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Kitchen-Klatter

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

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends:

In my last letter to you there just wasn't enough space to finish telling about our trip to Washington, D.C. It seems now as if it was a long time ago, so I hope I can get all of the details straight.

Probably the most famous part of the Smithsonian complex is the Museum of Natural History. It is just ENORMOUS. The building itself is quite old and the architecture is very interesting. Some of the parts that we particularly enjoyed were the gem collection, the insect zoo, the prehistoric North American culture area and the "touching" room for children.

The precious gem collection is fabulous. The famous Hope diamond is there, plus other priceless treasures of the jewelers' art. This was also the only time that we lost a child. The rooms were packed with people and my daughter, Katharine, managed to get separated from the rest of us. My cousin, Emily DiCicco, and I put in five frantic minutes before we located her calmly studying some agates on the other side of the room.

The insect zoo surely has to be unique. There were many, many display cases with real, live insects in their natural environment. There is even an operational beehive! The bees have an entrance to the outside of the building and can come and go at will. The hive has a glassed area so we could see the activity going on inside the hive. James, my son, spent quite a bit of time studying the tarantula spiders and comparing them with the ones found in our area of New Mexico.

The prehistoric North American culture area held my attention . . . especially with my interest in archaeology. I was overwhelmed when I thought of the time it must have taken to put these exhibits together.

The "touching" room is a fairly recent development. It is designed to give children the opportunity to be able to get their hands on some of the fascinating things they see that are locked away in

glass cases. James and Katharine had a great time feeling different furs, feathers, shells, fossils and other natural materials.

Anyone who is interested at all in plants should make the effort to get to the National Arboretum. It is not an easy place to find and we wandered around for half an hour before we found the proper turn to get into the grounds. I don't know how we missed it as the grounds cover 415 acres. There are several miles of roads that wind through beautifully planted areas. We did stop to walk through the Gotelli Dwarf Conifer Collection. Emily was looking for a stand of Grey Gleam junipers because these trees were discovered in Colorado by Mr. Scott Wilmore. Mr. Wilmore is a friend of Emily's parents, Wayne and Abigail Driftmier, so Emily was very pleased when we found the trees. We also took time to see the collection of bonsai trees presented to the United States by the Japanese people in honor of the Bicentennial. It is amazing to realize that these tiny trees are tremendously old. One Japanese white pine is 350 years old and is less than four feet high. However, one word of caution is necessary here. This exhibit closes at 2:30 P.M. and we almost missed it.

Another day we left Arlington in pouring rain to take a day trip to sightsee in the fox-hunting country. Fortunately, the weather cleared up and we were able to get to the Middleburg area. This is Blue Grass country and I swear the grass really does look blue! We had lunch at the famous Red Fox Inn. This is the second oldest eating place in the United States and was established in 1728.

From there we went to the Manassas Battlefield area. This has been designated as a National Memorial and employed several young men dressed up in Civil War uniforms who told about the battle and demonstrated the old weapons. In the same area was a reconstructed field hospital from Civil War days. I recommend that anyone with a weak stomach view it from the outside. We went inside and found that the interior was too realistically reconstructed for me.

The last tourist stop we squeezed into the trip was a tour of Arlington Cemetery. This was a very moving experience. We took the tour bus and it stopped at the most famous sites. What will stand out in my mind was the stop at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. We arrived at the changing of the guard. The crowd was asked to be absolutely quiet as a matter of respect. People were totally silent except for one thing: the constant clicking of cameras. I found all of those camera shutters clicking to be very, very distracting and I hope that photography during the changing of the guard will be banned in the near future.

Needless to say, James and Katharine



How many seven-year-olds do you know with exactly the same type of grin which Katharine (Juliana and Jed Lowey's daughter) is displaying in this school portrait? It is evident that she had started to lose her teeth, but within ten days of the time this picture was taken she had lost the rest of her front baby teeth. What a grin Katharine must have now and how large the new teeth seem when they first make their appearance in a small mouth.

and I didn't starve in Washington, D.C. Emily and her husband, Rich, had planned all of the meals for us. Both of them are excellent cooks and very well organized. They have an extremely small kitchen, but managed to turn out huge meals. In fact, one night we had thirteen people at the table!

This occasion was David McArthur's birthday. David and his wife, Beverly, and their three children were visiting Washington, D.C., at the same time that I was there. The McArthurs are from Albuquerque and are good friends of the DiCiccos and us Lowneys. Emily had invited them to dinner so we could all get together. We found out that it was also David's birthday so we had the party for him. It was really fun and so unlikely that we would all be that far away from New Mexico at the same time.

Another treat for me was getting to see an old friend from my freshman year at the University of New Mexico. Sandy Dwight had lived right down the hall from me in the dormitory. We had kept in touch with letters but I hadn't seen her for ten years. She lives in Alexandria and just the two of us went out to dinner one night in Old Town Alexandria. This is a beautifully restored area with lots of interesting little shops.

It is hard to believe that time is moving so swiftly. I think of the truly AWFUL heat in Washington, D.C., in August and I look out my window here in Albuquerque and wonder if it will ever be hot again! However, it won't be too long before the spring bulbs will be putting in an appearance. One time our apricot

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**DOROTHY
WRITES FROM
THE FARM**

Dear Friends:

We are having a typical winter day here, with cold temperatures, a little snow on the ground, a brilliant blue sky, and a bright sun that isn't warming things up very fast. Thank goodness the wind isn't blowing or the wind-chill factor would be terrible. The car hadn't been started for a couple of days and I didn't know if it would start this morning or not, but fortunately for me it did. Our mailbox is about three-fourths of a mile from our house, and when it is as cold as it is today I have no desire to walk after the mail.

My last letter was written to you just before the deer season opened in Iowa. In 1967, when there was one day of deer season left, four men from Kanawha came to the door to ask if they could hunt. Frank visited with them for a long time (it was late afternoon before the last day) and said if they wanted to come back in the morning he would go with them and show them where to go. This was the beginning of a friendship we treasure, and they haven't missed a year of coming to see us since then. Frank has met a couple of their wives who have come to see us in the summer, and I have met all four of them since I have made a couple of trips to Kanawha. Walt and Iola Grimm have a daughter in Des Moines, so when Walt comes to hunt Iola stops off in Des Moines to visit Deanna and her family, and I try to get to Des Moines to have lunch with her sometime during the week. This year I didn't make it because the weather and roads were bad.

I took a lot of kidding this year about my four Christmas trees. For many years we had one big tree in the corner of the living room, then about four years ago Frank brought in a little cedar tree approximately two feet tall to put on the kitchen table. We put one of the strings of miniature lights on this, plus a dozen red birds. Frank's friends enjoyed this tree more than they did the one in the living room because they seldom got out of the kitchen since this is where they had their coffee.

The next year Frank brought in two small trees so I could have a choice of which one I wanted for the red birds. They were both pretty so I decided to put one of them on a table in the dining area. I got a string of miniature red lights and a dozen white birds to put on this tree. A couple of weeks before Christmas this year Peggy brought me two trees she found on her way down through the timber and Frank brought in a small one the same day, so, you guessed it, I put up



It was a pleasant early winter day in Chadron, Nebraska, when Andy Brase, Frank and Dorothy Johnson's oldest grandson, took this picture of his mother, Kristin, and his two younger brothers, Julian and Aaron.

three little trees with the tiny lights. When I told Kristin on the phone her reaction was, "Mother! FOUR TREES? I suppose next year it will be five." I LOVE Christmas trees, so it could be. Bernie said, "Four trees? Why not one more and we'll have one apiece on Christmas Eve."

While I am on the subject of trees, I'm going to tell you something one of our young listeners wrote in to us that I think is a terrific idea and you might want to tuck this away in your mind and start doing the same thing next year. She said her mother-in-law started this when her children were small—every year she let each child pick out and buy an ornament for the tree and put it away in a box marked for that child. When they married and had first Christmas trees in their own homes, they had boxes of their very own ornaments to put on. She said it made their trees real special and when they have children she is going to do the same for them. I know I treasure the ornaments I have that I remember being on our tree when I was a child. We also have ornaments on our tree that were made by our friends Peggy Dyer and Louise Querrey, and some little ceramic angels that Frank's sister, Ruth, made for us several years ago.

Angie Conrad and Leona Polser entertained the Birthday Club at a luncheon at Angie's house in December. After a delicious meal we played bingo to get our exchange gifts. Angie had fixed up a "guess what" she passed around, and then she had thought up a clever idea for giving the two door prizes she had wrapped. Before anyone arrived, she had fastened something to the bottom of the chair seats: candy canes, suckers, the two presents, and one little

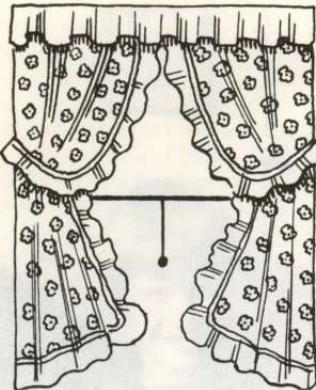
joke gift. Leona had fixed the place cards and put them around at the places, but she knew nothing about the things on the chairs. This way neither Angie or Leona knew who was going to get the lucky chairs. After we had eaten, Angie told us to get up and look for something on our chair. I got a peppermint stick, others got canes or suckers, and we all had a lot of fun.

Margery and Oliver are having a wonderful winter in Arizona. They had some family with them for Christmas. Oliver's sister Nina and her husband have rented an apartment near them, and they have been enjoying doing a lot of sightseeing together. There is also another Shenandoah couple there they know real well and they all spend a lot of time together. They are expecting a visit in January from Martin and Eugenie, and in February some other friends of theirs will be arriving for a short stay, so they have much to look forward to.

We were so happy when Frank's sister, Ruth, called to say she would be able to come from her home in Kansas City to spend a couple of days with us. It had been over a year since she had been able to get away to come to Lucas. She works, so weekends are the only free times she has, and since her husband, Frank, travels and is away all week, she likes to be home when he is. Ruth reminded us that it had been much longer than that since we had been to her house, so Bernie and I told her we would drive her home and stay overnight.

The three of us spent the afternoon browsing around in the big Oak Park shopping mall. This was the first time Bernie and I had been in this very large

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Keep the Shade Up!

For Brotherhood Month

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Arrange to have a large picture of "The Good Samaritan" hung in a mock window frame setting so that a window shade can be fastened to the frame. Have the shade pulled down over the picture until it is raised at the designated time in the program.

Quiet Music: "Open My Eyes That I May See". Continue playing through call to worship.

Call to Worship:

Come! Peace of God, and dwell again on earth,
Come, with the calm that hailed Thy Prince's birth.

Come, with the healing of Thy gentle touch,
Come, Peace of God, that this world needs so much.

—Thanks to unknown author

Scripture: The Story of the Good Samaritan, Luke 10:29-31. (Raise shade on picture.)

