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—Photo by Shenandoah Evening Sentinel

Welcoming Spring!

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JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

Last month, in my letter to you, I was unable to tell all about our trip last fall to Guatemala, so this month I'll try to finish our adventure.

I was very happy to get off the scary road near Chichicastenango and arrive safely at the second largest city in Guatemala—Quetzaltenango. This city is named for the national bird of Guatemala—the quetzal bird. The quetzal is the Guatemalan symbol of freedom due to the fact that it cannot be kept in captivity. Quetzal birds are quite rare; the only ones we saw were stuffed, mounted and on display in museums. One such museum was in the city of Quetzaltenango. In addition to natural history, this museum has information on prehistoric sites in the area and information about the Spanish colonial period.

The next morning, we headed out to the town of San Francisco el Alto. Since it was market day, the town was crammed with people selling everything imaginable. To me, the most interesting part of the market was the animal section. This was a huge open area populated with hundreds of pigs, cows, horses, geese, chickens, turkeys, etc. I couldn't help but wonder if it was the way similar places looked in this country many years ago before huge farms and animal-raising operations made such markets obsolete.

Back to the van went our group and on to Huehuetenango. We were interested in this area because of the prehistoric ruins of Zaculeu. This is another Mayan ruin but it is thought that it is more closely related to the Mexican Toltec style of architecture. Even our untrained eyes could see a difference. The style was vaguely reminiscent of Greek temples. Unfortunately, the local museum was closed for the day so we were unable to get a great deal of first-hand information.

After spending another night in Quetzaltenango, we went back to Guatemala City on a drive that had more contrasts than any other part of the trip. From the high, dry and relatively cool mountains, we descended to the Pacific lowland area—moving from coffee plantations to banana plantations in just a few miles.

The Pacific lowlands are hot and humid. We made several stops along the way at different archaeological sites. The most interesting to me was the collection of enormous stone heads in the town of La Democracia. This place also has a good, local museum.

We had saved the best known and largest Mayan ruin, Tikal, for the end of our visit. To get to Tikal, we flew on the local airline from Guatemala City to the town of Santa Elena. Due to an extremely wet "wet season", the landing strip at Tikal was closed so we had to depend on ground transportation to negotiate the forty miles of road to Tikal from the Santa Elena airport, and believe me, that road was a dilly! It took an hour and a half to make the trip.

It is really impossible to grasp the size of Tikal. Over 3,000 buildings have been discovered in the main temple complex. It is estimated that over 10,000 buildings are in the general area. Fortunately, we had an excellent guide and we managed to climb on the top of several temples and explore part of the main area without getting lost. This is a tropical jungle climate and I was delighted to see wild spider monkeys, toucans and parrots in the trees. We spent the night in the local lodge near the ruins, a place which I recommend only for the adventurous. During the night, we were awakened by thunder and the sound of pouring rain. From that point on, all I could think of was: "How will we ever get out of here over that clay road to Santa Elena to make it to our plane?"

To make a long story short, we did get back to the airport with the help of a chase truck and crew and even more help from a bulldozer which literally dragged us up and over a hill that had collapsed into the road. I would like very much to go back to Tikal, but I hope the road is paved next time. I truly am a "bad road" coward.

We had a day and a half left in Guatemala City before we continued on our trip, and during this time we went to see the beautiful National Palace which has the most lovely and unusual stained-glass windows that I have ever seen. We spent several hours at the Museo Nacional Arqueologico which has a tremendous collection of Mayan artifacts including jades, polychrome pottery and stone carvings. We located the main market area and purchased gifts and more textiles. I spent time of my own trying to track down the official stamp I

needed to bring the orchid plants back to the United States. I had gotten a plant permit from the Department of Agriculture in this country so I thought I was all set. Unfortunately, this was not true and my orchids didn't pass customs in Miami. They are probably still there.

All in all, Guatemala is a wonderful place to visit. I enjoyed the visual impact of smoking volcanos, jungles, mountains, brilliantly clad people and both historic and prehistoric architecture. It is also worthwhile to mention the excellent food. I had been warned that the cooking was dull and tasteless. I did not find it so. I liked the traditional black beans and rice. For a change of pace, the Chinese food was good and the Italian food was even better. Somehow, we managed to resist the German restaurants and bakeries, but from all reports they are marvelous.

The people of Guatemala are friendly and kind to tourists. We were fortunate enough to be invited to a Guatemalan home for dinner and we had a lovely time. Our host and hostess were amazed at all we had managed to see and do in a fairly short amount of time. Looking back, I can see that we did pack a great deal into eleven days.

From Guatemala, we flew back to the United States. We were in Miami just long enough to go through customs, and then we got on another plane and went to Nassau in the Bahamas. When we first planned the trip, we had no intention of going anywhere other than Guatemala, but to qualify for our inexpensive airline rate we had to visit two places. It still doesn't make any sense to me that it was cheaper to go two places instead of one. We had planned to spend the mandatory 24-hour stopover just relaxing and enjoying the beach, but the weather didn't cooperate. The wind was blowing and the beach sand was flying everywhere, but in spite of this, we did take a walking tour of Nassau to see a few of the sights.

The next morning we started back to Albuquerque when problems began to surface. First, our plane was almost two hours late leaving Nassau, so this meant that, second, we spent five hours in Miami waiting for the next plane. All of us were glad to go aboard and get started back West, but very shortly we wished we had never set foot on that plane. The captain's voice came over the address system and announced what became our third problem—the plane was having engine trouble and would have to fly out over the ocean to dump the aviation fuel. After this was done, the plane was light enough to make a landing back in Miami. It was an L 1011 plane which held over 300 people, and I don't think a single one of us drew an easy breath until we were on the ground again. Fortunately, we were able to get another flight out of

(Continued on page 19)

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is a tranquil Sunday afternoon at our house, and with both Sunday papers read (*Omaha World-Herald* and *Des Moines Register*) plus a couple of phone calls, it seems like a very good time to sit here and visit with you.

I like to keep things in order as best I can, so I'd like to give you a report on the letters I've read since I first asked you to write and tell me what you thought the 1980's hold for all of us. Such reports are usually in percentages, and even though they may lean overwhelmingly in one direction there is always a certain percentage of another opinion accounted for. Well, in my report there is no need for that second opinion because without a single exception these letters all expressed the same viewpoint: people are alarmed and frightened.

At first thought this may seem to be extremely depressing, but if you go beyond the initial idea you find that people are realistic and exceedingly aware of conditions that affect each and every one of us. Various spokesmen for this and that who think that very few people pay any attention to the state of our world today should just read your letters! It might give them quite a start.

However, in boiling down all of your correspondence, there is one feeling echoed again and again: we may be completely helpless when it comes to making ourselves heard in the rooms where decisions of life or death are made, but as individuals we can continue to do the very best we can possibly manage to show our genuine concern for the people whose lives touch our lives. This goes a long, long way to alleviate the feeling that nobody cares in any way whatsoever about what happens to us.

It seems to me that the only people who can be "honorably discharged" from showing this concern are those who have become the helpless victims of physical conditions that leave them unaware of what is going on around them. Under these circumstances they cannot be expected to care about a single thing. But other than this, it appears to me that in one way or another you can express your concern by a phone call, a written note, or the firm assurance that if trouble strikes you can be depended upon to stand by and help in any way that is possible. There isn't a person who hasn't experienced a great lifting of the heart to know that he doesn't stand completely alone in his trouble. If the world he's forced to live in makes him feel like only a cog in some intricate piece of machinery, your genuine friendship can make all of the difference between despair and hope.

In my letter last month, I mentioned that four family events were standing in

the wings, so to speak, and now I can report on one of them.

In Frederick's letter written for the January issue, he told you that his son-in-law, Vincent Palo, was at an Officer's Training School for the Air Force and at that time they had no way of knowing where he would be stationed when this first hitch was completed. Personal preferences never enter into such a situation—you just go where you're ordered.

Well, members of our family in this neck of the woods are very, very happy to hear that Vincent will first be stationed for a period of thirteen weeks in Biloxi, Mississippi, and then (all fingers crossed) will be stationed for a three-year hitch at Offutt Air Force Base in Bellevue, Nebraska. For readers in far distant places, I should explain that Bellevue is really a continuation of Omaha, and everyone knows where that is.

This will be the first time that any of



Chris Crouse, longtime friend of Julian's, is shown with her relaxed 18-lb. cat, Spooky. Chris lives in El Paso, Texas, with her neurologist husband, Dr. Steve Crouse, and their two small boys. The family recently spent a few days with the Lowleys.

our nieces and nephews have moved from another part of the country to the Midwest. Their moving so close will give us a chance to be with Mary Lea, Isabel and Christopher in a way that we've never had before. Quite a few years ago, we had Mary Lea with us for a sizable chunk of the summer, but since then we've not had the opportunity to be with her. Donna and Tom Nenneman, plus Lisa and Natalie, live in Omaha just a hop, skip and a jump from Offutt and are much looking forward to this wholly unexpected event. Already I am checking over in my mind what has been kept here in my home in Shenandoah for James and Katharine that can be hauled out to interest Isabel and Christopher when they come down to visit.

When I talked with Betty and Frederick last night, they said that they were hoping to come back up North in time to go to Maine and help Mary Lea through the final throes of leaving her home. If it works out, Betty will then

drive to Biloxi with Mary Lea and the children. None of us know a living soul in Biloxi so we cannot alert anyone to expect their arrival, but once that thirteen-week hitch is over, we are all prepared to greet them with open arms when they arrive at Offutt.

I try very hard not to be envious of anyone for anything, but I must confess that when I read letters from grandmothers who live close to their grandchildren and get to see them frequently, I cannot repress a heavy sigh. But before I get too envious, I hasten to remember the grandparents who are lucky if they see their grandchildren once every three or four years or, as is true in many, many cases, if they ever get to see them at all. I'm not a "Dear Abby" or a "Dear Ann Landers", but I read countless letters and I know why this happens far more frequently than most people realize.

In the telephone conversation when I heard about Mary Lea's plans, I learned from Betty that she and Frederick had just wound up an affair that took quite a bit of hustling and managing. Every year, Mr. and Mrs. Crandall (Betty's parents) entertain their friends at a dinner that is followed by one of Frederick's wonderful slide shows—a collection of beautiful color shots accompanied by his inimitable explanations. (I've been fortunate enough to see and hear some of these shows when he has visited us here in Iowa.)

This year (as always), a dinner was held for eighty people in what is called the Common Room in the big condominium where both the Crandalls and the Driftmiers are located in Pompano Beach, Florida, for a portion of the winter. Betty had the sole responsibility for every detail concerned with the dinner (the "logistics" of it, she said), and Frederick had the sole responsibility for the entertainment. If Betty hadn't had such all-encompassing experience in handling meals for large crowds, she probably couldn't have tackled this affair; goodness knows she's an old hand at taking care of every detail. And speaking, after all, is Frederick's profession. I cannot conceive of any situation that would leave him stymied.

In a phone call earlier today, Julian reported that she had had a two-day visit from Martin and Eugenie Strom. The two stopped at their house when they returned from Green Valley, Arizona, where Margery and Oliver (Martin's parents) spend the winter months. They had skittered through heavy snow en route to Albuquerque, and with a deadline to meet on their return to Maple Lake, Minnesota, they had to drive right straight through on Interstates and couldn't possibly stop in Shenandoah. We regretted this, but it is surely understandable.

Martin and Eugenie left Albuquerque
(Continued on page 22)

A Spring Installation Service

by
Mrs. Darrell Schaper

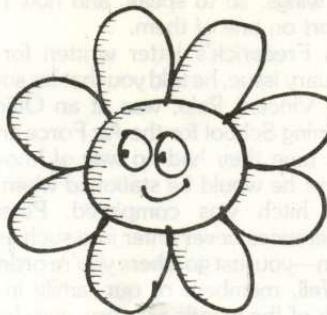
Many clubs and organizations install their officers in the spring so that the new officers will have the summer months in which to plan for the new club year. A variation in the service each year tends to hold the interest of club members. The following installation service is colorful and meaningful. Only a few simple preparations ahead of time are necessary.

Centerpiece: Make smiling faces from fake fur, available from hobby shops, in rainbow colors of red, orange, purple, blue, yellow, and green. Cut circles of the fur and comb the strands into radiating circles from the center. Glue on wiggly eyes and happy grins of felt. Glue a ribbon streamer the color of each smiling face to the back of the smiling face, and let it hang eight to ten inches below the face. Secure a small safety pin to the back, so that the smiling face can be pinned to each new officer's collar or bodice. Arrange the faces inside a gold-colored bowl or a spherical bowl covered with gold foil, which represents the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Let the ribbon streamers hang outside the bowl in a semicircle. Place the bowl on a table or stand where it can be seen by all the members.

