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SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Mr. and Mrs. Don Miller

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder

Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends,

This morning's paper gave me the first real clue that spring is on the way. Several pages were devoted to full-page advertisements for baseball and softball equipment. I do feel sorry for the advertisers because anyone interested in this equipment would take one look out the window and forget the whole thing. It is snowing. The wind is blowing and I know that it is cold without even venturing out.

My daughter, Katharine, is particularly upset with this turn of events. She was slated to go to Santa Fe tonight to attend a guitar concert. Santa Fe is about sixty miles from Albuquerque and the road between the two cities is notorious for becoming impassable during bad winter weather. Santa Fe is over one thousand feet higher in elevation than Albuquerque and much of the rise is a stretch called La Bajada Hill. This morning the radio reported that La Bajada is snow packed and icy. This does not bode well for travel this evening. Well, if the trip to the guitar concert does not happen there will be four very disappointed high school students.

Actually, I am not unhappy with the bad weather. I have been doing a lot of cleanup work outside and shall welcome a good excuse to stay indoors and finish organizing some pictures and the remaining slides from our trip to Greece. Jed and I always seem to come home from trips with partially completed rolls of film in our cameras. There isn't a lot of photographic material around home so it seems to take forever to finish these rolls of film and to get them developed and into some kind of order.

The slides I am tackling this morning were taken on the last leg of our trip which was to the area called the Peloponnese. This area is the most southerly part of the Greek mainland which is linked to the rest of Greece by the Isthmus of Corinth.

Our first stop was the ancient city of Corinth. This is the same place that cousin Martin mentioned in his letter in



Katharine Lowey, daughter of Juliana and Jed Lowey, enjoys playing her guitar. We hope many of you heard her play it on the Kitchen-Klatter Homemaker Radio Program the day before Christmas.

the February *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. The next time I see Martin we'll have to compare notes on this interesting site. One thing that struck me was that the huge columns in the Temple of Apollo were carved out of single pieces of stone. All of the other columns I remember seeing were put together with many cylinders of stone called "drums."

We were traveling in a small vehicle that was a cross between a large van and a small bus. It just suited our needs. None of us were brave enough to drive the Greek roads so we had a young man at the wheel. Not only was he an excellent driver, but he "knew the ropes" and the shortcuts between points of interest and was totally unintimidated by the huge tour buses that seemed to think they owned the road. I believe there were more tour buses on the roads than any other kind of vehicle. When we stopped at the archeology site of Mycenae, we counted more than thirty buses in the parking lot.

Mycenae was of particular interest to me. I had read a great deal about its famous Lion Gate. It was even more impressive than I had anticipated. The excavation of this site in 1876 was done by Heinrich Schliemann who was a very colorful and controversial figure. He was most famous for discovering the city of Troy thus proving that many of the ancient myths of the Mediterranean area were founded in fact. At Mycenae he was able to find the famous Tomb of Agamemnon by carefully interpreting old texts that other archeologists had ignored as unimportant.

After a brief stop at Epidauros to see the Asklepios sanctuary of healing and the Stadium which is famous for its acoustics, we wound our way to the town of Nauplia. We all liked Nauplia. It is a small, quiet seacoast town that was a

relief from the bustle of Athens. After a leisurely dinner at our hotel we browsed through the many little shops selling souvenirs. I'll mention in passing that many shops in Greece and almost all the shops on the Peloponnese close some time during the afternoon or during the dinner hour. As the result most of the shops stay open in the evening which is a boon to the tourists.

Bright and early the next morning we headed for the town of Sparta—home of the famous Spartan warriors. Tales of the hard lifestyle and rigorous training the Spartan men went through are well known even today. We did not see any ruins at Sparta. Legend has it that the town of Sparta needed no walls as the men of Sparta were "living walls" to protect the inhabitants. I found this an interesting thought in this day of mechanized potential atomic warfare. I wonder if those long gone inhabitants slept peacefully at night knowing they were protected by their warriors. My guess is they felt very secure. How many of us in our "civilized" world can say the same?

Just outside Sparta lie the ruins of the medieval town of Mystras. It is the most complete example of a town of the late Byzantine period which encompasses the 13th through the 15th centuries. (It was thriving at the same time that people were living in the ruin where I volunteer my time excavating.) The remaining structures literally cover a hillside. There are churches, a palace, a castle and a convent that is still functional. The nuns in the convent do beautiful needlework to help support their religious order. I purchased a lovely needlepoint bookmark which I'll treasure. It has a special place in our family Bible.

Probably the most impressive thing
(Continued on page 22)



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends,

The weather today leaves much to be desired. The temperature is zero, it is snowing with the winds blowing 35 miles an hour, a regular blizzard. I hope Frank will soon be through with the chores and inside where it is warm. The cattle don't even like to leave the shed long enough to get a drink of water. We have had some very cold weather this month, with wind chill factors as low as 70 below zero. The other day Frank was saying not so many years ago, before we had heard anything about the wind chill factor, it didn't seem nearly as cold. I am glad they tell us how cold it is so we, especially the little children who walk to school, can be careful to dress for the extreme outdoor temperatures.

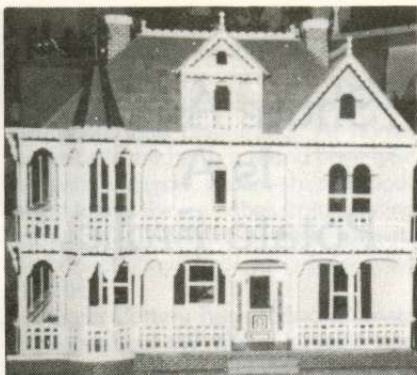
So far this year I have been very fortunate and haven't missed a single trip to Shenandoah because of the weather and roads. I drive the 125 miles from my home to Shenandoah every other week to participate in the Kitchen-Klatter Homemaker Radio Program. There have been winters when the roads were so bad I didn't dare travel by car and missed several broadcasts. Years ago, we didn't worry about it because I could always take the train, but that is no longer possible. I can't even take a bus, so it is drive or stay home.

On my last trip to Shenandoah, I was so happy to visit with my nephew Martin Strom and his wife, Eugenie. They were visiting Margery and Oliver for a few days and were going back to their home in Minnesota the next day. It had been two or three years since I had seen them last.

Eugenie was saying she had never met Kristin, and Martin said he hadn't seen Kristin since Aaron was a baby and he had gone with me to Omaha to meet the train when Kristin came for a visit with Andy and Aaron. He reminded me how she was almost hysterical when she got off the train because it had been such a terrible trip—no air conditioning, no water, no food and Aaron cried all the way. I asked Kristin later if she remembered that trip and she said, "I certainly do." That was fifteen years ago and it was hard to believe she hadn't seen Martin since then.

The news I have from Kristin's family is that Julian had to have an emergency appendectomy the night of January 18. He got along fine and didn't have to miss very much school.

Andy has returned to school at Casper for the second semester. This will be his last year there, since it is a junior college. Actually he has already had two years of college, but he could take several subjects there that will transfer and he



In her letter Dorothy Johnson describes the miniature house Peggy Dyer is building.

wanted to study more music under the professor he had last year.

Aaron is busy with basketball. One week Kristin went to four games and felt she had had enough for awhile. But they go to all the home games to watch Aaron play and to support the team. Aaron is six-foot six-inches tall and still growing so basketball is a natural sport for him.

Elizabeth is growing like a weed and talking all the time now. I bought two cute corduroy jumpers with blouses on sale, to mail to her, and wondered if they might be too long. Kristin said the jumpers were so short they would make cute little tops for Elizabeth to wear with slacks this winter. Kristin sent me a picture to prove it. It was hard to believe Elizabeth had grown so much. I'm going to get busy making some new dresses for her.

Frank had a bad fall on the ice a couple of weeks ago. We were afraid he had broken his arm because it was so painful, but three X-rays didn't show any broken bones. We were very grateful that it was just a very bad bruise but it did cause him a great deal of discomfort for a long time.

We are seeing so many cardinals in the barnlot now. I guess they have been out there all winter but now with snow on the ground they make a spectacular sight. We see at least fifty at a time. We are also seeing a lot of turkeys now, and deer. The other morning while eating breakfast I looked out the window and saw seven deer run across the pasture. We now have three possums that come to clean up the cat pans. The cats became accustomed to seeing the two that have been showing up every day for a long time, but when the third one came and was quite a bit smaller than the others, I saw one of the cats try to chase it away but it came right back.

My good friend, Peggy Dyer, has more hobbies than anyone I have ever known. She has never been bored in her life; in fact, there aren't enough hours in a day for her to get everything done that she wants to get accomplished. She does every kind of handwork and is a collector of many different things. Some time ago, in one of my letters, I wrote

about her collection of purses and beaded bags.

A very popular hobby now is the doll house, and on this page is a picture of the house that Peggy is building and furnishing. She tells me that "doll house" is not the right term for these houses because they are not made to be played with but to house a person's collection of miniature furnishings or to satisfy a need to build and furnish a house of a certain era.

Peggy builds most of her houses and room boxes in the 1-inch equals 1-foot scale. She says this is a very easy scale to use because you can take full-size plans, substitute inch for foot and have just the right size house and furniture for your collection. There are many excellent kits available for those who can not build a house from scratch. Peggy likes to start with a good kit then change, add to and adjust it until she has the house she wants.

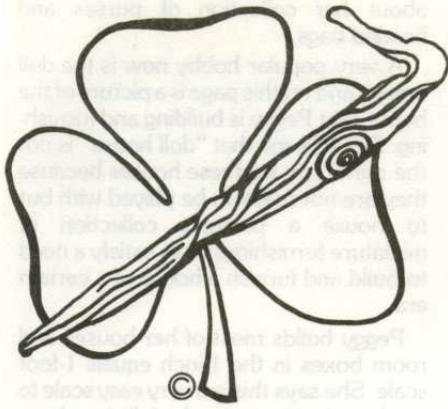
The house in the picture measures 20-inches wide by 35-inches long by 30-inches tall and has nine rooms. All the floors are hard wood and highly varnished. The house is wired for lights. She uses a very thin copper strip for wiring. This can be papered or painted over and is much easier to use than wire. She uses 12-volt transformers and 12-volt light bulbs that are about the size of a grain of wheat. All the doors open, but none of the windows in this house work. The house is three stories tall and has two stairways and on the second floor in the back there is a dropped balcony.

Peggy makes all of the furniture and most of the light fixtures for her house. When she was at our house she saw some empty rifle shells in a dish and asked if she could have them and if we would save some more for her. They are something she uses to make some of her furniture and lamps. Since the house is of the Victorian era, so is the furniture.

Peggy has a small lathe for turning legs, etc., and about every other type of tool a furniture maker has only hers are all on a smaller scale. All the furniture she makes really works. All doors and drawers open; all table leaves go up and down or come out like the real ones do. Beds have complete bedding with extra in the linen closet; all pans, dishes, jars and silver open, close, slide or whatever they were designed to do or be used for in real life.

Right now Peggy is busy making drapes and curtains for this house. When she finishes them she will start on the bedding, linens, then the rugs. She says it is as much work as getting things together for a full-size house because you need all of the same items. When Peggy gets all of it finished she will take a picture of the other side of her house so we can see all of the rooms.

(Continued on page 22)



Shure And It Is A Potato Frolic

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Shure and March is the time to have a spud-elegant party with an Irish flavor. Gather lots of potatoes, scrub them and let the fun start.

DECORATIONS

Use potatoes, along with shamrocks, shillelaghs, pipes and leprechauns for decorations. Bowls filled with potatoes can be used to decorate. Hang a mobile made from coat hangers and potatoes of various sizes. A collection of potato animals can be made using stick legs, button or raisin eyes, a chenille trunk for an elephant, curly yarn tails, etc. Why not make a collection of "people" with potatoes for heads? Use various felt hats, earrings, necklaces, kerchiefs, etc. to make each one different. Carve faces in the potatoes if you wish. Label your creations for laughs—Mr. Iri Tator, Miss Hezzy Tator, Dr. Medi Tator, Mrs. Agi Tator, etc.

Place Cards: Cut shamrocks from green construction paper; write names on them with a white pen. Glue each shamrock to a toothpick then stick it into a small potato for a base so the place card will stand.

Centerpiece: A clever centerpiece is made by making several leprechauns using peanuts in the shell with pipe cleaner legs and arms. Glue on green paper hats. Find a very large potato or use more than one; perch the leprechauns around and on the potato or potatoes—some leprechauns standing, some sitting, some lying and some crawling. By bending arms and legs you can put the leprechaun into a variety of postures, even standing on its head or lying with hands behind head. Arrange the centerpiece on a large green foil shamrock.

ENTERTAINMENT

Potato Pass: The group is seated in a large circle. Irish music is played on the piano. (Or set an alarm clock to go off at short intervals.) Start a potato around the circle, passing it to the right. Each person must hold the potato out to the front and say "blarney" then pass it on. Whoever is holding the potato when the music (or clock) stops must draw a slip of

paper from a hat and perform the stunt described on it. The game continues until almost everyone has performed.

Potato March: Select several couples to compete. Give each couple a potato. The woman places the potato on her forehead and the man holds it in place with his forehead. They must march to the beat of the music; the pianist changes the music often—waltz to march, to dirge, etc. If potato falls, the couple is out of the race.

Barrel O' Fun: Fill a child's wheelbarrow with inflated balloons. Make large paper shamrocks and place them about ten or twelve inches apart to make a course around the room. Contestants must push the wheelbarrow in and out between the shamrocks to a designated goal and back. The winner can be the one who manipulated the course in the shortest time or the contestant with the least penalty points which are given when a contestant loses a balloon, touches a shamrock or goes off course.

Word Story: Give each player a pencil and a paper. On the paper is a list of Irish words such as leprechaun, shillelagh, blarney, shamrock, pipe, colleen, hooligan, shenanigan and mavourneen (my darling). Allow ten minutes for player to write a story containing all of the words. Each sentence in the story must contain one of these words. Have stories read aloud and vote for the best.