Hymn: "They'll Know We Are Christians by Our Love".

Leader: A group of business executives were once riding in a Pullman car. As the train chugged its way through the ugly smoky, drab, depressing outskirts of a big industrial city, children could be seen playing in the dirt in front of unpainted shanties which were so close together they seemed to lean upon one another for support. One man, after glancing out of the window, winced at the ugly scene and hurriedly pulled the shade at the window.

"I can't stand looking at all that squalor and misery," he said. "It is too depressing. Besides there is nothing I can do about it."

Looking him straight in the eye, one of his companions declared, "But there is something you can do. YOU CAN KEEP THE SHADE UP!"

How many of us, like this man, try to close our eyes and ears to the sight and sound of suffering around us. Some of us would rather not know how the "other half" lives. If we happen to catch a glimpse of their misery, we try to pull the shade, thinking it is "just life and none of our concern for that is just the way things are."

This month of brotherhood reminds us that it IS OUR CONCERN. In

Leviticus 25:35-36 we read: *And if your brother becomes poor, and cannot maintain himself with you, you shall maintain him; as a stranger and a sojourner he shall live with you. Take no interest from him, or increase, but fear your God; that your brother may live beside you.*

Jesus himself sympathized with those who were hungry AND DID something about it. In Mark 8 we read where He called His disciples to him and said, *I have great compassion on the crowd because they have been with me now for three days, and have nothing to eat.* Then what did Jesus do? Did he "pull the shade" and go on his way to preach and teach elsewhere? No indeed! He and the disciples shared what they had with those who had nothing, and lo, it was enough to appease the hunger of them all!

Hymn: "Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters", or similar hymn on helping and serving humankind.

Meditation: WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

A certain family moved to our community into a little rundown house. By chance a certain neighbor was going out across the tracks to a club meeting and when she saw someone had moved into the little house, she passed by on the other side, saying to herself:

"It is almost time for my club meeting to begin, and besides I never have seen anyone that amounted to much living in that dump. They would never be interested in any of the things I am, and if they want to live that way it is no concern of mine."

In like manner a second neighbor, when she came by that way, also hurried by, after a first long look, saying, "Ugh, 'they' are always saying to be friendly with new neighbors, but I'm sure that doesn't mean people like those. I certainly wouldn't want my children coming over here to play with those scrawny, ragged youngsters! Well, I'll just tell some of the Community Services committee that perhaps they should visit the place sometime and see what is really going on. And I'll tell our pastor to call there to see if the kids cannot be cleaned up and sent to Sunday school. An hour on Sunday

shouldn't hurt the regular members' kids too much—if they don't get too close to them!"

But a certain neighbor, as she was running an errand saw that the little shack of a house was occupied and was moved with compassion and concern. Straightway she made her way to the door and knocked. When the stranger opened the door she greeted the occupants cheerfully and asked if there was any way she could help them in getting settled in the new community.

She invited them to her church and offered to pick up the family so they could go to the family-night supper at church together. She also made arrangements to take the mother along on a trip to the shopping center, and to take the children, along with her own, to the library on Saturday for the story hour. When she saw that the children needed warm clothing she talked to her friends and said, "Let's gather up clothing to help this family, for they are our neighbors and they need help."

Which of these three, do you think was a good neighbor to the new family who moved into the community?

Leader:

Who is MY neighbor, MY brother?

It is any child hungry for love and affection.

It is people anywhere on earth who are hungry and need to be nourished.

It is any aged one who needs compassion and a shoulder to lean upon.

It is a stranger in my community who needs a warm welcome and friendship.

It is all youth who need friendship, understanding and guidance—and good fun.

It is the sick and the lonely who need comfort and love.

It is the outcast and the homeless who need a boost in morale and a helping hand.

It is the sad and discouraged who need my cheer and encouragement.

Who is MY neighbor?

It is every person in need, every person to whom I can give love and help.

Hymn or Chorus: "It's Love, It's Love That Makes the World Go Round". (Let all move into a friendship circle as this is sung and remain with clasped hands as benediction is given.)

Benediction:

Go thou thy way, and I go mine;
Apart, yet not afar;
Only a thin veil hangs between
The pathways where we are.
And "God keep watch between thee and
me."

EVENING PRAYER

Dear God, you guided me today
Step by step along my way;
In answer to my every prayer
I felt Your loving presence there.

OUR FIRST LETTER FROM CLARK DRIFTMIER

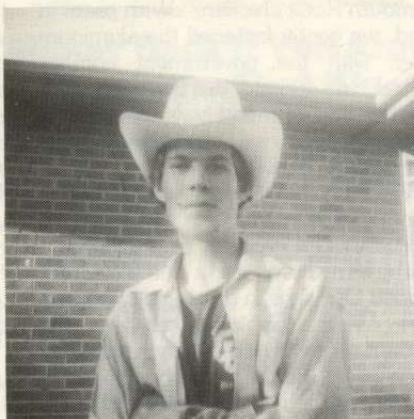
Dear Friends:

As I look through recent issues of *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine, I see more and more articles written by members of a new generation; my generation! It's exciting to see and be a part of the growth of creativity that occurs as we mature. I feel myself changing, and notice changes in everyone I know. Most of my personal changes occur gradually, as I learn about life. Others occur more suddenly, and are brought about by sudden events. I know that the death of my grandmother, Leanna, caused me to do a great deal of thinking and meditation. But be they sudden or gradual, the changes in my life have helped mold me into a fuller person.

One of my greatest personal changes occurred two years ago when I transferred from the University of Colorado to the Oberlin Conservatory of Music. The Oberlin Conservatory is combined with the College of Arts and Sciences into Oberlin College, one of America's great centers of higher education. My decision to switch colleges came with my decision to study music and my instrument, the tuba, on a serious pre-professional level. I knew that to succeed in music I had to place myself in the most challenging environment possible. Oberlin appealed to me because of its excellent facilities and fine professors, but above all because of its intelligent and creative students. I was confident that the musicality of my peers would stimulate my own musical talents.

As I first drove across the glacial plain of northern Ohio into the town of Oberlin, I saw little which would allude to academic and musical greatness. The community of 9,000 rested lazily amid fields and orchards. "Downtown" encompassed slightly more than one city block, and the weathered brick stores competed for attention with a massive square speckled with trees and decorating the center of town like a colorful living postage stamp. The overall atmosphere contrasted with the vast frenetic sea of brick and steel in New York City or Boston, where other fine music conservatories are located. But when I entered the modern, dramatically-styled complex of conservatory buildings I began to see why Oberlin has a reputation as a top-notch conservatory. The piano practice rooms were full of aspiring concert artists, working on the most difficult Beethoven sonatas and Chopin waltzes. Heavenly sounds leaked out from the organ studios, where zealous organists practiced on hand-made Dutch instruments.

Then I saw the conservatory student lounge, Oberlin's infamous "Con



Clark Driftmier.

Lounge", where, in the words of the associate dean, "Great careers are made and destroyed." As the social hotplate of the conservatory, the lounge attracted many students, and I was drawn to its heat like a moth to a flame. Many intriguing students turned up in the Con Lounge: bright-eyed, excited freshmen, sophomores and juniors with rumpled, long-unwashed shirts, and seniors who wore their fourth-year seniority with grace, mixed with a bit of apprehension about the uncertainties of life after graduation.

A short walk around campus sparked my interest in Oberlin's past, and a few inquiries gave some insights into the history of the school. Oberlin College was founded in 1833 as a Congregationalist Liberal Arts institution. It was the first co-educational college in America. The arrival of Evangelist-Abolitionist Chas. G. Finney marked the beginning of a political activism which continues even today. Finney generated a great deal of abolitionist sentiment, and many of his students went on to fight against slavery; young Oberlin students filled the ranks of John Brown's Raiders during his ill-fated attack on Harper's Ferry.

The Conservatory was added in 1865, beginning Oberlin's long tradition of musical excellence. Besides studying hard and making "a joyful noise unto the Lord", Oberlin students often became missionaries, carrying their Christian idealism as far as China. An arch in the town square now honors the Oberlin missionaries who were killed in the Boxer Rebellion of 1905.

I did not pursue the vocation of martyrdom during my two years at

THE STARS

The stars shine over the earth,
The stars shine over the sea,
The stars look up to a mighty God,
The stars look down on me.
The stars have lived a million years —
A million years and a day.
But God and I shall love and live
When stars have passed away.

Oberlin, but I did try to use every possible resource at the school, and played in most of the major musical groups on campus. Three experiences stand out in my mind. The first was when I played in the opera *Hansel and Gretel*, a charming work written by the original Engelbert Humperdinck. I loved the sensation of playing in the orchestra pit, that dark enclave, where the conductor's face glowed in the eerie half-light of his music lamp. I also remember the *Oberlin Dixie Stompers*, a jazz band that I formed, and whose picture appeared in this magazine some months ago. On many a Saturday night the pub at the student union rang out with the happy sounds of the *Dixie Stompers*. And finally, I remember my senior recital, when I was able to play my tuba as a beautiful solo instrument instead of merely accompanying another instrument, which is the usual role of the tubist.

Oberlin's unique blend of music and liberal arts did much to broaden my education, for I was put in close association with many exceptional liberal arts students. My roommate, a sociology major, gave me fascinating insights into the nature of human behavior, and we stayed up late many evenings discussing various aspects of "The Oberlin Experience". As a resident of the Spanish language dormitory, I learned much about Latin-American life, and our fiestas brightened many a cloudy, snow-bound weekend.

When graduation arrived, my fellow seniors and I were anxious to see what kind of farewell Oberlin would give us before it gently pushed us out into the real world! We almost expected to be brusquely booted out the door, but were pleased when the school honored us by making its meals unusually palatable and tasty. Concerts, dances, parties, and the inevitable class reunions, gave graduation week a festive atmosphere. The highlight for me was the night before graduation, when our commencement band played a concert in the square. The band played beneath a gigantic fatherly oak tree, with 5,000 hand-lit Japanese lanterns, strung in lines from tree to tree, swinging in the springtime breeze.

The next morning I sat comfortably in the square, listening to the traditional acceptance speeches by honorary academicians. Then it was up to the podium, where I received my diploma and a handshake from Emil Danenberg, president of the college, who is also a concert pianist. That afternoon I drove out over the flat countryside, past the now-familiar orchards, and began a new stage in my life as the small town of Oberlin receded in my rear-view mirror.

Sincerely,
Clark Driftmier



OWLS AT DIGGS' DOMAIN

by
Hazel Diggs

On our farm in northwest Missouri, known as Diggs' Domain, owl activity is gaining momentum.

Having been born here where we now live, I grew up with the grove of trees which my father, the late James B. Brown, planted across the end of an 80-acre field. He set out the trees in 1896 to form a windbreak near the building site for the house before he and my mother were married. The trees have provided excellent nesting places for all kinds of birds.

