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Kitchen-Klatter

Magazine

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—Photo by Blaine Barton

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 LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Last month this space was used by my daughter, Juliana Lowey, and I'm left feeling a little dislocated if I'm not in touch with you by letter once a month. I go through spells of thinking that I could sit down at this typewriter and write at least twenty pages without stopping for anything, but perhaps the very next day I will wonder what in the world I could say that would be of interest to anyone.

At our house winter has been a very, VERY quiet time for the most part. Although to date we have been spared the devastating storms that brought many sections of our country to a total halt, there has still been a succession of days that didn't give people much of an urge to go out except for necessary errands.

After being shut in the house for two solid months, I have come to the point of greeting every day with a list of things for which I am profoundly grateful. I've managed to stay out of the hospital for a solid year and, believe me, this alone is enough to make me feel wonderfully blessed.

I have a comfortable and warm house in which to live. I have a fireplace and a good supply of firewood to keep us from freezing to death in case our utilities break down as they have done in countless places. We have our broadcasting room right here in my house so that never do I have to struggle trying to get out to broadcast. I have a good supply of food on hand which enables me to paw around through many cookbooks (and recipes sent in by you friends) with Betty Jane Tilsen (my companion) to decide what we'll test. And I am in touch with all of the members of our widely scattered family, so when you come right down to it I have much to be thankful for when I start the day.

The tag end of 1977 brought Juliana and my grandchildren, James and Katharine, to visit me, and my! what a wonderful visit we had. The children were disappointed that we didn't have fine conditions for getting their mother's



Katharine, James and Juliana Lowey are sitting at the microphones in our broadcasting room getting all ready to visit with you friends.

old sled out of the basement and making good use of it, but Juliana assured them that surely they'd really have some snow when they returned to Albuquerque. It must seem incredible to people in our area who've been so hard hit weatherwise, but Albuquerque has actually been suffering from what could almost be called a drought.

James has such intense interest in assembling model kits for planes, kites, etc., that he has no difficulty whatsoever in spending hours at a time with these things, while Katharine rummaged around through her mother's old stuffed animals, games, etc., that have been kept here for exactly such a purpose: activities to while away winter days when it was too bitterly cold to go outside. Then too, they both read now, and books from the wonderful children's department of our public library came in mighty handy. All in all, it was a very different visit from their summer visits, but we had a most happy time together.

Our other out-of-town company was my nephew, Martin Strom, and his wife, Eugenie. They were on their way to Green Valley, Arizona, where his parents, Margery and Oliver, are spending the winter, and they scheduled their trip to include a night in Shenandoah. I had hoped that Howard and Mae Driftmier (my brother and his wife) could join us for a genuine family dinner the night Martin and Eugenie arrived, but both of them were down with the flu (along with the 50% of people in Shenandoah who have had wretched sessions with flu), so they couldn't come.

You folks are so good about telling us what you serve when you have company, that I'll go ahead and say we had a perfectly delicious roast loin of pork which had spiced crab apples around it, mashed potatoes and gravy, butternut squash with a wonderful orange sauce, relishes galore, Betty Jane's homemade rolls with strawberry preserves, and for dessert a ball each of lime, lemon and raspberry sherbet with a thin slice of elegant fruitcake.

This was my first genuine opportunity to have an uninterrupted conversation with Eugenie and I enjoyed her very, very much. She is a wonderful helpmate to Martin and is right beside him through all of the demanding responsibilities that keep ministers on the go virtually day and night. On the side (as she puts it) she gives piano lessons, so their church in Maple Lake, Minnesota, is fortunate to have two dedicated young people to carry on.

They had to leave our house around 8:00 o'clock the next morning with ominous weather warnings facing them, but we got out the atlas and I showed them how to leave Interstate 70 and cross the rest of Kansas "on the bias" to save miles. They made it to Liberal, Kansas, without trouble and then stopped in Albuquerque to spend the night with the Juliana and Jed.

I hope they can stop at Denver on their return trip to Maple Lake, but the condition of the highways will determine this. If their plans have to change because of the weather, they know that they are

(Continued on page 22)



**A LETTER
FROM
FREDERICK**

Dear Friends:

I am sure you are wondering what kind of a vacation we had in Florida this year. It was a good vacation from every point of view except the weather. Just as last year, this past January was a cool, cloudy, and often rainy month. Not at all bad, when compared with the weather in the rest of the country, but not what we had hoped for. When we are home in New England, we expect snow and cold, and we do not complain when we have it, but in Florida, we expect warm days and lots of sunshine on the beaches and we do complain when the weather is otherwise. In almost three weeks we did not have one day good enough to spend on the beach. I managed to sit in the sun by the swimming pool for a total of five hours during the entire vacation.

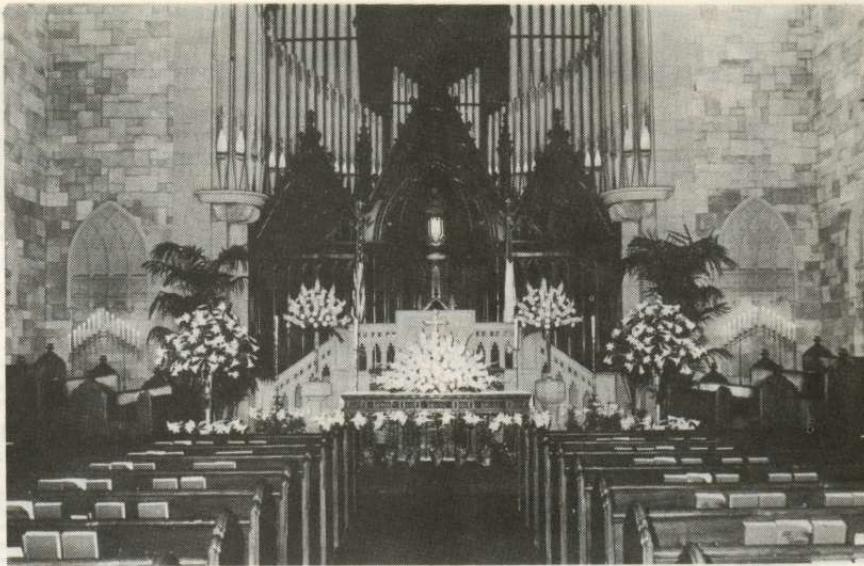
Fortunately, our real joy in a Florida vacation comes from our opportunity to be with Betty's mother and father. They live in a lovely condominium right on the beach about forty miles north of Miami, and they lease another apartment in the same building to use as a guest house. This arrangement made it possible for us to be with Betty's parents several hours of every day while at the same time not being a burden on them. We had breakfast in our own apartment, had lunch with them in their apartment, and then they would come down to our place to have supper with us.

If one does not care to drive in heavy traffic, Florida is no place to be during the winter season. Never again will I complain about the traffic in New England. In Florida, the traffic is so bad that one can make better time on foot. There was one day when it took me 1½ hours to reach a destination that I should have reached in a few minutes. Twice I was stopped at drawbridges which had opened to let the boats go underneath.

There are a number of drawbridges in the Fort Lauderdale area of Florida, and most of them open and close twice in every hour. It is a frustration for the motorist, but a great blessing for the boat owner.

On a Sunday afternoon, I was comfortably seated on our balcony studying my Bible, when my reading was interrupted by the screams of a woman. I looked down seven floors to the street below to see a man jump out of his car and run after the screaming woman. He caught her, began beating her, and then started to drag her toward his car.

There I was, seven stories up on a



South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass., at Easter time.

balcony, feeling utterly helpless. What I was seeing seemed so incredibly unreal, but it was very real and frightening to watch. I dashed into the apartment and dialed the emergency police number. The police did not answer! I ran back to the balcony and saw that the woman was running with the attacker after her.

There were three people standing near the scene who seemed frozen with fright or disbelief. I shouted for them to do something! Then I ran to the phone and dialed the operator. She would not connect me with the police until I identified myself, gave my address, etc. By this time I was so frantic I almost started screaming myself! Finally, I did get the police. They said another call had already come in on that case and that two cars were on the way. Running back to the balcony, I saw the woman dragged into the car, and the car drove off. The police arrived five minutes later, and I watched as they questioned the witnesses who had seen the whole occurrence from ground level.

Betty's parents gave a party for other persons here in this large condominium. About ninety guests were present for a buffet supper, and one of the guests introduced herself to me as Mrs. Mabelle Walsh Willis, formerly of Chadron, Nebraska. She said, "Of course, I know you have never heard of Chadron, Nebraska! Nobody here has ever heard of it."

Was she surprised when I replied, "Why, of course, I know about Chadron, Nebraska. My sister went to school there, and I have a niece who lives there right now!"

We meet many people from the Middlewest each time we go to Florida, but we meet more from New England than from anywhere else. Whenever we go to church in Florida, we meet dozens of persons from our own state of

Massachusetts. Why there are more Massachusetts people in church than others, I do not know. I sometimes think that people on winter vacations are more faithful in their church attendance than they are back home. Betty and I love to attend church wherever we are, and always we receive many blessings.

Sincerely,
Frederick

REAL RELIGION

If you can get religion like a Baptist,
Experience it like a Methodist,
Know it like a Christian,
Pay for it like a Presbyterian,
Stick to it like a Lutheran,
Conciliate it like a Congregationalist,
Simplify it like a Quaker,
Be as sure of it as a Disciple,
Work at it like the Salvation Army,
Practice it like a Divine Scientist,
Be as proud of it as an Episcopalian,
As devout as a Catholic,
As conscientious as a Jew
And enjoy it like a Negro,
Then you will have real religion.

—Anonymous

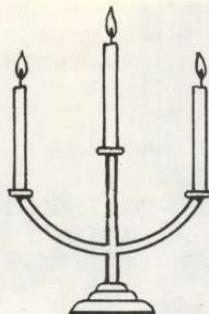
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A Tenebrae Service

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Place a long table, covered with a white cloth, in center stage. Place twelve chairs (one for each of Jesus' twelve disciples) around the table. At each place there should be an unlighted white taper and beside each taper place an upright, over-sized place card with the name of one of the disciples printed on it in large letters. In the center of the table place a large white candle, symbol for Christ.

This service requires a narrator and a candle lighter, who stands quietly in the background, stepping forth to light each candle as indicated with a white taper which is first lighted from the Christ candle (after it has been lighted at the beginning as narrator directs). Later, the same person will use a candle snuffer to put out each candle as directed.

Quiet Music: "O Holy Night".

Narrator: In the book of John it is written: *In Him was life, and the life was the light of men. The light shines in the darkness and the darkness has not overcome it. And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth. We have beheld His glory, glory as of the only Son from the Father.* (The Christ candle is lighted.)

And Jesus said, *I am the light of the world; he who follows me will not walk in darkness, but will have the light of life.*

Narrator: And Jesus grew in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man and thus it was then, when He heard that John the Baptist had been arrested, He left Nazareth and withdrew to Galilee and dwelt in Capernaum. From that time Jesus began to preach. He was about thirty years old.

One day while walking by the Sea of Galilee, Jesus saw two boats beside the lake, but the fishermen had left the boats and were washing their nets. Jesus got into Simon's boat and asked Simon to row a little way out from the shore. He sat down in the boat and began teaching the people from the boat. Afterward He told Simon to put his net down into the sea to catch some fish.

"We toiled all night and took not a fish." Peter told Jesus. "But at your word

I will put down the net."

He put down the net and lo! it was filled to the breaking point with fish and so he called his partners and they, too, filled their boat so that they were afraid that their boats would sink. Then Jesus said to Simon, *Do not be afraid. Follow me and I will make you fishers of men.*

Immediately they cast down their nets and followed Him. And Jesus gave Simon the name of Peter. So Peter and his brother Andrew became his disciples. (Their candles are lighted.)