PROGRAM

Installing Officer: The signs of spring fill our eyes and hearts this time of year. Changeable spring, full of sunshine and showers, is the season of promise in nature. So, too, is spring the season of promise for a new club year. One of those signs of spring which symbolizes change and promise is the rainbow. Will the following new officers of the (club name) please come forward to accept their own colors of the rainbow from our Pot of Gold? Please stand in a semicircle in the order called. (Read the offices and the names of each new officer.)

Madam President, your color is RED, the symbol of courage and leadership. You shall preside at all meetings, shall call all special meetings, and shall perform all other duties prescribed in our constitution, providing inspiring and creative leadership to us all. Do you accept these responsibilities? (Following an affirmative reply, remove the red ribbon from the Pot of Gold and pin to officer's garment. Follow this procedure for each officer, using the appropriately



colored ribbon.) Here, then, is your color of the rainbow—red.

Madam First Vice-President, your color is ORANGE, which symbolizes the sharing of leadership. You shall preside in the absence of the president. In case of vacancy in the office of the president, you shall become the president for the unexpired term. You shall perform all other duties prescribed for your office in our constitution. Do you accept these responsibilities? Here, then, is your color of the rainbow—orange.

Madam Second Vice-President, your color is PURPLE, the color of royalty. The duties of the second vice-president are to preside in the absence of the president and of the first vice-president, and you shall perform all other duties prescribed for you in our constitution. Do you accept these responsibilities? Here, then, is your color of the rainbow—purple.

Recording Secretary, your color is BLUE, the color of truth, as you will keep an accurate record of club meetings. Your duties are to transcribe and read the minutes of each club meeting. Do you accept this responsibility? Here, then, is your color of the rainbow—blue.

Corresponding Secretary, your color is YELLOW, the color of the cheerfulness and friendliness which will characterize your work with the correspondence of our club. Your duties include writing outgoing correspondence for the club, as directed by the president, and the reading of correspondence received at club meeting. Do you accept these responsibilities? Here, then, is your color of the rainbow—yellow.

Treasurer, your color is GREEN, denoting growth, life, and vitality, which shall be reflected in your transactions in our club's financial life. You shall have charge of the funds of the club, and shall pay all bills approved by the club and signed by the president. You shall perform all other duties assigned the club treasurer by our constitution. Do you accept these responsibilities? Here, then, is your color of the rainbow—green.

Members of the (club name), I now declare your officers for the term duly installed. Although our new officers are wearing the dominant colors of the rainbow, the whole spectrum of color in

the rainbow contains many other lovely hues, which you all represent. The more each one of you adds her own glowing color to that of our rainbow, in the form of her time and talent, the more enriching will be the pot of gold that each of us shares throughout the club year.

FOR OUR GROUP

by
Annette Lingelbach

This responsive reading can be used at a meeting of a club or church circle.

Leader: O, Lord, for our club (or church group)

Unison: We thank Thee, Lord.

Leader: For our loyal, hard-working, and dedicated officers and members.

Unison: We thank Thee, Lord.

Leader: For the educational, inspirational, and helpful programs we enjoy.

Unison: We thank Thee, Lord.

Leader: For the entertainment that has eased our tensions, brought us happy memories, and made us laugh together.

Unison: We thank Thee, Lord.

Leader: For the many friends we have in our club, for those we've had in the past, and the many more we will have in the future.

Unison: We thank Thee, Lord.

Leader: For the joy of fellowship we have with one another.

Unison: We thank Thee, Lord.

Leader: For the many worthwhile projects we develop throughout the year.

Unison: We thank Thee, Lord.

Leader: For the strength to grow, the desire to learn, and the broadening of our thinking that this club provides.

Unison: We thank Thee, Lord.

Leader: May we always work together in harmony and love.

Unison: Help us, O Lord.

Leader: May we continue to build in the future as we have built so strongly in the past.

Unison: Help us, O Lord.

Leader: May we always strive to make a better world and ourselves better people. In Thy name and to Thy glory, amen.

Unison: In Thy name and to Thy glory, amen.



AN OLD BLESSING

May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
And rains fall soft upon your fields.
And until we meet again,
May God hold you in the palm of His
hand.

St. Patrick Is Worthy of His Day

by
Cynthia Baldwin

Ask anyone what March 17 signifies, and he immediately responds, "Oh, that's St. Patrick's Day!" Known today primarily as the day of shamrocks, wearing of the green, and parades, the true significance of the day is often forgotten. However, the man honored on this unique day deserves the fanfare.

Many people assume that St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, was born in Ireland. Not so. Actually, Scotland, England, France and Wales all claim to be the saint's birthplace. In his own *Confessions*, St. Patrick writes that he was born in Bannavem Taberniae, but the location of this place is not known today.

St. Patrick is believed to have been born around 387. His Roman name was Patricius Magonus Sucatus. His father was Calpurnius, a deacon and town official.

At the age of sixteen, Patrick was captured by the Gaels and taken to northeastern Ireland. He spent the next six years as a slave tending flocks. It was a time of spiritual awakening for the young man. He experienced many dreams and visions, one of which gave him a message to escape. Spurred by his dream message, St. Patrick did escape from his master, fleeing to the west coast where he found a ship ready to sail for Britain.

After a brief reunion with his family, Patrick sailed to France and studied for the priesthood for the next eighteen years. He was ordained a priest and later consecrated bishop. In 432, Patrick returned to Ireland to spend the rest of his life working to convert the Irish to Christianity. Chief among his enemies were the Druid priests—actually sorcerers. Patrick performed many miracles and fought the Druids with tactics reminiscent of Moses' contest with the Pharaohs. His perseverance resulted in years of teaching and preaching, building churches and organizing parishes, and the conversion of thousands of Irish to Christianity. He is said to have died on March 17, 461 or March 17, 492.

Many legends and traditions have grown up about St. Patrick. One of the most famous stories associated with the St. Patrick's Day celebration is the legend of the shamrock: in trying to teach the converts about the Trinity, St.

Patrick held up a shamrock. He told the people that the three leaves represented the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. The stem was the godhead from which all three grew. Thus, the shamrock became a symbol of Trinity—the unity of three in one.

Also well known is the legend of how St. Patrick rid Ireland of snakes. St. Patrick is said to have banished all but one old serpent who refused to leave. The saint made a box and invited the serpent to enter. The serpent stated that the box was not large enough, but St. Patrick insisted it was. After a long discussion, the snake agreed to enter the box to prove it was too small. Once the snake was inside, St. Patrick quickly snapped the lid shut and plunged the serpent into the sea.

It is not known when or where the March 17 holiday started. The custom of wearing green on St. Patrick's Day did not start until one thousand years after his death. It became customary for Irishmen to wear a shamrock, to participate in much merry-making and dancing and to plant potatoes, the staple crop of Ireland, on that day.

Because so many Irish immigrated to the United States, it seemed only natural that the traditional celebrations of the Irish would follow. St. Patrick's Day was first celebrated in the United States in 1737 by the Charitable Irish Society of Boston for "the relief of the poor and indigent Irishmen reduced by sickness, shipwreck, old age, or other infirmities." Today, St. Patrick's Day is widely celebrated throughout the United States, although New York City has one of the most fabulous celebrations—a parade down Fifth Avenue. Thousands of marchers make their way down the parade route singing and dancing to such songs as "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" and "Wearing o' the Green".

Like many of our holidays, St. Patrick's Day has its roots deep in religious heritage. Although basically an Irish holiday, it is not limited to the Irish alone. Because of St. Patrick's accomplishments and legends, he is revered by people from almost every ethnic group. Whether you are of Irish descent or not, as one popular adage states: "Everyone's a little bit Irish on St. Patrick's Day!"



ST. PATRICK'S DAY

PARTY IDEAS

Decorations

Potato Centerpiece: Use the largest potato available. Scrub and dry it well. Cut shamrocks from green paper. Fasten each one to a pipe cleaner as the stem and insert it into the potato. Use as many as will make a pretty arrangement. Make a tiny leprechaun from a whole peanut shell, shaping arms and legs from pipe cleaners. Attach another pipe cleaner so that the leprechaun can be inserted among the shamrock flowers. Curl a long length of green paper ribbon and swirl it around the base of the arrangement.

Irish Washerwoman Centerpiece: If you have a cornhusk doll, she would work fine for the washerwoman; otherwise, fashion one using an empty detergent bottle for the body, a styrofoam head and chenille arms. Dress her in a gingham dress with a white apron and mop cap. For the tub, glue or wire wooden tongue depressors together, gluing on a cardboard bottom. A piece of corrugated cardboard, covered with foil, will make a fine washboard.

Games

Shamrock High Step: Divide the group into two teams. Each team is given two large green paper shamrocks. The player stands on one shamrock while moving the other one ahead, then steps on shamrock with the other foot. Player must reach a designated goal and return to the starting line by stepping on the shamrocks. If the foot touches the floor, the player must start over. The team having all its members race to the goal and back first wins the game.

Please Pass the Blarney: The women form a circle, with the men forming an inner circle. The man compliments the woman in front of whom he stands until the leader calls "Time", then moves to woman to the right and compliments her until time is called and then on to the next. The man tries to say as many nice things about the woman as he can in the time allotted. After every man has paid his compliments to every lady, pass out ballots to the women and have them vote on the man with the best line of blarney.

Sing-Along Puzzle: Beforehand, the hostess writes the words to some well-known Irish song on a paper plate. Use as many songs and plates as needed when dividing your guests into groups of four or five. Cut each plate into four or five jigsaw puzzle pieces. (This depends on size of crowd.) To play the game, the pieces are passed out, one to each guest in the groups. Players try to fit together their puzzle pieces to match song and form plate shape. The first group to match the pieces of their plate and sing the song wins. —Mabel Nair Brown



**DOROTHY
WRITES FROM
THE FARM**

Dear Friends:

Cold winter weather finally arrived! January went out like a lion with temperatures dropping below zero and bringing a storm which dumped a few inches of snow. Until that time, we hadn't had enough snow to bring the cardinals and other birds out of the timber into the barn lot, but every day, now, we see a few more. Having as many cats as we do, we always hope those beautiful red birds will be quick enough to get out of their way, but once in a while we will find a few red feathers in the yard. The colorful cardinals show up so well against the snow, I wish I had a telephoto lens for my camera so I could get some really good pictures of them in color. Last winter it wasn't unusual to see anywhere from thirty to forty cardinals in the barn lot at one time.

When the snow was very deep last winter, and the temperature stayed around zero for so long, I was very upset because the Muscovy ducks were keeping warm by sitting on the chimney. Sometimes there would be three at one time. We got rid of lot of the ducks last summer and I was hoping they were the ones that loved the chimney. We have only five left, but just as soon as it got real cold, there they were on the chimney again. It worries me, because I am afraid their bodies will cut off the air to exhaust fumes from the fire, but since this is the second winter and the stove seems to be operating efficiently, I guess they aren't hurting anything.

The other night in the middle of the wee small hours when Frank and I were both sound asleep, we were awakened by a loud noise that seemed to come from the top of the house. Frank jumped up and turned on the yard light to see if he could tell what made the sound; all he saw was a big white duck walking slowly away from the house. He decided it must have been sitting on the chimney and lost its balance, rolled down the roof and off the house right above the bedroom window, making a lot of noise. I'm glad the duck fell off the chimney instead of into it!

We have a new dog. It is a Brittany spaniel which just came here one day. He looks about nine years old and has been well cared for. He is such a lovable and friendly dog it's obvious he has never been mistreated. Since he came to our place during the hunting season, we figured someone had lost him while hunting. The newspaper ads have not listed such a lost dog. He has been here for some time but no one has claimed



Frank Johnson drives the tractor as he moves a huge bale of hay out to the hungry cattle in the pasture.

him. Our own dog was sick at the time and died three days after this one showed up, so the spaniel has taken over the doghouse, trails Frank around like a shadow, and is very much at home.

Frank's sister, Ruth McDermott of Kansas City, spent a weekend with us and with Frank's other sister, Bernie Stark. It was the weekend of Ruth's birthday so Bernie had us come to her house for a birthday dinner. It was Ruth's first trip here since last summer; although she didn't get to stay long, we made the most of every minute. Bernie and I got up early and took her to Osceola to catch the bus. On the way over, she started looking for her ticket and couldn't find it anywhere. She had taken some papers out of her purse at Bernie's so decided that was where she left the ticket. We didn't have time to go back and get it, so Ruth just bought another ticket and said she would use the lost one (when she found it) the next time she came to see us. Bernie came home and hunted everywhere to no avail. That evening, Ruth called to tell us the bus hadn't left the Osceola city limits when she found the lost ticket!

