn't think he should leave his calves, and anyway he said I would have a longer visit if I went by myself. I was still just "thinking" about it when she called again that night and I decided if she wanted to see me that much I should go. I had a perfectly beautiful day to drive to Shenandoah — one of the few warm days in February. They had a delicious Chinese dinner in my honor that evening, and Juliana and I talked half the night. We had such a good visit and the only thing wrong with it was that Kristin wasn't there to share it with us.

Kristin and her family are well adjusted in their new home in Chadron. Art now has a full-time helper at the hospital and Kristin and Art entertained him, his wife and three children at dinner in their home recently. Kristin is enjoying being
(Continued on page 18)

Eggs-actly Right for Easter

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Calico Posy Bouquet: These are nice to make if you need several centerpieces for a luncheon or banquet. **Daisies:** Cut a freehand daisy-type flower from wrapping paper to use as a pattern. For each flower cut two of these large daisies from a small-design calico print. Use iron-on interfacing to "face" one of the daisies. (If you are making a number of these in one color of the calico; then iron on the facing before you cut out the flower.) Glue the other daisy to the faced one. Make a hole in the center of the flower with a large darning needle. For the stems cut the desired lengths from the green floral wire (or you can wrap a regular stiff wire with floral tape). Fasten a ball from yellow or brown ball fringe to one end of the stem. Slip the daisy onto the stem and glue to underside of the ball center. For a leaf follow same method, using a green print, and glue the rounded end of the leaf around the stem. **Calico Roses:** Cut calico print in a 4"x7½" rectangle, one for each rose. Cut a length of wire for each stem. Make a loop at one end of each stem. Fold the piece of calico in half lengthwise. Now begin folding the raw edge side around the wire loop, rather tightly at first; then more loosely, shaping a bit with the fingers as you wind and, as you near end, draw the material down in a slant so the raw edge is at the bottom. Tie the rose firmly to a stem with thread. Trim any excess material away from base of the rose; then wrap the stem in floral tape, wrapping in purchased rose leaves, as you wrap, or you can make your own leaves as suggested for the daisy above. Arrange the calico flowers in regular bowls or vases; or, for a banquet where several are needed, use large plastic tubs in which whipped topping is sold, which have been covered with crepe paper or adhesive-backed paper.

Egg Bunny Jack-in-the-Box: For each one make a box from bright color construction paper, leaving the top open, with a top lid which folds back. For each "Jack" use a large candy Easter egg, or a regular egg shell from which you have blown out the contents after making a hole in the ends with a darning needle. "Jack" becomes a bunny by

gluing on pink paper or felt ears. Glue on a large black button between the ears for his hat. Use felt to make facial features and short lengths of broom straw or toothpicks to make whiskers which are then glued in place. Twist a green chenille-covered wire into a spiral "spring", so that he appears to have just sprung from the box. If weight is needed in the box, add a few jelly bean Easter eggs. By using a larger box and egg this becomes a pretty centerpiece, or for a place favor use small candy egg for Jack's head, etc.

Milady's Sewing Basket filled with hard-cooked eggs which have been decorated with various bits from the sewing supplies or scrap bag makes a lovely arrangement, especially for a ladies' luncheon or tea. Decorate the eggs, after they have been dyed in pretty Easter pastel shades, with rickrack, narrow velvet and satin ribbon, gold and silver braids, sequin or pearl bead trim, and narrow laces which are purchased by the yard in the trims' department. There are also tiny duck and chicken cut-out appliques to add glamour to the egg. Tiny beads and buttons can be glued on for dainty flowers or to accent between braid or tiny rickrack bands around the egg.

Easter Bunny House Centerpiece: You will need a large square of cardboard, or a large tray, as a base upon which to make the arrangement. Cardboard can be covered with foil or green paper. Build bunny's little house from sugar cubes, using stiff powdered sugar icing as the "cement". Add a construction paper roof and chimney and for a door. Place the house toward one corner of the base. Scatter Easter grass around on the base. Use small pebbles to make a path up to the house, or lacking those, you can use the chocolate shot cake decorations to make the "gravel" for the walk. For the "foundation" plantings around the house and along the walk, use small straw flowers, bits of evergreen, and small candy Easter eggs (for boulders as accent), fastening in place with icing. Use taller flowers and greenery on either side of the doorway. Beside and toward the

front of the house place a bunny rabbit (purchased at the five-and-ten) with a tiny cart filled with eggs, or simply place the bunny amidst some pretty decorated eggs. You can always decorate a rather plain bunny by adding a lacy hat made from a lace paper doily decorated with tiny straw flowers and ribbon band. Small boxes can be decorated and have wheels made by gluing on Life Savers or big buttons to use as the bunny's cart, which is filled with the Easter grass and jelly bean eggs.

Pretty Easter Baskets which can be used to hold candy eggs or flowers for a centerpiece, or filled with Easter eggs for the children's Easter basket, can be quickly made from plastic berry boxes. Cut handles from extra baskets and staple to the berry box basket. Using contrasting yarn, single crochet around the top edge of the basket and around the handle. White baskets are pretty, using green, pink, or yellow for the crocheted trim. Of course if you do not crochet you can wrap the yarn around with much the same effect.

Giant Egg Decorations are easy, but take a little time and patience. You will need a bottle of liquid starch, crepe paper in Easter egg colors, and balloons. For each egg, cut narrow strips of crepe paper in a desired color. Using starch generously so that the paper becomes really wet, mold the paper around an inflated balloon in an egg shape. (Leave a long string when tying the inflated balloon so that you can tie it in place for decoration later.) Allow the paper-covered balloon to dry thoroughly before decorating with tiny and regular rickrack, braid trims, beads, artificial flowers, and other trims. These can be hung to a wire mobile, or suspended above a tea table for a very pretty effect for a special party. By the way, an unusually pretty decoration is to suspend one of the plastic berry baskets under one of the large egg balloons with ribbons so that it becomes one of the popular "hot air" balloons. Fill the basket with small flowers and suspend above the tea table with ribbon streamers.



COVER STORY

Each year the geese and ducks migrating north mark the beginning of spring. The cover picture was taken of a few geese as they lifted against the setting sun at the Riverton Game Reserve in southwest Iowa. It has been estimated that more than a quarter of a million geese go north along this great flyway, making a popular subject for alert photographers.

OUR FIRST LETTER FROM DONNA

Dear Friends:

It suddenly dawned on me that with all the years of reading about and being a part of the Kitchen-Klatter family, I had never taken the time to sit down and write a letter to Kitchen-Klatter friends. It is so easy to sit and read the thoughts penned by others but, when one sits down to write a letter of his own, it makes one wonder just what might be of interest to other people. With this thought in mind I felt that it might be of interest to you to write an "update" of my family, current happenings and some of the trials and tribulations of a suburban family.

Natalie is our very active ten-year-old. She is a fifth grader this year and enjoys school a great deal. She keeps busy in her spare time with Girl Scouts, swimming, ice-skating, gymnastics and piano.

Our house is constantly filled with bubbly ten-year-olds. The highlight of events for this delightful age group is staying overnight with each other. They do have such a good time and are rarely any trouble. Thus, packing the sleeping bag for a "slumber party" can become a rather common occurrence as they not only want to see each other during the school day but cap it off with night-time activities.

Lisa is thirteen and a seventh grader this year. She is a very good student but, strangely enough, has always maintained that she doesn't really care for school. (I think she threw this in to keep Mom and Dad thoroughly confused.) She is no longer in a Scouting program but, like Natalie, does enjoy ice-skating, swimming and taking piano.

Since Lisa was a very tiny girl, she has been an avid reader and has the tendency to lose herself in a good book, thereby not being seen for hours on end. This love of books has truly been a blessing for Lisa during those many years she had periodical bouts with asthma. Without her books those would have been very long days indeed.

This last winter rarely saw a weekend pass without the girls ice skating at least one afternoon and sometimes both afternoons. We feel very fortunate to have several indoor ice-skating facilities in Omaha. The one closest to us is the Ak-Sar-Ben rink so, naturally, that is the one we frequent the most. Now, by close I mean 60 city blocks so, needless to say, this usually involves a car pool of some kind.

Both girls take piano lessons. This will be Lisa's fifth year and Natalie's third. I'm sure most mothers experience the same frustrations that I do trying to get their children to practice. Some days the only thing that keeps me from saying, "Let's



As long as Juliana can remember, she automatically grabs dishes and start to set the table when meal time is at hand.

sell that piano and be done with it!" is a vision of millions of mothers all over this country nagging at their children to practice the piano just as I do. Both girls enjoy playing but they just don't like to practice! However, as I look back a good many years, I, too, can remember how I disliked practicing (and I didn't get it done, I might add); consequently, I now don't play that well. I guess there are some things time doesn't ever change.

With summer on its way, both girls are already preparing themselves for another year on the synchronized swim team. Our local swimming pool is an indoor pool within one of the Omaha Community Centers and offers swimming year-round. This is an unique facility in that it is connected to one of the elementary schools and offers swimming to all students through the school curriculum on a weekly basis. So, every Wednesday morning of the school year, Natalie must make sure she has her swimming suit with her as she leaves for school.

