

Kitchen-Klatter

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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Merry Christmas from Juliana and Kristin.

Verness Studio.

KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.
LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.
M. H. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.
DOROTHY D. JOHNSON, Associate Editor.
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LETTER FROM LEANNA

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Once more the Christmas bells ring out,
And human hearts catch heavenly song,
Once more the Christmas star appears
And overshadows pain and wrong,
In that soft light the visions come
Of treasures death can never end,
And radiant with tenderness
I see the face of you, my friend.

—Selected

Dear Friends:

The above verse really says much better than I can hope to say, what I feel so keenly at this season of the year. Most of your faces I have never seen, it's true, but your warm friendly letters are a constant inspiration to me and give me the knowledge that I'm the richest person in the world in the things that really matter. This knowledge is always with me, but at Christmas time I can honestly say that it springs into what might be called full bloom with all of your wishes for a blessed season of love and happiness.

I only wish that all of you might anticipate the holidays that we anticipate with several of our children near us again for the first time in a number of years. I am mindful of the fact that for many of you the clock of time cannot be turned back, that there are countless of your homes where the war made all of the difference. But those of us who've lived a good many years know that only by sharing happiness and sorrow can we lighten our burdens, so to those of you who cannot recapture the joy of past days may I say that we would like to share our happiness with you? As a family we want you to know that we remember you and those dear to you.

Since I last wrote to you, Margery has returned to her own home in California and it's needless to say that we miss her very much. She said that she arrived just in time to light into a spell of fall housecleaning and her letters have been full of the things she has done to make their apartment more attractive. We are hoping that she will take time to write a letter for us, every month, if possible, in which she gives us news of what her days are like in Glen-

dale, California. I've never been able to visit Margery in her own home because it's been impossible for me to travel that far, but I feel certain that her daily routine is quite different from Dorothy's day on the farm.

Speaking of Dorothy reminds me that we had one last lovely day with her before bad weather set in. She and Frank have never regretted leaving the conveniences of city life, and even the daily lugging of water from Grandfather Johnson's farm hasn't dampened Dorothy's enthusiasm in the slightest. She says that just the sight of Kristin so well and sturdy is enough to make up for doing without all of the modern conveniences. Those of you who spent the war years in congested cities and then returned to a middlewestern farm or small town probably know exactly how she feels.

Wayne and Abigail were able to have one short visit with us in November and give us an account of their busy days. We don't know the exact dates of their Christmas holidays at this time, but we're hoping that they can spend at least a few days with us.

Don's engineering studies at Ames keep him so busy that he finally gave up trying to get his writing done in longhand and bought a typewriter. Since that time we've had more letters from him and it's certainly a comfort to have them coming from the same address month after month. During the war years he was shifted about so much that I had to look up his address every time I wrote to him! He will have a short Thanksgiving vacation with us, and there will be at least a few days at Christmas time to spend at home.

For the last few years Thanksgiving and Christmas haven't been up to par at our house since all four of our boys were in the service and our three girls lived on the coast, but this year we expect to stretch the table out once again. Frederick and Betty won't be with us, but otherwise it looks as though everyone will be on deck for Thanksgiving turkey and Christmas Eve at home. Russell and Lucile want Juliana to have her visit from Santa at her own home on Christmas morning, but it would be a funny Santa who didn't stop at Grandpa and Grandma's on Christmas Eve.

I told Mart that if he'd play Santa in person this year (he was always the kind of Santa who appeared and disappeared while the children were down at the church program) for Juliana and Kristin I'd rustle up a real suit with all of the trimmings. So far he hasn't made up his mind, but I'm going to get everything together just in case he decides to do it.

My plans for this day call for making our holiday fruit cakes, so I must leave my desk now and get to work. Juliana has been promised that she can help cut up the candied fruit; and we're going to try and find a tiny pan in which she can bake her very own cake. I've always believed that little children should not be shoed out of the kitchen, particularly for holiday baking, so if you have a small granddaughter at your right elbow these days we are doing our cooking under the same conditions.

In conclusion I want to say that all of the Driftmiers wish you and yours a blessed, joyous Christmas. And we would like to include here the verse that my sister, Helen Field Fischer, once wrote—it expresses what we feel.

Kings may fall, and wars may thunder,

Dynasties begin—and end—

But forever lives the glory

Of the love of friend for friend.

And since Christmas is the season

Friendship's pledges to renew

Once again we write to strengthen

Ties that bind us close to you!



AT CHRISTMASTIDE

How far they throw their cheer,
their gracious glow,
The Christmases that happened long ago!

Over what silences they have their way

When hearts come to their own,
today!

Each to its secret hoard of gold and myrrh—

Treasured, how long! —from out the years that were:

Old songs, old laughter; still their echoes ring,

Flooding the empty hours with welcoming!

Dear handclaps, swift and warm with ministries—

What matters space, or time, to such as these?

The precious past that none beside can know—

Calling us back, and will not let us go!

O Friend, be comforted that memory brings

The gift of changeless, sure and halloved things!

Closer today they press on every side

Always and always ours, at Christmastide.

—Laura Simmons from "The Pulpit"

Come into the Garden

THOUGHTS OF A GARDENER AT CHRISTMAS

By Mrs. R. J. Duncomb

December, the month of silver stars snow-carpeted ground and holiday thoughts, holds the Christmas tree first and foremost in our minds. Evergreens take on a greater significance as the great day of peace on earth draws near. They bring life to the winter landscape as they stand out against the snow so vividly in contrast against the denuded trees of summer which now have only bare branches to offer. Every home should have its own evergreens, dwarfed, perhaps, as is most fitting to town or city plantings; but at Christmas time, happy is the home with its well-developed spruce as a living Christmas tree. Make a mental note of this fact next spring at tree planting time.

The Christmas tree in the home means so much to every member of the family that we should have one by all means, however small it may have to be. Nothing else brings back the happy memories of childhood so brightly. For most of us there is not another time of the year when we can enter into the realm of childhood once again for a brief period, and surely it is true that Christmas holds its greatest joy when we lend ourselves to the children's enjoyment by becoming one with them.

Children often love to decorate their own tree and if this happens to be the case in your family be sure that you give them the pleasure of doing so. The results of their handiwork may not come up to your standards of decoration, but that is a small matter compared to the immense joy they get from working on their own tree. The very ornaments they handle have a special meaning for them if they are kept from year to year, and many an adult is searching the stores today for decorations that remind him of trinkets that he handled years ago.

The deeper meaning of Christmas grows on us as the birthday of Christ draws near. A stable saw his birth; he went to a garden in his greatest extremity. The splendor which attends the birth of earthly kings was not His; to worship Him we raise our eyes to the sky, brilliant with hosts of bright stars, just as did those who followed the shining Star long, long ago.

Since He loved all living things, so do we also love to give to others the living plants or blossoms which we find at this season. One good suggestion is the gift of the old-fashioned favorite plant, the Star of Bethlehem. Its white stars are a living reminder of the faith of our fathers. The poinsettia, the azalea, the cyclamen and the potted bulbs with promise in their hearts are all good gifts for a flower lover.

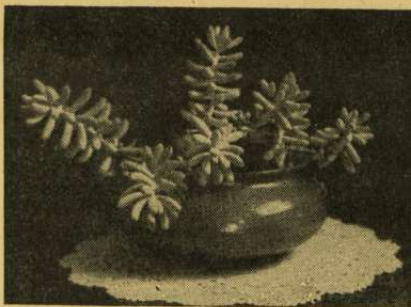
If the one who is to be remembered with a gift of flowers has no avail-

able facilities for caring for plants, don't forget that cut flowers, even two or three, will gladden a heart and brighten a room. Corsages made up of succulents and bright berries are good gifts to give to those who like living things, and small table arrangements with a succulent as a base are always appreciated.

Speaking of table arrangements, what child does not love those made for his exclusive enjoyment? Here is where we can use some of the dried material we saved last fall. With a table mirror to form an ice-bound lake, some evergreen twigs, colored popcorn (with some of it left white for snow), and tiny figurines made from acorns, a very interesting little scene may be made. The tiny woodcutter giving his crabby-looking little wife a sleigh ride in a gay Scotch-tape container, acorn deer with very realistic horns of locust, and Santa somewhere among the evergreens, will charm a little audience that is not too critical. Keep everything in scale for a realistic effect.

And when the bells ring out on Christmas morning, remember that He who loved all living things, gave to us each and all, the greatest gift of all—Himself.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.



Sedum quatemalensis (Christmas Cheer).

PLANT PROPAGATION

By Olga Rolf Tiemann

It has been suggested that readers of Kitchen-Klatter might find some simple lessons in plant propagation helpful. Shrubs, trees, garden flowers and house plants are propagated in a number of ways by seeds or vegetatively by cutting, division, layering or grafting. Which method one uses depends on the particular group of plants one wishes to propagate.

December with its cold temperatures, its dark skies and short hours of actual daylight, is not a month when we do much in the way of plant propagation. The plants outside in this section are fast asleep and those in our windows are usually more or less at a standstill.

But there are possibilities. Perhaps you have some of the tender succulents—plants with fat, fleshy leaves like *Echeveria*, *Crassula*, or *Sedum*. The *Sedum* called Christmas Cheer is

quite in keeping with the season with its brilliant red and green leaves. The fleshy leaves of this and other succulents may be used to increase your number of plants. Place them on moist sand, or sand and peat mixture or on sphagnum, pressing the base of the leaf down lightly. Roots will go down and tiny leaves appear at the surface and soon a sizeable plant is ready for its individual pot.

