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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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Katharine Driftmier and her grandmother, Mrs. Katharine Schneider,
December, 1981.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

A few minutes ago, I picked up the May, 1981 issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* to see what I had written to you a year ago, and I was really jolted when I saw that I had typed my letter in Albuquerque and described the wonderfully beautiful flowering trees and shrubs that had greeted us in New Mexico.

Today, I am looking out over my snow-covered garden here in Shenandoah, Iowa. The wind is blowing turbulently, and nary a sign do I see that we're anywhere near the end of this interminable winter. Well, that's that—nothing to be done about it but hope that someday spring will actually arrive (presumably at least by the time you receive this issue of the magazine).

This is the first month for many years that you won't find your usual letter from Mary Beth, my brother, Donald's, wife. In a long conversation with her last night, she told me that she had just returned to her home in Delafield, Wisconsin, after spending four weeks in Anderson, Indiana, her old home town. She was summoned there hastily when her mother, Mrs. Paul Schneider, suffered a massive stroke.

There was no warning that this was to be expected. Mrs. Schneider had spent a wonderfully happy Christmas with Mary Beth's family (note the picture at the top of the page) and plans had been made for another reunion this summer. Fortunately, Katharine and Adrienne were able to be at the hospital with their grandmother, and then, both Donald and Paul flew in from Wisconsin.

Mrs. Schneider was eighty years old when she passed away, outliving all the members of her own family and of her husband's family. Mr. Schneider died in 1960, and since that date she had lived in her own home, enjoyed many activities and traveled a great deal; she had a genuine zest for seeing every nook and cranny of this vast country.

Mrs. Schneider is survived by her

daughter, Mary Beth Driftmier, and her husband, Donald, and their three children: Katharine, Paul and Adrienne. In addition, another daughter, Marjorie Schneider Moroney, her husband, Bill, and their two sons, James and Dennis, survive.

Following the funeral services, it fell to Mary Beth and Marjorie to go through the family home and make decisions about countless items. They had lived in the same place for many years. Mr. Schneider was an industrial engineer with a division of the General Motors Co., and had incorporated in his home many distinctive features.

There is almost nothing more painful than dismantling a family home, so Mary Beth returned to Delafield totally exhausted. She has abandoned all plans for going ahead with the new field of work she told you about in her last letter, and said at the conclusion of our conversation: "I'm going to have to adjust to idleness for the first time in my life."

Later that night, I realized that with Mrs. Schneider's death, we have only one member of our seven brothers and sisters who has a parent or parent-in-law living. In this case, it is both parents since Mr. and Mrs. Julian Crandall, parents of Betty (Mrs. Frederick) Driftmier, are still with their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. They won't leave Florida for Betty's and Frederick's home until later in the season.

Incidentally, I've thought many times this winter how fortunate it was that brother Frederick and Betty made their trip out to the Midwest exactly when they did in the autumn of last year. If they hadn't tackled the roads at that time, I don't believe it could ever again have been managed during the severe winter weather. That was a fortunate piece of timing.

Juliana and Jed were happily surprised with an unexpected visit from Alison Walstad and little Lily, plus Ali-

son's brother, Clark Driftmier. Alison wanted to do some honest-to-goodness landscaping at their home in Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico, and if your father is Wayne Driftmier who owns a nursery in Denver, where else could you find so completely what you need?

Once the car was loaded for Albuquerque, it occurred to Clark that this would give him a chance to see his relatives there, so he climbed in and rode along. Juliana hadn't seen him for a long, long time, so she was tickled to death when he turned up and they had a chance for a good visit.

Spring vacation in the Albuquerque schools gave Juliana, James and Katharine an opportunity to go to El Paso, Texas, to see their very dear old friends, Steve and Chris Crouse. Jed flew down to join them on the night before Good Friday, and then they drove (in the pickup truck!) to Ruidoso Downs where they spent a couple of days with a return visit to Alison, Mike and Lily. It was an enjoyable spring vacation.

Our long winter was broken by a happy visit with my companion, Betty Jane's, mother, Mrs. Lucille Rice. She hadn't been able to get her car out of the garage since December 4th, and this didn't surprise us at all since we were acutely aware of the fact that the Twin Cities had the heaviest snowfall since record keeping started. Lu is accustomed to getting out a great deal, and I had the feeling that she thought it might break the weather pattern if she just plain got out of town.

Well, we had a very happy two weeks with her and really felt that she would return home to a more cheerful scene than she had left. But alas, the very day her plane touched down at the Twin Cities airport, she was greeted with snow. That night another 12½ inches piled up! Thank goodness she has many members of the family who keep in very

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EMILY'S EXPERIENCES

Dear Friends:

For the last fifteen years or so, my attention has been focused on Latin America. Last month I had the opportunity to visit Europe, and in many ways it seemed more foreign to me than a tiny village in the country of Peru.

Language was probably the biggest reason I felt foreign. It was totally exasperating to be incapable of asking a simple question, or understanding a street sign in France. I learned to discern a few words on a menu, but much more is surely needed to be able to feel at home.

I was particularly frustrated when we were at the vineyards—I so wanted to ask the proprietress how long her family had cultivated the land, where her wine is sold, how this year's grape crop compared to last, and so on. The people in the rural areas were friendly and willing to talk, if only I had been able to speak French. I'm enrolling in a conversational French course soon!

Every year, Richard is invited to exhibit at many technology trade fairs all over the globe. His time is limited, so he cannot attend most of them. But one or two do give him an opportunity for a break in routine and scenery, as well as bringing in new business.

For me, this journey was a chance to see a bit of Europe and also work a full schedule assisting Rich in the exhibits, learning more about his business, its services and clients.

Our trip began in New York, where we left Stephen (our son who will be two in August) to spend ten days with his DiCicco relatives. Rich and I flew to London where we were greeted by Kevin Darnell who hosted us in his "flat". (Kevin lived with my parents in Denver ten years ago as a foreign exchange student. Last fall, he returned to the U.S. for a reunion with his American families, and he spent a few days with us in the Washington, D.C., area.)

Kevin is quite a theater buff, so we had two marvelous evenings of theater. One was a traditional British "pantomime", a special type of musical dating from the Victorian era, played at a theater of the same period. The other was "On the Razzle", performed at the very modern National Theater.

We spent Sunday in Dawlish, where Kevin's parents live. The train journey took us through several hours of pleasant countryside. (We hope someday to return the Darnell's hospitality.)

Sightseeing in London was crammed into every moment of two full days. We began with the Tower of London and ended with sunset on the River Thames. In between, we fitted Big Ben, Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, the Houses of Parliament, Piccadilly Circus, St. Paul's Cathedral (location of the royal wedding), Trafalgar Square, Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, No. 10 Downing Street, Covent Garden, the market area in Westminster, and many monuments, statues and buildings. At each turn, it was "the historic this", and "the famous that".

Nor did we miss out on shopping. Top of the list was a visit to Harrod's, which is a shopping chapter in any guidebook. Its reputation is indicated in its unusual address: "Everything London", which sums it up nicely. I picked up a few dishes to match my china and a tin of biscuits before we went on to other major department stores and smaller shops.

We sampled the local foods and the pubs, those traditional eating and social gathering places, the center of most activities in the British Isles. We went to a fashionable downtown hotel for full afternoon tea, complete with cucumber sandwiches and tea with milk. When in Rome . . .

The following Monday morning, before dawn, Kevin put us into a taxi. While he returned to bed to recuperate from the long weekend as our host and guide, Rich and I started the next leg of our journey.

Arriving in Paris, we rented a car and somehow found the address of the computer company where we borrowed a computer terminal to use for the week. We then headed southeast on the freeway for a five-hour drive to our destination—Lyon.

Even though Lyon is France's second largest city, located in the beautiful Rhone River valley, this part of the country is little known to foreign tourists. It does not deserve to be neglected. It is full of interest, with a long history dating back to the Romans and includes hundreds of churches, chateaux, abbeys, unspoiled villages, and superb food.

Lyon is generally thought to be the heartland of French cuisine, and it is said that there are more good restaurants to the square mile here than anywhere else in France.

Unfortunately, I was not able to do any sightseeing or shopping during the week we spent in Lyon because the trade fair kept us both busy. This was just as well for prices in the shops were high. The average pair of women's sandals was \$80.

The trade fair concluded Friday afternoon, and we packed up the car and headed to the nearby Beaujolais wine region. A narrow winding road led us among hills carpeted with vineyards. At



During their recent trip, Rich and Emily DiCicco visited the beautiful Beaujolais wine region of France. Rich is shown at the right. The gentleman on the left, standing in front of his shop, is a local owner of a vineyard and wine cellar.

each village, tourists could enter a cellar to taste the wines.

From the Beaujolais region, we headed to Perouges, a picturesque walled village, dating from before the Roman occupation. Numerous films have been shot there, notably "The Three Musketeers".

Perouges is now being completely restored and preserved. We stayed in a room that was furnished in antiques from the Middle Ages. Dinner and breakfast were served in an elegant dining room of the inn. A large hearth had a glowing fire and the waitresses wore traditional lace collars, aprons and caps.

It was difficult to break out of this medieval environment and enter twentieth-century Paris. We returned the borrowed computer terminal, and found the hotel where a Parisian friend had made our reservations. The Hotel Alison was small, friendly, and centrally located.

We walked to the Champs Elysees and then along the Seine for several blocks; Paris seemed less romantic than the songs portray it. Perhaps it was because the other parts of France we had seen were so interesting, and the streets of Paris were terribly congested. The weather had been cold, cloudy and damp the entire trip and we were becoming exhausted from such a hectic schedule. Most of all, we missed Stephen.

Stephen gave us lots of hugs and kisses when we met in New York. We added his suitcase, stroller and car seat

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DECORATIONS

Room Ideas: Set the nostalgic atmosphere for the event by using various old rockers about the room: Granny's little sewing rocker with its patchwork cushion with a workbasket filled with balls of bright yarn beside it, a child's rocker holding an old-fashioned doll, an antique wooden rocker with a crocheted or knitted afghan across one arm of the rocker. A child's storybook might be placed on the seat of one of the chairs.

Table Decorations: Round up various kinds of toy rockers, doll rockers, some of the clever ones made from tin cans by hobbyists, and some of the small wooden ones with padded cushions usually used as pincushions and to hold small sewing needs. If your tables are the long, narrow type, intersperse the rockers with various items one might associate with them—balls of yarn with knitting needles stuck into them, nursery rhyme books, embroidery hoops with material to be embroidered inserted, etc.

Nut Cups: For each nut cup, fashion a rocker frame to hold the cup in the seat of the rocker using chenille-covered wires. With a little experimenting, make a curved back, even a ladder-style back. The wires used to go around the "lip" of the paper nut cup are bent down to fasten to the wires bent into rocker shapes. Miniature cushions, made from various calico prints, are placed on top of the filled nut cups. If place cards are needed, small cards can be tied to each chair back.

Program Booklets: Make the cover and pages of the booklet of white paper. On the front cover, glue a rocker cut from wallpaper or self-adhesive plastic covering with a wood-grain effect. Below the rocker, print the banquet theme: "Rocking Chair Memories". Tie the booklet with narrow ribbon cut from a calico print.

PROGRAM

In addition to the usual welcome and responses, if this is a mother-daughter banquet, consider musical numbers in keeping with the theme such as a lullaby, "Songs My Mother Taught Me", and

Rocking Chair Memories

A Mother's Day Banquet or Luncheon

by
Mabel Nair Brown

other similar songs. Short talks may be given using such ideas as Mother's rocking chair as a first-aid station, a tranquilizer, a security haven, etc. The following might be used as a reading:

Rocking Chair Memories: Today I dusted Mother's old sewing rocker. As my fingers lovingly traced the carving across the back piece, a flood of memories came to me and started me thinking about rocking chairs and how much they have meant in my life and in the lives of others.

My father drove the seven miles to town with a horse and buggy on a blustery March day to buy that little rocker and paid the whole sum of \$2.75 for it. Proudly, he brought it home and gave it to my mother so she could rock their firstborn. As soon as I became a toddler, I would pull myself up into the little rocking chair and beg Mama or Papa to "talk 'boui my 'ocker".

Held in Mother's arms as she rocked in that chair, my childish hurts were soothed and my tears were wiped away. At twilight it was the very best place to be as Mother read me a story or sang a favorite hymn. After I started to school, the first place I looked upon my return home was to see if Mother was in the rocking chair so I could tell her of all the things that had happened that day. Sometimes she would have a lapful of mending, or be sewing the lace on a dress for me as she listened.

Grandma, too, had her sewing rocker. It always stood in the big bay window of the sitting room where the light was good for her fancywork. We grandchildren loved to sit at her feet as she sewed and listened as she told us stories of the olden days.

Grandpa's rocking chair was a rich, red plush affair with wide, sturdy arms. He always sat in it in the evenings to read the daily paper and we children knew well that we weren't to disturb him until he finished. Then he was always ready for a game of checkers or dominoes until our bedtime.

