

TX1
K57x
C. 2

12A3

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

50 CENTS

VOL. 49

MAY, 1985

NUMBER 5



86

JAN

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

Subscription Price \$5.50 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries, \$7.00

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

Published monthly at

The Driftmier Company

Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

Copyright 1985 by The Driftmier Company.



Juliana enjoyed visiting Robin in Washington, D.C. On the Kitchen-Klatter radio visits, the girls told about many of the interesting things they did together.

LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends,

Have you ever had one of those mornings when even the most routine job becomes complicated? This morning was set aside specifically to write this letter to you. The first problem was that I discovered I was completely out of typing paper. This meant a trip to the store and I am not one to run an errand and accomplish only one thing so I decided to pick up something for dinner at the same time. One thing lead to another and here it is the middle of the afternoon. The truth of the matter is I have been putting off writing this letter.

In years gone by my mother, Lucile, said one of the hardest things she did was to write a letter to you folks to explain why the price of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* must be raised. I now know exactly how she felt because that is my job today. As we all know, the cost of postage has gone up two cents to mail an ordinary letter. Magazine rates have gone up even more. We had hoped to be able to absorb this increase, but it is obvious that we can not absorb postal increases—plus paper cost increases—plus printing cost increases—etc.—without raising the price of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* by fifty cents a year. This fifty cents will allow us to keep publishing our little magazine. Without the fifty cents we simply can't continue.

We know times are difficult for many of you. I know fifty cents can mean a lot. On the other hand, I would hope that if you thought of the fifty cents as one cup of coffee, you might be willing to give up one cup of coffee a year to continue getting our *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. All of you are important to us. We hope that we are important enough to you to continue subscribing at the new rate of \$5.50 a year.

Whew! I'm so glad to have that announcement made. Now I can get on with the things I have been wanting to share with you. I've spent some time on airplanes since I last wrote to you. The

first plane trip was to Washington, D.C., to visit Robin and to see my cousins and their families.

As many of you know, Robin spent most of last fall here in New Mexico. Her husband Manuel's job was extended for a while longer in Washington so once again Robin uprooted herself from New Mexico and went back to their condominium in Georgetown. Robin and I REALLY enjoy working together on our part of the Kitchen-Klatter radio program. We just couldn't stand the idea of another long period of time going by when we couldn't do our radio visits. The airlines must have felt our distress and lowered their rates to accommodate us. Naturally, I am joking, but the day I saw the big, splashy advertisements for the super-cheap airfares I made reservations to Washington, D.C. One month later I arrived in Washington with my trusty OLD tape recorder and Robin and I were off and running. Manuel was out of town on business so I was to keep Robin company.

One of the first things I wanted to do was to see Katharine Driftmier Miller and her husband, Don. Don is the newest addition to our clan and I was anxious to meet him. Actually, our first meeting turned into a mini-family reunion. Cousin Emily DiCicco volunteered to have the Millers, Robin and myself over to her home for lunch and family chitchat. It seemed like a wonderful opportunity to take pictures, so Katharine and Don brought along a friend who is skilled with cameras. I haven't seen the pictures, yet. I do hope they turned out well and we can share them with you. I'm sure the pictures of Katharine and Don are wonderful. They positively radiate newlywed happiness.

Don is a charming young man. I enjoyed him right from the start. He and Katharine invited me for dinner, and we had a delightful evening at a wonderful Thai restaurant. Somehow during the

course of the meal the conversation turned to plants and Don mentioned he loved orchids. Gracious! He couldn't have said anything that could have pleased me more. After a lengthy discussion about cymbidians (a variety of orchid), Don suggested we visit a local greenhouse which is devoted exclusively to growing orchids. I didn't need to be asked twice. Katharine had some extra work to do in her laboratory the following Saturday so Don and I picked that time to visit the greenhouse.

What an experience! There were seven glass houses that were absolutely crammed from floor to ceiling with orchids—most of them were blooming. It was a plant lover's paradise. I had a chance to visit with the owner for a few minutes. He is a past president of the American Orchid Society and he knew all about Albuquerque. He had some good information about growing orchids in the desert environment. All in all, it was time well spent.

Don also gave me the grand tour of the land where he and Katharine are planning to build their own home. It is a lovely spot in the rolling hills near Harper's Ferry historic site. The land even has a small, live stream running through it. I'm sure it is particularly beautiful about now, because Don told me he had planted several hundred tulip and daffodil bulbs along the stream banks. After the land tour, Don and I took time to go through the Harper's Ferry area. It was a cold, blustery day and still there were many people exploring this historic town. It is a trip worth taking.

There is so much to do in the Washington area. One could visit Washington every year and still have new places to explore and museums to prow through. My favorite "new" place on this trip was Ford's Theater. This is the theater where Abraham Lincoln was

(Continued on page 22)



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends,

March came in like a lamb and went out like a lion, but this spring we certainly couldn't complain about the weather here in Iowa. We had many sunny days with balmy temperatures and enough wind to dry out the ground so the farmers could get the lime spread and the seeding done. The only trouble with having such unusually warm weather early is the crocus and daffodils wake up and bloom and may get covered up with snow.

Frank had an unusual experience a few weeks ago. When he went into the shed, there was a big raccoon curled up in the hay. He walked closer and poked it with a stick. The raccoon looked at him but didn't move. Frank knew it was sick and should be destroyed so he went back to the house and got his gun. The raccoon was still there when Frank returned to shoot it. Frank dug a deep hole and buried it. We don't know if the raccoon was rabid or not, but if it was, it apparently didn't bite anything on this place because the incubation period has long passed and all of our animals are fine.

Ten years ago this coming August, Peggy Dyer, our weekend neighbor on the hill, bought a horse named Cricket, which we kept at our place and took care of. Through the years there have been pictures of Cricket in the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*. One weekend a few years ago Peggy rode Cricket up to their place and kept her in their small pasture overnight. There hadn't been any other stock in the pasture and the grass was tall and full of moisture. Cricket ate too much and foundered. Immediately Peggy called the veterinarian and he gave Cricket shots. Although she has had the best of care and medication, Cricket would have her good days and bad, just like people who have arthritis. Winter months were particularly hard on her. Most of the time in warmer weather Peggy had been able to ride her on the weekends when they came down from their home in Des Moines. For the past three months Cricket had been getting worse, not eating because she was in such pain, and had gotten so thin. Peggy had always said when the time came that Cricket was suffering all of the time she would have the vet put Cricket to sleep. That day came and it was a sad day for all of us.

The senior citizen group in Lucas meets once a month for bingo and visiting and they take turns furnishing refreshments. Once every three months



Many farm families still raise their own meat animals. Dorothy Johnson took this snapshot of one of the brand-new, still-wobbly baby calves.

they have a potluck dinner at noon. Sometimes there wouldn't be enough meat furnished for everyone, so they decided as long as there was a little money in their treasury they would use it for meat and everyone would benefit. I thought this was an excellent idea. At the last dinner everyone brought vegetables, salads, and desserts. There was plenty for everyone and a good variety.

On the day of the dinner, I was just leaving the community hall when the telephone rang. It was for me so they called me back from my car. Frank called to tell me to be sure to come right home because we had company. Our good friends, George and Colleen Beukema of Kanawha, Iowa, were on their way to Arkansas and decided to come by to have a cup of coffee and visit with us. We were so glad they did. George has only missed one year since 1968 coming here for deer season, and that was last year. He had just had surgery and wasn't physically able to come. He has never been here for turkey season and said he was coming this year just to see if he could get one. We were hoping George and Colleen would stop again on their return trip, but they weren't sure which route they would take home.

Our two conservation friends, Larry Wilson and Doyle Adams, came one beautiful warm day and put up eight houses for the wood ducks. Wood duck houses look like the bluebird houses except they are bigger and, of course, the hole is a lot larger. They used Frank's tall aluminum ladder and nailed the houses high off the ground onto trees on the banks of the bayou. They put several inches of wood chips in the bottom. We have seen two pair of wood ducks on the duck pond in front of the house and hope they have found their new homes. Doyle came again a few days later and cleaned out all of the bluebird houses. He said one of the houses had bluebirds in it last year. One had a great big field mouse in it. Bluebird houses are real deep, and a little wren had been carrying sticks into one until the sticks

were piled up several inches for a nest.

Our Birthday Club recently celebrated its 30th anniversary with a luncheon at the home of Leona Polser. She wanted to have the luncheon at her house, because our club began 30 years ago at her house when a group of friends came on the morning of her birthday with coffee and rolls and surprised her. They had so much fun they decided to form a club.

The person with a birthday was to entertain the rest of the group. There have been many different members through the years. Some have died, others have moved away, a few stopped being members because they worked, and the only original members left are Leona and Dorothea Polser. We are a small group of good friends. Everyone is congenial and willing to do whatever the majority wants. If we take a trip, all of us can go in two cars. Whenever we meet, the hostess always invites two or three guests. Most of our meetings are luncheons, and usually all of us can sit around one table. It is a fun club and we hope it continues for many years to come.

Our church women's group tries to have four moneymaking projects during the year. Our first one for this year was last week when we had a beefburger dinner at noon in the Lucas Community Hall. We served beefburgers, potato salad, choice of gelatin salad, pie and coffee or iced tea. We were pleased with our crowd, and since everything was donated by the church women except the buns (which were baked that morning at the bakery), we did quite well. All the donated ground beef was left at Dorothea's house, and she made the beefburger in two large electric roasters at home. Then we transported them to the hall. All of us were assigned specific jobs to take care of and everything went smoothly.

Our church women have spent a few sewing days at the church. Some of the women were cutting and rolling bandages to go to Thailand. Others have been making pajama tops with short sleeves for both men and women, and some infant gowns all to be sent to a hospital in the Philippines. Some cut out the pajamas while others were sewing. My job was to cut out the infant gowns and I'm sorry to say I goofed on the sleeves and cut the wrong pattern. I was glad we had enough material left to correct the error with new sleeves. With as much sewing as I have done, I was chagrined that I would make such a mistake. We took sack lunches and spent the day. It was fun.

Our grandson, Julian Brase, had his tenth birthday this past month. Kristin said it seemed as if they celebrated his birthday all week. Julian's birthday came in the middle of the week, and since he

(Continued on page 22)

ON WINGS OF SONG AND THE FRAGRANCE OF VIOLETS

A Mother-Daughter Banquet

by
Mabel Nair Brown



There's just something about the old songs of yesteryear that brings on a nostalgic mood. To mention violets is to invite memories of long ago when the entire family went on the first picnic of spring, of picking the first violets of the season and taking them to mother, of the delightful fragrance of the violet sachets grandmother kept among her bed linens. Put them all together they spell "remember"—a lovely theme for a mother-daughter banquet.

PROGRAM BOOKLET

Pattern the booklet after the old-fashioned, lacey, heart Valentine. For each booklet cut two matching hearts from heavy white paper. Using water colors, paint a dainty spray of violets on the front cover at the lower center. Above the violets in a curved line write with a gold pen "On Wings of Song, We Remember." Now glue this front cover heart to a lace paper heart doily of a size just enough larger so the cover is edged with a lacey border. Cut inside pages from white typing paper. Fasten the booklet together with a bow of narrow pastel lavender ribbon.

FAVOR

Make a pot of violets by using a large thread spool for the pot. Cover with foil, fluting and flaring out the top edge. Tie a lavender ribbon around it or you might vary the ribbons and include some pale green or some white. Cut the violet blossoms from light and dark violet colored tissue paper. Cut paper into 3-inch squares. For pattern fold a square into fourths, then round off cut edges with scissors. When opened it will be a four petal flower. Stack squares of tissue so you can cut many flowers at a time. Purchase yellow flower stamens. To make a flower, stick three or so stamens through center of the flower. Make short stems cut from green-covered florist wire—many variety and craft stores sell it by the spool. Taking hold of flower and stamens at center twist together and twist stem around this shaping petals to violet shape with fingers. Make leaves by gluing two leaves cut from green tissue back to back with a length of the green wire between. Then glue to stem. Use three or so violets in each foil pot, inserting stems into the hole of the spool.

NUT CUPS

Attach a handle made of a length of white pipe cleaner to each cup. Use one of the small, lace paper doilies to cover

each nut cup. Tie a gold or lavender ribbon around nut cup—or choose ribbon to match booklet ribbons. Make smaller violets like those described for flower pots above, tying one or two violets to each handle with ribbon.

TABLE DECORATIONS

If there are African violet fanciers in your community who would be willing to loan their plants, nothing would be lovelier than to use pots of blooming violets as centerpieces. Set each one on a lace paper doily.

To carry out the song idea of the program, cut eighth notes from cardboard, cover with silver and fasten each note to a pipe cleaner stem, so a couple of notes may be stuck in the pots among the leaves of the African violets.

If the live violet plants aren't available, use streamers of violet crepe paper down the length of the tables. For centerpieces make large corsages of the tissue paper violets, framing each corsage in a large, lacey paper doily frill and tying each with ribbons in two shades of lavender. Work some of the silver notes into the table arrangements. They might be stuck in small needlepoint holders which are concealed by corsage ribbons.

PROGRAM

Welcome:

Welcome mothers, welcome daughters,
Of course friends and grandmothers,
too.

It makes me happy as a lark
To greet each one of you.
By now I think you've guessed that
violets,

"For remembrance," set our color
scheme;

Along with "On Wings of Song,"
It makes up our program theme.

Join us now for some nostalgia
And, we hope, lots of laughter
As we remember how it was—and is—
Things we remember ever after.

Narrator: Remember when violets were seen everywhere on postcards and note papers? when young girls carried them as bouquets and they were considered the perfect gift for mothers and grandmothers? when so many of our soaps, colognes and powders carried the fragrance of violets? when you picked the first violets of spring and carried them in to mother, or took a bouquet to teacher?

For centuries poets have penned lines about violets, giving to them the praise-

worthy virtues of constancy, love and truth. With this virtue for faithfulness, is it any wonder that the Romans used violets in making their love philters? To the Spaniards the violets symbolized devotion, courage and modesty.

When greeting cards came into being it was only natural that they be decorated with the favored violets. So today we have brought you violets for remembrance.

And what can better take us down memory's lane than a song, so "On Wings of Song" let us be off and away!

(Note: Some suggestions and songs, etc., are given, but your program committee can substitute songs and true incidents and a generous amount of imagination to make the program fit your audience.)

Prelude Music: "Memories"

Narrator: Once we thought the great search for identity was the prerogative of the college student. Today everyone seems to have gotten into the act and is hot on the identity trail asking "Who am I?"—parents, kids, even the President of the United States set up a Commission on the Status of Women to find out how we're ticking and why!

So we decided to do a little research on our own. You might call it "the growing pains of a female," we call it "Remember—?"

