

IsAS

TX1
K57x
C.2

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

45 CENTS

VOL. 47

APRIL, 1983

NUMBER 4



84

JAN

Kitchen-Klatter

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

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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

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

Published monthly at
The Driftmier Company
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

Copyright 1983 by The Driftmier Company.

DOROTHY'S LETTER FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

After wading in knee-deep mud in the barn lot the past few weeks, it has been such a relief to have the soil start to dry up. The winds we have been having the last few days have helped a lot.

Here in our section of Iowa, people have nothing to complain about as far as the winter was concerned. There is still time left for us to get a big blockbuster snowstorm. Most of the bad storms we remember came in March or April. Here in Iowa everyone jokes about the fact that we can almost always be sure of a big snowstorm when the girls' state basketball tournament starts in March because it has stormed so many times in the past.

I have some news for you that I am sure is going to come as a surprise since I have been real good at keeping this secret. Frank and I are happy to announce that Kristin and Art have just presented us with a fine granddaughter, Elizabeth Gabrielle Brase. We couldn't be happier. She is a tiny girl, just under six pounds. She was born a little before midnight on February 21st, and when the phone rang at 2:00 A.M., I knew it had to be Art. I had been so sure they would have another boy I could hardly believe what I was hearing.

When I asked Art how Kristin reacted, he said, "She's hysterical." After having three boys, I know she wanted a little girl in the worst way, but she always said she didn't really care as long as the baby was all right. When I talked to her the next day, she said, "I didn't know how much I really wanted a girl until they told me I had one, then I cried." She says she still can't believe it.

Julian, the seven-year-old, was the only one who was determined he wanted the baby to be a boy, but now that he has seen Elizabeth and held her, he doesn't want to send her back. When he came home from school the other day, he said to Kristin, "I don't know why it is, but all day today I have walked around feeling

so old."

Kristin says after eighteen years of living with boys, she and Art have been having a hard time shifting gears and still find themselves referring to the baby as "he".

Kristin's friends in Torrington have been so thoughtful. The day after she got home from the hospital, fourteen people came in to see the baby, and some of them brought food. Before the baby was born, they wanted to have a shower, but Kristin told them she would rather wait until after the baby was safely here. This was also the reason you readers weren't told about it in advance. Lots of pictures have been taken, and as soon as some arrive, we'll be sharing them with you.

It has been thirty-nine years since I have made any baby dresses, and Kristin told me she wants me to start smocking again. I told her I was pretty busy and it might be easier for me just to buy them ready-made, but after I looked at the prices of little girls' dresses, I decided I would have to find the time. There are very few patterns for smocked dresses in the pattern books these days, and the prices of the few I did find were staggering. I bought two, and when I got home and looked at the transfers and directions, they were completely different from the ones I used to make. I'm not sure I'm smart enough to figure them out. It looks much more complicated than the way we used to smock years ago.

Kristin had so many lovely doll clothes when she was little and I saved them for years. Finally, I gave up ever having a granddaughter of my own to give them to so started giving them away. Juliana's daughter, Katharine, got a lot of them and I had forgotten all about the doll clothes until I was talking to Juliana after Elizabeth was born. She said she told Katharine she was going to have to dig out all those doll dresses so she could pass them back where they came from.

I have attended two club programs recently which were very interesting. If you are responsible for finding programs for some club or organization to which you belong, these might give you good ideas. The speaker at a Woman's Club meeting was a local woman, Barbara Hellyer, who has done great things with her sewing ability. She has written two books on sewing, has been on Phil Donahue's television program, teaches adult education classes for a college, and travels all over the country giving seminars on sewing. Her talk to us was about putting on collars by the method she has perfected; putting on pockets perfectly, plus a few other ideas that are in her book. She had on a beautiful suit she had made, and she said most of the work had been done in motels while she was traveling.

Members were encouraged to bring something or to wear something they



Kristin (Johnson) Brase is shown here with her new typewriter. Dorothy tells in her letter about something else exciting which her daughter and her husband, Art, have in their Torrington, Wyoming, home.

had made to the meeting. When we registered for the luncheon, those who were wearing their own handiwork were given a tag to pin on stating what pattern they had used, and the cost of the article when finished. After Barbara's talk, these people stood up so we could all see what they had made; they told about the material, pattern number, cost, and answered questions about it. Several women had brought other garments which were displayed on a long table. Included were several beautiful little girls' dresses and other children's garments. Names of Barbara's books are: *Tailoring Magic* and *Sewing Magic Updated*. (Published by: Melrose Park Publishing Co., P.O. Box 28, Chariton, Iowa 50049.)

The other program I enjoyed was on quilts and quilting. Many women are interested in this craft now. Dorothy Mason, who gave the talk, has taught classes in quilting. She gave a history of quilts, and where one could find patterns for them. Cutting the pieces was especially important so they would all be exactly the same size.

The speaker brought several of her own beautiful quilts to show us. We had all been asked to bring any quilts we had to be exhibited. I didn't have any I had made, but I did take the lovely cross-stitched quilt Mother had made and given to me. Some of the quilts were very old, in excellent condition and perfectly beautiful. With the exception of mine, and one child's quilt which was appliqued, all the others were pieced quilts. (Mother made a lot of quilts but I don't think she ever made anything but appliqued or cross-stitched ones.)

The good weather we have been having has been nice for the arrival of

(Continued on page 22)



JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

There he is again! I'm referring to our "crazy" mockingbird. This bird never did have the common good sense to go south this winter. He has spent the cold months right here in Albuquerque.

We have enjoyed having at least two families of mockingbirds in our old apple tree every summer. This is one reason why I have not been willing to spray the fruit trees for worms. We are fairly certain that our "crazy" bird is the grown-up baby from last summer's nesting. We'll know for sure if he starts singing and sounds like an old rusty pump handle. The father bird, who has been returning to the same tree for the last five or six years, has the most miserable collection of imitation songs. I always thought that mockingbirds were sweet singers, evidently this is not always true.

Even though these birds sing songs that sound like distressed machinery, we have grown very attached to them. They are very territorial and reasonably fearless. I have seen parent birds take on cats who had the nerve to climb THEIR tree. One poor neighborhood cat spent almost an hour cowering under a lawn chair on the patio. Both mockingbirds were perched on the back of the chair scolding the cat in very threatening tones. I wonder what will happen when the adult birds return this spring and find the "crazy" bird already here? Will the young bird be driven out? It should be interesting to see what transpires.

We now have three new residents who will also enjoy our old apple tree. I am referring to three horses who are using the vacant field next to the wall that surrounds our front yard. It still gives me quite a start to look out the window to see their heads hanging over the wall. They would dearly love to get at my grass and flowers.

Our twelve-year-old daughter, Katharine, is in seventh heaven. Her Christmas list always starts with a horse. I am equally pleased because the horses belong to the neighbor—I don't have to feed them or pay vet bills. So far, the arrangement is working out well. The horses are very gentle and Katharine can feed them carrots and pat their noses. The people who own the horses are very active in the Adopt-a-Horse Program that is sponsored by the government. This is the program that places wild horses with people instead of glue factories. I'll be interested to learn more about it.

To be completely honest, I like horses, but I don't love horses. I remember too well being scraped off the backs of horses at Aunt Dorothy's farm. Cousin Kristin and I would climb the fence to get

on the horses' backs. As soon as we were on, the horse would head for the barn where a stall door would be open and waiting to brush us off as the horse went under it. This skill of disposing of riders is not limited to horses. Ponies, especially Shetland ponies, have developed it to a fine art.

I still chuckle when I remember the summer I took the children to the Johnson farm and Katharine had her first ride on Little Buck, the Shetland pony. We had Little Buck in the front yard and Katharine was happily sitting on his back as he wandered around eating grass. Aunt Dorothy, Uncle Frank and I were sitting on the porch. Suddenly, we heard absolutely earsplitting screams. I don't think any of us had ever moved faster as we tore around the house to see what was the matter. There was Katharine dangling from a low-growing branch of a juniper tree. Her feet were about six inches off the ground and she was terrified. Little Buck was several feet away and I swear that pony was smiling.

When Kristin and I were old enough to ride Bonnie (the old grey mare) outside the barn lot, we spent a lot of time setting up jumps in the front meadow. We had visions of equestrian feats, flying hooves and horse show ribbons. The truth of the matter was that Bonnie didn't really enjoy doing more than a slow trot. No matter how hard we tried, when she approached a jump she would slow down to a walk and carefully pick up one foot at a time to go over the jump. I hasten to add that Bonnie was capable of much better things. She did win ribbons at horse shows when an adult was riding her.

My next contact with horses came in high school. I spent two summers at a camp near Jackson Hole, Wyoming. This camp was operated by Ken Clatterbaugh who was originally from Shenandoah. At the camp we were constantly on horses. They were not thought of as pets, but as a means of transportation. We would spend up to a week on pack trips which were miles and miles away from the nearest road. Everyone tethered his or her horse carefully. A missing horse meant many miles on foot. I was fortunate because my horse was a fast walker. Twenty miles on a walking horse is much easier than twenty miles on a trotting horse.

The last time I was on a horse was three years ago in Arizona. This was the trip we took with friends to see the Indian ruins of Keet Seel. The ruins are sixteen miles round trip from the Navajo National Monument headquarters. To see the ruins, one has to go on foot or on horses which are provided by the local Navajo Indians. We took the first horse trip of the season. To say that the horses were frisky is to put it mildly. However, as a means of transportation, they surely beat walking.

I just heard a very pleasant sound from my kitchen—five soft beeps. Those beeps signal the fact that the stew in my microwave oven is done. I have resisted getting a microwave for years. Finally, my husband, Jed, decided my kitchen needed to join the 20th century. He announced that for my birthday we were getting a microwave. Jed waited for the next big sale and we spent a whole day going from appliance store to discount store, etc. I had no idea that there were so many different varieties of microwaves.

The oven I ended up with came from a store that offers continual cooking classes. I have taken several classes and find them to be very helpful. The woman who sold the oven to me made me promise to take at least a month of classes. She said that it distressed her when people bought an oven and then used it only for heating water and thawing frozen food. I have already been more adventurous than that, but I still have a lot to learn.

Like most people, I don't have the counter space to spare for the bulky microwave. I solved the problem by getting a shelf unit to mount above my stove. This unit has a range hood with lights and an exhaust fan. The actual shelf part is sturdily made and can hold up to seventy-five pounds.

The only problem we encountered was with the antiquated kitchen wiring. My kitchen was built over thirty years ago and was wired for a refrigerator, mixer, stove and lights. Over the years,

(Continued on page 22)



Favorite trips of the Lowey family often include scrambling around Indian ruins. (Juliana mentioned a trip to Keet Seel in her letter this month.) Katharine, daughter of Jed and Juliana (Verness) is pictured peering out of a window in an ancient Indian cliff dwelling.

I WALKED TODAY WHERE JESUS WALKED

(A Meditation)

by
Ruth Gerhardt

(This meditation can be adapted for any time of the year but it is especially fine for the Easter season. Since many people visit the Holy Land, try to find someone who has slides to show during the appropriate parts of the narrative. If these are not available, media resources for churches often have film strips or slides available at a nominal fee. A leader may read the entire narrative, or different readers can speak the various sections. Check with your local music store or your church music resource for the music and words to "I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked", composer, Geoffrey O'Hara, published by G. Sherman, N.Y., N.Y.)

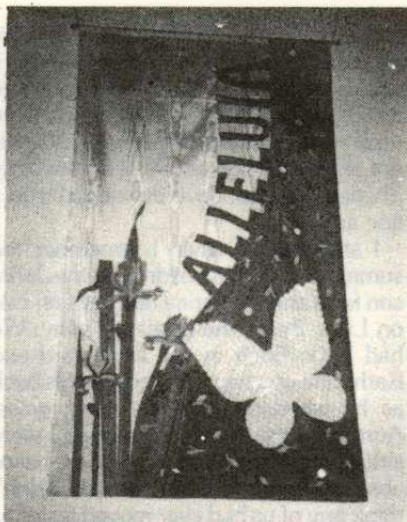
Soloist: Sings 1st verse of theme, "I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked".

Leader: Today I stood in Jerusalem, the Holy City, and saw the old and the new, the tall city walls surrounding the old city . . . the bustling new city outside those walls. I looked across the Valley of Kidron at the Mt. of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane, then slowly entered the old city into very narrow streets crowded with people. Arabs, Jews, Armenians, and Muslims are all living and working side by side. Donkeys, laden with goods, struggled thru the crowds; hawkers shouted their wares on all sides. A small boy dashed by with a tray of dough balanced on his head and suddenly disappeared into a hole in the wall. Minutes later, he reappeared with the tray loaded with baked bread loaves. I had to investigate and entered a cave with a huge oven carved out of the rock wall, here all the baking in the old city is done.

Continuing on, I saw the Dome of the Rock, the shrine built over the spot which means so much to so many. It is the rock upon which Abraham offered Isaac, where Solomon built his temple, and from which Mohammed was transported to heaven. From this high point in the city, I could see over the walls across the rolling hills of Judea, to the road leading to the other side of Mt. of Olives and the small village of Bethany. Later, I stood in the house of Mary, Martha and Lazarus, and then at the open door of the tomb from which Lazarus rose. It made Jesus seem very close.

Soloist: Sings 2nd verse.

Leader: I took the road to Bethlehem, passing Solomon's pools, the fields of Boaz (reminding me of Ruth and Naomi) and on to Shepherd's Field, where we stopped and wandered over the rocky land where sheep have grazed for centuries. We entered a cave where the



This beautiful spring-Easter banner was made to hang in the sanctuary of the Grace United Methodist Church of Mesa, Ariz., Ruth Gerhardt's home church. The left background is a gold moire taffeta, the right background is a dark flowered blue. The flowers and butterfly add just the right symbolic touch for the coming of spring and resurrection time.

shepherds found shelter and took turns sleeping. It was here they could have seen the star and heard the angels sing.

But on into Bethlehem my footsteps led, to the place where He was born. In the stable cave, I softly sang "Silent Night" and felt His presence very near.

Soloist: Sings 3rd verse.

Leader: I sat at the foot of an olive tree in the Garden of Gethsemane, said to be 2000 years old. Perhaps my Lord sat here as well. I felt tears of sadness at the thought of the agony of His prayers on that night of betrayal. I walked thru the gates thru which Judas and the soldiers came, then went up the steps to the House of Caiaphas where Jesus was tried, where Peter betrayed Him, and where He was turned over to Pontius Pilate. I stood on Pilate's portico where the so-called trial was held and looked at the streets below where pilgrims were carrying huge crosses up the hill to Calvary.

I followed up the Via del Rosa, past the seven stations of the cross, past jostling, hurrying people who, had they lived 2000 years ago, might have been jeering and making insults at this man struggling with a heavy cross. I saw the Hill of Calvary that looks like a skull with two caves in its side forming two huge hollow eyes.

A Reader: Matthew 27:57:66.

Soloist: Softly sings last two lines of theme song—"I walked today where Jesus walked/And felt Him close to me."