Irish Quiz: Hand everyone a list of cities, places and people. Players are to write a phrase or song title containing the name of each.

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Blarney | The Blarney stone |
| 2. Tipperary | "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" |
| 3. Tara | The halls of Tara |
| 4. Galway | "On Galway Bay" |
| 5. Tralee | "Rose of Tralee" |
| 6. Shannon | "Where the River Shannon Flows" |
| 7. McNamara | McNamara's Band |
| 8. Dublin | The rocky road to Dublin |
| 9. Kilkenny | The cats of Kilkenny |
| 10. Erin | "Come Back to Erin" |
| 11. Killarney | The lakes of Killarney |
| 12. Londonderry | "Londonderry Air" |



TWO BOOKS TO KNOW

Uncle's blue eyes sparkled as he turned the pages of our new seed catalogues.

"My boy," he said, "all for free I get these books. They are printed in all the colors of nature. Look! Asters, petunias, green beans, ruby red beets, orange marigolds—aren't they beautiful?"

He gave me a sly glance to see if I was paying attention to what he was saying, then he continued. "You know, boy, they say the Number One book is the Bible and that is rightly so. In it man can find comfort, words of wisdom to strengthen him, solace when heartsick. Yet some doubt its teaching. 'There is no God,' they will say. Yet these same men will plant the tiny seed and have faith the seed will bring forth flowers, fruit and vegetables. Any man who plants a seed believes."

"The same man may scoff at the miracle of the loaves and the fishes," Uncle went on to say. "Yet, he will place his seeds in the earth, warmed by God's sun that is millions of miles away. Miracles! Though man boasts he's Godless, he gives himself away when he plants seeds."

"One cannot thumb through a seed catalogue without believing," Uncle said. "Never be without these two great books, my boy: the Bible that tells of the miracles, and the seed catalogue that proves them." —author unknown

COUNTING OUR BLESSINGS

Counting our blessings is good practice. It makes us get along with people better.

It makes us look around us instead of within us.

It makes us more considerate, sympathetic.

It causes us to live for others, not ourselves.

It makes us a blessing instead of a burden.

It corrects our perspective of life.

It strengthens our inner resources of faith and hope.

It increases our confidence for living.

It increases our awareness of God.

—church paper

MANUSCRIPTS:

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

FREDERICK'S

LETTER



Dear Friends,

I am writing this letter to you on a bitter, cold day! Every wave that hits the beach seems to explode into tiny, sharp daggers of ice. The fishing boats will not go out today, that means the price of fish will go up tomorrow. I do feel sorry for the fishermen in the winter months. Their work is so dangerous, so uncomfortable, and their harvest of fish is so slight. One of my neighbors said yesterday: "If I could make a living doing anything else, I certainly would give up my fishing! Why, oh why did I not get an education?"

As you know, Betty and I get up very early in the morning. We love to watch the sunrise. This morning, when I looked out of our dining room window, I could see how the ice on the water had been blown into all kinds of grotesque shapes last night by the strong, cold winds. As the tide rolled in underneath the ice, there was loud cracking and hissing all along the shore, and the little dog I take out for exercise each morning was frightened. I think he believed the end of the world was about to arrive.

When the usual three hundred wild ducks flew into the yard for their breakfast, they were all covered with ice. My heart went out to them. It is bad enough for the birds to have the bitter cold, but to have this strong wind in addition is just too much for them. I could not resist giving them some extra grain, because their little bodies must need more fuel to keep them warm. Yes, they thanked me! Oh, indeed they did! Those ducks stayed out in front and quacked their pleasure for a good hour after eating all of the food.

Believe it or not, the ducks already are pairing off, getting ready for the mating season. Actually, ducks frequently become engaged in the fall of the year, stay together through the winter and have a good duck wedding in the spring. People watching the many, wild ducks in front of our house always ask me about what appears to be mated ducks when it still is weeks from the regular mating season. Although the sex glands of the ducks are still undeveloped in the fall of the year, both the males and the females love to court. As in most wild species, the females are the more aggressive when it comes to choosing a mate. I have to laugh at the antics of the female ducks as they do little courting dances around the males. A lone female on the water will call out to males passing by overhead, inviting them to stop and have lunch with her!!



Frederick sits at the window and watches his wild swans and ducks.

I am sure that you have watched wild ducks fighting among themselves. At this time of the year, the males are trying to show the females how big and tough they are. They know that the little ladies always try to find a mate who is bigger and stronger than all of his peers. Most of the fights between the drakes (males) are little more than pushing matches. The drakes put their heads together and push until one can push the other one out of the territory. Just as in humans, the females very often mature physically before the males, and in the spring the female ducks become amorous before the males are ready. You can almost hear the males making excuses: "I have to have a bite of lunch," or "I am going to visit some friends this afternoon," or "I have a date to do some fighting with an interloper," etc. The poor drakes are so embarrassed!

By the month of March, all of this changes, and it is the males who become the aggressors. Once a male duck is ready to mate, all the little duck ladies had better watch out. The drakes are lechers of the worst sort! Their own mate never satisfies them, and they seek to attack and copulate with every female duck in sight.

Every spring, many female ducks are killed by the harsh treatment they have to take from the males. Their own mates do almost nothing to protect them, and the females do little to show their dislike of the wild conduct of their chosen mates. Once the drake sets his eyes on the wife of another duck in the flock, he is off to the races, and his own poor mate sometimes has to wait hours for his return. I got so angry last winter when several males chased one of my "pet" mallard females into my garage and

attacked her. I literally had to kick them off! They left her more dead than alive, and I haven't seen her since. And all the time her own mate, a mallard duck named Robert, stood out in the driveway and watched without lifting a foot to help.

If you live near a pond or a lake where you can watch flocks of wild ducks, notice what happens from March until the end of May. Time after time, you will see three ducks flying single file, the lead duck letting out loud cries. Invariably, the duck leading the flight will be a female being chased by an unwanted and uninvited lover, and the third duck in the line will be the mate of the female. He has no intention of helping his wife and flies along so he can find her when darkness closes in. The female will try her very best to escape the unwanted attention of the stranger—she will fly faster and faster, dive up and down, and finally drop down into some rushes in the hopes of hiding but usually to no avail.

A few days ago, we had a cold, wet fog that left everything dripping wet. When it comes to understanding information about fog, I find it a bit difficult to accept some that recently was sent out by the Bureau of Standards in Washington, D.C. The Bureau tells us that a dense fog one hundred feet deep covering seven city blocks is composed of less than one glass of water!!!! To make fog, that amount of water is divided into some sixty thousand million tiny drops. Not much there! Yet, when those minute particles settle down over the city or countryside they can blot out practically all vision.

Come to think of it, a cup full of worry does just about the same thing. We forget to trust God. The tiny drops of
(Continued on page 20)

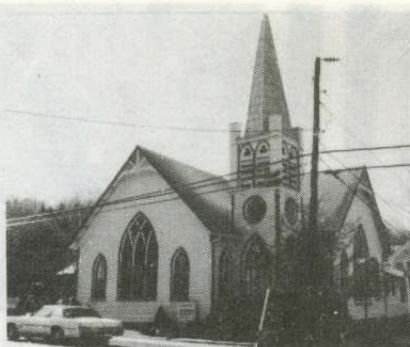
MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends,

This morning while I was massaging the rugs with my progressive resistance machine, more commonly recognized as a vacuum cleaner, the thought hummed questioningly through my head about what you good readers are doing to maintain your equilibrium during these long "dog day" hours of deepest winter? It surely taxes one's creativity to keep busy without undertaking projects which are either fattening, immoral, illegal, or costly! After running around the whole house and working up a very respectable sweat, I could tell that the plus side of how I saw myself for the day was going to be good. When I hopped out of bed this morning, I got on my rowing machine and worked for the correct time according to the directions which came with the machine. Starting remains the toughest part of the battle of exercise. The exercise itself is easy if not boring. I have set up the rowing machine so I about have to stumble over it to escape through the door and as a result that part of the battle is solved. The boredom is solved by turning on the television and mesmerizing myself with the chitchat. As a result of this exercise and the vacuuming before noon, I have added to my "brownie" points for the day. If winter lasts beyond its allotted span of time, I am going to run out of things to do which fit the criteria of nonfattening, moral, legal, and inexpensive. All of the closets are cleaned out, save one; the main bathroom closet and drawers have been cleaned; the kitchen drawers are all orderly and have fresh liners in them; and the major effort left is the basement, which will require two weeks of bitter, shut-in type weather to complete.

As the result of counting the calories of every bite of food which has crossed my lips, I have managed to whittle fifteen pounds off of myself. Before the temperature turned so extreme, I had even taken to making myself walk to town to do my banking or whatever did not require carrying burdensome packages. The man across the street, who is about fifteen years older, has been taking a daily walk and making me feel cowardly. I determined if he could do it, indeed so could I. The route I chose was off the main streets so when I had to stop and catch my breath, there would be no audience to wonder why I was standing still along the busy roadways. The campus of St. John's Military Academy affords me such a route to within a block of the sidewalks of downtown, which is little more than one mile away. But this is a round trip of two more miles than I have walked since I cannot remember when.



The wonderfully picturesque Clifton Baptist Church, Clifton, Virginia, is where Katharine Driftmier and Don Miller were married.

Even though the walk is a solitary one, it is very pleasant. The ground is snow covered now and the flash of the cardinals and the sound of their calls are just two of the many rewards of such a trek. The primary result is the perspiration which I work up has a major impact on my metabolism. My oncologist is delighted with my exercise program and the weight reduction. I don't have to visit him again until mid-May which is reassuring.

Speaking of mid-May reminds me that I spent many, many hours on the phone a week ago trying to get through on an eight hundred number to New York. My birthday present from Don was the gift of tickets to a performance of the stage production of *Cats*. The tickets went on sale at midnight of the thirteenth of the month. Thinking I knew how to secure the tickets with the least effort and most success, I undertook the task myself. I dialed the number and was connected quickly to a young man far away. I could have had the pick of the tickets at that hour but was puzzled by the fact that the computer assigning tickets would not reveal immediately where the seats would be. As a result, I opted to ask the advice of more knowledgeable people before giving forth my plastic money's secret numbers. My advisors reported I would have to take the blind toss of the dice or drive to Chicago if I insisted on knowing exactly where my future seats would be. A trip to Chicago was not a chore I intended to pursue, so I began dialing the eight hundred number again by noon of the following day. Guess what! Every single time I dialed the number, I was treated to a busy signal and was certain these were all prospective theatre goers who were beating me to the better seats which I had declined the night before. Well, I was right. Close to midnight the second day, I finally completed my phone call and my first chance to see *Cats* on a Saturday with seats somewhere in the section I wanted was not mid-May but MID-JUNE.

Many, many people are anxious to spend their money on upbeat, happy stage shows. This show is now playing in

four cities, London, New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago and they are all experiencing months of sold-out seats. I won't have to worry about a snowstorm making the trip to Chicago a possible risk. Isn't that a funny turn of events?

Until these months have rolled by, I have several good books to choose from but won't start reading until I have done something worthwhile for the family. I have knitted three quarters of the skirt of a knit dress! I've never undertaken a knitting piece of quite these proportions. At this stage of the garment it is very slow going and uninteresting but better things lie in wait because the top is criss-crossed with beautiful cable work.

Somewhere along the span of years, I stopped making oxtail vegetable soup. The family has been fond of it since we used to be met at the front door of my mother's house with its wonderful fragrance. She always cooked the meat in her pressure cooker for about an hour then added a variety of vegetables to the broth and cooked these not more than three or four minutes. Adrienne had asked for oxtail soup the last time she was home but I knew I would need a practice session to refresh my skills before making it for presentation. Well, I've made it. Although it wasn't as good as I had remembered, I was ready for a repeat session. I have the oxtails now and am going to make two batches. These I shall deliver to Paul's apartment on Wisconsin Avenue and to Adrienne's house over on the northeast side of the city. This ought to please their palates and hit the spot after their long days. Paul's classes don't leave him much time for grocery shopping and his interests in cooking are just minimal. Adrienne comes home from her day late enough that I know a pot of ready-made soup would be just right. So, I've two guaranteed grateful recipients of my efforts on the next occasion I have to go into Milwaukee.

I'm going to head for the kitchen now, have my skim milk, great big apple and vitamins. Then it is off to the post office and home for a few hours of well-deserved self-time. Don will be home by 5:30 p.m. ready for big eating, and I'll get boiled turkey, completing another moral, legal, and non-fattening day.

Until next month,

Mary Beth



It was only a glad "Good Morning"
As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning glory
Over the livelong day.

KATHARINE'S LETTER

Dear Friends,

Tonight I'm staying late at work where my thoughts can remain relatively single track to quietly compose a nice letter to you all. Once I go home I won't get a moment to write to you till after I've indulged in a few of my new distractions. As you all know, there's a man at home now, a wonderful, caring man who is bringing me lots of new things to think about and many new projects to share. We have purchased a parcel of land in rural northern Virginia and we're in the process of finalizing our contract to begin construction of a beautiful cedar home. We're planning our agricultural use of the land: reforestation of the meadow next to the creek, the pond we will dig off the creek, and our big, BIG garden that will be planted in the next few months. Guess who is going to be contracting the finishing of the house once it is "stick erected," the cedar exterior is completed and the shingles are on the roof? I'm taking a subcontracting course at the community college of northern Virginia just so I'll be prepared for the big job we have ahead of us. So, along with being a nine-to-five biochemist at the lab in Maryland, I'm quite suddenly finding that I have become a contractor and...A WIFE! One year ago if you had tried to assure me that I would be baking Buttery Biscuits (you'll find the delicious recipe to follow) for my husband's supper I would never, EVER have believed you.