By the time Fitzhugh Diggs and I were married in 1923, Great Horned Owls were familiar sights around the homestead. Ever since we have studied, photographed, recorded and banded birds to make a fascinating hobby which has increased now that we are supposedly "retired" from active farming.

From the first records made in the spring of 1924, we have never been without the Great Horned Owls. These fascinating creatures make no nests of their own, using instead previously built Red-tailed Hawks nests, crotches in trees, fallen dead tree branches or even haylofts in barns if an open door or paneless window allows them to enter and leave freely.

Female Great Horned Owls choose their incubating locations in mid-January. The temperature may be hovering between zero and ten degrees above when the female lays her one, two, or (once in a long while) three eggs. It takes over a month before an egg will hatch, and then the baby owl remains at the nest site some six weeks before it fledge (acquires enough feathers for flight).

The first owl we ever banded was one of the Great Horned Owls. Fitzhugh was feeding the cows in the pasture when he spotted a young owl walking around in the nearby grove of trees. He quickly placed his long-tined fork over the bird, gently lifted it and carried it up to the house. At first glance I thought, "What! A

Plymouth Rock chicken?" With pliers in hand, we gently fastened the aluminum band, with the government number etched into it, onto the owl's leg. This was the first of many owls we enjoyed banding, a hobby we started in earnest in February of 1964.

Watching baby owls grow was a delightful experience we enjoyed one February. The children of renters of a nearby farm discovered a clutch of Great Horned Owl eggs in the hayloft of their barn. When the eggs hatched, the children sent word to us. Each week for seven weeks, Fitzhugh climbed up to the hayloft and behind the bales of hay to take pictures and document the growth of the three owlets. The pictures show that the three birds were of different sizes, having hatched on different days. The types of food brought in by the mother for the young shows in the pictures: rats and pigeons were most noted at the nest site. When each owlet grew large enough, we carefully banded it.

Many visitors from near and far have come to our "Domain" to see our owls and other birds: college students, biology classes, and fellow bird banders. They share with us the excitement of the great varieties of birds which are in our area, and enjoy the pleasure of watching the owl parents who return year after year to the same sites for nesting.

One particular nest is near our den window, giving an excellent view of the parents as they bring food to the babies, tear it apart into small pieces and feed the morsels to the little owlets. When the babies are larger, they exercise on the tree limbs, walking back and forth, until their wings are strong enough to carry the weight of their bodies. When the small owls are finally old enough, fledged enough, and strong enough, they fly off with their parents in tow.

Taking the picture we are sharing with you on this page left an indelible and amusing imprint on our minds. Fitzhugh and I went down to the grove to try to locate an owl nest which we knew was in that area. We soon flushed a parent from the top of a 14-foot-tall tree stump. Bringing up a short ladder and the camera, Fitzhugh climbed up to see what the dead tree stump held. Sitting in the hole at the top of the stump was a feisty little owl. Fitzhugh shot the picture and then, suddenly, as I stood petrified and helpless, the tree trunk started to creak and slowly began going earthward, along with the ladder, man, bird, camera and all!

Fitzhugh grabbed the owl by the wings and held him high in one hand and the camera in the other and took the fall as a football player would with only his posterior hurt and his pride damaged. Now we had a bird with no home. Hesitating to put him on the ground for

predators to devour, we took him to an empty brooder room. Fitzhugh carried a gallon bucket to the field each day and, as he plowed the earth for spring planting, he caught a day's supply of small field mice to bring in to feed the sturdy owl. When we felt the owl could fend for himself, we put him out in the yard near the house. His parents fussed over him each night until one night when they tolled him off ("tolled" here means to "talk him away"). We knew then that our charge could survive.

Since our grove of trees is so old, the years and Dutch elm disease have taken their toll, but the dead tree trunks have afforded fine nesting cavities and pecking places for several species of woodpeckers, Eastern Bluebirds, Black-capped Chickadees and Great Crested Flycatchers. Screech Owls also make use of these cavities for nesting as well as sitting and dozing by day. From our table in the kitchen we can see such a Screech Owl, day after day, sitting in his special hole, his gray feathers blending into the grays of the bark of the tree trunk. His sister has a "red phase" and chooses an equally inconspicuous spot where her red feathers fuse into the light wood of the tree in the morning sunlight. (It is strange, but Screech Owls of the same clutch may have different colors, gray or red, and keep that color throughout their lifetime.)

Over the past 13 years we have had several Saw-whet Owls at Diggs' Bird Sanctuary and Banding Station. The small Saw-whet Owl is only eight inches long and almost completely nocturnal so is seldom seen unless one accidentally spies one sitting in a dense cedar tree. About the size of a Robin, it is very tame. It sometimes nests in old woodpecker's holes. Our great thrill is hearing its voice as it flies by sounding very much like the filing of a saw, from which this owl gets its name, Saw-whet!

To us, the Long-eared Owl is the most handsome member of the owl family. The feathers on the top of his head grow in such a manner that it gives the appearance of great, long ears. The facial features of this gentle owl are almost human. His eyes, as with all owls, are set in the front of his head peering straight forward, as opposed to other birds whose eyes are positioned on the sides of their heads.

Our dog, Goldie, has often enjoyed conversing with a Great Horned Owl, but when a Barred Owl came along that was something else! Goldie barked and barked at the tree where this strange creature sat until we came to investigate. The Barred Owl sat looking at the dog with unblinking, very black eyes. He had a ringed neckband and streaked breast feathers. His eight hoots on an even pitch in two groups of four confused

(Continued on page 19)



**A LETTER
FROM
FREDERICK**

Dear Friends:

In a few hours Betty and I shall be flying off to sunny Florida, and I must get this letter written today.

Life would not be the same for me if I were not writing this letter at least once a month. I have been writing for so many years, and I feel so close to you good friends. If I were not to write at least once a month, it would seem very strange indeed. However, you are not the only people to whom I am writing today. Every day I write letter to persons who share with me some of their personal heartaches.

I want to share a letter I received a while ago. Please note that the writer of this letter is a very literate lady who expresses her thoughts excellently. If you heard me quote a part of this on one of our broadcasts, you will be particularly interested in reading it here in its entirety. She wrote:

"Yesterday, I heard you talk on the Kitchen-Klatter radio program, and how I would like to be at your church service today. I am the brokenhearted one. Five months ago I lost my husband of thirty years, and I am devastated, crushed, overwhelmed, brokenhearted, and every other adjective a person can think of that means the same.

"He was not only my husband, my lover, my companion, but he was also my best friend. We were so close! I am lost without him. Oh yes! I do everything people tell me to: 'Don't make any decisions quickly,' they say. Well, I haven't. 'Keep active,' they say. 'Go! Go!' I do go. I go to Sunday school and church, to our ladies' meetings, etc. I visit my aged mother at least once a week, and sometimes oftener. I visit my brothers, and my friends. I shop. I go to the beauty shop every week. I smile at the right people, and I laugh at the right jokes, and then I come home and cry my eyes out! Nothing helps.

"His earthly life is over, and the rest of mine is ruined. I do not know how much longer I can cope with my grief. He was my security, my comfort, and my reason for living. Of course, he did not want to die. He wanted to be well and to stay with me. But he accepted God's will, and never complained. He was a great man, and I thank God we both knew a great life together, and we both knew how much we loved each other. We always knew that.

"But the nights are endless, the days drag, and my 'killing time' seems almost sinful. The ache in my heart and my



With Frederick's family living so many miles apart, it is a rare occasion to get everyone together for a picture. Standing from left to right are Vincent and Mary Leanna (Driftmier) Palo, Sophie and David Driftmier. Seated on Frederick's lap is Isabel Palo and Betty holds Christopher Palo.

loneliness without him is almost beyond belief. I think of the future without him, and I panic! I know I must live one day at a time, but how do I face what time I have left without his love and without his comfort and companionship? After thirty years of caring and sharing, how do I go on? I am still listening for that voice I will never hear again. Please help me, Dr. Driftmier. What can you say to me? I am the brokenhearted one in your congregation."

Have you ever read a letter which more accurately expressed the feelings a person has when a beloved mate is lost? You wonder, of course, how I answered it. I did not try to answer it. I simply wrote a short note of appreciation of her problem and recommended that she read my new book entitled *Never Lose Hope*. I said, "After you have read the book, write to me again and let me know if reading the book helped."

Actually, there is no one in this world who can solve her problem except herself. I can say, however, that I have never known a person with her anguished feelings not to recover. It will take time, much time, but the healing will come. I know that, not only as a matter of faith, but as a matter of fact.

So many people have written and asked for a copy of that little gem I read on the radio a few months ago entitled: "An Old Lady Prays to God". I found this in a parish letter mailed out by a New England clergyman. Here it is:

"Dear God, my children are coming to

visit me today.

They mean well, but they worry.

They think I should have a railing in the

hall, and a telephone in the kitchen,

They want someone to come in when I

take a bath. They really don't like my living alone. Help me, God, to be grateful for their concern.

And help them to understand that I have to do what I can, for as long as I can. They're right when they say there are risks.

I might fall. I might leave the stove on. But there is no challenge, no possibility of triumph, no real aliveness without risk.

When they were young and climbed trees and rode bicycles, and went away to camp, I was terrified.

But I let them go! Because to have held them, would have hurt them.

Now our roles are reversed. Help them to see!

Keep me from being grim or stubborn about it.

But please, God, don't let them smother me. Amen."

Here in New England, my radio congregation is more apt to write to me about my feeding the wild birds, than they are to share their emotional and religious problems with me. That is because I always begin my radio broadcast on Sunday morning with some words of advice about helping God to care for the birds. So often in the wintertime, I remind my listeners: "One who feeds a bird on a winter day is a host to God!"

Another listener wrote this very serious note in her letter:

"I just want to express my deep concern and distress about what is taking place in our country. It is heartbreaking to read of man's

(Continued on page 22)



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

We're enjoying one of those landmark days when everyone is home and as of this hour there are no required trips out in the automobile. It will take a major emergency to force me outside because the temperature has not reached zero and that is where the joy of winter breaks off and becomes something to be endured. I always thank what powers there are that make it possible for me to have a job where I do not have to go outside. Having a 15-minute outside duty at recess once a day at school is quite enough on some of these bitter days.

It will also take a major emergency to force Adrienne and Paul out into the elements. When the clan began to gather for their semester breaks they brought home a mixture of regional bugs. Adrienne had been flirting with a case of laryngitis for more than a week when the Marquette University and Rice University traveling viruses moved in and she then went down with a temperature. Paul was in a run-down condition following the skimpy nights' sleep which accompany semester exams, and he promptly hit the deck with Adrienne's additional bugs. Katharine is holding her breath that she doesn't come down with both their combined problems. All she needs to begin her final semester at Rice is to return to her laboratory job and final classes with a long drawn-out bout with a Yankee flu.