Tom is employed by the Millard Public School District as Assistant Superintendent for Instruction. The district now has about 9,200 students and is growing about 1,000 per year. Needless to say, this is a very time-consuming position. With the addition of one or two new buildings per year, it is a full-time job to develop curriculum for the new schools and changing programs for the established buildings. I know that there are many times when he is gone several nights a week and then quite often, on the weekend too. He feels that it is a challenging position and that the

district has many fine individuals to work with. Certainly this makes his job more enjoyable.

I spend my days as most mothers do who have school-age children. There is that early-morning rush of trying to get a good breakfast into everyone (rarely at the same time), checking to make sure all homework is collected, lunch money in hand, hats and gloves located, and the like.

This year has been a new experience for Lisa. Her classes now start at 8:00 A.M. so she must be up earlier than in years past. This, for Lisa, is not an easy feat. I'm sure many of you have had a child who just doesn't function well until they've been up a few hours. Well, this is Lisa and, believe me, getting her out the door to ride with Tom as he goes to work is something else indeed. Natalie isn't due at school until 8:45 A.M. and is a well-organized child for her age, so normally she has time to spare. Since we do live a considerable distance from school, four families on the block have a car pool. This means that each mom has to drive only one day a week and every fourth Friday. It has been a most satisfactory arrangement for all of us. I think that with each passing day the car pool becomes more and more a part of our American way of life.

Once the girls are on their way to school, I'm sure my day is no different than any of yours. I do enjoy our home. I guess this isn't the thing to say in our age of the liberated woman but, nonetheless, it is true. As fall rolls around each year, I seem to be asking myself if this is the year

(Continued on page 18)

GLEANINGS FROM GREYSTONE "FRANCES'S PETS"

by
Harold R. Smith

Somewhere between childhood and adulthood almost every person is oriented toward a pet that is truly his own. Children on farms have many pets which range from chickens, calves, lambs and pigs, plus the usual potpourri of cats and dogs.

My mother, Frances, was such a child. Her constant companions during the day, Frances would invariably sneak one or two pets into the house to spend the night. Hearing a soft meow or puppy bark, her mother would carry the animals outside to their proper places.

Problems also arose when a chicken or an old hen was needed for Sunday's dinner for great wails would emit from Frances about cooking "Betty" or "Rose" and she vowed she would not eat one bite. By the time the aroma of baked chicken radiated from the kitchen and the old mantel clock struck twelve, she often had second thoughts about eating.

Frances's lamb was a special pet for it required love and attention in addition to being fed from a bottle. She found the easiest way to feed the lamb was to separate it from the bottle by an old fence. Eventually, the lamb grew up, grazed in flower-strewn meadows, reducing their friendship to a nodding acquaintance.

Pigs were special friends, soft and silky when small, but how they squealed when separated from the comfort of their mother and a warm bed. Frances learned the hard way when she picked up one to caress, for the sow snorted, grunted and gnashed her teeth. In the end, whether pigs were sold or butchered, great friendships ended in tears soothed only by the memories of blue ribbons won at the County Fair and checks that arrived from the stock exchange.

The farm had one dog which was utilized in all seasons by doing useful chores, rounding up the cows and barking at strange and unfamiliar noises in the night as he guarded the farm. A constant companion in all of Frances's activities, the dog would sit patiently at the gate each day at four o'clock awaiting the arrival of the school bus. As time took its toll, another dog had to be chosen to fill the vacant place.

Frances grew to womanhood, married a farmer and settled on a farm populated with an animal kingdom similar to that of her birthplace. Later she taught her children to love and respect animals, watching her family doing things she had done as a child, completing the cycle.

After Frances became a widow and moved to a nearby village, she did not



—Photo by Mark Jewell
The striped tabby cat is considered to be the earliest variety of domesticated cats known to man. The term *tabby* means the stripes and colors on a cat's body and comes from the French word, *tabis*, meaning taffeta silk. Fortunate, indeed is the family with this kind of a pet. It is possible that at least one, if not more, of Frances's pets was a tabby cat.

have a pet for some years. Finally a grey and white cat arrived. He became known as "Sabu", named for the then currently popular elephant boy of movie fame. Sabu eventually left, taking up residence down the street and severed his relationship permanently.

Later a neighbor arrived with a brown paper sack which contained a white, fluffy kitten with a red ribbon bow tied around its tiny neck. This kitten became "Snowball" and rewarded Frances with fifteen years of companionship.

For several years a pet did not live with Frances. The village became crowded with dogs and cats people dropped off, leaving them to their own devices. During this time a black and white cat arrived at the doorstep for a handout and Frances felt sorry for him, giving him some scraps and warm milk. Needless to say, the cat arrived the next day and each day after that until he was adopted permanently. Frances named him "Checquers" after an elegant mansion in England. It was later learned that a divorced couple, after splitting up their material possessions, had abandoned the pet. (After all, how can two people split up a cat?) Within the year, Checquers was run over by a car.

Again Frances lived without a pet. Late one evening a soft meow was heard and the porch light revealed another black and white cat. Frances declared, "No more cats!", but decided this one did look hungry sitting there on the cold porch floor.

Five years have passed since that evening and "Checquers II" is well ensconced as the important member of the family, ruling his kingdom with the privileges of royalty. Favorite chairs have become thrones of state where he remains snug and content watching winter invade the valley. In summer he prefers to stretch out in the hot sun until his fur is extremely hot to the touch.

In all seasons he sleeps on top of the electric water heater in the basement; by alternating his body between the hot and cold pipes, he regulates his environment to a new height of perfect creature comfort.

Frances's nightly walks around the old house to the outside basement door (to let Checquers II in for the night) gives needed exercise and an opportunity to view God's universe in all seasons. Each walk is different with natural beauty unlimited, all shared by the companion of the night, Frances's pet.



THE NEXT TIME YOU FEEL LAZY, JUST REMEMBER THIS!

A farmer had an ox and a mule that he hitched together to a plow. One night after several days of continuous plowing, the ox said to the mule: "We have been working pretty hard; let's play sick tomorrow and lie here in the stalls all day."

"You can if you want to," replied the mule, "but I believe I'll go to work."

So the next morning when the farmer came out the ox played sick; the farmer bedded him down with clean straw, gave him a bucket of oats and left him for the day as he went forth to plow with the mule alone. All that day the ox lay in his stall, ate his feed and chewed his cud.

That night when the mule came in, the ox asked how they got along with the plowing.

"Well," said the mule, "it was pretty hard and we didn't get much done." "Did the old man say anything about me?" "No," answered the mule. "Well then," went on the ox, "I believe I'll play sick again tomorrow. It was so nice to lie here all day and rest."

"That's up to you," replied the mule; "I'm going out to plow." So the next day the ox played off again, and lay all day, nodding and chewing his cud. When the mule came in at night, the ox asked how they got along without him. "About the same as yesterday," replied the mule coldly.

"Did the old man have anything to say about me?" again inquired the ox. "No," said the mule, "not to me, but he did have a long talk with the butcher on the way home."

NO CAPITAL LETTERS

by
Evelyn Birkby

Now I know where e. e. cummings got his idea for writing without capital letters. It always seemed to me that he did it as a way of showing humbleness or shyness or being of lowly station, but this may not have been the situation at all. You see, the shift and shift lock which produce capital letters on my faithful typewriter are broken. All that is left are the lower case letters and a few punctuation marks and numbers with which to write. My writing without capitals, therefore, is not humbleness, shyness or cleverness, it is just plain unadulterated necessity.

I cannot make a question mark only a diagonal mark. I can write the number four but I cannot make a dollar sign. When I need a quotation mark the key only produces a two. An asterisk is beyond my reach but a hyphen comes from that key now. Thankfully, the typewriter can still make periods and fine dashes.

Back in my college days my father used to write me letters on purpose without any capital letters or punctuation and it was great fun to get such mail. I would sit and read and giggle, reread and laugh until sometimes the tears would come. The vision of Dad sitting at his old Oliver typewriter pecking away with two forefingers and putting a silly, happy letter together, is vivid even today.

Which brings to mind the thought being expressed by many that one of the greatest needs for everyone is to develop, or increase, a sense of humor. Somehow too much of the joyousness of life has dimmed.

My college psychology professor emphasized the fact that a person with a secure center to his life can laugh at himself and at circumstances which arise. He pointed out that the people with the richest sense of humor are individuals whose faith is sincere and deeply grounded in the eternal. That could well be a warning against long-faced religious haranguers who find no joy in their creed.

I finally decided it was good to have the capital letters gone from my typewriter for a time. Oh, this acceptance did not come immediately, it took a bit of adjusting to come up with the positive side of the situation. Somehow I had the notion the large case letters were absolutely indispensable, but have managed, after a fashion, to write anyway. What this difficulty really did was to shake me loose from routine. Sometimes I get so grim about the tasks at hand I grit my teeth and clench my fists and go about the necessary work as if I am slaying dragons instead of living an exciting, wonderful day.



Many Easter sunrise services are held out-of-doors with the beauty of nature and a rustic cross to remind the worshippers of the meaning of the day. This simple cross stands near the top of a mountain at the Philmont National Scout Ranch in New Mexico.
—Photo by Jeff Birkby

Today I will not grow tense and be up-tight and complaining. If I can live without capital letters I can live without some of the trimmings and so-called luxuries and situations which too often loom into mind as being essential.

