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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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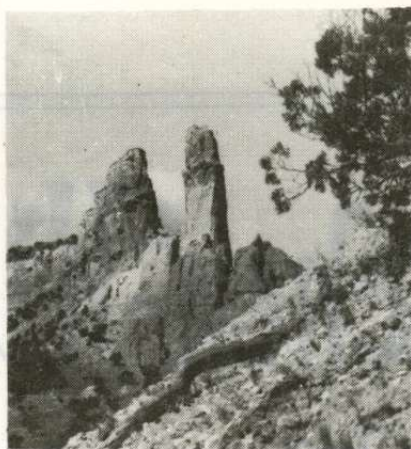
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Juliana photographed this scene at
the Ghost Ranch in New Mexico.

LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends,

It is an absolutely gorgible morning. GORGIBLE??? This is one of those made-up words that stay in parents' vocabularies. When daughter Katharine was about two and a half, I received a beautiful hanging plant for my birthday. Little Katharine came in the living room while I was hanging it up and exclaimed, "Oh! What a gorgible plant!" It took me a minute to figure out she had combined the words "gorgeous" and "beautiful" and had come up with the word "gorgible." Actually, I think it is a good word—very expressive. I find myself using it often without thinking—then I must explain what it means. I am sure all of you know what I mean when I say it is a gorgible morning.

Per usual, my laundry equipment is churning away, and on a morning like this, I really wish I had a clothesline so that I could hang all of the clean clothes out in the sun to dry. So why not get a clothesline? I don't have the courage to ask my husband, Jed, to put one up for me. There is a good reason for this attitude.

When we moved into this house over fourteen years ago, there was a long, perfectly serviceable clothesline in the side yard. It was in an area that was slated to be part of my flower beds. We have two acres, and a small part of this has a wall around it which joins with the walls of the house. The area inside the wall was to be my flower growing area and the clothesline was smack in the middle of the only shady spot in the yard...a strange location for a clothesline. I took the line down and put in the flower beds, but I left the heavy, upright, metal "T" supports. They looked like too much trouble to take out. My theory was I would plant a clematis vine on each of the uprights and turn them into an asset. After years of trying to make things twine up the poles, I gave up and requested that Jed just take the things out of the yard. What a job! They were set in

concrete to the depth of four feet. I'm telling you, whoever put in that clothesline had intended it would last for the ages. It took two full weekends to get the posts dug up and taken away. So, you can see why I would think twice about asking for a clothesline.

Most of the time, I don't regret getting rid of the old clothesline. The holes that were left after the post removal were filled with decorative plantings. That particular end of the yard is now my favorite part of the garden. This is the area which has the forsythia and the flowering quince blooming in the spring. Next to these is a little Japanese maple that has grown from a tiny, 50-cent-special, baby tree which I purchased at a garden club sale. The maple is now large enough to require pruning and to give a small amount of shade where it is needed. It is a splash of brilliant red in the fall when everything else has lost its color.

As I mentioned before, this part of the yard is fairly shady—even without the little maple trees. I have been researching books dealing with shade gardens, and every year I try at least one or two new things. Two years ago I got starts of something called carpathian harebells...not exactly a lovely name for a delightful plant. It spreads, but is not invasive and is easily pulled out if it gets too rambunctious. Several times during the summer, the plant is covered with bell-shaped blue flowers. It is completely winter hardy in Albuquerque and I suspect it would do well in the Midwest. Last month I saw a container of carpathian harebells which were advertised to bloom with white flowers. I'm giving these a try to see if they are as successful as the blue variety.

I just finished my annual spring moan that I need to go to Aunt Dorothy and Uncle Frank's farm some May to get starts of the beautiful wildflower that grow in their timber. I would truly love to have a patch of Dutchman's-breeches, jack-in-the-pulpits, phlox, and all of the other spring treasures that grow along

the big ditch. I'm sure that I would be able to coax them into surviving in our arid Southwest. The shady part of the yard I have been talking about is the home for the lily-of-the-valley from Grandmother Driftmier's yard and the violets from Jed's family home. It seems to me if I can grow things from Shenandoah, Iowa, and Woods Hole, Massachusetts, I can grow things from the timber of central Iowa.

This spring has been particularly good for all of my spring flowers. We have had quite a few gentle rains and many days of warm, not scalding, sunshine. This has been true in most parts of New Mexico.

I had an opportunity several weeks ago to do a first hand reconnaissance of the spring vegetation of northern New Mexico. I participated in a weekend field trip-retreat to the famous Ghost Ranch near the town of Abiquiu in north-central New Mexico. I'm sure many of you have heard of the Ghost Ranch. It is a national, adult study center owned and run by the Presbyterian Church. There are facilities to house and feed several hundred people each day. There are meeting rooms, conference rooms, a library, museums, swimming pool, hiking trails and probably some of the most fantastic scenery available *anywhere*. The famous woman artist Georgia O'Keefe has made her home near the Ghost Ranch for many years. It is no mystery why she picked this spot to do many of her most famous paintings.

The scenery was the major reason for this field trip-retreat in which I was a participant. The trip was the culmination of a class I was taking in photography with the community college here in Albuquerque. Specifically, the course was in landscape photography, and because of the small size of the class, we were able to organize the weekend retreat.

It was a wonderful weekend. I volunteered to take our pickup truck with the camper shell and I had several other women ride with me to share the expenses. Since all of us were "talkers," we had lots of fun getting to know one another on the three-hour drive to the ranch. The class members converged at noon on Saturday to discuss the plans. We broke into small groups to explore and take pictures during the afternoon. The weather was perfect and the sky cooperated by providing us with some beautiful, puffy clouds to be used as backdrops in our pictures.

Dinner was a lively affair with an hour or so of chitchat over coffee to compare notes on our photography and to get better acquainted. During the course of the conversation, I discovered one of the class members has a sister living in Shenandoah. Yes! It is a small world.

VERY bright and early the next morning—4:45 A.M. to be exact, all of us
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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends,

I just finished the dishes and Frank is out in the yard putting up some trellises I brought home with me from Shenandoah on my last trip. He needed something for the clematis and the hardy sweet peas to climb. The trellises we had were beyond salvaging this year.

A lot of work had to be done in our yard before we could mow. Last winter the REC boys came out and did a lot of trimming on the trees that were close to the light wires. Since one of the big elms had died, they cut it down for us while they were here. This tree was in the yard, so consequently there was much to be cleaned up and hauled away. Frank debated about the best way to move the big log without tearing up the yard. He had decided to take down a fence close to the log and take it out that way. Then Glenn Dyer came and said he would bring his cant hook and roll the log onto the stack mover on the back of the tractor and carry it out. This worked very well and the job was accomplished.

Strange things happened in our yard this year. About thirty years ago I planted several crocus bulbs hit and miss around the yard. They came up and bloomed a couple of years, and then we didn't see them again in all this time. A few weeks ago I saw something purple in the yard and went to see what it was. There was one of the crocuses blooming. Our magnolia tree and flowering crab tree both died this year. The beauty bush is alive but didn't bloom. The flowering quince and the forsythia both had a half dozen blossoms around the bottom. Everything else has bloomed two weeks earlier than usual so we won't have any flowers left for Memorial Day. I was glancing through my journal the other day and noticed last year I got the riding mower out and mowed the yard for the first time on May 18th. This year it was April 26th.

In our part of the state, the conditions for planting were good. Most of the corn around here was planted before the first of May. Our renter planted the last week of April.

The wild turkey season was almost a month long this year, divided into four sessions. Frank and I saw a lot of turkeys during the winter months, but a few weeks before the season opened we didn't see any. The boys who hunted here didn't have any luck. Although they saw a few, they weren't able to call them in, not even with decoys set out. We don't know if it was because of the unsea-



Dorothy writes about the wood duck house in her letter.

sonably warm weather earlier or if the coyotes are thicker and have the turkeys spooked. Two of our state conservation friends, who come often and were going to spend the night with another friend, spent the morning hunting turkeys and the afternoon fishing in our bayou. They caught some fish so they didn't go home empty-handed.

Frank saw one pair of bluebirds several days ago at the bluebird house Doyle Adams put on a post out in the pasture. Someone was asking the other day what the houses look like. There was a good picture of Julian holding one of the bluebird houses in the September, 1984 issue of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. We have also seen three pairs of wood ducks but don't know if they have moved into one of the new houses the fellows put up for them. Doyle was afraid they might not use them this year, since the houses were made of new lumber and hadn't had time to weather.

Bernie lost one of the big trees in her yard, and she located a man who could transplant a fair-sized tree for her. She came here and Frank went with her to find a tree which would be easy to get to with a truck. She wanted a pin oak. The fellow told Bernie he could successfully transplant any tree but a white oak. A white oak tree cannot stand the stress, or shock, of moving.

Bernie and I recently attended a golden wedding anniversary celebration in Newton, Iowa. Bernie and Frank's cousin, Marsella Banister Samson and her husband, Charles, were honored by their children and grandchildren at an open house held in the Community Reformed Church. Three hundred guests attended the lovely buffet luncheon and program afterwards. Not only was this a special event for Marsella and Charles, but Charles is one of five children, and now all of them have been married fifty years or longer. His three brothers and their wives, and his sister

and her husband were able to be present. I think this is quite remarkable. The beautiful anniversary cake had been baked and decorated by Marsella. Her granddaughter, Mrs. Mark Samson, was in charge of the rest of the buffet, and she did a remarkable job.

Our good friends, Roy and Louise Querrey, are going to celebrate their fifty years of marriage this month with members of their immediate family.

For the annual guest day at the Christian Church in Henderson, Iowa, I gave a program about Kitchen-Klatter and its beginnings. It was a delicious luncheon and over 150 guests registered. Ladies from several churches in nearby towns were invited. Since I presented the program, the ladies gave me a beautiful corsage, and for door prizes they gave bottles of our Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. I thought that was a nice thing to do.

Soon after my program in Henderson, I returned home to meet Verlene Looker and we drove to Muscatine, Iowa. We were up bright and early the next morning. Verlene and I greeted our Kitchen-Klatter friends at the Hy-Vee grocery store from 9:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M. We always have such a good time in Muscatine. The personnel from radio station KWPC brought equipment so our daily broadcast could be aired from the Hy-Vee store. We appreciate this. The employees in the Hy-Vee Deli asked Verlene and I to be their guests for dinner. I had taken three of my embroidered sweat shirts for our friends to see, and as always the women were very interested in them.

The day we were in Muscatine I missed helping the ladies of our church serve a May Day Luncheon to the women of the Chariton Church. However, I helped by making three frozen desserts before I left home. The girls told me the tables looked pretty with bouquets of lilacs for centerpieces, and pastel nut cups.

Frank and I had to have the house shingled this week and some repair work done on the roof over the back porch. It hasn't rained since, but we are hoping this took care of the leaks. Frank was worried there would be a lot of stuff to pick up afterwards, but he was happy because the men picked up everything and even swept the sidewalk. They really did a good job.

We just talked to Kristin so I can bring you up-to-date on news from our Wyoming family. Aaron and his group competed in the History Day district contest last night and won. Now they go to Riverton, Wyoming, to compete in the state contest on May 10th. Aaron also plans to attend a basketball camp in Chadron this summer. Besides those activities, he takes care of eleven yards every week, and this keeps him busy.

Andy was home from college for the
(Continued on page 22)



BRIDAL SHOWER IDEAS

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Sack Party: Ask each guest to bring their gift in a sack which they have decorated in any way they choose. Give a prize for the cleverest, the prettiest, the most appropriate, etc. You might go one step further for a real fun party—ask each guest to wear a dress (or a pant suit) made from sacks such as flour sacks, feed sacks, etc. Award prizes for the most original, the fanciest, the most colorful and the most appropriate.

For such a party the decorations might feature sacks over lamp shades, a table centerpiece bride and groom made using detergent bottles as bodies, sponge for head and make clothes from brown or white paper bags. Use sacks as place mats, cut napkins from sacks and use a large paper bag with top folded down so the punch bowl can be set inside the sack to help carry out the theme.

Box Party: Request the gifts be things sold in boxes and used in kitchen or laundry. Then follow through and decorate with pretty and unusual boxes. Nut cups can be pretty little boxes made from pretty wallpaper samples or construction paper decorated with heart and bell seals. Use a very pretty box into which you can set a low bowl or vase, and then arrange a floral centerpiece in it.

The Shower Of The Hours: the hostess assigns a certain time of day to each guest. The guest brings a gift appropriate to that hour. For example, for the hour 7 A.M. a guest might bring items used to prepare breakfast; for 9 A.M. one might bring an ironing board or iron; for 4 P.M., a teapot might be appropriate.

Room Shower: If the guest list is large, a room shower works well. Each guest is assigned a special room for which the gift is intended, thus the bride will receive a variety of gifts to use in all of the rooms of her home and not receive all bathroom rugs or a dozen blankets, etc.

Alphabet Shower: Ask each guest to bring a gift that begins with the same letter as her first name. For example, Bonnie could bring a bundt pan; Connie, a cheese board, etc. Don't let the bride see the gift enclosure cards, but have her guess the name of the giver, the name of the gift being her clue.

ENTERTAINMENT

Romantic Quiz: Name the true love of each of these men.

1. Rhett Butler
2. Hiawatha
3. Romeo

4. Isaac
5. John Alden
6. Lancelot
7. John Rolfe
8. Duke of Windsor
9. Prince Charles
10. Mark Antony

ANSWERS: 1. Scarlett O'Hara; 2. Minnehaha; 3. Juliet; 4. Rebecca; 5. Priscilla Alden; 6. Guinevere; 7. Pocahontas; 8. Wallis Warfield Simpson; 9. Diana; 10. Cleopatra.