Scene 1: Solo, a sweet lullaby with a young mother cuddling and peacefully rocking her baby. Then she moves quietly off stage.

Scene 2: Total confusion—father ringing hands, mother trying frantically to hush the crying baby (loud crying can come from off stage or have it on tape).

Solo: (To Tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp") "In the middle of the night, it's get up and light the light. Little Judy has the colic once again. And she squalls so very loud, I'm afraid she'll draw a crowd of neighbors to our house, what then? (chorus) Tramp, tramp, tramp the floor at midnight, bouncing baby as I roam; then she falls asleep at last, as the alarm clock gives a blast, in the precincts of our own beloved home."

Scene 3: Song, "That Little Girl of Mine." Act out the following narration,

NARRATION: Dragging your little chair across the floor to be my "help," you stand tiptoed upon it much too close for me to stir ingredients, open drawers or think. The apron tied beneath your chin reaches to your knees. You wait for me to measure so you can pour. You're feeling, oh so big, when you are four!

Scene 4: Song, "School Days." Use several children (or oldsters dressed as children) for this scene. They dash in all talking at once to fight over cookie jar, trying to tell mom what happened at school, etc.

(Continued on next page)

NARRATION:

Every home should have a cookie jar
For when it's half past three,
And children rush home from school,
Hungry as can be....

A home should have a mother
Waiting with a hug,
No matter what the kids bring home.
A puppy or a bug;
For children only loiter
When the bell rings to dismiss,
If no one's home to greet them
With a cookie and a kiss.

—adapted, author unknown

Scene 5: Dramatize a "before church" scene.

NARRATION: "Tommy's belt has disappeared, baby's lost a shoe; Mary's hem is coming out, but what purse should she choose? The cat ate half the picnic lunch I wisely cooked ahead; the bathroom war is raging, and Terry's still in bed. And yet at church we do arrive, a little late, but smiling. We nod and say, 'A lovely day,' as into our pew we're filing."
—thanks to unknown author

Song, "Back in the Old Sunday School." Have family on chairs, children all very sweet and demure.

Scene 6: Duet, "I Don't Want To Play in Your Yard," to be sung by girl in gingham dress and sunbonnet, boy in jeans and straw hat; or can use other play clothes.

Scene 7: Soft music of "Memories" as this reading is given. May be acted out or mimed in any way you choose.

PEANUT BUTTER

It flavors the kisses of little children as well as big children and husbands. With jelly, it decorates sweater fronts. Stepped in, on the kitchen floor, it can cause a riot, and smeared on the davenport, it can cause a divorce.

Peanut butter habitually appears in strange places—atop the ears, on the refrigerator door, on the dog and all over the T.V. knobs, even in the silverware drawer. It has been known to hide between piano keys. In the school lunch box one peanut butter sandwich is worth three roast beef, in trade.

For a sobbing child, the swankiest restaurant can produce a peanut butter sandwich on a silver tray.

To the addict, true happiness is a peanut butter jar in one hand and a spoon in the other.

—adapted, thanks to unknown author

Scene 8: Teen-age girl is wearing earphones and keeping time to some popular and loud rock number—this could be played on record player.

NARRATION: Washing dishes, make my bed, that is all I do it seems. Making wishes, making wishes, while my head is full of dreams. Dust the den, vacuum floors, carry garbage out of doors, and after doing all these chores, then its back

to washing dishes! —adapted.

Scene 9: Music, "On Wisconsin" or a favorite college song as the college girl comes home for the weekend with enough luggage to stay a month; suitcases, tennis racket, college pennant, golf clubs, etc. She staggers in, loaded down with all the gear, to exclaim, "Gosh, is this town dead! What's for dinner, Mom?"

Scene 10: Solo—a wedding song with bride and attendants making their way "down the aisle" (across stage).

Scene 11: Music, "Little Old Lady." Make this a beautiful scene with grandmother babysitting; or, go the opposite and make her a very modern grandma ready to golf or play tennis while daughter, holding baby, wails, "But, Mother, I thought you'd keep Julie while I went to bridge club!"

MOTHER'S DAY QUIZ

1. A poor mother in a nursery rhyme.
2. The head of the convent.
3. This mother helped her son deceive his father.
4. The main vein in a gold mine.
5. The woman who first promoted Mother's Day.
6. This mother became a pillar of salt.
7. Part of shells used in buttons.
8. The woman who mothers the child of another.
9. The name of George Washington's mother.
10. Another name for stormy petrels (sea birds).
11. Natural wit and intelligence.
12. This mother hid her son in the bulrushes.
13. A well-known mother-in-law in the Bible.
14. Most famous mother in print.
15. Most people speak their _____.

—Virginia Thomas

(Answers on page 20)

MOTHERS ARE SPECIAL

Six children are needed for this exercise. Each child will carry one of the letters to spell "MOTHER" and hold it up while speaking the part about that letter.

ALL: If you will listen carefully
To what we have to say,
You'll learn just who we think
Is special in every way.

"M" has to be for the *mitten*s.
I seem to lose them by the score;
Don't know how Mom does it
But she always comes up with more.

"O" if for *overshoes* and rubbers,
They frustrate a kid to tears;
Then Mom comes to the rescue—
How many times do you 'spose
throughout the years?

"T" stands for the little *treasures*
We find and proudly bring to
Mother—
A pretty rock, a violet or blue jay
feather—
Gifts she prizes 'bove all others.

"H" means Mother's *hands*,
They can fix anything for me,
And when I'm sick or hurting
How gentle they can be.

"E", I think just must stand for *eats*
From cooking every day, Mom
never gets a rest;
I guess all that practice is
What makes her eats the best!

"R" means *ready*, as mothers always
are—
Ready to help, to hug, to play;
Ready to advise, protect and guide,
Ready to love you night and day.

ALL: (All hold up letters in a row)
Now you see them all together,
It is very plain to see
They spell "MOTHER," the dearest
word
On earth to me. —M. N. Brown

NOTICE

Effective May 1, 1985, the
subscription price to our
KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE
will be raised to:

\$5.50 for one year (12 issues)

All subscriptions sent to foreign countries will be:

\$7.00 for one year (12 issues)

KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends,

While listing the month's developments I wanted to share with you good friends, I experienced a most unusual telephone call. I was at my desk collecting my thoughts when I answered the telephone and there was a request to accept charges from Katharine Driftmier in St. Croix! Our dear daughter has been known to reverse charges, but the first voice I heard was *not* Katharine's voice but another young woman's. The caller, Pat Evans, quickly explained it was not an emergency call. It had not occurred to me an emergency might exist. She explained she was a shopkeeper on the island of St. Croix and had been trying and trying to reach Katharine. It appeared Don and Katharine had been robbed, the young woman explained. She had found a bag with Don's wallet and *all* of their identification cards and snorkeling equipment in it. Pat Evans had called the major hotels and could not locate either a Miller or a Driftmier. Furthermore, she had tried to contact the Bethesda address. Our telephone in Wisconsin was the only connection she could reach to return these goods. I am absolutely amazed anyone would make such an effort to help a stranger. Pat Evans is certainly a good Samaritan.

It was my unfortunate obligation to tell this kind young woman that I had no idea where Katharine and Don were staying. This must be the only time in her life that Katharine has not made it possible for us to reach her, she having been religiously conscientious about such details. Pat Evans left her telephone number so we can tell Katharine where to contact her, but right now I can find no one who has even the most remote idea exactly where they are in St. Croix. Don Miller has a brother named Doug in the Washington area, but I am amused to consider how many Doug Millers there must be in *all* of the metropolitan districts. The first call I made to try to find Katharine and Don was to their laboratory near Washington. The secretary assured me she would make every effort to inquire to see if anyone had been left with a phone number. But realistically, how many of us would leave a telephone number at our place of business? That would be almost embarrassingly presumptuous to think oneself vital enough to an organization to leave a number!

I have a name and a telephone number which would undoubtedly make the difference between a wonderful carefree vacation and a worrisome one for Katharine and Don but I have absolutely no way of forwarding it successfully. Perhaps this evening after people have returned from their jobs, I may be able to reach Katharine's roommates who are still renting rooms in her little house.



Mary Beth Driftmier in her new spring hat.

Maybe they will have an address and a telephone number where I can reach Katharine. Such a sly trick of fate that across these many miles to Wisconsin the solution to Katharine and Don's St. Croix problem lies awaiting. It is a firm reminder for all of us that it pays to let someone know where one can be reached regardless of the time or distance involved. I shall be able to relate a happy ending to this tale in my letter next month.

Writing about faraway telephone calls reminds me that yesterday I made a horizon broadening telephone call. While attending a three day conference in Madison with the other Wisconsin chapter representatives of the Daughters of the American Revolution, I happened to buy a cute lapel pin commemorating the centennial celebration of the Statue of Liberty. One of the primary endeavors of the DAR nationwide this year is to financially aid the restoration project. This 1-inch by 1-inch pin has the head of Lady Liberty superimposed above and slightly extending onto a red, white and blue American flag. I thought it might be a way our Milwaukee Chapter of DAR could raise further funds for the restoration, but I really wouldn't have been happy borrowing another chapter's excellent idea.

Thanks to the handiness of the telephone, I called information in New York City for the Gift Center at the base of the Statue. Before I could change my mind and choose the slower method of writing a letter, I was talking to Joan Hill, the co-owner who, along with her husband, has run the Statue of Liberty Gift Center for no less than 50 years! She was delighted when she heard we liked their pin and proceeded to tell me about another style of commemorative centennial pin which was available that also went toward the restoration fund. Mrs. Hill said the DAR

ladies across the country were being so supportive that she just couldn't thank us enough.

After learning about the alternate pin which could be purchased by our chapter, I spoke with other members of the chapter rather than make the decision to place an order just because I thought it was such a terrific idea. Before long the telephone line was humming across the country, and I placed an order with Joan Hill. I asked if she would trust me to place the order and hopefully get it started before my check could reach her. Imagine my disbelief when she explained that our substantial order would be payable 30 days after the pins are delivered. Now understand, these pins are being custom-made for our chapter and she trusted a total stranger. I mentioned I was very impressed with her belief that I would come through with the money when the goods arrived. She calmly explained that after fifty years doing business with people purchasing patriotic material she had found them to be a collectively honest group. This restores a lately diminishing picture of the honesty of Americans, don't you agree?

One of the highlights of the DAR conference unfolded on the final day at a luncheon given to honor the American History Essay Contest winners and the Good Citizen winners. The essay contest winners were students from the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth grades. Each winner was there to read his or her essay, and they had been invited to include their parents, teachers, grandparents and school principals at the luncheon. The Good Citizen first, second and third place winners in the state were also there with their parents.

It is so easy to read the newspapers and listen to the media reporters and conclude the young people of today are a sorry, unenlightened lot, but there are many, many young students who are writing these essays who did not win and must have been almost as good as the children who had won first place.

Their essays this year had to be either about famous black Americans or the Statue of Liberty. These students had enormous stage presence. They introduced their parents and teachers from the podium with several hundred guests watching, and I was filled with pride for them and their families. One ten-year-old boy introduced his mother as "The most wonderful mother in the world!" We all agreed among ourselves this particular boy would go far in the world with such a charming presence.

Until next month,

Mary Beth

FREDERICK'S

LETTER



Dear Friends,

All of us have some weeks that are more filled with activities than some other weeks, but have you ever had a week to equal one we had recently? It all began on a Sunday evening when Betty and I had twenty-five high school children for a dinner party. Betty served baked ham, chicken-fried rice, candied carrots, tossed salad, rolls, and for dessert, ice cream with chocolate cookies. After dinner, all of the young people went downstairs to my den where we played games. It was a noisy, happy affair, and one that kept Betty and me doing dishes until after midnight.

Two days later, on Tuesday, we had ten clergymen as our guests for lunch. Betty served a lovely chicken casserole, broccoli, tossed salad, rolls, and for dessert, an absolutely scrumptious hazelnut torte.

On Thursday evening, both of us attended a kickoff dinner for a building fund the Mystic Congregational Church is conducting. The dinner was attended by over 200 persons, and it was without a doubt one of the nicest church affairs I ever have attended. The dinner was held at the lovely Seamen's Inn of the Mystic Seaport Museum. Since I am the interim minister for the church, I gave a brief speech at the conclusion of the dinner.

The very next evening, Betty and I entertained eight of our church members with a candlelight dinner. The dinner was part of a series of small dinner parties being given in the various homes of church members each month. One of the invited couples brought the meat course, a roast of pork stuffed with prunes and apples; another couple brought an Oriental chicken dish; and another couple brought the dessert, fresh strawberry shortcake. Betty provided wild rice, a zucchini casserole, and a tossed salad. It was a fun party, and one that kept us cleaning up in the kitchen until one o'clock in the morning. All in all, it was quite a busy week.

The very next week started off with us giving a luncheon following the church service on Sunday. We took our guests to a beautiful restaurant overlooking the Mystic River with all of its interesting boat traffic. Who said we retired six years ago? Betty and I seem to be more active in our retirement than we were when we were working full time, and we have absolutely no complaints.

All along our river for the full distance up from the ocean there are marinas where hundreds of boats are now being prepared for the summer boating



Betty Driftmier is very busy preparing one of her special dishes for their dinner guests.

season. Here in New England, all boats must be taken out of the water and stored on land during the winter months. This is to protect the boats from the danger of being crushed by ice. When spring arrives, the boats are painted, rigged and returned to the water. Most boat owners do their own work on the boats, and that means people rush to the marinas just as soon as they have some free time. The weekends are particularly busy at the marinas, and if you were to visit one of them, you would think there was a big party in progress. There is a very special camaraderie amongst boat people, and whenever a few of them gather in the same location, on land or on sea, there is much conviviality.

I like to meet some of my boating friends at the marina where my boat is kept but must confess I do not do any of the work on my boat. Some people think God created me with four feet instead of two feet and two arms! I know how to use garden tools, but when it comes to using a sander or a drill or a paintbrush, just count me out! I pay the professionals to do all of the work on my boat even though I rather hang my head in shame when chatting with friends who are working like slaves to get their boats ready for the water.

If you do not have a boat that is used in salt water, you may not appreciate just how important it is the bottom of salt-water boats be painted at least once, and sometimes twice a year. Barnacles are little marine crustaceans (shell fish) that fasten themselves to any hard surface in salt water. Well, barnacles just love to fasten themselves on the bottoms of boats and ships, and in a matter of weeks, the bottom of a boat can become so covered with barnacles its movement through the water is greatly hindered.

To keep the barnacles off our boats, we have to paint the bottoms of the boats

with a special paint containing chemicals which are not to the taste of the barnacles. It is very expensive paint, some of it costing as much as \$80.00 a quart. Even after our boats are painted, we have to use stiff brushes on the bottoms at least twice a season, and brushing the bottom of a boat in the water is a difficult and trying task. Some sailors do it by wearing oxygen masks and diving down under the boats with brush in hand, but I do it by taking my boat into very shallow water just off some sandy beach. The more we pay to have the best paint on the boat, the less need there is for the mid-season brushing task. I pay!! Hopefully, I won't have to brush off any barnacles until early August.