Best of all, having no shift key on my typewriter started the morning out with a laugh. I intend to keep this mood. I will smile at everyone I see. I will joke with Robert. I will enjoy THIS day!

Strangely, this article is being written in the middle of a cold, gray day. Just as thoughts of spring and Easter and growing plants move into our minds, a cold windy day will remind us that weather is still unpredictable in the Midwest, often until May arrives.

Robert came home at noon for lunch and insisted this was a fine day for a fire in the fireplace, so he kindly laid one before he went back to work. Now the fire is blazing. Several tiny birds are huddled under the eaves outside the family room windows and a few flakes of snow are being blown around the corner of the house by a blustery wind.

It is impossible to say, from this distance, what the weather will be like on Easter Sunday. I can well remember a day just like today when Easter blew in on the final snowstorm of the year.

We lived on a farm south of Farragut, Iowa. Husband Robert and young son Bob had colds so the decision was made that Dulcie Jean, our daughter, and I would represent the family at church. A gray sky and a cold north wind combined to make miserable weather. We

discovered, however, that the glorious hymns, the inspiring sermon, the fragrant beauty of the Easter lilies, the bright candle flames on the altar and the empty cross standing lovingly over all, created a glow which needed no enhancement from the sun.

A number of years later another cold Easter Sunday came the middle of April. It was the rest of the family who ventured down to the early sunrise service at our nearby state park, and I was the one who stayed home with a cold. I lit the fire in the fireplace and had a generous breakfast ready when the worshippers arrived with frosty fingers and toes.

This was the year that Bob played his cornet for the congregational singing as dawn arrived. With chilled lips, cold fingers and a frigid horn, he blew courageously as those present sang of the wonders of Easter Morn.

The message of Easter is always with us, even in the midst of overcast skies and cold blowing winds. It is simple; God is with us and loves us always.

Hopefully the repairman will get the shift fixed on my trusty typewriter before next month rolls around. In the meantime my sense of humor will just have to work overtime!

Have a blessed, joyous Easter, everyone.



BUILD A CASTLE IN SPAIN

by

Donna Ashworth Thompson

Last spring I visited in a city which had a very fine art gallery, but the friend I was visiting said she wanted to show me the garden which surrounded it, and not the art inside.

We went on a sunny day in late April and followed the walk around to the rear of the gallery. There we found banked against the veranda, you could only call it that, beds of yellow, purple, and white and blue pansies, and mingled with them gorgeous yellow and white tulips, ivy, azaleas and deep purple iris — all the flowers of spring.

From this beautiful spot we followed the wide sandstone steps down the rather steep hill which led from this upper section and reaching the bottom we turned and looked back up the incline.

Stretching to the top was the most beautiful rock garden I have ever seen. A little stream ran down through the rocks to the bottom. It made pools between the boulders. It was not a waterfall, just a small, winding trickling stream, finding its way down the small mountain through the rocks. Beside the mini-pools were again little patches of white, purple and yellow pansies, bright pink and white phlox moss, nodding columbines with their delicate reddish pink blossoms, trailing ivy and here and there a glowing azalea tucked in, making a brilliant mass of color.

The little stream disappeared beneath the walk on which we stood, and found its way through a pipe underground to a large pool further down the slope. This pool was fringed with flowering redbud and more azaleas.

"I have always dreamed of a rock garden like this," my friend spoke slowly. "I want it on that slope that goes up back of our house, but I'll never have it. I can only dream about it."

"And I have always dreamed of a garden like this park-like space that stretches in every direction with flowering trees and shrubs and a lily pool with a bench on which to sit." I answered her. "But I'll never have it either. But I never stop dreaming about it. And I'll take this one with me. Whenever I get tired or depressed, I'll dream about this spot and it will again be a day like this in the spring and in my dreams it will be mine."

We left, still talking about the loveliness we had seen. And in the days following my return home I kept thinking about the beauty of that particular morning. I thought of how often people say, "He's nothing but a dreamer."

And they may be right. But it is wonderful to be a dreamer.

As a child I can remember lying on my



Juliana came back home to visit just when our bulbs (planted by Betty) began to spring into bloom. The step stool is a fine place to keep pots when they first come up from a dark corner of the cellar.

back on the grass, watching the white clouds floating overhead, and as I lay there, I dreamed that I was on one of those billowing clouds.

It was a magic carpet. And I dreamed of flying across the ocean and seeking the big ships, which I had only seen in pictures. I dreamed of seeing kings and queens and palaces, another exciting world far removed from the small town in the Middle West in which I lived.

My mother would call, "Supper's ready." And her voice would drag me back from my cloud ship to the ordinary things of life. I would get up and go in the house. But I had been to far places, and the day had been good.

All children have day dreams, and they should. Sometimes they are just going to far places, as I was. Sometimes they are dreaming of great accomplishments and what they are going to do in the world.

I thought about the people who have accomplished much, and they were all dreamers.

Columbus dreamed of a world beyond the sea and he had to work hard to convince people that there was such a place.

Isaac Newton was probably watching the clouds and day dreaming as he sat beneath the apple tree and discovered the law of gravity with the falling apple.

Edison dreamed of being able to harness electricity, and made electric lights.

Henry Ford dreamed of a horseless carriage and we have the automobile.

These dreams have all become realities.

Most of us will never accomplish any of the wonderful things as many dreamers have done. But we can face our troubles a little better because we can always dream of better, happier situations. I

don't know what other people dream about, what their longings are and where their secret place is. But I like to go to my rock garden with its pansies and the little trickling stream.

You can go any place you wish and do anything you want to do in your day dreams. Try it. It is fun to dream.



HANDY DELUXE FOLDING SCISSORS—Quality steel blades, cushioned plastic handles fold to safe 3" to slip easily into pocket, purse, sewing kit, first aid kit, glove compartment, tackle box, etc. Vinyl case included. Only \$1 pr., 2 pr. \$1.79, 6 pr. \$4.75, 1 dz. \$8.75 ppd. Fund raisers write for volume prices. Two Bros., Dept. FS-175, 808 Washington, St. Louis, Mo. 63101.



Yes! and it's a busy time of the year, too. We hope, though, that you will take time out to listen to the KITCHEN-KLATTER radio program each weekday.

We can be heard over the following radio 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.

Recipes

Tested by the KITCHEN-KLATTER Family

LU'S CLASSIC SPONGE CAKE

- 9 to 10 eggs, separated
- Pinch of cream of tartar
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup cake flour, sifted

Beat egg whites until frothy; then add cream of tartar. When whites begin to stiffen add the 1 cup of sugar, one tablespoon at a time. Continue beating until whites stand in peaks.

Beat yolks with the 1/4 cup sugar and lemon flavoring. Beat until thick and lemon colored. Fold egg whites into the yolks. Fold in the cake flour. Bake in a tube pan at 325 degrees for 45 to 50 minutes.

This delicious cake is always enjoyed by all. Even those who say they can't abide sponge cakes come back for seconds on this. Serve with whipped cream, ice cream and fruit, or with favorite frosting. Very good Easter cake.

—Lucile

MARVELOUS MAYONNAISE

- 1 egg
- 3/4 cup water
- 3/4 cup cooking oil
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup white vinegar
- 1 cup water
- 3/4 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 tsp. garlic salt

Combine egg, 3/4 cup water, oil, sugar, salt, mustard and lemon juice in blender. Whip until smooth. (If a blender is not available, beat at high speed in mixer.) Mix remaining ingredients in a saucepan until flour is blended in. Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Stir hot mixture into blender (or mixer bowl) and whip until smooth. Pour into jars, cover and refrigerate. This thickens some as it cools. It makes an excellent mayonnaise. Total amount — about one quart.

—Evelyn

FANCIED-UP POTATOES

- 6 medium potatoes, peeled, boiled and diced
- 1 small onion, diced
- Grated American cheese
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 soup can of milk
- 1 pint sour cream
- 1 can French-fried onion rings

In baking pan make layers of diced potatoes, onion and cheese. Make 3 layers like this. Combine the soup, milk and sour cream. Spread over top of layers in pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes. Remove from oven and add another layer of grated cheese and the onion rings. Return to oven for about 10 minutes.

—Dorothy

BLENDER CREAM CHEESE CAKE

- 1 recipe graham cracker pie crust
- 2 cups sour cream
- 3 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, cut up
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup, plus 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Line a 9-inch spring-form cake pan with the graham cracker crust. Combine rest of ingredients in blender and blend until smooth. Pour into prepared pan. Bake 45 to 50 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Donna Nenneman

SPUR-OF-THE-MOMENT MUFFINS

- 2 cups all-bran cereal
- 2 cups buttermilk
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 1-lb., 4-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1/2 cup margarine or butter, melted
- 1 cup nuts, chopped
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Combine bran and buttermilk in large bowl. Let stand 5 minutes. Stir in eggs, pineapple plus juice and melted margarine or butter. Blend dry ingredients and nuts together. Stir in dry ingredients and flavorings, all at once, blending just until moist. Spoon batter into greased muffin tins or paper baking cups. Bake at 375 degrees about 25 minutes, or until they test done.