In early December on a mild day when the temperature is above freezing we can still procure hardwood cuttings. Such cuttings will produce plants exactly the same as the mother plant, a fact which is not always true when seeds are planted. Not every tree or shrub will strike roots but among those that may are *Spirea*, *Viburnum*, *Tamarix*, *Hydrangea*, *Butterfly Bush* and *Mock Orange*. Do not hesitate to try others that I have not mentioned. Healthy cuttings should be taken from last season's growth. Cut them with a sharp knife in uniform lengths from 6 to 8 inches—each with about 3 strong leaf buds. Cut the top straight across and the base with a sloping cut so no mistake will be made when planting them. The lower end should be cut through or just below a leaf bud and the upper end well above the bud to prevent it from drying out before growth starts.

Tie the cuttings in bundles, labeling each one carefully. They may be packed in slightly moistened sphagnum or sand and stored in a cold frost-proof place where they will remain fresh, or they may be buried 14 inches deep. Line the hole with sand, put the cuttings in base end up to discourage growth, cover with sand, and then soil. A mulch will help to keep them below the frost line. During the winter they will form a callus and this formation helps in some instances to make roots strike more easily when the growing time comes.

Next month, I will tell you what to do with these cuttings "come spring" but now it is time to wish each and every one of you a very MERRY CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS IDEAS

For a different Christmas window try folding strips of Christmas tissue and making cut-outs as you make paper dolls. Stars in blue, Christmas trees in green, little houses and snowmen in white, bells in red—these are just a few suggestions. Remember that your pattern must touch each folded edge if you want a continuous strip.

We trimmed paper Christmas trees to use for decorations with the same round candy Trimettes we use on cookies. They stick on with a tiny bit of paste or glue.

Start a creche this year. We build ours against blue tissue paper and stick a silver star above it. It is the best beloved of all our Christmas things.

Make some shut-in happy with an early Christmas tree and some of the trimmings for it. It can be as small as twelve or sixteen inches.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

(Note: In last month's issue of Kitchen-Klatter we explained that this particular period of our story would be quoted, in the main, from the March and April numbers of 1940 in which Mother told the details of the trip and accident that changed all of our lives.)

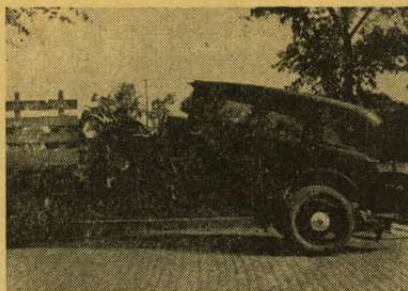
"I had not realized that Joplin was such a good sized place. We found a nice tourist camp which had a small tourist home in connection with it, and decided to spend the night there. After we had rented our rooms, unpacked and had supper, we went down to the main business district to do some window shopping. If I had known that this was the last time I would ever go shopping on my two feet, I might have walked a few more blocks and looked in a few more store windows, but perhaps it is just as well that I didn't know it. The next morning we had breakfast in a cafe, and before we left the table I remembered the postal cards I had purchased the night before and wrote messages to the children.

"We were on the road again by eight o'clock for we anticipated a wonderful drive which would take us through the real Ozark country. I did not know that there were such extensive lead mines in that part of the country or that the scenery was really so beautiful. When a winding road finally reached the crest of a hill we would stop and enjoy the landscape, beautiful rolling hills reaching as far as the eye could see. Rocky ledges hung over the side of the highway, and tumbling streams, the water clear and sparkling, ran along the other side. We took a number of pictures but in the excitement of what happened that day, the kodak was lost.

"When we arrived at Rogers, Arkansas we stopped at a filling station to get gas and asked the attendant if he could direct us to the home of Mr. Winkleman, a nurseryman whom we had met in Shenandoah several times. This boy was new in Rogers and didn't know where our friend lived, so we decided to drive on and stop on our way back.

"If we had known what was to happen within the next half-hour I am sure we would have made further inquiry about Mr. Winkleman for it was between Rogers and Springdale, the next town, that we had the serious wreck which was to change our lives from that day on. Isn't it strange how small, unimportant things sometimes play a big part in our lives?

"Even to this day I am frightened a little when I see a car driving on to the highway from a side road, for as we neared a cross road a car drove into the highway a short distance in front of us, turned, and then came towards us. At almost the same time a car came over the hill traveling at a very high rate of speed. Mr. Driftmier pulled over as far as he could to the side of the road to make room for the swiftly approaching car to pass safely between us and the car that



Our car was pulled home behind a truck.

had entered from the side road. The driver must have lost her head, or else she lost control of her car, for it struck us head on with a terrible impact.

"My husband is such a careful driver that I had never paid any attention to what he does behind the wheel, so Beulah and I weren't watching the road and probably were talking about our housekeeping problems as we sat together in the back seat. That was the last we knew for a while because we were thrown to the floor of the car by the impact and both lost consciousness.

"As I came to, I heard my husband and his brother talking to us. Beulah was badly hurt and I remember realizing that she must be very seriously injured because she was totally unconscious when they carried her to the side of the road. The minute they tried to move me I realized also that I was seriously hurt for my limbs were paralyzed and my back gave me great pain. In fact, I remember saying to my husband as he tried to move me, 'Mart, I know that my back is broken.'

"We didn't know in those days that people with broken bones, particularly spinal injuries, should never be moved until professional hands can care for them, so of course it was only natural that the first people who stopped should assist in moving me from the wreckage. They made a bed of the car cushions and I was carried to a shady spot near the filling station at the side of the road. All of these details are pretty badly blurred in my memory, but I do recall lying there thinking that our wonderful trip was all over.

"Someone telephoned to Springdale and Rogers, and before long two ambulances and doctors had arrived. We seemed to be just about halfway between the two towns, so one of the ambulances took our party of four to the hospital in Springdale. This was a private hospital above a store building and was owned by one of the doctors who had been called. All eight people involved in the accident, four from our car and four from the other car, were taken to this hospital.

"Mr. Driftmier's brother was the least badly hurt of our crowd although he did suffer some painful cuts and bruises. His wife had a broken foot, broken jaw, many bad cuts and what looked like a brain concussion. Mart had several broken ribs and a severely cut left hand, while I had a broken back and many facial lacerations. All in all, we were a badly damaged crowd. Certainly we

suffered far more than the people in the other car since they were all able to continue on their way that same day.

"It was about noon when we arrived at the hospital, and since it was a small town the word quickly got around that there had been a bad accident to a party of tourists. From about one o'clock on there was a constant stream of people calling to inquire about the injured folks, and many of them brought flowers and offered their services in every possible way. Some of these people corresponded with us for several months, and I've always felt that their concern was truly remarkable since we were total strangers to them.

"After my husband had recovered enough from shock to telephone he called my sister, Helen Fischer, and told her about the accident. He also asked her to talk to our family physician and get his advice as to what should be done. Mart realized that further steps would have to be taken at once since the hospital was far too small to handle a serious back injury. Our family doctor called back immediately with the advice that I should be taken to St. Luke's hospital in Kansas City just as soon as possible, and he said that he would contact a fine orthopedic surgeon and make arrangements for our arrival at St. Luke's.

"It would have been nice if I could have started this trip at once, but Springdale was such a small town that only one train a day came through that could take us. Consequently it was the next evening before we could leave for Kansas City. The Springdale doctor had a stretcher on wheels and this was my bed on the trip to Kansas City. I was rolled right into the baggage car, and Mr. Driftmier and the doctor rode with me. Bert and Beulah stayed on in the Springdale hospital until they had recovered sufficiently to make the return trip home, and on this trip they stopped in Kansas City to visit me at St. Luke's.

"We arrived in Kansas City about 8:30 the following morning where we were met by an ambulance, and in a short time were at St. Luke's. I was taken at once to the X-ray room, and it wasn't long until the plates had been developed and we knew that the 12th dorsal vertebra was crushed. I didn't know much about spinal injuries, but I did know enough to realize that this meant weeks and weeks in the hospital."—(Con't January Issue.)

INSPIRATION

Friendship fits comfortably about the shoulders

Like a warm coat grown old through constant wear;

Friendship is peace that people know in finding

A quiet hour to share.

It is the handrail on the steps of living

By which we guide our stumbling upward way

Onto a higher and clearer level

To watch the close of day.

—Webb Dycus

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

In many respects I feel that I'm not at all fitted for living in this present time, and one reason I feel this way is because it is so hard for me to make my peace with airplanes! At the moment I'm sitting here at my desk trying to digest the fact that only two hours ago our good friend, Lucille Sassaman, was sitting at our table eating clam chowder with us, and now, at this very second, she is someplace in the sky between here and Chicago. It doesn't make any sense to me. I'm the sort of person who likes to have things right in order, one, two, three, on the ground!

It gave me the same strong sense of unreality to stand against the fence at the airport last week and watch her arrival. Juliana and I stood there with our eyes on the bluffs outside of Omaha, our ears peeled to hear some tidings of "Flight 47", and suddenly, just like a bird, this big silver plane came swooping down and wheeled up to the gate. Then the door opened and out came Lucille, straight from heaven one could literally say. Until I can somehow make my peace with the fact that friends descend from the skies I won't really belong to this age and this time.

Every minute of Lucille's visit was a joy. I had visited her last fall in Chicago (it was on my return trip that I had my hilarious experience getting off the train in Red Oak), but it was Russell's first meeting with her in seven years, and of course there was a great deal of ground to cover and much to catch up on. We talked until we were hoarse, and then we started in all over again and talked some more. Both Russell and Lucille are Norwegian, so as the coffee pot went on and came off again and again I could only be grateful that we weren't back in the days of coffee rationing. At least I didn't have to dry the grounds and use them over and over!

Christmas is beginning to come to our house. Up in the storeroom, a place that Juliana cannot possibly climb into (and the only place in our house, so far as I know), is a nice new doll that Mrs. Santa is sewing for in every odd moment. We've reached the place now where dolls aren't naked the bulk of the time, so I have fresh heart for making night gowns and dresses with big button-holes that little fingers can manage. If I could knit I'd be hard at some little sweaters and booties too, but my abilities don't stretch this far and consequently the new baby must be contented with a coat and ready-made shoes.