Grandma's parlor had several such chairs, some with fancy carvings and curlicues, one with a huge cushioned seat which had handsome gold tassels and one large rocker with fat, padded plush

seat and back and sturdy arms of walnut. Grandma's favorite chair in the parlor was the fan-back Windsor that had been her mother's.

The first rocker we had in our home after we were married was a plain, square oak chair with wide arms. It was second-hand, very much the worse for the wear when we bought it. With plenty of elbow grease, it was refinished and waiting to rock our babies when they came. It became the place where I soothed ruffled feelings, eased pains and listened to the thrills, joys and disappointments that came into their lives.

That old rocker served in other ways. It was there that I puzzled over and sometimes solved my problems. There I relaxed and meditated when the day's work was done. It became my tranquilizer.

As the years passed, rocking chairs seemed to go out of style—fancy, over-stuffed living room suites took their place. Next came the strata-loungers and the swivel rockers. Somehow, these newer types of furniture did not provide a place to sit and cuddle a baby.

Now, with everyone getting so enthusiastic about antiques, rocking chairs are coming back into our homes. At auction sales they bring high prices, are taken home and refinished with loving care.

It's good rockers are again coming into their own. As a place to soothe a baby, settle a fight, mend a quarrel, rest, meditate and let the world and its trials fade away, nothing can compare to the old rocking chair.

TO CATCH A MEMORY

(A daughter's tribute to her mother)

Yesterday you bore a daughter, it was me,
Today you invited me to come for tea;
Yesterday you tied ribbons in my hair,
Today your grandchildren are in your prayers;
Yesterday you taught me to ride a horse,
Today I find I'm following much the same course;
Yesterday the shadow of death was there;
Today you're still here to care.
Yesterday we made sweet music together,
Today the music we share is even better;
Yesterday we planned my wedding with care,
Today there's two more charms on your wrist to be seen there.
Ah, yes, yesterday's memories were indeed made,
And today a proud mother-daughter pair we make.
Yesterdays fly by much too fast—
It's a good thing there are todays
To catch a memory from the past.

—Kathy Ann Rutenbeck

DOOR TO FRIENDSHIP

by
Harold R. Smith

Years ago, when we first moved to Greystone, my neighbors and I planted a windbreak of cedars on the line between our properties. They were small seedlings that had been gathered from a country cemetery. The caretaker had freshly mowed the cemetery and, when asked if we might have a few seedlings, he replied, "You can have all you want but they won't grow for I've cut off the tops."

The seedlings were carried home and planted. That summer was very hot and we watered them faithfully. Minute bits of greenery soon formed on them and occasionally someone would jest about my "giant" windbreak. After all, a two-inch windbreak isn't very impressive!

Several disasters struck the little trees. A small toddler pulled up several seedlings but we tucked them back into the ground. Two neighborhood cats settled their differences one day and, in the process, a number of small trees were bent out of shape. The loose fur was removed and the seedlings were straightened up.

Years later, the cedars grew tall and strong and we marveled at their height. A severe windstorm blew a large limb from a tree onto one cedar breaking out the top. It ruined the conical shape we had come to love, but nature has her own way of healing and, in time, the top grew back perfectly.

My neighbors were now screened from view and errands to their house meant walking around the block or trespassing on another neighbor's lawn. The solution came one day like a bolt of lightning: "Why not prune a door in the windbreak so that we might use it for errands and visiting?"

So, a rectangular opening was pruned to a proper height and width to allow a person to easily pass through. With proper maintenance during the growing season, the space stays open during the warm days of spring, through the hot days of summer, the cool autumn days when dews clings to the branches and in winter when snow dusts the cedars into a perfect Currier and Ives scene.

My neighbors and I were talking recently about our open-door policy in the windbreak and came to the conclusion that friendship itself is like an open door. People need to remain open to new ideas, thoughts and changes. We must respect the opinions of each other whether we agree or not, learning to listen carefully to what each other has to relate. We should learn to weigh issues, discuss them intelligently, glean new ideas from different points of view and try to see our viewpoints as considered by another person.

Any intelligent conversation is worthwhile. My acquaintances and I may discuss the trivia of the day and the constant weather topics that crop up in all rural conversations but in time we lean toward the important issues facing us in today's fast-paced world. We all hear important news as it reaches us immediately via whirling satellites that orbit the earth; we can remain in our living rooms and watch history in the making.

The countries of the world once were virtually isolated from each other. It took weeks or months for news to reach our shores, usually carried by travelers. Newspapers were printed primarily with local news until the advent of modern means of communication. My grandfather used to walk to the crossroads near his house to see if a traveler was coming from any of the four directions. If someone came by, he was invited to a meal and the family enjoyed hearing news of other areas. If Grandfather had not practiced his peculiar form of open-door friendship, he and his family would never have had the opportunity to gather knowledge of events, meet new people and form lasting attachments.

An old cliché states that friendship is a two-way street. It sometimes starts when the door is only slightly ajar, then the experiences must be enlarged before understanding develops. We find people who are extroverted and can meet strangers on an easy footing; others are shy and their relationships must be carefully nurtured. Also, we have all met people we didn't like at first only to later discover these same people were counted among our closest friends.

Only on one occasion did the door to friendship close gradually in the windbreak. Our neighbors decided to sell their home and we let the branches grow back. Eventually, the neighbors took their house off the market, remained, and we pruned the door open again, to renew our long-term pattern of visiting.

The Chinese have gleaned much wisdom throughout the centuries. One of their proverbs states: "To attract good fortune, spend a new coin on an old friend, share an old experience with a new friend and lift up the heart of a true friend by writing his name on the wings of a dragon."

And, to lift up the hearts of our true friends, I'll continue to prune our door of friendship in the old cedar windbreak.

A RARE GIFT

He who has a garden
Has treasures to behold,
A workshop for his conscience,
A place to dig for gold.
A pleasure and a profit
And happiness combined,
A garden is the rarest gift
That anyone can find. —Verna Sparks



Frances, mother of writer Harold Smith.

AN ADDED NOTE

My mother, Frances, was washing kitchen curtains the other day and remarked how carefree washing is today. She mentioned that when she lived on a farm, electricity was not available; the electric cooperatives came years later after she left the farm. Hot water was obtained by heating an iron boiler of water. Slivered homemade soap was added and clothing boiled, fished out and the water wrung by hand. At first, ironing was accomplished by heavy sadirons. Later Frances owned a gasoline iron that terrified her for everyone had a story of someone who had been injured by an iron of this type.

Fabrics of today are tossed into the washer, dried in a modern dryer or drip-dried and come out wrinkle free. I think Frances is amazed at how much progress has been made in her life span. In our energy-conscious environment today, the old clothesline (the original solar dryer) is popular again and no one would argue against the merits of clothing and sheets dried in the sun of a warm, sunny day for the fragrance is captured within.

—Harold Smith



COVER PICTURE

May has always been known as the "Birthday Month" for our family. This year we are happy to have a new picture of Isabel Palo to share with you on the cover of this May issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*. Isabel is the daughter of Mary Leanna and Vincent Palo of Offutt Air Force Base near Omaha, Nebr.

When May 29th rolls around, Isabel will be eight years old. During that brief number of years, she has lived in a surprising number of states, beginning with her birth in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and progressing to Arizona, Maine, Mississippi and now Nebraska. In this coming summer, Isabel will be visiting both sets of grandparents on the east coast.

—Lucile



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It was a short summer we had—80 degrees yesterday and, as I write this early spring morning, it is 18 with snow and blizzard conditions.

No fieldwork has been done around this area that I know of, in fact, we have had one more flood since I wrote my last letter. Frank's and Bernie's sister, Ruth McDermott, of Kansas City came to spend a few days with all of us at that time and because the road was so bad, she and Bernie had to put on their boots and walk to our house to spend the day.

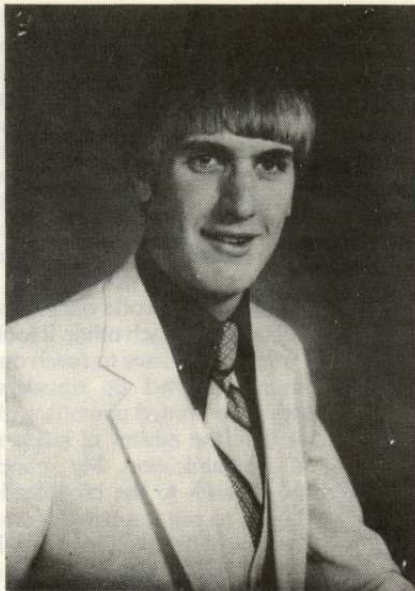
The morning the creek came out Frank got up early and moved four big bales of hay off the bottom. As it turned out, the water didn't get that high, but we got caught last summer when we had a 4th of July flood and the water took several of those large bales down the creek. We didn't want to take the chance of having that happen again.

I spent an interesting morning visiting with my friend, Ruth (Mrs. Bill) Curtis, who is an active member of the Lucas County Genealogy Society. In 1978, the Society published a History of Lucas County, a beautiful hardback book of 782 pages. Considering the fact that this group didn't organize until 1976, they certainly accomplished a lot in two short years. The many fascinating stories and pictures in this book make interesting reading for anyone. In fact, Lucile pores over our copy every time she spends any time with us.

The group has just completed another big project, a hardback book containing the cemetery records of every person buried in Lucas County, Iowa. It took many, many hours of volunteer work to search out, copy epitaphs and chart grave locations. Ruth said they started in 1976, but dropped the project when they began working on the history book. A little over a year ago they began again and finally published the cemetery information in 1981.

This must have been a monumental task since the workers made every effort to copy and transcribe correctly every burial site in the 43 cemeteries in Lucas County, plus three private graveyards.

Mrs. Curtis said that the really old stones are getting harder and harder to read, and the group thought that while they could still get most of the information, this project should be done. They also found quite a bit of vandalism and some broken stones had been picked up and laid against the fences. No one knew the location of the graves where the stones belonged but at least the information could be taken off and



Andy Brase's senior picture.

preserved with the general location noted.

The book includes a county map showing township and cemetery locations, also directions on how to find each cemetery from Chariton, the county seat. In the back of the book is a complete alphabetized index of all the names, which makes searching simple and speedy.

In the front of the book the dedication reads: "We dedicate this book to the people who are searching for their ancestors. May these records help them find their forefathers who pioneered this County."

When a person walks through a cemetery and reads the old stones, they tell a story of the hard life of pioneers, either while traveling across the country or hardships experienced as they settled a new land. Many families lost several children; many young mothers died in childbirth.

One of the interesting stories that is told about the Chariton Cemetery is about an Indian chieftan who is buried just inside the main gate. His monument states that his name was John Rinehart who died in January 1881 at the age of 66 years. His band of Indians roamed this county before it became settled and had left here, but when this chief died, they brought his remains back for burial. The bodies of his wife and three children were brought back some years later and buried on the same lot. In June of 1934, fourteen Cherokee Indians, all related, camped on the river bank southwest of Chariton and a reporter from the local newspaper went out and talked to them. They told him that members of their tribe had made this pilgrimage almost every year since 1881 to pay respects to the memory of their famed ancestor. Some people remember how beautifully

the graves were decorated each year with various bright-colored stones, glass and rocks of many kinds, none of which were native to this area, and the graves were never disturbed or vandalized. (Frank and I wonder if the Indian artifacts we have found on our land were once used by this same tribe.)

Memorial Day will soon be here and it occurred to me that Kristin and her family have never lived in a town where any of their relatives are buried. It is possible that our grandsons have never been to a cemetery to observe this day. One of my vivid childhood memories is going with Mother and Dad to take flowers out to the graves of relatives every year on Decoration Day.

Our oldest grandson, Andy, will be graduating from high school this May and if everything is going smoothly here at home, I plan to go to Torrington for the big event. The last two summers, when Kristin and the younger boys have made their annual trip to see us, Andy was working and couldn't come, so it has been a long time since we have seen him. This will be my first trip to see them in their home at Torrington, Wyo.

My friend, Dorothea Polser, just recently had to say goodbye to her niece and children who have just moved from this area to Texas. They have always been close enough so she could see them often, and since Dorothea doesn't have any children of her own, this niece has been like her own daughter. In fact, I always think of Dixie's children as Dorothea's grandchildren. I told Dorothea she could join the rest of us whose children live far away from home.

What has happened to Dixie is happening in many places all over the country today. Her husband is a welder who works on large building construction. Last winter after finishing the job he was working on, there were no more big construction jobs available locally, so he joined the mass exodus to the South where construction was still going on at a great clip. Fortunately, he got a job right away. Carrying living costs for two different home places was too much, so when he realized that he would be in Texas for a considerable time, there was only one thing to do—the family must move. Dixie hated to take the children out of school but it was necessary. Also, all the packing and moving fell on her shoulders. It was a big job, but she came through with flying colors and everything is going well for them in Texas now.

