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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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It is time for school pictures once again. Katharine Lowey is a sixth grader at Taft Middle School, and James Lowey is winding down the eighth grade at the same school. As yet, no one knows to which school James will be transferred for his four years of high school.

Dear Friends:

Thank heavens, spring finally made it around the corner! Spring in New Mexico can be lovely or can be one continual dust cloud. So far this season, we have been blessed with lovely days.

The past weekend was ideal for several of our favorite pursuits. Saturday morning started exceptionally early. James (our almost fourteen-year-old) has joined his middle school ski club. This club is sponsored by his principal and two of his teachers. They rent a bus and take a load of the student club members to some of our nearby ski areas for a day. Group rates help keep the costs down. Anyway, the trip this last weekend was to the Red River ski area.

For James to meet the club at 4:30 A.M., we set three alarm clocks just to be sure that we woke up in plenty of time to get breakfast and get to the bus. We are fairly early risers, but before 4:00 A.M. is a little earlier than usual.

After James was off and we had several more cups of coffee, we loaded the pickup truck with shovels, the wheelbarrow, trowels and all the other tools used at an archaeology dig. The site where we are working is about 45 miles from Albuquerque, and is named Pottery Mound—a large village that was inhabited from around 1300 A.D. until about 1475 A.D. The name Pottery Mound is certainly apt as the whole area is covered with broken pottery. The vast majority are fancy, decorated pieces. In most archaeology sites, the bulk of the pottery is plain, grey "utility" ware.

Several years ago, this particular site was excavated by students from the University of New Mexico. Seventeen kivas, or ceremonial areas, were exposed. The walls of these areas were covered with paintings which were carefully removed and documented. My! I wish I could have participated in that part of the work.

As it is, we are doing what is called "salvage" archaeology. The little river that runs near the site is eroding the area and already most of the kivas have been washed away. We are working on the edge of a cliff that looks poised for disaster. It is fortunate that our band of volunteers has been able to help in this rescue effort. Our spot has yielded several whole pots and fourteen skeletons. All of the artifacts are labeled and sent to the University. The skeletons are protected and appropriately cared for according to law. It is to be hoped more information can be gained by studying these items and their relationship to what is already known about the site.

Sunday was a twin to the beautiful weather of Saturday. I spent all my free time in the yard. Between archaeology and gardening, I am only truly happy when I am digging in the dirt. Vegetable gardening is enjoyable, but my first love is flowers.

When we moved into this location eleven years ago, I could hardly wait to get started on some flower beds. I set out quite a few perennials and two flowering shrubs. The next addition was a hopped crab apple tree. Every year a few more flowers have been added. I try to grow as much from seed as possible, but plants in full bloom seem irresistible. Surely, some day my flower beds will be so full that not one more plant can be squeezed into them.

As I am typing this letter, peculiar sounds are coming from the back of the house. Our eleven-year-old daughter, Katharine, is playing the flute. Katharine has been playing the clarinet for the last three years; today is the first time she has played the flute. Her band teacher grew weary of hearing the students discussing whose instrument was the most difficult to play, so the whole band has swapped instruments for the day. Katharine already has a greater appreciation for flute players.

As a new middle school student, one of the courses that has been helpful to Katharine is a class in study skills. It lasted only one semester, but in that short time the young people learned how to take notes in class, make an outline, utilize the library and study for tests. Many of these skills might be found in some English classes, but having a special class frees the English teacher to go deeper into other areas.

Katharine has also enjoyed working with students in the Side-by-Side Program. These students are multi-handicapped children who are integrated into the regular school program as much as possible. Katharine's physical education class has taken several mornings off to go with these special students to the swimming pool at the University of New Mexico. Both sets of students seem to be benefiting from the experience.

James is winding down his middle school career this spring. Like most parents, it is hard to believe we have a child who will be in high school next year. Each major step seems to go faster. Before I know it, I will be saying, "I can't believe I have a child who is graduating from high school." Fortunately, the child involved takes the whole process in stride. James has spent one day at the high school getting to know the ropes, and now he can hardly wait to be a ninth grader. I shall be interested to get the information about the ninth grade curriculum to see what is being taught at that level. I hope the list is heavily weighted to the basics, and even more important, that James has a continuation of the fine teachers he has had thus far.

In my last letter to you, I mentioned a New Year's resolution to organize my books, magazines, etc. I am pleased to state that I am writing to you from a desk that has undergone a major cleaning. All the books and magazines that were piled from one end to the other on the desk are

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JULIANA'S LETTER



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This past week has been beautiful and spring-like, so we can say that March came in like a lamb this year!

Long-range predictions, made several weeks ago, said we would have a lot of snow in March but it is to be hoped they are wrong. The snow and ice we fought all winter finally left in a hurry with the days of warmer temperatures, but as a consequence, an ice jam appeared in the creek near the bridge. The water was out over the Lucas bottoms, but just backed up in a few low places on our land. The creek has returned to normal now, but the bayou is still covered with ice. At least the ducks are happy that the runoff from the hills left their puddle in the front meadow chuck-full of water so they are once again able to swim as they do most of the year.

Our cows have been having a few early calves. One of the last frigid days before the snow began to melt, Frank saw one of the cows take off across the pasture headed for the same patch of timber where she had her calf last year. It was all she could do to wade some deep drifts because of the heavy ice coating on top. Frank had seen a coyote close to the barn lot in broad daylight just the day before, and although there are those who say a coyote won't bring down a calf, Frank didn't want to take any chances; so he followed the cow and brought her back.

In an hour, the cow had a fine big calf right outside the shed door. With this lucky location, it was no problem getting them both into the shed for a couple of days until the calf was good and strong.

Doyle Adams, our friend from the State Conservation office, stopped by the other evening about 5:30. He said that on the way to our house he had seen seven deer in a little alfalfa piece that is on the other side of the bayou. Roy and Louise Querrey came for supper last night about the same time of day and reported seeing the deer. When the snow was heavy, the deer had a regular highway across this piece of ground but I never did see any of them. At 5:30 tonight, I'm going to look again.

Doyle said that according to the reports from around the state, this had been a very hard winter for wildlife of all kinds. Snow is bad enough, but with the heavy ice cover for countless numbers of weeks, it was impossible for many creatures to find food, so many perished—especially pheasants and quail.

Frank told Doyle that when our corn was picked last fall, there were about five rows that couldn't be harvested because of the mud. We are glad now that it was



Kristin Johnson (Brase) was a very young student when this picture was taken near the Plympton country school in Lucas County where she began her education.

left because the deer and wild turkeys found it. As soon as the snow melted, Frank started feeding corn to the cattle in the pasture, and for the first time since last fall, I saw turkeys in the pasture gleaning the remains of the corn.

I was very happy to get so much response from our readers about my letter in the January issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* in regard to rural schools. At one time there were ninety rural schools in Lucas County and, during the two years I taught, there were still sixty. The last rural school to operate in Lucas County closed at the end of the school year in 1963. This schoolhouse was then moved to the Lucas County Historical Museum grounds.

Our Plympton School closed at the end of the school year in 1953 for lack of pupils. The state law at that time said there had to be five pupils to maintain a school and we only had four. All four Johnson children—including Frank—went to Plympton school. Frank said one year there were twenty-five students, but the enrollment varied from year to year because many families moved in and out of the neighborhood. When some family would leave, the Johnsons always wondered who would move in and how many children they would have. He also said all attended classes in the old building, which was in terrible condition; it was after Frank had gone from home that the old schoolhouse was torn down and a new one was built. This new building was the school where Kristin started.

There were nine schools in our township and after all had closed, the school board (of which I was a member) decided to sell the buildings and contents at auction. One of the men in the neighborhood bought Plympton and moved it

onto his property with plans to make it into a small house. However, this didn't materialize and now the building is gone. But Plympton schoolhouse stood there long enough for Kristin's boys to see where their mother went to school.

When I worked in the County Superintendent's office, people were just beginning to get Social Security and since many elderly people didn't have birth certificates, they would come to the office to obtain old school records because these were accepted as proof of age. On some of these records, schools sometimes listed as many as three school terms a year, and would have three different teachers. Many of these record books were kept in the schools, or the secretary of the school district had them in his files. When we began to get so many calls for this information, and with more and more rural schools closing, we asked the districts to bring the records to the office if and when a school closed. That way we would be able to track down the information needed when people came searching.

The school year was just eight months long so the big boys could help with the farming. Maybe it was because of this eight-month school year in the country that the Iowa rural eighth graders had to take a special examination before they could go to high school. I always felt this was discriminatory. Looking back, it seems that most of the valedictorians I knew were rural students. I asked one of my friends who went to rural school how she felt when she had to take the eighth-grade examination. She said it made her feel the school officials thought she wasn't as smart as the town kids and she had to prove that she was. I don't know

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Remember

An Easter Worship
by Mabel Nair Brown



Setting: Make a very large banner using symbols for the idea "in remembrance of me". Let the background fabric of the banner be a pale blue. For placement of the symbols on the banner, think in terms of dividing the background into imaginary quarter sections. For the upper right quarter, cut the outline of a tall pitcher shape from a pale violet fabric and fasten in place. For the upper left section, and extending almost three-quarters of the way down into the lower left section, use a piece of white toweling fabric (perhaps a real towel with a small border design). Fold and drape in a graceful fashion and sew into place, with part of the right edge of towel overlapping the edge of the pitcher. From a deep violet or bright red fabric, cut a wide, low bowl shape wide enough to extend across the upper part of the lower half of the background. The bowl will extend over part of the towel, leaving a small section hanging below the bowl. Outline the top and bottom edges of the bowl with an embroidery stitch in a deeper shade. If you like, place the gold letters: "In Remembrance of Me" across the bottom, however, the symbols really speak the message by themselves.

Characters: Narrator, Mary (mother of Jesus), Mary Magdalene, a little child, Peter, John, Matthew and Andrew. It will add much to this service if the actors wear Biblical costumes. These may be made inexpensively by dying old sheets in soft colors and then draping and pinning them into place.

The narrator stands at the far right front stage to speak but may sit as others tell their stories. The other characters sit in an informal semicircle around a table or on a low bench. They pantomime visiting as the service begins.

Quiet Music: ("Tell Me the Stories of Jesus" is played softly as a prelude. From off stage, a soloist sings the first verse of the hymn. The soft music is then continued for the narrator's opening remarks.)

Narrator: The beautiful Easter season is a special time for remembering Jesus—thinking of the things he said and did in the days he lived and walked among men on earth.

We know that the disciples, relatives and friends of Jesus liked to reminisce, too. Can't you imagine that they often gathered to sit and talk about all that had

happened when Jesus was with them?

I can imagine that Peter and John often talked about him and I see them one day walking down a dusty road, past grain fields and then olive orchards where sheep might have been grazing, then into the city and up a familiar street to that certain house where they had been with Jesus. They go inside and up to that Upper Room and aren't surprised to see that others, too, have come here to talk about their beloved Jesus. Let us listen now and hear what they say.

Mary: (musingly) I often think of Jesus when he was little. He was such a happy child and so full of questions. (chuckles) He was interested in everything about him: our home, his father's shop, the birds, and the flowers. He made pets of all the animals. He was such a helpful little boy and, as soon as he was old enough, he was eager to help Joseph in the carpenter shop. No job was too hard for him to tackle, yet, he always found time to visit the neighbors and he always seemed to be helping someone or nursing a sick animal.

Andrew: Yes, he always noticed everything going on about him. I guess that is why we could always tell what he was talking about—he used all the simple everyday events of our lives in illustrating the stories he told.

Peter: He was always quick to help anyone who needed it. He was so kind, especially when anyone was sick. I remember the time my mother-in-law was ill and he came to visit and touched her and her fever left. We could hardly believe our eyes when she got up and helped to serve our evening meal. But he healed so many. Remember, John, how frightened we were the first time we saw him touch a leper? It didn't make any difference to Jesus that the man was an outcast; he went near to him and healed him just the same. He was a friend to everyone.

Matthew: Indeed, all of his life, he made friends wherever he went, no matter who they were. I was a tax collector and it seemed everyone hated me for always taking their money. Then Jesus came to my tax stall as friendly as could be and he asked me to become a disciple and follow him. I loved him on the spot and he changed my life.

Mary Magdalene: (gently) Just as he did mine. I seemed out of my mind and so

filled with evil spirits that no one would have anything to do with me—even my family wanted to hide me away. Then Jesus came to be my friend and touched me and made me whole. Me! the evil one, but he became my beloved friend and Lord.

Child: What I remember is how Jesus always liked children. He never told us he was too tired to play or to leave him alone and not bother him. Even when grown-ups would try to push us away, he'd say, "No, let the children come." We all loved him. He was our friend. He cared about us.

John: I'm reminded everyday of so many of the wise things he told us as we traveled about with him. He had such wisdom and humor. When we got into difficulty with the Pharisees and others who hated him, Jesus always had an answer for them. Remember the time they made such a fuss about his picking and eating the grain on the Sabbath and he answered with the words from their scriptures about David eating the holy bread in the synagogue when he was hungry? (chuckles) And, how about his telling them it was easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven? That kept them quiet for a bit!