I remember vividly how keenly I anticipated Juliana's first Christmas when she was ten months old, but of course that was nothing compared to the anticipation we feel these days. Now she is old enough to recite "The Night Before Christmas" and to enumerate, in great detail, just what she wants the "jolly old fellow" (her words) to leave in her sock and under the tree. And can't small children get the wildest ideas? I don't know by what sleight-of-hand we'll be



Juliana in her "Play Room".

able to produce the circus caliope that she has her heart set on these days.

About one week before Christmas I expect to start my holiday baking. And I remember enough about my own childhood to know that in many respects this comes very close to being the high spot of the season. Surely Juliana will be in seventh heaven when we make our cooky Santa Claus men, and since I intend to put strings through their heads before they're baked, they'll be fine ornaments for our tree. I also want to help her string cranberries and popcorn for good old-fashioned trimming, and although I'm really not very clever when it comes to jiggling up special things, I entertain lively hopes of making the cooky Christmas tree that Mrs. Espe describes in her article.

This will be our first cold-weather Christmas in seven years and I'm downright grateful that we won't have to look out at palm trees and blooming flowers and imagine that they're snow-covered evergreens and shrubs. You can't tell me that anyone who has been brought up on a snow-and-ice Christmas ever finds much gratification in the tropical variety. If you've never known anything but the palm tree brand you're happy enough, I'm sure, but if your childhood roots are buried in the other variety it takes more than Christmas carols and lighted outdoor trees to turn the trick.

During this past month Juliana and I had a lovely Sunday at Dorothy's house. It was one of those breathtaking autumn days when the world has never seemed so beautiful, and I found myself wishing again and again that Russell were along to capture some of that beauty in kodachrome. The only bleak moment of the day came when Frank's old, befogged dog turned on Kristin's kitten and killed it, and of course both youngsters were appalled. When Frank came back into the house from disposing of the kitten Juliana said

brightly, "Well, Uncle Frank, I guess that there isn't anything to think except that the cat made the dog nervous." But Kristin is a realistic child of the farm and her only comment was that she could get another at Grandmother Johnson's house. This happened to be only too true, since there isn't a dearth of cats at that place.

The subject of cats reminds me to tell you that Taffy has become a fine, hale animal without a trace of the desperately frightened little kitten who came from Grandpa's farm last summer. At first, you know, we despaired of taming her for she insisted upon running under things in the laundry room and staying there. Even food wouldn't tempt her out. But now she is big and fat and willing to be hauled around in the doll buggy for long periods of time, and the other day I was amazed to find her wearing a bonnet. It's true that she set up a mighty protest when Juliana tried to bathe her in the doll bassinet, but aside from this she has submitted to everything patiently. Pets can certainly never take the place of other children, but for an only child they do fill a big gap.

Recently I've found a new use for the clock on my kitchen stove, and even though it does sound a little simple I must confess that I'm timing myself on humdrum jobs. That clock rings with a nice clear chime when a given amount of time has passed, and you'd be amazed how much faster you will move when you're trying to beat such a peal. Russell and I have gotten the supper dishes down to eight minutes (this includes hanging up the dishpan!) and the last time I ironed I discovered to my own astonishment that I could whip out a shirt in four minutes. Can anyone beat this? It's dangerous to make such a challenge, I know, for no doubt I'll hear from someone who's gotten it down to three minutes, but there was a time when I could never do a shirt in less than eight minutes so I feel that I've made progress along the road.

Now if I could get the rest of my work licked into shape I'd feel that I was getting somewhere. Sometimes I get downright discouraged at this business of never really having everything in apple-pie order at once. If all of the laundry is done and put away, the house is dusty. If the house is dusted and in order, the white woodwork needs washing again. If the white woodwork is a joy to the eye we've had rather dull uninspired food for a couple of days. So it goes. Do you suppose the time ever comes when everything, *every single thing*, is exactly as it should be at any given moment? Perhaps for you it does, and if that is so I send you my heartiest congratulations, but for myself and for our house I can only say that it's a dream I think about wistfully now and then.

As a matter of fact, all of this talk about it has stirred up the dream in anything but wistful fashion and in exactly two minutes I'm going out to sweep the back steps and tackle the back porch.

—Lucile



GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertude Hayzlett

Christmas means something more than mistletoe and holly, a feast and an array of presents. Christmas means good will to men. Do we have that in our hearts? It means peace on earth. Are we doing our bit toward that end? It means many other things, including the privilege of giving happiness to ones who are ill or shut in or unhappy. When Christmas Day comes, will we be able to enjoy it in the full knowledge that we have done our part to make it a time of joy for some of these people?

Little Delores Bartlett, 365 Blank Memorial Hospital, Des Moines, Iowa is a ten year old who may have to spend her Christmas in the hospital. A little gift would help. Dennis Swanson, Rt. 1, Forest City, Iowa, the six year old boy who got his hands caught in the hay pulley, has to have another operation on his hands. He got a big thrill from the cards you sent him when he was first hurt. Try it again. Joe Eberling, age 8, is ill with polio. They hope he will be home for Christmas, but he will not be able to be out. His address is Rt. 2, Alliance, Ohio. Another polio sufferer is Linda Lee Lawler, 71st and Lake Streets, Omaha 4, Nebr. She is only five, and she likes cards with pictures.

Donald Shaw, Rt. 1, Neosho, Wisc., the boy who had his leg cut on the hay mower last summer, is using crutches now and can go to school. He received a nice lot of mail and enjoyed it so much that he wanted me to tell you about it.

Joyce Jean McKinley, 820 N 35 St., Fort Smith, Ark. was 12 last May. She has never walked and is not able to write, but she enjoys letters and her mother answers them for her.

Mrs. Esta C. Ehrhart, R2, Red Lion, Pa., is a long time invalid. She is not so well now and needs a bit of cheer. Mrs. A. L. Hitt, Rt. 3, Tutwiler, Miss. has been an invalid for 11 years. She is bedfast much of the time and right now is having serious trouble with her eyes. As she does crocheting to help make a living, this is pretty discouraging to her. She needs glasses. Florence Giebler, Erie Co. Infirmary, Alden, N. Y. has been in bed many years on account of spinal trouble. She can't move a muscle below her shoulders, but she adores getting letters.

I am able to report that Nellie Eppes has her wheel chair that you helped to get. She sent me a picture of herself in it and it looks like a nice chair. She was not able to get the old chair repaired so this is a brand new one and we both thank you for helping to get it. Nellie's mother is no better (remember she is blind and an invalid), and this chair will make it much easier for Nellie to care for her.

Before closing, let me wish you a happy Christmas, made happier because you helped someone else.



A Christmas Scene. In past years, this outdoors Nativity scene has been placed in the yard of my sister, Jessie Shambaugh, Clarinda, Iowa, where hundreds of people enjoyed it. A real stable, thatched with straw was built, in which the figures of cardboard painted in oil colors were arranged. A light behind the star caused it to shine brightly while a large flood light on the corner of the Shambaugh home illuminated the entire scene.

PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS

By Mrs. EW Epse

According to an old saying, anticipation is often sweeter than realization, and although we know that there is nothing to surpass the joy that the dawning of each new Christmas day brings us, there is much joy also in the anticipation of Christmas. We thrill to the music of the first Christmas carols of the season, to the sight of shop windows taking on their holiday dress, to the evidence everywhere of the spirit of Christmas becoming more and more prevalent with every passing day. And we wish, each and every one of us, that the spirit of joy, kindness and good will, could last throughout the entire year.

Decorating our homes for the holiday season is something that most of us enjoy immensely, and it is not necessary to buy expensive materials when Mother Nature has generously produced so much that is suitable for decorative purposes. In woods and fields, along road ways and in our own gardens may be found such things as cat-tails, gourds, dried grasses, acorns and cups, pine and cypress cones, spirea seed pods, sycamore balls, yucca pods, buckeyes, china berries, dried okra pods, bitter-sweet and the Chinese lantern—to name a few.

Spray the grasses, seed pods, weeds, etc., with gold, silver and bronze paints. Use bright, vari-colored paints for others. As you work, experience will teach you the materials best suited to the different plants. For example, gourds can be sawed into a bell shape, painted on the inside with gold and on the outside with bright blue or red paint; combine these with evergreens and hang in clusters. Once grasses are painted and dry they can be combined with greenery and arranged in bowls or vases as bouquets, or made into sprays, wreaths or festoons for tables and mantels. Pods can be tied into long strings and hung in windows, on the porch or at doorways.

Sparkling Christmas tree ornaments can be made from small gourds by dipping them in silver or gold paint.

String loops put in the tops make them easy to hang.

When you do your Christmas baking, save all the shells from eggs that are used. Puncture holes in opposite ends of the egg with a large hat pin or darning needle and blow the contents into a container. Decorate some of these shells with bright paints, and others with pasted-on confetti dots or Christmas seals; insert short lengths of tooth picks (with long thread loops tied on them) lengthwise in the openings, keeping the loops outside for hanging.

Pretty angels can be made from some of the shells by first painting on features. For their hair, cut strips of yellow crepe paper across the grain, slash at the top and bottom for a coarse fringe, curl the strips and paste in place; tie top curls with a ribbon bow. Paste on small wings and halo cut from two layers of silver paper pasted together. Use a lace paper doily for the collar. A more simple angel has a fluff of cotton for hair, and bits of tinsel pasted on for wings and gown.

For Santa Claus, snip hair, beard and mustache from white cotton and paste in place. A tube of red crepe paper, with a cotton band, makes his hat. These make very effective Christmas tree decorations, and also look most attractive when fastened to net window curtains.