Don is stretched out on the living room couch totally relaxed. I see him so seldom relaxed during the daytime hours that I thought at first that he, too, was on the sick list, but fortunately he was simply resting. He was, in fact, deeply engrossed in listening to a book. Doesn't that sound interesting?

One of the few really bright ideas I came up with for him for Christmas was Books on Tape. These are complete books, novels and non-fiction, which are read by people who earn their living reading entire books and having their words recorded on cassettes. These tapes may be used on a mono or stereo player but not on 8-track equipment. Don spends 45 minutes a day in the car and listening to the news can grow monotonous. There is almost nothing he loves quite so much as reading, but he has precious little time for this pleasurable pastime, so I thought what better gift for him than a book which he could have read to him. In the car, in the bathroom while he shaves, anyplace that he can carry the portable cassette player, he can listen to his book. He can



Adrienne Driftmier prepares to shoot the ball in one of her final basketball games as a high school senior. We wonder if she made a basket?

even play it while he is going to sleep at night in the dark. All he needs are ears to allow him to "read".

There are books on tape available from the Braille Institute but this did not meet the needs of this company because none of them were blind. Every fourteen days Don will receive a new Book on Tape and if he has had ten free hours in which to listen to the present book he will be ready to begin the next one. These books are on a rental basis so it is considerably less expensive than buying an equivalent number of new books. This is a great idea, and, when I consider the number of people whose eyes will not allow them to read as much as they would like, this must surely be a great satisfaction for them.

This bitter weather makes me glad I had the ambition to lay in a supply of groceries earlier in the month. There is a brand-new concept of grocery stores springing up in this part of southeastern Wisconsin that is quite radical in plan and takes some adjusting of my grocery-shopping habits, but which will influence the shape of groceries to come in the future. These stores are basically warehouses. No frills of enveloping

music, no packaging other than that which the manufacturer ships from his plant, few choices of sizes of packages. Very simply it is a basic, serve-yourself grocery, but the prices are dramatically lower. I read about this store's opening in the newspaper and out of curiosity I drove out of my way to check it out. I want to tell you I could hardly believe how spoiled I had become at the little services which I took so much for granted but which the owner was obviously paying for and passing on to me in the price of my purchases.

The final assault on my senses came at the check-out counter, which, incidentally, did not have a rolling automatic conveyor belt to move the items out of the way. This was done by me. The grocery sacks were available at a minimal charge and you can have one guess as to who it was that did the sacking of the groceries! I have watched the boys at the end of the check-out counter as they swiftly loaded my groceries into nicely balanced bags and have been mildly interested and impressed with their speed. However, I was not prepared for the totally inept feeling that overtook me when I was faced with a heaped-up basket of hard and soft goods, perishable and breakable, which needed to be arranged carefully in the bags by me. It was a stunned feeling. I had a handful of thumbs and two left arms at least and for the life of me I could not remember how those high school boys had done it after the years of watching them.

I got the things bagged and into the car but the eggs did not fare too safely. I put too many canned items into some of the bags and they split in the trunk and the frozen foods weakened others and they split when I tried to lift them out of the trunk after the trip home. I have a great new respect for those clever fellows who so deftly whisk my purchases from the cash register to the trunk of my car at the good old-fashioned convenient grocery stores. I have gone back to the former grocery. I cannot teach this old dog the new tricks necessary to get out of this warehouse grocery once I have picked out my thrifty purchases. I shall leave that to the young married folk.

I am so appreciative of the boy packers that after reading in Adrienne's new, revised etiquette book that it is correct to tip these gentle fellows who pack and deliver to your trunk all those heavy groceries, I decided to do just that. And can you believe the first one upon whom I tried to press a small token of my appreciation, declined with the statement that it was his pleasure to serve me! My faith in people's goodness was heartily restored right then.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth



Cupid Aims His Bow

A Valentine Party

by

Virginia Thomas

Decorate lavishly with cupids—big ones, small ones, fat ones—and hearts in all sizes. Some of the hearts may have ruffled lace ribbon around edge, others may be strung on narrow red ribbon, or fastened to drapes, on mirrors, and over doorways. Fasten a large cupid on the front door. Why not ask everyone to come in a romantic costume?

ENTERTAINMENT

Valentine Quiz: Hearts and valentines go together—that's the clue! 1. A short curtain (Valance), 2. A farewell speech (Valedictory), 3. Despondent (Heart-sick), 4. It is genuine. (Heartfelt), 5. Deepest emotion (Heartstrings), 6. The wealthy might have it. (Valet), 7. A sensation (Heartburn), 8. To prove (Validate), 9. Bold and brave (Valiant), 10. Unkind (Heartless), 11. Of the home (Hearth), 12. Used when traveling (Valise).

Lover's Listing: Divide guests to form partners. Give pencil and paper to each couple. Allow ten minutes, or less, to see which couple can make the longest list of names of famous lovers or couples in history and literature such as: Anthony and Cleopatra, Romeo and Juliet, Jack and Jacqueline Kennedy, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, James and Dolley Madison, Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, Hiawatha and Minnehaha, etc.

Lover's Lane Two-Step: Select two teams of four players each. Supply each team with two large red paper hearts. The game is played relay style. At the leader's signal, the first player on each team walks to the other end of the room and back, stepping on the two hearts which the player carries, one in each hand. To walk, the player places one heart on the floor, then steps on it with one foot, puts down the other heart and steps on it with the other foot and continues to walk the entire race this way. When back at starting point the hearts are handed to the player next in line, and so on to see which team finishes first.

Love Letters in a Poke: This may be played by couples, two couples competing at a time. Each couple is given a small sack in which are many small white paper hearts. On each heart is written a letter of the alphabet. The leader announces a word—love, heart,

cupid, etc., and the couple who can sort out the correct letters and spell the word first wins the game.

Cupid's Cobweb is a good icebreaker as the party begins and a good way to find partners. Tie long lengths of red and white yarn together. Now loop these around the chairs in a room, under the sofa, along the floor, around a table, crossing other strings. You will need as many pairs of strings as you will have couples at the party. After all have assembled, have each girl select a red string, taking hold of a loose end. Each boy gets a white string. At leader's signal each person follows his or her string to where it is knotted to a string of the other color and there waits until the person at the end of that string comes to the knot and thus the partners find each other. This can be hilarious as they must weave in and out of other strings, around the furniture, etc.



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In a month filled with HEARTS, FLOWERS, PATRIOTIC BIRTHDAYS and GROUND HOG DAY, plan to set aside enough time to listen to the

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KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
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KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.

A WONDERFUL TEACHER

by
Jean Holt

It was the winter of 1953, fourth grade, State Street School, and one I'm sure Miss Becker is likely never to forget.

School had begun that fall as usual. Day by day the schoolroom brightened as Miss Becker brought plants and other personal touches to make the long days more palatable.

One wall of the classroom was lined with large windows, a temptation for young heads to turn to when a siren, a barking dog, or merely a bird passed by. Opposite the windowed wall was a cloak room, nearly the full length of the room, chalkboards covering each door panel.

As windowsills filled with plants, the school term underwent minor changes from day to day.

"Children, we're going for a walk today to gather autumn leaves," she'd say, or "Don't forget your costumes for the Halloween party tomorrow," or "Have a wonderful Thanksgiving holiday with your families, children."

How we loved Miss Becker. The first



Mary Beth Driftmier is a fifth grade teacher at The Academy in Delafield, Wisconsin.

of the "war babies", our class was the largest ever to pass through the city schools. There was no money in the school system to hire additional teachers, so, accustomed to the bursting numbers of children or not, teachers faced the troops each morning.

When school convened after the Thanksgiving vacation, several students were absent.

"Perhaps they went out of town with their parents to see grandparents in another state," Miss Becker suggested.

A tiny hand was raised in the back corner of the room.

"Yes, Sharon," she responded.

"Dick and Jerry have the mumps," Sharon said.

"Thank you, Sharon," Miss Becker said, sighing inwardly. She'd been a teacher for quite some time. A few students, she knew, would come down with mumps, the classroom would be slightly disrupted for a few days, and then everything would be normal once again.

Everyone expected the initial mumps outbreak to be brief. Instead, it spread to other students. Days passed and still more students were kept home from class to endure puffy cheeks and swollen throats.

"Children, may I have your attention?" Miss Becker asked one bleak, stormy day. "Has anyone here had mumps on both sides?"

Not one student raised a hand we noticed as we gawked around the room.

"How many of you have had mumps on one side?" she asked.

This time several children raised a hand. She smiled, hoping I'm sure that the seige must be nearly over.

Another weekend came and went. More students missed classes. Some who were absent because of mumps on one side began to miss classes again because of mumps on the other side.

My friend and I talked at recess each morning and afternoon in anticipation of the good times we'd have when we got our turn.

"I'm going to color in my new Roy Rogers and Dale Evans colorbook," she said.

"Mother bought me a new paper doll book," I said, "and I'm saving it for when I have mumps."

Days passed and my friend and I didn't get to stay home with our planned fun. Neither of us got the mumps; we were the only two in the whole class who didn't.

"Girls, would you like to start a mural?" Miss Becker asked one day in despair. "It's something you can work on when you have free time."

Free time was something of which there was plenty! There was little Miss Becker could do in the way of teaching, except for "busy work" to help pass the time until normal classes could finally resume.

Nobody suffered from the time lost during that winter of 1953—at least none of the children. As I remember that year with such fondness, I believe it was Miss Becker's long-suffering patience that paved the way for our innocent happiness. It was a year I'm certain none of us, and especially Miss Becker, will ever forget.

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THE MOBILE MONOLOGUE

by
Bob Birkby

(EDITORIAL NOTE: It is extremely difficult to distill into a few brief word pictures the experiences of a journey. Bob Birkby has taken a number of interesting, funny and touching moments from his recent trip to the British Isles to put together an unusual report of what he calls his "one-man chautauqua"—which goes back to the earliest meaning of the word: "going out, learning". Can you imagine Bob sitting at the Ashworth home in Herfordshire, England, having a cup of tea, and letting his mind jump back and forth around the British Isles to spotlight some of his vivid experiences?)

Timothy Ashworth, age five, is dressed in knee socks, grey shorts, shirt, coat and tie since it is a school day, and he asks, "Shall you have your tea now, Bob? It's really very lovely tea." My ear picks up the immaculate English precision of his diction. My own seems vulgar by comparison, and I file that impression away with a thousand others. It's the little things that do it—the vision caught peripherally, the subtle gesture, the unspoken word, the meaning between lines—for it is last summer, a summer in Britain, and my one-man chautauqua has but seven weeks of one-night stands to know the place for the very first time.

Tea bags have no strings. Coffee is served with brown sugar, tea with white. A baby buggy is called a *pram*, as in "Rubber pram bumpers/ rubber pram bumpers/ rubber pram bumpers." (See how much faster you can say it?) British currency feels make-believe. Trains run on schedule.