I thought back to the time when Dad transferred to a job in California. I was ten years old with four younger brothers and sisters. We lived in a huge house and it was up to Mother to get the house sold and pack to move. Everything went by freight train and had to be crated, I think, at least I remember the big box the piano

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FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

While I am writing this letter, our son, David, and his wife, Sophie, are in the air flying from their home in Calgary, Alberta, to our home here near the shore in Connecticut. Later today, Betty and I shall drive to Groton, Conn., to meet them. Fortunately, a small commuter airline serves our small village.

Having David and Sophie visit means having my sailboat in the water at least one month earlier than usual. Oh but I do hope that we have some nice, warm, spring days just right for sailing. They both love to sail and have their own boat in Canada. When they visited us two years ago, they almost lived in my boat. Every good day we were out on the blue Atlantic Ocean sailing up and down our New England coast.

One activity we definitely will not be able to do is to go swimming—the water here is too cold for swimming until the end of June.

You know about my being a volunteer waiter in the hospital snack bar, a job that I very much enjoy. Lately, I have been taking samples of my cooking to share. I love to make cookies, and now the hospital snack bar staff knows that too. They have been begging me to give them the "secret" recipe for my *out-of-the-world-good* chocolate cookies. Kidding them, I have said: "The only way you will ever get the recipe is to read it in the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*." It is in this issue with the recipes on page 14.

Many of you have asked for a copy of the little essay entitled "How To Know You Are Growing Old". I am not sure who wrote this for I have seen parts of it in a number of different places. My copy has the name of Ken Anderson, Editor of *RETA-BREEZE*, printed under it, but how much of it he created I am not certain. Here it is:

"How to know you are growing old? Well, everything hurts and what doesn't hurt doesn't work. The gleam in your eyes is from the sun hitting your bifocals. You feel like the night before, and you haven't been anywhere. Your little black book contains only names ending in M.D. You get winded playing chess. Your children begin to look middle-aged. You finally reach the top of the ladder and find it leaning against the wrong wall. You join a health club and then don't go. You begin to outlive enthusiasm. You decide to procrastinate, but then never get around to it. Your mind makes contracts your body can't meet. You know all the answers,



Frederick Driftmier and his neighbor, David Parker, are making a new sail for Frederick's boat.

but nobody asks you the questions.

"You look forward to a dull evening. You walk with your head held high trying to get used to your bifocals. Your favorite part of the newspaper is '25 Years Ago Today'. You turn out the light for economic reasons rather than for romantic reasons. You sit in a rocking chair and can't get it going. Your knees buckle and your belt won't. You stop looking forward to your next birthday. After painting the town red, you have to take a long rest before applying a second coat.

"Dialing long distance wears you out. You're startled the first time you are addressed as 'old-timer'. You remember today that yesterday was your wedding anniversary. You just can't stand people who are intolerant. The best part of your day is over when the alarm clock goes off. You burn the midnight oil after 9 P.M. Your back goes out more than you do. A fortuneteller offers to read your face. You get your exercise acting as a pallbearer for your friends who did exercise. You have too much room in the house, and not enough room in the medicine cabinet. You sink your teeth into a steak, and the teeth stay there."

When Betty and I first read that, we laughed until we cried. It describes us so well. A few minutes ago, I found myself looking into a mirror and saying: "Frederick, you really are beginning to look like a senior citizen." I have lines in my face that never used to be there, and my hair is totally white. Actually, I don't have very much hair at all.

Those of you who listen to Betty and me on the radio heard us telling our experience of searching for and finding a cottage for our Omaha family to use during the last two weeks of July. Mary Lea, Vincent, and our three grandchildren want the fun of having their own beach

cottage while visiting us this summer. Such an arrangement will make it possible for them to entertain overnight guests without the risk of any inconvenience for Betty and me.

Our search for a cottage led us to one of the large real estate firms which specializes in summer rentals. The agents told us that by the middle of March all of their 394 cottages and apartments had been rented. We learned that people wanting to rent a place at or near the shore should do so at least one year in advance. We were offered one house a full mile from the beach for the sum of \$1,400 a week! When I heard that, I almost fainted. Fortunately, we found a cottage with two bedrooms, a big bathroom, a large living room, and a very nice kitchen-dining room for a sum *much*, much more within reason. Actually, the cottage is one wing of a beautiful Cape Cod style house. The owners live in the other wing. It is located about one-quarter of a mile from a fine beach, has a lovely lawn surrounded by a hedge, and is just across the street from the village church.

The grandchildren will probably prefer a beach on a secluded island that can be reached only by boat. What fun it will be to take them there just as often as the weather permits. The name of my boat is "The Bathhouse", quite an appropriate name for the use we give it. The neighborhood children love to have me take them to the island for a swim and a picnic lunch. They can use the cabin of the boat for their own private dressing room.

Thirty-five years ago, I began a custom which continues to this present day, a behavior pattern which has added much pleasure to my life. On the average, I write five letters or personal notes each day. To whom do I write? Well, sometimes I write to you! Then I write sympathy notes to friends and relatives. Quite often an item in the morning newspaper tells about some young person who has been given an award or some special honor, and I write a note of congratulations whether or not I know the youngster.

The note-writing habit is one I commend to you. Not only will this habit give you much satisfaction, it gives much pleasure to others. No matter how busy you are, find some time to write brief notes. It may mean getting up a bit earlier in the morning or staying up a bit later in the evening, but the rewards will more than compensate. Just think how pleased you are when you receive a personal note from an unexpected source. Yes, postage is expensive, but sometimes the twenty cents paid for a stamp turns out to be one of the very best expenditures that can be made.

One day, many many years ago, I received a note from a former high school
(Continued on page 18)

NEWS FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends:

As this school year winds down, I look back over the past nine months and wonder how the time went so fast.

This was Andy's senior year and, although he started the year in Chadron, at the end of the first quarter he transferred to Torrington. With a part-time dishwashing job, wrestling, jazz band, chorus, church activities, and a steady girlfriend, I didn't see much of Andy around the house, but I did manage to see him on the football field, on wrestling mats, on the auditorium stage pounding his drums, and backing the car out of the driveway on his way to many practices.

Aaron, too, had an extremely busy school year for a seventh grader. We watched Aaron on the football field, on wrestling mats, on the basketball court (all six feet of him), and we enjoyed his performances in four plays. Like Andy, Aaron participated in jazz band, but with a cornet instead of a drum set. Spring found him stretching those long legs on the track.

I mention these involvements only to give you an idea of just why the past nine months have flown by so quickly. I am not on a campaign to promote extra-curricular activities, but I do see how much our boys have gained from participating in sports and music. It would appear to me that major benefits have been achieved in the areas of self-confidence, coordination and strength, and the self-discipline required to stick with the long practices, aches and pains. However, I must add here that if grades had suffered, the extras would have been rapidly curtailed. This old-fashioned, school-teacher mother expects assignments to come first.

Reflecting upon various school functions of the past year, one particular event is recalled with a great deal of pleasure. Three of the first grades at Lincoln Elementary School presented an impressive patriotic pageant. Each student represented a famous person in American history. Julian was Thomas Jefferson. His speech, typical in length of all the speeches, went as follows: "My name is Thomas Jefferson. In 1776, I helped write the Declaration of Independence. I helped build our democratic form of government. I am the third president."

The pageant was held in the high school auditorium and each costumed child came forward in turn and spoke



Julian Brase, dressed as Thomas Jefferson, and his fellow first-grader, Keather Mickey, dressed as Clara Barton, participated in a school pageant held in Torrington, Wyoming.

into a microphone which allowed every bit of the program to be heard. Several patriotic songs were sung throughout the event. I left the auditorium feeling very grateful to the first grade teachers for providing their young students an opportunity to experience and learn about the richness of their American heritage.

As it happened, we had neglected to take a camera with us, so I was happy to see Aaron's friend, Kris Mickey, with his camera. Photography is one of Kris's hobbies, and he willingly obliged when I asked him to snap some extra pictures. Kris's little sister, Keather Mickey, played the part of Clara Barton, and her costume was adorable. I wish I had time and space to describe every character and costume, but suffice to say, that pageant was well worth every effort that went into it.

While I'm on the subject of Julian, I must tell you how thrilled he was to get a new bicycle for his seventh birthday. Two summers ago, Aunt Lucile gave him a small bike to bring home from Iowa, and he learned to ride with that bicycle. However, in two year's time, the small, green two-wheeler was worn out and out-grown. Art has seen to it that each son received a bicycle while in first grade. Art says he remembers quite vividly his own boyhood pleasure in riding through the streets of Grand Island, Nebr.

I'd like to tell you about a very special gift I received recently. A dear friend, Margaret Wilkes, typed, bound, and mailed to me the entire narrative of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* by Alice Hegan Rice. She thought perhaps I'd never read it, and she said I would find it well worth reading. Little did she know that in grade school I was Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch in a school play. I can remember putting cornstarch in my hair

to make it grey. Thus, Margaret's gift probably meant even more than she dreamed it would.

At this time of year, Art and I begin discussing plans for all we hope to accomplish during summer vacation. Of course, the yard is going to require some attention, and there are quite a few things we want to do with the house itself, including an exterior paint job. Art just isn't overly fond of pink, and the sooner he can cover up the present paint on our house, the happier he'll be. He had hoped Andy could help him, but Andy plans to be working full time, so you know who that leaves—me! Aaron will pitch in, too, and we won't leave Julian out when he wants to help.

The first item on my summer agenda is a trip to Iowa. Julian has already told Grandma Johnson to "save some baby kittens" for him. He has been planning what shoes to take and how to pack a bicycle. He expects me to answer such questions as, "Will there be a big flood while we're there?" and "Do you think I'll find an arrowhead this year?"

I hope your summer vacation is everything you want it to be, and especially a time for rest, relaxation, and personal growth. My jogging program is still on the shelf, but I hope to do a considerable amount of walking and hiking in the weeks ahead. The break from teaching and testing is going to be a welcome one, and I am more than ready to exchange the classroom for the great outdoors.

Sincerely,
Kristin Brase

FOR A RICHER LIFE

Your life will be richer if on this day you will make an effort to:

- Mend a quarrel.
- Search for a forgotten friend.
- Dismiss a suspicion and replace it with trust.
- Write a letter to someone you miss.
- Encourage someone who has lost faith.
- Keep a promise.
- Fight for a principle.
- Express your gratitude.
- Overcome a fear.
- Take time to appreciate the beauty of nature.
- Tell someone you love him.

—Sent in by a reader

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.

FOR LOVE OF BEARS

by
Cheryl Lyn Kingsley

Once upon a time there were two old bears who lived in a cedar chest in an attic. They had been stuffed in the chest under the woollens for longer than they could remember, so they grumbled a lot.

This may sound like the beginning of a children's story. In fact, the circumstances are true, and old bears being hidden in attics happens more often than the converse—old bears being thrown away. Teddy bear lovers are coming out of the closet, attic or wherever they've been hiding. The market for teddy bears is expanding daily. *Arctophiles* (bear lovers) can be any age, any occupation and any nationality. The parameters which serious collectors employ when purchasing bears can also cover a diverse number of factors such as bears with crooked noses, or choosing a bear because its stuffing, joints, posture or general appearance lead the collector to judge that the bear is a genuine antique.

I began collecting teddy bears after many years of accumulating other stuffed animals: monkeys, unicorns, owls and hedgehogs, to name a few. I was intrigued by a book called *The Teddy Bear Catalog* by the Bialoskys (Workman Publishing Co., N.Y.). This book indicates that a teddy bear dating back to 1906 or 1908 is extremely valuable and collectible.

Finding antique bears did not sound all that difficult and the subject appealed to me. I was also aware that there were two grumpy, sad old bears hidden in the attic of my parents' house. A genuine collection would give me a valid reason for rescuing them.

At first, I planned to use *The Teddy Bear Catalog* as a guide to acquiring my collection. My mother had given me a Dakin "Misha" bear the previous year, complete with Olympics belt, and a decrepit old panda named Bobby still lived in the closet in my old room at home. Both bears were listed in the catalog. I earmarked "T. Bear", Esquire and Chauncey, the bears which had belonged to my mother and father, from the cedar chest and established a small den in my bedroom. All three needed repairs and I began to wonder if I really wanted to collect old bears; fixing them up seemed like a lot of work!

Some of the bears shown in *The Teddy Bear Catalog* are relatively new and still available in stores. A Dakin Bear-foot, which I named Alasdair, became my first investment.

If you decide to become a serious collector of teddy bears, eventually you will have to choose where the balance of your monetary investment will be, in new collectible bears, usually limited editions, or in antique bears. I opted for new

bears because they are easier to find and because the value of an old bear is very difficult to determine unless you have become an expert.

Antique bears are those made between 1903 and the late 1940's or even the 1950's. The earliest, and most valuable, have mohair fur and glass eyes. They are fully jointed, have humps on their backs, very long noses and elongated front paws and feet. They are hard-stuffed with excelsior or straw. They have lots of personality because of their age and experiences.

