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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder

Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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A NOTE FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

The last time I wrote to you folks I was sitting at Juliana's desk in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and it seems to me that must have been at least a full decade ago!

It hasn't been all that long ago, of course, but for someone who spent the lion's share of every 24 hour span at the typewriter for more than 55 years, you can see why I feel countless seasons have come and gone since I last wrote: "Dear Good Friends."

When meeting old friends after being out of touch for a spell, we hastily back-track and try to fill in some of the things that have happened since we were last in touch; so I want to go back to our return trip from Albuquerque and tell you we had our usual weather complications for the trek. The windshield wipers were turning full blast when we pulled out of the Lowey's driveway and they stopped only when we struggled into the motel at night.

Betty's mother, Mrs. Lucille Rice of St. Paul, Minnesota, was with us. Although she has been with us before on those treks out to Albuquerque, she was as surprised as Betty and I were when we stopped to fill the tank and found that we couldn't turn east because all roads in that direction were closed due to ice and snow. This left us with no choice whatsoever except to go south and west, the two directions that had nothing to do with making it back to Iowa.

The first night we stopped at Capitan, New Mexico. I was really upset to discover that we were only ten miles from Ruidoso Downs where my niece Alison Walstad lives, and it was snowing so hard we had no earthly chance of getting to see her and her family. To say I felt frustrated is to indulge in a vast understatement.

Our second day on the road was an exact duplicate of the preceding day, and aside from stops to scrape ice from the windshield we just kept plugging along until we stopped at Hereford, Texas, for the night. (Incidentally, those of you who

recall my great interest in place names will share my astonishment that Deaf Smith County really exists. I had heard about this for years but could never really believe it until I saw the big sign "Entering Deaf Smith County" with my own eyes.)

The next day was a complete duplication of the preceding two days and we left the road at Wichita, Kansas, to spend the night. By this time all of us were so tired we had only one goal left: get out of there early and somehow make it into Shenandoah before night even though we might have blizzards or tornados! And make it we did, windshield wipers still going when our car turned into that oh! so familiar driveway at 116 East Clarinda Avenue.

One reason I've gone into these weather details and their attendant complications is because I once told you folks, jokingly, if you were in an area that needed rain desperately all you had to do was send for me and I could virtually guarantee that with my arrival your terrible drought would be broken.

Jed has told me many times that one of the great shocks of his life was to get a call from me in which he said, "What time did you get into Shenandoah?"

And I replied, "We're still in Tucumcari." This was the time (Dorothy at the wheel) when we were stranded there for about five days...just a stone's throw, you might say, from Albuquerque. Dorothy has kept a daily journal for many years, and when I look at her account of that fantastic period at Tucumcari, I still can't believe it.

On the last return trip from Albuquerque, we had no way of knowing it was the forerunner of a winter that has had no comparable records in all that have been kept nationwide.

I hope on the day you read this you will see evidence that our long, drawn-out winter is really over and spring is truly here. But as I write this I look out at our garden and there is no sign that even our huge magnolia tree expects to perform this year. You know how long you've lived at one location when you look at a tree and remember vividly when it was planted. Our tree was a little thing so fragile it had to be covered every night with a blanket when the weather forecast was ominous. Today the magnolia tree is enormous even though it has been pruned severely many times.

The same thing is true of the huge pine trees which now almost obscure the night sky. We have to peer out carefully at one given location in the southwest windows to see if the stars are blazing away as the morning astrological chart assured us they would be.

It has been almost 40 years since Russell, Juliana and I moved to this spot from San Francisco, and in what is now called our "Mobile Society" that is a long,

long time. The town itself has changed just about as much as our garden, and I said laughingly to someone not long ago, "Don't ask me who lives in any house unless they've been there three generations!"

But if it seems a little bit strange not to know "who-lives-where," I can assure you it is almost eerie not to have the faintest idea what is on the second floor of this house, or what in the world is in the basement. I have been restricted to my wheelchair now for 15 years, and staircases going up or down might as well be on the moon. There are lifts of various kinds, but these are completely out as far as the construction of this house is concerned.

I have not yet seen the Cover Picture of this issue, but no matter what it looks like I can tell you it was a great triumph for ANYTHING to turn out when we carried through on Juliana's specific request that Betty and I get a picture which included Hawkeye. And there was a good reason for this request: through the years we've had many people ask about him when they write.

Well, I can assure you he represents what might be called one giant leap as far as dogs are concerned. There is an old picture here where my first dog, Jake, a Chihuahua weighing about 3½ pounds is perched on my shoulder. Hawkeye is a Doberman and weighs around 180 pounds. Can you imagine a greater extreme? I can't.

Even though Betty and I have lived with Hawkeye for several years, we are still amazed at his alertness and intelligence. I could give you endless accounts of his awareness of everything that goes on, but I'll boil it down into just one example.

When I get up every morning at 4:30 or 5:00 a.m., I go directly to the kitchen to plug in the coffeepot. Hawkeye sleeps on a big old chair, my chair, at the end of the living room. As I leave the kitchen and go into that section of the room to pick up magazines that we had been reading the night before, etc. etc., Hawkeye pays no earthly attention to me and seems to be sound asleep. BUT, when I'm through picking up stuff and come back with my coffee cup in hand, he springs up out of the chair instantly and settles down on a rug in front of the fireplace. Never once do I have to say one word...he just springs into action.

There are endless examples of this kind. He looks ferocious and if circum-

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COVER PICTURE

Lucile Verness and Betty Tilsen, her companion, and Hawkeye, their faithful dog.



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends,

March came in like a lamb here in southern Iowa. The day was bright with temperatures up to 55 degrees. Our area has had unusually warm weather for this time of year so most of the frost has gone out of the ground and it is very muddy. The ice has broken up on the creek and moved on, and we were fortunate not to have a flood. Many places have had serious flooding. The creek was bank full for a couple of days when all the snow melted, and we also had rain. The mud makes it terribly difficult to chore, and by the time Frank comes in at night his legs really ache.

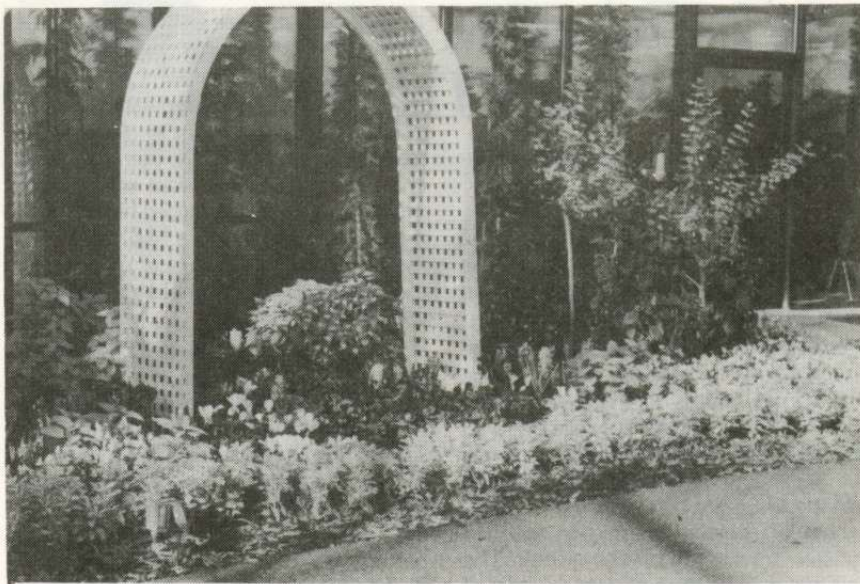
Juliana had a birthday on the 25th of February. I wonder if she remembers her 12th birthday as well as I do. I think about it every single year when the roads get as muddy as they are now. Juliana loved the farm and spent as much time with us as her parents would permit. What she wanted most for her 12th birthday was to spend that weekend at the farm. Her folks took her to Red Oak and put her on the train on Friday afternoon.

At that time the half mile from our house to the main gravel road was not gravelled. We had chains on the car and made it home alright after meeting her train. Frank's sister, Edna, and her husband, Raymond, came for supper and left their car on the gravel. Frank went after them and had no problems.

That night Kristin and Juliana wanted to compete in an amateur contest at the Lucas school. Frank started to take Edna, the girls and me to Edna's car so we could drive on in to Lucas. About halfway our car got stuck and we had to walk the rest of the way. Later, we had to walk all the way home. I had strained my back, and the next morning every step I took was agony. The girls sang two Negro spirituals on the program and were thrilled when they got the second prize, so I guess it was all worthwhile.

Since all of Kristin's friends knew Juliana so well, I decided to have a party for her and had invited four of the girls from Chariton to come spend the day. It was cold and rainy, wet and muddy, but one of the fathers brought them to our old house at the top of the hill where Kristin and Juliana met them and walked with them down through the timber.

At that time we still had the big old barn with a hay mow and the girls spent the morning playing there and in the playhouse Kristin and Juliana had built. In fact, they only spent two hours in the house and that included the time it took to eat dinner. We had an old buggy



The flowers in the Botanical Center, Des Moines, Iowa, were in bloom when Dorothy Johnson toured the garden in February.

Kristin and Juliana loved to push and pull up and down the road. It was light and easy to navigate with its big wheels when the roads were dry, but imagine my surprise when I looked out the window and saw all those girls pushing and pulling that buggy through that deep mud. They thought this was a lark except one girl who wasn't used to the mud and whenever her feet got stuck in the mud, she would cry and didn't want to go on. Finally they turned around and went back to the hay mow. After the girls went home, Kristin and Juliana told me about it, and they couldn't understand why the one girl didn't think it was fun or why she got scared.

Juliana was to have gone home on Monday morning, but the climax of the whole weekend was she missed the train. The girls had gone to stay all night with Aunt Edna so she would be sure to be there in time for the train. Of course, Kristin had to go to school, and Edna was going to see that Juliana got on the train. Edna didn't find out that missing the train was no accident until Raymond came home for dinner at noon. Juliana wanted to stay one more day and the girls had decided that the best way to make this happen was to set all the clocks in Aunt Edna's house back one hour. Mission accomplished. Fortunately, I was able to telephone Lucile and Russell before they left the house to drive to Red Oak to meet Juliana. I'm sure both girls were punished but I can't remember how.

Our Birthday Club recently went on a tour to Des Moines sponsored by the Lucas County Farm Bureau Women. Two bus loads left Chariton at 8:30 a.m. The buses normally would have taken Highway 34 to Lucas and Highway 65 to Des Moines and those going from Lucas would have gotten on the bus there. Since last summer Highway 34 has been closed because of roadwork between

Chariton and Lucas, so the buses took the detour which took them to Norwood. Our good friend and club member, Angie Conrad, lives close to Norwood and the bus driver said he would pick us up at her house if there was a good place to turn around. Angie asked us to come a little early and she would have some hot chocolate and warm rolls for us while we waited. They were delicious and started off the day just right.

Our bus trip was on Valentine's Day, so we were given a square of red construction paper and were told how to fold it and tear out a valentine. Then we were to print the letters of our first and last name and write a verse using the letters of our name as the first letter in the lines of the verse. The valentines were passed to the one sitting behind us. We are only an hours' drive from Des Moines so this took quite a bit of the time.

Our first stop was the State Capitol, where we were hoping to see the legislature in session, but discovered they were all in committees that morning and wouldn't be in session until afternoon. Had we known that, we could have reversed our schedule, but the buses had gone and weren't to return until noon. A representative and a senator are from Lucas County, and both of them talked to us. We were also taken on a guided tour of the Capitol. That afternoon the lottery bill passed and it would have been fun to have heard the debates on this.

We were taken to Duff's Cafeteria where we had lunch, then all of us went to the beautiful Botanical Center. The Spring display had just opened and the mass colors of daffodils, tulips, and hyacinths were breathtaking. I hadn't been to the Botanical Center for several years. The trees and plants had grown so

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We Remember—

A Tenebrae Service
by
Mabel Nair Brown

Tenebrae is a service of darkness and shadows. We might "think on these things" and ponder them in our hearts, to have a deeper meaning of Easter Day.

Setting: On the stage place a large rough wooden cross. Use two tree limbs or two old boards to make the cross. Drive nails into the arms of the cross so the various symbols may be hung during the service. The symbol items needed include a money bag, scourge or rope, crown of thorns, ceramic or wooden rooster, towel, and chalice or cup. The scourge may be draped over one arm of the cross and the towel draped over the other, while the crown of thorns is slipped down over the top of the cross. Have these items arranged on a small table at one side of the stage where they can be picked up then placed on the cross during the service as indicated.

Prelude: "Tis Midnight and on Olive's Brow" (Play softly continuing through the call to worship.)

Call to Worship:

All those who journey, soon or late,
Must pass within the garden's gate;
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity us who cannot say:
"Not mine but thine," who only pray:
"Let this cup pass," and cannot see
The purpose in Gethsemane.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Hymn: "Tis Midnight and on Olive's Brow"

Prayer: Our Father, just as it was in Jesus' day, these are times of conflict and baffling unexplained events, of greed and strife. As we look again today on the last hours in the life of Jesus, grant us the wisdom to see clearly, to know more decisively what our Savior was saying to us. Then, O Father, give us the courage and the faith to choose Thee and Thy way for our lives. Amen.

Leader:

There's a rough wooden cross in my
dreams I can see,
Where my dear Lord was crucified.
It stands there forlorn, reminding me
still,

'Twas for me that the dear Savior died.

No single period is so filled with meaning for Christians as Holy Week, the last week in Jesus' life, and the events which led to his crucifixion. The Lenten season is the special time we have set aside each year to think on these things, to evaluate our own lives, to pledge anew our love and loyalty to our Savior and Lord.

It is good for us to take some moments

to think about those last hours of Jesus and what they mean to us.

Let us begin with the Last Supper when Jesus had gathered with his disciples in the Upper Room to observe the feast of the Passover. Do you recall how amazed the disciples were when Jesus arose from the table, girded himself with a towel and taking up a basin began to wash the disciples' feet? Let us hear the explanation of this humble act in Jesus' own words.

Scripture: John 13:12-17 (Towel is hung over arm of cross.)