Now the boats are going back into the water fully rigged, and our house is surrounded by sounds that most of you good friends do not hear. We have had guests from the Middle West sitting out on our sun deck who invariably have asked, "What is that sound of chimes we hear?" We then explain they are not hearing chimes but are hearing the ringing sounds of halyards slapping against metal masts, that is, the sound of ropes and wires hitting the masts of the sailboats. If there is the slightest breeze, we hear the sound so much we become oblivious to it. For us it is a friendly sound that speaks of happy sailing times, just one of the common sounds we who live near marinas hear all of the time.

So often in my letters to you, I have mentioned tragic deaths in our neighborhood. Usually, they have come as the result of boating accidents, but not the one I tell you about now. We live on a quiet, winding, country road that runs along the river and into the woods. In recent months, we have occasionally been awakened in the very early hours of the morning by the sounds of a motorcycle going very fast. The noise has been so dreadful we have reported it to the police more than once. Tragically, we are not going to hear that noise for at least a while. The young man driving that motorcycle drove it too fast once too often, and at a very sharp bend in the road just a short distance from our house, he drove through a stone wall and into some trees. He must have been killed instantly! How sad! How needless!

One of our neighbors is starting a new business venture. He is going to raise fish to sell in the commercial market. I wonder if you remember hearing on our Kitchen-Klatter broadcast a farmer by the name of Whit Davis. He is a delightful chap who farms land first given to his family in 1654 by the King of England. It is just around the corner from our house, and Betty and I frequently take walks down the Davis farm lane which gives us some beautiful views of the bay and ocean beyond. Yesterday, we were
(Continued on page 18)

NEWS FROM KRISTIN

Dear Friends,

Spring is such an unpredictable season in Wyoming that I am sitting here absolutely marveling because we've had two lovely weekends in a row! No travel plans had to be canceled, a blessing I've counted several times in the past ten days. A trip across the state to Rock Springs, Wyoming, a trip to Lusk, and two trips to Laramie have taken me over a thousand miles in a very short time, affording me the opportunity to enjoy the wide-open spaces of this beautiful state.

Spotting deer or antelope never fails to thrill me, and I saw several large herds of each as well as many smaller clusters on these recent trips. But before you begin to think I "hit the highway" just to look for wildlife, let me assure you each trip did indeed serve a purpose.

I traveled to Rock Springs to attend the state convention of the Council for Exceptional Children. Two other teachers from the district traveled with me. My reason for attending this particular convention was to present a program on teaching spelling to children with learning disabilities. With the help of our school librarian, Mary Harshberger, I had made a video tape of some of my own students practicing spelling, and I took lists of pretests plus copies of other materials to distribute to participants. When my part of the program was over, I was able to relax and enjoy the rest of the meeting. Although Elizabeth is two years old now, I'd never been away from her overnight. I found it difficult to leave home, but of course with her good sitter, Erma; her daddy, Art; and three caring brothers, the littlest Brase was well watched in my absence.

Torrington High School's basketball teams, boys and girls, performed well enough in the regional play-offs to qualify for the state tournament which was held in Laramie. With our son Aaron being out for basketball, you can easily understand why we made trips to Laramie for the semifinals and then for the 3A championship game itself which pitted Torrington against Powell, Wyoming. This proved to be a very exciting game, ending in a tie and going into overtime. Yes, I was a nervous wreck! Torrington lost in the overtime by three points, taking second in the state. Although the loss was a disappointment to the team, placing at state was an honor, and I know the boys will work hard to get to the



Kristin and Art Brase's son Andy has enjoyed studying music.

tournament again next year.

Julian and I made the trip to Lusk, Wyoming, early on a Saturday morning so Julian could participate with other piano and violin students in an audition held by the Wyoming Music Teachers in this area. Julian has taken piano lessons for a little over a year now from Miss Jeanne Howard of Torrington. He was somewhat anxious, but he didn't forget either of his two pieces. I don't know who wouldn't be nervous playing a grand piano on a large stage in front of strangers and a judge for the first time. These performances continued all day, but Julian and I had to leave after his appearance so we could get back to Torrington, pick up some friends, and get to Laramie for the championship game I described.

As if all of this wasn't enough gadding about, can you believe there may be three or four more journeys on the horizon for me in the near future? I have a student who may participate in a summer work experience at Jackson Lake Lodge. If all goes according to the tentative plans made, I will probably accompany her to the lodge to help supervise her orientation to the program as soon as school is over.

When I return from Jackson, we'll have to get busy packing for a trip to a wedding. Our nephew, Kevin Brase, is taking that big, momentous step to the altar early in June. Kevin's parents, Don and Mary Brase, live in Grand Island, Nebraska, and Kevin's bride-to-be lives near Grand Island as well. At this time we don't know all the details of the wedding plans, we just know we want to be there with bells on.

After the wedding, we hope to continue on to Iowa to spend some time with my parents on their farm near Lucas. Perhaps we can stay long enough to celebrate my birthday with those two dear people who made the occasion possible in the first place. I wonder what

Elizabeth will think of the cows this year. Art thinks Elizabeth will be hard to watch on the farm, and I agree with him. Elizabeth is hard to watch wherever she is! Just a few days ago she learned how to unlatch the gate in the back yard, so we had to figure out a way to secure the gate differently. I have my fingers crossed that she won't be scaling the fence until next summer.

Sometime in July or August when Art gets some time off from the hospital, we are planning to take a family vacation. We want to spend some time in the Colorado mountains and hope to get as far as Durango, Colorado, where we lived for a couple of years during the early seventies. It could be that we'll even get as far as Albuquerque so we can stop in and see cousin Juliana and her family.

Aaron has his own hopes of traveling when school is out. He would like to be able to attend the National History Day Contest again at the University of Maryland and see more of Washington, D.C. Although Aaron has made this trip for the past three summers, he would like to go again. It is a wonderful trip for young people, but first he and his group must do well in the district and state competitions.

Whatever your summer plans may be, I wish you much happiness in your own comings and goings.

Sincerely,

Kristin

TO GRANDMA'S HOUSE

I like to go to Grandma's house
And sit upon her brocade couch.
I eat chocolate cookies that she baked
And jump in the leaves that she has
raked.

I listen to stories of when she was young
And see bare spots where pictures once
hung.

I then walk up the winding steps
And to the attic where neat things are
kept.

I look thru the trunks and boxes and
books
And the old clothes hung up on hooks.
But then it's time for us to go,
And Grandma walks with us, ever so
slow.

Just as the car is pulling out
I tell my Mom in a small shout,
That I like to go to Grandma's house
And sit upon her brocade couch.

—Danette Hein Snider

COVER PICTURE

Elizabeth Brase is enjoying a
story being read by her mother
Kristin Brase.

DAVID WRITES FROM CANADA



Dear Friends,

I'm going to start this letter by getting something off my chest that I've been thinking about since I last wrote to you. It occurred to me I might have sounded like I was bragging about our child, or our parenting, or both. I certainly didn't want it to sound that way, though. Everybody knows that family life has its ups and downs, and no one way is the only way to raise children! What I'm sharing with you in some of these letters is some of what Sophie and I have been finding out as we begin our family life.

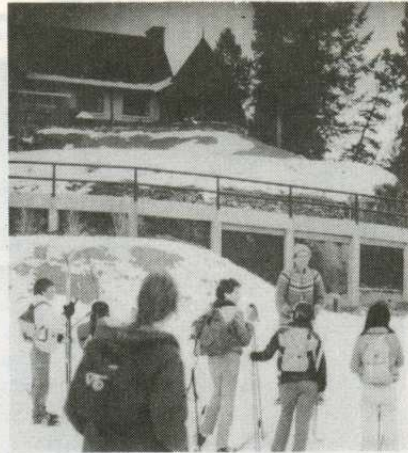
In my last letter, I wrote that I was about to start reading a book by Adele Faber and Elaine Mazlish called *How To Talk So Kids Will Listen & Listen So Kids Will Talk*. It truly is a great book about communication not only between parents and children but between adults. It has some very insightful general statements and has lots of specific examples, some are cartoons, to illustrate various communication skills. The book has been written with a wonderful sense of humor and it made me feel right at home as I opened to the first chapter and read these lines:

I was a wonderful parent before I had children. I was an expert on why everyone else was having problems with theirs. Then I had three of my own. Living with real children can be humbling.

Those words sum up the way I feel on many days. The book has been very useful to me, not only at home but at school. There isn't enough room in my letter to do the book justice, but I want to recommend it to you.

The winter we are just leaving behind was a very busy one for us. One of the happiest things to happen at school was our annual outdoor activity day. Every year, some students go downhill skiing, while others go cross-country skiing. This year, I helped lead the cross-country group. For the last ten years, I have taken to the woods in the winter and enjoyed this sport that provides so much perfect, all-around exercise and gives me access to scenic areas far from parking lots and roads. I am always happy to pass this skill along to younger people, so they will get an interest in a sport they can really enjoy for most of their lives.

As most of you know, Calgary, Alberta, is at the edge of the Rocky Mountains. A one-hour ride down the highway will put you in the mountains. There are snow-covered mountains in many parts of the world, but it's hard to find them more beautiful than they are here. Even though we are so close to all



David talks with his students before starting down a cross-country trail at Banff, Alberta.

of this natural wonder, each year our trip is the first visit to the mountains for some of the students in our school. For many more, it is their first adventure off of the main highway. How I enjoy watching the excitement on their faces as we go into the woods. I like field trips which take young people into places they have never been before. The students get a sense of challenge and this puts them on their very best behavior.

The twenty-six adolescents on the trail with us that day were such a well-behaved bunch. They stayed in line, and were a help to each other when assistance was needed. I had to smile as we met people skiing on the trail. They made comments like, "Boy, you have a lot to handle right now." The great thing was the students were not "hard to handle" at all. Therefore, all of us could really enjoy the actual skiing and the perfect environment around us. Kids need more experiences like this. I plan to get out more with the students this spring.

As I write this to you, Sophie is busy upstairs in the kitchen, because tomorrow we are going to have a big dinner party here. Sophie and the other ladies who teach Lamaze Childbirth Classes have been working on a book they plan to publish in Calgary. It will contain information about local services and resources for expectant mothers and new families. They are close to actually getting it completed, so they decided to all get together for a big celebration, including their husbands. There will be ten couples, so after writing this, I have to get upstairs, put the extensions in our dining room table and set up another table in an extra room. Everyone will be bringing some of their favorite food. We are getting hungry already! Sophie will be making several of her (our) favorite recipes, and I thought you might be interested in one of them.

I hope you enjoy this salad! Occasionally Sophie will be sending more recipes.

ORIENTAL MARINATED SALAD

- 1 lb. Chinese egg noodles
- 1 bunch green onions, slivered
- 1/4 cup toasted sesame seeds
- 3 1/2 to 4 cups thinly sliced peeled broccoli stems
- 12 or more cherry tomatoes
- 20 tender celery tops, chopped
- 3 1/2 cups carrots, sliced in rounds
- 1 3-oz. can water chestnuts, sliced
- 1 9-oz. pkg. frozen green beans
- 1 1/2 cups Oriental Dressing

Bring to boil a large kettle of salted water and add egg noodles. Cook for one minute and run under cold water. Drain noodles well. Mix noodles together with all remaining ingredients. Marinate for at least two hours before serving. Serve at room temperature for the best flavor. Serves 6.

Oriental Dressing

- 1 cup olive oil
- 1 cup soy sauce
- 3 ozs. (1/3 cup) lemon juice
- 4 to 5 garlic cloves, crushed
- 1/2 Tbls. Tabasco sauce

Whisk all of the dressing ingredients together well just before adding to the salad. Makes about 2 1/3 cups of dressing.

I hope if the month of May finds you planting your garden that the weather will be with you. How nice to think of all of those fresh vegetables coming along soon!

Sincerely,

David

IN THE GARDEN

As I was in the garden,
I heard a whisper low,
And turning very quickly;
I saw an elf below.

A dancing on the flower tops
And singing very sweetly,
But when I ran to speak to her
She vanished quite completely!

—Janis J. Lingenfelter

OUR FRIEND

You are a friend
On whom we depend.

You're ever there
With time to share.

You always go—
When some say no.

This gift we stow
Our thanks to show.

It lets you know
You're cherished so.

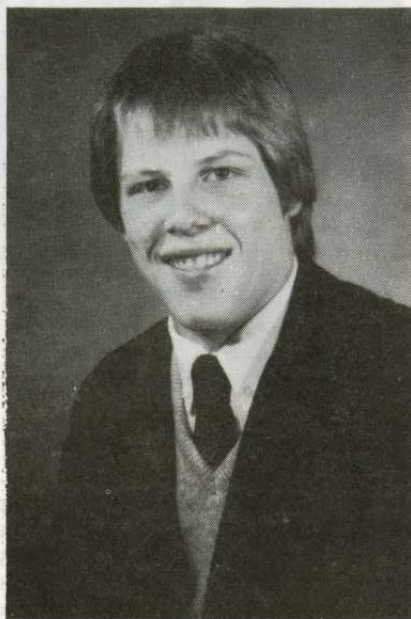
—Barbara Bennett



The Kitchen-Klatter Family Graduates



Ginger Gilbert, daughter of John and Sharon Gilbert, is a 1985 graduate of Farragut Community High School. She plans to attend Iowa State University. Sharon does editing for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*.



Kevin Kite, son of Kent and Connie Kite, is a 1985 graduate of Shenandoah, Iowa High School. Kevin will pursue classes in business administration. He is a grandson of Hallie Blackman.



Michelle Looker Jones is a 1985 graduate of Essex Community High School. She is the daughter of Roger and Charlene Looker, Essex, Iowa. You often hear Verlene speak of her on the radio program.

TO THE GRADUATE

by
Virginia Thomas

The commencement ceremony marks the completion of an important phase of your life. It is an occasion in which all who know you can share in your sense of pride and accomplishment. No one has more pride in you on this day than the older generation.

I'm not going to tell the older generation how intelligent you are nor am I going to tell them that, since we have made such a mess of things, you, the new generation, are the hope of mankind. In fact I'm going to reverse the usual procedure.

As you sit on the stage for this commencement, ready to receive your precious diploma, take a look out into the audience gathered in this auditorium. There before you are the representatives of some of the most remarkable people ever to walk the earth—people to whom you owe thanks on this graduation day.

These people are your parents, grandparents and great-grandparents. I'd like to tell you about them. A noted educator, Bergen Evans from Northwestern University, once put together some facts about these three generations and I'd like to share them with you. Listen, and I think you'll agree they are indeed remarkable people.