Sugar plum trees are pretty and easily made. Select a medium-sized clump of bear grass, twisted leaf yucca or Spanish dagger and saw off even with the ground. This leaves a smooth base which can be placed on a flat tray, and the plant can be gilded or left in a natural color. Colorful gum drops stuck on the sharp points of each leaf add a finishing touch, and if gum drops are still unavailable in your town, balls can be made from softened wax candles in various colors.

One can also make these little trees from branches of barberry or other shrubs. Dip them in white water paint that is of about the consistency of cream and sprinkle while wet with artificial snow. Such a tree with miniature toys replacing the gum drops or candle wax balls would please any child, but especially a little shut-in.

Another tree that would make a stunning centerpiece for the table and please the children no end as well, is made of cookies cut in star shapes, graduating in size from a very large one at the base up to a tiny one at the top. The cookies are slipped down over a smooth wood-stick which has been fastened to a wooden base. They should be frosted with white icing and decorated with tiny silver ball candies; between each cookie slip a thin slice of gum drop to keep them slightly separated. When finished drip white icing over the tree for icicles and fasten a candle at the top as a final touch.

Let the children help with the decorations, and don't forget to make some extra sprays, bouquets and little Christmas trees for the shut-ins.

May all of you have a very happy Christmas!

A LETTER FROM BERMUDA

Dear Folks:

We are just back from a Bermuda train ride, and although it isn't often that I find myself at a loss for words, when it comes to describing such an experience I am humbled.

I must tell you first that a few weeks ago Betty rode on a Bermuda train with me and knew exactly what to expect in the line of nerve-tension, so it took a lot of persuasion on my part to get her to go with me today. It was only after I had promised that we would sit near the door and that I would personally have a heart-to-heart talk with the engineer, that she agreed to go.

It was fortunate for me that the train was only twenty-five minutes late, for the longer we stood on the tracks waiting, the more dubious Betty became. As the train started to jerk away from the station there was a bit of excitement; one of the conductors had given the signal to start while the other conductor was still loading passengers. That crisis over, we jerked along about twenty yards and then stopped again. This time we were right in the center of the highest trestle in Bermuda. There was a stiff breeze blowing, and as the top-heavy carriage swayed gently we could look down some fifty feet to the waves breaking below. Betty wanted to walk through the train to the rear and get off—at least off the trestle, but we tried that and discovered there was no door connecting our carriage with the rest of the train! And so we sat and sat and sat until the train crew, with the aid of some mechanically-minded passengers, managed to get the thing rolling again.

Then we really made time. Faster and faster we went, bumping and rocking and swaying. Then we heard it! A steady, metallic clanging coming up from the floor beneath us. Terrified we watched one of the passengers and a trainman take up the floor boards from the aisle beside us. Looking down we could see the ground rushing past beneath us. The trainman sat on the edge of the opening and kicked something down below with his feet. The clanging stopped, and so did the train.

It was then that Betty reminded me of my promise to have a talk with the engineer. As I walked up the aisle to the motor compartment I heard one of the passengers say, "That's the Chaplain from NOB. I'll bet he's going to say something to somebody." For one second I weakened, and then carried on. I stuck my head into the little compartment where the engineer was busy eating a papaw. "What's wrong?" I asked. "Trouble," he replied.

"Oh!" I said.

"Yea!" he said.

And I hurried back to assure Betty that everything was all right.

There was a grinding of gears, a low hissing sound, and we were moving again—but in reverse! Back and back we went, back and back. The conductor stuck his head into the carriage and yelled, "It's all right, folks. We just forgot to let a passenger off

at the last station. We'll go forward in a minute." And we did. Things were going nicely, the passengers were relaxing and smiling again, Betty was calmly chatting with a neighbor, and then it happened! Just what happened I am not sure. All I remember now is that there was a sharp explosion and a brilliant flash of light. Betty gasped. A woman just ahead of us screamed. A member of the clergy sitting across the aisle jumped to his feet and cried, "Oh, my dear! The end has come! We are done for!"

Well, we weren't exactly done for, but we were done with the train for that trip. We had arrived at Somerset. You see, it was quite an experience and it reminded me again to check through my papers tonight just to be sure that my insurance is paid up.

As you know, I have always had a great affection for dogs, but I regret to say that in the last twenty-four hours that affection has greatly diminished. Yesterday at Divine Service a big police dog insisted on doing its best to interrupt the service. After it had walked up and down the center aisle about four times I stopped the service and asked some of the men in the back pew to usher it out. There was a bit of a scramble as the brute tried to hide under the front pew, but it was finally put out.

However, right in the middle of the sermon it came in again and walked right up to the front and sat down. In desperation I decided to speak to the dog myself.

"Young man," I said, "You are seriously disrupting this service. Will you please leave by the rear door?"

There was a solemn silence as the congregation waited to see what would happen next. The dog got up, but instead of walking out it went over to the organ and started to sniff around as dogs will do. It was then I acted. Lifting the hem of my robe to enable free movement, I made a mad dash for the rascal, dragged it out the aisle, and shut and bolted the doors. You can imagine how I felt when another dog walked into the Methodist church at Pembroke where I was conducting the evening service. It is quite enough to conduct two services in one day, let alone having a canine visitor at each of them. From now on dogs are on my "skunk list."

But aside from this, life is wonderful! Once again I am sleeping well, eating like a Chief Petty Officer, and enjoying life in general. I caught a fish! It is the truth, so help me, and no longer need I hide my head in shame when fifty people a day ask me what kind of luck I have been having.

One day last week when I had my little boat out I dropped a trolling line over the side, not that I expected to catch anything, but more as a matter of habit. I was chugging along at about six knots when there was a sudden jerk on the line. It took me a moment to realize what had happened. In the excitement of pulling in the line I forgot about the motor and before I knew it the boat was going around and around wrapping the line around my legs. When the fish came alongside I saw that I had a big one.

I pulled it into the boat and that was a mistake. It flopped around on the deck, knocked over my extra supply of gasoline, got tangled up in the anchor rope, and broke my thermos bottle. For a moment I lost my head, dropped the line, and scrambled to the front of the boat. There I was in the front with the fish in the back and the motor running loose and taking me around in circles!

It wasn't until we passed McCormack's Island (the fish was back in the water by this time, just trailing along behind the boat) that I passed men working on the pier who could give me a hand. They killed the fish for me and threw it on the bottom of the boat. Taking no chances, I stood on the fish the rest of the way home, and every time it wiggled I stomped on it. We had it for supper that night. Betty said it would have tasted a lot better if I hadn't done so much stomping, but anyway, I caught a fish!

My days are very full and Betty's are too. My Monday Evening Bible Class is making considerable progress, and now that Sunday School supplies have arrived we expect to be busy getting this work organized. I am planning to start a Boys' Club in the very near future for the sons of Naval personnel. I shall probably convert the old slaves' quarters on our property into a club house, and except for the difference in setting, I imagine that many of the experiences will take me back in memory to my own boyhood.

Christmas is right around the corner, and although a Bermuda Christmas won't have any of the associations that have always been dear to me, it will be a new experience at least. And so, to each and everyone of you, we say, "A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS."

—Frederick.

"I received your card telling me that my subscription has expired, and I can do without some things but hope I will always have a dollar for Kitchen-Klatter when the time comes to renew. I keep all of them and read them over and over again."—Mrs. H. E. Barton, Butler, Mo.



Mrs. Gerald Tripp, Ann, and Janet, of Ames, Iowa, and I. They visited us this past summer.



Christmas is made up of many, many things, but the finest gifts in the finest homes can still leave little children with an empty feeling unless they've had the priceless joy of helping mother bake and prepare the holiday food. This is the time to forget little fingers that pry into pans and little voices that beg for just one more taste. Gather the children in the kitchen, bring the baby's high chair close to the table, tack this page of recipes up in front of you, and embark on what can be the most wonderful experience of all—getting ready for Christmas.

MASTER RECIPE FOR CHRISTMAS COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 3 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Cream shortening, add sugar gradually while creaming. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition. Add vanilla. Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add to creamed mixture and stir well. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill overnight. Roll a small amount of dough at a time to 1/4 inch thickness. Cut out and bake on greased cookie sheet in a moderate oven for 15 minutes. Decorate when cool.

FRUIT STICKS

- 3 egg yolks
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup chopped raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped prunes
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 3 egg whites, beaten

1/2 cup chopped candied fruit peel
Mix the egg yolks and sugar. Add the remaining ingredients. Mix lightly and pour into a shallow greased pan. Bake for 25 minutes in a moderate oven. Cut into bars and roll in powdered sugar.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

RAINBOW TIDBITS

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 Tbls. butter
- Vegetable coloring
- 2 qts. salted popped corn
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla

Cook sugar, water and butter until it spins a thread. Remove from fire, add vanilla and just enough vegetable coloring to give syrup a soft tint. Pour over popcorn and stir until every kernel is coated and separated. Make three batches—one might be pink, another a soft green, and another pale yellow. When cool, mix together and serve in a white bowl.

SUGARLESS FUDGE

- 2 7-oz. packages semi-sweet chocolate pieces
- 1 oz. square bitter chocolate
- 1 14 oz. can sweetened condensed milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- Pecan halves

Melt chocolate in double boiler over boiling water. Stir in condensed milk and continue cooking until thick (about 5 minutes). Add vanilla. Pour into buttered 8-inch pan, press pecans into top, and chill until firm. Cut and keep in cool place.

PRALINES

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 3 Tbls. corn syrup
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 cups white sugar
- 3/4 cup condensed milk
- 2 tsp. maple flavoring
- 1 1/2 cup pecans

Mix all ingredients except nuts and cook to soft ball stage. Cool. Add 1 cup nuts, 1/4 tsp. salt and beat vigorously until stiff and creamy. Drop rapidly from spoon on to a greased sheet in patties about 4 inches in diameter. Put rest of pecans on top of pralines. Wrap in oiled paper.