A few days before this happened, I had lost my car keys in Knoxville. Fortunately, I had another set of keys with me and was able to get home. I was sure I had dropped those keys into my purse and I was sure when I got home and could dump everything out of my purse, I would find them. I wasn't that lucky. I called my friend, Dorothy Lonigan, who works in the building where I thought I might have lost them. The next day here came a little box in the mail with my keys. So I was lucky after all.

This past month, my friend, Dorothea Polser, and I entertained our Birthday Club at a luncheon at her house. Dorothea told us a very funny story about a clock. About thirty years ago, she bought a beautiful Seth Thomas mantle clock at a closing-out sale. It is a real old one; in fact it looks a lot like one Frank's parents got about the time they were married. At any rate, Dorothea

could never get her clock to run. She spoke to watch repairmen in Chariton and Osceola, but they don't repair clocks. She took it with her one day to Humeston to someone she had heard about in that town that might work on it, only to find he doesn't work on clocks either. So she put it back on the shelf and forgot about it.

The day before we had club, Dorothea moved the old clock to dust the shelf. Later she was in the kitchen and heard a chime. She couldn't believe her ears and went to look—sure enough, that clock was running. She was almost afraid to set the hands for fear it would stop, but it didn't. That was two weeks ago and it is still keeping perfect time. I had to kid her a little bit and told her if she would dust more often than once every thirty years, she could have had a chiming clock all this time!

I have another story to relate that isn't funny, but it certainly is a mystery. Bernie recently put down an expensive vinyl floor covering in her kitchen and bathroom. Before the men installed it, she hired a carpenter to put down a new sub-floor. She had a little closed entryway between her kitchen and back porch and just a few days after the linoleum was laid, something chewed a hole through the two floors and the linoleum in the entryway. The hole was so big it took the bottom of a two-pound coffee can to cover it. The next morning she found another hole in the bathroom. There wasn't a sign of a track, and Bernie never did hear any noise. Nothing was eaten; in fact she had some apples on her kitchen cabinet and they hadn't been touched. She covered the holes until she could get them repaired, and to date no new holes have been made. She looked all around the outside of the house to see if there was anyplace some animal could have gotten in, but the foundation looks very tight. So the mystery has never been solved. Some suggested it was a raccoon; others suggested a squirrel, but

(Continued on page 19)



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

This is a lovely wintery day for writing to you. We have finally been blessed with a snowfall deep enough to cover up the late-dropped autumn leaves. I had been afraid the snow might wait until April to make its appearance, but it has come in season so now we have the look of winter. The skiers are happier and the merchants of all snow-related goods are breathing a little easier.

Since I wrote you last, we have been busy cleaning out a neat little cubbyhole of a room in our basement which the former owner of this house had made suitable with beautiful paneling for his collection of crystal glassware. It has served for the years we have lived here as a separate study room and general catch-all for Don. When Paul decided to return home, we all agreed that he would undoubtedly prefer greater privacy than he had enjoyed before he went to Florida two years ago. So we have cleaned out the "crystal" room and have set about transforming it into a young man's "pad". Thus far, we have covered the floor with a remnant of nice bright green carpet. Most of the furniture which would fit into this room from his former room upstairs has been moved down and, although it is a veritable rainbow of colors, it lacks for nothing essential save its own bath. There is even a telephone jack which was installed when we first moved into the house. Unfortunately, there is no extra phone laying around the upstairs unused, but these are now available from little specialty shops, so perhaps a phone can be a birthday present for Paul in March.

Right off Paul's new room is our downstairs family room which, during the cold months of the year, is the sole property of our big yellow cat, Morris. (His habits restrict him from living upstairs.) There is a Ping-Pong table and a well-furnished, party-type room in which Paul will be able to entertain his friends.

At this writing, we're all counting the days until Paul arrives. We'll surely have a dandy birthday party for him come March, because Adrienne will be on vacation from Northwestern and Don and I will be on spring vacation. Knowing the weather's past habits, we'll probably be in the midst of a blizzard and be housebound!

One of the puzzles I am going to be happy to have solved is the size of the sweater I completed for Paul but have never tried on him. He has extraordinarily long arms and long body, so I adjusted the size 40 men's pattern to what I estimated would be his size. The



Not many people would allow a kitten to share the warmth of a garment they are knitting, but Mary Beth lets Katharine's perky Siamese cat snuggle down on the body of the sweater she has been making for Paul.

sweater is made from Lopi yarn which comes from an Icelandic sheep—the longest haired sheep in the world. To date, I have made four sweaters from this yarn and they are deliciously warm and pleasant to wear. As soon as Paul arrives home and gets into the sweater, the suspense will be over. I don't know what I will do if I have to readjust the size—maybe he can wear it layered over another sweater to take up any excesses. You can surmise from my concern that it looks awfully large. Paul is tall but not big around and everyone who sees the sweater thinks it would fit a pro-basketball player.

There is very little new in Adrienne's life. She is carrying a full academic load this semester. With the exception of one political science course, she says that all of her classes are "killers". She

THANK YOU FOR MUSIC

Thank you, God, for the gift of music,
For tunes that soothe our hearts;
Thanks for old hymns we sing in church,
Favorites that become a part
Of our lives and our heritage . . .
Songs old, yet ever new;
Thank you for the inspiration
For this music that comes from you.

—Inez Baker

WHY?

Some go to church to take a walk;
Some go there to laugh and talk;
Some go there to meet a friend;
Some go there their time to spend;
Some go there to meet a love;
Some go there a fault to cover;
Some go there for speculation;
Some go there for observation;
Some go there to doze and nod;
The wise go there to worship God.

—Unknown

thoroughly enjoys the subjects, but finds them very difficult. How does her schedule sound to you, easy, or—shall we say—challenging: Physics, Differential Equations and Mechanics?

Don continues to keep busy with his real estate work during his free hours from school. This sounds as though he has hours and hours of time to devote to selling when, in fact, he spends until eleven or twelve o'clock every school night grading his students' physics and math papers. However, on weekends, he continues to keep his hand in the house-trading market. One of these days, the lending agencies will ease their interest rates and when that happens people will be trading houses again with more confidence. As it is now, there is a small degree of buying and selling but Don has managed to keep abreast of it. I feel great compassion for those unfortunate people who have had business transfers from one city to another and who are not able to sell their houses. There are several very expensive homes in a rather new subdivision down the road from us which have stood empty since the end of last summer.

Speaking of keeping busy, my sister Marge's husband, Bill Moroney, is adjusting his life to the pursuits which most suit his pleasure. For the first time since 1921, when my father associated himself with Remy Electric (which later became a division of General Motors Corporation), our family has no members in the General Motors family. Bill was retired from the Corporation on December 31. I think he had suspected that his retirement might come to pass earlier than usual because of the Corporation's need to adjust their employment numbers due to the money squeeze all over the country. If Don had stayed with the Corporation instead of associating with the Brookfield Academy as a teacher in 1969, he, too, would have been retired by now. Most of his associates in the Sales Department of Guide Lamp Division are now retired, also. It seems strange to think of these relatively young men, who are still so much in their productive years, being without jobs to get up for each morning. My guess is that they will not be long on the sidelines. These men have many years of experience to offer to business and the economy of the United States.

I must close now and get to the grocery store to lay in a supply of food. The weeks fly by so rapidly that my cupboard seems to resemble Mother Hubbard's more often than the family approves. With Paul soon to be attacking the refrigerator, a good many more stock goods will be needed than in the past.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

Whenever I go out to walk 2000 miles, I like to check my map and compass to be sure I start off in the right direction. Sitting on a mountain in Maine at the beginning of the Appalachian Trail, I chart my route south toward Georgia, just 155 days of hiking away. Will I make it? And if I do, will I be able to explain myself? Read on... —Bob Birkby



Whenever I go out to walk 2000 miles, I like to check my map and compass to be sure I start off in the right direction. Sitting on a mountain in Maine at the beginning of the Appalachian Trail, I chart my route south toward Georgia, just 155 days of hiking away. Will I make it? And if I do, will I be able to explain myself? Read on... —Bob Birkby

WHY INDEED? by Bob Birkby

"But why?" you ask. "Why did you do it?"

Whenever someone discovers I've hiked the length of the Appalachian Trail, he asks me that. Two thousand miles I walked. Through the black flies and pine bogs of Maine, the high peaks of New Hampshire and Vermont, the rolling mountains of Massachusetts and Connecticut, along the back roads and hills of New York and New Jersey, the rocky ridges of Pennsylvania and Maryland, the edge of West Virginia and the wild, thick mountains of Virginia, the balds and hollows of Tennessee and North Carolina, and the ragged wilds of northern Georgia.

"But why?" you ask again, and again I sidestep.

One hundred and fifty-five days on the trail. Through late spring, through the summer and fall, into the first storms of winter. Through the soles of two pairs of boots and the heels of a dozen sets of socks. Days of blazing light, of choking fog. Nights of brilliant skies, of mountain thunder. Walking, walking over mountains and entire ranges of mountains—Katahdin, the Whitecaps, Barrens, Bigelows, Mahoosucs, Whites, Greens, Berkshires, Taconics, Kittatinneys, Long Ridge, Shenandoahs, Blue Ridge, Great Smokies, Stekoahs, Nantahalas.

"But why?" you persist. "Why give up the comforts of home and the security of job and place in order to live out of a

backpack from June into November, to sleep on the ground, to spend days and weeks alone? Why?"

All right, I hear you. Yours is a question I often asked myself as I walked. It's a question with many answers, perhaps as many as there are miles along the trail. Here are a few.

I'd known about the trail for years. Winding along the high crest of the Appalachians for nearly the length of the country, it was at first a great challenge. The trail is the longest continuous hiking path in the world, and only a handful of hikers have walked the full distance in one continuous effort. Did I have the physical and mental toughness, the wilderness savvy and instinct the trail would demand?

Thus I began hiking, and for the first weeks in the Maine forest, the trail seemed almost too formidable. My legs and shoulders ached from the long miles and the heavy pack. I was nearly always wet and often cold. I worried about getting lost, about reaching a town before my food supplies were exhausted, and about the sanity of what I was attempting. Momentarily, the trail had a chance to defeat me.

But after several hundred miles, I noticed changes occurring. My body was hardening to the rigors of the march and the soles of my feet were toughening. Likewise, my mind was becoming accustomed to life on the trail. I learned to ignore the wetness and live with the

cold, and as my patience and confidence grew, my worries lessened, leaving me free to absorb the country through which I walked—the deep, heavy forests, the sweep of a mountain lifting the trail to the clouds, the shimmer of evening light on a windy lake.

Slowly the trail ceased to be an adversary I needed to vanquish. Slowly I came to see it as the incredible opportunity for self-discovery it is, an opportunity for much that is difficult elsewhere.

One stormy evening I camped in a small log lean-to. I built a fire in front of it, unrolled my sleeping bag inside, and lit a candle to flicker across my book. For a quiet hour I read, then stepped outside to stir the fire. In the misty darkness, I looked back toward the shelter.

Log walls, candlelight, an open book. It would have looked the same twenty years ago or two hundred. I was momentarily timeless.

Likewise, I was constantly removed from the neon and noise of the world that is not the trail. My possessions were only what I could carry, and that was enough. My entertainment was only what the mountains themselves could offer, and that was more than enough. I had no radio, no television, no newspaper, and I didn't want them, for as I hiked from first light until late afternoon, I had much to ponder. Decades were ending—both that of the '70s and that of my 20s—and it was good to have timeless, spaceless hours to consider what I had done in my first 30 years and what I wanted to do next.

So I hiked for many reasons. I hiked for the quiet, the isolation, the swallowing whole of a long, glorious slice of America. I hiked for insight, for the forked lightning on the peaks, the hushed dawns, the explosion of autumn on the high divide. I hiked for the taut strain of long-distance days and the cool sweetness of shaded springs. I did it to be footloose and yet completely responsible for my own well-being, to be self-contained yet thoroughly diffused into the forests, to be hidden away in valleys yet exposed to the elements on open summits.

"Why did you hike?" you ask. I hiked for all I've told you and for much I don't yet realize.

But as I stood on the Georgia mountain where the trail ends, one realization was clear. In spite of the neon and the noise of a world gone mad with computer and asphalt, adventure in its purest form still exists. The challenge, the adrenal rush, and the instant of deep understanding are there for those who wish to search them out. It may have taken me 2,000 miles to know that for certain, but it is a certainty worth every step of the way.

And that, above all, is why I did it.