Leader: It was Easter Sunday and I stood in front of a tomb in a lovely garden outside Jerusalem. The tomb was open and it was empty! I entered, along with others, and facing an open door

sang, with tears of joy, "Up from the grave He arose." An empty cross and an empty tomb—promises of eternal life.

All Sing: "Up from the Grave He Arose", or other appropriate hymn.

A MOTHER SPEAKS

They say He lives, but how can such a thing be?

I saw Him die His death of public shame. Yet there are those who swear that they did see—

but I'm not one of those to whom He came.

I do not know why all this had to be. We were so happy in our little home, He at His daily task of carpentry, before He left us and went forth to roam.

We could not credit all the tales we heard of lepers healed, of blind men given sight. They say He did it all with but a word, as if He spoke with supernatural might.

We sought Him out and tried to bring Him back,

but He had passed beyond us. In His eye was something wonderful. The words I lack

to tell you what it was we could descry.

And then to Golgotha His journey led.

I do not know why all this had to be.

I stood beneath the cross on which He bled,

and wept when He at last acknowledged me.

I'll go away from this familiar scene to Ephesus, by the Aegean Sea, and live my years out—may they be serene!—

and try to understand this mystery.

—Richard Kirk Washburn

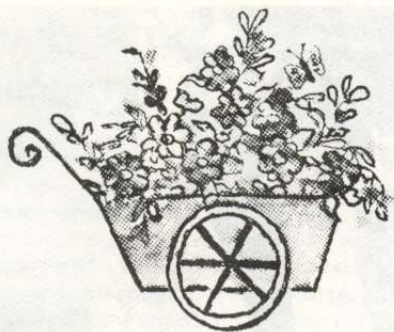


COVER PICTURE

This month's cover picture is of my nephew, the Reverend Martin Strom. This pose is typical of the hours and hours devoted ministers spend at their desks preparing for the sermons and teaching work of their churches, especially during this Lenten and Easter season. Martin told me that he was actually preparing his Palm Sunday/Confirmation sermon when this picture was taken.

Martin and his wife, Eugenie, serve the Bethlehem United Church of Christ in Maple Lake, Minn. He has been the pastor of this fine church since 1975. Martin is the son of Oliver and Margery (Driftmier) Strom of Shenandoah, Iowa.

—Lucile



Spring Get-Together Ideas

by Virginia Thomas

The beauty and fragrance of lilacs—could there be a lovelier setting for a spring party?

For many of us in the Midwest, there is a nostalgia involved in our fondness for the old-fashioned lilacs. We recall the stories of pioneer women who tenderly guarded a precious lilac root brought along in the covered wagon on the long trek westward. It was usually the first thing planted on the new prairie homestead. As the lilac bush grew through the years, its owner would generously give a cutting to a new neighbor; a newly married daughter would carry a root along to her first home.

I like to think that the big lilac bushes we see today stand as living memorials to those courageous people who were determined that their families should grow up with a bit of beauty no matter how rugged the rest of the living might be in the new land.

Those same pioneer women loved to add a bit of lace at the throat of their plain homespun dresses to soften their severe look. It was a badge of culture in a life which had very little when they generously used frills on the Sunday-best garments for themselves and their daughters.

So, lilacs and old lace can be a lovely theme, for sentimental reasons, for old-time's sake.

DECORATIONS:

Lilacs everywhere—the old-fashioned white and lilac blooms, if possible, then add some of the beautiful new hybrid varieties in the deep purples, rose-reds and pinks. Use them in large bouquets which stand on the floor, on windowsills, on either side of the entrance door. Make low arrangements for table centerpieces.

Program Booklets: The cover, cut from construction paper in a lilac or pink shade, may have narrow lace glued to the edge of the front cover. Sketch a fan or a spray of lilacs on the front.

Corsage Place Favors: Place a small spray at each place setting or, if you prefer, make up lilac corsages for each guest as a place favor. If you make corsages, work a bit of lace into the ribbons used. Another idea would be to make miniature Colonial-style corsages by gluing ruffled lace to the edge of a small

paper doily. Pull the lilac stem through the center so that the circle of lace frames it, then add a ribbon bow and short streamers.

Lacy Fan Place Favors would be pretty. Use pastel-colored construction paper in pink and lilac shades for the fans. Experiment with old newspaper until you get the right size rectangle for the size fan you like. Glue lace to one long side of the construction paper; pleat the paper accordion fashion. You may need to use a warm iron to set the creases sharply. Staple the folds together opposite the lace edge and add a ribbon bow. If name cards are to be used, they can be tied into the ribbon on the handle end of the fan.

Sachet Favor: Cut small hearts from a lilac-colored material. Sew two hearts together, leaving a space open so the hearts can be filled with sachet powder. Sew the opening closed and stitch a dainty lace edging around the heart (or you might prefer to catch the lace ruffling into the seam as you sew the hearts together). Glue a tiny pink ribbon bow to upper right-hand portion on the front side of each sachet.

Nut Cups: One suggestion would be to cover the cups with crepe paper in lilac (or the colors in the lilacs you're using for decorations) leaving enough paper at the top so that you can pull and crimp it to make a narrow ruffle. To this ruffle, glue a narrow lace edging. Tie a narrow ribbon in a contrasting color, around each cup.

Another idea would be to use inexpensive lace yard goods or scraps of white lace material. Dip the lace in a liquid starch and mold over plastic nut cup baskets or small articles which you may have around the home like little individual salt dishes, plastic bottle caps, etc. (I cut the circle or square of lace a bit larger than needed to cover the mold.) After shaping the piece of starched lace over the mold, place it upside down on a piece of waxed paper. Smooth the extra lace at the top edge out flat on the paper. Let dry thoroughly, then lift the lace off the mold and trim the extra lace at the top to make the basket rim. Glue a tiny ribbon bow to one side of the rim. These take some advance work but they are dainty, lovely, little baskets and are sure to be conversation pieces.

REFRESHMENTS

Any foods which can be done with pastel colors would be nice for a luncheon or refreshments. Salads or desserts featuring blueberries could bring out the purple color. Lavender can be incorporated in frosting for white cake or to make decorations (such as flowers) on top of cupcakes. Lavender mints can also be made. Blue food coloring plus a few drops of red makes purple.

Peppermint ice cream is a nice shade of pink; lemon, raspberry, lime, pineapple and orange sherbet balls will add lovely pastel tints to the party trays. Cut-out flower-shaped cookies can be decorated with pastel frosting.

Purple punch is easy to make with a grape juice base. If pink is preferred, start with a red powdered fruit drink and add lemonade, pineapple juice and ginger ale until the taste and color desired is achieved.

STATE FLOWERS

Can you name the flower for each state?

1. Arkansas
2. Hawaii
3. Vermont
4. New York
5. Missouri
6. Montana
7. Alabama
8. California
9. Tennessee
10. Texas
11. Wyoming
12. Florida
13. Nevada
14. Virginia
15. Indiana
16. Ohio
17. Iowa
18. Nebraska
19. New Hampshire
20. Kentucky

ANSWERS: 1. Apple Blossom, 2. Red Hibiscus, 3. Red Clover, 4. Rose, 5. Hawthorn, 6. Bitterroot, 7. Camellia, 8. Golden Poppy, 9. Iris, 10. Bluebonnet, 11. Indian Paintbrush, 12. Orange Blossom, 13. Sagebrush, 14. Flowering Dogwood, 15. Peony, 16. Scarlet Carnation, 17. Wild Rose, 18. Goldenrod, 19. Purple Lilac, 20. Goldenrod. —Norma Tisher

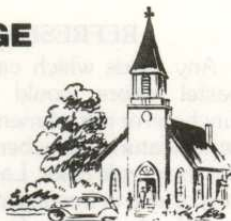
PRICE CHANGE

**Kitchen-Klatter
Cookbook**

Now is

\$6.75, postpaid

A MESSAGE FROM MARTIN STROM



Dear Friends:

This was winter number twelve I have spent in Minnesota, and the most mild I can remember—especially compared with last year.

When I was working as a chaplain trainee at the hospital in Des Moines nine years ago, the weather in February suddenly turned so mild that I decided to sleep outside in my sleeping bag and enjoy the fresh air. Those of you who live in warmer parts of the country might not appreciate what it is like to spend all winter shut up in a stuffy house, and the liberating feeling of suddenly being able to open the windows wide and let in the fresh spring air. This February was almost that nice and refreshing.

Even though this past winter was a mild one by comparison to most in Minnesota, it still seemed to drag on endlessly. By the end of January, Eugenie and I had decided we had endured enough and that some warm temperatures and sunshine were called for, so we packed our bags, made arrangements with the church for our absence, and flew to Harlingen, Texas, to visit my parents, Margery and Oliver, who were staying there for their second winter. I don't know how the airlines managed to survive the price wars, but the \$99 tickets have certainly been a terrific bargain; I will be sorry to see them end.

Eugenie and I spent a week with Mom and Dad, enjoying 70- and 80-degree temperatures while they dropped to -9 degrees back home. We took several trips across the border into Mexico to purchase handicrafts and souvenirs, and just to wander around a bit in a culture that is so geographically close and yet so different from ours. We also were able to spend some time just walking along the beaches of South Padre Island, enjoying the water and birds and looking for unusual seashells.

Eugenie and I were both fortunate in that each of us found a "sand-dollar", which isn't as easy as I used to think it would be. There are supposed to be hundreds of wrecked ships along that coastline, and there are many stories of people finding gold and silver coins washed up on the beaches, but we had to content ourselves with seashells and seaweed... perhaps another time.

While we were out on South Padre Island, we enjoyed a fine seafood buffet at the Hilton Hotel, and then spent the afternoon taking a two-and-a-half-hour paddle boat ride aboard the *Isabella*



Many visitors come to the Bethlehem United Church of Christ in Maple Lake, Minn., where the Rev. Martin Strom is the pastor. Pictured during a recent celebration is Martin (on the right) with the Rev. John F. Roschen, who was then the Interim Associate Conference Minister for the Eastern Association of the Minnesota Conference of the United Church of Christ.

Queen, touring the west side of South Padre Island and the area around Port Isabella.

Except for a channel dug by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, most of the lagoon was very shallow, no more than a foot or two deep. At almost any point along the trip, we could have stepped off the boat and walked ashore. The warmth of the sunshine brought thousands of jellyfish to the surface and it was fun to watch them move slowly and gracefully through the clear water.

My father's sister, Nina, was just finishing a six weeks' stay with Margery and Oliver while we were there. Eugenie especially enjoyed this opportunity to spend some time with Nina, as well as with Mom; they spent many hours discussing which of them got the best deal "haggling" over prices in Mexico.

Our good friends, Vern and Lois Hauser, were also there. They were formerly our pastor and his wife in Shendoah, but now are living in New Brighton, Minn. They have not only been dear friends, but they were also instrumental in my decision to enter the ministry. I must confess, although they live only 50 miles away, I hadn't seen them for several years; it seemed ironic to enjoy such a good visit with them clear across the country.

One of the other things which Eugenie and I did in Texas was to visit one of the factories where Aloe Vera plants are grown and processed to make a great variety of health-care and beauty products. Some of these plants have been growing in our home ever since Eugenie and I were married and we have seen them growing by the acre in southern Texas. It was a real treat to see what can be done with this versatile plant.

One of the reasons we chose this particular time to visit my parents was to help celebrate Mother's birthday. As many of you know, Margery's birthday is February 2nd, Groundhog Day, and we wanted to be on hand to see whether or not she saw her shadow. You can judge the result for yourselves.

When we returned to Minnesota, we were jolted back into the hard reality of our busy schedule. The winter doldrums did not have a chance to grip us again, as we knew that it would be only five weeks before we would again be on board an airplane headed for warmer regions. This time it would be a return trip to Israel. We went on a tour of Israel during Lent last year and we enjoyed it so much that we decided to do it again this year.

Last year, Eugenie and I both took cameras with us. She took color prints for an album, and I took colored slides which I planned to show to various groups at church meetings. Eugenie's camera worked perfectly and she took some beautiful pictures, but mine was broken and only a very few have been usable. You can imagine the anguish I felt when the slides came back from processing and almost every one of them was blank. This year I am going armed with a new camera which I tested while on vacation in Texas.

In preparation for our trip to Israel, we had the local members of our tour group and Dr. and Mrs. Allan McAllaster (my co-host and his wife) join us one Sunday after church for a typical Israeli breakfast (at least one typical of those served to us in the Jewish hotels in Israel). We have enjoyed this type of breakfast so much that we have had them frequently during this past year. The menu we

Continued on page 18

MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

This magnificent electronic typewriter of mine has, in the past four weeks, taught me many tricks of the typing trade. Proving again that the best way to learn something new is to plunge in and become emersed in it, your correspondent has by dint of absolute necessity, emerged skilled in the operation of this computer-minded machine.

This forced learning was caused by an innocent phone call which rang into my life one quiet afternoon as I sat indulging myself in my most pleasant but indolent pastime—knitting. The caller was the mother of one of my former students. Our friendship began as a very pleasant interlude during one of my school years; she had been one of those wonderfully supportive parents who seldom failed to praise me for my efforts in the classroom. The fact that she was a teacher explained her empathy with my position and, I presume, her knowledge that more criticism than praise was likely to come forth from most parents.

Hearing from my friend that day, after such a long time without communication, was a genuine pleasure for me. She knew I was no longer teaching but she was unaware of my present status of working outside of my home or just working at keeping a home. She was in need of someone to whom she could turn for help in the hurried task of combining the completed parts of her doctoral dissertation. She was rewriting some parts of it, but others were ready to be put into finished form.

Let me assure you, fools do still rush in where angels fear to tread. I knew not whereof I was going when I said that I would be happy to type her paper. I hardly knew what a dissertation was except that it was probably an elongated composition. I have learned better—I am an older and wiser typist than the one who wrote to you last month.

The first clue I had that this was destined to be no ordinary composition was the rigid conformation that had to be followed when the first key of the typewriter was pressed. *Everything* was clearly spelled out as to correct "form". The trouble was the "clearly" was spread out through an entire handbook of rules and regulations.

The first chapter went smoothly. It amounted primarily to copy-typing because I was working from the original manuscripts which the advisors had rejected previously for a multitude of reasons. The chapters which followed, with cut and pasted inserts, bibliographies to turn out with their own unique set of regulations, and then the appendices



Mary Beth Driftmier's relaxing and rewarding hobby is the knitting of sweaters. This beauty is brown with accent design of light beige.

which went on and on with hand-written inserts and innumerable directives to different pages, were quite another problem.

I learned how to put paragraphs into the memory capacity of the typewriter and then called them back with a razor-edge sharp margin on both the right and left sides of the paper. Other paragraphs were put into memory and, when certain sections were used again, I would simply recall the name of the paragraph and sit back and watch my wonderfully smart machine work for me. I have only a one-line screen for viewing what is going to be written before it goes onto the page, but this aid helped me avoid many, but not all, typographical errors.