One year ago I was Katharine Driftmier, young woman scientist on a quest. I was in the very midst of a major decision. Should I give up my happy job at the lab with a secure salary and time to enjoy, as single girls should, to forage out into full-time graduate studies? My ambitions told me "YES," for I had lots of energy and an avid interest in Molecular Biology. Being single, I could concentrate my attentions for a few years on the pursuit of a Ph. D. degree and then pick up with my other interests. I envisioned myself free to study and focus, free to spend midnights at the lab with no distractions from home and I was confident that nothing could keep me from my goal.

Deep in my heart I knew, even then, something in my logic was not right. It was probably just the timing, for I still think it's a fine idea for women to go back to school to further their careers. Not knowing exactly what lay ahead, my intuitive heart just had a feeling this was not the time. My life needed more of a balance with time to learn but also time to give to others and time to be open, as my new husband says, for others to give to me too. So, I denied my ambitions for the time being and decided to take



Don and Katharine Miller's beautiful zucchini wedding cake was decorated with pine cones, flowers, berries, nuts and ferns.

advantage of the fullness of my life as it was, full of opportunity. Last March I could not realize how important that decision was and how the months to follow would be the happiest I'd known.

Last November 17, I married my dear friend Don Miller in a beautiful little chapel in rural Virginia. It was not until I ceased my maniacal questing that I had the time to encourage this blossoming romance and give the friendship the attention that it deserved. How happy I am! My mother Mary Beth Driftmier has given you a lovely account of Don and my wedding, but there's no way anyone can accurately describe the amount of happiness that I feel. Sometimes words are just not enough. It's probably fortunate these feelings aren't easy to describe. Had anyone accurately communicated to me how wonderful this was to be, I would have been very, very lonely during the years of waiting alone. As it was, I was quite happy filling my life to the fullest in naivety of the great joy to come.

Single people spend so much time "looking" for their marriage partner. I know I did. But just like many people had predicted it would be, that special relationship developed when I least expected it. Don is a biochemical engineer who's office is just down the hall from my lab. Though our projects don't bring us together we met in the halls last March and soon discovered that we had much in common. Building on those commonalities, a friendship developed over the months, a sweet and trusting friendship that firmly established itself before our romance began. People at the lab didn't even know that we were dating until we announced our engagement early in the Fall. We surprised a lot of our friends. It was fun.

The wedding was wonderful. We planned and orchestrated it ourselves in a quiet, simple, rural way that's very much in character for the two of us. It was set in the Virginia countryside, in the presence

of our loving family and friends. Everyone reported having a very nice time at the wedding and at the reception. I've never had such a good time. After many weeks of planning the details of the day, we seemed to sweep through it with surprising ease. The group of guests was relatively small and we tried to spend our time with each person and also enjoy being just the two of us together. Don had as much fun as I did, and I'm very glad he did since the picture taking and public attention must have made my low key, unassuming husband feel ill at ease. During one part of the wedding as we stood with Reverend Caviness facing the congregation from the front of the church and listened to the message of the Scriptures, we could look out over the loving faces of our parents, cousins, aunts, uncles and friends and see them smiling back at us. Our wedding bound Don and me together forever, and it bound us even more closely to our family and friends too. I remember saying over and over to myself that day, "I'm so very glad to be here!" And I remember smiling at Don a lot!

I want to collect the recipe for the delicious zucchini cake we served as a wedding cake, so perhaps I can send it out to you sometime soon. We served a savory vegetable soup at the reception, but you know how vegetable soups are assembled by home cooks! There is no recipe for the soup, it was made in one big pot, seat-of-the-pants style. But one of the most popular munchies was a big basket full of Sweet Spicy Nuts which I made up in advance from big bulks of wholesale cashews, walnuts, pecans and almonds. Everybody loved them. (You can find this recipe following my letter.)

Suddenly my life is blessed with more new thoughts and activities than I ever could have anticipated. I go through my days somewhat dazed and yet very exhilarated by their new dimensions. With a husband to feed regularly I suddenly make serious use of my dog-eared copy of the *Kitchen-Klatter Cookbook* and its wonderful, appetite-pleasing recipes. I never would have believed that this energized career-minded girl could be so equally happy pulling socks right-side-out and emptying pants pockets for a Saturday morning laundry. The tub stays much cleaner now that I have someone other than myself to think about. I feel like I've expanded. Weddings had always been something I'd planned and helped with for some other lucky girl. I hadn't really dared to wish myself into fantasies of what my own married life might be like. I never even dared think this really might someday happen to me. It HAS happened. I'm in love with a wonderful man who is in love with me. Life does smile sometimes. I wish you all great

(Continued on page 19)

DAVID WRITES

Dear Friends,

As I thought about what to write to you this afternoon, I went on a long walk. Many other Calgarians were doing the same thing. Right now we are having one of our chinooks and are all grateful that this appears to be a long one. I have written to you about this phenomenon before, but the happy tale bears repeating. This part of southern Alberta is blessed with a warm wind current that blows down from the mountains four or five times a winter. When this happens the thermometer rises quickly, the snow melts and Calgary becomes one of the "hot spots" of Canada. "There's a chinook a-blowin'" is one of the happiest things that a Southern Albertan can hear in the winter. It certainly is a welcome change!

Speaking of welcome changes, I always like to keep you abreast of our son's development. As some of you will remember, he had his second birthday in late November. Each child has his or her own timetable that dictates when he or she will be ready for important or dramatic spurts of growth and comprehension. For our boy John Frederick, it seemed many of the changes that parents of a toddler look for happened over the Christmas holidays. In fact, changes really began on Christmas Eve while we were having the traditional family feast that Sophie's mother, Susan Lang, so beautifully prepares every Christmas Eve.

What happened went like this. Until that evening, Johnny always ate at a small table in the kitchen. (We all know about the spills young, little persons can make and the mess that can ensue!) After eating he could play on the floor of the Lang's dining room while the rest of us ate. Christmas Eve, however, the little boy must have sensed the specialness of the occasion, and the special magic that goes along with Christmas. Johnny wanted so much to be with us that we sat him down at the big table, and he ate like a perfect gentleman! He has ever since! Furthermore, he immediately began to toilet train himself, be helpful around the house (he loves to help us set the table) and I could go on and on with the list of his new competencies. Of course, I am partly telling you this because I am a proud parent! That's not saying that every other parent doesn't have the same opportunities to be proud. That's the great joy of parenting—having opportunities to be proud! What I want to share with you is some of our thoughts as to why our own son's growth happened just when it did.

As I have said, Johnny's latest phase of growth happened at Christmas. Our holiday season was a very happy one, and it's nice to think the love shared at



John Frederick Driftmier sits down to Christmas Eve dinner with his grandfather, John Lang.

that time of year had something to do with it. But, Sophie and I are sure that for all little ones important stages of growth coincide with their newly acquired ability to communicate. It must be very frustrating for any little one to want things and not know the words to say so his parents will understand. Johnny began to talk to us and, at the same time, understand what we were saying to him. We think all of his other skills have been based on his newly found ability to communicate. Language and conceptualization, linguists say, are mutually interdependent.

Many of you who read my letters faithfully know I like to look at my child and make observations then apply them to broader topics. I like to go from the specific to the general. Forgive me as I set out to do it one more time. If communication—that is, good communication—is so important to my son at the age of two, it must carry as much or more weight in other areas of life. Take family life, for example. Much has been said lately about the problems of families. So many homes are torn asunder by divorce; many more find it increasingly difficult to deal with their adolescents. Bookshelves full of self-help books have appeared in the bookstores, most of them zeroing in on the problems and the pain. One book came through our household recently that takes a refreshingly positive approach to the anatomy of family life. In *Traits of a Healthy Family*, Dolores Curran shares the results of a survey she made of happy homes, in which the relationships between all members of the family were mutually benefiting. She asked members of 551 such families what traits are most valuable to a family. A vast majority of her survey respondents chose "communicating and listening" as their number one trait, while very many of them also added "the healthy family values table time and conversation." Mrs. Curran mentions in her book that workshops are now being given around the country teaching how to "listen from the heart" and how to — "learn to listen with [one's] whole being," a skill that workshop participants say

demands a great deal of concentration but is rewarding.

Just as Sophie and I finished reading that book, another set of books were passed our way by a friend. Both were written by Adele Faber and Elain Mazlish. These ladies attended workshops given by the child psychologist Haim Ginott. Their books provide a specific methodology for improving communication in the home. The title of one of their books is *How To Talk So Kids Will Listen & How To Listen So Kids Will Talk*. That title says it all, doesn't it? Sophie tells me it is a great book, and I shall start reading it later this afternoon. Last summer, I read their other book, *Liberated Parents/Liberated Children*. Reading the book has certainly helped me in my teaching this year when I have students in after school for a detention (believe me, that is something all teachers do from time to time). My sessions are less a harangue from me and more a conversation that helps everyone concerned get down to the fundamentals of the problem. Faber and Mazlish have taught me how to express myself more clearly in conversation and how to open my ears and listen better to the people around me. However, it is still something that I must keep working on.

At the start of this letter I said how the fresh chinook winds signaled such a welcome change here in Calgary. On the news, we have all heard of another refreshing change. I would like to end my letter to you by touching on the area of international relations. I know this is not a usual topic for *Kitchen-Klatter*, but, if you will excuse me again, I would like to jump from the specific to something even more general. As you know, the United States and the Soviet Union have agreed to sit down at the negotiating table in Geneva and talk about nuclear arms reduction. Surely, what is good for the individual family must also be positive for the family of nations. If true communication goes on at those talks, we will all be better for it.

As we hear the news of these talks, I would like to share with you an insight a friend of mine recently shared with me. It is commonplace to say our world is growing very small. My friend graphically described the situation we find ourselves in like this. "You could almost call the relationship between our two countries a marriage, although, of course, it is a very bad one. Let us have some good will towards each other, communicate, and say a prayer for those people who run the technology on both sides. Give them the ability to not make tragic mistakes."

Let all of us hope for the best communication that can happen in all of our lives!

Sincerely,

David

SALUTE TO CAMP FIRE'S SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

by
Virginia Thomas



March 17, 1985, marks the seventy-fifth anniversary of Camp Fire, so many festivities will be planned to celebrate that event. It offers a fine opportunity to plan various ways to acquaint the public with what Camp Fire is and what it does for our young people. Here are some suggestions for ways to make this anniversary a memorable one for your local Camp Fire members and for the community.

Make arrangements for one of your local groups such as the Blue Birds to visit a city council meeting. At that meeting they will present the mayor with a Camp Fire anniversary cake and ask him to sign a proclamation declaring the week of March 17th as Camp Fire Week in your town.

Get permission to put up posters and to arrange displays in store windows which tell about Camp Fire; the learning and fun experiences it involves. Ask to put a display in the local library.

Of course, members will wear their official uniforms to church on Camp Fire Sunday, but do arrange for a special announcement in the church bulletin and if possible set up a Camp Fire display. One of the local church women has done so many things to promote the local Camp Fire, so the group plans to surprise her with a special presentation of flowers and recognition at the Camp Fire Sunday service.

How about locating the oldest former Camp Fire member in your community and have them as honored guest at the Founder's Day Anniversary banquet? That is also a fine time to recognize the adult leaders, past and present of your organization.

DECORATIONS

If you are planning an anniversary banquet, plan it around the Camp Fire's theme, "Catch the Camp Fire Spirit." Using the Camp Fire colors print this in huge letters on a giant banner to hang in the banquet room.

Program Booklets: Make a white construction paper cover. Make a sketch of a campfire on the front and below it in red lettering print the Camp Fire watchword "Wohelo." Tie booklet with blue ribbon.

Table Centerpieces: Build miniature campfires, using twigs and a tiny Christmas tree light or a twist of orange and yellow crepe paper for the flame. Enhance the campfire setting by making tiny paper tents, a mirror lake, twig trees, etc. Various emblems, medals and awards of the organization might be displayed on the tables.

Nut Cups: Follow through on campfire theme, by making the nut cup to resemble a pot hung over a campfire. Cover the cup in red or blue paper, and attach a short length of pipe cleaner for the handle. Twist a length of black chenille covered wire to make the crane which holds the kettle over the fire. Twist one end in a circle so it will stand and the top into a hook to hold kettle. Place small crossed twigs to conceal the base of the crane. Glue small numeral "75" on each kettle. If preferred, the kettle could be placed directly upon the fire (crossed sticks) eliminating the crane.

PROGRAM

Make small banners on standards for each of the Camp Fire's five program levels: SPARKS, for kindergarteners; BLUE BIRDS, grades 1 through 3; ADVENTURE, 5 through 6; DISCOVERY, 7 and 8; and HORIZON, 9 through 12. At the beginning of the program let these banners be carried in by a representative of the age group and placed in a semicircle on stage, along with a larger banner on which the word "WOHELO" is placed. This banner is placed at the center stage, so it does not obscure other banners.

Open the program with the singing of "America," the reciting of the Pledge of Allegiance, and the invocation.

Toastmaster: We welcome each of you here tonight to share with us this special time of celebration for the great Camp Fire organization's seventy-fifth anniversary.

The Camp Fire was founded March 17, 1910, by Dr. and Mrs. Luther Gulick at their camp for girls in Maine. Since 1975 boys have also been included as Camp Fire members.

The programs are divided into five age levels. I have asked some of our Camp Fire Leaders and members to speak about each group describing their unit and especially some of their activities and projects.

(The leader of each local group should be introduced. If you do not have five groups organized in your community, describe the ones you have, although someone might tell about the ones not active in your community, so the public gets an overall picture of the organization.)

Leader: The watchword "WOHELO" is very special to all who participate in Camp Fire. The word is made using two

letters from the three words which are what CAMP FIRE is all about—WORK, HEALTH, and LOVE. I've asked three members to tell you what "Wohelo" means to them.

(Assign one of the three words to each speaker and let them present the meaning in their own words.)

For the closing ceremony, light a candle for each of the three key words of the word WOHELO to remind everyone to pass along the Camp Fire spirit that others might "catch" it. Then all of the members join in singing some of their Camp Fire songs.