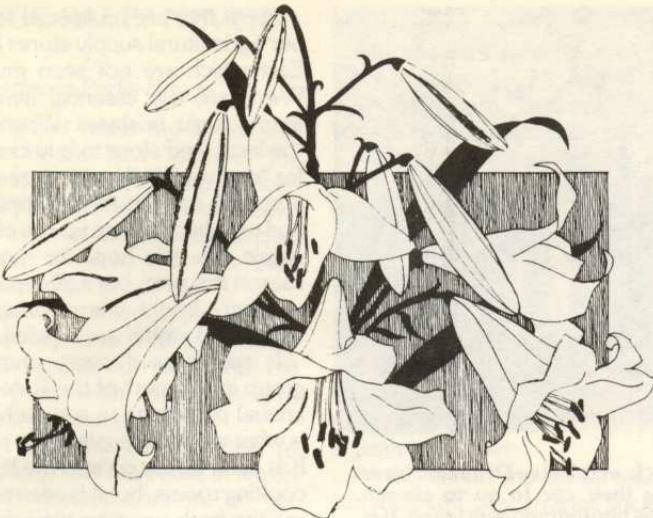
He always went about among the people, even those who hated him and questioned him, and he kept right on trying to make friends with them and love them, even his enemies. How I miss him, but I can hear in my mind all that he taught us and I feel his love around me night and day.

Mary Magdalene: Yes, his love is always with us. I knew that the first day of the week when I went to the garden and was crying and someone asked me why I was sad. I told him it was because Jesus' body had been taken from the tomb. Then the man said my name: "Mary!" Suddenly I knew it wasn't a stranger—it was Jesus! (smiles) It is good to feel he is always near me, that he cares for me always.

Peter: Oh, Mary Magdalene, how excited you were when you came to tell us the good news. John and I didn't believe you—we thought you were imagining things, but we ran to the tomb as fast as we could. John, you got there first, but I was right behind you. Then we both knew what you had told us was true. Jesus had risen from the dead just as he had said he would. We thought our hearts would burst with joy. Then, we hurried to tell the others, "Jesus is alive!"

John: Yes, Peter, that was a wonderful time, but my mind returns to that evening when we all gathered here in this room talking about what had happened and wondering what to think or do when suddenly we all heard his words, "Peace be unto you." And peace

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All About the Lily

Legend of the Easter Lily: According to legend, the flower we know as the Easter lily was once a tiny white flower growing so close to the ground it was hardly noticed. Though small, it gave off a heavenly fragrance; people noticed the perfume and wondered from where it came.

The little flower yearned to serve humanity and share its fragrance with the world, so it prayed that God might let it become the most beautiful of all white flowers.

Time passed and the little white flowers were growing in great profusion in the Garden of Gethsemane, their perfume blessing Jesus as He prayed there.

Then came the crucifixion and the little white flower grew at the foot of the cross, sending its fragrance to comfort our Lord. Because of its sympathy and love, the little plant grew into a tall, graceful plant with beautiful big, white blossoms which looked up into the face of the Savior as he hung upon the cross. The weeping women gathered around the cross were comforted by its beauty and its delicate perfume.

The legend continues: a tiny white bud grew near Jesus' tomb and, after struggling for three days to lift its drooping head, it burst into radiant, pure beauty on Easter morning.

Following the Resurrection, it is said that wherever the footsteps of Jesus pressed the little buds to earth, a beautiful Easter lily sprang forth.

—Mildred Grenier

The Missionary's Lily: Most authorities agree that it was a missionary, one Mr. Roberts, who first introduced the lovely Bermuda Easter lily, which so many of us enjoy today. Many of the Easter lilies which symbolize the Resurrection in churches everywhere are Ber-

muda lilies, for thousands and thousands of lily bulbs and stems are exported from Bermuda each year.

They were first introduced to Bermuda about the year 1850, when Mr. Roberts, whose ministry coincides with that date, was returning home from Japan. The lily is a native of the Ryukyu Islands, a chain of islands stretching from the south of Japan to Formosa. Mr. Roberts' lily did very well when he transplanted it in Bermuda, for the climate was perfect for its culture. (Bermuda's climate is one of the most pleasant in the world. The average temperature is 70.7 degrees Fahrenheit.)

As the years went by, the missionary's lily attracted flower lovers. In 1883, a New York hotel exhibited a cask of lilies with no less than 145 blooms on one stem. Some of the lilies took prizes at the horticulture exhibition in London that same year.

General Russell Hastings, a retired Civil War veteran, was the first to export the lilies to the United States. Bulbs were brought to the United States, too, by a Mrs. Thomas P. Sargent, described as an amateur gardener. In 1903, nearly three million bulbs were exported from Bermuda.

Now people everywhere enjoy the beauty of the missionary's lily, admiring its loveliness, and appreciating its symbolism of the risen Lord.

—Evelyn Witter

MY DAILY PRAYER

God, give me Faith in others,
In myself and in you, too;
Give me the Hope that's needed
To live this one day through;
But above all, give to me
The illusive gift of Charity.

—Kay Grayman Parker

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by Eva M. Schroeder

Did your nursery stock arrive before you had a planting site prepared? If it did, don't panic as you can keep it in good condition until you find time or the weather cooperates so you can prepare the ground. Open the shipping container on arrival and check its contents against your order. Be sure to look for an invoice which is stapled where you should find it on sight. There will be a notation if any plant material is to arrive later. Moisten the roots, wrap the poly bag securely around the plants and set in a shady, cool location.

If your order is for bare-rooted roses and involves a goodly amount of money, you will want to get them into cool, moist soil as quickly as possible. (They might keep in good condition for several days if handled as above—but not for long.)

Roses should be planted where they will receive four to six hours of sun daily and enough morning sun to dry dew-drenched foliage quickly. Try to plant your roses close to a supply of water and see that their planting site is well-drained. A wet spot, where water stands for any period of time, is bad for roses. To prevent mildew, the area should have good air movement so that foliage dries quickly after watering. Space the rugosas, grandifloras and hybrid roses three feet apart. Floribundas and smaller roses may be set closer together. Plant away from eaves where falling ice and water can damage your roses.

Make your planting holes wide enough so that the roots will be in a natural position when planted. Remove the soil to a depth of twelve-eighteen inches and place it in a wheelbarrow or on a square of old tarpaulin. Mix in some organic materials such as leaf mold, peat moss, old sawdust and some well-rotted manure. Use two parts soil to one part humus. The addition of organic matter not only enriches the soil but also increases its ability to hold needed moisture. Be sure the peat moss you use has been thoroughly moistened and allowed to set for a few days. Dry peat moss has a tendency to repel water until soaked.

Now, trim off any roots or stems that have been broken. Build a mound of soil in the hole that will support the roots and hold the plant high enough so the bud union is at ground level (or a little below if you live in a cold area). Fill the hole two-thirds full with soil mixture and tamp firmly to remove air pockets. Next, fill the rest of the hole with tepid water and allow it to soak in. Fill in to the top and tamp down. Mound remaining soil mixture over the plant, covering all canes with eight to ten inches of soil. Keep the soil mound moist until time to remove it; that is when the buds begin to swell and leaf growth is imminent.

FREDERICK'S

LETTER



Dear Friends:

This is a beautiful day here on the Connecticut shore. The air is clear and crisp with a taste of salt spray. I wish that you could have been with me as I took my morning hike along four miles of shore road. The water is so blue, and there are thousands of gulls and other sea birds wheeling and diving from the sky. It is one of those days when with every breath I want to cry out: "Thank you God. Thank you for making this planet such a magnificent place to be!"

Because of rather severe arthritis in both my feet and hips, my doctors urge me to keep hiking every day. I wear special hiking shoes equipped with orthopedic supports, and always carry a pointed walking stick, one that I bought in Switzerland many years ago. The neighbors say that they always know when I am walking by their houses by the sound of that stick on the asphalt.

After a late winter snowstorm, my good friend and neighbor, Bob Stowe, invited me to take a hike through the woods to his childhood home. It is an ancient, colonial saltbox house surrounded by acres and acres of forest defined here and there by stone walls. After driving up a narrow lane leading from the county road to the farm entrance, we had to hike another half-mile through drifted snow. What an effort—but what a reward at the end of the trail!

Bob keeps the old homestead completely furnished just as it was in his youth, and he uses it as a retreat and for family reunions at Christmas, Thanksgiving, and occasional birthdays of the grandchildren. The little, red farmhouse was banked with high drifts of new-fallen snow, and as the sunlight filtered down through the dense woods, it was a picture for a calendar of New England scenes.

As we warmed ourselves at the fireplace, Bob told me the story of his youth. His father was a New York City musician who, at the turn of the century, decided to leave city life behind him and to begin a new life as a farmer. After months of searching, he found the farm of his choice and settled down to a life that was one misadventure after another. The family managed to survive, and the farming experiment was carried on for a number of years until the loneliness of the life was just too much for Bob's mother.

It was there in that little farmhouse



Frederick and Betty Driftmier were entering their car to go to church when this photograph was taken. It is too bad we cannot reproduce pictures in color. Frederick has on a blue-gray suit while Betty's suit is a royal blue with pink piping and buttons plus a bit of pink in her scarf.

that I found some advertisements of farm real estate that Bob's mother and father had studied by the hour as they sat by the fireside on cold winter evenings. One that Bob's parents must have read and re-read many times, wishing with all their hearts that they could afford so "expensive and luxurious a place", was first published in January of 1915:

"In the town of Franklin, Connecticut. NUMBER OF ACRES—427; 200 fit for mowing, 177 in pasture, and 50 in woodland, 500 cords of wood, and 200 acres suitable for cultivation. HOUSE—2-story, 8 rooms, in good condition, painted white with green blinds, situated on a hilltop facing south. 1/3 mile to nearest neighbor. OTHER BUILDINGS—2 barns, wagon shed, woodshed, tool shed, all in good condition. FENCES—rail and wire in passable condition. WATER SUPPLY—well and spring with plenty of water. FRUIT—1/2 acre of strawberries 3 years old, 1 acre asparagus 3 years old, 50 peach trees and 9 pear trees in good bearing condition, an old orchard of 500 apple trees. ROADS—gravel, 1/2 mile to state road, 1/2 mile to trolley line, railroad station 2 1/2 miles distant. POST OFFICE—R.F.D., Franklin. CHURCHES—Congregational 1 mile away, Methodist and Roman Catholic 2 1/4 miles away. SCHOOL—Ungraded, 1/4 mile away. LAND—General character, level. SOIL—loamy, best adapted to general farming. General condition of property—good. PRICE: \$10,000. TERMS: \$7,000 cash, and balance on mortage. ADDRESS: Jos. Reis & Smith Co., North Franklin, Conn. RFD 1."

Do I hear you all sighing, "Oh, for the good old days?" But remember, those were the days of polio, tuberculosis, typhoid fever, and very low incomes. \$10,000 was a princely sum.

Items that are on special sale in all of our agricultural supply stores here in the East which are not seen much in the West, are the essential items for the maple sugar business. When I went to the local feed store to buy cracked corn for "my" wild ducks, the store was having a special sale on metal tapping spigots and wooden buckets for the collecting of maple sap. We hope for a good syrup season this year, but it all depends on the weather—bright, warm spring days and sharp cold nights are needed.

It seems as if every church youth group in this part of the state makes an annual pilgrimage to a sugarhouse (that is what we call a maple syrup operation). It is such fun to go into the hot, steamy cooking rooms, but it is even more fun to eat the fresh syrup on big gobs of fresh, clean snow.

Here is a little tip for giving a new touch to your usual potato soup recipe. Assuming that you make potato soup with diced potatoes, onions browned with chopped bacon and milk, try adding two cans of minced clams. It is such an easy and inexpensive way to make an ordinary soup extraordinarily good. If you are making soup for eight persons instead of four, you will want to add double that amount of minced clams.

Do you remember my reading on our Kitchen-Klatter broadcast a little poem that was sent to me by the Roman Catholic Bishop, an old friend of mine from World War II days? Many listeners have written to me asking for a copy. I don't know who wrote this poem, but it just had to be a person of deep commitment and faith.

A MEMORY SYSTEM

Forget each kindness that you do
as soon as you have done it.
Forget the praise that falls to you,
the moment you have done it.
Forget the slander that you hear
before you can repeat it.
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
wherever you meet it.
Remember every kindness done
to you, whatever its measure.
Remember praise by others won
and pass it on with pleasure.
Remember every promise made
and keep it to the letter.
Remember those who lend you aid
and be a grateful debtor.
Remember all the happiness
that comes your way in living.
Forget each worry and distress,
be hopeful and forgiving.
Remember good, remember truth,
Remember Heaven's above you
And you will find through age and youth
True joys and hearts to love you.

—Anonymous

In a few minutes, a young man is
(Continued on page 18)



An Air Force Wife Writes

Dear Friends:

This letter is being started with Cassie in my lap trying to grab the paper out from under my pen (I'll type the final draft). A scene has just taken place that has been repeated countless times in this household. It is late in the evening and Chris and Isabel are in bed. I have finally nursed Cassie to sleep, and just as I pick her up to put her in her crib, her big blue eyes fly open and she gives me an impish grin. Fooled you again, Mom! The time is coming when she will have to learn to go to bed anyway, but not just yet. She's only five months old at this writing. So here it is late at night and my youngest cherub is telling me to wake up and function.

April is traditionally a month of awakening. After the kind of winter we have had this year I believe ANYTHING is possible in the way of weather this month. But whatever else may happen, plants will grow, birds will find worms, and "cabin fever" will be forgotten until next winter.