These are the people who in just a little

over six decades have by their work increased your life expectancy approximately 50 percent—who, by cutting the working day by a third, have more than doubled the per capita output.

These are the people who have given you a healthier world than they found, in that you no longer have to fear epidemics of typhus, diphtheria, smallpox, scarlet fever, measles or mumps that they knew in their youth. The dreaded polio is no longer a medical factor and TB is almost unheard of today.

Let me remind you that these people lived through history's greatest depression. Many of these people know from experience what it is to be poor, what it is to be hungry and cold. And because of this, they determined it should never be that way for you. They determined that you should have a better life: food to eat; milk to drink; vitamins to nourish you; a warm, comfortable home; better schools and greater opportunities to succeed than they had.

Because they gave you the best, you are the tallest, healthiest, brightest, and probably the best-looking generation to inhabit the land.

Because they were materialistic, you will work fewer hours, learn more, have leisure time, travel to more distant places, and have more of a chance to follow your life's ambition.

These are the people who fought man's grisliest war. They are the people who defeated Hitler, and who, when it

was all over, had the compassion to spend billions of dollars to help their former enemies rebuild their homelands.

These are the people who put a man on the moon, who launched a space shuttle.

While they have done all these things, they have had some failures. They have not yet found an alternative to war, nor for racial hatred. Perhaps you, the members of this year's graduating class, will perfect social mechanisms by which all men may follow their ambitions and dreams without the threat of force, so that the earth will no longer need police to enforce laws, nor armies to prevent some men from trespassing against others.

But they—these three generations—made more progress by the sweat of their brows than in any previous era, and don't you forget it. If your generation can make as much progress in as many areas as these generations have, you should be able to solve a good many of the world's remaining ills.

It is we of the older generations who hope that you find the answers to many of these problems that plague mankind today.

It won't be easy. You won't do it by negative thoughts, nor by tearing down and belittling. You can do it by hard work, humility, hope and faith in mankind and with the help of God. Try it.

—Inspired by a commencement speech given in 1969.)

AIRPORTS, AIRPLANES AND PERFECT STRANGERS

by
Jeff Birkby

Traveling to distant cities for business or personal reasons is becoming more and more common; it may be cheaper to fly than to drive to your destination. Even so, many travelers consider flying as too much of a hassle and would rather pack up the old station wagon whenever they've got to travel.

It's true—flying can be a hassle. I've flown extensively during the last five years of working for the Montana Department of Natural Resources and have spent many hours in airports waiting for connecting flights and missing luggage. However, I no longer consider delays in airports and plane trips to be times to worry about luggage or to grumble about the little packages of salted peanuts that are served as a "snack." I now consider plane trips as an opportunity to meet and learn about people with lifestyles often radically different from my own and see each trip as a chance to increase my knowledge of people and their experiences.

Starting a conversation with perfect strangers on plane trips has led to many interesting discussions. On a flight from Minneapolis to Miami, one of the largest men I'd ever seen took the aisle seat next to me. It turned out he was a professional wrestler who was on his way to Florida for a big wrestling match the following evening. Since my mother had refused to let me go out for football in high school due to my scrawny physique, I knew the chances were remote that the wrestler and I had anything in common. However, his eyes lit up when I mentioned that I lived in Montana.

"Montana's got great deer hunting," he said. "My brother and I went hunting near Billings last summer and shot a nice mule deer."

"Did you ship it back to Minneapolis?" I asked.

"Nah," he replied, "we just built a fire, roasted the deer, and ate it on the spot." Since that time I've always been a little more cautious when I'm in Montana's wilderness. Any man big enough to kill a deer and eat it in the same afternoon, even if he does have his baby brother along to help, should be given a wide berth.

Other travelers I've met during my trips have been a little less gargantuan, but no less interesting. On a recent flight to Minnesota, I was seated next to a botanist who was researching cultivation practices in Brazil. Having studied botany in college, I naturally had many questions about his experiences in the rain forests of South America. He talked at length about how he had been



Jeff and Robert Birkby are inside the Eppley Airport in Omaha waiting for the call telling them that Jeff can board his airplane for the flight to his home in Helena, Montana.

analyzing ways to increase food production in Brazil while at the same time protecting the delicate ecology of the rain forests.

Eventually our conversation turned to our respective educations, and I mentioned I had gone to Nebraska Wesleyan University in Lincoln. After a brief silence, he remarked, "You know, I also attended Nebraska Wesleyan, and in fifteen years of travel I've never crossed paths with anyone else who graduated from there." We spent the next hour comparing notes on teachers, classes, and other college experiences, and discovered we shared similar feelings about the fine education we had received. Even though he had graduated ten years before I enrolled, my new botanist friend and I shared a remarkable number of memories of college days. Our conversation continued throughout the flight, and our plane landed in Minneapolis well before we had finished talking. While waiting for my luggage inside the terminal, I once again felt grateful that I had decided to talk to a stranger instead of squirming in uncomfortable silence during the flight.

A Lutheran minister from Billings, who was flying home after visiting relatives in the Midwest, was seated next to me on another flight. We were soon discussing differences in churches, the problems of finding time for personal activities while working in demanding careers, and current religious concerns. During our conversation, the minister reached in his briefcase and pulled out a copy of a sermon he had recently prepared. I noticed that the text had been printed by a computer.

"Oh, yes," he explained, "I do all of my sermons on my computer. That way it's easy for me to cross-index different subjects, then modify the text later if I want to use the sermon again. I also note the date I first used each sermon to avoid repetition. Using the computer sure saves time, and adds a lot to my creative ability." The computer age has

apparently reached the pulpit.

Last January, I was flying to Helena on a small commuter airplane which normally carried twenty people. That particular night, however, only one other passenger was on board. To help balance the load, we were asked to sit in the last row of seats to counter the weight of the pilot and co-pilot. Soon after we took off, my flying companion began talking about the ranch she and her husband own in eastern Montana.

Her husband also serves in the Montana legislature, and she was on her way to Helena to be with him during the legislative session. As we peered out of our plane windows at the moonlit mountain peaks passing beneath us, we discussed Montana politics, the financial plight of Montana farmers (which is as serious as it is in the Midwest), and the bitter cold our state was experiencing. We soon landed in Helena, and the pilot thanked us for keeping the plane in balance. "Glad to oblige!" we replied in unison.

If I search hard enough I can find some common interest with almost everyone I meet on an airplane. Once that common interest is discovered, conversations usually flow rapidly. I may get to know a stranger on a plane better in an hour than I know people back home that I've been acquainted with for years. I've had interesting conversations with all sorts of people, from the wife of a geologist who was studying the Mount St. Helens volcano, to an eighty-year-old woman who ran one of the largest travel agencies in Seattle.

The next time you have to fly somewhere, forget about the lukewarm coffee, the long ticket lines, and the strangely luminescent green beans you will be served with your in-flight meal. Concentrate instead on the interesting person who will be sitting next to you, and before you know it, you'll be at your destination, refreshed and glad you made friends with a stranger.

A NEW DAY DAWNS

We slowly 'wake and peer inquiringly
between the curtain folds

To see if clear or cloudy skies may rule
the day,

Or quest if sun-streaked skies have
pushed aside the dark of night

What promise of new beginnings greet
our eyes...

What common tasks may come our
way...perchance an element of
surprise

May this day be our portion.

What gladness fills the waking hours
or satisfaction of work well done?

We would be strong for tasks to us
assigned

Nor fail to thank our God or ask—

"What would you have me do today?"

—Thelma M. Griffith

RECIPES

CRAB MEAT & MUFFINS

- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ -oz. can condensed cream of shrimp soup
- 2 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. cans crab meat, drained and flaked
- 1/2 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 Tbls. grated lemon peel
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 4 English muffins, split and toasted
- Paprika

Cook and stir celery in butter or margarine in 10-inch skillet until celery is tender, about 5 minutes.

Stir in soup, crab meat, sour cream, lemon peel and flavorings. Heat to boiling. Serve over hot toasted muffins, sprinkle lightly with paprika.

(Note: Tuna may be substituted for crab meat; cream of chicken soup may be substituted for shrimp soup.)

—Hallie

CIDER SALAD

- 2 cups apple cider or apple juice
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cherry gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 16-oz. can pitted dark sweet cherries, cut into halves
- 1/2 cup sliced celery
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 cup applesauce
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cinnamon flavoring

Bring the apple cider or juice to a boil. Dissolve the gelatin in the hot juice; stir in the cherry flavoring. Drain the cherries reserving the liquid. Add enough water to the liquid to make 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups and stir into gelatin. Set aside 2 cups of the gelatin mixture and keep at room temperature. Chill the remaining gelatin until partially set. Then fold in the cherries, celery and walnuts. Pour into a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ -cup ring mold. Chill till almost firm.

Gradually add the reserved gelatin to the cream cheese, beating until smooth. Stir in the applesauce and the cinnamon flavoring. Spoon over 1st layer and chill until firm. Serves 10 to 12. —Verlene

STRAWBERRY TARTS

- Pastry for a 2-crust pie
- 1 pint (or more) fresh strawberries
- 1 cup fruit juice (I use apple or orange)
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter peach flavoring
- Whipped cream or non-dairy whipped topping

Roll out the pastry. I use a glass to cut out the shell to fit in the cup of a cupcake tin. This will make 15 to 18 tart shells. Bake the tart shells at 425 degrees for 8 minutes or until done. While these are cooling, wash and cut the strawberries into small pieces. A pint of strawberries makes about 16 tarts, and I fill any left-over tart shells with whatever fruit I have on hand.

When the tart shells are filled, mix the fruit juice with the cornstarch and bring to a boil. Stirring constantly, cook this mixture until it is clear and thickened. Add flavorings. Spoon a little of the cornstarch glaze over each tart, then refrigerate until ready to serve. Serve the tarts with whipped cream or whipped topping and watch them disappear.

—Mary Lea

GREEN BEANS WITH HERB SAUCE

(Pressure-cooker recipe)

- 1 lb. fresh green beans
- 1 onion, sliced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1/4 cup chopped celery
- 1 Tbls. sesame seed
- 1/4 tsp. rosemary
- 1/4 tsp. dry basil
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. chopped parsley
- 1/4 cup wine vinegar
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Wash and trim beans; cut into thin slanted slices. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over beans in pressure cooker. Bring to pressure; cook for 3 minutes. Cool at once by running cool water over pressure cooker. —Juliana

HONEY-WHEAT BREAD

- 2 pkgs. active dry yeast
- 1/2 cup warm water
- 1/3 cup honey
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1 3/4 cups warm water
- 3 cups whole wheat flour
- 3 to 4 cups all-purpose flour
- Margarine or butter, softened

Dissolve yeast in 1/2 cup warm water in a large mixing bowl. Stir in the honey, shortening, salt, warm water and whole wheat flour. Beat until smooth. Mix in enough all-purpose flour to make dough easy to handle.

Turn dough onto lightly floured surface; knead until smooth and elastic, about 10 minutes. Place in greased bowl; place greased side up. Cover, let rise in warm place until double; approximately 1 hour.

Punch down dough, divide in half. Form into loaves and place in 2 greased loaf pans. Brush with margarine or butter, sprinkle with whole wheat flour. Let rise until double.

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Bake about 40 to 45 minutes or until a golden brown. Remove from pans to a wire rack to cool.

—Lucile



EASY CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1/4 cup milk
- 2 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 4 squares unsweetened chocolate

Mix sour cream and sugar with the milk. Sift in flour, salt and soda. Mix well. Stir in the eggs. Add flavoring and chocolate squares to hot water. Stir until melted. Combine batter and chocolate mixture and mix well.

Bake in a greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan for 40 minutes at 350 degrees or until done.

Topping

- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1/8 cup milk
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 3/4 to 1 cup powdered sugar
- Pecan halves

Melt chocolate in milk over low heat. Cool slightly. Add the softened cream cheese and enough powdered sugar to spread. Spread on cake and top with pecan halves.

—Robin

CREAM OF ASPARAGUS SOUP

- 8 Tbls. (1 stick) butter
- 4 cups (4 large) chopped yellow onions
- 2 quarts chicken stock (be sure all fat is skimmed off)
- 2 lbs. fresh asparagus spears
- 1/2 cup heavy cream or buttermilk
- Salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste

Melt butter in a large pot. Add onion and sauté until golden, stirring often. This will take about 25 minutes. Add the stock and bring to boiling.

Cut off tips of asparagus and set aside. Chop the remaining portions of asparagus into 1-inch pieces. (It is all right to use the woody part.) Drop the pieces into the boiling stock. Cover, reduce heat, and simmer for about 45 minutes or until asparagus is very soft. Puree the cooked mixture in a food mill, food processor or blender. Return to pot and add reserved asparagus tips. Cook 5 to 10 minutes. Cool slightly and stir in cream or buttermilk, salt and pepper to taste. Serve warm or cold. Makes about 2½ quarts of soup. —Robin

FREDERICK'S RHUBARB PIE

- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- Dash nutmeg
- Dash cinnamon (optional)
- 4 cups diced (1/4-inch pieces) rhubarb
- Pastry for 2-crust pie
- Butter
- Sugar and water

Preheat oven to 425 degrees.

Mix 1¼ cups sugar, flour, salt, nutmeg and cinnamon together. Add rhubarb and stir well. Pour into 9-inch pastry-lined pie pan. Place dots of butter over rhubarb. Add top crust and vent. Paint crust with mixture of sugar and water. Bake 10 minutes at 425 degrees, lower to 350 degrees and bake 40 minutes more.

ALMOND-ORANGE SALAD

- 1 6-oz. can frozen orange juice concentrate, thawed
- 2/3 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 2/3 cup lemon-lime carbonated beverage
- 1 11-oz. can mandarin oranges, drained
- 1/2 cup slivered almonds

In large saucepan, heat orange juice concentrate and water to boiling, stir in orange flavoring and gelatin. Continue stirring until gelatin is dissolved. Slowly add lemon-lime beverage; chill until thickened. Fold in oranges and almonds. Pour into ungreased 4-cup mold and chill until firm. Serves 8. —Verlene

GOOD SCALLOPED CHICKEN

- 3/4 cup melted butter
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/2 tsp. (or more) sage
- 1/2 cup rich milk (cream, half-and-half, or canned milk)
- 1/4 cup diced onion
- 1/2 cup diced celery
- 4 cups bread crumbs
- 4 cups chicken broth
- 6 to 8 cups diced chicken

Combine butter, flour, salt, pepper, and sage. Stir in milk and cook to thicken. Remove from heat; stir in onion and celery.

In a large bowl combine all the ingredients and mix well.

