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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

45 CENTS

VOL. 45

APRIL, 1981

NUMBER 4



--Photo by Photo Systems-Bruce McElya



## Kitchen-Klatter

(USPS 296-300) (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

### MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder  
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

Subscription Price \$5.00 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.  
Foreign Countries, \$6.00.

Advertising rates made known on application.  
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post  
office at Shenandoah, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly at  
The Driftmier Company  
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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## JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

I'm sitting here at my desk next to the washer (which is going full tilt) realizing that my hat is off to the inventor of the automatic washing machine. I remember helping my mother with the old wringer machine located in our basement which necessitated hauling heavy, wet clothes up steep basement stairs—a real chore. It was a happy day when our first automatic washer was installed on the main floor of the house because it meant no more wringers and no more dragging clothes up and down the stairs.

Since I wrote to you last, Jed and I were able to take a short trip. Through a collection of coincidences, we were able to spend four days in San Francisco at the same place at the same time with seven of our friends. We were all concerned about the expense of such a jaunt for San Francisco is notorious for its expensive accommodations. Well, old bargain-hunter Juliana came up with a hotel that was very inexpensive. The catch was that the elevator in the hotel was being repaired so all the guests had to be willing to climb the stairs. The hotel was eight stories high and we were concerned about ending up on the eighth floor. Our fears were unfounded; our rooms were only on the fifth floor. At that, it was quite a climb.

Many years ago I had visited San Francisco when my friends, Chris and Steve Crouse, lived there. Steve was doing his residency in neurology and Chris was expecting their first child any minute. I had a wonderful time sightseeing with Chris, who conveniently waited to give birth to Keith until the last day of my visit. Jed, who had not made this trip with me, had been in California only on the layover we had at the Los Angeles airport on our way to Peru three years ago.

We arrived in San Francisco late in the evening and immediately caught the airport bus to the downtown area to dis-



Juliana tells in her letter about the exciting time she and Jed had in California at a reunion of college friends. When they visited Ghirardelli Square in San Francisco, most of the group rested their feet at this lovely fountain. Jed Lowey is standing at the left and Juliana is seated on the top step just to the right of the fountain.

cover our hotel was less than a block away from the bus terminal. I highly recommend bus travel for the traffic in and around the airport was terrible!

The next morning, we grabbed a quick cup of coffee and all headed out to Fisherman's Wharf. We spent the entire day exploring the multitude of interesting shops and museums and took time to go through the usual tourist attractions such as Ghirardelli Square, the Cannery and Pier 39. We feasted on fresh shrimp, crab and lobster and were pleased with the famous Ghirardelli chocolate for dessert. I would have guessed that no one would have had room for dinner, but we managed to do justice to a marvelous evening meal of spicy Indian curry. This was the first time I had been to an Indian restaurant and found it most enjoyable. We all experimented with the different condiments; my favorite combination of flavors was peanuts, coconut and onion.

After dinner, we went to the Mark Hopkins Hotel and rode the elevator to the "Top of the Mark". This side trip was to honor a pact that the men in the group had made sixteen years ago. They are all old college friends and, when they graduated from the University of New Mexico, they swore to meet one day at the "Top of the Mark". It was amazing to all of us that the pact was kept and especially fun to reminisce about college days while looking out over the lights of San Francisco.

The next day, the group headed north to the second largest tourist attraction in California—the Napa Valley. It is a beautiful, lush, green area. The rolling hills truly look as if they are covered with fawn velvet. Many of California's wineries are in this area and there are

miles of vineyards. It was interesting to see how the different varieties of grapevines were pruned. We were fortunate to get to take tours through two of the wineries because many of the tours require reservations (it is a good idea to make arrangements in advance). There is a lovely state park in the area where we stopped and ate a picnic lunch. We kept waiting for the northern California rain and fog to descend on us but it didn't happen, the weather was perfect.

Sunday was spent in Golden Gate Park where the area is closed to vehicular traffic on Sundays so visitors can walk down the middle of the roads and not have to worry about cars. What we had to dodge were roller skaters and skateboarders who outnumbered the walkers. We found ourselves being used as stopping blocks by the less proficient skaters. The orchid display in the conservatory was thrilling. The aquarium was also fascinating with a fish tank in-the-round; the observers were in the center of a round room, the wall of which was a huge circular fish tank. There was a current in the tank so all the fish were swimming against the current in the same direction with the exception of one lone ray fish who refused to go along with the school—he was swimming in the opposite direction.

Late in the afternoon, we went to historical Fort Point, an old brick fort that is located right under the Golden Gate Bridge. A film was shown to visitors about the building of the Golden Gate Bridge which gave me much more appreciation for the engineering involved in the bridge construction.

Our last day was spent in Chinatown where the Chinese grocery stores espe-

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## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I just sat down to start my letter to you when the phone rang. It was sister Marge Strom calling from Harlingen, Texas, to see how the weather was up here in Iowa. She said Oliver was beginning to think about getting the suitcases packed in preparation for starting home to Shenandoah.

Oliver's sister, Nina Lester of Rockford, Illinois, has been spending the winter with them and they put her on the plane yesterday for home, so the house seemed pretty empty today. They were able to rent a large three-bedroom mobile home, so there has been room for the many house guests they have enjoyed having, including Martin and Eugenie Strom who thought they had a wonderful visit with them.

We were surprised and pleased when, on their way back to their home in Maple Lake, Minnesota, Martin and Eugenie took the time to leave the interstate highway and drive out of their way to Lucas so they could stop at our farm. It had been a long, long time since Martin had been here, Eugenie had never seen where we live and she hadn't met Frank.

Frank came in just now and told me to come outside to see something. Twelve wild turkeys were in the pasture south of the house. This morning, when we fed corn to the cattle, we put it in this area and the turkeys found the shelled corn they left. Since I have my zoom lens for the camera now, I have been trying to get a good picture of the turkeys to share with you, but so far I haven't been satisfied with what I have taken. I'm going to have to sneak up a little closer before I can get a really good picture but it's a lot of fun trying.

For the past two or three years, one of the men with the Iowa Conservation has been stopping in to visit and have a cup of tea with us whenever he is this area. He was here the other day, and was telling us that the wild turkeys' worst enemy is the owl. The turkeys are so large it seems impossible that an owl could kill one or carry it off. Frank always has thought an owl was the culprit that killed our enormous geese while I was holding out for a coyote or fox as the killer. One goose disappeared one night and Frank found what was left of it the next day out in the pasture. A few mornings later, the other goose was gone and was found in practically the same spot. Maybe it was an owl that did the damage.

We were telling our friend how much we enjoy watching the cute little wood ducks swimming around on our duck pond in the meadow and on the bayou. He said he would try to find some nesting



This fine photograph of Dorothy Johnson was taken at a Farm Bureau Tea held at St. Peter's Lutheran Church in Rockwell, Iowa.

boxes for us to put up in some of the trees. We would like to get more of the wood ducks started around here.

At one of the winter meetings I attended not long ago, the program was titled "Share a Craft". The woman who was presenting the program had asked each person beforehand to bring something she had made to share with the group. It could be anything. Several of the girls had been doing needlepoint on plastic and had some lovely things to show. Several of the young mothers had made darling tree ornaments that their children will surely cherish for years. One girl had been doing tiny counted cross-stitch and had brought a locket and pictures she had made. There was an oil painting, pictures done with quilling and beautiful knitted articles. One woman, who had been making round tablecloths for her daughters, brought one to exhibit. A couple of the ladies who didn't have anything they had made to share had brought beautiful hand-embroidered tablecloths that were family heirlooms. All in all, it made a very interesting program with ideas a program committee might develop for next year.

Speaking of handwork, my friend, Peggy Dyer, does just about every kind that has ever been invented. Her main hobby right now is making miniatures to furnish a big doll house she is building (more about that later). What I want to tell you is what Peggy did for me recently. She does beautiful crewel embroidery and I had been telling her about some pictures I had seen of sweat shirts, jackets and shirts that had been decorated with crewel work. Peggy said she would embroider on a white sweat shirt for my Christmas gift. She put the embroidery on a separate piece of material so it can be applied on to any garment, or changed from one shirt to another. To date, she has made two shirts for me (in different colors) and is working on a third. I just love them.

We were shocked and saddened when we were notified this past month of the sudden death of Frank's only surviving aunt, Mrs. Mary Wagner, whose home was in Burlington, Iowa. Aunt Mary was Mother Johnson's youngest sister. We could always count on having a nice visit with her once a year for she never failed to come for a few days around Memorial Day. Mary had just one son, Dr. Louis Wagner of Indianapolis, Indiana, a professor at the University of Indiana. It was nice to have a good visit after the funeral with him, his wife, Lois, and three of their four children and their families. We will miss our yearly visits with her.

When we closed Mother's house, I brought home a couple of chairs that were still good and solid but needed reupholstering. Nothing had been done about them because I didn't know who to get to do the work. One day, when Bernie was at a club meeting at Elva Johnson's (one of my neighbors), she saw a davenport and chair Elva had just reupholstered for herself. It was the first time Elva had ever done such work; Bernie said she had done a beautiful job and maybe if I would talk to her she would tackle mine. When I asked her, she said she would like to do one of them to get some experience. I got the material and took the chair over to her. When that chair came back, I couldn't have been more pleased—looks brand-new. Elva had refinished all the wood on it, so it doesn't even look like the same piece of furniture. Now, if I can just get this very busy lady to do the other chair, I'll consider myself really lucky. A person is to be admired who can tackle something like this on her own without even taking a lesson.

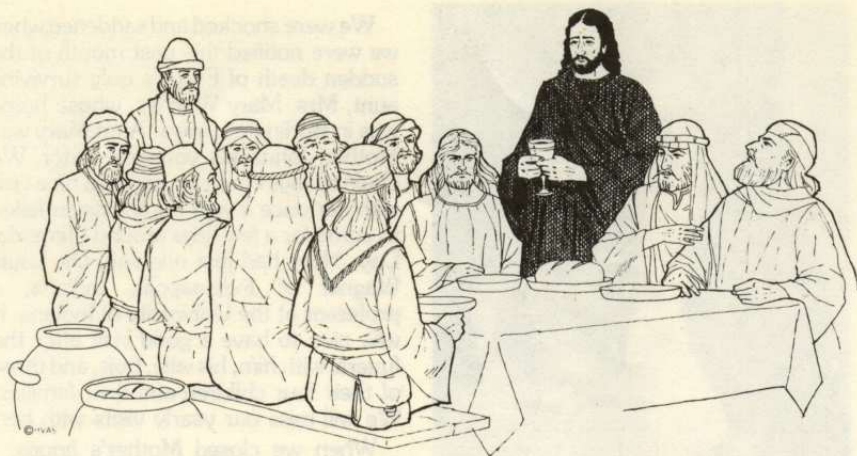
Kristin told you in her letter last month about the exercise program she is on now. Last October, I got an "exercycle" to ride this winter. My favorite form of exercise is bicycling but there are so many times out here in the country that the roads aren't in any shape to bicycle on, so come winter my bicycle is put in the shed until the first good days in the spring. The "exercycle" has an odometer on it and the other day someone asked me how many miles I had put on it. My answer was, "I've ridden as far as Chadron, Nebraska, and started back and gotten as far as Valentine—about 750 miles." Ten miles a day is my goal, but there are a lot of days I don't make it.

Kristin wrote that the other day Julian said, "Yesterday was so short it didn't seem like we even had it." This is exactly the way I feel most days. There are so many things I want to get done, but always seem to run out of time before I get much accomplished. Right now I had better get outside and see what I can do to help Frank with the chores.

Until next month . . .

Dorothy





## The Last Supper

A Maundy Thursday Service by Mabel Nair Brown

Arrange the dining tables in the form of a cross, with place settings around the tables on all sides. Serve food which is similar to, or symbolic of, that which was eaten at the Last Supper. Place the food on the table family-style. The menu might include cold meat, homemade bread in a loaf (not cut), dates, figs, nuts, grapes, cheese. Unfermented grape juice can be served as the Passover "wine". Immediately following the blessing, the food is passed and eaten in silence so that the various meditations and Scriptures given throughout the meal may be heard.

Those taking part in the spoken part of the service will simply rise from where they are seated and speak. The form of the service should be printed in a leaflet for each person. It should include these instructions: "This meal will be eaten in silence. Do not wait until all are served after you have filled your plate, begin eating. Pass the food to those nearest you. Do not hesitate to take second helpings, if desired. The leader will direct you when to start passing the food." After all have gathered in the meeting room, everyone goes silently to the dining room. After all are seated, the leader begins the service.

**Leader:** We are binding ourselves in fellowship by sharing a common meal in commemoration of the Last Supper which Jesus ate with his friends. In the East a meal has a peculiar significance—eating together is a pledge of friendship and loyalty. Will you keep this in your thoughts as you eat and let this meal be an expression of your love and loyalty to Jesus and to one another in our fellowship?

The food on our table is similar to that which was spread on the table in the Upper Room. That meal was one of close fellowship and we know that Jesus, realizing the impending events and their effect on all of those present, used the time to give his parting messages and

directions to the Apostles for the future.

Lighting of ritual candles was an important part of the Passover meal in every Jewish home and so would have been a part of that Last Supper.

**1st Speaker:** As we prepare to light the Passover candles, I will read a Hebrew psalm of praise. "Praised art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who has sanctified us by Thy commandments, and commanded us to kindle festive lights. Praised art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who has kept us alive and sustained us and brought us to this season." (Lights candles.)