A HELPING PURSE

Do you have a "helping purse?" You have, if it contains:

Cough drops: to share with anyone who starts coughing at church, a meeting, or a party.

Extra pens or pencils: to loan friends, club or church members who need to write on envelopes, cards, or memo pads, but can't find a writing tool in their purses.

Extra paper hankies: for those who need to wipe or blow their noses.

A small calendar: when future dates must be checked.

Your name, address, and telephone number: so you can be quickly identified if you're in an accident.

Your social security number or your driver's license: for cashing checks.

Three pieces of large white paper: in case you must write down some important information.

Some string, twine, safety pins, and a small pair of scissors: in case something breaks or must be tied, pinned, or cut.

Some peanuts: for any squirrel you meet, especially in the winter when his nut supply may be frozen in the ground.

Your favorite poem or Biblical verse: for you to read to keep cool, calm, hopeful, and cheerful, for even a helping purse needs all the help it can get.

—Annette Lingelbach

SPECIAL OFFER

only \$4.00 per copy

This is a beautifully written book by Lucile Driftmier Verness. Share the lives of the Field and Driftmier families. **The Story of An American Family** starts with the year 1868 and concludes with a 1976 family tree. A good book to read by a warm fire on a cold winter day.

Offer ends March 29, 1985. A limited number on hand. Send your order to:

Kitchen-Klatter
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IRELAND'S TREASURE

Children's Story for March

by

Rita Mailander

St. Patrick's Day was fast approaching. The excitement that accompanies the great holiday was building in the small, County Cork village. Stories of the grand saint himself were being rekindled around the family hearth each evening, and plans were being made for the finest parade ever to march the streets, with bands playing and local dancers performing their steps and kicking their heels.

For Danny, this was going to be the most spectacular of all St. Patrick's Days. He was determined to make it so—and you know what happens when an Irishman becomes determined! For years he'd sat at his grandfather's knee and listened to the stories of Ireland. Grandfather told the stories of druids, branchees and St. Patrick himself. Most of all, Danny loved the stories of the leprechauns. Grandfather told of the clever little folk who scampered through the shamrocks, of their tricks and antics and of the magic they possessed.

Ah, rainbows and leprechauns worked together to hold a secret, such a wondrous secret, too. Grandfather would lower his voice at this point and say, "Ya see, my boy, at the end of every rainbow there's a fine pot of pure, glisten' gold. That tidbit of knowledge is known only to the wee folks, no human has ever been known to find the end of the rainbow. It is said that if you can capture one of the wee folk on St. Patrick's Day, and they're always abounding on that day, then indeed he must reveal the secret and lead you to the pot of gold."

The awesomeness of the story always captured Danny. Just think of it, to see a leprechaun and then to find his pot of gold. To Danny that seemed the dream of a lifetime. Nothing could surpass such an event.

This year Danny was determined to be a man among men. He was going to catch the leprechaun and would see the

end of the rainbow. This was no trivial goal. It required strength, stamina and manliness. Danny knew he must train in order to accomplish such a feat. For weeks he practiced running at his highest speed, darting back and forth, and scurrying over rocks and brambles.

Quickness was one of a leprechaun's greatest defenses against capture. With proper training Danny was sure he could become as fleet of foot as any leprechaun. He ate all the foods that his mother had ever told him would help him grow big and strong.

Danny told no one of his plan. He didn't want to be laughed at or told he was only 7 years old, too little to ever catch a leprechaun.

As the 17th of March drew near, Danny sat by Granddad and asked where leprechauns were most often found and where they lived.

Granddad said leprechauns didn't have homes as we think of them. Leprechauns are tricky fellows and actually rather lazy. They don't waste their energy building homes. Instead the wee folk much prefer to take refuge in deserted nests of other animals or among bushes with a shelter of blossoms. Leprechauns love beauty. They find the most beautiful spot in the country, a place where the green is brilliant emerald and the blossoms seem ablaze with color. In such a magnificent spot you can find a leprechaun's home.

Danny searched the fields for just such a spot. One morning on the way to school he discovered the spot. Oh! The wild roses were so beautiful, blooming with all their power and the morning dew on the grass seemed to sparkle like jewels. Surely this would be the home for leprechauns, lovers of the glories of creation.

St. Patrick's Day was the next day and Danny was going to be sure to be right here.

As dawn crept slowly over the horizon, Danny crawled out of his bed. He dressed quickly and rushed to the spot. How spectacular it looked in the morning light! Danny was breathless. Then he heard something! The giggles, then peals of laughter and delightful squeals of joy were contagious. Danny almost forgot himself and burst out laughing, but he clasped his hand over his mouth and stifled his laughter. Ever so quietly he crept closer to the patch of the most brilliant blossoms. He saw two tiny men sitting on the petals smiling and chatting happily. They were in arm's length.

Danny was so excited, his heart beat so loudly that he thought the leprechauns would hear it. He tried to sort his wildly running thoughts, should he try for both or just one? Maybe he'd need both hands just to hang on to these wild fellows. While Danny was trying to

decide, one little guy looked up and saw him. As he jumped from his petal stool the tiny leprechaun started to howl a warning to his companion. Danny was quicker, however, he reached out and snatched the remaining leprechaun from his resting spot.

"Faith and begorra! What's a young lad like yourself doing up so early on a holiday? Are ye to be fetching the cows?" asked the tiny captive.

Danny knew the tricks of leprechauns. They always try to distract you so they can escape. Danny wasn't about to be taken in by such wily ways.

"I'm catching a leprechaun. That's what I'm doing!" Danny retorted, "and I want you to take me to the end of the rainbow right now!"

"Faith and begorra! Do you think it's as simple as that, me boy? Now how can I take you to the end of the rainbow when there's not a rainbow in the sky. Magic I am indeed, but create a rainbow—even I can not do that!"

"But there will be a rainbow. Wait a bit," Danny spoke with assurance. "Just as soon as the sun strikes the morning dew drops a rainbow will appear."

As Danny spoke, the first fragments of the color spectrum began to appear.

"See, see!" Danny shouted excitedly. "What did I tell you? Now let's go Leprechaun, to the end of the rainbow."

"Sure an' we will, Lad. Just hold on tight. One end of the rainbow coming up."

With that, Danny felt himself being magically lifted then soaring through the air. What a marvelous feeling of freedom and wonder! Almost as suddenly as it had all begun, Danny was being placed gently on the edges of a brilliant colorful bridge. Danny reached out to touch the colors. They could not be grasped. Only a warmth could be felt from them.

Danny looked around and he spied the golden pot glistening in the sun. "That's it, isn't it?" Danny shouted, "the pot of gold!"

"Ah, my boy, 'tis indeed a golden pot and it holds a treasure, but its contents are far more valuable than gold."

"What?" Danny shrieked. "There's no gold at the end of the rainbow?"

"Go see for yourself," the leprechaun gestured toward the pot. "Go see what is the greatest treasure of all Ireland."

Danny cautiously walked toward the pot, leaned over and peered into its depths—there was nothing there but sounds—the joyful, delightful, gay sounds of laughter. Danny couldn't help but smile and feel a lightness of heart.

"What is this?" he asked, "A potful of laughter? Is this some kind of joke? Everybody knows there's a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

"Ah! my little friend, everyone knows there is a treasure at the end of the
(Continued on page 20)

GOOD NEWS & BAD NEWS

by
Evelyn Birkby

First, some good news.

When Jeff was home at Christmas time, he brought with him a number of slides which he had made of pictures of old hot springs and spas which once flourished around the state of Montana. Some of these he copied from old photographs loaned to him by the state historical society, some from other sources.

Jeff has worked for the Natural Resources Department for the state of Montana for over five years, ever since he earned his master's degree at Montana State University at Bozeman. His primary responsibility much of that time has been with geothermal energy. As he traveled around the state checking on hot water sources and their uses—actual and potential—he became interested in stories of the early vacation spots built around some of them. Huge luxury hotels, great covered pools (known as “plunges”) and the assorted recreational activities, places developed during the late 1800's, piqued his interest.

The more old pictures he discovered, the more the idea developed in his mind that they should be preserved and used in some manner. He learned how to do copy work so he could make prints and slides. One evening during the holidays, Jeff got out the slides he had brought with him from this venture and presented us with a show. It was fascinating, informative and the quality of the pictures was amazingly fine.

After the “showing” we discussed the uses of such a project for groups such as our local Fremont County Historical Society. This organization has a good start on a collection of old photographs which could be the basis for interesting slide shows and for enlargements to be placed on display.

To make a long story short, before Jeff left he had contacted the proper place to order the photographic stand and lighting equipment needed. I had acquired permission to proceed with the plan, the items were ordered and arrived while Jeff was still in Sidney. This meant that he had time to train his family in the procedures and we, in turn, can now teach some of the historical society members who want to learn and help with this project. It is proving to be an exciting winter hobby.

Now for the bad news: while the boys were home for the holidays, we said farewell to Attu, the Alaskan husky who had been our pet for fourteen years.

This past year Attu had been gradually growing more feeble. Large dogs have a propensity for hip problems and his proved to be increasingly severe. He had arthritis just like people, the veterinari-



Jeff, Bob and Craig Birkby spent much time with their Alaskan husky, Attu.

ans said and they prescribed medicine. Attu also had surgery twice to remove tumors from his feet—another aggravation of old age.

We have loving animal doctors in Sidney. In an area where farm livestock should take priority, these veterinarians still help with pets in any way they can.

Attu, as some of you may remember, came to us from Mrs. Kenneth Pierson of Neligh, Nebraska. In 1970, when she heard we were dogless (our previous dog had been killed by a car) she wrote to me suggesting an Alaskan husky as the perfect dog for the boys in our family. So, we purchased a male puppy from the Pierson's kennel as a November birthday gift for Robert. Attu always felt that he was one of the boys (I'm not at all certain he ever knew he was just a dog) but he adored Robert and became his constant companion whenever it was possible.

Over the holidays, all three boys had a chance to enjoy Attu one more time. He couldn't romp and play with them as in times past, but they sat and talked to him, petted him and were glad he was able to stay around (with all the medicine to help) until they got home. Then we all knew it was time to say goodbye.

Attu is buried out by the doghouse where he spent so many happy hours jumping up on the roof, romping in winter snow drifts and “helping” Robert with his gardening when the weather was warm.

As I look out the kitchen window, now the yard looks empty and lonely. It is going to be some time before I stop expecting to see a big, white, fluffy head with perky ears and clear blue eyes looking at me around the corner of the porch. Come summer, it will take time for Robert to adjust to not having his trusty friend as his working companion. But we were fortunate: Attu was a great dog, we had him while our sons were young enough to really appreciate him and he provided us with the love only

such a pet can give.

No, we do not plan at this time to get another dog.

Now, back to some happier news. The mail today brought letters and magazines which brightened my spirits even on this cold, gloomy day.

First, a note from Craig. He and Bob are going to spend the coming weekend in Denver together visiting friends and skiing in the nearby mountains. Bob has a meeting in Denver of his Student Conservation Association, and he'll be very pleased to have his brother fly out from Iowa City to give an added bonus to his trip.

Second came a letter from Jeff. He has given some slide shows with his hot springs pictures and they have been well received. He also reported that he is working closely with writers and editors in the Natural Resources Department to get energy publications ready for upcoming fairs and workshops which will be held this spring and summer.

He sent a copy of the *Montana Magazine* for Jan.-Feb. 1985, with an article on hot springs of the area which quoted Jeff as a “geothermal specialist.”

The last packet I opened from today's mail came from the editors of *Boy's Life* magazine. It contained two copies of the February issue which included an article written by Bob (he uses the name Robert Birkby) on using a tarp for an all-purpose wilderness shelter. But even more exciting than having another of Bob's articles in *Boy's Life* is the article on classic books of Scouting. In that write-up the author talks about the new *Boy Scout Fieldbook* which just came off the presses. This is the book for which Bob did the editing and rewrite work. I can hardly wait to get a copy! After all, Scouting has been so much a part of the life of this family it will be fascinating to see some of that philosophy in print.





GLAZED CORNED BEEF

- 3 lbs. corned beef
- 1 cup dark orange marmalade
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 4 Tbls. prepared Dijon-style mustard
- 4 Tbls. brown sugar

Place beef in a large pot; cover with boiling water. Bring back to boiling, then lower heat. Cover pot partially with lid and simmer slowly for about 3 hours or until fork tender.

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Combine remaining ingredients. Remove meat from water and drain. Place meat in oven-proof dish. Pour the glaze over meat and coat well. Bake for about 30 minutes.

Serve hot or at room temperature.

—Robin

OATMEAL BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES

- 1 cup margarine
 - 1/4 cup white sugar
 - 3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 - 2 eggs
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butterscotch flavoring
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 - 1 3/4-oz. pkg. butterscotch instant pudding mix
 - 1 1/2 cups flour, unsifted
 - 1 tsp. soda
 - 3 1/2 cups quick rolled oats
 - 1 cup butterscotch chips
 - 1 cup raisins, plumped
- Cream the margarine and sugars together. Beat in the eggs and the flavorings. Add the pudding mix and beat well. Sift the flour and soda together and add to the batter; mix well. Fold in the oats, butterscotch chips and raisins.

Drop by teaspoons onto a greased cookie sheet. Bake 10 to 12 minutes at 375 degrees.

—Dorothy

CITRUS SALAD

- 1 6-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
 - 1 1/2 cups boiling water
 - 2 cups orange juice
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
 - 1 medium apple, chopped
 - 1 medium orange, peeled and chopped
- In large bowl dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water; stir in the orange juice and flavorings. Refrigerate until thickened but not set; stir in the apple and orange. Pour into a 6-cup mold and refrigerate until firm. Serves 8 to 10.

—Verlene

ALICE'S CREAM CAKE

- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 5 eggs, separated
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 1 small can coconut

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Grease and flour three 9-inch round cake pans, or one 9- by 12-inch pan.