Leader: Thus did Jesus challenge us to serve one another, to give of ourselves. Did not Jesus Himself go into the byways, wherever there was someone sick, in trouble, or in need in anyway? He did not ask their standing in the community, or for their financial record, or the color of their skin, or if they would be able to return the favor. He simply gave help and comfort wherever He found the need. Jesus calls us, too, to a life of service to all humankind.

Scriptures: Matthew 26:26-28 (The chalice or cup is hung on the cross.)

Solo: "Let Us Break Bread Together"

Leader: Then the Bible tells us that at the conclusion of that last meal together they sang a hymn. "And when they had sung a hymn, they went out to the Mount of Olives." This is when Jesus told them, "You will all fall away because of me this night." You will remember how Peter declared, "I will never fall away." Then Jesus told him that before the cock crowed three times Peter would deny. Still Peter insisted, "Even if I must die with you, I will not deny you." But let us listen to what happened.

Scriptures: Matthew 26:69-75 (The rooster is hung on the cross.)

Leader: How often do we deny Him, refusing to follow in the way He taught, following the crowd rather than standing up for what we know is right?

Judas sat at the table with the other disciples that night. What must have run through his mind as Jesus was talking to them. He knew he had already sold himself to betray Jesus for thirty pieces of silver. Thirty pieces of silver! Oh, how often we sell our souls for so little! A piece of silver in that day would equal thirteen cents in our American money. Thirty pieces of silver—for \$3.90 Judas betrayed the Son of God! Before we heap criticism and anger upon Judas, let us ask of ourselves, "Have I, too, been willing to sacrifice the Lord for a mere pittance, simply because of something I wanted to have or wanted to do?"

Scripture: Mark 14:41-46 (Money bag is hung on the cross.)

Leader: The soldiers and officers and certain Jews bound Jesus and took Him before the high priest where the whole council and chief priest tried to get false testimony against Jesus so they could

put Him to death, and some were there who spat upon Him and struck Him and slapped Him, because He would not prophesy and speak so they might kill Him for blasphemy. Finally they took Him before Pilate, the governor. Pilate found no fault in Him but in the face of the howling mob Pilate gave in and gave Jesus to them to be crucified.

Scripture: Matthew 27:24-26 (The scourge or rope is hung on the cross.)

Leader: Pilate not only gave Jesus up to be crucified, but had Him whipped or scourged. In the words of the song, "Oh, how He loved you and me" to have suffered so much pain, scorn and humiliation for us.

Solo: One verse of "No One Ever Cared For Me Like Jesus"

Leader: Still they hadn't scorned and mocked Him enough! There was more—

Scripture: Matthew 27:27-31 (The crown of thorns is hung on the top of the cross.)

Leader: So they took Him away to Golgotha, the place of the Skull.

Scriptures: Luke 23:33-46

Solo: First verse of "O Sacred Head Now Wounded"

Leader:

The symbol of His agonies, the sigh of sacrifice,

For all the sin of all the world the

Master paid the price—

To teach us this: that Love must give,
and never count the cost,
Though Calvary is its reward, and Life
itself be lost.

For loss is gain, and every sin is joy not
understood.

When at last we kiss the Cross we
know all is good.

Purified through suffering and
stronger for each loss,

We find the road to Heaven in the
shadow of a cross.

—author unknown

Hymn: "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?"

Prayer: Eternal God, in the life of your Son Thou showed us the Light, the true way to blessedness. Through His suffering and death on the cross Thou showed us that the path of duty may lead to the cross, and the reward for faithfulness may be a crown of thorns. Grant us, O God, the grace to learn and accept these hard lessons. Grant us the courage, strength and faith to follow in His steps that we may have such fellowship with Him in His sorrow that we may also come to know the secret of His strength and peace and to know that even in our darkest hour, as in that of Jesus, our Savior, Thou art with us, the Eternal Light to see us through. Amen.

Soft Music: "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?" played as all depart in an attitude of prayer and meditation.

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FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends,

What a thrill it was for Betty and me to call on Mrs. Bessie Freeman on her 103rd birthday! Bessie is like a member of our family, having spent Christmas at our house for at least eighteen years! She and her daughter, Mrs. Harold Hartwell, have been friends of ours almost from the first week we arrived in Springfield, Massachusetts, way back in 1955. They are both Kitchen-Klatter friends, and they read each issue from cover to cover.

To see Bessie, you would not think that she was a day over eighty-five. She is truly remarkable. She greeted us at the door with her usual embrace and kiss of welcome, and then stepped quickly about the living room showing us various flower arrangements she had received for her birthday. She is a bright, intelligent, gracious lady, one of Nova Scotia's best. As a matter of fact, I think her Nova Scotia background helps to account for her long life. That cold, damp, foggy air of the southeast shore of Nova Scotia seems to make people strong and resourceful. Betty and I decided that we would not mind being more than 100 years old if we could wear the years as gracefully as Bessie does.

Recently, I have observed a curious sign on two different houses—one in Mystic, Connecticut, and the other just down the road from us. The sign read: "CAUTION! THIS HOUSE IS PROTECTED BY AN ATTACK CAT!" If you think that is just a joke, you are wrong. There really are such things as Attack Cats.

At least once a day, I take a beautiful, little Pembroke Welsh Corgi for a walk along the road and through the woods. The dog's name is Teddy Smith, and a good dog he is, with a nose as good as a bloodhound's. He can catch the scent of a raccoon buried under three feet of snow, and he can catch the scent of a prospective bride two miles away with the wind blowing a gale in the opposite direction.

One day last week, Teddy Smith and I were minding our own business walking along the road, when all of a sudden a big cat leapt out of the bushes and landed on the dog with a snarl. I swung at the cat with my heavy cane and drove it off. Five minutes later, the cat gave us another surprise attack, this time, coming in from the left flank. Teddy Smith let out a howl and strained at his leash to get out of the way.

I screamed several choice epithets in Arabic and one or two equally contemp-



Frederick Driftmier visited Mrs. Bessie Freeman on her 103rd birthday.

tuous words in Swahili (a clergyman must be cautious about using strong language in the same tongue as that used in the immediate neighborhood), and again I fought off the cat with my cane. Teddy Smith was absolutely no help at all. Actually he was worse than no help! I think he would have climbed a tree just like a cat if he had had half a chance.

Using an old military maneuver, the cat gave the impression of giving up the fight, but all the time it was planning a full-scale assault from the rear. I turned just in time to get my cane under the brute and lift it six feet into the air. Naturally, it landed on its feet as cats always do, and it was hissing in cat language things I would not want to see in print. What the cat said was utterly shocking! That was the end of the incident, but Teddy Smith and I do not walk in that neighborhood anymore.

Just down the road a piece there lives a beautiful Irish setter by the name of Mollie Horne. Now Mollie is quite high strung and very easily put into a state of acute excitement. She had reason to get into such a state a couple of days ago when another Attack Cat (not the same one that attacked Teddy and me) leapt onto Mollie's back and, using its claws like Texas spurs, drove Mollie Horne into a wild circling action on the order of a dance by the Whirling Dervishes of Khartoum.

Mollie's owner is a big man, a man not to be tampered with, but evidently the cat learns slowly and didn't learn this very well, for it attacked a second time in as many minutes. The second time, the dog was in the front seat of the car. The cat leapt up onto the hood of the car and proceeded to attempt to break the windshield. These cat attacks have left the poor dog in such a state that now Mollie is seeing a canine psychiatrist.

It seems to me this world is in a sorry enough state without our having to tolerate a complete reversal of the natural order of things. Attack Cats

jumping on dogs is really too much. It was bad enough having a United States Senator driven out of South Africa by the very people he thought wanted his help! But to have houses protected by Attack Cats is just one thing too many. Stop the world, I want to get off!

Around this part of the country, most people only bake stollen at Christmas time, but I bake it all year 'round. First of all, my Betty just loves stollen, and secondly, it makes such wonderful gifts. When I finish writing this letter, I am going to bake a stollen to give to one of the men who does so much volunteer work for our church. I wish that you were near enough to have a taste, because I really think that my stollen are better than most. I put more candied fruit and nuts in my stollen than do most bakers. I particularly use lots of candied cherries in an effort to keep the stollen moist. The cherries seem to have more moisture than found in most of the other candied fruits.

We were at a dinner party the other evening where the hostess had some of the most delicious brown bread I have ever eaten. I asked her permission to put the bread on my plate and then to cover it with some of the tasty brown gravy that had been served with the roast. I know that bread and gravy is not supposed to be eaten outside of one's own dining room, but I just love it. What amused me was the way the other dinner guests immediately followed my example!

It is too bad that you people who come to this part of New England on your summer vacations do not have a chance to visit some of the perfectly lovely homes that are tucked away along the shore and on islands far outside the normal tourist routes. One of the things Betty and I have enjoyed so much about the temporary church work we are doing right now is the opportunities to be guests in some of the homes we previously had just admired from the outside.

Tomorrow noon, right after the church service, Betty and I are going to be guests for lunch in a home that we have admired so many times as we have sailed along the coast in our boat. Had we not accepted the opportunity to help this little church while it is searching for a new pastor, we could have lived out our days in this area without ever having had a chance to meet the people who are going to entertain us tomorrow.

After our long ministry in the South Congregational Church of Springfield, we were convinced that no church anywhere could have in it more gracious and generous people. Well, Betty and I still think that, but now we know there is another church that, while it does not have more gracious people in it, does have many people *equally* gracious and

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MARY BETH REPORTS



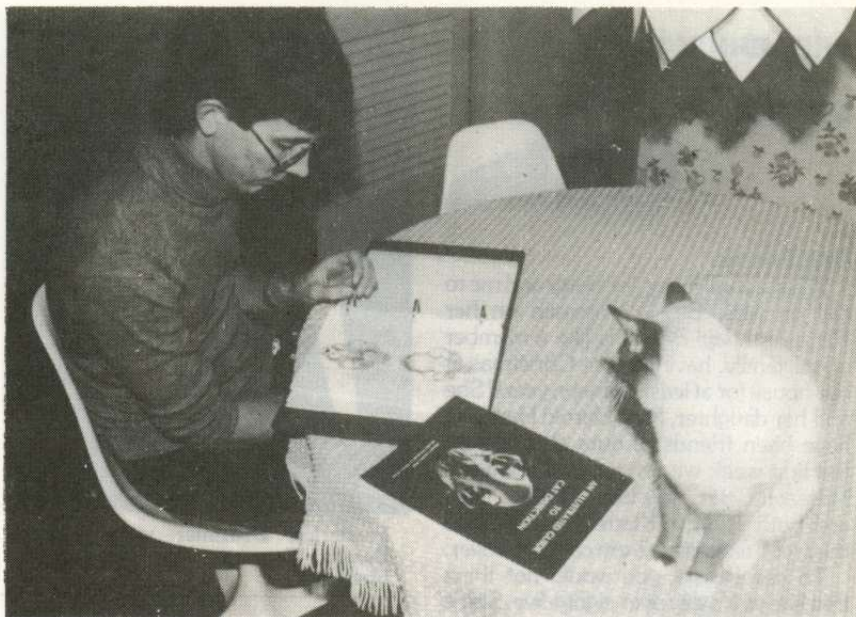
Dear Friends,

The top of my desk reminds me of the ebb and flow of an ocean's tide. An accumulation of important papers reached an unacceptable level yesterday, so I grabbed a large paper bag to overcome my disinclination to throw these important things away. I clip articles from the newspapers for the kids and after a decent length of time I manage to discard them. On one special corner of the desk top where things cannot slip out of control, I keep my letters to be answered. Imagine my chagrin after sorting through this "special" stack and finding an unanswered letter bearing the date January, 1984!

The pity of this particular letter was that it was from a dear elderly lady who is my father's first cousin. This lovely woman whose name is Minnie Koenreich lives in Florida in the winter and during the milder months she lives in Canton, Ohio, the geographic base of my dad's family. I had written Minnie last year when I was trying to gather some little known facts about my father's relatives for genealogical purposes. When Minnie was a little girl she accompanied her father to Columbus, Ohio, when he attended Lutheran missionary meetings with her Uncle Jake—my grandfather Rev. Jacob Henry Schneider. In her letter she wrote about her grandmother Eva Marie whose relationship to me is that of a great-grandmother. We were living many miles away from the Canton, Ohio, area. I do not remember having met Minnie but she knew my father well, although she was enough older than he to make it unlikely that they played together much. Before the sun sets today, I intend to correct this sin of omission by writing an answer to her letter.

The noon news has begun to pour forth from my desk radio and once again the important news from Orien Samuelson and Max Armstrong who give the Farm Report is the midwest farmers' continuing problems. I know many of the Wisconsin dairy farmers are suffering financial problems but the greatest burden appears to be falling upon the Iowa area. There certainly are many heavy hearts being heard from out there. The WGN radio report makes me wonder if they are not duplicating the early days of radio reporting by Henry Field and his son Frank, years later, whom I had the pleasure of hearing when we were in Leanna's kitchen during the noon hour.

We had a late evening phone call last night from daughter Katharine bringing us up-to-date on her activities. She was putting in a late night's work at her



Duke, the kitty, looks disapprovingly at Paul who is studying his *Illustrated Guide to Cat Dissection*.

laboratory. She is working on a new project that required her attendance with a clone which was nearing completion. The strange business is so unlike other forms of production which could be stopped when the time came to shut up shop and go home for the evening. It must be like baking a cake and not being free to leave until the creation is out of the oven. She mentioned that Juliana had been in town and they had enjoyed a lovely visit together. They gathered together with Emily and had a great time. Katharine's husband Don had taken Juliana to northern Maryland to see their property near Harpers' Ferry.

Katharine and Don are busy, busy with final checks upon the plans for the house which will be sprouting up from the ground along with the spring plants. They are very occupied with the details connected with planning their first house. It is such an exciting time for them. How well I remember the first house Don and I owned which we also built to our personal specifications albeit limited, never realizing at the time it would be the first of eight homes we would own. I still chuckle over my state of shock when Don was informed that we were being moved away from our dear house...which I had assumed I would live in forever because it included everything we could ever hope for in a house. I think that was my first and greatest lesson in learning to be flexible.