Newer bears can be almost as expensive as old bears, especially if you purchase one from a limited edition. Among such companies is Steiff which produced a limited edition of 1,000 commemorative bears to mark their 100th anniversary in 1980. The bear's price when it came on the market was \$150. Now you may find one for \$250 to \$500 (if you're lucky). The bear is a beautiful lemongold mohair and authentic in every detail. Their 1981 limited edition was a matching mama and baby bear, who may still be available for the original cost of \$150. The next Steiff limited edition will be available this summer and consists of four little bears and a porcelain tea set all for \$175. Gund, an American toy company, and House of Nesbitt, in England, have also come out with limited editions of special bears. Many other companies produce well-made fun bears. They can range in cost from \$50 to \$100. My favorite bear, if you're looking for a lot of bear for your money, is Gund's "Golly", who sits 34 inches tall and is very, very soft.

If you're collecting bears for the sheer pleasure of waking up to a crowd of furry faces every morning, you may find that the best bears come from drugstores and stationery shops. Russ and Dakin, both

American companies, make adorable bears for reasonable prices.

My collection as a whole is called the Great Eastern Bear Co. (GEBCo). When I realized how expensive my new hobby was becoming, I decided to earn "bear adoption" fees by making and selling quilted soft boxes. The more soft boxes I sold, the more bears I bought. When there were a dozen bears in my apartment, they began to help with soft box production. Alasdair supervised the matching of outer fabrics to inner quilted linings. The smaller bears got inside completed soft boxes and poked out the corners with their paws. Each box bore a label, "Tested by GEBCo Bears".

After six weeks of frenzied sewing, I tallied the GEBCo books. Income from soft boxes equalled \$100. Outgo for adoption fees and materials came to over \$250. Obviously, GEBCo was not a financial success, but my bears had a great time.

Families of arctophiles can have unique problems. Many bears send and expect to receive greeting cards on holidays and birthdays. Mine like to be taken on outings. If the arctophile is an adult, other adults may be embarrassed by the bear's presence. Zip-out fur linings for winter coats may fall prey to sewing bear lovers. I asked my mother to lay out an entire coat pattern on white fur she'd bought, although she didn't plan to make it at that time, so I could have the leftover scraps to make a shaggy panda.

Bears can also enliven the daily activities of their humans. Living alone, as I do, I seldom cook elaborate dinners for myself. But I often share high tea in the afternoon with my English bears. If I take a bear for a ride in the car with me, I drive more carefully than I do when I'm alone. The bears also like to read my books, listen to my records and watch TV with me. And having a bear's company when I'm doing dishes is much more fun than facing such a dull chore on my own. I even take my bears to see the ballet, although it's hard to make them sit still afterwards.

Who needs a teddy bear? Anyone who lives alone will benefit from such a friend. I have given more bears to elderly friends than to children. People in nursing homes appreciate a confidante who doesn't object to a sedentary life. Someone in a hospital bed may find comfort and strength in a small furry friend. And there are always the hard cases, like me, who aren't happy unless they're totally surrounded by bears.

My GEBCo count is over 125 now and still growing. Collecting bears is definitely habit-forming but it is not harmful to your health, indeed, it's quite the opposite.

Sources of information about teddy bears: *The Teddy Bear Book* by Peter (Continued on page 21)



"T. Bear", Esquire and Chauncey, originally belonged to Cheryl's parents. They were two of the first antique teddy bears in Miss Kingsley's growing collection.

A MEMORABLE MAY

by
Evelyn Birkby

May of 1982 is just around the corner and it promises to be a memorable one for the Birkby family.

Normally, May is an exciting month, what with spring breakfasts, school plays, Mother's Day, musical programs, graduations, school reunions and Memorial Day. Add gardening, the first picking of asparagus and rhubarb with the beginning of the canning season, visiting relatives and the opening of historical museums to the public. Activities move into high gear.

This May will also bring the culmination of over 27 years of having a child or children in school. For the past ten years, we have had one or more college and/or graduate students—several years this included all of our three sons.

A radio friend wrote us once that when her last little child toddled off to kindergarten, she put an American flag out on the clothesline to signify freedom from the responsibilities she had with preschool children at home. I'm wondering if that would be a good symbolic move for Robert and me to make at the end of May—a sign that we have persevered and we have survived. (With, I might add, a great deal of assistance, perseverance and survivorship on the part of our three sons.)

At any rate, May will find us in Iowa City on the day that Craig graduates from the Iowa University School of Medicine with his doctor's degree.

Bob plans to be home for Craig's graduation so we are presently counting the days until his arrival. He has had a fine spring in Seattle, continuing with his writing projects and taking sunny weekends to adventure in the mountains. The latest phone call we received from Bob told us of a trip he and three of his friends had taken down to Crater Lake in Oregon. Snow was still deep on the ground, so the adventurers put on their skis and spent three days circumnavigating the edge of the lake. It is thirty miles around that beautiful, deep, meteor-created crater. The beauty of the quiet, uninhabited, snowbound wilderness was breathtaking. Come tourist season and it will cease to be such a pristine, unpeopled hideaway.

It is still uncertain whether Jeff will be able to get away long enough to come home in May. He will be with both of his brothers before the summer is over, so that will help compensate if his work schedule keeps him in Montana.

In the meantime, Jeff has been "running around a lot". His recent trips have included participating in an Energy Fair in Miles City, a trip to Butte and then to Bozeman to speak to high school students, a week on the Flathead Indian reservation near Kalispell where a geothermal exploration project is being devel-

oped, and a number of trips to check on various hot water sources in the southwestern part of the state.

In the November issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*, I wrote about the vacation trip Robert and I made to Montana and the places we went with Jeff. When we talked last Sunday to Jeff, our middle son, he was just ready to leave Helena for an eight-day tour of exactly the same territory. My mind has gone right along with him as he is driving the back roads and the ranches to check on the same hot springs and pools we saw when we were with him.

Craig was home for a short weekend, recently, so we had a chance to catch up on the exciting events we had only known about through his letters and phone calls. As we ate thick Iowa pork chops and home-grown (from the freezer) sweet corn, this youngest son of ours went into detail about his winter's efforts.

In December, Craig took his National Medical Board examinations. For three,



Robert Birkby fastens a flag to its pole in preparation for Memorial Day in Sidney, Iowa.

long, difficult days, he sat in the large room with other medical students, stretching his mind to answer questions pertaining to four years of the study of medicine. "They didn't miss a sentence or a period!" Craig stated. Although he felt he had done alright, it was a relieved young man who received word several weeks later that he had passed the exams.

Then, on March 17, Craig received notice of his acceptance into a residency program for the coming year.

This procedure had really begun last fall when Craig spent four weeks traveling around the country to visit hospitals where he thought he might like to work as an intern. It is, he informed us, just like applying for a job. He looked over each program and facility; the hospital personnel looked him over. When he returned to Iowa City, Craig studied through all of his papers and ranked those hospitals where

he would be willing to go as a resident, starting with his first choice.

All across the country, other senior medical students were doing the same and all the hospitals involved in the program were ranking the students who had applied. On March 17, computers which had received all this information, spewed out the "matches" telling which applicants were accepted and where.

Craig's first choice had been Denver, Colorado, with two hospitals involved in a Flexible Residency Program—St. Lukes and the Presbyterian Hospital. Craig liked the program, the physical facilities and the staff he met when he applied.

Craig and his fellow fourth-year medical students gathered in one of the classrooms at the University to await the results. The scene was repeated all across the country. The envelopes were brought in and handed out to each in turn. When Craig received his, he quickly tore open the flap and read the words which told him he had been matched with the first choice location, the two fine hospitals in Denver, Colorado.

The actual internship will begin on July 1, but Craig plans to go to Denver earlier to find an apartment and, if time permits, meet Jeff in the mountains and do a bit of hiking and camping before the pressure of his residency begins.

Meanwhile, Robert and I are trying to keep our equilibrium and do the routine work around the home place. Robert is busily involved in transplanting seedlings, preparing the ground and planning a shed for his garden equipment. He has a new supply of bees coming in shortly, so he has been cleaning and preparing a new hive. Last year's supply of table honey was not enough to last through the winter, so we are hopeful another hive will help produce more than enough for this coming year. This past winter, also, was extremely hard on bees, what with all the ice and snow. It is a wonder any of them survived at all.

Robert has also been spending some time with other volunteers getting the big flags ready to position on our Sidney courthouse square. These are flags which have been given to deceased veteran's families. Each flag is mounted on a heavy pole and the name of the veteran is marked on the pole so it can be identified. Containers are placed in the ground around the square so the flagpoles can stand straight and tall in patriotic display. Come Memorial Day, the volunteers will have them in place.

And speaking of flags, if we are going to celebrate this end-of-the-Birkby-school-years properly, I'd best go find our American flag and see if it is in good enough shape to fly.





THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

A reader who signed the letter L.C. asks for information about an old-time flower that abounded in yards of yesteryear.

"I am not sure of the true name for this plant but I'd like to find a source. It grew under a window on my grandparent's farm," the letter stated. "My grandmother called it a 'goldenrod' but I'm sure this was not correct. The plant grew up to 12 feet high and produced multitudes of greenish-yellow, daisy-like flowers. I could look out of my upstairs room under the eaves and almost pick the flowers—the plants grew that high. We have moved to an acreage in the country and want very much to grow as many of the flowers we can remember from childhood as we can obtain. One catalog shows a yellow sunflower that looks very similar but the flowers are larger and the plant grows only 30 inches tall. Grandmother's 'goldenrod' grew much taller."

L.C. is looking for rudbeckia, or rudbeckia laciniata ('Cutleaf Coneflower'). Old-timers know it as 'Golden Glow' and clumps of this carefree perennial are still found growing around old farmhouses. Heliopsis, 'Summer Sun', can readily be mistaken for 'Golden Glow' as both are from the Compositae family. This hardy perennial is a sunflower and does not grow as tall as 'Golden Glow', though the flowers are similar. Both of these plants come in double types. I found both seeds and plants of heliopsis offered in catalogs but no trace of 'Golden Glow'. If L.C. will write to Kent Whealey, Seed Savers Exchange, Princeton, Mo. 64673, he or she may be able to find a source of both seeds and plants of 'Golden Glow'.

Several readers have written to inquire if the "Teas & Tours" will be continued this summer at our Chapel Gardens. Unless something unforeseen comes up, The Little Chapel of the Flowers and surrounding gardens will be open to the visiting public. Write to The Chapel Gardens, Eagle Bend, Minn. 56446, and ask for the tour guideline sheet.

Mrs. H.M. wants a source of the 'European Purple-Fire Salvia'. She thought it had a Norwegian name. I think she will find 'Salvia Nemorosa' (Ost Friesland) offered in K. Van Bourgondien & Sons spring catalog. Write to this address for a free copy—245 Farmingdale Rd., New York, N.Y. 11702.

One who is told how to solve the problem may forget. One who works on the problem until it is solved will learn.



Every year we are the happy recipients of a beautiful potted amaryllis sent as a gift from my brother, Wayne, and his wife, Abigail. This year, along with the bulb which bloomed all during the Christmas season, we were delighted to also receive this fine new photograph to enjoy all the year around. Abigail and Wayne Driftmier live in Denver, Colo.

—Lucile

WINDOW BOXES

Why not take a window box to a sick or elderly friend? Such a container for plants and flowers is a long-lasting gift, for new leaves and blooms continue to develop. Every time the receiver looks at such a gift, takes care of it, or picks a flower, she will remember the giver.

Each member of a garden club, social group or church circle can place one flower in such a planter so that it is filled with many favorite plants. It is nice if the members can take turns going to see the ill or shut-in friend and help care for the flowers, providing a cheerful visit along with a needed service.

A good way to share the beauty and joy of flowers with strangers is to take window boxes to nursing homes, hospitals and temporary-care centers. Ask permission to do this before making the trip to such a place, and request suggestions as to the persons who would enjoy such a gift the most. It is a way members of a group can become acquainted with new friends.

Children in a hospital ward would also enjoy a flower box for it gives youngsters something to watch as the plants change and grow. It is never too early to instill the love and appreciation of flowers in the heart of a child.

Plant-filled boxes last much longer than bouquets of flowers. They can be displayed either inside or outside for the viewers' enjoyment. They provide companionship and something colorful and alive to cheer lonely or sick people.

When considering sending flowers to those who need them, remember the long-lasting, delightful window box.

—Annette Lingelbach

THE GORGEOUS GOLDFINCH

by
Fern Christian Miller

The gorgeous black and gold coat of the male goldfinch in spring is very bright and handsome. The drab little olive-green birds that flock to our winter feeders surely can't be the same birds—but they are!

In winter plumage, the male, female and immature birds are much the same in coloring. They may be seen in roller-coaster flight across weedy, snowy fields, in seed-bearing conifer trees, around sunflowers or in thistle patches. It is easy to understand why one of their common names is "thisle bird".