**Leader:** (Holds up a loaf of bread.) Let us share and pass this bread in the same way the Disciples did when Jesus ate with them. As the bread is passed to you, take it and hold it so the one who passed it to you may break off a piece, pass it on to the next person who will hold it so you may break off your piece.

(Holds up pitcher of grape juice.) We will share the grape juice just as Jesus and his Disciples did at their Passover meal. You will pour the juice for the person who hands you the pitcher then hand it to the next person who will then pour it into your glass. Before you pass the bread and juice, let us bow our heads for the table grace.

We give thanks, our Father, for the life and knowledge which you have made known to us through your Son, Jesus, who was also your servant. Bless this food and grant that we may think of the events of that Last Supper and grow closer, spiritually, to you. Amen.

(As the bread and juice pass each person, he can then continue to pass and fill his plate from other serving dishes on the table, eating whenever he is ready.)

**2nd Speaker:** Jesus' mission was to establish the Kingdom of God on the earth. This was his goal and he let nothing stand in his way. He saw this goal

clearly and knew that his decisive stand would be a lonely one. Had he been willing to use his personal charm, intelligence and talents to gain prestige to draw followers to his way of life, he might have become famous in his own time. Had he been willing, he could have quit his teaching and moved out of the lime-light safely away from those whom his presence antagonized. But Jesus chose to stand firm, to follow THE WAY, the way of faith and trust in his Heavenly Father. He struggled, he prayed, he worked, but he never wavered from his goal.

**3rd Speaker:** (The personal ministry of Jesus—John 5:1-18 and Matthew 8:5-17.) Large crowds followed Jesus and this was threatening to the religious leaders of the area. People listened to Jesus, saw his acts of kindness, his helpfulness, his healing. He was becoming so popular that the chief priests, the elders, the teachers, grew afraid to disagree with him for fear the crowds would turn on them. So it was that these men became more angry, more dangerous as they waited and watched and plotted how they could kill Jesus.

**4th Speaker:** (Jesus is rejected at home—Mark 6:1-6.) Have you ever known people who shut their eyes to life going on around them, who refused to listen or to heed those closest and dearest to them, who want nothing to do with anything but the old and familiar? Many people do not want changes, least of all made by some young upstart they have known all of their lives. Why should they pay attention to what some hometown boy says. And thus it was that Jesus was rejected by those he knew best in the place where he had grown up.

**5th Speaker:** (Jesus is misunderstood—Mark 10:35-45.) Although Jesus' Disciples walked beside him day after day, listened to him talk, saw his miracles and felt his love, Jesus still walked a lonely road while these, his closest friends, misunderstood his mission and their own. They were not really listening to what Jesus was saying. He had told them of conflicts to come, what to expect, and of his own death, but they did not understand. When the events happened as Jesus had predicted, the Disciples became confused, frightened and eventually fled from him. If only they had listened, truly LISTENED!

**6th Speaker:** (Jesus charges his Disciples—John 13:33; John 14:1-4, 6-7, 10-29; John 15:12-14.)

**Solo:** "Were You There?"

**7th Speaker:** (Jesus prays in Gethsemane, is betrayed and crucified—Luke 22:39-46; Mark 14:43-46; John 19:17-18. Read the words to the hymn, "Alas and Did My Saviour Bleed".) If we had been there, if we had been Jews, would we have spoken out for Jesus

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The world's tallest birdhouse, located in Griggsville, Ill., has over 1000 apartments in its purple martin complex.

## WELCOME, PURPLE MARTINS

by  
Joan Hosman

Are you a bird watcher? Are you a landlord of the graceful purple martin? The little town of Griggsville, Illinois, houses more birds than people during the flying-insect season. Their main street has a \$40,000 conversation piece. It is a huge martin house that has over 1,000 apartments for their favorite bird, the purple martin.

Also to be found in the town of Griggsville is a semicircle of old railroad cars placed on a track and painted purple entitled, "The Purple Martin Junction". They house one of the world's outstanding museums of wildlife. A guide will take a visitor through the museum. The driveway of the museum is lined with purple martin houses made and manufactured at a factory next to the museum. The town's purple martin interest is sponsored by a native, and the continent's foremost authority on purple martins, W. L. Wade, who has also written a book on the subject.

On a bright and crisp afternoon, usually in March or early April, Griggsville citizens will hear the nervous music of the martins' voices. Their dark wings glide gracefully in semicircles as they make imaginative sky writings. The local residents quickly exclaim, "The martins are back!"

Smart bird lover (knowing how easily other birds, such as starlings and sparrows, arrogantly take over any residence of the martins) will wait until they know the martins have returned before setting up their houses. The martins are eager to move in and may even perch on the top of a house as it is being erected.

You may ask the question, "Why

bother with martins?" The purple martin is one of the most beautiful birds to watch in graceful flight. Their diet consists of flying insects: gnats, mosquitoes and flies. This makes them very efficient in clearing the lawn and garden of unwanted flying pests. The only exception in their diet of harmful and annoying insects is the honey bee. The purple martin is a clean bird. While they are nesting, they carry away waste material and scatter it far afield. This is a natural instinct in protection against their predators.

Martins are also fearless fighters. They drive away the crows, hawks and other invaders of their homes. The Indians sought to entice the birds by hanging hollowed-out gourds from trees as birdhouses. They knew if the martins were near their fields, the unwanted insects and other birds would be kept away.

The martins' first habitation in this country was originally in natural tree cavities but they are accommodating and prefer a house to a hollow in a tree. They not only insist on returning to the same area each year, but to the same birdhouse. If you are successful in luring the martins to your area, the same martin colony will return year after year. One colony that is in existence now is nearly 200 years old.

A trip to the museum and the town of Griggsville cannot help but cultivate one's interest in purple martins. Many a visitor finds on returning home that he is erecting a martin house in his back yard and then anxiously awaits the opportunity to exclaim, "The martins are here!"



## COVER PICTURE

This month our cover picture is your first "formal" introduction to another new member of our family—Lily Florence Walstad, born August 11, 1980, at Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico. Lily is shown with her parents, Mike and Alison (Driftmier) Walstad. She is the fourth generation of the Driftmier family and the first granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Driftmier of Denver, Colorado. Paternal grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. Jack Walstad of Hobbs, New Mexico. Lily was also welcomed into this world by a great-grandmother, Ann Lackner.

To get her daughter ready for this special photograph, Alison dressed six-month-old Lily in the dress which was a gift from Cousin Juliana Lowey. It is a darling outfit which says, "Mary had a little lamb" on the front. Alison and Mike are sharing the exciting experience of parenting in the excellent manner young couples of today are able to continue their professional work and still enjoy together the pleasures of raising a welcome child.

—Lucile



## A WELCOME FOR NEW MEMBERS

Often new members join an organization with no special recognition ever made of the fact. Wouldn't it be a warm, friendly gesture to plan to have a little welcoming ceremony annually for those who had joined your group during the year?

Since the butterfly is the symbol for new life, have a butterfly ready to pin on each new member, welcoming her into a new life in your society. These butterflies might be simple ones cut from construction paper, or a fancier one can be made by gluing sheer fabrics to wings fashioned from fine florist's wire. A single silk rose, or a flower from your garden, would also make a sweet memento for the occasion.

**President's Welcome:** The president of any organization is called upon to perform many tasks, but certainly one of the happiest I've been asked to do as president (of name of society) is to welcome the new members who have joined our fellowship this past year.

Most of us like to meet new people. When this meeting leads to friendship, it becomes special. We hope you have found friends here and that you will continue to make new ones. We know we count YOU as our friend.

Friendship within a group is important for it can mean growing, learning, maturing and many joyous experiences. This is the kind of friendship we want with you, our new members.

Becoming a part of our group also means other things, perhaps you have already found this out. We want you to become an active member—assisting with projects at the nursing home, preparing a program or working on a planning committee. It is really great to be a part of the action.

You'll find we have our differences of opinions, our discouragements, maybe even a real spat or two, but that is because we are human. And we soon are back on an even keel and going strong, united in our service to our organization and our community.

I'd like to paraphrase this saying and dedicate it to our new members:

"It's not so much how far you go as what you see.

"It's not so much how much you see as what you learn from what you see.

"It's not so much how much you learn from what you see as you belong to (name organization) along with me."

Present each new member and pin on a butterfly or flower (if doing this).

—Virginia Thomas





## EMILY'S EXPERIENCES

Dear Friends:

The weeks are going by without many exciting events, just the everyday routine of feeding Stephen, changing his diapers and the endless loads of laundry. But then I look at our photograph album and remember the many special occasions of this winter. And Stephen, of course, has grown into quite a little personality in the last seven months.

In November, we had a very happy family gathering for Stephen's baptism. The godparents are my brother, Clark, and Rich's sister and her husband, Linda and Tom. The two sets of grandparents and Rich's Aunt Josie were also present. In the Episcopal Church in Virginia (as well as other places), infant baptisms are always scheduled with the regular church service, and are held four or five times per year. Private baptisms are held only in unusual circumstances. This way, the child is welcomed into the congregation.

Stephen was really decked out for the day. He wore a darling white suit and vest, with a little bow tie, satin shoes, hat and a beautiful shawl-blanket, all given by his Aunt Linda. The traditional long baptismal dress has given way to more conventional clothing. Several of the babies were baptised in colored outfits. My mother had saved the exquisite dress and slip that I had been baptised in, and the matching shoes and hat. And I also have a lovely baptismal dress of hand-made lace and embroidery, made several years ago by a dear friend in Brazil. These dresses will have to wait for a little girl.

The dinner the day of the baptism was quite a feast. It began with a full plate of antipasto and a plate of lasagne. Then, Rich's father carved his crown pork roast, accompanied by potatoes and gravy and other vegetables. To conclude it all, cake, ice cream and coffee. A meal this size is not downed in a single hour. Between the second and main courses, Dad led the group in a jog to the end of the block and back. It was quite a day.

This trip to our house was Clark's first visit to the Washington, D.C., area. Mom and Dad have been here several times, so they served as tour guides. Clark was able to see the major monuments in those few days, although he left wishing he had a few more to spend. He took advantage of the trip east to also visit Uncle Frederick and Aunt Betty in Connecticut and college friends in New York.

Clark is working at a garden shop in



Stephen DiCicco, son of Emily (Driftmier) and Rich DiCicco, was decked out in this adorable outfit for his baptism.

southern California this spring, and has enrolled in a first-year accounting course at a local college. To round out his exposure to all aspects of nursery management, he hopes to spend summer and next fall in the Midwest on a tree farm.

Because of Clark's trip east in November, he wasn't able to join us in Colorado for Christmas. We also missed having Alison, Mike, and Lily with us. They spent Christmas with Mike's parents in Hobbs, New Mexico. But having little Stephen on hand was a welcome addition to the Christmas season. He really got a charge out of the Christmas tree lights. We'd put him in his stroller in front of the tree and he was happy for the duration of the special meals.

For three years, our Christmas has included a stay with longtime neighbors, the Eastmans, at a condominium they once owned at Breckenridge, Colorado. The condo balcony overlooks the ski area, so we had to ski down the slope to the lifts.

This year the Christmas skiing was "lousy", according to the jaded Colorado enthusiasts, but for two people from Virginia, it was great. However, one day there was so little snow we were unable to purchase lift tickets. But the weather was terrific, so we all headed to the ice-skating rink. After an hour or so, we decided to walk around the town for window shopping. We found a delightful Christmas shop which is open year-round. It carries ornaments from all over the world. We purchased several boxes of "real" tinsel and a box of bubble lights—both old-fashioned decorations not usually available.

It was a light winter, and this spring looks like it will be long and very pleasant. This afternoon I put Stephen in my baby-carrier backpack and we went for a bike ride. Perhaps we'll get a bike for Rich and be able to enjoy some family

outings. My bicycle was a birthday present from Rich.

One of my late-night activities this winter has been stamp collecting. I had started the collection when I was in grade school, and just recently brought it out again. I have been quite fortunate to have several sources of stamps. Many of Rich's relatives, including his grandmother, live in Poland. My years of living, traveling and working in Latin America have provided a great many stamps. At my office everyone gives me duplicates, mostly from Asia and Africa. The challenge is to find where to put stamps from Zambia into a book published in 1960!

I am due to return some of these duplicates to a friend tomorrow morning, so perhaps I'll end this letter now and bring out my stamp book.

Sincerely,  
Emily DiCicco

## GLAD I AM

Aren't you glad for this new day,  
For blessings it's sure to bring . . .  
For restful sleep to ready us  
To do whatever useful thing?

Aren't you glad for life and home . . .  
For warmth and comfort . . . peace  
of mind;  
For food and shelter, toil and pleasure,  
All glorious things we dare opine?

Aren't you glad for friends who care,  
For daily kindness . . . love to share?  
Without these virtues life would be  
Incomplete . . . impoverished . . .  
bare.

Aren't you glad for all these gifts,  
Undeserved but Heaven-sent?  
Applied uniquely, each our own,  
In measures of diverse intent.

—Thelma M. Griffith





## MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

The telephone has been jingling itself off the desk this morning with the happy news that one of my students has won a contest! This fifth-grade girl, Jane Dragisic, entered the Daughters of the American Revolution American History Essay Contest. The subject for the essays this year were restricted to military leaders of the Battle of Yorktown. Jane chose to write about the Marquis de Lafayette.