We were able to report to Katharine the news of her brother and sister. Adrienne continues to work toward securing more trust accounts. She has been appointed to several community organizations which she attends as a bank representative. She is broadening her horizons every single day and meets many civically active people.

Paul continues his studies. Not too long ago he was here for an overnight visit with us and brought along his cat dissection book and laboratory manual. This term he will be dissecting a preserved cat. As usual, while he sat studying at the kitchen table, his primary helper, Duke, the kitty perched in Paul's line of attention. Hope you will enjoy the splendid photo of boy and cat studying the cat dissection book.

We have noticed Duke is also interested in studying very closely the visitations of a dear little possum who looks very similar to the one Dorothy Johnson included in her February letter. This little fellow has been driven by hunger to come up into the window box adjacent to the kitchen window to feed on the scraps I had left for the little wild things. This possum is not as big as Dorothy's, but it has a beautiful winter coat, clean pink toes and a powder puff soft gray face. I hope the possum is a she and will bring its young up where we can continue our close-up study. After studying the possum's long canine teeth Don Driftmier remarked that he hoped if the possum has taken up residence under the deck it will not attack his ankles some night. The cats did not growl at the possum which shows there is a high degree of respect on their part for his general scariness. It surely is a sign of spring that such critters are out on their nightly rounds.

The birdbath has thawed now. The bird feed and bread which I had laid upon the ice are now floating around like some murky stew. Not too pretty!

But back to Paul, he continues to be amazed at the difference in his study habits which are progressing so smoothly compared to those which he had when he was eighteen. Paul says he

(Continued on page 19)



ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends,

I hope this April day is as lovely for you as it is here in New Mexico. So many days this time of year, although warm and sunny, are beleaguered by the constant lashing of our postwinter Southwestern winds. I've always thought the weathermen on television newscasts are extremely clever in disguising the severity of the wind gusts. They manage to term winds of thirty to forty mph as "breezy." Only if the winds are strong enough to blow a shed over will they actually admit the weather to be literally "windy."

Somehow, in my mind the term "breezes" always summoned images of children flying kites, little girls' petticoat ruffles lifting to show bare knobby knees, or pond ripples hindering the ducks as they cross the lake. After two years in west Texas and eight years in New Mexico the spring winds bring vastly different images to my mind. Sometimes there will be sand in the air for several days. As I wipe the layers of dust from my windowsills, I think back to the women of pioneer days. Many were literally driven insane by the demands of their harsh environment. It's difficult to really grasp what life must have been like in the American West of the nineteenth century—the barren solitude, houses that were far from snug and tight, the endless chores which had to be performed outdoors. It's a far cry from the cozy lifestyles we lead nowadays. I'm certainly appreciative of my double-paned thermal windows as I sit and watch the trees take a whipping dealt out by mother nature.

It's interesting to contemplate how the trees on this earth adapt to the natural elements. For instance, when a tree is initially planted it is a wise idea to stake it for a little support during the first year. Once the tree is established, it's beneficial to remove the stake; for as the winds bend and move the tree trunk, the tree becomes stronger and stronger. A tree not allowed to bend and yield with the winds may in time become weak, and the trunk may actually break under very strong gusts.

The winds which frequent the great plains area of this country have been responsible for a massive beautification program of which we are receiving the benefits to this day. I am referring to the great programs to plant trees as windbreaks in these treeless areas. Not only do these windbreaks interrupt the barren rolling hills and provide beauty, they also act as homes and shelters for God's small creatures, and create a multidimensional ecological life zone which benefits all inhabitants of the area.



Lily Walstad, daughter of Alison and Mike Walstad of Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico, was an adorable flower girl in Katharine and Don Miller's wedding.

I hope that people will continue to plant trees on a large scale throughout the west. Trees are certainly the bright spots upon any landscape—a welcome oasis for any living being.

As the winds of spring have arrived to the southern New Mexico mountains, so have they ushered in some new changes for the Walstad family. Our two children are changing so fast that it seems I must be standing still! Lee, at age twenty months, is a hot rod on wheels. He has a constant grin plastered across his charming face. With his blonde hair and prankster ways, he reminds us of the cartoon character Dennis the Menace. One day a few months ago as I was catnapping on the couch recovering from the flu, I realized that Lee had been awfully quiet playing in the kitchen. My better judgement told me that I should investigate, and a trip to the kitchen revealed I was a mere five minutes too late. He had found the plastic squeeze container of maple syrup unfortunately left out after breakfast. Of course, he had managed to empty the entire contents onto himself and most everything in the kitchen. He thought it was great fun! His dastardly deed discovered, the look on his face was priceless—a sheepish guilty smile and his eyelashes entirely stuck together from gooey sticky syrup. Not so funny to a mother still down with a winter flu!

Lily, four and a half years old, has started on a great adventure which will catapult her from Mommy's little girl, to being a young lady now. Thrill of thrills, she has started preschool. Requesting to be around more children, she now attends a half-day program which she thoroughly enjoys. I still have her with me in the afternoons, which I cherish, for I'm

not quite ready to give up my little girl yet! Lily helps me at the kennel by feeding and petting the cats. It is the environment she has grown up in, and with each passing day she further realizes there is a wonderful world awaiting those who wish to learn about it.

This spring has been an exhausting one for Mike and myself, because we have emersed ourselves in a construction project at the kennel. It seems we have a major building endeavor underway about every four years. It must take that long to recuperate from the last one! At any rate, we are expanding my business which, after seven years, is suffering from cramped quarters. We are adding on a much-needed office, as well as new dog and cat boarding facilities. The icing on the cake is that I am getting a small office for myself! I'm so excited to have my own personal room. Mike will be thrilled too, because he won't have to juggle through stacks of horse catalogs and my various scribbles and letters to find his important papers. He has never understood my unique filing system in which dog food literature manages to get filed under "Insurance."

Although still undecided at this writing, Mike and I are also planning a trip for this spring after our construction project is finished. This year marks our fourteenth wedding anniversary, and it seems like ages since just the two of us have had a vacation. When Mike asked what I would like to do, it didn't take much contemplation on my part. "A horse pack trip," I replied. His eyes lit up with delight, and it reminded me of why we have stayed happily in love for the last fourteen years. We enjoy each other's company, and share common goals and interests. Mike and I are fond of living life together because we are each other's best friend.

Sincerely,

Alison

LORD

I love to race with the wind uphill
In early spring, then stand so still,
To face the East for the sun's first rays,
And look up high for I've come to pray
To ask for gifts for our world today.
Dear Lord, please send a warm spring
rain

To wash from earth our grief and pain,
A sun to dry and shine so bright
In each dark nook and make it light.
O wind, blow from our hearts this night
Each selfish thought and make it right.
I'll face the West when day is done
To watch for rays of a setting sun.
I thank thee Lord, for spring so bright
And peace for hearts on hills at night.

—Lora Devine Noll

"OUT-OF-SPACE" GARDENS

by
M. B. Grenier

Many of us would like to have a vegetable garden, but lack adequate ground space. Then how about a tub garden? or a barrel garden? or a pot, box or basket garden?

Most of us can find space for a tub, bucket or box on our patio, terrace, garage roof, or balcony. Use a window box if no other space is available. Many people are also growing vegetables in hanging baskets.

These container-grown "space gardens" require five hours or more of full sun, adequate air circulation, and enough space to set the container. A nearby water supply with a hose and a soaker or sprayer nozzle attachment is a convenience but not a necessity. If your container is not too large or heavy, it can be moved to get the required amount of sunlight.

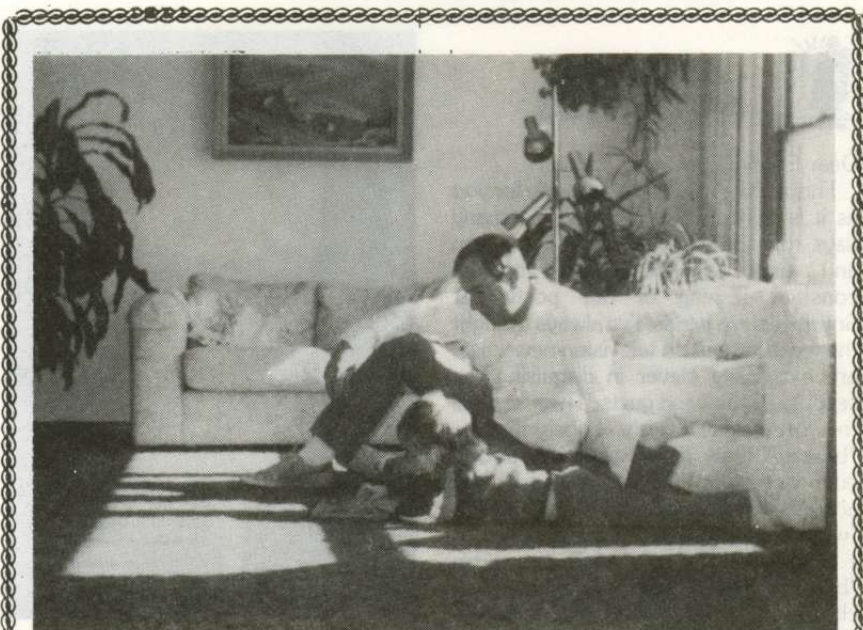
Each vegetable determines the best style and size of container it needs. As long as the plants have ample root space, most vegetables that normally grow in the ground will grow in a container.

A medium size container with a 6-inch diameter and a soil depth of 8 inches will grow lettuce, herbs, peppers, radishes, and other shallow rooted crops. Root crops such as beets, carrots, and turnips need more depth. Half barrels, wooden tubs, pressed paper containers, or other very large containers are required for regular size tomatoes, squash, pole beans, cucumbers and corn.

You can make the containers yourself, or many can be purchased. Red clay pots are good to use, but they are quite expensive and large ones are heavy to move. Wooden containers are available or may be made in a wide variety of shapes and sizes—rectangular or square boxes, large or medium tubs. Redwood or cedar are the most commonly used woods. Those reinforced with metal bands are sturdier than containers held together with nails or glue. Pressed paper pots are inexpensive and lightweight. Plastic pots are commonly used for smaller containers and are lightweight and inexpensive.

Your tub or box garden must have adequate drainage. Most containers that you buy will have drainage holes, but many are inadequate. It is usually wise to increase the size and number of drainage holes in commercial pots because most vegetables in containers need daily watering so fast drainage is necessary. With smaller containers, use drip saucers to catch excess water. Larger containers may be elevated with short lengths of wood to allow drainage drip.

If a container has no drainage holes, you can provide a drainage layer of rocks



Mary Lea's husband Vincent Palo and daughter Cassie are enjoying the sunlight coming in their living room. The Palos live in Bellevue, Nebraska.

or pebbles that fills a quarter to a third of the total container volume. This layer will hold any excess water until it can be used or evaporated. However, a container with drainage holes is more successful.

What type of potting mix is best for gardens in containers? Many have found that a "soil-less" commercial potting mix works well. It can be bought in bags of varied sizes. If you choose to make your own, a good potting soil for containers consists of equal parts of sharp sand (be sure to ask for washed sand), good garden soil and organic material such as peat moss, leaf mold or sawdust. To make certain that your mix is free from diseases, heat it in a low-temperature oven for about two hours.

Some commercial mixes are very lightweight and are best for large containers that must be moved around. However, a strong wind may blow these containers over; or top-heavy plants such as corn or tomatoes may not get enough soil support for their root systems.

Most vegetables grow as well from seed as from transplanted seedlings. To plant vegetables from seed, fill the container to within one inch of the rim with damp potting mix, then sow seeds according to the package directions. When the seeds have sprouted and each seedling has mature leaves, thin the plants to the desired number.

Using seedlings for tomatoes, peppers and eggplant will speed up the growing process. Prepare the containers as before. If seedlings are in peat pots, plant the pot and all. If not in pots, dig a small hole in the potting mix and plant the seedling, tamping soil firmly around it. Stakes, poles and trellises should be set in place when the seedlings are little to

avoid disturbing their root systems.

Studies have shown that more container gardens die from improper watering than from any other cause. Too much water may cause plants to develop root rot; vegetables that receive too little water may wilt and die. Most gardeners water their plants in containers in the morning, striving to get the potting mix evenly moist throughout.

Mulching, especially in larger containers, can help keep moisture in the soil longer. Any of the organic mulches such as wood chips, compost, or sawdust can be used very satisfactorily.

The necessary frequent watering leaches nutrients out of your "space gardens" rapidly, so fertilizing is necessary for successful growth. There are many kinds of complete fertilizers for use on vegetables. Common N-P-K breakdowns are 18-20-16, or 10-10-10. Fish emulsion is good. Try applying fertilizer at half strength twice as often as directed, since soil nutrients are leached out daily.

If there is pest damage in your garden, whiteflies and aphids can be discouraged with blasts of water; tomato hornworms can be handpicked. To eliminate other pests use a commercial spray that is recommended for use on vegetables.

One of the biggest pluses of your "space garden" is that it is close at hand, and can be picked just before meal preparation so products will be at their freshest. To keep the plant producing remove only the outer leaves of leafy crops such as lettuce, chard or collards. Carefully pull radishes or carrots without disturbing nearby plants. Keep ripened tomatoes picked to avoid rot or spoilage.

SPRIGHTLY SPRINGTIME TIPS AND GAMES

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Bunny Centerpiece: For the base of the body, cut a four cup section from the bottom of an egg carton which will also form the four legs of the rabbit. Glue a foot, cut from black construction paper, to bottom of each leg. Glue a small foam ball to one end for the head. Draw features with a marking pen, and glue on long ears cut from white construction paper. Cut smaller ear shapes from pink paper and glue inside the white ears. Fill the cups with a large ball of cotton for the body. Glue a small cotton ball at the back for the tail. Set bunny in a nest of Easter grass.

Quickly Made Patty Shells: Shells to serve chicken or salmon salad, creamed peas, etc. in can be made by trimming the crust from thinly sliced bread, then buttering each slice and pressing it into a muffin tin. Toast these in the oven until lightly browned. Use bread trimmings in dressing or bread pudding.