IT'S ALL IN A DAY'S WORK!

by
Doris Sandahl

It took some doing and some time, but I finally turned out to be a typical farm wife and mother. Coming, as I did, from the third largest city in the world, and being an Easterner, a college graduate out to transform the world, turning farm wife was not easy. I gave up the larger world to conquer for a smaller world, but one to conquer, nonetheless.

My high ideals were real enough, and even commendable, but that all changed suddenly one Sunday evening when, following a young people's meeting, I was introduced to a young, handsome Swede by the name of Harry. It must have been instant love: we were married within three months. Our first couple of years were unsettled because of the war, then we moved to a small farm in southwest Iowa. At that time it was unheard of for an Eastern, big-city gal to make a decent wife for a farmer. I went about to prove that idea false. As a result there were some amusing times during those years of learning how to cope with the farm, with Swedish habits and with motherhood. Many of the jokes were at my expense, but no one ever said I wasn't trying.

One day we were visiting in a fellow farmer's home, discussing the weather and the crops. "What have you been doing?" I asked the farmer friend in an effort to sound intelligent.

"Oh, I been out layin' by the corn," was his matter-of-fact reply.

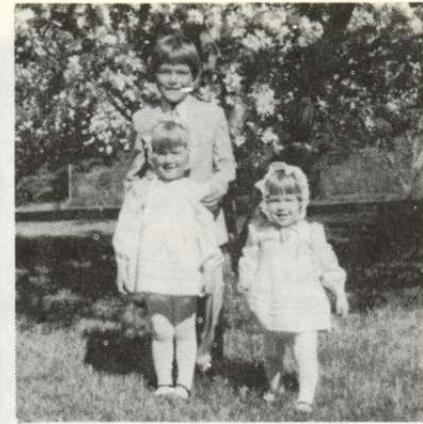
I thought he was spoofing me, so I glibly replied, "Why did you do that? Wouldn't Martha let you 'lay' on the couch?"

Everybody roared. I knew my question hadn't been that funny, so I shut my mouth until we were home and then demanded an explanation. Harry informed me that farmers always "lay by" their corn. It simply meant that, when they cultivated the corn for the last time, it was "laid by" until harvesting time.

We were living in a house which belonged to an aunt of my husband's. Naturally, I wanted to impress her. However, I had not yet learned the Swedish ways and accents, and she was an old-time, proud-of-her-heritage Swede. After one of my best-cooked meals, we were sitting around the table. I was feeling a bit smug because I had finally made a good impression on my husband's special aunt. Harry and his Swedish farm relatives were discussing the costs of farming and what they could to do to ease the pinch.

Aunt Esther suggested, "You could get rid of those milk cows and buy some 'sheep' cows."

Sheep cows? What were they? I couldn't keep the question to myself,



If you were a reader of our magazine back in the early 50's, you saw this picture of two darling little girls whose mother wrote warm and helpful letters to us for many, many years. We watched those little girls grow up through their mother's letters and, in turn, they write to us and keep us up-to-date on what goes on in their lives. Roxanne O'Gara (on the left with her fourth-birthday dolly) is now the mother of John, Heidi and Heather, and made her two little girls their fancy Easter outfits. None of us met face to face until three years ago, but they've been close friends through all of these years.

—Lucile

"What," I asked straightforwardly, "is a sheep cow?"

From the look I got from my aunt and the expression on Harry's face, it was plain to see I had goofed. I had offended Harry's aunt. Now, we English-speaking people buy "cheap" cows, but Aunt Esther, who spoke with a thick Swedish accent, buys "sheep" cows.

My face was red, and so was my ego, but I couldn't seem to stop. I kept on.

A few weeks later, Aunt Esther invited us to dinner to show she had forgiven me. Everything went fine until, as I helped clear the table, Harry asked, "What did you fix for dessert, Aunt Esther?"

"Nothing too filling, Harry," she answered. "Just yellow."

I looked up in surprise, "Yellow what?"

In a voice that shook with hurt pride, Aunt Esther said indignantly, "Yellow! You know, red yellow!"

Of course! Now I understood—but too late. Swedes eat red "yellow" almost every day. It is just we un-Swedish folk who eat red "Jello". I should have known.

As time went by and Harry and I were blessed with three children, my life became even more complicated. I always said we had a boy, a girl, and Virginia. Most families have a "Virginia". She is one of those breeds who keep things moving, but not always in the right direction. One of the pet sayings at our house when something was lost, when something was broken or anything was out of whack was, "Virginia must have been here." And she usually had.

When we went into town when Virginia was small, I always kept her on a leash. It was better than playing tag or hide-and-seek around the merchandise counters. No matter where we went it was either chase that child all over the place or keep her well in tow.

I remember one experience vividly.

The Sunday school was putting on a program. The tiniest children had been on the platform singing a song. When it ended, all the children left the stage except you know who! Two-year-old Virginia decided it was a good time to climb on the back of the choir benches and make faces at the audience. The teacher was having no luck in corralling the runaway, so I figured it was time for me to help out. That was a mistake. When Virginia saw her mother, she started her hide-and-seek, catch-me-around-the-other-side game. Finally, someone came to our aid and blocked off one end of the choir bench. The congregation loved the extra entertainment. I did not!

It was three years before we allowed Virginia to perform in public again. When she was about five she was scheduled to recite a poem. About halfway through, she stopped, plopped down on her stomach and peered through a knothole in the wood of the makeshift platform. As soon as her curiosity was satisfied, she jumped to her feet and picked up the poem right in the middle of the sentence where she stopped. When she finished, she made a little curtsy, marched off the stage and took her seat. It brought down the house. I tried to hide my embarrassment and smiled, too.

One summer Virginia's grandparents gave her a kid—a cute baby goat. When he drank his milk, he would drop down on his knees with his rear end in the air and wave his tiny flag-tail rapidly until the pan was dry. Kids are cute and affectionate, but when they are grown they become even more inquisitive and mischievous. (Sometimes we thought we should have named that baby goat "Virginia" instead of "Dilly".)

On one particular day I was out gathering eggs. When I returned, I noticed the back door was standing open. I knew I

(Continued on page 16)

FREDERICK'S

LETTER



Dear Friends:

Once again, Betty and I are spending several weeks in Pompano Beach, Florida. As usual, we are fortunate to have a beautiful condominium apartment provided by Betty's parents. Our apartment is right on the ocean, and it is in the same building where her parents live.

As I write this letter, I am sitting on a large balcony looking down on hundreds of sunbathers and swimmers who at this moment are dashing across the beach toward their cars. To my left are several beautiful yachts and fishing boats speeding down the Intercoastal Canal to some place of shelter. There is a big storm coming in off the Florida Everglades and in just a few minutes a cloudburst will surely begin. You should see the lightning! I am going to go inside before I get soaked.

While we come to Florida for the sun, I must confess that I also find pleasure in watching the storms. Whether they blow in off the ocean or off the Everglade swamps, we get spectacular views of every storm. Our seventh-floor perspective of both water and land is exciting and interesting and one of which I never tire.

Florida is great airplane country, and through all of the day and most of the night, little planes of every type and description are flying over our high-rise building, over the beach and the ocean. We have many helicopters, too, and some of them are piloted very low along the shore and surf as trained eyes study the large beach crowds looking for people in trouble or watching for people who are causing trouble.

This winter something else has been over our apartment building almost every day, and that has been the Goodyear Blimp. It is based here at nearby Pompano Beach Airport; all day long it takes passengers for rides around the countryside. At night, the blimp puts on exciting color and light shows. It is amazing what those airship technicians can do with the thousands and thousands of lights they have wired on the sides of the blimp. I am not sure whether Betty and I will go up in this airship again this year, but we certainly enjoyed riding in it two years ago when it was based in Miami.

Where getting the sun is concerned, Betty and I are exact opposites. We both love to sunbathe, but because of the sensitivity of her skin, Betty does not dare to be exposed long. I, on the other

hand, can lie in the sun for hours at a time with no hurt. My skin just gets darker and darker. When the two of us go down to the pool, Betty has to spend most of her time in the water, while I bask in the warm Florida sun.

As I lie there near the water, I listen to the women chatting about every subject imaginable, and even some beyond my imagination! I say that I listen to the women, because there are far more women than men in Florida. The men that are here in this condominium are much more apt to be playing golf than going swimming. Some of the men do go to the pool, but usually not more than three or four at a time, while there may be as many as fifteen or sixteen women.

What do they talk about the most? Food!! They are always sharing recipes and talking about favorite cookbooks. Yesterday, there was a guest at the pool from Illinois who had no idea who was stretched out on a beach towel near her. She started talking about a recipe she had seen in *Kitchen-Klatter*. I just kept my eyes shut and listened until I could stand the suspense no longer, then introduced myself. What a talk fest we had then. All the ladies wanted to hear about the family business, and we all enjoyed ourselves except the lady who started the whole thing by mentioning a *Kitchen-Klatter* recipe. She begged me not to mention her name or address. It seems she did not want some of her family to learn that she was vacationing in Florida! What do you think of that?

Many of the people who read my book, *Never Lose Hope*, have been writing to ask me when I intend to write another. The answer to that question depends on what our travel plans are for next fall. If

we do not take an extended trip to the South Pacific area, and if we decide to wait another year before going on a trip to South America, I may write a book next winter. So many people have told me how much good, practical, common-sense help they received from my first book, that I almost feel compelled to write a sequel.

A few days ago, I received a letter from a *Kitchen-Klatter* friend who told me a pathetic story about the way the happiness of her home had been destroyed by her husband's dislike of their neighbors.

"My husband is a good man who loves his family," she wrote, "but the older he becomes, the more he dislikes everyone else. Our neighbors resent this, and they let us know it. I resent it too, but I try to keep the peace. If you ever do write another book, Frederick, please write one about how to love even the unlovable."

I wonder if I could write a helpful book entitled *Loving the Unlovable*? Robert Frost once said: "You've got to love what's lovable, and hate what's hateable, and it takes brains to see the difference." Can you think of any subject for a book more challenging than that one—*How to Love the Unlovable*? I am going to think about that. Whatever else I would say in such a book, I know I would have to begin with the thought that God loves the very persons you and I may find to be unlovable! This difficult fact is absolutely basic to our Christian faith.

Betty joins me in sending you our very best wishes.

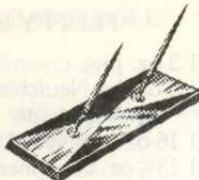
Sincerely,

Frederick



Betty Driftmier has a sensitive skin which cannot take too much sunlight. When she goes sailing, she wears clothing which covers her arms and legs and a cap to shade her face.

DONNA WRITES



Dear Friends:

If all goes as planned, Tom and I will be in Atlanta, Georgia, when this issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* reaches your door. As you may recall, a couple of years ago I accompanied Tom to San Francisco for a conference. Last year, that same conference was held in Detroit early in March. For some reason, I just couldn't bring myself to travel north in March. This year the location is considerably more appealing. At this time, it looks like the same group of wives will be going to Atlanta as went to San Francisco. Since we all seem to have similar interests and enjoy each other's company, we should have a good time. The men spend most of each day in meetings. Without the company of other wives, the trip wouldn't be nearly as much fun.

The mild temperatures during early winter certainly changed the number of birds around the bird feeder. Last winter, with snow cover on the ground for months, along with the very low temperatures, a large variety of birds gathered at the feeder most of the time. We have had birds, but not the wide variety of last year. I suppose the absence of as much snow cover made it so that food was not quite as scarce.

Natalie is learning about the mobility of our society in a personal and difficult way. Since the beginning of the school year, she has had four very close friends move, primarily due to fathers being transferred. All four of these girls had been close friends of Natalie's for a long time, one since kindergarten. They did so many things together as their likes and dislikes were very similar. It has certainly left a void in Natalie's life that will take a while to fill. Each afternoon, when she gets home from school, she checks the mail hoping for a message from Texas or Georgia.

Lisa is enjoying this school year. She is taking a very full load but, with the exception of one class she had first semester, she is enjoying all of her classes very much. She is learning, however, that it pays to take care of herself health-wise—for every day she is absent, it takes two days to catch up on the missed work.

Both Lisa and Natalie are finding that the foreign languages they are taking must be studied on a daily basis. They have both learned that it pays to spend a few minutes each day in reviewing what they have had in class that day. This added study makes it a lot easier when test time rolls around.