When all of the rewriting was completed, and the page numbers were affixed into just exactly the correct position on each page, I was amazed to see that what we had was a book! One-hundred and sixty-eight pages had rolled through my workhorse of an electronic marvel. Thirty minutes after the numbering was completed, the book was carefully aligned and clipped into a manuscript notebook with a very strong clamp. This tome was whisked off to a printer where it was reproduced six times for delivery to the original clutch of advisors who would decide if it was acceptable.

Interspersed with all of this activity, there came to the attention of Don and me a whirlwind of controversy which was about to explode in the district concerning our school board. Everyone here, as in every area in the United States, is genuinely concerned about rising taxes. As is nearly universally true, the school district makes the greatest demands upon the taxpayers. At the annual meeting, the district's citizens had requested that the board make real efforts to reduce the size of the financial requirements. They took this suggestion under advisement even though they voted the proposed budget which was larger than the previous year's.

Little quotes were noted in the local papers to the effect that the school board

was proposing to begin their austerity program by the elimination of the position which we felt was totally inappropriate. The really weird twist of circumstances surfaced when we discovered that the position in question was held by my good friend, the same lady who had called me to type her dissertation. Her position in the school district was directly concerned with enhancing and improving the level of education for the elementary and secondary schools and their teachers.

It occurred to us that if we hoped to impress upon the voting members of the school board the fact that many of us in the district were of a like mind, we would have to move quickly. We drafted a letter to the local school board stating our wishes, made copies of it on my wonderful electronic memory typewriter, and then set out on foot. A score of loyal citizens, whose children had benefited from having had direct contact at their school under this skilled teacher's hand, helped secure as many signatures as could possibly be obtained in four days.

Circumstances fell into place to make this a worthwhile venture. The weather was positively balmy for a winter weekend. Of the people who were contacted, we met with 95% success in securing their signatures on our letter. My faith in the priorities of the people I contacted was certainly restored by this activity. One can easily develop a distorted image of what the grass-roots people represent, but I found out that *everybody* is concerned about the quality of education. They want local, neighborhood schools and they want basics taught in conditions run by educated people.

We made an impression on the school board with our letter and signatures when we presented them, but their minds were not changed. The elimination of this fine educator's position will not become effective until June of 1984 and, who knows, changes might still develop in the intervening months. I am not at all disheartened at our inability to change the decision of the school board. We met many genuinely concerned residents who are now alerted to a situation of which they were formerly unaware. They were all such lovely people that I would not hesitate to call on them again if the occasion warranted.

In the meantime, Don and I have set aside alternate Tuesday evenings to attend the district school board meetings in an effort to keep ourselves informed.

Until next month,
Mary Beth

Coloring Easter eggs was originally practiced to capture the beauty given off by the rays of the aurora borealis, northern lights, and the dawning hues of the sun.

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

I have just come in from a most invigorating walk. Oh, it is beautiful outside! I walked along the water for a couple of miles, and then turned inland through the woods. Every breath of air—cool, clean, fragrant with spring—was like a tonic. I wish that you could have been here enjoying it with me.

This afternoon, Betty is going to take a short walk with me, probably about two miles. That will bring my total mileage for the day to a little over six. I love it!

It is amazing to see the numbers of people along the hiking trails. More and more, people of all ages are taking up walking. My doctor was saying just yesterday that walking for exercise is one of the best ways to keep down one's weight and one's blood pressure. He said that walking may take longer to achieve the same results as jogging, but that the actual difference is not as great as many people think.

I have a little exercise chart which shows that when Betty and I are walking together, we walk about three miles an hour and burn up about 66 calories per mile. However, when I walk alone, I walk five miles an hour and burn up 124 calories per mile. Had I jogged that same distance instead of fast walking, 164 calories per mile would have been burned up. The difference is not very much, and it is so much easier and more comfortable to walk than to jog.

The joggers I meet along the road always look so pained, so desperate. I call out to them kiddingly: "You must be doing penance for some grievous sin." Most often they call back, "You are so right."

When I first started taking daily walks, I was bothered by severe arthritis in my feet. My doctor told me to go on a diet and lose more weight; just eating a little less of everything than I normally ate. I took off fifteen pounds in a few weeks' time. It made an amazing difference in my arthritis. It really should have made a difference! After all, in every mile walked, I was lifting 31,680 pounds less per mile than before I lost that extra weight (figured at 15 lbs. per stride for 2,112 strides per mile).

When I walk, I don't try to keep up with anyone, just go at my own pace. My next-door neighbor walks much faster. A few months ago he had open-heart surgery, and now he must walk a fast three miles a day to keep his heart in good condition.

The lovely poem, "A Mother Speaks", which is on page 4 of this issue of the

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine was written by my very good friend, Richard Kirk Washburn, of Portland, Oregon. He visits Betty and me for a few days each October. I appreciate his giving me permission to send it to the editorial staff in Shenandoah and am glad they decided to use it.

Betty and I were at a dinner party one night last week where most of the people at our table talked about their insomnia. I thought I would give them a lesson in overcoming insomnia by falling asleep at the table for nothing puts me to sleep faster than *boredom*, and listening to people talk about the trouble they have sleeping is *boring*.

Have you noticed how much people talk about insomnia? I usually listen politely and then say: "Just thank God that you have a nice, comfortable bed in which to stay awake."

We do not watch much television. We see the news at least once a day, and we watch an occasional opera or play on Public Television. If I want to fall asleep, all I have to do is to start watching one of the so-called comedy shows or crime shows, and in a matter of five or six minutes, I am sound asleep.

When you and I were in school, we were taught that we needed to get a good eight hours of sleep each night to keep healthy. If that were really so, more than one-half of the population of America would have one foot in the grave. People do differ in their needs for rest but, for the past forty years, I have not had more than five hours of sleep a night. The older we get, the less sleep most of us need to keep healthy, and that means the less we need to worry about insomnia.

Certainly it is true that *worry* does more to deny sleep than just about anything else. I may have shocked one of our neighbors the other day when she was complaining about her insomnia. When she told me that she lay awake night after night worrying about a thousand different things, I asked, "When did you lose your faith?" You should have seen her surprised expression.

"If I were you," I continued, "I would just hand all of those worries over to God, and go to sleep." I never said another word on the subject. I didn't have to.

Of course, there are some physical problems that will keep us awake on occasion, things like ulcer pains, asthma, arthritis, angina, etc., but sleeping pills are not the answer to these. As a matter of fact, it is commonly known that the use of sleeping pills actually does more to cause insomnia than to cure it. I'm scared to death of them!

One of the sweetest and most gentle old ladies in my church once said, "When I can't sleep, I don't count sheep, I just talk to the Shepherd." Good advice!

Do you remember my telling you that



Now that he is retired, Frederick Driftmier has more time to pursue his hobby of experimenting with recipes and menus. He hopes that his recently acquired knowledge about the shelf life of various food items will help him produce more tasty foods.

whenever I bake chocolate cookies, I always add a little extra cocoa? Well, I'm not sure how much good that extra cocoa has been doing. Just yesterday, I learned that cocoa loses much of its character after it is more than a year-and-a-half old.

After reading an article in the paper about the shelf life of various kitchen and household supplies, I cleaned out half our seasonings—including two partially used cans of baking powder—and went to the market for fresh ones. I was not aware that many food seasonings lose much of their potency after several months. Now we shall see if the taste of my cooking improves.

You and I ought to appreciate the efforts made by couples with a large family of children. How often I have wondered why the people who have no children are not wealthy. Do you have any idea what our government estimates the cost of rearing a child from birth to age eighteen is? A recent report of the Department of Agriculture stated that when all the costs of food, clothing, medical care, education, transportation, housing, recreation, and a few other things are added up, it costs a moderate income farm family about \$79,800 per child for the first eighteen years (in 1980 dollars). Now many of you know where your money went.

Times have not been easy for many of us, but we need to thank God that we have managed as well as we have.

Have a happy Easter.

Sincerely,

Frederick

Blessed are those who work for their blessings.



ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

The old adage, "April showers bring May flowers," always makes me chuckle, for in New Mexico spring very seldom hosts rain showers but, instead, brings wind upon more wind!

Our home sits in a relatively unprotected spot, and seems to receive the brunt of the wind. Its power is seldom high enough to cause damage, usually gusts do not exceed fifty or sixty miles per hour, but several days of thirty- to forty-mile winds can be quite annoying to someone like myself who spends some of each workday doing outside chores.

Several years ago, I learned to plant all my spring-flowering bulbs in sheltered places—snuggled next to the house or behind fences and walls. I'll never forget my experience the first year after we bought our home. Having purchased our place in the fall, my enthusiasm was high, for I finally had an opportunity to start a permanent garden in a permanent home. I went out and acquired fifty 'King Alfred' daffodil bulbs—that beautiful, large, yellow, hybrid variety, quite stunning in appearance, and *not* inexpensive. I prepared the ground and tenderly planted them in a spot I had carefully chosen to portray their brilliance.

Unfortunately, as I was to later realize, the selected location for the daffodils, allowing for viewing from all areas, was to be ill-fated. As the flowers began to open the following April, harsh spring winds proceeded to whip them hour upon

hour, until little was left but green stalks and shredded, wilted petals. Many buds were so badly bruised by the winds that they refused to open at all. I picked what I could, hoping to save a few by letting them unfold in vases indoors, and in this manner a small percentage were salvaged. All in all, it was a disheartening experience. As usual, I had learned a lesson the hard way.

I kept watering those daffodil bulbs throughout the summer and moved them to a new location the following autumn so all was not lost. I still enjoy their beauty each April, and have been able to do so the past four years, a happy ending after all.

As spring brings the coming of new greenery, so does it bring exciting news from the Walstad family. I am thrilled to announce that we are expecting another baby, our second child, to arrive in mid-June. We are so enthused with the prospect. And our firstborn, Lily, now two and one-half years old, is excited, too. We have tried to explain the impending arrival on a level that she can comprehend, and although she makes a point of telling us that she understands what we are talking about, I don't think she will fully realize what the new addition means until we bring the baby home from the hospital.

As you can imagine, at this age Lily does the cutest things. One evening while Mike and I were relaxing in the living room, Lily had been playing in the kitchen and the house became suspiciously quiet. I went into the kitchen to see what she was doing and nearly died laughing when confronted with the following scene: I have several clamshell ramekins which are used for seafood dishes. As I walked in, there was our borzoi dog, Eva, lying on her bed surrounded by sixteen seashell ramekins, each filled with her dog food.

When I asked Lily what on earth she was doing, she replied in her most serious tone of voice, that she was serving up a birthday cake. Poor Eva was so confused by the situation that she wouldn't eat a bite, whereupon Lily would simply fix her another dish of "birthday cake"!

I want to tell you of a new project which has been great fun for our family this past winter. We are always looking for ways to expand our enjoyment of the two horses we own, Rudy and Peaches. We realized that while we were paying their expenses for feed, shoeing and veterinary bills throughout the winter, they were spending a great deal of that time getting fat, lazy and bored. This winter, the decision was made to remedy that situation by purchasing an old horse-drawn sleigh. We had been looking for one for the last few years, but they're rare in New Mexico. Finally, around Christmas time, we located one

in a town about seventy-five miles away. An antique dealer had received a shipment from Canada, and we nearly fainted when we saw ten sleighs in front of his shop.

We picked out one with two seats—a cutter painted black and red and in workable order. I was amazed at its light weight as we put it in the back of our pickup and headed home. Next, we purchased a black nylon driving harness (leather has become prohibitively expensive) and some sleigh bells, and everything was ready.

The only thing we lacked was a trained horse to pull the cutter—the main ingredient! Mike's horse, Rudy, was chosen to be taught. He is a flashy paint of plowhorse extraction, with huge feet and a big Roman-nosed head, plenty of muscle power, and a heart of gold. A veteran of many, many wilderness pack trips, he was a prime candidate for the job of pulling the sleigh.

Unfortunately, neither Mike nor I had had any experience in driving, so we started out as green as the horse. First, we spent several days ground driving. This taught Rudy to respond to commands in the harness while we walked behind holding the long reins. Next, we put him in the sleigh shafts, letting him become gradually accustomed to the new equipment. Finally, a large snowstorm hit, and it was time to let him pull the sleigh.

Training horses is not a chore to be considered suitable for babies and pregnant women, so on the big day, we found a sitter for Lily, and I went along in an advisory capacity only. At first it was touch and go. Pulling weight was new to Rudy, and he tried to outsmart us with a few stunts. However, we persisted with patience and firmness, and by the end of his first lesson he was pulling the cutter like a champ. He had to resign himself to

(Continued on page 16)



Lily Walstad, two-and-one-half-year-old daughter of Mike and Alison (Driftmier) Walstad of Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex.



The Walstads are hoping to purchase a buggy for their use with the horse they have trained to pull their new sleigh. Dear friends, the Wm. Scott's of Santa Fe, N.Mex., own this fine carriage and the horse, a family pet called Grace, and no doubt have encouraged the Walstads to get a buggy for their pleasure.



Robert and Evelyn Birkby have been "standing behind" their son, Bob, in his many projects through the years. Following his recent concert for the Shenandoah Music Association, they literally got behind him for this photograph.

WHAT HAPPENED?

by
Evelyn Birkby

If you attended the Shenandoah Music Association's concert when our son, Bob, performed, you already know what happened, at least from the audience's point of view. From the viewpoint of the performer and his family, the event had a somewhat different perspective.

Even though Bob now lives most of the year in Seattle, Wash., where he earns his living as a writer and editor, he was still classified as the "local artist". Each year the Association presents someone, usually from Shenandoah, for this particular part of their series. It is a performance open to the public and thus helps raise money and enthusiasm for the organization.

The result of having Bob as local artist was not at all what most people, including his parents, expected. Bob has long enjoyed classical music and has done several concerts in various places (one in Springfield, Mo., was mentioned in the October 1976 *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*), including a recent one in Seattle. These public performances provide a motivation for him to keep his piano practicing in motion and, he hopes, to increase his proficiency in this avocation.

When Bob made the decision a year ago to do the Shenandoah concert, he began his practices at a small United Methodist church near his Seattle home. The music of the masters—Beethoven, Haydn, Rachmaninoff, Prokofieff and Chopin—was chosen for the backbone of the concert, with a little Scott Joplin thrown in. And then he began to put his

mind to ways in which he could make it an evening with enough foolishness tucked in to make it jolly good fun for everyone.

Bob arrived home on a Friday in plenty of time to do some last-minute practicing before the big event just six days away. One night he practiced past 2:00 A.M. The notes running around our house filled every nook and cranny for hours. Even after Bob stopped playing, those notes kept going through my mind. It was a short night!

By the time Bob had collected a number of "props" to use for his presentation, his father, Robert, and I could hardly wait to see what tomfoolery he had in mind. Since each of our three sons has a delightful sense of humor, we were ready for almost anything.

The weather cooperated beautifully, and on the evening of the concert, the Sidney contingent arrived in Shenandoah early to find several cars filled with patrons already waiting near the door. We all trooped into the high school building to the cafeteria, a large room which is a cafeteria in the daytime and an auditorium in the evening. Bob, with coattails flapping wildly, disappeared behind the stage with his gear.