Barter Bingo: Before the party, wrap as many small packages as you will have guests. These may be small inexpensive gifts that a new bride can use—comb, thumbtacks, needles, matches, measuring spoons, roll of toilet tissue, potholder, rubber bands, vegetable brush, etc. Give each player a package and then play bingo in regular way, except each winner gets to select some other player to exchange gifts with. It is fun to swap for a while leaving all of the packages wrapped, then start having each winner unwrap her package so the next winner can see what is available—makes for added fun. Surprise the bride at the end of the games by giving all of the prizes to her.

High Points Take All: Player with highest score wins. Provide all guests with a pencil and a paper upon which the following rules are listed.

1. Add 20 points if wearing something brand new.
2. Add 50 points if wearing something blue.
3. Add 50 points if wearing glasses.
4. Subtract 25 points if wearing white shoes.
5. Add 10 points for each button on your clothes.
6. Add 15 points if you are wearing something over 10 years old, not counting jewelry.
7. Add 100 points if wearing a corsage of real flowers.
8. Add 75 points for each ring you are wearing.
9. Add 20 points if you have lace on your petticoat.
10. Add 50 points if wearing an organization's pin.
11. Add 10 points for each bracelet you're wearing.
12. Add 25 points if you are barelegged.
13. Add 10 points if wearing a necklace.
14. Subtract 10 points if you've a run in your hose.
15. Add 25 points for each earring you're wearing.
16. Add 50 points if you have a twin.
17. Add 10 points if you ate breakfast today.
18. Add 10 points if you have on lipstick.
19. Add 25 points if you have brown eyes.
20. Add 50 points if you have on something red.

The Wedding Confusion: Can you untangle these statements to bring order to the wedding confusion?

1. Giggles can be heard if the groom (a) catches the bride's bouquet.
2. Beautiful music and flowers (b) are only natural on such an occasion.
3. It is apt to be the bridesmaid who (c) drops the ring.
4. The bride (d) is thinking only of getting this job done right.
5. Woe is the groomsman who (e) stumbles at the altar.
6. Throwing the rice is (f) the groom's responsibility.
7. A mother's tears (g) add much to the wedding ceremony.
8. A penny in the shoe is (h) a wedding tradition.
9. The bridal bouquet is (i) to bring good luck to the bride.
10. The little flower girl (j) is a vision in white satin and lace.

ANSWERS: 1. (e); 2. (g); 3. (a); 4. (j); 5. (c); 6. (h); 7. (b); 8. (i); 9. (f); 10. (d).



ADVICE TO A BRIDE

(found in an old Bible)

Dear Mary,

I look forward to your marriage and lovingly pass on this advice to you: Look not for perfection in your mate. You will not find it and it's just as well. Living with a saint can be tiresome.

Let your love be stronger than your hate or anger.

Learn the wisdom of compromise for it is better to bend a little than to break.

Believe the best rather than the worst. People have a way of living up—or down—to your opinion of them.

Remember that true friendship is the basis for a lasting relationship. The person you choose to marry is deserving of the courtesies and the kindness you bestow on your friends. And please hand this letter down to your children and your children's children. The more things change, the more they are the same.
—Grandmother, 1886

COVER PICTURE

The Wayne Driftmier family was together for a visit in Denver last summer.

From left to right are Alison Walstad holding son Lee, Lily Walstad, Abigail Driftmier, Emily DiCicco holding son Martin, and Stephen DiCicco.

In the back row are Mike Walstad, Clark Driftmier, Wayne Driftmier, and Rich DiCicco.

FREDERICK'S

LETTER



Dear Friends,

Here in New England we almost never have a spring season! Every year, we seem to go from winter right into summer, freezing cold one day and sweltering heat the next. This year is no exception. This time of the year, I get so discouraged about my flower gardens that I think I am simply going to quit gardening once and for all, but along comes a beautiful warm day with lots of sunshine, a day just like this one, and I know gardening is in my blood to stay.

For several years, Betty and I have talked about replacing three windows in our family room—windows which give us a view of the water—with a big picture window. We knew last Christmas we definitely would get the job done before summer but put it off until we were sure of a good break in the weather. Just when we thought a good break was on us, we had days and days of cold wind. Talk about good luck—the day the carpenters came, the wind shifted to the other side of the house, and the dust and dirt from the job was not blown into every room. And what a difference that picture window makes! We just love it.

The carpenters suggested I could sell the old windows along with their storm windows, but I have had a better idea. I am using them as a makeshift hot house for my garden plants. The windows don't keep all of the cold winds away from the tender leaves, but they do keep most of the wind from beating the little plants to death. In years past I have lost about one fourth of my plants to wind damage. Flower plants can take too much sun or too little moisture much better than they can take damaging winds.

Betty and I did something the other day that we usually do three or four times a year. We took a long walk on one of our most beautiful ocean beaches. In our boat, we can get to a good beach in a very few minutes from the house. We usually go on these walks when we are quite certain there will not be many other people doing what we are doing. To enjoy a walk on the beach, one should really take the walk when the beach is empty of bathers.

We were amazed to note the damage done to the beach by last winter's storms. It is unbelievable how much damage a big storm can do to a sandy beach. Sometimes, an entire beach can be cut right in two by the storm wave action. Sand is washed away, and thousands of tons of stones are sometimes deposited in areas that only a few months previous had been good wading and swimming locations.

We took our beach walk at low tide,



Frederick enjoys working in his flower garden.

the best time to see all of the little creatures which live amongst and on the rocks and boulders exposed by the receding waters. We expected to see lots of barnacles clinging to the rocks, but never have we seen them in the quantities we saw them this time. There were barnacles everywhere! We could even hear them talking to each other! At least it sounded like that each time they were washed by a wave. As a wave washed over the barnacles, those crustaceans made little spitting and burping sounds as they forced the water back up and out of their shells.

A barnacle is a little shrimp-like animal standing on its head in a limestone house and kicking food into its mouth. And those little barnacle houses (shells) are sharp! Many times I have cut my feet or skinned my legs on the barnacles clinging to rocks I was trying to climb. If you have ever climbed over boulders along the edge of tidal water, you have no doubt seen barnacles by the millions. They cling together in masses, and there will be literally thousands of them in a square yard of hard surface—for example, on the surface of a big rock or on the bottom of a boat.

Barnacles make costly pests of themselves on the bottom of ships and boats, on lobster pots, pilings, and various pieces of marine hardware exposed to salt water. You just cannot believe the damage they do until you visit a place like the marina where I keep my boat. All of the piers, pilings, and walkways touched by the salt water are so loaded with barnacles by the middle of the summer one wonders how they keep from sinking. A big ship can have as many as three hundred tons of barnacles on its bottom, and this does slow the ship's speed. I heard on the radio today the shipping industry has to spend more than two hundred million dollars a year removing barnacles. Even for my little boat, I have to spend a couple of hundred dollars keeping the bottom clean.

I have a solution for the problem. If all of the Americans would learn to make and enjoy eating barnacle soup, we might even make money off of our barnacles.

Good barnacle chowder is the equal in flavor to a good clam chowder but is much more difficult to make. It is so hard to get the meat out of the shell! The little dog I exercise each day eats barnacles, shells and all! As a matter of fact, he prefers barnacles to good beef bones.

Betty and I have a very dear friend living near Springfield, Massachusetts, who helps us feed the wild birds in our back yard. Vera Steele is ninety years old, quite lame, and has a serious visual handicap, yet Vera knits bags for us to fill with suet and hang on our trees. She doesn't just knit one or two bags; she knits them by the dozens! I have Vera Steele suet bags filled and hanging from our trees and our neighbors' trees, and the birds just love us for it. Betty kids me about the way I chat with the birds, but never-the-less, I make it a point to tell all the suet-eaters they ought to fly up to Massachusetts and sing a song of thanksgiving outside Vera Steele's room. Yesterday, I think a little chickadee was telling me that he had done just that.

Some time ago, I had a letter from Beverly Giles up in Big Lake, Alaska. She is just one of many good Alaskans who subscribe to the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* and who occasionally keep us informed about the wildlife situation in their part of the north woods. In her letter, Beverly sent me a newspaper clipping telling about a wild moose named Oscar who had become good friends with the Broadhead family. Every winter, Oscar show up at the Broadhead house and raps on the window with his big, flat nose. They open the window and offer Oscar carrots, peas and just about anything in the way of leftover foods, and he is so grateful. He craves fresh, hot cornbread and will even eat bananas. He always comes in the middle of the night and stays for about three hours, sticking his head through the window that is opened for him.

The moose article Beverly Giles sent me was taken from *The Great Lander Shopping News*. I just love it when local newspapers carry news items about wild animals, and I wish more newspapers would. How refreshing and interesting it is to read about our furred and feathered friends instead of having to read column after column of war and crime news. That is why I contribute nature articles to one of our local newspapers. How many, many people stop me on the street and thank me for those bits of nature lore.

Betty and I make it a point never to turn away from our door some little child selling Girl Scout Cookies, Little League Chocolate Bars, high school band magazine subscriptions, or something else of a charitable nature. Do you remember when the Girl Scouts had just four different kinds of cookies, cookies that sold for no more than fifty cents a

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MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends,

It was exactly one month ago today, I was glued to my typing chair hoping the telephone would ring and set me free to dash out of the house to my monthly Sum-Mer-Del Garden Club meeting. Today the garden club is scheduled to meet again, and in a very short time, I have to grab three trays of finger-type bar cookies and make a dash for today's meeting. This is one I cannot cancel out of at the eleventh hour. The topic for last month's meeting was "Herbs—How and Where to Grow Them. How and Where to Use Them." However, the topic looming more importantly on my mind at that moment concerned the problem of locating Katharine and Don in St. Croix on the Virgin Islands.

You will recall I had received an extraordinary telephone call from a storekeeper on the island where they were vacationing who was heroically trying to locate them, because she had discovered their backpack dumped on the street in front of her gift shop. Before I called the Bethesda, Maryland, number, I talked to my Don, who happened to be on his lunch hour, to set his brain searching for more ideas on how to reach them. I also made contact with Adrienne who was in a meeting at one of the branch banks in the western suburbs. They both expressed hopes of reaching Katharine and Don's house-mates later in the evening with the expectation they would surely have a proper telephone number to reach them. My wait was not long, fortunately. Katharine telephoned me within four hours of the time I had first been aware of the problem. My original call to Don and Katharine's laboratory in Maryland turned out to be the key to unlocking the puzzle of how to find them. One of Don's co-workers knew someone who knew exactly where to call! Wasn't that incredible luck?

When Katharine and I talked, the details of the story unraveled into a fascinating tale. She and Don had rented an open four-wheel-drive vehicle to tour the island. There were rock formations and less commercialized sections of the island which Don wanted Katharine to see, and so off they went. On one particularly remote stretch of road, the beach was right beside them. Katharine and Don stopped where they could enjoy the water and have a clear view of their vehicle. In an effort to conceal their valuables, they tucked everything in one backpack under the front seat.

While they were examining the shore line, one of the local beach persons called their attention to some especially lovely jumping fish which were visible waaaay



Mary Beth Driftmier enjoys a visit with her daughter, Adrienne Driftmier.

off on the horizon. While they were engaged in conversation with this chap, his accomplice was frisking their open car and taking whatever was loose, which was everything that was important to them. Upon returning to their vehicle, Katharine and Don discovered immediately what had occurred and drove to the next town to make inquiries. Fortunately, they had most of their money in traveler's checks. The haul proved to be a relatively poor one for the two thieves; but for Katharine and Don, it meant stopping payment on their traveler's checks, cancelling their plastic credit cards and using hours of their lovely vacation time doing unwanted chores!

They were able to continue their pleasant time with Don's parents. Before they left the islands, the backpack and what remained of their possessions were retrieved and the kind, kind lady properly thanked for her hours spent trying to locate them. The kids learned thefts of the nature they experienced are well planned and frequent occurrences against the guests on the islands. If I ever get the chance to make such a trek, I shall be well armed with cautionary advice from the experiences of my children.

For the first time in seventy years, Wisconsin is having a spring! The last oaks of autumn have shed their leaves because the buds are ready to pop behind them. As a result...the yard has been sprinkled generously with leaves again. Thank goodness I rowed many miles on my inside exercise machine over the winter else I would have been ill prepared for the workout my poor body was about to endure. Don and I raked one weekend and managed to get many piles, but then the rain came down and the sun did not return until midweek when you-can-guess-who was the only one with the daylight hours for such work.

When the ground was dry enough to

begin work, I would start out wearing three sweaters but within a short time it was too hot for anything except a short-sleeved cotton blouse. We have near an acre of green stuff to be responsible for and at a minimum a hundred billion leaves. It was not as lonely a job as it is in November, because several neighbor ladies were out working, and we commiserated together over our fates. I uncovered thousands of pale green violets ready to pop into bloom. Thank goodness we are still allowed to burn our leaves in this city because trying to bag all of them would be one monumental task...and costly, too.

Hawks Inn is getting ready for another spring and summer season of showing the inn to guests who come to get a taste of life in the mid-nineteenth century. Many of the ladies have been working busily unwrapping the sheets from around the beautiful pieces of furniture and cleaning. The guide program is getting warmed up with information on new acquisitions to be explained this season. This morning I went across Nagawicka Lake to the home of the lady who trains the guides, and I met a new lady in the area who lives just two blocks from me on the same original plot of land St. John's Military Academy was laid out upon about the time Nelson Hawks was operating his inn.