A feeder, well-stocked with thistle or millet, is sure to draw goldfinches in winter. Their olive-colored winter coats have no streaking, and their pale horn-colored bill is stubby. They have a whitish rump, a notched tail and white wing bars. Their feeder call is a high-pitched, lonely "sheeeeee".

It is a lovely sight in spring to see the now bright-yellow male with his black cap and wings as he pecks away at dandelion seed heads. Sometimes a tree will be filled with gay black and gold males singing their lovely mating song. No wonder they are often called wild canaries.

The spirited, cheerful, four- to five-inch birds may be seen in summer from northern Texas to Newfoundland. In winter, they usually move south a few hundred miles. The American goldfinch is primarily a vegetarian, but he will manage to survive on a diet of insects in the spring if seeds are scarce.

Goldfinches do not begin their nest building until July or August. Perhaps this is because they line their well-built, cup nests with thistle down. Or, perhaps, because the three to five babies are fed largely on semi-digested seeds which their parents regurgitate directly into their mouths. Not nearly enough seeds for this task are available in early spring when other birds are nesting. The young birds are cared for very well in their tight little cradles. When they learn to eat for themselves, they flock with their parents until mating time the following summer.

By mid-September, the family cares are finished and the birds gather in great flocks and drift about the country wherever good feeding grounds can be found.

Iowa is the home for so many of the beautiful goldfinches that the lovely birds have been designated as the state bird.

Always speak straight from the shoulder with a stiff upper lip, but make certain that each thought originates higher up.

Recipes

RHUBARB CONSERVE

- 4 cups diced rhubarb (2½ lbs.)
- 5 1/2 cups sugar (2½ lbs.)
- 2 whole oranges
- 1 whole lemon
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups seedless raisins
- 1 1/2 cups chopped dates
- 1 cup chopped walnuts

Place rhubarb and sugar in a large container. Cover and let set overnight. Next day, thinly slice the oranges and lemon and add to rhubarb along with the flavorings, raisins and dates. Bring to boiling, then reduce to simmer. Simmer for about 35 to 40 minutes, or until thickened. Add nuts the last five minutes of cooking time. Ladle into sterilized jars and seal.

Good on toast, hot breads, as an ice cream topping, or an accompaniment to meat dishes.

—Betty Jane

CHEESE PRETZELS

- 1 cup unsifted flour
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 Tbls. grated fresh Parmesan cheese
- 1 cup shredded sharp Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 tsp. garlic powder
- 1/2 tsp. onion powder
- 1/4 tsp. dried basil
- 1/4 tsp. oregano
- 1/4 tsp. crumbled rosemary leaves
- 3 1/2 Tbls. water

Combine flour, butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Work together like pastry dough. Add cheeses and seasonings. Sprinkle the water on a little at a time while tossing mixture lightly until it holds together. Divide the ball into half, then shape each half into 12 small balls. (If dough seems sticky, chill for a time.) Roll each ball with hands into long, thin rope. Form each rope into pretzel shape. Place on ungreased baking sheet slightly apart. Bake at 425 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes, or until golden brown. Delicious warm as snacks or with soups. Can be placed in plastic bag and frozen. If frozen, can be popped into warm oven for a minute to heat.

—Robin

GRANDMA'S ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

- 5 potatoes, sliced
- 2 onions, sliced
- 2 cups asparagus
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Butter or margarine
- 4 slices cheese

Arrange vegetables in a casserole. Asparagus may be fresh, frozen or canned (drained well). Sprinkle butter flavoring and salt and pepper to taste over vegetables. Dot with butter or margarine and top with cheese. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes, or until potatoes are done.

—Evelyn

ALMOND CAKES

- 1 2-layer size white cake mix
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Prepare cake mix according to directions given. Beat in flavorings. Spoon enough batter into 5 paper-lined regular muffin pans to fill each cup half full. Spoon half the remaining batter into each of two greased and floured 8-inch square cake pans. Bake according to time and temperature given in directions. (Cake should rise to about 1 inch in thickness.) Cool thoroughly. Cut cakes into 1-inch squares pieces. Make up the following frosting:

- 1 1/2 Tbls. butter
- 2-3 Tbls. vegetable shortening
- 1 to 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
- Milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 1/2 to 2 cups toasted, blanched almonds, finely ground

Combine the butter, shortening, powdered sugar, milk and flavorings. (Frosting should not be too thin.)

Frost cake squares (and cupcakes) on all sides. Roll in ground almonds. Let dry well before storing. The cake can be made ahead, then frosted a day later. The frosted cakes freeze well.

—Robin

RHUBARB DESSERT SQUARES

- 1 cup uncooked old-fashioned rolled oats
- 1/3 cup finely chopped pecans
- 1/3 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/4 cup margarine, softened
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 4 cups diced rhubarb
- 1 1/4 cups water
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. strawberry gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 cup whipped topping or sweetened whipped cream

Combine the rolled oats, pecans, brown sugar, margarine and butter flavoring; mix well. Press into an 8-inch square pan which has been lined with foil and greased lightly. Bake at 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes, or until light golden brown. Cool thoroughly. Simmer the rhubarb in the water for about 2 minutes or until tender. Pour in large bowl and immediately add the gelatin and strawberry flavoring, mixing until dissolved. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in whipped topping or cream and chill an additional 30 minutes. Spoon the chilled mixture evenly over crust and refrigerate for about 4 hours before serving.

—Verlene

MUSHROOM-STUFFED PORK CHOPS

(For two)

- 2 pork loin chops, cut 1¼ inches thick
- 1 2-oz. can chopped mushrooms, drained
- 1 Tbls. snipped fresh parsley
- 1 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Dash of pepper
- Swiss cheese slices
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1/4 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 1 Tbls. oil
- 1/3 cup water
- 1/4 cup apple juice
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 Tbls. cold water

Cut pockets in chops. Salt and pepper. Combine the mushrooms, parsley, onion, salt and pepper. Stuff pockets. Place a slice of Swiss cheese on top of stuffing in pockets. (Some stuffing may be left over.) Secure opening with toothpicks. Dip the chops in the beaten egg and then coat with bread crumbs. Heat oil in skillet and brown meat. Add the 1/3 cup water and apple juice. Spoon any remaining stuffing mixture around and on top of chops. Cover and simmer for about 1 hour, or until meat is done. More water may have to be added during cooking. When done, transfer chops to platter and keep warm. Make a paste of the flour and cold water; add to sauce in skillet and cook, stirring, until thick and bubbly. Serve sauce over chops.

—Robin

CARROT BREAD

- 2/3 cup oil
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup grated carrots
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Spread in greased loaf pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour. —Robin

MOLDED AVOCADO CREAM

- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped fresh parsley
- Dash of hot pepper seasoning
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 8-oz. can frozen avocado dip, thawed (If avocado dip is not available in your area, 1 cup of fresh, mashed avocado and 1/4 tsp. garlic powder, can be substituted.)

1/2 lb. cooked, small shrimp
Crackers

Place the cold water in a small pan. Sprinkle the gelatin over the water and let set for about 5 minutes. Heat, stirring constantly until gelatin is dissolved. Add the salt, parsley, seasoning, sour cream and avocado. Blend well. Pour into 3-cup greased mold. Chill for several hours or overnight. Unmold onto platter. Arrange the shrimp and crackers around the molded avocado cream.

Makes a very attractive dip to serve at the buffet table. —Juliana

PRESSURE COOKER CHICKEN

- 1/4 cup oil
- 3 to 4 drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 3-lb. chicken, cut in quarters
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 3 whole cloves
- 1 bay leaf, crumbled
- 1/4 tsp. oregano
- 1 tsp. chili powder
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 medium tomatoes, chopped (or equivalent of canned)
- 1 cup sliced pimiento-stuffed olives

Heat pressure cooker pan and add oil and butter flavoring. Brown chicken pieces. Combine all the ingredients except for the tomatoes and olives. Pour over chicken. Cover and cook under pressure for 12 minutes. Cool. Remove chicken. Add the tomatoes and olives to juices in pan. Heat through. Sauce may be thickened with a little flour if desired. Pour sauce over chicken. —Juliana

TASTY TUNA-ASPARAGUS SALAD

- 1 12-oz. carton cottage cheese
- 1 6 1/2-oz. can tuna, drained
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/4 cup chopped celery
- 1/4 tsp. dill weed
- 1/3 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing

Cooked asparagus spears

Combine all ingredients with exception of asparagus spears. (Use uncreamed cottage cheese and water-packed tuna to make this a low-calorie recipe if desired.) Chill well. Serve on lettuce leaves with cooked asparagus spears as garnish. Do not overcook the asparagus—it should be crispy-tender. —Evelyn

CHOCOLATE-ALMOND-CARROT CAKE

- 1 cup whole almonds, finely ground
- 2 ozs. semisweet chocolate, finely ground
- 6 eggs, separated
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. grated orange peel
- 3/4 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup grated carrots, packed and well drained

Grease a 9-inch tube pan. Sprinkle 2 Tbls. of the ground almonds in pan.

In large bowl, beat the egg whites until foamy. Add 1/4 cup of the sugar, one tablespoon at a time, beating until glossy peaks form.

In another bowl, beat the egg yolks with the remaining sugar, orange peel, cinnamon and salt. Stir in the ground almonds, bread crumbs, flavoring and half the carrots.

Fold the remaining carrots into the egg white mixture. Fold into the egg yolk mixture along with the ground chocolate. Spread the batter into prepared pan and bake in 350-degree oven for 45 minutes. Cool cake in pan. Remove onto plate and frost.

NOTE: This recipe does not call for any flour or baking powder.

Frosting

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 oz. semisweet chocolate
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 2 Tbls. hot water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Melt the butter or margarine, flavoring and chocolate over low heat. Add remaining ingredients and blend well. Frost cake. May be decorated with whole almonds, if desired. —Betty Jane

BAKED RHUBARB SAUCE

- 4 cups diced rhubarb
- 4 oranges, peeled and chopped
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Twist of lemon rind (optional)

In an earthenware baking dish, alternate layers of rhubarb and orange. Sprinkle sugar and flavorings over each layer. Place lemon rind in middle layer. Bake at 375 degrees for 40 to 45 minutes until bubbly around edges. This makes a good pie filling also. —Betty Jane

PARTY CHICKEN A LA KING

- 2 3 1/2-lb. frying chickens
- 1 carrot, sliced
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 tsp. mixed herbs
- 2 to 3 tsp. salt

Cut each chicken into 4 pieces. Place in large, heavy kettle. Cover with water. Add the carrot, onion, herbs and salt. Simmer slowly until meat is just tender. Remove meat from kettle and cool. Skim excess fat from broth, strain and refrigerate until jelled. Remove chicken meat from bones, cut in bite-size pieces and refrigerate. Prepare the following:

- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 lb. fresh mushroom caps, sliced vertically
- 1 green pepper, sliced very thin
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- Salt and pepper
- 2 cups light cream
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1/2 cup jelled chicken stock
- 1 3-oz. jar pimientos, cut fine
- 2 egg yolks
- Juice of 1/2 lemon
- 1/2 cup club soda
- 1 Tbls. butter

Triangles of toast or pastry

In a large frying pan, melt the 3 Tbls. butter. Add the mushrooms and green pepper and saute lightly. Sprinkle on the flour and seasonings. Cook for one minute, stirring. Reduce heat to very low and slowly add the light cream, heavy cream and chicken stock. Cook on low heat until thickened—about 5 minutes. Add the chicken pieces and allow to heat through. Cool slightly and refrigerate for one to two hours to blend flavors.

Reheat on low heat and then add the pimientos. Beat egg yolks in 1-cup measure. Add 1 Tbls. of the heated sauce at a time to the egg yolks, beating briskly after each addition, until 1 cup in volume. Return all to the sauce along with the lemon juice, soda and 1 Tbls. butter. Cook slowly until heated through. Serve on triangles of toast or pastry.

—Betty Jane

OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD-GOOD CHOCOLATE COOKIES

- 3/4 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. light cream
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 1-oz. squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
- 1 egg
- 2 1/3 cups flour
- 2 tsp. cocoa

Cream the butter, sugar, cream, salt and flavoring. Beat in the melted chocolate and egg. (I use an electric mixer—beat well.) Stir in the flour and cocoa and then beat entire mixture some more. Put into cookie press, using a ribbon-like opening. Press out onto a lightly greased baking tin. Bake in a 375-degree oven for 8 minutes. Cookies will be very thin, 2 inches wide and about 4 inches long. You really can make them any size you please. If you do not have a cookie press, flatten them out in your hands, but make them very thin.

—Frederick

LEMON PICNIC CAKE

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
- 3 cups packaged biscuit mix
- 4 eggs
- 3/4 cup salad oil
- 3/4 cup water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine all ingredients in large mixer bowl. Beat with electric mixer at low speed until combined; then beat at medium speed for 5 minutes. Spread in greased and floured 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes. Cool about 5 minutes. With fork, pierce cake several times. Pour the following glaze over cake:

- 1 1/2 cups sifted powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine the ingredients and pour evenly over warm cake. Cool and serve.