The rules of the contest were simple, but strict. Starting the first week of the year, the contest closed the end of January which meant that those students who opted to enter had a brief three weeks in which to find their reference books, pull out the pertinent information, write their rough drafts, and submit the finished copy to me. From the combined two classes of fifth graders to whom I teach history, there were nine willing little souls who were undaunted at the prospect of the additional work connected with this contest.

I am convinced that kids are willing and ready to join in a competitive situation if they are just directed properly. Jane's winning essay (sponsored by the Milwaukee Chapter of the D.A.R.) will now be judged at the state level. If this essay proves to be as good as I think it is, the next step will be consideration by the national judges. In the meantime, Jane will be presented with a bronze medal and the other eight participants in my classes will receive certificates of commendation for their outstanding efforts and interest in American history.

These contests are sponsored annually all across the United States. If any of you readers have a D.A.R. Chapter near your schools, I hope you will inquire about it. The children in the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth grades are given the opportunity to enter.

I have told you before about the tremendously inspirational books which are available to my classes each year. Bertha B. and Ernest Cobb have written an historical biographical novel about Ben Franklin entitled *American Eagle*. Jeanette Eaton has written a biography rich with historical American facts about Roger Williams and his struggles to found the free colony of Rhode Island. It is entitled *Lone Journey*. Nardi Reeder Campion sketches the life of Patrick Henry in *Patrick Henry, Firebrand of the Revolution*. George F. Scheer gives us a diary-style edition of an American Revolutionary soldier in his book, *Yankee Doodle Boy*. In this period of



Jane Dragisic, Mary Beth's student, who recently won the Milwaukee Chapter of the D.A.R. contest for essays pertaining to American history.

American renewal, what would be more worthwhile and promise more firm results than to surround our children with these stories of the heroes who made America so great, even if it means frequently turning off the television!

While I am still on the subject of school, I want to share another heartwarming story. The name Emily usually calls to mind a mental picture of a quiet little girl. I have an Emily in my class who is very petite, soft spoken and gentle of action, but who possesses the drive and heart of a lion. Each September, when our class's schedule begins to roll with dependable regularity, each student is given a *Lenes* book, a practice book of fundamental exercises in arithmetic. The pages are perforated for easy removal. Before removing a page, the child reads the directions for the problem on that page. We use this workbook strictly as a homework technique in my classes because the primary mathematics study book is hardbacked and awkward to tote home.

The part which is most fun in this *Lenes* book is that I say to the children, that because they are unique individuals with varying talents, they are free to work as rapidly as they wish through this book. Every little scholar is moving at his or her own pace—with the

### MY PRAYER FOR TODAY

Dear Lord, I pray, just for today  
Give me the kindness that comes from  
above,  
Help me to bring, one tender thing,  
Breathing the perfume of love.  
This is my prayer, help me to share  
Somebody's sorrow, somebody's care,  
Where'er I stray, dear Lord, I pray,  
Let me help someone, just for today.

—Unknown

exception that I do expect at least one page per night as homework. This really gives them the opportunity to learn some new concepts on their own with the glory of challenge at work. Many of the parents are called upon to explain additional facts; many times the kids will come to me for further explanation of something they don't quite grasp, but by and large they are learning to understand basic facts for themselves instead of having a teacher explain everything to them. In addition, it gives them the opportunity for reflective thinking.

Tomorrow, little blond Emily Tyre is turning in page 152, her final page of Book Six. This means that in 118 school days she has averaged one and three tenths pages of extra math exercises. This has never happened in any of my fifth-grade classes so early in the year. (It needs to be said that this girl has been absent the normal days expected for the flu germs which wiped out the class periodically.) Undaunted, Emily must have said to herself in September that she intended to beat everyone in completing that book! Her grades are superior, but not without effort. Emily has to work to get and keep her grades where she wants them to be.

We are having an 8:30 A.M. celebration in Emily's honor. I have ordered doughnuts from a bakery here in Delafield which I shall pick up on the way to school. Emily's parents have been told that we are going to celebrate Emily's successes with hot, fresh doughnuts. They report that they will be there to enjoy seeing little Emily receive the recognition she so richly deserves. If at all possible, I shall snap a picture and send it along next month.

I usually chatter about these children in my monthly letters as if they are really mine; as I explained to you in my September letter, that inexplicable bonding between teacher and pupil always occurs, so it appears that I have, indeed, been rambling on about my very own children.

Don and I are going south next month; my mother is giving us birthday presents of a week in Florida! Adrienne will be having her spring break from Northwestern University when our vacation falls at the Academy. The last time we had the chance to indulge in a Florida vacation was when Katharine was not yet three and I was noticeably pregnant with Paul. This time we are leaving Paul at home with his job, his Corvette, and the four cats. From Delafield, we will drive to Evanston, Illinois, collect Adrienne, (we hope with not too much luggage), and start our journey south. Needless to say, we are ALL filled with anticipation.

Until next month,

Mary Beth



## FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

As this letter is being written, it may still be winter in New England for a few more weeks but the bullbriers don't seem to know it. Before the ice went out of the river, these bullbriers were showing green shoots. Weeks were spent last year cutting down the pesky, thorny vines and already I'm having to whack away at them this year. Fortunately, I have good power equipment to send into the battle, and plan to make a big offensive in a matter of days. Too much anguish was suffered in cutting out those briers to let them get a foothold again.

Betty and I enjoyed an interesting trip the other day. We took a bus trip to New York City with some staff members of the Mystic Seaport Museum. It is a three-hour ride from here to the very tip of Manhattan.

Because of our interest in model ships (part of my job at the Seaport Museum is lecturing on model ships), the New York trip was in response to an invitation to visit the famous India House and New York Yacht Club, two private clubs where the walls are lined with fabulous models of ships and boats. The India House Club is a luncheon club for men engaged in transoceanic shipping. It is located not far from Battery Park in lower Manhattan, only a three-minute walk from the Hudson River and the East River. The New York Yacht Club is a club exclusively for persons owning and sailing recreation boats of all kinds, but particularly large sailing boats. Strangely enough, it is located in the very heart of the city, far from the water.

For a few hours that day, we got to see how the "other half" lives. That other half included not only the wealthy members of the private clubs, but also persons who live in the teeming slums through which we had to travel to get to the clubs.

There simply are no words to describe New York City. It is an incredible, and, in many ways, an impossible place. I may have lived in New England forty years, but whenever I am in New York City, I am just a small-town, Midwestern country boy—I am thrilled by it, puzzled by it, and frightened by it.

Even though I once lived in New York for an entire summer, not until this recent trip did I see the famous Bowery section of the city with its blocks and blocks of secondhand stores. It would be fun to put on our old clothes sometime and just spend an entire day visiting those stores. There are secondhand



Pictures with grandchildren are always happy reminders of precious time spent together. This photograph was taken at Vincent and Mary Lea (Driftmier) Palo's home in Bellevue, Nebraska, during the Christmas holiday. Grandmother Betty Driftmier is shown with Isabel to the left and Christopher to the right just before she and Grandfather Frederick headed back to Connecticut.

stores for furniture, restaurant equipment, sporting goods, boating equipment, office supplies, religious goods, etc., etc. You name an item, and one or more of those dozens of stores are sure to have it.

Speaking of stores, we discovered a seafood shop recently. Since Betty and I have been driving by this place at least twice a week for two years, it would hardly seem to be a recent "discovery", but it really was. It started one day when I said to Betty, "You know that little seafood shop near the water where we turn off to go to Latimer Point? Let's stop and look at it sometime." So, we did stop, we did look, and we gave three cheers. It is a marvelous place—so clean, so reasonably priced, and with such a wonderful variety of seafoods. This afternoon I stopped in to get fish for supper. What a problem—I felt just like a little child in a candy store.

Here listed is what that one little shop (about half the size of your living room) had for my choosing: lobsters, cod, haddock, whitefish, bluefish, hake, scrod, smoked cod, cod steaks, conch meat, bay and sea scallops, smelts, yellowtail flounder, regular flounder, split-tail flounder, big shrimp, small shrimp, crabmeat, stuffed clams, squid, porgies, tilefish, butterfish, swordfish, halibut, salmon, herring, ocean perch, flounder roe, salt cod, oysters, quahogs, little-neck clams, mussels, steamer clams, octopus, king crab legs, eels, trout, stark steak, and whiting.

And what was my decision? Haddock, because it was on sale. Betty baked the haddock, basting it with a combination of Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Salad Dressing and cream. My, oh my, but it was good.

Did you read in your local paper about

the man here in New England who is holding a duck hostage? It seems that this man became angry because one of his neighbor's ducks strayed into his yard and nibbled away at his shrubs. The duck-hating neighbor is now holding the duck hostage for a charge of twenty-five cents a day. The owner of the duck refuses to pay anything. He says: "It is my duck. You are holding it hostage, and I want it returned."

The days go by and the duck still is a hostage. Some local disc jockeys have taken up the cause of the duck, broadcasting hourly reports on its captivity. One enterprising person has even come out with bumper stickers which say FREE THE DUCK. It seems like a joke to most New Englanders, but to the owner of the duck and to the man holding the duck hostage, it is no laughing matter.

Last Sunday we went to Mystic, Connecticut, to attend the Baptist church there—one of the most beautiful, colonial New England churches to be seen anywhere. Printed on the front page of its Order of Worship was a little item called, "Beatitudes for the Handicapped". Since I grew up in a home where there was always one and sometimes two persons in wheelchairs, I was very impressed.

**BLESSED ARE YOU** who never bid us to hurry up! More blessed are you who never snatch tasks from our hands to do them for us. So often we need time rather than help.

**BLESSED ARE YOU** who walk with us in public places and ignore the stares of strangers. In your companionship we find havens of relaxation.

**BLESSED ARE YOU** who ask for our help. Our greatest need is to be needed.

**BLESSED ARE YOU** who stand beside us in new and untried ventures. Our failures will be outweighed by the times we surprise ourselves and you.

Now it is almost midnight at the close of a good day. Betty and I got up at the usual hour of six o'clock; while I went down to the water to feed the ducks and the swans, she prepared a hearty breakfast. After spending the morning and early afternoon doing volunteer work at the museum, I went for a five-mile hike. At this moment, my arthritic feet are trying to tell me that I went for a 100-mile hike! Now is the time to end this letter and be sound asleep in bed before another thirty minutes have passed.

Some people have difficulty falling asleep, but I do not. Once my head relaxes into my pillow, I am almost instantly asleep. Five or six hours is the most sleep my body can tolerate in any twenty-four hour period, but when asleep, I am really dead to the world.

Thank God for sleep! It is one of life's greatest blessings.

Sincerely,  
Frederick



# Spring Party Ideas

by  
Virginia Thomas



## A TEACUP PARTY

Invitations can be cut into the shape of a teacup or teapot. Use construction paper in spring colors.

"Bring a favorite cup and come to our Spring Get-Together on (date) at (time). It may be an old cup, a mug; or a baby cup will do; An antique cup, just so it will hold tea and is a special cup to you."

Seat the ladies at tables which have been decorated with pretty cups and saucers of all kinds. Small spring blossoms might be arranged in cups or in teapots for centerpieces. Have the napkins and silver on the tables when the guests arrive. Each guest, of course, will bring her own cup.

Place favors could be made with the cup theme. Use large gumdrops with flat side up for the cups. Fasten each "cup" to a matching colored party mint with a dab of icing. Insert a short piece of chenille-covered wire in a matching color for the handle.

For refreshments, serve tea and coffee piping hot. Candle-heated trivets or carafes could be used and each guest could serve herself. Dainty cookies, tea cakes or open-faced sandwiches are suggestions for food to add to the hot drinks.

For a large group, a speaker who has a cup-and-saucer collection would be interesting. For a smaller group or neighborly get-together, each guest could simply tell the story of the cup which she brought.

## FLOWER PARTY DECORATIONS

Plan the decorations to be as gay as possible. Begin by purchasing, or making, large, colorful flower decals. Stick these on the front door, on the windows at the front of the house, on the hall mirror and throughout the rooms where the guests will be during the party. Make abstract paintings using water paints or finger paints on large sheets of inexpensive newsprint and hang them on the wall among the flowers. On occasional tables have vases holding huge tissue paper posies.

If you are setting a tea table or planning a luncheon, arrange the centerpiece of tissue paper flowers in a low bowl. Cover nut cups with bright crepe paper to resemble flowers. Favors could be real flowers—one beside each plate—or

make outlandish ones from small paper plates. Color, decorate and cut out each paper plate to look like a flower. Use buttons, macaroni, pipe cleaners, foil, etc., to make centers, stamens and leaves—the crazier the better. Party mints made in floral molds using fondant of bright colors would be perfect for this party.

For the tablecloth, gather up odds and ends of floral gift wrap and tape together to make the table covering. Cut napkins from scraps of floral fabric. Place mats could be cut from flowered wallpaper for another unusual table setting. Pinking shears make a pretty edge on any of the paper or fabric used.

## EASTER TIME FOOD TREATS

**Bunny Potato Salad:** Mold your favorite potato salad into two mixing bowls—the large size for the body, the smaller one for the head. Gently turn the salad out onto a long oval platter, adding long pointed ears to the salad, shaping it with a spoon. With the spoon, make oval-shaped indentations in each ear into which carefully sprinkle paprika. (You can cut an oval in a piece of paper to make a stencil to use when putting the paprika on the ear.) Use slices of pimiento for the mouth and nose and slices of stuffed olives for eyes. Add toothpick whiskers. Garnish around the base with parsley or crisp lettuce.