This is another installment of one of those *small world* stories. St. John's Military Academy has a new president, Brigadier General Buckner. I met his wife at the guides orientation meeting today. Her name was Ellen Jane Poch from Atlantic, Iowa, and she knows the Kitchen-Klatter family from way back. Her mother is a longtime reader of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* and listener of the Kitchen-Klatter program! She met Lucile and Dorothy when they were in Atlantic! She has her shelves full of Kitchen-Klatter flavorings and, of course, we struck up an immediate

(Continued on page 19)



ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends,

As most of you readers know, I have a career devoted to the care of animals. In my boarding kennel, I might have as many as sixty-five wards to look after. Prior to my boarding kennel endeavors, I received a degree in veterinary technology. Often people ask my advice or council on pet-related matters. This month I will share some of my opinions on the subject. None of what I write should be taken point blank for fact. Any ideas I might have are simply that—my personal thoughts. Whether they are particularly insightful or not is left to the reader's judgement.

It is said over 80 percent of the families in America own a pet of some kind. The vast majority are dogs and cats, although birds, fish, small mammals are also common. Americans have made pet ownership extremely popular, but pets are found in most nations and cultures in the rest of the world. In fact, throughout the history of mankind, pets have walked *paw in hand* beside their masters. Eons ago when emerging man domesticated the first wild animals, a bond was formed that, despite all changes in civilization, remains constant to this day. Perhaps this need for a close bonding relationship with another of God's creatures is one of the facets which defines what is *human* by nature. At any rate, a man hunting quail with his bird dog is not too different from a man and his pack of dogs living in prehistoric eras. Although the cultures and time settings may be vastly different, the emotional ties between a dog and its master remain the same. A dear lady friend of mine has seventeen cats. Within her soul is a deep love and appreciation for these exceptional creatures. Is her opinion of cats much different than that felt by the ancient Egyptians?

The ownership of pets is a fantastic link between all peoples of the world. It is a common denominator between all races, languages, and politics. For example, Americans have always had a fascination with pets belonging to their President. Remember Lyndon Johnson's beagle, or the stories in the newspapers just this year about Nancy Reagan's problems housebreaking their new puppy? Any American with a beagle felt he and President Johnson had something in common. Any American with puppy potty training problems could sympathize with Nancy's frustrations. Personally, I knew just how she felt! And even if she is as far removed from me as First Lady, I'm sure she knows just what I'm going through with my new dog! The ownership of our respective pets has given us common



Lee Walstad, son of Alison and Mike Walstad, is an active 2-year-old.

ground to walk upon.

People love to talk about their animals. Perhaps a situation arises occasionally where one must make conversation with an individual one scarcely knows. No need to panic—simply turn the discussion to household pets, and the chances are greater than 80 percent you can tune into the same wave length. If the acquaintance does not own his own pet, he will surely have a friend or relative who does, and an anecdote to go along with it. Many people find such delight in telling pet-related anecdotes that, in my case, it can become a burden to getting the day's work done. At our Humane Society monthly meetings, we passed a no-pet-stories rule. It's business only at our gatherings; for previous to the hard and fast rule, the miscellaneous discussions carried on for hours, much to the annoyance of members with other evening commitments.

I've often pondered why people have such a desire for pet ownership. It must be because pets supply emotional fulfillment for many individuals. They stimulate feelings of love, joy, need, caring, humor, sorrow, and even guilt. Emotions enhance our sense of being alive. The symbiosis of pets and people enhances the quality of our life upon this earth. Everyone wants to feel needed. Everyone wants to feel loved. That's why dogs have become man's best friend. Another acquaintance of mine, who lives with three canine companions, once told me why he had such affection for them. "They're just wonderful," he said. "When I come home from work, they're ecstatic to see me. They don't mind when I'm grouchy or irritable. They demand nothing from me except a pat on the head, a little food and water. They are totally devoted to me no matter what,

and they express their love every single day. It's unchanging, week after week, month after month."

The death of a pet helps people to cope with pain and sorrow. Dogs and cats seldom live more than fifteen years, so it's an experience people often deal with in childhood and again in later years. Encounters with grief, although painful, are part of the emotional fulfillment of life.

Pet ownership for children is wonderful if properly handled. A pet can be a wonderful companion for a youngster. They acquire responsibility by caring for an animal. Subtle emotions such as tenderness and patience are nurtured in this way. Caring children grow up to be caring adults, and there's no doubt the world would be a better place if it were filled with genuinely caring adults.

Part of being a responsible and caring pet owner is to respect the rights of those who do not have pets. Just as our beloved companions can bring people closer together, so can they create a source of antagonism. There are people in this world who, for whatever reasons, dislike animals. There are probably many average citizens who would prefer not to cohabitate with the neighborhood menagerie. This is their right, as well. Pet owners must make sure their animals do not become public nuisances. No one appreciates noise pollution created by incessant barking, nor roaming critters ruining gardens, causing traffic hazards, nor creating a threat to livestock. All pets should be vaccinated and kept healthy and happy within the confines of the family premises. Unwanted litters of puppies and kittens should be avoided, since there is a tragic overpopulation of dogs and cats already.

It would appear it is the destiny of *Homo sapiens* to continue to foster an affection for the gentle creatures which we share life with on this earth. Somewhere there is a living being in need of being cared for. Also there is a person who would benefit greatly by caring for an animal. It is hoped these two will eventually find each other, and the world will be a better place because of it. In my next letter, I'd like to share with you some tips on other aspects of pet life—how to choose and care for a pet, and careers with animals. I'd also like to introduce you to some of the charming pets and their owners that I have had the good fortune to meet.

Alison

As you push
the gates of life ajar—
Whether the hinges shriek their despair
Or softly murmur their joy
Is up to you traveler.

—Clara Saunders



An Air Force Wife Writes

Dear Friends,

This will be the last letter I write to you from Nebraska, at least for a while. With the Air Force, we never know exactly what the future may bring, and someday we may find ourselves here again. But for now, the Palos are saying goodbye to the Midwest and heading back to New England.

Fortunately, I'm in a position to tell you quite a bit about what the future will bring for the Palos. You may recall that last September Vin learned he had been selected to teach ROTC starting in June. In January he learned he was going to be able to do it at his first choice of school, which is the University of New Hampshire. In April Vin was able to take some leave and go to New Hampshire on a house-hunting trip. He was gone a week, I joined him for the weekend, and we found a house. I give you the chronology of these events so you can see how truly fortunate we have been to have so much time to work things out. I have friends who did not know until April where they were going to move at the end of May!

The University of New Hampshire has a charming red brick campus located in the town of Durham. Unfortunately, real estate prices in that town put property beyond the reach of most of us. Expensive prices are common to the whole area, but especially true of Durham. Since we were going to have to look afIELD for a house, Vin decided to head for the shore where we have always wanted to live. He found a wonderful house (which I enthusiastically approved when I got there) in Kittery, the southernmost town in Maine. We lived in Maine before (about 25 miles further northwest) and feel we're coming home when we return to that state.

The house is a ranch style with an "L." On the main floor are 3 bedrooms, 2½ baths, living room with fireplace (we've never had one), dining room, kitchen and utilities. Downstairs in the basement are another bedroom (Isabel will have her own domain), a family room with fireplace, and unfinished storage space. There's also a single-car garage, and garages are rare in New England in spite of the severe climate. Water cannot be seen from the house, but from the road in front, we can look down into the basin of a tidal creek.

From the kitchen window, I can see the children's school, which is just past another house and across a small field. I haven't measured all the driving distances yet—nor do I even know all that is available as a destination! So far I do know that within a mile of the house "as the crow flies" are historic downtown



When they can't play outside, Christopher and Isabel, children of Mary Lea and Vincent Palo, enjoy a game of trivia.

Kittery, the Naval Shipyard, several restaurants (including McDonald's for the kids), a mall of famous name outlets, and the estuary of the Piscataqua River with a view of the open ocean. This last is important to me because what I can see as I look out to the ocean from Ft. McClary is Star Island, a conference center 10 miles out, where I worked for 2 summers while I was in college. When I rode the boat to and from the island, I used to dream of owning one of the homes I passed on the shore. Well, we do not have one of THOSE homes but do have the next best thing! You can imagine how it feels to have a 20-year-old dream come true!

We are excited about the future! However, finding a home in Kittery was only half the excitement of that week in April. Vin called from New Hampshire at noon on the day I was to fly to Boston to meet him. The conversation went like this:

Vin: Hi! How's it going?

Mary Lea: Great! I sold the house!

Vin: Good! I bought one.

A family had come to look at our house in Bellevue the previous evening and had called that morning to make an offer. A lot happened in those 24 hours!

If you are one of the thousands of people trying to sell a house right now, you have ALL my sympathy! When I drive to Shenandoah, I can see the standstill the real estate market has come to in small towns. Here in Bellevue things are different, if not better. The presence of a military base guarantees a constant influx of buyers, but also an enormous number of homes for sale in a competitive market. And they are constantly plowing up fields and building new houses. Since we have been here, this one town has increased by at least 300 new homes! As I write this, we haven't had the closing, so I have to knock on wood, but am so relieved to have that pressure off me. It certainly was a stressful winter, but we seem to have survived it.

The week after Vin and I got home

from New England was a wonderful time to store memories of Nebraska. The weather was sunny, temperatures in the 80's, the air soft and sweet with the blossoms of fruit trees. We cooked supper outside on the grill and ate at the picnic table. The kids roasted marshmallows. For that short week, life had the relaxed pace of summer at its best. The violent wind and thunderstorms that ended the idyl are more representative of Nebraska weather, I regretfully realize.

My 3 children are being good sports about leaving—and there is a lot they'll be leaving behind! There are 12 kids aged ten or under who live on this circle and all of them are good kids. With the advent of warm weather, the circle has become a playground with playmates for everyone. Even Cassie has 3 friends near her age with whom she rides "big wheels." The school and neighborhood have been so good for our children that it is a wrench to leave them. I am confident the kids will soon make new friends in Maine, but it is with reluctance I ask them to give up their friends here. This being a military area they have already seen a number of people transferred, so that makes it a little easier for them to understand this move. I took a whole roll of pictures on my trip, of the house inside and out, of the new school and new church, etc., to try to familiarize the children with the new area.

It is a wrench for me to give up my Kitchen-Klatter broadcasting. I have had such fun with the program! It is a source of great pride to be connected with a program of such durability, and it gives me a very warm feeling to have this link with my grandmother Leanna, the program's founder. Being a part of Kitchen-Klatter has made it possible for me to feel a real part of the Midlands. I have met or heard from so many kind, warm and generous people that I never would have come into contact with otherwise. Thanks for your friendship!

When next I write, it will be from the seacoast. Best wishes to all of you until then!

Sincerely,

Mary Lea

FRIENDSHIP

As we travel along life's highway
Let us greet each day with a smile,
For only by lifting another's load
Can our own lives be made worthwhile.
The road of life can be very rough
As we stumble to find the way,
But a smiling face and a kindly word
Will give us strength for the day.
For when we come to a bend in the road
And troubles seem hard to bear,
It will lift a heart that's sorely tried
To know there are friends who care.

—Dorothy LaBelle



SUNFLOWER SEEDS

by Russell K. Hively

The couple stepped to the salad bar in the restaurant and filled their salad plates with lettuce, radishes, and numerous other goodies. They poured their favorite dressing over the collection of vegetables and sprinkled sunflower seeds on the top like nuts on a chocolate sundae. Sunflower seeds are "in."

When I started eating these seeds forty years ago, I was ahead of the times. I first saw them at Sheffield's Drug Store in my hometown in Southwest Minnesota. The seeds were in little clear bags. A person had to crack the seed open with his teeth and then munch on the succulent seed within. It was fun to suck the salt out of the shell; I loved those seeds. If a person ate too many, the seeds tended to make the tongue sore and the skin come off the roof of the mouth the next day. Anyway, a sore mouth was worth it. Where else could a person get a treat that could last so long?

My mother disliked sunflower seeds and looked at them with scorn. I was warned about spending my treat money on "those nasty seeds."

The sunflower is a native of North America. Indians cultivated them with corn, beans, and squash. They used the seeds as food by roasting and then grinding them into flour. The Indians also ground unroasted seeds into a pulp and formed it into a ball which the warriors would carry for food. They used the sunflower oil for treating snake bites, chest pains, and chest congestion. The juice from the stems was used on cuts and wounds where it formed a protective covering. They also used the oil extracted from the seeds on their hair and as a base for pigments in skin paints. Yellow and purple dyes were made from the flowers and seeds.

The early white settlers did not adopt the sunflower. Seeds were taken to Spain and the rest of Europe in the 1600s, where they were grown in gardens as

curiosity plants and flowers. They were introduced into Russia in the early 1800s, where many foods could not be eaten during Lent or during the forty days prior to Christmas. Because sunflowers were not on the forbidden foods list for these two periods, its popularity with the Russians grew. Since 1830 the use of sunflowers as an oil, especially in Russia and Hungary, has steadily increased.

In 1880 the mammoth Russian sunflower was reintroduced and offered as seed in this country. First it was just used as bird seed, then for human consumption and lastly as an oil. The sunflower also attained some prominence as a silage crop, especially in localities where high altitude or other conditions make low temperatures prevail during the summer months. Under these adverse growing conditions, the sunflowers yield more than corn or sorghum and make a good quality silage.

Sunflowers were commonly drilled in rows and cultivated, and they were ensiled when most of the plants were in bloom or even before. Sunflower silage resembles an immature corn silage. It is somewhat richer in both crude protein and fiber, but furnishes slightly less digestible nutrients. It has been fed with fair results to dairy cattle, beef cattle, sheep, and even brood sows.