It would be interesting to know how many women sat over winter cups of coffee thinking, "Now is the time for me to get out and do something with myself!" Perhaps you've been home with children or perhaps you're contemplating a change of career. My sympathies are especially with the women who have been at home for years and need or want to get out but feel out of touch with the business world. I have been in that position more than once.

There is a great deal of information available now on how to write a resume, how to present your skills and sell yourself as a job candidate, how to behave at an interview, etc. The major hurdle is to find the initiative to take the first steps. That is why you're still thinking about it over coffee, right? What you probably are thinking is that you don't really know what you want to do. Get a job? Full-time or part-time? Take college or vocational courses?

On the basis of experience, I can tell you that you are not in a good position to make a major decision on your future. When you are at home you cannot know all the options available or how a particular schedule will affect you or your family. My advice, for what it's worth, would be to try to arrange something temporary that fits into the hours you want to spend on a job. Once you start doing something, you will make new contacts, revive old skills, and help your family through a transition period.

I am an old hand at the temporary, part-time job, and have discovered that it is my personal style. I want to spend most of my time with my children now,



Five-year-old Christopher and seven-year-old Isabel, the children of Mary Lea & Vincent Palo.

but even when they're older I cannot foresee going back to the 9-to-5 routine. My resume is a long list of interesting things that I did for a few hours a day over a period of months. They all had the advantage of ending, for one reason or another, before I could decide I was in a rut or that I had invested too much of myself in the job. This approach is not for everyone—each of us has to set her own priorities—but this is a way that I improve my self-image and get some needed time away from the house and my children.

No need to bore you with my employment history, but I will say that right now I teach Spanish at my son's pre-school two mornings and one afternoon per week. It is quite a challenge trying to put across a foreign language to three- and four-year-olds in this part of the country. I often feel insecure about my ability, and the travel between home, school and baby-sitter has at times this past winter been grueling in snow and ice. But it has been worth it! I enjoy the challenge and I have a great excuse for not dusting (my least favorite chore). I am still singing with the Offuttaires and enjoying that as much as I did last year. So between those two activities I have a life of my own and a time apart from the kids that improves my temper during the time we spend together. My husband, Vin, tells me now and then to slow down, but he has always supported my activities. He also helps enormously with the house and the children.

Christopher had his fifth birthday in February. I was flattered that he preferred a home party over one at a hamburger place or the local skating rink. His party theme was Star Wars—is there a young mother anywhere in the country who has not heard of Darth Vader? Chris had an R2-D2 cake and we played pin-the-nose-cone-on-the-rocket.

Isabel has a computerized spelling game which she really enjoys. It is programmed with a nice conversational tone of voice. Vin has a computerized chess game that he swears is a sore loser. My next-door neighbor is thinking about getting into the computer field: if you can't beat 'em, join 'em, she says. Mean-

while, I'm happy with this squirming human being in my arms.

I hope this month of awakening is a creative and productive time for all of you.

Sincerely,
Mary Lea Palo

COVER PICTURE

As a rule, we use pictures of this vintage in our monthly feature, "From Our Family Album", but for our many new readers, we want to reprint this cover of May, 1951, in observance of the fact that Easter falls on April 11 this year, not too long after you find our *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* in your mailbox.

These three little girls are from left to right: Juliana Verness (Lowey), Emily Driftmier (DiCicco), and Kristin Johnson (Brase). They were headed for Easter services when this was taken, because under ordinary conditions they certainly wouldn't be wearing white gloves!

Dorothy and I made the navy blue coats that our daughters are wearing, and Emily is wearing a hand-me-down navy coat that had been passed on from her cousins. (We did NOT make the hats and gloves!)

Following the services at our Shenandoah St. John's Episcopal Church, we all gathered at the family home where a joyous and festive dinner had been prepared. This was the dinner when Emily spoke up most unexpectedly and said: "Please, may I ask the PRESSING?" None of us have forgotten this, and yes, she was permitted to ask the "PRESSING".

—Lucile



Take Special Note of the

RENEWAL DATE

on the label of your magazine. Renew at least 2 months in advance. Only one notice will be sent.

MARY BETH
REPORTS


Dear Friends:

Since last writing to you, much has come to pass at our house.

The class which I had been attending on word-processing machines has come to its conclusion so I found myself head to head with the decision which had to come eventually. My long-range goal for putting to use my knowledge of word-processing machines would be to buy the entire package for myself, including the keyboard, the display unit (which looks like a television screen where one can visually see what is printed) and the printer. With these combined pieces tucked into the corner of one of our unused rooms, I then envisioned becoming self-employed.

There are many opportunities when employers need additional secretarial work or where a business has grown to need record storage on a large scale but the facilities are simply not available to a small business. This is ripe opportunity because advertisements are printed frequently in the classified section of the paper announcing the service for professional, computerized typing of repetitive letters, simple business letters and statistical work with numbers, such as an annual report for a company.

The president of the bank in Delafield agreed that computerized typing work is the wave of the future and he gave me the steps to pursue before returning for a loan with which to buy these decidedly expensive machines. Therefore, I know the steps which must be cautiously explored to pursue the goal of working for myself. Now I must do the tough homework that must come before any concrete measures are undertaken.

It is not a question of whether this kind of business is here to stay, the fact is that it is a growing arena of jobs. The word-processing machine which I like has the capability of hooking up with the telephone satellites and hence sending correspondence across the country where the message would be received by a similar machine and the communication completed without the aid of the postal service. It is expensive but the possibilities of having this service available to smaller business personnel is bound to be in demand because of the mounting costs of the mail service. How I would love to be in on the beginnings of a new industry, one which, in fact, is already available within the big corporations.

Presently, I am in a holding position, as they say in the airlines, and am coming to grips with putting the house in order.

My mother has hinted for several



Adrienne Driftmier.

years that I save things too long. I, in turn, have chided my children for years that they are indeed nothing but pack rats. Well, my mother's accusations about my saving inclinations were much too kind. I claim to have captured the title of World's Worst Pack Rat.

This condition was revealed to me on a day when I had time to iron Don's handkerchiefs. When I opened his drawer and put them away, the drawer would not go shut again. (There is nothing which can stir one to greater fits of pique and immediate corrective action than someone else's slovenliness.) With a considerable sense of martyrdom, I set to work intent upon housecleaning this drawer. When the long task was finished, which included a plastic lobster which hopped upon command, pounds of nuts and washers and many old pictures, I took the genuine items to be distributed to the places where they belonged. Photographs went with the box of photographs, screws, nuts and washers to the basement, etc.

Problems began to crop up when the storage box of photographs lay behind a conglomeration of chucked things. I found a box to hold the pictures to free my hands so as to sort my way through to the photo box. It has been thus ever since; before anything can be put away, after cleaning out a drawer or cleaning off an overflowing bookshelf, I must first dig my way to a better place for storage.

I am loathe to admit it, but this house is suffering from unadulterated neglect. This present effort is not spring housecleaning but a ten year's clean-out. Yesterday eleven years of collected monthly magazines were dragged out to the trash cans. (We expected to read these more thoroughly sometime, but in the meantime, they were petrifying into permanent pieces of the wall.) Nine year's worth of *National Geographics* were moved to the dining room table where

they cannot be overlooked. Perhaps our little city library can give them a shelf. I remember Howard Driftmier sifting through stacks of *National Geographics* when he was sorting through and closing down the Driftmier family home on Summit Avenue.

Now that this disposal operation is underway, I am finding myself in need of a carrot to hang on my stick of motivation and inspiration. All of the time I was teaching, my time was very structured. I lived knowing when things had to be completed. Suddenly, there is no pressure. Don doesn't come home from work for supper until nearly eight o'clock so the entire day is available to accomplish anything. The only schedule is what I impose upon myself. (Frankly, the yearning to clean out my own trash isn't exactly irresistible.)

As I mentioned in my last letter, Adrienne is winding down her final year of college with the excitement connected with finding employment. The companies have been coming to Northwestern University since September to interview prospective employees. After the initial interview, the companies invite the applicants in which they are most interested to come to their company's location so they can view one another in more depth.

There are distinct rules which govern the two levels of interviews: the first level prohibits asking a female if she plans to marry soon, but when the company goes to the expense of bringing a woman applicant to their place of business, they may then inquire right down to the humbling question as to whether there is, in fact, any gentleman on the horizon. Adrienne had four second interviews which took her from Gary and Indianapolis, Ind., to two calls in Milwaukee. Each time she assured the questioner she had no immediate plans for marriage and had in actuality no boy friend at all. I suspect that she looked so sharp and attractive that they took it for granted that some young man would already have future plans involving her. I can appreciate why a company would not wish to invest a training program on a female who might immediately marry and perhaps leave to raise a family, but from the viewpoint of a young lady without this prospect, it grew a little tedious to have to repeat the answer so often.

Adrienne's decision is made, but the news is hers to share with you readers. The waiting for the phone to ring with the offer from the *right* company has ended and our industrial engineer will be working out of Milwaukee effective July. What more could a couple of parents hope for than to have their daughter launch her career where they can be close enough to observe her successes?

Until next month,

Mary Beth



Catching Up With Clark

Dear Friends:

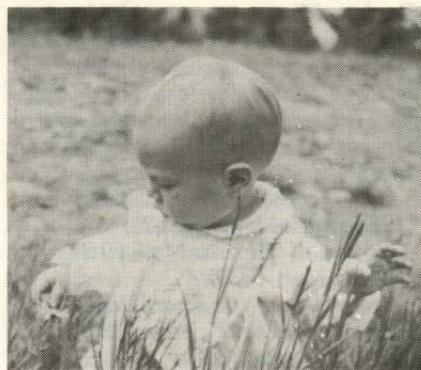
My first letter to you in this magazine was written over four years ago when I was a student of music and had just finished the Bachelor Degree program at the Oberlin College Conservatory of Music. At that time, I had fervent hopes of perfecting my talents as a musician so that I might, by 1982, be the principle tuba player in an American symphony orchestra. My musical career took me from Oberlin to graduate studies at Northwestern University, then to life as a free-lance musician in Chicago, and finally to Mexico, where I played the tuba in a professional symphony orchestra. Many fascinating experiences occurred along that musical road.

An important personal crossroads was reached during my stay in Mexico; I decided to resign from the orchestra, leave the career of music, and work with my parents at their nursery in Denver, Colo. The switch from music to horticulture was a big change for me. There were many reasons why I began a new career as a nurseryman, including the desire to work with living things and an opportunity to be near the beautiful Rocky Mountains. But above all was the desire to work with my parents in the family business, and to help them make Wilmore Nurseries one of the finest nurseries anywhere.

I returned from Mexico well tanned, enthusiastic about my new career, but totally unprepared to jump aboard the company in a managerial capacity. After all, my six years of college were dedicated to music, and included not one class in horticulture. So, I embarked on a two-year internship consisting of on-the-job training at various nurseries around the U.S.

My first employer was Hines Wholesale Nurseries in Santa Ana, Calif. Hines is a company that has perfected the fine art of growing landscape plants in plastic containers. The people at Hines agreed to let me work in the various departments of the nursery. I was able to experience, firsthand, every stage of plant production, from seed gathering and propagation to the loading of plants onto the big tractor-trailers for shipment across the nation.

The sheer size and layout of a wholesale nursery like Hines is staggering. In Santa Ana, the nursery has over 450 acres of leveled, graded, graveled, well-drained land, filled with row upon perfect row of junipers, shrubs, vines, palms and exotic speci-



Lily Walstad delightedly admires a flower. When she grows older, her uncle, Clark Driftmier, can certainly teach her more about plants. In the meantime, Lily lives with her parents, Mike and Alison (Driftmier) Walstad, in Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico.

mens which we Midwesterners will never see outside of a greenhouse. Citrus trees and cacti are given wide-open sunny beds, while the shade-loving ivies and weeping fig trees are protected by a high covering of sun-filtering shade cloth. A multi-million dollar filtering system cleans the incoming water, removing all impurities and harmful salts. Then an equally expensive system injects fertilizers into the water before it enters the irrigation pipes. In this way, all of Hines' 27 million plants are fertilized equally and continually for fast, consistent growth.

Much of my work was done out in the field with production crews. There I learned a bit about southern California culture and its diversity; of the 300 field-workers, I was the only North American—all of the others were Mexican. This near monopoly of Mexican field labor is true of most nurseries and agricultural operations in the West. In fact, the fruits and vegetables you eat today were probably planted, nurtured, picked, cleaned, packaged, and shipped by Mexican laborers.

Having become fluent in Spanish during my orchestra days in Mexico, I found it easy to communicate with my Mexican co-workers at Hines. I was delighted to share in their lives, and they in turn were pleased to find a "Gringo" with whom they could converse. Lunch breaks would see us all hunkering around a crackling makeshift cooking fire, the Mexicans with their delicious tacos and I with my dry peanut butter sandwiches. Our spirited discussions were wide-ranging, from music and politics to that universal topic—women. Many of them showed an impressive knowledge of America, and voiced strong preferences as to their favorite football team (usually the Dallas Cowboys), baseball team (the L.A. Dodgers, of course, with Mexican pitching sensation, Fernando Valenzuela), and politicians (any of the Kennedy brothers).