**Tasty Easter Baskets:** Do your children like the marshmallow crispies squares? Then they will love little Easter baskets made by shaping this confection in small well-greased teacups or bowls to form baskets. Punch a hole in each side of the basket so a handle may be attached. Leave in the molds overnight. Use a knife to loosen the basket from the molds. Tie on licorice sticks for handles. Tint coconut green for grass and use jelly beans for the eggs. (These would make clever favors to take to shut-ins.)

**Easter Cake:** Ice a cake with a fluffy yellow icing, then decorate it with a swirl of marshmallow daisies around the base and a corsage on top. The daisies are simple to make: slice large marshmallows with scissors dipped in warm water to make the petals. Five petals are needed for each flower. Dip one side of each petal in yellow decorating sugar. Arrange petals into flower shape on the

cake. Place a miniature white marshmallow in the center of each flower. Cut slices of marshmallow and tint green (use green sugar or food coloring) to make leaves to tuck in among the daisies.

**Egg Pyramid Centerpiece:** Drop peeled hard-cooked eggs into cups which have a dye made using food coloring and water. (I prefer using just two colors of eggs.) Use a small open basket for the base. Place a block of styrofoam (or a bowl upside down) in the basket so you can build the egg pyramid upon it. Place one color of eggs on the bottom, tucking in parsley among the eggs. Then, in graduated rows, build the eggs into pyramid shape, alternating colors. Keep refrigerated until time to use it on the table. These eggs can be used later for deviled eggs if kept refrigerated—and if the children don't eat them right "as is" out of the centerpiece.

**Bunny Cakes:** Bake a batch of cupcakes. When cool, turn the cakes upside down to start the bunnies. Frost each cake with fluffy white icing and sprinkle it thickly with coconut. Cut slices of the small gumdrops to make facial features. Cut slices of large marshmallows and shape to make the pointed ears. Sprinkle a bit of pink sugar on the inside front of each ear. Use toothpicks for whiskers. Before serving, carefully slide each bunny cake onto a white lace paper doily. These are pretty on a tray for club refreshments, luncheon dessert, place favors, or for your own family's Easter dinner. Children enjoy making these cupcake bunnies.

## A COLOR MIXER

Each correct answer must start with a certain color.

1. U.S. military decoration (Purple Heart)
2. The business and professional section of a telephone directory (Yellow pages)
3. An international society (Red Cross)
4. The President's mansion (White House)
5. A secret society member in Ireland (Orangeman)
6. The ability to make plants grow (Green thumb)
7. Bride's (Blue garter)
8. Witchcraft (Black magic)
9. A breed of large dairy cattle (Brown Swiss)
10. A tall slender graceful dog (Greyhound)
11. A white-seeded dried vegetable (Navy bean)
12. An acute contagious infection (Pink eye)
13. A name of a bird (Goldfinch)
14. An expression meaning "a bright spot" (Silver lining)

\*\*\*\*\*





## ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

I'm going to quickly steal a few moments of time this afternoon while Lily naps to sit down for a visit with you friends. Time has become a precious commodity which must be snatched up and treasured in bits and pieces whenever available.

I find myself forever saying, "I'll do that just as soon as the baby is asleep." Unfortunately, although she is quite cooperative about spending some of her daytime hours in slumber, my list of deeds to do far exceeds the time with which to complete them. I always try to make it a point, however, to do a few things here and there just for myself. Even just a small amount of personal time can be quite a morale booster, so I try to save out part of each day no matter how hectic. Often I use "my" time working on a needlework project or visiting my horses at the barn. In the past I was quite a quilting enthusiast, but of late I enjoy needlepoint more—it's so much more portable, and lends itself well to five or ten minutes of work at a sitting.

Heavens! Lily was sure out like a light this afternoon. She should sleep at least an hour or two for the poor little dear was so tired after having attended a monthly get-together commonly termed "The Baby Party". The whole idea was one of my brainstormed concocted in the doldrums of last winter. I knew several women who each had young babies and I figured there must be others in town with whom we shared this common bond. So we started holding little encounters, meeting once a month (or thereabouts) over lunch. There were only four of us at the first baby party. Now the group has grown to almost a dozen participants. Can you imagine ten mothers and ten babies all together as we had at our meeting today? The group ranged in age from eight weeks to sixteen months. Needless to say, there is never a dull moment!

Each month someone volunteers her house and provides the luncheon. We try to alternate frequently so it never becomes a burden. The meal is very low key, with not too much emphasis on the food. After all, we consider it a major accomplishment if each of us gets to wolf down even a bite or two; the hostess certainly is not expected to devote hours in the kitchen. Frequently, the menu is a simple tossed salad and bread. Today the hostess fixed a marvelous quiche with green chile and bacon.

I don't know if our members represent



Lily Walstad, six-month-old daughter of Mike and Alison Walstad.

a typical cross section of modern mothers or not, but it's interesting to step back and take a look at the group. A few observations: All are at least twenty-five years old with her first child. All attended prepared childbirth classes with their husbands, intending on using the Lamaze childbirth method (although a third of the women had Caesarean section deliveries). All but one mother are breast-feeding their babies. About two-thirds are back at their jobs, with several women working alternate hours so the husband and wife both share the child-care responsibilities. And, yes, all but one of the mothers uses disposable diapers. And what are the people in small towns in the mountains of New Mexico naming their babies? The girls are: Kate, Emily, Lily, Kelly, and Jessica. The boys are: Wesley, Caleb, Charles, Thatcher, Cody, and Chris.

As you can imagine, there is no need to provide any entertainment at these parties. Total calamity usually reigns; at any given moment sounds heard consist of two noises—either that of a dozen mature women giggling or a dozen babies crying, or any combination of the two.

We are going to try and keep the group meeting throughout the coming years because it not only provides a marvelous exchange and camaraderie between first-time mothers, but we feel the children will be greatly enriched by their experiences together. There is not one of us who lives in a "neighborhood" as such. A few live on ranches and the rest are tucked away in homes here and there among the hills and valleys surrounding town, for that is just the nature of this resort community. As they get older, it will be fun for all the kiddies to play with children of the same age.

As for the rest of life with the Walstad

family, the recent months have been happy ones, with all of us working hard and spending our spare time in outdoor pursuits. Both Mike and I have been lured into the garden by the warm weather. All my spring bulbs were deceived also; even the crocuses began peeking out in early January.

We experienced one of the warmest and driest winters on record. This made day-to-day existence great but has been devastating to the ski-related economy and has played havoc with our delicate water situation. We will be in quite a bind come summer if we don't receive more moisture. I'm afraid the ever-present threat of forest fires will erupt into a nightmare this summer if everything continues so tinder-dry. Many of you may not know that this area was the birthplace of Smokey the Bear, and that the forest fire from which the real bear cub was rescued occurred right here in Lincoln County. Today, Smokey is the symbol of national forest fire prevention. This area may need his awareness this year more than ever.

We have an active spring and summer planned. Before long I hope to leave on a trip for Denver to visit my parents Wayne and Abigail Driftmier. They are anxious to see their only and dearest granddaughter, Lily Florence.

Until later,  
Alison Walstad

### AN APRIL DAY

Take a dozen little clouds  
And a patch of blue,  
Take a million raindrops,  
As many sunbeams too,  
Take a host of violets,  
A wandering little breeze  
And myriads of little leaves,  
Dancing on the trees;  
Then mix them all together  
In the very quickest way—  
Showers, sunshine, birds, flowers,  
And you'll have an April day.

—Unknown

### ALL ABOUT RAIN

Answers contain the word "rain".

1. There's gold at the end of it. (Rain-bow)
2. Indians did it during a drought. (Rain dance)
3. When the game is called off. (Rain check)
4. Wearing apparel. (Raincoat)
5. A kind of bird. (Rain crow)
6. Measures water. (Rain gauge)
7. Settlers caught it in a barrel. (Rain-water)
8. Important with the Indians. (Rain-maker)
9. Amount of water measured in inches. (Rainfall)
10. Name of a song. ("Singing in the Rain")

—Evelyn Lyon



## A BLOOMIN' AFFAIR

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Spring came early this year in more ways than one. We had a fantastic warm spell in February (which came, surprisingly, just a few days after the worst blizzard of the winter). The tulips poked their heads through the ground, the buds on the trees swelled and tints of green began to show in the grass.

Warm weather in February sounds fantastic, especially when considering the lower heating bills which the higher temperatures created, but it was just not the right time in the Midwest for budding and greening and growing. Eventually, as we knew it would, the cold returned. Now everyone who has fruit trees, tulip bulbs and tender bushes is watching with concern to ascertain how much damage was done.

Spring also came early this year when Robert, Bob and I attended "A Bloomin' Affair", a flower show sponsored by the Omaha, Nebraska, Lutheran Medical Center. This event was held at the Omaha Civic Auditorium and included theme gardens by designer G. Philippe deRosier of Kansas City, a floor of commercial exhibits, a flower arrangement and table setting competition and show, a "Garden Theater" where various specialists gave talks and slide shows, a unique cafe featuring holiday meals and an entertainment schedule which included many musical presentations.

Our first stop was in the main room where a delightful display of the theme gardens had been developed. Each one was created around a holiday motif. Since Easter was so near, the Spring and Easter garden was the first in line. It featured a huge colored Easter egg surrounded by crocus, tulips, daffodils, narcissus, jonquils, some fruit trees and traditional Easter lilies. A fenced-in area was populated by a number of live rabbits—the focal point of interest for all the children who visited the show.

The Mother's Day exhibit was unusual in that it was centered by a room setting with a display of lovely antique furniture which many mothers would enjoy. On one side of the front of this "house" was a gorgeous rose bed and on the other was a lovely herb garden centered by a sundial.

"Oh look, Robert," I pointed to the herb garden, "What an excellent idea. We could use steppingstones similar to these going from our porch to the rose garden and the birdbath, then put herbs on each side just as they have here."

"But," Robert protested, "I have trouble growing herbs. Perhaps I should try getting plants this year and not attempt to grow my own from seeds."

"An excellent idea," I agreed. As we walked on to view the Mardi Gras display

with its New Orleans-like setting, my mind was still busily placing steppingstones from the porch to the birdbath and growing banks of herbs on each side.

Robert was really concerned about my enthusiasm, however, when I spotted the little bridge set over a pond in the scene honoring Arbor Day. At my suggestion that such a bridge would look lovely "someplace" on our acreage, he opined that it might be time for us to go upstairs and look over the commercial displays which might be more reasonable to copy. (He had reason to regret that suggestion when I found a fine greenhouse and a beautiful gazebo among the For Sale items upstairs. Both, I insisted, were just what I'd always wanted!)

The Arbor Day display, incidentally, included over twenty-five species of trees plus flowering bushes and lush green grass to make an unusual park-like corner.

I do want to mention the remainder of the theme gardens. The Valentine's Day area would do justice to the finest of junior-senior proms. It was centered with a lacy white arbor created with a heart-shaped opening. Behind a graceful white wrought iron bench was a painted backdrop of a gentle outdoor scene. Two smaller trellises were near the front of the garden, each held a fountain topped by a gold cupid-type statue. Hundreds of red and white tulips surrounded the arbor. It was gorgeous. Practically everyone who had a camera encouraged someone to sit on the white bench for a picture-taking session—including me.

To quickly mention the other settings: Thanksgiving Day featured tall shocks of cornstalks, bittersweet, chrysanthemums and a huge wire cornucopia. Christmas had a sleigh, tall snowmen, evergreens strung with tiny white lights and myriads of red poinsettias. The

Santa Fe Festival was highlighted with luminaries (the brown paper bags which hold lights used to line driveways, sidewalks and the flat rooftops in the Southwest), cactus, succulents and pinon were planted in sand in front of an adobe hacienda where a striking wood carving of a Spanish friar stood. Independence Day was depicted by a scene in a city park with a bandstand surrounded by red geraniums, blue hyacinths and white daisy mums. The Mardi Gras display I mentioned earlier was centered with a typical French Quarter building of old brick and iron grillwork with a formal fountain-centered garden planted to magnolias, azaleas, caladiums, orchids, camellias, gardenias and bird of paradise. My suggestion that we go to the airport and purchase tickets for Louisiana immediately did not meet with any more success than my idea to build a bridge behind our home in Sidney.

The most startling information I gleaned from the show was the fact that orchids are increasing in popularity as house plants. One of the florists had a spectacular display of various types of orchids for sale—moth orchids and many lady's-slippers—to name two. (The latter made me remember our trips to the Lake Superior region where, at that time, the beautiful lady's-slippers grew wild.)

Orchids, it seems, come in over 30,000 species—the largest family in the plant kingdom. Since they grow on trees in their native habitat, their potting mix is different from most house plants and consists mainly of tree bark. The temperature in a home where orchids are grown can be anywhere from fifty-five to ninety degrees during the day, but needs to drop by at least ten degrees and go down at least to sixty-five at night. Humidity is

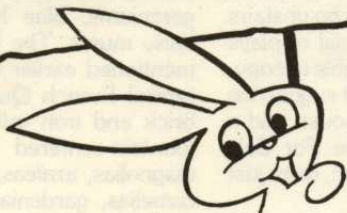
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Bob was home for just a few days on his way back to Seattle, Washington, after visiting friends in the east, when the flower show was scheduled for Omaha. The day Bob was to take the bus west, Robert and Evelyn drove him to Omaha early enough so they could all share in the beauty of "A Bloomin' Affair". Evelyn snapped this picture of Bob taking a close look at the daffodils in the spring garden.



