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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

Another cloudy day! Spring showers are in abundance here in New Mexico this year. In spite of the grey day, one corner of my yard is positively glowing. This is the corner that contains my twelve-year-old forsythia bush. The year we moved into this house I planted a forsythia bush and a flowering quince bush. Both of them have thrived and are now respectable-sized plantings.

We are coming into the time of year that is the absolute best in my garden. Our soil is just about perfect for the tall, bearded iris and Oriental poppies. Over the years I have mail-ordered many different kinds of both plants. In about a week or two we shall have a truly lovely display of brilliant flowers. I do hope my mother, Lucile, will be able to share their beauty with us. She is so much better that we hope she can tackle the long car ride very soon.

All of these Albuquerque flowers were mail-ordered right from the Midwestern nurseries. I don't think a gardener can get plants any better than our Midwestern-grown stock. There must be some kind of magic in that soil—of course, the farming community has known that for years. The "magic" consists of hours and hours of HARD work.

As a devoted gardener, most of my garden work is more pleasure than work. My yard and flower beds are not very large. They are large enough to make me feel a little overwhelmed when the spring crop of dandelions comes into bloom. Recently, I visited a garden that was REALLY overwhelming—the garden at Dumbarton Oaks, Washington, D.C.

To backtrack a bit—my dear friend and fellow broadcaster, Robin Justiz, has recently moved to our nation's capital. She and her husband were able to find a lovely condominium in the community of Georgetown which is very near Manuel's office. Their residence has two bedrooms and a folding bed so they are all set to have company. The day Robin



Happy Birthday, Lucile!

Congratulations on your 73rd birthday, May 3.

This picture of Lucile Driftmier Verness and her daughter, Juliana Lowey, seemed just right to reprint for a birthday picture.

gave me this information about their housing, I was on the phone getting airplane tickets so I could go for a visit. This was also during the period of time that kids could fly free, so my daughter, Katharine, accompanied me. I also lugged along the tape-recording equipment so that Robin and I could do some visiting with our radio friends while we were together.

The day we arrived Robin was slated to attend a reception for the wives of Hispanic dignitaries. I was a little shaken up due to a rough landing at National Airport—I hasten to add that this was a mental shaking up, not an actual physical shaking up. I decided to stay home and let Robin and Katharine do the diplomatic handshaking. I'll let Robin tell you more about this event next month.

The next morning cousin Emily DiCicco and her two little boys, Stephen, two-and-a-half, and four-month-old Martin, came to accompany us to Dumbarton Oaks where I found the enormous garden that I mentioned previously. This garden covers about sixteen acres, every bit of which is landscaped. We were a little early for the spring display, but we did see postcards which feature the magnolia and cherry trees. Especially notable is Forsythia Hill and the masses of spring bulbs used in many areas of the garden. Dumbarton Oaks is within walking distance of Robin's home so I hope she will find time to see these displays at their peak.

Dumbarton Oaks also encompasses a large home which houses several art ex-

hibits. I was especially interested in the wing which contains the pre-Columbian artifacts. Many of the items on display were from areas I have visited in Central and South America. There is also an exquisite display of Byzantine art and a garden library area which consists of a collection of books, manuscripts, drawings and prints related to the history of gardening. The entire area—house, collections and grounds—was given to Harvard University in 1940. It is now open to the public on a daily basis and well worth a visit.

Emily was busy the next day, but she did give us instructions to be sure to go to the National Gallery of Art and to have lunch in the small patio area on ground level. This was our first visit to the National Gallery of Art and to put it into today's language, it is "awesome!" The building itself is immense . . . filled with fountains, domes and massive marble staircases. There is gallery upon gallery filled with some of the world's best known art. In gallery six is the only painting by Leonardo da Vinci to be found in America.

Robin, Katharine and I each had our favorite moments in the National Gallery. Robin was thrilled to find the exhibits of French Impressionist art. These paintings have always been high on Robin's list of art work. Katharine was tickled to see a painting by Renoir entitled "Girl with the Watering Can". She had written a report about that painting and couldn't get over seeing the REAL

(Continued next page, col. 1.)

thing. I was delighted to finally be able to identify a painting of the Madonna and Child which is hung in my home each Christmas. This is a print my father had framed at least thirty years ago. I now know that the original was painted in about 1422 by Gentile da Fabriano.

We did follow Emily's instructions to have lunch in the patio area. One of the items on the menu was English tea sandwiches. Katharine and I decided to give them a try. We ended up with an assortment of nut breads spread with cream cheese and watercress sandwiches. This was our first encounter with watercress sandwiches and I thought they were quite good. Katharine's opinion was not as generous. She has reached the age that considers hamburgers the perfect food.

From the National Gallery of Art, it is just a brisk walk to the United States Botanic Garden Conservatory. We were fortunate to get to see the "Florafest" which is one of the spring flower shows sponsored by several of the local garden societies. The orchid exhibit was outstanding. I struggle to grow orchids here in New Mexico under less-than-ideal conditions and they show it. The printed brochure explains that about 200 flowering orchids are on continuous display throughout the year. Orchids bloom at different times so to have 200 available, the Conservatory staff raises some 16,000 plants. Gracious! I would love to see THAT greenhouse!

We did take time to go through all the areas of the Conservatory . . . the fern house, the cactus house, the cycad house, the bromeliad house and the sub-tropical house. There is one section that has stacks of pamphlets explaining how to grow different things. I picked up one of each and have already gotten some good gardening tips from them. All of this information is free for the taking. I'm sure this must be an example of our tax dollars at work.

That night we hurried back to Robin's so that we would be ready to go to dinner at the DiCicco's home. Emily volunteered to pick us up and we were ready and waiting when she arrived. What a lovely evening we had! Cousin Katharine Driftmier was able to come, too. Emily, Katharine, Robin and I found we had a great deal to discuss. We even found time to do some visits for the radio.

Emily and Rich have a charming home. It was so good to look around and see their collection of Southwestern art. I'll admit I am envious of their full basement-family room area. They have so much room for storage! Their yard is spacious and filled with dogwood trees and azaleas.

We had a wonderful Italian meal. Rich had prepared some delicious sauces and pasta. Emily had outdone herself by making a huge salad and tortoni for des-



One snowy early-spring day, 2½-year old Stephen DiCicco took his mother, Emily, for a ride on his sled.

sert. It was a lot of work and we certainly appreciated it.

Speaking of food, I must get busy and rustle up something for dinner. I am using my microwave oven more all the time. I am really grateful for it tonight! My family is all home and hungry. More of our Washington, D.C., adventures will have to wait until next month.

Juliana

MORNING WISH

Every morning lean your arms awhile
Upon the windowsill of heaven
And gaze upon the Lord,
Then, with the vision in your heart,
Turn strong to meet the day.

YOU TOOK THE TIME

You took the time to stop and chat
When we met in town today;
To laugh a bit, to hear my news,
Before you went your way.

You took the time to lend a hand.
When needed, you were there
To bless me with your friendship,
To comfort and to share.

You took the time to send a note
When I was sick—for every special day
Like Valentine's, St. Pat's, my birthday—
Friendship's blessings sent my way.

You took the time for words of praise
That warmed my heart clear through.
You've blessed my life so many times
Just by being YOU!

—Adopted from an unknown author

A NOTE FROM LUCILE

My Dear Good Friends:

It seems so very, very long since I greeted you that I almost feel I should introduce myself. (Doesn't this remind you of a 50th class reunion when people come up and say: "Do you remember me?")

Well, only my note to you can in any way tell you what all of your cards and letters with their heartfelt words of concern have meant to me . . . and continue to mean to me.

We are not supposed to say anything much about our well nigh unbearable aches and pains, but this must be referred to as an explanation for my disappearance from the scene. I had been fighting a losing battle for a long, long time, but last fall I reached the point where I simply couldn't keep going. For the very first time in my life I had to admit defeat.

I am compelled to spend most of the 24 hours we have in bed, and those of you who know my sense of humor will be happy to hear that I have news for the high-powered scientists of this world: We do not have 24 hours in a day; we have FORTY-EIGHT hours!

Fifteen minutes at the typewriter is all I can manage. Then it's back to bed.

I have many, many blessings to count. And the one that heads the list is the fact that you wonderful friends have given your whole-hearted support to Juliana who is working so hard to carry the responsibilities that I can no longer carry. To each and every one of you I want to say that I thank you from the bottom of my heart. May God bless each and every one of you, and those whom you love.

Lucile



KEEPERS OF THE LIGHT

Mother-Daughter Banquet

by
Mabel Nair Brown

DECORATIONS

Room Decorations: Candles set in flower rings might be placed in each window of the dining room. Make an attractive arrangement on an occasional table using an old-fashioned lamp with an open Bible upon which a pair of the old wire-framed spectacles is placed. Grandma's work basket could be arranged at one side. Display a collection of very old children's storybooks, A B C books and blocks beside an oil lamp or antique candleholder.

Table Centerpieces: Make up a variety of arrangements using kerosene lamps, candleholders, children's night lights, candles and spring flowers. Curls of narrow paper ribbon in pastel colors may be swirled around these arrangements, as they are placed down the length of the tables, for an added touch of beauty.

Place Favors: For each favor, make a candy candle. Use a small stick of striped candy for the candle, inserting it into a large gumdrop base. Make a slit in the side of the gumdrop and insert a Life Saver mint to form the handle of the "candleholder". A tiny pastel ribbon bow may be tied at the base of the candle.

Program Booklet: Cut the cover in the shape of an old-fashioned lamp with chimney. Off-white construction paper works well for this and then the base of the lamp can be painted a delicate, pale green, pink, blue or gold and then decorated with a design of roses or pansies. Write the theme title on the first of the inside pages which are cut in the same shape as the cover of typing paper. Staple the booklet together at the side of the lamp base.

KEEPERS OF THE LIGHT (Program Skit)

(NOTE: A table is placed in center stage so that the various "lights" carried by the different speakers can be placed upon it as indicated.)

Leader:

The light which guides
Small feet in the right,

The light that burns
On the darkest night,
The light that saves
The youth of today,
The light of truth

Lest they go astray;

O MOTHERHOOD,
Lead youth aright,
KEEPERS OF THE LIGHT.

Solo: "Mother Machree".

Leader: Many times, as I've thought about motherhood, the idea has surfaced that mothers are truly "keepers of the light" in the lives of their children. Let us take a brief look at the way mothers light up our lives.

Song: "You Light Up My Life".

First Speaker: (Carries a flashlight.) You see that I carry a FLASHLIGHT. (Holds it high and then places it on table.) From the time the baby arrives, a wise mother has a flashlight handy so that throughout each night she has it to guide her to the sleeping babe at frequent intervals to make sure the little one is all right. To me that flashlight stands for the mother's role as a PROTECTING LIGHT in the life of her child, always watching, always alert, always ready to caution her child, as the need arises.

Solo: "Brahams' Lullaby" or other lullaby.

Second Speaker: (Carries a table lamp.) Just as the LAMPLIGHT searches out every dark corner of a room to brighten it, so a mother is ever like lamplight, a searchlight, in our lives. Ever seeking and searching for the best for us, opening up, smoothing and lighting the pathway ahead of us; ever searching to lighten and brighten our way as we grow and mature. Under the bright searchlight of her love we are taught to seek, to learn, to listen, to share, to know the beauty of the everyday world around us.

Third Speaker: (Carries a night light.) The NIGHT LIGHT reminds me of the importance of the light of a mother's faith in the life of a child. Gently, lovingly, the wise mother instills the fibers of her faith in the heart of her child, leading the child to the blessings of prayer. Thus she

teaches her child to lay a firm foundation upon which to build a life, anchored in the will and way of God. This is the light which gives to the child security—the security of a sturdy faith.

Song: "Faith of Our Mothers". (Words have been written to be sung to tune of "Faith of our Fathers" and is found in some hymnals, or ask for it at your church or the public library.)

Fourth Speaker: (Carries a lighted candle in a holder which is placed in the center of the table.) For me the CANDLELIGHT is a symbol of a mother's love which from the day of birth surrounds and enfolds her child. Like a candle placed in the window to guide a wanderer home, a mother's love is ever reaching out to guide, to encourage, to bless her child all through life.

Song: by all, "M-O-T-H-E-R".

Leader: Repeat the poem "Keepers of the Light" as the closing.

TO THE MOTHER OF THE MAN I LOVE

Though you weren't the mom who dried
my tears

When I was just a tot,
And you didn't bake the cookies I enjoyed
So fresh and hot;

You weren't the mom who poured my
milk

Into a plastic cup,
You didn't listen to my problems
As I was growing up,

But still I want to thank you
Each and every Mother's Day
Because you're the mother of the man I
love.