Spoon into well-greased 9- by 12-inch baking dish. Bake at 325 degrees for at least 1 hour. —Hallie

**DARLING FLOWER ROLLS**

- 1 8-oz. can butterflake dinner rolls
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. prepared mustard
- 1/2 tsp. dill
- Pinch of salt

Heat oven to 375 degrees and grease a cookie sheet.

Separate into 12 individual rolls. Cut from outside edge almost to center to form 8 petals. Place on cookie sheet and make deep indentation in center of each with thumb.

In small bowl combine cream cheese, butter, prepared mustard, dill, and salt; blend until smooth. Fill center of rolls with heaping teaspoons of mixture. Bake 10 to 13 minutes, or until golden brown. Serve warm with a meat salad. Refrigerate leftovers which can be reheated in microwave. —Dorothy

MARY LEA'S MEXICAN DIP

- 1 can refried bean dip
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/2 cup sliced ripe olives
- 1 tomato, finely chopped
- 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese

Spread the bean dip on a platter. Spread sour cream on top. Layer the other ingredients in any order you want. Scoop this up with tortilla chips and watch it disappear!

You may add "salsa" or taco seasoning to the sour cream to spice this up, or add a layer of mashed avocado, green chilies, or green onions. When I accommodate the tastes of my entire family I use only the basic ingredients. —Mary Lea

LAYERED STRAWBERRY DESSERT

- 1 1/4 cups crushed Ritz crackers
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups strawberry halves
- 1 3¼-oz. pkg. vanilla instant pudding mix
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1/2 cup thawed whipped topping

Combine the crushed crackers, butter and butter flavoring; press into an 8-inch square pan. Chill. Combine the cream cheese, sugar, milk and strawberry flavoring. Spread over the cracker crust. Arrange the strawberry halves on top. Beat the instant pudding mix with the milk. Fold in the whipped topping. Spoon over the strawberries and chill until set. Serves 9. —Verlene

RUNZA**Dough**

- 1 pkg. active dry yeast
- 2 cups warm water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- Approximately 7 cups flour
- 3 Tbls. shortening
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. salt

Dissolve yeast in warm water. Combine sugar and flour; stir into yeast mixture. Beat until smooth. Add eggs, shortening and salt. This will be a soft dough. Cover and let rise until double in bulk.

Punch down and knead for several seconds. Divide into 3 or more pieces; roll dough thin (thinner than pie dough). Cut into 3- by 4-inch pieces or larger pieces if desired. Spoon filling on each piece and fold points to center and pinch shut. Place fold side down on greased baking sheet. Bake at 400 degrees for 15 to 20 minutes.

Filling

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 cup finely chopped onions
- 2 1/2 cups shredded cabbage
- 1 Tbls. shortening
- 1 Tbls. water
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 1/8 tsp. oregano
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. season salt

Sauté ground beef in heavy skillet until almost brown, drain. Combine onions, cabbage, shortening and water in saucepan. Steam over low heat for 15 to 20 minutes. Add to meat; stir in seasonings. Mix well. Drain and cool. —Hallie

BEEF MIX

- 3/4 to 1 cup dried chopped onions
- 1 tsp. dried minced garlic (or 1/2 tsp. garlic salt)
- 1/2 cup dried leaf parsley or celery leaves
- 1 cup water
- Combine and let stand for 15 minutes.
- 5 lbs. lean ground beef
- 1 tsp. salt
- Pepper to taste
- 1/4 cup Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 tsp. celery salt
- 2 16-oz. cans tomato sauce
- 1/2 tsp. ground thyme
- 1 tsp. dried leaf oregano
- 1/2 tsp. ground cumin
- 1 tsp. marjoram

Brown beef. Stir in onion mixture and all the remaining ingredients. Stir well; remove fat that rises to surface. Cook about 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool. Spoon into pint containers for freezing. May be stored in freezer up to 4 months or in refrigerator up to 7 days.

Use for pizza, casseroles and meat pies or also could be used by week-end campers.

—Hallie

TANGY FRUIT SALAD

- 3 cups boiling water
- 1 6-oz. pkg. peach gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter peach flavoring
- 1 8-oz. carton plain yogurt
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened, cut into cubes
- 1 6-oz. can frozen lemonade concentrate, thawed
- 1/4 cup mixed fruits (I used strawberries, raspberries, grapes and peaches.)

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Add the peach flavoring. Pour 2 1/4 cups of the hot gelatin mixture into the blender. Add yogurt, cream cheese and lemonade; blend until smooth. Pour into a 10-inch glass pie plate. Refrigerate until firm. Arrange fruit on top of set gelatin. Pour the remaining gelatin on the top. Cover and refrigerate overnight until set. Serves 8.

—Verlene

BERNIE'S PECAN PIE

- 3/4 to 1 cup pecans, cut in thirds
- 1 9-inch unbaked pie shell
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup corn syrup (light or dark)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/8 cup melted butter
- 1/8 tsp. salt

Sprinkle nuts on pie shell. Beat eggs. Stir in the remaining ingredients. Pour over nuts in pie shell. Bake at 400 degrees for 10 minutes; reduce to 325 degrees and bake for approximately 40 minutes longer.

—Dorothy

**SWEDISH COFFEE BREAD**

Make topping first.

- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup almonds (or any nuts on hand except peanuts)
- 1/4 cup orange marmalade
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- Cream together the 1/4 cup butter, 1/4 cup sugar, almonds, marmalade, and flavoring. Bring to a boil and cook for 5 minutes. Cool.
- 1 pkg. dry yeast
- 1/4 cup warm (tepid) water
- 1/3 cup butter, softened
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/4 cup lukewarm milk
- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Dissolve yeast in warm water. Add the butter and sugar. Beat in the eggs and the milk. Mix well. Add the flour and salt; mix well but do not beat. Spread in well-greased 9-inch square pan. Spread cool topping over the dough and cover; let rise in a warm place until double in bulk, about 45 to 60 minutes. Bake in 375-degree oven for 20 to 25 minutes.

Note: Can bake in bundt pan. Warm flour in mixing bowl if you wish.

—Lucile

GREEN PEPPERS ITALIAN STYLE

- 2 to 3 large green peppers
- 1 1/2 Tbls. plus 2 tsp. olive or salad oil
- 1/4 cup boiling water
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 medium onion, minced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 cup canned tomatoes or 2 fresh tomatoes, chopped
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. dried basil

Cut green peppers into 1/2-inch strips. Heat 1 1/2 tablespoons oil in skillet. Add peppers and saute until slightly browned. Add boiling water and salt. Simmer, covered, about 20 minutes or until tender. Drain peppers and set aside.

Saute the onion and garlic in the remaining 2 tsp. oil in a saucepan. Add tomatoes, sugar, pepper and basil. Simmer uncovered 25 minutes or until thickened. Combine with drained green peppers. Serve green peppers Italian style with Italian sausage cooked on the grill, and sandwich everything in hard rolls.

You can prepare the peppers ahead of time and heat them in a foil pan on the grill while the meat is cooking. This is one of our favorite dishes to serve summer company.

—Mary Lea

NO-CRUST RHUBARB PIE

- 4 cups diced rhubarb
- 1 3/4 cups sugar
- 2 Tbls. margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup flour
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice

Grease a 9- or 10-inch pie pan. Sprinkle with a little flour. Spoon the rhubarb into pie pan and sprinkle with 3/4 cup of the sugar. Melt the margarine and add the butter flavoring; stir in the 1 cup flour. Add the remaining 1 cup sugar and mix well. Stir in the eggs and flavorings. Mix well. Spoon over the rhubarb, spreading evenly. Sprinkle lemon juice on top.

Bake at 325 degrees for one hour. Serve warm or cold. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

—Verlene

SAUSAGE AND CORN BAKE

- 1 pkg. pork sausage links
- 1 1-lb. can whole kernel corn, drained
- 1 can cream of asparagus soup
- 2 Tbls. finely chopped onion
- 1/2 tsp. dill
- 1/8 tsp. pepper

Brown sausages lightly. Combine the remaining ingredients and pour into a greased casserole; top with the browned sausages. Bake 30 minutes at 400 degrees.

—Dorothy

CHEESE POTATO PIE

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup water

Sift together the flour, salt and baking powder. Work the margarine into the dry ingredients with a pastry cutter or a fork. Add flavoring to the water; stir into the flour mixture.

Spray a 10-inch pie pan with an aerosol shortening or grease it well. Press mixture into the pie tin.

- 5 medium potatoes
- 3 ozs. Parmesan cheese
- 3 ozs. Cheddar cheese
- 1/4 cup milk
- Salt and pepper to taste

Cook potatoes in their skins in a microwave if you have one. Put cooked potatoes and the remaining ingredients into a food processor. Process until mixture is very smooth (similar to mashed potatoes). Pour into pie shell; bake at 375 degrees about 40 minutes.

—Juliana

FRUITY SUGAR COOKIES

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 3-oz. pkg. gelatin, dry (any fruit flavor)
- 3/4 cup shortening, part butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter fruit flavoring (use same flavor as gelatin)
- 2 eggs
- 3 cups unsifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt

Mix the sugar and gelatin together; add the shortening, flavoring and eggs; blend well. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt; add to the sugar mixture. Roll out and cut. Place on greased cookie sheet and bake 6 to 8 minutes in a 375-degree oven. Makes about 5 dozen.

—Dorothy

BARLEY PILAF

- 3 cups water
- 1 cup barley, uncooked
- 1 onion, chopped fine
- 2 carrots, diced
- 4 green onions, chopped
- 2 Tbls. cooking oil
- 1/2 tsp. garlic powder
- 3 Tbls. parsley

In a medium saucepan bring the water to boiling; add the barley and bring back to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer, covered, until tender about 10 to 15 minutes. Do not drain.

In another saucepan cook onion, carrots and green onions in the oil until tender. Add the garlic powder and the barley mixture; place in a small casserole. Bake, uncovered, for 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Before serving fluff with a fork and top with the parsley.

—Emily

DOROTHY'S BANANA BARS

- 1/2 cup margarine or butter
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 3 bananas, mashed
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1/4 tsp Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts or 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Cream margarine or butter and sugar well. Beat in the eggs, buttermilk, bananas and the flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients and add to the sugar mixture blending well. Stir in the nuts. Pour into a greased and floured 12- by 18-inch jelly roll pan. Bake for 20 minutes in a 375-degree oven. When cool they can be dusted with powdered sugar or frosted and cut into bars.

—Dorothy

ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1 can condensed cream of chicken soup
- 2 tsp. lemon juice
- 2 cups fresh or frozen asparagus, cooked and drained
- 1/4 cup bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
- Paprika

In a 2-quart casserole, mix the mayonnaise, soup and lemon juice. Fold in the asparagus. Sprinkle with the bread crumbs, cheese and paprika. Bake for 20 minutes in a preheated 350-degree oven.

Canned asparagus may also be used.

—Dorothy

**SWEET AND SOUR FISH**

- 1 1/2 to 2 lbs. boneless fish fillet (orange roughly)

Cook fish fillet in hot oil; drain very carefully. *Do Not Overcook.* Keep warm.

- 3 Tbls. oil
- 1/3 cup diced green peppers
- 1/3 cup diced carrots
- 1/3 cup diced bamboo shoots
- 1 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1/2 cup water
- 6 Tbls. sugar
- 3 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. soy sauce
- 1 Tbls. tomato paste
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Heat 3 tablespoons oil in a pan. Saute' the peppers, carrots and bamboo shoots in the hot oil about 2 or 3 minutes.

Mix the cornstarch and water together until smooth. Set aside.

Combine sugar, vinegar, soy sauce, tomato paste and salt; mix well. Add to green pepper mixture. Stir in the cornstarch mixture. Heat and stir until thickened. Pour over warm fillets. Garnish with bell pepper strips and pineapple rings. Serve with rice. —Juliana

DILLY PEAS

- 2 10-oz. pkgs. peas, cooked and drained
- 2 Tbls. chopped onions
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 cup shredded Swiss cheese
- 1/2 tsp. dill weed
- 2 Tbls. chopped pimiento

While the peas are cooking, saute' onions in butter or margarine. Stir in flour and gradually add milk. Cook until thickened. Stir in cheese, dill weed and pimiento. Add peas and mix well. Heat, stirring until cheese is melted. —Hallie

BARBECUED GREEN BEANS

- 4 slices bacon
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter French dressing
- 1/4 cup catsup
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce
- 2 cups green beans, drained

Dice bacon and brown in skillet along with onion. Add the French dressing, catsup, brown sugar and Worcestershire sauce, simmer 2 minutes. Place green beans in a 1 1/2-quart casserole. Spoon bacon mixture evenly over the top of beans, but do not stir. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 20 minutes. Serves 4.

—Verlene

LEMON LOAF CAKE

- 1 pkg. (2-layer size) lemon cake mix
- 1 3 3/4-oz. pkg. lemon instant pudding mix
- 3/4 cup water
- 3/4 cup oil
- 4 eggs
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Stir cake mix and instant pudding mix together in a mixing bowl. Add remaining above ingredients one at a time; blend well with mixer. Pour into greased and floured 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake 35 minutes at 350 degrees, or until it tests done. While cake is baking, mix a *thin* icing of:

- 2 cups powdered sugar
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/4 cup water

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
After cake has baked and while hot, prick with a toothpick or fork many times. Slowly pour thin icing over hot cake. Let cool.

Can be served as is or with whipped topping. This is a very refreshing cake.

—Hallie

LEEK SALAD

- 12 leeks, 1 1/2 inches in diameter
- 1/4 cup olive oil
- 1 large garlic clove, finely minced
- 3 ripe tomatoes, cut in eighths
- 1/2 cup black olives
- 2 tsp. dried basil (or 1 1/2 Tbls. chopped fresh)

2 Tbls. chopped fresh parsley
Freshly ground black pepper
Clean leeks, but leave roots on. Place in boiling, salted water and cook until white part of leeks is tender. Drain and place on paper towels to absorb excess moisture. Trim off roots and chop.

Heat oil and add garlic; cook over low heat about 3 minutes. Add leeks and cook 5 minutes. Stir in remaining ingredients and heat 5 minutes longer. Serve at room temperature. —Robin

Whatever Happened to May Day?

by
Fern Schumaker



What do you think of when you hear the words *May Day*? If you grew up when I did, you no doubt think of May baskets, Maypole winding, and May queens. Our generation celebrated the coming of spring much as they did in old England when people went a-maying.

As a child I looked forward to May Day with a great deal of anticipation. It was a day of fantasy: having a magical, make-believe quality. All of us enjoyed the preparations for and participation in all the activities of the day. We picked wild flowers, made May baskets, and took part in festivals where we wound Maypoles and crowned May queens. It was really a delightful time of the year.