# RECIPES



## LUCILE'S POPOVERS

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted (or 1 Tbls. salad oil)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Sift and measure flour. Sift again with salt. Beat eggs until light and thick. Add the flour mixture and 1/3 cup of the milk to the eggs. Continue to beat slowly until all flour is moist. Add remaining milk and the shortening and flavoring. Beat until mixture is free of all lumps. This will take one to two minutes of beating. Pour into greased baking cups, using about 1/4 cup batter in each cup. Bake at 425 degrees for about 40 minutes. Makes 8 popovers.

## PEANUT BUTTER OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1 1/2 cups shortening
- 1 1/2 cups white sugar
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups rolled oats
- 1 1/2 cups peanut butter
- 3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 3 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Mix ingredients together in order given. Roll into small balls and place on lightly greased cookie sheet. Press down with a fork to make a crisscross print on top of each cookie. Bake at 350 degrees for about 10 minutes, or until barely brown. Makes 6 to 8 dozen. Different flavorings can be used besides those given—maple or black walnut are excellent to use for variety. If the dough is chilled slightly, it handles better. The 3 tsp. of soda is correct. —Evelyn

## GOLDEN HOMINY CASSEROLE

- 1 #2 1/2 can yellow hominy, drained
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- Dash of salt
- 1 cup dry bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- Parmesan cheese

Mix the hominy, mushroom soup, Worcestershire sauce and salt. Pour into a buttered casserole. Scatter dry bread crumbs over top. Dot with the butter which has been combined with the butter flavoring. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Bake at 300 degrees until brown. —Verlene

## LEMON-FROSTED PLUM SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. strawberry gelatin
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- Dash of salt
- 2 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1 cup lemon-lime carbonated soft drink
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 cups canned plums, pitted and cut into wedges
- 1 pkg. (3 1/2- or 3 3/4-oz. size) instant lemon pudding mix
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 1/4 cups cold milk
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
- Lettuce and thin apple slices, for garnish

Dissolve the gelatin, strawberry flavoring and salt in the boiling water. Allow to cool to room temperature. Slowly pour in the soft drink and lemon juice; stir gently. Chill until partially set. Fold in the plums and pour into 8-inch square pan. Chill until almost firm.

In mixer bowl, combine pudding mix, lemon flavoring and milk. Beat well until smooth. Blend in the sour cream. Spread over the gelatin layer. Chill until firm. Cut into squares and place on lettuce leaf and garnish with apple slices. —Betty Jane

## CAULIFLOWER CASSEROLE

- 1 medium head cauliflower
- 4 carrots, cut in small strips
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup canned diced pimiento peppers
- 1/4 lb. Colby cheese, diced

Cook cauliflower until tender; drain. Cook carrots until tender; drain. Saute the onion and green pepper in the butter. Add flour, salt, pepper and milk; stir making a white sauce. Add soup and pimiento peppers; mix well. In a glass baking dish, place the cooked cauliflower and the cooked carrots. Pour the white sauce mixture over the vegetables. Cover and bake for 45 minutes at 350 degrees. Uncover and place cheese on top and bake until cheese melts.

—Verlene

## CRUMB TOP TURKEY

- 1/2 turkey breast, or one drumstick or thigh
- Salt and pepper
- 1 1/3 cups orange juice
- 1 chicken bouillon cube, crushed (or 1 tsp. chicken bouillon granules)
- 1/2 tsp. ground ginger
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Salt and pepper turkey. Place in small roaster. Combine the remaining above ingredients and pour over turkey. Cover and bake at 325 degrees for about 1 hour and 15 minutes. Remove from oven and let stand about 10 minutes. Remove meat and drain juices, reserving the liquid. Prepare the following crumb topping:

- 1 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 1 Tbls. brown sugar
- 1/4 cup chopped fresh parsley
- 1 tsp. grated orange peel
- 1/2 tsp. coriander
- 1/2 tsp. ground ginger
- 3 Tbls. butter or margarine

Combine the topping ingredients and moisten with about 1/3 cup of the drained turkey juices. Press over turkey and return to roaster. Bake uncovered for about 30 minutes. While baking, prepare the following sauce:

- Reserved turkey juices
- 2 tsp. currant jelly
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 Tbls. water

Bring the juices to boiling. Stir in the jelly. Combine the cornstarch and water and stir into juices. Cook, stirring, until thick and smooth. Serve over turkey.

—Betty Jane



**SWEET POTATO SURPRISE**

- 6 medium sweet potatoes
- 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/8 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup apricot juice
- 1 cup canned whole apricots, drained
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 2 Tbls. butter

Cook sweet potatoes. Cut in half or quarter. Arrange in 7- by 11-inch baking dish. Combine the brown sugar, cornstarch, flavoring, cinnamon and apricot juice. Cook until thickened. Add the apricots, nuts and butter. Pour over the sweet potatoes in pan and bake for 20 to 30 minutes at 350 degrees. —Dorothy

**LIMA-BROCCOLI BAKE**

- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. curry powder
- 2 cups bite-size rice cereal
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen lima beans
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped broccoli
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 can cream of celery soup

Melt butter in pan. Add the curry powder and cereal. Heat and stir until cereal pieces are well coated. Set aside.

Cook the two vegetables separately and drain. Do not overcook. Combine the beans with the soups and 1 cup of the cereal. Stir in the broccoli. Spoon into greased baking dish and top with the remaining cereal. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes.

Other cream soups could be substituted. Some slivered almonds could be added for an extra special touch. —Dorothy

**HAM & NOODLE CASSEROLE**

- 3 cups boiling water
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 to 2 cups medium noodles (dry)
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1 1/4 cups diced cooked ham
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. chopped pimiento
- Dash of pepper
- 1/2 cup grated American cheese

Heat the water in a large kettle. Add the salt and noodles. Boil rapidly, stirring constantly for two minutes. Remove from heat, cover and let set for five minutes. Rinse noodles with warm water. Drain thoroughly.

Melt the butter and add the onion and green pepper. Cook for about 5 minutes. Add the ham and cook a few minutes longer. Combine the soup and milk and blend well. Heat and add to the ham mixture along with the pimiento and pepper. Spoon into greased 1 1/2-quart casserole. Sprinkle cheese over top. Bake at 375 degrees for about 20 minutes. —Lucile

**SOUR CREAM GINGERBREAD CAKE**

- 2 eggs, separated
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. ginger
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar  
Beat the egg whites until stiff; set aside. Sift together the flour, salt, ginger and soda; set aside. In another container, combine the sour cream, molasses and orange and burnt sugar flavorings; set aside.

Cream the butter or margarine, butter flavoring and brown sugar. Add egg yolks and beat well. Add the combined dry ingredients alternately with the sour cream mixture. Lastly, fold in the egg whites. Put in greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 50 minutes, or until cake tests done. May be served with a lemon sauce or whipped topping, if desired.

—Betty Jane

**SIMPLE HAM BALLS**

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 lb. ground ham
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups soda cracker crumbs
- Combine and make into balls. Place in a baking dish. Make the following sauce:
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 cup vinegar

Combine and pour over ham balls in the pan. Bake in a 300-degree oven for 1 to 1 1/2 hours.

This is a large recipe, but it freezes well. Freeze either before or after baking. Adjust recipe for frozen meatballs depending on whether they have been pre-cooked or not. —Evelyn

**PORK ROAST ROYALE**  
(A microwave oven recipe)

- 5-lb. boneless pork loin roast
- 1 tsp. seasoned salt
- 1/2 lb. ground beef or pork sausage
- 6 slices bacon
- 2 Tbls. oil
- 1 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. molasses
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 12-oz. can apricot nectar
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- Parsley

If roast is tied with string, cut it off and unroll meat. Sprinkle with the seasoned

salt and fill with the ground beef or sausage. Reroll and tie meat securely. Lay bacon crosswise over roast, securing ends of bacon with wooden picks. Cook at 90% power for 15 minutes.

Combine oil, soy sauce, vinegar, molasses and pepper. Baste meat with mixture several times during last half of roasting.

Blend apricot nectar and cornstarch. Cook for 30 seconds in small glass casserole until mixture boils. Insert one third of meat probe or microwave meat thermometer into the meat, being sure that the tip of the probe is not resting in fat. Cook at 60% power until internal temperature of meat is 170 degrees, basting several times with the apricot mixture. Let roast stand 15 minutes. Spoon additional apricot sauce atop meat. Garnish with parsley. Remove string to carve.

Can be baked in conventional oven for 2 1/2 to 3 hours at 325 degrees. —Hallie

**NINE-LAYER CHICKEN DISH**

- 9 slices bread (remove crusts and save)
- 4 to 5 cups cooked cubed chicken
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces
- 2 8 1/2-oz. cans water chestnuts, sliced
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 9 slices Cheddar cheese
- 4 eggs, beaten and combined with 2 cups milk and 1 tsp. salt
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of chicken soup
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of celery soup

In a 9- by 13-inch baking dish, place the ingredients in layers as listed. Cover with foil and refrigerate for 24 hours. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 1 1/2 hours. During last 15 minutes, cover with bread crumbs made from the crusts which you have cut off and saved. —Dorothy

**TURKEY CASSEROLE**

- 6 cups cooked, chopped turkey
- 2 cups turkey broth
- 1 cup Italian cooking sauce (or seasoned tomato sauce)
- 1/3 cup minced green onion
- 1/2 cup sliced stuffed green olives
- 1 Tbls. dried parsley flakes
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 3 Tbls. flour, mixed with a little water
- 1 pkg. taco sauce mix
- 1 large pkg. spaghetti, cooked until almost done
- 1/2 lb. Cheddar cheese, grated
- Combine the turkey, broth, tomato sauce, onion, olives, parsley flakes and salt and pepper. Place over heat and cook until blended and heated through. Stir in flour-water paste and taco mix. Cook until thick.

In two 1 1/4-qt. casseroles, layer the turkey, spaghetti and cheese. End with cheese on top. Bake at 400 degrees for about 30 minutes. —Juliana



**COCONUT-LIME PIE**

- 1 9-inch baked pie shell (pastry, graham cracker, etc.)
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 6-oz. can frozen limeade concentrate, thawed
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped (or 2 cups prepared topping)
- 1 cup flaked coconut
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Sprinkle gelatin over water in small bowl. Let stand a few minutes to soften. Set bowl of gelatin in a pan of boiling water and stir gelatin until dissolved. Remove bowl from water and stir limeade into dissolved gelatin. Set aside until gelatin is consistency of unbeaten egg whites, then fold in whipped cream or topping. Add 1/2 cup of the coconut and the flavoring. Turn into prepared pie shell and refrigerate until firm. When ready to serve, cover with remaining coconut. Garnish with maraschino cherries and additional whipped topping, if desired.

—Dorothy



## A GOOD SPRING TONIC

Right on your kitchen shelf is the best spring tonic to perk up spring meals in 17 important ways.

Whatever you prepare—salads, main dishes, desserts—they will have more flavor, aroma and spring snap if you use one or more of the **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**.

They are a spring tonic for your budget, as well, for a few drops go a long way and economical dishes will take on gourmet tastes.

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Same great Kitchen-Klatter quality bottle after bottle. Look for them in your grocery store.

If you can't yet buy them at your store, send us \$3.25 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 \$2.00.

**SPECIAL GIFT BOX:** Six 3-oz. bottles of flavoring (your choice) postpaid for \$6.00.

**KITCHEN-KLATTER  
Shenandoah, Ia. 51601**

**BAKED BEAN SALAD**

- 2 #300 cans red kidney beans, drained
- 8 slices bacon, diced
- 1 large onion, diced
- 1 cup canned tomatoes, chopped
- 2 fresh tomatoes, chopped (optional)
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup Kitchen-Klatter French Dressing (or 1 small bottle catsup)
- 2 green peppers, diced (optional)

Combine all ingredients and spoon into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees or 2 hours at 325 degrees. (The slower temperature is great when you need to be gone for a time and want dinner to cook for a longer time.) This can be served either hot or cold.

—Evelyn

**RHUBARB-MARSHMALLOW  
DESSERT**

- 4 cups diced fresh rhubarb
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Scatter rhubarb in bottom of a well-greased 8- by 12-inch glass baking dish. Sprinkle with the 1 1/2 cups sugar, then the marshmallows. Cream the shortening with the one cup sugar. Add the dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Stir in the milk to which the flavorings have been added. This will make a stiff dough. Spread over rhubarb in baking pan. Bake for one hour at 350 degrees. Serve warm or cold with or without whipped topping, half-and-half, etc.