At 4:00 P.M. each day, I would leave work and rejoin the ranks of the English-speaking, which included my roommates, Stuart and Miles. These guys were both good-looking in the classic California style, with shaggy hair bleached by many days of surfing, Robert Redford-style moustaches, and a uniquely Californian way of being energetic and casual at the same time. I met Stuart at work, where he was an up-and-coming member of the sales staff. We still aren't sure how we latched onto Miles, but in any event the three of us made quite a trio of young bachelors. Our modern house, surrounded by prolific orange groves, was usually filled with the sound of rock 'n' roll and the smell of burning pizza.

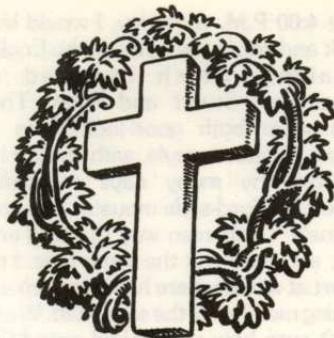
The focus of our social lives, as with most young Californians, was the beach. Never before had I lived so close to the ocean, and its ever-changing, yet constant nature seemed always fresh and beautiful. Many afternoons we would load the barbecue grill, ground beef, a frisbee and ourselves into the car and cruise down to the beach for a sunset picnic. Occasionally, we'd get really ambitious and rent a small sailboat at Newport Harbor, the great mooring spot for many of the world's finest yachts. With a vigorous lift of the mainsail, we'd ply up and down the bay, staring in rapt admiration at the phenomenal collection of world-class boats. Living near the ocean was the big fringe benefit of my life in California.

When my internship at Hines Nursery was over, I remained in southern California, but switched jobs and worked as a manager trainee at Nurseryland Garden Centers. Whereas Hines is a wholesale nursery, Nurseryland is a large chain of retail garden centers, like Henry Field's or Earl May's in the Midwest. At Nurseryland, we bought plants from the wholesale nurseries. Once we got from Hines a group of shrubs which I myself had helped to grow some months previously.

I found retail sales to be less physically strenuous than wholesale growing. Gone were the hours of shoveling, pruning, weeding, and lifting that had been so exhausting at Hines. In their place were long work days, endless sweeping and dusting, mountainous paper work, irate customers, and a host of exasperating tasks. Conclusion—there's no such thing as an easy job in the nursery industry.

At Nurseryland, I picked up many new ideas about marketing, sales psychology, advertising, and merchandise display. In addition to these business skills, I became familiar with plants as saleable items, how to care for them, clean, polish, and make them look attractive and inviting. I also picked up an interest

(Continued on page 16)



EASTER "CHRISMON" CROSS

by
Virginia Thomas

The beautiful Chrismons which many churches use during the Christmas season need not be limited to just that holiday. Since many of "Christ's Monograms" pertain to the Lenten, Good Friday and Easter part of the church year, this is another way to use the meaningful symbols.

If your church does not yet have Chrismons, permission to use the symbols and books containing patterns are available from the place where they were originated. Send to: Chrismon Committee, The Lutheran Church of the Ascension, 295 W. Main St., Danville, Va. 24541.

Develop your own worship service around the symbols you have, or make the following and use as indicated.

Setting: In center stage, place a large wooden (or heavy cardboard) cross which has been covered with branches of evergreen. Have a different person read each Scripture and then fasten the appropriate Chrismon to the cross. The crown of thorns can be slipped over the top of the cross, and the towel draped over one of the side arms.

Quiet Music: "In the Cross of Christ I Glory".

Leader: The evergreen tree has served for centuries as a symbol of life everlasting—life ever green. Green symbolizes life and growth—forever alive.

The promise of life everlasting for us did not come easily. Jesus paid for it with his life on the cross. "In the cross of Christ I glory, towering o'er the wrecks of time; all the light of sacred story gathers around its head sublime."

The symbolic evergreen is placed upon our cross and now we will fasten the symbols which tell us of Christ's death and the GOOD NEWS He brought us. To begin, let us hear the events leading up to that first Easter.

Purse & Coins: Matt. 26:14-15.

Towel: John 13:2-17.

Chalice: Matt. 26:26-28.

Leader: And after the supper, they sang a hymn and then went out to the Mount of Olives where Jesus knelt in the

Garden of Gethsemane to pray. It was to this garden that Judas came, with a crowd carrying swords and clubs, and betrayed Jesus with a kiss. The disciples fled. The mob seized Jesus and carried him away to be tried before the high priest.

Cock (rooster): Matt. 26:69-75.

Scourges: Matt. 27:24-26.

Crown of Thorns: Matt. 27:29.

Nails: Matt. 27:35.

Solo: "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?", verses 1 & 2.

I.N.R.I.: Matt. 27:37.

Solo: "Were You There?" 3rd verse.

Lily: Matt. 28:1-6a.

Leader: (as anchor is placed) He is risen! Jesus lives! And so the anchor is placed as the symbol of both Christ's cross and the hope of eternal life. From death on the cross to a glorious resurrection—an empty cross and an open tomb—the victorious, joyful message of Easter. Because He lives, we, too, shall live!

Hymn: "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today".

Benediction: (Close with a prayer of your choice.)

CRUCIFIXION LEGENDS

by
Leland C. May

Many intriguing legends have been handed from generation to generation in regards to nature's reaction to the crucifixion of Jesus. They suggest that nature felt deeply the travail of Jesus on the cross.

Until Christ's crucifixion, the dogwood tree was supposedly the size of a giant oak. Its wood was solid and thick, of good enough quality for the making of a cross. However, the tree was distressed at being used for such a purpose. Legend has it that Christ sensed the feeling of the tree, and He promised that it never again would grow large enough for its timbers to be used for a cross.

Now the dogwood is a slender tree, almost fragile in appearance, and its blossoms are shaped like a cross, two large and two short petals. A close examination of the blossoms reveals what could be the nail prints of Christ on the outer edge of each. The prints are a rust brown, stained with red on a white background.

There is also the legend that the mistletoe tree was used to make the cross. It, too, was a large tree, but because of its shame, it shrank to a lean, weak, parasitic species.

Some say it was the sad task of the hawthorn bush to supply the crown of thorns. It is a bush covered in springtime with beautiful white blossoms; yet it has dangerously long, deceiving thorns which are capable of inflicting severe pain. Some Biblical scholars believe the

crown of thorns could have been made from the acacia or the holly.

Some of nature's flowers purportedly reacted to Christ's crucifixion. The jas- mine, which was a bright pink, folded its leaves that dark night, and it wept. In the morning its pinkness was gone and the flower was a snow-white which it still is today.

During the Easter season in the South, the passionflower blooms. Another name for it is the Flower of the Five Wounds. Its lavender blossoms are striped with white, visualized as the crown of thorns, and the five marks of the wounds of our Lord. The petals are symbols of the ten apostles at the crucifixion; Peter and Judas were absent, one having betrayed Him, the other having denied Him. The leaves represent the hands of the persecutors and the clinging tendrils the whips which lacerated his flesh; thus the plant is popularly known as the passionflower.

My favorite legend about Christ's crucifixion is the one about a little bird. When Christ was stumbling along the weary path to Calvary, a little bird tenderly flew down and pulled out a thorn from His brow. The blood spilled out onto the bird's feathers and down its chest. To this day this popular bird wears the mark, for he is our friendly Robin Redbreast.

All the preceding are only legends of nature's reaction to Christ's crucifixion. Regardless, a sincere look at nature makes me feel Christ lived, He died, He arose and is, today, the living Son of God.

AN APRIL DAY

Take a floating cloud puff
And add a sky of blue,
Throw in lots of sunshine
And a nippy breeze or two;
Season with the fragrance of
Spring flowers and say—
You have all the makings
For a lovely April day!

—Mabel Nair Brown

BIBLE FACTS

A shekel of gold was \$8.00.

A talent of gold was \$13,809.00.

A talent of silver was \$538.30.

A mite was a little less than a fourth of a cent.

A farthing was worth 3¢.

A Sabbath Day's journey equaled about an English mile.

A day's journey was approximately 23 and 1/5 miles.

A fingerbreadth equaled one inch.

A handbreadth equaled 3 1/2 inches.

A cubit measured about 22 inches.

An ephah was equal to 7 gallons and 5 pints.

A hin equaled 1 gallon and 2 pints.

THE CHANGING PATTERN OF EASTER

by Evelyn Birkby

It is a beautiful, sunny day. Just outside the window here in the "composing room" at the Kitchen-Klatter plant, where the work is done preparing the magazine, the grass is showing the lovely, light-green shade of early spring. Near this southwest-corner office is a tree. A bird is sitting on the still-bare branches singing his "glad to be alive" song, and I am grateful for his cheerfulness. It is pleasant to have the weather warm enough to pull the window ajar a bit or I might miss his happy chirruping.

By the time you read this, the yellow forsythia flowers and the purple crocuses should be blooming. The daffodils and tulips probably will wait a week or two longer, but they will grow, they will bloom, and spring is truly just around the corner. And so is Easter.

I was looking through some old photograph albums this past weekend as I tried to get the year's accumulation of snapshots into the proper albums. It was interesting to see how many pictures of Easter experiences through the years are included in those books.

Among my earliest recollections of Easter mornings are the sunrise services and early breakfasts which our church sponsored. (My father was a Methodist minister so participating in church projects was much a part of my childhood.) If the Easter sunrise service was held in a nearby timber, those who gathered would often take food for breakfast and cook over an open fire after the devotional part of the event. If weather did not permit, we would return to the church and cook breakfast in the basement kitchen.

Later, when I worked with young people myself, it was often the parents who prepared that early breakfast so it would be ready when the youth returned from the dawn service. My appreciation for those people rose a hundredfold as they added to the extra work in an already busy day.

The first year I worked as a Director of Religious Education was in the Grace Methodist Church in Waterloo, Iowa. I well remember the union youth service which was held that Easter in the large Y.M.C.A. gymnasium. It was a cold, drizzly morning outside, but the service inside was beautiful in its flower-decorated setting and with its inspirational message.

Upon dismissal, my group of young people (other denominations did the same) tramped back to our own church where tables were ready and waiting with fresh spring flowers, fruit juice and sweet rolls. Soon scrambled eggs and bacon appeared, thanks to parental help.

Two years later, Easter found me in Chicago where I had gone to work as Director of Youth Activities at the First

Methodist Church situated in the loop. (The church is known to most people as The Chicago Temple.) The people with whom I worked were mostly college and business age young adults, for not too many family groups reside in the heart of a city. Whenever weather suitability and attendance permitted, we would hold our youth services on the roof of the Temple some 24 stories above street level and under the high spire which lifted up almost as high over our heads. The view east past the high buildings and over Lake Michigan, was always breathtaking.

The first Easter I spent in Chicago started out in a most unexpected and exciting manner. A breakfast was being served at 6:00 A.M. at the Y.M.C.A. cafeteria for any servicemen and young people who could not get home for the holiday. A group from our church had volunteered to go early and do the cooking and serving.

The rooming house where I lived was on the near north side of the loop, some fifteen blocks from the Temple. At first light, about 5:00 A.M., I left my room. It was soon apparent that buses were not yet running on Michigan Boulevard. It seemed a long distance to walk and I was in a hurry to get to the Y.M.C.A. to help with the breakfast preparations. I decided to go the five blocks west to Clark Street and see if the streetcars were running.

Now, I did know that Clark Street was not the most savory part of the city, but surely on an early Sunday morning I could get a streetcar without difficulty. Wrong!

As I waited on the corner of Clark and Erie Streets, a man came weaving unsteadily down the sidewalk yelling loudly. I moved closer to the curb where a cab was parked, the driver sound asleep behind the wheel. The obviously intoxicated man came near, now calling directly to

me. I frantically shook the door handle of the cab. The driver awakened suddenly and, realizing a fare was at hand, opened the door for me. He smiled as he said, "Where to, lady?"

As I climbed into the cab, the man on the street fell face down. He lifted his head and, as we pulled away, he moved his hand in a gesture of farewell. It was a sad motion. What a waste of human life, I thought; what a sad condition in which to be on a Easter Sunday morning.

When I reached my destination and saw the lively, intelligent, energetic young people at the early meal, the contrast with the man left lying on the street was increasingly apparent. My fright was gone and only pity remained.

But work needed to be done and a happy breakfast time was spent. Then, those who wished to go along walked the three blocks with me to the Temple building. We were joined by other young adults for a rooftop worship experience.

By the time we finished, people were beginning to arrive for the first church service. Now my time was filled helping greet the crowds which more than filled the sanctuary for the two morning services. More than 2,000 attended each of the services.

When Robert and I were married, and I came back to Iowa where we started our family, the pattern of Easter changed. With little ones to keep me home for a few years, I turned on the radio on those special Sundays and traveled in my mind to many interesting places around the United States.

I shared Easter services as they were held at Lookout Mountain near Boulder, Colorado, Red Rock Amphitheater near Denver, and the brink of the Grand Canyon in Arizona. The radio programs from our own nearby state park, which the local county ministerial association held

(Continued on page 23)



This is one of the pictures Evelyn found showing some of the young adults with whom she worked at the Chicago Temple. They are shown on the rooftop of the building, some 24 stories high. Evelyn has her back to the camera on the right. Since a number of people from that group are presently subscribers to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine, some of our readers may find themselves in this photograph.