RAISIN CLUSTERS

- 1/2 lb. sweet chocolate
- 1/2 cup sweetened condensed milk
- 1/4 tsp. vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup seedless raisins
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Melt chocolate over hot water. Remove from fire. Add milk, salt, flavoring and raisins. Stir until mixture thickens. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to waxed paper.

THE BETTER PART

Her days are filled with many simple chores,
Small tasks that merge, unnoticed, in the sum
Of all it takes to build a home indoors
And shield her family when night is come.
The world will never glorify her name,
Nor even note her day is very full,
No accolade will grant her sudden fame
For homely tasks so humble and so dull.
And yet her busy mother hands have wrought
With gentle kindness and with loving care
A greatness she has never dreamed nor sought,
A truer greatness than the vain would dare.
Her hands are willing servants of her heart;
Her tool is love; hers is the better part.

—Florence Jansson

WHITE POPCORN STICKS

- 5 qts. popped corn
- 1 cup coarsely chopped black walnuts
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup light corn syrup
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Pick over corn, spread in flat pans and keep hot and crisp in oven. Heat sugar, syrup and water, stirring until sugar is dissolved; then, without stirring cook until a few drops will form a medium-hard ball in cold water. Add salt, vinegar, vanilla and boil until it will form a very hard ball. Mix the nuts with the popped corn. Gradually pour on syrup, stirring and mixing well. When cool enough to handle, rub butter on your hands and shape popcorn into sticks.

TURKISH PASTE

- 5 Tbls. gelatin
- 1/4 cup hot water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup honey
- 3 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup finely chopped nuts

Soften gelatin in cold water for 5 minutes. Bring hot water, sugar and honey to boiling point. Add salt and softened gelatin. Stir until the gelatin has dissolved, and simmer for 20 minutes. Remove from the fire and when cool add 1/2 cup orange juice, 3 Tbls. lemon juice, and either a little green coloring and mint flavoring, or red coloring and almond flavoring. Stir in chopped nuts and allow mixture to stand until it begins to thicken. Stir again before pouring into a wet pan; have the layer of paste about an inch thick. Let stand overnight in a cool place. Dip a sharp knife into boiling water, cut the candy into cubes and roll in powdered sugar.

CAN'T FAIL CARAMELS

- 2 cups white sugar
- 1 cup corn syrup
- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup cream
- 1 cup milk
- 4 tsp. vanilla

Combine all ingredients except vanilla. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until sugar is dissolved. Cook to soft ball stage, remove from heat, add vanilla and pour into a greased pan. This makes a large batch.

REFRIGERATOR FRUIT CAKE

(Fine for your December club meeting)

- 1 cup chopped marshmallows
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 2 Tbls. chopped orange peel
- 1/2 cup currants
- 1 cup thick cream
- 1/4 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 lb. graham crackers
- 1/2 cup chopped raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped citron
- 2 Tbls. chopped candied cherries

Combine marshmallows and cream. Let stand 30 minutes. Add remaining ingredients. Mix thoroughly. Pack in molds lined with waxed paper. Let stand in refrigerator 12 hours or more. Serve with whipped cream.

EGG NOG

- 3/4 cup of sugar
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 4 cups scalded milk
- 1/2 tsp. vanilla
- nutmeg

Beat 1/2 cup sugar, egg yolks and salt until lemon colored. Pour milk into egg mixture gradually. Chill, then add vanilla. When ready to serve, make a meringue of egg whites and remaining sugar. Fold into chilled mixture. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Serves 8.

HOLIDAY BREAD

- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup currants
- 1/4 cup chopped candied citron
- 2 Tbls. chopped candied cherries
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup corn syrup
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 cup melted shortening

2 Tbls. chopped candied lemon peel
Sift together flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Add fruits and nuts. Beat egg, add syrup, milk and shortening. Add to flour mixture, stirring only enough to moisten flour. Pour into well greased loaf pan and bake in moderate oven about one hour.

Order a set of Kitchen-Klatter Cook Books—price \$1.00.

OLD ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING
(Very old and very good)

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup dark molasses
- 1 cup sweet milk
- 1 cup chopped seeded raisins
- 2 cups of seedless raisins
- 1 cup butter
- 2 cups ground dry bread crumbs
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder

Sufficient flour to make a stiff dough.

Fill four one-pound coffee cans three-fourths full and steam for three hours. (If you have a pressure pan, steam for 50 minutes.) Just before serving, steam in the can for one-half hour. Will keep in cool place for several months. Serve with whipped cream or hard sauce.

**FRUIT BALLS**

Wash and dry 1 cup prunes and 1 1/2 cups raisins (figs, apricots or dates may be substituted for part or all of the prunes or raisins). Grind through meat chopper, using medium knife. Add 1/2 cup chopped nut meats and mix well with 1 Tbls. lemon juice and a few grains of salt. Make into balls, 1 rounded Tbls. of mixture to a ball, and roll in sugar. Store in a tin box or tight jar.

PEANUT CLUSTERS

- 1/2 cup dark corn syrup
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 1 Tbls. vinegar

Mix above ingredients and cook until soft ball stage. Add 2 Tbls. butter; pour over 2 1/2 cups shelled roasted peanuts. Mix quickly. Drop by tablespoons on greased surface. Makes 20.

CHRISTMAS PREPARATIONS

Get your Christmas spirit out,
Ready to make merry;
Polish up each kind impulse,
Bright as the holly berry.
Sweep your mind's hearth spic and span;
Lay a fire of laughter,
Logs of cheer enough to last
The whole year coming after.
Make a feast of thoughtfulness,
Faith and high resolve;
And hang your heart, a glowing star,
To light the board with love.

—Marion Doyle.

FROM A FARM WINDOW

By Hallie M. Barrow

This is December, the month which changes overnight the drab woods and fields of November into a white world of glistening snow; mittens and overshoes around the stove; sleds and skates on the back porch; an early butchering of just one hog to have fresh meat until the real butchering; corn popping in the evening and long hours for reading and listening to the radio; the last drawing of cider; the quilting frames set up; and hours to enjoy the finest scenery that Nature gives us in her repertoire of four pageants.

Although folks traveling in cars nowadays just don't have time to see a snowstorm! Did you ever travel in a wagon bed on sleigh runners? And have you ever heard merrier music than that put out by the sleigh bells as the horses trotted? Always I've remembered what my mother said as we passed trees loaded down with the weight of the snow.

"See the hardwood trees," she'd point out. "They are rigid and soon their branches will crack off with the snow's weight. But the pines—they are adaptable! They sway and move in rhythm to the snow and their branches shed the burden; just like folks—don't be obstinate and rigid in your thinking, don't fight your burdens, but adapt yourself to adverse situations as do the lovely pines."

When we made this annual sleigh ride to my grandfather's farm on the day before Christmas, one anticipated joy was the smells which wafted out as the kitchen door was opened. Ventilators were not then put over stoves to carry off the cooking odors, and some of the joy of Christmas came from smelling all of the delicious food that was on hand. For Christmas Eve the menu was always baked rabbit with raised biscuits, and nothing has ever tasted better.

Christmas is the time when we remember others who may not have fared so well in their year's harvest. Just a week before it's time to make new resolutions for a better life and a better world we are given Christmas week as a last chance to fulfill our previous set of promises to ourselves. Even if we have failed all through the year to extend brotherly love and do our part towards promoting peace and good will, we have Christmas to make amends.

One of the nicest Christmas observances which ever came to my notice in a very small town was that where all the ladies under 65 joined together and gave a Christmas dinner to all the men and women over 65 in their community. It was given in a church basement the day before Christmas, and unless you had attended this dinner you could never believe what wonderful happiness and joy it gave these older people to be honored and remembered. The glow of their happiness surely spread out over many, many long winter days.

May all of you have a very happy Christmas, and may it be happier because of the fact that you have shared with someone more needy than you.

LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Today is the first day of November, a cold rainy day outside, but so cozy and warm and comfortable inside that I feel right in the mood for writing letters—and first on my list is my letter to you.

October was such a beautiful month this year, or maybe it just seemed especially so to me because it is my favorite month of the year anyway, and then to have been able to spend it with the timber all around me in all its glorious fall splendor—well, I felt happy and elated all month.

I told you in my last letter that we were expecting lots of company while the trees were so lovely. The first Sunday after I returned from Shenandoah two very dear friends of ours from there came to spend the week-end with us. In spite of the fact that the clouds were threatening all week-end, and we didn't get to spend as much time tramping around in the hills as we had expected, we had a grand visit, our first in nearly five years.

But the Sunday following, Lucile and Juliana spent the day with us, and we couldn't have asked for a more perfect day. This was Lucile's first real trip to see us since we moved in last May. She had come up with the folks one other Sunday just before we moved in. It was warm and beautiful, one of those cloudless days when everything looks so brilliant. After a good fried chicken dinner, we spent the afternoon driving slowly around the countryside looking for bittersweet to take to Russell who had to stay home. Some friends of Lucile's who were driving on through to Grinnell to spend the day had graciously offered to drop her off at Lucas, and since they had three children of their own Russell thought it would be a little crowded if he came too. We hope he will be able to come next time.

Last Sunday Mother, Dad and Aunt Helen came for the day. Mother, as usual, came with a basket of good food, and Aunt Helen brought us some lovely chrysanthemums which she arranged for me while she was here. She also brought us some little bulbs to set out around the house, to beautify our yard next Spring. As soon as we had had our dinner, she and Kristin went out and looked around to find just the right spot to plant them. They covered them up carefully with leaves, and as soon as they had driven away that evening just before dusk, Kristin said she was going outside and take the leaves off so she could see how much they had grown. After a long and careful explanation, she was satisfied to leave them alone until the snow has come and gone.