—Lucile

**WHITE CAKE WITH LEMON  
FILLING & DIVINITY FROSTING**

- 3 cups cake flour, sifted before measuring
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup shortening (I used 1/2 cup butter and 1/4 cup vegetable shortening.)
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 6 egg whites, beaten stiff

Resift flour with the baking powder and salt. Set aside. Cream the shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Combine the milk, water and flavorings. By

hand, beat the dry ingredients into the shortening mixture alternately with the liquid ingredients in three portions. Beat well after each addition. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into three greased and floured layer cake pans. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on racks. Prepare the following filling:

**Lemon Filling**

- 4 egg yolks
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. cornstarch
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind

Beat egg yolks. Combine the sugar and cornstarch and add to egg yolks. Add remaining ingredients and cook over low heat until thick. Cool. Spread between layers of cake. Prepare following frosting:

**Divinity Frosting**

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 6 Tbls. water
- 1/8 tsp. cream of tartar
- 2 egg whites, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine sugar, water and cream of tartar. Cook to soft-ball stage or 238 degrees. Do not stir while cooking. Pour a third of the syrup over the beaten egg whites, beating constantly. Return remaining syrup to heat and cook to firm-ball stage or 248 degrees. Pour half the syrup into egg white mixture, beating constantly. Return remaining syrup to heat and cook to hard-ball stage or 268 degrees. Beat into frosting. Add the flavoring and continue beating until thick enough to spread. Ice top and sides of cake.

—Juliana

**HAM-CELERY SOUP**

- 1 ham bone with some meat
- 2 chicken backs
- 1 quart water
- 1/4 of small cabbage head, finely shredded
- 2 stalks celery and tops, finely sliced
- 6 green onions, chopped (or 1/2 of medium onion)
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of celery soup
- 1/2 soup can water
- Salt and pepper
- 1/2 cup grated raw carrot

Place ham bone, chicken and the 1 quart of water in large kettle. Cook slowly until meat falls off bones. Remove bones, return meat to broth and add the cabbage, celery and onion. Cook 15 minutes. Add celery soup, water and salt and pepper. Simmer until heated through. Do not allow to boil. Scatter raw carrot over top and serve.

—Betty Jane



## WASH DISHES WITH A GOURD?

by  
Jane Landreth

Would you like to raise a useful item and a conversation piece? Try raising luffas. The common name for luffas is *rag gourd*, *dishcloth sponge*, or *vegetable sponge*. For the last two years we have raised them and have found them very useful on our farm. Also, we find enjoyment in telling people about them, as most people have never heard of growing dishrags or sponges.

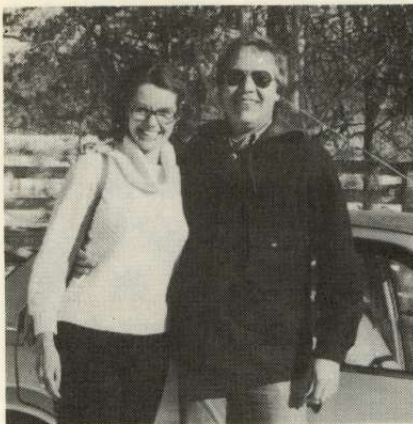
Luffas have come into prominence in American gardens only lately. They are imported from the tropics, China, and Japan. In other countries, the fruit is picked young, cooked like squash or served in soups and stews. Oriental cooks stuff the young fruits and bake them like squash. The young fruit is sometimes sliced and dried.

In America, the luffas are mostly grown for curiosity and for ornamental use. They make a pretty fence vine with its flower consisting of five soft-yellow petals. The leaves are five-lobed, running along a ten- or fifteen-foot vine. The culture of the vine is very similar to cucumbers and melons. Along the vine, slender cylindrical, strong-ribbed, curved fruits develop with the average about twelve inches long and three or four inches in diameter. The seeds are black and are hidden inside the internal structure. The gourds have a fibrous interior structure that, when dried, converts into a sponge. These sponges can be used for bathing, washing dishes, washing the car and as a general sponge.

A friend of ours, while shopping in a department store one day, came upon a box of luffa sponges. "Oh, we have some friends who grow these," she told the saleslady. She had the opportunity to tell the saleslady about sponges that did not come from the ocean. The sponges in the department store were being sold as face cosmetic removers.

Our first gourd was given to us. We saved the seed and planted it the following spring. We had never heard of planting sponges; so therefore, we knew nothing about planting the seeds or about the care of the plant. We had a full garden, so we planted the seeds close to the fence at the edge of the garden where it was rocky and the soil was mostly clay. It vined on our garden fence, making about six-inch gourds.

That year we saved the seed, but we stored the seed in a place where it froze. We decided the seed probably was ruined, so we ordered new seed from a mail-order company. Then, last spring we dug the ground near the fence. We mixed chicken manure, sand, and dirt together and planted the seed about an inch deep. We watered the seeds almost



This excellent snapshot of Eugenie and Martin Strom was taken by Dorothy when the two stopped at the Johnson farm on their recent trip.

every day because the season was very dry in our area.

After the seedlings could be seen coming through the ground, we mulched the area with six to eight inches of straw. The seeds were slow in starting; probably because of such a dry season. The vines were hardy, but bore only one fruit until late in the summer. Then we began to get some rain. The vines started to grow and fruit appeared every foot, sometimes with two gourds growing very close together. The vines did excellent, giving us fifteen- to eighteen-inch gourds with three-inch diameters. Late in the fall, they were still blooming and producing; they produced until frost.

We had a misfortune with one sponge.

It got so long that it touched the mulch on the ground. With a very wet, rainy fall, it began to spoil as it lay on the mulch. We cut it off and brought it in to dry, but it continued to rot, even when the rotten end was cut away.

Before frost, we brought in the mature fruit to dry. The gourds began to crack when gripped firmly as they became ready to be broken into. We skinned off the outer layer of each gourd and left the fibrous interior. We shook and worked out the seeds. Now they were ready to use.

We have one sponge in the kitchen that is over a year old and is still in useable condition. They make a very good home-grown pot scrubber. They can be used until they fall apart; then thrown away. Our very first one was replaced only because we had some new ones. By growing big gourds, we cut ours into the lengths that are useful to us.

"Those are sponges growing on those vines? You have got to be kidding, I thought sponges were grown in the ocean." "What is that funny-looking object hanging over the kitchen sink?" "What is that oblong thing on the bathtub?" Friends are always asking questions at our house.

Luffas make a very practical dishrag, washcloth, and sponge. They cost only pennies. Along with being a very useful item, they are a very good conversation piece, especially when friends come to call.

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## HINTS FROM THE MAIL

When you do your spring painting, put a white or yellow strip along any dangerous steps—especially the bottom stair into the basement, or an outside step where the sun can blind a person. A low overhang can be painted white or yellow, also, to keep people from bumping their heads.

—Mr. J.C., Collinsville, Ill.

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When I get ready to melt chocolate, I always rub the inside of the pan with butter. The chocolate doesn't stick to the pan and I can get every bit out without wasting any.

—M.M., Tabor, Iowa

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My neighbor told me recently that I should add a little vinegar to cooking oil to keep food from absorbing so much of the shortening. I put about 1 tsp. into my 10-inch skillet when I am ready to fry chicken, potatoes, etc. It works.

—Mrs. S.P., Des Moines, Iowa

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I keep a piece of chalk in my sewing drawer. When I get a new piece of fabric,

I mark the wrong side of the material with an "X" so I won't make a mistake when I lay out the pattern. The chalk is good for marking darts, making a line showing the straight of the material and putting an arrow on napped surfaces to show which way is up. I save headaches by using the chalk when I lay out the pattern pieces and have problems spacing them correctly on the quantity of fabric available.

—Mrs. V.T., St. Joseph, Mo.

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Creases and stitch marks where I let down hems and trousers used to be one of my biggest problems. I found if I put a dry cloth over the crease, and then put a wet one on top and then iron, it really helps. When the top cloth is dry, I lift it off and continue ironing until the bottom one is dry, also. Sometimes I put a little white vinegar in the water and this seems to help get the line off, especially in synthetic material.

—P.M., Pittsburg, Kans.

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I like to put marshmallows on the top of birthday cakes and use for candleholders. It helps to put the candle in the marshmallow first, then place it on the cake. Neat. —H.F., Worthington, Mn,





## Come Read With Me

by  
Armada Swanson

Priscilla Lord, antiquarian, wrote in her book, *Fine Arts and Crafts of New England*, "Whatever we look at with delight, whatever we see that gives us pleasure, although we may think we have forgotten it, it will influence us all our lives." Those who attended the quilt display at the Sioux City Art Center recently have much stored-up pleasure in that art form. Called "Quilting: An American Tradition", the show generated much excitement, according to Marilyn Laufer, in charge of the display.

Mirador Wagner, antique historian from Sioux City, Iowa, spoke during the workshop of the four categories of quilting: LINSEY-WOOLSEY, WHITEWORK (trapunto), APPLIQUE, and PATCHWORK.

LINSEY-WOOLSEY, originating in Lindsey, England, was made up of cotton and linen woven with wool. It was used in heavy clothing, and made warm quilted bed covers.

WHITEWORK (trapunto), mostly seen in the southern states, used two layers of fabric with filler. Stuffing, done by hand, required a high degree of skill. Trapunto means "stuffed work" and added exquisite detail to the total look of a quilt.

APPLIQUE meant one fabric sewed onto another, and then quilted. Often family record quilts were made, and friendship quilts, such as mentioned in Evelyn Birkby's article in the February, 1981, *Kitchen-Klatter*. Another was the freedom quilt. In the late 1800s, these were popular. When a young man became twenty-one, he could no longer be managed by his parents, so young ladies made blocks for his freedom quilt!

PATCHWORK quilting, in the time of 1775 to 1875, was very popular in America. It was traditional that a bride go into marriage with thirteen quilts. The last one was the bride's quilt, completed when she invited friends to a quilting bee. Then all guests knew she was engaged. Usually the heart motif was used.

Tremendous pride was taken in small stitches used in quilting. Companionship was part of the quilting process. The men came in the evening and all had supper, then singing and dancing would follow.

The purpose of pioneer women making quilts was practical, but they also thought about design and pattern. Art Center's Marilyn Laufer said, "Quilting is really the art form of women."

Joan Jackson, co-owner of Strawberry Patch Fabrics located in the Peters Park Shopping Center, demonstrated the art of making a quilt block—from



The Broken Star was one of the quilts shown at the Sioux City Art Center. It belonged to Marie Starboy, a Sioux Indian, and is part of the collection from the W. H. Over Museum at Vermillion, South Dakota.

piece to patch to block to quilt—and the steps in quilting. Techniques and mechanics of quilting can be used in pillow tops and wall hangings, until one becomes confident in completing a quilt. Modern filling available for lining makes quilting easier. Pleasing color combinations, using dominate, subordinate and accent colors, make artists of quilt makers.

At the Art Center, some quilts displayed included Dresden Plate pattern, Double Wedding Ring, Pine Tree and Flying Geese. A very old crazy quilt done in velvets with fabric flowers was not necessarily meant to keep a family warm, but to be used as a fashionable piece. The exhibit featured quilts of pioneer women and today's modern woman, like Pat Lamb, whose Dresden Plate quilt is gorgeous. A display by Helen Davenport showed how blocks are formed to make the various patterns.

While browsing recently at Strawberry Patch Fabrics, I found a fascinating little book called *Grandma's Corner* (Leman Publications, Box 394, 6700 W. 44th Ave., Wheatridge, Colo. 80033, \$2.95, plus 75¢ postage) by Theo Eson. It is a patchwork of memories celebrating the warmth and wisdom of her own grandmother. Readers will enjoy a loving portrait of life on a Colorado farm in the early part of the century, full of folk wisdom and down-to-earth philosophy. When Grandma had to give a devotional at Women's Fellowship, she vowed she didn't have an idea in her head. Then she got to reminiscing as she sorted light and dark bits of cloth in her scrapbag:

"Just odds and ends kept over from yesterday—but somehow, out of the

whole conglomerate mess there comes a pattern of life. So many crumpled hopes, and yet so many bright new dreams. You pick up a bit of wisdom here and there—new friendships, new strengths. New understanding comes with each new experience—and suddenly you look back and know why you hang onto the scraps both large and small—for life isn't given to us by the yard length. It comes in bits and pieces—small patches of time—and out of them we must each fashion our own quilt of life. And just like a quilt no two are exactly alike, and rarely perfect."

Grandma had a beautiful devotional right there!

A booklet called *Patchwork Sampler Quilt* (Leman Publications, \$1.50, plus 75¢ postage) gives intermediate and advanced lessons in patchwork by Bonnie Leman. It is for the quilt maker who wants to master difficult patterns. The booklet explains and illustrates step-by-step piecing for twelve blocks which include difficult angles, curved seams, color planning, etc.

*Modern Quilting* features quilt patterns for contemporary quilt makers, a collection of eighteen original patterns by *Quilter's Newsletter* readers and staff artists. Designs have the traditional flavor yet are fresh and interesting to make. *Modern Quilting* (Leman Publications, \$2.45, plus 75¢ postage) has complete instructions to help beginners.

When I wrote to Leman Publications, publishers of *Quilter's Newsletter*, Bonnie Leman replied that she was "delighted to hear from someone at a magazine I've been reading off and on for years and years from the part of the country in which I grew up." Ah, a Midwesterner! (Check the "Little Ads" for their advertisement regarding quilts.)

What fun it has been to share this information with you. All the ladies mentioned in this article are artists, not by brush and paint, but by cloth. I would include my mother as an artist, for her quilts make an interesting collection of patterns—and memories. But that's another article.

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### ROBIN'S DAY

I walked outside this morning  
And what a glad surprise  
A colony of robins  
Marched right before my eyes.

Orange breasts and grey sombreros  
And shiny brown skin boots  
And all looked mighty handsome  
In sandal-colored suits.