Make up just the amount desired for a meal and store remaining amount in covered bowl in refrigerator. This batter will keep up to three weeks. Delicious iced with orange-flavored powdered sugar icing. Excellent with a salad for refreshment for club luncheon. The baked muffins also freeze very well.

—Evelyn

DATE PUDDING

- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 cup boiling water
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 egg
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup black walnut meats
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Mix dates, boiling water and butter or margarine in a good-sized mixing bowl. Beat egg; blend with the sugar and add to the date mixture. Sift and measure flour; resift with the soda and mix into the nut meats. Add this mixture to the date mixture and add flavoring. Bake in a greased and floured 8-inch loaf pan for about 50 minutes or until done.

—Mae Driftmier

SAGE BREAD

- 2 pkgs. yeast
- 1/2 cup lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. sage
- 1/4 tsp. thyme
- 1/4 tsp. marjoram
- 1 1/2 cups wheat germ
- 5 to 6 cups white flour

Combine yeast, lukewarm water and 1 tsp. sugar in large bowl. Let stand about 5 minutes to dissolve yeast. Stir in additional 1/2 cup sugar, and salt. Heat milk and butter or margarine together until just warm and butter softens. Stir this lukewarm mixture into yeast mixture. Beat in butter flavoring, eggs, herbs and wheat germ. Add enough white flour to make a soft dough. Turn out on a floured breadboard. Knead, adding a little more flour if needed to keep from sticking. When smooth and elastic (after about 5 minutes kneading) turn into well-greased bowl. Revolve dough ball to grease all sides. Cover and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk. Punch dough down; turn out on breadboard and divide into three parts. Knead each portion well; then shape into loaves. Place in well-greased bread pans. Cover. Let rise until double in bulk. Bake at 350 degrees for about 40 minutes or until loaves are golden brown on top and sound hollow when thumped. Turn out on cooling racks. Brush top with butter or margarine for soft crust if desired.

This is an excellent flavored and nutritious bread. It makes delicious toast. Try with a hot cheese-onion soup or a rich tomato soup for a fine, simple meal.

BAKED ROUND STEAK

1 1/2 lbs. round steak, 1/2 to 3/4 inch thick

Flour, seasoned

Cooking oil

2 large onions, sliced 1/4 inch thick

1 cup sour cream

1 4-oz. can sliced mushrooms, undrained

1 can mushroom soup

Cut steak into 6 serving portions; dredge with the flour and brown quickly in oil. Spread the onion rings in a baking pan large enough to hold the browned steak in a single layer. Mix the sour cream, mushrooms with their juice and the mushroom soup until well blended. Pour over the steak which is arranged over the onions. Cover and bake for about an hour, or until tender, in a 300-degree oven. Serve with the onions. The soup and drippings left in the baking dish can be thickened with a little flour and milk and used as a sauce over noodles or mashed potatoes to accompany the steak. Serves six. —Mae Driftmier

MOCK PATE

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese

1/2 lb. liver sausage

1 Tbls. minced onion

1 Tbls. minced green pepper

1 tsp. lemon juice

1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

Salt and pepper to taste

Combine softened cream cheese with liver sausage until thoroughly blended. Add remaining ingredients and mix well.

CHOCOLATE-MINT ROLL

3/4 cup sifted flour

1/4 cup cocoa

1 tsp. baking powder

1/4 tsp. salt

3 eggs

1 cup sugar

1/3 cup chocolate syrup

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

1 cup heavy cream

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 Tbls. powdered sugar

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Line 10-by 15-inch pan with waxed paper; then grease. Sift together the flour, cocoa, baking powder and salt. Beat eggs until thick and lemon colored. Gradually beat in the sugar. Blend in chocolate syrup and mint flavoring. Add dry ingredients, stirring until smooth. Pour into prepared pan and bake 12-15 minutes. Turn out on towel sprinkled with powdered sugar. Remove paper and allow to cool thoroughly. Whip cream with vanilla flavoring and the 1 Tbls. powdered sugar. Spread cake with cream and roll up from short end. Sprinkle with additional powdered sugar.

—Betty Tilsen

**CANDY EGGS**

1 1/2 cups white corn syrup

1/4 cup water

4 cups white sugar

2 egg whites

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Fruit and nuts as desired

Cook corn syrup, water and sugar until mixture spins a thread — hard-ball stage on a candy thermometer. Beat egg whites until very stiff. Pour hot syrup slowly over egg whites, beating constantly. Add flavoring, fruit and nuts. Beat until difficult to beat and it begins to keep its shape and loses some of its gloss. Dampen hands and shape warm candy into egg shapes.

If desired, roll eggs in coconut or chopped nuts. Candy may also be chilled and dipped by melting semi-sweet chocolate in top of a double boiler over warm water. Coat bottoms of eggs and let dry on waxed paper. Then coat rest of egg. Let harden. Do not refrigerate or freeze if chocolate is used.

This could be used for round or oblong candies as well as egg shapes, but it is great to make your own Easter egg candies. This is a large recipe. It can be cut in half easily. The entire recipe makes about 5 dozen eggs depending on the size preferred.

—Evelyn

MANDARIN ORANGE CAKE

1 egg

1 cup sugar

1 tsp. soda

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

1 small can mandarin oranges, drained

1 cup unsifted flour

1/2 cup chopped nuts (optional)

Pinch of salt

Combine egg, sugar, soda, flavorings, oranges and flour. Mix (in mixer) for three minutes. Add nuts (if desired) and salt. Mix well. Pour batter into greased and floured 8-inch square pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 30-35 minutes.

Topping

1/2 cup brown sugar

3 Tbls. milk

3 Tbls. butter

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

For topping combine brown sugar, milk, butter and flavoring. Boil; then pour over cooled cake. (It will be runny.)

Serve cake with whipped topping, if desired.

—Betty Tilsen

VIRGINIA'S OYSTER SOUP

2 quarts whole milk

1 cup cream or half-and-half

1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce

1/4 tsp. mace

1/4 tsp. nutmeg

2 pints oysters and liquid

Salt to taste

Combine all ingredients (after checking oysters for shell). Let stand in refrigerator for several hours — at least 3. Bring just to scalding point, and keep hot but not boiling, for about 10 minutes. Serve hot.

Virginia says the secret of this excellent soup is in the rich milk and cream and in combining the ingredients for several hours to blend the flavors before heating.

—Evelyn

AVOCADO MOLD

2 envelopes unflavored gelatin

1/2 cup cold water

2 cups boiling water

2/3 cup brown sugar, packed

2 tsp. granulated sugar

2 Tbls. lemon juice

2 cups mashed avocado

2 tsp. horseradish

1 cup dairy sour cream

1 cup mayonnaise

1 1/2 tsp. salt

Pepper to taste

Dash of cayenne

Soften gelatin in cold water and stir until dissolved. Add to boiling water. Add both brown and granulated sugar and 1 tablespoon of the lemon juice. Chill until slightly thickened. Mash avocado and immediately add second tablespoon of lemon juice. Stir in horseradish, sour cream, mayonnaise, salt, pepper and cayenne. Mix thoroughly with the gelatin mixture. Pour into a 2-quart mold and chill until completely set.

—Mae Driftmier

HAM 'N CHEESE CASSEROLE

2 cups cooked ham, cubed

1 cup Monterey Jack cheese, cubed

1/4 cup celery, finely chopped

1/4 cup green pepper, finely chopped

3 Tbls. onion, finely chopped

2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped

1 tsp. dry mustard

2/3 cup salad dressing

1 Tbls. lemon juice

Combine all ingredients and put into a 1 1/2-quart casserole.

Topping

1 cup pancake mix

1/4 cup finely chopped almonds

1/2 cup dairy sour cream

2 Tbls. cooking oil

Combine ingredients for the topping, (it will be very thick) and spoon over the ham mixture. Bake in a preheated 375-degree oven for about 30 minutes, or until golden brown.

—Mae Driftmier

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RASPBERRY SHERBET DESSERT SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. raspberry gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 1 pint raspberry-flavored milk sherbet
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup cold fruit juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 13½-oz. can pineapple tidbits, drained

Dissolve the raspberry gelatin in the hot water. Add the sherbet and raspberry flavoring and stir until the sherbet is melted. If your sherbet is frozen hard, you may have to heat the gelatin slightly so the sherbet will melt. Pour into a 2-quart mold and freeze. On the day you are going to serve the salad, dissolve the lemon gelatin in hot water, add the juice and lemon flavoring. Let set until syrupy then add the pineapple tidbits and pour over the frozen layer. Refrigerate and the lemon layer will set in about 30 minutes.

—Dorothy

BLUE CHEESE DIP

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 4-oz. pkg. blue cheese
- 1 Tbls. horseradish
- 1/2 cup Miracle Whip salad dressing
- Dash of onion powder
- Dash of garlic powder

Combine all ingredients and beat well with electric mixer. Refrigerate at least three hours before using.

—Juliana

COMMUNION BREAD

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/3 tsp. baking powder
- 4 1/2 cups flour
- 1 cup sweet milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

3 egg whites, beaten

Cream butter and sugar. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk; fold in flavoring and stiffly beaten egg whites. Dough is thicker than cookie dough. Grease and flour jelly roll pan — 11- by 17-inch. Spread the dough with spatula dampened with a little milk. Bake at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes. This does not brown except just slightly on the edges.