Natalie is planning to go to Wash-



Natalie is the younger daughter of Tom and Donna Nenneman of Omaha, Nebraska, and the granddaughter of Howard and Mae Driftmier of Shenandoah, Iowa.

ton, D.C., the end of May on a tour set up for eighth-grade students. She is doing all the baby-sitting she can handle in order to help pay for the trip. A few years back, a neighbor's youngster went on a similar tour. She has forewarned me that the incidental expenses of getting ready for this journey will be almost as expensive as the trip itself. The schedule looks very hectic. It appears that the young people will be kept busy from the time they get up until curfew. I'm sure the travel agents have designed these tours this way intentionally, realizing that a group of eighty or ninety thirteen- and fourteen-year-olds would be extremely hard to keep track of if every single minute isn't planned for them.

Lisa has really enjoyed her first year's experience in driving the car on snow-covered roads. Her father is still concerned when she has the car out, but he says it is just as hard to get used to the fact that she is growing up. She will be in the eleventh grade next year and it seems that it was just a few years ago when she was practicing riding her bicycle.

This last winter presented a problem for us. With so many friends calling both girls, the question came up as to phone

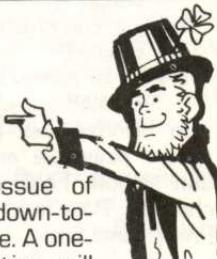
use. We have just one line coming into the house and when friends call for each girl, messages come in for Dad and calls from grandparents, the question becomes "Who's on first?" We considered a teenline and the girls offered to help pay the monthly fee, but we decided that we'd wait and think about another phone for the future.

Tom's job is, again, taking most of his time. It seems that school administration gets busier every year. With the increase in taxes, more students, more new schools, and more demands for services, the pressures continue to build for everyone. He has worked for this district since 1972 and it has grown from 6,800 students to 12,500 students. Some growth in an era when many schools in other places are losing population.

We have had a good year and things seem to be headed in the right direction for the future. We hope you all are having the joys of living that we are experiencing. Good health to all.

Sincerely,
Donna Nenneman

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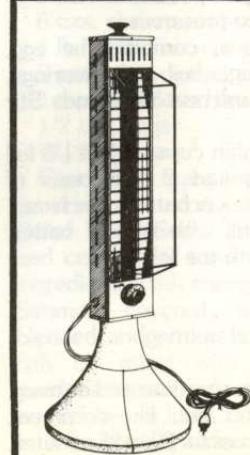
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(Per Frederick Driftmier's letter, Dec., 1979, Kitchen-Klatter.)



RECIPES for March

FROZEN GREEN SALAD

1/2 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
 1/2 of 6-oz. can (1/3 cup) frozen daiquiri concentrate, thawed
 1 3/4-oz. pkg. no-bake custard mix
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, cubed and softened
 Several drops green food coloring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1 20-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained
 1 4-oz. jar maraschino cherries, drained and chopped
 In blender, mix all the ingredients except pineapple and cherries. Blend until smooth. Fold in the pineapple and cherries. Pour into 5-cup ring mold. Freeze until firm. —Betty Jane

AVOCADO CHICKEN

3 Tbs. cooking oil
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 large onion, chopped
 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
 1/2 tsp. chili powder
 1 tsp. salt
 1/8 tsp. cinnamon
 1/8 tsp. pepper
 3 lbs. chicken pieces, skinned
 1 6-oz. can frozen orange juice concentrate, thawed
 1 Tbs. cornstarch
 2 Tbs. water
 Cooked noodles or rice
 2 avocados, sliced

Put oil and butter flavoring in large skillet. Sauté onion until tender. Add French dressing, chili powder, salt, cinnamon and pepper. Stir until well blended. Add the chicken pieces and brown on both sides. Add the orange juice, cover and simmer until chicken is done (about one hour). Remove chicken to platter. Surround with the cooked noodles or rice. Combine the cornstarch and water and add to juices in skillet. Cook until thick. Pour over the chicken platter. Arrange avocado slices around chicken and serve. —Juliana

POTLUCK HAM CASSEROLE

1/2 cup milk
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 1 cup dairy sour cream
 2 tsp. prepared mustard
 2 Tbs. minced onion
 Dash of pepper
 4 ozs. noodles, cooked and drained
 2 1/2 cups diced cooked ham
 Crushed buttered croutons for topping (optional)
 Blend together the milk, soup and cream. Add the mustard, onion and pepper. Layer half of the cooked noodles in casserole. Layer ham on top of noodles and then pour soup mixture over all. Layer with rest of noodles and the topping. Bake at 325 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. —Dorothy

MARINATED FRIED FISH

White boneless fish
 Salt and pepper
 1/4 cup soy sauce
 1/2 cup lemon or lime juice
 Paprika

Cut enough white, boneless fish into chunks for the number of people to be served. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and place in single layer in pan. Combine soy sauce and lemon or lime juice (increase amount if more is needed for fish to be served). Pour the liquid over the fish to at least half cover. Refrigerate for several hours, turning three or four times so pieces are completely coated. Remove fish from marinade. Sprinkle generously with paprika. Fry in small amount of hot shortening until brown. —Evelyn

CHERRY BLOSSOM MUFFINS

1 egg, slightly beaten
 2/3 cup orange juice
 2 Tbs. sugar
 2 Tbs. cooking oil
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 cups packaged biscuit mix
 1/2 cup chopped pecans
 1/2 cup cherry preserves

In mixing bowl, combine the egg, orange juice, sugar, oil and flavorings. Add biscuit mix and beat 30 seconds. Stir in nuts.

Grease 12 muffin cups and fill 1/3 full with batter. Spread 2 teaspoons of cherry preserves over batter in each cup. Cover to 2/3 full with rest of batter. Sprinkle tops with the following:

1/4 cup sugar
 2 Tbs. flour
 1/2 tsp. ground nutmeg
 1 Tbs. butter

Combine the sugar, flour and nutmeg. Cut in the butter until like cornmeal. Bake at 400 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. —Betty Jane

FLUFFY SALAD

1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
 1 5-oz. jar Neufchatel cheese spread with pimiento

1 16-oz. can sliced peaches
 1 13 1/2-oz. can pineapple tidbits
 1 11-oz. can Mandarin orange sections
 1 cup miniature marshmallows
 1 cup whipping cream
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 Beat the two cheeses together. Drain the syrup from fruits and beat it into cheese. Fold the fruits and marshmallows into cheese mixture. Whip the cream to which the flavoring has been added and fold into rest of mixture. Chill for several hours. —Robin

SIRLOIN ITALIAN BAKE WITH CHEESE POTATO BALLS

2 Tbs. cooking oil
 1/2 lb. fresh mushrooms
 1/4 cup chopped onion
 1/4 cup chopped parsley
 2 small cloves garlic, minced
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 1/2 tsp. leaf oregano
 1/4 tsp. sweet basil
 1/4 tsp. ground thyme
 1 small bay leaf
 2 lbs. sirloin steak, cut into 1-inch strips
 1 6-oz. can tomato paste
 3/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. In a Dutch oven or electric saucepan, sauté in the oil the mushrooms, onion, parsley, garlic and seasonings for about five minutes until tender. Add sirloin strips and brown. Stir in tomato paste and Italian dressing. Simmer, covered, about 25 minutes until meat is tender. Meanwhile, prepare the Cheese Potato Balls (recipe below). After meat is cooked tender, pour into an ungreased 2 1/2- or 3-quart deep casserole. Remove bay leaf. Top with Cheese Potato Balls. Bake at 375 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes until balls are light golden brown. Serve warm.

Cheese Potato Balls

2 1/2 cups hot water
 1/4 cup margarine
 1 tsp. salt
 1/3 cup milk
 1 5 1/4-oz. pkg. mashed potato flakes
 1 egg, slightly beaten
 1/4 cup chopped onion
 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese

In medium saucepan, bring water, margarine, and salt to boiling. Remove from heat and add milk. Stir in potato flakes until just moistened. Let stand a minute and then add slightly beaten egg and onion. Stir lightly to combine. Cool. Shape cooled potato mixture into 12 to 16 balls. Roll in grated Parmesan cheese. —Donna Nenneman

CHILI-CHIP CASSEROLE

1 lb. ground beef
 1 cup chopped onion
 1 1-oz. envelope chili seasoning mix
 1 6-oz. can tomato paste
 3/4 cup water
 1 6-oz. pkg. corn chips, crushed
 1 1-lb. can pinto beans, drained
 2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese

Brown beef in large skillet until crumbly and no more pink color shows. Drain excess fat. Stir in onion, chili seasoning mix, tomato paste and water. Simmer 10 minutes. Line a casserole with about half the crushed chips. Make a layer of the meat mixture over chips in casserole. Then layer beans over meat and sprinkle with about 1/2 cup of the shredded cheese. Cover with rest of crushed chips and cheese. Cover with foil and bake about 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Uncover and bake about 15 minutes longer.

—Betty Jane

POPPY SEED COFFEECAKE**Filling**

3/4 cup poppy seeds
 3/4 cup blanched whole almonds
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/3 cup milk
 3/4 tsp. grated lemon peel
 1 Tbs. lemon juice
 3 Tbs. butter or margarine

In blender, combine the above ingredients. Whirl until consistency of cornmeal. Pour in saucepan and cook for about 10 minutes or until thick and smooth. Cool. Filling may be prepared several hours ahead of time or even the day before.

Dough

1 pkg. dry yeast
 1/4 cup warm water (110 degrees)
 1/4 cup warm milk (110 degrees)
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 cup sugar
 1 egg, beaten
 1/4 cup butter or margarine, room temperature
 3 to 3 1/2 cups unsifted flour
 1 egg white
 1 tsp. water
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
 2 Tbs. sliced almonds

In large bowl, dissolve yeast in the warm water and milk. Blend in the salt, sugar, egg and butter or margarine. Gradually add about 2 1/2 cups flour, blending well. Add enough more flour to make a soft dough. Place dough on floured breadboard and knead until smooth and elastic. Put dough in greased bowl and let set in warm area until doubled in size. Punch down and turn out on floured breadboard. Roll into a 10-by 15-inch rectangle. Place rectangle on lightly greased baking sheet. Mark into three lengthwise sections.

Spread poppy seed filling on the center

section. Cut both outer sections into 10 diagonal slits almost to filling. Lap slits, one over the other, into a braid-like effect.

Beat the egg white, water and almond flavoring together. Brush over the dough. Sprinkle with the sliced almonds. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. A powdered sugar glaze may be drizzled over top, if desired.

GOLDEN SPICE CAKE

2 1/4 cups cake flour
 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 1/2 tsp. mace
 1 tsp. soda
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/2 cup butter
 2/3 cup brown sugar
 4 eggs, well beaten
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
 1/2 cup milk
 1/3 cup molasses

Sift flour, nutmeg, cinnamon, mace, soda and salt together three times. Cream the butter and brown sugar. Add well-beaten eggs and the flavorings to the creamed mixture. In another container, combine the milk and molasses. Alternately add the sifted dry ingredients and milk mixture to the creamed mixture. Beat 1 1/2 to 2 minutes with electric mixer. Pour into two greased and floured 9-inch cake pans. Bake for about 25 minutes at 375 degrees. Cool and frost with your favorite icing.

—Juliana

FISH STEW

1/2 cup margarine
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 onions, chopped
 1 garlic clove, minced
 1 1/2 cups chopped celery
 1 bay leaf
 1/2 tsp. pepper
 1/3 tsp. thyme
 1 tsp. salt
 1 can crab meat
 1 can clams
 6 ozs. shrimp (optional)
 1 lb. white fish, cut into pieces
 5 potatoes, peeled and cubed
 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 1/2 tsp. sugar
 Water to cover

Combine margarine and butter flavoring in bottom of heavy kettle or Dutch oven. Sauté onions, garlic clove and celery until tender. Add remaining ingredients, with enough water to cover. Simmer, covered, until flavors are blended and potatoes are tender. This can be made with any variety or combination of seafoods desired. It can be thickened with a little cornstarch mixed with cold water and added.

—Evelyn

APPLESAUCE-NUT BREAD

1 cup granulated sugar
 1 cup applesauce
 1/3 cup cooking oil
 2 eggs
 3 Tbs. milk
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

2 cups flour
 1 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. ground nutmeg
 1 cup chopped pecans or other nuts
 1/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon

In large bowl, combine the sugar, applesauce, oil, eggs, milk and flavorings. Beat well. Combine the flour, soda, baking powder, 1/2 tsp. cinnamon, salt and nutmeg. Mix into the creamed mixture. Fold in 3/4 cup of the nuts. Pour into greased loaf pan.

Combine the brown sugar, 1/2 tsp. cinnamon and remaining nuts. Sprinkle over top of batter in pan. Bake in 350-degree oven for 30 minutes. Remove from oven and cover with foil. Return to oven for another 30 minutes or until done. Remove from pan and cool on rack.

The pineapple flavoring gives this applesauce bread an unusual flavor.