Thank you for guiding him along the way!
—Judith A.W. Underwood

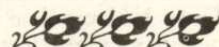
COVER PICTURE

It is a special joy to be able to use a picture of one of the newest babies in the family for this May issue. Martin Joseph DiCicco was only one month old when he smiled this happy smile for all of you Kitchen-Klatter friends.

Martin is the second child of Richard and Emily (Driftmier) DiCicco. Martin was welcomed by his brother, two-and-one-half-year-old Stephen, and a whole host of DiCicco and Driftmier relatives. (Abigail and Wayne Driftmier of Denver, Colo., are his maternal grandparents.) The DiCicco family lives in Arlington, Va., where Emily works for the Overseas Education Fund and Rich keeps very busy with his own computer firm.

It seems especially nice to me to have this youngest generation carry on my father's name—Martin Driftmier—I'm certain he would be very proud of the honor.

—Lucile





Graduation Time

by
Norma Tisher

There is great satisfaction in doing something well. There is dignity in hard work. One of those common events that marks the progress of a person's life is graduation, with many experiences chalked up along with a degree.

I recently brought to surface my eighth-grade diploma. After forty years, the suede royal blue finish was surprisingly still intact. There were 86 of us graduating from one-room rural schools in our particular Nebraska county. We all assembled at the courthouse, had a group black-and-white picture taken and marched to a large sokol auditorium for promotion exercises in our county seat.

That was an important occurrence for us. Come fall about 80% of the group journeyed to high school in nearby towns or cities. Many stayed with grandparents five days a week to insure daily attendance. Some drove their own cars but, during World War II, gas rationing and numerous shortages curtailed this and car pools were often formed.

Four years later, my high school diploma looked richer than the eighth-grade certificate. The cover was real blue velvet lined with red taffeta. The cover was personalized with necessary data inscribed in gold. On the back was a complete class roster plus the names of the members of the Board of Education.

In my mind, consolidation of the schools never did have the special charm and inspiration that one-room rural and parochial schools had. But we do need progress and school buses made their appearance as schools were consolidated.

With the founding of Harvard in 1636, this country has built and nourished a system of public and private schools that has no rival anywhere in the world. Interestingly, the Junior (or community) college originated in the United States and have become a major element in American education. Vocational-technical programs are completed in quarters or two years and train students in special skills: electronics, metal-working, office, industrial machine operations, etc.

A university or college awards a degree to a person who has completed a required course of study. A diploma is a document which certifies the award. The four basic kinds of degrees are: associate, bachelor, master, and doctor. The hood (inset) varies in color on each full-length gown for each type of degree. The doctor's has velvet facings with three sleeve bars on the gown. Outstanding achievement in a bachelor's degree may be designated by the Latin phrases *cum*



Like many young girls, Isabel Palo has taken an interest in gymnastics. Isabel is the daughter of Mary Lea and Vincent Palo of Omaha, Nebr. She will celebrate her ninth birthday later this month.

laude (with praise), *magna cum laude* (with great praise), or *summa cum laude* (with the highest praise). Four-year colleges and universities go through a formal commencement with the traditional black cap and gown.

Such professions as fire fighting, law enforcement and military officers, medical technology, fashion designing, modeling, and cosmetology also have graduation exercises at the conclusion of their formal studies. Many wear their professional uniforms for their attire at graduation.

Our future is based on a rich heritage of the value of education to civilizations. Education is an indispensable necessity to the development of the human race and the fountainhead from which the mind receives its nourishment.

I'm glad to know that many families will follow the tradition of "reception following graduation". It is a time set aside for rejoicing, to relive memories and renew acquaintances. It is a good opportunity to take snapshots of family groups. For some graduates, it may mean leaving the nest for marriage, military obligations, adjusting to apartment or house, new jobs and added responsibilities. Whatever the situation, graduation should be a happy time.

MAY

Diamonds on the river,
Dewdrops on the land,
Blossoms in the meadow,
Crickets in the sand.

Birds nest in the treetops,
Puppies run and play,
Children shed their jackets,
Now that it is May!

—Elaine Derendinger



Floral Love Story

(NOTE: Fun to read as a story at a shower or party, or may be used as a quiz by omitting the names of the flowers and having guests fill in the correct names.)

Once upon a time a maiden,
So my story runs,
Lived in a DUSTY MILLER'S cottage
With her POPPY and her MUM.
A lovely PINK-cheeked maiden
Was this DUSTY MILLER'S daughter,
Her eyes a HEAVENLY BLUE GLORY,
Quite like the deep sea water.
In that IVY-covered cottage
ROSE lived eighteen years content,
Until upon a summer's day
To her door SWEET WILLIAM went.
He ASTOR if she'd marry him
And vowed his love most bold.
He was flabbergasted when dear ROSE
said

That she must MARIGOLD.
"I'd rather be tied to a BURNING BUSH
Than tell you this," she said,
"But POPPY swears that I
Sir COLEUS must wed.
So BEGONIA (be gone you) beloved one
And believe me no matter what,
I'll treasure your EVERLASTING love,
And please FORGET-ME-NOT."
"Ah me, my BLEEDING HEART,"
Her lover raved on and on.
"I do believe your POPPY, ROSE,
Is an ancient old SNAPDRAGON!"
"Hush," she said, "or he might hear
And that would AGERATUM (agitate
him),

But, no matter what POPPY says to me,
I CANNA disobey him."
SWEET WILLIAM loved ROSE dearly
And said with great IMPATIENS,
"Your TULIPS drive me crazy, love,
And what you say is only HYACINTH
(half sense)."

Then MUMS came to their rescue saying,
"Just leave your POPPY, ROSE, to me.
He's CANDYTUFT (kinda tough) but
I've PHLOX of tactics.

Soon he'll be only too GLAD to agree.
I'll convince him to forget Sir COLEUS
And all his gilt-edged STOCKS;
I'll threaten him with COSMOS rays
If he doesn't cease to balk."

"Oh, MUMS, do it quickly ZINNIA (kin
ya)?

If we can't marry, 'twill CROCUS.
We will die without each other,
So please don't let him stop us."
Well, MUMS did her thing and POPPY
Gave ROSE and SWEET WILLIAM their
HEARTSEASE!

They were wed at FOUR-O'CLOCK
And ever after knew SWEET PEAS.

—Mabel Nair Brown



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

We have begun to think that we are never going to see the sun again. The mud has gotten so deep in the barn lot it is difficult to pick up one foot after the other. Frank said we waded mud every day last spring, all summer, all fall, all winter, and here it is spring again and we are still wading mud. It certainly seems that way. A sunny day has been a rare occasion. In town the other day a man, who keeps track of such things, told me there were only two sunny days in the entire month of January, and February and March have been just as bad. Hopefully the weather will straighten out one of these days so the men can get some oats and other seeding done. We had planned to reseed some of our hay ground last year but it stayed wet so long it was too late to do any seeding. The seeding must be done this year if we are to have any hay at all.

The new baby calves need the sunshine, too. The other day before a wet, heavy snow started, one of our cows disappeared. The next morning Frank began looking for her but the snow had covered her tracks and he walked and walked all day with no success. When he went out to chore the next morning, there she was with a nice big bull calf. Frank was certainly relieved that both of them were all right.

We have been having a lot of fun watching a possum that comes every night to clean up the food the cats have left in their feeding pan. We have eight cats, and Frank uses a hog pan to put their milk and other food in. The pan is usually on the sidewalk close to the yard gate under the yard light. Turning on the yard light doesn't bother the possum at all—he goes right on eating. I even opened the porch door and stood there and took a flash picture of him and he still didn't budge. Frank went two steps closer than I was, and the possum took off but came back later and finished his meal.

With the wild turkey season coming up very shortly in Iowa, there has been much "turkey" talk around here lately. My good friend, Dorothea Polser, and her husband, Hal, live a short distance from the big state forest area. From his store window, Hal used to watch hundreds of turkeys come down out of the forest area late in the afternoon to feed on the bottom ground. He said he hadn't seen a turkey this year. One of the conservation men stopped in his store recently and said they don't think there are more than fifty birds left in the park. The birds have scattered up and down



Elizabeth Gabrielle Brase, Dorothy and Frank Johnson's new granddaughter.

the creek and most of them are now located south of the little town of Woodburn just west of here. The conservation officer also said there are now turkeys in all parts of Iowa with the exception of the northwest corner of the state.

One of the state forest wildlife biologists came to visit with Frank the other day, and Frank told him about seeing fourteen tom turkeys together almost every day, close to the house, but that the past few days he hadn't seen them. The biologist told Frank we probably wouldn't see them anymore because this is the time of year the toms begin competing and fighting. He had just seen twenty hens and two toms in our timber. We have always seen a lot of toms, but we never see a hen.

Our church women had another money-making project recently. We served a beef burger dinner at noon in the Community Building. We decided to have it there instead of the church because of parking. The streets in Lucas are gravel, and with all the rain we have had they are in pretty bad shape, as you can imagine. We had a large crowd. Besides the beef burgers, we served potato salad, gelatin salad, pie and coffee or iced tea. Our next project may be an ice cream social sometime this summer.

I was very happy on a recent trip to Shenandoah to learn that Lucile was feeling well enough to go home with me for a visit. She hadn't been out of her house since she returned from New Mexico the last of November, so I didn't know how she would be able to stand a 130-mile drive, but she handled it fine and didn't have any ill effects. She loves it here at the farm and was hoping it would be warm enough to spend a little time on the porch, but it was cloudy and rained most of the time she was here. We did manage to get to Derby, Iowa, with a few of my friends for dinner at the Derby Restaurant, but all of the other plans we had made didn't come to pass.

Lucile had really been looking forward to going to the church beef burger dinner, but when the day arrived she didn't feel very well and decided she would be better off staying at home. She had been looking forward to meeting Sara Spear, the new pastor of our church, but Sara came out to our house the next afternoon for a couple of hours and they had a good visit.

I haven't done any sewing for Elizabeth yet, but soon will be. When Lucile was sorting through some boxes at her house, she came across all the pieces of a little pale blue dress that had never been put together. The pattern pieces were there and we know the dress is a size one. The smocking was done in white and was all finished, just ready for someone to put it together. Lucile couldn't remember a thing about the dress but decided it must have been one that Marge had smocked for Katharine when she was a baby, even though Marge doesn't remember anything about it either. At any rate, I brought the dress home and will get it finished and mailed to Elizabeth.

As soon as Marge and Oliver got home from Texas and knew Kristin had had a girl, Marge got out a big box of smocking transfers and patterns she had picked up through the years and saved, just in case there were any baby girls in this family to sew for—so now I have no excuse not to turn out some beautiful little dresses for our granddaughter.

Elizabeth's christening had to be postponed because the day they were to have it, a real heavy snowstorm hit Wyoming and the Godparents, who were coming from Laramie, couldn't make the trip. The road through the mountains between Laramie and Cheyenne was closed.

Elizabeth is six weeks old now, weighs nine pounds, and is beginning to sleep through the night. Kristin says she is a real good baby, and is just starting to smile a little, especially for Julian. I'm getting very anxious to see her. I've set my sights on the first part of May; surely the weather will have straightened out by then. When I talked to Kristin today, they were having a blizzard. She had planned to dress Elizabeth in one of her beautiful dresses and take her to church, but decided she had no business taking the baby out in that kind of weather.

The boys are all busy with their many activities. Julian has had his eighth birthday. When I talked to him on the phone, he said he celebrated it by taking several of his friends out for pizza and then came back to the house for ice cream and cake.

Frank has some errands he wants me to do in town so I must stop and get ready to go. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

The two grey-masked cat companions are cautiously balanced on top of the overstuffed rocking chair, which has been squeezed into the last remaining blank wall space in my bedroom-typing-family room. They are crouched in a hunting position without so much as a twitching whisker, ready to pounce through the picture window on the birds who have come to eat at the feeders. They have had to learn all over again how to jump, walk, and balance because, after much pressure from influential members of the family, I succumbed to the pressure to have them declawed. It would have been a kindness to have done it when they were wee little fellows, but the idea was not one which I intended to embrace.

Fortunately our town has quite recently been blessed with a very competent veterinary school graduate. Because he is close and because I had inherited the task of taking the victim-patients to his office, unassisted, I was doubly happy to have him within three miles driving distance. Their stay in the pet hospital was only for twenty-four hours and the period for recovery to their pre-operative perky selves was a little more than a week. Even now they take a few skidding tumbles when they forget that their braking system is gone.