Cut into cubes and serve for communion as desired. The Omaha church which uses this recipe places the cubes on paper doilies. This keeps well in the freezer, is a fine consistency, and has a pleasant taste.

The church which sent this recipes uses one pan cut in 1/2-inch cubes to serve over 600. Half or a third of the recipe may be used.

—Evelyn

PECAN DROP COOKIES

- 2 eggs
 - 1/2 lb. margarine
 - 2 cups brown sugar
 - 1/2 tsp. soda
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 2 1/2 cups flour
 - 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1 1/2 cups coarsely chopped pecans
- Cream together the first five ingredients until well blended. Add the flour, flavoring and nuts. Drop scant teaspoonfuls onto ungreased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes. Makes 5 to 6 dozen cookies.

TEXAS CAULIFLOWER

- 1 medium head cauliflower
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup minced onion
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 16-oz. can tomatoes
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 4-oz. can chopped green chilies
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. red pepper sauce
- 1 cup shredded Monterey Jack cheese

Wash cauliflower; remove leaves and break into flowerets. Put in a pan with one inch of boiling salted water and cook uncovered for a few minutes; then cover and cook until tender-crisp.

While cauliflower is cooking, melt butter or margarine in a medium-sized pan; add onion and cook for about 5 minutes. Blend in flour; stir in tomatoes and cook, stirring constantly and breaking tomatoes into bite-sized pieces, until mixture thickens and boils. Add bay leaf, green chilies, salt and red pepper sauce. Cook for about 5 minutes. Remove bay leaf; add cheese and stir until melted. Serve over well-drained cauliflower. Serves six.

CECIL'S SHAKE-ON MEAT COATING

- 1 1-lb. loaf 100% whole wheat bread
- 1/2 cup biscuit or pancake mix
- 1 Tbls. seasoned salt
- 1 Tbls. meat tenderizer
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Dry bread until absolutely dry. Placing slices on cookie sheet in a warm oven for several hours or overnight will dry the bread. Break into smaller pieces and roll with rolling pin to crush fine. Can use the blender to pulverize completely. Mix with remaining ingredients. Store in tight jar for use as a shake-on coating for oven-baked chicken, pork chops, steak, etc.

Cecil is a retired minister who enjoyed experimenting in the kitchen. This excellent meat coating is one of his most successful concoctions, blending fine flavors, textures and the economical factor of making the mixture himself.

—Evelyn



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ALISON WRITES TO US AGAIN

Dear Friends:

If you'll recall the content of my last letter, I had told you about my husband, Mike's, and my journey to "homestead" in Texas. In that correspondence I had promised you more details about the construction and interior decor, so here is the continued saga, delivered as promised.

Homes! What is it about them that I find so fascinating? Like most women, I suppose, I seem to be smitten with an intense curiosity about them. And I fear to be curious to a fault. Nosey perhaps? At any rate, call it snoopiness, inquisitiveness, or just plain female, I love to visit and tour other people's homes. One can tell so much about a person by the house he or she keeps.

I would like to believe that our home is a combination of the traditional values that seem to have disappeared in recent times—craftsmanship, ingenuity, and thriftiness. Much of the outcome of our homesteading was due not so much to preplanning, but to three major influences during the building process. These were: financial necessity, the availability of materials at hand, and Mike's limit of knowledge. I believe these three influences have changed very little, be it 1877 or 1977.

The house is small — incredibly small by today's standards. However, we have used the limited space wisely, and it is adequately liveable for two people. We tried as much as possible to scrounge for used materials with which to build, and used every good piece of lumber we could salvage out of the original farm shack that we tore down. After a few trips to the lumber yard and realizing first hand about escalating construction costs, I vowed to work a little harder pulling nails instead of thinking it would be so much easier just to buy new ones. I spent several days cleaning bricks from the old chimney stack, and we laid a lovely entrance floor, and a small porch with them.

The actual living dimensions of the house are twelve feet by eighteen feet for the main room, and a small bathroom protrudes off the central area. The ceiling area is open, and there is a sleeping loft which is reached by a step ladder. I have the Driftmier inherited fear of heights, but after realizing I was *not* going to roll off the edge, I quit spending sleepless hours fearing to move an inch!

It has amazed me how children are drawn like a magnet to our loft. Every child we have had to visit loved to sit, perched high in the loft, "spying" on the adults below. And our friends invariably leave their visit being pestered as they reach the front door by children wishing to trade their ordinary bedrooms in for a



Alison Walstad relaxes in a hammock after a busy day.

sleeping loft.

I think there is scarcely a person living today who is not concerned with energy. We need only pay a utility bill or turn down the thermostat in a cold January blizzard to be reminded of the conservation problems we face. With this in mind, we tried to incorporate some minor energy savers, all of which have worked like a charm, and all of which I can attribute to Mike's genius.

The house uses an auxiliary passive solar heating system. This is a fancy term which simply means to take advantage of sunny days. Fortunately for us, there are many of these in the southwest United States. At the south end of the main room Mike built in two long skylights on the slope of the roof. He simply recorded our location on the earth's latitude and added ten degrees to get the correct slope of the roof to insure maximum exposure to the winter sun. Ours was forty-five degrees, quite a steep pitch to the roof. And it works! In the summer we have shades which pull down and cover the skylights, otherwise it heats the kitchen in the south end like an oven. One other added benefit is that it is always pleasant to work in a kitchen so warm and bright.

Another free energy system was left to us by the previous homesteader in the form of a windmill-driven water well. How ingenious the pioneers of the great plains were! How incredibly clever! I find

PLANTING

Fresh soil is turned with the hand plow;
Long rows are made with the hoe;
Then I carefully plant my selection of seeds,
Confident they will grow.

Birds sing as I water my garden;
Clouds wave to me overhead;
How thankful I am to see the spring earth
Arise from its winter bed.

—Don Beckman

it amusing that we are now spending millions of dollars in wind energy research, when the pioneers could have given us a few pointers seventy-five years ago.

Wind is certainly in plentiful supply around here, and so we incorporated the windmill into our plans. We built a flat roof on the bathroom and placed a small water storage tank on the roof. On windy days we pump the tank full. The water then flows into the house and faucets by gravity. The Texas Panhandle is dotted everywhere by these windmills, and in the future perhaps we'll see more being built. I think the trend of late has been to forsake these for electric pumps. There's one thing for sure: the wind will never send you a monthly bill! And when you depend on the wind for a life line, it might even bring a smile to your face to hear it blow.

I had mentioned that our skylights were an extra heating source. Our primary heat source is a wood-burning cast iron heater — a gorgeous antique we picked up at a garage sale in Colorado. A funny story goes with the heater. As we were talking histories with the lady giving the sale, we found we had one thing in common. You guessed it! As complete strangers we came to find out that we were both from Shenandoah, Iowa — a coincidence I encounter more frequently than one would think possible by mere chance in this large, populous nation. Although she had not lived there for many years, she remembered the Kitchen-Klatter family well, and was glad to know her old stove was going to a close friend. I'm sure she would be happy to know we are still using it. In fact, it is serving two functions. Not only does it keep us warm and cozy, but we are burning for fuel all the rotten and unuseable lumber in clutter around the yard. This fall we splurged and had all the chrome ornamentation replated. My! Is it handsome now!

However, for those of you who grew up with this form of heat, the drawbacks of days gone by still exist. I can hear you chuckling now. Yes, indeed, Mike and I quarrel like children every chilly morning over who's job it is to get up and start the fire! Once the heater is fired up, it doesn't take long to make the house hot and toasty again, and the chill of a new day is soon forgotten.

I am sitting beside the stove as I finish this letter, and believe me, it is a nice way to spend an early spring evening. Many evenings this past winter I spent alternately throwing logs on the fire and quilting.

Perhaps in my next letter I can fill you in more completely on the house furnishings, and the projects that have occupied my quiet times. Until then ...

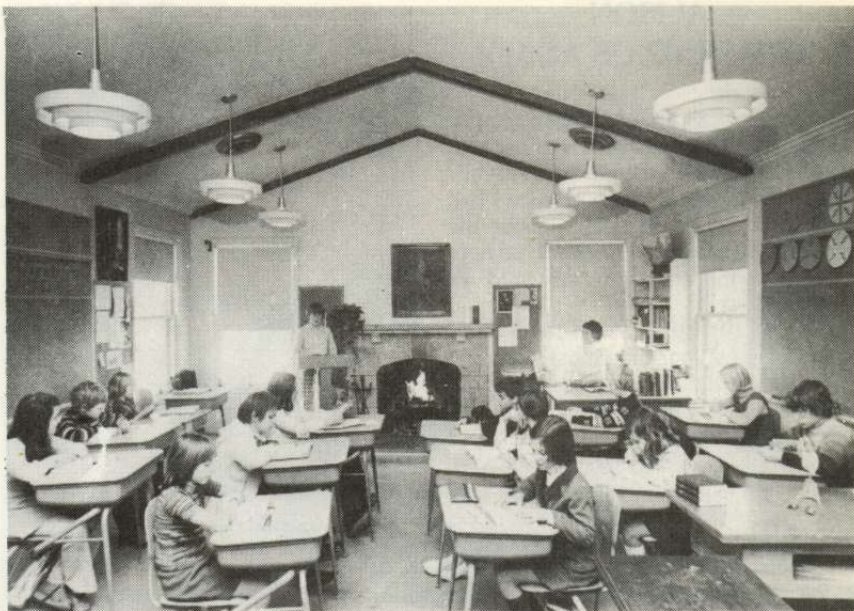
Sincerely,
Alison

MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

I know it is not good form to write about the weather, but it surely was central in our thoughts during the winter. We here in southern Wisconsin got the full impact of plunging temperatures without the relative fun of the accompaniment of inches and inches of snow. I watched the evening television maps which showed the snow deposits, but day after day we got missed by the "big ones" to the north and south of us. I felt almost like one of the school children who listen impatiently for the announcements of school closings that we come to count upon each winter. But there were no school closings because of bone-chilling temperatures.