Narrator: Going on from the seashore where He had found Peter and Andrew, Jesus found two other brothers, James and John, the sons of Zebedee. They were in a boat helping their father mend their nets, for they were also fishermen. To them also, Jesus said, *Follow me*, and they left the boat and their father and followed Jesus. (Their candles are lighted.) Jesus gave them a name meaning "sons of thunder".

And Jesus went all about Galilee, teaching in their synagogues and preaching wherever a few might be gathered together, and healing the sick, comforting, caring, loving those whom He met. And great crowds followed Him.

Narrator: One day He went again to preach along the shores of the sea and a great crowd gathered about Him to hear what He had to say. As He was passing on from there, He saw Levi the son of Alphaeus sitting in a tax office where he was tax collector. Jesus said, *Follow me*, and he rose and followed, and was called Matthew when he became a disciple of Jesus. (Candle of Matthew is lighted.)

Narrator: While Jesus was in Galilee He met Philip who was from the same town as Peter and Andrew. When he heard Jesus say, *Follow me*, he, too, left all behind to follow the Master. He was a man often perplexed by many questions about all of the things of which Jesus spoke, of those things taking place as he journeyed about with Jesus and the disciples, questions Jesus always answered with patience and love. (Candle lighted for Philip.)

It was Philip who introduced Nathanael, often called Bartholomew, to the Master. Once Jesus described him as *an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.* (Candle lighted.)

Jesus and the disciples chosen thus far continued to go about the countryside and into the villages where Jesus preached and taught. He was teaching and training the disciples every day as they walked with Him. And always He was seeking the men who would eventually make up the chosen twelve.

He chose Thomas, called the Twin, who was a man who wanted everything put in terms of "real facts". He wanted to see things with his own eyes. Jesus knew that along with visionaries and the down-

to-earth people, there is also a place for the conservative, the factual person and so Thomas became one of the group. (Candle for Thomas.)

Narrator: He chose another James, this one the son of Alphaeus, (Light candle.) and Thaddaeus, sometimes called Jude, also a man of the sea. (Candle is lighted.) Jesus also chose another Simon; this one, Simon the Canaanite, also called Simon the Zealot. The Zealots were members of a Jewish nationalist movement. (Candle for Simon.)

Judas Iscariot has the most mysterious character of the twelve. Some think he was the only disciple not a Galilean. Some think he was a member of some fanatic group, an impetuous youth who wanted to change the world. He must have had a head for figures for Jesus made him treasurer of the apostles. (Light candle for Judas Iscariot.)

Narrator: For three years the chosen twelve followed the Master. They listened to Him as He preached to the multitudes. Hour after hour they listened eagerly, often not quite understanding all He was saying, as He taught them about the Kingdom of God and the work He wanted them to do. They asked questions and often He answered in simple parables. He said, *If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me.* And everywhere they went, they found their Master had enemies. As the fame of Jesus spread and His followers became many, the disciples learned that these enemies were talking and plotting. As for themselves, they were quick to pledge to Him their allegiance. They would always stand by Him.

Jesus continued to teach the twelve, and to preach to them, telling them of God and of the work He wanted them to carry on after He, Himself, was gone back to His Father in heaven. Finally, He sent them out two by two to practice all those things which He had taught them, and they were amazed at all they could do in the name of Him they called Master.

But His enemies heard and they were angry and they plotted. Were the twelve as loyal as they themselves declared? Would they be true to their Lord?

And thus it was that they came to the time of the Passover and the feast of the unleavened bread. Even as Jesus gathered His disciples together for the Passover meal, the chief priests and the scribes were seeking to arrest and kill Him by stealth, so as not to arouse the people in a riot.

Then it was that Judas went to the chief priests and made the deal to betray Jesus for thirty pieces of silver.

Narrator: The Passover meal was
(Continued on page 21)

Throw Wide the Windows!

by

Fern Christian Miller

Do you sense the years going by? Do you feel dull and depressed and unhappy? Do you fill the hours with unnecessary, time-consuming tasks that mean nothing to you? Do you lie awake at night letting needless worry consume you? Do you feel half ill most of the time?

Shame on you!

You are an intelligent person who should clean up, dress up, and go get a complete physical check-up. If there is something wrong with your health, do everything possible to correct or relieve the problem. Perhaps a minor change in diet, simple medication, more fresh air, exercise and some new interests are all you need. Take your doctor's advice, and ask him any medical questions which puzzle you.

Cheer up. Visit with friends and relatives. Look for the beauty around you. Be alert and interested in the world and all it contains. Change your hairdo and brighten up your wardrobe. Simplify your life, and brighten your surroundings. Attend your church and club and contribute as much as possible of yourself. Read everything you can with a seeking mind. Strive to understand the meaning behind the articles in the newspapers. Read a good book. Shift your worries to understanding and learning.

Introspective persons have their place in the world, but why not share some of the meaning of life which you have thought out while exercising your brain? Share those brain children. Always keep your sense of humor. Understanding other's problems can help you forgive many sharp words and imagined slights. Be tranquil and serene.

Throw wide the windows of your mind! Capitalize on the resources of your mind and body. Make full and exciting use of the gift of life. Make these later years the best years of your life. Your family and young friends need the knowledge your years of experience have given you; share it in a wise and gentle way, without criticism of modern methods, religion or dress (even hair styles!).

Certainly you should pursue hobbies if you are really interested and enthusiastic, but don't start on a hobby simply because a friend finds it interesting. Choose to learn and do the one that fascinates you.

Wear the type of clothing you like best, and choose a way of life that makes you happy.

Grow with the times; accept change with enthusiasm. The world must move on. Those who don't keep learning,

thinking, and changing are actually sliding backwards. Think over the past with pleasure in the good times, without sadness, bitterness or anger. Forgive and forget any slights and sharp words over which you tend to brood. Compare the past with the present and be so thankful you live in the present.

Count your blessings and write them down. Have a private prayer time each day. Ask the Lord to help you motivate your life so you can release the hidden energies of your mind. Ask the Lord to help you break the bad habits of unnecessary worry, anger and hurt feelings. All of your power and energy can be quickly drained away by small everyday irritations—prayer will help get rid of these.

If you *throw wide the windows of your mind*, you will actually live and be much

happier until your last day on earth! Not only that, you will be ready to continue with your upward climb in the world beyond this earthly life.

AGE

Age is a quality of mind;
If you have left your dreams behind,
If hope is cold,
If you no longer look ahead,
If your ambition's fires are dead,
Then you are old.

But if from life you take the best,
And if in life you keep the zest,
If love you hold,
No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old.

—Unknown



MEET OUR WRITERS

Fern Christian Miller

Beloved kin from Arizona has been visiting with us, and I waited until he left to attempt to write a short autobiographical sketch of my most ordinary life. I have always been so busy with life itself, I haven't actually written enough to be called a writer!

My life has been very full. I always loved to express my thoughts on paper, but there has been little time for that through the years. However, I had a bad heart attack the fall of 1969. After the doctor told me "no more hard physical labor working away from home", I resolved to devote what time I could to writing. (My ambition is to write a truly interesting book which will be read and enjoyed!)

My family is my greatest interest. My husband, Albert Miller, was a schoolmate whom I married May 2, 1931. We were farmers until we moved to Warrensburg, Missouri, in the fall of 1959 to educate our children (we both worked for the college there). We have six children, four sons and two daughters, with our youngest son, 23, completing his sixth year in college last spring. We have actually been educating our family for the past forty years! Fifteen grandchildren are the loves of our lives. All our children live within one hundred miles of us, so we hear from them and see them often.

It seems I have been with children most of my life. I was born in 1910 on a farm between Calhoun and Windsor, Missouri. With three brothers and one sister, I had a happy childhood for our honest, hardworking parents were poor in worldly goods but rich in love and understanding. For eight years I attended a one-room rural school, then four years at Windsor High School and three summers at Warrensburg

Teacher's College. After starting to teach in rural school, I continued to take correspondence courses.

Any spare time is filled with several hobbies. Writing must come first, then nature study (especially bird watching) is important to me. I love all beautiful things, such as flowers, houseplants, music, art, good books, nature, lovely fabrics, creative sewing and, most of all, people with beautiful characters.

Last fall my husband and I finally retired to a small home in Windsor. We love our new, convenient little cottage and pretty yard. A vegetable garden feeds our bodies and enough flowers are grown to feed our souls. Many friends live nearby and go to the same church we attend—the church we joined as children! It is a good life.



Fern Christian Miller sent this formal portrait to *Kitchen-Klatter* along with several snapshots. She stated, "My girls think this picture is much better of me than the less formal ones." The Mrs. Miller who comes through this smiling face is the friendly neighbor who shares her life with those next door and frequently with the *Kitchen-Klatter* readers.



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

This new year is firmly launched into the schedule of terms! Son, Paul, and daughter, Katharine, are in their second terms of their school year. Katharine is on a more advanced schedule than Paul, and as a result her term is more than half completed.

For those of us in the non-college arena, our terms are ending the first grading period. This is the lull in the week before the storm which will engulf me this weekend. I have report cards to make and that task consumes many, many hours. Fortunately, husband Don's grading period does not end the same weekend as mine, so he can run to the grocery for me to restock the larder.

One of the toughest tasks I have had to do this school year has been the teaching of grammar and composition. For two years I sat in the corner of the classroom while the headmaster of the school came into the class and taught these subjects. It had been so long since I had needed the little factual tidbits for grammar that I knew I could not handle it the first two years. However, last spring I really felt I was getting a firm hold on the whole subject, so I agreed to take over the class this year. When I began teaching fifth grade math, I devoted one entire summer to reviewing the book and whenever I got into a bind, Don would come to my rescue during my evening's homework hour.

Well, let me tell you that listening to and taking notes from a veteran grammar teacher and teaching on any scale equal to his are two different stories. There are no textbooks available for a fifth-grade level grammar course and as a result I am teaching everything from much older level books scaled down to the stage where my ten- and eleven-year-olds can comprehend it. But as with everything else, to really learn a subject one has but to teach it. We have covered all the parts of speech and the children know how to diagram, and now we are delving deeply into the principal parts of regular and irregular verbs, and this week we're stuck on "to lie" and "to lay"!

Once again, I have to take my hat off to the state of Iowa for its superior educational system that turned out Don Driftmier and Dayle Sunntag Johnsen from Nevada, Iowa. Dayle teaches the wee little folk at the first-grade level, so when I get into a bind during the day at school she can be counted on to bail me out. Then at night I have Don to set me straight. They both learned their



Paul Driftmier clowns for the photographer, his father!

grammar in fourth and fifth grades and Don can still quote from his teacher on how to keep "lie-lay" untangled.

During the summer I happened to read an article in *Time* magazine about the deficiency of the students who, as freshmen, were entering the colleges, and for whom special remedial writing courses were having to be offered. There was a professor at Brown University who had compiled a teaching manual for elementary and secondary schools. This was just what I wanted to know more about, so I wrote his Center for Research in Writing, and eventually I purchased his textbook. This week we received a letter at our Academy from the Center informing us that 3000 people had inquired about their course as a result of this magazine article. Considering that there must have been many more people who intended to write but had not, it is indeed encouraging to think that there are that many people actively pursuing the betterment of the skills of writing.

The happy news from Houston and Katharine besides the fact that she has been freezing, which was not amusing since she had left her winter coat at home after Christmas vacation, was the news she flashed to us by phone that she had been given an independent grant from the National Science Foundation. She had been doing research work with rats with one of the professors in the biochemistry department, but this was an opportunity to gain invaluable experience with animal neurology plus welcome financial assistance.