Aside from all our guests, we have had a busy month, and an interesting one for me. Frank planted quite a bit of cane last Spring and while I was in Shenandoah it was ready to be stripped. I was sorry I missed out on this because I wanted to learn about sorghum from the start to the finish. Frank just laughed and said I should be glad I got out of stripping it, but I wasn't glad. The results

were a joy though, because we got gallons of wonderful golden delicious sorghum, the most I had ever seen in my life. Of course it was much more than the Johnson's and we could possibly use, so we have been selling it. People who bought it were so pleased with it that they sent their friends to us and it has been going like hot cakes.

Besides all the sorghum we can use, we also have all the honey we can use, so I guess we won't have to worry much about the sugar shortage this winter. One day last summer Frank had been out walking through the timber looking things over and when he came in he announced that he had found several bee trees which he would cut this fall. So one cold and drizzly day last week he and his uncle took their bee smoker and went out to cut the trees. They cut two and brought in several buckets of comb. Frank's aunt had taken care of honey before so the next day I went to her house and we sorted the comb and strained out six gallons of honey. But this isn't the end of the story, because right this minute they are out cutting two more trees, so you know exactly what I will be doing tomorrow. My, but I feel rich with all this sorghum and honey to cook with.

I know that many of you have started picking corn. We began picking ours last week. I hadn't thought much about picking corn, I guess just because I knew it wasn't expected of me, but when Frank broke a small bone in his wrist a few weeks ago which I knew was going to slow him up considerably, I asked if I might help. He wasn't very enthusiastic about it at first. I don't know if it was because he thought I couldn't or if he thought I shouldn't, but he finally said I could go out half-days if I really wanted to. So I began picking corn the next day. The first three days I was pretty tired at night and a little stiff in the mornings, but now I'm used to it and eagerly wait for the next afternoon to roll around so I can go out again. It has really been fun working with him all afternoon and I can certainly understand now why so many women help their husbands pick corn. Of course we have had lovely weather to pick corn, it was just nice to be outside, and if it gets very cold before we finish, I may change my tune a little, but I don't think so.

Kristin's favorite song of the moment is, "There's a Great Big Turkey Out on Grandpa's Farm", and I have to sing it no less than twelve times a day. I don't know what we are going to do about Thanksgiving this year, whether we will eat with the Johnsons or the Driftmiers. Last year the Vernesses ate a big turkey dinner with us in San Francisco, and we have asked them to eat with us again this year, but as yet our plans are indefinite.

After Thanksgiving it is less than a month until Christmas. Kristin has already made out a long list of things she wants Santa Claus to bring her but it varies with every day, so I expect Santa Claus will just use his own judgment. She talks a great deal about him, and I was surprised the

other day when she told me that last year she sat on his lap in a big store and cried because she wanted to suck her thumb and he wouldn't let her. I was surprised because it actually happened, she was just two and a half and we hadn't discussed it since. She seems to remember everything that happened last Christmas Eve, and knows exactly out of all her toys the ones Santa Claus brought her.

One of the things Kristin is looking forward to this year is the Christmas Tree because she is going out into the timber with Daddy to cut it down and bring it in. Always before we have just gone to the store and bought our tree, but this summer when Frank and I were walking through the timber one day we came across several little cedar trees just the right size for Christmas Trees, and we decided then and there that we would make a big occasion out of cutting our tree and bringing it in to decorate. I have our name on a list for some Delco Christmas tree lights and I certainly hope they get some in and that they don't run out before they get to our name.

I have been so engrossed in my letter writing that I have let the fire go almost completely out and not only that but the woodbox is almost empty. So, I'll say goodbye for now, stir up the fire and fill the woodbox before it gets dark.

Sincerely,
Dorothy



"Hello, Granny, this is Kristin."

I do not find my daily grind . . . As dull as it might be . . . Because each day by telephone . . . Kristin talks to me . . . She tells me how she feels and what . . . She dreamed the night before . . . And all that Mommy plans to buy . . . when they go to the store. . . . She tells me she is washed and dressed. . . . And all prepared to play. . . . And she will take her nap when she . . . Has put her lunch away. . . . Of course she always lets me know. . . . That She could use a toy. . . . Or that some gum or candy would. . . . Provide a world of joy . . . But I am truly grateful to . . . Kristin on the phone. . . . Because she makes me happy and . . . I never feel alone.

—James J. Metcalfe.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE LOVELIEST THINGS OF CHRISTMAS

By Maxine Sickels

All of the other holidays of all the long year may call for gay new stories, but Christmas, the oldest of them all, calls for the old, old stories.

And this, my dear children, is one of the oldest of them all. It is so old that my Mother heard it first at her Mother's knee; I heard it first from my Mother as we baked the Christmas cookies, trimmed the Christmas tree or picked out nuts for Christmas goodies. Then I told it to my boys as we got all the other things ready for our Christmas. And now I'll tell to you.

Long ago and far away a family was getting ready for Christmas. They were doing all of the things that are done at your house and at mine for Christmas.

Father and the boys brought in wood for the fires. They brought in green boughs of fir, spruce, and hemlock for wreaths and mantels. They brought the Christmas tree and had it ready and waiting for its place in the parlor.

Mother washed windows and cleaned floors. She swept and scrubbed and dusted. She washed and ironed and hung fresh curtains. She was making sure everything would be shining clean when Christmas came.

Big Sister helped her. They made fruit cake and Christmas cookies. They made wreaths of Christmas greens, and they made the whole house gay with green and red and silvery white.

Little Sister helped too. She cracked nuts and washed raisins. She mixed and stirred and tasted. (She liked the tasting best, of course.) She ran upstairs and down, taking this and bringing that.

At last it was the week before Christmas and the Christmas tree stood in its special corner. Every day the children added something new to its shining decorations and every night they thought it was more beautiful. Finally, everyone said it was just right from the shining star at the very tip-top right up next to the ceiling right down to the darling little village that was half-hidden under the green branches.

Even Goldie, the fluffy yellow kitten, was delighted and kept patting the shiny balls with her soft paws. Toby, the little black and white terrier, was tickled over the ropes of cranberries and popcorn and had to be scolded a little for making rushes at them.

Yes, it was quite perfect. Everyone said so.

Everyone except the spiders who had run away to the attic to escape from the broom and the mop and the

dustcloth.

"Why can't we see the tree?" asked the little spiders of the big spiders.

"I guess you can, just this once," said the big spiders. "But you must be very careful and leave everything just as you find it."

So down the attic stairs went the spiders, little spiders, middle-sized spiders, big spiders. They went down the attic stairs, down the hall stairs and right in the room where the Christmas tree stood.

Then what do you think? They crawled all over the Christmas tree, touching and looking, touching and looking. When the last little spider had crawled down and gone scooting back to the attic the Christmas fairy came along.

The Christmas Fairy was ready to cry. There was that lovely tree all covered with old gray spider-webs. It was dingy and dirty and not nice at all. So do you know what the Christmas Fairy did? Well, she reached out her wand and changed all of those spider webs to silver and gold!

You never saw such a beautiful tree in your life. All of the family said so when they saw it on Christmas morning. "It's the loveliest, loveliest tree of all," they cried, and they didn't know that it was so beautiful because of the spiders!

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure and don't forget,
The dear little dimpled darling
Has never seen Christmas yet.
But I've told her all about it
And she opened her big blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understood me
She looked so funny and wise.

Dear, what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then for the baby's Christmas
It will never do at all,
Why Santa wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what we'll do for the baby,
I've thought of the very best plan;
I'll borrow a stocking from Grandma,
The longest that ever I can.
And you'll hang it by mine, dear
mama,
Right here in the corner so!
And write a letter to Santa
And fasten it to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking
That hangs in the corner here,
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year.
But she's just the bluest baby,
And now before you go
Just cram her stocking with goodies
From the top clean down to the toe."



Eugene Hokeness, Rushmore, Minnesota.

Old Santa Claus is coming,

I met him on the road,
He's driving eight swift reindeer,
And he's brought a mighty load
Of candy, nuts and toys

For all good girls and boys.

WINTER BOUQUETS

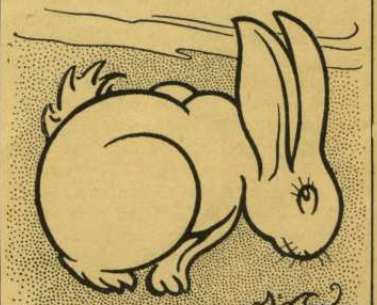
As you walk home from school, look along the roadside for materials with which to make a winter bouquet. At the drug store you can buy tubes of gold and silver paint and a small brush. What fun you can have painting some of the things that you see along the roadside. I am sure that your teacher will be glad to have a bouquet for the school room too.

CAKLE-TO-CAKLE: Form a circle. "It" will point at a player saying "Cackle-to-Cackle". The player pointed out must say "Meow" before it completes saying "Cackle-to-cackle". If he does not, he will be It.

TURN-AROUND TALES TWO-IN-ONE STORIES FOR THE KIDDIES

BY NELSON WHITE

In our little Zoo today
We have the cutest bunny-
But turn him upside down and see



NELSON
WHITE

A pelican so funny



THAT OLD CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

By Lois Shull

I stand back and gaze admiringly at the beautiful display of gaily tied packages on my dining room table. It's only the first of December and I have all of my Christmas gifts finished and wrapped! Frankly, I feel a bit smug at my accomplishment for it's the first time I've ever been so far-sighted. Every year previously I've been just ready at this time to begin the mad scramble of shopping for Christmas presents.

It was after last year's frantic last-minute rush that I vowed it would never happen again. All the past months I've sewed, embroidered, crocheted and knitted. I've looked leisurely through the stores and picked up appropriate gifts here and there. Every name on my list has been checked off. Every gift is tied in bright paper and ribbons. All the packages that are to be mailed are boxed, wrapped in brown paper and addressed. Even my Christmas cards are ready to be dropped in the mail box, and there's been time for a bit of a note on most of them. I must admit it's an accomplishment!