Pretty Salad Trims for spring salads: *Cucumber accordion*—Cut three-inch lengths of split, pared cucumber; slice thinly almost through to the flat side. Poke thin radish slices in the cuts. *Pickle fan*—Slice small pickles into 5 or 6 strips, starting at the tip end, and cutting almost to the stem. Spread slices into fan shape. *Carrot daisies*—Pull fork tines down sides of peeled carrot to make ridges or scallops (petals); or, you can use a sharp paring knife to do this. Then slice carrot into thin slices, each slice making a "blossom." A bit of pimiento or slice of olive may be used as flower center. *Olive bundle*—Thread several thin carrot sticks through the hole in a pitted olive. For another olive-carrot pretty, place a pitted ripe olive on each end of a carrot stick, dumbbell fashion. *Turnip lily*—Cut very thin slices of peeled turnip. Fold each slice into lily shape and fasten with toothpick. Insert a carrot stick in the throat of each lily for the stamen.

Easter or Maybasket Cupcakes: Cover each cupcake with light brown colored or coffee icing; or you may prefer icing in pastel colors. Use cake decorator to put pretty fluting around outside edge of the cake top. Tint coconut green and place a little on top of each cake basket. Make flowers and leaves from slices of gumdrops. Stick flowers and leaves on toothpicks and insert into top of the cake basket. If handles are desired, use short lengths of chenille covered wire (in color to match basket) and insert ends into the basket. Tie ribbon bow to each basket. These are very pretty served on a small glass plate.



WHAT IS A GIRL? (A Spring Fashion Show)

by
Virginia Thomas

Decorate the room like a beautiful springtime bower, a lovely background for the fashion show. Make a variety of kites in bright colors. Suspend these from the ceiling. Hanging baskets of flowering plants would be lovely decorations. Suspend colorful umbrellas from the ceiling over the dining tables or the tea table. Decorate the umbrellas with pastel ribbon bows and streamers and small nosegays of spring blossoms.

A sprinkler can filled with an arrangement of spring flowers makes a charming decorative accent.

For the table decorations make miniature wheelbarrows, flower wagons or carts, just large enough to hold a small flower pot which has a blooming annual such as a petunia, pansy, ageratum, marigold, or dianthus in it. The wheelbarrows or carts are easily made by gluing together tongue depressors now sold by many hobby and craft stores. Make the wheels from styrofoam or heavy cardboard.

Singing birds are a springtime sign. Why not make bird cages of chenille covered wire, place a store bought feathered friend inside and hang these in

the windows? Perhaps, there is someone willing to loan their bird and cage to you for this event.

Be sure to include several little girls in the fashion show to add extra sparkle and zest. One portion of the show might be the modeling of clothes that have been sewn at home. This always proves to be a crowd pleaser.

Lively and appropriate music can add a special touch to a fashion show. Often a local organ dealer will furnish an organ and an organist for such a show—be sure the dealer's name is included in the credits on the program.

Add a vocal number or two for variety. "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody," "Daddy's Little Girl," and "O You Beautiful Doll" are just three of the many songs that would add spice as the sugar sweet models go through their pages.

Begin the fashion parade by having someone read the popular essay "What Is a Girl?"; or, look in May issues of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* for many similar essays or appropriate poems to use.

The club president might introduce the show narrator with something like this:

Girls are active babies dressed for romping in the sun. They are restless little girls outfitted for playground socializing, self-conscious young girls groomed for afternoon parties, super active teens in sport togs, and nervous teens in their first formal ready for the prom, radiant blushing brides ready to walk down the aisle, young matrons attending a library board or Jay Cee Jills meeting, expectant mothers awaiting the arrival of their very own precious little girl.

Yes, we have all of them here for you and _____ (Narrator) is ready to tell and show us "What is a Girl!"

Pussy Willow Bunny Name Tag: Glue a pussy willow catkin to the corner of each name tag for the body of the rabbit. With black ink pen sketch long ears. Glue on a tiny bit of cotton for bunny's tail.

Easter Egg Drop: This is played by teams with each team choosing a couple to compete with a couple from the opposing team, until all have played. One person from each couple holds a quart jar on his or her head with one hand and a tablespoon in the other hand. The partner holds a bowl of candy Easter eggs and a mirror. The partner with the jar then tries to fill the quart jar with eggs from the bowl, using the tablespoon and while looking in the mirror. Two minutes might be allowed for this. The winning couple scores a point for their team—or give a point for each egg in the jar when time is called.

Easter Egg Pass: This is a relay game using balloons to represent eggs. Teams

line up single file. A small inflated balloon is handed to the first player in each line who places the balloon under his or her chin. The player must pass it to the next person in line with hands kept behind their backs. If a balloon bursts, the first person in line must blow up another one and give it to the player who burst the balloon and the game continues. The first team to pass its balloon all the way down the line and back wins.

Spring Picnic: Pin on the back of each player a piece of paper, upon it is written the name of a food—potato, steak, celery, pickle, hamburger, etc. Each player tries to guess the food written on his or her back by asking the other players questions which can be answered yes or no. When player guesses the correct food, the paper is removed from his or her back and pinned to front shoulder. The last one to finish must pay a forfeit.



EASE ON WITH EASY LISTENING

by
Dorothy Rieke

The radio, one of the oldest members in our "home entertainment center," has been an important part of our lives for many years. We wake up to a radio, listen each day for news, weather reports and music, and during evenings we are entertained by descriptions of sports events, talk shows and other thought-provoking programs.

In past years, people especially enjoyed listening to the radio because it represented one of the few communication links with others. The radio was an enjoyable source of entertainment for each family member.

Our first family radio was small and box-shaped with two knobs—one for tuning in a station and one that adjusted volume and switched the current on or off.

Later in the '30s the family's main Christmas present was a large brown cabinet-style radio with numerous dials and eight small transparent red push buttons for fast tuning to a favorite station. There was also a dial that facilitated tuning in other stations. Our cabinet radio was unique to us because it had a shortwave channel. Occasionally, especially at night, we tuned in stations located in far places. We couldn't understand the languages spoken, but the thrill was there just the same.

Usually breakfast time meant family conversation and hearing the weather report. Dad often planned his work according to what he heard on the radio although some weather reporters were accused of determining the weather in a "by guess and by gosh" way.

Mother wasn't a regular listener to the radio during the day because she sometimes worked in the basement or outside away from the kitchen. If Mother was in the house she tuned the radio in and listened to Leanna who talked about life with her family and gave tested recipes. Mother often remarked that Kitchen-Klatter helped her feel less lonely.

The serials or soap operas were popular with some adults, but we children weren't allowed to listen regularly. Now and then, we did hear *Backstage Wife*, *Ma Perkins*, or *One Man's Family*.

Mary Noble, who played the major role in *Backstage Wife*, was cast as a small-town Iowa girl who married a popular matinee idol. The serial dealt with the problems encountered in such a marriage.

Ma Perkins spent her time trying to keep her family together and Banker Pendleton from foreclosing on her

lumberyard in Rushville Center.

In *One Man's Family*, a supper-hour serial, Henry Barbour and his wife Fanny coped with the problems associated with a family of five children.

I still recall Dad's delighted laughter as he attentively listened to the Amos and Andy Show. Amos, Andy, Sapphire, Miss Blue, Henry Van Porter, Kingfish and the antics of the members of the Mystic Knights of the Sea Lodge combined to make the show very popular. In the Amos and Andy Show it seemed that when one character made the wrong decisions, others tried to help but often succeeded in tangling affairs even more.

After school hours I discovered Captain Midnight, Jack Armstrong the All-American Boy, Superman, and The Lone Ranger. All these programs were aired during chore time so I had quite a time trying to fit in my farm activities.

Captain Midnight, the hero of an action-packed serial, instituted the use of the code-o-graph. I was among the thousands of children who sent in proofs of purchase and received a code breaker which was used to break secret codes which gave daily clues to action on the future programs.

Jack Armstrong shared the drama with his uncle and his friend, Billy. These characters spent time in such gruesome places as the dungeons of the crocodile god.

"It's a bird! It's a plane! It's Superman!" were words that entranced radio audiences all over the United States during the '40s. I was one of these children that liked Superman who masqueraded as Clark Kent, a paper reporter, and fought a war against crime. Lois Lane, a reporter at the Daily Planet, aided and abetted Superman in the fight for law and justice.

Another program I liked revealed the exploits of the daring and resourceful masked rider of the plains, The Lone Ranger. The opening lines, "From out of the past come the thundering hoofbeats of the great horse Silver...The Lone Ranger rides again," brought this response from the hero, "Come on, Silver! Let's go, big fellow! Hi, ho, Silver! Away!" This program, set in the Old West, featured John Reid, a survivor of a band of Texas Rangers who with the help of his Indian companion, Tonto, apprehended train robbers, cattle rustlers, and other villains.

Our family liked comedies such as Fibber McGee and Molly which was aired on Tuesday evenings. Fibber and Molly, who lived at 79 Wistful Vista and contended with a too-full closet, greeted a number of unusual friends such as Gildersleeve, who laughed in a gleeful way, Peavey, the druggist, and Myrt, the telephone operator. The characters of Gildersleeve and Beulah later started

their own popular radio shows.

On Tuesday nights at nine o'clock we listened to The Bob Hope Show with the theme song "Thanks for the Memories." Jerry Colonna and Francis Langford sang such popular songs as "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree with Anyone Else But Me."

Mystery buffs listened to The Shadow, The Saint, Sam Spade, and I Love A Mystery. I liked the last one mentioned where the action was centered around the A-1 Detective Agency with the motto, "No job too tough, no mystery too baffling."

Another program that was a first in family entertainment was Truth or Consequences where we heard Ralph Edwards exclaim, "Aren't we devils?" after someone was hit in the face with a lemon meringue pie. This program was one where Edwards asked questions with impossible answers; and when the contestant missed the answer, he was destined to experience a consequence.

"Henry, Henry Aldrich" with the answer, "Coming, Mother," heralded another of my favorite programs that dealt with teenage problems. Later a series of movies were produced starring the same characters so the radio programs were easily visualized. Other teenage programs that I liked were Junior Miss, Meet Corliss Archer, A Date with Judy, Archie Andrews, and That Brewster Boy.

Today some of our radio stations specialize in different types of music such as western, rock and roll, or classical. Years ago, musical programs were popular. Who doesn't remember Melody Ranch with Gene Autry singing western songs or the Saturday night Hit Parade where the audience sat in suspense as they waited to listen to the top songs in the nation?

Shows that combined knowledge with quiz prizes were Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge, Information Please, and Dr. I.Q.

The radio entertainment of yesteryear provided many hours of pleasure. However, the radio's primary function was to inform. President Roosevelt's fireside chats reassured a panicky nation of people. News concerning the progress of World War II, daily weather news, local and state events, and educational features made the radio essential to every family.

Years ago the radio provided a common interest for family members. Its programs lifted the burdens of daily labor, made life a little less tedious and caused people to laugh and ponder different subjects. Radio truly has been an important source of information, education and entertainment and still is.





SOME WONDERS OF SPRING

by
Martha E. Shivers

As Momma handed each of us five children our lunch buckets, she kissed our cheeks, then brushed back the wisp of black hair that had fallen from the wave on the top of her pretty head. Little sister clung to her apron and peeked around the edge of the blue calico print waving her small hand in a silent "good-bye."

"You have plenty of time this morning, so do be careful and don't spill any lunches today."

With his back turned to Momma, Fred shamed me as he whispered, "She means YOU." I stuck out my tongue at him in retaliation.

Gentle spring breezes floated over the tender grass along the sides of the lane, a relief from the chilly weather we had been enduring. We skipped on our way toward the one-room rural schoolhouse. As we turned the corner of the lane, we heard Momma's voice again, this time loud and clear: "The bumblebees aren't out yet, so leave that underwear under those stockings!"

We looked askance at each other. How did she know we rolled up the bulky underwear legs above our stockings as soon as we were out of her sight on these warm spring mornings? Wasn't it bad enough to have to take a tablespoon of sulphur-molasses at breakfast every morning for two weeks to prepare our bodies for the coming of warm weather? Did we have to keep on suffering the humiliation of bulky cotton stockings, too? We trudged on unhappily, for a little while, then Skeeter said, "Let's see if there are any violets out along the creek bank. Miss Margaret would like some on her desk, I just know she would."

"And some Dutchman's Britches," Fred added.

Bruce's eyes sparkled mischievously, "Did some Dutch man lose his britches here some time?" We all laughed.

Leaving our lunch buckets along the edge of the road, we climbed through the barbed wire fence, being very careful not to tear our clothing, and cried out with joy at the purple faces looking up at us from the green carpet of leaves, along

with some white blossoms that intermingled.

"There's too many to take to Miss Margaret," seven-year-old Bruce volunteered.

"I know what," Fred always had a solution. "Let's put some on those babies' graves up against the fence."

"Yes," I cried out. "Let's!"

We hurriedly picked the delicate blooms, some green leaves, and some blossoms from the wild cherry tree nearby and hurried to the two stones that were nearly buried in the soft earth.

"How come babies are buried here?" five-year-old Amy asked.

"Momma says this area was along the Mormon's Trail a long time ago and lots of people died as they moved on to their new home in the West." I felt important to have this knowledge.

We brushed dirt from the names and read that two Scott babies, one and two years old, were buried in this ground in 18--; we couldn't read the last two numbers.

"Let's have a funeral," Skeeter exclaimed.

"Silly, we haven't been to a funeral. We don't know what the preacher says," I said.

"Do, too." Fred always had answers. "My best friend, Joe, goes with his folks, and he told me some things."

We looked at him questioningly. "Well?"

"Well, we will put the flowers on the graves." Fred was solemn.

"We did that."

"Now somebody has to cry." Fred looked at our youngest sister, "Amy, you can do that." Amy burst into tears, and I looked at her wondering if she was all right. Fred was a good boss.

"Everyone look down like you are prayin'."

We did, but I peeked long enough to see Fred raise his right arm high, then he said, firmly: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; what the Lord won't take the devil must. Amen."

We heard the school bell ringing, and that meant we had five minutes to get to the school grounds before we would be counted as tardy.