You will have to stretch your imagination with my description of her work because I lack the vocabulary to do it properly. She is assisting in the research of biological time-clocks in undersea animals. She is working on the eyeball of a sea slug. She studies the nerve in the back of its eyeball. Needless to say, she uses a microscope of many high degrees of magnification. Her job requires forty hours of work a week in

addition to her studies. She sounds very enthusiastic on the phone so I know the schedule is agreeing with her. I hope the sea slugs are provided and she is not diving into the Gulf off Galveston securing her own samples. Thank goodness, she has had her course in scuba diving; at least she'll know how to behave if she has to go underwater. I shall not attempt to tell you more than this because I am unable to. I know she will want to explain it all to you when she writes again.

Younger daughter, Adrienne, is living every one of these last days of her senior year to the fullest. She is feeling every inch a Senior with a capital letter. She is looking each day for the mailman to bring her early acceptance to college and with it goes any reluctance she might have had at leaving high school forever. Her basketball team has had an undefeated season in their conference. She has been chosen as co-captain of the team and this honor pleased her very, very much although she was humble along with her pride. Her position in class is now firm enough that we know she will be salutatorian at graduation exercises.

Her classes are over completely by the middle of May and since Katharine graduates the thirteenth of May she is going to stay down in Houston after graduation and help Katharine load our car with her four year's collecting and drive back with her. Don and I will not be through with our teaching obligations, however, so we will fly back after this big weekend and quickly resume our classes.

The girls had exaggerated plans for their trip back from Houston, intended to fill their parents' hearts with fear and trepidation. First, they were planning a side trip to New Orleans, then a complete tour of the Mississippi-Natchez Trail southern homes, a jog west to see the aunties and uncles in Iowa and then home to Milwaukee. They are both fortunately too poor to realize such wild plans.

My space is gone so I shall close with the hope that you all have a good month.

Sincerely,
Mary Beth

SAYING GRACE

Saying of grace or blessing before eating is an acknowledgment of complete dependence on a higher power for everyday blessings. It is a custom that all too often is bypassed in the hurly-burly of modern-day living.

Nevertheless, families should have grace when time permits their eating together. Children should be taught this practice of thanking God. Saying grace is a tie that binds together family and friends as they sit down together for meals.

A MIRACLE

by
Evelyn Birkby

Miracles happen. In a world of instant news coverage, scientific explanations, and objective critical appraisal of seemingly every event, we sometimes lose sight of that fact, but miracles do happen. One has been happening right in our home during the past few months.

One evening last August, Robert brought a bright green caterpillar into the house. It was six inches long and as thick as a man's thumb. Down its back ran a row of spikes, each topped with a shiny yellow knob, and its eyes and mouth were outlined with mascara-like black. It had spirit, that fat creature did, for even as Robert eased it into a mixing bowl, it reared up like a little dragon and punched at Robert's fingers with its chubby green feet. We put a newspaper lid over the bowl and bid the creature good night.

The following morning the bowl was empty. The caterpillar had escaped and was hanging onto the leg of a folding screen at the end of the kitchen. We looked closely and it seemed to be spitting out thin strands of silk and fastening them to the wood.

"He's spinning a cocoon," said Robert. "We'll have to decide whether to leave him or disturb him once more and put him into a jar."

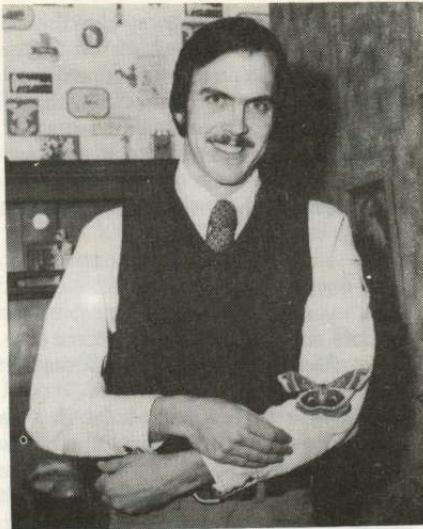
"No telling how long the pupation period will take," I answered. "I vote to take the chance to move him and put him in a jar."

I went out to the mulberry tree and broke off a slender, forked branch. We put it into a large-mouthed jar, and then Robert and the caterpillar engaged in round two of their punching match while Robert slipped him into the jar. We poked holes in a lid and screwed it on, feeling certain that now our fat friend had a safe retreat.

Soon the caterpillar was spitting out more fine silk and sticking it with his mouth at random on one side of the jar.

I had never seen a cocoon being spun, and I was fascinated! Beds went unmade. Floors remained unswept. Egg yolk dried on the dishes in the sink.

Now, from one short branch to another, up to the fork in the branch, then to a leaf, over to the glass—the tiny head worked fast and furiously, and though at first the threads seemed to have no pattern, I began to notice a tepee shape emerging from the jumble. Using the web itself for support, the caterpillar turned around and around, now spinning small loops of silk into the base of the tepee to make the floor of the cocoon. Then he worked up and down, and back and forth as he added more layers of silk in spiral after spiral. Through the day he worked, and the threads gleamed silver



Jeff Birkby has long been intensely interested in all types of insects. He collected large quantities of the creatures as a Cub Scout, Boy Scout, for biology classes and just for his own pleasure and information. A number of years ago, Jeff found a caterpillar similar to the one Evelyn described in her article. It, too, spun a cocoon and emerged as a gorgeous cecropia moth. This experience could well be one reason why Jeff's mother was so fascinated with the caterpillar which spun the fantastic cocoon which was part of the Birkby household this winter and evolved into the lovely moth which Jeff is displaying in this photograph.

—Photo by Blaine Barton

in the afternoon sun.

When we turned out the light at 11:00 P.M., the outer shell of the cocoon was finished, but it was still thin enough for us to see the caterpillar turning and turning inside as he continued to build. At 3:00 A.M., I got out of bed to check his progress. There remained only one small thin spot near the top through which I could see the tiny head still turning, adding thickness to the walls of the long, egg-shaped cocoon.

In the morning, 24 hours from the time the work began, the cocoon seemed complete. The threads had dried to a silvery gray and appeared to be firm and secure. When I put my ear near the jar, I could hear tiny crackling noises. Was the caterpillar still spinning? Had some new phase of his metamorphosis begun? We had watched a miracle occur as the tiny creature built his cocoon, and now

IT'S NOT EASY . . .

To apologize
To begin over
To be unselfish
To take advice
To be considerate
To endure success
To keep trying
To forgive and forget
To shoulder a deserved blame
To recognize the silver lining
... But this is faith in action.

another was beginning.

Deciding to leave the lid off the jar so the moth he was to become could climb up the limb and out into a space where his wings could stretch and dry, Robert and I placed the jar in a cool place in the basement. Occasionally, when I watered my plants, I would mist the cocoon, trying to duplicate the moisture which might be available in an outdoor location.

As we waited for the moth to develop, Robert and I talked frequently about the happy memories we have of our children and the days when each had an insect collection. Even though the project might have started out as a way to earn an arrow point, a merit badge or as an assignment at school, it always seemed to end up as a family proposition.

We still have stored away in the basement, carefully guarded with moth balls (for miniature insects can destroy an insect collection if it is not protected), a number of the boxes the boys used years ago to preserve their treasures from nature.

As the months passed and we waited for the change to be completed in our cocoon, I sometimes went downstairs to look at the moths in the boxes on the shelves.

One afternoon in late winter, I walked into the back hallway and saw, much to my delight, a great, colorful cecropia moth perched on the edge of the window, still stretching and drying those gorgeous wings. The moth's feathery antenna seemed intent on exploring the cold glass. In no way did he resemble the fat, green caterpillar he had once been.

I see many occurrences of the natural world as miracles of the greatest magnitude. The change of a caterpillar into a moth is itself nearly incomprehensible, but how did the caterpillar know even the simplest details? How did he know it was time to begin? How did he know what shape the cocoon should have and how could he create that shape so perfectly in something as unnatural to him as a mayonnaise jar? Miracles.

Recently, I heard a statement which seems appropriate as I think of our caterpillar/moth. We live in a small cocoon of a world, needing to learn to get along with the other creatures here and prepare ourselves for the time when, miraculously, somehow, somewhere, we too will become butterflies.

One can read several meanings into that statement, but, as I look at our cecropia moth, I am encouraged to try even harder to improve my present intellectual and spiritual progress through my small cocoon of a world. My hope is that whatever future God may hold in His hand for me will include the promise of a future as triumphantly rewarding as a butterfly's.



THE SAINT PATRICK I LOVE

by
Betty Jess Peck

One bright morning in 1937, I answered a knock at the door of the little rural school I was teaching in western South Dakota. The breeches and high, laced boots of the tall, bronzed man standing there told me that here was neither an insurance agent nor an encyclopedia salesman.

With a hearty handshake he introduced himself. "I'm A.M. Jackley, State Rattlesnake Exterminator, and the State Department has asked me to stop at the schools in the regions where I am working and say a few words to the children."

In response to complaints from ranchers in the area that the increasing rattlesnake population was becoming a threat to both livestock and humans, the state had hired this man to exterminate as many of them as possible. "The Saint Patrick of South Dakota" the papers called him.

"Most of my pupils are quite young," I told him. Several of them, including my own small daughter, were but five years old.

"I find that some of the youngest children are my best listeners," he replied, "and they remember things better than grown-ups. I promise not to take up too much of your time."

Assuring him that he could have all the time he wanted, I led the way to the front of the room and introduced him.

The children listened attentively. Not only was what he said interesting, but it had to do with their everyday lives. There were several snake dens within easy walking distance of the schoolhouse as well as their homes, and the children were well aware of the ever-present danger.

He told how the snakes left the dens in the spring and returned in the fall. "Now is a time to be doubly cautious," he told

them. "Snakes caught away from the den often crawl under things for protection from the cold. You are apt to find them in the most unexpected places. A snake will strike out if it is disturbed or surprised, but they will seldom strike at an object below them. I guess they don't want to lose their balance and fall down any more than you do," he added.

He told them the importance of getting to a doctor as soon as possible should they ever be bitten. But since, in this remote area, that could take some time, he explained the first-aid measures that should be taken.

Taking a piece of chalk he drew a picture on the board showing them how to make criss-cross cuts through the fang holes and suck out the blood. "It looks like when you play cat," spoke up one little girl. "And you must keep as quiet as a pussycat until someone gets you to a doctor," he admonished.

He talked about applying a tourniquet, the importance of not having it too tight, and of loosening it every few minutes for a count of three.

"I always carry some wide rubber bands cut from an old inner tube when I am hunting snakes. They can be slipped over a limb very quickly and are easy to loosen by slipping your finger in under them," and calling one of the pupils to the front of the room he demonstrated the procedure.

In the days following his visit, cowboys and Indians took a back seat on the playground. Every boy in school brought a pocketful of homemade rubber bands while the girls suffered themselves to be treated for imaginary snake bites.

One crisp, Saturday morning in early spring I was at home with my hands and mind full of household duties. A trap-door in the kitchen floor led to a root cellar where our vegetables were stored, and I needed some potatoes.

"You may hold the door up for Mother," I told my small daughter, and pan in hand I started hurriedly down the stairs. I was halfway down when I heard the unmistakable warning of a rattlesnake. Seeing it was not in front of me I fled on down to the bottom of the steps. As the buzzing continued I realized that it was coming from somewhere above me. Looking up I saw, on the dirt ledge just above my head, one of the largest rattlesnakes I have ever seen. It was coiled and buzzing angrily.