Combine soda and buttermilk and let stand a few minutes. Cream the sugar, margarine and shortening. Add egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each is added. Add buttermilk mixture and flour alternately to creamed mixture. Stir in flavorings. Beat egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Fold into batter. Gently fold in pecans and coconut. Pour batter into prepared pans or pan. Bake until cake tests done. Cool cake and ice with the following:

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 lb. powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine icing ingredients and beat until smooth. Spread between layers and over top of cooled cake.

—Hallie

LAMB STEW WITH POTATO DUMPLINGS

(pressure cooker recipe)

Stew

- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. fine herbs
- 2 lbs. lamb, cubed
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 4 carrots, cut into 1-inch pieces
- 2 onions, quartered
- 2 ribs of celery, cut into 2-inch pieces
- 1 3/4 cups water
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine flour, salt, pepper and herbs in a plastic bag. Add the lamb cubes and shake to coat them with the flour mixture.

Heat the shortening in a pressure cooker and brown the lamb cubes. Stir in the vegetables, water, Worcestershire sauce and flavoring. Cook under pressure for 8 minutes, according to manufacturer's directions for your cooker. Cool pressure cooker immediately.

Dumplings

- 1 egg
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup potato pancake mix
- 1/3 cup dry bread crumbs

Combine egg, water and potato pancake mix; let stand 10 minutes. Stir in the bread crumbs. Remove rubber ring from pressure cooker. Drop dumpling mixture by spoonfuls into boiling stew; cover and steam for 10 minutes.

—Juliana

CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

- 4- to 5-lb. chicken, cut up
- 2 qts. water
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1 cup celery leaves
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 to 2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 2 cups sliced carrots
- 1 cup wide noodles, uncooked
- 1 12-oz. can whole kernel corn, undrained

In 4-quart Dutch oven combine the chicken, water, onion, celery, celery leaves, bay leaf, salt and pepper. Heat to boiling. Cover and simmer about 1 hour or until chicken is tender.

Remove chicken from the bone; skim off the fat and return chicken to pan. Add the carrots and bring to a boil. Simmer 10 to 15 minutes or until carrots are almost tender. Add noodles and corn; simmer 15 minutes or until noodles are tender. Before serving remove the celery leaves and bay leaf. Makes 8 servings.

—Verlene

WAX BEAN CASSEROLE

(microwave recipe)

- 1 cup dry bread crumbs
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine, melted
- 1 16-oz. can wax beans, drained
- 1 8-oz. can tomatoes
- 1 tsp. instant onion
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 cup shredded Cheddar cheese

In a 2-quart casserole toss bread crumbs and butter; add beans, tomatoes, onion and seasonings. Stir to blend.

Microwave on medium (slow cook) for 3 to 4 minutes. Stir. Add the cheese and microwave 3 to 4 minutes longer, or until cheese is melted.

May be baked in conventional oven for 45 to 50 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Hallie

TRIPLE CHOCOLATE SNACK CAKE

- 2 1/4 cups snack cake mix (recipe in February issue)
- 2 Tbls. unsweetened cocoa
- 3/4 cup water
- 1 egg
- 1/3 cup vegetable oil
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter chocolate flavoring
- 1/2 cup semi-sweet chocolate pieces

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. In an ungreased 8- or 9-inch square baking pan, combine snack cake mix and cocoa. In a medium bowl, combine water, egg, oil and flavorings; beat with a fork to blend. Stir into cocoa mixture until smooth and blended. Sprinkle chocolate pieces evenly over top of batter. Bake 30 to 40 minutes until surface springs back when touched.

—Mary Lea

SPINACH TUNA CASSEROLE

- 1 10-oz. pkg. spinach noodles
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1 cup grated American cheese
- 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1/2 cup (or more) diced celery
- 1/4 cup diced onion
- 1/2 cup sliced stuffed green olives
- 1 10-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
- 2 6- or 7-oz. cans tuna
- Water

Cook noodles according to package directions; drain. Combine all the ingredients. Stir well. Add enough water to make a soft mixture. Pour into well-greased 2-quart casserole.

Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes to 1 hour.

—Hallie

YOGURT SALAD

- 1 20-oz. can pineapple chunks
- 1 11-oz. can mandarin oranges
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 8-oz. carton plain yogurt
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 cup seedless grapes, cut in half
- 1 banana, sliced
- 1 apple, cored and sliced

Drain pineapple and oranges; reserve liquid. In small saucepan over medium heat, cook pineapple and orange liquid with the cornstarch, stirring until thickened. Cool slightly.

In a large bowl combine the yogurt, sugar, and almond flavoring; mix in cooled juice mixture. Stir in pineapple, oranges, grapes, banana and apple slices. Cover and refrigerate about 4 hours or until completely chilled. Serves 10 to 12.

—Verlene

HOT SHRIMP DIP

- 2 8-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 3 jalapeno peppers, chopped
- 1 tsp. garlic juice
- 12 ozs. of shrimp, cooked, cleaned, and shelled (or use canned)

Blend together all ingredients, except shrimp. Heat over low temperature for 2 hours, so flavors blend. Add shrimp and heat thoroughly before serving.

—Juliana

APRICOT SURPRISE BARS

- 3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup margarine, softened
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup apricot preserves
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup mashed bananas
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Cream the brown sugar, margarine and butter flavoring. Stir the apricot preserves, eggs and vanilla flavoring into the brown sugar mixture. Add the remaining ingredients and mix well. Spread in a greased and floured jelly roll pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes or until golden brown. Top with Apricot Glaze. Makes 50 bars.

Apricot Glaze

- 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
- 2 Tbls. apricot preserves
- 1 Tbls. water

Combine all ingredients and beat until smooth.

—Verlene

ENCHILADA TORTE**Sauce**

- 1 onion, chopped
- 1/2 cup sliced celery
- 1 Tbls. butter (or margarine and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring)
- 1 small bell pepper, chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 can sliced tomatoes
- 1 8-oz. can enchilada sauce
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups chili sauce
- 2 cups sliced mushrooms

Saute onion and celery in the butter or margarine and flavoring. Add all the remaining sauce ingredients and simmer 10 minutes. Keep sauce warm while preparing the following.

Spicy Ground Beef

- 1 1/2 lbs. ground round steak
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 1 3-oz. can chopped jalapeno peppers, drained; or 1 3-oz. can chopped green chili peppers, drained (if you do not want a hot sauce)
- 1 large garlic clove, chopped
- 1 tsp. oregano
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 3 fresh tomatoes, diced

Brown the beef; add the onion and cook until onion is soft. Add remaining spicy ground beef ingredients. Set aside.

- 1 pkg. corn tortillas
- Butter, melted
- 1 1/2 cups grated Cheddar cheese
- 1 1/2 cups grated Monterey Jack cheese

Dip the corn tortillas in butter and cut into 1-inch strips. Mix the Cheddar cheese and the Monterey Jack cheese together; set aside.

Butter a large casserole and layer the ingredients in it in this order: one half of the tortilla strips, one half of the spicy ground beef, and one half of the grated cheese mixture. Pour half of the sauce over all. Layer the remaining tortilla strips over the top, next add the remaining beef, then pour the remaining sauce over all, and top with the cheese. Bake at 400 degrees for 30 minutes. This casserole freezes beautifully.

—Robin

**SPECIAL DAYS IN MARCH**

- March 17—St. Patrick's Day
- March 20—First Day of Spring
- March 31—Palm Sunday

CABBAGE-LEEK SOUP

8 small leeks or 16 green onions
6 Tbls. margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
2 cups coarsely chopped cabbage
6 garlic cloves, chopped
2 parsnips, peeled and chopped
4 cups chicken stock
1 cup finely shredded red cabbage
Salt and pepper to taste
Julienne 3 of the leeks or 6 of the green onions (include some of the tops if using green onions). Set aside.

Coarsely chop the rest of the leeks or green onions. Melt 4 tablespoons of margarine in a large pot. Add the flavoring, coarsely chopped leeks or green onions, cabbage, garlic, parsnips and chicken stock. Bring to boiling; reduce to simmer and cook for about 35 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Put into food processor and make a puree.

Melt the remaining 2 tablespoons of margarine and saute the 1 cup finely shredded cabbage and reserved julienne leeks or onions. Add to the puree along with salt and pepper to taste. Reheat soup. —Robin

DEVILED CORN AND CRAB

1/4 cup butter or margarine
2 Tbls. flour
1 Tbls. lemon juice
1 tsp. prepared mustard
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1/2 tsp. pepper
1/2 cup milk
1 7½-oz. can crab meat, drained, flaked and cartilage removed
2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
1 17-oz. can whole kernel corn, drained
1 17-oz. can cream-style corn
1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
1/2 cup cracker crumbs, finely crushed
1 Tbls. butter, melted
Hard-cooked egg
Pimento-stuffed green olives
In saucepan melt the butter, stir in flour, lemon juice, mustard, salt, Worcestershire sauce and pepper. Add milk and cook until mixture is thick. Remove from heat and carefully add crab meat, chopped hard-cooked eggs, and corn.

Spoon mixture into a 1½-quart greased casserole. Sprinkle cheese, cracker crumbs and butter over top.

Bake at 350 degrees about 45 minutes. Garnish with wedges of hard-cooked egg and olive slices. Serves 6 to 10 people. —Hallie

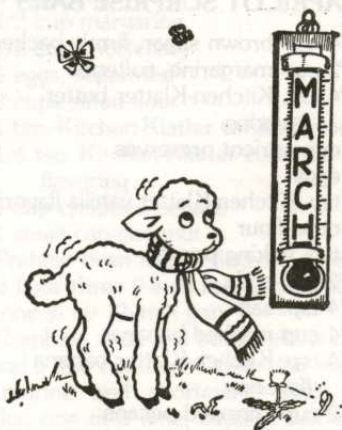
PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

1 can (1 lb., 4 ozs.) sliced pineapple in syrup
1/4 cup margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
2/3 cup firmly packed light brown sugar
Maraschino cherries
1 cup unsifted all-purpose flour
3/4 cup sugar
1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup milk
1/4 cup vegetable shortening
1 egg
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1 tsp. lemon juice
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
Drain the pineapple slices, reserving 2 Tbls. of the syrup.

Melt margarine in a heavy 10-inch ovenproof skillet. Stir in the butter flavoring, brown sugar and reserved 2 Tbls. pineapple syrup; blend thoroughly. Remove from heat. Arrange pineapple slices in sugar mixture. Place a maraschino cherry in center of each slice.

Combine flour, sugar, baking powder and salt in a large bowl. Add milk and shortening and beat at high speed with electric mixer for 2 minutes. Add egg, lemon flavoring, lemon juice and vanilla flavoring; beat another 2 minutes. Pour over pineapple in skillet, spread evenly.

Bake in 350-degree oven for approximately 40 minutes. Cool on wire rack for 5 minutes. Invert onto serving plate. Serve warm. —Hallie

**EASY MINT SALAD**

2 1/2 cups pineapple chunks
1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
4 Tbls. sour cream
2 Tbls. sugar
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
Drain pineapple and measure juice.
Prepare gelatin according to package directions using the pineapple juice as part of the liquid. Add sour cream, sugar, and flavoring. Refrigerate until partially set. Add the pineapple. Place in an 8- by 8-inch glass dish and return to refrigerator. —Verlene

LAMB CASSEROLE

2 Tbls. margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
3 stalks celery, cut diagonally in 1/2-inch pieces
3 carrots, pared and cut diagonally in 1/4-inch pieces
1/2 of medium onion, chopped
6 large mushrooms, halved
1 Tbls. margarine
2 Tbls. flour
1/4 tsp. herb pepper seasoning
1/8 tsp. dry dill weed
1 Tbls. chopped fresh parsley
3/4 cup beef broth
1 cup milk
2 cups cubed cooked lamb
1 (4 serving size) pkg. instant mashed potatoes
1/4 cup grated Cheddar cheese

Melt the 2 tablespoons margarine in skillet and add butter flavoring. Brown the celery, carrots, onion and mushrooms until limp. Place in a greased casserole.

In the same skillet in which the vegetables were cooked, melt the 1 tablespoon margarine. Stir in flour and cook for a minute. Do not brown. Add the pepper seasoning, dill weed, parsley, broth and milk. Cook until thickened. Pour over the vegetables in casserole. Top with the cubed lamb.

Prepare the potatoes according to package directions; stir the cheese into potatoes. Spread over top of casserole. Bake at 400 degrees for 30 minutes. —Juliana

EASY CHEESECAKES

24 vanilla wafers
3 8-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened
1 cup sugar
1/4 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
3 eggs
1/2 cup strawberry preserves
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Heat oven to 325 degrees. Line 24 muffin cups with paper liners. Place 1 vanilla wafer in bottom of each cup.

In large bowl combine the cream cheese, sugar, nutmeg, vanilla flavoring and eggs; beat well at medium speed. Pour mixture into the muffin cups, filling 2/3 full. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes or until set.

In a saucepan over low heat melt the strawberry preserves with the strawberry flavoring. Remove from heat and place 1 teaspoon on top of each muffin cup. Cover and refrigerate overnight. Before serving remove the paper liner. Makes 24 cheesecakes. —Verlene

HUNGARIAN GOULASH

- 1 large onion, sliced
- 1 1/2 lbs. lean chuck roast, cut into 1/2-inch cubes
- 2 Tbls. salad oil
- 1 1/2 tsp. to 1 Tbls. Hungarian paprika (to taste)
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. marjoram
- 2 pinches caraway seeds (optional)
- 2 garlic cloves, minced
- 2 Tbls. tomato paste
- 1 1/2 cups beef broth
- 1/4 cup sour cream

Cook onion and meat in oil until onion is limp and beef is browned. Add the remaining above ingredients except for the sour cream. Simmer 2 to 3 hours on top of the stove until the meat is tender. If the mixture becomes too dry, add more broth. Just before serving, add sour cream. Serve over noodles or home-made Hungarian Spaetzles (recipe follows). Serves 4 to 5.