I lifted Amy over the fence and told her to run; Bruce, holding her hand, guided her along the road. Skeeter grabbed two lunch buckets, I took two, and Fred grabbed his own. All of us ran as fast as we could; we stumbled, but we didn't fall; our stockings became wrinkled and the pushed-up underwear started to slip down. As we reached the edge of the school grounds, I grabbed Amy and Skeeter's arms, took them to the out-house and straightened our stockings and underwear, then we walked sedately to the line of pupils and piously joined in the flag salute and singing of "The Star Spangled Banner."

THE MASTER'S VISIT

What would I do if the Master should come,

To visit my home today?

Would I open the door and welcome Him in,

Or would I turn Him away?

Would I have to go from room to room,
Before I could let Him in?

And hide the things that are sitting around,

That I think might offend?

Would I have to put the Bible out,
Or is it on the shelf?

Would I have to dust it off a bit,
When did I read it last, myself?

Would I have to be careful of what I say,
Lest I let a bad word go?

It hurts myself more than anything,
And the ones that I love so.

Would I be kind and gentle,
Or would I be rude and say,
"You should have called to let me know,
It would be better another day."

I thought, "Please Lord, don't come just yet,

I have not fixed my hair,
And a little bit of laundry,
Is piled in the corner there."

"I can't find time to talk today,
I'm busy as I can be,
I have so much that has to be done,
I have no time for company!"

Then I thought, "I am too busy,
If I have no time for Him,
To thank Him for all His blessings,
And saving my soul from sin."

If I knew the Master was coming,
The Bible would be in it's place,
A big bouquet of roses,
Would be in my loveliest vase.

Everything would be neat and tidy,
I would say nothing I shouldn't say,
I would try to be kind and gentle,
And understanding in every way.

I hear the Master knocking!
What will I do or say?
I'll open the door and welcome Him in!
The Master is here to stay!

—Dorothy Anita Beck





LAMB IN FRUIT SAUCE

- 2 Tbls. shortening
- Salt
- Pepper
- Flour
- 4 lamb chops (at least 1-inch thick)
- 1 cup dried apricots, cooked and drained
- 1 cup prunes, cooked and drained
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 Tbls. light corn syrup
- 1/3 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. allspice
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1 cup water

Heat the shortening in a heavy skillet. Combine salt, pepper and flour and dredge lamb chops in mixture. Brown chops in the shortening. Remove to a well-greased baking dish. Cover and bake in 325-degree oven for about 1½ to 2 hours, or until meat is tender.

In a saucepan combine the remaining ingredients. Bring to a boil; boil 5 minutes.

When meat is tender, drain off the fat and pour fruit sauce over meat. Cover and return to oven and bake for 30 minutes more.

Serve lamb chops with fruit sauce.

—Hallie

RUBY FRUIT PUNCH

- 1 28-oz. bottle ginger ale, chilled
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- Orange slices
- 4 cups cranberry juice, chilled
- 1 cup apple juice, chilled

Place chilled ginger ale, lemon juice and a few orange slices in punch bowl. Slowly add chilled cranberry juice and apple juice. Stir gently to blend. Add ice cubes or ice ring.

Makes approximately 16 servings.

—Hallie

CRANBERRY HAM LOAF

- 2 lbs. ground ham
- 3/4 lb. ground beef, very lean
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1 cup cranberry juice cocktail
- 2 eggs, slightly beaten

In a large bowl combine the ham, beef, bread crumbs, cranberry juice and eggs; mix well. Form into a loaf and place in a loaf pan; bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour.

Glaze

- 1/2 cup cranberry juice cocktail
- 1/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard

Mix all the ingredients together and boil for 1 minute. Remove ham loaf and drain off excess fat. Baste the loaf with the glaze and continue baking 25 to 30 minutes, basting the loaf often. Makes 10 to 12 servings.

—Verlene

EASY ICEBOX ROLLS

- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. shortening
- 1 pkg. dry yeast
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 2/3 cup warm water
- 1 beaten egg
- 4 cups flour

Mix first 4 ingredients together and let stand until lukewarm. Mix yeast, sugar, and warm water until dissolved. Combine the yeast mixture with the hot water mixture. Add the egg and 2 cups flour. Beat well. Mix in the remaining 2 cups flour and beat again.

Put in a greased bowl and refrigerate. When ready to bake, shape into rolls, let rise and bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes.

This is a very soft dough and can also be prepared without refrigerating.

I let part of the dough refrigerate overnight. This will need to rise before baking.

—Hallie

Easter Menu

Lamb

Cranberry Ham Loaf

Almond Asparagus

Rice-Orange Salad

Easy Icebox Rolls

Kosher Brownies

Fresh Strawberry Pie

Coffee and Punch



RICE-ORANGE SALAD

(Low-calorie recipe)

- 8 ozs. rice, uncooked
- 1 cup vanilla flavored yogurt
- 1/4 cup honey
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 Tbls. grated orange rind
- 1 large orange, peeled, sectioned, and chopped
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 banana, peeled and sliced

Cook the rice according to package directions. Drain and cool slightly. Mix the yogurt, honey, lemon juice and orange rind; stir in the rice, orange, flavoring and banana. Toss lightly. Chill about 1 to 2 hours. Makes 6 servings.

—Verlene

KOSHER BROWNIES

- 6 Tbls. hot water
- 1 1/2 cups butter
- 6 Tbls. cocoa
- 3 cups sugar
- 18 Tbls. Passover cake meal
- 6 Tbls. potato starch
- 6 beaten eggs
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups chopped pecans
- Chocolate syrup

Heat water and add butter, cocoa and sugar; blend well. Cool slightly. With an electric mixer, gently mix with remaining ingredients. Spoon batter into greased mini muffin tins. Bake in 350-degree oven for 20 minutes or until tests done. Cool; drizzle with chocolate syrup.

—Katharine

SPECIAL DAYS IN APRIL

April 1—All Fool's Day

April 5—Good Friday

April 6—Passover Begins

April 7—Easter

ALMOND ASPARAGUS

2 Tbs. butter or margarine
 1 lb. asparagus, cut
 1 Tbs. lemon juice
 1/2 cup blanched slivered almonds, toasted
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 Salt and pepper to taste
 Heat butter or margarine in a heavy skillet; add asparagus and saute 3 to 4 minutes. Cover skillet and steam about 2 to 4 minutes until asparagus is tender. Toss asparagus with lemon juice, almonds, flavoring, salt and pepper.
 Place in a heated bowl. Serves approximately 4. —Hallie

FRESH STRAWBERRY PIE with Soda Cracker Crust**Crust**

1 cup sugar
 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
 1/4 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 cup finely chopped black walnuts
 12 soda crackers, rolled fine
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 Gradually add the sugar to the beaten egg whites. Then add the baking powder, black walnuts and soda crackers. Blend in the vanilla flavoring. Spread on waxed paper which has been well greased. Place in 9-inch pan, building up sides. Bake at 325 degrees for 30 minutes.

Filling

1 cup water
 1 cup sugar
 3 Tbs. cornstarch
 3 Tbs. strawberry gelatin
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
 1 qt. fresh strawberries, washed and stemmed
 Whipped topping
 Cook the water, sugar and cornstarch until it boils. Remove from heat. Add the strawberry gelatin and the flavoring. Stir until gelatin dissolves; let cool. Slice the strawberries and add to cooled mixture. Fill crust and top with whipped topping. Chill. —Verlene

RHUBARB BREAD

1 1/2 cups brown sugar
 2/3 cup oil
 1 egg
 1 cup sour milk
 1 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. baking powder
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 2 1/2 cups flour
 1 1/2 cups finely diced rhubarb
 Combine all the ingredients except rhubarb in order given. Mix well. Stir in rhubarb. Pour into 2 greased loaf pans. Bake at 325 degrees for 40 minutes or until bread tests done. —Hallie

BETH'S PUDDING COOKIES

1 cup butter
 1/4 cup white sugar
 3/4 cup brown sugar
 1 3/4-oz. pkg. butterscotch instant pudding mix
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 2 eggs
 2 1/4 cups flour
 1 tsp. baking soda
 1/2 cup nuts
 1 cup chocolate chips
 Cream the butter, sugars, pudding mix and flavorings. Beat in the eggs. Add the dry ingredients slowly mixing well. Stir in the nuts and the chocolate chips. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto cooky sheet. Bake in 350-degree oven for 9 to 11 minutes.

For a variation use chocolate pudding mix and instead of black walnut flavoring use maple or burnt sugar flavoring.

—Dorothy

TECHNICOLOR BEAN SALAD

1-lb. can garbanzo beans (or chick-peas)
 1-lb. can white kidney beans
 1-lb. can red kidney beans
 1-lb. can baby lima beans
 1-lb. can black-eyed peas
 1 lb. fresh green beans (or 1/2 lb. green and 1/2 lb. yellow wax beans)
 Garlic dressing (recipe follows)
 1 cup chopped green onions
 1/2 cup chopped parsley
 Drain the canned beans and rinse thoroughly with water. Drain again. Trim, cook and cool the fresh beans. Drain and pat dry. Cut in 2-inch lengths. Combine and toss all the beans together in a bowl. Pour half of the garlic dressing over the beans and toss. Sprinkle on the green onions. Refrigerate overnight. Garnish with chopped parsley and bring to room temperature before serving.

Garlic Dressing

1 egg yolk
 1/3 cup red wine vinegar
 1 Tbs. sugar
 1 Tbs. chopped garlic
 Salt and pepper to taste
 1 cup olive oil
 Combine the egg yolk, vinegar, sugar, garlic and salt and pepper in a bowl and whisk or place the ingredients in food processor and blend. While stirring slowly or with processor on low, very slowly add the oil. Store in refrigerator until ready to use or use immediately. Makes enough dressing for two bean salads.

—Robin

CONTINENTAL CHEESE BAKE

1 Tbs. butter or margarine
 1 cup sliced onions
 8 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
 2 cups shredded process Swiss cheese
 1 10 1/2-oz. can cream of mushroom soup
 3/4 cup milk
 1 tsp. prepared mustard
 1/2 tsp. seasoned salt
 1/4 tsp. dill weed
 1/4 tsp. pepper
 6 slices caraway rye bread, buttered and cut in 1-inch cubes
 Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Melt butter or margarine, add onion and saute until onion is tender. Layer in 7- by 11-inch glass baking dish. Top with egg slices and sprinkle with the cheese. Combine the soup, milk and seasonings, beating with a rotary beater. Pour over the other layered ingredients. Top with the bread cubes. Bake for 30 to 35 minutes, then remove from oven and turn heat to 550 degrees. Place under broiler about 5 inches below heat for 1 minute. —Robin

OFFUTTAIRE RICE

1/4 cup butter or margarine
 1 cup chopped bell pepper
 1 cup chopped onion
 1/2 cup chopped celery
 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 1/2 cup water
 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped broccoli
 1 small jar jalapeno Cheez Whiz
 2 cups cooked rice
 Saute' pepper, onion and celery in butter for 10 minutes. Add soup and water. Simmer until pepper is tender. Add broccoli and simmer 10 minutes. Stir in rice and cheese; pour into buttered pan. Bake 25 minutes at 350 degrees.
 This is "picante" because of the jalapeno peppers in the cheese. If your family is not wild about spicy food, you may not want to use the whole jar of jalapeno cheese the first time you try this. My husband would eat this rice happily at any time with the degree of "hotness" in the recipe. It appears regularly at Offuttaire luncheons.

—Mary Lea

DRIED BEEF APPETIZER

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
 1 3-oz. pkg. dried beef
 2 Tbs. milk
 1/4 cup very finely chopped green pepper
 2 Tbs. onion flakes
 1/4 tsp. garlic powder (optional)
 1/2 cup sour cream
 Mix all ingredients together; place in a buttered small casserole dish. Bake 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve hot.

—Lucile



Easter Greetings

CHOCOLATE CHIFFON PIE

- 1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin
- 3 Tbls. cold water
- 1 cup chocolate chips
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup milk
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter chocolate flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
- 3 egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/3 cup sugar
- Baked pie shell

Soften gelatin in the water. Add chocolate chips and 1/2 cup milk. Place over low heat; stir until chips are melted. Remove from heat and add 1/3 cup sugar, salt and 3/4 cup milk. Beat egg yolks and stir into chocolate mixture. Stir to thicken; add flavorings. Pour into bowl; cover with wax paper for no shine, refrigerate to chill and thicken.

Beat egg whites and cream of tartar. Slowly add sugar and beat until very firm; fold into the chocolate mixture. Pour into a baked pie shell.

—Juliana

UPSIDE-DOWN GINGERBREAD

(Microwave recipe)

- 1 pkg. gingerbread mix
- 3/4 cup lukewarm water
- 1 egg
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 9 maraschino cherries
- 1 1-lb. can apricot halves, well drained

Blend the gingerbread mix, water, egg and flavoring; beat 2 minutes then set aside. Put the butter or margarine in an 8-by 8-by 2-inch glass baking dish. Microwave on high about 45 seconds, until melted. Sprinkle the brown sugar on the butter or margarine. Arrange the cherries on the sugar mixture and cover with the apricot halves. Pour the gingerbread batter over the fruit. Set it in the microwave on top of a glass pie plate. Microwave on high for 5 minutes. Rotate the baking dish 1/4 turn. Microwave another 7 minutes on high. Let stand 5 minutes. Turn upside down onto a plate. Leave the dish over the cake 5 minutes then remove. Serve with topping.

—Dorothy

SWEET 'N SOUR CHICKEN

(Slow-cooking Pot Recipe)

- 1/2 cup finely chopped onion
- 1/2 cup finely chopped green pepper
- 6 medium carrots, peeled and cut in 1/2-inch slices
- 3 chicken breasts, boned and split lengthwise
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 10-oz. jar sweet-sour sauce
- 1 15 1/4-oz. can pineapple chunks, drained
- 3 Tbls. cornstarch
- 3 Tbls. cold water
- Hot cooked rice

In a 3 1/2- to 4-quart slow-cooking pot place onion, green pepper, and carrots. Top with chicken breasts. Sprinkle with salt. Pour sweet-sour sauce and pineapple chunks over all; cover. Cook on low setting for 7 to 8 hours or on high setting for 3 1/2 to 4 hours. Remove chicken; keep warm. Blend cornstarch and water; stir into juices. Cover; cook on high setting for 10 to 15 minutes or until thickened. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve over hot cooked rice. Makes 6 servings.