The last week in April was filled with active, exciting days. First all of us assembled matchboxes, oatmeal boxes, crepe paper, old wallpaper books, scissors, paste, and ribbons. The boxes were cut and fashioned to resemble baskets. Handles were pasted on, then fluted or gathered crepe paper, or sometimes wallpaper, was used to cover them. Children became artists and craftsmen decorating the baskets with bits of ribbon and scraps of discarded finery. They were beautiful to our child eyes. We made a basket for each of our friends. On the last day of April, plans were made to meet after school and go in a group to a meadow on the outskirts of town, to hunt for wildflowers. Mothers had to be hounded for permission to go. My mother always finally gave in after dire warnings to watch out for a bull that might be grazing in the pasture.

What a wonderful adventure to go with three or four girls my own age to run in the open fields! The air was warm and soft with a whisper of a breeze as we started down the railroad track, walking the rails, to the meadow. After surveying the field to be sure there were no cattle in it, we climbed over or under the fence and began picking flowers. There were blue violets, yellow buttercups, pink and white Dutchman's-breeches, and many other lovely blooms we couldn't identify. These were taken home and put in containers of water to keep fresh for the May baskets we had already made.

On May 1, at dusk the flowers were arranged in the baskets and we started to the homes of the friends for whom the treasures were prepared. We stealthily slipped up to the door, knocked, then

ran to the side of the house or behind a shrub to watch the recipient find our gift. He or she usually dashed out to hunt for us and a chase followed until we were caught.

One year I was associated with one of two groups who had been feuding and fussing as children sometimes do. Our group considered making baskets and filling them with rocks to give the other group, but I'm glad to recall our better natures came forward. We prepared and gave the usual pretty baskets to them. The feud somehow was not resumed after that.

Another lovely custom was the May Day Festival prepared at school. The teachers spent weeks practicing us in folk dances and Maypole winding. Mothers worked to make crepe paper dresses and cloth costumes. My second grade year, members of my class were fairies and brownies. Those pink ruffled crepe paper dresses were exquisite, fairy tale garments to a seven-year-old. The brown cloth brownie costumes, including pointed toes rising above the feet and pointed pixie hats to match, brought reality to those whimsical creatures. The same year my older sister was in a group doing the Highland fling. They were dressed in plaid kilts, white blouses, and little plaid Scottish hats. Also at this festival, the high school boys were dressed as Indians, did an Indian dance, and sang a song about the Pequots. Huge poles were erected on the school playground with colored streamers matching the colors of the costumes of the group winding the pole. For our young group, pink and brown streamers were attached to the top of the pole and secured at the bottom until May Day when we took our streamers over and under, around and around until a pattern of pink and brown diamonds was formed all up and down the pole. Older children had more intricate ways of winding the pole, making varied geometric patterns in beautiful pastel colors.

One year we had the spring program inside our new community building. Our group of three girls and three boys sang the song *Rachel, Rachel*. The girls were Rachel; the boys Ruben. Our dresses were made of a small gray print material. They were long and old-fashioned with matching split bonnets. The boys were

dressed in long sleeved shirts, bow ties, and old-fashioned trousers with suspenders. What association our act had with spring or May Day I wonder now but did not question then.

During the early thirties (the depression years) we seemed to have forgotten May Day. In the community where I lived, May Day wasn't observed. Perhaps things were a little too grim for such frivolous pageantry.

In the late thirties, while I was in college and later out of school, the May Festivals were resumed. At college we held an election for a May queen and six attendants. Being chosen May queen was really an honor. At the festival, the physical education department performed folk dances and wound Maypoles.

Later, in our county seat, the high schools and grade schools performed at a May Fete in a natural amphitheater in the town's Big Spring Park.

One year, the Negro school had a particularly delightful performance at the May Fete. This was before integration of our schools, and since our Negro population was small, all grades through high school attended one school. They had only one group, composed of students from about eight to eighteen years of age, performing at the festival. Their number was the Big Apple, the popular new dance. I'll never forget the struts of those youngsters as they entered the park. They were led by a tall, slim boy who was definitely the star of the group. Their performance stole the show.

May 1 was the first day we were allowed to go barefoot. No matter how much teasing or begging I did on warm days in April, Mother never relented—I could not go without shoes until May.

As I look back, only good feelings are associated with May Day. I am sorry many of the customs have disappeared in our society. I would so have liked my grandchildren to experience the same feelings, fun, and festivities that I have.



THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

Dancing 'round the Maypole, with a
sweetheart mine,
Skipping, twirling, bowing in a flower
sprinkled line;
Pretty streamers blowing, round and
round they go,
Happy children dancing with faces all
aglow.
May's the time for flowers, and the
Queen of the May Dance, too,
She'll wear a crown of blossoms, of pink
and gold and blue!
Lovely, lovely Maytime, our hearts are
filled with love,
Beauty, warmth and sunshine, you bring
from Heaven above!

—Wilma E. Harthan

GRANDMA'S HANDS

by
Elaine Derendinger

When I remember my grandmother, I think of her hands almost before I recall her face. Her hands were rather plump and covered with freckles and brown spots—age spots, I suppose. Her hands were always doing something, and the results, at least in my memory, were always good.

Her hands were often dusted with flour, when she stood at the kitchen table rolling and cutting the sugar cookies in rounds. She sprinkled the cookies with sugar and baked them golden in the big oven. It seems the cookie jar was never empty. Grandma kneaded bread dough until it shone and shaped it in long loaves for the old, blackened bread pans. It was cut and then spread with homemade butter and strawberry preserves—can't you just smell it now? Often she rolled out pie crust with a well-worn rolling pin, filled the baked crust with chocolate or lemon filling and heaped meringue on top. Yes, her hands were often floury and for delicious reasons.

Her hands might be smudged with rich garden dirt as she hoed and stooped to pull weeds from neat rows of vegetables. A bouquet of bright zinnias or dainty pinks would be cut to put in the vase on the dining room table. Apple trees grew in the field joining the garden. She would pick up the summer apples that fell and fill her apron with enough for a good mess of applesauce.

Her hands gently plucked eggs from beneath fussy old hens as she filled the egg basket. Not only did these eggs go into lots of good things to eat but also toward the farm wife's precious "egg money."

Her hands tossed out cracked corn for these same hens and the roosters. For the baby chicks, she spread mash in low pans and kept clear water in their water jars. If little chicks strayed from their mother hen and Grandma heard their frantic peeping; she would scoop them up in her apron and return them safely.

Her hands at mealtime were always busy. Grandmother never seemed to stop and eat, but of course she did; she loved good food and enjoyed serving it.

Her hands were often in water. She scrubbed the clothes clean, rinsed and wrung them out. Then she fastened them to the long clothesline, where they flapped in a sunny breeze. Later, she took the clothes down, folded and put them away—or sprinkled some to iron the next day.

Her hands were again in water when she washed the dishes three times a day in hot sudsy water with homemade lye soap. Grandma dried the dishes and stowed them away. (No housewife worth her salt stacked the dishes and went off

and left them dirty!)

Her hands were cool to soothe a child's fevered brow or gentle to brush stray hairs back. Her hands could make a neat braid. Her hands were not idle even when sitting for a well-earned rest in the house. Reaching into her sewing basket, she brought out socks to darn or linens to mend. Or she might knit.

Her hands were not idle when she was sitting on the bench under the shade tree. She would shell peas or snap beans, or hull butter beans, or peel apples. A farmer's wife might rest, but she worked with her hands while resting!

Her hands—for a short time each day—would hold the paper while she glanced at the news. Women, in those days, were more apt to turn to the women's pages for recipes, patterns, and social news. (Come to think of it, we still do!)

Her hands at church remain one of my clearest memories. Of course she did not work there, but her hands were not idle. Folded yes, but her thumbs encircled each other round and round as she sat listening to the sermon—twiddling her thumbs! (At church picnics, her hands reached in her big black purse and found a nickel for me!)

Her hands, when I was three or four, always checked to see if I was wearing "decent" undies. This meant long bloomers and not the little briefs all kids wear today!

Her hands patted us on the head when our visit was over and waved goodbye when we rode off down the lane.

Isn't it odd how well we remember people and places of long ago and can't

remember where we laid our glasses five minutes ago? My grandmother died 44 years ago. I only hope my own hands are remembered for the nice things they do.



MY FIRST MOTHER'S DAY CARD

Greeting cards have become so popular, we almost take them for granted. We receive them at Christmas time, on birthdays, wedding anniversaries, and on many other special days during the year. A few are kept for sentimental reasons, but most are destroyed after looking at them and, perhaps, letting them accumulate for a brief time.

Mother's Day cards are sent and received by many. While I was still single I almost envied my sisters when they received lovely cards and gifts from their children on Mother's Day, not knowing if I would ever be the recipient of cards such as they were receiving.

I will never forget my first Mother's Day card. It came as such a surprise. At age 65 I became both a wife and a mother. The man I married had a son by a previous marriage, thus I became a stepmother.

On the first Mother's Day after my marriage, I was delighted to receive in the mail a lovely card from my stepson. It was particularly heartwarming, because he is a resident in a home for the handicapped.

Yes, my first Mother's Day card brought tears—tears of happiness.

—Erma Fajen MacFarlane

Fill May baskets with:



KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS



A touch of Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings adds great taste to all your baking.

Vanilla (clear)	Burnt Sugar	Butter	Strawberry
Raspberry	Black Walnut	Blueberry	Pineapple
Orange	Almond	Banana	Mint
Maple	Butterscotch	Peach	Lemon
Cherry	Coconut	Cinnamon	Chocolate

(Vanilla also comes in dark color.)

Send check or money order for the offers of your choice to:
KITCHEN-KLATTER, SHENANDOAH, IOWA 51601.

Three 3-oz. bottles of flavorings of your choice \$5.00 ppd.
Number ordered _____

Twenty-one 3-oz. bottles of flavorings, one of each. \$27.50 ppd.
(includes clear vanilla) Number ordered _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Total amount enclosed \$ _____

(Subject to price change.)



DRY SINK

by
Janet Eckmann

This dry sink was a sewing cabinet, which a relative bought for fifty cents. I removed the old sewing machine and stripped the wood of its old finish. After adding the edge around the top, I stained the cabinet and edge. I made the ceramic pitcher and bowl. The dry sink has plenty of storage space. Eventually, I plan to use the dry sink to hold house plants.



FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded
interested to see the foundations for several enormous fish hatchery ponds. The ponds will be fed with salt water out of the bay.

Until now, the Davis family has made most of its income raising cattle and geese and selling wood from their extensive forest holdings. With the growing population of our country and the increased demand for more and more fresh fish, Mr. Davis believes there is a big future in the growing of salt water fish. I hope he is right. We are watching the progress of the new hatching ponds with much interest.

I wish you could see all of the seed flats under my eight-foot-long grow lights. For the first time, I am starting dozens of snapdragon plants. I have not had complete success but should have enough healthy plants for a good showing. As always, I am having great luck with my zinnia plants and several different varieties of marigolds. This is going to be another year without vegetable plants. Flower plants do not require as much work, and after all, I do have to find time for sailing.

Sincerely,

Frederick

GIVE AND TAKE

Give tears, give grief, give hurt, give pain;
Give weakness, weariness, longings,
rain,
Give to my keeping all that's rue...
My heart in love bears these for you.

Take warmth, take heart, take peace,
take mirth,
Take strength, take beauty, and love of
earth.

If these mean love, so let it be...
Take these and so take love from me.
—Ms. Merle Price

DECEPTION

by
Betty Vriesen

When I was a little girl, I used to spend as much time as possible at our neighbor's house; the big attraction was their beautiful big black Labrador dog named Peggy, which I absolutely adored! The couple had no children of their own and, to my delight, they often invited me to join them for a meal.

The lady was an excellent cook, and I'd always eat heartily. I was especially fond of her homemade bread, spread with a generous amount of butter but didn't care too much for the tough crusts. My mother tried to instill in me the necessity of eating the crusts. "They are good for you and will give you rosy cheeks," she'd insist.

One day in particular, I must have had a huge appetite, because I took a piece of bread each time it was passed my way. I'd nibble down to the crust then, thinking nobody would notice, tuck the unfinished crust under the edge of my plate—the side that was away from my hostess, of course! I kept nibbling and tucking crusts under my plate's edge, until the plate was tilted at quite a ridiculous angle. In my childish innocence, I thought I'd done a pretty good job of camouflaging the crusts under the edge of my plate.

But, to my disappointment, my little deception didn't last long, because the lady of the house decided she had better call it to my attention.

"Betty, don't you think it would be a good idea for you to eat those bread crusts?" she suggested kindly.

Caught in my crime, I had to cover it up some way. "Oh, I'm saving them to feed to Peggy so she can have rosy cheeks, too," I chirped innocently. Needless to say, I was not forced to eat the offensive crusts.

When my own grandchildren dine at our house and I see them deceptively trying to hide bread crusts under the edge of their plates, I smile knowingly and pretend not to notice!

Listen to KITCHEN-KLATTER.

TIME TO GET ORGANIZED

by
Mary Irene Spaeth

Spring and summer means traveling, whether it is a short trip to a wedding or a graduation or a long trip that has been on the planning board for years. Have you ever had the experience of being only a few blocks from home when you start remembering things you didn't do or items you left behind? It might be those snapshots of the grandchildren you laid out on the table and wanted to show off or utility bills you intended to pay. This is the way it used to be for me until I devised a simple method of preparation that has changed all this. I never have that sunken feeling of forgetting anymore and this is how it is done.

Along with the initial planning for a trip, write down on a sheet of paper three simple headings: Things to Take, Don't Forget to Do, and Last Minute Things to Remember. Then your work begins. Keep the list in a convenient place where you can add to it as you remember things that should be included. When packing time comes, it means only a quick look at "Things to Take" and crossing off the items as they are packed. When departure approaches, check the "Don't Forget to Do" list. In this category might be such items as stopping the paper or taking the pet to the kennel.

You can even go a little further and write down on the list the exact day on which it is to be done. This gives you an organized calendar to follow. Finally, before leaving you have only to check the "Last Minute" list. It is as simple as that and you are ready to depart and enjoy your trip.

Oh, yes there is one last thing to do before you walk out the door. Give all three lists a final check, pat yourself on the back and say, "I didn't know traveling could be that easy. I haven't forgotten a single thing."

New

KITCHEN-KLATTER SALAD DRESSING

Ole'

Available

soon at your favorite grocer.
No oil — Reduced calorie dressing
or sauce.

Ask for it!



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

This year, 1985, is the Year of the Easy-to-Grow Pea according to the National Garden Bureau. *Pisum sativum*, the common garden pea, is being honored because of its centuries of unfailing popularity as a garden vegetable. Shelling peas, snow peas, edible-podded peas—one or all of these varieties deserve to be showcased in your vegetable garden this spring. The versatile pea can be prepared and enjoyed in so many different ways, from soup to salad to Oriental stir-fry dishes. There are many home-grown vegetables with common names that include the word pea; i.e. black-eyed pea, cowpea and purple hull pea. These are botanically members of the bean genus and not true peas.