Sunflower seeds have also been used with success as a poultry feed. One acre of sunflowers can feed 400,000 wild birds a meal.

A popular belief is sunflowers turn with the sun. Actually they grow toward the source of light, especially when the plants are young. The sunflowers do tend to bend toward the east in the morning and west in the evening. But once the heads open all flowers turn to the east and stay that way in soldier-like fashion.

Major sunflower producing states are Minnesota, South and North Dakota,

and Texas. It does not seem possible that the seeds which I enjoyed sucking on as a child have now become the world's second major oil crop.

Also the consumption of sunflower seeds as human food has increased. Time has a way of putting all things in fashion; now, the best restaurants have sunflower seeds in their salad bars. The seeds are shelled, of course, so the customers do not lose the skin off the roof of their mouth or get sore tongues. Be "in," eat sunflower seeds.

MY DADDY WAS A FARMER

My daddy was a farmer, made his living in the sod, filled his home with simple pleasures, and taught his children the love of God.

Never had an education, books and such he couldn't afford, he got his learning from the Bible, and his teacher was the Lord.

But he never lacked in wisdom, he was smart as any man, when it came to Christian living, wasn't much he didn't understand.

He knew all about the seasons, when to reap and when to sow, and could tell you if you asked him, when to look for rain or snow.

When it came to Christian kindness, and showing love for every man, Daddy was the first to offer, when called upon to lend a hand.

Now his farming days have ended, He will soon be joining God, but he'll leave an earthly shadow, on the fields where he has trod.

Yes, my daddy was a farmer, just a simple man, through and through, but we always seen his greatness, and I'm sure the Lord did too.

—Helen Sleeth

NOTICE

The subscription price to our
KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

has been raised to:

\$5.50 for one year (12 issues)

All subscriptions sent to foreign countries will be:

\$7.00 for one year (12 issues)

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

UNWELCOME GUEST— HE JUST DROPPED IN!!

by
Leta Fulmer Harvey

Why had I procrastinated, put off this job so long? With each tile that loosened around the bathtub, another weakened and threatened to fall. The job that began as a minor chore blossomed into a major repair. Carefully, I stacked the ever-growing collection. The back of each one was checkered with roughly dried cement that must be removed before applying new glue. At my repeated mournful sighs, my husband came to the rescue, sanding the tiles smooth with an electric grinder.

Day by day, a few laborious hours at a time, I struggled with the tedious job. I finagled with gooeey cement that stuck my fingers together more securely than it stuck the tile to the wall. I carefully scraped away excess goop with a razor blade, then worked grout into the seams. At last I stood back to eye the almost completed job with understandable satisfaction. Only the minor job of applying a new length of waterproof ceiling above the tub, and the job would be completed.

Ever so gently, I tugged at the frazzled edges of the mouldy cloth. Down it came and with it bounced crumbling chunks of plaster, termite chewed wood chips and disgusting signs of rats! Even the mummified body of a squirrel hit the side of the tub, only his reddish brown tail still fluffy and intact. Standing on tiptoe, I shot a flashlight gleam into the cavernous darkness above. I shivered a bit—what else might lurk there in that great unknown? I met my husband in the driveway to bring him my tale of woe. About an hour later, the two of us had managed to pry loose several honey-combed two-by-fours and replace them with sturdy lumber. But, complete renovation must wait for daylight hours. I kept wandering into the bathroom to peek up into the darkness.

"Something alive could be coming down out of there before morning," I worried. "You know we heard something in the attic last winter." Though my husband insisted we'd rid ourselves of the rodent population months ago, I found it hard to relax. My husband snored in his recliner. The new puppy, Tip, sprawled on her rug in the kitchen. And the rerun on T.V. almost put me to sleep.

Suddenly, the small dog bounced up, shrilling her high-pitched puppy bark. Leaping into the bathroom, her front paws beat a tattoo on the rim of the tub. When I switched on the light, my mouth dropped open in astonishment. There—scooting, sliding, trying to dig its claws into the slick sloping sides of the tub—a young squirrel frantically fought to climb from his porcelain prison! Dragging the

pup out by main force, I slammed the door and yelled at my sleeping husband. With eyes widened in disbelief, he stared at me.

"A what in the tub?" he questioned, as he stumbled sleepily to the scene of the action.

By that time, the unhappy rodent had managed to escape and find refuge on the highest perch available—the top of the hot water tank. If his hysterical language had been decipherable, surely it would have been X-rated. My husband quickly closed the door and rubbed his sleep-glazed eyes while we tried to come up with a quick solution. The house abounded with a bedlam of sounds. The never ceasing lament of the frightened squirrel was almost drowned out by the mournful caterwauling of the big tomcat at the back door, insisting on being let in on the action. Tip, outside at the bathroom window, protested vehemently because her "big game stalk" had been taken over by others.

Even with the bathroom door tightly closed, I'd get no sleep with that varmint loose in the house. Cracking the door just an inch, we peeked in. The chatter and barking now came from behind the hot water tank. The squirrel was wedged tightly against the wall. I could just imagine him slowly being roasted alive. His barks and growls were becoming hoarse and guttural. I moved in to get a closer look, and a high-pitched crescendo set me back on my heels. My husband quietly motioned me out and closed the door. I could hear him jabbing gently with the yardstick, speaking softly in what he hoped were comforting words to a distraught squirrel. Finally, he swung the door open and proudly announced his mission accomplished.

"See? I pushed the chair against the window and opened the screen wide. When I managed to pry the squirrel out of the corner, he headed straight for the open window. Then, out he went!"

I finally did sleep that night—but fitfully. The bathroom door was shut tight. What else might fall through that opening to say "Good Morning" to me the next day? Could it be a mouse or rat, another squirrel or a snake!

Well, the ceiling's finished now. Solid paneling blocks the way for any adventurous creature that might wander around our old attic. But I'll never forget the sight and sound of that misplaced animal circling the tub or perching atop the hot water tank—bright eyes alight with maniacal fire, tail twitching in agitation. Each time I see a squirrel swinging like Tarzan through our walnut trees, I wonder, "Is that our bathroom visitor?" Tip, the black pup, is bigger and older now, but she hasn't forgotten. Once in awhile, she pauses at the door in alert supplication, hoping for another sight of a big game animal to spark up the

dullness of a farm dog's night.

And I? Well, there's a spot in the upstairs ceiling, right over the stairway that has bulged down a bit for years. How often I've considered bravely yanking off the restraining contact paper for a quick repair. But, I'm thinking twice (maybe even three times now!) before attacking another "tiny little job" that can send even the sturdiest of farm women into despair!!



DAD'S OLD SLOUCH HAT

I stood there dismayed as I opened the door

Of the closet in under the stair,
And sighed—what a mess—then I spied it,

Dad's old felt hat hanging there.

That poor, beat-up old hat!

Memories came flooding galore
Of days gone by, of Dad and his way
With that old slouch hat he wore.

Times when the old felt sat square on his head,

We young-uns knew we'd best be about

Our chores, no time for tomfoolery,
Best toe the line, or watch out!

Sometimes the old hat was a barometer
Flung high in the air with joy,
Like when Grandma stepped to the door
and said,

"Son, it's a fine big boy!"

Then I see the brim shading his eyes,

The hat pulled low to his ears,
Sadly surveying the hail ruined corn—
No words to say, too proud for tears.

Happy days, when he played with the kids.

He'd tweak the hat down over one eye,
Hitch up his pants, wink at Ma
Swing the bat an' let 'er fly!

There were the times when one of us
done him proud,

We'd know it by the set of his lid—
Shoved 'way to the back of his head, with
a grin,

Meant, "You bet I'm proud o' you,
kid!"

The clutter is gone, everything
straightened

In the closet in under the stair.

I shut the door with a tender smile, and
left

Dad's old slouch hat hanging there.

NOTE: May be most effectively used as a reading, with the reader using an old felt hat to illustrate, or by having each scene pantomimed, for a Father's Day tribute.
—Virginia Thomas



GETTING "HITCHED" IN THE FORTIES

by
Dorothy Rieke

Guests have always regarded weddings as delightful social occasions. Each one is unique in its participants, mode of dress and location, a guest feels a certain expectancy and curiosity even before attending the ceremony.

The people living during the early forties especially enjoyed weddings. They may have been the favorite of their few forms of entertainment because a wedding not only meant festivity and celebration, it also represented a very important step in the lives of the couple involved.

Those early wedding celebrations included more than the actual wedding. Usually the ladies gathered at the church to give the bride a shower. After the ceremony, the family shivareed the newlyweds.

The wedding itself was usually planned to take place at the bride's church or at her home. If the couple desired more wedding guests and had more money to spend, they planned a more elaborate church wedding. A church wedding generally involved the ladies of the church as they were responsible for giving the church building a thorough cleaning with special emphasis on the kitchen where counters were scrubbed, and all dishes were washed and placed in readiness. These church ladies also helped serve the refreshments after the wedding ceremony.

If a home wedding was planned, the house was cleaned from top to bottom. Rugs were removed and beaten, windows washed, and floors were scrubbed, covered with a paste wax, and later polished to a high gloss. It's no doubt that some women used weddings as an excuse to refurbish the house because at this time new linoleum was often purchased for the kitchen, or new wallpaper was selected for the parlor.

Any female member of the family with a reputation for baking high, light, moist cakes was enlisted to make a many-tiered wedding cake. She gathered different sizes of cake pans including a one-pound coffee tin which would make the right size layer for the top tier and carefully stirred up the thin batter and baked it in the oven of her woodburning cookstove.

Grandma couldn't help but remark the guests should bring the cake as they did in her time. During pioneer days, each guest brought a cake layer to the wedding, and the layers were put

together with a sweet thickened apple-sauce to make a truly unique wedding cake.

The bride's dress, usually the object of many "Oh's" and "Ah's," was generally made by the mother and grandmother with verbal assistance from all other female relatives. A pattern was chosen after carefully pouring over pattern books in the local department store. The material was chosen carefully with the advice of a favorite clerk. The popular material used in fall and winter dresses was satin, but if the wedding took place in warmer weather, other fabrics such as dotted swiss or georgette were used. Sewing the dress was a nerve-racking experience but also an act of love.

Frequently the church ladies gave a "household" shower for the bride-to-be. This social occasion helped the young couple by providing many of the serviceable dishes and linens they would need in their "new" home. During the evening of the shower, each guest wrote down a favorite recipe for the bride proving that there were some believers in the old saying, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

Finally, the long-awaited day arrived. Each guest, young or old, was dressed in his or her best clothes. Children often wore new homemade clothing or "new" hand-me-downs.

The church or home during a spring, summer or fall wedding resembled a greenhouse filled with cut garden flowers. If the wedding took place in the winter months, generally someone who had large house ferns loaned them for the occasion.

After the minister preached a short sermon, and special music was presented, the couple exchanged wedding vows, and the guests adjourned for refreshments. If there were many guests at the church wedding, light refreshments of cake, homemade ice cream, and coffee were served in the church basement. If there were fewer guests and the bride's home could accommodate them, the parents of the bride often served a meal to the guests. The menu differed according to the season, but summer fare included fried chicken, mashed potatoes with creamy gravy, gelatin salad, corn on the cob, homemade bread and butter, ice cream, and the wedding cake.

After the wedding, the men set a date to shivaree the newly married couple.

One evening when the couple was at home, all the friends and neighbors gathered together any noisemakers such as sleigh bells and cans tied together and traveled to the couple's home. They yelled and made noise until the newlyweds came outside to greet their guests. If the planners of the shivaree were especially creative, they provided a wheelbarrow and asked the new husband to give his bride a ride in it. This activity led to much merriment and an occasional dumping.

Finally everyone was ready to go inside the couple's home and "settle the treat." Sometimes the couple provided cigars for the men and candy bar treats for the women and children or maybe a dance was planned for the shivaree participants. The guests then sat and visited for the remainder of the evening and enjoyed seeing the couple's home and wedding gifts.

With the completion of the shivaree, one wedded couple stepped out of the limelight, but people were already speculating concerning other couples who were "going together." Which couple would wed next?

Those weddings of years ago and the accompanying social events were memorable occasions. Yes, truly, they were beautiful experiences that often led to a lifetime of love and devotion for the couples involved.

GRANDMA'S SPECTACLES


A little boy said to a playmate, "When I get older I want to wear spectacles just like Grandma wears. She must have a special kind because she can see so much more than most people. She can see when folks are hungry or tired or sorry, she can even see what'll make them feel better. She can see how to fix a lot of things to have fun with and she can see what a feller meant to do, even if he didn't do it right. She can see when a feller is about to cry and she can see just what to do to make him feel better. I asked her one day how she could see so good and she said it was the way she learned to look at things as she got older. So when I get older I want a pair of spectacles just like Grandma's so I can see good, too."

—anon.

THE LAND

A log house slants on a hill,
While suburbs creep from below.
Can't you see the pioneer wife,
As she toiled with her hoe.
When she came the land was wild,
And free to any taker.
What a shock if she could know,
It's worth thousands per acre!

—Elaine Derendinger



Recipes

DELICIOUS SPICY MEATBALLS

Meatballs

1 lb. ground beef
2 eggs
18 soda crackers, crumbled
1/2 cup Kitchen-Klatter French salad dressing
1/2 cup chopped pecans
Mix the above ingredients together and shape into small balls. Brown the balls and place in a baking dish.