—Dorothy

CHOCOLATE NUT COFFEECAKE

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter chocolate flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
- 2 cups all-purpose flour, unsifted
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts (or pecans)

Beat together butter and sugar until creamy. Add eggs one at a time and beat until fluffy.

Mix sour cream and flavorings together. Add to the creamed sugar mixture and mix. Combine flour, baking powder and soda. Stir well and mix into the sugar mixture.

Spoon one half of the batter into a 9-by 13-inch pan.

Mix the 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon, chocolate chips and nuts together. Spread one half of this mixture over the batter in the pan. Top with the remaining batter and press the remaining nut mixture over the top.

Bake in a 350-degree oven for 35 minutes or until it tests done. Makes 12 to 15 servings. Serve warm.

—Robin

QUICK BROCCOLI AND CHEESE SOUP

- 1 cup chopped ham
- 1 cup water
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped broccoli
- 2 cups milk
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 2 cups (8 ozs.) natural Swiss cheese, cubed
- Salt and pepper to taste

Boil ham in water 10 minutes; add broccoli, cook until tender. Gradually add milk to flour, stirring until well blended. Gradually add milk mixture to ham mixture, stirring constantly until mixture slightly thickens. Simmer 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add cheese and seasonings, cook until cheese begins to melt.

—Mary Lea

SEA BREEZE SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lime gelatin
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 2 cups cold liquid (part pineapple juice)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 3 1/2-oz. pkg. lemon pudding and pie filling mix

1 cup drained pineapple
1 envelope whipped topping mix
Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add cold liquid and flavoring. Refrigerate until it begins to thicken. Prepare pudding mix as directed on package. When cool, stir into thickened gelatin. Whip with electric mixer. Reserve one cup; add pineapple to remainder. Pour into a 9-by 13-inch pan and refrigerate until set. Prepare topping mix according to package directions. Fold into reserved cup of gelatin and spread on top.

—Dorothy

SOUR CREAM STEAK

- 2 lbs. Swiss steak (or sirloin)
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1 10 1/2-oz. can tomato soup
- 1 soup can water
- 1 cup sour cream

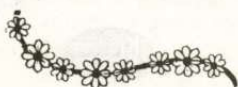
Pound the steak and dredge in the salt, pepper and flour.

In a heavy skillet, melt the butter or margarine and brown the steak. Add onions, tomato soup and water. Cover and simmer 1 hour over low heat or bake in oven 1 1/2 hours at 300 degrees.

Before the last half hour of cooking add the sour cream and mix well.

You may leave steak in one piece or cut into serving pieces. I place the steak and juices in a casserole serving dish just before adding the sour cream. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

—Hallie

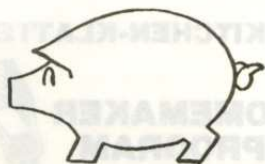


**BLUE CORN TORTILLA
ENCHILADAS**

- 1 pkg. frozen red chilies
- 1 can beef bouillon
- 1 garlic clove, chopped
- 1/2 cup cooking oil
- 1 lb. ground shoulder meat
- 1/2 cup ground chili powder (may use less)
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 qt. chicken stock
- 1/2 tsp. leaf oregano
- 1/2 tsp. cumin seed
- 1 dozen corn tortillas (blue corn tortillas, if possible)
- 1 lb. Cheddar cheese, grated
- 1 cup chopped onion

Cover the frozen chilies with the bouillon. Allow to simmer until the chilies are thawed. In a large pot saute the garlic lightly in some of the oil. Add the meat and chili powder and fry until brown, stirring constantly. Mix in the flour and salt. Pour in the chicken stock. Add the oregano, cumin seed and the bouillon mixture; bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer for 20 minutes.

Heat remaining oil in a skillet and quickly fry tortillas one at a time. Place 6 tortillas on 6 plates and cover with half of the cheese and half of the onions. Put a scoop of chili sauce on each. Cover with the 6 remaining tortillas and repeat with the remaining cheese, onion, and chili. Place in the oven just until the cheese melts. Surround with shredded lettuce and a few corn chips. —Robin

**PORK CHOP-SWEET POTATO
CASSEROLE**

- 5 pork chops, 1-inch thick
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 3 large (or 1 23-oz. can) sweet potatoes
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

- 3/4 cup maple-flavored syrup
- 5 refrigerated unbaked biscuits

In a skillet brown the pork chops; season with the salt and pepper. Remove from skillet and place in an ungreased 9-by 13-inch baking dish. Cover and bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes. Remove from oven; drain off liquid. Place the pork chops at one end of the baking dish and arrange the sweet potatoes around the chops. Add the burnt sugar flavoring to the maple-flavored syrup and pour over the chops and potatoes. In the other end of the baking dish arrange the biscuits. Return to oven and bake uncovered for 20 to 25 minutes or until biscuits are golden brown. Makes 5 servings.

—Verlene

RED RASPBERRY SNOW BARS

- 3/4 cup shortening
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 12-oz. jar raspberry preserves
- 1/2 cup coconut
- 1/2 cup sugar

Cream the shortening, salt, and 1/4 cup sugar until fluffy. Add the almond flavoring, egg yolks, and flour; mix well. Press into a 9-by 13-inch pan and bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes. Spread raspberry preserves over the hot crust and top with coconut. Beat the egg whites until foamy; add the 1/2 cup sugar and beat until peaks form. Spread over coconut, bake 25 minutes. Cool completely before cutting. Makes approximately 24 bars.

—Verlene

MEXICAN BISCUIT CASSEROLE

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped green pepper
- 1 8-oz. can tomato sauce
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. chili powder
- 1 1/2 cups shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 1 tube refrigerator biscuits (or prepare your own baking powder biscuit dough)

Brown beef, onion and green pepper. Drain excess fat. Stir in the tomato sauce, salt and chili powder. In separate container, combine half the cheese, the sour cream and egg. Combine with the meat mixture. Put half the biscuits (or dough) in bottom of greased casserole. Cover with the meat mixture. Put remaining biscuits or dough on top. Sprinkle with remaining cheese. Bake at 375 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes.

—Dorothy

CINNAMON FRUIT

- 3/4 cup butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. brown sugar, packed
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring
- Dash ground nutmeg
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

- 1 8-oz. can apricot halves, drained
- 1 8-oz. can pear halves, drained
- 1 8-oz. can cherries, drained

Melt the butter or margarine in a saucepan; add sugar stirring until dissolved. Add flavoring, nutmeg and pecans; mix well.

In a buttered 2-quart dish, layer the apricots, pears and cherries. Pour the hot butter mixture on top and bake 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve warm with whipped cream or ice cream.

CHOCOLATE MINT BARS

- 1 pkg. chocolate mint cake mix (with pudding)
- 1/3 cup margarine, softened
- 1 egg

Heat the oven to 350 degrees. Grease a 15-by 10-inch jelly roll pan. In a large bowl, combine cake mix, margarine, and egg at low speed until crumbly; press into bottom of prepared pan. Bake 10 minutes; cool.

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup boiling water
- 4 cups powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine, softened
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 2 or 3 drops green food coloring

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water and cool. In large bowl combine softened gelatin, powdered sugar, margarine, shortening, flavoring, and food coloring. Beat 1 minute at medium speed or until smooth. Spread evenly over cooled crust.

- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 3 Tbls. margarine

In small saucepan, blend chocolate chips and margarine over low heat, stirring constantly until chocolate melts. Spoon evenly over filling; spread frosting. Chill until firm, cut into bars. Makes 48 bars.

Note: for easier handling, remove from refrigerator 20 minutes before cutting.

—Dorothy

SPINACH CASSEROLE

- 2 pkgs. frozen chopped spinach (or equivalent of fresh)
- 1/2 cup drained spinach liquid
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1/2 cup evaporated milk
- 1 6-oz. roll jalapeno cheese
- Salt to taste

- Red pepper to taste
- 1/2 tsp. black pepper
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 3/4 tsp. celery salt
- 3/4 tsp. garlic salt
- Buttered bread crumbs

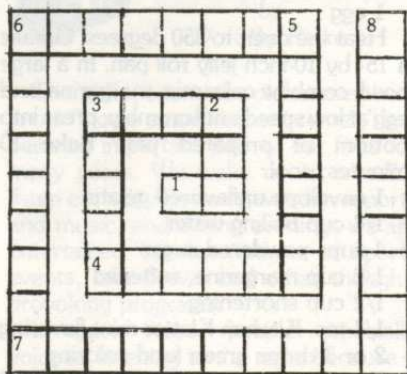
Cook frozen spinach according to package directions. Drain, reserving 1/2 cup liquid. (If using fresh spinach, wilt, drain, reserving the 1/2 cup liquid, and chop.)

Melt butter; blend in flour (do not brown). Add onion and cook until onion is transparent, but not brown. Add the 1/2 cup drained liquid slowly stirring constantly until mixture is smooth and thick. Add evaporated milk, cheese and seasonings. Stir until smooth. Combine with the spinach. Spoon into greased casserole. Cover and let set in refrigerator overnight. Before baking, scatter bread crumbs over top and bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour.

—Robin

EASTER MAZE

Use the RSV Bible, if needed, to fill in the answers.



1. across = "___, I have told you." Matt. 28:7

2. down = The women wondered ___ would roll away the stone for them.

3. across = "Do not be afraid; for I ___ you seek Jesus." Matt. 28:5

3. down = He withdrew from them about a stone's throw, and ___ down. Luke 22:41

4. across = The curtain of the ___ was torn in two. Luke 23:45

5. down = "Remember how he told you, while he was still in ___." Luke 24:6

6. across = He came to the disciples and found them ___ Luke 22:45

6. down = John 19:36 talks about this being a fulfillment of ___

7. across = According to Matt. 28:2, an ___ shook the ground.

8. down = One of those visiting the tomb in Matt. 28:1 was Mary ___

—Helen Friesen

(Answers on page 19)



APRIL

April is a dainty lady
Dancing 'round in ballet slippers;
Sunshine and showers, Rainbows and
flowers,
Scattering raindrops from silvery
dippers.
The bare brown branches of winter are
gone;
They've all donned their lovely green
dresses,
Some wear corsages of delicate pink,
As the soft winds blow and the sun
caresses.
"Oh, April, you are a lovely lady,
As you dance with the breeze and the
sun's soft rays;
And laugh at the raindrops that sparkle
in your hair!"
April, the beautiful lady is worthy of our
praise.
—Wilma E. Harthan

OUR INTRODUCTION TO
MARK

by
Ula Hoffer

We were picking up rocks that day, a job that had to be done each summer season soon after the oats had come through the ground. Our crew consisted of my husband, me and our two, little foster girls who tagged along, playing in the dirt, chasing after the dog and occasionally picking up some rocks to throw on the flat wagon behind the tractor.

We could see our driveway from the field where the four of us were working so we knew when our eighteen-year-old daughter, Pam, returned from her job at the hospital. Instead of going into the house immediately, she came out to the field.

Pam had recently graduated from high school. She had worked as a pinky (an on-the-job hospital training student) during her senior year and was now working as a nurses' aide before going into training to become an R.N.

After a little exchange of chitchat about her day and ours, she began to work up to what was on her mind. "Remember that little boy who was burned so badly?" she began. Mark was the small child who had been in the hospital for many many weeks, hovering between life and death the first part of that time. Pam had mentioned him many times.

Mark's mother was a tuberculosis carrier and evidence of TB was discovered in his tiny body when he was a few months old. He was placed in a TB sanatorium for treatment then later returned to his family.

The facts about his accident are not clear but he was in the care of an elderly relative. Somehow Mark tipped a pan of boiling potatoes onto himself. His left arm, neck, shoulders and the back of his head were badly burned, and he was rushed to the hospital. Through the weeks he spent there, his family seldom, if ever, visited him.

When it became apparent he would soon be able to leave the hospital, there was a question, "Where will he go?" The county welfare department began looking for a home for him. One of the case workers visited Mark in the hospital and Pam suggested our home to him. Pam promised to talk to us about it.

As we stood in the oat field that day, she reviewed the situation for us. Pam went on to say, "Poor little Mark; he has no home to go to so he is going to be placed in a foster home." Then she added, "He knows me and it would be much easier for him if he could live with us."

Several questions arose. I was spending a lot of time helping with barn

and milkhouse chores and with other outside work. How could I find time for another responsibility? He would need extra care and attention because of his weakened condition. Our small house was already crowded with the three of us and the two little girls.

However, we put those questions out of our mind, knowing things would work out. They always had. We soon agreed that Mark should become a part of our family. The next afternoon Pam and the social worker introduced us to Mark. Although he was almost three years old, the little boy could barely stand alone. He had spent most of his hospital time in a crib. With love and care Mark continued to gain strength and was soon able to run and play with the girls.

The day he came to us we didn't realize how deeply the very skinny, scarred, frightened little boy was going to work himself into all of our hearts.

THE UNSEEN HAND

When sycamores with tufted top,
Sway in the breeze and slowly rock,
'Tis the wind to blinded men
Who, thoughtless, watch them whirl and
bend.
But to the trees, so pure and white,
Moving slowly left to right,
Bowing their heads with reverent nod—
To them it is the hand of God!

—author unknown

KITCHEN-KLATTER

HOMEMAKER
PROGRAM

is broadcasted daily over these

RADIO STATIONS:

KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial—10:00 a.m.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
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KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial—9:35 a.m.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial—10:05 a.m.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial—1:30 p.m. (Mon. thru Fri. only)
KFAL	Fulton, Mo., 900 on your dial—10:30 a.m.
KGGF	Coffeyville, Ks., 690 on your dial—11:04 a.m.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial—1:30 p.m.

WHICH HAT TODAY?

by
Helen Friesen

Thinking of remodeling your home or even building a new one? Then I'm sure you have a shoe box full of ideas you've gleaned over the years as to how to create your dream house.

One thing the blueprint may fail to show is a hat shelf. Oh, don't get me wrong. This wouldn't be for milady's hats. With the women's hat industry in decline that wouldn't make sense. We know that a kerchief is all most women need to keep their hair in place. This shelf belongs to the hats worn by the men of the family.