The lawn was green and pretty  
From April's sun and showers  
Quite ready for the robins  
To worm away the hours.

—Verna Sparks





## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

If your space is limited and you need every foot of soil to grow vegetables, yet long for a strawberry patch, all is not lost. Mrs. J. G. writes, "Our vegetable garden is adequate for growing produce for the table but there is no space in it for strawberries or raspberries. Our hundred-foot-long lot lies adjacent to a neighbor's garden space of the same size. When we first moved to our home, my husband wanted to plant a hedge at the division line and our neighbor discouraged it."

"Why put in a messy hedge that needs to be clipped?" he asked. "Examine some of the hedges around town and you'll find they catch every stray piece of paper and windblown litter. I would prefer to leave it to grass." They are fine, friendly neighbors and we conceded. But times have changed. Now I'd like to plant a row of red raspberries along the line.

"What kind of raspberry plants would be best or most productive? Also, what do you think of the strawberry pyramids pictured in nursery catalogs? Are they worth the investment? Would I need the plastic cover and netting which brings the cost up considerably? Would you plant June-bearing or ever-bearing strawberry plants in a pyramid?"

First, consult your neighbor about putting in a raspberry planting along the line. You might share the costs and harvests (and also the care) if he agrees to put it on the line. A raspberry row needs to be "groomed"—old canes removed each fall—and the row mulched to keep down weeds and retain moisture. It will also catch windblown litter. If he doesn't wish to share, you might make your raspberry planting a few feet inside your own lot and leave the line mowable.

Last year I saw pint boxes of raspberries offered in a supermarket at \$1.10. Times have indeed changed, and perhaps your neighbor will be willing to cooperate for a share of such delectable fruit. If you want a thornless hedge, try CANBY; if you want big husky canes, try LATHAM or BOYNE. Good ever-bearing raspberries are HERITAGE and AUGUST RED. If you mow AUGUST RED to the ground in the fall, the new canes will come up and bear fruit from late summer on until killed by frost. Planting and care instructions will come direct from the nursery with your raspberry plants.

About strawberry pyramids—I am in the experimental stage. We bought a complete outfit and set fifty ever-bearer plants in it. The plants grew lustily and soon covered every inch of space with runners. The crop was minimal. This

spring we will not allow runners to develop and I will report on the results in a later column. You might try OZARK BEAUTY or SUPERFECTION ever-bearers. Birds found the berries quickly but a cover can be devised from an old lace curtain or cheesecloth at less expense than the conventional bird netting.

## BIBLICAL FRUITS

by  
Vivian M. Preston

The Bible states that fig trees grew in the Garden of Eden, and that fig leaves were the first wearing apparel for Adam and Eve. The ancient Egyptians cultivated figs and painted pictures of fig trees on the tomb walls of the pyramids. Wood from fig trees was often used for Egyptian masks and mummy cases. The fruit became popular on the Island of Crete some 3,500 years ago. Figs were also grown by the ancient Greeks and Romans. The Spanish missionaries brought fig trees to North America about 460 years ago.

The date palm is one of the oldest known food-producing plants. No one is sure of its origin, but the people of Biblical Egypt, Babylonia and Arabia, cultivated the date. It has been used and enjoyed by man in the Near East for thousands of years. The date may grow to a height of one hundred feet and bear fruit for that number of years. A bunch of dates may weigh up to forty pounds. Dates, pitted and stuffed with fondant, make a tasty confection.

Some varieties of plums are cured to become prunes. Plums have been on the earth for so long that their beginnings are lost in the misty shadows of the past. Fossils of plums have been found in rock layers that were formed six million years before the first people began to live on Planet Earth. In prehistoric times, one species of wild plum grew in Europe and another type grew in Asia. No one can be sure where the first ones grew or how plums spread to the continent of North America. They are the most widely distributed native fruit trees in America. Early settlers from Europe found wild plum trees from Florida to New England. Later, as pioneers traveled westward in covered wagons, they found plums from the east coast to the Rocky Mountains, and in several areas beyond the Rockies. The wild fruits were important to the early settlers and pioneers, whose diet was otherwise dull and monotonous.

The plums they eagerly gathered in the wilderness of the new land were not as big, juicy or sweet as those of today, but they were delicious when stewed or made into jam, jelly or plum butter. Now plums are dried with their pits intact, outdoors in the sun or indoors in huge dehy-

drators. They are then given a glossy coating in a fruit juice or glycerine bath. In the process they become prunes.

A tasty sandwich spread using these fruits of the past could be made by combining all three with a little butter, cream cheese and a pinch of salt. This is especially good on a grain, fruit or nut bread.

It is thrilling to think that today we can serve to our families the same Biblical fruits that Eve, Sarah and Rebecca served to theirs.

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## Needle Notes

by  
Brenda Carl Rahn

It's hard to believe that spring is really here, but that's what the calendar tells us. Even though you are busy with spring activities, in just a few minutes you can make some darling clown decorations for spring using items from your sewing center. A clown can be a fun addition to bunny and egg decorations and there are several ways you can create them, so choose the method that suits you.

1. **CROCHETED:** Chain five, join to form a ring, triple crochet (treble) twenty times in the ring to form a large circle, slip stitch to close the circle; break off yarn. Make between seventy-five and one hundred of these little rounds depending upon how long you want to make the body and limbs of the clown. (One round can be made in about a minute and this is a terrific way to use up yarn scraps of different colors.)

Once you've completed the rounds, you are ready to string the clown together. To make hands and feet, cut out four mitten-shapes from pink felt. Cut four simple, long ovals to represent the soles of the shoes, using dark felt. To make an arm, use a darning or blunt tapestry needle and yarn or craft wire; string on one of the felt hands, then fifteen to twenty of the crocheted rounds. Tie off the end, leaving about ten inches before cutting the cord. Do this to make the other arm. The same technique applies to the legs, but do not cut the yarn. Knot the two leg yarns together and use them as one to string the body. Purchase or make a clown's head. You may need to punch a hole in the neck of the purchased one if none exists. Tie the arm cords to the body cord before you tie the head on.

Make a ruffled collar by chaining enough yarn to fit around the base of the head, then closing to form a circle. Triple crochet five times the number of chains used; join, chain four, triple crochet twice in every space; close the circle. If you wish, repeat this row once more for a larger collar. Break off the yarn and slip onto base of head; tie the body yarn through the hole in the neck, trim excess yarn. The collar should cover the knot.

Now, glue the extra mittens and shoe soles to the ones strung on the clown, this makes them stiffer and covers the knots. The clowns can sit nicely on beds, can be propped up or hung nearly anywhere for a whimsical touch or make a safe toy for a child.

2. **POMPONS:** Make clown the same only substitute pompons. Pompons can also be used for the hands and feet on any model.

3. **STYROFOAM BALLS:** Spray paint styrofoam balls with different

colors, cut two in half to use for the hands and feet (or use felt). String balls as directed in first method to make arms, legs and body. Add head, etc.

4. **FABRIC SCRAPS:** Make tubes from scrap fabric, stuff them, tie each open end with matching or contrasting yarn for a flounce over the hands and shoes. Cut any exposed edges with pinky shears. Continue as directed.

5. **QUILTER'S YO-YOS:** Use the yo-yos that quilters make instead of crocheted rounds. Make them with five-inch circles, turn the edges under while stitching around the circle; draw up the thread to gather the outer edges into the center, flatten and shape into a small circle. When the shape is satisfactory, make a few tack stitches and cut off the thread. Continue making clown as directed.

So friends, enjoy making, giving and decorating with clowns for your spring festivities.

## USE A BASKET

"A tisket—a tasket—why not use a basket?"

Baskets have really come into their own, not just for carrying objects and helping with the laundry lugging, but to use in creative ways. Today a person can buy baskets in such a variety of sizes, shapes and colors that they offer wonderful decorating possibilities.

Some baskets can be upended to make lovely occasional tables. A large, flat basket with low sides makes a perfect table for the patio or porch when placed on a luggage rack or on a tall wicker basket used for a base. Some of the larger baskets, such as those which come from the Philippines, can be converted to beautiful tables by placing a large, round glass on top of the upturned basket. A heavy basket can be used to hold wood for the fireplace. Various styles of baskets make lovely containers for houseplants, or to use as an umbrella stand, a magazine rack or a toy box.

Baskets can be used to decorate the walls of a family room or kitchen. A display can be arranged in a curio cabinet or in a wall cupboard. Baskets with handles can hang from hooks fastened beneath wall shelves.

Baskets can be used as part of the decorative scheme in bathrooms. Appropriately sized baskets can hold guest towels, soap, toothbrushes, cleaning tissue, etc. Large baskets with lids make excellent clothes hamper.

A homey touch for a guest room can be achieved by the use of a flat basket placed on the dresser to hold a water glass, small box of tissue and a bright new bar of soap. Just before the guest arrives, add a pretty basket filled with fresh fruit for both color and a welcoming snack.

—M.N.B.



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## SPRING AT GREYSTONE

by  
Harold R. Smith

Spring comes subtly to our portion of Missouri. The old French lilac seems to predict this season accurately by showing pinkish-brown buds that swell with the passing days. My neighbor's weeping willow displays a chartreuse hue and to my imagination it is as graceful as a flowing fountain.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow summed up my feeling when he wrote: "Came the spring with all its splendor, all its birds and all its blossoms, all its flowers and leaves and grasses." If we suddenly looked out the window one morning and the entire area blossomed with the heady vistas of spring, it would surely be unbearable; by appearing in slow stages, nature creates a quiet transition from one season to another.

Warm, sunny days follow another, yet tag ends of winter still lurk to the north and occasionally pay us a call leaving a wet snow clinging to the evergreens. My neighbor, a born optimist, says, "It can't last very long."

As the weeks slide by, the forsythia bursts into bloom and it appears golden even on a dark day. When the sun peeks from behind clouds, the forsythia virtually dazzles the eye. We have had success in transplanting forsythia by simply breaking off a small branch and inserting it into the ground. A small hedge grows slowly but surely from this method. It is interesting to break off small branches in early spring, place them into a vase of water forcing them to bloom indoors for a preview of spring.

A swarm of bees came early one morning and settled onto the top branch of an old cedar tree. A few bees flew around the area, apparently scouting for a new place to settle in. The swarm grew heavy and the top branch sagged precariously. My mother, Frances, looked up and firmly said, "They simply will have to move on; we can't have a swarm of bees this close to the house."

"Good advice," I replied, "but how do we tell the bees?"

A neighbor came to view the swarm and said, "They'll leave by sunset." Another visitor said, "They'll leave by dawn." Such advice flowed freely, but the next morning the swarm was still there. Checquers, the black and white cat, carefully skirted around the tree and looked with apprehension at the mass of bees that buzzed with authority.

Seven days later, we heard a tremendous sound; the bees lifted and departed in an easterly direction. Days later, we learned of a number of people who would have liked to have had the swarm to add to their colonies. We find bees interesting as they visit our flowers to draw out the sweet nectar, and we both enjoy



This little calf, which belongs to Dorothy and Frank Johnson, has the unusual name of Billie O. Frank gave it that name because it reminded him of Billie Oakley, longtime friend of the Driftmiers and Women's Director and broadcaster for radio station KMA in Shenandoah, Iowa. When we asked Billie if she knew anything about the calf she laughed and said it was either the soft brown eyes or its mooing voice which reminded the Johnsons of her. We won't try to guess which it was, but suggest it is just because it is so cute.

honey, but we totally agree we don't like them visiting in a swarm.

When spring rains come, we find ourselves slipping back into a grey mood which matches the sky. Rain falls gently, increases and the day fades into the color of flat silver. I slosh to the post office and pick up the mail and find conversation geared to the weather, as usual. People seldom agree as to what weather conditions should prevail; some want more rain, others want less. At any rate, the weather is a constant variant in our lives and often depresses or elevates our moods along with its changes.

As soon as the grass grows in clumps, here and there, I manage to get the old mower started and mow portions of the lawn. After a quiet season of winter, I find the noise disturbs me. Mowing is contagious and before long another mower is heard and the end result is a noisy neighborhood.

With the growing days of spring, the buds swell on the old japonica bush. Late one afternoon, they opened almost in unison until the entire shrub was covered with brilliant red blooms. We have heard various names for this plant but an elderly lady once said, "I see your japonica is in full bloom and it is so pretty." We've used that name ever since. As far as we can ascertain, our shrub is seventy years old.

Light brightens in the spring months and the air is pure and distilled with the scents of a new season. Days grow longer; the earth pulses with changes and rhythms. The nights linger before the darkness of the sky is pierced with starfire, and a soft breeze flutters through the cedar.

## THE LAST SUPPER — Concluded

when the Sanhedrin accused him of blasphemy? If we had been Gentiles, would we have defended him when he was condemned to death? If we had been the Apostles, would we have stayed by him when the shouting crowd became a crucifying mob? Or would we have been like Peter—who had followed and loved him—and denied him three times before dawn?

"As nations in war, as governments oppress the poor, as passive people turn aside in silence, WE crucify. Again—WE CRUCIFY. As indifference forms the pattern of our lives, as hungry children cry for food, as widows mourn alone in empty rooms, in apathy—WE crucify. Again—WE CRUCIFY."

(Author unknown)

**Leader:** Through His death, Christ absorbed our sins and offers us forgiveness, love and the affirmation of eternal life. Because He lives, we too shall live. Through His love, we are made whole, through His death, we find new life. He is our shield, our redeemer and our hope. Hallelujah!