"Robert! Not Rabbit!" shouts Robert's father. Robert Ashworth is Timothy's three-year-old brother, suffering through that uneasy and international stage of life when complete toilet training is near at hand, but the details are still to be worked out. Rabbit is his stuffed compatriot, and though Robert has made it to his plastic training pot in time, he has erred slightly by deciding to let Rabbit sit on the pot!

On a drizzly morning I lie on the foot-hollowed stone floor of St. Albion Cathedral listening to the rain and the distant wedding chant from the service under the ancient Norman tower, then watch the roof billow as the organist thunders the thousand-year-old walls with postlude Bach. Afterwards he asks me if I don't agree that the bride is the



Robert Ashworth is the son of John and Diane Ashworth, friends Bob Birkby visited in England.

best looking girl in the parish.

Old translates into a gnarled birch above Birkby, England (a *birke* tree which the village is by, and thus the family name), and the well-gnarled Mr. Baliff who now owns Birkby Farm and picks up remnants of the 400 A.D. Roman occupation of the area the way an Iowa farmer steps off his tractor to gather up Indian arrowheads.

I ask Baliff if there are any Birkbys left in Birkby. "Nay, lad, n'more. Here onct, p'haps-like, bu' n'more."

N'more. A few place names, the twisted birch, but n'more. From the top of the potato field, I look down past the mariners' cemetery to the sea. How many thousands of turns of that field did the ancestral Birkbys make, gazing out toward the empty horizon, before at last the hoes were thrown down and, for better or worse, the westward break was made? How many times was that seaward glance checked by the sobering reality of those rows of mossy tombstones marking graves whose intended bodies are forever lost in the Indian Ocean or off the Cape or in the Atlantic? "N'more," says Baliff. We drink more tea and think about it.

Off the Scottish coast on the Isle of Arran, the maternal Corrie ancestral stronghold, the sheepherders are down from the *fells* and *mhors* (*fells* are peaks and *mhors* are swampy places) to contest one another in shearing. Hard men, stripped to the waist and gleaming brown with sweat and lanolin, they fleece three ewes in twelve minutes with hand clippers, and pudgy accountants up from London "on holiday" press close to the

fence and wish they were hard and brown and shearing at a four-minute pace. Their pudgy wives look on and just wish.

Out in the Hebrides is the Isle of Skye—ragged, lonely, distant— inhabited by sheep and Skye People, though mostly the former. I go to a low farmhouse to ask if I might camp in a pasture, and an elderly Skye Woman comes to the door. Her hair is a North Sea storm. The winds swirl in her eyes. She does not look at me, but into the clouds and waves. "Nobody comes here much," she says. "You're the first in months." "Do you ever go off the island, then?" I say. "Go?" asks the Skye Woman. "No. What's to go for?" And the winds blow.

"Walk back into the garden," says the porter at Christ's College, Cambridge, "and look at Milton's mulberry tree. He sat under it when he was a student here." I go into the garden and see a crowd admiring a huge and stately tree. They are Milton scholars. It is a buckeye tree.

"Isn't Milton's mul a lovely thing?" they ask me.

"Hard to tell," I say, "since this is a buckeye."

They glare at me with academic scorn, then go back to praising the tree while I walk on past the beehives to the edge of the garden and sit under a cranky, overdue mulberry tree.

"They always want to see where Milton slept, too," the porter says later. "How should I know? He was only thirteen when he was here. He didn't tell us he was going to be famous."

Deep in the subway tunnels (It is an eerie place, filled with ghosts of people from the past. Is this where they crouched, waiting out the air raids? Are those the walls they watched through the night, these the benches they sat on?) stands one of London's daughters. She has British eyes—some alchemy of Thames mists and grey eyeshadow illuminated from within by remnants of the Empire—and the face that launched a thousand Spitfires and burned the topless towers of Dresden.

"I know we've never met," I tell her, "and it's midnight in the subways, but will you have dinner with me tomorrow?"

She looks at me a long time—at my clothes, battered from a summer on the road; at my pack, far too weighty with maps, books, oranges, and nice rocks; at my face, disappearing beneath sunburn and stubble. "Actually, lunch would be better," she says. And lunch it will be.

In Edinburgh, a greying, stately
(Continued on page 19)

RECIPES

Tested by
Kitchen-Klatter



ESSEX POPPY SEED CAKE

3 cups unsifted flour
1 1/2 tsp. salt
1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
2 1/2 cups sugar
1 1/2 cups milk
1 1/8 cups cooking oil
1 1/2 Tbs. poppy seed
3 eggs
1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Combine all ingredients. Beat with electric mixer at medium speed for three minutes. Pour into a greased 12-cup bundt pan. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour. While still warm pour over the following glaze:

3/4 cup powdered sugar
1/4 cup fresh orange juice
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
2 Tbs. melted butter
Mix together. (Do not cook.) Drizzle over cake while still warm.

—Betty Jane

MACARONI WITH THREE CHEESES

1 lb. macaroni
1 Tbs. salad oil
3 Tbs. butter
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 cup Parmesan cheese
1/2 cup Swiss cheese, grated
1/2 cup mozzarella cheese, grated
1 cup cream (or half-and-half)
Salt and pepper to taste

Cook macaroni in salted boiling water, with salad oil added, until tender. Drain. Combine with remaining ingredients, saving a little of the Parmesan cheese for the top. Bake at 400 degrees for 20 minutes, or until browned. Cheddar cheese may be used instead of one of those given if preferred. (The friend who sent this recipe says she sometimes uses Cheddar cheese, grated, on the top, but this would make it macaroni with four cheeses!) —Evelyn

CINNAMON SALAD

1 3-oz. pkg. cherry gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
1/4 cup red cinnamon candies
1/2 cup boiling water
1 cup pared chopped apples
1/4 cup chopped nuts
1 cup chopped celery
1 cup prepared whipped topping
Dissolve gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Add the cherry flavoring to the gelatin. Dissolve candies in 1/2 cup boiling water. Then add enough cold water to make 1 cup. Combine the two mixtures. Chill until partially thickened. Stir in the apples, nuts and celery. Lastly, fold in the prepared topping and chill until set.

This makes a pretty pink salad.

BEEF-SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

1/2 lb. summer sausage, sliced into 1/4 inch thick slices, then cut each slice into 4 pie-shaped pieces
1 lb. stewing beef, cut in pieces
1/2 onion, sliced or diced
1/2 green pepper, diced
Dash garlic powder
Dash basil
Salt to taste
4 medium potatoes, peeled and cut into quarters
1 1-lb. can red kidney beans, drained
2 beef bouillon cubes, dissolved in one cup boiling water

In heavy skillet over medium heat brown the sausage, beef, onion and green pepper. Mix together with all the other ingredients. Turn into casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour and 15 minutes (or until potatoes are done).

—Hallie

STRAWBERRY-PRETZEL DESSERT

3 Tbs. butter
2 cups crushed pretzels (do not crush too fine)

3/4 cup melted margarine or butter
Mix the above ingredients together and pat into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake for 15 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool.

2 cups powdered sugar
1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
1 9-oz. carton whipped topping
2 cups miniature marshmallows

Mix the powdered sugar and cream cheese. Fold in the whipped topping and marshmallows. Spread over the cooled pretzel crust. Chill.

2 3-oz. pkgs. strawberry gelatin
2 1/2 cups boiling water
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

1 10-oz. pkg. frozen strawberries

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add flavoring and frozen berries. Stir to dissolve berries. Chill until partially set. Pour over cheese layer and refrigerate until firm.

—Dorothy

SPARERIBS

4 lbs. country-style spareribs
1 can tomato soup
1/2 cup cider vinegar
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 Tbs. soy sauce
1 tsp. celery seed
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. chili powder
Dash of cayenne pepper

Layer ribs in slow-cooking cooker or a Dutch oven. Combine other ingredients and pour over ribs. Cook 6 to 8 hours in slow cooker or bake several hours at low heat if using Dutch oven. —Dorothy

QUICK CHERRY COBBLER

1 can cherry pie filling
2/3 cup pancake mix
1/8 tsp. nutmeg
2/3 cup brown sugar
1 Tbs. buttermilk
1 egg, well beaten
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

1/4 cup melted butter or margarine
Pour filling in an 8-inch square pan. Combine the pancake mix, nutmeg, brown sugar and buttermilk. Then add the well-beaten egg and flavoring. Mix all until ingredients are well moistened. This will be a stiff batter. Drop by spoonfuls evenly over filling. Drizzle the melted butter or margarine over batter. Bake at 375 degrees for 40 minutes.

—Verlene

RIBBON BROWNIES

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt
1 4-oz. pkg. sweet cooking chocolate
2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened
1 cup granulated sugar
2 eggs
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
In a small mixing bowl sift flour again with the baking powder and salt; set aside. Melt sweet chocolate in a small saucepan over very low heat; cool slightly. In large mixing bowl, gradually add softened cheese to sugar, beating until light and fluffy. Add eggs, flour mixture and orange flavoring. Measure 1/2 cup batter and set aside.

Add melted chocolate and vanilla flavoring to remaining batter. Spread about half the chocolate batter into a greased 8-inch square baking pan. Drop measured cheese batter from a teaspoon over chocolate batter in pan, spreading carefully with a spatula to form a thin layer. Carefully spread the remaining chocolate batter over the cheese layer. Bake for 35 minutes (or until top springs back when lightly pressed in the center) in a 350-degree preheated oven. Cool completely on a wire rack. Cut into 2-inch squares. —Donna Nenneman

HAM & BROCCOLI CASSEROLE

3 cups cooked rice
2 pkgs. frozen broccoli spears, cooked and drained

6 Tbls. butter or margarine
2 cups fresh bread crumbs (3 slices)

2 cups chopped onion

3 Tbls. flour

1/2 tsp. salt

1/4 tsp. pepper

3 cups milk

4 cups cubed ham

1/2 lb. diced process American cheese

Place the cooked rice in the bottom of a greased casserole. Layer cooked broccoli over the rice. Melt the butter or margarine and remove two Tbls. and sprinkle over the bread crumbs in a bowl. Set aside. Saute the onion in the remaining butter. Blend in the flour and seasonings. Stir in the milk and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add the ham and cheese and heat until the cheese is melted and sauce is bubbly. Pour over the rice and broccoli in the casserole. Sprinkle with the buttered bread crumbs and bake in a 350-degree oven for approximately 45 minutes.

MAGNIFICENT MAKE-AHEAD PORK CASSEROLE

1 lb. ground pork
1/3 cup diced onion
1/3 cup diced green pepper

2 cups diced celery

2 cups boiling water

1 cup Minute rice

1 pkg. Lipton's beef noodle soup mix

1 pkg. Lipton's onion soup mix

1 6- or 8-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces

1/2 cup almonds, toasted

Brown the ground pork. Add onion, green pepper and celery. Cover and cook over low heat for about one hour. Stir occasionally. (Do not add any liquid. If pork has much fat, drain off some of the excess, but leave enough to simmer vegetables and keep mixture from sticking.)