Peas were not a common staple in early history. The Romans preferred the tastes of chickpeas, vetches, and lupine seed to the pea. In the Middle Ages, peas were regarded as Lenten fare and were usually dried and kept for times of shortage and famine. Dried peas were among the items of essentials needed by people preparing to sail to the American colonies. In 1635, a list of supplies required for one colonist for one year had these entries: "Three paire of stockings, sixe paire of shooes, one gallon of Aquavita (alcohol), one bushell of Pease."

Whether dried or eaten fresh, the garden pea has continued to gain favor with home gardeners. It is a very easy-to-grow vegetable requiring little or no care, except to sow the seeds, water as needed and harvest the pods as they mature.

Through vigorous breeding programs, new varieties with disease resistance, larger peas, better flavor, better keeping, higher yields and garden efficiency have been developed. If you have always planted the old standbys such as Alaska and Little Marvel, do try some of the newer introductions such as Green Arrow, Patriot, and Olympia. And don't overlook the edible-podded peas such as Early Sugar Snap, Sugar Ann and the new for 1985, Sugar Daddy stringless snap pea. Remember, peas are a cool weather crop and seed should be sown as soon as the ground can be worked up without balling.

Rhubarb provides the first "fruit" of the season in home gardens, and most of us are so anxious to make the first fresh rhubarb pie or cook a batch of sauce that we seldom are fussy about the type of rhubarb. For many years the row of old rhubarb plants at one end of our garden

provided green stalks with a stippling of red at the base of each. For a short time we pulled the green, juicy stalks and enjoyed green rhubarb sauce and pies. Soon the stalks became tough, stringy and not palatable and the plants sent up seed stalks ending the rhubarb harvest. The result was no more pies or sauce for the season until a friend asked me one day if we still had rhubarb to use. When I told her we had given up on our hard, sour stalks, she said, "I'll bring you some from our patch as we have more than we'll ever use."

The next day she brought over a big bundle of red, sweeter than I'd ever tasted, tender rhubarb stalks. We were delighted with the rosy sauce, the pink, juicy pies and the batch of red rhubarb and strawberry preserves made from her rhubarb. Our old bed of Victoria rhubarb had to go and I started to go through nursery catalogs looking for red strains of rhubarb. My friend came to the rescue again—"Come and get a few plants from our row—we don't need all that rhubarb and I'm happy to share it with someone who likes rhubarb too."

That fall we dug three big clumps from the end of her row, divided each in two and started a row of red rhubarb at the other end of our vegetable garden where it could grow undisturbed.

My friend wasn't sure of the variety of rhubarb she had, but after seeing almost identical red stalks labeled "Canada Red" at our county fair, we decided the rhubarb our friend gave us was "Canada Red" or it sometimes is called "Chipman" or "Chipman's Canada Red."

We didn't harvest any stalks the first year, lightly harvested the rhubarb the second year and then pulled all we needed after that. The first spring after

planting the rhubarb we put two bushel baskets of old rotted cattle manure around the plants. Afterwards grass clippings were applied deeply to smother out quack grass and any weeds trying to invade the plants.

The rhubarb has produced bountifully every season. We don't stop harvesting after the first flush of spring growth because if the seed stalks are removed and moisture is ample, tender stalks can be picked until we are tired of rhubarb and the freezer has a generous amount for winter pies and sauce. Rhubarb is the easiest of all vegetables to freeze—pull (never cut) the stalks, wash, cut to desired lengths and toss in a bag. No blanching. So happy rhubarbing to you this season.



ON PRAYER

I like to think our
prayers have wings, that
Fly to Heaven afar, and
gather themselves upon the
Point, of a glimmering,
shiny star.

I like to think that He
comes down to touch the
Fervent prayers, and if we
listen, we're sure to hear
Loving answers to all
our cares.

—Marjorie Lundell

She doesn't wink, she doesn't flirt.
She spreads no gossip, isn't curt.
She has no "line," she plays no tricks;
But give her time—she's only six!

KITCHEN-KLATTER COOKBOOKS

Order extra copies to have on hand for Mother's Day, graduation and wedding gifts. The **Kitchen-Klatter Cookbooks** will please everyone.

Original Cookbook (last printing) **\$7.50 ea.** ppd.
(over 1000 tested recipes) Number ordered _____

Best of Desserts **\$3.00 ea.** ppd.
Number ordered _____

Best of Main Dishes **\$3.50 ea.** ppd.
Number ordered _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Send order to:

KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

(Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Iowa residents please add Sales Tax.)
(Subject to price change.)



BLACK RAINBOWS AND CHINOOK WINDS

by
Harold R. Smith

Weather is often discussed in our rural area for this is a farming community. On my daily trips to the post office, I hear bits and pieces of weather being discussed from "too much rain" to "We need more rain." If the ground is muddy, I hear those who have been feeding cattle saying, "It's a sea of mud." Icy conditions are described as "slick as glass." One thing is certain: Weather is here to stay whether it suits us or not!

My mother, Frances, and I were discussing weather recently when we recalled a strange and rare incident that both of us witnessed several years ago but apparently no one else in our area saw. We repeated the story to a few friends and some reacted with a brief nod as if to humor us.

One evening in late autumn we were driving to visit friends who live about eight miles distant. This particular highway is asphalt, or blacktop as we normally call it. Mother and I were just outside our village and had crossed a bridge when the road around a curving hill shone bright as silver. The road itself was dry, the sky black without either stars or moon. Only the road was paved with what appeared to be molten silver, luminous and brilliant. The ditch on either side was black as was the adjoining fields. As far as we could see in the distance the road was purest silver. Three farmhouses in the vicinity had no lights on or I would have stopped to confirm with other witnesses the startling sight. We drove about two miles on this silver strand before turning off on another road. How long this strange phenomenon lasted is unknown to us. On our return trip home the road was black in the glow of our headlights.

A year or so later, I was reading a book by an English author who wrote of such an occurrence in England which he referred to as the "rare and beautiful Black Rainbow." He did not give any further information about it, and I have been unable to find anything scientific to confirm what we saw. We both still speak of that beautiful scene which is firmly entrenched in our memories.

Most people today have read of chinook winds, but we found out about one in 1975 when a snowfall of about eight inches was on the ground. The following morning, I opened the draperies to see the ground absolutely

without any snow! I simply couldn't believe my eyes and awakened Frances who couldn't quite believe it either, but an explanation was forthcoming. A southwest wind called a chinook sometimes flows down the slopes of the Canadian Rockies in the winter bringing weather so balmy that lilacs have been known to bud in January. The air in a chinook is so warm it can raise the temperature 40 degrees in 10 minutes and so dry it can evaporate a foot of snow overnight. Instead of shoveling snow as planned, I had another cup of coffee and stared out the window at yet another mystery of nature. (During severe winters with far too much snow, I often wish for another chinook wind.)

Tornados can be carefully explained by men of science as to how they develop, and we are fortunate to have television and radio that inform us where they are located, how fast they are moving and so forth. My favorite tornado story concerns a great aunt whom I was visiting on her farm when I was a child. The skies turned a strange shade of green-black and she insisted we go to the cellar. Food and water, an axe and lantern were hauled into the cellar and the upper and lower doors firmly lashed with rope. The aunt sat on the edge of a potato bin and talked of the approaching storm. Within minutes a mouse peered out of the potatoes. The aunt literally tore down the two doors and fled to the farmhouse screaming. Even as a child, I realized she had two choices: the storm or a mouse. She chose the storm!

I've been reading recently of the return of Halley's comet which will appear in 1986. Since it appears only at 76 year intervals, I think it will be a wondrous sight to see. (Mark Twain was born in 1834 when the comet appeared and died in 1910 when the comet appeared again.) It will be studied with powerful telescopes, and probably videotaped for us to see on television. Truly this is another mystery of nature as the comet appears on schedule.

Scientists may or may not explain some mysteries of nature but to observe the beauty is enough. All of us live in the midst of both beauty and mystery and we must observe minute details to see that which surrounds us. Who knows, dear reader, around the next curve of the road some dark night you may encounter a mystery of nature such as a shining road of silver that we now call the Black Rainbow.



SPECIAL DAYS IN MAY

May 1 — May Day
May 5-12 — Christian Family Week
May 12 — Mother's Day
May 18 — Armed Forces Day
May 27 — Memorial Day

I SAW GOD TODAY

I traveled many miles today,
With a promise in my heart
That God would be at every turn,
In every wondrous part.
He took His vast world canvas,
Brushed in a cloudy sky,
Painted every blade of grass,
The majestic mountains high.
The greatest Artist daily adds
A special touch each day—
I know He's always near me—
I saw my Lord today.

—Susan M. Walter

WORDS

Words are wonderful things—
Keep a watch on your words, my dear,
For words are wonderful things.
They are sweet like a bee's fresh honey,
Like bees they have terrible stings;
They bless like warm glad sunshine
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut in the strife of anger
Like an open, two-edged knife.

—anon.

MOTHER'S DAY QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Mother Hubbard; 2. Mother Superior; 3. Rebekah; 4. Mother lode; 5. Anna Jarvis; 6. Lot's wife; 7. Mother of pearl; 8. Foster Mother; 9. Mary; 10. Mother Carey's Chickens; 11. Mother Wit; 12. Jochebed; 13. Naomi; 14. Mother Goose; 15. Mother tongue.

KITCHEN-KLATTER

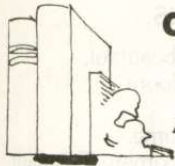
HOMEMAKER PROGRAM



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.
KWPC	Muscataine, Iowa, 860 on your dial—9:00 a.m.
KLSS	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.



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

We've been to Connemara! No, I'm not referring to the western part of Galway, Eire (Ireland), but the home of poet-author and Lincoln biographer Carl Sandburg located at Flat Rock, North Carolina. Sandburg spent the last 22 years of his life there.

In the September, 1978 issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*, I wrote of Helga Sandburg's book *A Great and Glorious Romance*, which tells of her father, Carl Sandburg, and his wife, Lillian "Paula" Steichen. My desire grew to visit the area where they lived. While on a trip to North Carolina, that hope came true at Flat Rock. My husband and I were in awe to stand at the entrance of Connemara, with the tall trees surrounding it, and pasture land close by, where Mrs. Sandburg kept her prize-winning goat herd.

Upon entering the living room, there is a sense of family, with sheet music on the grand piano and a guitar leaning against a chair, waiting for the owner's strumming. Shelves of books add to the picture. The downstairs study served as the author's office, with filing boxes and books. Mrs. Sandburg's farm office was close by. In this office she kept track of goat lineage records and farm expenses. The walls are lined with family pictures and some pictures of her prize goats. A lover of flowers worked here. There is an open seed catalog on the desk!

The dining room was also the family room. After the evening meal there might be singing, or listening to Jack Benny on the radio, or Mr. Sandburg might read what he had been writing. His wife's bedroom had a three-window alcove, uncurtained because she believed the purpose of windows was to frame nature. Most of the author's writing was done in his top-floor office, which was filled with books, filing crates and boxes. He used the two-finger method of typing, working mostly at night until 2 or 5 a.m. and then sleeping in the adjoining bedroom. In the hallway he kept his extensive collection of stereographs, phonograph records, and Lincoln books.

In the basement at Connemara is an information center where park attendants are most helpful and Sandburg books are available for sale. I bought an official National Park handbook called *Carl Sandburg Home* which now gives us great pleasure in reading.

The Carl Sandburg Home National Historic Site was opened to the public on May 11, 1974. The park is located in Flat Rock, 26 miles south of Asheville, North Carolina. The park superintendent's address is: Carl Sandburg Home



At Connemara, Carl Sandburg's home, this room was used as his office where he worked on correspondence and manuscripts.

National Historic Site, P.O. Box 395, Flat Rock, North Carolina 28731. The park is open daily except for Thanksgiving, December 25, and January 1. There is a walk up to the main house for the guided tour, and you are free to tour the other buildings and grounds and pathways. Access assistance for the handicapped is provided.

Now I am anxious to read again his Lincoln works, *The Prairie Years* and *The War Years*.

Janette Oke has gained tremendous success with her books, fashioned in the style of *Little House on the Prairie*, as she has written continuing stories of pioneer adventures. She found that people have a wanting for commitment in love, and she set out to write such books. She chose the frontier days for a setting. Five books deal with the lives of Clark and Marty Davis and their family, as the generations grow and face happy times and sad ones. They are *Love Comes Softly*, *Love's Enduring Promise*, *Love's Long Journey*, *Love's Abiding Joy*, and *Love's Unending Legacy*. She has also written *Once Upon A Summer* and *When Calls the Heart*. (At your bookstore or write Bethany House Publishers, 6820 Auto Club Road, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55438, \$4.95 per book.)

These are not books where everything always works out, but in times of crisis, comfort and strength are found. Home-steading, building a school, finding a preacher for the church, and adventures of journeying farther west are parts of the plots. The women especially learn how to live their faith. Janette Oke writes with gentleness of family relationships and how some uncomfortable feelings are worked out. Caring and concern radiate throughout the books showing her strength as a Christian writer.

Janette Oke believes in family, church, and community. She was born in Champion, Alberta, during the depression years, to a Canadian prairie farmer and his wife. She is a graduate of Mountain View Bible College in Didsbury, Alberta, where she met her husband, Edward. They were married in 1957 and went on to pastor churches in Canada. Janette's husband is now a professor at Bethel College, Mishawaka, Indiana. Janette is busy with their four children and is an active worker in the church. Her prairie romance series are warm stories of faith and love.

BOY IN A TREE

An impish boy who scales a tree,
Is like an unsolved mystery;
A boy whose sturdy legs climb high,
To find a treasure in the sky.

A boy whose eager hands are pressed,
Against the bark on some strange quest;
A boy who swings from limb to limb,
Adventure bound with boyish whim.

A boy whose jeans are ripped and torn,
A boy who looks at fear with scorn;
A boy who finds no peace somehow,
Until he grasps the highest bough.

A boy with pockets crammed and stuffed,
A boy with sneakers ripped and scuffed;
A boy who sits atop a tree,
Is King for an eternity.....

—Gertrude Perlis Kagan

KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE

(A special gift for Mother)

A year full of helpful ideas. Each issue has recipes, family letters and articles to brighten your day.

\$5.50, 12 months \$7.00, foreign countries

(Iowa residents, please add sales tax. Subject to price change.)

Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

(Please allow 3 weeks for delivery. Gift cards will be sent if requested.)