Recipes

EGG NESTS

1 15½-oz. can hash
4 eggs

Using about equal amounts, divide hash in four portions. Line four 6-oz. custard cups with the hash. Break an egg in each. Prick egg yolks. Salt and pepper to taste. Place cups on plate and cover with plastic wrap. Microwave on roast or slow cook for 4½ to 6½ minutes. (Baking time depends on how your family likes their eggs.)

These could be baked in a conventional oven at 350 degrees for about 15 to 20 minutes.

Frozen hash brown potatoes (thawed) could be used instead of the hash.

—Hallie

DOROTHEA'S FRUIT COBBLER

3 cups prepared fruit filling (see below)
2 cups sifted flour
3 1/2 tsp. baking powder
3/4 tsp. salt
3 Tbs. granulated sugar
6 Tbs. shortening
1 egg
1/2 cup milk (scant)
Melted butter
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup finely chopped walnuts
Prepare your own fruit filling using whatever fruit desired—berries, cherries, peaches, apples, etc. (A commercial fruit filling could also be used.) Spread filling in bottom of greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan.

Combine the sifted flour, baking powder, salt and granulated sugar. Sift again. Cut in the shortening until crumbly. Beat the egg slightly in a measuring cup and fill to 1/2 cup with milk. Add to flour mixture and mix well. Turn out on floured breadboard and knead a few times. Roll out to rectangle. Brush with the melted butter and sprinkle with the brown sugar and nuts. Roll up like jelly roll and slice. Place slices on top of fruit filling in pan. Bake at 400 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Serve warm with whipped topping, cream or ice cream.

—Dorothy

HAM & PINEAPPLE BITES

2 cups all-purpose flour
1 3/4 cups orange juice
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
2 Tbs. Dijon-style mustard
2 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
6 slices whole wheat bread
1/2 lb. cooked ham, sliced 1/2-inch thick
1 16-oz. can pineapple chunks, well drained

Oil for deep-fat frying

Combine the flour, orange juice, flavoring, mustard, baking powder, salt and pepper. Mix well. Cut bread and ham in 1/2-inch cubes. Place a cube of bread, ham and pineapple on a 3- to 4-inch wooden pick. Dip in the batter and deep-fat fry for 5 minutes in the oil which has been heated to 325 degrees. Drain on paper towels. Serve warm. —Juliana

BEEF STROGANOFF

(A slow-cooking pot recipe)

1 1/2 to 2 lbs. round steak
1 tsp. salt
1/8 tsp. pepper
1/3 cup flour
1 medium onion, sliced
1/4 tsp. garlic salt
1 Tbs. Worcestershire sauce
1 1/2 cups beef broth
1 Tbs. catsup
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
2 Tbs. apple cider (optional)
1/4 lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced (canned could be used)
1 cup dairy sour cream

Cut steak in narrow strips. Combine the salt, pepper and flour and use to coat meat. Place meat in slow-cooking pot. Add the onion. Combine the garlic salt, Worcestershire sauce, broth and catsup; pour over the meat. Cover and cook on low for 6 to 8 hours. Turn on high and add the flavoring, cider and mushrooms. Cook for 15 minutes. Stir in the cream. Serve over cooked noodles. —Robin

CARROT BARS

1 1/4 cups flour
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/4 tsp. salt
2 eggs
1 cup sugar
3/4 cup oil
2 jars baby food carrots
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/4 cup nuts

Sift the flour, soda, cinnamon and salt together. Set aside. Beat eggs well; add sugar and oil and beat well again. Mix in the flour mixture, carrots, flavoring and nuts. Spread in well-greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Cool completely and then frost with the following:

1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/4 cup butter, softened
Combine the frosting ingredients and mix until smooth. Frost cooled bars.

ELEGANT BAKED CHICKEN

2 or 3 small chickens
1 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian dressing
2 Tbs. onion or shallots, chopped
1 Tbs. parsley flakes
3 Tbs. butter or margarine, melted
Salt and pepper to taste
1 cup grated Swiss cheese (optional)
3 cloves garlic, minced
1 lb. fresh mushrooms (or canned)

Split small chickens in half. (If preferred, cut up chicken as usual for frying.) Place in flat pan and cover with Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing, the chopped onion or shallots and the parsley flakes. Refrigerate. Turn occasionally and marinate 4 or 5 hours or even overnight.

When ready to prepare, lift chicken parts from marinade and scrape off excess. Reserve marinade. Place chicken, skin side down, in broiler. Brush with a little of the melted butter or margarine. Broil until nicely browned, brushing with butter once or twice. Turn and broil on skin side. (About 5 minutes per side.)

Remove chicken from boiler. Salt and pepper lightly. Sprinkle with Swiss cheese and garlic cloves. Pour marinade around the chicken. (If more is needed, just add a little more of the Italian dressing.) Bake at 375, basting occasionally, until chicken is almost done. Add mushrooms about 20 minutes before baking time is completed. Total time depends on size of chickens—about 1 hour should be allowed for all except the very smallest.

Cooked carrots can be placed on the platter when this chicken is served for a fine vegetable addition. Any sauce left in pan can be strained and thickened for a delicious sauce or gravy. —Evelyn

HASH-BROWN CASSEROLE

1 2-lb. pkg. frozen hash-brown potato
toes, thawed
2 cups commercial sour cream
1 can cream of chicken soup
2 cups grated Cheddar cheese
2 Tbls. minced onion
1 tsp. salt
1/2 cup melted butter or margarine
Pepper to taste

Combine the above ingredients. Place in a greased 9- by 13-inch pan or two 8-inch square pans. Sprinkle with the following ingredients, which have been combined:

2 cups crushed cornflakes
1/2 cup melted butter or margarine
Bake for one hour at 350 degrees.

—Dorothy

**GERMAN SWEET CHOCOLATE PIE
(No Crust)**

2 ozs. German sweet chocolate
1/2 cup butter or margarine
3 beaten eggs
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup flour
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1/2 cup nuts

Melt chocolate and butter or margarine together. Add to remaining ingredients and beat well. Pour into well-buttered and floured 9-inch pie pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 25 minutes. The top will be crusty and the center soft and gooey and delicious. For a company dessert, top with whipped topping and a nut, or cherry or vanilla ice cream.

—Evelyn

SPRINGTIME AVOCADO-LIME SALAD

1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cottage cheese
1 large avocado
1 Tbls. lemon juice
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. grated orange rind
1/4 tsp. liquid hot pepper seasoning
2 to 3 large oranges, peeled and sectioned

Dissolve the gelatin in the 1 cup of boiling water. Refrigerate until syrupy. In your blender, put the cottage cheese, half of the avocado, lemon juice, orange flavoring, salt, grated orange rind and liquid pepper seasoning. Blend until smooth. Cut the remaining half of the avocado and two-thirds of the orange sections into 1/2-inch pieces and fold into the syrupy gelatin mixture. Pour into 1-quart mold and refrigerate overnight or until firm. Unmold on lettuce leaves and garnish with the remaining orange sections.

—Betty Jane

CHOCOLATE CHIP-RAISIN COOKIES

1/2 cup margarine
6 Tbls. brown sugar, firmly packed
6 Tbls. granulated sugar
1 egg
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 cup, plus 2 Tbls. sifted flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. soda
1/2 cup chocolate chips
1/2 cup raisins

Cream the margarine and sugars together until fluffy. Beat in the egg and flavorings. Stir in the flour, salt and soda. Lastly, fold in the chocolate chips and raisins. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased baking sheet. Bake in 375-degree oven for about 8 minutes.

—Juliana

LEMON-HONEY CHEESECAKE**Crust**

2 cups gingersnap cooky crumbs
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup margarine, melted
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine the cooky crumbs and sugar. Blend in the margarine and flavoring. Press into greased 9-inch spring-form pan. Prepare the following cheese filling:

3 cups (1 1/2 lbs.) ricotta cheese
4 eggs
3/4 cup honey
1 cup half-and-half
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. salt

In a large bowl, beat the cheese with electric mixer at medium speed until smooth and fluffy. Add the eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Beat in honey, half-and-half, flavoring and salt until well blended. Gently pour into crust and bake for about 90 minutes, or until filling is set in oven preheated to 325 degrees. Cool on rack for 30 minutes. Loosen crust from pan with knife and remove cake from pan. While cake is baking, prepare the following citrus sauce:

1 cup water
1 1/2 Tbls. cornstarch
6 Tbls. sugar
1/3 cup lemon juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
2 tsp. grated lemon peel
1/4 tsp. ground ginger
1/8 tsp. salt

In a heavy pan, combine the water and cornstarch. Cook over low heat, stirring, until smooth. This will take about five minutes. Add remaining ingredients and place over low heat. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick and clear. Spoon over cheesecake and serve.

—Robin

FROZEN BING CHERRY SALAD

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened to room temperature
1 cup sour cream
1/4 cup sugar
1 1/2 cups pitted halved bing cherries
1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
2 cups miniature marshmallows
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Beat cream cheese until fluffy. Stir in sour cream and sugar. Fold in cherries, pineapple, marshmallows and flavorings. Pour into loaf pan and freeze. Remove from freezer a few minutes before serving time. Slice and serve. —Verlene

OVEN ORANGE FRENCH TOAST

1/4 cup butter or margarine
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
2 Tbls. honey
1 tsp. cinnamon
3 eggs, beaten
1/2 cup orange juice
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
6 slices whole wheat bread (crusts may be removed)

Melt the butter or margarine in a 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Add the butter flavoring and honey. Allow to heat a few minutes while stirring. Sprinkle the cinnamon lightly over all. Beat eggs; add the orange juice and orange flavoring and beat again. Dip the bread slices in the egg mixture. Place bread slices in pan side by side in single layer. Bake at 400 degrees for 20 minutes or until brown. Serve with honey-flavored yogurt.

—Betty Jane

CAKE MIX CINNAMON ROLLS

1 box (2-layer size) yellow cake mix
(Do not use the pudding cake mix.)
2 pkgs. dry yeast
1 tsp. salt
2 1/2 cups lukewarm water
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
5 cups flour
Melted butter
3/4 cup sugar
2 Tbls. cinnamon

Dissolve the cake mix, yeast and salt in the lukewarm water. Add flavorings and mix in the flour. Allow to rise for about one hour. Punch down. Roll out in rectangular shape on floured board. Brush with melted butter. Combine the sugar and cinnamon and sprinkle over buttered surface. Roll up. Slice 1/2- to 3/4-inch thick. Place on greased baking pan. Let rise for about 45 minutes. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes. May be glazed with a thin powdered sugar frosting.

—Hallie

FANCY BROCCOLI

2 lbs. fresh broccoli
 2 Tbls. margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 Tbls. grated onion
 2 Tbls. flour
 1 cup milk
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/4 cup commercial sour cream
 1/4 cup chopped mushrooms
 1/4 cup grated Swiss cheese
 1/2 cup bread crumbs
 1/2 cup grated Swiss cheese

Cook the broccoli in boiling water until just tender—do not overcook. Drain and cut into bite-size pieces. Melt the margarine in small skillet; add flavoring. Sauté the onion in the melted margarine. Stir in flour and cook for about 3 minutes at low heat. Add the milk and salt and cook until thick. Add the sour cream, mushrooms and 1/4 cup Swiss cheese. Stir until cheese melts. Arrange broccoli in baking dish. Pour the sauce over all. Combine the bread crumbs and remaining cheese and scatter over top. Bake at 425 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes, or until heated through and bubbly.

—Juliana

STOVE-TOP PIE CRUST

1/2 cup butter or margarine
 1 cup unsifted flour
 1/2 cup finely chopped nuts
 1/4 cup sugar

Melt butter or margarine in a heavy skillet. Add remaining ingredients and cook over medium heat while stirring constantly for 3 to 5 minutes. Cook and stir until a golden color and crumbly. Using the back of a fork, press into bottom and up sides of a 9-inch pie pan. Cool and fill with filling of your choice.

—Hallie

SOLE & ASPARAGUS

1 lb. fresh asparagus spears
 4 sole fillets (about 1 lb.)
 Salt and pepper to taste
 1/2 tsp. grated lemon rind
 3 Tbls. melted butter
 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1 Tbls. finely chopped shallot or mild onion
 1 tsp. Dijon mustard

Cut asparagus spears into 2- to 3-inch lengths. Cook in boiling, salted water for 2 to 3 minutes. Drain. Season fillets with the salt and pepper. Sprinkle the lemon rind on each fillet. Place some of the asparagus spears at each end of each fillet. Roll up and secure ends with toothpicks. Place fillet in greased baking dish. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over the fillets. Bake for 15 to 20 minutes in oven preheated to 400 degrees. Baste with the sauce a couple times while baking.

—Robin

**CRUSTLESS QUICHE**
(For two)

2 slices bacon
 1/4 cup chopped fresh mushrooms (canned could be used)
 1/4 cup chopped celery
 2 Tbls. chopped onion
 2 eggs
 3/4 cup milk
 1 Tbls. flour
 1/2 cup shredded Swiss cheese
 Ground nutmeg

Cook the bacon until crisp. Drain, reserving 1 Tbls. of the drippings. Crumble bacon and set aside. Sauté the mushrooms, celery and onion in the reserved drippings. Beat eggs with the milk and flour and add to sautéed vegetables. Stir in the cheese and crumbled bacon. Turn into two 8- to 10-oz. individual casserole dishes. Sprinkle nutmeg on top. Place casseroles in a shallow baking pan. Pour about one inch of boiling water in pan around casseroles. Bake at 325 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes, or until knife inserted in center comes out clean. Let set 5 minutes before serving.