Undoubtedly the biggest factor in my choosing this young veterinarian was the direct result of the delicate way he handled the unhappy business in January when we found it necessary to have our senior cat, Simba, put to sleep. At best this is a disagreeable task for the person whose unfortunate duty it becomes to act as the betrayer. Because the vet. knew how wretched I felt, it was a very effective gesture on his part to send a short letter telling me that he shared the sadness we felt at the loss of our pet, thanking us for choosing him as our vet., and inviting us to allow him to be of any service in the future. This was the first time I had ever received a condolence card concerning a pet, but I couldn't help but respect the fellow for his kindness, although it was an obvious aggressive selling technique. It has been a long time since anyone has really asked for my business and I had to admire his salesmanship. And, of course, it worked because within a few months, I returned to him with my veterinary needs.

While the cats were hospitalized, I learned how to pare and sculpt apple faces. Because I was told that the drying period was fairly lengthy, it was necessary to find a safe place for the face to cure. By turning a candy thermometer

onto its face and impaling the apple on its slender end, I thought I had a solution to my problem. But the kitties found it much too soon and the shrinking head has been forced to move from place to place almost every day.

The skill that I have learned was connected with the craft shop which is the money-making arm of Hawks Inn. A group of ladies who are volunteer workers gather once a month for the four or five months preceding the May opening of the Inn and keep their fingers busy making craft items to sell. These dried apple faces will be connected to cornhusk bodies or cloth bodies to make 1864-period toys.

I have always considered my talents along the artistic lines as being limited, if not nonexistent, so it was with a light-hearted approach that I began attending these handwork sessions. We started by creating a crewelwork message hanger. The message read "OPEN" on one side and "SHUT" on the reverse side. The stitches are worked with two-ply yarn through a rectangular plastic grid, the holes of which cannot be more than two millimeters big. The individual letters were already marked with pencil by the chairman so all we workers had to do was follow the lines with the correct kind of stitch. When the two plastic pieces were completely filled in, the pieces were put back-to-back and whipstitched together. A loop was made to serve as a hanger and that was it! These are intended as reminders about the opened or closed condition of a chimney flue. They were really terribly simple and it pleased me to know I was capable of doing something other than knitting. (The apple head remains a mystery as to whether it will be a success. If the cats don't eat or otherwise destroy it, and if my occasional pinches of its cheeks serve their purpose correctly, I shall have another success in the "art" field.)

One of my summer projects is to share some of the hours as a guide at Hawks Inn. Our daughter, Adrienne, logged many, many pleasant hours as a guide when she was twelve to seventeen. In the years since, the Wisconsin State Historical Society has made available the pattern for an authentic period costume. All of the features are from contemporary fashion periodicals, primarily *Godey's Lady's Book*, *Peterson's Magazine*, and for earlier styles, *The Delineator*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Harper's Bazaar*. The dress from which the pattern was made was a two-piece afternoon dress of striped silk; the alternate vertical stripes of shot green and grey were bordered by bright green moire. It was trimmed with silk fringe of cut velvet ribbon in two shades of green. Doesn't that sound lovely? This dressy costume was fairly formal and was, in fact, worn at the inaugural address of President James

Buchanan, March 4, 1857. It is suggested that for everyday variations with the same pattern, the fabric may be cotton, organdy, or wool for winter.

There are even directions with this very expensive authentic pattern for a hoop, called then a cage or skeleton. All skirts from 1853 through 1869 required a hoop's support for shape. Frequently an additional lift at the back was given by a small pad. There are eight pages of very detailed directions which allow no guesswork for the seamstress. The dress required almost eight yards of fabric not including lining, interfacing, fringe, ribbon, twill tape, frogs, featherboning, and volumes of unbleached muslin. To have been able to assemble such a complete picture, as is included with this pattern, construction guide, period booklet and fabric-notions listing, must have taken some skilled person many, many months of work.

During the time when I was sorting through books and "things" which had come from my mother's home, I came across a dear little book, carefully protected against the dust by plastic wraps, written by Martha Field Eaton. Copyrighted in 1926 by The Homestead Co. of Des Moines, it is entitled *Mother's Love Songs*. Because it is the month of Mother's Day, I thought each of you would enjoy reading the very first poem which, although it was dedicated to Leanna Field Driftmier, surely describes every daughter's mother.

MOTHER

When I was a careless little girl,
With turbulent spirit and hair a-curl,
The thing that kept me good all day,
And made me work instead of play,
Was the thought of what she would do
and say,

When she talked with me at the close of day,

And I showed my work to Mother.

Today, when the work of my hands was sought,

And loving homage by friends was brought,

Their praise seemed little and far away,
My heart was heavy instead of gay,
And tears rained down at the close of day,

For I could not show it to Mother.

But I took up my tasks with a courage new,

I can live my life so sweet and true,
That my heart will be glad and my skies
will be blue;

And then, when the boys have to man-
hood grown,

And my harvests are gathered where
love was sown,

I can slip away, and with rapture sweet,
Lay all my treasures at her feet,

And the joy in my heart will be complete,
When I show my life to Mother.

Sincerely, Mary Beth

FREDERICK'S

LETTER



Dear Friends:

Let me tell you about another Driftmier adventure. For many years, Betty and I have admired a lovely old New England farmhouse that sits high on a hill behind a strong stone wall. Every time we drove by it, we would talk about how nice it would be if sometime we could learn the story of the house, and the fun it would be to go through it. We knew that it was very, very old, and we knew that it just had to have an interesting history.

Wonder of wonders, we just happened to meet the two ladies who have the responsibility for maintaining the historic old place. The two Palmer sisters, Jean Palmer North and Anna Palmer Coit, graciously invited us to spend an afternoon going through the house, and talking with them about it on our Kitchen-Klatter radio program. It seemed almost too good to be true, but three days later we drove up beautiful Pendleton Hill and stepped across the threshold into a house that has been standing there since the year 1717, more than half a century before the Revolutionary War.

Many times you have seen Currier and Ives prints of a New England farmhouse that look exactly like the old Palmer place—so quaint, so picturesque, and so big. This house is three stories high and 114 feet long. Behind the house stands an enormous barn with several other out-buildings of one kind or another. The original deed of the property is dated November 20, 1711, but the original part of the house was not completed until sometime between 1717 and 1720. There are 150 acres in the home place, ninety of which are in timber.

The original house was added onto just before the War of 1812 with a big, deep cellar underneath and a large attic high up under the eaves. From cellar to attic, the house is filled to overflowing with furniture, dishes, clothing, and books that have been in the house for nearly all of its long history.

Betty and I could not believe that such a storehouse of antique treasures existed, and if you heard our broadcasts, you heard the exclamations: "Amazing!", "Incredible!", "Unbelievable!" time and time again. It was just as though for three hours we had stepped back into history. Both Anna and Jean were bubbling over with fascinating bits of information and humorous family stories. At one point, Anna said: "You see that chair over in the corner, well, that is the



Frederick Driftmier is pictured working in his garden which is located by the edge of the road.

chair in which our great-great-great-grandfather was sitting when he exclaimed: 'If I eat one more bite of this squash, I shall choke to death!' He did eat one more bite and he did choke to death right then and there!"

I would love to have you meet Anna Coit and Jean North. Jean lives in the old house, and Anna lives just down the road a piece. Jean is one of the reporters for our local newspaper after having lived a busy life in New York City for many years. Her sister Anna is a retired editor of *Time Magazine*. During World War II, she wrote much of the military material for *Time*, and after the war, she did much of the magazine's religious research. Today, the two of them are dedicated to preserving their family homestead, and what a great job they are doing. Both of them are going to be over here for dinner tonight.

On one of the most beautiful days of the spring, Betty and I took one of the loveliest and one of the most strenuous hikes through the woods that we have had in some time. Many years ago when Betty was just a girl, she made this same hike with some of her Girl Scout chums, and she had often spoken to me about the beautiful Stepping Stone Falls. We had to drive ten miles to the spot where we could leave our car to begin the hike. We had a map with us, but I read it incorrectly, and for two hours we hiked down the wrong trail! I say "down" because all of the way was down and down and down! When, at the bottom of the hill surrounded by gorgeous forests, we realized we were on the wrong trail, it was additionally frustrating because we were close enough to the waterfalls to hear them! However, before we could see the falls, we had to go all the way back up the trail we had just descended, and then work our way down another steep, steep path.

The effort was worth it! What a mag-

nificent sight those several falls were with the spring freshet dashing down from one lake to another. I took several photographs and then, tired as we were, and as eager as we were to spend many more minutes by the falls, we had to turn right around and start back up the trail. We both had appointments in town that we had to keep, and our having taken the wrong trail first really upset the schedule. Oh but we were tired when we got back to the car! I don't know when I have been so tired! When the children and grandchildren come to visit us this summer, we are going to repeat the hike to the falls, but we shall take the correct trail.

You would have smiled to see Betty and me working yesterday. We had to sweep up all of the sand that had been spread on our steep driveway during the winter and early spring storms. Since my garden across the road by the river bank needs to have something put into its soil to loosen it up, we decided to put the sand on that garden surface. What a job that was! Do you know how heavy sand is? Every time one of us started down the driveway with a wheelbarrow load of sand, we had a terrible time trying to keep the wheelbarrow from running away with us!

After we had cleaned the driveway, we decided to pick up some of the sand from the edges of the road where the town trucks had spread it. Betty did the shoveling as I pushed the wheelbarrow. As our neighbors drove by in their cars, I said to Betty: "All these men who are smiling and waving to us are thinking that I really have a well-trained wife. You handle that shovel like an expert."

I had no more than said the words when a car stopped and a friend shouted: "Hey Driftmier! Where did you find your slave? You ought to be ashamed of yourself letting Betty do the hard part!" Much against Betty's wishes, we stopped work right then and there.

I want to thank all of you who took pity on my bread-baking efforts and sent me your specific recipes and baking hints. The trouble is that not one of you helpful souls gave me any specific amounts of flour. If one of you told me to add butter, another kind soul told me not to add butter. If one told me to mix the yeast and water before adding to the flour, another told me to add the dry yeast to the flour before adding the liquid. At least, you have taught me that there is more than one way to make good bread. You have also taught me that every bread-baking situation is different. Be assured that you have helped me and my bread is getting better and better.

Betty's mother had her 93rd birthday party down in Florida without our presence. Commitments up here in the North prevented our flying down with the rest of the family. Mother Crandall

(Continued on page 20)

DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends:

As you all know by now, we have a baby boy. I must say that our lives are changed. We are discovering whole new realms of happiness. Since the last time I wrote, John has learned to smile and laugh and make us very merry indeed. Our conversations with him are no longer one-way affairs; he loves to communicate through all kinds of sounds and facial expressions.

I made a promise to myself to not write to you only about John Frederick because I do not wish to run the risk of boring all of you. But, there are still some things I want to tell you. Birth is an interesting subject, whether you are parents or grandparents or an uncle or aunt of a baby, and so there are a few things that we learned and experienced that I want to share with you, now at this late date.

For one thing, we have learned that it is good to have an extended family nearby when a baby is born. My mother-in-law, Susan Lang, cooked all of our dinners for the first two weeks! All that I had to do was stop at their house on the way home from work, leave the dishes from the day before and pick up a hot, three-course meal. That was a *real* help! A new family has a lot more on its mind than getting three meals ready each day!

While I am on the subject of grandparents, I must add that John is lucky to have two great-grandmothers in Calgary. He has had letters and lots of love come from his Great-grandmother and Great-grandfather Crandall in Florida. And, best of all, my mother and father are soon making a trip to Calgary to meet him.

John is also lucky to have Mary Lea Palo as an aunt. Anyone who has ever been near children knows this rule: as long as something is useable, never throw it out! This goes for both clothing and toys. John has received boxes and boxes of clothing outgrown by his three cousins. Not only is there no shortage of love, but there is also no shortage of clothing.

I wrote to you once when we were expecting John that I had decided to go ahead and be at the birth of our child. I am glad that I did; it is truly the most wonderful miracle that one can ever see, or be a part of.

If any of you know of someone who is expecting to have a baby, I would strongly recommend to you that those parents attend a Lamaze Method Prenatal Course. Any Lamaze-trained father can tell you that he enjoyed the birth of his child because he was equipped with skills that allowed him to be useful at the birth. At Lamaze class I



David's good friend, Gordon, took this family portrait of the Calgary Driftmiers: Sophie, John Frederick and David.

learned how to be a part of the process, not just an observer. Lamaze-trained mothers often feel better about their birth experience because they understand the physiology of what is going on inside of them, and therefore do not experience fear of the physical sensations that occur. Fear, many doctors will point out, is often the source of pain. A good book to read on the subject is *Thank You, Dr. Lamaze* by Marjorie Karmel.

Of course, having a baby means that your life goes through a change. The six Lamaze classes that we attended helped us get ready for our new life. We talked to other "new parents" like us, plus we were able to talk to parents who already had children.