Bob reported afterwards that the piano looked larger than he had imagined and not very friendly. He felt as if the music was draining out of his head and he could barely remember his name. He put on a calm and collected facade, however, as he heard the crowd arriving. By the time additional chairs had been put in place and the room was packed with over 300 people, he was as ready as he'd ever be.

When the curtains parted, an amazing sight came into view. It was not the usual concert stage with a Steinway grand piano in pristine loneliness in the center. What looked like a piano shape was covered with a colorful sheet. So was the bench. Placed at one side was a stand holding a variety of objects. Bob strode in to the applause of the audience and swept a bow, pulling a long black cape around himself.

With an expression of astonishment on his face, Bob explained to the audience that he had misunderstood and thought that this was the Shenandoah MAGIC Association. Therefore, he proceeded to do some very silly and totally aborted simple magic tricks. He tried to pull a rabbit out of a top hat but no rabbit appeared, he pushed a handkerchief into his fist and then pulled the vanished cloth out from the bottom of his hand, its shape and color intact. He concluded by making the piano and bench miraculously appear from beneath the sheets exclaiming as he did so how surprised he was to find that, when he arrived in Shenandoah, he was expected to play the piano.

By the time he had the lid of the piano raised, everyone, especially the children, were laughing heartily. Then the rabbit he



Besides playing the piano, Bob included much fun and foolishness at his recent Shenandoah concert. He is shown here in the midst of a hilarious Kitchen-Klatter "commercial". (Even the cleaning cloth on the floor was part of his act.)

—Photos by Blaine Barton

had been unable to find in the hat was discovered hiding inside the piano. With a few more bits of foolishness, Bob finally settled down at the piano and went into "head-to-head competition with the heavyweights of the music world".

Before each number, Bob explained something about the composer, how the number came to be written and/or the imagery he himself brought to the selection. These stories added a great deal to the enjoyment of the music, especially for the youngsters who were entranced, as far as I could see, throughout the entire evening.

Just after the intermission, the curtain was again pulled to find Bob dusting the piano with a big white cloth. He stopped in surprise, faced the audience and exclaimed, "Hello there!" After a slight pause, he said, "I was just cleaning up the piano. Friends, do you have ring around your piano?" And then he launched into a hilarious "commercial" which ended, appropriately, when he made three boxes of Kitchen-Klatter products appear out from under a cloth. He told how to clean the grim from the piano with Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner, how to make the ivories sparkling white with the Kitchen-Klatter Bleach and how he had used the Blue Drops Laundry Detergent to wash his tuxedo during intermission and "you can see how fresh and clean it is now!" He concluded his sketch with a resounding pitch for everyone to send in "980 box tops and 130 cap liners for the newest premium—a Steinway grand just like the one on this stage!" It was the funniest takeoff on advertising I've ever seen or

(Continued on page 15)



The Valuable Onion

by
Erma Reynolds

"Let onion's atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected animate the whole."

So wrote Sidney Smith, canon of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, in the 18th century.

Long before the 18th century, the onion was being used for food. About 1082 B.C., when the Great Pyramid was being built in Egypt, King Cheops, who was heading this mammoth project, had some 40,000 laborers fed about \$2,000,000 worth of onions. Cheops believed that onions had the power to build up his workers' strength and enable them to go without rest. He even paid the wages of some in onions. So highly did these early-day Egyptians regard the onion, they often took their sacred oaths with their right hands resting on an onion.

Alexander the Great became acquainted with onions during his invasion of Egypt, and was so impressed with the vegetable's qualities, he sent back seeds and sprouts to Macedonia, with orders that they be grown extensively. He also believed that his troops could be "filled with martial ardor" by eating onions before going into battle. Long years later, in 1864, during the Civil War, General Ulysses S. Grant also demonstrated a belief that onions had an effect on soldiers when he said, "I will not move my army without onions."

In the Bible, we read how the exiled Israelites, during their sojourn in the wilderness, complained to Moses, "We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic."

The Spanish explorers imported onions to the West Indies soon after their discovery, and from there the vegetable spread to other parts of the Americas.

In our country's first days, onions even served as a form of currency. Historical records tell that vessels from New England, sailing to parts of West Indies and South America, carried along strings of onions to use as currency when dicker with merchants in those countries. The strings were of varied lengths, each size having its trade value.

Onions have long been credited with health-giving qualities, with Greek Hippocrates, "Father of Medicine", mentioning them as early as 430 B.C. In the Middle Ages, onion necklaces were worn by women to insure their good health. And, during plagues in this period, folks would smear their hands with onion juice to keep contagion from spreading. It was

also believed that onion juice dropped in the ear could cure deafness, and in the eye, clear the vision. An old saying had it, "Fat onions in May and physicians may play."

Superstition even got in the onion act, with some folks believing if a piece of onion was placed on a shelf it would suck up household germs. Another belief had it if you burn the skin of onions, you'll receive money. According to superstitious farmers, onions sown in the period of the new moon, will not amount to much. Onions have been used as weather predictors according to their coverings: an especially heavy skin forecasting a cold winter, and a thin skin, a mild winter.

Some onion-use tips and tricks:

Methods of how to peel onions without weeping include: have the onion chilled before peeling; before starting to peel, pour boiling water over onions, then plunge them into cold water; start peeling at root end; peel under running water; chew gum vigorously; hold a crust of bread in mouth while peeling (bread supposedly absorbs the fumes); hold a wooden match in the mouth; keep dipping the peeling knife into water containing lemon juice or vinegar.

To mince onion: Cut end slice from peeled onion. Cut exposed surface into tiny squares to any desired depth. Cut crosswise in a thin slice.

To extract juice: Do not remove outside skin. Cut in half. Sprinkle salt on exposed surface to draw juice, then twist onion on a lemon squeezer, pressing hard. Or, cut thin slice from stem end and scrape juice from cut side with the tip of a teaspoon.

To store a cut onion place it, cut-side down, in a tightly covered glass jar and keep in the refrigerator.

To remove onion odors: Run the knife used for peeling into a raw carrot or potato. If a cutting board has been used, rub its surface with a slice of lime or lemon. For onion-odorless hands, wash them in cold water rather than hot. Or, rub celery salt on hands before the washing.

To cut down the odor of cooking onions, simmer onions gently with a lot of water. A small amount of sugar added to the cooking water also helps to lessen the strong odor.

Stored onions have a way of sprouting, but do not discard these sprouts. They are tasty and can be used instead of chives.

Plant one or two sprouting onions in a pot of rich soil, and place on a sunny windowsill. Shoots will appear before long which may be cut off to use for flavoring purposes. Other shoots will soon take their place, with the sprouts continuing to grow for a considerable time.

Onions! They're worth weeping over!

COUNTRY-STYLE ONIONS

24 small white onions
1/3 cup butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 Tbls. sugar
3/4 tsp. dry mustard
Pepper and salt to taste
1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing

Cook the onions in boiling salted water until just barely tender—about 10 minutes. Drain. Place in casserole. Combine remaining ingredients and spread over onions. Bake about 45 minutes at 350 degrees or until onions are well done. Serves about 6.

—Evelyn

ONION OMELET

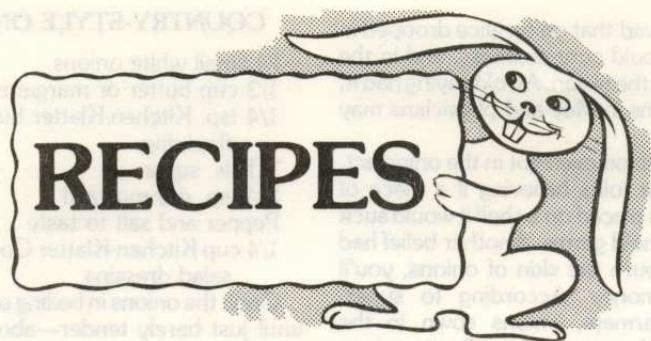
2 Tbls. butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 cup chopped onion
1/4 cup cold water
1 Tbls. flour
Salt and pepper to taste
4 eggs, separated
1/8 tsp. cream of tartar

Melt the butter or margarine and butter flavoring; add onion and water and cook over low heat until onions are golden brown. Add the flour and seasonings, stirring gently, and cook for a few more minutes. Remove from the heat. Beat the egg yolks. Beat the egg whites with the cream of tartar until peaks form. Fold the three mixtures together and bake in a buttered 8- or 9-inch square or round baking pan for 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Serves 5 or 6.

—Evelyn



Make plans for your Easter dinner by turning first to the **Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook**. Over 1000 favorite tested recipes will give you fresh ideas for special meals for the holidays, plus plenty of simple suggestions which are easy on the budget and fun to prepare. Only \$6.75 each, postpaid. (Iowa residents, please add sales tax.) Send your order to: **KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.**



SIMPLE HOT CROSS BUNS

1 loaf frozen white or sweet bread dough, thawed
 1/2 cup currants
 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 2 Tbls. chopped candied citron or fruit
 Let dough rise slightly. Flatten to 1/4- or 1/2-inch thick. Sprinkle the currants, cinnamon and candied citron or fruit on top of dough. Roll up and cut into 12 to 16 pieces. Shape the pieces into balls, making sure fruit is covered with dough. Place 2 inches apart on greased cooky sheet. Cover and let rise until double in size. Bake in oven preheated to 400 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes. Prepare the following frosting:
 1 cup powdered sugar
 1 Tbls. butter or margarine, softened
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla or almond flavoring
 3 to 4 tsp. milk
 Combine frosting ingredients and blend well. Make a cross on each bun with the frosting. —Dorothy

RASPBERRY DREAM CAKE

1 10-oz. pkg. frozen raspberries
 1 pkg. (2-layer size) white cake mix
 4 eggs
 1/2 cup salad oil
 1 regular-size box instant vanilla pudding mix (dry)
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
 Thaw the raspberries and drain. Reserve 1/2 cup of the drained raspberry juice and 2 Tbls. of the raspberries for the frosting.

Beat together the cake mix, eggs, oil, pudding mix, flavoring and the remaining raspberries and liquid. Beat for 3 minutes. Spread into a greased and floured bundt pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 50 to 55 minutes. Let stand 15 minutes before removing from pan. Cool completely and then frost with the following:

2 cups powdered sugar
 1/4 cup softened butter
 1/2 cup reserved raspberry liquid
 2 Tbls. reserved raspberries
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
 Beat all the frosting ingredients together until smooth. —Verlene

GREEK MEATBALLS AND SAUCE

1 lb. lean ground beef
 1 small onion, grated
 2 eggs
 2 tsp. chopped fresh mint
 1 tsp. oregano
 2 slices bread, soaked in 1/2 cup milk or water
 1/4 tsp. garlic powder
 Salt and pepper to taste
 Combine all the above ingredients and mix well. Shape into 1-inch balls. Place balls on a greased cooky sheet and bake at 350 degrees until brown. Prepare the following sauce:

1 small can tomato paste
 1 small can tomato sauce
 2 tomato sauce cans of water
 1 tsp. oregano
 2 tsp. sugar
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. ground black pepper
 Combine sauce ingredients in a pan. Cook, stirring frequently, for about 20 minutes. Add the cooked meatballs and heat through. Serve.

The meatballs can be made very small and served in a chafing dish as appetizers. —Juliana

CHICKEN LAYER SALAD

2 3-oz. pkgs. lemon gelatin
 1 Tbls. vinegar
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 2 cups boiling water
 1 cup whipping cream, whipped (or 1 to 1 1/2 cups whipped topping)
 5 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
 1/2 cup stuffed olives, sliced
 2 cups cooked chicken or turkey
 3/4 cup mayonnaise
 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style salad dressing
 Toasted almonds (for topping)

Combine gelatin, vinegar, flavoring and boiling water. Stir to dissolve. When slightly thickened, fold in whipped cream. Put into 9- by 13-inch serving dish. When gelatin layer is set, put on a layer of sliced eggs, then a layer of sliced olives. Combine chicken, mayonnaise and dressing. Spread over eggs and olives. Sprinkle top with toasted sliced almonds. Keep refrigerated until time to serve. —Evelyn

PRIZE PEANUT BUTTER PIE

1 baked pie shell
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
 3/4 cup powdered sugar
 1/2 cup chunky peanut butter
 2 cups whipped topping
 Chopped peanuts for garnish
 Prepare pie shell. A graham cracker crust could be used if desired.
 In mixer bowl, combine the cream cheese, powdered sugar, peanut butter and topping. Beat until smooth. Turn into pie shell. Chill for 5 to 6 hours. Garnish top with the chopped peanuts. This is a very rich pie, so serve small wedges. —Hallie

PINEAPPLE-MARSHMALLOW SALAD

1 Tbls. cornstarch
 1/4 cup sugar
 1 cup drained pineapple juice
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
 2 eggs, beaten
 1 cup miniature marshmallows
 1 cup diced American cheese
 1 cup pineapple tidbits, drained
 1 cup chopped pecans
 Combine cornstarch and sugar in saucepan. Gradually add pineapple juice, flavoring and eggs. Mix until smooth. Cook over moderate heat, stirring frequently, until thickened. Cool slightly. Blend in marshmallows, cheese and pineapple. Chill for several hours or overnight. Just before serving, sprinkle nuts over salad. Serves 4 to 6. —Verlene

GLAZED PINEAPPLE COOKIES

1 15 1/2-oz. can pineapple tidbits in juice (not in heavy syrup)
 2 cups sifted flour
 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1/4 tsp. soda
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/2 cup shortening
 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 1 egg
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Drain the pineapple and reserve juice for glaze. Finely chop the pineapple. Preheat oven to 400 degrees and grease cooky sheets.

Sift the flour, baking powder, soda and salt together. Set aside. Cream the shortening and brown sugar. Beat in egg and flavorings. Add the chopped pineapple alternately with the flour mixture. Drop by teaspoonfuls far apart on prepared baking sheet. Bake for 8 to 10 minutes. Glaze warm cookies with the following:

2 1/2 cups sifted powdered sugar
 3 to 4 Tbls. reserved pineapple juice
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Combine glaze ingredients and stir until smooth. —Juliana

BREAKFAST BISCUITS

- 1 lb. bulk sausage
- 10 ozs. grated Cheddar cheese
- 3 cups packaged biscuit mix
- 1 cup milk

Crumble the sausage and brown lightly. Drain excess fat. Combine the sausage and cheese. Stir in the biscuit mix and milk. Drop walnut-size spoonfuls of dough onto ungreased cookie sheet about 1/2 to 1 inch apart. Press down slightly. Bake at 350 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes. Serve warm. These freeze well after baking and cooling. Reheat to serve.

—Hallie

COOKED RED CABBAGE

- 6 cups shredded red cabbage
- 1/4 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 cup apple juice
- 2 Tbs. light brown sugar (more or less)
- 1 tsp. salt
- Juice of 1 lemon (about 3 Tbs.)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine all ingredients in a heavy skillet. Cover and simmer slowly, stirring occasionally. Cook until most of liquid evaporates and cabbage is tender.