We had to forcibly keep the children inside during the times when they would normally have played outdoors, but three-fourths of these zany children wanted to get outside regardless of the temperature or weather. We teachers take turns attending to outside recess duty, and during those terribly cold days it was almost more than we could bear to have to stand outside. The children were actively running and sledding on the hills,



Mary Beth Driftmier is the teacher in this attractive classroom. Her students are shown participating in a memory competition.

but we who were watching and standing almost entirely still had nothing to keep us warm.

I have saved a particularly sweet story to tell you because my last letters were "used up" before my stories were over. I had promised the little girls in the class that as a special treat we would have a formal tea for their mothers. They were very much involved with the plans, and both boys and girls were invited to donate something to the eating side of the tea. I brought cups and saucers and things with which to serve the tea, but the girls made little cakes at home. The boys brought lemons and nuts and things that didn't require culinary artistry. One of the little girls brought scones which she excitedly donated, and so it turned out that we had a very authentic English tea party. Almost all the mothers came, and the tea was beautiful. We had transformed the school into a charming living room with a fire roaring at one end of the room and a tea table arranged, with the little girls pouring tea at rotating periods of fifteen minutes. We arranged to serve hot chocolate for the boys, but there was not one girl who did not try the "grown-up" tea first.

Each girl had had her turn pouring tea and the mothers were having a delightful visit with the other mothers when I looked across the room, and there, seated very straight and proper, waiting to serve someone tea, was one of the boys. It had not occurred to me at any time to ask if any of the boys wanted to serve tea. Imagine, if you can the tumble of thoughts that flashed through my mind! I had presumed that these lengthening boys were already molded in the mind as grown-up men are molded. What man can you imagine who would be caught serving tea? This boy thought

it looked so elegant to serve tea from the beautiful English tea pot that he quietly invited himself to serve when the girls were through. I thanked him when he left the seat and I wished secretly that I had given him an opportunity to serve when he would not have been so alone and deserted. (I felt like something of a female chauvinist pig.)

The tea party went without a hitch other than that. Oh, yes, one near tragedy which fortunately didn't come to fruition, began when I sniffed a strange odor of singed chicken! I remember looking around to see if anything untoward would be making the peculiar smell and noticed absolutely nothing. Soon one of the girls quietly burst into the room wishing to announce to me the exciting news that Nerida was in the bathroom putting out the fire in her hair which had started to burn when she leaned over the candles to reach the mints on the other side, and her hair was all matted and sticky. On and on she went such a long time telling me, that the fire was out. Of course! they were all pretty scared. And I was frightfully scared. I raced straightway to the bathroom to find Nerida, and there she was, with her entourage, excitedly dripping over the sink. She was one of the last girls in the class to keep her long tresses, and this singeing had occurred when she had, in fact, leaned directly over the flame of the candle. I swallowed the lump in my throat and hurried back to the mothers. Hers was not there, so I didn't have an equally scared mother on my hands.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

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COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

A library book which I enjoyed, *Spinning Wheel's Antiques for Women*, was especially interesting to me as I read about bed or pillow dolls. These dolls measured from 26 to 30 inches tall, with sateen bodies and composition heads, and were meant to be posed in a corner, on a bed, or cushioned chair. When my sister and I were little girls, our Aunt Selma, who lived in California, sent us bed dolls. Recently my sister gave me hers, so now my pair of dolls is an interesting conversation piece in our home.

It seems that mentioning antiques often strikes a sympathetic nerve with women, for women have been avid antiques collectors for centuries. For more than 30 years, *Spinning Wheel*, the national magazine about antiques, has been a constant source of information about currently collectable antiques.

Articles about jewelry, china, rugs, sewing accessories and many other categories were selected and put in the book *Spinning Wheel's Antiques for Women*. There is also information about ladies' crafts, art pottery, kitchenwares and a host of other things that appeal to women. See if your library has a copy, or you may be interested in a recently published book *Spinning Wheel's Complete Book of Antiques*, published by Grosset and Dunlap, 51 Madison Ave., New York, New York, 10010, \$9.95.

19 Steps Up The Mountain by Joseph P. Blank is the story of an incredible family, the DeBolts. They are the founders of the non-profit organization Aid to the Adoption of Special Kids, and are the very special parents of 13 adopted children — most of whom would be considered "unadoptable" because of their multiple handicaps. There are two Vietnamese war-wounded paraplegics, Tich and Anh; Sunnee, a Korean polio victim; a young American black named Karen who was born without arms and legs; J.R., a paraplegic who also happens to be blind — and others, all members of one of the most unique families in America today. *19 Steps Up The Mountain* has an inspiring message that it is possible for all of us to achieve the independence and human dignity that is our birthright. Mr. and Mrs. DeBolt, through love and discipline, are able to say to these children, "You are wanted, you are loved, you are ours." Gladys



These long-legged bed dolls with china heads and lace-decorated satin clothes, gave a fashionable touch to a pillow or bed years ago. Now they are an interesting conversation piece.

Taber says everyone ought to read it; it could change whole attitudes toward life.

A moving story with a profound message for parents *19 Steps Up The Mountain* is published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Box 7777-RO400, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19175, \$7.95, 75¢ postage and handling.

Those of you who have a collection of the "Little House Books" by Laura Ingalls Wilder may wish to add *On the Way Home* and *West from Home* to your collection of paperback books. *On the Way Home* is the diary of a trip from South Dakota to Mansfield, Missouri, in 1894 by Laura Ingalls Wilder, with remembrances by her daughter, Rose Wilder Lane. *West from Home* contains Mrs. Wilder's letters to her husband describing her trip from Missouri to San Francisco during the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition. Also available is Rose Wilder Lane's book *Young Pioneers* about two young people who met the hardships and challenges of the Dakota wilderness and kept their faith in life. All are available from the Laura Ingalls Wilder-Rose Wilder Lane Home and Museum, Mansfield, Missouri 65704, \$1.50 per book, plus 50¢ per book, postage and handling.



EARLY SPRING

There's beauty in a wintry sky
When swirls of clouds come sailing by,
The sun plays games, and pierces through
An unexpected patch of blue.

The trees look up — still proud and tall,
Though stripped of leaf, by chills of fall.
A bird, perched high, begins to sing,
Could it just be — a call to Spring?

—Marjorie A. Lundell

ADVERTISEMENT

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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.

Send for this non-operating model, put it on and wear it in the privacy of your own home. While many people with a hearing loss will not receive any significant benefit from any hearing aid, this non-working model will show you how tiny hearing help can be, and 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. 4759, Beltone Electronics Corp., 4201 W. Victoria, Chicago, Ill. 60646.



BE AN EARLY BIRD!!!

Start planning right now to send in a gift subscription to the **Kitchen-Klatter Magazine** for your mother, mother-in-law, aunt, or a dear friend whom you like to remember on Mother's Day.

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KITCHEN-KLATTER
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Aaron Brase is the 8-year-old grandson of Frank and Dorothy Johnson.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
able to attend some of the recitals and musical events at the college. This first thing Kristin does when she moves to a new town is take the children to the public library to get acquainted and to get library cards. She said the other day when she and Aaron and Julian went to pick up some new books Julian had so much fun playing in a playhouse constructed out of a big cardboard carton, that when it came time to leave they couldn't get him out of it, so she and Aaron decided it was time he had one at home. The day she wrote the letter they had just completed the playhouse.

The picture on page 6 was taken recently when I visited with Mrs. Ferne Knox at the Griffin Nursing Center in Knoxville, Iowa. Mrs. Knox has been listening to Kitchen-Klatter since the first broadcast fifty-one years ago, and has taken the magazine since it was first printed. She lived all her life in the farming community southwest of Tracy, Iowa. When she was no longer able to live alone, she moved to Knoxville to be close to her daughter. At the request of her daughter I went to see Mrs. Knox, since she was unable to come to see me, and I was happy we could have a nice visit.

I have definitely run out of space, so until next month

Dorothy

DONNA'S LETTER — Concluded

to resume teaching and, thus far, I have always decided against it.