One of the best changes in my life is the fact that at last I have learned how to relax, I think. I am a great one for rushing around and trying to do two or three things at once. What could be better than to get home, pick up the baby, sit in the rocking chair that my parents gave us right before John was born, and play with him for an hour or so? Both Sophie and I are enjoying the fact that we have more time at home together. We don't go out as much, but now our friends come here to see us!

It's hard to describe the kind of happiness that a newborn baby brings to a home. I like this poem by the English poet, William Blake, that speaks of how an infant's smile can make you feel good enough to sing and wish the infant even more joy in a perfect circle of love.

INFANT JOY

"I have no name;
I am but two days old.
What shall I call thee?
I happy am,
Joy is my name."

Pretty joy!

Sweet joy but two days old,

Sweet joy I call thee.

Thou dost smile,

I sing the while,

Sweet joy befall thee!

With this letter, we are all looking forward to the warmer months when John will be able to play outdoors for the first time. We hope that you have some happy future plans for the summer. Part of our happiness now, as we look into the future, is that we can look forward to seeing a new change every day in John. As we look at our baby, other babies, and all other children, we are reminded that in them lies all of our hope for the future—now and for always.

Until I write again, I send you all of our best.

Sincerely,
David

MANUSCRIPTS:

Unsolicited manuscripts for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* (Shenandoah, Iowa 51601) are welcome, with or without photos, but the publisher and editors will not be responsible for loss or injury. Therefore, retain a copy in your files.

Take Special Note of the RENEWAL DATE

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

Robin Writes



It was an early summer morning. There were waking noises of the neighborhood outside. I sat, near the top of the five steps, with my pink nightie stretched tightly over my knees; my arms hugged my legs as I looked down into my grandparents' kitchen. My grandmother had become a little lame with the years; she moved with difficulty to see that everyone received a hearty farm-fresh breakfast; even the Airedale dog was given her own special eggs and bacon dog food. The morning news screamed for attention as it reported the farm market news, but I barely noticed anything beyond the story I was living in my mind as I heard my aunt, my father's sister, explaining to cousins what life for my great-grandfather had been—how he had set his own leg, settled a town and made a life by himself.

The kitchen wasn't beneath the house, it was on the first floor level, but coming down the stairs from the second story a person always had the option midway to step down into the kitchen where the smell of bread baking in the oven only enhanced the family stories that were told there. Of course, one could opt for the living room where people were proper and a little dull for the likes of an eight-year-old.

(I think, only now that I have designed my own adobe house with a kitchen a few steps beneath other rooms of the house in Albuquerque, New Mexico, that perhaps I tried to capture a little of the flavor of my grandparents' kitchen. It was a special place for me, a place where I could hear about a time before and pretend that I had lived then.)

I have often felt that I had been born too late. How wonderful it would have been to have lived in a time when land could be cleared and settled, when towns could be begun, when barns were raised by everyone, together. A difficult time—a time to test the stuff of which people were made.

Later, in English and history classes in Shenandoah, Iowa, I felt born too late, again. I was thrilled to hear the stories of early times and famous people. I almost wished I could hug my knees again, as I had in my grandmother's home, and pretend to be there . . . where something of import was happening, where you could make the difference in your own life and the lives of others. How interesting it would have been to have lived in London in the days of Boswell, Paris in the time of the French Revolution, or to have known a Will Shakespeare.

I always seemed to think that I wanted a challenge beyond what life offered. Though I have enjoyed my life, somehow, I knew that a certain spark of pioneering would be welcome.

Now, I find myself with an opportunity to know our nation's capital, firsthand, in the early 1980's. Armed with phone numbers and addresses of friends of friends, knowing that my dear friend Juliana and her daughter Katharine will soon bolster my confidence with a week-long visit and that my parents will be here for a short stay also, I know that I can embrace a city of excitement in a time well worth living where I am.

Yes, I'd like to hug my knees on those familiar stairs and catch my breath to realize that it's time to give up the thought that I'd been born too late. My being here in Washington is just right, and I'm going to share the excitement of these times with you friends.

Many years ago, I visited Washington as a tourist and appreciated all the tourist stops. It was a tourist's city. My mind's eye remembers glimpses of marble monuments surrounded by dark stands of trees. It seemed a sterile city, all stone and no soul.

When I learned that my husband, Manny, was to go to Washington for a couple of years to become director of the National Institute of Education, I was concerned to leave my settled home with good friends and an interesting city that I loved. People told me that Washington was dull, that it is a one-industry town, unfriendly, expensive, too hot, too cold, too humid, unliveable. All true, in part. Yet, when friends began to share their friends in Washington, I realized that I had an opportunity firsthand to watch a part of history. Born too late, I think not. I had all the ingredients to make Washington as exciting as history had been for

me, and I could feel as accomplished as though I'd raised a barn.

One of the first things I realized was that I was as much a Washingtonian as anyone else. Everyone I met was literally from across the country.

Washington is filled with beauty, culture, and excitement. It feels like a small town with the advantages of a large city. Henry Mitchell, a student of Faulkner and a frequent writer about Washington, comments that "nowhere else in the world can you enjoy vultures, sea gulls and crows, none of them essentially urban fowl, so close to a Capitol dome."

In the short time I've been here, I've learned so much that I didn't know. I didn't know that the Smithsonian, the largest museum in the world, has 98 percent of its items not on display, that the site of the Marine Barracks where so many have enjoyed the Corps' drill and bugle corps, was personally selected by Thomas Jefferson after a carriage ride around the new capital city in 1801; that two women designed the beautiful Dumbarton Oaks Garden that surrounds the mansion where the forming of the United Nations was discussed; that in northwest Washington, not far from where we now live, at Piney Branch Road and Quackenbos Street, remnants of an old fort exist at which a young Union lieutenant colonel named Oliver Wendell Holmes saw a tall civilian standing on the ramparts during a Confederate attack and shouted sharply, "Get down, you fool!"—and that Abraham Lincoln promptly got down.

These things that I'm learning form a sort of narrative sketch of my portrait of Washington, capital and city. I'm enjoying seeing famous people on the street, and I'm looking forward to expanding my friendships to include Emily Driftmier

(Continued on page 15)



Spring has come to Washington, D.C., for Robin Justiz. She has been surprised to find so much "rural-like" area right in the middle of the city.

THOSE DANDY DANDELIONS

by
Elizabeth Myhr

A honeybee was industriously taking nectar from a dandelion. Wanting to take a picture for a friend who tends bees, I snapped the shutter. The bee, however, must have been camera-shy, for all I got was the dandelion.

More often than not, one thinks of dandelions as pests or weeds rather than for honey-making. They are diligently dug and sprayed in hopes of eradicating them, but they are not without their merits in spite of being called weeds.

Perhaps bees have a sense of the epicurean for they love to gather dandelion sweets for their honey pots. According to the beekeeper friend of mine, dandelions make about the best tasting honey of all varieties, better even than clover. He doesn't like to see the plant destroyed and leaves several clumps of them in his yard just for the discerning bees.

Dandelion greens make a delicious and healthful salad. Many people can recall when their mothers watched for the first signs of the greens and eagerly picked them. They called them a *spring tonic* and rightly so because dandelions are useful in the making of a tonic and as an ingredient for laxatives, too. Dandelion roots can be roasted and used as a coffee or tea substitute; the flowers can be used in making dandelion wine.

Today, it is hard to find dandelions that have not been sprayed with weedkiller, making them unsafe to use as food.

The word dandelion was derived from the French *dent de lion*, meaning lion's tooth, because of the sharp-toothed edges of the dandelion leaves.

There are several species of dandelion. The most common one is called *Taraxacum Officinale*. The Red-Seeded is another species, bearing smaller flowers with leaves that are cut almost to mid-vein. Still another species is the Fall Dandelion; its stalks lack the milky juice common in other varieties. It may have several flowers on one stalk, tinged with red on the underside. Its deeply cut leaves may point backward or forward. A dandelion native to Russia produces latex from the milky substance found in the tubes.

I like to think of dandelions as nature's own love gift to children. What child doesn't love to pick flowers? To that end dandelions have an esthetic value. Boys and girls can gather golden bouquets for their mothers to their hearts' content and absolutely no one objects. In the process of picking, the kiddies love to hold a bright yellow globe beneath someone's chin. If a reflection of yellow is seen (as it always is), it is a delight to announce that that person loves butter. Thus dandelions are sometimes called butter



Abigail Driftmier proudly shows off her new grandson, Joseph Martin Di-Cicco, of Arlington, Va.

balls as well as blow balls due to the fluffy balls formed from the seeds.

Even the silkworm knows the value of the dandelion, using it for food in the absence of mulberry leaves.

Blow balls, butter balls, whatever, it does seem that the dandelion is a hardy plant resistant to all efforts to do away with it. Possibly there is a reason. Perhaps someday, while some child is fancifully making bracelets and necklaces from dandelion stalks, a grand use for dandelions may be born and we will call them *those dandy dandelions* and cultivate them deliberately.

TO SPRING UP!

by
Norma Tisher

Mushroom as a verb means to spring up suddenly or multiply rapidly. As a noun, it is a term used for an umbrella-shaped, fruited, fleshy fungus—a vegetable.

Mushroom cultivation appears to have begun in the Western World in France in the 17th century during the reign of Louis XIV. Commercial mushroom production started in the vicinity of New York City, particularly Long Island. The growing of mushrooms in the United States seems to have been introduced from England. From Long Island, the center of mushroom growing shifted to Chester County, Pennsylvania, which today produces about 10,000 tons of cultivated mushrooms each year or about one-half the total U.S. consumption.

The wild meadow mushroom is common in many parts of the world, having been widely distributed by horses which eat the mushrooms or the spores. Mushrooms do not contain chlorophyll and cannot manufacture their own food. Most of them live on decaying organic matter such as dead wood, humus, and

manure.

Many people pick wild mushrooms in the fall and dry them for later use. Nutritionally, mushrooms are not used for food value although they are rich in vitamin B and iron. Their influence and impact upon meats in sauces and condensed cream soups have been far reaching and wholesome. One-dish meals invariably combine sound nourishing values with the spice of variety and new taste mushrooms give. Though they minimize the time spent in the kitchen, portions must be very generous.

Domesticated mushrooms which differ from the wild one have been developed in at least three strains: brown, cream-colored and the white which is most popular in the United States. Fairy-ring mushroom is related because of its nutty flavor and is best suited for preserving by drying.

Poisoning by some wild mushrooms is common and may be fatal or produce merely mild gastrointestinal disturbance or slight allergic reaction. The familiar old wives' tale that says only a poisonous mushroom will blacken a silver dime brought into contact with it, is not accurate and should not be trusted.

While I was growing up, I never even got near a growing mushroom for fear I would get poisoned. One sure way to avoid mushroom poisoning is to eat only those mushrooms that are canned in glass jars and cans or sold fresh in food markets. Stems and pieces are reasonably priced.

Mushrooms can be fried, creamed, or boiled. They require only 5 to 10 minutes of cooking time.

If liver is a no-no on your menus, try preparing it like Swiss steak with cream of mushroom soup. Liver is a very healthy food. Next time you are preparing broiled beef steak, "spring it up" with mushrooms which have been sauteed in margarine or butter.

TO DECORATE, TO REMEMBER

The 30th day of May, 1868, was designated as the day for "... adorning the graves of comrades who died in the Civil War."

General John A. Logan, Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, ordered that such adornments as placing flowers on the graves or *decorating* them was a fitting thing to do.

Decoration Day, then, was set aside to pay our respects to those who fought and died to unite our nation. We refer to Decoration Day or Memorial Day to commemorate the veterans of all wars—veterans who fought and died to keep our nation united.

Memorial Day now falls on the last Monday in May.

Recipes

RHUBARB MARMALADE

- 2 lbs. diced rhubarb
- 4 1/2 cups sugar
- Juice and peel of 1 large orange
- Juice and peel of 1/2 lemon
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Combine the rhubarb and sugar in a glass container and let stand overnight. Next day, add the juices. Coarsely grind the peel with a food grinder and add peel and flavoring to rhubarb. Place over heat and simmer for about 1 1/2 hours or until thick. Ladle into sterilized jars and seal. Makes 2 pints. —Verlene

BUTTERSCOTCH DESSERT

Step I

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine

Combine the above ingredients and blend well. Press into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake for 10 to 15 minutes, or until light brown, at 350 degrees. Allow to cool while preparing the following:

Step II

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1/2 of 9-oz. carton frozen whipped topping, thawed (the rest to be used in Step III)

Cream the cheese and powdered sugar. Fold in the whipped topping. Spread over the cooled crust. Prepare the following:

Step III

- 2 regular-size pkgs. instant butterscotch pudding mix (I used one pkg. of butterscotch and one pkg. of butter-pecan.)

- 3 cups milk

Remaining whipped topping

Prepare the pudding mixes using the 3 cups milk. Whip and spread over the second layer. Top with the remaining topping. Refrigerate. Cut into squares to serve.