TO PRAISE A POTHOLDER

by
Elizabeth Myhr

Did you ever praise the potholders in your kitchen? I never did until I realized what invaluable servants they are, or at least some of them. I have a stack of potholders, all sizes and shapes from which I now pick and choose according to the task at hand, because of a lesson they taught me.

One day when I grabbed a potholder, at random, to snatch a cake from the oven, my finger slipped through its loosely crocheted body. I burned my finger and nearly dropped the cake. Quickly, I reached for my old standby. It was rather tattered and a bit sticky from previous use. Irritated over my burn, the part of my mind that turns philosopher began to compare potholders with people.

Like my crocheted potholder, there are often loopholes in the promises of some people. I get burned every time I have any dealing with them. It is sometimes my own fault for not wisely choosing a dependable person to serve on a committee or to take a certain office.

There are other people, like my plain, practical potholder, that can always be counted on. They may appear faded or frowsy, because they are so busy being helpful. These people don't have time to shop for the latest styles or to spend in a beauty parlor just as my plain potholder goes a long time between launderings because of its indispensability.

I have some highly decorated potholders that are too fancy to be of any real use. Some people are so daintily attired they are at a loss in any practical situation. They are spotless and bring many praises for their beauty but are too frivolous for common, everyday use.

My skimpy, small-sized potholders are almost worthless, too. They are like those people who give so little of themselves and their time that their efforts are of little value. They would never be rated as "cheerful givers."

And there are the potholders far too big to use. One can hardly get a good hold on a pot handle with them. They are much like people who must always be the biggest and the best but are mainly boastful. In either case biggest is not necessarily best.

One of my potholders gives me a chuckle. It is made in the likeness of a pig, curly tail and all. This potholder is almost too cute to use but still has its place. It is a conversation piece and never fails to produce laughter; someone always wants the pattern. I cherish this potholder as it brings to mind the dear friend who made and gave it to me.

Why don't I discard all but my most useful potholders? Because now I have

compared them to people and will wonder every day which potholder best describes me. Hopefully, I am like the one that can always be counted on to fill a need as well as the one that brings smiles into the lives of others. I hope I am not comparable to the frivolous ones, just filling up space.

Also, my potholders have made me more aware of the good qualities of others, especially the plain but dependable ones, I sometimes ignore.

Perhaps, from now on, I'll leave the sticky, tattered potholders out when I have dinner guests. After all, they will have helped me prepare the feast. They deserve a place of honor and a lot of praise for being faithful servants.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded

wanted his birthday party to be a slumber party, they couldn't have it until Friday night. On the real day they had a family party by going out for pizza and took along a little girl that Julian thinks is pretty nice. Later at home he opened presents and they had ice cream and cake. On Friday Julian invited five boys to go bowling and afterwards they had pizza, then home for more presents, ice cream and cake. The five friends stayed all night.

Kristin and Art gave Elizabeth two little ducks for Easter. They are kept in a box out of her reach and are gotten down only when there is supervision for her to gently pet them. When they get bigger the ducks will end up on a friend's ranch unless Kristin and Art decide to bring the ducks to the farm when they come visit us after school is out.

Aaron and a couple of friends are working hard on their History Day project for this year. Andy was home over Easter, and I guess that accounts for the activities of our Wyoming family.

Frank just came in and said we had another new baby calf. I had better close and have a cup of coffee with Frank and hear all about this latest arrival. He loves the baby calves. Until next month.....

Sincerely,

Dorothy



MOTHER'S LOVE

She stooped and kissed the bruised arm
While tears ran down his face,
This precious son of hers, was hurt—
His pain, she must erase.

Years later, when young manhood
comes,

Again, she'll do her part,
With mother love and tenderness,
She'll calm his aching heart.

—Jo Burford

A BONUS

God made the flowers beautiful,

And to each lovely bloom

In skillful generosity

He added sweet perfume.

—Flo Montgomery Tidgwell

JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded

shot by John Wilkes Booth. It is still being used as a working theater. Emily and Rich invited me to go with them to a play that was being produced there. During intermission we went into the basement of the theater and saw the exhibit of memorabilia connected with the Lincoln assassination. It amazed me that so many minor items had been saved all of these years. After the play we went out to dinner. All of us were starving by that time and we did justice to a delicious seafood dinner at the wharf.

My fondest memory of that evening happened before we even arrived at the theater. Emily and Rich had gotten a baby sitter for their boys—Stephen and Martin. We had allowed some time for the evening "good-byes" to the boys. I was sitting on the couch taking in these familiar bedtime rituals when Martin came running over to me, crawled up onto my lap and requested that I read a book outloud. The next thing I knew, Stephen was on the other side of my lap with a "Care Bear" book. I can't tell you what a warm, happy feeling it was to have these two small people on my lap. I have always enjoyed reading to children. My children, James and Katharine, have been much too old for reading outloud for years. I feel fortunate that I can borrow my cousins' children for occasional lap reading. Stephen and Martin are a wonderful audience. They have almost memorized that book but sat very still and listened to every word. It is such fun to be "Aunt" Juliana!

Through all of this, Robin and I were busy testing recipes and doing our radio visits. We did take time to do some sight-seeing during the day. One of the spots high on my list was a repeat trip to the National Botanical Gardens. The afternoon I was at the gardens there was a great deal of hustle and bustle. A fancy reception of some kind was being held in the gardens that evening. In addition to viewing plants, I was able to see how a top-notch, Washington, D.C., catering service sets up a formal buffet in a garden. Believe me, those people knew exactly what they were doing. I don't think there was a single wasted movement from decorating tables to arranging food platters. All of this happened while the general public was milling around looking at plants.

Happy Spring to everyone!

Juliana

"Little Ads"

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

July ads due May 10
August ads due June 10
September ads due July 10

THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

FREE QUILT PATTERNS in "Quilter's Newsletter Magazine", plus Catalog Illustrating Hundreds of Quilt Patterns, Quilting Stencils, Quilting Books, Supplies, Kits, Fabrics—\$2.50. Leman Publications, Box 501 F40, Wheatridge, Colorado 80033.

COOKBOOKS FOR SALE: Sponsored by the couples in Christ Club of the Central Reformed Church. The cost is \$8.00 plus 75 cents for shipping. Write to: Jean VanWyk, 1001 9th Avenue East, Oskaloosa, Iowa 52577 or call 673-6190 after 5:00 p.m.

FASHION DOLLS. All kinds. Stamp brings price list. J. Masek, Box 6452, Lincoln, Nebr. 68506.

HANDMADE WEDDING NOSEGAYS. Small \$10.00, medium \$20.00, large \$30.00 postpaid. White lace trimming, satin or lace ribbon, silk flowers, baby breath, choice of colors. Guaranteed to arrive in perfect condition! Send swatch of material or description to: Flowers by Jessica, 882 Westfield Avenue, Elizabeth, N.J. 07208.

OUT OF PRINT Bookfinder, 2035KK Everding, Eureka, CA 95501. Send Wants.

CENTENNIAL COOKBOOK from St. Paul's Lutheran Church. 370 pages, 1045 recipes including Danish recipes. \$8.25 postpaid. Mrs. John Bell, Rt. 3, Atlantic, Iowa 50022.

OUTSTANDING DELICIOUS Mississippi Mud Cake Recipe. A chocolate lover's delight. \$1.00 S.A.S.E. to: GaryLynn Company, 605 Nebraska, Essex, Iowa 51638, Dept. KK. Iowa residents include 4¢ sales tax.

GET ENERGIZED and lose weight the natural healthy way. Free information. H. Hess, P.O. Box 274, Amazonia, MO 64421.

A GIFT OF LOVE. Preserve your precious memories. Easy, complete directions. \$2.00. SMITH, 220B Northeast, Miami, Okla. 74354.

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

CHURCH COOKBOOK—1200 recipes; spiral bound, laminated cover, \$7.00 postpaid. Ivanhoe Catholic Ladies Guild, Box 49, Ivanhoe, MN 56142.

SET OF 7 color coded recipe cards: cooking for one or two, sweets, budget, diet. \$1.00/set—4/\$3.00. S. Welch, P.O. Box 225RK, Omaha, NE 68182.

GREAT GIFT for anniversaries, birthdays, Christmas or just for you! Candlewicking Kit for Monogrammed Bell Pull available for \$6.00. State name and date desired. S.A. Peterson, Box 292, Story City, IA 50248.

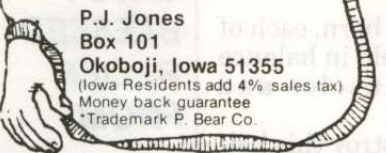
BABIES LOSE SOCKS without KinderGarters™ stocking holders. Great gift idea. Pink or Royal Blue. Send baby's ankle measurement or approximate weight and \$3.25 to Diva Works, Inc., Box 2236, Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83001.

NEW—Bi-monthly newsletter. Recipes, gardening, handwork. Sample \$1.00; year \$6.00. "SPOTLIGHT", Klemme, Iowa 50449.

Protect Your Child with the Toddler Love Cuff

Don't let your little one run off or be abducted. The "Love Cuff" is designed to keep your child within reach but leaves your hands free to shop, carry packages or baby. Made of soft materials in red or blue. Comes in compact storage bag to carry in your purse. Send \$8.00 plus \$1.00 postage and handling to:

P.J. Jones
Box 101
Okoboji, Iowa 51355
(Iowa Residents add 4% sales tax)
Money back guarantee
*Trademark P. Bear Co.



MANUSCRIPTS:

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

We would appreciate some craft ideas.

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

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

Delightfully Dutch: Recipes and Traditions 88 pages. 16 pages of color. Over 100 recipes. Tulips in color from Pella; Orange City; Holland, Mi. \$5.95; 2 for \$10.75; 3 for \$14.85 postpaid. Penfield Press, 215 Brown St. Iowa City, Iowa 52240

BORDERLESS BILLFOLD PHOTOS



FULL COLOR
20 FOR \$2.50 NO LIMIT
FAST SERVICE

2 1/2" x 3 1/2" prints on silk finish paper. Any photo copied (11 x 14 or smaller). Send color photo, neg or slide. One pose per order. Your original returned. Add 60¢ for first class service. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

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



Out of the dust of defeat
I'm building a castle.
Out of the depths of despair
Springs new awareness.
From the sting of rejection
Comes searching for soul closeness.
Out of failure
Comes wisdom and new truths.

—Clara Saunders

THE PERFECT SHOE FOR TROUBLED FEET



These attractive ladies sandals are the first real innovation in walking comfort. Of course, there are shoes with open toes, shoes with adjustable straps, shoes with leather linings, shoes with cushioned insoles,

and even shoes for walking. But only one shoe puts it all together... It's called the "Comet" and it provides the ultimate in comfort, style and value. Choose from Tan, White, Navy or Red.

Sofwear Shoes, Dept. KK055, 1811 San Jacinto, Houston, Texas 77002

Please rush me the Comet shoes I have indicated below. Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order or charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express.

Credit Card # _____

Exp. Date _____

For Fast personal Service:
Credit Card Customers call (713) 650-0916

SIZES FOR COMET

NARROW—5 1/2 thru 12
MEDIUM—4 thru 12
WIDE—5 thru 12
(No 1/2 sizes over 10)

One pr. \$24.95 ea. + \$2.00 p&h
SAVE MORE—Two pr. only
\$44.95 + \$3.00 p&h

Choose from Tan, White, Navy or Red.

EXACT NAME OF SHOE	SIZE	WIDTH	COLOR	PRICE
COMET				
COMET				

Texas res. add 5% sales tax _____

Add postage and handling _____

TOTAL \$ _____

PRINT NAME _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
You must be completely delighted or just return your purchase for a full refund.

Here's How to Stop Foot Pain *INSTANTLY!*

THERE'S REALLY NO MYSTERY ABOUT WHAT CAUSES FOOT PAIN

Very simply stated, when you're born, each of your feet has 26 different bones held in balance and position by tendons, muscles and ligaments.

Once something happens to destroy this balance (no matter what your age) it's irreversible unless you do something about it.

THERE'S REALLY NO MYSTERY ABOUT FINDING RELIEF

Since 1948, over 3,000,000 people are enjoying blessed relief they never thought possible... thanks to Flexible Featherspring® Foot Supports which are made in West Germany.

How do Feathersprings bring relief? Well, unlike costly special shoes, mass-produced arch preserves, or ready-made, drug store remedies, custom-formed Flexible Feathersprings actually restore and maintain the elastic support your feet had when you were a youth.

No matter how long you've had foot problems—be it 3 months or 30 years—the instant you slip a pair of Feathersprings in your shoes (one pair is all you'll ever need)—you'll be able to stand all day, walk, dance, even jog or run in total comfort.

Feathersprings act as a shock-absorbing, pain-easing system which structurally realigns your feet. Not only do they restore the natural balance of your feet, they allow your feet to flex normally in all types of shoes. Thanks to

**ENJOY
BLESSED
RELIEF
FROM:**

Fallen or
sore Arches

Pain in the
balls of your feet

Lower
Back
Pain
Leg
Pain

Sore
Ankles

Sore
Heels

Corns,
Calluses,
Bunions
Toe Cramps

Feathersprings, your aching feet get continuous, moving support which brings that relief.

**THERE'S REALLY NO
RISK INVOLVED
IN FINDING OUT
WHETHER
FEATHERSPRINGS CAN RELIEVE
YOUR FOOT PAIN**

We're so certain that Featherspring Foot Supports will end your foot problems that if you're not completely satisfied... we'll refund your money in full... with no questions asked.

**Feathersprings
cradle your
foot**



What people say in unsolicited testimonials, about Feathersprings:

"I am probably one of your worst customers as far as being difficult because of my various peculiarities, but I am more than pleased and for the first time in my life I feel like really walking. I am wearing my Feathersprings and they are everything you said they were!"

E.G.W./Lookout Mountain, TN

"... I have thoroughly enjoyed the comfort Feathersprings have provided me. You would not believe the difference they have made my feet feel—before I had such pain when walking because I have severe callus' on both of my feet."

M.W.R./Richmond, VA

"Received my wife's Feathersprings two days ago. They are super—neither of us can believe the results. She has had terrible feet for years; already no pain. Incidentally, her sore knee is much better. As a retired physician, this result is amazing."

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

"I want to thank you for refunding to me the full amount of what I ordered. I admire your company for this with no strings or red tape."

G.K.M./Warwick, Rhode Island

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

G.M.G., Dallas, Texas

Write us for full information, there's no obligation and no salesman will call. Just fill out and mail the coupon below.

SEND NO MONEY!

FEATHERSPRING INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION
712 N. 34th Street, Dept. KK 055
Seattle, Washington 98103

YES! I want to learn more about Flexible Featherspring Foot Supports. Please rush me your free packet. I will watch for a **LARGE PINK ENVELOPE**. I understand that there is no obligation and that no salesman will call.

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

When in Seattle visit the Featherspring building.