—Evelyn

CHICKEN SUPREME

- 1/2 cup melted margarine
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 of 1-lb. pkg. dry bread stuffing mix
- 1/2 cup diced onion
- 1 cup grated medium Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 1 whole chicken, cooked, boned and diced
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 can sliced water chestnuts
- 1 4-oz. can mushrooms stems and pieces
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 10-oz. can cream of mushroom soup (or cream of chicken or celery)
- 1 cup can milk
- 1 cup grated cheese

Melt the margarine and add the 1 cup of water to it. Combine with the stuffing mix, onion, 1 cup Cheddar cheese and celery. Spread half of the mixture in a 9-by 13-inch pan. Combine the mayonnaise or salad dressing, chicken and salt. Spread on top of the stuffing layer. Sprinkle on the water chestnuts and mushrooms. Spread on the remaining stuffing mixture. Beat the eggs and blend with the 1 1/2 cups milk. Pour over all. Cover and refrigerate overnight.

Just before baking, combine the cream soup with the soup can of milk. Heat and stir until smooth. Pour over the chicken. Bake at 325 degrees for 1 1/2 hours. About 15 minutes before end of baking time, sprinkle on the 1 cup of grated cheese.

—Dorothy

**BLUEBERRY CHEESECAKE****Crust**

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup finely ground walnuts
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs

In a small pan, melt and heat the butter. Combine the ground nuts, sugar and cracker crumbs. Pour the melted butter over the crumb mixture and stir until blended. Press in bottom and 2 inches up sides of a greased spring-form pan. Prepare filling.

Filling

- 6 eggs, separated
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 lbs. ricotta cheese
- 1/4 cup heavy cream
- 1/2 cup, plus 2 Tbs. all-purpose flour
- 2 15-oz. cans blueberries in heavy syrup (drain, save syrup)
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind

In a large bowl with electric mixer, beat the egg yolks, sugar and flavoring. Add the cheese, cream and 4 Tbs. of the flour. Beat until thick and smooth. Drain blueberries, saving syrup. Put berries in a bowl and toss gently with the remaining flour. Beat egg whites with wire whisk until glossy peaks form. Add salt. With a spatula, fold into egg yolk mixture along with the blueberries and lemon rind. Spoon into crust-lined pan and bake for 50 to 60 minutes in oven preheated to 325 degrees. (Rack should be placed in center of oven.) Cool for 1 hour after taking out of oven. Refrigerate at least 6 hours or overnight. Serve with the following sauce:

Sauce

- 2 Tbs. cornstarch
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup drained blueberry syrup
- 1 1/3 cups additional drained blueberry syrup
- 2 tsp. fresh lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/2 tsp. grated fresh lemon rind
- Powdered sugar

Dissolve the cornstarch and sugar in the 1/4 cup blueberry syrup. Put the 1 1/3 cups additional syrup in a saucepan and heat to boiling, stirring constantly. Add the cornstarch mixture to heated syrup and cook and stir for 2 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in the lemon juice and lemon flavoring. Cool. Blend in the sour cream and lemon rind. Refrigerate.

When ready to serve, remove cheesecake from pan, cut, top with a spoonful of the sauce and a sprinkling of powdered sugar.

—Robin

CHEWY NO-BAKE COOKIES

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/4 cup cocoa
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups rolled oats

In a saucepan, mix sugar, butter or margarine, milk and cocoa. Cook over low heat for one minute after butter melts. Remove from heat and stir in flavoring and oats. Drop by spoonfuls onto waxed paper and chill. Store in refrigerator.

These are perfect for children to make with Mom's supervision. Recipe can be doubled.

—Mary Lea Palo

KAY'S RHUBARB DESSERT

- 4 cups fresh or frozen chopped rhubarb
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 3-oz. pkg. red gelatin (cherry, strawberry or raspberry)
- 1 small-size yellow cake mix (like Jiffy)
- 1 cup cold water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring, if using frozen rhubarb
- 1/2 cup margarine or butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Spread the chopped rhubarb in an 8-by 10-inch glass baking pan. Sprinkle the sugar over rhubarb, then the gelatin, followed by the dry cake mix. Combine the cold water and lemon flavoring and carefully spoon over cake mix layer. Melt the margarine or butter and combine with the butter flavoring. Drizzle over all. Bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees. Serve warm or cold with whipped topping or ice cream.

—Hallie

CHEESEBURGER PIE

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 3/4 cup biscuit mix
- 3 eggs
- 1 large fresh tomato, sliced
- 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Grease a deep, 10-inch pie pan.

Brown the beef and onion. Drain excess fat. Stir in salt and pepper. Spread the mixture in the prepared pie pan. In a bowl, beat the milk, biscuit mix and eggs. (Batter will be thin.) Pour over meat layer. Bake for 25 minutes, then remove from oven. Put on the sliced tomato and cheese. Return to oven for about 10 more minutes. Test for doneness by inserting a silver knife in the center. (When knife comes out clean, it is done.) Cool for about 5 minutes. Cut in wedges to serve.

—Dorothy

STEAK-BROCCOLI DINNER

- 2 to 2½-lbs. sirloin steak
- 1 10½-oz. can beef consomme soup
- 1 10½-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 20-oz. bag frozen broccoli pieces
- 1 cup rice
- 1 tsp. dehydrated onions

Cut steak into four or more pieces and place in a 9- by 12-inch baking dish.

Pour half of the beef consomme and half of the mushroom soup in dish. Arrange meat pieces in soup mixture. Add remaining soups. Bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

Cook rice according to package directions and drain. Stir in onion and spoon over steak. Return to oven and bake an additional 30 minutes.

Place broccoli in boiling water and return to boiling. Drain and layer over steak and rice. Bake an additional 30 minutes.

You may cover if you like. Cheese sauce may also be added. With a gelatin salad, this makes a very good meal.

—Hallie

VEGETABLE DISH

- 2 cups cooked sliced carrots
- 2 cups cooked sliced celery
- 2 cups cooked cauliflower flowerets
- Cheese sauce

Drain vegetables and combine. Prepare your favorite cheese sauce and pour over vegetables. Serve.

A delicious vegetable dish which goes well with any kind of meat. —Dorothy

BUTTER MINTS

- 1 1-lb. box powdered sugar
- ¼ cup melted butter or margarine
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring

- 1 drop (more or less) of food coloring
- 2 ½ to 3 Tbls. evaporated milk

Combine the powdered sugar, butter or margarine, flavorings and coloring in a bowl. Mix with fork until all is moist. Add milk and mix with hands until workable. Do not get too moist. Press into molds and remove immediately. These mints will freeze nicely. —Donna Nenneman

MICRO RICE PUDDING

(A microwave recipe)

- 2 cups cooked rice (cook rice according to your microwave instructions)

- ¼ cup sugar
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup rich milk (or half-and-half or evaporated milk)

- ½ tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- ½ tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- Combine the above ingredients. Cover and microwave for 7 minutes. Stir at least three times while baking. After removing from oven, let set, covered, for a few minutes. Serve hot or cold.

—Hallie

CHICKEN WITH HERB DUMPLINGS

- 3 lbs. chicken pieces
- 1 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 whole cloves
- 8 to 10 small white onions (or 3 large, quartered)
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- ¼ tsp. powdered marjoram
- ¼ tsp. powdered thyme
- 1 bay leaf
- ¼ cup white vinegar
- ¼ cup water
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 cup packaged biscuit mix
- 1 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 6 Tbls. milk
- ¼ tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Sprinkle the salt and pepper on chicken pieces. Place meat in a slow-cooking pot. Add the cloves, onion, garlic, marjoram, thyme, bay leaf, vinegar and water. Cover and cook on low for about 6 hours. Stir once or twice while cooking.

When the chicken is done, remove the bay leaf and cloves. Stir in the cream. Turn the pot on high. Combine the biscuit mix and parsley. Combine the milk and flavoring and add to the biscuit mixture. Blend well. Spoon the dumplings around the chicken. Cook for about 30 minutes.

—Juliana

ALMOND COFFEECAKE

- 1 cup sifted flour
- ½ cup margarine
- 2 Tbls. water

Mix the flour and margarine until crumbly. Sprinkle the water over the crumbly mixture and work together until it holds together. Divide the dough in half. Press each half into oblong piece about 3 inches wide and 12 inches long. Place on a cookie sheet. Chill while preparing the following:

- 1 cup water
- ½ cup butter
- 1 cup flour
- 3 eggs
- ¼ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Boil the water and butter together. Add the flour and mix until smooth. Add the eggs one at a time; beat well after each addition. Stir in the salt and flavoring. Spread on top of chilled pastry. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes. When cool, frost with the following:

- 1 ½ cups powdered sugar
 - 1 ½ Tbls. butter
 - ¾ tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
 - 2 Tbls. milk
 - Dash of salt
- Blend frosting ingredients well.

—Robin

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**Spring Values**

are yours in every bottle of the **17 Super Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**.

17 ways to perk up winter-weary appetites; 17 ways to add aroma, flavor and a gourmet touch to whatever food you prepare.

Economical, too!

The 17 flavors are: **Almond, Black Walnut, Burnt Sugar, Blueberry, Banana, Butter, Cherry, Coconut, Lemon, Maple, Mint, Strawberry, Orange, Pineapple, Raspberry and Vanilla (dark or clear).**

Check your grocers for our flavorings. If they are not available there, send check or money

order with your name and address for the offers of your choice to **KITCHEN-KLATTER**, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

Box #1—\$6.00 for each box containing 6 bottles of your choice of the **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Please list the 6 flavorings you wish. No. of Box #1 desired ____ @ \$6.00 per box.

Box #2—\$18.00 for the "Special Gift Pack" with 18 bottles of **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**: One each of the 17 flavorings plus a bonus bottle of vanilla. No. of Box #2 desired ____ @ \$18.00 per box.

Offer #3—\$3.25 for 3 flavorings of your choice. List which 3 **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings** you desire. No. of Offer #3 desired ____ @ \$3.25 per offer.

"EGGSQUISITE ART"

by
Thelma M. Griffith

The art of the world of eggs incorporates varied craft forms: painting, porcelainizing, decoupage, cloisonne, frosting, or whatever is the descretion of the artist.

In my apartment, the ever-growing array of intricately decorated eggs crowds books off their shelves, hang on drapery valances and otherwise overflow onto every available space. There are all sizes of them from tiny canary and wren eggs to one lone ostrich egg, with all sizes and species in between.

Some of my decorated eggs feature hinged doors with door knockers and clasps that open to reveal every imaginable scene or trinket from fully decorated Christmas trees to angels that descend from cotton clouds which bear star chains. Skaters frolic and swans float leisurely on mirror lakes. White picket fence, gate and an arched bridge, constructed of toothpicks, enhance an outdoor scene. Music boxes are often incorporated.

The common, ever-available chicken egg can accommodate only very small items for decoration. Tiny Bibles, praying hands, floral arrangements (often on a seashell base) are suitable for them. Birds, fuzzy ducks or a playful kitten that captures an errant ball of yarn—even a carrousel that revolves realistically—may transform the common into the uncommon.

Most eggs, whatever their size, are ornate with scenes or designs cut from greeting cards or wrapping paper then glued in place on the exterior of the prepared egg before applying many coats of finish to produce a porcelainized effect. Some are frosted or pearlized—always with great effort to coordinate the outside decoration or theme with the chosen miniature inside.

All eggs smaller than bantam or chicken eggs must hang from chain loops. Gold chain tassels enhance their appearance after minute designs are applied and porcelainized.

Yards of braid and pearl beads, sparkling jewels and velvet adorn the eggs' openings. A finial or "topper", plain or elaborate stands, and other ornate findings, complete an item destined to become a collectable.

Exhibits and seminars are sources of inspiration as are catalogs from craft supply houses. Duplication is seldom achieved; each decorated egg is unique unto itself. Challenge is unending and possibilities for innovation and intriguing masterpieces are limited only by the artist's application and pursuit of the chosen craft.



LEARN WITH EASTER EGGS

by
Ruth Townsend

Easter-egg time is a time for fun, but you can incorporate a little learning along with the fun if you let your mind go beyond just buying a kit and dyeing a bunch of eggs.

Experiment with natural dyes. You don't need a book to go by, just try out whatever is available—like onion skins and grass and beets. It is fun and children can learn how people in pioneer days got along without commercial dyes.

Another activity you can do with eggs is show how they behave when raw and after they are hard-boiled. There are different tests that are fun to try: Spin a raw egg and compare how it acts with a cooked one. The raw one is supposed to wobble more because the white and yolk are liquid. See if it works out that way. Also, try putting an uncooked egg in a deep pan of cold water along with a cooked one and see if they act any different from each other. Make a test to see if eggs are fresh. Fresh, raw ones are supposed to stay at the bottom of the pan. One a little old may stand up and a really old one will float.

While you are working with eggs, talk a little about the nutritional importance of the "incredible, edible egg". Eggs have a lot of protein, vitamin A, riboflavin and iron.

Take time off from fixing Easter eggs and make an egg dish you don't serve very often like an omelet or a souffle.

Perhaps the family could see how many "egg sayings" they can come up with—ones like, "to egg someone on" or "don't put all your eggs in one basket."

Search out interesting information on how eggs came to be used as symbols of Easter and how people decorate and display eggs in different countries around the world.

Make egg time not only fun time, but also a learning time and Easter will have special meaning for you and your family.

WHAT HAPPENED? — Concluded

heard. With an audience of Shenandoah people who know Kitchen-Klatter very well indeed, it was hilarious. I doubt if a dry eye remained in the house when Bob finally sat down to play his three Joplin Rags.

The Rags were followed by three numbers from Serge Prokofieff and then the program was concluded with Frederick Chopin's "Ballade in F-minor, op. 52". Bob explained that he had first heard this particular Chopin composition when he came, as a small boy, with our entire family to the Shenandoah Music Association series. It became Bob's favorite Chopin selection and his playing of it for an actual

concert in home territory provided the realization of a long-held dream.

To my prejudiced ear, the Chopin number was the highlight of the evening. The final cadenza ("which left the piano in ashes") was tremendous.

Punch and cookies were served afterwards to those who wished to stay and visit. At last, Bob packed up his handkerchieves, the rabbit, the dust cloth, the Kitchen-Klatter boxes and his cape. He picked up the beautiful floral arrangement which his friends in Seattle had wired to him and tucked the large, droopy, past-its-prime bouquet which members of his "loyal, local fan club" had thrust into his hands at the conclusion of the program, and we put him and the relatives into the car for the drive back to Sidney.

The room we left behind stopped being an auditorium filled with fun and laughter and music. It became just a place for school children to come and eat. As we drove away, we saw the janitor sweeping out all the leftover notes Bob hadn't used during the evening.

"It's alright," Bob stated. "I won't need any more notes for a long, long time."

SUDDENLY SUMMER

April soon comes to an end,
And May is coming 'round the bend,
Bringing flowers and green grass
To greet and gladden all who pass.

Then suddenly summer will appear,
So goes the cycle year after year,
Nature has opened another door
And that's what we've been waiting for.