—Robin

HAM & CABBAGE SOUP

2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1/4 cup diced green pepper
 1/4 cup diced celery
 1/2 cup diced onion
 2 Tbls. parsley
 2 cups (or more) diced cooked ham
 1 bay leaf
 2 Tbls. flour
 1 Tbls. chicken bouillon granules
 3 cups cold water
 1 Tbls. butter
 2 cups finely shredded cabbage
 1 Tbls. water
 1 cup commercial sour cream

Melt the 2 Tbls. butter or margarine in a wide skillet. Add the green pepper, celery, onion and parsley. Sauté lightly. Add the ham and bay leaf. Cook until heated through, then transfer to a large, covered kettle. Put in the flour, chicken bouillon and the 3 cups cold water. Bring to boiling, cover, and cook slowly until green pepper and celery are tender.

Melt the 1 Tbls. butter in same skillet. Add the cabbage and water and cook lightly until cabbage is tender-crisp. Add the cabbage mixture and sour cream to the kettle and heat until just hot. Do not allow to boil after cream has been added. Season with salt and pepper, if desired.

CHILI BEEF & CORNBREAD CASSEROLE

1 Tbls. oil
 3 lbs. lean ground beef
 1 green pepper, finely chopped
 2 large onions, finely chopped
 2 cloves garlic, minced or mashed
 1 Tbls. chili powder
 1/2 tsp. celery salt
 1/2 tsp. pepper
 1/2 tsp. ground cumin seed
 2 tsp. salt
 1 12-oz. can whole kernel corn with peppers, drained
 1 10-oz. can red chili sauce
 1 10-oz. can tomato sauce
 1 15-oz. pkg. cornbread mix, prepared according to package directions
 Red or green pepper rings for garnish (optional)

Place oil in heavy pan. Brown beef in the oil until crumbly and all red color is gone. Drain excess fat. Add the green pepper, onion and garlic and cook over medium heat for about 3 minutes. Stir in all the remaining ingredients, except for the cornbread and pepper rings. Simmer, uncovered, for about 15 minutes. Spread mixture in a greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Cover with the prepared cornbread batter. Garnish with pepper rings, if desired. Bake, uncovered, at 400 degrees for about 25 minutes. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

—Betty Jane

HARRIET'S TURKEY CUTLETS WITH HAM

Turkey thighs (1/3 lb. per person)
 Flour, salt and pepper, for coating
 Minced lemon peel, garlic, parsley and basil
 Sliced ham
 Parmesan cheese
 Butter
 1 cup finely cut green onions
 1 cup chopped mushrooms
 1 cup chicken or vegetable stock
 1 tsp. flour
 Dash of cayenne pepper or lemon pepper

Cut turkey thighs into thin slices. Dredge in the combined flour, salt and pepper. Pound meat with mallet until it is very thin. Cut into four-inch squares. Combine minced lemon peel, garlic, parsley and basil to make a paste. Spread over cutlet squares. Make a layer of very thinly sliced ham over turkey. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese and roll up like a jelly roll and secure with toothpick. Brown in butter in heavy skillet. Remove from skillet and set aside. In drippings, sauté onion and mushrooms. Add stock and simmer for a few minutes. Beat in the 1 tsp. flour, whisking until smooth. Return rolls to sauce and add a dash of cayenne or lemon pepper. Cover and cook slowly in a 275-degree oven for one to two hours, or until sauce is blended and meat rolls are done.

—Betty Jane

THE COOK SHOULD ENJOY THE DINNER

by
Louise Simms

Are you one of the fortunate persons who has family living near enough to be invited to your home for a dinner? But are you often worn to a frazzle by the time the meal is over? If you are honest with yourself, most of you will answer with a loud and resounding, "Yes!"

To avoid much of the stress and worry, plan, cook, and do everything you possibly can ahead of time. Then, you should be able to really enjoy the day and the meal with your guests. Make out the menu about two weeks before the big day. Write it down and put it on a bulletin board so you can check off anything you make and have ready to go.

Browse through cookbooks and find make-ahead dishes. For example, a frozen salad that sounds appealing. You can make this up to a month ahead, put it in the freezer, and mark it off your list. Mold the salad in paper muffin cups set in muffin tins until frozen. Then, remove from tins and package the cups of salad in plastic bags or rigid plastic containers. These will be ready to take out of the freezer about ten minutes before serving time and arranged attractively on a crystal plate. Each person can serve himself and place the salad on his dinner plate. The paper cup will keep other foods from mixing with the salad.

Pickles should be taken from storage and refrigerated. They are better served chilled and will be nearby when needed.

For an easy sweet potato casserole, consider covering the drained sweet potatoes with a mixture of chopped, canned apricots, broken pecans, and brown sugar mixed with enough juice from the apricots to make a paste. Slip into a 350-degree oven for 30 minutes—then scoop up the compliments when your guests eat them. Since canned yams and sweet potatoes vary greatly, it is a good idea to have a quality brand chosen that is available in your area.

If your family prefers fried chicken, take advantage of one of the coatings available for oven frying. This has two advantages over frying chicken on top of the stove: you look at the chicken only once, about midway through the cooking period, when it needs to be turned and you avoid the splattering oil on a surface burner. Experiment ahead of time and choose your favorite brand of coating for oven frying; there is a difference.

If you roast chicken or turkey and want dressing, there is no reason to make it from scratch. Dressing mixes are simple to prepare and are delicious—especially if you vary the amount of water to be added to make it as moist or dry as your family prefers it. If turkey is your choice, consider buying a smoked

turkey. They are worry free for they are fully cooked, taste delicious and are a real time and work saver.

Ham is available in many forms—whole with bone in, boneless, shank portion, butt portion, or canned. Usually the meat department of a supermarket will slice a canned ham for you on request, or feather or slice it (cut in very thin slices). Wrap cut ham in foil and heat in the oven.

If you prefer, heat an unsliced ham in foil. During the last 30 minutes, split the foil, lay it aside, score ham, stick with whole cloves, and cover with glaze. Prepared glazes are available in supermarkets (sold in glass jars) or you can prepare your own.

If pie is chosen for dessert, make two-crust pies a week or more ahead of time. Instead of popping them into the oven, pop them into tightly closed plastic bags and put in the freezer. All you have to do on the big day is transfer the pies from the freezer, take them out of the bags and put into the hot oven.

If oven space will not permit pie, plan a

refrigerator dessert that you can make a day or two beforehand. Or, dip a variety of ice creams into muffin cups, freeze on cookie sheet slipped into a plastic bag or in a rigid plastic oblong container with cover. Presto—dessert is ready! The ice cream balls can be arranged on a pretty plate and no dessert dish is needed.

Cake for a company dinner—even birthday cakes—can be managed easily by freezing baked, unfrosted layers a week or so early. Freezing actually enhances a cake's flavor as well as the texture. Remove from freezer the day before the dinner, ice with ready-to-spread frosting, and decorate as desired. Cover any space between cake and plate with frosting, and it will be fresh the following day.

One added hint: dispose of all prepared-mix boxes before your guests arrive. And when they tell you how delicious everything tastes, smile, smile, smile! Then, enjoy your dinner with your guests.

* * *

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- Maple
- Mint
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Emily Driftmier DiCicco's sister-in-law and mother-in-law were delighted with their gift box of 18 Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings.

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CLARK'S LETTER — Concluded

in rare and exotic plants from some of my fellow workers. Many of them had enviable collections of tropical and subtropical plants. One friend in particular was an avid collector, and his yard in Anaheim (near Disneyland) was a marvelous jungle of vines and gorgeous flowers and strange-shaped specimens.

Working at a garden center gave me a good chance to learn about the most important (and most difficult) facet of any nursery—the customer. I found the people who walked into the store to be endlessly varied and fascinating. Many arrived knowing exactly what they wanted, all the way down to the last petunia. Others wandered in and shuffled around in seeming confusion. I would approach them and offer assistance and frequently they would answer with something like: "Well, I don't know, I'm looking for a plant."

I was tempted to blurt back: "Then why on earth did you come here?"

My better judgment told me to keep quiet and smile. Many of the customers were quite rich, and many quite poor. It was not at all uncommon to see a beat-up old Pontiac parked in our lot right next to a shining gold Rolls Royce; the beautiful people in their alligator shirts shared the store with the wizened old farmers in their faded overalls. With all of the people I met, I found a common bond—the love of plants and the desire to share in the world of growing things. This, I think, is a basic human feeling shared by all of us and we each are drawn to the wonders of the natural world.

My last major project before leaving California, and a personal one at that, was to learn about a unique showplace of the natural world—Baja California. This rocky, 800-mile-long peninsula, alternately blasted by South Pacific hurricanes and searing desert winds, contains some of the wildest, richest desert life in the world. In Baja even the names of the plants are a bit wild; the strange form in front of you could be a Boojum, an Elephant Tree, a Baja Giant Cactus, or even

a Creeping Devil.

The Boojum, in particular, is a strange citizen of the desert. Its technical name is *Idria Columnaris*, but don't let that melodious appellation fool you; the Boojum looks like a giant, contorted upside-down turnip which has been left too long in the microwave oven. Its common name was coined by an English botanist who first saw it on an expedition to the peninsula. When he spied the contorted plant with his binoculars he immediately thought of the mythical character from *Alice in Wonderland* and cried out: "Ho, ho, a Boojum! Definitely a Boojum!" And so it has been ever since. I only saw Boojums during a short part of my trip, for they have an exceedingly small range of Baja in which they grow.

My companion for the drive down the peninsula was Don Chalmers, a nursery friend. Don provided his sturdy pickup, loaded with spare gasoline, spare parts, food, and emergency water. Like most experienced desert travelers, Don knew to take along plenty of emergency provisions, because those who venture unprepared into such rugged country sometimes never return. The highway snaked through jumbled rocks and scorched dry washes, then skirted imposing bare cliffs 2,000 feet high which were topped with the silhouettes of stalwart, two-armed cacti. Occasionally, we would cross a desolate baked plain, inhabited only by soaring crows and wary-eyed coyotes. Then, once again, the road would plunge into some waterless rocky canyon.

One wonders how life could continue in such a forbidding climate, but it does, and abundantly. The hillsides are often full of desert plants. Birds and mammals abound. And humans have put their stamp upon the land. Every so often we would come across a small village of whitewashed buildings, roofed with tin or palm fronds. The people in these hamlets were reserved, wary of outsiders, but friendly and extremely courteous when asked for water or for directions.

The most exciting inhabited places

were the few genuine oases, such as San Ignacio and Mulege. Here the deep ground water broke through to the surface, creating exquisite pools and streams of precious water. The sides of these streams exploded in lush grasses, shrubs, and tall date palms. We washed off the dust and heat in the pool at San Ignacio, then drove into town to "check out the scene". The small community was brimming with people and excitement, for this was the week of the fiesta, when country folk from all over came into San Ignacio. Don and I relaxed by the shaded plaza and watched the local guys and girls as they walked the paseo. In this Latin tradition, the girls, arm-in-arm in their Sunday best, walked around the plaza one way while the guys, in their finest white shirts and snappy cowboy hats, circled in the other direction. Smiles and romantic eyes provided all the necessary communication between the two groups. Being somewhat shy, Don and I just watched for a while, then it was time to head on south.

We finally reached our destination, the bottom of the Baja peninsula and the city of La Paz, capital of Baja California and a prosperous community of 100,000. La Paz is a famous fishing port, both for sport and the commercial industry. We feasted on fine seafood and endless sunshine. Water-skiing, sailing, and snorkeling added to the enjoyment, as did the company of Rosa and Virginia, two young ladies whose acquaintance we made at the resort hotel. They and their mother were vacationing Cuidadanas, or residents of Mexico City, and we found the three of them to be a delightful enrichment of our whole trip.

From La Paz we drove one day down the final, ever-narrowing stretch of land until we came to Cabo San Lucas (Cape St. Luke), the tip of the Baja peninsula and the southern extremity of the land called California. Cabo San Lucas is a very dramatic point, with huge rocks and cliffs jutting out into the swirling waters of the Pacific Ocean. Thousands of pelicans stared at us haughtily from their rocky thrones, and lazy sea lions basked in the bleached sunlight. We enjoyed the clean, unpopulated beaches, then rented a motorboat and trolled the swelling seas near the precipitous rocks. Our drive back to La Paz was framed in a flaming orange desert sunset.

All too soon it was time to say "adios" to La Paz, our new friends, and the splendors of Baja California. Don and I headed back north towards the border, sunburned but happy, and we each vowed to return someday to the "Magic Peninsula".

Now, I too must end this letter with a friendly "adios", but I promise to return with more tales of my new life as a nurseryman. Sincerely,

Clark Driftmier



Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

NATIONAL LIBRARY WEEK is April 18-24 this year. Sponsored by the American Library Association, this period promotes the use of libraries and advises people of the many local services available. My source for the above information? The Information Service at our public library. Here in Sioux City, Iowa, according to the annual report, the reference service staff answered 162,849 questions, with the main library receiving an average of one request every two minutes.

Another service is the reserve list for best sellers. Two books I will mention in this column—*The Walk West* and *Spring Moon*—I was able to enjoy reading by putting my name on the reserve list. Since many readers were interested, these books are loaned for seven days only, so that more people can read them in a shorter period of time. My thanks to the library for this policy.