Stir rice and soup mix ingredients into boiling water. Add to pork mixture. Cover and refrigerate overnight or for several hours. If longer storage time is desired, freeze. When ready to use, add mushroom stems and pieces with liquid and the toasted almonds. (I browned my almonds lightly in a little butter in a skillet on top of stove.) Turn into casserole and bake at 350 degrees for one hour. DO NOT ADD SEASONINGS; the soups contain enough. This recipe can be doubled or tripled for a larger group or to make several casseroles to store in the freezer.

This is a secret recipe which came from a friend in Stanton, Iowa, who just now decided it was time to pass it along to Kitchen-Klatter and allow it to be given to our friends. An elegant, treasured recipe!

—Evelyn

SALMON LOAF

1 1-lb. can salmon
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 cup half-and-half
1 cup cracker crumbs
1/8 tsp. pepper
1/4 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. celery seed
1 Tbls. chopped onion

Break the salmon in small pieces and remove the bones and skins. Add the remaining ingredients. Pour in greased 1 1/2-qt. casserole or loaf pan. Bake in 300-degree oven for 35-50 minutes or until lightly brown on top.

This is also very good sliced cold.

—Hallie

PORK-CHEESE CASSEROLE

1 lb. diced uncooked pork
1 Tbls. shortening
1 10 1/2-oz. can condensed chicken-rice soup
1/2 cup water
1/2 cup chopped green pepper
1/4 cup chopped canned pimiento
1 17-oz. can cream-style corn
8 ozs. sharp process American cheese, shredded
1 small can mushrooms (optional)
4 ozs. medium egg noodles, cooked

according to package directions

In skillet, brown pork in hot shortening. Stir in soup and water; cover and simmer for 45 minutes, or until meat is tender. Stir in remaining ingredients. Turn into a 2-qt. casserole and bake, covered, at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

—Verlene Looker

BING CHERRY SALAD

1 1-lb. can dark sweet cherries, drained (save juice)
1 3/4 cups liquid
1 3-oz. pkg. dark cherry gelatin
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

1 8 1/2-oz. can crushed pineapple, well drained (save juice)

1/2 cup thinly sliced celery

1/2 cup chopped pecans

1 pkg. topping mix, prepared according to package directions

1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened

2 Tbls. salad dressing

Add water, if necessary, to drained juices to make the 1 3/4 cups liquid. Heat half of liquid and dissolve gelatin in it. Add flavorings and remaining liquid to dissolved gelatin. Chill partially. Cut cherries in half and remove pits. Add the cherries, pineapple, celery and pecans to gelatin. Prepare the topping mix. Beat the cream cheese and salad dressing into the prepared topping mix. Fold into the gelatin mixture. Pour into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Additional chopped nuts may be sprinkled over top if desired. Chill until set.

—Dorothy

ORANGE FRENCH TOAST

6 eggs
1/3 cup orange juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/4 tsp. cinnamon
White bread slices
Butter or margarine
3/4 cup orange marmalade
2 Tbls. orange juice
2 Tbls. water
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

In flat dish combine eggs, orange juice, orange flavoring and cinnamon. Beat lightly. Dip each slice bread in egg mixture. Fry in butter or margarine (or place on well-buttered cooky sheet and bake in 450-degree oven, turning once, until brown on both sides.)

For syrup, combine marmalade, orange juice, water and butter flavoring. Heat until bubbly. Serve hot over toast with butter or margarine as desired.

LOUISE'S COCONUT PIE

2 1/2 cups milk
3/4 cup sugar
1 stick margarine
5 Tbls. flour, mixed with a little milk
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
1 cup coconut
1 baked pie shell

Put milk, sugar and margarine in pan. Heat on low heat until margarine is melted. Thicken with the flour-milk mixture. Cook until thick, stirring. Add flavorings and let cool. Fold in coconut and pour into baked pie shell. Serve with prepared topping with a little coconut sprinkled over top.

—Dorothy

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CHERRY-MARSHMALLOW BARS

3/4 cup margarine, melted
 1/3 cup brown sugar
 1 1/4 cups flour
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 2 pkgs. unflavored gelatin
 1/2 cup cold water
 2 cups sugar
 1/4 cup maraschino cherry juice
 1/4 cup water
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 cup maraschino cherries, drained and chopped
 1/2 cup black walnuts, chopped
 Combine margarine, brown sugar, flour, butter and burnt sugar flavorings. When well blended, press into greased 9-

by 13-inch pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 20 minutes. Do not overbake. Cool.

Combine unflavored gelatin and 1/2 cup water. Set aside. In a saucepan mix sugar, cherry juice and remaining water (1/4 cup). Bring to a boil, stirring until sugar is dissolved, and then boil for two minutes. Add flavorings and pour syrup gradually over dissolved gelatin, beating with electric mixer on high speed until thick like divinity candy. Fold in well-drained cherries and nuts. Spread over crust. A few cherries and nuts can be reserved to sprinkle over top. Let set until firm. This *does not* have to be refrigerated. It makes a fine, easy-to-cut layer which resembles marshmallows in texture.

Varieties of fruits and nuts could be used with this recipe—candied pineapple with coconut and a little coconut flavoring added in place of the cherry, chopped dates with almonds and a little almond flavoring.

The girls at the Kitchen-Klatter office came up with the idea of making marshmallow cookies using this basic recipe. Using the tiny muffin tins (the kind the little pecan tassies are baked in) place a vanilla wafer cookie in the bottom of each section. Spoon the marshmallow layer over the top of each cookie. When set, coat with melted chocolate, almond bark, coconut, chopped nuts, etc. If nuts or coconut are preferred without the candy-type coating, sprinkle over the marshmallow layer while layer is still soft. An exciting idea for making your own marshmallow-filled cookies. —Evelyn

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SOUR CREAM CHOCOLATE CAKE

4 egg yolks, beaten
 1 1/3 cups sugar
 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
 1 cup heavy sour cream
 1 tsp. soda
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Beat egg yolks until frothy; gradually beat in sugar. Melt unsweetened chocolate with 1/3 cup of the sour cream in top of double boiler. Cool. Combine with remaining 2/3 cup sour cream. Sift dry ingredients together and stir in. Beat egg whites and flavorings together until firm peaks form. Fold into batter. Turn into two greased and floured 8-inch layer cake pans. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes or until cake tests done. Cool. Turn out and frost with caramel frosting.

I made this with country sour cream and found it excellent. —Lucile

BETTY JANE'S FRIED CHICKEN

Soak meaty chicken pieces in milk for several hours or overnight. When ready to fry, drain off milk. (Save milk for gravy.) Heat about one inch of oil in a heavy skillet. Roll the drained chicken pieces in flour-salt-pepper mixture, coating each pieces well. Fry in the hot oil. Place the fried chicken pieces on paper towel to absorb excess fat.

HAM-CAULIFLOWER CASSEROLE

1 medium head cauliflower
 2 cups cooked ham, cubed
 1 Tbls. chopped parsley
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 2 Tbls. flour
 1 Tbls. horseradish mustard
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/8 tsp. pepper
 1 cup milk
 1 small carton dairy sour cream
 1 1/2 cups soft bread crumbs
 2 Tbls. melted butter or margarine

Break cauliflower into flowerets and cook until tender. Drain thoroughly and combine with ham and parsley. Melt the 2 Tbls. of butter or margarine in a saucepan; stir in the flour, mustard, salt and pepper. Add milk and cook stirring constantly until the mixture is thick and bubbly. Remove from fire and stir in the sour cream. Add the ham-cauliflower-parsley mixture. Combine well and turn into a shallow 4- or 5-cup casserole. Combine bread crumbs and the remaining 2 Tbls. of melted butter or margarine. Spread over casserole and bake uncovered at 350 degrees for 30-35 minutes.

—Mae Driftmier

ONION-SWISS CHEESE SOUP

1 large onion, chopped fine
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 Tbls. flour
 1 cup beef stock
 2 cups milk
 Salt and pepper to taste
 1 cup grated Swiss cheese
 Sauté onion in butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Stir in flour. Add beef stock (make with beef bouillon cube and 1 cup water if regular stock is not available). Stir until mixture thickens. Add milk and seasonings. Simmer about 15 minutes (do not boil). Remove from fire and add cheese, letting it melt into the soup. Serve immediately.

The friend who sent this states that this amount serves 4 people or 2 skiers! It is a delicious and hearty soup. Use as good a quality of Swiss cheese as possible. I let my cheese melt into little puddles and enjoy each chewy bite, but it can be melted and stirred into the soup until smooth. This soup can also be made early in the day, refrigerated as you go about your work, and heated ready for the addition of the cheese when mealtime approaches. —Evelyn



Come Read With Me

by Armada Swanson

Some years ago I became addicted to the writings of Celestine Sibley when she wrote of her life in Georgia and her restoration of an old cabin, Sweet Apple. What a pleasure to read her latest book *Small Blessings* (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York, \$6.95). Each chapter in the book is devoted to a particular blessing including neighbors, windowsills, books, church, flowers, and time. Does that give you some idea of the blessings we sometimes take for granted? Celestine Sibley says it takes practice to appreciate them and be grateful for them. For instance, this is what she writes about:

Neighbors: They share your grief, and, best of all, your joy.

Windowsills: The windowsill is the vantage point from which to find daffodils in sheltered places, a vinca blossom or two . . .

Books: As an only child, living in the country, I early found that a book could supply me with playmates, take me on trips, open doors to castles . . .

Church: To a Protestant the sermon is the important part of the service. Eloquent men with the gift of oratory sometimes lift us to surprising heights of service and sacrifice, but more often the sermon merely makes us resolve to try harder and do better.

Flowers: A house needs fresh flowers, and supplying that need is far more fun than dusting and mopping . . .

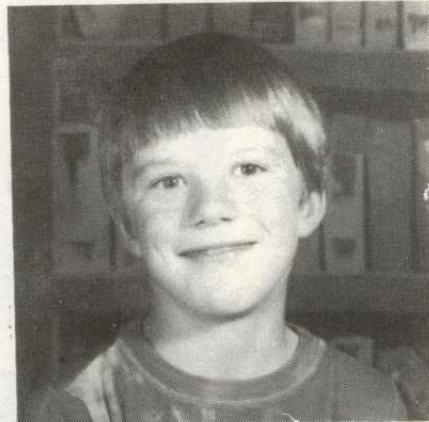
Time: Bored? How can you be when you contemplate the hope and the anguish, the diversity and infinite possibilities of life?

Celestine Sibley's *Small Blessings* is full of happy reading. It makes what appear to be small, insignificant aspects of everyday life suddenly seem very wonderful and precious.