Sauce

1 1-lb. can tomatoes, chopped
1/4 green bell pepper, diced fine
1/2 cup diced celery
1/2 medium onion, diced
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
1/4 tsp. ground cloves
1/4 tsp. dry mustard
1/4 cup vinegar
1 1/2 cups brown sugar
Mix all sauce ingredients together and boil until the vegetables are tender. Pour the sauce over the meatballs and bake at 325 degrees for 45 minutes. Serve over noodles. Serves 6. —Juliana

COCONUT FRUIT SALAD

2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
1 1/2 cups cold water
3 cups cottage cheese, small curd
1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk
1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened and cut into small pieces
1 cup coconut
1 cup chopped nuts
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
3 cups fresh fruit, cut into small pieces
In a saucepan, sprinkle gelatin over water to soften; stir over low heat until gelatin dissolves. Set aside.
In a large bowl combine cottage cheese, sweetened condensed milk, cream cheese, coconut, nuts, almond flavoring and fresh fruit; mix well. Stir in the gelatin and refrigerate until slightly thickened. Then pour into a lightly greased 1 1/2-quart mold. Refrigerate until firm. Makes 12 servings. —Verlene

SIMPLE LEMON CHEESECAKE

3 Tbls. margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 1/4 cups graham cracker crumbs
1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
1 cup boiling water
2 cups low-fat cottage cheese
1 tsp. grated lemon peel
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
In medium saucepan melt the margarine; remove from heat and add the butter flavoring and graham cracker crumbs. Press into a 9-inch pie pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 5 minutes or until crust is lightly browned. Chill.
In a small bowl dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Blend the cottage cheese, lemon peel and lemon flavoring until smooth. Slowly blend in the gelatin mixture; pour into the chilled crust. Refrigerate for 2 hours. Makes 6 to 8 servings. —Verlene

POTATO SALAD PACKETS

10 to 12 small new potatoes
4 green onions, including tops
1/2 green pepper, chopped
6 black olives, sliced
1/3 cup vegetable oil
3 Tbls. red wine vinegar or other vinegar
1 Tbls. Dijon mustard
1/4 tsp. leaf oregano
1/2 tsp. salt
Freshly ground black pepper
Clean potatoes and cut into small bite-size pieces. Place in a large bowl. Chop green onions and add to potatoes with green pepper and olives. Whisk remaining ingredients together. Toss with potato mixture. Wrap in five individual packets of heavy-duty foil or a double thickness of foil. Seal tightly. Arrange packets on a greased grill about 4 inches from hot coals. Turn every 5 minutes until done, 20 to 30 minutes. —Mary Lea

SPECIAL DAYS IN JUNE

June 14 — Flag Day
June 16 — Father's Day
June 21 — Summer Begins

BREAKFAST CAKE

(Microwave Recipe)

1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup chopped walnuts
3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
3/4 cup margarine
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
3/4 cup sugar
3 eggs
3/4 cup sour cream
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. baking soda
1/4 tsp. salt (optional)
Lightly grease a round baking ring made for microwave use or a 2-quart casserole. In a small bowl combine brown sugar, walnuts and cinnamon flavoring. Put half of the mixture in bottom of ring or casserole.
In a separate bowl beat margarine, butter flavoring and 3/4 cup sugar. Add eggs one at a time. Mix in sour cream and vanilla flavoring. Stir in dry ingredients. Beat until well blended.
Pour half of the batter over layer of sugar and nut mixture. Spread remaining sugar and nut mixture over the batter and top with the remaining batter.
Microwave, uncovered, on medium high (75% power) until top looks dry and cake pulls away from the sides of the ring or casserole. —Emily

MAPLE BITES

1 to 2 lbs. kielbasa or smoked sausage
1/4 cup maple syrup
1 Tbls. Dijon mustard
Cut meat into bite-size pieces. Mix syrup and mustard. If you are not using real maple syrup, add a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring to bring out the maple taste. Dip the pieces of meat in the syrup-mustard sauce, thread them on skewers, and grill 3 minutes per side. Serve on a platter with toothpicks. This is an easy hors d'oeuvre for your outdoor meals. —Mary Lea

CHICKEN TARRAGON

2 whole chicken breasts
3/4 cup mayonnaise
1 Tbls. chopped fresh tarragon (or dried tarragon, or tarragon bottled in vinegar, drained and chopped)
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. freshly ground black pepper
2 Tbls. sliced blanched almonds
Roast the chicken breasts in a preheated 350-degree oven for 20 to 30 minutes. Let cool. Pick meat from the bones as quickly as possible. Cut into 1-inch pieces and mix it with the remaining ingredients. Chill before serving. Serves 4. —Robin

FRESH SPINACH SALAD

1 lb. fresh spinach, torn
6 green onions, sliced
4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
8 slices bacon, cooked and crumbled
Dash of pepper
1 cup bean sprouts (optional)
Toss the salad ingredients together.

Dressing

1 clove garlic, minced
1/2 cup olive oil
1/2 tsp. salt
3 Tbls. lemon juice
1/4 cup vinegar

Mix the dressing ingredients together vigorously and pour over salad just before serving.

Excellent with some torn lettuce included. —Hallie

LENTIL SOUP

(Slow-cooking Pot Recipe)

1 lb. lentils
6 cups water
2 onions, chopped
4 carrots, sliced or cubed
1 tsp. thyme
1 bay leaf
1 tsp. salt
2 Tbls. sugar
10 black pepper corns
4 to 5 ozs. ham, cubed
1/4 cup wine vinegar
1/4 cup apple cider

In a slow-cooking pot combine all ingredients except the vinegar and cider. Cook on low for at least six hours and up to eight hours. Just before serving add the vinegar and the cider. —Robin

TWO FRUIT BUNDT CAKE

3 cups flour
2 cups sugar
1 1/2 cups pecans, chopped
1 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. soda
1/2 tsp. salt
2 8-oz. cans crushed pineapple
1 cup shredded pears
1 cup shredded carrots
1 cup salad oil
4 eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring

Mix flour, sugar, nuts, ground cinnamon, baking powder, soda and salt. Drain pineapple. Beat together pineapple, pears, carrots, oil, eggs and flavorings. Add to the flour mixture; beat well. Turn into a well-greased bundt pan. Bake at 350 degrees for one hour. Cool 15 minutes and turn out. —Juliana

PICKLED CHERRIES

Sour cherries
Vinegar
Sugar
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring

Wash, seed and drain cherries, then place them in a crock. Barely cover with vinegar. Let stand twelve hours. Then measure together the cherries and vinegar-juice. Add an amount of sugar that is equal to this. Stir the sugar in and let stand ten days, stirring each day and weighting the cherries with a dish. On the tenth day, pack the drained cherries in sterile jars. Heat the syrup to boiling and add the flavoring. Pour the hot syrup over the cherries and seal at once.

I had 5 1/2 cups of sugar. I thought it could be sweeter so added another half cup of sugar before I boiled the syrup. This is not meant to be VERY sweet since it is a condiment to be served with meat. I particularly like these cherries with ham, but they would go well with any roast. —Mary Lea

SOUFFLE SALAD

1 10-oz. pkg. frozen sliced straw-berries, thawed
1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
1/4 tsp. salt
1 cup boiling water
2 Tbls. lemon juice
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
1/4 cup mayonnaise
1/4 cup chopped walnuts

Drain strawberries, reserving the syrup. Add enough water to the syrup to make 3/4 cup liquid. Dissolve gelatin and salt in boiling water. Stir in reserved syrup, lemon juice and strawberry flavoring. Beat in the mayonnaise. Chill until partially set and then whip the gelatin mixture until fluffy. Fold in the strawberries and nuts. Pour into a 4- to 5-cup mold. Chill until firm. Serves 6 to 8.

—Verlene

SCALLOPED CABBAGE & SAUSAGE

1 12-oz. pkg. pork sausage links
1 medium head of cabbage
3 tsp. flour
1 1/2 cups milk
1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese
Brown sausages slightly; drain and save 3 tablespoons drippings. Cut cabbage into 4 wedges and cook until tender; drain. Place cabbage and sausages in a greased casserole.

Add the flour and milk to the drippings; stir until thickened. Pour sauce over cabbage and sausages. Top with cheese. Bake 30 to 40 minutes at 350 degrees. —Dorothy

RHUBARB DESSERT**Crust**

1 cup flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt
2 Tbls. butter
2 Tbls. milk

Mix all above ingredients together; press into greased 9-inch square pan (bottom and sides).

3 cups diced rhubarb
1 pkg. red gelatin, dry
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup flour
1/3 cup butter

Spread rhubarb over crust. Sprinkle dry gelatin over the rhubarb. Mix together the sugar, 1/2 cup flour and 1/3 cup butter. Spread over top of all. Bake at 350 degrees until rhubarb is done.

—Hallie

TUNA CASHEW CASSEROLE

1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of chicken soup
1/4 cup water
1 6-oz. can chunk-style tuna, drained
1/4 cup cashew nuts, halves and pieces
1/4 cup diced celery
1/4 cup minced onion
1 4-oz. can mushrooms, drained and sliced (or drained stems and pieces)
1 3-oz. can chow mein noodles, reserve 1/2 cup

Combine all ingredients with the exception of the 1/2 cup of chow mein noodles. Put mixture in casserole, sprinkle 1/2 cup of noodles over top.

Bake in 325-degree oven for 25 to 30 minutes.

May use cream of mushroom soup instead of cream of chicken soup and mushrooms. —Dorothy

APPLE-CHEESE SQUARES

1 1/2 cups flour
1 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1/2 tsp. soda
3/4 cup margarine, softened

Mix these ingredients together until crumbly and set aside 1 1/2 cups of the mixture. The remaining crumb mixture is patted into an ungreased 9- by 13-inch pan.

6 slices American cheese
3 1/2 cups pared, sliced apples
3/4 cup sugar
1/2 cup chopped nuts

Place the cheese slices on top of the crumb mixture. Combine the apples and sugar and place on top of the cheese slices. Combine the chopped nuts with the reserved 1 1/2 cups crumb mixture and sprinkle over the apples. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes or until a deep golden brown. Cut into squares.

—Juliana

VEGETABLE PACKETS FOR THE GRILL

- 2 medium tomatoes, sliced 1/2 inch thick
- 2 medium onions, sliced thin
- 2 medium green peppers, cut in rings
- 12 mushrooms, sliced
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 8 teaspoons butter

Place a slice of tomato, onion, green pepper on a 9- by 12-inch piece of heavy-duty aluminum foil. Top each packet with mushrooms. Season with salt and pepper and 1 teaspoon of butter.

Close foil packets securely. Place on grill and cook over moderate heat until vegetables are done, approximately 15 to 20 minutes. —Hallie

SPECIAL SUMMER SALAD

- 2 cups shell macaroni, cooked
 - 2 cups cooked ham, cut into 1/2-inch pieces
 - 2 cups sharp Cheddar cheese, cut into 1/2-inch pieces
 - 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas, thawed (can cook if you like)
 - 3/4 cup (or more) dairy sour cream
 - 3/4 cup (or more) mayonnaise
 - 1/4 cup lemon juice
 - 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
 - 2 tsp. leaf tarragon or 1/2 tsp. dill weed
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 tsp. pepper
 - 1/2 tsp. liquid red pepper seasoning
- Combine cooked macaroni, cubed ham, cubed cheese and peas in a large bowl.

Combine sour cream, mayonnaise, lemon juice, Parmesan cheese, tarragon or dill weed, salt, pepper, and red-pepper seasoning. Stir to mix well. Pour over salad ingredients and blend. Cover. Refrigerate several hours or overnight.

Toss before serving. Use additional sour cream and mayonnaise if necessary. Garnish with black olives, stuffed olives, boiled egg wedges, or cherry tomatoes, if desired. —Hallie

BIG BATCH NUT COOKIES

- 2 cups vegetable shortening
- 2 cups powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. water
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups ground nuts
- 4 cups flour

Cream together the shortening, sugar, salt, water and flavorings. Stir in the ground nuts and blend in flour. Make into balls. Place on ungreased cookie sheet; flatten a little. Bake at 325 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes. While warm roll in powdered sugar. —Dorothy



SMOTHERED ARTICHOKE

- 1 fresh artichoke per person
- Juice of 2 fresh lemons

Cut bottom stems, pointed tops and sharp leaf points from artichokes. Soak the artichokes for 30 minutes in water which has had the lemon juice added. After soaking, drain and pry out the center core from artichoke trying not to break off any of the leaves. Stand artichokes upright in a deep, covered casserole.

Prepare the following: (Recipe is for 1 artichoke—increase recipe for the number of artichokes you plan to make.)

- 1 shallot, finely minced (or green onion)
- 1 small onion, thinly sliced
- 1 Tbls. olive oil
- 1 medium fresh tomato, peeled, seeded and coarsely chopped
- 1 Tbls. chopped fresh parsley
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- Freshly ground black pepper
- Chopped fresh basil and oregano

Combine the shallot, small onion, olive oil, tomato, parsley, salt and pepper. Pour into the center and between leaves of artichokes. Add remaining sauce to casserole. Pour enough water into casserole to cover bottom third of artichokes. Bring to boiling, reduce heat. Cover and simmer for about 30 minutes, or until artichokes are tender. (They should not be cooked until mushy.) Garnish with the chopped fresh basil and oregano. Serve hot or at room temperature.

—Robin

KITCHEN SINK BARS

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup butter, softened
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 cups all-purpose flour (I use part whole-wheat)
- 1 12-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup peanuts
- 1/3 cup peanut butter

Heat oven to 350 degrees. Mix sugar, butter, molasses, egg yolk, and flavorings in a large bowl. Stir in the flour and 1 cup of the chocolate chips. Press this dough into an ungreased 13- by 9- by 2-inch pan. Bake until golden brown, about 25 to 35 minutes.