The Walk West, with the subtitle, *A Walk Across America 2* (Wm. Morrow and Co., New York, N.Y., \$14.95) is written by Peter and Barbara Jenkins. In 1973, a young man began a journey that would last for more than five years and include the width of the continental United States. Peter Jenkins wrote about the first half of that journey in *A Walk Across America*.

A Walk Across America told of his adventures with his dog, Cooper, as they walked from Upper New York State to New Orleans. It was here that Peter met a young seminarian, Barbara Jo Pennell.

The Walk West begins in New Orleans, when Peter and Barbara, now married, set out to discover the rest of America together. This book introduces new members of their vast American family: Preacher Hebert, who took them on an alligator hunt; the Williams family, who rode with Peter and Barbara on a cattle drive; Pert Vickers, Rocky Mountain man, whose old-time stories chased away cabin-fever blues; and Milo, the exuberant preacher who guided them across the frozen Cascades with his good cheer.

Barbara Jenkins had never seen a backpack in her life, had never been camping, and had never hiked much. Learn she did, and as they walked through storm, tornado, and blazing sun, they were part of a celebration of America, of a great land and a great people. As they walked off the beach into the Pacific Ocean to complete their trip, Barbara wrote of her emotions: "Everything in my soul shouted praise and



Our latest photograph of Mary Leanna Palo. Mary Lea, a busy mother of three, lives in Bellevue, Nebr.

glory. What a land voyage this had been! My heart thanked God Almighty as I threw up my arms toward the sky in victory."

The Walk West is an exciting book with many photographs, of an amazing journey.

Spring Moon by Bette Bao Lord is a novel of tradition and Revolution. It is China's drama revealed, through civil war and social change. The story begins in the fifth year of the reign of Emperor Kuang Hsu in 1892 in the courtyards of the House of Chang in Soochow. It ends in the early 1970's when five generations gather at the site of family graves to perform the ceremonies that for thousands of years have linked China's past with her present and future. Clansmen play their parts in the book. These include Spring Moon, Bold Talent, Glad Promise, Lustrous Jade and August Winds. Through Spring Moon, China's eternal drama and values are revealed.

Bette Bao Lord is a descendant of a scholar-gentry family and she brings to the reader the mysterious and entrancing world of the inner courts. This is a world that is gone forever, although its strengths endure in the hearts of all Chinese. She was born in Shanghai in 1938 and came to the United States in 1946, when her father, an official in the Chinese government, was assigned to the United States. Bette Lord returned to China in 1973 with her husband (who was an adviser to Henry Kissinger) for the China opening. Her reunion with her family produced the book *Spring Moon*.

Back in 1946, a younger sister of the author stayed behind in China. In 1962, that sister came to the United States. *Eighth Moon* is the story of that sister's life and her reunion with family. Certainly a test of an author's work is wanting to read those books written by that person. *Eighth Moon* is next on my list to read, so you know how much I was impressed by *Spring Moon*. Tradition

and revolution say it all.

Lord of the Mountain (Augsburg Publishing House, 426 S. Fifth St., Minneapolis, Minn. 55415, \$3.50) by Pastor James Bjorge is a book to help you grow in faith and Christian discipline during Lent. In the preface, Pastor Bjorge writes, "Have you ever stood at the foot of a mountain and stared at the summit? If your heart is responsive, then there is the challenge to climb. Mountaintops are not to live on, but to visit for new perspectives and fresh insights. Mountains are symbols of quests that challenge us to reach out with every fiber of our bodies and souls for the fullness of life. They thrust upward as if God were calling the human spirit to soar in the sky of his grace."

Pastor Bjorge invites us to travel from Mount Ararat to Sinai, and on to Calvary and Olivet. On these mountains God revealed to people his will and gave them dynamic discoveries. The mountains of scriptural history beckon us to scale them and view the everyday world from their vantage points. Then, we are sent forth with courage to conquer the mountains that confront us. The eight mountains significant to the life of Jesus take on new meaning in these stimulating messages.

CATNIP AND HERBS

When I made out my seed order from my new seed catalog, I ordered a package of catnip seed. When the weather warmed, I filled several earthen pots with good soil and dropped in a few tiny seeds to see if I could get catnip started around my place. I love the fragrance of catnip. It is a very dainty plant and grows well in containers or out in the open.

The catnip began to grow well so, when I made what I hope to be my permanent home, I brought my pots of catnip along. I set them on my back patio porch. They continued to grow nicely, but one day I had a space near the northwest part of the house where I decided to set out all my herbs—catnip and all.

I prepared the soil, then lifted my chives, basil, lemon balm and mint into the freshly dug holes. The soil was moist enough so that no watering was needed. In a few days, those plants branched out into sizeable bushes. Even the catnip loved this part-sunny, part-shady spot. Soon I was gathering, drying and storing my herbs, and they just keep growing more.

The herbs bloom at various times, smell good and always look fresh and green. Also, it's nice when one grows older to have things handy, like herbs, just a few steps from the kitchen door.

It will be nice next winter to have a fresh pot of catnip tea when friends drop in. They'll love it and I'll enjoy sharing with them.

—Verna Sparks

Needle Notes

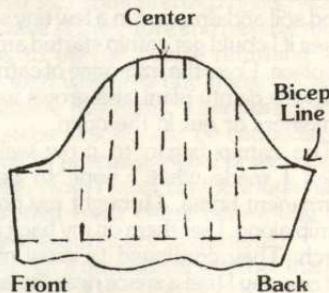
by
Brenda Carl Rahn

Feminine clothes are back in style, and I for one am happy about it. I never did look good in men's ties and baggy pants.

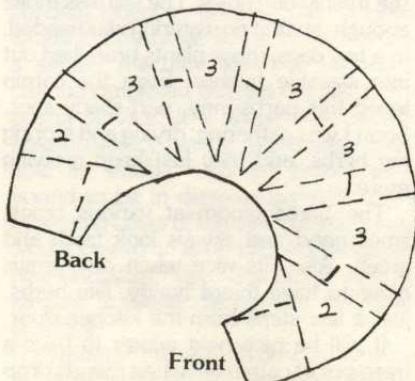
One practical and feminine touch to dresses and blouses is the cape sleeve. It is cool in the summertime and can make a very simple dress look elegant. You can turn an ordinary sleeve pattern into a cape sleeve without too much difficulty.

To create a cape sleeve, draw in the desired length for your sleeve on the straight sleeve pattern. Then draw broken lines to indicate where the pattern is to be expanded. Draw seven lines, equally spaced, within the cap portion of the sleeve. The cap portion is usually defined by a heavy dot on each side on your commercial pattern. You can also determine the cap area by drawing a line across the pattern at the bicep line (at the top of the armhole curve) and measure in about three-fourths of an inch from each side of the sleeve. The area between the measurements is the cap area. Cut along dotted lines, leaving enough paper at top to hold together.

Pivot the pattern at the sleeve cap line—separating sections—to add fullness to the bicep line as indicated in the measurements below. The large curve of the final sleeve cap creates the draped effect of the sleeve. Be especially careful to notice that no fullness is added to the



Straight sleeve pattern with broken lines to show where pattern will be expanded.



Cape sleeve pattern after adaptation.

underarm.

With the right side of the pattern facing up, and starting from the back (see diagram), pivot 2 inches along the bicep line at the first of the broken lines. The space between the next group of lines will be 3 inches. Continue to space 3 inches between each of the next four broken lines. Space only 2 inches between the very last group of lines.

As I added the fullness, I taped the pattern onto newspaper. You can do the same or buy sheets of blank newsprint from your local newspaper or art supply store and draw the new pattern as you make the pivots. To do that, pin the center of the sleeve pattern to the newsprint so that it pivots (a pin pushed straight through with a piece of cardboard underneath to steady it works well). Trace each section as the spacing is done. Don't worry if it isn't very neat, you can redraw the lines later.

Once all the fullness is added, draw in the bottom curve of the sleeve which will become the new cutting line. The ends of the sections from the straight sleeve pattern will be your guideline; since it is a draped sleeve, your curve doesn't have to be perfect.

Stitch into armhole just as the dress or blouse pattern directs, for the underarm and armhole stitching area of the new pattern is kept the same.

Good luck, and believe me, it's easy to do and looks great.

FOIL "RAP'S"

by
Norma Tisher

Foil made of aluminum or alloys is sometimes called tinfoil. Tinfoil, because of its relatively high cost, has been largely replaced as packaging material by aluminum foil. Today, aluminum foil makes up the greatest part of all foil produced. Because of being ductile and malleable, aluminum can be rolled to gauges as thin as 0.0002 inch. Aluminum foil has by far the widest number of applications. Being impervious to moisture and gas, nontoxic, its main use is in food, tobacco, and pharmaceutical packaging.

When laminated with other materials, foil is used as a water-resistant and grease-proof wrapper for industrial and military packaging. Foil is one of the "paper" products used greatly in kitchens.

Aluminum foil may be colored, printed, embossed, bonded to other materials or coated with a plastic film. A half-pound chocolate "kiss", wrapped in silver foil, is a big seller for a famous chocolate company in Pennsylvania.

Foil comes in several weights. I prefer the heavy duty as it can be wiped clean and recycled in numerous ways. Common usages are as coverings in

refrigerators and freezers.

Other foil ways include:

1. Aluminum foil dipped in cola will help remove rust spots from car bumpers.

2. Place a piece of aluminum foil (shiny side up) on a cardboard, tuck under and use it as a cake platter when taking a cake away from home. It adds brilliance and neatness to the cake. No pan to return.

3. When making cutout animal birthday cakes for children, use crushed foil for shaping the tail.

4. Line your outdoor grill with foil when barbecuing. It keeps the moisture and liquids in the meat and also your food does not catch on fire from the dripping grease.

5. Wrap onions in foil to keep from sprouting in a cool storage place.

6. Line reflector pans (under surface units on electric range) for heavy leak-over spills.

7. Save colored foil that comes with floral shop holiday plants. Red foil can be used to make valentines and Christmas decorations.

8. When giving a small plant to someone as a gift, take a leftover piece of foil and shape around the potted plant for the retail look.

9. For cemetery decorations, use the two- or three-pound empty coffee cans and wrap with leftover foil. Use to hold fresh or artificial flowers on family burial lots.

10. When placing a picture in a frame, if the frame is too large for picture, place a sheet of foil (shiny side up) over the cardboard in frame first, and then the picture. The foil will add color and balance to bareness around the picture.

11. After garden tools have been cleaned and primed in the fall, rub the tools with a ball of aluminum foil to prevent corrosion from spreading on the metal during storage.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

coming to see me about a personal problem which has broken up his family. He needs help, and I hope by listening, sharing and caring for him, I can be of help. One thought I plan to share with him is that he must not feel alone. There are times when each of us fails to be all that he should be. No one has a perfect record, and even the best of people have moments of failure and defeat. We of the faith are sure that we worship a God who understands this. After all, we are His creation. He knows our weaknesses and our failures even better than we do. But God also knows our strengths! He has faith in us even when we lose faith in ourselves. We always can be something better than we are.

Sincerely,
Frederick

GARAGE SALE? NEVER!

by
Gertrude Perlis Kagan

I am delighted when my better half informs me in his best "boss of the house" manner that he's going to clean the garage. "Great!" I exclaim excitedly. "After all these years, and with such an accumulation of junk, are you sure you're in your right mind?"

I've been broad-jumping, high-jumping, vaulting and playing so many other athletic games to reach what I'm after in the garage that I'm beginning to feel like an Olympian goddess.

Brimming with enthusiasm, I offer to help. Obviously, this is a cause in which my husband doesn't want me to get involved. After a few "Do you need this?" "Do you need that?" queries, I'm informed my services can be terminated any moment without notice, and that he's perfectly capable of performing this Herculean job by himself. AND, would I oblige by retreating to the kitchen please, where I can do something that would conform more to my femininity, like baking a cake for Aunt Matilda.

Fearful that if I wouldn't do just that, he might retract his clean-up offer, I withdraw to the kitchen to brush up on my culinary art. I don't bake a cake for Aunt Matilda, however, I bake a cake for us. While my mixer whines and drones, I strain to hear every movement in the garage. I detect a variety of sounds: scraping, grating, bonging, banging and clanking, suddenly accompanied by a few epithets I don't care to mention. Good grief! Sounds like a heavy object might have unmercifully and obstinately lodged itself on some part of his anatomy, like maybe a big toe. With visions of his hopping around on one foot while muttering under his breath, I pop my cake into the oven.

After what seems to be an eon, my curiosity is aroused. Can the job really be accomplished without my supervision? Is he discarding what should be saved? Is he saving what should be discarded? Should I have put that nicked pressure cooker among the "give away" items—or, would I have occasion to use it sometime? And those hardened leather ice skates—what if I should decide to cut a figure "8" again? All those dusty jars could be used if I have the urge to put up fruit. What about the roller skates, games, and heaps of old clothing?

When what sounds like the last gush of water splurts from the hose, I sense the job is done. I slide my cake out of the oven. Wow! What a cake—like Mount Everest!

I enter the garage stealthily. "Incredible!" I blurt in astonishment. "There IS a floor in the garage. I can see it. But where's everything?" The space looks scary, deserted, like a ghost garage,

shadowy and spectral.

My spouse's face is as radiant as a Christmas candle. He beams. "I moved everything into the basement. Now there's room here for the other car."