Farm: A History and Celebration of the American Farmer (Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J., \$8.95) by Gary Paulsen is a nostalgic and informative account of the history of farming, and colorfully portrays the men and women who work the land. He tells how the American farmer has shaped the character and social patterns of America. And he describes the peace and beauty of farming. Paulsen poetically tells a story that started with a wooden hoe and a handful of potatoes and continues with the big business industry that today not only feeds America, but over 150 nations around the world.

In his book, Gary Paulsen tells of farms and farming, and what they are and what they've been.

He reminds us, "The ties between man and earth, lubricated with sweat and blood, are ancient and almost unbelievably powerful. We come from



It is always a delight when school portraits are a fine likeness of the individual. We were very pleased with this picture of nine-year-old James Lowey (Lucile's grandson). This was taken just a short time before he came down with the severe viral pneumonia which defied diagnostic work long enough to put every member of the family into a nervous tizzy! Thank goodness he is feeling well and strong again, but it will probably be some time before he recovers the lost weight and returns to the robust healthy look he shows here.

the earth, return to it, and never leave it while we live; next to the bond between a man and his God, there is probably no stronger tie than that which holds man to the earth."

Gary Paulsen's *Farm* is a powerful book on man's heritage in the land. With his wife's beautiful ink drawings, *Farm* presents a complete narrative about a great institution.

The Ford Dynasty: An American Story (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York, \$8.95) by James Brough is the story of a dynasty that changed forever the way America would live. When Henry Ford came to Detroit in 1892 as an unemployed mechanic, he brought with him two things: a hay wagon piled high with belongings, and a vision of an automobile that every American could afford. In 1908 the first Model T was sold; by 1914 the Ford Motor Company was turning out 750,000 "Tin Lizzies" a year. *The Ford Dynasty* is a fascinating portrait of the Fords from Henry I to Edsel to Henry II.

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Shown here are some of the Sunday school children and their two instructors at South Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass. Our brother Frederick Driftmier is minister at this church.

Toddlers in Church

by
Erma Reynolds

"Taking a toddler to church is like sitting on a time bomb because you never know how he's going to behave," the mother of a three-year-old remarked to a friend. "My Timmy usually behaves, but I'll never forget the Sunday when communion service was being observed. My husband and I had taken a piece of symbolic bread, and as we passed the plate to the next person Timmy complained in loud tones, 'Mommy, I want some bread, too. I'm hungry.'"

"Our Christopher embarrassed us too," her friend replied. "He had always attended the nursery classes while we went to the adult service, but one Sunday we took him with us. Because it was his first time, he was unfamiliar with the ritual, and when the choir filed in, dressed in their white surplices, Christopher piped up. 'Mommy, are all those people going to get a hair cut?'"

Though most churches have nursery facilities geared to smallsters, there are some little ones who refuse to leave their parents. If your child is one of these "clingers", there are certain things you can do to keep him happily under control during the service.

When attending church with a toddler activated with perpetual motion, sit at the rear where his monkeyshines are least likely to distract the other worshippers. In this location you can also

make a quick exit to the lavatory or drinking fountain, if the need arises.

Take along a few small rubber or plastic toys to keep the child's hands occupied. Let these be special toys, to be played with only in church, so their novelty will not wear off. Pipe stem cleaners can be twisted into various shapes. A small pad and pencil encourages doodling. Most toddlers enjoy looking at a picture book. Tell him about the stories beforehand so he can recall them as he turns the pages. A coloring book with Bible pictures is appropriate.

An old adage states: "Children should be seen and not heard", but there is only one thing you can count on with children and that is — you can't count on anything. So be prepared for the child becoming noisily chatty. When this happens, give the little loudspeaker a piece of chewy candy, which should silence him for several minutes. When using this emergency measure, have a damp tissue in a plastic case, tucked in your purse, to wipe his sticky mouth and hands. When church pews are not cushioned, better remove an active toddler's shoes before the service starts to ensure quiet.

If your church has congregation singing, let your youngster help hold the (Continued on page 19)

MEET OUR WRITERS



Armada Swanson

It was in March, 1962, that my first "Come Read With Me" column appeared in *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine. Later, while our children were recovering from measles—we reread all the *Little House* books!—I wrote "Of Measles and Books and Such" and then an article about Grandpa Jacobsen's apple orchard. The column on books began on a regular basis later in 1962 and it has been a continuing pleasure through the years to contribute to *Kitchen-Klatter*.

That same year, after my first column appeared, I was happy to meet Evelyn Birkby at a meeting of the Iowa Press Women and her encouragement in my writing has been so helpful. Because two of the Birkby sons chose Morningside College in Sioux City for further education, it has been possible for Evelyn and me to become close personal friends and to share a number of Sioux City activities.

My childhood was spent on a farm a few miles north of Humboldt, Iowa. My father, Carl W. Carlson, came to this country in 1908 from Karlshamn, Sweden. My mother's people were from Denmark and Holland. My dear mother lives on the farm where she and my dad worked side by side for many years. Since my father's death, my young brother Laurie is the family farmer.

I attended South Airline country school, graduated from Humboldt High School, then taught rural school. After attending the American Institute of Business, I was employed in Des Moines, Iowa, as a secretary at the Iowa State Education Association, the professional organization of Iowa teachers.

While living in Des Moines, I met Frank Swanson. We were married in 1953 and have two children, Jon Karl, who is now a law student at the University of Iowa, Iowa City, and Ann Elizabeth, who is studying to be an elementary teacher at the University of South Dakota, at Vermillion. Frank and I are both interested in family history, so our children were given names of family

ancestors.

When the children were small, I began a sort of diary of their cute sayings and expanded it to make a record of our family life. Many times we refer to these records to check on a date or happening.

Sioux City, Iowa, is now our home where my husband is employed by Northwestern Bell Telephone Company. Many interesting opportunities are offered in Sioux City, such as the adult education classes I'm taking in conversational Swedish taught by a native of Sweden, Kerstin Wolle. Now letters from my Swedish cousins mean much more to me.

Books have always been a special part of my life. Yes, even when my sister and I were locked, by mistake, in the children's room of the public library at Humboldt! There are so many new, interesting books that I'm glad "Come Read With Me" can be an avenue of letting others know about them. Finding and reading books that will interest *Kitchen-Klatter* readers does take a great deal of time, but it is time that I much enjoy.

My greatest reward in writing, above and beyond my interest in books, is meeting such lovely people in person and by mail. I feel a genuine gladness and gratitude when I hear someone say, "I read your column every month."

RECIPE EXCHANGE

I didn't have potatoes so I substituted rice.

I didn't have paprika so I used another spice.

I didn't have tomato sauce so I used tomato paste,

A whole can — not a half can — I don't believe in waste.

A friend gave me the recipe.

She said you couldn't beat it.

There must be something wrong with her —

I couldn't even eat it! —Unknown



MY SNEEZE

My sneeze is never dignified,
Nor could you call it comic:
It's not the kind that friends draw near
To offer me a tonic.

My sneeze can leave me sniffling
And full of misery,
My eyes are red and bleary
As I seek a remedy.

It doesn't come from allergies,
Or from the smoke and fog,
It isn't caused by mold or dust,
Or the shedding cat and dog.

No, my sneeze is special
For it means that I've succumbed
To the mighty minute cold virus
That will not be overcome.

—Julia Yancey Petty

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THE BOY WHO LOVED BOOKS

by
Evelyn Witter

The gangly looking boy had little chance to go to school. Still he loved to read books. This was surprising, since he never had more than a year of school altogether. When he was not working he was reading. He carried a book inside his shirt whenever he went to the fields to plow. Often, while the sun was high in the heavens telling him that it was noon, he sat under a tree and read a book as he ate. When the hard day was done, there was still work to help with at home. Even though the boy was tired after all this work, he sat near the fireplace and read far into the night by the firelight.

At times other boys made fun of him and tried to take the books away from him, then his Aunt Sara would say: "Please do not bother him. Someday he is going to be a great man."

The boy would reply: "The things I want to know are in books. My best friend is the man who'll lend me a book I haven't read."

One time the boy walked nearly twenty miles to borrow a book. He was so anxious to start reading the book that he ran most of the way home.

Another time the boy had an accident with a book he had borrowed from a farmer. It became wet and the book was ruined. The boy was so poor he could not pay for the damage. He went to Mr. Crawford, the friendly man who had lent him the book. "I'll work for you for nothing," the boy told him, "until the book is paid for." The man agreed and the boy went to work husking corn for three days.

Many years later the boy who loved books became a great man. He became the sixteenth president of the United States. His name was Abraham Lincoln.

JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded
tree bloomed in February! I'll guarantee this won't be the case this year.

My husband, Jed, is getting his fishing gear together. He is taking another fishing course with the community college so he can hardly wait for the "spring run-off" from the mountains. I'm continuing with my Spanish classes and taking another archaeology course. Later in the spring I hope to be out digging with the Albuquerque Archaeological Society.

James and Katharine are plugging along with their usual school routine. The spring term seems very long. They are both studying metrics and I'm glad there will be someone in the house to figure out the metric system! It's beyond me.

Sincerely,
Juliana Lowey



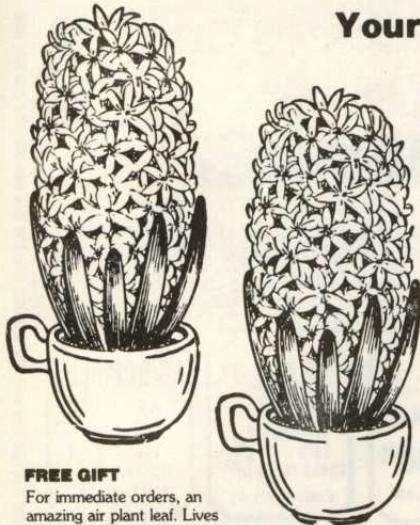
From Our Family Album

When we lived in Los Angeles, Russell (my husband) went down to the Salvation Army store and purchased an old, beat-up, abandoned high chair for \$1.00. It was in deplorable shape, as the price certainly indicates! Russell carefully refinished the wood, painted it and then artistically decorated it with bright leaves and flowers. For the final touch, he upholstered that chair in red leather. The completed high chair did not look one bit like a castoff piece of junk. I have no idea how many children used the chair down through the years or where it is now, but my daughter, Juliana, and Dorothy's daughter, Kristin, certainly spent many happy times sitting in it. Russell took this picture of Kristin when she was about 20 months old as she sat in the chair cuddling one of her favorite dolls. That was a long time ago, for now Kristin is Mrs. Art Brase with three sons of her own.

—Lucile

SHORT BUT IMPORTANT

February is a short month long in importance, for this month saw the birth of two heroic Americans. One, George Washington, helped create a unified nation out of political chaos. The other, Abraham Lincoln, helped to save that nation from destruction.

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**OWLS — Concluded**

Goldie!

One spring we had a pair of Burrowing Owls nest in our pasture west of the house amid the badger holes. Fitzhugh saw them often as he fed the cows in the same pasture.