—Myrtle L. Winkey

**Tidiness
Needs Help**



**KITCHEN-KLATTER
KLEANER**
An All-Purpose Cleaner



**TO HELP
YOU
Get Ready
for
Spring.**



Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner tackles dirt and grime in every room in your house. Get a good supply and let it be your right-hand helper.

Get ready for spring—get a supply of the **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** at your local grocery store.

TREES ARE TREASURES

by
Evelyn Witter

Trees are more important now than they have ever been. We need them not only for beauty but for protection, economy, conservation, ecology, and sentimentality.

Did you know that a tree can be a natural air conditioner? According to the United States Forest Service the evaporation from a single large tree can produce the cooling effect of ten room-sized air conditioners operating twenty hours a day.

A large tree further conditions your house by shading your roof. This keeps your house cool. Your own air conditioner can be made much more efficient if it is shaded by a tree and does not have the hazard of direct sunlight.

And, as the old-timers knew, a tree can bring beautiful music into your life. Some trees attract birds and animals and not only do they fill your life with song, they help control insects.

In this day when noise pollution has become a national issue, many home owners are turning to trees for help. A tree can serve as a buffer against unpleasant noise. City planners claim a well-placed tree can cut noise by as much as forty percent.

Trees around the house lend their perfume to the atmosphere, for most trees have a pleasant fragrance; one cherry tree can perfume the air with 200,000 flowers. Besides perfuming the air, trees can help CLEAN the air. Because of smog, some areas get up to sixteen percent less sunlight than they did in 1920. Trees are so good at trapping dust that some cities have to "wash" their freeway plantings every so often.

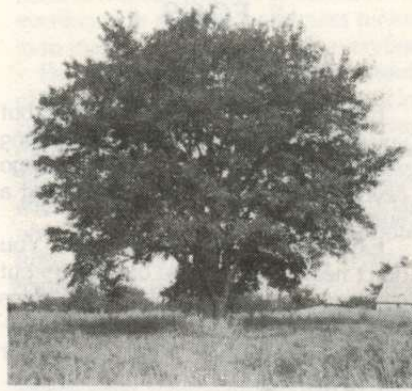
Trees can help the soil soak up moisture. Tree leaves break the onslaught of pelting raindrops. This gives the soil surface a chance to soak up as much water as possible. Also, decaying leaves enrich the soil.

A big problem is knowing exactly where to plant a tree. Since your front yard is the feature spot of your home, a very special tree should be placed there. Selection of a tree should compliment your neighbors' plantings as well as your own. If a new tree fits perfectly into the neighborhood environment, it will increase the value of your property. A back yard tree is a different matter. It should be chosen to shade a patio, air conditioner, children's play area, or a favorite picnic spot.

Almost every home has an "ugly" spot. Quick-growing trees can turn this spot into a green area. Try bushy evergreens in such a space.

Questions to ask yourself when buying a tree:

1. Does the tree need full sun, partial



Even a simple tree can be beautiful. This large mulberry tree bears fruit, shelters birds and provides a place for neighborhood children to play.

shade or complete shade?

2. Will the tree withstand cold and hot weather?

3. Is the tree especially susceptible to diseases or to damage by insects?

4. Does it need acid soil or sweet soil?

5. How can I make acid soil sweet and vice versa?

6. Does it need a dry area or a wet area?

7. How big will the tree grow and how fast?

8. Should it be planted close to a building or to other trees, or does it need open space?

9. Can I plant flowers under the tree?
10. Does it need special care the first day?

11. Will it produce nuts, fruit, cones, or colorful leaves or flowers that I can use?

12. Will it give good shade in summer and winter?

13. Is the tree more smog-resistant than other trees? Be sure to find out if you are planting along a major highway.

14. How far should I plant it from a sewer or drain line, sidewalk, or driveway?

15. Does it have shallow or deep roots and how well will it withstand wind?

16. Can it serve as a windbreak, noise barrier, or visual screen?

17. Will it encourage wildlife and birds to live in the area?

18. Will it drop many seeds in the area, causing a crop of sprouts come spring?

19. Is it noted for shedding leaves year around?

20. Will it fit in well with the area's landscaping?

Steps in planting a tree:

1. Select the tree and decide when and where to plant it.

2. Protect the roots from drying.

3. Dig a hole large enough to hold the entire root system.

4. Make certain that drainage from the hole is good.

5. Prune the top of the tree as needed to compensate for roots lost in digging and moving.

6. Put some fertile soil in the hole.

7. Set the tree in the hole no deeper than it was at its original site.

8. Install supporting stakes.

9. Cover the roots with fertile soil, tamping it or settling it with water.

10. Wrap the trunk and large limbs with a protective covering such as burlap or paper.

11. Install guy wires.

12. Care for the tree after planting.

Trees are your honorable guests. Nurture them with love and care.

EULOGY TO A GNARLED WILLOW

Trees have been eulogized before. There was the spreading chestnut tree and the mighty oak, the subjects of poetry and prose. But nowhere have I found praise to a beaten, gnarled, misshapened willow like the one standing wind-racked and lightning-lashed in our ten-acre pasture.

Still I love that old willow because it has fulfilled its obligation as a tree. I know it looks a mess. But I look beyond its physical deformity and see how through the years it has given shade to the cattle and housing to raccoons and squirrels. My children love to climb the tree.

I have always watched the willow as a barometer of approaching rain. When the leaves blow inverted, I know rain is coming. Through it I have measured the time at the closing of the day as its limbs outline the sun's arc.

Some trees will always be remembered for their beauty. When the elements finally bring my willow to rest, it will be eulogized in my mind because of its character.

—Evelyn Witter

ALISON'S LETTER — Concluded

the fact that the sleigh was attached to him, and where ever he went, it went.

Since then, Rudy has had several practice sessions. There is seldom enough snow at our house to use it here, but, about thirty minutes away in the higher mountains, plenty of snow is available. We simply load the sleigh in the back of the pickup truck, put Rudy in the horse trailer, and in no time we're ready for a day of family fun.

Although Mike and I spend several hours riding our horses each week, we are particularly excited with this new dimension for recreational enjoyment. Now, friends and relatives (like my Mom and Dad) who do not ride horses, can be included with excursions in the sleigh. The idea has us so excited, we decided to find the money for a down payment on a carriage. Calling it our *twelfth anniversary present*, we hope to have it out of layaway by summertime. Perhaps we'll be able to reinstitute the old pastime of picnics and buggy rides.

Sincerely,

Alison Walstad

THREE TREES

(A Mini Easter Story)

by
Mabel Nair Brown

(My three children loved to hear this story of three little trees and now the same story is being told to my grandchildren.)

Once, many hundreds of years ago, three little trees were growing on a hillside in a faraway land across the seas. One day the three little trees were visiting with their mother tree and talking about what they wanted to be when they grew up.

"I want to be a cradle and hold babies," said the first little tree. "I do think a baby is the most beautiful thing in this whole world. Yes, I want to be a cradle and I will hold the babies very carefully so they will feel loved and safe."

"Well, I want to be something bigger than a cradle and I want to go places and have great things happen to me as I move about from place to place," said the second little tree. "I want to be a ship and carry gold and jewels and spices."

"I don't want to travel about or do great things. I just want to stand straight and tall on a hillside and point to God," said the third little tree.

Mother tree smiled gently at the three little seedlings beside her and said, "Well, all of your ideas sound wonderful and I hope each of your dreams comes true."

The years passed and the trees grew to be tall and strong.

One day, men came to the grove of trees on the hillside and cut the first tree and carried it back to Bethlehem. There they cut and sawed it into lumber and from it made a manger for the keeper of an inn to use in his stable behind the inn. The first little tree was disappointed. Here it was only a rough manger in a lowly stable and he had so badly wanted to be a cradle and rock babies.

But God, who loved trees, said, "Wait, little one, and I will show you how good it is to be the manger you are." And lo! a Babe was born in that stable and wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in that very manger. Mother Mary smiled down at the blessed Babe as He lay safely cradled in the manger. And the first little tree was happy—its dream had come true.

Then came a day when men came and took the second tree growing on the hillside. From it a small fishing boat was made for Simon. The second tree was sad; it was just a little boat and Simon wasn't even a very good fisherman!

"This isn't the way I planned it at all," said the second tree.

But God said, "Wait, I will show you." One day a man called Jesus came and sat in the small boat. People began to gather on the seashore and presently there was a great crowd. Jesus preached to them a



Julian Brase, now in the second grade, lives in Torrington, Wyoming.

glorious message! How proud the second tree was—a great thing had happened, it had held the Messiah!

The day came when the third tree was cut down by rough hands and dragged away and nailed into a crude cross. The third tree cried with shame, "This is not what I wanted." But God again said, "Wait!"

Yes, Jesus was nailed to that cross. He died and was buried. But you know what happened, on the third day He arose from the grave, just as He had said He would. From then on, the disciples and others took up the message of the cross and carried the Good News to many lands. They told how Jesus was God's great gift to mankind. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten

Son."

Then the third tree understood at last. It had, as a cross, pointed the way to God.

JUVENILE GEMS

(Gleaned While Baby-Sitting)

"We're studying Switzerland in school," eight-year-old Mark told me. "It's a neutral country." I was impressed and wanted to pursue the subject farther.

"What do you mean a neutral country?" I asked.

It's one that doesn't shift backward or forward but *just stands still*," answered Mark.

After his first day in school, I asked Douglas what he had learned in school. "Nothing," he said.

"Well," I asked, "what happened in school?"

"There was a lady there who wanted to know how to spell CAT and I told her."

"See the birds gathering?" I asked Mark, "How do you suppose the birds know when to fly north?"

Mark answered immediately: "It's a family tradition."

Douglas was telling me that he and his parents were going to drive to Disneyland. "Oh," I replied, "then you'll be spending the night on the road?"

"No," he answered, "we'll be staying at a motel." —Evelyn Witter

KITCHEN-KLATTER SALAD DRESSINGS



FRENCH is elegant in stews and soups, drizzled on ribs and pork chops before baking and tossed with vegetables and fruits.



ITALIAN is the perfect marinade to tenderize and add flavor to budget cuts of meat and just right for fresh green salads.



COUNTRY STYLE adds pizzazz to meat loaf and hamburger, deviled eggs and sandwich fillings and is great served hot over hot cooked vegetables or cold over cold vegetables and fruit.

GET THEM AT YOUR LOCAL GROCERS

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$2.00 for each 8-oz. bottle. Specify French, Italian or Country Style. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

MARTIN'S LETTER — Concluded
served our tour group and guests included bagels and cream cheese, bread, butter and jam, hard-boiled eggs, carrot slaw, tomato and cucumber slices, and cheese. Dr. McAllaster, who is a professor at United Theological Seminary of the Twin Cities and has visited Israel ten times, blessed the meal with a Hebrew prayer. Following the meal, the new tour members asked many questions about what we would be seeing and doing, and Dr. McAllaster responded knowledgeably.

At the time of this writing, we have not yet departed for Israel, but will have done so by the time you are reading this letter. We will be spending a week in Israel visiting Caesarea, Tiberias, the Sea of Galilee, Tabgha, Cana, Megiddo, Nazareth, Jericho, the Dead Sea, Qumran, Masada, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and much more. This year we will also be spending two days in Egypt, crossing the Sinai and the Suez Canal, visiting the Land of Goshen and the Pyramids, and

seeing the treasures of King Tutankhamen in the Cairo Museum. We will be arriving back home just in time for Palm Sunday which is also the day on which this congregation celebrates Confirmation.

Last year, while we were on the small boat crossing the Sea of Galilee from Tiberias to Capernaum, some people came up to me and said that they were *Kitchen-Klatter* readers who recognized me from my picture in the magazine. Truly our world is getting smaller each and every day!

I can see by the clock on my desk that soon the young people from the first-year confirmation class will be knocking at my door, so I had better finish this by wishing all of you a meaningful Lenten Season and a beautiful and joyous Easter. I ask your prayers that our efforts will be inspirational, and add my prayers to yours that the Israeli part of the world will be granted the gift of peace.

Sincerely,
Martin Strom

BUILD A LITTLE FENCE

Build a little fence of trust

Around today;

Fill the space with loving work

And therein stay.

Look not between the sheltering bars

Upon tomorrow,

But take whatever comes to thee

Of joy or sorrow.

—Selected

THE NEST EGG

Once it was a practice among farmers to leave one egg in each nest when gathering eggs in the barnyard. This egg was called a "nest egg" and was believed to be an incentive for the hen and kept her from abandoning the nest and going elsewhere. Artificial eggs made of glass, ceramic, or even wood were used as nest eggs.

The practice is no longer common, but the expression "nest egg" still has wide usage. It means something put aside—usually money—as a saving for a special purpose.

IT'S SPRING!

And a good time to
listen to the

KITCHEN-KLATTER RADIO PROGRAMS.

Heard on the following
radio stations:

- KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial—1:30 p.m.
- KMA** Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial—10:00 a.m.
- KCOB** Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial—9:35 a.m.
- KSMN** Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
- KWPC** Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
- KWBG** Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
- KGGF** Coffeyville, Ks., 690 on your dial—11:00 a.m.
- KFAL** Fulton, Mo., 900 on your dial—10:30 a.m.
- KUVR** Holdrege, Nebr., 1380 on your dial—2:00 p.m.
- WJAG** Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
- KVSH** Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial—10:15 a.m.
- KHAS** Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—1:30 p.m. (Mon. thru Fri. only)

Needle Notes

by
Brenda Carl Rahn

If you tat, or are just learning, there are several quick, but delightful, items you can make.

A darling gift item is a package of thank-you notes. Buy a box of blank thank-you notes. Use any color of thread you like and simply make rings of six picots—small, threadlike loops—(check your learn-how book for tatting instructions). Cut the rings apart and glue them in clusters near the outside corner of the note paper. Three in a corner look nice, but arrange them any way that pleases you—and no one says they all have to be made the same.

An idea I borrowed from my great-aunt Ruth is to buy plain yellow stationery with envelopes and, using a green felt-tip pen, draw a cactus plant on the bottom corner of the stationery and on the flap of the envelope, then tat little

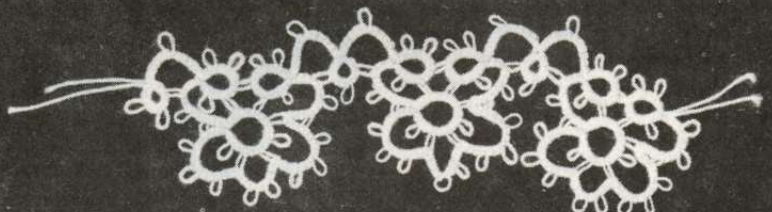
picot rings in a color such as lavender or blue and glue these on the cactus. They are enchanting.

Other simple projects for the beginning tatter include sewing a few "flowers" to a handkerchief and working a stem and lazy-daisy leaf with embroidery floss.

Now that Peter Pan collars are back in style, you can dress up one with a few sprays of tatting. Choose a cloverleaf or other simple design (check your book) and slipstitch them to the collar.