—Betty Jane

APRICOT (OR PEACH) CRUMB CAKE

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/2 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 1/4 cup milk
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 10 ozs. apricot (or peach) pie filling

Combine the cream cheese, shortening and sugar. Mix well. Gradually add the milk and blend in the eggs and flavorings. Sift dry ingredients together and add to creamed mixture. Mix



As is true with many other mothers and daughters, Mary Lea Palo and her mother, Betty Driftmier, enjoy cooking together. This photograph was taken in Mary Lea's kitchen in Bellevue, Nebr.

well. Pour half the batter into a greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan. Dot with the pie filling. Cover with the remaining batter. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes. Remove from oven and top with the following:

- 2 cups shredded coconut
- 2/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/3 cup margarine

Combine topping ingredients and spread over top of cake. Broil until golden. Watch closely.

—Dorothy

TUNA BAKE (Microwave)

- 1 can tuna
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas
- 3/4 cup dry rice, cooked
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/4 cup shredded Cheddar or American cheese

- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. instant minced onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 1 cup coarsely crushed cornflakes
- 3/4 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1 Tbls. melted butter

Combine tuna, peas, rice, sour cream, 1/4 cup cheese, mayonnaise, eggs, lemon juice, onion, salt and pepper. Pour into baking dish. Toss cornflakes, 3/4 cup cheese and butter together. Sprinkle topping over tuna mix. Microwave on high for 15 to 18 minutes, turning dish twice during cooking.

Can be baked in conventional oven at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes.

—Hallie

BROCCOLI SUPREME

- 2 lbs. fresh broccoli
- 1/2 cup ham strips
- 3 Tbls. margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 can cream of celery soup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 6 thin slices Swiss cheese

Cook broccoli in water until tender. Drain. Sauté ham strips in the margarine and butter flavoring. In a saucepan, mix the soup and milk. Heat until warm. Put broccoli in a 2-quart casserole. Place the sautéed ham strips on top. Layer 3 slices of the cheese on top of ham. Pour the soup mixture over all and top with remaining cheese slices. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes.

—Verlene

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

I read with interest the article titled, "Sitting by the Fire", by Evelyn Birkby, in the February 1982 issue of *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. It brought back old memories to me when rivels were mentioned.

Many years ago, I visited an aunt I loved dearly. How nice it was to sit down at her huge dining table. In those days, good food was served most graciously with a warm welcome, and was truly a treat. I had never tasted rivels before. Aunt Anne served them in stewed tomatoes and they were delicious!

During my own family's growing-up years, I served rivels many times in our home. Just for old-times' sake, I'm going to start using them in my stews and soups all over again. If I remember right, Aunt Anne called them "crumbles", and so did we.

—Verna Sparks



One-pound wooden butter molds are treasured antiques. This one shows a wheat pattern carved inside, which imprinted the design on the soft butter. Oak leaves, acorns, flowers, etc., were just a few of the favorite designs.

GRANDMA'S BUTTER BUSINESS

by
Annabelle Scott Whobrey

BUTTER FOR SALE—the crude little sign was nailed to a big catalpa tree in Grandma's front yard, but it told little of the true story behind the butter business.

I never let on, but I know why Grandma needed the extra money she made with her sweet cream butter; she chewed tobacco! Mercy, it was an evil habit for a lady in that day and time and I wasn't supposed to know. I happened to find her box of Picnic Twist in the bottom drawer of her dresser; from that day forward I took note of her large apron pocket. O, she was sly when she pinched off a bit to chew and always covered up the evidence with a hankie! She dared not let other ladies know of her "baccor" because she was known for being dignified and nobody dared question Grandma's character.

Many of the women of that day and place dipped snuff, but this habit was accepted by society. Somehow, Grandma never cared for dipping.

I used to pinch off a bit of her tobacco and wondered how in the world she acquired such a habit? Occasionally, it made me sick to my stomach—if I happened to get caught with a chew. How else could I get rid of the evidence but to swallow it? This caused concern and was followed by a dose of worm medicine because everybody reasoned nothing else could cause me to be so deathly sick! Nobody suspicioned I was enough like Grandma to want to be devious and sample the vices of tobacco; I hated the taste, it was the adventure I liked.

Grandma had a small Civil War pension check and supplemented it with income from her flock of Dominecker hens and the butter business. The making of the butter interested me from

the time I was told I could drive Daisy and Bossy to the barn. Both were gentle and I could hitch a ride from the pasture if Grandma went along to help me up onto the cow. Poor ole Daisy didn't have a bush on her tail; a playful puppy had swung on her tail and tore it off and she couldn't switch flies in the summertime. Bossy's tail was like a club when the cockleburrs were ripe and she often gave Grandma some painful wallops while she was doing the milking. The swat would up-end Grandma from the milk stool and often spilled a lot of milk. These were trying times for Grandma to act a lady. She would slip her hand in her apron pocket and, under cover of the handkerchief, pinch a chew and take her frustration out on the Picnic Twist.

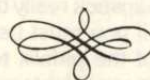
I enjoyed drinking a cup of the warm milk straight from the cow; it was delicious.

Milking was just the start of making butter. Grandma strained the milk through a snow-white cloth into gallon crocks and set them in her cellar to cool. She skimmed the cream off the milk until enough cream was saved to churn. I was allowed to manipulate the handle on the churn. Grandma stood for no tomfoolery and eyed me closely to see I didn't turn

the handle first one way then another. The cream must be turned constantly the same direction until little yellow flecks of butter began to show, then Grandma took over. She turned the paddle ever so slowly to gather the butter and then spooned it into a big bowl and washed it several times in cold water. Getting every drop of milk out of the butter was her secret of making butter that stayed sweet so long.

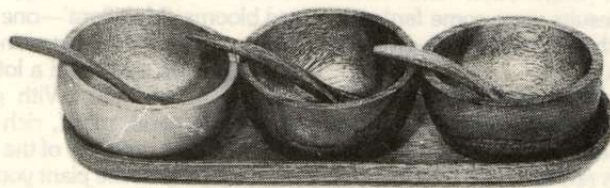
After the butter was thoroughly washed, Grandma patted it into a pound mold and when it was pushed out of the wooden mold, it looked like real "boughten" butter; the imprint of oak leaves and acorns was so pretty on top. Each pound was wrapped in cheesecloth and kept in the cellar until sold.

Today, the old butter mold and churn are classics among collector's items, retired among other antiques and saved for posterity. One turn of that churn handle and I am off on a nostalgic trip into childhood when my grandma was in the butter business. A time when we shared some sweet moments and one sinister secret.



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The Kissing Cousins

by
Sybil Behrens

Almost everyone knows about *Saint-paulia*, the many-colored African violet that is the number one plant for indoor growing. Most everyone knows about the gloxinia which, by the way, is really *Sinningia Speciosa*. They are both members of the family, Gesneriad, but there are more members in that family that many do not know about.

I. Columnea

Most Gesneriads come from Central America, South America and other tropical areas. *Columnea* (co-lum-knee-ah) is sometimes referred to as the "goldfish" or "lipstick plant". Neither name is proper and the lipstick really belongs to a different plant if you must use common names. (One of the pitfalls to common names is that several plants may come to be called by the same name and, also, several different names can be given to the same plant.)

Columneas are quite new to the indoor gardeners of the country. About fifteen years ago, a group of horticultural explorers sent back some specimens from Central America. In order to classify them properly, the plants were crossed with each other and other plants. The results were some fantastic new hybrids that are well worth growing in our homes.

These are all hanging-basket plants. They have quite small leaves; some are as velvety as any leaf you ever touched, others carry a reddish fuzz. The blooms are yellow, yellow-orange, coral-pink, light red, pink and red. Some plants are rather shrubby in growth habits, others trail in a waterfall style.

Some columneas are once-a-year bloomers. The newer hybrids bloom constantly, some profusely. Since they come from Central America, they can stand very hot weather—up to the high 90's F.—with no trouble at all.

To bloom, the plants must have good light. I have grown them in east, west and south windows and can see no difference in performance. Most of mine are in 8-inch hanging baskets.

These plants are easy to start from slips. Buy a small plant, pinch out the top half when it reaches 6 or 8 inches in height and pop the cutting into the edge of the pot. You will soon have more cuttings to pinch out and stick around the edge. One plant per pot is fine. A single plant can stand very well by itself if that is

your preference.

Slips will root in water but they are not as strong as those started in soil. Just remove several of the lower leaves and push the stems into moist soil. They root quickly, grow rapidly and bloom when quite young.

When the stems get old looking, break them quite close to soil level and new shoots will spring up like magic. It is recommended that you break out old stems if they cease to bloom. When you remove older branches, break them into 6- to 8-inch pieces and pot them up for gifts or to increase your own supply of plants.

Some columneas and their characteristics are: 'Bonfire'—a good-sized, graceful, arching trailer with medium-sized orange blooms that keep blooming constantly. 'Red Spur'—good, dark foliage with long, clear, red blooms. Ever blooming. Quite new. 'Great Horned'—each bloom has a small horn at the top of the light yellow-orange hood. The foliage is the most maroon of any. 'Yellow Dragon'—has a large leaf about 3 inches long and about 3/4 of an inch wide. The blooms are a clear yellow and it is always in heavy bloom. 'Marianne'—a compact grower with 1½-inch narrow leaves and profuse, dainty, red-coral blooms. This variety grows well under lights. 'Scarlet O'Hara'—wine-colored fuzzy hair which grows on the stems and backs of the leaves. Produces large, red blooms. 'Sylvia'—classed as a pink but really has small, light-red blooms. 'Anna C.'—small, rose-red blooms grow in great numbers at all times. Has small 1-inch leaves. 'Gloriosa'—velvety, with large, red blooms. 'Multiflora'—one of the best burnt orange, heavy-blooming plants.

Columneas can stand a lot of neglect without being killed. With good care, growing in good, moist, rich soil, these plants can become one of the most spectacular of any house plant you can grow.

II. Nematanthus

Nematanthus (knee-mah-tan-thus) is a trailing-to-shrubby member of the Gesneriad family. Commonly, it is called the "candy corn" or "guppy plant". The blooms are pouchy, little, orange blossoms with a fine petal-spreading, mouth-like opening on the end—cute and dainty.

As with the columnea, we have species and hybrids. The species are sometimes a bit touchy to grow as they have a habit of going dormant and people think the plants are dying so chuck them out. In reality, all a person should do is cut back on water and let the plants rest awhile, then water more freely when new growth begins.

The species '*Nematanthus Wetsteinii*' is the one most often offered for sale and is the one that likes to go dormant in two or three years. Personally, I like 'Mari-

anne W.' as a replacement, for it rarely goes dormant and is a vigorous grower. It gets branches about 24 inches long. The bloom is similar to the 'Wetsteinii' variety.

My favorite variety is 'Radicans'—an ever bloomer which can be kept shrubby by heavy pruning or left to trail in a large-size hanging basket. All *nematanthus* are prettier and more pleasing to the eye if they are pruned. All the hanging-basket Gesneriads send up new shoots after they are heavily pruned to make a nice, full plant in a few short months.

Nematanthus culture is very easy as they like an average potting soil kept evenly moist with good light and temperature—the same as humans enjoy. They are easily started from cuttings put down in potting soil and kept evenly moist. It does well in east, south and west light.

Other varieties than those already mentioned are: 'Tropicana'—tends to be shrubby, blooms are a creamy-yellow with maroon stripes. 'Black Magic' and 'Green Magic'—much alike except 'Black Magic' has a darker leaf. The blooms are about 1½ inches long. They are arching rather than cascading. 'Butterscotch'—has yellow blooms.

All *nematanthus* have leaves that look as if they are newly waxed and polished. Most are small, from a half-inch up to nearly 2 inches in size.

III. Aeschynanthus

Aeschynanthus (eye-skin-an-thus) is a trailing Gesneriad from South America commonly called "the lipstick plant" because the calyx looks like a tube of Tangee lipstick (remember the 10¢ size we used back in the 30's?). As the tube grows, it opens up a little like an old trumpet vine. The bloom usually grows in clusters at the ends of branches which trail down the sides of hanging pots. Some of the plants grow to be very large, but there are now newer varieties which grow more compact.

Aeschynanthus need good light to bloom and do not seem to mind hot temperatures. They root readily and are easy to grow. Good soil, a regular fertilizing program, even moisture, plus good strong light about sums up their needs.

The newer varieties bloom more. These are my suggestions: 'Hildebrandtis'—has bright, red tubular flowers, ever blooming and dwarf. A real eyecatcher. 'Coral Flame'—is another quite compact plant that blooms heavily all along the branch. It comes back into bloom quite soon after it rests. 'Pulcher'—the common lipstick plant you see most of the time. It grows about 3 feet long and blooms about every 4 or 5 months.