To walk back up those stairs would put my head within inches of its deadly fangs. Everything I had learned about the treatment of snake bite flashed through my mind. But how could I use a tourniquet on my neck? Or suck the poison from a bite on my face? And it might be hours before anyone came by to take me to the doctor!

Then a greater danger than my own personal safety loomed. My little

daughter was peering down through the opening in the floor, the forgotten door leaning perilously against a chair.

"I'm coming down too, Mommy," she called.

"No! No!" I shouted. "There's a snake down here, a rattlesnake!" What if she should start down those stairs? What if the door fell and left us both in the darkness? I was panic-stricken.

For a moment the small face continued to peer down, looking and listening. Then, as though she had adequately sized up the situation, she called, "Crawl, Mommy, crawl! Remember what the snake man said? Get down and crawl like a bear."

Quickly I dropped to my hands and knees and in fear and trembling I crawled cautiously back up those stairs. The snake buzzed angrily but harmlessly above my head.

Forgotten were the potatoes and everything else as a very frightened "bear" reached the top of the stairs, slammed down the door, and grabbed a completely unperturbed little girl in her arms.

As I sat there with the tears streaming down my cheeks, I breathed a very special prayer of thankfulness for "the snake man" who had faith in the big ears of little pitchers, the Saint Patrick I love.



ST. PATRICK'S GAME

Which "Pat" Would You Choose? In this paper and pencil game, each question is answered with a word beginning with the letters p-a-t.

1. Which Pat would you use to make a dress? (Pattern)
2. Which Pat would you probably see if you were speeding? (Patrolman)
3. Which Pat would you need if you had a new invention? (Patent)
4. Which Pat would the "Old Lady in the Shoe" need most? (Patience)
5. Which Pat could you use if you were having a barbecue? (Patio)
6. Which Pat would you be if you were a father? (Pater)
7. Which Pat do you do most on ironing day? (Patch)
8. Which Pat was Abraham? (Patriarch)
9. Which Pat would be a baby game? (Pat-a-cake)
10. Which Pat would you follow through the woods? (Path)
11. Which Pat would describe Lewis and Clark? (Pathfinders)
12. Which Pat should you feel when the flag goes by? (Patriotic)
13. Which Pat would you find in the hospital? (Patient)
14. Which Pat do you do if you trade at the same place consistently? (Patronize)

—Mildred D. Cathcart

LETTER FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

As this is my first letter to you in 1978, let me extend to you my best wishes for the year, and, as this is a time when we anticipate the arrival of warmer, brighter days, allow me also to wish you a most pleasant springtime.

Time does move swiftly through its cycle of days, weeks, and months. It doesn't seem possible that we've lived in Nebraska for over a year, but indeed we have. When we were first married, Art told me that although he had grown up in Nebraska, he really had no desire to live in this state again because of his hay fever and allergies, but we like Chadron so well we are willing to put up with the sniffles and sneezes. I say we, because Andy and I both tolerated runny noses right along with Art during the ragweed season late last summer, and I had never been bothered by hay fever before. I guess if our breathing problems become too bad, we can always call a respiratory therapist! For any new readers who may fail to detect my attempt at humor in the last sentence, let me explain that Art IS a respiratory therapist!

I am happy to report that Art considered his first year with Chadron Community Hospital to have gone well. His department is now located in the new addition, where he has much needed storage space. As an added advantage, he is better situated for out-patient treatments, with his office equipped with an oxygen outlet and roomy enough for extra chairs. Actually, I have spent very little time in this lovely, new facility, even though I continue to help Art with paper work at home and still consider myself on call on an emergency basis. I am working less with Art because I am now employed by the Chadron City Schools. Hospital routines are fine, but I am infinitely more comfortable and happy in a classroom setting.

The position I have with the school system is that of resource teacher for students with learning disabilities, kindergarten through twelfth grade. The need was felt this year to expand services to children with special problems or handicapped conditions, and the learning disabilities program is one of the new studies being developed.

I have found it quite a challenge to be involved in building a new program. One of the major tasks has centered around the identification of children whose problems with learning are attributable to a specific disability or disabilities, so much of my time has been spent screening and testing. Parents are encouraged to understand and approve of the planned program, therefore they are involved and well informed.

The whole area of learning disabilities is one which is receiving more and more



L.P.N.'s Cindy Milroy and Margaret Samuels pose with Art and Kristin Brase at the Chadron Community Hospital.

attention. Indeed, learning disabled children are often termed "puzzle" children because of the inconsistencies of symptoms and resulting behavior. The students with whom I work have average or even above average ability to learn, but they still have problems learning due primarily to disorders affecting memory, perception, coordination, expressions, or organizational ability.

Well, I could write on and on about my job, as it occupies so much of my waking time, and I am thoroughly enjoying my students and the parents and teachers with whom I work. But I imagine you'd like to hear about the rest of the family and their activities.

Andy, our eighth grader, has been active this year in sports and band. He plays drums, and right now is practicing for a spring band concert, the third and final concert of the year. Band members are also required to participate in marching band and pep band, so we've had plenty of chances to listen to vibrant music, and little Julian is absolutely thrilled by the energetic young musicians. Andy's athletic endeavors have included football, wrestling, and more recently, basketball. Being one of the three tallest boys in his class, he plays the center position.

Both Andy and Aaron (our third grader) have continued to bowl in Junior League competition this year. Aaron bowls on Monday after school. His guitar lessons are on Wednesday after school, so he manages to keep busy, too. I've been pleased that Aaron's teacher spends a lot of time encouraging students to use the library and read, read, read. Aaron is discovering how much fun he can have with books; he checks out books from the library much more frequently than he used to.

Another priority in third grade is writing, and the children write many creative stories and collect information to make into short reports.

As Julian approaches his third birthday, I remember receiving a letter from Granny Driftmier when he was just two or three weeks old in which she said, "I imagine by this time you are wondering how you ever got along without him." I marveled at her beautiful ability to perceive just what I was feeling, and I treasured her communication of a shared appreciation of the preciousness of a young child. I'm sure sticky fingers and noise never bothered our dear Granny, and I cannot recall ever seeing her out of sorts with a youngster.

One day not too long ago, when Julian seemed tired of blocks and other toys, I picked up a set of inexpensive water colors when I was grocery shopping. I wasn't sure he'd enjoy painting, but he occupied himself with his brushes off and on the rest of the day. Before I knew it, I had a dozen new pictures for the kitchen walls. Now he wants to paint for a little while almost every day.

To make nice blocks, take 2"x4" boards and cut into 6" blocks and sand. All of our boys have enjoyed blocks, but they are quite expensive to purchase in a large enough quantity for real fun.

Unless I get this letter mailed to Shenandoah, it will never arrive in time to be printed for you to read, so I will close for now.

Sincerely,

Kristin

Our Lord has written the promise of the Resurrection, not in books alone, but in every leaf in springtime. —Luther



MARCH IDEAS

by
Donna Ridnour

For those of you looking for favors and nut cups for a St. Patrick's Day party or for a service project for a hospital or rest home, consider leprechaun hats and Blarney stones.

For the *Leprechaun Hats*, items needed are: cap from an aerosol can, aluminum foil, floral tape and green construction paper. Cut off a piece of foil about 8" x 12" and fold it in half (the size of foil will actually depend on the size of aerosol cap used for the form). Mold the foil over the cap, leaving enough foil around the base of the cap for a brim. Mold the foil for the brim, as desired, and trim it. Now, turn up one side of the brim for that rakish look. (If the leprechaun hat is to be used as a nut cup, place hat upside down.) From green construction paper, cut a shamrock and tape it to the hat with a band of green floral tape. Remove the metal cap form, and fill the hat with mints and nuts or use upright for a clever favor. Either use will delight guests or patients.

To make the *Blarney Stone Favors*, simply wash flat stones of varying sizes and shapes. When dry, paint the words "Blarney Stone" across the top of each rock with acrylic paint or a permanent felt-tip marker. If you wish to be more adventuresome, paint or draw other appropriate designs on the stones.

To complete a party, make a two-layer cake iced with chocolate frosting with the words, "Kiss the Blarney Stone" printed in white icing across the top.

The last two years, our girls and I have made *Rabbit Easter Baskets* out of round gallon plastic bottles, such as a vinegar bottle. Needed items are: a gallon bottle with a handle, a 5" styrofoam ball, a large styrofoam meat platter, two commercial eyes (or those you make yourself), pink and black felt, cotton balls and white glue.

To begin, cut a hole at the front and near the bottom of the bottle for the basket opening. You can determine the size of the hole, but I caution you not to cut too near the bottom or the eggs will keep falling out! For the bunny's head,

cut a hole in the styrofoam ball so it will fit snugly over the mouth of the bottle. If the ball does not stay in place well, put a little glue around the hole. From the styrofoam meat platter, cut two rabbit ears about 5" long and cut two smaller ears from the pink felt. For each ear, glue a pink felt ear to the center of the styrofoam ear before anchoring it in place by sticking straight pins at an angle through the ear and into the ball.

Now cover the ears, head, and body with cotton balls which have had one side dipped into white glue. After the cotton balls are in place, and no bare spots remain, glue on the eyes and the eyebrows which have been cut from black felt. Cut a nose for the rabbit out of the pink felt and add a black felt tie. Green artificial grass and colorful Easter eggs will complete a rabbit Easter basket that children of all ages will enjoy.

To fill our Easter baskets, the girls and I have used varying sizes of *Decorated Styrofoam Eggs* covered with a variety of materials. One year we pinned overlapping sequins all over the eggs. These eggs were very pretty, especially the ones that we covered with a variety of different colored sequins. However, I do not recommend this method for very young children because putting on that many sequins takes too long.

The girls much enjoyed covering styrofoam eggs with fabric and tissue paper in a patchwork design. Simply cut the fabric or paper into $\frac{1}{2}$ " to $\frac{3}{4}$ " squares, dip these pieces into glue made by mixing four parts white glue to one part water, and overlap the pieces as they are glued over the egg. (The glue dries clear, so it does not matter if it soaks into the fabric or is on the right side of the pieces.) We decorated the fabric eggs with bits of rick-rack and lace and the tissue eggs with varying shapes of sequins pinned on at random.

For a *Large Patchwork Decorative Egg*, cut a half circle in one side of a plastic hosiery egg (like L'eggs come in). Fit the two halves together, mark a half circle in the uncut portion of the egg (this should correspond to the half circle cut in the first section). Cut out the remaining half circle and glue the two halves of the egg together with the cut parts now making one round hole. Next, dip fabric, which has been cut into pieces about 1" square, into the glue-water mixture. Overlap the fabric scraps so the entire egg is covered. Using rick-rack or narrow ribbon dipped in the glue mixture, trim the edge of the hole and the rest of the egg as desired. Finally, fill the egg with grass and place small paper or pompon figures inside. To make the egg stand up for display, glue the large side of the egg onto the hollow side of a bottle cap.

For a decoration which can be used all year, try a *Spring Tree*. You will need: a

clay pot, a tree branch and plaster of Paris. First, seal the hole in the bottom of the pot with foil or a piece of cardboard and then fill the pot with plaster of Paris which has been mixed with water to putty consistency. When the plaster starts to set, place the tree branch in the pot. Let it set until the plaster dries and then spray paint the pot and branch the color desired. If you want to leave the branch its natural color, spray the pot before filling with the plaster. Now you have a tree that can become the centerpiece for any holiday or season. Use your imagination and adorn the tree with shamrocks for St. Patrick's Day, Easter eggs for Easter, tissue flowers for spring, or miniature May baskets for May. The possibilities are limitless.