Mix together remaining chocolate chips, the raisins, peanuts and peanut butter in a 2-quart saucepan. Heat over medium-low heat, stirring constantly, until chocolate chips are melted. Spread over baked crust in pan. Refrigerate at least 2 hours. These are somewhat hard to cut, but delicious. —Mary Lea

GINGER PEACH CHICKEN

(Pressure-cooker Recipe)

- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 3 lbs. chicken pieces
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. ground ginger
- 2 tsp. soy sauce
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter peach flavoring
- 1 29-oz. can peach halves
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 cup water

Melt the shortening in the pressure cooker; add the chicken and brown on all sides.

Combine salt, pepper, ginger, soy sauce and the peach flavoring. Drain the peaches and add the syrup to the sauce mixture. Mix well and pour over the chicken; bring cooker up to 15 lbs. pressure. Cook ten minutes. Cool at once.

Place the chicken on a platter. Combine the cornstarch and the water. Stir into the liquid in the cooker. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add the peach halves and heat through. Spoon over the chicken and serve.

—Juliana

BANANA MARSHMALLOW SALAD

- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 cup half-and-half or evaporated milk
- 1 lb. marshmallows
- 10 to 12 bananas, sliced
- 1 cup peanuts, crushed

Cook the flour, sugar, eggs, vinegar and half-and-half or evaporated milk until thick, stirring constantly. Pour hot dressing over marshmallows; stir until melted. Let cool.

Add the sliced bananas. Top with crushed peanuts.

This is a large recipe and could be divided. —Hallie

ZUCCHINI-NUT MUFFINS

- 1 cup shredded zucchini
- 2 eggs
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
- 1/2 cup oil
- 1/2 cup walnuts
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup flour
- 3/4 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. baking powder

After shredding zucchini, put it in the food processor with work blade. Add eggs, flavorings, oil, and walnuts. Pulse until mixed. Sift dry ingredients together and add a little at a time. Process until barely mixed. Bake for 18 minutes at 400 degrees. —Juliana

HAM AND RICE CASSEROLE

- 2 cups diced cooked ham
- 2 cups cooked rice
- 1 4-oz. can water chestnuts, drained and chopped
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
- 1 1/2 cups chopped celery
- 4 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 1 10 3/4-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 10 3/4-oz. can cream of celery soup
- 1/4 cup finely chopped onion
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 1 cup grated cheese

In a large bowl, combine the ham, rice, water chestnuts, mushroom stems and pieces, celery and eggs. Set aside.

Combine soups, onion, mayonnaise, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Stir in the ham mixture. Spoon into a buttered 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Refrigerate for several hours or overnight.

Bake, uncovered, at 350 degrees for 1 1/4 hours. Remove from oven, top with grated cheese; bake, uncovered, 15 additional minutes.

This may be divided and spooned into two 8-inch square baking pans. One casserole may be frozen to bake and serve at a later date. —Dorothy

**THE FAMOUS LEMON CAKE**

- 3/4 cup butter
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 8 egg yolks
- 2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 Tbls. grated lemon rind
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- Powdered sugar

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat egg yolks in separate bowl until light yellow. Blend yolks into creamed butter mixture; mix well.

Sift cake flour, baking powder and salt together; resift three times for a much better texture.

Add one third of the sifted ingredients at a time alternately with the milk, beating thoroughly after each addition. Beat well. Add the flavorings, lemon rind and lemon juice and beat 2 minutes more. Pour into a greased and floured 10-cup bundt pan. Bake for 1 hour. Cool slightly; remove from pan and dust lightly with powdered sugar. —Robin

SHERBET DESSERT**Crust**

- 40 crackers (such as Tuc, Ritz, or Club), crushed
 - 1/2 cup margarine, melted
- Combine crackers and margarine. Save some of the cracker mixture to sprinkle over top. Press remaining cracker mixture into a 9- by 13-inch baking dish or pan. Bake 12 to 15 minutes at 300 degrees. Cool.

Filling

- 1/2 gal. sherbet (any flavor), softened
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter flavoring (use same flavor as sherbet)
 - 9 to 12 ozs. whipped topping, thawed
- Mix sherbet, flavoring and whipped topping together well. Pour over cooled crust. Sprinkle reserved cracker mixture over top. Cover and freeze. This dessert can be made ahead of time. —Hallie

SPICED ICED COFFEE

- 1 whole cinnamon stick
 - 3 whole cloves
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter chocolate flavoring
 - Sugar and cream to taste
 - 8 cups strong hot coffee
- Stir spices, flavorings, sugar and cream into coffee. Allow to cool. Refrigerate. Place ice cubes in glasses. Strain coffee over ice and serve. —Robin

MEATBALLS WITH SWEET CORN**Meatballs**

- 1 lb. ground pork
 - 1 Tbls. chopped leeks (or green onions)
 - 1/2 tsp. crushed ginger (or powdered ginger)
 - 1/2 tsp. grated garlic
 - 1 egg
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1 Tbls. soy sauce
 - 1 tsp. sesame oil
 - 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- Mix all above ingredients together in a bowl. Form into 1-inch meatballs. Heat a small amount of oil. Brown meatballs in hot oil; drain.

Sauce

- 1 1/2 cups canned sweet corn
 - 1 cup chicken broth
 - 2 tsp. cornstarch
 - 2 Tbls. water
- Mix corn and broth together; heat and bring to a boil. Combine cornstarch and water; stir until smooth. Add cornstarch mixture to corn and broth mixture, stirring constantly. Bring to a boil and stir in meatballs. Heat. Serve in bowls. —Juliana

STRAWBERRY PIE**Crust**

- 1 cup biscuit mix
 - 1/4 cup butter or margarine
 - 3 Tbls. boiling water
- In a small bowl, blend the crust ingredients together until the mixture forms a small ball. Press into a pie pan. Bake at 450 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes. Watch closely, this will brown quickly. Cool.

Filling

- 32 large marshmallows
 - 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple (juice and all)
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
 - 1 1/2 cups whipping cream
 - 2 cups strawberries, sliced
- In a saucepan heat marshmallows, pineapple and juice, and the flavoring until marshmallows are melted. Chill until partially set.

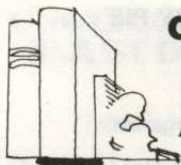
Whip cream; fold in the strawberries and the cool marshmallow mixture. Spoon into crust. Chill. Garnish with strawberries, if desired. —Dorothy

OATMEAL CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 1 3/4 cups boiling water
 - 1 cup raw quick-cooking rolled oats
 - 1 cup brown sugar, lightly packed
 - 1 cup white sugar
 - 1/2 cup margarine
 - 2 large (or 3 medium) eggs, beaten
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter chocolate flavoring
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - 1 3/4 cups flour
 - 1 tsp. soda
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1 Tbls. cocoa
 - 1 cup chocolate bits
 - 3/4 cup nuts
- Pour water over rolled oats; set aside for 10 minutes. Add sugars and margarine, stir until margarine melts. Add beaten eggs, flavorings; mix well. Sift the dry ingredients together and stir in; add chocolate bits and nuts. Pour into a 9- by 13-inch greased and floured pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 40 minutes.

Frosting

- 6 Tbls. butter or margarine
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1/4 cup evaporated milk
 - 1 cup coconut
 - 1 cup chopped nuts
- Combine butter or margarine, sugar, flavoring and milk; cook about 5 minutes. Stir in coconut and chopped nuts. Spread on cooled cake. —Dorothy



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Many readers are familiar with Mary Ellen Pinkham's books on helpful hints. She has a great sense of humor and says she collects hints because they don't have to be dusted. Awhile ago she decided to pay more attention to maintaining her body. She writes that she put down her cake fork, put on her walking shoes, and lost seventy pounds. Then she put together her latest easy-to-follow common-sense hints called *How to Become a Healthier, Prettier You* (Doubleday and Co., 501 Franklin Ave., Garden City, New York 11530, \$5.95). The contents of the book relate to helpful ideas on nutrition, dieting, exercise, beauty, and health.

To give you an idea of Mary Ellen Pinkham's hints, regarding *nutrition* she writes yogurt could be used rather than sour cream for low-cholesterol cooking. On *dieting*, she says to remember the rule of thumb, food which is thin, watery or fibrous and coarse is lower in calories. And the opposite, if it's thick, oily, gooey, and sweet—it's calorie rich.

In the next part of her book, she reminds us, if we're *exercising* regularly, we're observing one of the seven habits that the healthiest people keep. The others are: sleeping seven to eight hours each night, eating breakfast, not eating between meals, maintaining proper weight, drinking moderately or not at all, and not smoking. Regarding *beauty*, she writes Vitamin A-rich foods such as carrots and spinach help keep your complexion healthy and glowing. For overall *health*, Mary Ellen Pinkham says a hearty laugh gives a workout to the stomach and chest muscles, heart and lungs. Your blood pressure and adrenaline go up during laughter, then drop down to normal or below afterward, releasing stress.

How to Become a Healthier, Prettier You is a fine collection of helpful hints. The author believes many of them will make a difference in your life regarding health and beauty. I agree. There are 171 pages filled with ideas for you. Check your bookstore for it.

There seems to be a return nowadays to wearing hats. As we know, little ones look especially cute with a frilly bonnet. A picture book for children ages 4-8 is *Jennie's Hat* (Harper Trophy Book, JP072, 10 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022, \$4.95) by well-known author Ezra Jack Keats. When Jennie's favorite aunt promised to send her a hat as a present, she had visions of a big, flowery hat. When it came, a plain hat with a ribbon, Jennie was really disappointed. Jennie loved to feed crumbs to the birds in the

park. How the birds made Jennie's hat into something truly special is the story. This is a book of joy, a little girl helping her feathered friends, and something nice that happens to her.

Sarah, Plain and Tall (Harper & Row Jr. Books, 10 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y., \$8.95) by Patricia MacLachlan is a book for the 8-10 age group. When Caleb and Anna's mother died, there was no more singing in the house. Finally, Papa placed an ad in the newspaper for a mail-order wife. Sarah Elizabeth Wheaton, from Maine, answered the ad, writing among other things, "I will come by train. I will wear a yellow bonnet. I am plain and tall." (She decided to come for a month to see how it was.) At the bottom of the letter she had written, "Tell them I sing."

Sarah came in the spring with her cat, Seal, and some beautiful shells from the sea. She dried flowers, made stew, and taught Caleb and Anna the song, "Summer is Icumen In." But she missed the sea. When she took the wagon to town alone, they were afraid she wouldn't return. What happened tells much about happiness and hope (and a wedding) and what it is that makes a family. A thoughtful story involving caring family life, *Sarah, Plain and Tall* is based on a true event in Patricia MacLachlan's family history.

LITTLE PHRASES

Silly little phrases, how did they start?
Yes, some are silly, some from the heart.
Sweet as sugar, cute as pie
You are truly, the apple of my eye!
Cute as a button, dry as a bone
Nothing is so good as—"Home Sweet Home."

Sing for your supper, dance a jig
Thin as a rail, or fat as a pig!
Green as grass, yellow the sun
Black as the night, run rabbit run;
Pink as a peach, blue as the sky
Silly little phrases
Make me wonder why!

—Janis J. Lingenfelter

LOVE

by Karen R. Heffner

Love is patient and kind. Remembering its own lack of perfection, love tolerates with gentleness the shortcomings of others. Love sees beyond the snappish word or gloomy countenance to the burden another is carrying, and compassion, rather than condemnation is its response.

Love is not jealous or rude, boastful or arrogant. It does not take for granted the small courtesies shown by strangers, nor the year-in-and-year-out faithfulness of a spouse. Love's tongue does not taste the acrid tartness of sour grapes when hearing of another's accomplishments or good fortune, nor does love rationalize its own failures. Love refrains from taking center stage in every conversation and does not ignore the ill-at-ease guest who sits alone.

Love believes the best about people and situations and avoids the unlovely habit of gossip. Love is courageous, preferring to risk rebuff than to not extend itself at all. When disappointed, love bears its regret with calmness and grace. Love recognizes injustice and seeks its redress, not for the sake of personal gain or glory, but because it shares another's suffering.

Love hopes—for the restoration of a broken relationship, for the future of children, for the sunshine after the night of sorrow. And, when to hope is hard, love recalls the goodnesses of the past.

Love endures the fatigue of caring for an ill or aged loved one and the heartache over the waywardness of a beloved child. In the midst of buffeting by doubt and fear, love lightens the load and quickens the step.

Love is not a shallow expression of flattery, or of superficial affection. Thinking more highly of others than of itself, love holds out willing hands in unselfish service. Love finds roots in thankfulness, gives meaning to existence, and brings victory in living.

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THOUGHTFULNESS IS AN ART

by
Lillian Thiemann

Have you ever considered thoughtfulness an art? Well, it is. It is the rarest gift one can give a spouse, a relative, a friend, or even a stranger. Thoughtfulness is the careful consideration of others, doing unto them as you like them to do unto you. Thoughtfulness is truly an art and must be cultivated and worked at in the beginning. Later it should become such a part of you that the acts are done without special thought. Thoughtfulness is composed of little things such as not urging your guests to try your mile-high chiffon pie when you know they are on diets. You can offer, but don't urge. And do respect your guests' decisions.

Thoughtfulness is writing a thank you letter promptly and expressing your thanks for the gift someone has selected especially for you. The art of thoughtfulness is more. It is writing a letter of appreciation at a later date. An example would be a letter to Uncle Lee saying, "That book you gave me last Christmas is going to be a great addition to my permanent library. I have read it completely through twice and at times I pick it up and read a few paragraphs from it."