I feel a warm glow of happiness and go gaily about my work the rest of the day. But as the days go by there seems to be something lacking. Everyone I meet is talking of nothing but Christmas. They bewail the lack of time left to finish their shopping. They tell tales of hectic trips to town, of looking and looking for various items that simply aren't to be found. They say there's no use at all to attempt to find a definitely planned gift for anyone. You just have to substitute and take what you can get. Why, in most of the stores the counters are almost bare, they wail! I haven't the heart to mention that my shopping is done. In fact there isn't much I can say in answer to them, except to sympathize and agree that it's bad.

The more I hear of this disconsolate talk, the more I begin to wonder why it should be so. What's the object of such a strain on everyone? It's this way every year. People practically knock themselves out buying gifts for the members of their families and for friends. Then when Christmas is over and the wrappings are gathered up and the gifts put away, what has been gained by anyone? Surely this isn't the Christmas spirit. If one can't give gifts that are bought or made specially for each person, and selected calmly and given from the heart, what comes of this Yuletide custom? I'm beginning to feel quite low as I stand on the sidelines and realize that heretofore I've been one of this frantic mob.

It's barely a week before Christmas

that my youngsters ask if I'll take them to town to buy their gifts. It makes me ashamed to realize that I've not had them prepare their presents ahead as I've done. Am I going to let them grow up to become the kind of people who merely give because it's considered the correct thing to do? What sort of a mother am I, anyway? Well, no use to berate myself now. The harm is done this time but another year I shall see that they start planning their gifts early, too.

So we drive to town and hunt a long time for a parking space. Finally we give up getting close to the stores and have to walk several blocks to begin our shopping. My friends are right. The stores are jammed! And in the Dime store (which is necessarily the place my children have chosen for their destination) the counters are a mad jumble.

Once inside the store I'm asked politely if I'll let them do their shopping alone this year. Realizing with something of a shock that these infants of mine are growing up, I leave them as they ask, after making arrangements when and where we'll meet. So then I stroll about through the various stores, watching the pushing crowds and weary clerks. It's all very depressing.

Still, the longer I watch, the more I begin to notice a certain something that wasn't noticeable to me at first. It's a sort of glow in the eyes of even the most frantic persons. What can it be, I wonder? I step out onto the street and walk toward another store. It's getting dusk and the gorgeous Christmas decorations all up and down the Avenue have been lighted. It's breath taking! Christmas carols are wafted to me on the crisp, frosty air! I think I must be going mad till I notice the loud speakers on the corner and remember that each year the beautiful carols are played during this season. A mist comes to my eyes and something inside me is suddenly very happy. THIS is what brought the glow to the eyes of the tired shoppers. It's the Christmas Spirit which has been here all the time, but I hadn't noticed it at first.

It has been in the voices of my friends who were pretending to be so practical and rushed. And to think I almost missed it this year! Why must we all hide our emotions? We laugh as we watch a small child's joy over the wonders of the Christmas tree and all the surprises he can hardly wait for, when we feel more like crying. We swear it's all a terrible nuisance to do all that must be done each Christmas season and fuss and fume about it, when all the time we're loving it, inside ourselves.

My children come to meet me, scarves flying and packages about to slip from their arms. Their eyes are dancing with suppressed secrets and happy surprises to come. Yes, I see it all now. And I don't feel so lofty as I did the first of this month. Believe me, I'll not miss out on all the fun of last-minute shopping next year!

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter over KMA
—3:15 daily.

OVER THE FENCE

Do you have any old dolls around your house? It doesn't matter what they lack in the line of eyes, hair, or even legs—those dolls are important to the Camp Fire Girls of Omaha. Every year they renovate between four and five-hundred dolls and distribute them at Christmas time to little girls who would otherwise go without. Please look around your house, today and see what you can find to send this worthy cause. The address to which packages should be sent is: Mrs. Esther Bentley, 3822 S. 27th Street, Omaha 7, Nebr.

One of our friends sent a clipping the other day that I found interesting. It is a picture of the "Kitchen Klatter" band comprised of Farm Bureau women from Hardin County. There are thirteen women in this musical organization, and they are in demand for feature acts of programs in that area.

We heard something interesting the other day while our Kitchen-Klatter correspondent, Lucille Sassaman, was visiting us. She told us that her husband, who travels extensively, had made the remark that in all the states of the Union he was certain that Iowa had the most well-preserved homes that were occupied by the families who had built them originally. How long has your home been in the possession of members of your family? I'm curious to know if many of you are still living in the old family home, so mention it when you write to me if you think about it.

Those of you who attended the American Royal Horse and Live Stock Show in Kansas City at some time between October 18th and 26th, may not have realized that your hostess was our correspondent, Hallie M. Barrow, who is with us every month now in her column "From A Farm Window."

All of Gertrude Hayzlett's countless friends will be sorry to hear that her son, Gordon, met with an extremely serious accident on Okinawa where he is stationed. A road collapsed underneath the gun carrier on which he was riding, and the injuries that he suffered will keep him hospitalized for many months.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Peace does not dwell in outward things
But in the mind must be,
And where it is, there is Good Will
For all Humanity.
Out from its home must radiate
The boundless rays of love
As light fell down on Bethlehem
From one bright star above.
If to us all might come the gift
Of peace this Christmastide,
Hate never more could enter in
And only love abide.

—Don Mills

A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

Tonight as I sat writing a letter to the folks in which I described my return trip by car to California, it occurred to me that perhaps some of you would enjoy hearing about it also. I had made the trip from Shenandoah to California, and California to Shenandoah several times before by bus and train, but this was the first time I had traveled such a distance by car. I had planned to return earlier than I did, but when I heard that a friend was going to drive out with two small children and needed help in driving and child care, I decided that I would wait a little longer and ride with her. Her husband bought a 17-cu. ft. box truck and moved the furniture, so it was planned that the truck should follow us in case we had car trouble. It was wise to plan for such emergencies, but fortunately we didn't have so much as a flat tire.

The children took to traveling like ducks take to water! I'm certain that I never dreamed the trip would be as simple as it was. And it is on this point that I want to dwell, for perhaps some of you are planning a long trip or vacation and feel a little doubtful about taking your children or fear they will make your trip more unpleasant than pleasant.

These youngsters with whom I traveled were three years old, and eighteen months. The younger child, a girl, was still taking two naps a day, and the boy his afternoon nap only. However, riding causes drowsiness and he soon was taking a morning nap also. The back seat of the car was loaded up to the level of the back of the front seat with suitcases, blankets, a folding playpen and crib mattress which fit into the pen. Of course this mattress was on top and served as a bed at nap time. One child was kept amused with toys in the front seat while the other napped on the bed in the back seat.

We carried a small picnic hamper of baby foods in the trunk, and this was easily within reach when we stopped for meals. As a result, meal stops were short and simple for we had only to open cans of baby food and have them heated when necessary. It saved time to give the three-year old baby food also, and we felt certain that we saved an upset stomach by filling it with such easily digested food rather than the heavy, not too-well prepared food which we encountered in restaurants.

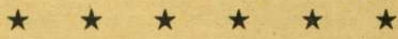
I think that we were very wise in driving only by day and stopping over in tourist camps by night. Every morning we felt rested and really ready for another full day of driving. Perhaps you will be interested to know that we had no trouble finding vacancies in tourist camps—and we had anticipated all kinds of difficulty! In fact, as we drove through the town in which we planned to stay we looked for the nicest camp and unloaded our small traveling suitcases, the playpen and mattress, and the hamper of baby food. It was as simple as that!

We took time out from our scheduled routine to make two little side

trips, one to the Painted Desert and the other to the Grand Canyon. Both of these places were truly the most magnificent and spectacular views of nature that I have ever seen. As I looked down into the Canyon I thought of something that J.B. Priestly, the English writer, once said. "Any man," he commented, "who is disappointed in the Grand Canyon will also be disappointed in the Judgment Day!"

I wish that I could go into lengthy detail about our experiences along the road for like any trip we had the funny things and the less amusing things between sunrise and sunset, but it is later than I had realized and since I must face another day of housecleaning tomorrow, it is high time that I went to bed. I hope to visit with you again soon and tell you what it's like to be a housewife in southern California these days.

Sincerely, Margery.



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM CALIFORNIA

By Gertrude Hayzett

Christmas comes but once a year, and to most of us it is the high spot of the whole year. Starting on December 26th, I begin looking for new things to make for the next Christmas, and here are a few of the ideas that have accumulated in my notebook. You may like some of them.

For some time the shops have been full of a new material that looks like print but is impregnated with some sort of plastic which makes it water repellant. It is so pretty and works up in many nice gifts. The first thing I used it for was an apron, one of the butcher type. One yard makes a nice apron, using strips cut from the edge for shoulder straps and pocket. They can be bound with bias tape but I just hemmed mine as I wasn't sure how the tape would wear. Besides, it would get soiled and have to be laundered, while the apron can be cleaned by washing off with a damp cloth. From some scraps left from the apron I made a flat bag to hold a powder puff in my purse.

Did you have a garden this year and did you save lots of seeds? Decorate several small envelopes with pictures cut from seed catalogs, or with snaps of your garden if you have them. Label and fill with seeds for a garden friend. How about some tiny cactus plants in ornamental pots for someone who collects cacti? You can get the plants at the dime store, and pots can be made from some of the small gourds you grew in your garden. Saw the top from the gourd and remove the seed section. Then saw a tiny slice from the bottom, just enough so the gourd will set flat. Bore a hole for drainage, fill with soil and set in the plant. The gourds should be thoroughly dry, of course, and they can be painted or varnished if desired.

Have you a couple of empty lipstick cases? Clean them thoroughly, and then with indelible ink label them "aspirin" and "soda mint" or whatever you wish. Make a cute little

case just large enough to hold them. They are handy to carry in the purse.