Stitch a few tatted flowers to a pillowcase, hand towel or other linens and connect the flowers with embroidery. Try a cross-stitch pattern in two colors surrounding the flowers or an S-shaped stem and stitch with leaves, joining the flowers.

So, practice your tatting and don't throw away any of that lace; the best pieces can be used to adorn almost anything and become treasures in themselves.



This picture, first used many years ago in the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*, illustrates the beauty of tatting. The small circles, or picots, can be cut apart and used as Brenda Rahn describes in "Needle Notes".



Come Read With Me

by Armada Swanson

At this time of year, the springtime, my childhood days of living on the farm come back to me. I think of my dear father, my farmer brother, and this poem, entitled "Dirt Farmer".

He finds beauty among these simple things;

The path a plow makes in the rich, red loam,

Gay sun-gold in ripe wheat—a plover's wings—

A cowbell, tinkling as the herd comes home.

He treads the soil, with earth-love in heart;

Watches the young crops spring from fertile ground,

Loves the warm rain that makes the peach buds start,

Land—and a man—in close communion bound! —Arden Anthony

Taken from a book called *The Wonder of Love* (at most Christian bookstores, or The Westminster Press, 925 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19107, \$4.95), the above poem is one of many selections offering words of wisdom. Edited by Phyllis Hobe, with an introduction by Marjorie Holmes, *The Wonder of Love* speaks of love—divine and human—in all its aspects.

Let the beauty of the words speak for themselves:

This is the miracle that happens every time to those who really love: the more they give, the more they possess of that precious nourishing love from which flowers and children have their strength and which could help all human beings if they would take it without doubting. —Rainer Maria Rilke

The three books I am mentioning in this column are *bridgebooks*, which offer a new concept in publishing. *Bridgebooks* are written for a specific need. They are spiritual and practical. They speak to the real problems that people face in a complex world. They will make a difference in the lives of all who read them.

The Wonder of Comfort (Westminster Press, \$4.95), edited by Phyllis Hobe with an introduction by Eugenia Price, offers the reader a spiritual journey from need to fulfillment. The choices will lift the spirit in times of sorrow, loneliness, and heartache, by showing how kindness, serenity and faith can enrich our lives. Some examples:

Doing good to others is not a duty. It is a joy, for it increases your own health and happiness. —Zoroaster

In the hour of adversity be not without hope

For crystal rain falls from black clouds. —Nizami

The amen of Nature is always a flow-er. —Oliver Wendell Holmes

The third book in the group of *bridgebooks* is *The Wonder of Prayer*, also edited by Phyllis Hobe. The book has a rare sensitivity to people's hopes and needs. In the introduction, Colleen Townsend Evans reminds us that praying is a part of life, and there are many ways and times to pray. She writes, "The key to prayer is the attitude of our hearts, for God hears beyond our words to what we truly feel and mean. Communicating with God is natural and real to all of us."

This is a moving collection of expressions of prayer, written by great writers. To show the inspiration that can be received from *The Wonder of Prayer* (Westminster Press, \$4.95), here are examples:

The sovereign cure for worry is prayer. —William James

I cannot conceive how a man could look up into the heavens and say there is no God. —Abraham Lincoln

Ten minutes spent in Christ's society every day, aye, two minutes, if it be face to face, and heart to heart, will make the whole life different.

—William Drummond

Each volume is 128 pages, paperback. *The Wonder of Love*, *The Wonder of Comfort*, and *The Wonder of Prayer* will give you joy, peace and thoughts to bless your life. Treat yourself to a present, or remember a special friend. You'll be happy you did.

LOVE IS TO GIVE

If you are a parent, love your child with all your mind, and all your heart, and all your soul.

But do not expect that love to be returned in equal measure, for your child must keep most of his love for his children as you did for yours.

KITCHEN-KLATTER

Blue Drops Laundry Detergent & All-Fabric Bleach

Multiply Savings



Use these two fine **Kitchen-Klatter** laundry products to multiply your savings many times over. The **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops Laundry Detergent** and the **All-Fabric Bleach** are concentrated with super-cleaning power for every load that goes into your washer.

One friend wrote: "I was satisfied with my old laundry products until I used yours—*what a difference!* My laundry is cleaner, brighter and smells fresher than with any other detergent or bleach I've ever used. Tell people to try **Kitchen-Klatter** products, they are the best on the market. Economical, too, because they go a long way."

—(Mrs. R.M., Newton, Iowa)

Ask for them at your local grocery store.



Looking for a great Mother's Day Gift?



Look no further — Send today for

Billie Oakley's EVERBODY'S AN EXPERT COOKBOOK

Please print the information needed on the form below and send to:

**Billie Oakley, "Everybody's An Expert Cookbook",
Post Office Box 21, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601**

Please send _____ copies of Billie Oakley's cookbook at \$8.50 each, postpaid.
I enclose \$ _____ check or money order.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

To remove mulch or not to remove it from around roses, over strawberry beds and perennial borders is a question that comes up often.

"Should the old hay be taken away from roses?" writes H.D. "Should I reduce the mound of soil around each one or would it be better to wait until the weather is quite warm? How soon should I take the straw mulch off my strawberries? There are so many opinions on this I'm uncertain what advice to follow. What do you do?"

Please don't ask. Sometimes I don't get around to removing mulch until I shudder at what I might find. But, in spite of warnings to remove all protective mulches as soon as possible after the snow is gone, we have had few problems.

If the weather becomes unseasonably warm, it is better to get the coverings off early before they cause heating and premature sprouting of roses and early-starting perennials. I think you should play it "by ear". Take the mulch off gradually and remove the soil mounds around roses a little at a time.

Sometimes cold wind and a spell of hard freezing can hurt plants that have been exposed too soon. We check the strawberry beds. If blossoms start showing and the weather is still unsettled, lift the mulch up to let in some light and air but don't remove it entirely. If the flowers freeze, you will get nubby berries later on.

If you leave mulch and soil mounds on too long after the weather is warm and settled, rose canes may blacken and decay. Sun and air should reach plants as soon as good weather allows.

Remove debris that has accumulated on the lawn using a flexible lawn rake rather than a steel-tined one. Groom the perennial beds by cutting off last year's withered stalks. They have served their purpose and will only harbor insects and disease if left on the plants. This job should be done as soon as frost is out of the ground and the surface is firm enough to walk over without leaving footprints which compact the soil. If you have had trouble with botrytis blight on peonies, spray the new shoots with ferbam or zineb.

If you have perennials that need to be divided, now is the time to do the job. We try to divide day lilies, hostas, perennial phlox, peonies, doricum, mums, lupines and delphinium as soon as shoots appear. If the plants have already made soft new growth, it is better to wait until late fall to make divisions.

From Our Family Album

If you have read the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* down through the years, you are certainly aware of the fact that my father, M.H. Driftmier, was a great reader. In fact, I can't think of *any* one who was a more avid reader than

Dad. He saw to it that there were always books and magazines in our home as we seven children were growing up. This interest not only rubbed off on all of us but on all of Dad's grandchildren as well.

Martin Strom lived just two doors up the street from our family home, so Martin and his grandfather shared many happy moments together, as shown in this 1959 picture. Could it be that the encouragement he received from his grandfather, along with that of his father and mother, Oliver and Margery (Driftmier) Strom, helped Martin become the prolific reader which, in turn, is holding him in good stead as a church pastor?

—Lucile



LITANY OF THANKS

For the eternal hope of the springtime: the new energy and enthusiasm as the robins return, the grass greens, the leaves unfurl and buds open. For the heart's spring song at nature's triumphant rebirth,

WE THANK THEE, LORD.

For the satisfying feeling as seeds are planted and fields are tilled; for the sights and sounds of newborn calves on wobbly legs going for their first run in the far meadow; for baby pigs (their hunger appeased) nuzzling in for a snooze in the sun; for playful kittens skirmishing near the barn door while Old Shep takes his afternoon siesta,

WE THANK THEE, LORD.

For the golden days of summer with a new litter of puppies frisking on the lawn, as the toddler attempts to imitate their antics; for the radiant beauty of a rainbow after a sudden summer shower; for the happy laughter and warm togetherness of an impromptu picnic supper at the close of a long, hot day in the harvest fields,

WE THANK THEE, LORD.

For the glory within, as autumn spreads the canvas and God's brush touches fields and trees in glowing shades of crimson and bronze and gold; for the haunting fragrance as the smoke-fingers of burning leaves drifts across the hazy autumn sky; for the overflowing bounty of wood and field now safely stored,

WE THANK THEE, LORD.

For the church of our choice whose tall spire rises from yonder hilltop, reminding us of Your unceasing love and care; for friends and neighbors with whom we share the joys and sorrows of daily living,

WE THANK THEE, LORD.

For this home—humble though it is—a warm and dry place where no one hungers; for the family sheltered snugly within its walls; for parents revered and children beloved; for the gift of life itself,

WE THANK THEE, LORD.

For all the blessings we have not earned and which we can never repay; for all these, and blessings yet to come,

WE THANK THEE, LORD.



SEED CATALOG PARTY

by
Mabel Nair Brown

INVITATIONS:

Use U.S. postal cards decorated with a pretty colored picture of a vegetable or fruit or flower cut from a seed catalog glued to one corner.

(Round up as many seed catalogs as you can find—or ask each guest to bring a catalog. You will also need some old seed catalogs which can be used for cutting.)

DECORATIONS:

Packets of seeds can be used in a variety of ways to set the theme for the party: make an attractive swag for the front door, using ribbons cut from calico print material and tie seed packets and toy or miniature garden tools to the streamers; tape or pin packets of seeds around the bottom of a lamp shade or fasten to the window drapes and around a doorway frame; fasten seed packets and cutout colored pictures from seed catalogs to the overhang of tablecloths.

Centerpiece: Use green chenille wire in different lengths for the flower stems with packets of seeds taped to them as blossoms. Poke a seed catalog loosely into a squatty vase, then insert the packet "flowers" among the pages of the catalog in an artistic manner. Loops of the stiffened calico print ribbon might be intertwined for accent. Fruits and vegetables can be arranged in bowls for centerpiece decorations, also.

Nut Cup: Fashion packets from construction paper, decorate with a picture from a seed catalog and label the front appropriately. Leave one end of packet open to fill with nuts and candies.

ENTERTAINMENT:

Icebreaker: As each guest arrives, the hostess pins a numbered picture from a seed catalog on his or her shoulder. The guests are provided with paper and pencil and try to see who can correctly identify the most numbered pictures in an allotted time.

Best Order: Each player is given a sheet of ruled paper as an "Order

Blank", a pencil and a seed catalog. (May play with partners, if preferred and thus less books are needed.) Each player (or partners) is to make out an order from the catalog, one not totaling more than \$50.00. After orders are completed, award-packets of seeds to the ones who got most items for the money, the one who ordered the most flowers, the most vegetables, the most nutritious order, and the most colorful.

Short Story: Using the catalogs, papers and pencils, see who can come up with the best story using names of vegetables and flowers. (Could also give a prize for the person who used the most names in a story.) Example: "LETTUCE BEET VIOLET in raising ROSES", JOHNNY JUMP-UP said. "I CANNA do it or POPPY will be mad and MUMS will cry JOB'S-TEARS," said IRIS. Allow about ten minutes and then have the stories read aloud and judge for prizes:

Name That Seed: Set out small dishes in which different seeds are displayed. Number each dish. Guests see who can identify the most seeds correctly. It makes the game more fun if the seeds used contain many which are very similar.

Prizes might be the actual packets of

seeds used in the decorations. If guests are members of a garden club who hold an annual flower show, use all flower seeds in decorations. Otherwise, use a variety of seeds, suggesting the guests might swap packets if desired.

REFRESHMENTS:

Any fruits and vegetables which grow in the garden would be nice to feature in some way for refreshments. Finger food, such as marinated vegetables on a toothpick and/or fresh vegetable sticks, along with small sandwiches, would be nice if a lunch or supper is being served. Fruit of different kinds could be used in bowls as part of the decorations and then served for dessert with (or without) cheese, crackers or simple cookies.

RECIPE FOR APRIL

Mix tulips . . . crocus . . . daffodils
And a breath of clean brisk air
With violets, fresh young grass and
Awakening buds everywhere.

Take wayward kites, the song of birds,
With fluffy clouds—or soft warm rain—
Wrap in a cloak of ecstasy
And you'll have April days again.

—Kay Grayman Parker

I fit your feet

Sizes	3	3½	4	4½	5	5½	6	6½	7	7½	8	8½	9	9½	10	10½	11	11½	12
Widths																			
4A																			
3A																			
AA																			
B																			
C																			
D																			
EE																			
EEE																			



Lots of women think their feet are hard to fit—until they discover Lawson Hill.

Our shoes come in 119 different widths and lengths. But the vast range of sizes is only the beginning! Lawson Hill offers you this great selection of 142 beautiful new styles. Plenty of brand names, too! Penaljo, Bass, Magdesians and many, many more!

Imagine! Perfect fit, the latest styling and top quality for total comfort and fashion—all at considerate prices that you'll welcome.

FREE CATALOG OFFER

Our new full color catalog has 24 pages of the styles you want in the size you need. Remember too, all Lawson Hill shoes are covered by our unique 31-day trial guarantee. You can actually wear the shoes inside and outside

for 31 days. Then, if you're not completely delighted with the fit, comfort and quality, return them for a full refund without question or obligation!

Don't waste money on shoes that don't fit. Send for your free Lawson Hill Catalog today.

Marcia Hill

If the shoe fits . . . it's a Lawson Hill

Lawson Hill Shoe Co.
Dept. 64950, Old Sanford Mills
61A Emery Street, Sanford, ME 04073

Yes! I want to find out more about Lawson Hill's amazing range of sizes and styles. Send my free color catalog today.

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Please give shoe size & width _____

© 1983 Lawson Hill

THE CLOSET UNDER THE STAIRS

by
Pauline Newlin

At rare intervals, and when the mood strikes me, I become a great *thrower-awayer* and *disposer* of what I feel at the moment are nonessential things. The fact that I usually wind up with more than I discard doesn't deter me in the least when the *do-away-with* mood comes over me.

This day it was the book closet under the stairs that I attacked with a dust cloth, a big box for holding disposables and much zeal. Here was a collection of schoolbooks from first grade through college with smatterings of old and newer fiction. There was absolutely no sense in keeping all of these old books all these years!

The first book I took down from the shelf was a geometry book. A geometry theorem solved on yellow, aged paper fell out. I remembered how I'd struggled over those problems. I put the paper carefully back in the book and slid the book back in place. I might need that sometime—not that I had much use for geometry problems these days—but I might. The same thing happened to the algebra and arithmetic books. Only just the other day someone in the family had

been trying to figure how much corn a round grain bin held.

Here was almost half a shelf of biology and animal husbandry books that had been used in study at Iowa State University in Ames. I couldn't dispose of those! We might want to know some day how plants propagate or how many hands high a certain type of horse is supposed to be.