For May Parties

by
Virginia Thomas

Mother's Day Cake: Make your favorite cupcakes. Ice, then decorate by putting one letter on each cake to spell out M-O-T-H-E-R or M-O-T-H-E-R'S D-A-Y. (Use a decorator's tube or small candies to outline letters.) Place cakes in a circle as a centerpiece with a low bouquet of flowers or a glass bowl of fresh strawberries in the center.

May-Time Centerpiece: For a May breakfast, brunch or luncheon, use kitchen containers—souffle pans, ring molds or teapots—as containers for spring flowers, or try groupings of miniature arrangements made in toothpick holders, napkin rings or individual salt dishes. Blooming houseplants make lovely centerpieces. Tuck daffodils into pots of ivy for the tables or make nosegay bouquets of African violet plants by adding lacy paper doily frills around the top of the pots. Lovely pots of assorted green plants can be glamorized by tucking fresh spring flowers among the greenery for a special arrangement.

Maypoles: For the room setting or decorations for a Maypole theme, place a floor-to-ceiling pole in the center of the room, then run ruffled paper streamers in pastel colors from the top of the pole out to the walls to form a canopy over the room. Arrange garden flowers—tulips, lilacs, forsythia, violets (whatever is in bloom)—to turn the dining room into a veritable spring garden.

For centerpieces on the tables, make miniature Maypoles using candles in holders as the pole and to each attach ribbon streamers in pastel colors which are then run out to the place settings on the table. Hold down the ends with bits of tape. A nosegay of small flowers might be placed over the tape at the end of each ribbon, thus each person would receive a favor.

Garden Flower Lei: A lovely way to honor each guest is with a lei made of lilacs and other spring blossoms. Two members or their young daughters could stand at the door ready to place a lei on each guest as she arrives.

Maybaskets: If you are planning a May banquet or luncheon, ask each woman to bring a Maybasket she has

made. Have someone appointed to take these Maybaskets as they are brought and put them at random next to the place settings. Later, each person might try to guess who made her basket.

GAMES

Scrambled Birds: Unscramble the following birds: 1. Wrapsor, 2. Rubbled, 3. Roloei, 4. Yujelba, 5. Wern, 6. Karl, 7. Wroc, 8. Brino, 9. Dialcran, 10. Vedo.

ANSWERS: 1. Sparrow, 2. Bluebird, 3. Oriole, 4. Bluejay, 5. Wren, 6. Lark, 7. Crow, 8. Robin, 9. Cardinal, 10. Dove.

—Mabel Nair Brown

Maternal Quiz: Name the mother.
1. A writer of nursery rhymes. 2. She's head of a convent. 3. She doesn't like to be fooled. 4. She got a dog a bone. 5. An Irish mother of song. 6. You get her by marriage. 7. She devises things that sometimes need a patent. 8. She founded the American Society of Shakers.

ANSWERS: 1. Mother Goose, 2. Mother Superior, 3. Mother Nature, 4. Mother Hubbard, 5. Mother Machree, 6. Mother-in-law, 7. Mother of Invention, 8. Mother Ann.

—Erma Reynolds

Famous Women: Name the famous woman who . . . 1. Worked to establish Mother's Day. 2. Worked to establish Father's Day. 3. First woman to fly solo across the Atlantic. 4. First woman cabinet member. 5. First woman doctor. 6. First woman governor. 7. First First Lady. 8. First woman Senator. 9. First English baby born in America. 10. Founder of modern nursing. 11. Founder of American Red Cross. 12. Indian princess. 13. Guide for the Lewis and Clark.

ANSWERS: 1. Anna Jarvis, 2. Sonora Dodd, 3. Amelia Earhart, 4. Frances Perkins, 5. Elizabeth Blackwell, 6. Nellie Ross, 7. Martha Washington, 8. Rebecca Latimer, 9. Virginia Dare, 10. Florence Nightingale, 11. Clara Barton, 12. Pocahontas, 13. Sacajawea.

—Dianne L. Beetler

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God bless this day with honest toil,
Each hour with hope and love;
Bless the night with restful sleep,
Restore our strength, revive our
souls.

God bless each thought or word or deed,
Incline our hearts, O Lord, toward
Thee;

Bless all resolves to faithfulness;
Unite in blessed harmony.

God bless this land where freedom
dwells,

Inspire with noble aims,
Bless homes and people everywhere;
Direct our paths toward peace.

God bless the weary or distressed,
Give courage for each day.

Bless all who seek Thy daily care;
In faith and gratitude we pray—
God bless us everyone.

—Thelma M. Griffith

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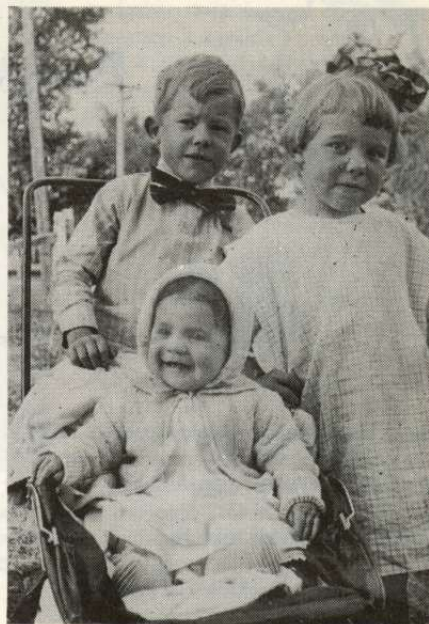
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From Our Family Album



This picture was taken in 1914—68 years ago! Brother Howard and I had gone out to take sister Dorothy for a ride in her carriage. The thing I enjoyed above all was taking Dorothy for a ride. In fact, I was so proud of this little sister, I felt she was my baby and loved showing her off at every opportunity.

Dear Mother never made us feel we were too young to be responsible for Dorothy. She also saw that we looked very neat, even if all we did was go back and forth on the walk in front of our house. As you can see by this picture, Dorothy has on a pretty knitted sweater, hood and booties, much like the ones worn by babies today. But the clothes Howard and I are wearing are a dead giveaway as to the age of this picture taken so long ago. Today we don't see boys, five years old, wearing ties or four-year-old girls with big bows perched on top of their heads.

Incidentally, to use this particular picture, I had to take a very sharp razor blade and cut it out with great care from a page in Dorothy's baby book. Mother had written under the picture: "Four Months Old".

Dorothy's baby book is very unusual because it is bound in blue moire and on the cover it reads: *BABY'S RECORD* by Maud Humphrey. On every page are elaborate and fanciful drawings. This book was designed and illustrated by the mother of one of our country's most famous movie stars, Humphrey Bogart. In a biography written about him, there is an account of Mrs. Humphrey's active and successful business of turning out such artistic publications.

When Dorothy and I read about Mrs. Humphrey's publications, we dug out this old baby book and, sure enough, it was the creation of the same Maud Humphrey.

—Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
teacher. She wrote, "Dear Frederick: I just want you to know that I said a little prayer for you today. This is a great big, wonderful, beautiful world, and I prayed that you will always find it so. I asked God always to help you give to the world the best that you can." Many times I have thanked God for that teacher and her concern for me.

Sincerely,

Frederick

WRAPPING

Wrap people around your little finger,
Wrap people around your life,
Best of all, wrap people around your
heart.
—Annette Lingelbach

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
was shipped in because it made a wonderful playhouse later. Grandfather Driftmier was a big help to Mother and did all the heavy work of crating and nailing boxes shut. Someone had to, because Mother sprained her back and had to stay in bed for a week. Less than a year later, Mother had that work to do over again because Dad was transferred back to Iowa. Is it any wonder that in all the pictures I have seen of Mother taken at that time, she looked so tired and thin?

I must close now and get this to the post office before the mail goes out.

Until next month . . .

Dorothy

COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

A column called *Reverential Extensions* by Rev. Elbert T. Larvick, visiting minister of the United Methodist Church, Humboldt, Iowa, has special meaning to me. It appears in the Humboldt newspaper, *The Republican*. The person he mentioned in one article was my mother, Anna J. Carlson, who died last November. This is what he wrote:

"Recently I visited with a lady who lives alone in her country home. Her children are grown and married. Two live in the vicinity and one away. She greatly appreciates friendly visits by acquaintances. Her faith in God sustains, provides the sparkle in her eyes, and gives her a mellowing charm in her growing years. One of the lessons of life that she has learned across the years is that when one has a series of things to do and one of them is distasteful, it should be done first. Than all the rest will be accomplished with a satisfactory sense of joy and achievement." *

This sounds so very much like my mother. Would that I may have such a good outlook if I am permitted to enjoy 85 years of living.

Mother's life began near Rolfe, Iowa, in 1896. Her father and mother were farmers, and as the eldest of a family of six children, Mom was Grandma Jacobsen's valuable helper.

My "Auntie"—Mom's sister, Elizabeth—wrote, "She was always the big sister who protected me in my childhood. Our walks to school were delightful in spring and fall as we watched the birds and wild animals along the way. One special memory was the joy of finding the exquisite pasque flower along the fence row in spring. We shared many household and farm chores. After gathering a load of golden Iowa corn, we would join in singing on the way home while watching the glowing fall sunsets."

Mother, Anna Jacobsen, married my father, Carl W. Carlson, in 1917. They, too, were farmers, and well knew the hard work and sacrifices made during the depression years. Mother raised chickens, had a huge vegetable garden, and helped Dad husk corn. It was during this time that Mother created a beautiful flower garden, the results often given as bouquets to family and friends. She fashioned a rock garden, complete with sunken tub, so waterlilies could float in the pool-tub. A childhood memory is walking home from school and smelling the good aroma of baked goods, and Mom there to greet me. My sister, Amy, and I grew up in a typical farm home, with hard-working parents, who respected people, trusted God, and taught their children, by example, how to live.



Anna J. Carlson, who encouraged her daughter, Armada, to read and write about books.

Because my lovely parent treasured her Grandma Maasdam's ironstone china, Tea Leaf pattern, she began to collect it. The gleaming, starkly white china, with design of three leaves with scalloped edges, became a favorite of hers. To set a table attractively with this pattern, gave her a sense of pleasure, of recalling past happy times.

The collection of scrapbooks she completed leaves me in awe. Because she loved antiques, many are on old furniture and glassware. Poetry, farm life, and the life of Louisa May Alcott are a few she lovingly prepared. One complete scrapbook, which is in diary form by Anita Hinnert, tells of the restoration of the Rutland Township Cemetery. Mom and relatives and friends recovered the lost dignity to a fine, old cemetery. Another of her projects, with the help of my sister and her husband and others, was the restoration of a rural school, Willow School. It now stands as part of the Humboldt County Historical Complex at Dakota City.

Mother Anna Carlson's favorite Bible verse—"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help"—has become mine, also. Through her words of encouragement to family and loving friends, many successes have been reached and goals obtained. She lived her religious faith. My sister, Amy, my brother, Laurie, and I, with our families, are appreciative. On this Mother's Day, I think of Mom as I read this prayer: "Oh, kindle, Lord, most holy, Thy lamp within my breast, To do in spirit lowly, All that may please Thee best."

Forty Ways to Say Thank You, Lord (Augsburg Publishing House, 426 S. Fifth St., Minneapolis, Minn. 55415, \$3.95) by Pastor James R. Bjorge contains 40 brief and personal Scripture meditations. Helpful in learning how to give thanks in hard times and in good times. He writes, "What sunshine is to flowers, smiles are to humanity. A grateful heart wrapped in a thankful smile is a gift of great value. A smile gives a lift to the weary and gladdens the sad. Donny and Marie Osmond of the singing Osmond family once stated that each of the children has a responsibility in its family life. In the interview Donny grinned and said that he and Marie were 'in charge of smiling.'" *A thank you and a smile are partners.*

You can say thanks in prayer. Pastor Bjorge writes, "Prayer will condition the mind and body and prepare it for the task ahead. There is a slogan that is used on many plaques: *Prayer changes things.* There is truth to that. But it is also true that prayer perhaps more frequently changes people, and people change things." *Your mental motor needs frequent tune-ups of thanksgiving.*

The book is filled with inspirational thoughts by a thankful author. James Bjorge is now pastor in Fargo, N. Dak.

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Needle Notes

by
Brenda Carl Rahn

All of us who sew are familiar with the markings on patterns that refer to the straight grain of the fabric. It is so easy to take lightly the importance of the grain of the fabric but the results can be disastrous! Skirts don't hang well, a garment refuses to hold its shape, all because of improper cutting on the grain.

The grain of a woven fabric is made up of the lengthwise (warp) threads and the crosswise (weft) threads. The crosswise threads form the selvage or finished edges of the fabric. The crosswise grain is from selvage to selvage and the lengthwise grain is along the vertical threads.

Problems arise when fabric is off-grain—when the lengthwise and crosswise threads do not run at exact angles to each other. To determine if the grain is straight, first make your piece of fabric thread perfect. To do this, clip one selvage edge slightly, then pick out two threads with a pin. Pull these threads gently, slipping the fabric along the thread. Cut the fabric along the pulled thread line (you should be able to see it plainly). If the thread breaks as it is being pulled, cut along the line it has made until you can pick it up again. Continue until you reach the other selvage edge.