Have you ever seen a farmer (or his son) who owned just one hat? He may not need a hat to go to the opera but he needs his work hat. It's a rare farmer who goes anywhere without it—well, maybe not to bed.

He might even buy a few of his caps in a store but more than likely he's acquired a good many by the "freebie" route. When it comes time to order the seed corn, the salesman may throw in a cap advertising his brand. A man can always use another cap because he loses a few, dirties a few, has some blown off into some mechanical gadget or into the lawn mower.

The "long green line" of implements features one kind of a cap while the feed dealer that sells him products for his livestock comes out with a different style. If he has less than a dozen hats, he must feel on the verge of declaring bankruptcy or applying for disaster funding for new headgear.

He may favor a straw hat on one day, his ten-gallon Western-style on another, a mesh one on the third, depending on the kind of weather or the kind of work in which he's engaged.

Hats need more than a hook for a resting place; otherwise they often land on the floor. That's where your hat shelf near the back entry has its place. You can arrange all his hats in a row with the bills all pointed in the same direction. They'll resemble the high steppers at your local high school. How long they'll remain that orderly is a moot question.

At a glance he can tell whether he needs the blue, gray, or green one to match that day's attire. Maybe he's going to town on business and doesn't want to be seen wearing the cap of a competing brand. If he comes to a business place wearing their cap, maybe he'll get a discount on his purchase. It's worth a try. What farmer couldn't use a little extra edge these days?

On the other hand maybe you should include a shelf for the mother. Think of all the "hats" a woman has to wear in the course of a week. She has to don a nurse's cap to remove a splinter from a

bare foot. She needs a chauffeur's hat for all the times she hauls her children around or runs errands for her husband.

There's the gardener's hat she adjusts jauntily when she takes care of all those growing things or when she pitches in to help mow the lawn. Leave room for her chef's hat for someone's sure to get hungry and expect Mom to put on a feast after a hard day's work.

For some ladies include space for a chore cap for taking over when the men are occupied with baling hay, cultivating or harvesting. Some space remains for her secretary's "hat" when she dashes off a letter or two to straighten some business matter for the household.

Have we mentioned her hat as cleaning lady or laundress? That doesn't include being the butcher when those fryers are ready for the freezer or her catering bonnet when the kids need someone to provide the refreshments for that month's 4-H meeting.

Someone has to find all the assorted boots, scarves and gloves during the winter for everyone in the household and still have time enough to wear the "hat" of a seamstress to finish a much-needed patch job for someone in the house.

Distributing a little TLC under the psychologist's "bonnet," whether it's to the lonesome puppies when the children are in school, to the little ones when she tucks them in at night, to a friend who's down on her luck, or her husband who just heard the price of hogs dropped again, may round out a partial list of hats she wears.

Indeed, the mother would be too busy to change that many actual hats in one week. Just let the men keep the hat shelf.

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded
generous. Actually, I believe we would find that true of every church we might have an opportunity to serve, for certainly we did find it true in our other church in Bristol, Rhode Island. What I am saying is that good church people, wherever they are found, are bound to be gracious and generous.

By the time you get this letter, you probably will have celebrated Easter, and I hope that it was a glorious one! There is something so special about Easter. For most church people, Easter is an even more important day and a more lovely day than Christmas. There are so many extra things about Christmas to take away some of the religious emphasis—things like Christmas gifts, and Christmas parties, etc., etc. Easter is more purely religious, even if it does have a bit of fantasy with Easter eggs and such. I don't think any mother ever found Easter as exhausting as Christmas!

In a strange and wonderful way, God seems to bless all our churches with renewal at Easter time. The theme of the day is so much at the heart of our faith that all of us are blessed by it. Betty and I wish you a Happy Easter.

Sincerely,

Frederick

A wee baby boy with a mop of hair
Is an answer to months of prayer.
He sleeps all day and he doesn't cry,
He surveys the world with a roving eye.
From what high plain, what celestial isle
Did he find the way to his mother's smile?
—anon.

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HERB FOLKLORE

by Erma Reynolds

Do you have a memory like a sieve? Wear a sprig of rosemary because, according to folklore, this herb has the power to jog the memory. Troubled with ants? Folklore advises planting tansy or mint by the kitchen door and the pesky pests will keep their distance.

Herbs have a long and fascinating history, dating back to the ancient Greeks, Romans and Egyptians. In Genesis 1:29, God told Adam, "Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth."

Richard Banckes' old *Herbal* states, "The virtue of the herb is thus: it will destroy all manner of abominations of man's stomach, and will make a man to sleep. It is good for many medicines and namely for cooks to colour their meat therewith, it groweth in gardens and it is hot and dry."

Roman soldiers brought herbs to Britain during Caesar's time, and by 1600 these plants were being widely used by the English.

During medieval times, castle rooms were stuffy and smelly, and to overcome this problem, sweet-smelling herbs were spread on the floors, and used as bouquets to give the rooms a pleasant smell.

Among the few carefully chosen possessions they brought with them, early settlers of our country included slips of herbs for planting in future gardens. Records show that by 1640, as many as 50 different kinds of herbs were being cultivated in family gardens. Besides being used for medicinal purposes, the herbs were needed to add flavor to monotonous meals and help digestion of heavy foods.

Here are examples of herb folklore that have been handed down through the years.

BASIL: Or **SWEET BASIL**, was venerated by the Hindus of India, who planted it outside their homes and temples to insure happiness. In Italy, basil was dedicated to lovers, but in Greece, it was a symbol of hatred. Superstitious folk in early days believed basil could drive away sorrow, comfort the heart, and even attract a sweetheart. According to modern time folklore, sprigs of fresh basil displayed in an open window will discourage the pushy flies trying to get into the house.

DILL: In medieval days, dill was valued as insurance against witches, especially those who had their eyes on babies. In later days, the herb was seen in many

German brides' bouquets.

FENNEL: This herb supposedly had the power to clear faulty sight. Imaginative folk believed it to be the favorite food of serpents, who used fennel juice to restore their dimming sight.

MARJORAM: Also called **SWEET MARJORAM**, the "sweet" became part of the herb's name from the belief this plant would keep milk from souring when sprigs of marjoram were hung in milk rooms. For a more romantic use, ancient Greeks and Romans crowned their newlyweds with wreaths of marjoram. Gerard, the botanist, recommended the herb, saying, "the leaves boiled in water, and the decoction drunke, easeth such as are given to overmuch sighing."

MINT: Culper described mint as, "a herb of Venus...it isn't just something you eat with lamb. It also helps the biting of a mad dog." Today, if mice have set up housekeeping in your home, folklore recommends that you place sprigs of fresh mint around the baseboards to repel the critters.

PARSLEY: Today we use parsley as a food garnish, but ancient Romans used it in the wreaths that crowned their victorious athletes. In Greece, crowns of parsley and hyacinths were worn by bridesmaids at weddings. As a feature of Greek feasts, banquet guests had their brows adorned with parsley wreaths, because it was the belief that the herb had the power to step up fun and frolic. Another superstition was the herb had the magic to cure baldness. An ancient remedy stated that if "parsley seede were strewn in the haire three times a yeare—the haire would not falle out." Still other superstitions said to get parsley one must steal it, for it was considered bad luck to give the herb away, and parsley must be planted by a woman, preferably one who was pregnant.

ROSEMARY: It was Shakespeare's Hamlet who said, "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance." This sweet herb, a symbol of faithfulness for sweet-hearts, was used in weddings, entwined

in the wreath worn by the bride. Modern folklore suggests that rosemary, placed in little cloth bags, makes a good moth repellent.

SAGE: Dedicated to the Greek god, Zeus, and the Roman god, Jupiter, sage has reputed healing powers. An old medieval proverb states, "why should a man die whilst sage grows in his garden." During the Middle Ages, sage was a chief medicinal herb, used as a remedy for epilepsy, ague, fevers, and protection against the dreaded plague. Not only was it used to help the living, it was also strewn on graves as a symbol of remembrance.

SAVORY: This was a practical herb in ancient days. Not only was it a cooking aid but was also used to stuff pillows, and, in powdered form, served as a flea repellent.

TANSY: In the horrendous days when pestilence swept over Europe, tansy, with its aromatic odor and tonic properties, was used as a disinfectant for public places.

TARRAGON: Tarragon derived its name from the Latin word for dragon, because the plant's roots coil like a dragon. According to folklore the herb was "highly cordial, and friendly to the head, heart and liver."

THYME: In ancient Greece this herb was associated with bees. On Mount Hymettus, the "honey mountain," the fine flavor of its honey was attributed to the thyme which covered the mountain. Not only did early day Greeks link the herb with honey, but they also burned its pungent aromatic leaves as an incense to purify their temples. Wild thyme was supposed to give relief from madness, as well as "the wambling of the belly." Introduced into Britain by the Romans, thyme became a symbol of bravery. If you have a fireplace, lay the woody stems of thyme on hot coals; the room will be scented with a delightful aroma.

From this smattering of herb folklore there's a quote to keep in mind, "to grow herbs is to soothe the soul and invite good fortune."

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SPRING MEDITATION

by
Dorothy Sandall



For everything there is a season, a time to plant. Spring is a time of rebirth, hope and new beginning. Trees and bulbs that have long been dormant begin to grow and bud.

But wait... One last snow... As it clings to branches it seems to say, "It won't be long till these are covered with blossoms." Then it melts giving needed moisture to plants, and swollen buds become sunny yellow daffodils and fiery red tulips. They look so fresh and bright after the brown grass and white snow of a long winter.

Like an adolescent flitting back and forth from child to adult, our weather is subject to occasional fits of temper and frustration. Once the angry blast is over a rainbow promises better things to come.

God created the birds and told them to be fruitful and multiply. The cardinal woots his lady in early spring then finds he is busy building a home. A graceful doe looks around to see if all is well before bringing her fawn to the creek for a drink.

Spring is not only seen in nature but in the hearts and lives of people. The farmer who has read seed catalogues and planned where to plant oats in winter now goes out to see if the frost is out of the ground and to feel the dirt for moisture. He can hardly wait to get in the field. Last year's drought is just a memory as he begins anew.

Little girls find soft cuddly kittens that need to be loved, and children are delighted to get their shoes off and wiggle their toes in the soft green grass. It is exciting to go to the picnic on the last day of school knowing the freedom that summer brings.

Graduation is an end and a beginning. The seed has been planted, watered and weeded and can now stand by itself as it continues to grow and produce. It takes continual striving in the garden as well as in life to be productive and useful. Sometimes we get a little behind on both but we always have another chance.

Families take to the woods for camping and fellowship, feeling the need to get away from the work-a-day world. Oak trees make homes for squirrels, shade for old folks and a place for boys and girls to climb. Listening to the songs of frogs, tree toads, owls and whippoorwills is peaceful and relaxing. There is a time before dawn when everything becomes still and quiet, then all of creation seems to come alive as the sun rises for another day.

Would it ever have occurred to you to make delicate butterflies out of wiggly worms? When I think of the creation and order of our universe I am awed by the power of God. Psalms 8 tells me He loves me even more than these.

O Lord, our Lord,
how majestic is thy name in all the earth!

Thou whose glory above the heavens is chanted
by the mouth of babes and infants,
thou hast founded a bulwark
because of thy foes,
to still the enemy and the avenger.

When I look at thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
the moon and the stars which thou hast established;
what is man that thou art mindful of him,
and the son of man that thou dost care for him?

Yet thou hast made him little less than God,
and dost crown him with glory and honor.

Thou hast given him dominion over the works of thy hands;
thou hast put all things under his feet,
all sheep and oxen,
and also the beasts of the field,
the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea,
whatever passes along the paths of the sea.

O Lord, our Lord,
how majestic is thy name in all the earth!



EASTER MAZE ANSWERS

S	L	E	E	P	I	N	G	M
C								A
R	K	N	O	W			L	G
I	N				H		I	D
P	E			L	O		L	A
T	L						E	L
U	T	E	M	P	L	E		E
R								N
E	A	R	T	H	Q	U	A	K



MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded

feels like an old man with all of the young kids in his classes, but I enlightened him of the delight a fellow his age prompted when I was a freshman. There were GI veterans returning to campus, and goodness, it was a feather in the cap of any girl who could land a date with one of these "older" men. Anyway, for an old man Paul sure seems young to us and we're very proud of his successful return to academia.

The time is approaching to tuck a tiny little sirloin tip beef roast into the oven, which I shall surround with nutritious vegetables. By the time Don gets home from work we'll have a delicious one-dish oven dinner.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

A great oak is only a little acorn who held its ground.

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COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

If you grew up in a Scandinavian community during the 1940's or 50's, then you probably know about cream and bread. For others, it was the hearty suppertime concoction of rich cream and brown sugar on freshly baked bread. Authors Janet Martin and Allen Todnem of Hastings, Minnesota, have written *Cream and Bread*, a savory blend of reminiscences of those bygone days in rural Scandinavian homes with the Scandinavian Lutheran traditions.

Janet Martin grew up in Hillsboro, North Dakota. She's a Letnes, a second generation Norwegian-American. Her maternal and paternal grandparents came from Norway and helped settle the area. Her husband is from Newfolden, Minnesota. Allen Todnem was raised in DeKalb, Illinois. His father and his maternal grandparents immigrated from Norway. Todnem's wife is from Windom, Minnesota. The Martins and Todnems are neighbors in Hastings, and discovered they have a lot in common as they discussed, over coffee, their similar upbringings.

The authors decided to put their memories down on paper, celebrating their heritage, and at the same time, having some fun and laughs.

If your childhood was during the time mentioned in a Scandinavian community and you

...wouldn't dare to wear white shoes before Memorial Day,
...knew when to say uff da, ish da, fy da and shucks,
...ate your fill of red jello a la whipped cream, fruit cocktail, bananas, etc.,
then *neimen du da* you'll want to get your fill of *Cream and Bread*!

The book is divided into 19 chapters, with two parts. Part I deals with the cream—fun, sometimes foolish, with stories and traditions, cherished but laughable. Part II is the bread—the meat and potatoes scene with lefse, lutefisk, rommegrot, church suppers and, of course, cream and bread (recipes included).