COVER STORY

Easter and spring vacations bring families together for happy events. Jeff, Craig, Robert, Evelyn and Bob Birkby show their delight at being together and sharing a hearty dinner which is part of any holiday gathering.

Robert is carving the duck which proved to be an excellent choice for this special dinner. Time did not permit preparing an orange sauce, so Evelyn simply coated the duck inside and out with Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing before it went into the oven and the results were delicious.

Served in the silver dishes (which were silver wedding anniversary gifts) are mashed potatoes, gravy, buttered sweet potatoes, creamed cauliflower, home-made bread and the butter, which is in the silver dish beside Jeff's goblet. This butter dish was Lucile's silver anniversary gift to the Birkbys.

Evelyn enjoys getting out their etched orchid design crystal for company meals. The serving dishes hold a molded fruit salad, cinnamon cucumber rings, strawberry jam and applesauce. These, along with the goblets, were wedding gifts.

Evelyn's mother, Mrs. Mae Corrie, gave the Birkbys the china dishes which had been the "good" dishes used in the family home when Evelyn was growing up. Tradition for an Easter dinner can be in the dishes used as much as in the food prepared.

The tablecloth is in shades of beige, blue and brown. It makes a complimentary background for the place settings and the food served. Since their round table is quite large, Evelyn has a real problem finding round cloths which are large enough, so she was delighted to find this generously cut and cheerful cloth for their use.

It is, indeed, a joyous occasion to create a fine meal, put out the best dishes and gather the family for the fun and fellowship such an event affords.

EMILY SHARES MANY EXPERIENCES WITH US

Dear Kitchen-Klatter Friends:

Many changes have happened to me since I last wrote to you. I have acquired a master's degree, a new job, a new house, and a husband!

Rich and I are living in Arlington, Virginia, where he has been associated with Control Data Corporation for five years. We are just five minutes from Washington, D.C., (non-rush hours, that is!), and the location could not have been better suited for my career goals, since D.C. is the hub of international assistance work.

Currently, I am working on a Child Care Project for the Overseas Education Fund of the League of Women Voters. In this world-wide project, I am the field research coordinator for Latin America. We are assessing the needs of low-income families which would enable women to become economically active and would provide for the well-being of the child. Employment opportunities are increasingly available in industries rather than in agriculture, and it isn't as easy to tie a baby to one's back to work on a factory assembly line as it was to work in the fields. Over one-third of the households around the world are headed by women, so the necessity for child care is evident.

Life in Washington, D.C., is fascinating; national and international affairs are commonplace events. Downtown traffic is frequently jammed by protestors of one cause or another, and the flags of many different nations are reminders that this is indeed a small world. Monuments to our great leaders cause one to reflect on the history of our country. And there is always the possibility of seeing a famous person having dinner at the next table.

Most Washingtonians or tourists never see the President, but I was lucky. It happens that my office is located across the street from Stevens Elementary School, where Amy Carter is enrolled. It is a very unimportant-looking, old brick building, with asphalted playgrounds.

One afternoon, I noticed an unusually large crowd gathered at the entrance, sharpshooters poised with rifles atop the buildings surrounding the school, and uniformed police and plain-clothes officers everywhere. I nosed my way into the crowd, and soon the President, the First Lady and Amy appeared briefly, waved and entered their limousine. The Carters had attended a special party with Amy's class, and were leaving for the weekend at Camp David. It was a pleasant day, the crowd was friendly and the security seemed too intense for such a simple occasion. Then I remembered with a shudder that fourteen years ago

another President was waving to a friendly crowd

Although I never considered myself unusually patriotic, it is difficult to escape feeling more American, more proud of our system of government than when one is in this city. But the problems and concerns of America are also evident throughout the area: unemployment is high, and so is the cost of living, pollution is thick in the summer, and tempers flare. Washington is the show place of the nation, but has its share of troubling eyesores.

One problem about living in the East that I have not been able to adjust to is the density of population. All the recreation facilities in the D.C. area are overcrowded. A Saturday afternoon bicycle ride along the Potomac River parkways is almost as bad as braving the Los Angeles freeway traffic! Campgrounds are filled to capacity well into winter. The Shenandoah National Park roads are frequently bumper-to-



Emily DiCicco, daughter of Wayne and Abigail Driftmier, enjoys the out-of-doors.

bumper traffic. Farm lands within a two-hour commuting distance of the city are rapidly being subdivided. I long for solitude, open spaces and the great distances that are taken for granted in the West.

After fighting the crowds at rush hour, a home has taken on special meaning for Rich and me. And having lived in rented apartments, the idea of having a place of our own is certainly a new feeling. It is territory that is ours to enjoy or change as we wish. Having an older house has presented the opportunity, not to say necessity, of major repairs and alterations.

Our house, which Rich purchased four years ago, is small, single story, two bedrooms and with a large lawn. Our first project was to tackle the yard, trimming off inches of overgrown hedge and removing unsightly shrubs and near-

dead trees. We cleared some areas to plant flowers and a few vegetables. The "soil" in our area is hard red clay (I romanticized that it might have been the sight of an early American brick kiln!). We used bags of fertilizer, manure and peat moss, and found muscles we never dreamed we had.

The final outdoor project was a six-foot cedar fence to enclose the back yard so that our dog, Hipie, could run safely outside while we are at work.

For the interior of the house, Rich had already undertaken two major projects several years ago. The morning after his first night in the house, the entire shower collapsed on him—ceiling, tiles and all, so that was surely a logical place to begin. This endeavor lasted over the next nine months, but Rich was lucky to have the community recreation center located down the street where he could go for a daily shower. Besides remodeling the shower and constructing a cabinet for the sink, he learned about plumbing the hard way.

Rich's next remodeling project was the construction of a combination linen and broom closet. The house had a large unused space as a hall area between the bedrooms that was a perfect location for this small, but very necessary, closet.

The kitchen was our project to attack together. As is common in houses built in the 1930's, storage is an acute problem. It seemed like the obvious opportunity to install a dishwasher, so we enlisted a friend to handle the entire project since major changes were needed in the electrical wiring and plumbing, and I could not bear the thought of another Rich-the-handyman nine-month endeavor!

Five layers of linoleum were stripped off the kitchen floor. The old metal cabinets were appropriated for the storage shed to use to store camping gear. Nice new oak cabinets replaced the old. I hated to see the white enamel sink torn out, but it could not fit into the layout, and so a stainless steel sink and a garbage disposal were installed. The walls were painted a pale yellow to match the counter top. I have found that my attitude toward cooking has improved tremendously with a convenient, orderly and cheerful kitchen in which to work.

Our most recent undertaking was to repaint the ceiling and walls of the dining room, living room and bedroom. We spent an entire three-day weekend in this task.

We still have the second "bedroom" to finish. It is alternately the office, sewing room, attic, basement, ironing room, study, utility room and guest bedroom. How do people manage in efficiency apartments?

As spring approaches, both Rich and I expect our jobs to require some
(Continued on page 20)

Kitchen-Klatter

Tested

RECIPES

ST. PATRICK'S MERINGUES

4 egg whites
Dash of salt
1 1/3 cups sugar
1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate-mint bits
Green food coloring

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Beat egg whites and salt until soft peaks form. Gradually add sugar, a few spoonfuls at a time, while beating at high speed. Continue beating until very stiff peaks form and mixture does not feel grainy when a bit is rubbed between fingers. Tint shade of green and fold in bits. Drop on two greased cooky sheets. Place both sheets in oven at same time. Bake for one minute. Turn oven off immediately and do not open oven door for six hours or overnight. Makes about five dozen. These freeze very well. —Lucile

BREAKFAST BUNDT CAKE

1/4 cup chopped nuts
1 pkg. yellow cake mix (2-layer size)
1 regular-size pkg. instant vanilla pudding mix
3/4 cup corn oil
3/4 cup water
4 eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
2 tsp. cinnamon
1/4 cup granulated sugar

Grease and flour bundt pan. Preheat oven to 350 degrees.

Sprinkle nuts in bottom of pan. Blend cake mix, pudding, corn oil and water. Add eggs one at a time and mix well after each addition. Add flavorings. Beat at high speed for 8 minutes.

Pour one third of this batter over the nuts. Combine the sugar and cinnamon and sprinkle half of it over the batter in the pan. Add another one third of the batter and sprinkle with the remaining sugar and cinnamon. Top this with the remaining batter.

Bake for 45 to 50 minutes. Cool in the pan for 8 minutes and remove to serving plate.

Glaze

1 cup powdered sugar
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
2 Tbs. milk

While cake is cooling combine the above ingredients. Drizzle this over cake after it has been placed on the serving plate. —Donna Nenneman

FARMER CASSEROLE

2 15-oz. cans asparagus, drained
1 17-oz. can peas, drained
1 can cream of mushroom soup
Salt and pepper to taste
1 can water chestnuts, drained and sliced
1/4 lb. cheese (American or processed), diced
1 stick butter or margarine, melted
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
6 to 8 slices bread

Use a 9- by 12-inch baking dish and make a layer of the asparagus in bottom. Layer peas over asparagus. Combine soup, salt and pepper, water chestnuts and most of the cheese (reserve a little for the top) and pour this mixture over peas. Cut crusts from bread slices and cut each slice into quarters or eighths. Dip each of these pieces into the butter or margarine which has been mixed with the butter flavoring. Lay the pieces over top of casserole ingredients, enough to make a complete top layer of the buttered bread. Sprinkle remainder of cheese over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes. Ingredients will be bubbly, bread will toast and it all is delicious.

This may be made with frozen vegetables . . . using 1/2 as many peas as asparagus. (The friend who gave this recipe to us used "4 margarine tubs of asparagus and 2 margarine tubs of peas" out of her freezer!) —Evelyn

ENGLISH MUSTARD

1 cup brown sugar
3/4 cup dry mustard (2 1.12-oz. cans)
1 cup cider vinegar
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 egg

Combine brown sugar, mustard, vinegar and butter flavoring. Let stand for about 3 hours. Beat egg until fluffy and lemon colored. Add to first mixture. Put over hot water in double boiler. Cook, stirring occasionally, until thickened—like a cooked custard. (This thickens more as it cools.) Refrigerate in covered jar. If kept refrigerated, this will keep almost indefinitely.

This is an excellent *salad* mustard. It is to be served with discretion on hot dogs, on ham and to enhance vegetable dishes. 2 or 3 Tbs. added to hot, drained vegetables makes a zippy variation to green beans, peas, asparagus, etc. Combine 1/2 tsp. with 1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing for a salad dressing (or, again, for a vegetable sauce) which has real authority. Try a little with egg roll or other oriental dishes where a nippy sauce is desired.

Since the color and texture of this mustard is much like butterscotch topping, I would suggest marking the jar in the refrigerator so no member of the family will confuse it with a sweet mixture. —Evelyn

LIME-MINT SALAD

1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
3/4 cup boiling water
1 pint lime sherbet
1 pkg. whipped topping, prepared according to pkg. directions

Drop of Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add sherbet and stir until well blended. Fold in the prepared topping and flavoring and pour into 6-cup mold. Refrigerate until set then prepare second layer.

1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water
1 small carton small-curd cottage cheese, rinsed and well drained

Dissolve gelatin in the hot water. Add the cold water. Stir in the cottage cheese. Chill until slightly thickened, then spoon over first layer. Chill until set. Unmold and garnish with shaved chocolate.