On woven plaids, it is simple enough to use a prominent rib or thread as a cutting guide. Other woven fabrics can be made thread-perfect by cutting along a thread

as straight as possible, then unravel the threads until one can be unraveled that covers the entire width, then cut off the uneven fringed edge.

Once the fabric is cut grain-perfect, check to see if the fabric itself has been pulled off-grain. This can happen as it is being rolled onto the bolt or if pressure is uneven during printing or finishing processes during manufacturing.

Fold the fabric in half lengthwise and try to line up the ends with a corner and edge of a table or the lines on your cutting board. If your fabric is on grain, the crosswise edges will form a right angle with the selvage edges. With an off-grain fabric, the edges form a slanted angle. When the selvages are matched together, the crosswise edges either don't meet or curve in some way.

If the fabric is off-grain, what can be done about it? If the fabric is bonded or permanent press, nothing. The grain has been locked in position during processing. Choose a pattern that doesn't have a bias-cut skirt or other features which truly depend on the grain for its good looks.

How to straighten the grain of fabric depends upon the kind of care it will receive later. Fabrics that will be dry-cleaned, such as silk, fabrics with metallic threads, and some synthetics, do not need pre-shrinking. To straighten the grain on these fabrics, use a steam iron with a press cloth. Make sure the threads at both ends are perfectly straight. Fold fabric in half lengthwise, right sides together. Pin or baste sel-

vages together, then the crosswise ends. If the fabric is off-grain, diagonal wrinkles or puckers will form when the doubled fabric is laid on a flat surface.

Dampen the underside of the folded fabric with a wet sponge. The steam from the iron will moisten the top. Press, moving the iron with the lengthwise grain. If the fabric is still off-grain, try pressing in the opposite direction, moving the iron on the crosswise grain. Try not to press the center fold as you may have trouble getting the crease out later.

Some off-grain fabrics can be straightened by pulling the fabric in the opposite direction of the off-grain slant. Start at the corners and pull diagonally along the entire length and width of the fabric.

Cottons, linens, woolens and fabrics that need to be pre-shrunk require a more involved process, (to be dealt with in another article). Remember, the effort you put into preparing your fabrics shows in a professional-looking garment you'll be proud to wear.

Here are more words from my fabric dictionary:

Brocatel: This fabric is similar to brocades but the design has a blistered or puffed appearance.

Broderie anglaise: This is simply another name for eyelet embroidery.

Buckram: A stiff, open-weave fabric used for hat shaping and some interfacing tasks.

Butcher's linen: A strong, heavy, plain-weave fabric once made of linen, now it can be made of any fiber.

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KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—1:30 P.M. (Monday through Friday only.)

WATCH YOUR STEP

by Evelyn Witter

There are many laws still on the books which probably make you a lawbreaker every Sunday. For instance, in both Ohio and Connecticut, legislators apparently disapproved of having men look their best on the Sabbath, for they decreed, "It is against the law to shave on Sunday within the boundaries of our states."

In Carmel, New York, an old law says that on the day of rest men may not wear trousers and coats that do not match. There is an old law in Dadeville, Alabama, which makes taking a little catnap during church services a lawbreaking act.

One of the laws passed long ago in Fredericksburg, Virginia, makes reading the paper on the front porch of your home an activity from which citizens are cautioned to refrain. Maine lawmakers decreed: "No whistling on Sunday is permitted in our state." In Pennsylvania, shoot no frogs on Sunday unless you are ready to pay for your lawbreaking activity.

And ignorance of the law, remember, is no excuse!

HOLIDAYS AND FLOWERS

by
Dianne L. Beetler

Holidays and flowers go together like cream and sugar or bread and butter, and some flowers are associated with one holiday more than the others. Did you ever wonder how these floral associations with holidays started?

Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia was the founder of Mother's Day. At her suggestion, the Andrews Methodist Church in Grafton, West Virginia, the home church of Anna's mother, held the first Mother's Day service on May 10, 1908.

Anna Jarvis sent 500 white carnations to the service, and each son and daughter was given one carnation, while mothers at the service were given two. The following year, Miss Jarvis sent 700 carnations to the Mother's Day service. She hoped the wearing of carnations would "create a bond of brotherhood".

A program of that first service said, "The white carnation is preferred because it may be thought to typify some of the virtues of motherhood; its whiteness stands for purity; its lasting qualities, faithfulness; its fragrance, love; its wide field of growth, charity; its form, beauty."

Traditionally, a colored carnation signifies a living mother, and a white carnation honors the memory of a deceased mother.

As Mother's Day became popular, florists began advertising carnations especially for Mother's Day. Anna Jarvis regarded this as commercialization of the holiday. When the American War Mothers sold carnations, Anna interrupted their meeting and was arrested for disorderly conduct.

We've come a long distance from that time. Now War Mothers are more apt to be involved with the distribution of flowers on Memorial Day. Celebrated as a legal holiday in the United States on the last Monday in May, the remembrance of the servicemen who gave their lives for our country has expanded to include the decoration of graves of family loved ones. Various kinds of flowers are used, primarily garden flowers and peonies in the areas where they are available, to arrange into bouquets to put on the burial places of friends and relatives.

When Mrs. John Bruce Dodd of Spokane, Washington, began campaigning for a national observance of Father's Day in 1910, she suggested that a rose be the floral symbol of Father's Day. On June 10, 1910, Spokane's first Father's Day, young men from the Y.M.C.A. wore roses to church. They wore a white rose in memory of a deceased father or a red rose to honor a living father.

Marian McQuade, who spearheaded the recent successful movement to establish Grandparents' Day, suggests

that the forget-me-not be the floral symbol of that day.

The poinsettia became associated with Christmas apparently because of the bright red color of its bracts and because it usually blooms at Christmas time.

The white-flowered lily is associated with Easter so frequently that it is known as the Easter lily. Many regard it as a floral symbol of purity.

The shamrock is the plant of St. Patrick's Day. Legend says that St. Patrick planted the shamrock in Ireland because its three leaves illustrated the concept of the Trinity.

No matter what the holiday or occasion, people still like to send their greetings and best wishes in the form of plants and flowers.

DOING MY THING

Tending my garden
Is doing my thing,
I welcome the task
From the first day of spring.

When summer takes over
I'm right on the spot,
Tending my garden,
Believe it or not.

—Verna Sparks

TO MOTHER WITH LOVE

Knowing how well she loves flowers,
On this, her own special day,
With tenderness I selected
A mythical floral nosegay.
There's a red rose for devotion,
A white rose to show her I care,
A yellow for days of sunshine,
A pink for memories we share.
There's a rosebud for her future
And petals to soften life's blows,
With a prayer no thorn will harm her
Wherever her pathway goes.

—Kay Grayman Parker

FOR LOVE OF BEARS — Concluded

Bull, Random House, N.Y., N.Y.
In *Praise of Teddy Bears* by Philippa and Peter Waring, Souvenir Press, London, is an appreciation and history of bears.

Catalogue for bears through mail order from: Fran Lewis at *Bear-in-Mind*, 73 Indian Pipe Lane, Concord, Mass. 01742. (Send \$1.00 for catalogue on request.)

The Teddy Tribune, Barbara Wolters, 254 W. Sidney St., St. Paul, Minn. 55107 is a monthly newsletter with excellent information on new and old bears, bear clubs, bear news and advertisements for privately-produced teddy bears.

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HINTS FROM THE MAIL

When you are cooking anything from the cabbage family (cauliflower, broccoli, kohlrabi, etc.), put a few celery leaves or a piece of celery in to keep the odor from smelling through the house. Really works.

—Mrs. H.J., Mediapolis, Iowa

Put your cords to appliances and extension cords in tubes from paper towels or bathroom tissue. Label them and no more searching and no more tangled cords. Your drawers will look much nicer.

—Mrs. G.A.B., Elmwood, Nebr.

I have a sewing tip. Nowadays one needs all the different kinds of sewing machine needles. After I use a #18, I stick it into a piece of denim. After I use a ball-point needle, I stick it into a piece of knit cloth. When I'm not using my ordinary-

size needle, I stick it into a cotton scrap. At a glance I know which needle goes with which fabric and can change quickly to the one I need. The numbers are hard to read and know apart.

—Mrs. A.K., Wisner, Ne.

For soft cookies, put a quarter of an apple into the container with the cookies. Put on tight lid. Change the apple every other day to keep cookies moist. If you want cookies crisp, don't do this, just put into a container with a tight-fitting lid.

—M.M., Bedford, Iowa

If you have a pet whose coat has an odor, rub baking soda into his coat and then give him a good brushing.

—Mr. P.C., Dexter, Iowa

For fluffy rice, place a slice of dry bread on top of the cooked rice, cover for a few minutes and the bread absorbs

the extra moisture and the rice is nice and fluffy. I don't have any ideas for how to use that piece of soggy bread, but the rice is sure fine prepared this way.

—Miss H.T., Wichita, Ks.

When I have a big baking day, I set up the ironing board at one side of the kitchen and put my cooling racks on it for the freshly baked items. A friend of mine opens up her "junk" drawer and puts a cooky sheet over it for added counter space when she bakes or cans. (She uses the catch-all drawer because it is the one she needs the least when she is cooking.)

—Mrs. A.R., Minneapolis, Minn.

EMILY'S LETTER — Concluded

to our collection of boxes, exhibit containers and luggage, and flew to Washington, D.C. Our old faithful dog, Hipi, was overjoyed to see us all back home again.

In April, Richard's company sponsored its first trade fair for new research and development ideas. About 400 people attended from both large and small companies across the nation. It was held for three days at one of the large downtown hotels in Washington, D.C.

Late in May, I am looking forward to a visit from my old college friend, Alison Kraft Cope, and her eight-month-old daughter, Julia.

The last time I saw Alison was at our wedding five years ago. She moved to South Africa shortly thereafter and married a fellow she had met in Israel. We have a lot of catching up to do.

Our summer plans are not yet in place. I would love to go out to Colorado and New Mexico so Stephen could see his grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins. But that visit will have to be coordinated around my parents' trip to Hawaii in July.

Until next time,
Emily DiCicco

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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

close touch with her.

I want to thank all of you very old friends who have kept in close touch with us this winter, and I send special greetings also to the new friends whom we have met through the airwaves during these long, cold months. In the tumultuous world that we live in today, it is a very comforting and "steady" feeling to know that people still care about each other. For many, many years I've felt that this is the prime concern of human beings, and nothing has ever made me change my mind.

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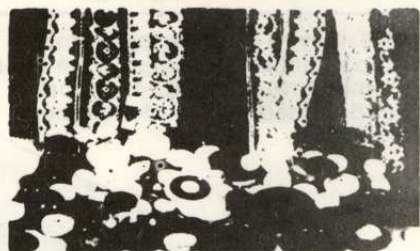
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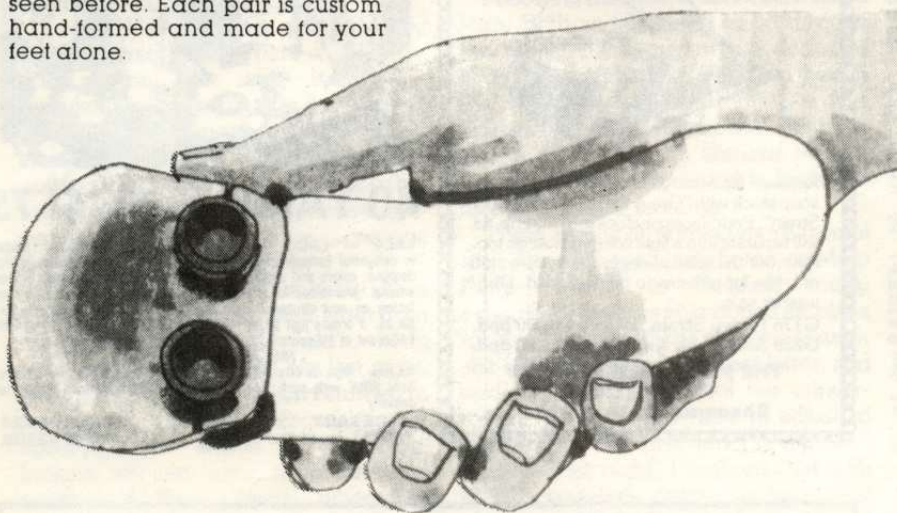
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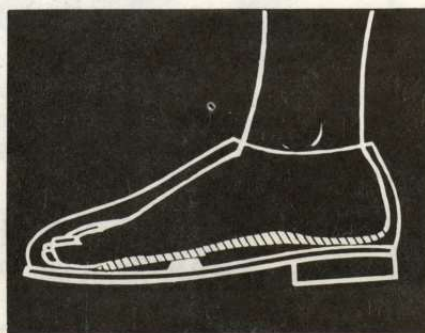
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