—Betty Jane

ESCALLOPED POTATOES

15 peeled and sliced potatoes
 1 1/2 cups chopped onion
 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 1/2 cup flour
 2 1/2 tsp. salt
 2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 2 tsp. dry mustard
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 6 cups milk
 4 cups shredded Cheddar cheese (or less)

1 cup cracker crumbs
 Butter or margarine for top
 Paprika, if desired

Cook potatoes in boiling water until tender; drain well. Sauté onion in the 1/2 cup butter or margarine. Stir in flour, salt, Worcestershire sauce and mustard. Gradually stir in flavoring and milk. Cook, stirring, until mixture thickens. Remove from heat and add shredded cheese (adding amount desired). Stir until cheese melts. Place well-drained potatoes in a 9- by 13-inch baking dish. Cover with cheese sauce, top with cracker crumbs and dot with butter. Sprinkle on paprika if desired. Bake in 350-degree oven for 30 minutes or until golden.

This is a large recipe, enough to serve 12 to 15.

—Evelyn

HOT CHEDDAR-RYE SLICES

1 bunch green onions
 1 4 1/2-oz. can chopped black olives
 1 4-oz. pkg. shredded Cheddar cheese
 1/4 cup mayonnaise
 Party rye bread slices

Chop onions including some of the tops. Combine onions, olives, cheese and mayonnaise. Spread on rye bread slices. Bake at 400 degrees for about 10 minutes. These can be frozen and baked when needed.

—Robin

MOLASSES COOKIES

1/2 cup butter
 1/2 cup shortening
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 1 egg
 2 Tbs. molasses
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 3 cups flour
 1 tsp. soda
 2 tsp. cinnamon
 2 tsp. ginger
 2 tsp. ground cloves

Cream together the butter, shortening and sugar until fluffy. Beat in the egg, molasses and flavoring. Sift together the dry ingredients and blend into the creamed mixture. Chill at least 4 hours or overnight. Roll out dough and cut out shapes as desired. Bake at 400 degrees for 6 to 8 minutes.

—Juliana

JUST PLAIN TALK

Sometimes our readers say better than we can what the **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** mean to them. Mrs. Bernard L. Boone of Sheldon, Iowa, says that every time she tries a new recipe she reaches for the **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** and she puts her feelings into rhyme:

"Making salads, cakes or pancake batter?
 You can use flavorings made by **Kitchen-Klatter**.
 There's **Almond, Banana, Black Walnut** and **Cherry, Burnt Sugar** and **Butter, Coconut** and **Blueberry, Lemon, Pineapple, Maple, Raspberry, Orange, Vanilla, Mint** and **Strawberry**.
 In your cupboard they'll make a colorful array,
 You'll find many uses for them every day.
 Don't let them run out, you'll be sad if you do,
 Because then you'll serve flat-tasting food, it is true!
 So whatever you're fixing and you want folks to flatter,
 Be sure that you flavor it with **Kitchen-Klatter**."

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If you can't yet buy them at your store, send us \$2.50 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Vanilla comes in both dark and clear in the 3-oz. bottles. Dark vanilla is also available in a jumbo 8-oz. bottle at \$1.50. We will pay the postage.

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TUTTI-FRUITTI CAKE FILLING

8 egg yolks
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 1/2 cup butter
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
 1 cup chopped pecans
 1 cup raisins
 1 cup shredded coconut
 1/2 cup chopped candied cherries
 1/4 tsp. salt

Beat egg yolks well. Add sugar, butter and flavorings. Cook in top of double boiler over low heat, stirring constantly, for about five minutes. Remove from heat and blend in remaining ingredients. Allow to cool.

Use as filling between layers of a white cake.

—Dorothy

ENCHILADAS**Filling**

2 large onions, thinly sliced
 2 Tbs. butter or margarine
 2 cups diced, cooked chicken or turkey (skin removed)
 1/2 cup sweet red pepper or pimiento, chopped
 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, cubed
 Salt to taste
 In large, wide skillet over medium heat, melt the butter or margarine. Add onion

slices and cook, stirring occasionally, until onion is limp and becomes slightly brown. Remove from heat and add the chicken or turkey, pepper, cream cheese and salt. Return to low heat and, using two forks to mix, heat until cheese is melted. Set in warm place while preparing the following:

12 corn tortillas
 Cooking oil or lard (for frying tortillas)
 2/3 cup whipping cream
 2 cups shredded Monterey Jack or Cheddar cheese

Place about 1/4 inch oil or lard in frying pan. Heat. Put each tortilla in hot fat only a few seconds on each side until tortilla begins to blister and becomes soft. (Do not cook until crisp.) Drain.

Spoon prepared filling into shells. Roll and place, seam side down and side by side, in 9- by 13-inch greased baking pan. Brush cream over tortillas and sprinkle with shredded cheese. Bake, uncovered, about 20 minutes at 375 degrees.

—Betty Jane

VEGETABLE SAUCE

2 Tbs. flour
 2 Tbs. butter
 1 medium to large green onion, chopped
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/3 cup grated Cheddar cheese
 1 cup milk
 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
 Dash of garlic powder

Combine and cook together the flour and butter. Stir in the onion and salt. Add the rest of the ingredients and cook until thick and cheese is melted. Serve hot over cooked broccoli, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, asparagus, etc.

—Juliana

EGG-ASPARAGUS-MUSHROOM CASSEROLE

2 Tbs. butter
 3 Tbs. flour
 1/2 tsp. prepared brown mustard
 1 can mushroom soup
 1 large can asparagus tips
 4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
 1/2 cup crushed rice flakes (or bread crumbs)
 1/4 cup grated American cheese

Melt butter, add flour and blend well. Combine mustard with soup and add to flour mixture. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, until thick. In buttered casserole, arrange layers of asparagus, egg and the mushroom sauce. Make several layers of each. Cover and put in refrigerator for several hours or put in freezer for later use. Just before baking, combine the rice flakes (or bread crumbs) and cheese and sprinkle over top. Bake at 350 degrees for about 35 minutes or until heated thru. (A little longer baking time may be required for the frozen casserole.) —Robin Justiz

"NOT A BOOK FOR SALE"

by
Harold R. Smith

Attending an auction recently, I saw a box of books that contained a diverse assortment ranging from romantic novels set at the turn of the century to old medical books interspersed with ancient history volumes which crumbled from age when handled. As I looked through this box of books, I was reminded of an incident that happened several years ago.

I was driving with friends one Sunday afternoon. We had no particular destination, just a lazy afternoon when we decided a short drive might break the monotony of a silver-grey day with a hint of moisture in the air.

We reached a small town in Nebraska where none of us had been before. We drove slowly around the town admiring the huge Victorian houses and neat lawns.

In the far distance, we saw a huge brick house which we assumed had been a hotel at one time. A weathered and sagging porch encircled a portion of the house. A faded sign proclaimed: "Antiques for Sale". We parked and walked through the yard that was cluttered with a myriad of objects: pieces of stoves, bedsteads and other items we could not identify.

My mother, Frances, remarked, "That house certainly looks eerie."

We glanced upward and noted it was a full 2½ stories with immense windows and a huge door with an oval glass all with drawn shades. A small sign near the door instructed us to ring the doorbell. Several minutes passed before a lady opened the door cautiously and asked what we wanted. We explained we had seen her sign and wanted to browse. She seemed reluctant to open the door.

"You can come in but only for a few minutes," she said firmly as she opened the door, disclosing a young man hovering in the background.

The interior was dark. Enough light did filter down from a chandelier to reveal a steeply pitched staircase of dark wood. A handsome coat rack stood in a dusty corner. The hall was filled with numerous tables which held what seemed to be thousands of books.

We followed the lady up the staircase. At the top she pointed to card tables which held fruit jars and jelly glasses. We politely looked at them and inquired if she had anything else to sell. She opened another door and disclosed a room filled with bedsteads so numerous they reached the ceiling in jumbled disarray. Since none of us wanted a bedstead, we asked what else she might have to sell. She opened another door into a room which held books displayed in bookcases, boxes, crates, some simply



This is a picture of Frederick and Betty Driftmier's home at Pawcatuck, Connecticut, that we haven't shared with you before. If you were to drive by on River Road, you would see this view of the house with the large, extended deck which runs along to the side and provides a place for those comfortable chairs. All of the rocks at the edge of the yard give you an idea of the work which was involved to move enough of them to create a lovely green lawn in the spring.

piled on the floor. The walls held countless pictures. She suddenly said, "These pictures and books are my private collection."

"You must love books very much," I said looking at the vast number.

"No, I never read any of them," she explained. "I just buy them and place them in my rooms. Not a book is for sale."

She then closed the door suddenly and indicated it was time for us to leave. As we went down the staircase we inquired how many rooms were in the house.

"I don't know for I've never counted them," she replied. "Around 26 or so, I guess."

I asked if it had once been a hotel and she answered it had always been a private residence; she had lived there 57 years. As we neared the door, we thanked her and she said, "I feel safe living here with my grandson. I own a farmhouse, too, and it's filled with books."

We stepped from one century into another as we walked down the steps into sunlight which had swept away the grey clouds we had encountered all day. I turned around and looked at the massive brick house that appeared sound except for the sagging front porch. I also noticed a two-story wing that extended to the rear and a small porch tucked into a space between bay windows. An enormous woodpile was neatly stacked near some outbuildings. A cow, tied securely to a tree, munched grass nearby.

Driving home, we discussed the house and occupants. I felt we had intruded upon the lady's privacy yet she did have a sign that advertised antiques. She

certainly seemed reluctant to let us in and both she and her grandson seemed nervous—or perhaps they were just shy. The strangest part of the experience was the huge collection of books she had bought for years and carefully piled and stacked in those massive rooms, yet none were for sale nor did she read them.

The number of my books is certainly modest when compared to that woman's collection but my books are "friends". There are books that I reread often, pencil notations in the margins or underline bits of wisdom and passages I enjoy. And as I look at my books, I shall never forget the lady in Nebraska who owned thousands of books, never read them, and, as she said, "Not a book for sale!"



HOME IS MADE OF LITTLE THINGS

A home is made of little things,
Of comfort, love and tenderness.
There a mother working sings
To bless the home with happiness.

A home must sometimes bear with sorrow,
Tears and sighs, and often despair,
But these make joy, the sweeter tomorrow,
When the sun is shining sure and fair.
Home is made of little things day by day,
We find our patchwork sometimes dark,
often bright,
And welcome with joy those patterns gay
That follow the stormiest night.

—Unknown

HOUSEWORK DAILY DOZEN

by
Erma Reynolds

Homemakers need exercise. It stimulates circulation, keeps from adding inches in the wrong places, and helps relieve the tensions that can build up in the course of a day's efforts.

I can hear you saying, "I get plenty of exercise doing my daily housework."

Of course—but chores done the wrong way are tiring and do muscles little or no good. Work the right way and energy is extended and inches are kept from being added in the wrong places.

Cultivate a rhythmic, unhurried pattern as you perform routine tasks—don't use jerky movements. Hurrying wears out the muscles and produces fatigue, not strength.

Make your legs do the work whenever you have to lift something heavy. Start with bent knees, gradually straightening the legs to raise the object. When picking up bits of paper, lint, or the thousand and one things that get on the floor, squat down on the heels, with shoulders back, then push up with leg muscles to rise.

In a house with an upstairs area, considerable climbing is done in the course of a day. Use this stair-climbing as a leg-and hip-reducing exercise. As you go up

the stairs, hold the body upright, back straight. Lift the weight from the balls of the feet, and straighten the legs after each step is climbed.

In bed-making, swing the body forward from the waist, exaggerating the forward swing of the arms as the bedding is adjusted.

It has been said that the average homemaker washes some 2½ million cooking and eating utensils in her lifetime. Whether dishwashing is done by hand at a sink, or with an automatic dishwasher, use the time spent handling the dishes to practice deep breathing.

When sitting, be sure to sit all the way back in the chair. Keep your back straight, and pull in the stomach muscles. When writing, don't slump, but bend forward from the waist.

Learn to vacuum properly, exercise-wise. Keep the strokes short and within easy reach, stepping forward and backward with each stroke. Start with one foot forward, knees slightly bent, and as you draw the cleaner back toward you, rock your weight to the back foot. All the time, keep your back straight and shoulders relaxed. When cleaning under low furniture, kneel down on one knee rather than bending at the waist. This uses the stronger leg muscles, rather than the back muscles.

While you remove dust from the ceiling, upper corners, or any work that calls for the head to be thrown back, form the habit of forcibly opening and shutting your mouth. Sure, you'll look silly, but it's a great way to whittle down a double chin.

Try this home fitness program. The end result—a neat, clean house, and a neater, trimmer you.