With spring upon us, Tom and I are looking forward to working in the yard. We spend a great many hours in our yard during the summertime. At the back of our lot we have an L-shaped rose bed

which demands constant care, but how we do enjoy that splash of color it provides over the summer and fall months! Not only can we enjoy it from our patio, but we also have a full view of it through the patio doors in our kitchen. In that flower bed, between rose bushes, I have also planted tulip bulbs. So, before long, we will be enjoying an array of color from them making our spring-through-fall months more pleasurable. We are more fortunate than many city dwellers in that our yard backs a city park which gives us the feeling of having lots of space to spread out in and thoroughly enjoy.

I hope that each and every one of you has a really good summer.

Sincerely,

Donna Nenneman

P.S. The next time I write, I hope to have some new pictures to share with you. Donna

SYMPHONY OF SONG

When the warbler trills at dawning
And the azure bluebird sings,
When the meadowlark's sweet whistle
Says he knows for sure it's spring,
Knows the buds will soon awaken,
Set on leaves where they belong . . .
I rejoice with all the birds in their
Spring symphony of song.

—Inez Baker



TIME OF RENEWAL

Easter's a time of renewal
When spring is on its way;
Closed buds that now are swelling
Promise shade for a summer day.
Geese-skeins wing their way northward
In time-honored harmony;
Let us too seek renewal
Of faith in our destiny.

—Inez Baker



GAY 1990'S

I can see myself
in the gay 1990's,
a shriveled and sprightly
little old great-grandma,
riding a motorcycle — speeding it up
for the year 2000.

I can see myself
sailing the seas on Queen ships,
flying on 921 jets through the skies,
discussing politics and philosophy
with my collegiate clan,
recycling fabliaux for the 21st century.

I can see myself
still rocking little babies,
running again to the hospital
carrying a baby buggy vase
with fragrant blue forget-me-nots
for another great-grandchild.

—Luetta G. Werner



WE CAN SPELL BETTER THAN THAT

Over the years, we have taken a bit of good-natured joshing from our friends over our spelling of **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. We weren't involved in the folks' decision as regards the spelling, but we aren't going to change it now.

Even our severest spelling critics, however, do make this one concession: we sure do know how to make a great household cleaner (or kleaner). It goes into solution fast, and it attacks the dirt fast. There's no froth or suds, so rinsing is minimal — if necessary at all. Biodegradable, so there's no clogging of sewer pipes or cesspool. And **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** comes to you dry, so you're not paying for fancy plastic packaging.

Works good, works cheap. So what if it's spelled funny?

**KITCHEN-KLATTER
KLEANER**

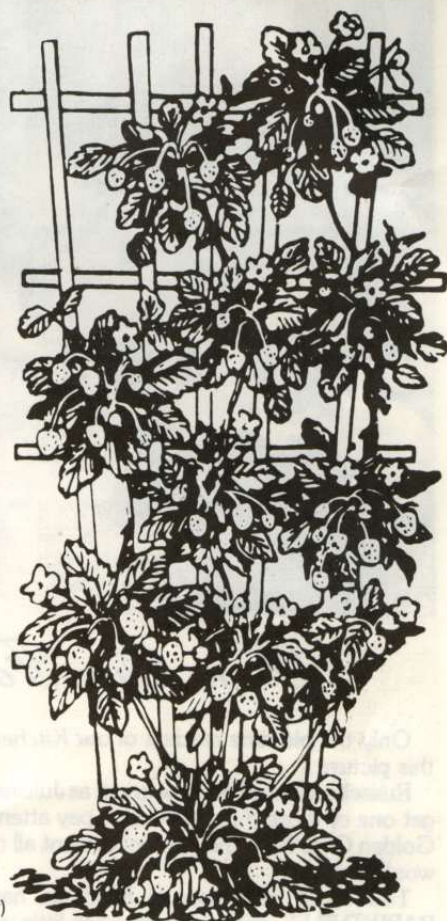
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- ★ Large, Juicy Berries!
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(Paris Spectacular)

It's true! A beautiful Climbing Strawberry. A strawberry plant that produces delicious, honey-sweet red strawberries the entire way up! Read these facts and learn how you can grow these beautiful ornamental plants that produce berries you can pick from the vine.

Imagine the curiosity, the envy of your neighbors as they watch you grow strawberries on a pole, trellis, or fence. Imagine the interest and excitement as they watch this richly foliated plant reaching vigorously upward. Imagine your own delight as you watch enticing bright red strawberries appear. Just picture yourself leisurely walking through your garden picking real red strawberries from your own exotic Climbing Strawberry plants . . . picking delightful tasting strawberries right off the vine — without having to wash off the dirt — and popping them into your mouth to enjoy their vine-fresh flavor!

CLIMBING STRAWBERRIES ARE PERENNIALS Ever-Bearing — Produce All Summer Until Frost

You don't have to buy and plant these Climbing Strawberries every year! Because they are hardy perennials, they'll grow year-after-year. And each spring they'll produce even more lustily, increasing in length quickly and forming 5 to 6 rosettes at intervals. These rosettes produce clusters of flowers from which the berries fruit profusely this year. In turn, the rosettes produce more runners which bear more flowers and fruit. A prolific, splendid plant to enjoy for years and years. It is truly ever-bearing.

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These plants have proven their ability to thrive and produce and with-stand severe winters. And you don't need a lot of space to grow them in . . . only a couple of square feet of ground per plant! Imagine a Climbing Strawberry plant from only 2 square feet of ground! Amazing, but true. Planting and care are simple, full directions come with your order.

★ STRAWBERRIES FROM SPRING UNTIL FROST ★ Offer May Not Be Repeated In This Publication

Climbing Strawberries grow and bear succulent berries until the killing frost comes. Planted in early spring, these Climbing Strawberry plants start producing berries around July and continue to produce week-after-week, until frost. You can enjoy the firm texture, tempting fragrance, and delightful taste of these magnificent strawberries for months. But that's not all! These plants are as beautiful as they are practical. Not only do they produce delicious fruit, but they also help to dress up your garden with beautiful greenery decked generously with bright red berries. A splendid ornamental plant with luxurious green foliage. Act today!

The Climbing Strawberries offered in this ad are cultivated exclusively for us, are available **only** through this advertisement, and cannot be purchased **anywhere else**. **PLANTS WILL BE SHIPPED IN TIME FOR PROPER PLANTING IN YOUR AREA. YOU WILL BE PICKING BERRIES 90 DAYS AFTER YOU PLANT THEM.**

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I understand that my Climbing Strawberry plants will be replaced free if they don't grow and produce anytime within 3 months.

Enclosed is \$_____ PA residents add 6% sales tax. Check or money order, no CODs please.

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From Our Family Album

Only the old-time readers of our *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine will remember seeing this picture.

Russell snapped his camera just as Juliana started to lean forward to see if she could get one of those three rabbits to pay attention to her. It was Easter morning and in Golden Gate Park the personnel went all out to fix up something that little children would enjoy.

This small collection of buildings had a fence at the entrance that read RABBITVILLE, and my! how much little youngsters enjoyed it during the brief time that it was maintained.

When we lived in San Francisco we were only about two short blocks from one of the entrances to Golden Gate Park, and almost every Sunday Russell took Juliana in her stroller to see all kinds of things. It was just about her favorite place to go, and now, in turn, the Albuquerque zoo is one of Katharine's and James' favorite places.

It was virtually impossible to buy material to work on during World War II, so I most vividly recall that I made her maroon-colored overalls out of a hand-me-down coat. The shirt was made from feed sacks that our good but unseen friends were kind enough to send me from the Midwest. When materials again became available after World War II was over, Dorothy (sewing for Kristin) and I scarcely knew how to go about sewing it!

I'm sure that we have almost thousands of pictures in our Family Album, and I'd like to share some of them with you folks.

—Lucile

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

When April hath his sweetest showers brought

To pierce the heart of March and banish drought

And when the little birds make melody,
That sleep the whole night long with open eyes

So nature rouses instinct into song.

—Geoffrey Chaucer (1340-1400)

Sometimes I wonder if Chaucer is still taught in high school as it was back in the late twenties when I attended school. We think of him as the "springtime" poet, for he loved to sing of the joyous season when birds made melody and all nature awakened. April, the fourth month of the year, comes from a Latin word meaning "to open" and true to its name, the month opens the gate of summer. Because of its variable weather, sudden showers and sunshine, April is sometimes a synonym for fickleness. Be that as it may, April is the time when true gardeners can no longer stifle their urge to dig in the earth and plant.

If you plant by the moon signs here is a guide for April. 1st and 2nd, a barren time, best suited to killing weeds, briars and poison ivy. 3rd and 4th, favorable days for planting root crops. Excellent for sowing grains, hay and fodder crops. 5th and 6th, favorable days for planting beets, carrots, radishes, turnips, peanuts and other root crops. Also good for cabbage, cauliflowers, kale, lettuce, celery and other leafy vegetables. Start seed beds. 7th and 8th, barren days. 9th and 10th, plant root crops. 11th to 13th, kill plant pests. 14th and 15th, plant root crops and vine crops. Plant strawberries. 16th to 18th, poor planting days. 19th and 20th, favorable for planting crops that yield above ground. 21st to 23rd, poor planting days — seeds tend to rot. 24th and 25th, most favorable for planting corn, cotton, okra, beans, peppers, eggplant and other above-ground crops. Plant flowers. 26th to 30th, a barren period. Grub out weeds, briars and other plant pests.