For variation, lemon or chocolate pudding mixes can be used. —Dorothy

BROCCOLI-ORANGE SAUCE

- 1 bunch fresh broccoli
- 2 Tbls. margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1/2 cup plain yogurt
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. grated orange rind
- 1/4 tsp. dried leaf thyme

Wash broccoli and remove large leaves and tough parts of stalks. Cut into individual spears. Place in large saucepan with 1/2 inch of boiling water. Cover and simmer for 10 to 12 minutes until broccoli is tender-crisp. Drain.

Meanwhile, melt margarine in small pan. Remove from heat and blend in flavoring and flour until smooth. Gradually stir in remaining ingredients while cooking over low heat until mixture thickens. Pour orange mixture over the drained broccoli and serve. Makes four servings. —Verlene

ONE-DISH-MEAL CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 large can mixed vegetables, drained
- 1 onion, finely chopped
- 1/2 cup finely chopped green pepper
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 can cream of celery soup
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 cup grated American or Cheddar cheese

Baking powder biscuit dough (Prepare your own.)

Brown the ground beef and drain excess fat. Put meat in bottom of lightly greased casserole. Layer the drained mixed vegetables over the meat. Sprinkle on the onion, green pepper, salt and pepper. Combine the cream soup and milk. Blend until smooth. Pour over the casserole. Sprinkle cheese on top. Bake at 350 degrees for about 40 minutes, or until bubbly and brown. Remove from oven and increase oven temperature to 450 degrees. Place the biscuit dough, which you have prepared, on top of casserole. Return to oven for about 15 minutes, or until biscuit dough is brown. —Dorothy

PINEAPPLE-RHUBARB PIE

- 1 recipe of your favorite pastry for a 2-crust, 9-inch pie
- 1 8 3/4-oz. can crushed pineapple undrained
- 3 cups diced rhubarb
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3/4 cup sifted flour
- Dash of salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 Tbls. butter

Prepare pastry. Roll out and line bottom of pie pan. Combine pineapple, rhubarb, sugar, flour, salt and flavorings. Mix well. Turn into the unbaked prepared pie shell. Dot with the butter and top with the second crust. Let stand for 20 minutes before baking in a 400-degree oven for 40 minutes. —Verlene

MANDARIN ORANGE SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 6-oz. can orange juice concentrate, thawed
- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, juice and all
- 1 can Mandarin orange sections, drained
- 1 8-oz. carton whipped topping, thawed

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Stir in flavorings and orange juice concentrate. Chill until syrupy. Add fruits. Fold in topping. Spread in pan and refrigerate until firm. —Dorothy

CREAM OF CAULIFLOWER SOUP

- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 2 14-oz. cans regular strength chicken broth
- 2 medium carrots, sliced 1/4 inch thick
- 1 medium cauliflower, cut into small florets
- 1 cup light cream or half-and-half
- 1/8 tsp. nutmeg
- Salt and pepper
- Fresh parsley

In a 3- or 4-quart kettle, melt the butter or margarine. Add the onion and saute it for about 5 minutes. Pour in the chicken broth and bring to a boil. Add the carrots and cauliflower. Cover and simmer until vegetables are tender (about 7 minutes). Pour a small amount of the vegetable mixture at a time into a blender. Whirl until a puree is formed. Turn the puree into a pan and add the cream or half-and-half, nutmeg, salt and pepper. Heat just to simmering. (Do not boil.) Sprinkle fresh, chopped parsley over top and serve. —Robin

CHILI-EGG PUFF

- 10 eggs
- 1/2 cup unsifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 pint small-curd cottage cheese
- 1 lb. Jack cheese, shredded
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine, melted
- 8 ozs. (or more) green chili peppers, chopped

Beat eggs until light. Add the flour, baking powder and salt one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add the cottage cheese, Jack cheese, butter or margarine and peppers one at a time, beating lightly after each is added. Pour into a buttered 9- by 13-inch baking dish. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes, or until center is set.

—Juliana

CHICKEN-ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

- 2 lbs. fresh asparagus (or 2 pkgs. frozen)
- 1/2 cup butter
- 2 small chicken breasts, cooked and sliced
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. powdered thyme
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1/2 cup milk

Cook asparagus in salted water until just tender; drain. Arrange in a 9- by 13-inch baking dish. Melt butter in skillet and saute cooked chicken until just hot; add salt, pepper, thyme. Arrange chicken evenly over asparagus. Blend egg yolks with sour cream and milk. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into egg yolk mixture. Spoon over chicken. Bake for 20 minutes at 375 degrees or until golden brown. Serves four.

—Verlene

BEST COFFEE MUFFINS

- 1 1/3 cups flour
- 2 Tbls. instant non-fat dry milk
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup hot brewed coffee
- 2 Tbls. butter, softened
- 3/4 cup instant uncooked oatmeal
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Mix the flour, dry milk, baking powder, allspice and salt together. Set aside.

Pour the hot coffee over the butter; add the instant oatmeal and let set for 5 minutes. Stir the egg, sugar and flavoring into the coffee mixture. Stir the flour mixture into the liquid mixture, stirring just enough to blend. Grease 12 large muffins cups and fill each three-fourths full with the batter. Bake in oven preheated to 400 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes.

—Juliana

PECAN-OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1 cup margarine, softened
- 1/4 cup granulated sugar
- 3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 3 1/2-oz. pkg. butter-pecan instant pudding mix (dry)
- 2 eggs
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/4 cups unsifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 3 1/2 cups quick-cooking rolled oats

Cream the margarine, sugars and pudding mix. Beat in eggs and flavorings. Combine the flour and soda and add. Beat well. Stir in oats. Batter will be stiff. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto ungreased baking sheet. Bake for about 10 minutes at 375 degrees.

—Dorothy

FILLED HAMBURGERS

- 2 lbs. lean ground beef
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. evaporated milk
- 4 slices crisp cooked bacon, crumbled
- 3 large sweet pickles, finely chopped
- 1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 Tbls. mustard
- 1 Tbls. mayonnaise

Combine the ground beef, salt and evaporated milk. Shape into 16 small, thin patties. Mix the remaining ingredients together. Put 1 heaping teaspoonful of the mixture on first patty, then top with another. Seal edges. Cook on an outdoor grill, broiler or griddle at a lower temperature and a little longer than usual. Eat in buns.

—Juliana

ROBIN'S OATMEAL BREAD

- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 3 Tbls. margarine
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup uncooked quick-cooking rolled oats
- 3/4 cup lukewarm water
- 1 1/2 cakes yeast
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 5 cups all-purpose flour

Combine the boiling water, margarine, salt and rolled oats. Let set until cooled to lukewarm.

Combine the lukewarm water, yeast, brown sugar, molasses and 1 cup of the flour.

Combine the two mixtures; add the remaining 4 cups of flour. Turn out onto floured board and knead for about 10 minutes. Dough will be stiff. Shape into two balls and grease with margarine. Place balls in a greased bowl and let rise until double. Flatten balls on a greased surface and let rise about 30 minutes. Shape into two loaves and place in two greased loaf pans. Let rise until dough comes to top of pan (or a little more). Bake at 350 degrees for about 1 hour.

CREAMY RHUBARB PIE

- 3 cups diced fresh rhubarb
- 1 unbaked 9-inch pie shell
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup commercial sour cream or unflavored yogurt
- 1 to 2 cups sugar (according to taste)
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. tapioca
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

Place rhubarb in bottom of lined pie pan. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over rhubarb in pie pan. Bake at 425 degrees for 15 minutes; reduce heat to 350 and continue baking for 30 to 35 minutes, or until filling is set.

—Betty Jane

CABBAGE & SPAGHETTI WITH CHEESE SAUCE

- 3/4 cup dry spaghetti, broken into 1-inch pieces
- 1/4 lb. cheese, grated (1 cup)
- 1 cup hot medium white sauce (make your own)
- 2 cups shredded cabbage
- Bread crumbs tossed with melted margarine or butter, for topping

Cook spaghetti in lightly salted boiling water until done. Drain. Add cheese to white sauce and stir until cheese is melted. Place alternate layers of spaghetti and cabbage in greased casserole. Pour the cheese sauce over top. Sprinkle with the bread crumbs. Bake, covered, in 350-degree oven for about 40 minutes. Remove cover last 15 minutes of baking time.

—Dorothy

EMERALD SALAD

- 1 1-lb. can sliced peaches (plus syrup)
 - 2 3-oz. pkgs. lime gelatin
 - 2 cups boiling water
 - 3/4 cup cold water
 - 1 red maraschino cherry
 - 1 cup halved and seeded fresh grapes
 - Lettuce and cottage cheese
- Drain peaches, saving syrup. Add enough water to syrup to make 1 cup. Dissolve gelatin in the boiling water. Add cold water and the peach syrup. Chill until syrupy.

Pour 1 cup of the gelatin into a 6-cup salad mold. Press maraschino cherry into center. Press 12 peach slices into gelatin, forming a sunburst. Place grape halves around outside of ring mold in between the peach slices. Refrigerate until set.

Mix remaining gelatin, peaches and grapes. Pour into mold. Chill.

Unmold onto chilled serving plate. Surround with lettuce cups filled with cottage cheese. Serve.

Salad may be put in an 8- by 10-inch dish. Cut into square serving pieces. Place on lettuce and top with cottage cheese and sliver of maraschino cherry.

—Hallie

ALMOND PASTE*(Food processor recipe)*

- 1/2 lb. (2 cups) shelled almonds
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup butter (do not substitute)
- 2 egg whites

In the processor bowl with steel blade, process almonds until ground. Add the powdered sugar and butter (cut in chunks). Process for 10 to 20 seconds. In a separate bowl, beat egg whites until very stiff. Add to processor bowl and process by turning machine on and off several times until a smooth paste is formed. Use as cake filling. —Verlene

MINIATURE DRUMSTICKS

- 3 lbs. broiler-fryer chicken wings (about 18)
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 cup grated fresh Parmesan cheese
- 1 tsp. monosodium glutamate
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. paprika
- 1/2 tsp. oregano
- 1/4 tsp. Tabasco sauce
- 3/4 cup buttermilk
- Oil for deep frying

Cut the wings at drumstick joint. (Freeze and use remaining wing portions for soups, stock, etc.)

Combine the flour, cheese, monosodium glutamate, salt, paprika and oregano. Set aside. Combine the Tabasco sauce and buttermilk. Dip the wings into the buttermilk; shake off excess. Then roll drumstick in the combined dry ingredients. Cook for about 5 minutes in deep hot oil heated to 365 degrees.

Delicious for a buffet-type meal or served as hors d'oeuvres. —Robin

STRAWBERRY TORTE

- Pie crust for 2-crust pie
- Granulated sugar
- 4 cups prepared strawberries
- 2 cups whipped cream or whipped topping
- Powdered sugar to taste
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 to 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Prepare pie crust. Divide into 6 equal parts. Roll each into about a 7-inch circle. (A 7-inch plate is a nice pattern to cut around with a sharp knife to make edges smooth and sizes even.) Place these six circles on an ungreased cooky sheet. Prick with a fork so they will bake flat. Sprinkle with granulated sugar as desired. Bake at 425 degrees about 8 minutes or until lightly browned. Remove from oven and cool.

Prepare fresh strawberries by washing, hulling and slicing. (Frozen strawberries should be thawed and well-drained.) Whip cream—or prepare topping according to package directions—or use frozen whipped topping, thawed. Sweeten to taste with powdered sugar. Fold in prepared berries and flavorings.

Starting with one baked circle of crust, put a layer of whipped cream and strawberries on top of first layer. Continue to add layers of baked crust and strawberry mixture until all are used. Top with last of strawberry mixture and garnish with a few whole berries. Refrigerate for 2 to 3 hours. Beautiful for a buffet table.

—Evelyn

**GOLDEN FRIED FISH**

- Fresh fish fillets (We used catfish.)
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. oil
- 2/3 cup cold water
- 1 egg white
- Oil for frying

Combine the flour, salt, oil and water. Blend well. Beat the egg white until soft peaks form and fold into the flour mixture. Dip fish into the batter. Fry fish in 1/2 inch oil which has been heated to 370 degrees. Drain on paper towel. —Lucile

SAUSAGE-BROCCOLI BAKE

- 1 lb. bulk pork sausage
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 8-oz. can water chestnuts, drained and sliced
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped broccoli, cooked according to pkg. directions and drained
- 3/4 cup dairy sour cream
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1 tsp. dried parsley flakes

In skillet, cook sausage until brown. Drain excess fat. In a bowl, combine the sausage, eggs, bread crumbs, water chestnuts and broccoli. Turn into a greased 8-inch square pan. Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for about 35 minutes. Combine the sour cream, mayonnaise or salad dressing and mustard. Spread over top. Sprinkle the parsley flakes over all. Return to oven for 5 to 7 more minutes. —Dorothy

FUNNEL CAKES

- 1 egg
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1 1/3 cups flour
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine all ingredients in a bowl. Beat until smooth. (This might also be mixed in a blender.) Pour part of batter into clean funnel with about a 3/8-inch opening, holding finger over bottom of funnel. Drop batter into hot, deep fat (375 degrees). Swirl in circles from center out. Make each circle 5 to 6 inches in diameter at widest part. Turn with long tongs. Brown on both sides; drain on paper towel. Serve with sprinkling of powdered sugar, jelly, syrup, molasses or honey.