—Verlene

GREEN BEAN CASSEROLE

1 #2 can green beans, drained (save juice)
2 cups well-seasoned medium white sauce (use drained bean juice for some of the liquid)
2 Tbs. chopped stuffed olives
2 slices bacon, cooked and diced
1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
1 1/2 Tbs. butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1/4 cup grated cheese
Put drained green beans in bottom of greased casserole. Stir olives and bacon into the white sauce. Pour over the beans in casserole. Mix bread crumbs with butter or margarine and flavoring. Spread over beans. Sprinkle cheese over top. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes to one hour until cheese melts and beans are heated through.

—Hallie

CHICKEN-CHEESE SOUP

3 Tbs. finely minced onion
3 Tbs. finely grated carrots
4 1/2 cups chicken broth, cooled and the fat taken off top

1/2 tsp. dry mustard
1/2 tsp. paprika
1/2 cup finely chopped cooked chicken
1/4 cup milk
2 Tbs. cornstarch
1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
1/2 cup dry Minute rice

Cook lightly the minced onion, grated carrots and 1/2 cup of the chicken broth. Then add this to the 4 remaining cups of chicken broth, dry mustard, paprika and chopped chicken. Mix together the milk and cornstarch and add this to the broth mixture. Bring just to the boiling point, then stir in the grated Cheddar cheese and the dry Minute rice. Hold at boiling point while cheese melts. Remove from fire and let stand for 10 minutes before serving.

—Verlene Looker

RUSSIAN TEA CAKES

Mix thoroughly the following:

1 cup softened butter
1/2 cup sifted powdered sugar
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Sift together and stir in:

2 1/4 cups sifted flour
1/4 tsp. salt
3/4 cup finely chopped nuts

Chill dough for several hours or overnight. Roll into 1-inch balls and place 2 1/2 inches apart on ungreased baking sheet. Bake for 10-12 minutes at 400 degrees. Bake until set but not brown. Watch oven closely. While still warm roll in powdered sugar. Cool and roll again in powdered sugar.

—Betty Jane

PARTY POTATOES

8-10 medium-sized potatoes, peeled, cooked and mashed with a little milk

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese

1 cup dairy sour cream

Chives

Garlic salt

Butter and paprika

Prepare potatoes. Beat in cream cheese and sour cream. Add chives and garlic salt to taste. Put in 2-quart greased casserole. Dot top with butter and sprinkle with paprika. Brown in oven a few minutes at moderate temperature

—Robin

BUTTERSCOTCH BROWNIES

1 cup butter or margarine, melted (If margarine is used, add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.)

2 cups firmly packed light brown sugar

3 eggs

2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

1/2 tsp. salt

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour

1 1/2 tsp. baking powder

1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts

Pour melted butter or margarine into bowl. Add sugar and beat well. Cool. Beat in eggs and flavorings. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together and stir into first mixture. Fold in nuts. Spread in greased 7- by 11-inch pan. Bake 30-35 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Cool in pan for 10 minutes. Gently remove from pan, carefully turning right side up. Cool thoroughly on wire rack.

Frosting

1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
3 cups sifted powdered sugar

2 tsp. dry instant coffee

2 Tbs. hot water

Walnut halves

Combine butter or margarine and powdered sugar. Beat. Dissolve coffee in hot water and add. Spread over bars. Cut into bars and top each with a walnut half.

—Betty Jane

PEPPERMINT CHIFFON PIE

14 chocolate sandwich cookies
3 Tbs. margarine or butter, melted
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1 cup milk
3/4 cup finely crushed hard peppermint candy
4 egg whites
2 Tbs. sugar

1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Crush cookies in plastic bag with rolling pin (about 1 1/4 cups). If fillings from cookies stick to inside of bag, scrape off with rubber spatula and blend with crumbs. Remove butter from heat and stir in crumbs for one minute. Press crumb mixture against sides and bottom of 9-inch pie plate. Chill while preparing filling.

Sprinkle gelatin over milk in small heavy pan; let stand a few minutes to soften. Add 1/2 cup of the crushed candy. Cook, stirring constantly, over medium heat until gelatin is completely dissolved. Place pan in bowl of ice water to speed setting. Chill, stirring often, until mixture starts to thicken.

While gelatin mixture chills, beat egg whites in medium-sized bowl until foamy and white. Gradually beat in sugar until meringue stands in soft peaks.

Fold whipped cream, 2 tablespoons of reserved crushed candy and meringue into gelatin mixture until no streaks of white remain. Spoon into chilled pie crust. Chill four hours or until firm.

Just before serving sprinkle remaining candy over top and decorate with additional whipped cream if you wish.

—Donna Nenneman

REUBEN BAKE

1 6-oz. pkg. noodles, cooked and drained (about 4 1/2 cups)
2 Tbs. butter or margarine
1 1-lb. can sauerkraut
1 12-oz. can corned beef (or shredded or dried beef)
1/2 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
1 Tbs. ketchup
1 Tbs. minced dill pickle (or 1/2 tsp. dill weed)

1 tsp. grated onion

2 tomatoes, sliced

2 cups shredded Swiss cheese (8 oz.)

1/2 cup crushed rye crackers

1/2 tsp. caraway seed

2 Tbs. melted butter or margarine

Cook noodles according to package directions; drain. Toss with 2 Tbs. butter or margarine. Place noodles in bottom of 7- by 11-inch pan; top with drained sauerkraut, then corned beef. Thoroughly mix together mayonnaise, ketchup, pickle and onion. Spread over corned beef layer. Top with tomato slices and sprinkle with cheese. Toss rye crackers and caraway seeds with 2 Tbs. butter or margarine and sprinkle over top. Bake at 350 degrees for about 35 minutes.

—Hallie

WESTPORT ROOM SALAD

(From the old Union Depot in Kansas City)

Dressing

2 cups good quality mayonnaise
2 cloves garlic, crushed
2 Tbs. lemon juice
6 Tbs. grated Parmesan cheese
1/2 cup non-dairy creamer
Salt and pepper to taste

Combine ingredients. Beat with fork or wire whisk until blended and mixture is light and fluffy. Chill several hours before using. Store unused portion in covered jar in refrigerator; this will keep up to a month if the non-dairy creamer is used (this is the type which is found in freezer section of the grocery store.)

Salad

Head lettuce

Romaine lettuce

Cauliflower

Homemade bread crumbs

The amount of salad desired determines the amount of ingredients used. Tear equal amounts of the head lettuce and Romaine lettuce into a bowl. Chop cauliflower coarsely and add. Make bread crumbs out of day-old bread (hard rolls or Italian bread make great bread crumbs; toss in the blender for extra fine, or roll with rolling pin to coarseness desired). Add crumbs to vegetables. Chill until time to serve and then toss with dressing.

—Evelyn

DOROTHY'S CRUMB TOPPING

1/2 cup flour
1 cup sugar
1/2 stick of butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. nutmeg

Mix together until it feels and looks like cornmeal. Sprinkle over top of fruit-filled pies. Bake.

PINEAPPLE-EGG DESSERT

20 graham crackers, crushed
1/2 cup softened butter or margarine
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Mix together and press in a 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake five minutes in 425-degree oven. Cool.

8 egg yolks, beaten

1 20-oz. can crushed pineapple (juice and all)

1 Tbs. flour

1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin

3 egg whites, beaten

1 cup sugar

Combine egg yolks, pineapple and flour in top of double boiler and cook until mixture begins to thicken. Remove from heat and add gelatin. Stir to dissolve. Let mixture cool. Beat egg whites and gradually add sugar. Combine the egg yolk mixture and egg white mixture and pour over crust. Refrigerate several hours.

This is a light dessert.

—Hallie

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LOW-CALORIE VEGETABLE SOUP

3 quarts water
1 quart tomato juice
3 vegetable bouillon cubes
6 beef bouillon cubes
1 Tbls. onion flakes
Salt and pepper to taste
Combine the above ingredients and bring to boil. Then add:

1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped broccoli
1 10-oz. pkg. frozen cauliflower
1/2 head cabbage, shredded
1/2 green pepper, chopped
6 stalks celery, chopped
1 1-lb. can green beans

Bring to boil again. Simmer for three hours.

This soup contains about 35 calories per cup.

TUNA CASSEROLE

1 cup fresh bread crumbs
2 Tbls. Parmesan cheese
1/4 tsp. paprika
1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of chicken soup
1 cup creamed cottage cheese
1 cup dairy sour cream
1/4 cup finely chopped onion
1/4 cup finely chopped green pepper
2 tsp. prepared mustard
1/2 tsp. salt
Pepper
6 oz. noodles, cooked and drained
1 9 1/2-oz. can chunk-style tuna, drained

Combine the bread crumbs, Parmesan cheese, and paprika and set aside. Mix the soup, cottage cheese, sour cream, onion, green pepper, mustard, salt and pepper. Gently stir in the noodles and tuna. Pour into a 2-quart casserole. Top with the crumb-cheese combination and bake uncovered in a 350-degree oven for 30 to 40 minutes or until hot and lightly browned. Serves four generously.

—Mae Driftmier

COCONUT-PECAN CAKE

1 cup margarine
1/2 cup vegetable shortening
2 cups sugar
5 eggs
1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
2 cups sifted flour
1 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. salt
1 cup buttermilk
1 cup flaked coconut
1 cup chopped pecans
1 Tbls. flour

Cream together margarine, shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well. Add flavorings. Sift together flour, soda

and salt. Add alternately with buttermilk to creamed mixture, blending well. Mix coconut and pecans with the one tablespoon flour and stir in. Pour into either two greased and floured 9-inch layer cake pans or one 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees about 25-30 for layer pans or 40-45 minutes for the larger pan. Frost with Creamy Icing after cooling.

Creamy Icing

1 8-oz. pkg. softened cream cheese
1 1-lb. box powdered sugar
1 Tbls. milk
1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine all ingredients and stir until smooth. Additional coconut and pecans may be sprinkled over top of frosting.

—Dorothy

WEEKEND MEATLOAF

1/2 cup chopped onion
1/2 cup chopped celery
1/4 cup chopped green pepper
2 Tbls. butter or margarine
1 small bottle Kitchen-Klatter French dressing

Saute the onion, celery and green pepper in the butter or margarine. Stir in the dressing and heat. Measure out 3/4 cup of this sauce and combine with:

1 1/2 lbs. ground beef
1 cup soft bread crumbs
1 egg, slightly beaten
1/2 tsp. salt

Shape into loaf and place in loaf pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about one hour. Let cool about 10 minutes before slicing. Heat remaining sauce and serve over meat loaf.

—Betty Jane

KAY'S HOLIDAY PIE

1 can sweetened condensed milk
1/3 cup lemon juice
1/3 cup coconut
1/3 cup pecans, chopped
1 small can crushed pineapple, well drained
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

1 13-oz. tub whipped topping
2 8-inch baked pie shells

Combine sweetened condensed milk, lemon juice, coconut, pecans, pineapple and pineapple flavoring. When well blended, fold in whipped topping. (If this has been frozen, let soften before folding into mixture so it will be light and fluffy.) Spoon into the two baked pie shells. Refrigerate until time to serve. This sets up quickly, 30 minutes chilling will have it ready to cut and eat. Best when eaten the same day it is made. If pie needs to be kept longer, freeze, wrap carefully, and bring out in time to thaw before serving.

Variations of color may be developed with this excellent pie using colored candied fruit, bits of gumdrops, cubes of firm gelatin or red maraschino cherries.

—Evelyn



A brass quartet provides special music during Easter services at South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass. Frederick Driftmier is pastor of the church.

DAYS TO REMEMBER

by
Virginia Thomas

Lent: This is a 40-day period, not counting Sundays, before Easter Sunday. It was an observance begun after the New Testament was written. It began with a period of fasting before Easter, and the time, or length of fasting, varied in different parts of the Roman Empire.