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME

It was Benjamin Franklin who first proposed the establishment of daylight saving time.

The idea came to the American genius when he was serving as U.S. Minister to France. Franklin, who knew that a penny saved is a penny earned, figured that in the spring and summer time, Parisians unnecessarily burned candles for 1281 hours. But Paris laughed him down.

The proposal was not revived until 1914 when daylight saving time was introduced in England as a means of conserving power and fuel during World War II.



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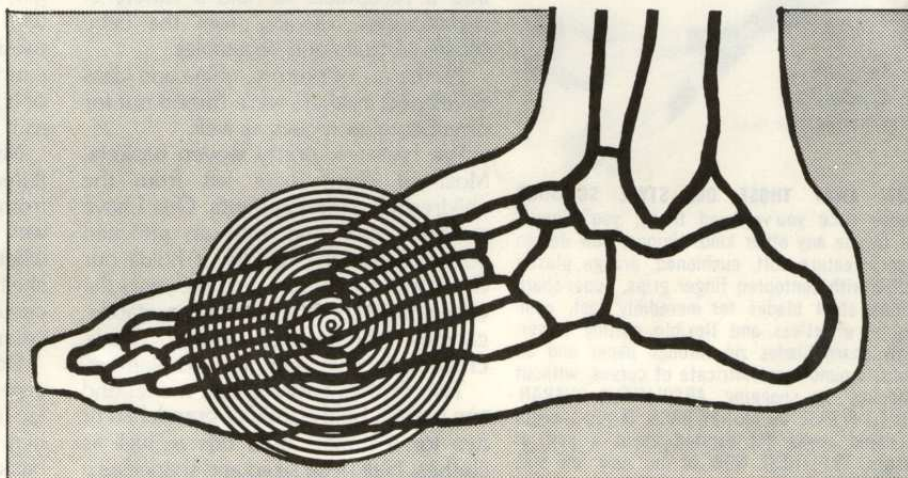
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KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Ia. 51601

My Feet Were Killing Me...Until I Discovered the Miracle of Hamburg!

It was the European trip I had always dreamed about. I had the time and money to go where I wanted—see what I wanted. But I soon learned that money and time don't mean much when your feet hurt too much to walk. After a few days of sightseeing my feet were killing me.



Oh, I tried to keep going. In Paris I limped through Notre Dame and along the Champs-Élysées. And I went up in the Eiffel Tower although I can't honestly say I remember the view. My feet were so tired and sore my whole body ached. While everybody else was having a great time, I was in my hotel room. I didn't even feel like sitting in a sidewalk cafe.

The whole trip was like that until I got to Hamburg, Germany. There, by accident, I happened to hear about an *exciting breakthrough for anyone who suffers from sore, aching feet and legs*.

This wonderful invention was a custom-made foot support called Flexible Featherspring. When I got a pair and slipped them into my shoes my *pain disappeared almost instantly*. The flexible shock absorbing support they gave my feet was like cradling them on a cushion of air. I could walk, stand, even run. The relief was truly a miracle.

And just one pair was all I needed. I learned that women also can wear them—even with sandals and open backed shoes. They're completely invisible.

Imagine how dumbfounded I was to discover that these miraculous devices were sold only in Europe. Right then I determined that I would share the miracle I discovered in Hamburg with my own countrymen.

Today thousands of Americans of all ages—many with foot problems *far more severe* than mine—have experienced this blessed relief for themselves.

Here's why Feathersprings work for them and *why they can work for you*. These supports are like nothing you've ever seen before. They are custom fitted and made for *your feet alone!* Unlike conventional devices, they actually imitate the youthful elastic support that Nature originally intended your feet to have.

Whatever your problem—corns, calluses, pain in the balls of your feet, burning nerve ends, painful ankles, old injuries, backaches or just generally sore, aching feet. Flexible Feathersprings will bring you guaranteed relief with every step you take.

Don't suffer pain and discomfort needlessly. If your feet hurt, the miracle of Hamburg can help you. Write for more detailed information. There is no obligation whatsoever. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it today.

FEATHERSPRING INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION

514 N. E. 124th, Dept. KK47

Seattle, Washington 98125

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BASKETS

by
Marjorie Fuller

Utilitarian from Biblical times, baskets were fashioned from rushes, twigs or any available flexible material, and woven into a receptacle to hold a variety of commodities, ranging from the baby Moses to fruits and vegetables.

As the art of pottery, china and glass developed, baskets were turned out for ornamental purposes as well.

We have six pretty woven baskets. Most of them were left from the children's Easter egg hunts. One I have sprayed gold, and with an attached poinsettia on the handle, it holds our Christmas cards. Through the years the others have contained fruits, vegetables, candies, bouquets, sewing needs, crayons, or have been used as planters.

Two clothes baskets, one wicker and one plastic, hold a toddler grandchild or two for a tumble or a ride as well as clothes. Half peck sized and shaped as a bushel basket, one was given us full of nuts. This has been a handy holder of odds and ends.

Lovely in their various colors and

sizes, glass and china baskets are popular. We have three. A tiny china one, about an inch across, is decorated with china flowers and is a family keepsake.

The other two are glass and I use them most often. One is clear glass (a wedding gift) four inches across and surrounded with wine colored flowers, the leaves twining into a handle. Though in reality a candy dish, I often lay a small stem or two of little artificial roses across the basket, as if they were just picked in the garden.

My newest basket is dark blue with a fluted edge, a baby-sitting thank you from our daughter and son-in-law. It goes well with my blue and white kitchen where it complements our blue willow shelf. This makes a most attractive centerpiece for Easter when filled with colored eggs.

Being city bred, farm chores, especially egg gathering, intrigue me. I located a store that had ten china eggs, hen size. I bought them for my blue basket, the full basket resting on the cabinet top is reminiscent of another day. It is an unusual addition to the kitchen decor.

My basket full of eggs fascinates our grandchildren as much as it whets my fancy, and it always draws a remark or two.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

The delicious food children do not like? I had to stop writing this letter for a moment to answer the telephone. It was another request for me to give a speech about hot-air ballooning. Some weeks ago the newspapers carried a story about my speaking on that subject, and now I am swamped with requests. When I am free to make such speeches, I do so, for I know how difficult it is for organizations to provide their members with an interesting speech at meeting, after meeting, after meeting. At such programs, I insist that I be introduced as a "Slap-happy, retarded student of hot-air ballooning." It is fun for me to do it, and I do have some magnificent colored slides of ballooning. Someday you may have a chance to see them.

Betty joins me in a prayer for your happy Easter.

Sincerely,

Frederick

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded times. We hope she will share some reports with us in the months to come so we'll know and you, in turn, will know what they are doing.

Until the beautiful month of May . . .

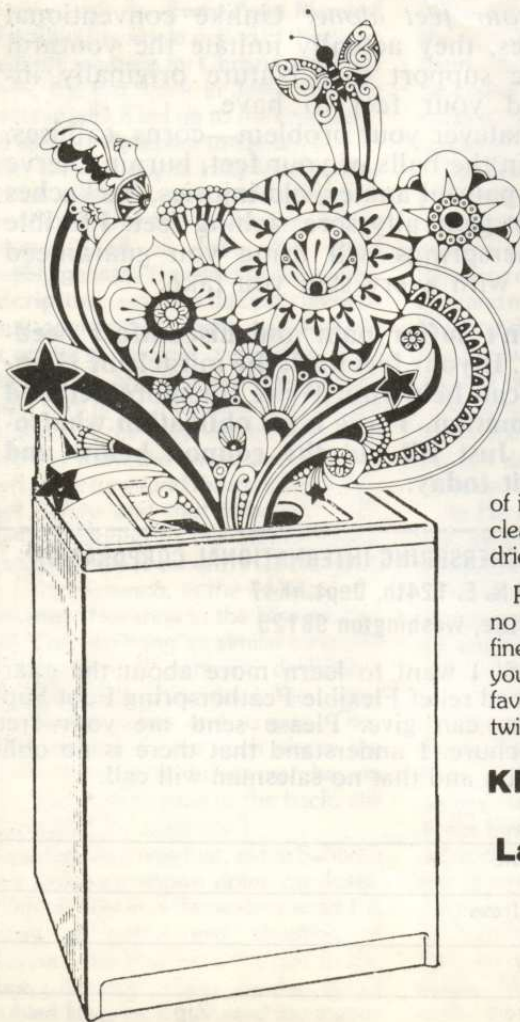
Lucile

DON'T BE SURPRISED

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KITCHEN-KLATTER
Blue Drops
Laundry Detergent
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All-Fabric
Bleach



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Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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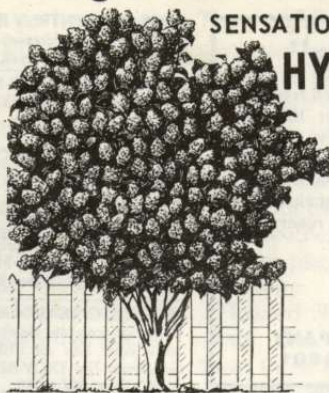
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