These may be made in other shapes besides the spirals. It is fun to let the children help make the squiggles, letters, and any shape that suits them. The batter may also be dropped by table-spoons into the deep fat or fried on a pancake griddle. —Evelyn

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An Air Force Wife Writes

Dear Friends:

I have been sitting here with a cup of coffee contemplating two ideas. One is the old adage that the only constant in life is change. The other is the ways in which our family is growing both dependent and independent at the same time. What brought on this thinking bout is the presence across the room from me of my husband's recent acquisition, a video tape recorder. But I will get back to this.

First, let's talk about cars. When we made the change—not for the first time—from being a two-car to a one-car family about two years ago, there were many changes in our life style. It forced us all to be more practical. We did things like forming car pools and organizing our activities more efficiently. Vin and I began to depend more on each other: if I wanted him to take a late lunch to sit with sick kids while I went to a rehearsal, he would have to have the car to get home. On the whole I have liked the challenges and restrictions of the one-car life style, but the system breaks down. Activities change, car pool members move away, emergencies arise, and then we are dependent on other people.

I like to think that I am a good friend, that I will go out of my way to help a friend. But I find myself often keeping a balance sheet of "good deeds" in my mind, particularly when I feel I am in debt to someone. It makes me nervous to ask for a favor, in spite of my being more than ready to do a favor. Yet, needing someone is, in a sense, a compliment to him or her. A good friend of mine moved from Chicago to a rural part of Wisconsin where the population was long-established. When I asked how she managed to become accepted in the community, she replied, "I asked for help." Her new neighbors were pleased when she sought their advice or expertise, and then took an interest in her family's well-being. I found that very good advice and used it to meet my neighbors both in Maine and here in Omaha.

I used to know many more people in this neighborhood. But in true military fashion a lot of friends have moved on and a lot of the new neighbors have not sought me out. I decided to remedy this in part by inviting all the women on my street to a coffee. Typically, I had to cancel the coffee last week when Chris was sent home from school with the flu, but I am going to try again this week. I had made the French coffecake from the *Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook* so I was able to save one of the loaves in the freezer.

As the weather warms up and we all move outdoors, I will be seeing a lot more of my neighbors. We had a less hectic social life this year than sometimes, but



The Palo family enjoys an early-spring outing. From left to right are Christopher, Cassie, held by her mother, Mary Lea, Isabel & Vincent.

had some wonderful times with just the family. I think it was the change from having two children to having three children that made me feel my family was a crowd by itself. When we pack into our small auto we have a full car, so we can never invite others to drive anywhere with us. Christopher (age 6) and Isabel (almost 9) are able to play games by the rules and participate in sports like ice skating and tennis right along with Vin and me. This summer, finally, we will each have a bike with just two wheels (Chris graduating from a "big wheel") so I look forward to a good biking season. Cassie at 18 months is, well, a terror, but an adorable one. She unites the rest of us in laughing at her antics and limiting her swath of destruction. Fortunately, she still fits in the baby seat on the back of Vin's bike.

Several of our family activities are church-related. We just had Confirmation in our parish, and Vin and I presented to the bishop the four young people we had sponsored through a program of several months' duration. They were all nice kids, eighth graders from good families. At our meetings where we discussed the various implications of being an adult in the church I looked for signs of deep questioning, of intellectual ferment, but these kids were a little young yet for that. I remember my youth as being a very tumultuous period of conflicting values, a healthy period of development, but so painful.

When I gained the independence of being away from my parents' home, I tried a variety of life styles. It was not so much an experiment for the sake of experimenting as it was a search for the best way to express my convictions. I am happy with my current life style as wife, parent, neighbor and friend, but I still get the feeling sometimes that I'm just trying

it out, or playing the role. What would my children think if they knew their mother was still wondering what she is going to be when she grows up? Do they have an inkling that the "rock" of their stability feels more like a sponge? The pressures to change our life style come faster than changes in our family car. That brings me back to the video tape recorder.

I was perfectly happy with Vin's purchase of the video tape recorder. But I cautioned him that we were purchasing a life style. This was something that was going to require regular outlays of money (for purchase or rental of tapes) and value judgments (what movies to see and how much time to put into watching). In some ways it makes us more independent. We can watch movies at home for far less than it would cost to go to a theatre and pay a baby sitter. In other ways it expands our social contacts as we invite friends to share favorite movies, or form a network for trading tapes.

So you will forgive me, I hope, for staring at that machine while my coffee grows cold. And this is just the beginning—Vin wants to get a home computer!

I hope all the changes in your lives are positive ones.

Sincerely,
Mary Lea Palo

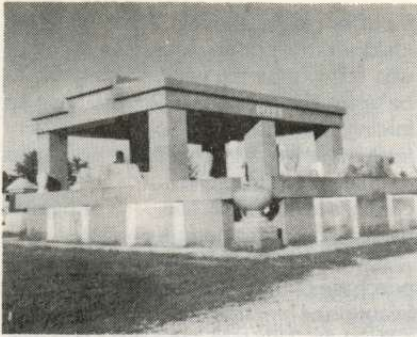
ROBIN WRITES — Concluded

DiCicco and Katharine Driftmier and becoming reacquainted with friends from high school. I don't look forward to sharing a prose valentine to "Washington the magnificent" or giving you the latest version of a chamber of commerce flyer. I hope to share humor, candor, criticism, and some practical advice on where to go and what to see when you friends come to our nation's capital—sometimes I'll detour. I'll write to you about how I cope in Washington as a person from the rural country who is living a city life.

My, it is exciting to see the Capitol at night, to drive past the Washington Monument or the Jefferson Memorial; however, I know that part of Washington is somewhat illusory; I know the noble marble often masks ignoble deeds; I know of the constant clashes between ambition and principle, and I know for all of Washington's imperfections that this city is going to be an exciting place to be. I look forward to sharing it with you, my friends.

Born too late, I think not. Maybe some little person will sit on my brick steps leading to my self-designed kitchen in my adobe house in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and clutch his or her knees to hear some of the stories I have to tell about my special time in Washington





The Davis Memorial in Mount Hope Cemetery, Hiawatha, Kansas.

AN EXPENSIVE CEMETERY MEMORIAL

by
Joan Hosman

Why would a man spend his entire lifetime savings on a cemetery memorial?

This question has been asked many times in regard to a man, John Davis, a farmer, of Hiawatha, Kansas, who spent half a million dollars preparing and erecting an elaborate cemetery memorial to the memory of his wife, Sarah. It is located at the Mount Hope Cemetery in Hiawatha. He did all this only to die penniless at the age of 92, in the county's home for the aged.

The \$500,000 marble and granite structure was started in 1932, two years after Sarah's death. The inscription on the floor of the memorial states: "John M. Davis Erected This Memorial to the Sacred Memory of His Dearly Beloved Wife, Sarah E. Davis."

The figures were carved by Italian sculptors from photographs of the couple. Newspapers stated during the time they were being erected, that they were a very good likeness of the couple.

Most of the statues were of marble imported from Italy; the last, however, were carved from granite, which was much less costly, and probably indicates that Mr. Davis was running short of funds.

Some feel that originally Mr. Davis planned to use only two statues in the memorial—those of a couple on a love seat depicting their courtship days. Probably because Mr. Davis was as fascinated by the statues as the many visitors who come to see them, he continued his lifetime of purchasing memorials for the memorial.

One of the statues of the aged Mr. Davis shows him sitting in an overstuffed chair beside a vacant chair. Written on the seat are the words, "The Vacant Chair", and symbolizes the loneliness Mr. Davis felt at the loss of his wife.

There are three statues that depict Mr. Davis without the lower portion of his arm. One depicts him without a beard. Both were made from photographs after farm accidents occurred causing the loss of his arm and a fire that caused the loss of his beard.

On top of the vault in which Mr. Davis' coffin is placed is a statue of Sarah, complete with angel wings. A statue of Mr. Davis kneeling is atop his wife's burial place.

The question of why John did this will probably never be known. All ideas are only speculative. The only man that probably knew why the memorial was built was Horace C. England, the memorial dealer, who kept a very close mouth about his business transactions with Mr. Davis.

Some believe, since they were such a devoted couple who had no children, that after Sarah's death, John thought it only proper to build a memorial to her. Others believe, since Mr. Davis was an

orphan and had no children, he did not want any of his wife's relatives to inherit his fortune, and for that reason he spent every dime to outdo any other memorials in the central area of the United States.

For some, the desire to build a fortune to leave their loved ones is the ultimate, but for John Davis, it seems his motivation was to spend every dime and leave nothing but a memorial honoring his wife. This he did. Thousands of visitors are attracted each year to the memorial site in the Mount Hope Cemetery in Hiawatha, Kansas.

LIVING NAMES

Have you ever heard of Ambrose Burnside or Samuel Maverick? The names of these men, and many others like them, are living in our language today.

Ambrose Burnside was a Union general during the Civil War. Many men today are unknowingly copying him when they wear sideburns which were named after General Burnside when he made the style popular.

In the 1800s, a Texas rancher, Samuel Maverick, did not brand his cattle. When cowboys rounded up unbranded strays, they said, "Oh, they're Sam Maverick's." Soon, any unbranded cow or calf became known as a maverick.

Louis Pasteur first encouraged people to heat their milk to kill germs. This process is known as pasteurization.

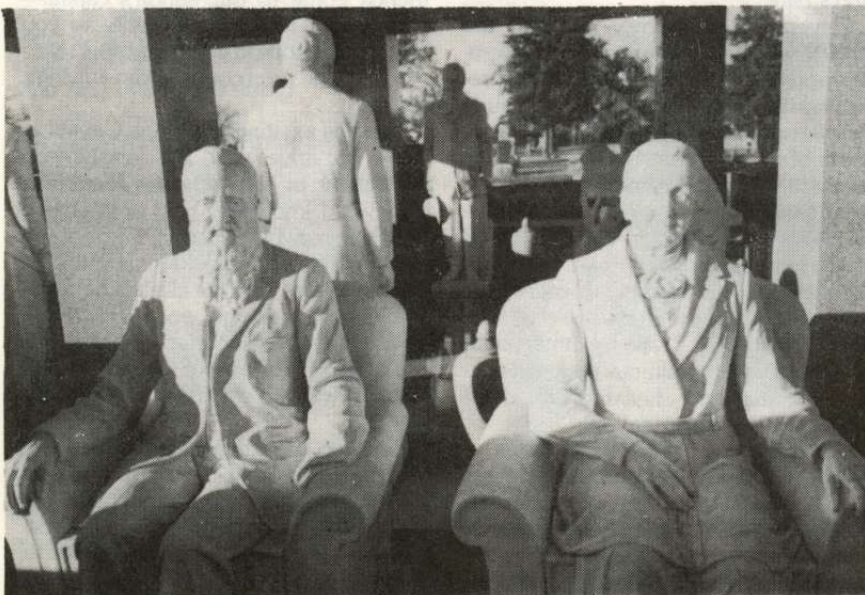
Joel Poinsett was the first United States Minister to Mexico, but his name sounds familiar today because the poinsettia is named after him. He is credited with introducing the plant to the United States when he brought it from Mexico and cultivated it.

Several other flowers have been named in honor of botanists—the dahlia for Andreas Dahl, the gardenia for Alexander Garden, the gloxinia for Benjamin P. Gloxin, the lobelia for Matthias de L'Obel, and the zinnia for Johann G. Zinn.

The teddy bear was named in honor of Theodore Roosevelt. The diesel engine bears the name of its inventor, Rudolph Diesel. John Philip Sousa, famous band director and composer of marches, suggested the construction of the sousaphone. Rudolph Boysen developed the boysenberry.

People have also given their names to articles of clothing. The mackintosh, a raincoat, was named for its inventor, Charles Macintosh. Bloomers were named after Amelia Bloomer. Jules Leotard, a performer of aerial feats, gave his name to leotards.