It was a 40-hour fast and vigil in the city of Rome, a time spent in meditation in remembrance of Christ's time in the grave. It was also a time for the preparation for baptism, as new converts were baptized on the eve of Easter.

Another association with the word "forty" is that of the 40 years the Hebrews spent in the wilderness, and also of the 40 days Jesus fasted and prayed in the wilderness before he began his public ministry.

The word "Lent" comes from an Anglo-Saxon word *Longten* meaning "spring" as a season, and the lengthening of the days.

Shrove Tuesday is the day before the first day of Lent. "To shrive" means "to confess one's sin". In Roman Catholic churches it was the custom to go to the priest for confession before Lent began. Traditionally, the period before Lent became a time of feasting, and in some places pancakes have become the popular and traditional food to be served on Shrove Tuesday.

Ash Wednesday: This is the first day of Lent. The name comes from a practice of Roman Catholic and some

Episcopalians of kneeling at the altar on that day for the priest to mark the sign of a cross on their forehead with ashes. (Traditionally, the ashes come from the palms used the preceding Palm Sunday.) This is done by the person as an outward sign of his or her repentance of sins.

Maundy Thursday: This Thursday before Easter commemorates The Last Supper which Jesus had with his disciples, and the time which Jesus spent later in agony and prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane. It was there in the garden that Judas betrayed Him and Jesus was arrested. In most churches communion is taken on this day, and in some places it has become a tradition for the ruler of the country to wash the feet of twelve persons. The Pope also does this in Rome.

The word "maundy" comes from the Latin word *mandatum*, meaning command, referring to Jesus' command that the disciples wash one another's feet (be servants to mankind).

Good Friday: On the Friday before Easter, the crucifixion of Christ is remembered. In some churches black altar cloths are used. Many churches hold special three-hour services in the afternoon, a time of meditation and prayer, remembering Christ upon the cross. Some think the word "good" in Good Friday comes from the good that comes to us through Jesus' death upon the cross that we might have Eternal Life. Others think the "good" comes from the word God.

Easter: This observance began early in the Christian church to celebrate Christ's resurrection from the dead. In

325 A.D. the Council of Nicea decreed that Easter should fall on a Sunday and be kept on the same day by all Christians. Jewish Christians celebrated both the Passover and Easter.

The method now used to set the date is the first Sunday after the first full moon after the vernal equinox, although Eastern Orthodox churches use a different calendar for setting the date.

**They may choose the
KIND they want....
But I choose the
BRAND.**



My family never agrees on what salad dressing they prefer: **French, Italian, or Country Style.** So I put all three on the table and let them put on the kind they want. Or a mixture of two or three, if that's what they feel like that day. But whichever they choose, it will always be one brand: **KITCHEN-KLATTER.** I know that I can always depend on the taste, freshness and quality. I know the price is right. I know all three are made from quality ingredients, in spotless kitchens, from tested recipes. And I know my family likes them best.

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Hard Times?

not with

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These are hard times, indeed, for the poor old house. It's the end of a long, hard winter season. Snow, mud, leaves and whatever have been tracked in. Fireplace, furnace and Pop's pipe have been smoking. Fingerprints appear not only around light switches and on mirrors but in some of the most unlikely places. Makes you almost look forward to spring housecleaning.

Whether you attack it piece-meal or wait and do the whole house at one time, you'll be wanting plenty of **Kitchen-Klatter Kleanner**.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

—Dickens

GLEANINGS FROM GREYSTONE

"MARCH"

by
Harold R. Smith

"March is the month of madness," my neighbor commented as she picked up fallen limbs after a heavy wind recently. If one wishes a variety of weather, the Midwest could easily qualify for the fulfillment of that wish. Below-freezing temperatures to balmy 80-degree days confuse people as well as plants. Ice pellets strike the house, snow swirls down driven by hard winds, the temperature soars and a tornado warning is issued, all in one day!

Madonna lilies lift up dark green leaves and peer at this strange turn of affairs, yet bloom each spring in spite of the confusion. We are always anxious to check the roses to see if they survived the winter. We usually lose some, yet offer the same protection to all. Replacing roses is a serious matter for the varieties are endless, making the decision hard as I wander through my favorite nursery. The salesman asks, "Why not take them ALL?", and the thought of owning thousands of roses boggles my mind as I trudge to the car carrying a yellow, pink and two red varieties.

Warm days in March, similar to the power of a magnet, draw the villagers to lawns and gardens. Bent figures lean over hoes, rakes and various implements. Conversations fly as fast as the rake handles that bob up and down.

Neighbors swap bulbs and cuttings and I can think of no finer gift for a proof



A March snowstorm last year covered Greystone, the home of writer, Harold Smith.

of friendship. Slips of Swedish ivy, lily bulbs, fern crowns and cuttings of periwinkle are given; in return, I received a lilac root over one hundred years old, a small cedar to add to the windbreak and a columbine.

An errand took us some distance from home recently and we saw a pond of several acres with ducks floating about. Weeping willows lined the banks with branches like wands trailing in the water as graceful as flowing fountains.

Stopping for lunch later at a new restaurant seemed to bring spring closer. Decorated with dark green carpeting, the room was furnished with circular tables ringed with bentwood chairs in light green. Latticework created the effect of a giant gazebo with a fountain in the center surrounded by potted flowers. Italian chandeliers with painted wrought-iron flowers added the final touch to the unusual decor. In addition, the food was delicious!

I have recorded the events of my life faithfully for many years and often refer to my journals wondering what happened in a particular month or year. The late actress, Agnes Moorehead, once said that 95% of all life is a fountain of trivia and only 5% really matters. I'm inclined to agree with her, for as I read back in my records, nothing earthshaking has occurred in my daily life. The routine of living day by day, visiting with friends, observing nature, entertaining and being entertained, the enjoyment of holidays and sharing with others the joys and sorrows that make up our lives, seem to fulfill the main purpose of living. Few of us ever meet world figures, travel on a grand scale, or live such exciting lives that the world eagerly awaits each word we utter, yet I feel everyone has an exciting and rewarding life if measured on a broad scale. Something unusual and marvelous has greeted all of us somewhere along life's pathway and every person truly has an interesting story to tell.



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Come Read With Me

by

Armada Swanson

Here in Sioux City, Iowa, the Sioux City Public Library is celebrating the beginning of its second century of existence. Back in 1877, the Young Men's Literary Association gave 600 books and stipulated that the city must provide at least \$200 a year to add books to the collection. This was the beginning. Today, a wide variety of services, programs and information is offered through the main library, the five branches, and the bookmobile.

For the 100th anniversary, a list of best sellers, fiction and non-fiction, was compiled, dating from 1895 to 1976. I am pleased to list some of these, with my thanks to the Information Services of the Sioux City Public Library. How many do you remember? I hope to reread some of them.

- 1896 — *The Red Badge of Courage*, Stephen Crane
- 1922 — *The Story of Mankind*, Hendrik W. Van Loon
- 1935 — *North to the Orient*, Anne M. Lindbergh
- 1941 — *The Keys of the Kingdom*, A. J. Cronin
- 1948 — *The Big Fisherman*, Lloyd C. Douglas
- 1953 — *A Man Called Peter*, Catherine Marshall
- 1960 — *Advise and Consent*, Allen Drury
- 1974 — *Centennial*, James A. Michener

In his autobiographical best seller *Good Evening Everybody* Lowell Thomas wrote of his childhood, his education and his adventures as an explorer, war correspondent, author, film producer and radio personality during the years before World War II. His latest book *So Long Until Tomorrow* (Wm. Morrow & Co., \$10.95) is a continuation of his adventures after 1939. He writes, "I want to tell about some of the fun I've had these 85 or so years, some of the fascinating people I've been lucky enough to meet and some of the good friends I've made." Which is probably what makes *So Long Until Tomorrow* so readable. During World War II Lowell Thomas explored remote combat areas and reported back to the country. In 1949, he and his son obtained permission to visit the Dalai Lama in forbidden Tibet. On the return trip, while crossing the Himalayas at 17,000 feet, Mr. Thomas was thrown from his horse, and his hip fractured in eight places. He was carried on a litter for some twenty days. In connection with Cinerama, he journeyed to exotic wonders of the world. Enthusiasm for golf and skiing

show his love for sports.

This fascinating book takes the reader to remote places including central Siberia, New Guinea, the South Pole, and an ice island three hundred miles from the North Pole. His enthusiasm for high adventure and faraway places, as well as his stories of unusual famous people, add to the appeal of the memories of the man who has been everywhere, known everyone, and enjoyed it all immensely.

In his closing words, Lowell Thomas writes, "In 1892, when I was born, the Duryea brothers built the first gasoline-powered automobile in America. Now we fly to Europe in three hours, communicate by earth satellite and watch, live, as men walk on the moon. So times have changed since 1892. It has, in fact, been the most incredible span in the long story of mankind—from the era of the covered wagon to the nuclear age." *So Long Until Tomorrow* is exciting reading.

At the Sioux City Public Library's open house to celebrate its century of service, area authors were present and some of their published books were on display. Mrs. Mae McGarry, who now resides at the Indian Hills Care Center, was raised on a farm which her grandfather had homesteaded in 1844 in Monroe County, Iowa. Her collection of memoirs has recently been printed in booklet form with the title *Pioneer Calendar of Life on an Early Iowa Homestead*. In her March calendar she writes, "March was sewing month. Each one had to have three new dresses to start to school. Calico cost five cents a yard. Three yards would make most of us a dress and we spent ten cents for the trimming. A nice dress could be made for twenty-five cents. We didn't help much with the sewing, but we had to do the cooking and keep the babies out of her way. We always made the button holes and sewed buttons on, though."

Mrs. McGarry, age 85, writes at the end of her pioneer calendar, "If one is instilled early in life with the idea that

each one of us has a mission to perform, and that it means both work and play, one will grow up regarding work essential."



WE'VE GOT A LOT OF - LIVING TO DO LAUNDRY

Families are fun, but they DO dirty clothes. Lots of clothes. Fortunately, for most of us the day of the iron kettle and home-made lye soap are over. But laundry still isn't close to the top of our all-time fun things to do.

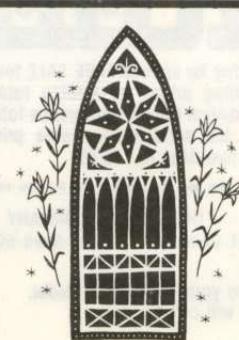
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NEW HOME AND SUNSET

by
Verna Sparks

It was early morning when I started packing my belongings. My house was sold. I had bought another piece of property and was having it remodeled. Quite a venture for a young lady of seventy summers! Nevertheless, once a project is started there is no peace until it's finished. *Nothing ventured, nothing gained*, is an old saying and this move of mine was certainly proving to be quite an adventure already.

The days were flying by and I was constantly making decisions: what to take, what to sell, what to give away.

The place I was buying was on a lake lot with a small house in very good condition built for weekend privacy. I called the carpenter who had built my present house and asked him if he could do some remodeling for me. He was delighted. Together we drew up a plan of how the work could best be done.

On the front, facing east, was a large screened-in porch. On the north was a large patio built just outside six nice windows. I decided to extend the house by doing away with the porch and patio, leaving a 10'x10' space in the corner for a porch. In addition, glass patio doors were



Katharine, daughter of Donald and Mary Beth Driftmier, is busy making out her résumé for job applications. She will be graduating from Rice University this spring.

added to open out facing west. This gives me a wonderful view of wild woodland scenery, shrubs, trees, a natural setting of beauty, a place to watch the sunset every evening with its blend of color magic.