Thoughtfulness is also writing a letter after many years to a former teacher saying, "When my junior year came and I had to take history, I moaned. I thought of history as dull facts and lots of dates to memorize. From the first day in your class, history became alive. That was the first time I had ever realized all of us have a part in history." Imagine what that kind of a note could mean to one of your former teachers. Thoughtfulness is remembering.

Thoughtfulness is not dropping in on friends and acquaintances without calling and requesting permission. Even elderly Mrs. Smith who never goes anywhere and is such a lonely woman will appreciate a call that says, "I have just taken some cookies out of the oven. If you feel up to it, put the coffeepot on and

I'll bring some of my cookies over to you." Many older people who always used to insist on coffee and a cookie when you came feel embarrassed when you just drop in and they don't have any homemade cookies simply because they are not well enough to bake them. So give them a ring and see if they aren't just elated when you suggest bringing some of yours.

Thoughtfulness is not going to the hospital to see a very ill friend, but sending brief notes daily and then making frequent visits when the friend is home again. The hospital stays are so short these days that most people are too ill or too uncomfortable after surgery to enjoy visitors.

Thoughtfulness is taking an elderly person you know for a ride around town doing a few errands that he or she cannot get done any other way. Then take your friend out for a treat before the return trip home.

Thoughtfulness is taking a huge bouquet of lilacs to the woman who lived on the property before you and saying, "I know you must have loved the lilacs and miss them." It is taking a small basket of apples to the old man who set out the apple trees whose bounty you so enjoy. It is bringing someone who lives in a home for the aged out for a day on the farm to

see the new calves and pigs and little kittens he misses so much.

Thoughtfulness is a note written from the heart to a friend who has lost a loved one through death. Words seem so inadequate at such a time, but your words may be just the ones that are needed. It is also being willing to listen as a flood of memories pour from the bereaved. Thoughtfulness is also sharing the joyous occasions. Rejoice with those who are celebrating!

Thoughtfulness is seeing a need and filling it. It is expressing your appreciation for the things others have done for you. The art of thoughtfulness is considering others first and not hesitating to do or say the needed thing.

Thoughtfulness is indeed an art that we all need to cultivate!

A FRIEND

When the night was dark,
You made it shine.
When the day was dark,
You made it smile.

When the world was cold,
You made it warm.
And when it needed love,
You gave that, too.

—Annette Lingelbach

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A C E N A B L O E A A
R O R A N G E N R R E
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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

June is the month when all annuals should be planted outdoors. Give seedling transplants a good soaking of a weak soluble fertilizer such as 10-10-10, and if the sun is hot, invert a flowerpot over each plant for a couple of days. This will get them off to a good start, and they will reward you with earlier bloom. If you planted your annual flowers directly where they are to bloom, thin the seedlings so that the remaining plants have room to develop to their full capacity. Before we had the greenhouse, all our annuals were seeded where the plants were to bloom. Of course, the seedlings came up much too crowded, but I couldn't bear to pull any out. The plants remained weak and spindly and the flowers small. My husband came to the rescue. "If I planted corn that thickly, I'd harvest only half a crop. Pull out the excess plants and you'll have a much better garden," he insisted. After that, I removed the extra plants often on a moist cool day when they could be planted elsewhere in the flower beds.

As soon as iris, peonies and other spring flowering plants have finished blooming, cut off the faded blooms and any seedpods that have formed. Do not cut back the foliage, as it is essential for the plants to manufacture food for next season's flowers. Seeds of perennials and biennials can be sown now in specially prepared beds and located where you can check moisture daily. Their seeds are slow to germinate, and a canopy of clear plastic over the site will help keep in moisture. Old burlap bags laid over the surface will do the job too, but remove them as soon as seedlings start to appear.

Fertilize your roses after their first crop of blooms. We use two methods of feeding our 250 floribundas, grandifloras and hybrid tea roses. Three years ago if someone had told me I would be caring for so many roses, I'd have declared it impossible. But it hasn't been that big a job at all! When the mulch is removed in April, the roses are pruned and fed by spreading an all-purpose granular plant food (15-15-15) around the base of each plant. This is worked into the soil very lightly so as not to disturb feeder roots that hover near the surface.

After the first flush of bloom and the roses have been mulched with lawn clippings, we give each bush a shower bath using tomato food. The liquid nourishment is applied once in late June and once in late July. The roses are not fed again.

WORN-OUTS GET NEW LIVES

by Evelyn Witter

There is a second life for so many things! These days everyone is looking for ways to stretch the dollar.

One of the most obvious ways is to take an item that has outlived its purpose in one area and use it in a totally new way. Here are some recycling tips.

Turn cans into cannisters. Plenty of cans come with replaceable plastic tops that make them ideal food storage containers. Wash out the can and the container is ideal for storing nails, screws, tacks and other household items.

Old socks are great travel companions in a suitcase. The next time you travel, slip one sock over every shoe as a way to protect shoes and clothing.

We are familiar with those long, wooly tube leg warmers. Do the same thing with old wool socks. Cut off the foot and you will have an arm warmer. Push them up into the sleeve of your jacket for extra insulation from the cold.

Line winter shoes with carpet. A small carpet scrap makes a great, cold weather insulator. Trace your feet on a piece of paper to make a pattern. Then cut out the carpet to fit. Place in rubber boots or other winter shoes that could use a little help with the cold.

As the cost of meats keep rising, chicken becomes more popular. And, that means more leftover wishbones. Dry them. Paint them and add a little glitter. Tie the colorful wishbones to gift packages. The recipients will not only have a nice gift, but a lucky wish, too!

At today's prices, it is hard to justify ever getting rid of an old blanket, no

matter what condition it is in. If the binding is bad, make it look like new with a new edging. If it's more serious than that, cut the blanket down, rebind it and make a shawl or lap robe. If it's in poor condition make it into a dog blanket or an emergency blanket for the car.

Make your own drawer organizer. You can organize a drawer beautifully with leftover boxes. Cut down one box to fit the drawer. Then fill it with smaller boxes and glue them into place. Now use the organizer to catch all those items that have a tendency to get lost in any drawer.

When mailing something that should not be bent, put cardboard into the envelope. Or, tape the envelope to the cardboard and use it as the addressing label. This is a great way to recycle a used manilla envelope.

BREAKFAST WITH THE ONE I LOVE

Breakfast with the one I love begins my every day.
Sometimes, it's a quiet affair,
but other times, quite gay.
He puts the coffee on to perk
while I am making toast,
And we enjoy our breakfast,
Forgive me if I boast.
Small bits of conversation
are sprinkled, here and there,
And music from the radio,
floats lightly, on the air.
We have two cups of coffee,
and sometimes, even three,
And if the time's not running short
we sip them happily.
Breakfast with the one I love
begins my every day.
And the sweetest thing I know of
is to start it off, this way. —Jo Burford

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FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded
box? How times have changed. The other day, I told a young Girl Scout that I would take one box of each kind of cookie and was promptly sold SEVEN DIFFERENT KINDS! Of course, they all are good, but I really am going to have a problem using such a variety, particularly since we like to bake our own cookies. We think the Girl Scouts hit upon a bright idea when they set up cookie booths in the big shopping malls, booths manned by the girls and their leaders.

All of this cookie talk is leading up to my telling you about a wild, wild nightmare I had a few nights ago. It was so bad that I woke up screaming! I dreamed I was driving a car through the state of Tennessee when suddenly a mountain of Girl Scout cookies was rolling down the road toward me. A giant wave of cookies swept everything before it, covering my car. I awoke just as the car with me in it was being crushed to pieces by tons of cookies! What a crazy dream! Had I fallen out of bed in a state of hysteria and been hurt, I wonder if I could have sued the Girl Scouts for damages? At least I might have been given a sample box of each of their seven different kinds of cookies.

Sincerely,

Frederick

A MEMORY OF MY FATHER

I've traveled on trains and buses,
Seen the sights from a motor car;
I've flown the starry heavens
Above a country spreading far.

But no matter where trips take me,
Or who is by my side,
My thoughts so often wander
Back to childhood rides.

I've never felt so happy,
Or so safe from every harm,
As when I rode on Papa's shoulder
And saw the world from Papa's arm.

—Marjorie Ve Dawson

SHAME ON US!

We grumble because the pot roast is tough,
The gravy tastes flat—not salted enough;
Potatoes are scarce—the prices too high
And we wonder sometimes how we'll get by;

While in our fair land and over the sea
Many are as hungry as they can be;
It's been much too long since they've been able

To have good food on their dinner table;
And yet, they aren't grumblers, grippers
and such—

Shame on us Christians—complaining
so much!
—Roy J. Wilkins



Lily Walstad, daughter of Alison and Mike Walstad, and Stephen DiCicco, son of Emily and Rich DiCicco, enjoyed being a part of Katharine and Don Miller's wedding. Lily and Stephen waited patiently with Emily DiCicco.

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded
friendship. I had read in the paper that her husband assumed his new post at the military academy, but I had no idea he had such a lovely Iowa-grown girl for a wife, and she and I would have so many family friends in common.

As I drove around the lake in my auto this morning, I looked across the lake and considered the story I had heard at one of the Hawks Inn Historical Society meetings this winter about the group of men who surveyed the territory for the Federal government before 1836. The people in Washington, D.C., had no idea where the lakes were in this area. The surveying was done as much as possible in the winter so the men could walk the chains used for measuring across the frozen surface of the water. Without down-filled sleeping equipment, I wonder how they managed to stay alive during the weeks required for such work! More next month.

Sincerely,
Mary Beth

THE LAST LAUGH

My neighbor views his garden
As a special, sacred trust;
He sprinkles, rakes, hoes and weeds..
Does everything but dust!
And when the urge to tend my own
Is not behooving me,
He looks my way and shakes his head
Somewhat reprovingly.

I watch him from my hammock
While I'm lazing in the shade;
I smile at his persistence
As I sip my lemonade.
But in the fall, it's my neighbor's turn..
He laughs at my misdeeds,
For his harvest is quite bountiful,
And I have a bumper crop of weeds!

—Berniece B. Phillips

HINTS FROM THE



When the fingers in one of your garden gloves have worn through, wash them and turn the gloves wrong side out. The holes are still there but on the hand that you do not use so often.

On a windy day, secure stockings, scarves, belts, etc., to the line and then hang a pair of pants or a T-shirt in the same place. Dropped down inside a pant leg or shirt, the longer items dry perfectly and do not tangle as they normally would.
—L.H., Pilot Mound, Ia.

Mash bananas before adding them to gelatin and they will not discolor.

When baking stuffed peppers, use muffin tins. The peppers will keep their shape beautifully.

—Mrs. L.R., Camanche, Ia.

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THERE IS ALWAYS A WAY

by
Martha E. Shiuvers

That June day awakened with the fragrance of lilac, mock orange, and the aroma of newly mown hay in the air. As the Wood family members slid into their places around the oblong table on the screened-in porch, Momma, Skeeter and I carried plates of bacon, eggs, hot biscuits, cherry jam and hot oatmeal from the kitchen. Momma poured hot coffee into Daddy's cup and patted his black wavy hair. After filling her cup, she sat on the bench near Little Sister who had curled her feet up under her nightie. We girls filled the glasses with milk, then found our regular places at the table.

"Jim and Mike, I want you fellas to plow that south field of corn today. Be sure you curry and brush the horses before harnessing them." Daddy organized the day's work at the breakfast table; almost every day he did that. "Fred, the girls and Bruce will need your help picking the cherries for Mother to can."

"Aw, Daddy, I don't want to be with them dumb girls. Can't I work in the cornfield, now?"

"You know, Fred," Daddy held a part of the buttered biscuit in his hand, poised, ready to pop into his mouth, "it really takes a strong person to set those ladders when needed, and you'll need them to get the nicest fruit in the tops of those trees. You are just right for that job." After a few bites, Daddy continued, "I'm going to take the pony and work in the truck patch; it's time to get the late potatoes in the ground. Mary, are they cut and ready for me to plant?"

"I'm gonna help Daddy; I'm gonna help Daddy," cried out Amy who tagged after her father much of the time.

"No, Amy. Your job is to take care of Baby Sister..."

"But, I don't want to." The pout usually won Daddy over, but not this time.

"Amy!" Whenever Daddy spoke in that tone of voice we listened, with respect!

Each of us took a different cherry tree. With a small bucket on an arm and digging bare feet into the bark of the wood, we climbed to the height where we could reach the plump, red fruit. I didn't go as high as Fred and Skeeter....I wasn't that brave. The branches bent as they reached out grasping the fruit and they laughed as they called to each other. Bruce attached himself to some low branches.

Fred started teasing; he always teased us girls whenever we were out of the folks' sight and hearing. "You think you are so smart," he called to me. "Bet you can't spell 'arithmetic'."

As the big, juicy fruit fell into my

bucket I called back, "I never said I was smart, but I don't call people dumb, either. A-r-i-t-h-m-e-t-i-c, so there!"

"That's just school stuff. Ben Jones taught me a better way—A-R-I-C-H-I-R-M-A-N-T-H-O-U-G-H-T-H-E-M-I-G-H-T-E-A-T-T-O-A-D-S-I-N-C-R-E-A-M."

Skeeter laughed. "Now, who is dumb? How can that silly thing spell 'arithmetic'?"

Fred braced himself in the fork of the tree, threw up his hands with the palms reaching toward the sky. "Easy. Just use the first letter of each word and you have it. Ha ha ha!"