LADDER SAFETY

- Make sure that the ladder is on a firm, level surface.
- Always use a ladder that is long enough for the job. A great number of accidents are caused by someone trying to overreach because the ladder was too short.
- Inspect the ladder for structural damage or deterioration before you start climbing.
- Remember to lock the spreader before you climb. Otherwise the ladder could fold with you on it.
- If using a straight ladder, it should extend at least 36 inches above the eave, gutter or roofline. The base of the ladder should be one foot away from the wall for every four feet of length. For example, a 16-foot ladder should be four feet away from a wall.
- When using metal ladders, avoid contact with overhead electrical power lines or electrical circuits.
- Never descend a ladder with your back to the rungs. Always face the ladder and keep at least one hand on the ladder.
- Take the added time to move a ladder rather than trying to overextend your reach.
- Finally, never store ladders where they may become wet or damaged.

REMEMBER

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ALL IN A DAY'S WORK — Concluded
had closed it when I left the house. Hurriedly, I went in to find a half-grown goat standing in the middle of the breakfast table helping himself to the butter. I dropped my basket full of eggs and went for that goat. He jumped into the sink, sending dishes flying in all directions. Finally, I cornered him and carted him bodily, legs flapping, deposited him outside, then came back to survey the mess.

This happened some time ago, but I can still see those flying dishes, that fallen egg basket with broken eggs oozing out over the floor, and even that cute little flag of a tail waving madly.

Now that I am a more experienced farm wife and mother, I am amazed at how much I have learned: never ask a Swede to buy cows or make dessert, watch for farm terms which sound strange to un-farm ears, keep an eagle eye on mischievous animals and be thankful for children with the pep and enthusiasm of a Virginia.

GROW SOME FOOD

by
Monica Brandies

Are those seed catalog pictures of fresh green beans and vine-ripened tomatoes making your mouth water? Nothing frozen, canned, or shipped can give you that fresh-picked flavor, but there is a way to get some of the sweet taste of summer eating into the winter-weary diet. Sprout! It's easy.

Put some whole seed—beans, peas, sunflower, rice, lentils—into a jar, about a half a cup to a quart. Add a pint of water and let it all set for several hours or overnight.

By morning the seeds will swell to double in size. Next step: pour off the water. Rinse the seeds with tap water—either hot or cold. This is easily done by cutting a square of nylon net or any mesh material. Put it over the top of the jar and fasten it down with a rubber band or with a canning rim. Drain off all the water.

It is a good idea to leave the jar tilted upside down between rinsings, which should be repeated at least twice a day (preferably three or four times). By the second day, the seeds will be sending out tiny sprouts; these will grow until the jar is full. You could also put the seeds in a colander and rinse right through, but leave plenty of room for expansion.

All this can happen right on your kitchen counter or even in the darkness of the cupboard. After the third day, begin watching for tiny little leaves. When these appear, set the jar in the sun for several hours so the leaves can make chlorophyll and turn green. After this, replace your mesh with a solid lid and put the sprouts in the refrigerator.

You can get lentils, peas, and various soup beans at any grocery. In health food stores, such goodies as garbanzo, mung, and adzuki beans and alfalfa seeds are available. These last put out long, thin, white sprouts tipped with very green leaves which are delicious to eat right out of hand, on a toasted cheese sandwich, mixed in tossed salads, or in casseroles. They are nothing like any cow ever tasted!

Triticale is a hybrid cross of wheat and rye that tastes so sweet sprouted it reminds you of the honeysuckle flowers you used to suck as a child. You can use seeds from your own garden, but DO NOT use any commercial seeds meant for planting because they may have been treated with poison fungicide.

Books of recipes for using sprouts are on the market including *The Sprouters Cookbook* by Marjorie Page Blanchard.

There are several good reasons to eat sprouts even besides the taste. Sprouted seeds are inexpensive to begin with, they increase from double to ten times over in volume, depending on when you eat

them. Best of all, the process of germination turns the fats and starches to vitamins, sugars, and protein, making the seed more digestible, less fattening, and many times more nutritious.

Soybeans and garbanzos can be sprouted for two days and then dried: spread on a cookie sheet and roast in a 300-degree oven for 15 minutes. Grind in a meat grinder and use in cheese rolls, stuffing, sweet potato croquettes, corn fritters, cookies, on top of cake instead of nuts, or as a meat stretcher.

Alfalfa, barely sprouted, can be mixed in bread like caraway seeds. Soup beans just sprouted taste the same in soup, but are more nutritious, less gaseous, and cook in half the time. Mung beans or lentils can be used in nearly any vegetable casserole as a replacement for some or all of the other vegetables. If you have any left after several days in the "frig", they can be put into airtight bags and frozen for months.

Get out a jar and the seeds and start an instant kitchen crop today. It is excellent winter therapy and good for your budget and your body.

MEET OUR WRITERS

Monica Brandies

All my life I have been so blessed by God that it is almost overwhelming. As a child growing up on an Ohio farm, I took my wonderful parents for granted. I even had, and still do, an extra "parent" in my Aunt Joan.

I published my first writing at the age of ten for the fabulous sum of one dollar. At the Pennsylvania School of Horticulture for Women, I studied journalism under Louise Bush-Brown, co-author of *America's Garden Book*.

I married my high school beau and lifetime friend and couldn't have found a better husband had I searched the world for years; he has overwhelmed me with blessings, too. For example, I thought a small greenhouse would be nice. He purchased one of 5000 square feet plus a flower shop. Here we both lived and worked while he finished college, then we traded for a fine old house and two acres.

I wanted children. We now have eight, aged three to twenty. I wanted to stay home with them and be mostly a mother. Reading and writing gave me an escape which I needed. Soon we had animals of every sort and were growing 90% of our own food. But our soil was terrible and I thought it would be nice to have really rich land so we moved to Iowa onto 4.5 acres of good land. I wanted a family cow. Somehow we wound up with a dairy; at one time we had fourteen milkers and thirty head altogether on our crowded corner.

Iowa brought me into contact with other writers who helped me



Monica Brandies is baking bread with two of her eight children—John and Gretchen.

immeasurably with advice, encouragement and inspiration. Four years ago, I began a weekly column, mostly on gardening.

I write because learning new things is a joy and excitement I want to share. Sometimes I write because the pains of living are so terrible that I want to share the consolations I have found. Mostly, I write because I am a person who likes to talk, but whose listeners are always dropping their laundry by my machine and walking off to where they can't hear me.

I loved the country and would have gladly stayed forever except for trips to the library, but when we found ourselves spending many hours and more money chauffeuring children to activities in town, we sold our cows and farm and moved to Wilton, Iowa. Though I dreaded town living, I have transplanted well and adjusted happily to raking a few leaves instead of shoveling much manure. I have even learned to make a small yard produce big rewards!

Hundredfold blessings can be exhausting, but they certainly keep life interesting. I wonder what would happen if I said I'd like to travel—a little. Come to think of what happened with my other requests, I'd rather stay home.

RECIPE FOR BABY GIRLS

Reach into the heaven high,
Take a shred of clear-blue sky,
Add some stardust to the mix,
And stir this well with moonbeam sticks.
Into this pour all your tears
Plus your dreams down through the
years.

Add a heartache, some despair,
Then a dash of thoughtful care.
Fold in million-dollar bills,
Sleepless nights and childhood ills,
Now some dark or sun-washed curls,
And that is what makes baby girls.



Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

Friendships formed through the years with *Kitchen-Klatter* readers are very special to me. A book that says much about the subject is *The Friendship Factor* (Augsburg Publishing House, 426 S. 5th St., Minneapolis, MN. 55415, \$2.25) by Dr. Alan McGinnis. A most important part of our lives is human relationships. The prime ingredient of warmth and caring is the friendship factor. There is the old axiom that God gave us things to use and people to enjoy. If you want to deepen your friendships, the author says you should assign top priority to your relationships. Emerson said, "We take care of our health, we lay up money, we make our rooms tight, and our clothing sufficient; but who provides wisely that he shall not be wanting in the best property of all—friends?"

You should dare to talk about your affection. "For fear of seeming sentimental," the author writes, "Many of us hold back expressions of warmth and thereby miss out on rich and profound friendships. We say 'thanks'

when we mean 'God bless you,' and 'so long' when we mean 'I'll miss you a lot.' Dr. McGinnis has written interesting case histories as well as anecdotes about famous people such as Helen Keller and C. S. Lewis. Becoming an expert at friendship can be one of the most rewarding projects of your lifetime.

A Door County, Wisconsin, classic is back in print! A book about *family* that Gladys Taber wrote is to enjoy, enjoy. A reprint edition is now available of *Especially Father* (Pine Street Press, Box 302, Baileys Harbor, Wisconsin 54202, \$9.95, 75¢ postage and handling.) Written in 1948, Gladys Taber went back in memory to the summer vacations at Green Bay. That was where she first saw her parents, especially Father, as individuals. Now Father was quite an individual! There was Father's feud with the State Park Superintendent; Mama's triumph in the affair with the missionaries (Mama and the missionaries won!); the vacations in his incredible automobile, and the days at college where Father taught Geology. No doubt you'll laugh and cry as you read *Especially Father*.

Let me give you an idea of what Father was like: "He was gifted with such alarming vitality and such a horror of wasting a moment of time. A short drive was exhausting because he drove like a



Aaron John Brase is Kristin and Art Brase's middle son (and Frank and Dorothy Johnson's grandson). He is in fifth grade and 11 years of age.

madman, and if anyone mentioned it, he'd say, 'We'll never get anywhere if we don't keep moving!' Father went through life like a jet plane, and he expected everyone around him to do the same." *Especially Father* is another book to add to your Gladys Taber collection. You won't be sorry.

Iowa, the "beautiful land", my home state, has many things going for it. The latest book published by the Iowa State University Press at Ames tells what it means to grow up in Iowa. People who could take time to think about their past have contributions in the book, *Growing Up in Iowa* (Iowa State Univ. Press, So. State Ave., Ames, IA 50010, \$8.95, 60¢ postage and handling).

Edited by Clarence A. Andrews, the book contains reminiscences of fourteen Iowa authors. Hamlin Garland's offering is about a wild night ride across the open prairie for the doctor in a distant town. Frank Luther Mott tells about a small-town printing plant in the 1890s. Phil Stong writes of school days in a southeast Iowa town, and a newsboy's Christmas in Cedar Rapids is described by Paul Engle. Julie McDonald describes farm and small-town life in a western Iowa Danish settlement. She has returned to Harlan often to reclaim her childhood, and the first feeling of belonging still exists. She writes, "The house where I was born may be gone and the dot on the map that was Fiscus may go unlabeled, but they are still mine and I now claim the whole of Iowa as fervently as I did that house, that hamlet. From border to border, this state is mine!" Clarence Andrews, a theatrical and film buff, writes of that aspect of his life. He is a visiting professor of journalism at the University of Iowa and author of *A Literary History of Iowa*. The selections are sure to strike a responsive chord with many readers.

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

No matter if March should come in like a lion, the planting season is just around the corner and every gardener's heart leaps with joy at the thought—at least mine does! Little seedlings are poking up through the planting medium in flats on the greenhouse benches and we are anxiously awaiting the first glimpse of a robin or meadowlark to prove that spring is really here. It will soon be time to start a myriad of seeds indoors for outdoor planting later. Remember, tender annual flowers and vegetables should not be started more than four to six weeks ahead of outdoor planting time unless you have a greenhouse or suitable place in which to grow the seedlings. Mid-to-late March is plenty early for peppers, celery, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, broccoli and eggplant. Short, sturdy tomato plants do better than tall, spindly overgrown ones, so don't be in a rush to start tomatoes and tender annual flower seeds indoors.

Marie T. wrote to me last spring that she appreciated seeing the proper dates for planting by the moon signs in this column. "Of course, I get a *Farmer's Almanac*," she wrote, "but I can never find it when I want it. Not so with *Kitchen-Klatter*—I file every issue so the recipes and articles are always handy as well as your column when I want to look up anything." With Marie in mind, here are the proper planting dates for March.

March 1-2 Don't plant now—weed and stir soil.

March 2-5 Best for planting above-ground crops, all will do well and be sturdy; flowers can go in the greenhouse at this time.

March 6-8 Good for planting cab-

bages, melons and other above-ground crops (not if you live in the North—it is still too early).

March 9-10 Good time to stop smoking and other bad habits.

March 11-12 Best for below-ground crops. Prune trees and ornamentals.

March 13-14 Be creative and engage in a craft. Do no planting.

March 15-16 Best for planting berry bushes, strawberries and others that produce above ground.

March 17-18 Good for butchering. Work on machinery.