If the men and women listed above were alive today, they probably would be surprised to learn that we are familiar with their names. Who knows? Maybe someday your name will become part of our language. —Dianne L. Beetler



These beautifully carved figures of John and Sarah Davis, in the later years of their lives, are two of the many statues in the Davis Memorial in Hiawatha, Kansas. This is the statue which shows John with the lower portion of his left arm missing.



Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

The month of May brings memories of Mother and celebrating Mother's Day. Thanks to the Iowa reader who wrote that her mother was of the same generation as mine, noting similarities in their outlook and ideals. Keeping scrapbooks of poetry and inspirational articles was also her mother's hobby. While leafing through one of my mom's, I found a beautiful article on "Thoughtfulness Is an Art". The last paragraph especially explained why:

Thoughtfulness is seeing a need and filling it. Thoughtfulness is expressing your appreciation for the things others have done for you. The art of thoughtfulness is always going the second mile. It considers others first and doesn't hesitate to do or say the needed thing. It is indeed an art.

Our Sioux City Public Library publishes a pamphlet called "Inside Story" which lists programs, news items and book reviews. One review lead me to check out a book called *A Frontier Family in Minnesota* (University of Minnesota Press, 2037 University Ave. SE, Minneapolis, Mn. 55414, \$12.95). This is a collection of the letters of French/Swiss pioneers by the name of Theodore and Sophie Bost. Editing the collection and translating the letters from French was done by Ralph H. Bowen.

The letters give a detailed picture of farming on the Minnesota frontier in the 1850's and later. Theodore Bost came to America in 1851 at the age of seventeen. He taught school in New England, and then moved to the territory of Minnesota and established a farm near Lake Minnetonka. After a courtship by correspondence, Sophie Bonjour arrived in St. Paul and became his wife. Their marriage was harmonious and lasted over sixty years.

The Bosts endured the terrible hardships of the first settlers, but also shared the satisfactions, such as raising families, building schools and churches, and holding political office. Sophie and Theodore were well educated and came from families where book learning was taken for granted. They were brought up in an atmosphere of self-awareness, and their letters showed their human qualities: warmth, courage, and sense of duty.

Sophie Bost wrote in a letter to her husband's parents that she was extremely busy caring for her family and the workmen. She wished to remain a lady, receive visitors, and have the children wear clean, attractive clothes. She concluded the letter, "I'm still far from having learned all there is to know about my new and complex occupation, but I love it,

which is a long stride toward perfection, and I'm not ashamed to learn from women who are more experienced in the art of house keeping, which is another advantage."

Because Sophie and Theodore Bost were intensely human individuals, their letters seem like a novel of the settlement in the Big Woods of Minnesota. The title *A Frontier Family in Minnesota* Letters of Theodore and Sophie Bost, 1851-1920, tells exactly what to expect.

Little boys like to play with toy cars, and grownups need the real thing. For readers ages 7-11, here is the perfect book that tells what makes the wheels go round. *Cars and How They Go* (Crowell Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., New York, NY 10022, \$9.95) is written by Joanna Cole and illustrated by Gail Gibbons. Driving a car is much more complex than just turning a key and stepping on the gas pedal. With brilliant simplicity, Joanna Cole and the illustrator portray the internal working of a car in action. The brief text explains how each part of the car functions, while bright pictures show the corresponding labeled close-ups and cutaway views of the engine, carburetor, electrical system, etc. such as: "The engine turns a rod called a crankshaft. The crankshaft is connected to another rod, the drive shaft, that reaches from the front of the car to the rear. The drive shaft is connected to the rear axle, a rod that holds the rear wheels on."

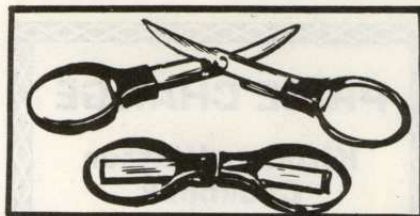
Let me emphasize that *Cars and How They Go* is a book that explains the parts and functions of an auto in a very understandable way—even to me!

A word spelled with pictures is called a rebus. In *Bunny Rabbit Rebus* (Crowell Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., New York, NY 10022, \$7.95, ages 6-9), David Adler and Madelaine Linden have created a playful and challenging rebus game in the tradition of picture puzzle books popular in the 19th century. *Bunny Rabbit Rebus* tells of Mother Rabbit taking her frisky Little Rabbit to search for food—with visits to Sleepy Rabbit, Duck, Hen, and Mouse. Young readers will follow their quest and have fun identifying the picture words. This charming story is good for sharing and for lap-reading to younger children. There is a glossary of rebuses and the translated text of the story as well.

We've just received word that our daughter, Ann Elizabeth, and her husband, David Grosenheider, of Kennewick, Wash., are the parents of a darling baby girl, Sarah Elizabeth. What fun we, as grandparents, will have reading about Bunny Rabbit to that special little person!

In the beginning, God was too busy to solve the individual problems of His many children.

Consequently, He did the next best thing: He created mothers.



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From Our Family Album

This is one of my very favorite pictures from the family album. Emily (Driftmier) DiCicco is sitting between two of her cousin's (Juliana Verness Lowey) dolls. We thought Emily looked like a doll herself and this picture proves that to be true.

One Sunday afternoon late in 1949, my brother, Wayne, and his wife, Abigail, brought Emily by for a visit at my house. Juliana had left her dolls on the davenport and when Emily saw them she just went wild. Of course, such an unusual sight demanded that the camera come out at that very moment.

It is amazing to me to think that the darling little "doll" in the center is now the mother of the adorable boy pictured on this month's cover of the magazine. Emily and her husband, Rich, also have another fine son, Stephen.

One of the great joys in my life has been being able to watch my nieces and nephews as they have grown into fine men and women. Now I have the added pleasure of welcoming their offspring into our extended family.

—Lucile

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MOTHER LISTENED

by Dorothy Sandall

"Talk some more! I like to hear you," my mother encouraged when I paused to regroup my thoughts. I was visiting her at the nursing home after spending the weekend with our children. I had already told Mother the events of the last few days as well as interesting details in the lives of her grandchildren.

I was stunned. My mother had been listening to me for almost fifty years and she still liked to hear me talk. Adding a little more about the progress of the vegetable and flower gardens, it was time to go.

Driving home, I thought of the many times Mother listened to my happy adventures as well as my frustrations. When I raved about a school friend's irritability, Mother listened until I ran down. Then she asked quietly, "Why do you suppose she is like that? Maybe she has troubles you don't know about."

As a young bride, I chatted about the

little annoyances of wedded life. Mother listened, then observed, "How do you think your husband feels when you do things he doesn't like?" That thought hadn't occurred to me!

"Be patient, everything will work out in time," was Mother's advice when I worried about the problems of raising our children. Then she mused, "I'll tell you a secret. It is much easier to be a grandparent. I can enjoy my grandchildren and let you parents do the worrying."

As college loomed ahead, I wondered how we could possibly get the money required. "It might be a good idea for each child to help out and you may have to do work outside home, too," was her suggestion.

Being able to talk to Mother always seemed natural to me; I rattled on about whatever was on my mind. Through the years it surely was not always easy to listen to me, but giving me her loving attention was a very special gift given to me by my mother.

SEWING HINTS

by
Mrs. Omar J. Stoutner

Square Patch: I wonder if everyone knows how to put in a square patch? Or perhaps I should wonder if anyone puts patches on clothes anymore. If the patch is put in with no stitches showing, most kids will wear jeans or shirts that have been saved from the ragbag. The first thing is to match the spot that has worn through as closely as possible. I keep a supply of well-washed jeans to provide the right shade of fading. If the item has a stripe or check, it takes a slightly larger patch to match the pattern.

This patch is put in on the wrong side, but I usually cut the old material away, and do any matching from the right side. Cut a neat square or rectangle, getting the thin spots as well as the actual hole. Cut the repair at least an inch larger all around, preferably a little more. Cut a small slit out from the four corners. Some say press the seam allowance back, but after you have made a few, this is not really necessary. Turn the garment inside out, placing the patch under the hole. Starting any place that is handy, stitch the seam allowance from the garment to the patch, turning the corners sharply. The slit out from the corner makes this possible.

After you have stitched once around, hopefully matching any design, turn the garment back to the right side. Smooth it down, so you can see if it lies flat. It takes only a minute to loosen and restitch any place that isn't flat. Turn back to the inside, and if you have a zigzag machine, go around again, so it won't ravel. If you left too much seam allowance, trim it neatly before zigzagging. If you don't have that stitch, just sew close to the first stitching. Be sure the corners are caught in so they don't pull out.

I suggest trying it on some scrap material, something less bulky than jeans. This method works on sleeves and other areas of garments as well.

Keep Information Handy: I do a lot of knitting, some of it for members of the family who live some distance away. Whenever I send a sweater, cap, scarf, or any other item, I include the label off a skein of the yarn, which includes washing directions. For myself, I take another label, write on it the date, whom the garment was for, and the size needles used. Then I put this in the book or magazine that has the directions for this style. I have a good number of books, and it is sometimes difficult to remember which sweater, etc., I made for somebody. Many times I add a snapshot of the person wearing the garment. This way when someone says, "make me a sweater just like the one you gave Joe for Christmas," I can find the information right away.

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

When I give the Kitchen-Klatter cookbook for a gift, I mark my favorite recipes as a suggestion to the person who gets it.

—A Friend from Iowa

For a quick dessert, combine 1 1/2 qts. softened vanilla ice cream, 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring and 1 tsp. grated orange peel. Mix until fluffy. Serve soft or refreeze.

I have a use for worn-out ankle socks. Cut off the toe and slip the sock over your hand when washing walls or woodwork. This keeps the drips from running down your arm and onto the floor.

—A Listener

A teaspoon of vinegar added to water for boiling rice makes white fluffy rice.

—Mrs. E.P., Merrill, Iowa

I often use some wheat flour in yeast breads which call for only white flour for better nutrition and a different flavor. In a recipe which calls for 6 cups white flour, I use 1 cup of wheat flour and 5 of white.

—Mrs. E.C., Beaver City, Ne.

When I make my own noodles, I use them as soon as I make them. I do not dry them first. Heat to boiling the broth in which you intend to put the noodles. Also heat to boiling a pan of water. Drop the cut noodles into the pan of boiling water first, then stir with fork to break apart. Cook for 1 to 2 minutes. With a



Aaron Brase loves to help care for his baby sister, Elizabeth. Aaron's good friend, Kris Mickey, took this picture and the one on page 6.

slotted spoon, lift noodles out of boiling water into the boiling broth. Cook until tender. This method takes off all the excess flour, leaving much more broth and less calories.

—Mrs. H.U., Dumont, Iowa

If soup or other food is too salty, add a teaspoonful of vinegar and one of sugar; reheat.

—A Friend from Iowa

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

An interesting letter came from a reader whom I assumed to be a young or beginning gardener. J.M. writes, "Where do florists get the pretty baby's breath they use in arrangements? Can it be grown in the garden and where can one get a start? Also, what does it cost to belong to the American Rose Society and where are the headquarters located?" She wanted a source of 'Carousel', 'Vogue' and 'City of York' roses, too. "I can't find any of these in my catalogs. I read an article that stated they might be good ones for me to grow in my first rose garden. Do you agree or are there even better kinds? I hope you can answer my questions in your column."

Florists get their baby's breath from suppliers who buy it from growers of plants used by the floral trade. You can grow your own baby's breath in your garden and it comes in two kinds—annual and perennial. The annual is very easy to grow from seeds that make blooming plants early in the season. A variety called 'Covent Gardens' is an excellent annual type. To keep a constant supply, you should plant a few seeds at two-week intervals in the garden.

The perennial baby's breath (the kind most florists use) can be grown from seed but it takes two years before plants bloom. It can also be purchased as root divisions. I found 'Hardy Baby's Breath' offered in the Henry Field's spring catalog on page 50—you can buy one plant for \$2.98 and get the second one for 1¢. This is a good buy and a fine way to get a

start of this pretty plant. (Send for Henry Field's catalog at Shenandoah, Iowa 51601, for information about the baby's breath plants.)

It costs \$18 a year for membership in the American Rose Society or \$15 if the subscriber is over 65 years of age. Members receive a colorful monthly magazine containing timely articles of useful information to make day-to-day rose growing helpful and interesting. You also get the *American Rose Annual*, a 200-page book valued at \$8, with beautiful color plates and descriptions of the new roses introduced during the year as well as articles on all phases of rose culture.

There are many more benefits too numerous to mention in this space. (Headquarters for the American Rose Society are P.O. Box 30,000, Shreveport, La. 71130.)

If you do not wish to join the American Rose Society, do invest 35¢ and a stamped, self-addressed #10 envelope for a copy of the "1983 Handbook for Selecting Roses". You will find about 750 rose varieties listed that are available today. All roses are rated 0 to 10 and classified (hybrid tea, floribunda, climber, miniature) and their colors given. 'Carousel' and 'Vogue' are fine choices. I believe by 'City of York', J.M. means 'New Yorker'. (All three are available from Inter-State Nurseries, Hamburg, Iowa 51640.)