"You're not so smart. I've got my bucket full before you did," and with that remark Skeeter slid backwards down the tree and skipped to the house.

"Tillie," Momma said...she never used a nickname for us, always our proper name, "I need more fuel for the stove. Be a good girl and get a basketful of cobs down at the barn, please."

Swinging the basket against her hips my sister moved slowly toward the barnyard. As she started to fill the basket with the dried cobs, she heard weird sounds coming from the nearby shed. She peeped around the corner of the shed, started in, then in horror ran to the house with little puffs of dust flying from her bare feet.

"Momma! Momma!" she screamed, "One of the sows is dyin'! I heard this terrible noise and started in the shed, an' Momma, she was makin' an awful noise, an' there's something bad wrong with her!"

Momma dropped the apron she had been using to wipe the sweat from her face, and gasped. "Tillie! Your father has told you girls to never go near those sheds this time of the year! You listen to me, do you hear?"

The frightened girl nodded.

"Go back to the trees and tell Fred to come get the fuel. Now, scoot!"

Fred was glad to get out of the cherry tree. He swaggered to the barnyard, swinging his arms like he was a big important man. He filled the basket with cobs and then put little pieces of wood on top, after which he went to the pig shed. After placing the fuel close to the black cookstove in the kitchen, Fred smiled at Momma saying, "The baby pigs are comin'."

Momma smiled.

Back in the cherry tree Fred returned to picking the fruit and called out into the sky, not even looking at anyone, "I'm sure glad I'm a boy and know more things and don't get scared like dumb girls."

Bruce, on a lower limb in another tree chirped, "Me, too!"

Momma needed help seeding the cherries, washing jars and getting the noon meal, but we knew the birds were swooping down and taking the choicest fruits so we worked as fast as we could.

The morning hours slipped away and by noon some of the trees were over half picked. I went in early to help Momma in the kitchen.

Daddy looked around the dinner table, and asked, "Where's Amy, Honey?"

"I dunno."

"I saw her playing with Little Sister in the orchard this morning," Bruce volunteered.

"I hope she gets lost," Fred mumbled, almost in a whisper, but I heard him just the same. "She bothers me."

"When I came in to help with dinner she was walking to the work shop," I said.

Daddy dropped his fork on the plate. "You folks go ahead and eat. I think I know where I can find her."

Daddy walked back through the early garden, through the clover field and to the area where he had been planting the cucumbers, late green beans, squash, cantaloupe, watermelons, and rows and rows of potatoes. That food would be put up for winter use when it was ripe and gathered in from the truck patch.

Even before he reached the truck patch, Daddy saw the swish of Amy's hair, and heard the child's voice in song. A small bucket was being dragged through the dirt and the precious potato eyes were being strewn over the ground.

"Amy!" Daddy's sharp voice called out to the disobedient child.

"See, Daddy," Amy called out happily, showing her empty bucket. "See, I told you I could help you plant the garden!"

HOME REMEDIES FOR THE GARDEN

For the gardener, hungry rabbits can sometimes be a problem.

One home remedy is to edge the vegetable or flower garden with the gray-leaved dusty miller, that may drive the bunny away. Or, in a sprayer dilute with water, 1-20, the following recipe: 3 to 4 ounces chopped garlic soaked in 2 tablespoons mineral oil for two days and then add to 1 pint water with 1 teaspoon fish emulsion.

Gophers, who especially relish flowers, travel in tunnels 4 inches below the ground. A "wall" of aviary wire around your garden, or a living fence of daffodils or bell peppers, sometimes helps. Gophers seem to dislike both. Since they cannot swim, their tunnels can be flooded with a hose and they are forced to move out.

For another remedy, mix 2 ounces castor oil with 1 ounce liquid detergent. Add equal water and blend. Fill a 2-quart sprinkling can with warm water, and add 2 tablespoons of the mix. Stir, and sprinkle on gopher mounds or in tunnels.

Happy gardening!

—Marjorie Lundell

I FEEL GOOD ABOUT VOLUNTEERING

Volunteering might be called a national pastime—so many of us are doing it—and enjoying it. Our services are in great demand in hospitals, nursing homes, centers for the aging and handicapped, etc. Many of these institutions are actually begging for volunteers.

My first experience in volunteer work was in a local hospital many years ago after the death of my mother. I was still working at an office job five days a week but needed something to fill those lonely hours after work and on weekends.

I volunteered and was accepted for Gray Lady Work, as it was called in that particular hospital. After attending an early church service, I began working 4 to 5 hours on Sunday. The work was very interesting and rewarding from the beginning. Helping others was excellent therapy for myself.

There are a variety of areas that need volunteers. In many instances a volunteer can select the hours, and the kind of service he or she prefers.

Volunteers are usually happy people—happy because they are freely giving of their time and energy to help others.

—Erma Fajen MacFarlane

Those who say you can't take it with you never saw our car packed for a vacation trip.

KITCHEN-KLATTER

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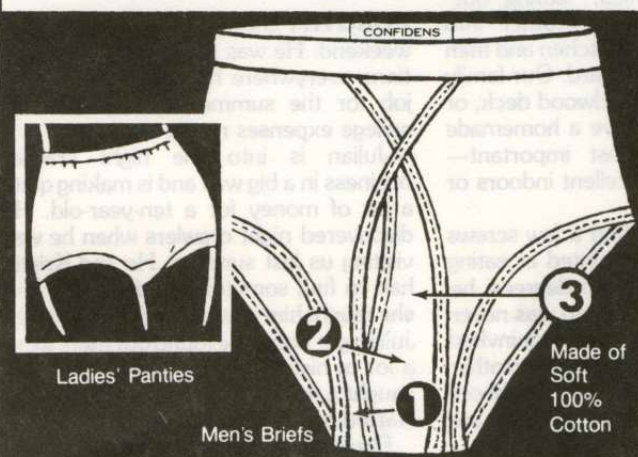
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"EATING OUT"

by
Jacqueline Ritter

"Let's eat out tonight" has a far different meaning today than it did 30 to 40 years ago. Today, the suggestion usually refers to eating in a restaurant, and a cookout means cooking something on a grill on a patio surrounded by TV, radio or stereo music blaring nearby.

When we were kids, "eating out" meant we had conned Mother into cooking the food in the kitchen and then carrying it to our back yard. Our family didn't have a patio, a redwood deck, or even a grill, but did have a homemade picnic table. And most important—Mother's food was excellent indoors or out.

Daddy thought we had a few screws missing when we even hinted at eating outside. If it was under 80 degrees, he thought it was cold, and Dad was never really thrilled with the usual uninvited guests such as ants, June bugs and other insects. To him having the neighbors watching out the windows while we ate was less than exciting.

But, early each spring Mother would give in and fix a picnic supper that signaled summer was right around the corner. Daddy always ate with us, usually in a heavy winter coat when it was freezing outside, while the rest of us loved it. It's been so long ago that most of the foods remain a blank but it was taken for granted that Mother would fix our favorites. All of us liked salmon croquettes, potato salad, red gelatin with chunks of fresh fruits and loaded with sliced bananas. Lemonade was made with fresh lemons. Another time she'd make iced tea. This was one time when we children were allowed to chip chunks of ice from the 100-pound chunk delivered that day. Usually ice was just used to keep foods from spoiling.

In due time there were radishes, new potatoes and peas, sliced tomatoes and all the fruits and vegetables we had missed all winter. About July came the real treat. Fryers were big enough to eat and we devoured heaping platters of mouth-watering fried chicken.

On certain special days such as the 4th of July, Labor Day, the Cosby picnic or the Helena park opening, our family ate at a park. Aunts, uncles and cousins we saw only once or twice a year came, too, and all of us had a family picnic.

Someone always brought a chocolate cake, made from scratch, and if it was late in the summer, we had a watermelon. But, the real treat to me was the cola that was so cold your arms ached from digging it out from the bottom of a huge tub with cakes of ice to keep it cold. There was also root beer and plenty of orange, grape, or strawberry pop for those who preferred it. We never had

soft drinks in the ice box at home.

Today the same foods and drinks are available year round. Those not in season at any given time are shipped in.

What a pity! By eating our favorite foods every week or in some cases every day, we've lost the joy of anticipation we knew when we occasionally ate out.

**DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded**

weekend. He was filling out job applications everywhere hoping to get a good job for the summer to help with his college expenses next year.

Julian is into the night crawler business in a big way and is making quite a bit of money for a ten-year-old. He discovered night crawlers when he was visiting us last summer. He and Kristin had to find something to fish with, and she taught him how to catch them. When Julian got home, he found out there were a lot of night crawlers in their yard. He caught a few to sell, and this year he has started a real business.

Elizabeth is happy it is warm enough for Kristin to take her riding on the bike. She has a little seat on the back and loves to go biking with her mother. She loves to be outdoors.

Art is well but had worked awfully long hours at the hospital so was glad the weekend had finally arrived. When Art is home, he always finds something that has to be done around the house.

It looks now as if Kristin plans to make her trip back to Iowa about the middle of June, and we will be anxiously counting the days.

Frank has come in for a cup of coffee and a dish of ice cream, so I will go see what news he has to report. Until next month....

Sincerely,

Dorothy

FAR PASTURE

Childhood knew a beautiful spot we poetically called the Far Pasture to which often our bare little feet took us quickly for dreamy vacation, to pat all the horses and cows and be happy playing in sunshine beside the wild flowers and trees.

Years later a sister was ill and apparently lived in two worlds and in lucid moments reported, like one with uncertainty gone, she had followed the urges of youth and had traveled alone unafraid, and discovered that death only means to enter another Far Pasture.

—William Walter DeBolt

JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

were up and ready to photograph the sunrise. Alas! During the night a huge storm system had moved into the area and the sky was completely covered with heavy, grey clouds. We were wide awake and no one wanted to try to go back to sleep so we piled into my pickup and drove west of the Ghost Ranch on a two-rut dirt road that had caught my eye on the way into the ranch. What a road! It wasn't scary, just dramatically beautiful as shafts of sun would peek through the cloud cover. We wound our way down to the Chama River which was running bank full with snow melt from the mountains. (I made a mental note to bring Jed there to try our luck fishing.)

Breakfast was served at 7:30 A.M. and our group made sure we were there the minute the line opened. All of us felt like it should be about noon....at least that is what our stomachs told us. Picture taking didn't look promising, because the clouds let loose during breakfast, and the rain fell in torrents. In spite of the weather, we were all in agreement it had been a successful weekend. We are planning to get together to compare pictures, but I'll have to report on that, next month.

Until then,

Juliana

NAME THE BIRD

by
Norma Tisher

1. Which bird is seldom seen but often heard at nightfall or just before dawn?
 2. What bird rhymes with love and is a symbol of peace?
 3. Which bird has a hard bill used to drill bark or wood of trees?
 4. Which bird is an excellent mimic?
 5. Which bird is noted for its small size of most species?
 6. Which bird has a large head and eyes, and can be heard hooting in the evening?
 7. Which bird is fowl-like but also brightly-colored game for hunters?
 8. Which bird is remarkable for its exact imitations of notes of other birds?
 9. What swift-footed bird often weighs over three hundred pounds?
 10. What wading bird is mythically related to the birth of a child?
 11. What favorite game bird is also called a partridge?
 12. Which bird is "the first sign of spring" and a female's name?
- ANSWERS: 1. Whippoorwill; 2. Dove; 3. Woodpecker; 4. Parrot; 5. Hummingbird; 6. Owl; 7. Ring-necked pheasant; 8. Mockingbird; 9. Ostrich; 10. Stork; 11. Bobwhite; 12. Robin.

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GOOD EVENING, GOD!

by
Vern Berry

Even though I live close to God in everyday circumstances, when evening comes I leave my worldly cares, slip through the sliding doors to sit on my balcony and feel close to God. There on my green-carpeted balcony, edged with pots of flowers, I lift my eyes to the beautiful big sky. It is like having a front row seat to some spectacular show!

Sometimes, a brilliant sunset reflects on the billowy white clouds floating in the evening eastern sky, casting a rosy reflection. Who can observe such a display without feeling close to God?

As evening falls, the sky is an ever-changing stage; big and little clouds fade as a deep blue velvet sky appears. Every night one by one blinking stars come on stage, each in their very own place. Mind boggling!

When there is a full moon in the picture, it is a special treat.

Looking at the pots of red geraniums and white petunias, reminds me of our garden at home. Memories of bygone days creep into my thoughts, filling my heart and soul. I thank God for memories of my younger days, when a loving family surrounded me.

Even a thunderstorm with angry rolling clouds, flashes of lightning, and a rumble of thunder, draws me to observe it from my balcony. I think of how life's problems sometimes stir up a storm to be followed by gentle rains, then sweet peace.

When the calendar rolls around to winter, the carpet is rolled up, the flower pots emptied, and I can no longer sit outside. However, my wide window frames God's spectacular sky, and evening draws me to my own special time with Him.

How grateful I am to live in this lovely retirement apartment in my elder years. May the evening time of my life bring love and joy to others, just as I enjoy the evening time of God's beautiful world from my balcony.



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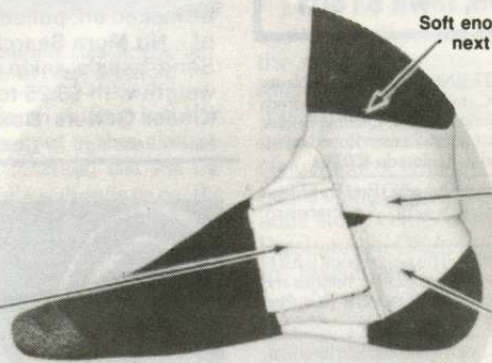
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