My new kitchen is designed with every convenience to lighten work. The living area is spacious, light and cheerful. I am still in the process of unpacking and finding the right place in these lovely rooms for each item I brought from my

previous house. Soon I'll be able to settle down in my new little home to watch the sunset every evening and remember my blessings. Maybe it isn't everything I dreamed of, but it's very nearly so and I feel the remodeling has created a little house of enchantment.

This will be my place for day to day living, visiting with friends, and relatives, finding new neighbors, planting new seeds, discovering new ideas. This move has already proven to be of great value and I trust, as the future unfolds, I can say it is an increasingly worthwhile experience.

MINNIE'S TITHE

by
Evelyn Witter

Not until Minnie Hoffstetter died was her tithe understood and appreciated by the members of the church.

Minnie was a poor widow who made her living cleaning offices at night. She was a quiet, shy, squat woman as humble as Uriah Heap pretended to be.

Every week, Minnie brought to the church a supply of cleaning rags, washed, pressed, and tied in neat bundles according to size. The janitor, his wife and people on all the committees, from the altar committee to the kitchen committee, knew there were always cloths for their use in the closet next to the pantry. No one gave much thought about how they got there . . . that is until Minnie died.

After Minnie's death, complaints came to the staff in the church office about the lack of cleaning cloths! People in the education department called the pastor about the lack of rags to use to clean up after handicraft and painting projects done by the church school children.

Then one Sunday the sermon was on tithing. The pastor told how Minnie washed and pressed rags which she had gathered at rummage sales. This rags project represented days of work. It was Minnie's generous, time-consuming effort on behalf of the Lord. It was Minnie's tithe.

"Is your tithe as great as Minnie's?" asked the pastor.

Many shook their heads "No!" in answer to the pastor's question.

Minnie Hoffstetter's years of tithing were finally understood and appreciated, but more than that, this humble woman taught the entire congregation what true tithing really means.

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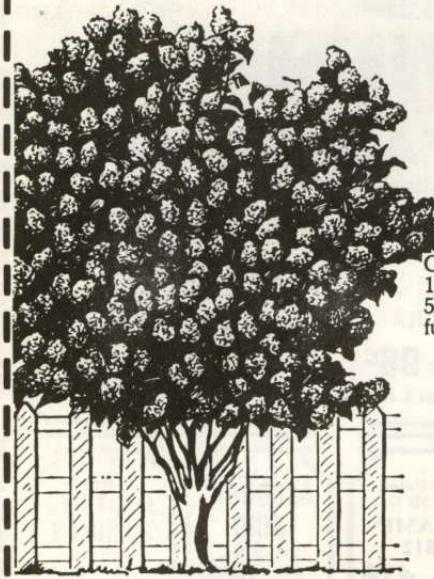
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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Mrs. M. G. writes, "Would you believe my dieffenbachia is blooming? I have had a number of plants over the years but never had one produce a flowering stalk such as this one. The flower is less beautiful than it is interesting and none of my gardening friends have ever seen one. What should I do when the bloom stalk withers? Also, my plant is growing too tall. Should it be cut back and how are new plants started?"

Nearly all plants bloom but many do not flower in the home. When the flower stalk withers on your dieffenbachia, cut it off at the base. You can propagate your plant by air-layering or by cutting it back almost to the base and then cutting the stalk into short pieces with a leaf axil on each one. Bury these in damp sphagnum moss until roots form, then pot up for new plants.

To air-layer, make a slanting cut part way through the stem about ten inches from the tip. Thoroughly moisten some sphagnum moss and press a "ball" of it around the injured stem. Next, cover the ball of moss with clear plastic and tape in place. Keep the moss moist but not dripping wet during the root formation. When you can see that roots have developed, sever the cutting just below the roots, remove plastic and pot up for your new plant.

Have you selected your tomato seeds? Do try the new All-America award winner, "Floramerica", if you have had trouble with tomato diseases in the past. It is said to have resistance to seventeen

diseases and genetic disorders common to tomatoes. "Spring Giant Hybrid" has performed well in our garden and we have found no equal to "Patio Hybrid" for supplying us with early table fruit.

Who would think a cucumber vine could be contained in a tub or large pot and actually produce cucumbers? A new novelty cucumber is available this spring that is almost unbelievable in its growth habit. A plant will produce 6½- to 7-inch, straight, medium dark green cucumbers on an 18-inch vine. I'm going to plant two containers with this one and set them one on each side of the steps leading to the kitchen. It will be easy to water them and fun to pick the fruit when it is the right size for slicing. The name of this novelty is "Pot Luck Hybrid" and you can expect a harvest within sixty days of planting seed.

For those who like eggplant, there is a new Oriental variety called "Ichiban F-1 Hybrid" that produces long slender fruits that are edible up to 10-12 inches. It is an early one—65 days and is more productive than American types. Look through the new seed and nursery catalogs for Pot Luck Hybrid cucumber, Ichiban Hybrid eggplant, Floramerica tomato, and other new vegetables to add interest to your garden.



THOUGHTS

My thoughts are bubbles—shimmering, floating.

Reach for one and it teases, dancing onward in the air;

Crush a bubble and it ceases—gone forever.

—Sue Peeler

OLD FASHION CHINA DOLL



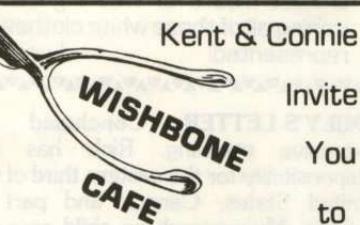
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TENEBRAE SERVICE — Concluded
finished, Peter had declared his loyalty to Jesus—never, never would he deny his Master!

After the supper, they went to the garden of Gethsemane where Jesus asked them to wait while He prayed. He took Peter, James, and John and went on farther to the inner garden and there He asked them to wait and watch while He prayed. But did they watch? No. Weak humans that they were, they fell asleep. (Music played softly: "Tis Midnight and on Olive's Brow".)

Then the mob came with swords and clubs and Judas gave them the sign agreed upon. Coming up to Jesus, he kissed Him and then stood aside as the mob seized Jesus. (Long pause.) But as Judas saw how Jesus was scorned, and beaten and condemned to be crucified, he repented and tried to return the thirty pieces of silver, then went out and hanged himself. (Judas' candle is extinguished.)

And Peter—who had boasted he would never deny or forsake his Master? When Jesus was taken before the high priest, Peter followed along and sat trying to keep in the background. When the rest went inside, he found a place in the courtyard. There one of the maids saw him and asked if he were not one of the followers of Jesus. "No," Peter blustered, "I do not know the man." A little later someone else came up to him and asked if he were not a friend of Jesus and again Peter was firm in his denial. Still a third time someone questioned him. "I do not know the man," Peter declared a third time. Suddenly it was quiet—and then Peter heard the cock crow! Stricken to the heart, Peter went out and wept bitterly. (Peter's candle is put out.)

And the other disciples, where were they when Jesus needed them? What of their oft-boasted loyalty and love for their Master? What sadder words, what greater epitaph to human frailties than these words from Matthew 26:56: *Then all the disciples forsook him and fled?* (One by one, slowly, the other candles are snuffed out.)

Narrator: Remember the words of Jesus *So you could not watch with me one hour?* (Long pause.) Where would you have been if you had been there?

Solo: "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?"

(Audience leaves quietly in an attitude of prayer and meditation as music of the hymn continues softly until all are gone. This service might be concluded with the offering of communion.)

Cheerfulness means a contented spirit; a pure heart, a kind and loving disposition; it means humility and charity, a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self. —Thackeray

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded
assured of a warm berth at our house.

While James was here, he sat looking off into space for a spell and then said firmly: "You know, Granny Wheels, I don't think it is necessary for us to travel with a grown-up any more. Katharine and I can manage just fine on our own." I gave this some thought and then said that I agreed with him. They know their way around airports and when I contrast that with the world I knew at his age it seems almost like another planet!

Oh yes, he did add this: "I won't be able to wear my new belt with the silver buckle because when we go through security they make me take it off!"

The one thing Katharine said that really took me unawares was her observation when just the three of us were getting ready to sit down to breakfast. Betty Jane had laid in a supply of the frozen mixed fruit that the kids are crazy about, and I reached up into a cupboard to get just exactly the right size bowl that

was required. (No use asking the kids to climb up and get that bowl because they wouldn't have any idea as to what kind of a bowl I wanted.)

While I was reaching up for that bowl, Katharine said: "Granny Wheels, doesn't it make you feel profoundly insecure to stand up on one leg and reach for something high?" That was the closest I came to falling the entire time they were here!

My sister, Dorothy, makes a monthly trip down here to help with the magazine and also to visit with you friends on the radio, and I told her on the last trip that just as soon as the weather was absolutely safe I was going to make a trial run, with Betty Jane, up to her home for the weekend. As of this date, I haven't been fifteen miles outside of Shenandoah and I am absolutely determined to make a trip to New Mexico once again. If I can get to Dorothy's and Frank's farm, it will give me a good idea of how far I can go without running the terrible risk of being flat on my back. It surely would mean a great deal to me to see New Mexico again.

Those of you who have followed us along from year to year will remember that Mrs. Eula Blake of Kansas City was here with me as my companion for four years. Around two years ago, when she was making her home with her sister, Hazel, she has a massive stroke and was

left totally helpless. I wish to thank those of you who were thoughtful enough to send me clippings from the Kansas City Star pertaining to her death.

Betty Jane Tilsen and I have now been together for four years and aside from the hospital sieges, the years have been happy ones. I always fancied myself quite a cook until Betty Jane arrived on the scene, but she hasn't put me in the shade—she has put me into a total eclipse! She takes endless pains to make everything extra attractive, and I really cannot do much to help her except to sit and chop whatever needs chopping. Our kitchen table is exactly the right height for me to sit with my little old chopping block and a good sharp knife. Even if I had the legs of a centipede, I couldn't begin to come up to her as a cook. It's no wonder her son, Nicholas, is a very successful professional chef at a plush restaurant in San Francisco.

Betty Jane's daughter, Naomi, is employed at the same restaurant, so at least they are both at the same place if she wants to get in touch with them. Another daughter, Hanna, is doing fine in Tucson and writes to her mother at least four times a week! In this day and age that is really unusual.

In the not too distant future we are anticipating a visit from Betty Jane's mother. For ten years she worked at a Day Care Center for children in Saint Paul, Minn., and my! the farewell party they gave for her when she retired was a measure of what her wonderful help had truly been to other members of the staff, the children and their parents.

In my letter next month I want to tell you about an apartment house that Jed, Julian's husband, helped design in Albuquerque. This apartment house seems to me unique and wonderfully practical.

What I should be doing right now is getting at what I call "stuff and junk"—cancelled checks for tax purposes. I've put off this job just as long as I can, and now I have to tackle it.

Until next month, I am always your faithful friend

Lucile

MARCH

March ushers in blustery winds, storms, early flowers and, this year, Easter. Whatever else it brings, we hope it will bring the KITCHEN-KLATTER RADIO VISIT into your life each weekday over these radio stations:

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KSIS Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

I KNOW

I have seen the flowers:

I know beauty.

I have heard the birds:

I know music.

I have talked with friends:

I know brotherhood.

I have tasted breakfast at morn:

I know satisfaction.

I have shared with my family:

I know love.

I have worked and played and rested:

I know life.

I have prayed with Him:

I know peace.

—Unknown

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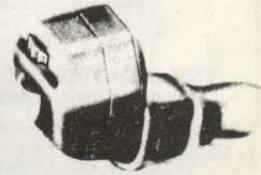
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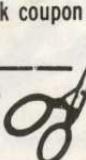
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