There were all kinds of literature books on the shelves, both English and American. Milton's poems were there and *Ivanhoe*. No way could I do away with those. I remembered all the effort that had gone into tests we'd taken—wracking our brains to think what poet or author had written what. I found "The First Snowfall" and put my finger in the book to hold the place. Silently, there in the dark closet, hunched down on a stool with the bare light bulb glaring in my eyes, I recited Whittier's poem from beginning to end just as I had memorized it for a dedicated English teacher. Glory be! I could still remember every line.

The *Three Little Peppers*, *Black Beauty* and *Toby at the Circus*! How I'd devoured and suffered over the people in those stories. I know now I actually enjoyed the secret tears I shed as I read them over and over.

Spelling books, physiology, *Modern History of Man*, *Psychology I* and *II*! I looked and read and put back all afternoon.

My eyes were red from so much scanning, but, finally, every book was back in place, clean and dusted. I wiped up the floor, picked up my stool and shut the door.

Now, as soon as I carry the empty box back to the garage I'll be finished redding up the book closet till another *do-away-with* spell comes over me.



SPRING IS THE TIME FOR LITTLE THINGS

Spring is the time for little things,
Wee leaves of mouse-ear size,
And yellow ducklings, fuzzy still,
A calf that looks so wise.

Spring is the time for tiny things,
The woolly lambs that leap,
The tadpoles swimming in the pond,
And nestling birds that cheep.

Spring is the time for things so small,
The dewdrops crystal clear,
The flower buds still tightly closed,
A kitten soft and dear.

Spring is the time for little things
As all life starts anew.
I hope that spring and all these things
Bring happiness to you.

—Ruth Townsend

JULIANA'S LETTER — Concl.

we have added numerous small appliances and a freezer. No matter where we plugged in the microwave, the circuit breaker popped. Fortunately, we had a blank spot on our electrical panel so we could add another line just for the oven and hood.

I shall pass on the hint that if you have an old kitchen like mine, do check the wiring situation before getting a microwave.

This evening, Katharine and I are going to do a job that delights both of us. We are going to get together all of Katharine's baby dresses to send to little Elizabeth Brase. I am so excited for Kristin, Art and their new little daughter. Every baby is special, but surely a baby girl is extra special when she has three big brothers to love her.

Until next time,

Juliana

P.S. My mother, Lucile, has asked me to relay to you her heartfelt thanks for all the letters and cards which you have sent. She is feeling better and I am very hopeful that she and Betty Jane will be able to come to New Mexico before too long.

DOROTHY'S LETTER—Concluded

baby calves. At the last count, the girls outnumber the boys two to one, so I guess this is the year for girls.

We are still seeing lots of wild turkeys. Since I started this letter, Frank has been in twice to ask me to bring out the binoculars and look at them. There are fourteen toms that are always together and we see them just about every day in the pasture where Frank has been feeding the cows.

I'm going to get that smocking transfer out and see if I can figure it out, so until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

On the U.S. Post Office in Washington, D.C., is carved the following:

THE LETTER

Messenger of sympathy and love,
Servant of parted friends,
Consoler of the lonely,
Bond of the scattered family,
Enlarger of the common life,
Carrier of news and knowledge,
Instrument of trade and industry,
Promoter of mutual acquaintance
Of peace and good will among nations.



Celebrate Spring With These Publications:

MOTHER-DAUGHTER BOOK

Mother's Day programs and ideas.
\$1.00, per copy

CHURCH PROJECTS AND PROGRAMS

Suggestions for church groups
\$1.00, per copy

STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

by Lucile Driftmer Verness

Share the lives of the Driftmier and Field families starting with the year 1868 and concluding with a 1976 family tree. **\$4.25** per copy.

Order these publications from:

**Kitchen-Klatter
Shenandoah, IA. 51601**

We will send gift cards if you ask us to.
Please allow 3 weeks for delivery.

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 45¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count zip code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

June ads due April 10
July ads due May 10
August ads due June 10

THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

Organizations: Make money by compiling your favorite recipes into a cookbook.

Cookbooks Are Our Specialty
BEST-WAY PUBLISHING, LTD.
BOX 779
IOWA CITY, IOWA 52244
Ph: 319-354-4048, 319-338-7194, 319-351-7507

40 BRAND NEW TOWELS \$1.75!

UNWOVEN COTTON OR RAYON — Assorted beautiful Pastel Colors. BRAND NEW — NOT Seconds — 40 Towels for \$1.75 or 80 for only \$3.35. 120 just \$4.95. Super Quality. Pls. include 50¢ extra for pstg. and hdlg. with EACH set of 40 Towels you buy. We know Towels — we've sold 70,000,000 already. Fund Raisers write for quantity prices. Money-Back Guarantee, No C.O.D.'s. Pls. allow up to 6 wks. for delivery.

40 TOWEL CO.
1602 Locust St.

Dept. B-945,
St. Louis, Mo. 63103

MANUSCRIPTS: Unsolicited manuscripts for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* 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.

FREE QUILT PATTERNS in "Quilter's Newsletter Magazine", plus Catalog Illustrating Hundreds of Quilt Patterns, Quilting Stencils, Quilting Books, Supplies, Kits, Fabrics — \$1.75. Leman Publications, Box 501-F40, Wheatridge, Colorado 80033.

"LOOK" Diabetic (No sugar) recipes, cake, cookies, candy, pie, jam, canning and pickling, etc. 40-\$4.50. Many old and new cookbooks — large list 50¢. Book's, Box 296, Almena, Kansas 67622.

HOW TO RAISE Bees in a hog trough, no expensive equipment. Booklet \$4.00. Hive, P.O. Box 2066-KK, Saginaw, Mo. 64864.

RESERVE SPACE NOW!! Arts and Crafts Festival in conjunction with the 6th Annual Farmarama. July 2nd and 3rd. Potters, crafts, artists, woods, quilts, everyone welcome. Write for additional information. 2251 Colfax, Blair, Nebraska 68008. (402) 426-9772.

PUBLIC SALE — genuine diamond jewelry under \$10.00. Free Brochure! Rush SASE to — Steven R. Joul, Dept. D-1, 714 Butler, Jackson, MN. 56143.

OUT OF PRINT Bookfinder. 4051-KK Walnut, Eureka, CA. 95501. Send wants.

125th ANNIVERSARY Cookbook, \$6.00 postpaid. United Methodist Church, Box 43, Dayton, IA. 50530.

SWEDISH RECIPES! Authentic and delicious. Easy to fix directions. 5 for \$2.00. SWEDISH HOUSE, Box 5661, Lincoln, NE. 68505.

COOKBOOKS FOR FUND-RAISING Church groups and other organizations. Your recipes. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

SEND LSASE plus \$1.00 for 8 Impossible Pie Recipes. Recipes KK, 315 No. 9th St., Fort Dodge, Iowa 50501.

SPECIAL GIFTS for Special People Handcrafted Wood Arts Birthdays-Weddings-Graduations. Send stamped addressed envelope for free brochure. Anderson's, 13157 E. Exposition, Dr., Aurora, CO. 80012.

"RETIRED BAKER with more than 60 years experience now reveals his closely guarded recipes." \$2.00. Mullers Country Kitchen, R.D. 4, Chestertown, MD. 21620.

DOLL PATTERNS: et — Look alike, Smurf — Smurfette, Astronaut, Shortcake, Orphan Annie, \$2.75 each, S.A.S.E. Deb's Dolls, Box 617, Sedalia, Mo. 65301.

SAVE MONEY! Get extra cash from refunds, coupons, labels. Instructive report plus (buyers name) \$2.25. Dahlborg, 37 Wall, Brockton MA. 02401.

Listen to KITCHEN-KLATTER.

BORDERLESS BILLFOLD PHOTOS



FULL COLOR **NO LIMIT**
20 FOR \$2.50 **FAST SERVICE**

2 1/2" x 3 1/2" prints on silk finish paper. Any photo copied (11" x 14" or smaller). Send color photo, neg. or slide. One pose per order. Your original returned. Add 50¢ for first class service. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

DEAN STUDIOS Dept. F-49
543 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Iowa 50302



THE MONROE COMPANY
51 Church St., Colfax, Iowa 50054

HEARING AIDS

UP TO **50% OFF** COMPARABLE AIDS ★

BUY DIRECT • NO DEALER MARKUPS
30 DAYS FREE TRIAL • TERMS ARRANGED
Body Aids \$99.50 up. Also, Behind-the-Ear Aids. Largest selection of fine quality aids. No salesman will call. Write for FREE literature.

CALL TOLL FREE 1/800/323-1212
LLOYD, Dept. KT, 128 Kishwaukee St., Rockford, Ill. 61104

FUND-RAISERS

FUND-RAISING GROUPS earn big money with their favorite recipes in quality custom cookbooks. It's easy to complete and sell your beautiful books. Detailed instructional booklet FREE! G & R Publishing, Dept. KK, Box 238, Waverly, IA 50677. (Family cookbooks printed also!)

DIG BAG

12x12 \$10.00
17x21 \$20.00
14x16 \$15.00
Child's Size \$5.00

Postpaid
Ks. residents add 3% tax
Naugahyde, Lined, 4 pockets outside, 4 pockets inside. Black Brown, Beige, Tan, Red, White, Blue, Rust



GRACE DORMAN — Rt. 1, Box 41
WaKeeney, Kansas 67672

WANT TO BUY Railroad Memorabilia

Especially Dining Car Items, China, Silverware, Serving Pieces, Etc. Also Locks, Keys, Lanterns, and what have you.

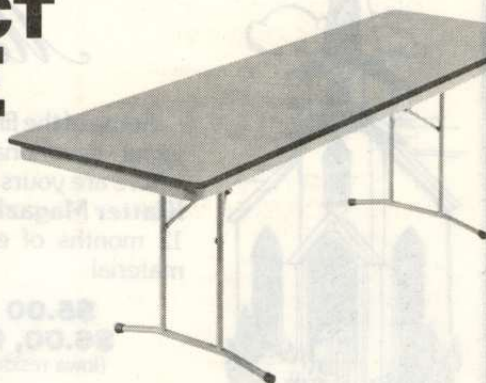
Harold Willis
R-1, Concordia, MO. 64020
816-463-7039

FREE Table & Chair Catalog

BUY DIRECT & SAVE

Buy at low, factory-direct prices and save on quality Monroe tables, chairs, risers and more! Get your free Monroe Catalog just by calling us toll-free, today!

1-800-247-2488 Ext. 51
(Iowa residents call collect: 515/674-3511)



RIGHT IN STYLE — AGAIN

by
Barbara Snow

Economizing is becoming fashionable again.

During the Great Depression, we economized out of necessity, during World War II in order to win the war, then the economy boomed and it was no longer fashionable. The majority of the populace felt it was their duty to own all of the things they had previously done without. A whole generation grew up without knowing how to conserve water, energy, or money. However, a few people never had the opportunity to change and kept right on economizing. Now that it is back in style, some of us don't even have to change our habits.

Since my kitchen sink is some distance from the water heater in the basement, hot water is slow in arriving. I keep a jar handy to collect the first quart of water which is always cold. This water is used to wash off potatoes or other vegetables before peeling, water house plants, or soak sticky pans. You do have to remember that the jar is there or the water tends to accumulate. (I also keep a gallon jar on standby to collect any unused water.)

A favorite economy of mine is the way I prolong the life of flat, double sheets. After they are worn in the middle, they can be torn lengthwise, the salvages stitched together on the machine, and the "new" sheet used on twin beds. When these have worn out, usually enough is left for a pillowcase or two and the remnant can be torn into handkerchief-size portions or used for cleaning.

When I was a child, the only kinds of

bandages I ever saw were strips of old sheets. Mom kept a drawer filled with clean sheet strips which were frequently used by our very active family to wrap up cuts and scrapes. Adhesive bandages must be a fairly recent invention for I never remember seeing any during my childhood. We did use gauze and adhesive tape when we became a bit more affluent, but for really big wounds there was nothing as good as a piece of clean old sheet.

Home sewing is a wonderful economy. The ability to make over and alter used clothing is invaluable. While my girls were growing up, we had an unfailing source of used clothing from a favorite aunt. The quality material in her clothing was far beyond our means, so we always welcomed her offerings with open arms. Everything had to be remade to fit but that was half the fun. Creating a useable garment was a challenge but the feeling of achievement was exhilarating.

A lovely byproduct of home sewing is material scraps. Large scraps can be made into toddler's clothing, vests, place mats, napkins, and trim for large garments. Smaller scraps make hot pads, quilt blocks and patches for knee areas of pants and elbow portions of sleeves.

As clothes wear out, I remove all snaps, buttons, zippers, etc., and cut the garment into rags if the fabric is suitable. Thus long winter underwear becomes dishcloths, soft fabrics become dust rags and rough materials make mop rags. (Yes, I still use an old mop into which rags can be fastened.) Old zippers, buttons and snaps often turn up on new garments and old trim can be used on doll clothes.

A large garden, plus lots of canning

and freezing of vegetables and fruits, is taken for granted in our household. So are soups, stews, stir-fried vegetables, smaller portions of meat and fruit sauces for desserts. Recently, we've learned that our economical diet is a healthy one.

Little tricks help use up leftovers: Pickle juices can be saved to season dishes such as spaghetti sauce, barbecue sauce, etc. Leftover liquid from vegetables is added to soup stock. I don't believe a starving refugee could make it on what is thrown out at our house.

When I read just a short while ago that lint from the clothes dryer could be saved and used to stuff sofa pillows, soft toys, etc., I almost burst into tears. To think that for the past fifteen years I had been throwing away such a valuable product! Needless to say, my lint is no longer heedlessly thrown away but is now religiously saved for future use.

A GREAT IDEA

When my mother left the big old farmhouse where we grew up, there were many household items to distribute. The grandchildren had plans for some of the furnishings and over several years many things went in various directions. The bulk of what I seemed to be storing was clothes! It was impossible to throw away old-fashioned nightgowns from the turn of the century, or the plush cape of my great-grandmother's that was worn in the Centennial parade. There were garments and hats from four generations.

Finally, I asked the members of our local theater group if they could use some of the collection. I received a very encouraging "Yes." The theater would like to add to the number of costumes they had. I chose a few in good condition, washed the ones that could be washed, and packed two boxes full.

A few days later, I received a nice thank-you call from the lady in charge of the wardrobe department. She even told how a couple of garments would be used in the next production. Since the theater is only a half-hour drive away from my home, she hoped I could attend the performance.

I think it would be worth the small amount of time and effort for almost anyone to see if such a group would be glad to have some of those too-good-to-throw-away clothes you have hanging in a spare closet. You might be surprised at their usefulness.

—Mrs. Omar J. Stoutner



Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

Some of the finest, most useable and meaningful devotional programs available anywhere are yours in the pages of the **Kitchen-Klatter Magazine**. Only \$5.00 will bring you 12 months of excellent reading and useful material.

\$5.00 per year, (USA)
\$6.00, foreign countries
(Iowa residents, please add sales tax.)

Send your order to:
KITCHEN-KLATTER,
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

(Please allow 3 weeks for delivery.)

Take Special Note of the RENEWAL DATE

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