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

called us right after the party and told us how she was given 93 helium-filled balloons. Imagine that sight! She gave more than a dozen of them to little children who happened to pass by and see the balloons all over the place, and the rest of the balloons they sent drifting across the beach and out over the ocean. She said: "With every balloon flying up toward the sky, I sent a prayer of gratitude for the way God has watched over me through all these 93 years." What a wonderful lady my mother-in-law is.

Sincerely,

Frederick



BUTTERFLY GARDEN

by
Erma Reynolds

Would you like a fascinating gardening experience? Create a butterfly garden.

Butterflies are the most beautifully colored of all the insects, with the greatest part of their beauty in their four wings. These wings are separate from each other, and do not fold up when the butterfly rests, but stand straight up so that more of the underpart can be seen than of the upper.

The Greek name for butterflies is *lepidoptera*, which means "scale wings". The wings are covered with a kind of dust made up of myriads of beautiful scales, so small it takes thousands of them to cover a square inch. It is the arrangement of these scales that gives the butterflies their lovely, colorful wing patterns.

Butterflies live mostly on the sweet juices of flowers, and their long, hollow tongues are ideally fitted to serve as sippers to drain the nectar cups of flowers. When not in use, the tongue is coiled up under the butterfly's head. A perch is necessary on which a butterfly can rest to do its nectar sipping, and this is provided by flowers with large petals or blossoms grouped in clusters of florets.

Bright colors, particularly red, seem to attract butterflies. Some varieties prefer a specific flower. For example, the small coppers and blues like heliotrope and zinnias. Phlox, petunias and zinnias appeal to the rust-colored, black-spotted fritillary. The largest of the butterflies, the gaudy swallowtail, likes these posies also, as well as the lilac in the springtime. If there is clover nearby, you're likely to see the sulfurs feeding.

But it is milkweed that is important to the many butterflies, especially the monarch. Not only does this orange-black migrant lay its eggs on milkweed plants only, the milky weed forms its only diet.

Besides the previously mentioned flowers, here are a few other blossoms that butterflies find tasty: bergamot, black-eyed Susan, boneset, butterfly bushes (also known as summer lilacs), butterfly plant, daisy, flame azalea, goldenrod, joe-pye weed, loosestrife, Queen Anne's lace, thistle, wild parsnip and yarrow.

With planning and planting you can create a butterfly garden and have some of the winged jewels making a daily stop at your flowers.

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THE ART OF WALKING

by

Gertrude Perlis Kagan

Walking is not only good exercise, but it is an art. Squaring the shoulders and inhaling deeply gives a feeling of well-being; walking clears the brain of cobwebs; walking has mental and physical therapeutic value; it makes one feel physically fit without too much exertion. Walking is prescribed for heart patients, for persons who are overweight (as well as those who are underweight), for children as well as adults and for the young and elderly.

I decided to avail myself of the many benefits derived from walking. For my first long walk, I ventured out alone. It was a beautiful morning. The dew still clung to the flowers and blades of grass, the wind whispered softly. Affectionate dogs and fluffy cats greeted me and birds chirped a cheery good morning. Everything went smoothly until I reached a busy crossing. Tires screeched and drivers eyed me skeptically. A pedestrian? One driver looked at me quizzically as if to say, "What person in her right mind walks in this day and age?" Either you jog or you drive.

I waited patiently for the light to turn green while the drivers were revving their engines. At the change of the light, I swaggered across the intersection. Why is time such a great factor to a person behind the wheel, when this same person can probably crumple into a cottony heap immobile for hours at a time, in front of the TV set?

This was just the beginning of my walking ventures.

Walking attire? Comfortable shoes are a must. Loose, comfortable clothing which does not interfere with body movement. A purse? Personally, I like to take an old purse along. It gives me a feeling of opulence, a sense of direction, the feeling I'm really going somewhere even if the purse is empty. To me, walking without a purse is like going without shoes.

Walking is exactly what the word implies. It isn't stopping at the store to buy some cookies or doughnuts to munch on as you amble along. It is easy to become sidetracked when you approach a confectionary store. Candy and ice cream hold special appeal when a walker has been out in the open and created an appetite. What do you do when a friend decides she would like to interrupt your walk with an ice cream soda? Politely discourage her, of course, those calories stay around and are hard to shed.

Walking definitely should have certain restrictions. A bench may look inviting and it's fine for a few minutes of rest only, but when sitting takes precedence over walking, then it's better to keep walking. An accomplished walker goes non-stop, pausing only long enough to inhale the fragrance of a rose or to finger the silky leaves on a tree and to marvel at the color of a songbird.

Walking is an art, an ideal way to discover the beauty in our environment. It awakens emotions that may have lain dormant and can unfold an entire new, exciting world.



PEONY BLOOMS

by

Sybil Behrens

Every now and then, we have an occasion to use our peony blooms several weeks after they have finished blooming. The spring of 1981 was one of those years. We were planning to celebrate our 40th wedding anniversary on June 7 and wished to use peonies for the centerpiece. They not only are one of my favorite flowers, but I have close to a hundred bushes in my yard.

As you may remember, 1981 had a very early spring. On May 20, when the buds were showing good color on my peonies, I cut several dozen with stems about twelve inches long. I stripped the leaves off and placed the peonies in empty plastic bread sacks. (Do not put them in water or moisten them as this causes rot.) I then twisted on the plastic ties and laid the sacks on a shelf in my refrigerator.

On June 6, I soaked oasis blocks to fill a small table top-size candelabra and placed it on a deep-edged glass cake plate. The peony buds, still nice and tight, were removed from the refrigerator. I cut at least one inch off the bottom of each stem—more on several which needed to be shorter for the arrangement, and placed them into the water-soaked oasis. I added iris and other flowers to the arrangement. (The above picture shows the results.)

The peonies opened in a much more compact free style than if they had been fully opened when arranged. One can let them open in deep, warm water and then arrange if preferred. I have kept peonies for four weeks to use in church altar arrangements. However, they do not open quite as fully nor last as long if they are held for much over three weeks.

We received many compliments on our centerpiece. By the way, African violets were used as centerpieces on the other tables. Total cost of our eleven centerpieces—less than \$5, for the candles, foil and oasis.



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MERRY MOBILES

by
Vivian M. Preston

Mobiles are such fun to make—all bright and shiny and gay. Just a flutter of breeze is all they need to go 'round and 'round and give pleasure to all who see them. Try your hand at this:

Circus Mobile

Material Needed: Assorted colors of crepe paper, including yellow; 1½" nut cups; drinking straws (average length); white paper; green gummed dots; ½" silver and blue stars; 1" red notarial seals; ½" gold notarial seals; water colors; cotton-nylon fishing line or heavy carpet thread; spool wire; #15 wire; wire coat hanger; paste; cotton balls. Most of the supplies can be purchased at a well-stocked stationery store.

Directions: Cut a ½"-wide strip of yellow crepe paper (across the fold) and wind around bottom rung of a wire coat hanger. For other rods, cut various lengths of #15 wire and wind with the same strip of yellow crepe paper.

The carpet thread or nylon fishing line is used to dangle the objects in space.

To make balloons, cut a 3" circle from red and a 2" circle from blue crepe paper, backing each with a circle of the same

color. Decorate blue balloon with silver stars.

Cut a peanut shape from green crepe paper, backing it with the same color. Fasten green gummed seals to it.

A soda cup is made by using a 1½" nut cup and pasting a ¼"x1¼" strip of red crepe paper to it for a handle. Cut a drinking straw in two 3" pieces and paste inside cup.

For a circus tent, cover a 1½" nut cup by winding it with a 1½"-wide strip of yellow crepe paper. Cut a pie-shaped slice from it, about 1¼" wide. Bend into a cone shape and fasten it to the end of a piece of spool wire. Poke a hole in the top of the tent roof and put end of spool wire through it. Turn nut cup upside down and paste roof in place.

To make a circus clown, cut a white circle for face and a triangular piece for hat, blue for collar and green crepe paper for shoulders of clown suit in proportion to mobile. Use gummed dots for hat and collar trim, blue stars for eyes, 1" red notarial seal for hair, and ½" gold notarial seal for top of hat.

Make a cardboard pattern of a seal (outline only) from a child's coloring book or other source, and cut seal from black crepe paper, backing it with the same color crepe paper. Cut a ½" circle from green crepe paper and paste to bottom of nut cup. Cut pie-shaped slices about ½" wide and 1" long from red crepe paper and fasten around cup. Turn nut cup upside down and paste seal onto it.

Cut a 1¼"x6" piece of white writing paper for popcorn bag. Fold in half, making it measure 1¼"x3". Overlap sides slightly and paste. Cut a jagged edge around top and paint "POPCORN 25¢" with a black marker pen on front and back of bag.

Cut different-sized ice cream cones from amber, yellow, and tan crepe paper. Decorate with stripes or checks. Paste cotton balls of different colors to cones for ice cream.

Assemble the various objects, attach them to the mobile and stand back and listen to the applause.

DO IT TODAY

We cannot change yesterday, that is quite clear;

Nor begin tomorrow until it is here.

So all that is left for you and for me,
Is to make today as sweet as can be!

—Anonymous

***** FRIENDS

The money you make
And the money you spend
And the money you hoard
To the bitter end
Can never pile high
Or root so deep,
As the friends you make
And the friends you keep. —Unknown

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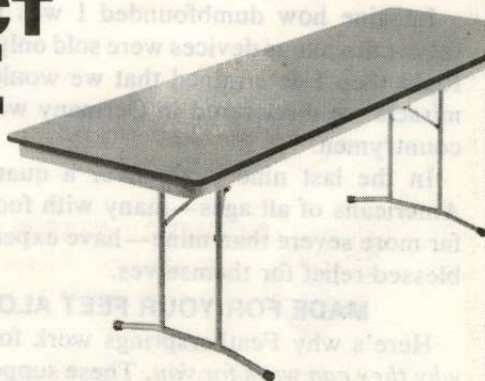
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My Feet Were Killing Me...Until I Discovered the Miracle in Germany!

It was the European trip we had always dreamed about. We had the time and money to go where we wanted—see what we wanted. But I soon learned that money and time don't mean much when your feet hurt too much to walk. After a few days of sightseeing my feet were killing me.

Oh, my wife tried to keep me going. In Paris I limped through Notre Dame and along the Champs-Élysées. And I went up in the Eiffel Tower although I can't honestly say I remember the view. My feet were so tired and sore my whole body ached. While everybody else was having a great time, I was in my hotel room. I didn't even feel like sitting in a sidewalk cafe.

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

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

And just one pair was all I needed. I learned that my wife also can wear them—even with sandals and open-backed shoes. They're completely invisible.

Imagine how dumbfounded I was to discover these miraculous devices were sold only in Europe. Right then I determined that we would share the miracle we discovered in Germany with our own countrymen.

In the last nine years over a quarter million Americans of all ages—many with foot problems far more severe than mine—have experienced this blessed relief for themselves.

MADE FOR YOUR FEET ALONE

Here's why Feathersprings work for them and why they can work for you. These supports are like nothing you've ever seen before. They are custom formed and made for *your feet alone!* Unlike conventional devices, they actually imitate the youthful elastic support that Nature originally intended your feet to have.



NO RISK OFFER

Whatever your problem—corns, calluses, pain in the balls of your feet, burning nerve ends, painful ankles, old injuries, backaches or just generally sore, aching feet, Flexible Feathersprings will bring you relief with every step you take or your money back.

Don't suffer pain and discomfort needlessly. If your feet hurt, the miracle of Germany can help you. Write for more detailed information. There is no obligation whatsoever. No salesman will call. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it today.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY ABOUT THE MIRACLE:

"Received my wife's Feathersprings two days ago.



They are super—neither of us can believe the results. She has had terrible feet for years; already no pain. Incidentally, her sore knee is better . . . As a retired physician, this result is amazing."

Dr. C.O.C., Tucson, Arizona

"I was extremely skeptical when I placed my order, and was expecting to be disappointed. Much to my surprise, I found almost immediate relief from knee and leg pains and corns on my right foot which were a source of continuing pain and irritation have ceased to trouble me."



J.C.J., Meridian, Miss.

... "At the present time I still wear the Feathersprings and indeed they perform well after seven years of use."

G.M.G., Dallas, Texas

"Wish I had believed your ad five years ago."

Mrs. W.C., Fayetteville, N.C.

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FEATHERSPRING INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION

**712 N. 34th Street, Dept. KK053
Seattle, Washington 98103**

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When in Seattle visit the Featherspring building.