Hungarian Spaetzles

- 1 cup flour
- 1 egg
- 1 egg yolk
- 5 1/2 Tbls. milk
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- Dash of nutmeg
- 1 Tbls. minced fresh parsley
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 cup soft bread crumbs

Mix the flour, egg, egg yolk, milk, salt, nutmeg, and parsley and place in a coarse colander over a large kettle of rapidly boiling, salted water. Press through the colander with a wooden spoon or glass. Cook for about 5 minutes after all the mixture has been pressed through the colander. Rinse under cold water; drain. Melt butter. Add soft bread crumbs and brown lightly. Stir in the spaetzles and brown lightly over low heat for about 10 minutes. —Mary Lea

PECAN-SOUR CREAM PIE

Pastry for one-crust pie

- 1 tsp. flour
- 1/4 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. ground cloves
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup broken pecans

Preheat oven to 450 degrees. Line pie pan with pastry dough. Combine the flour, spices and a little of the sour cream. Blend in the rest of the sour cream. Add the well-beaten eggs, sugar and flavoring; fold in nuts. Pour into the prepared pie shell.

Place in preheated oven and immediately turn temperature down to 325. Bake about 40 minutes. Serve with whipped topping. —Dorothy

RED CHILI SAUCE

- 12 dried red chili pods
- 2 cloves of garlic
- 1 tsp. cumin
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. oregano
- 1 cup hot water

Open and seed chili pods; wash each and remove the stems. Soak pods in some hot water about 30 minutes until soft.

Place all the ingredients in a blender and blend 3 minutes. Strain the blended mixture; discard the skins. Can be used as a marinade or in a casserole. This is especially good with pork. —Robin

TACO SALAD

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 envelope dry onion soup mix (1/4 cup)
- 3/4 cup water
- 1 medium head of lettuce, torn in bite-size pieces (4 cups)
- 1 large tomato, cut in wedges
- 1 small onion, thinly sliced and separated in rings
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper (optional)
- 1/2 cup sliced ripe olives
- 4 ozs. sharp Cheddar cheese, shredded (1 cup)
- 1 6-oz. pkg. corn chips

In a heavy skillet brown ground beef and drain. Sprinkle onion soup mix over meat, stir in the water. Simmer, uncovered, for 10 minutes.

In a salad bowl combine lettuce, tomato, onion, green pepper, olives and cheese. Toss well. Spoon meat mixture over salad, top with corn chips. Makes 4 to 6 servings. —Hallie

POTATO BAKE

- 3 cups water
- 3/4 cup margarine
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 3 cups mashed potato flakes
- 3 1/4 cups seasoned croutons
- 3/4 cup finely chopped celery
- 1/3 cup finely chopped onion
- 2 slices American cheese

In a large saucepan heat the water, margarine, salt and flavoring; bring to boiling. Remove from heat. Add the milk and potato flakes; stir until well blended. Add 3 cups of croutons, celery and onion. Spoon into a well-greased 2-quart casserole. Crush the remaining 1/4 cup of croutons and place on top of the potato mixture. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes. The last 5 minutes place the cheese on top. Serves 10 to 12.

—Verlene

SAUERKRAUT CASSEROLE

- 1 1-lb. 11-oz. can sauerkraut, well drained (rinse if desired)
- 1 1-lb. can tomatoes, juice and all (chop tomatoes if in large pieces)
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 5 strips bacon, fried crisp and crumbled
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
- 2 Tbls. chopped celery
- 1/2 cup catsup

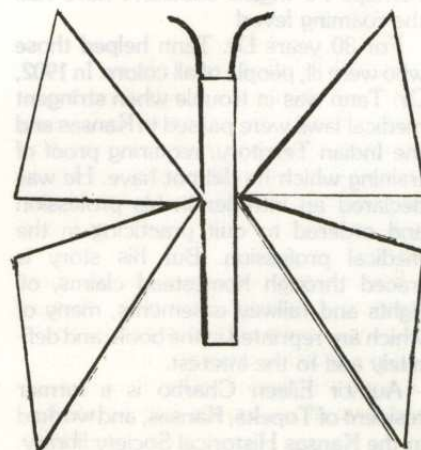
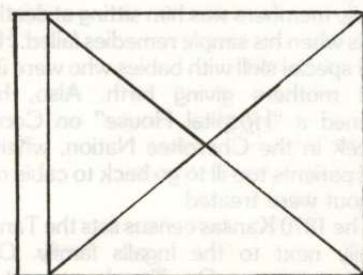
Combine all ingredients. Place in large casserole and bake uncovered for 3 hours at 350 degrees. —Dorothy

BUTTERFLY CAKE

Bake a 9- by 13-inch cake. When cool place the cake with the short ends of the rectangle to your left and right. Cut a narrow (1-inch) strip from top to bottom from one of the short ends. Cut the remaining 8- by 13-inch rectangle from the top right corner to the bottom left corner then from the top left corner to the bottom right corner. There should be 5 pieces of cake: 4 triangles and a 1-inch strip.

Place the 1-inch strip with the narrow end toward you in the center of a 16- by 20-inch pan or cardboard. This strip is the body of the butterfly. The triangles of cake are the wings. Two triangles are placed on each side of the body with just 1 point of each triangle touching the middle of the body. Frost completely. Decorate with candies to represent the coloring of a butterfly. Pieces of narrow licorice laces can be used as antennae.

—Mary Lea





COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Any mention of the *Little House* books by Laura Ingalls Wilder always generates interest. Now we have a paperback relating to *Little House on the Prairie*. The book is *A Doctor Fetched by the Family Dog—the Story of Dr. George A. Tann, Pioneer Black Physician*, written by Eileen Charbo.

Let the author speak: "This is a paper man. The life of busy, mysterious Dr. George A. Tann was constructed from the brief mention written 65 years after the incident. His life and days and character were reconstructed, though not one medical record nor personal paper has been found. Laura Ingalls Wilder in her book *Little House on the Prairie*, says the Doctor followed her pleading little cur dog Jack, back to the Ingalls cabin which stood near the Indian Trail of Oklahoma Territory. Dr. Tann stayed a day and a night treating the feverish family, all suffering from malaria. Old-timers say he administered quinine and calomel on the tip of his knife blade. He was needed in nearly every cabin along the creek in that bad fever 'n' ague year, so he got a neighbor woman to come in and nurse the family back to health."

It was 1870 near Independence, Kansas, when Dr. Tann helped the Ingalls family. He left a wealth of affectionate memories in the minds of people, among them, boys sent to "fetch the doctor." One recollection of his care of family members was him sitting at deathbeds when his simple remedies failed. He had special skill with babies who were ill, and mothers giving birth. Also, he opened a "Hospital House" on Coon Creek in the Cherokee Nation, where bed patients too ill to go back to cabin or dugout were treated.

The 1870 Kansas census lists the Tann family next to the Ingalls family. Oil leases were on Dr. Tann's property. Perhaps Pa Ingalls shouldn't have had the roaming fever!

For 30 years Dr. Tann helped those who were ill, people of all colors. In 1902, Dr. Tann was in trouble when stringent medical laws were passed in Kansas and the Indian Territory, requiring proof of training which he did not have. He was declared an intruder in his profession and ordered to quit practicing in the medical profession. But his story is traced through homestead claims, oil rights and railway easements, many of which are reprinted in the book, and definitely add to the interest.

Author Eileen Charbo is a former resident of Topeka, Kansas, and worked in the Kansas Historical Society library.

She now lives in Houston, Texas, and writes book reviews for a Houston newspaper. She was instrumental in doing research to show that Pa Ingalls did indeed build a little house on the prairie in Kansas—probably in Rutland township, west of Independence.

A Doctor Fetched by the Family Dog is written with warmth about a special person who helped the Ingalls family. The historical records are most interesting and the legal material included is an education in itself. The book may be obtained by writing Eileen Charbo, 2777 Briargrove Dr. E833, Houston, Texas 77057. The price is \$5 per single copy of the paperback, which includes postage and handling, with 15% off on orders for more than five. The book is also on sale at the Laura Ingalls Wilder Museum at Mansfield, Missouri 65704, as well as the other Little House sites.

Women's Diaries of the Westward Journey by Lillian Schlissel (Schocken Books, 200 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016, \$8.95) is available in paperback. It was originally published in hardback in 1982 and reviewed here. From 1840 to 1870 the pioneers traveled the trails to California and Oregon. Those pioneers included thousands of women. The book tells the stories from their journals.

Daughter Ann and I have fun reading and discussing books on parenting. A particular book that has held our attention is *Sensitive Parenting From Infancy to Adulthood* by Katharine C. Kersey, Ed. D. As a respected early childhood specialist, Dr. Kersey writes a proven, ten-step program for successful child-rearing. What is especially helpful is that each of the ten steps in the program is illustrated with case studies of children of all ages, questions from parents, and sensible solutions.

The first step is "Treat the child with respect" and the tenth step is "Enjoy you your children." In between are thoughts on privileges, discipline, rule-making, individuality, and feelings, to name some of the steps.

Dr. Kersey writes, "Our goal for children is to help them become confident, competent, independent, fully functioning human beings. We have only a few years in which to accomplish this task. Effective parenting requires a delicate balance between setting limits as long as they are necessary and letting go as soon as possible."

If there is one book that you want to buy for parents, I suggest *Sensitive Parenting*. (Available at your bookstore or write to Acropolis Books Ltd., 2400 17th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009, \$8.95, plus 50¢ per copy for mailing.)



PASS IT ON

When your heart is
full of love,
When you've more than
you can eat,
When you're tired of
all your clothes,
Pass them on.

When you hear of
someone's needs,
When you have more than
you spend,
Open up your heart
with love,
And pass your
money on.

When someone has a lot
to bear,
When someone needs
a helping hand,
Then take whatever
you may have,
And pass it on.

For Life is meant for
giving,
And for loving all
you can,
So always take what
God gives you,
And pass it on.

—Annette Lingelbach

The time to go on a diet is when you
are thick and tired of it.

KITCHEN-KLATTER

HOMEMAKER PROGRAM



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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by Eva M. Schroeder

No doubt gardening is well under way in the warmer sections of our country, but where I garden in north central Minnesota, there are only the slightest stirrings of spring. Some of the Majestic Giant pansies that bloomed so abundantly last spring and intermittently all season long survived the bitter cold days of winter and are struggling under patches of snow and ice to come forth again. Credit can be given to the extreme hybrid vigor of the Majestic Giants that in our yard have proved to be worth the extra cost of the seed compared to that of open-pollinated types.

There are many exciting varieties of vegetables and flowers for 1985 and several of each are featured in most catalogs of leading seed and nursery firms. We tried some in our "Advance Trial" garden last year and they did so well, these varieties will become regulars in future gardens. Better Bush VFN hybrid tomato produced big delicious deep red fruits on compact, space-saving plants. Unlike the Patio plants, Better Bush kept on producing right up to frost.

The best peppers in the plot proved to be MA BELLE and PRO BELLE 11. The plants from both varieties set fruits ahead of BIG BERTHA and BELL BOY, the fruits were thick-walled, blocky and the rich dark green color so desirable in sweet peppers.

If you are in doubt as to which variety of tomatoes to grow this spring do send for this free catalog. Read the helpful information on more than 100 kinds of tomatoes. If you have had trouble with tomato blight or other problems this little booklet gives up-to-date information on new varieties, old favorites, the best kinds to grow for containers, and much information on training, mulching, fertilizing, and growing tomatoes successfully. The catalog is free from Tomato Growers Supply Co., P.O. Box 2237, Fort Myers, Florida 33902.

Mary K. writes that she planted a packet of mixed annual flower seeds and an outstanding marigold appeared in the seedlings. It grew only 14 inches high but produced huge double blooms of a rich gold color. The blooms completely covered the plant. "I would love to have a bed of these beauties," she wrote, "if only I knew the variety name. Can you help me?" Catalogs carry long lists of marigold varieties—yours could be one of a dozen or more. Perhaps you grew one of the new "INCA MARIGOLD" which fits your description well. You might also try the Lady Series or HAPPY FACE HYBRID (yellow in color). Check your seed catalogs and try some of the new hybrids offered. Seed is relatively inexpensive and marigolds are very easy to grow from seed.

COVER STORY

Katharine Driftmier and Don Miller were married November 17, 1984, in the Clifton Baptist Church, Clifton, Virginia. Katharine is the daughter of Don and Mary Beth Driftmier, Delafield, Wisconsin. Don Miller's family lives in Falls Church, Virginia. Katharine is a scientist and works in a lab at the same company where Don is a biochemical engineer.

KNITTED BABY BALL

by
Helen E. Bates

This ball is completely washable and easy to make. One ounce skein of yarn will make one ball. Use size 4 knitting needles and a size 3 crochet hook.

Cast on 28 sts, K across once. *Turn, K 20 sts, (leaving 8 sts on left needle), turn, K 12 sts, turn (leaving 8 sts on left needle), K 14 sts, (picking up 2 sts from previous row), turn, K 16 sts. Continue to K each row, increasing 2 sts each row until you have 28 sts on needle. This completes one section. K ten sections in the same manner, repeating from *, adding color as desired for sections. Then bind off. Sew together, leaving room to stuff with discarded nylon hose.

The ball may be made using two colors or each section can be a different color. Crochet a ch of 40 sts and fasten both ends of chain to one end of ball.

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

After bringing home a head of lettuce from the store, wash it and cover the lettuce with ice water for 30 minutes. Drain for about 15 minutes. Wrap the head of lettuce in several paper towels and place it in a plastic bag and refrigerate. After each use, rewrap the remaining lettuce in the same towels which are damp. Lettuce will be crisp and will keep longer than you ever imagined it would.
E. H., Sun City, Az.