March 19-20 Plant below-ground crops or start long-term projects.

March 21-22 Best for weeding. Write those long overdue letters.

March 23-24 Plant below-ground crops. Survey winter damage.

March 26-27 Cut back ornamentals such as honeysuckle.

March 28-30 Good for weeding. Build rabbit hutches if needed.

March 31 Best for planting below-ground crops.

March doesn't give us very many days for planting flowers and vegetables that bear above-ground crops. April dates are more promising.

JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

Miami that eventually got us to Albuquerque and home. I can never, never remember being happier to be home and with my family.

The only other "disaster" that haunted the trip happened after we were home. Jed and I shot rolls and rolls of film—eighteen to be exact. We turned the film into our usual dealer to be sent away and developed. The truck that picked up the film was stolen and all of our rolls of film are gone. Our friends have been kind enough to give us duplicates of some of their pictures, but camera buffs will

understand when I say that having someone else's pictures is just not like having your own. I'm also sorry that I don't have the pictures to share with my *Kitchen-Klatter* friends.

Today, I am looking out on blustery weather here in Albuquerque. One cheerful note, at the window is my "crazy" Christmas cactus that is still in bloom. It must think it is an Easter cactus. It won't be long before flowers will be blooming in my yard. Many of my spring bulbs have been up for over a month now, and I am having to restrain myself to keep from pruning bushes and removing mulch too soon. One thing I can do is to bring in some forsythia branches for forcing, and I think I'll do that right now!

Sincerely, *Juliana*

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

she may never know.

Today is the day to fill the hay rings so when Frank is ready I'll bundle up and go out to help him. If there is time, when this is done, we will go to the edge of the timber for some wood. We have already trimmed the logs and cut them into lengths that can easily be picked up and placed on the bale carrier so they can be hauled to the lot near the tank. Whenever we have time, we can take the little chain saw and cut the logs into lengths the right size for the tank heater.

When we get all the chores done, I'm going to look for a good cooky recipe to test. I haven't tried a new cooky for some time and the weather is cold enough to make this a good day to have the oven on, putting a little extra heat into the kitchen. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

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THE MARK OF QUALITY



From Our Family Album

This photograph is one our family has always loved. It was taken of David Driftmier and his sister, Mary Leanna Driftmier Palo. They are the children of Frederick and Betty Crandall Driftmier. Through the years you have known and heard much about these two and now read of their activities through their own letters. David now teaches in Fort Nelson, British Columbia (in our January issue there was a letter from him and a picture showing the way he looks today). Mary Lea is in the process of getting her two children, Isabel and Christopher, and herself, through the first stages of relocating at an Air Force Base in the United States. Her husband, Vincent Palo, has joined the Air Force but at this writing we do not know for certain exactly where he will be stationed.

—Lucile

REMOVING STAINS FROM MARBLE

If stains have developed on your precious marble-topped furniture, take heart; stains on marble can be removed. After trying many solutions, I've discovered a poultice method that is sure and thrifty. The method consists of taking some inert, absorbent material and combining it with proper chemicals and sufficient water or other liquid.

To remove iron rust, make a poultice by dissolving one part sodium citrate crystals to six parts water. Add an equal portion of glycerin and enough whiting to make a paste. Apply over the stain to a thickness of 1/8 inch. It may take several days to dry, after which remove. Repeat if necessary. (For removal, it is advisable to use a wooden paddle rather than a metal utensil.)

Ink stains take a poultice made by mixing two tablespoons of sodium perborate and hot water with whiting. Apply over the stain 1/4 inch thick and allow to dry. If a brown spot remains, try

the method for removing rust, or apply hydrogen peroxide.

Tobacco stains are easily removed with a poultice of an abrasive cleaning powder and hot water. Mix thoroughly into a paste and spread over the stain 1/2 inch thick. Remove when dry and repeat if necessary.

—Evelyn Witter

EACH SPRING

Each spring I clean the corners well
And all the cracks and nooks;
I dust some faded photographs,
Some letters and some books.
I vow to cast the pictures out,
To burn each written page,
To not retain the volumes old
And yellowed with age.

Each spring I take the contents all
From shelf and vase and file,
I need the room for newer store—
Then pausing for awhile,
I gaze upon the photographs,
And read the letters through,
Caress the books—then fondly keep!
What else is there to do?

—Eula Smith Zimmann

HINTS FROM THE LETTER BASKET

To preserve clippings, dissolve one milk of magnesia tablet in one quart of club soda. Let mixture set overnight. Pour in pan large enough to accommodate clippings. Allow them to soak one hour in the solution. Remove clippings, carefully pat dry and place on flat surface to finish drying. Avoid handling clippings any more than necessary until they are completely dry. —A Reader

When I make meat balls or a meat loaf, I grate a medium potato very fine and add to each pound of ground beef. It makes the balls or loaf fluffier and is a good meat stretcher. —Mrs. M.H.

A light scratch on a piece of furniture can be covered with colored shoe polish or a felt-tipped marking pen of similar color. —P.G., Muscatine, Ia.

Use an honest-to-goodness board for serving cheese, crackers and fruit to your guests. A cutting board of interesting shape is perfect. Even an old board which has been well-scrubbed, then sprayed with an acrylic coating, will do OK. —M.M., Tripoli, Ia.

Chop up leftover French-fried potatoes. Mix with enough medium white sauce to coat. Add some shredded Cheddar cheese. Place in baking pan and sprinkle with a little paprika. Heat in moderate oven (350 degrees) until hot through. —B.J.T., Shenandoah, Iowa

To remove ball-point ink, place an absorbant pad beneath the fabric and under the stain (make this from an old piece of fabric like a washcloth, etc.). Moisten the stain with denatured alcohol. Blot immediately with a second cloth. Repeat until no more ink will come out. Wash and rinse. It is wise to test first on an unseen corner to be certain the colors of the fabric will not run.

—M.R., Oklahoma City, Ok.

Lucile said she had to copy a recipe out of a recipe book which won't prop up and stay open on the counter. I always open a drawer and prop my book inside the drawer, this holds it open. If you want the book lower, put it in the next drawer lower. —L.K., Bancroft, Ne.

Dry or freeze celery tops to use later for soups, sauces and stuffings. I put some in the oven when it is warm and let them dry, then store in a plastic bag. —Mrs. T.D., Nebraska City, Ne.

My Feet Were Killing Me ...Until I Discovered the Miracle in Germany!

It was the European trip I had always dreamed about. I had the time and money to go where I wanted—see what I wanted. After a few days of sightseeing my feet were killing me. While everybody else was having a great time, I was in my hotel room.

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

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

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After wearing Feathersprings for 3 months, I would never want to be without them. It's so wonderful to walk without every step hurting. They have helped my corns, ingrown toe nails, and my legs and back are so much better." Mrs. C.F.E., Sarasota, Fla.

"I'm a nurse and on my feet all day. I used to go to foot doctors every 6 weeks to have my calluses and corns removed. I have not been to one since wearing Feathersprings!" R.B., Champaign, Ill.

"After 20 years of doctor bills and pain and no relief, to think now I can walk normally." M.F.G., Auburn, N.Y.

"I can never begin to tell you how much I have enjoyed wearing these supports. I used them in all my shoes, and, believe me, I have a lot as I bought so many trying to find a comfortable pair nothing helped until I received these supports." V.M., Eagle Rock, Va.



"My daughter from Illinois was in agony when she had to walk a block. Now she can walk a mile and still smile. She sold me on Feathersprings. Mine came and, thank goodness, I can go shopping in something besides sneakers."

M.B.C., Elmira, N.Y.

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Of course you may be skeptical. Many of our most enthusiastic boosters were too—until they actually try these custom-made supports. S.V.C. of Medford, Ore., writes "I inquired about your corporation through a Consumer Protection Agency and you received an excellent report. And B.E. of Whitmore Lake, Mich., says, "The bone doctor said it was the best thing I did to get the foot supports to wear in my shoes. He said as long as I get around the way I do I don't need an operation on my toe joints."

J.C.L. of Sykesville, Md., reports a similar experience. "About 10 years ago a podiatrist had supports specially made for my problem. There was very little relief. I had reservations about ordering yours . . . I just wish I had had this blessed relief much sooner. My orthopedic surgeon and my general surgeon are very impressed with my relief from pain."

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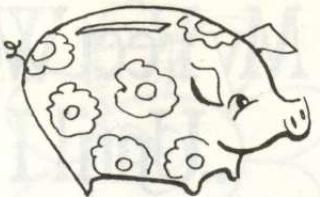
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**KINDERGARTEN ECONOMICS**

by
Lois H. Sargent

I know of two little girls who will grow into adulthood with a fair understanding of how to manage their money. Their grandmother, whom I met on a business trip, told me about the method she had devised to teach them the value and use of money.

The children's mother had died, and the father left the girls to the grandmother to raise. He provided well for them, but was unable to make a home for them. They lived in a comfortable home located on two acres of land on the outskirts of town. The grandmother raised chickens and sold eggs and produce from a small garden.

Grandmother believed in old-fashioned discipline in the raising of her little girls, aged 9 and 10. She wanted them to grow up knowing how to take care of themselves when they were grown. The system she devised to teach them how to handle money also taught them the meaning of responsibility.

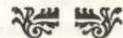
She gave them little chores to do and paid them a "wage" of \$2 a week for their services. The chores were simple ones: helping with the dishes, dusting, or with outside work except in bad weather.

As the grandmother knew, children become hungry many times during the day, but she wanted them to eat properly at mealtimes, and not continuously fortify themselves with between-meal snacks. So, she charged them 2¢ for a cookie or apple or other fruit if they wanted something between meals. This taught them to keep track of their earned money. She explained to them that the pennies they put into the jar for their cookies or fruit would be used to buy more fruit or for the materials that went into the cookies which grandmother baked.

At the end of a week, the girls would count what they had left of their weekly "wage" and put it aside for the week following—or they could put it into a savings account at the bank which the grandmother had started for each of them. The girls thought this was fun. They were learning how to earn money and how to spend it sensibly.

The system had good results. The girls would eat more properly at mealtimes so they did not become so hungry between meals. They would think twice to be sure they really wanted the mid-morning or

mid-afternoon snack before they spent their money for it. You'd never find a half-eaten cookie or a piece of fruit lying around in the grandmother's house. The system taught them, as no amount of discourse could, that food and other things, too, have specific value and that the benefits they receive in life are not free. They learned the part that the seller as well as the buyer plays in daily commerce. It was a simple lesson in home economics they'll always remember.

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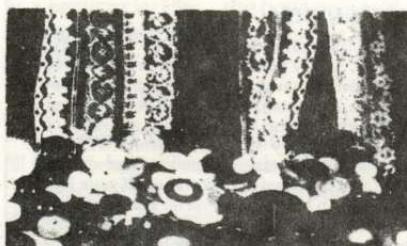
—Evelyn Witter

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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

in the morning and that same afternoon Juliana's and Jed's old, old friends, Chris and Steve Crouse of El Paso, Texas, arrived with their two small boys to spend three days. Steve had to give the keynote speech at a medical meeting concerning up-to-date reports on multiple sclerosis, so he couldn't really relax until that was over. MY! Who could have known that the friendship begun when both Juliana and Chris entered the University of New Mexico and met each other for the very first time as roommates at old Hokonah Hall, would endure for so long! Even Chris' parents are now among my longtime friends and we've shared quite a few experiences together.

I smell the first whiffs of a Sunday pot roast and it jolts me to the realization that this winter afternoon is drawing to a close. It's been a good day because once again I've had a chance to come through your door and visit with you by means of a letter.

Devotedly always . . .

Lucile

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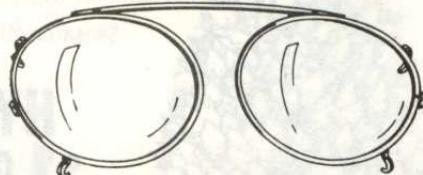
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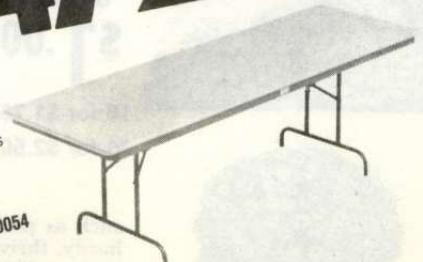
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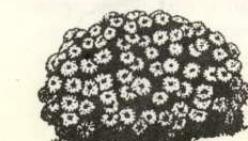
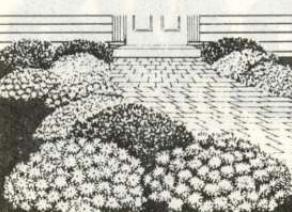
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