**Closing Hymn or Solo:** Choose a familiar, appropriate hymn, such as "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name", "Beneath the Cross of Jesus" or "Jesus Keep Me Near the Cross".

**Benediction:** The Lord bless you and keep you, the Lord make His face to shine upon you and give you peace, Amen.



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## Sunday Painters

by  
Dorothy Enke

Our neighbor was a Sunday painter. All week he worked at the corner grocery, but on Sunday he seemed to become a different person. He shed his workaday cares and became a painter. We would see him trudging off to the countryside carrying his campstool and painting equipment.

When I was very young and heard people refer to John Parker as a Sunday painter, I thought John was working at two jobs, the grocery store on weekdays and painting houses or barns on Sunday. It was a bit confusing to learn that John didn't paint buildings. He painted pictures. It was even more difficult to understand his complete devotion to something for which he had absolutely no training. Lacking formal education in any of the arts he still had his yearning to put things on canvas as he saw them.

There are far more Sunday artists than we might suspect. Not all of them are striving, frustrated painters. Some are Sunday writers, who have to give the greater share of their time to earning a living, but who still manage, somehow, to scrounge out a few hours each week to pursue their own elusive dreams. There are others who spend hours practicing the piano, the violin, the organ, or singing. No matter—each has his own private dream that makes the monotonous tasks of life worth enduring.

It is strange, that while we might be working desperately to fulfill our dreams, we seldom realize that we are constantly creating an indelible picture which the world recognizes as us.

One Sunday a minister said to his congregation, "If anyone were to ask me to define kindness I would simply state, 'Kindness is Mrs. Lewis.'" He then related personal memories of a remarkable woman who had been his mother's best friend. More than that, her love and gentleness had flowed out to the four fatherless sons of her best friend. What a graphic picture her life had painted to a growing boy. After more than half a century, he would say, "Kindness is Mrs. Lewis!"

After the death of an elderly aunt, my grief was eased by the loving letters of

sympathy which her friends wrote. Reading the messages, I became aware of a special note echoing in all of them. In these days of hyper-active living, one seldom hears the phrases "a perfect gentlewoman", or "a lady of elegant but lovely simplicity". The words sounded like phrases from a long-forgotten era. But this was the picture my aunt's life had painted.

In this time of growing secularism, it was heartwarming to read a glowing tribute written recently by a newspaper columnist. The tribute was not to honor a prominent citizen, or a leading politician. Surprisingly, the writer was explaining his deep affection and appreciation for the remarkable woman who had been his boyhood Sunday school teacher. Her integrity and strength of character were still etched in his heart.

This clarity of memory may suggest that in a larger sense none of us can settle for being just "Sunday painters". Life goes on from sunrise to sunset, from sunset to sunrise. We are painting a picture each day as long as we live. Our loved ones, our associates, see this picture of who we really are with more acceptance and understanding than we might surmise.

Being a Sunday painter, in the dictionary definition of the phrase, is a result of a definite aspiration, and the decision to seek its fulfillment by using even the small tag ends of one's time. Our lives are a picture that reflects how we have spent *all* of our time—quite a challenge to face.



## A PROGRAM IDEA

An idea which can be developed into a party, a program or a roll call is a Travel Special. Ask each person to bring an item from another country, either something that person has purchased during a trip or a gift someone might have sent. Any interesting bit of information about the object, how it was obtained or about the country from which it came, can be shared in any way desired. If this is to be a covered-dish dinner situation, encourage each person to bring a dish made from a foreign recipe. A variation could be to bring food from the country of each person's ancestors—or a dish handed down for generations.

One church group developed a fund-raising idea with a foreign food bazaar and travel night. Various countries were represented by different dishes on the menu. The program was compiled from slides taken on trips by various members. (A speaker could also be asked to come and talk about some foreign experience.) This could also be used as a conclusion to a church mission study.

—Mae Drago



## From Our Family Album

In June of 1966, Dorothy drove Mother and Aunt Clara Otte to Mountain Home, Arkansas, to visit our Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert Rope. These two aunts are the youngest of our father's sisters. This picture of Mother and Dorothy was snapped when they went to see the State Fish Hatchery. —Lucile

## A BLOOMIN' AFFAIR — Concl.

important. Other than that, it would be essential to talk to a florist as to other special care an orchid might need. It would make an interesting and glamorous hobby for anyone possessing a green thumb.

Robert had one last problem with me at the flower show. I had been looking for an interesting bit of garden sculpture to bring home for our flower garden. Just before we left, I saw the perfect item for the Birkby yard—a pair of huge cement hiking boots. They each held a large blooming geranium.

"There," I pulled Robert toward the boots. "If ever anything symbolized life with our family, it would be hiking boots. Wouldn't they look nice among the impatiens?"

"Nope," Robert said emphatically. "It's time to take you home."

So he did.

## EASTER — NEW LIFE

Easter, a word adopted from the Old English *eastre*, marked the pagan spring festival. It personified not only the beginning of new growth—the reawakening of life—but also suggested the beginning of a new day. After all, the sun rises in the east, making that new day possible.



## MEMORIES OF EASTER

by  
Fern Christian Miller

Easter has always been a special holiday to me! When I was a child, my mamma made Easter a very happy time for her children.

I don't recall ever believing in the Easter bunny. We were farm children and we certainly knew that rabbits didn't lay eggs! But we did understand that our hens did lay a lot of eggs in the spring. Mamma bought egg dye from the "racket" store and we got to help color the nice, white, hard-boiled eggs the afternoon before Easter Sunday. Clean excelsior was put in a basket in the center of our big, round table. After drying the beautiful rainbow-hued eggs on a clean cloth, we placed them carefully in the basket. How we loved to turn them over and pick out our favorite colors.

Late in the evening while the supper cooked, we took our baths by the kitchen range in a big washtub. We also each had our hair shampooed with Mother's Castile Shampoo. Our supper was likely to be milk, mush, and a fluffy omelet.

Sunday morning we had bacon, eggs, and hot biscuits and gravy for breakfast. Then came swift washing and drying of dishes and brushing of teeth. We then all dressed in our best spring clothes ready to attend Sunday school and church. (It wouldn't have seemed at all like Easter without hearing the Resurrection Story.)

On the particular Easter I am thinking of, Mother wore a blue "watered" silk dress she had made with great care. It had a pleated skirt, full long sleeves, and a white lace collar and jabot. I thought my mother looked lovely with her slender waist, blue eyes, fair skin and red hair. Her hat was a navy blue sailor with a perky bow. Her jacket and gloves were also navy. Pinned on her bodice was a gold watch with a chain and fleur-de-lis pin. My brothers wore knee-bloused pants and white shirts which Mother had made. Papa wore his good suit, Stetson hat, and white shirt and tie. I wore a peach-colored dress and hair ribbon, and a cream-colored straw "poke bonnet" trimmed with forget-me-nots. Naturally, Mother made the dress. My best sweater was freshly washed, but a great blow befell my little-girl pride—I had to wear my old school shoes, freshly polished! My brothers grumbled about their hated knee pants while I pouted about my shoes.

Father soon put a stop to our complaining by saying cheerfully, "Look what a beautiful Easter Sunday God has given us. You should listen to what the preacher says instead of thinking about your clothes."

So away we went to church sitting in

the big carriage behind the trotting team of bay horses. As Father tied our horses to the "hitch rack" by the church, the neighbors called, "Good morning." The wonderful story of Christ's arising from the dead gave me a deep thrill of hope and renewal. So did the Easter songs and music, and the white Easter lily on the piano. We talked about the true meaning of Easter on the way home from church.

An uncle and aunt and their children followed us home. This favorite aunt had prepared an extra nice cake and baked beans to add to our dinner. Mother put coffee on the stove to boil and all of the vegetables to heat. Dinner was soon spread on the white linen tablecloth. Mother tucked daffodils in around the pretty basket of colored eggs in the center of the table. The very best dishes and silverware were used.

Most of our dinner had been prepared the day before. We had pink baked ham, green beans (some Mother had canned the summer before), pickles, deviled eggs, mashed potatoes, gravy, hot rolls, homemade country butter, grape jelly, angel food cake and sliced peaches. I remember our delicious meal and anxiously waiting for the Easter egg hunt in the afternoon.

After our bountiful dinner, the table was cleared and the dishes washed, dried

and put away. Our mothers came to the yard as the oldest cousin hid the eggs on one side of the house while we played on the other side. The eggs were hidden in clumps of grass, daffodils, in the rose-bushes, behind the fence posts and rocks, and under the steps. Mother gave us pretty little baskets she had made of cereal boxes and wallpaper samples. They had stout string handles. These were used to hold the eggs we found. We all ran to hunt eggs. We took turns hiding and hunting the eggs. Each time, the child that found the most was given a candy egg. When we had all had a turn at hiding the eggs, Mother gave each child some candy eggs for his basket. We ate a few, and saved our baskets for later. Then we played games while our mothers went in to get the babies to sleep for their naps.

When the shadows began to creep across the fresh, green grass, and the air began to cool, we were called in from play. Faces and hands were washed, and coats and caps put on. My uncle and aunt had to drive home and milk their big Jersey cow, feed the hogs and chickens and gather the eggs. Father and Mother had chores to do also. Cheerful good-byes were called out as the horses pulled the buggy down the narrow dirt road.

We were healthy, happy people. What a wonderful Easter time it was!

## AN EASTER BASKET FILLED WITH JOY

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Most girls love to bake and decorate cakes and Katharine Lowey and her friend are no exceptions. With all the pretty flowers and squiggly lines, it is too bad this picture is not in color. Since the words read "Happy Day!", it could be appropriate for most any celebration—or just for the fun of making and sharing.

**JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded**  
cially caught my attention. I wished for at least two more suitcases to give me enough room to take home cooking supplies. Not only was there a tremendous selection of goods, but the prices were very low. What I did succumb to were the wares of a flower vendor from

whom I purchased a cymbidium orchid plant which presently is slowly adjusting to living in New Mexico.

No trip to San Francisco is complete without a ride on a cable car so we rode one back to our hotel. I'll have to admit it was a scary ride. "What if the brakes fail?" was the thought which kept

crossing my mind as we went up and down the precipitous streets. Nevertheless, I loved the ride and would take it again in a minute. That night, we flew home to Albuquerque and the "real world" of work, housecleaning, etc.

One chore I am enjoying tremendously is taking care of the plants in my greenhouse. I have started almost all of my spring seeds with the hope that I'll have enough baby tomato plants to share with all my friends. The begonia tubers are starting to show signs of life and the pots of caladiums are almost ready to move into the house to brighten up some shady corners. It won't be long until many of these tender plants can be moved outside.

This month our son, James, will be thirteen years old prompting me to remember the trite but true statement that children grow up too fast. I'm not sure Jed and I are ready to have a teen-ager in the family. When I turned thirteen I remember thinking, "I'm not a little kid anymore!" James probably will feel the same way.

Spring break for school children happens in April, too, and I hope we can get away for a long weekend sometime during the vacation.

Have a happy Easter.

Sincerely,

Juliana Lowey

#### WHICH "SAINT"?

1. A dog breed (St. Bernard)
2. A river (St. Lawrence)
3. Holiday with red (St. Valentine's Day)
4. A day in a church calendar (Saint's Day)
5. A city in Missouri (St. Louis)
6. Holiday with green (St. Patrick's Day)
7. A city in Florida (St. Petersburg)
8. One of the Virgin Islands (St. Thomas)
9. A mountain (St. Helen's)

—Norma Tisher

#### LET'S GO MODERN

Wash on Monday — No, not now!  
Automatics, take a bow.

Iron on Tuesday — "Wash and wear"  
Solves that problem of clothes care.

Mend on Wednesday — Seldom done.  
Something new is much more fun.

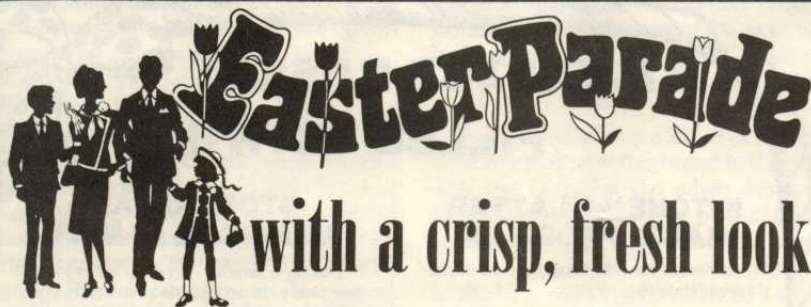
Churn on Thursday — No, sirree!  
Buying butter works, you see.

Clean on Friday — If you can.  
Now and then's the modern plan.

Bake on Saturday — Maybe some,  
If there's company to come.

Rest on Sunday — That one's still  
Far the easiest to fulfill!

—Ruth Townsend



Not everyone can afford to buy new outfits for the family at Easter time, but never fear. Get a supply of the three **Kitchen-Klatter** laundry/cleaning products and spruce up your clothes for that crisp, fresh look.

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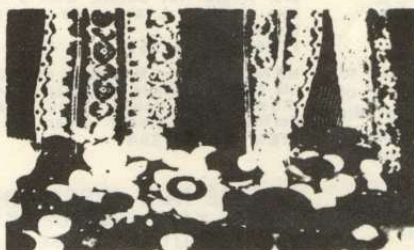
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