My mouth drops open but no words come. I feel giddy and queasy. I'm acutely aware that just yesterday I cleaned the recreation room. I went over every inch of ceiling, walls and built-in counters and bookcases. I shined every light fixture, picture, mirror and lamp. I huffed and puffed up the stairs with mountains of ashes from the fireplace. On all fours, like some prehistoric creature, I scrubbed the floor and polished it until it shone like a gleaming planet.

At this crucial moment, I realize one's stomach can play strange tricks. Inside me there are firecrackers igniting, exploding with a terrific bang. No—he couldn't—he wouldn't—or WOULD HE?

Summoning my courage, I sprint down the basement stairs into the recreation room. Everything is there: old tires, wires, cords, bicycles, snow shovels, rakes, spades, garden tools, garden hose, lawn mower, lawn spreader, barbecue grill, tool chests, saws, ladders, bags of plaster, fertilizer, cans of paint, putty thinner, an assortment of screws, bolts, nuts and nails, a jillion boxes of old books, records and about fifty more things you might find in a paint or hardware store. My head begins to reel. Another flash of nausea sweeps over me. I clap one hand over my mouth quickly for fear I'll erupt all over my nice clean floor. FLOOR? What floor? If there was one, you couldn't see it now.

I know just what you're thinking—a garage sale—hold a garage sale. Are you out of your mind? The love of my life thinks garage sales are great—for other people! He attends 'em, but won't hold 'em. He treasures every book, hook, tack and tool he owns, and he's going to part with them—NEVER!

A SPRING MORNING

Buttercups and dandelions and little violets blue,
Wash their little faces in the sparkling morning dew.
They lift their heads and look up high
To see a bluebird flying by.
Ladybugs and honeybees and butterflies so bright,
Darting here and darting there in the early-morning light.
Apple trees in blossom and trees with lacy green
Fill the air with fragrance and color the lovely scene.
All this beauty fills my heart as I look to God above
And thank Him for His goodness and love sent from above.

—Wilma E. Hartman



I made a treadle cabinet into a base for my modern sewing machine by first removing all the old finish and the original head. Then I had the hole cut larger to fit my electric machine head. This updated cabinet makes my antique sewing room complete.

—Janet Eckmann

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AN OZARKER'S INVITATION

by
Annabelle Scott Whobrey

Consider coming to the Missouri Ozarks. As a native daughter of these Ozark Mountains, let me laud my land for I believe you will find beauty everywhere. Southwest Missouri is bountifully blessed with living waters; from bubbling brooks to large rivers. Man-made lakes provide a paradise for fishermen and a delight to water skiers. Our state is noted for its many caves; many electrically lighted and with guides to tell about the different formations in our underground world.

The Ozarks provide a heyday for antique buffs; Anglo-Saxon descendants have preserved plenty of our past for posterity. Old grist mills set beside lively streams where many still turn out buhr-ground meal and flour like our grandmothers used for making bread. Owners gladly guide a visitor on a free tour. A few covered bridges span streams and remind one of the bygone days when wagons and buggies provided most of the travel.

The Ozark region is a mecca for those with an ear for country music; numerous theaters treat their guests to home-grown entertainment. A number of arts and crafts fairs occur and many shops offer wares made by excellent authentic craftsmen; watching them work is an interesting experience for vacationers.

The widely read book, *Shepherd of the Hills* by Harold Bell Wright, is presented in play form during the summer months on the very farm where it was written. Uncle Matt's cabin can be toured as it stands intact as when Aunt Molly was wife and housekeeper and the famous book was being written.

There are scores of other scenic spots of interest but one more is a must to sightseers. The School of the Ozarks is a unique four-year college, founded for people unable to afford costly education. Each pupil works twenty hours weekly which makes the campus alive with activity. The enrollment is small and every student feels at home in this liberal arts college. Visitors find interest in the Foster Museum where hundreds of Indian artifacts are housed. Their coin collection holds over 100,000 pieces, the gun collection rivals those found anywhere and the quantity of Rose O'Neill's Kewpie dolls provides a collector's dream. Every floor is decorated with anything from stuffed animals and birds to butterflies. When the Beverly Hillbillies retired their old car, it was donated to the Foster Museum and provides a laugh to those who watched the TV show. The museum is filled with memorabilia and admission is free.

The school furnishes free rides on its

From Our Family Album



This picture of three small cousins was taken in Denver, Colorado, in early September, 1962. From left to right are Emily Driftmier DiCicco, Kristin Johnson Brase, and Alison Driftmier Walstad.

Dorothy had driven the folks out to Denver, and Dad stayed there with Abigail and Wayne while she and Mother drove to Laramie, Wyoming, to enroll Kristin as a sophomore at the University of Wyoming. It was a momentous trip for Kristin since she has lived in Western states since that date.

Note that Alison has her beloved dog firmly on a leash. It was evident even then that her keen interest in dogs would someday lead to the fact that she now operates her own kennels at Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico.

Today Kristin is a teacher specializing in learning disabilities in the school system of Torrington, Wyoming.

Emily travels far and wide in countries where women are encouraged to develop their native crafts, a program funded by the executive branch of the Junior League.

—Lucile

train to tour the campus which is located atop Point Lookout Mountain. Their two eating places offer delicious meals at reasonable prices and are served by friendly students.

Anyone born in the Ozarks region boasts of being a hillbilly, but few truly old-time folk can now be found. The true hillbilly is fast fading from the Ozarks and it is our loss because they were the salt of the earth.

The latch-string is always out, but is especially ready in the springtime. Green-up time renews faith when Mother Earth bursts forth with wild flowers and blooming trees. Dogwoods, redbuds and others mixed with the wild cedars make a bouquet of beauty. Yet, fall dots the hills and valleys with colors of every hue. The Master Painter gives one the incentive to "lift your eyes to the hills". Autumn here is gorgeous.

Feel free to jump in your camper or car and visit our Ozark Mountains; set a spell and absorb the smog-free air and you'll understand why I'm so proud to be a hillbilly.



COMMUNION

I have walked on the mountain at dawning
When the horizon was shining with
gold;

There my soul was elated with expansion
As the beauty before me unrolled.

I have strolled through the desert at
noontide

When the sun was afame with heat;
There my thoughts were in tune with all
nature,

Though my steps were slow and
downbeat.

I have stood in the valley at twilight
And watched the sun going down in
the west;

There on spirit wings I, too, was soaring
With inspiration, and my heart felt
blessed.

—Delphia Myrl Stubbs

APRIL TRICKS

by
Virginia Thomas

Candy-Kiss Bunnies: For the body of each bunny, use a foil-wrapped chocolate kiss candy. Stick one miniature marshmallow in the pointed end for the head, and another on the back for the tail. Cut long, white, paper ears, line them with smaller, pink ears, then fasten to the head with a bit of icing. Stick short lengths of colored toothpicks into each marshmallow for bunny's whiskers. Use a bit of pink icing for the eyes and nose.

Make little chickens in the same manner except: cut a paper tail from yellow construction paper, a beak from orange paper and comb from red paper. Fasten in place with icing.

Flower Cart Centerpiece: For the cart, use a white or green plastic box, such as strawberries are sold in at the grocers. Cut two round wheels of foam. Use a short length of small dowel for the axle, pushing a wheel on each end. Glue wheels in place by gluing axle to the bottom of the basket. Decorate the wheels with lacy circles cut from paper doilies. Run ribbon around the top edge of the basket, weaving it through the

holes. Tie bow at the front. For the handle, use a chenille-covered wire in a color to match the ribbon. Fill the cart with spring flowers.

Spring Hat Favors: For each hat, cut a 4- to 4½-inch circle of nylon net and a 1-inch circle of ¼-inch styrofoam. Place the circle of foam in the center of the net circle, bringing the net up around the sides of the foam to form the crown and brim of the hat. Fasten it in place with a rubber band. Tie a narrow ribbon in a matching or contrasting color around the "crown", tying into a bow with streamers, if desired. Decorate the hats with tiny artificial flowers by inserting a cluster under the hatband, tacking a few under one side of the brim or encircling the crown with a wreath of flowers.

Hidden Flowers Quiz: Find the names of flowers hidden in these sentences. 1. The rope swung to and fro several times. 2. The red cow slipped through the gate into the corn. 3. Two stamps were all I lacked in the set. 4. You may consider the contract as terminated now. 5. The balsam fir is not a very large tree. 6. "Harry, will you just carry the rope on your shoulder?" 7. I hear Nevada is your native state. 8. You will win the top prize if you can name the mystery voice. 9.

With my last gasp I reached the dock and safety at last. 10. Johnny becomes upset if I let Joan's nap drag on past 3 P.M.

ANSWERS: 1. rose, 2. cowslip, 3. lilac, 4. aster, 5. iris, 6. peony, 7. daisy, 8. canna, 9. spirea, 10. snapdragon.



EASTER WORSHIP — Concluded

did come to our hearts for we knew then that Jesus was really with us, that he would always be with us.

Mary: (after a moment of silence by all) He promised to be with us always, even unto the end of the world. (smiles) (They all bow their heads.)

Narrator: (soft music of "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus" in the background) Let us bow in prayer:

Our Father, we thank you for the inspiration of your beloved Son. Wherever He went, wherever He looked, He saw something good to do. Where there was sickness, He healed. Where there was sorrow, He comforted. When there was someone discouraged, He gave hope. When there was need for joy, He gave happiness. Lead us, too, Lord, into paths of service and healing in Jesus' blessed name we pray. Amen.



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KHAS Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—1:30 p.m. (Mon. thru Fri. only)

KVSH Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial—10:15 a.m.

JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

now sorted and positioned on bookshelves. My husband, Jed, is now willing to admit that there is a desk in the house. Before the cleaning, the desk was more of an occupied surface area.

One nice outcome from this kind of cleaning project is the discovery of some forgotten treasure. People who are always organized never have the thrill of stumbling onto something—like an old letter from a dear friend. In my case, it was a letter that I had written to my parents from Arizona when I was very young. I was visiting family friends in Phoenix and all I could think of to say was that it was hot and that I liked my hosts' parrot. My children loved this letter. They gleefully found all of the spelling and grammatical errors. I reminded them that I was once their age, too!

Well, if you have a minute today, write a letter to us. I would like to know what long-lost treasures people have unearthed during fits of cleaning.

Until next time,
Juliana

The important thing to remember about the future is that it arrives one day at a time.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

what year this practice was stopped, but it was before I taught school.

In 1978, the Lucas County Genealogy Society published a marvelous Lucas County history book. In the chapter on the schools in the county was printed, "Terms Taken From an Early Teaching Contract", which you might enjoy reading:

"Teachers are expected to dwell in the community employed, and to take residence with local citizens for room and board.

Teachers will be required to spend weekends in the community unless permission is granted by the chairman of the board.

It is understood that teachers will attend church each Sunday and take an active part, particularly in choir and Sunday school work.

Dancing, card playing and theatre are works of the Devil that lead to gambling, and immoral climate and influence.

Community plays are given annually. Teachers are expected to participate.

When laundering petticoats and unmentionables, it is best to dry them in a flour sack or pillowcase.

Smoking cigarettes, bobbed hair, dyed



Julian Brase, Dorothy and Frank Johnson's youngest grandson, is seven years old. Julian lives in Torrington, Wyo., along with his parents, Art and Kristin, and two older brothers, Andy and Aaron.

hair, short skirts, and undue use of cosmetics will not be tolerated under any circumstances.

Teachers will not marry or keep company with a man friend during the week except as an escort to church services.

Loitering in ice-cream parlors, drug stores, etc., is prohibited.

Purchasing or reading the Sunday Supplement on the Sabbath will not be tolerated.

Discussing political views or party choice is not advisable.

The above is in addition to regular attendance, being at school from eight 'til five, keeping all blackboards dusted and clean, sweeping the floor, and have supervision of halls and playgrounds."

Rural teachers signed this for a salary of anywhere from \$18 to \$30 a month and it's a wonder, all things considered, that enough teachers could be found who would accept such restrictions.

I think this is a good place for me to say, until next month

Sincerely,
Dorothy

NO DISHWASHER FOR ME

Doing dishes can be fun
If you think about each one:
Here's a plate from Cousin Sue,
It is still as good as new;
Tiny cups from long ago,
Given Grandma by her beau;
Amber glasses won in town,
Just because my name was down;
Shiny steak knives sent to me,
Pen-pal gift from 'cross the sea;
Crystal goblets, sparkling clear,
Wedding gift from friends so dear.
Washing dishes is such fun
When you think about each one.

—Ruth Townsend

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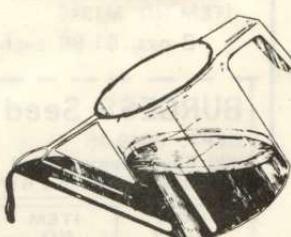


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CHANGING PATTERN OF EASTER

—Concluded

and broadcast for a number of years, filled my needs sometimes to arise early and continue the sense of participating in a sunrise service on Easter morning.

The boys grew older and began participating and Robert and I were back working with the youth again. Even now, when we can, we still go and help cook the early breakfasts and enjoy being with lively, energetic young people.

The sun has gone under a cloud, the bird has flown from the tree near the office window and the air has grown cold. I need to close the window and get ready to go home, but I'll carry with me the memories of the different, happy spring events shared with you today.