The piece on housecleaning is priceless. They write, "The cleaning schedule was as unalterable as the Hardanger Fjord. There was the weekly cleaning, spring housecleaning, fall housecleaning, and pre-Yule cleaning." As to spring cleaning, we read, "Everything was turned upside down, inside out, and then put right side up and right side out again. Spring housecleaning was as powerful as a strong North Sea wind."

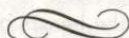
The authors are pleased with the success of their book *Cream and Bread*

and are working on a sequel, *Second Helpings*. It was a risk to invest money in publishing the book, but Janet Martin says when her grandfather came from Norway, he took risks, too. She has great respect for the emigrants and is delighted with the response concerning a fading way of life. Many Midwesterners will relate to this book, even those who are not "Scandihoovians." (See ad on this page)

The slogan for National Library Week is "A Nation of Readers." April 14-20 is the time to celebrate. Visit your library and enjoy. Librarians are helpful in offering good reading materials.

According to the *New York Times*, here are some best sellers on the general list:

1. *Iacocca*, by Lee Iacocca with William Novak.
2. *Loving Each Other*, by Leo Buscaglia.
3. *Citizen Hughes*, by Michael Drosnin.
4. *The Bridge Across Forever*, by Richard Bach.
5. *The Good War*, by Studs Terkel.
6. *Son of the Morning Star*, by Evan S. Connell.
7. *Dr. Burns' Prescription for Happiness*, by George Burns.
8. *Pieces of My Mind*, by Andrew Rooney.



GOD'S WONDER

The lacey tree of winter
etched against a moonlit sky
Is one of nature's pleasures, a
feast of beauty for the eye!

When spring comes in to liven,
and trim each bough with green,
There's still a breath of elegance
though God has changed the scene!

—Marjorie A. Lundell



CLOWN DUSTING MIT

Materials:

- Large cotton work glove
- Laundry marker
- 3- by 5-inch recipe card
- Washable rug or craft yarn
- Needle with large eye

Draw a face on the back of the glove with the laundry marker. A button that resembles a gem may be sewn on the finger for a ring.

Fold the recipe card into a 2½- by 3-inch rectangle. Wind yarn 15 times around the 3-inch width of the card; cut yarn. Cut another piece of yarn 8-inches long. Carefully remove the yarn from the card and tie the center with the 8-inch strand of yarn. Cut loops and fluff yarn to make a pom-pom. Make 17 pom-poms.

Attach pom-poms to palm of glove by threading one end of the yarn that tied the pom-pom into the needle. Stitch through the palm of the glove and knot to the other end of the yarn. Trim any long strands. It is easier to attach pom-poms in rows starting next to the cuff.

Variations: Two or more colors of yarn can be used. Any washable leftover yarn would be suitable. If you use lighter weight yarn, wind more to make each pom-pom. Pom-poms may be purchased.

The face may be embroidered and several colors may be used.

The left-hand glove may be made for the left hand or with the face on the palm and the pom-poms on the back so the glove may be worn on the right hand.

—Sharon Gilbert



If you grew up in a Scandinavian community and . . .
... wouldn't dare to wear white shoes before Memorial Day.
... knew when to say uff da, ish da, fy da and shucks.
... were highly suspicious of people who lived "in town" and didn't own property.
... ate your fill of red jello a la whipped cream, then, *neimen du da* you'll want to get your fill of *Cream and Bread*.

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WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY THE "AFRICAN GAME"?

by
La Vonne Nielsen

The TV news coverage showed wheat berries being measured out to each starving family in Africa, just enough wheat for two weeks but only half enough needed until the next shipment. That's when we had breakfast like the Africans.

With the help of visiting grandchildren, we measured out a half cup of wheat berries for each of us. We looked over the grain taking out weed seeds and cracked corn, washed the grain and soaked it overnight in water. This was a new experience for the children. The next morning, there were not too many happy faces looking at the steaming bowls of the cooked cereal. To the children this was, indeed, strange fare—no flakes, no mini cubes or rings, no snap, crackle, pop, no sugar coatings or frostings, and no milk—just plain old wheat berries cooked in nothing more than water.

We had at least two advantages over the hungry folks: we had sugar, brown sugar and honey to add to our cereal. And, if we didn't like the meal we could turn up our noses and go without for there would be more and better tasting food next time.

One grandchild took one look at the wheat and refused it. Another tasted it and shoved it aside. Only one grandchild ate all of it but didn't ask for more. Aren't we terribly spoiled tho! Good wholesome grain was food our ancestors ate for thousands of years, food that nourished the pioneers. Yet, because it isn't an instant food, a refined product, adults, let alone children, don't want it.

Perhaps we need to play the "African Game" with wheat berries more often. And include an "Oriental Game" from time to time with rice. Then our grandchildren might begin to appreciate growing up in these United States.



FRAGRANT FLOWERS

Enjoy the beauty of an Easter lily,
Its fragrance filling the room;
Bury your nose in a bouquet of lilacs,
Breathe in the wondrous perfume;
Ignore the sharp thorns and enjoy the
fragrance
Of the well known, well loved rose;
And who can resist the lovely peony—
Its perfume teasing the nose?
How can there be so many bright
flowers?
Of course, the answer we know:
Our Heavenly Father has designed each
one,
For our pleasure has them grow.

—Roy J. Wilkins



THE MIRACLE OF MINK OIL

By Michelle Le Claire

I was shocked when I discovered in my mirror those dreaded signs of dryness—that were certain to deepen, if neglected—dryness that takes away from your beauty and make you look older than you are. It seems that the awful changes in climate, temperature, humidity—even soaps and detergents are the causes of this condition.

I had always pampered my skin. Special creams, lotions, costly astringent rinses—I used them faithfully.

So I tried different brands, even more expensive, but nothing helped. I was ready to give up. I thought I'd have to accept the fact.

Then something struck me—something I never would have known if my husband hadn't owned and managed a mink farm where we lived.

One day I was serving coffee to three of the men who handle the mink pelts. These men had worked for my husband about 25 years. As I gave them their coffee, I couldn't help but notice their hands. How smooth and soft they were!

I thought about them all that day. I believed there must be something in the body or skin of the mink that made their hands so smooth and soft. And if it was good for hands, then it must be good for the face and throat. Could this be the answer to the signs that alarm every woman?

I told my husband what was on my mind and asked if he could possibly extract some of the oil from the mink pelts. At first he laughed at me, but then agreed I might have a point. He consulted a chemist friend, and together they compounded the mink oil with a pure balm base. It was a costly process, but what it produced I believed was priceless.

After I'd used the mink oil three weeks, I could see a change in my complexion. It was fresher, clearer, smoother looking. Two months later there was no doubt about it. My formerly dull, dry skin now had a glowing, dewy look. I was really thrilled! Even my throat seemed petal-smooth and more firm looking. I could hardly believe it.

My friends and relatives were astonished at the change in my appearance. When I told them what I'd been using, of course they wanted to try it. Without exception they had wonderful results.

They urged me to make my product available to all women. They said I'd be doing a real service since these problems can be terribly disturbing.

So I gave my precious mink oil a name and put it on the market. It's called Mink Oil Essential Creme. It contains no hormones, estrogens or steroids—only the pure oil and balm. Already I've received hundreds of letters from delighted users. Many said the effects were beyond anything they had hoped for.

And, mind you, there's nothing complicated about the application. (Who has time for elaborate beauty rituals? I'll bet you don't.) Just apply Mink Oil Essential Creme at bedtime and leave it on while you sleep. That's when it works its wonders, helping to penetrate below the surface of your skin replacing lost natural oils, restoring moisture balance, leaving a beautifully lovely skin you never dreamed possible.

I'm so confident my Mink Oil cream can do marvelous things for your skin, I offer it to you with an unconditional guarantee. Just try it. See for yourself, in your own mirror, how it helps ease away those unwanted signs that alarm every woman. Many women wrote of gratifying results after only two weeks. Some take longer. But I want you to understand this. If, for any reason, you are not pleased with Mink Oil Essential Creme, just send me your name and I'll mail you a full refund, with no questions asked.

Now it's up to you. Here is your chance to have beautiful, attractive skin—at no risk. Fill out the coupon and mail today.

Mink oil formula products are considered by research scientists "to come closer to the oils of the human skin than any other ingredient."
as seen in Vogue

I WANT TO BE YOUTHFUL-LOOKING

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Elizabeth Brase, daughter of Kristin and Art Brase, Torrington, Wyoming, is enjoying her second birthday party.

A SHORT COURSE

The world takes on a different look
When Spring is in the air.
A gentle breeze across a brook,
A flower found in some small nook.

May Nature teach us to mend our ways
And follow her golden rule.
To make the most of all our days,
To glory in the smallest of rays.

—Bonnie Feeken

CUT FLOWERS

by
Evelyn Witter

"You can keep cut flowers longer than anyone I know!" exclaimed my friend, Freda, a week after we had entertained our couples club together.

When I told her the seven rules to follow to keep cut flowers at their best as long as possible, she was surprised how simple the technique really is!

1. Select flowers that are still in bud, or just opening. They open in the arrangement.
2. Assemble the correct materials—vase, sharp knife, pin holder or floral foam, floral clay and/or cellophane tape.
3. Cut flower stems on a slant. This makes it easier for flowers to absorb water.
4. Anchor pin holder in dry container with floral clay.
5. When arranging flowers place taller ones in the back; in centerpieces they should be in the middle of the arrangement. Not only is the arrangement prettier but the tall flowers are protected from breakage this way.
6. Fresh, lukewarm water should be added every two or three days.
7. Keep arrangements away from hot radiators and out of direct sunlight.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

much it almost felt like being in a jungle.

The last stop before heading home was South Ridge Mall where we had an hour to shop, look around or have a cold drink and ice cream. It was a fun day.

Our conservation friend, Doyle Adams, who is the superintendent of all the Iowa State Parks, stopped by for a visit the other day. He is the person who brought us the bluebird houses last year and helped put them up. Doyle was afraid he brought them too late for the bluebirds last year but he is coming back later to clean the birdhouses to see if we can't attract some this year for sure. He plans to bring down some houses for the wood ducks before they arrive and start nesting, too.

We had a nice long letter from our oldest grandson, Andy, and he is so happy and enthusiastic about his school-work this year. He is getting a lot of music instruction and loves every minute of it. He had a real thrill the other day when he got to go to Chadron to attend a concert by the Maynerd Ferguson band and had a chance to talk for an hour with the drummer in the band, a person whose work Andy really admires. He hopes some day he will be as good.

Our little Elizabeth has had her second birthday and had fun at her birthday celebration. Where has the time gone? We called and talked to her. I'm getting awfully anxious to see all of our grandchildren again. Those of you who live close enough to watch your grandchildren grow are so fortunate. I'm not complaining—all of ours are well and happy. That is the important thing.

I must go and help Frank for a minute, so until next month....

Sincerely,

Dorothy

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

stances called for it, he *would* be dangerously ferocious; but he takes all of his cues from our tone of voice and acts accordingly. It's no wonder that in lieu of a night watchman many store owners simply keep a Doberman on the premises when the business is closed.

Under any conditions you get very attached to a pet, but in our circumstances when 99 percent of the time is spent inside the house we almost think of Hawkeye as a member of the family. He understands so many words that Betty and I have to spell if we don't want him to know what's coming, and he recognizes some words when they are spelled, so we have to reverse the letters. Hawkeye goes frantic when he hears the word "OUT" because that means he can get in the car, go to Sportsman Park and have a run (incidentally, we've clocked him at 25 mph). Now we spell TOU and he's almost on to it. I think we're inclined to underestimate the genuine intelligence of any dog.

By the time you read this, Juliana will have been here for a week. I'm counting the hours. She has so much to look into when she's here that our actual time together is sharply limited, but just to know she's upstairs at night gives me a feeling that I never have at any other time.

And right here, I want to say from the bottom of my heart how deeply I appreciate the encouragement and support you have given her. I felt terrible when I had to give up the load I'd carried for so many, many years and thrust it upon her shoulders, so your acceptance of this change has reinforced my sense of faithful, long-abiding friendship. It's one of the few steady rocks to cling to in our dreadfully chaotic world.

And so...this summarizes just a few of the things I wanted to write to you when I started this letter. Your letters, and the frequent enclosures I read with interest on many a sleepless night mean more to me than I can express. From the bottom of my heart I want to say "Thank You" in the true depth of its meaning.

May God bless you and your loved ones...

Lucile

GRATITUDE

I love the joy filled hours

That come each day,
To guide me through each avenue
Of sin along life's way.

For every beam of living love

That fills the atmosphere,
O, grateful is my heart indeed
For healing thoughts of prayer.

—Verna Sparks

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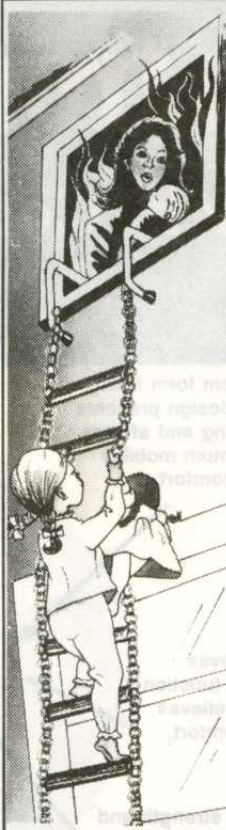
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MONEY WELL SPENT

I'm quietly thinking how nice it would be
If Uncle Sam wasn't spending so much
money.

When my checkbook's in red I know I'm
in trouble
I just can't ignore it I might burst the
bubble.

Weapons make me shiver, hunger a
shame
Makes me believe someone's to blame.

We can go to the moon but cancer no
cure
Our water is acid our air is not pure.

The rich get richer the poor have less.
How did we get into this terrible mess?

If power and greed turned to Love and
Good Will
Wars were no more and a cure for each ill

I'd gladly pay with a smile. I still will for
you see
My money's well spent. I live in a country
free.

With blessing much more than my
doubts and fear
I thank God I can help toward another
good year. —Mrs. Frank Bemel

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$



WONDERFUL

If you've done unto others,
On this day of your life,
As you would have them do
unto you,
You must have had,
A simply **WONDERFUL** day.

—Annette Lingelbach

When your knees go bad ...you're in trouble!

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