To date our records show that we have sighted, banded, recorded the dates and had our sightings and banding verified by other banders: 26 Horned Owls, 54 Screech Owls, 4 Long-eared Owls, 2 Barred Owls, and 9 Saw-whet Owls. In banding these 95 owls we have never once been bitten or clawed.

All owls are birds of prey and are protected by law. We are happy to have these different species at Digg's Domain to provide us company, help keep the rodents under control and give our dog, Goldie, hours of companionship.

(For any inquiries about birds and bird banding, our address is R.R. 1, Hamburg, Iowa 51640, phone 816-984-5589.)

MOBILE MONOLOGUE — Concluded

Scotsman in traditional dress passes me, making for the water closet. I follow him to see if/how, well, you know, wearing kilts and all, he manages things, but he locks the door from the inside and thus the world frustrates me still with at least one remaining mystery.

I learn that pubs are eating and social gathering places, the center of most of the activities in the villages in the British Isles. A girl with an accent as thick as her bifocals is minding the pub in Llanwrtyd Wells, Wales, as a tall Welshman roars in with a pack of German shepherds at his heels, orders the dogs to lie down and the girl to draw him a pint of ale. The girl does not tarry, and he drains the mug, shoves coins into the jukebox, and

storms out the door in the midst of his dogs.

It is quiet for a few minutes, and then he comes pounding back in, the dogs diving belly first for the far corners. He has changed from greasy denim rags to greasy three-piece-suit rags, and again he quaffs a pint, crams a fist of coins into the machine, and careens out the door ahead of the dogs.

"'e's prowlin' a bit tonight, ain't he now," says the girl. Apparently he's not prowling for her, though, and her inflection gives no clue whether she is relieved or forlorn.

James Joyce called brief and revealing moments *epiphanies* and felt a great need to record them with extreme care, for they are both wonderful and fragile. For Joyce, epiphanies grew into short stories and novels. For me, the summer itself distilled into epiphany.

"Tim, boy, more tea!" I say. "It really is very lovely."

TODDLERS — Concluded

hymnal and join in the singing. True, it will be difficult to recognize a hymn from his rendition, but don't hush up these early efforts to praise the Lord with music.

Let him share in the offering ritual by giving him a coin to put in the collection plate as it passes by. This helps to instill in him the joy of giving to God.

If ever you are embarrassed by your child's misbehavior during church service, remember Jesus said: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

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COVER STORY

Betty and Frederick Driftmier share their lives in so many ways: working together in the projects and activities of the South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass., entertaining in their lovely parsonage, and making tapes each week which are then broadcast over the radio stations which carry the Kitchen-Klatter program throughout the Midwest. Many of these activities are planned and carried out at their dining room table. Our cover picture this month shows Frederick and Betty as they are taping the radio visit to send back to Shenandoah, Iowa. The long, spindly shape near Betty's mouth is a microphone.

(We are wondering, also, if this table didn't serve as a location for many a late-night session when Frederick was pouring over the pages of the manuscript for his book, *Never Lose Hope*. This is another project in which Betty shared with Frederick her encouragement and inspiration.)

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Recently I was a guest at an unfinished penthouse in a condominium complex in a Midwestern city. The penthouse itself was two stories tall and contained a huge living room with fireplace, dining room, kitchen, powder room, entrance hall and a large terrace where one could stand and look out over the city. I have never seen such a view! Upstairs were three bedrooms, two baths and many closets.

The apartment was for sale for \$575,000.00! It is to be sold as is and the new owner would be responsible for having it painted, carpeted and installing such necessities as kitchen cabinets!

The manager told me one man almost bought it. He intended spending \$300,000.00 on finishing it plus furniture, etc., but balked at the last minute when the management informed him garage space was another \$25.00 monthly in addition to several hundred dollars maintenance and utilities.

The penthouse was decorated for a party. Punch was served plus various small sandwiches, finger foods and desserts. A gentlemen had been hired to teach square dancing on the terrace. I didn't participate but I did enjoy watching those who did.

As we left the building and wandered through a gorgeous garden, I thought how much wealth there is in the United States. *Imagine* an apartment selling for that kind of money and this was only one, others in varying price ranges were available in this complex.

—Harold Smith



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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Several years ago an acquaintance of ours bought a new home. Early in the spring of that year, she and her husband stopped in at our floral shop for advice. "We want to start a border that will come back each year and provide color. We want plants that take practically no care once they have been planted. Would you please come over some evening after closing and help us get started?"

When we came to their yard we found the area to be planted consisted of clay subsoil left from the basement excavation. My husband pointed out that a good deal of work would be necessary before a proper border could be prepared for planting. "The subsoil," he said, "must be removed to a depth of 15-18 inches and replaced with a mixture of topsoil and humus." The homeowner did not agree. "I don't think it is necessary to go to all that work for the hardy plants we intend to grow. We just wanted you to tell us what to plant—I know how to dig a hole and put roots in the ground. Give me a list of plants that come back each year and that will bloom all season." We suggested peonies, iris, daylilies, funkia, perennial phlox, columbine and Shasta daisies for starters and advised them to order from a nearby nursery if possible.

"It's odd," my husband grumbled on the way home, "why some people think all one has to do is to poke some roots in the ground and they will reap perpetual bloom." "Another thing," I added, "how can they expect a perennial to provide continuous bloom—each has its season and many times it is of short duration. We should have suggested they grow annuals if they wanted flowers all summer long."

Perennial borders can be a joy forever but only if they are planned carefully as to suitable plant material, only if the soil is properly prepared in advance of planting and only if the plants are given reasonable care during their growing season. Because perennials remain in one place, the planting site should be worked deeply and thoroughly with adequate amounts of humus added in the form of compost, peat moss and cattle manure. The border should be weeded continuously until after the plant material has become well established, then mulch can be applied. This will retain moisture and discourage weeds from taking over.

On occasion we drive past the home of the man who came for advice and find his dream of a perpetual-blooming, carefree border has never materialized. It takes more than just "poking roots in the soil".



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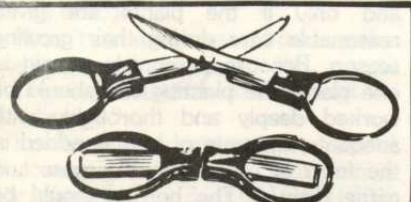
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mud were six feet deep in all these lovely shops. It seems like a miracle that they were able to get it ready to open for business by Thanksgiving, although there is much repair work still going on. There were many lives lost in this bad flood, and this was only a small section of the city and outlying areas that were badly hit. Buildings and homes in many parts of the city were hurt. Carpenters are in great demand because they have all been so busy repairing flood-damaged homes and buildings.

We aren't the only ones who still have their 1977 corn in the fields. On our way to Kansas City and back we saw men combining beans and picking corn, and several fields they hadn't been into yet. There is also some yet to be harvested between here and Shenandoah. There have been other years we got it picked just before time to plant the next crop.

Kristin will be writing to you next month so I will let her tell you all about their activities. I will just mention that they were in their own home for Christmas and they are all well and busy.

Sincerely, *Dorothy*

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
inhumanity, cruelty, and stupidity resulting in so much misery, so much pollution and destruction. Is there an answer, Dr. Driftmier? Is there a solution to the environmental problems facing our nation? Many of us in this part of New England look to you for spiritual guidance as well as for standards to uphold. We all want a more meaningful existence, and your radio broadcasts do help. We are losing our wild life. We are losing our forests. We are losing our clean beaches. We need people to speak out in defense of God's beautiful world, and you certainly do that."

Well, at least I try! We, who speak to so many people each week, must feel a great burden of responsibility. Please remember us and all other radio broadcasters in your prayers.

Sincerely,

Frederick

TUCKING THE FLOWERS IN

She moves about, a bucket in her hand
When chilling winds have left their hiding
place,
Arranging dirt in blankets here and there,
Anticipating blossoms in a vase.

I think of her at night, beside the fire,
Her curtains closely drawn, the lights aglow.

While underneath her window snug and warm

The flowers sleep, protected by the snow.

—From a church paper

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

Ruth fixed a good supper for us and then we went out again, this time to see the fabulous Christmas lighting on the Country Club Plaza. It is so beautiful it actually takes your breath away when you first see it. Ruth says she has heard that people fly in from all over to see it. They have a ceremony on Thanksgiving night to open the holiday season and usually let some child throw the switch that turns on all the lights at one time. It is just like a fairyland and hard to describe. All the buildings and windows are outlined in white lights. Many of the shops are of Spanish architecture with towers on them, some outlined with red lights and others in blue. Trees down the center of the streets had all white bulbs on them. There were people everywhere taking pictures.

It was interesting to me to hear that the Country Club Plaza was the first shopping center in the United States, and the idea was conceived and managed by the late J. C. Nichols. All others were more or less patterned after this one. I know that when Mother was in the St. Lukes Hospital not far from the Plaza in 1930, I thought it was the most beautiful place to shop I had ever seen. I was curious to know how many years it had been lighted like this for the holidays, and a friend of Ruth's told me she was married in 1926 and they first lived in an apartment not far from the Plaza and could see the lights from there, but she didn't know how many years it had been lighted before that.

Looking at this beautiful shopping center, I found it hard to believe that on last September 12th this entire area was completely inundated by a terrible flash flood on Brush Creek, which runs adjacent to the Plaza, and the water and

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If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 3¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count zip code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

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TRYING TO LOCATE Ed and Nita Simmons. Children were Gary, Donna, Carol. Nita had sister Naomi, husband Chuck. Last known address in the Bonner Springs, Kansas, area. Anyone knowing their address, please call collect (303) 429-8470.



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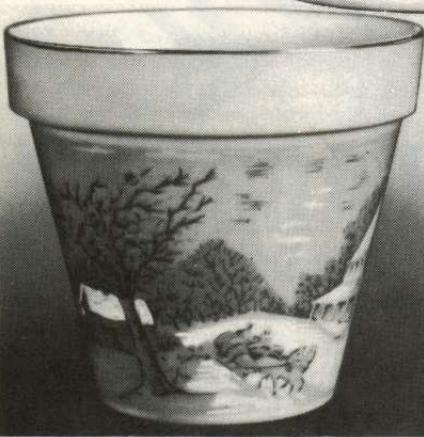
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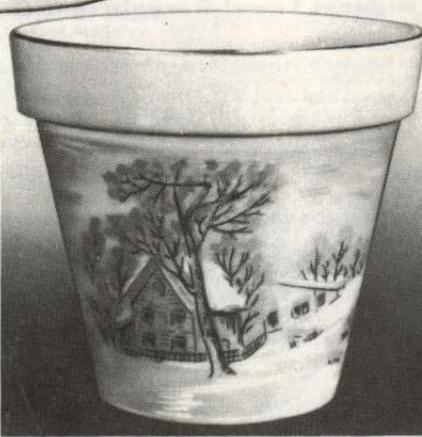
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