To prevent eggs from cracking when boiling make a little hole in the rounded end of the egg with a needle.

Mrs. B. B., Owatonna, Mn.

When you do not want to pull out a big chopping board, use the cover from a 5-quart ice cream pail. It is handy to slice bread or other small things on. Since it is plastic, it will not dull your knives and is easy to clean. Mrs. L. P., Vedigre, Ne.

To make homemade cottage cheese taste like commercial, try rinsing the curds with more water when making it. Dry homemade cottage cheese, that is not mixed with cream and seasonings, can be added to homemade bread and buns for extra nutrition. I usually add 1/4 teaspoon of baking soda with the cottage cheese when using it in bread or buns. I blend the cottage cheese with some of the liquid in the blender. Cottage cheese can be substituted for dry milk solids in recipes in the amounts called for.

B. H., Carter, S.D.

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SHE PUSHES PENCILS

by
Dianne L. Beetler

You may think of a pencil pusher as a person who sits at a desk and works with mathematical figures all day. Not so with Dorothy Sims of Galesburg, Illinois. She pushes pencils in a different way—she collects them.

"About 20 years ago, I attended a home show, and some dealers were giving out pencils," she explains. "I decided to save them. I saved haphazardly for years. When I found out there were pencil collector clubs and other people like me, I began saving pencils more seriously."

Today Dorothy has over 7,000 pencils and pens. "My collection is small," she says. "Some people have 50,000, 60,000 or more."

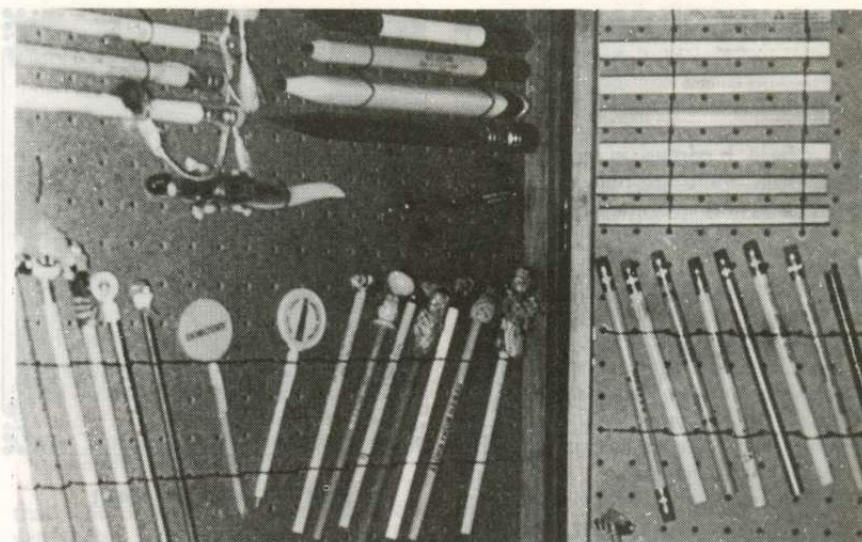
No one knows who was the world's first pencil collector. Just before the time of Christ, the Greeks and Romans used lead for writing. Graphite was first used for writing in England in the middle of the sixteenth century. The Germans enclosed the graphite in wood about 1650. The graphite was not mixed with clay until a Frenchman did it in 1795. The first American-made pencil was sold in 1812, and the first mass-production pencil factory was built in the U.S. in 1861 by Eberhard Faber.

Most wood pencils are made of cedar. The pencil lead is a mixture of graphite and clay. The more clay in the mixture, the softer and darker the lead. Pumice in the eraser is what erases pencil marks. Rubber is merely the bonding agent.

Dorothy is a member of the American Pencil Collectors Society and the Society for the Collection of Brand Name Pencils. The American Pencil Collectors Society has a convention every two years, usually on a college campus. Dorothy and her husband, Forrest, like to attend and trade pencils with other collectors.

Each member of the Society has a number and pencils with his or her name, address, and number printed on them. Of course the members collect each other's pencils. To be collectable, a pencil should have the name of a person or company and an address stamped on it and should be unsharpened.

"I try to get pencils to take to trade at the convention. You will get at least 500 or more pencils at a convention, depending on how many you have to trade," Dorothy says. "I trade through the mail, too." Although she buys some pencils, she obtains most of them free. Her husband collects pencils from his co-workers. Family members and friends who know of her hobby save pencils for her. "It keeps me busy to keep them sorted," Dorothy says, holding up a plastic bag full of pencils collected the



The flat pencils are carpenter's pencils, and those on the left are novelty pencils. These are just a few of the many pencils that Dorothy Sims has in her collection.

previous week.

"Once I bought most of a man's collection—3,000 pencils." One of the problems of pencil collecting is that "you have to remember what you have. I'm trying to catalog my pencils," she says. It's a job Dorothy wishes she had started when she began her collection.

Dorothy has a card for each pencil. On the card, she types the kind of pencil and the information printed on the pencil.

"I came across lots of duplicates when I was cataloging," Dorothy confesses. She will use these duplicates to trade with other collectors.

It is becoming difficult to find "new" old pencils. One of the best ways to find such pencils is to contact older people or find someone preparing to sell the contents of an older home.

Dorothy's husband made special display boards for some of her pencils. "I have two chests with 33 drawers in each to keep pencils in," she says. "The pencils are placed in the cabinets according to the state they come from. I also have some in boxes."

Did you know there are left-handed and right-handed pencils? The words on a left-handed pencil are printed so a person can read them while holding the pencil in his or her left hand. The words on a right-handed pencil can be read when the pencil is held in the right hand.

Dorothy says, "Wooden pencils are going out, and now many pencils are being made of plastic." Plastic pencils can be heated and bent into any shape.

A bullet pencil has a metal end resembling a bullet, so the tip of the pencil is protected when not in use. With mechanical pencils, you can increase or shorten the length of the lead by twisting the bottom half of the pencil. Carpenter's pencils are flat instead of round. Novelty pencils have an unusual feature such as being oversized. Bridge pencils are smaller in diameter than regular size

pencils.

Brand name pencils have a brand name, plus the name and address of the pencil company.

Dorothy classifies some of her pencils according to what they advertise. For example, she has a group of pencils with the names of golf courses on them. She also has a selection of pencils given out by various railroads for advertising purposes. Many of her pencils were handed out by stores and firms which are no longer in business. She also collects pencils from foreign countries. Some collectors specialize in one category such as pencils from banks or colleges.

With their pencils many collectors build houses, Ferris wheels, crosses, stars, log cabins, and bridges. Dorothy doesn't construct anything with pencils because "they would take up too much room."

A mechanical pencil is probably the oldest in Dorothy's collection. She doesn't know its age.

Pencil collecting is not an expensive hobby. Most pencils can be obtained free, although you can expect to pay for special pencils such as one commemorating the 1933 World's Fair in Chicago.

As far as Dorothy Sims is concerned, pencil collecting is an "all-write" hobby.

BRIGHTER DAYS

It's cold outside,
The sky is grey.
It could have been
A beautiful day.
But winter time
Has clouded the sky.
I don't know how;
Or don't know why.
But here inside
It's nice and clear.
Because I have
My children near.

—Judith K. Riden

YARN TIPS

by
Erma Reynolds

Been having problems with your yarn? If so, here are some handy tips for you.

To wind a skein of yarn into a ball when there's no one to hold the skein, put the backs of two straight-backed chairs together and slip the skein of yarn over them. Move the chairs apart to hold the skein firmly as you wind. Another method is to pull out a cabinet drawer, slip the skein over it, and proceed to wind the yarn. Or, loosen the decorative knob on top of a large lampshade. Hang the skein around the shade, and as you wind the yarn the shade will turn.

The yarn wrapper containing the dye lot number is necessary to reorder more yarn. Keep the information by winding the yarn around skein wrapper when rolling a ball of yarn. This will serve as a core for the ball and the necessary data will be safe at hand.

It usually requires patience and the eyesight of an eagle to get yarn through a needle's eye. Put a bit of colorless nail polish on the end of the yarn strand and pinch to a point. When dry, push the hardened point through the needle's eye.

Got a ball of yarn that persists in rolling away? Cage it in an empty salt box. Prepare the "cage" by removing box top and putting ball of yarn inside. Draw the loose end of yarn through the opened pouring spout and replace box top then fasten in place with tape.

When knitting with multiple strands of yarn, there can be a problem of snarling. To prevent this, put the end of each strand of yarn through a soda straw or a large bead. As knitting proceeds, the straw or bead will slip along, keeping the yarns from tangling.

It's preferable to join a new ball of yarn at the end of a row, but sometimes this is not possible. When this occurs, try these next-best methods. Thread the new yarn into a needle and weave it along the end of the "old" yarn for about three inches. Leave a short end of the new yarn protruding on wrong side of the work and after several rows have been knitted, cut this end off. Another solution is to unravel about an inch on the ends of the new and "old" yarn. From one end pick up two strands, and from the other end, one strand. Lay the double strands atop the one strand. Moisten yarn and roll together firmly.

Recycle yarn from a castoff knitted garment. As you unravel the yarn wind it around a glass jar. With the yarn wrapped around the jar dip it in lukewarm water. Remove and allow yarn to dry; result will be yarn free of kinks. Or, make the raveled yarn into a skein. Tie this in four or five places, place the skein in a colander over steam, and allow the moisture to remove kinks.

KATHARINE'S LETTER—Concluded
happiness too.

Thanks for your happy thoughts during the past months and for your patience as I gradually write to you all to thank you personally for your cards and gifts. I have friends here in Washington, like Jill Zeugen who works next to me at the lab, whose grandmothers, aunts and mothers read *Kitchen-Klatter* and send me their love and congratulations from the Midwest. It's fun to hear from you and I Thank You. It's nice to know that you care.

I am sure to have much to tell you about as Don and I step into the work of building up our little "farmette" in Virginia. Spring is coming, we're all glad to remember, and so will a fresh gurgle call to us from our creek as the mountain snows melt to wash winter away. I hope your spring comes warmly and SOON.

Lovingly,

Katharine

BUTTERY BISCUITS

2 cups sifted, self-rising flour

2 tsp. sugar

1/2 tsp. soda

1/2 tsp. salt

1/3 cup shortening

2/3 cup buttermilk

2 Tbls. butter, softened

Preheat oven to 300 degrees. Cut together the flour, sugar, soda, salt and shortening. Mix in buttermilk. Continue to mix in small amounts of flour till the dough has the right elasticity to roll out into a 1½-inch pad. Cut out biscuits; place on an ungreased sheet.

Gently spread softened butter over the uncooked biscuits. This buttery top makes them Delicious! Bake in 300-degree oven till tops are golden brown, about 12 minutes.

SWEET SPICY NUTS

2 egg whites

1 cup plus 1 Tbls. sugar

1/2 tsp. salt

1/2 tsp. cinnamon

1/2 tsp. nutmeg

1/2 tsp. allspice

1/2 tsp. ginger

1/2 tsp. cloves

1 cup almonds

1 cup English walnut halves

1 cup pecan halves

1 cup cashews

Preheat oven to 300 degrees.

With a mixer begin beating the two egg whites. When slightly beaten, add 1 tablespoon of sugar and beat till stiff. In a separate bowl, blend the 1 cup of sugar, ½ teaspoon of salt and all the spices.

Put the 4 cups of nuts into the bowl of beaten egg whites. Mix thoroughly to cover the nuts with white fluffy coating. Sprinkle the coated nuts with the sugar-and-spice and stir together to coat evenly.

Spread the nuts out on brown paper lining a baking sheet and bake at 300 degrees for 20 minutes. Stir once after 10 minutes. Remove from oven and cool 5 minutes before placing nuts onto a greased flat surface to cool completely. Delicious!

—Katharine Miller

SUNSET ON THE LAKE

The setting sun, an orange ball of fire,
Hovers in the multi-colored sky;
Then hides behind a dark and sullen
cloud.

Blushing, it slowly reappears,
Then slips into a slot
Behind a silhouette of trees.

—Gertrude Perlis Kagan

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WHAT BELONGS ATOP A FAMILY REFRIGERATOR

by Janet Eckmann

A vase of flowers, a cute cookie jar would look nice on my refrigerator. But, at our house with three teenagers, a five-year-old child and a fifteen-month-old toddler, everything we don't want ate up or messed up goes on top of the refrigerator.

It's a well known fact that toddlers get into everything they aren't suppose to and can do it faster than you can believe. Our little girl is into climbing, she can push a chair anywhere and reach anything, it seems. Yes, our other four children learned to climb too, but either my memory fails me with age, or they weren't nearly this much trouble. YES, she has been spanked; YES, she has fallen and hurt herself, but that doesn't stop her.

Our teenagers have learned to put term papers and all school-related books atop the refrigerator. It is also a good idea to put cassette tapes up there, especially if they were borrowed from a friend. If our children don't want classmates to think they are eating erasers off of pencils, they had better put the pencils up there with the books. Opened cans of pop are also something to be put up—way up. A spot should be reserved for Dad's calculator so the batteries will work the next time someone needs it.

Income tax papers, which are waiting for attention, also need a safe place atop the refrigerator. Our five-year-old child, who doesn't want every Sunday school paper and every page he colors wrote on or ate up, thinks his papers also have top priority. A tray of sandwiches to be taken to a funeral or a pan of bars for a league meeting are safe only on top of the refrigerator. We have always placed our fly swatters up there so one might be handy when you need it. Every livestock farmer knows a fly swatter is needed eleven months out of the twelve. We have always kept a wooden spoon or other threatening object for fulfilling promises of punishment up there too.

I looked on top of that twenty-year-old refrigerator and wondered why I had cupboards built above it just a year ago. Without them, imagine all the safe, out-of-reach area we would have.

CRACKERS AND MILK

Crackers and milk in a deep blue bowl,
I can eat all that my tummy can hold.

They tell me I'm funny,
And I guess that its true
That I turn down potatoes
And tenderloin, too
And ice cream and cookies
And peaches of gold

For crackers and milk in a deep blue bowl!
—Jo Burford



Betty Driftmier watches Granddaughter Cassandra Palo, daughter of Mary Lea and Vincent Palo, Omaha, Nebraska, put a puzzle together.

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded
fretfulness close around our thoughts, and we are submerged without vision. Just as a little bit of water can make a big fog, so can a little bit of worry make a big problem.

Along the New England coastline we become so accustomed to seeing water that we are inclined to accept water as just about life's most ordinary substance. Most of us forget that availability of fresh water for drinking and bathing is one of God's greatest blessings for all of mankind. Do you know that seventy percent of the whole world is covered with water that averages two miles deep? That is a lot of water!! Of all that water, however, only two and one-half percent is fresh water. All the rest is salt water. Of the fresh water, all but one-twentieth of one percent is ice at the North and South Poles. Just think of it! We should always remember to thank God for the blessing of fresh water.

Betty and I have a very keen interest in glaciers, and wherever we go in our travels, we make it a point to visit as many glaciers as possible. Sometimes we photograph them from ships, sometimes from planes, and sometimes we hike up to them. One day we went in a rented airplane to photograph all of the several glaciers on Mt. Rainier in the state of Washington. Of course we have seen glaciers in Alaska, Switzerland, Norway, Iceland, and in the High Eastern Arctic of Canada.

Someday we want to travel to the island of New Guinea in the South Pacific to photograph the glaciers there. Imagine! New Guinea is just three degrees south of the equator! It is incredible, but true, that Peary Land, the size of Maine, at the northern tip of Greenland is almost ice free. That part of Greenland is only five hundred miles from the North Pole, yet it has almost no moisture and is drier than most of the world's deserts. The largest glacier in the world is in Greenland, and it is much

further south than Peary Land at the north tip.

Do you remember enough of your high school geology to recall that fifteen thousand years ago all of North America as far south as Tennessee was covered by an enormous glacier? When that glacier melted and moved north to the arctic regions, it left us most of our beautiful lakes and rivers, including the Great Lakes, the largest bodies of fresh water in the world. All that is left of that great glacier is now in Baffin Island, about seven hundred miles north of Labrador. Betty and I went there to see it in 1978. That was probably the most dangerous trip we ever took, and it certainly was the most difficult and the most exciting trip of our life.

When you get my next letter, it will already be well into the gardening season. I am excited about some of our plans for flower gardens. I hope you have good luck with your gardens, and you can wish the same for our gardens. God bless you always.

Sincerely,

Frederick

WINTER SUNSET

Swiftly sinks the sun
Behind a bank of snow
Soon, all is darkness
But first the afterglow.
A crimson, rosy hue
Spreads across the West,
I cannot soon forget
The beauty,
Of a winter sunset.

—Carrie Wiggans

IRELAND'S TREASURE—Concluded

rainbow. Laughter is the greatest of all God's gifts to Ireland. It has done more for our people than gold has ever done. Search the world over, me boy, and you'll not find a finer treasure than laughter for stories and tales, laughter for jokes and toasts, laughter for 'wakes and weddings and every fine affair,' as the old song goes."

"Sure an' you're a wise man, Mr. Leprechaun," said Danny, with a smile and a wink. "It's time we're returning to enjoy that good Irish charm and laughter at the St. Patrick's Day festivities." With that, he found himself soaring once more through the air and gently settling down at the tiny village.

The streets of the village were filled with music and laughter. Granddad and Danny's family were in the midst of the festivities, sharing in the celebration of St. Patrick's Day. Danny looked at Granddad, saw the twinkle in his eye and the warm smile on his face, and realized he indeed had found the grandest treasure of all Ireland.



THE LOWLY PITCHER

by
Norma Tisher

It is a most fascinating and satisfying adventure to bring to light some of the uses of the old pitcher. Research of the pitcher can be quite interesting.

In the accompanying photo you can see a ceramic replica of the bowl and water pitcher of long ago. This photo was taken in an antique, country-style bedroom with a brass bed, chest of drawers, and dresser with a swinging mirror. Today country-style antiques are fashionable and stylish.

Pitchers are now rediscovered history. Typically, pitchers are made of earthenware, glass, metal or plastic, and have a wide mouth, with a broad lip or spout. A handle is on one side, or sometimes both sides have ears for holding. Most pitchers carry a festive tone to the room, turning dining into a special occasion.

Pitchers come in all different shapes and sizes. Most sets of china and stoneware include a cream pitcher and sugar bowl. Gravy pitchers in a boat shape also accompany the china sets.

In the past, large pitchers held country-fresh milk for cooking and drinking. Small pitchers in cellars and cold caves contained country cream for fruits, salads, and coffee in my day. Refrigerators were unheard of then. Today, one-half gallon specially-coated cartons and plastic gallon jugs are used by supermarkets for milk products and assorted fruit juices and drinks, as substitutes for pitchers of the past. The square-shaped cartons and jugs seem to fit better in modern refrigerators.

Miniature pitchers are favored by restaurants and institutions, which use them individually for meals, or with coffee. They usually contain milk or half-and-half for cereals and coffee. Pitchers that are always easily recognizable are those which hold syrup for breakfasts and fund-raising pancake feeds.

What has happened to the blue pitchers with the shadow or portrait of Shirley Temple on the side? They were "in", along with red-and-white checkerboard tablecloths, making kitchens

bright and cheerful and providing the table with savory, country flavor.

In modern times, pitchers are used largely for iced tea and water in homes, institutions and restaurants. At home, my favorite pitcher is a round bowl-type one with a narrow, square-shaped spout which keeps the ice cubes from running out when I fill iced tea or water glasses. Pitchers continue to be essential serving utensils.

Galena Pottery has produced cream pitchers about 6½" high, 5½" wide, and decorated with variations of beautiful green colors. Galena pitchers have deep, high molding for a lid. Many of the Galena Pottery pitchers are as beautiful as any made anywhere at any time. The fact that Galena pitchers are popular collectors' items today appears to substantiate this belief.

Individual potters and geographic areas have their own styles, shapes, decorations and colors for their pottery. Many pitchers are hand-painted, a fashionable accompaniment to any piece of art. Generally, stoneware pitchers have a simple, cobalt blue decoration, either a series of imaginative swirls or the representation of a flower. The stoneware pitchers for storage and household use are sturdier than the so-called redware, which is lighter and more porous. Cobalt blue decoration was usually applied in the diluted form of zaffre, a powdered blue glaze obtained by burning a mixture of cobalt ore and sand. Local potters supplied the pitcher as a basic utensil important to everyday life in early, rural American homes.

RESEARCH—I found these pitchers most interesting:

- * To my point of view, Bartlett-Collins had the best assortment of pressed-and-blown glassware pitchers in a variety of optic patterns.

- * A pitcher of mottled red glass with splashes of blue.

- * An engraved crystal pitcher ("Carnation").

- * A cut glass pitcher ("Omar").

- * Pewter cream pitchers (Poor Man's

silver).

- * Country-style majolica syrup pitcher in the form of an ear of corn with yellow kernels and green leaves of Victorian vintage.

- * The tankard in the Brunswick pattern won a prize for good design at the 1893 Columbian Exposition.

Pitchers are fun to collect and interesting to display. If they could talk, they would tell many tales of pouring liquids. Harbor your pitchers; you will find many uses for them.

GRANDMA'S OLD TRUNK

It's standing in the attic covered with cobwebs and dust.

It's bent and battered around the corners there's rust.

It's Grandma's old trunk with all the keepsakes it holds.

I knew everything inside must have a story to be told.

I found the old family album packed so carefully away.

With a picture of Grandma and Grandpa on their wedding day.

A box with a lock of hair from each baby she had.

Tied with a ribbon were grade cards that belong to my dad.

A pair of baby shoes all scuffed and worn. And an apron of Grandma's that was faded and torn.

I found a box filled with gifts her children had made.

And a record of birthdays and how much each baby had weighed.

There was a tattered fur muff and a pair of old spats.

A bright-colored plume from Grandma's favorite hat.

Yes in Grandma's old trunk I found special things packed away.

As I closed the lid I hoped that someone else would find and enjoy them someday.

—Beverly Ernst

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JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

about Mystras is the painted walls of the churches. Most of them are in the original condition which gives one a better feeling for the colors and themes intended by the artist. Mystras is a fascinating place to visit. An added plus is that very few people make the effort to do so. We practically had the place to ourselves.

That night was spent in another small seacoast town called Pylos. To get from Mystras to Pylos one crosses mountains higher than any I had ever imagined in Greece. The road ranks right up there with some of the more hair-raising roads I've traveled in Colorado. I was grateful for our small vehicle. I don't think a tour bus could have negotiated some of the corners.

Our trip was almost over. We did finish it up in grand style with a quick visit to Olympia—the home of the Greek gods. There was such a tranquil feeling at this site. This is also the birthplace of the Olympic games which we still enjoy today. The stadium for the foot races is still recognizable and several tourists were pretending to be Olympic heroes by running on the track. What fun!

Delphi was the grand finale. It has a magnificent location, fantastic ruins and an excellent museum. Do schedule lots of time there. We had several hours and they weren't enough. Back to Athens and home to Albuquerque. For some reason, jet lag didn't seem to bother anyone as much coming back from east to west. Maybe it was because we were in familiar surroundings. In thinking back over the trip I remember many little things that I haven't written about. One BIG thing I can say is that I would go back to do it all over again in a minute.

My goodness! Sunshine! The wind is still howling, but the snow has stopped and the clouds are breaking up. A flock of crows and ravens just flew over the house on their way to some food dump up the way. Just writing "crows and ravens" reminds me of son James as a small boy. He combined the two words and called them "cravens." The term "cravens" seems very appropriate to me.

Lucile sends her greetings to you all...as does Betty Jane. They have gotten through the winter in good shape and only one broken furnace. The furnace was over twenty years old so I guess it was entitled to act up. They have a good new one to see them through this winter and hopefully, many more to come.

Sincerely,

Juliana



The cattle on Frank and Dorothy Johnson's farm near Lucas, Iowa.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

Quite some time ago I mentioned Peggy's house and the furniture she made for it, and I received several letters wanting more information. I hope this information will help those readers who have the same hobby, or are contemplating starting a house of their own. Peggy has had a serious heart condition since childhood. Since she had open heart surgery a few years ago, the outdoor activities she loves so much have been

drastically curtailed. It is wonderful she has so many indoor hobbies to occupy her time. In the future I'll write about some of her other interests. Right now, I must close and get a good hot meal ready for Frank. Until next month...

Sincerely,

Dorothy

OUR OLD MAILBOX

by
Rita Farnham

At the end of our driveway where a blue-black ribbon highway stretches onto faraway places stands a sturdy cedar post that has been pounded into the ground by my strong husband. Its sole and sacred purpose is to hold our old mailbox, that battered and rusted receptacle for receiving mail.

Many people have cleverly installed their mailbox. Some use prize antiques as part of the installation. Old milk cans, wagon wheels, plows, planters and other farm implements are used to mount a box. An old-time wringer washer, a wooden tub or barrel, an ancient water pump, a round pot-bellied stove, a chain that seems to be suspended in midair are a few of the original ideas used in positioning a mailbox.

Through the years mailboxes have taken different shapes such as houses, barns, barrels, and covered bridges. The colors of the mailbox have changed from the traditional black or aluminum to bright orange, red, yellow, and various shades of green. Other boxes, although they have the usual shape, are decorated with birds, flowers, animals, or nature scenes. A box in our neighborhood has a bough of cherries painted on its flat black

surface. Quite appropriate for the owners! Their surname is Cherry.

Although our mailbox holds no special appeal for those who pass by, it is the most treasured object stationed on our property. The old mailbox stands bravely in all kinds of weather, dependable and stalwart, sheltering the mail I so joyfully look forward to receiving each day—a letter from a dear friend, a refund check to bolster my shopping power, a new catalogue of the latest fashions, a women's magazine, a package of sewing materials, or a reply from one of my aspiring attempts to become a published writer.

Perhaps, someday we'll buy a new mailbox and have it mounted in an interesting eye-catching manner. For the present I'm far more interested in what is received with each mail delivery. The highlight of my day is collecting the mail.

In the spring I'll sow marigold seed around the base of the mailbox for color all summer long. When the holiday season arrives I shall once again adorn the cedar post with festive greens entwined with a crimson ribbon and a bow where the box is fastened to the post. Always I'll listen for the clinking sound the door makes when the mailman closes the box after filling it with eagerly-awaited pieces of mail.

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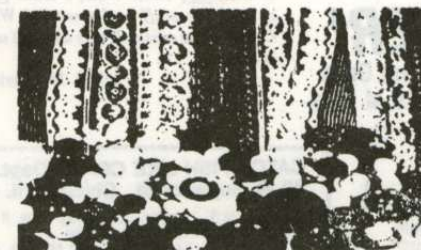
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So the whole thing was repeated—the guide put on the bait, rubbed it again, and up popped another beauty. Meanwhile, I sat there patiently waiting for my first fish.

This went on all morning. Mark caught 30 bass and I got eight.

When I pulled the boat in at noon and paid off our Indian guide, I noticed that a small, unusual seed had apparently fallen from the guide's pocket into the bottom of our boat. The odor from the seed was quite strong and certainly different from anything I had ever smelled before. This was what he had rubbed on Mark's bait!

When we returned home the next day, I gave the seed to a chemist friend of mine. He analyzed it and duplicated it into a spray for me.

I could hardly wait for my next fishing trip. What I discovered on that trip was absolutely unbelievable. I have never before caught fish like that. Every time I baited my hook. I sprayed it and up popped another fish.

I tested some more. I put spray on one bait and nothing on another. The sprayed bait got the fish almost immediately. The unsprayed bait got some nibbles, but nothing more.

I gave some of my friends samples of the spray to try and the results were the same—they caught fish like never before.

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