From the dime store get a package of correspondence cards and an envelope of gummed colored letters. Select the initials of your friend and put them on the corner of each of the cards. I am making several sets of these cards and some are to be decorated with small pretty designs cut from used greeting cards. They are very attractive.

A match box is a necessity around the house but as it comes from the store it isn't a very pretty accessory. Why not fix it? On the cover of any ordinary match box paste bits of colored paper, crazy fashion, with a pretty picture on top. (Be sure not to cover the narrow scratching strip on the side) or you could use a single piece of oilcloth, leather or plastic to cover the box. A set of small match boxes prettied up this way makes a nice gift for someone who entertains.

If you have a friend who irons many small garments, make her a pressing mitt. This is simply a mitten with one side very heavily padded. You slip your hand into the mitt and put it into the small sleeve or hard-to-get-at part with the padded side next the garment, and iron right over it. The padded side must be very thick so that heat from the iron won't burn the hand.

For your garden friend, to go with the seed packets, make plant tags of long slim pieces of wood or heavy cardboard. Write the name of the plant plainly on the tag with ink; then dip the whole tag in melted paraffin and let dry. They will last throughout the entire season.

Use up some of your odds and ends of yarn by weaving two squares on your small Weavit. Crochet them together on three sides and put a button or snap on the fourth side. Add a scallop around the whole thing and line if desired. It is just right to hold a compact.



FRONING at the sun, not at you. Don't taking me for a ride.

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 100,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate: 5¢ per word, \$1.00 minimum charge, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Your ad must reach us by the 5th of the month preceding date of issue.

FOR SALE: Print cover aprons, \$1.65. Also band aprons, \$1.35 plus postage. Mrs. J. G. Brand, 1217 10th Avenue S. W., Fort Dodge, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Appliqued tablecloth, 54x54, big red poppy in each corner, \$20.00. Bead doilies. Enclose stamp. Mrs. Ed Barnett, Mercer, Missouri.

YARN PEKINESE DOGS, large, \$2.50, small, \$1.90. All colors. Bibless aprons, \$1.10. Crocheted and embroidered articles for Christmas. Send stamp. Vera Lachelt, Janesville, Minnesota.

BEAUTIFUL PLASTIC BRACELETS with beaded, sequin trim at \$1.50. Hand-painted washable flower decorations on white handkerchief at 50¢. Place orders now before Christmas rush begins. Mrs. Eugene Frost, Naperville Road, Wheaton, Illinois.

BABY CLOTHES: Crocheted jackets, \$2.50; hoods, \$1.00; toeless slippers, \$1.00; soakers, \$2.00; mittens, 75¢; dresses, \$1.75; slippers, 75¢. Edith Moran, Woodburn, Iowa.

USEFUL CROCHETED GIFTS. Bath turtle with soap, 50¢; pitcher drip apron, 25¢; cross bookmark, 25¢, fine for Sunday School. Postpaid. Quantity prices. Mrs. H. Beichley, Gladbrook, Iowa.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS on 500 gummed labels. Use on stationery and envelopes. Nice for gifts. Price 25¢. Gertrude Haylett, 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California.

SALEM COOKBOOK, 536 best (signed) recipes by ladies aid. Also sugarless recipes. Spiral binding. Postpaid, \$1.00. Send orders to Graphic, Lake Mills, Iowa.

1946 HEALTH BOOKLET (nurse's viewpoint). Help for the person who finds it hard to reduce. (Not a diet schedule). Allergy-food sensitiveness. Gas forming foods. Nervous and Anemic. Vitamin importance and dangerous ONE explained. 30 health questions answered. 35 cents. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Iowa.

CHRISTMAS SHOP the easyway. Magazine Subscriptions. New, gift, and renewal orders taken for all magazines. Reliable service. Charlotte Belden, Rush City, Minnesota.

BEAUTIFUL NEEDLEPOINT. Two 12x16 1/2 chair cover 25x25. Write for price and description. Anne Eitzen, City Hospital, Owatonna, Minnesota.

WILL DO CROCHETING AND EMBROIDERY. Write to Mrs. Charles Bonte, 1325 Jackson Street, Topeka, Kansas.

ATTENTION: My 1946 supply of lovely gift aprons are ready. Order early. Half aprons, \$1.25. Bib style, \$1.50. Nadine Hughes, 1616 Champlain, Route 3, Ottawa, Illinois.

COMFORT TOPS, made from good quality feed sacks, \$2.50 each. State bed size wanted. Mrs. Loren Trullinger, Mount Airy, Iowa.

I'M STILL MAKING YARN PEKINESE DOGS for \$1.50 postpaid. Cardboard base covered with yarn. Send several color choices. Mrs. Glen Leipert, Corning, Ia.

KIDDIES ON THAT CHRISTMAS LIST? Buy a stuffed toy horse, waterproof material, just 79¢. Mrs. Harold Wieland, Dedham, Iowa.

KNITTED LACE made to order, send your favorite pattern with directions. State your wants, (but write first). Enclose stamp if you want pattern returned. Margaret M. Hansen, Aspinwall, Iowa.

APRON PATTERN, small or medium size, takes 3/4 yard material, 10¢ plus stamped envelope. Juliana Beyerink, Lidderdale, Iowa.

FOR SALE: 52x72 linen, cutwork, handmade tablecloth. Eight 12 inch napkins, \$50.00. Mrs. Donald Crist, Route 2, Salina, Kans.

YARN DOLLS for lapel ornaments, 25¢ each. Assorted colors. Mrs. Clyde Clement, Santa Fe, Missouri.

PIECED QUILT, FLOWER GARDEN PATTERN. Quilted, \$25.00. chenille flower corsage, centerpieces, vase, crystalline brooches, \$1.03. Crocheted flower baskets, \$3.00. 3¢ stamp for reply. Mrs. Chas. Gray, Westboro, Missouri.

CROCHETED TEA APRONS: lacey one, large pineapple design, white, small, \$2.00; medium, large, \$3.00, postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

INFANTS CROCHETED YARN BABY SETS, (bonnet, sweater, booties,) white with blue or pink, \$6.50. Hazel Ruch, Merville, Iowa.

PRETTY CROCHETED BABY BIBS with ribbon beading. White with pink or blue edge, price 75 cents. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Hull, Iowa.

CHRISTMAS BOUQUETS made up of bitersweet and will add Blue Berry Juniper branches if preferred, \$1.00 each postpaid. For smaller orders, add 1 dime for postage. Mary Echterling, Parnell, Missouri.

FOR SALE: Crocheted oval coffee table doilies, very lacy, \$1.50; crocheted buffet set, medium size, \$2.50; crocheted buffet set, large size, \$3.00; crocheted, 14 inch doily, fine thread, pretty pattern, \$2.00; crocheted 16 inch doily, heavier thread, same pattern, \$2.00; lunch cloth, 35 x 35, hemstitched in colored thread and some embroidered, \$1.75; small serving aprons, good material and rickrack trim, new pattern, \$1.50. Emma M. Stein, Dysart, Iowa.

YO-YO BEDSPREAD, large size, cotton material, \$25.00. No checks. Hosiery mended. 3 cents an inch single run. 10 cents minimum charge. Send cash with hose. Mary J. Saling, Winfield, Iowa.

HAVE A PRETTY HOUSE-DESS MADE by sending your measurements, 3 feed sacks, 3 buttons, and \$1.10. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, 1902 "T" Street, Belleville, Kans.

FOR SALE: Lovely crocheted bedspread, snowflake pattern. Price, \$30.00. Would make a nice Christmas gift. Mrs. Russell Otney, Barnes, Kansas.

WANTED: Old speaker in good condition, containing "Mrs. Smart Learns to Skate". Write stating price. Mrs. M. E. Bradwell, Floyd, Iowa.

LOVELY CHENILLE ORCHID CORSAGES: Leading colors, 65¢ each, two or more, 60¢ each. A few Crystalline Brooches left. Attractive colors, \$1.05; Freda Poverlin, 1700 E. Court, Beatrice, Nebraska.

SHUT-INS WHO WOULD LIKE FREE LISTING in new Sunshine magazine, send name, address, birth date, hobby and short description of self to Bessie Wilson, 445 South 28th, Lincoln 8, Nebraska.

FOR SALE: Chenille Bouquets for Christmas gifts. Iris, Tulips, and Sunshine Daisies, \$2.00. Crepe paper roses, \$1.00 per dozen. Mrs. Katie Fortune, P. O. Box 735, Storm Lake, Iowa.

APRONS: Especial print quilt block aprons, \$1.00. Print pot holders, 15 cents each. Nettie Fudge, 600 N. D., Indianola, Ia.

FOR SALE: Pinafore doll dress dish cloth, 50¢. Cabbage rose dish cloth, \$1.25. Ivory with red trimming. Mrs. W. J. Oostenink, Hull, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Shell Jewelry Brooches, \$1.00, safety clips. Earrings, 50¢. Matched sets or separate. Different colors. Necklace, bracelet, and earring sets made of Mother of Pearl hearts, 6 different colors, \$2.50 a set. Lillian E. Christiansen, Underwood, Iowa.

CROCHETED Aprons, chair sets, 1 hot pad, tatted baby shoes, edgings, doilies. Postage for information. Mrs. Chas. Wright, 601 North Pine Street, Creston, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Crocheted pineapple chair set, \$3.00. Many other crocheted pieces. Infant dresses, embroidered and lace trimmed, \$3.00. Mary Tjaden, Camp Point, Illinois.

CROCHETED, lovers knot, wool, fascinators. Straight ones, large size, 3.50. Triangular, \$2.00 and \$3.50. Give two color choices. Mrs. W. J. Rosenbaum, 915 Virginia, Sioux City, Iowa.

GRAB BOXES, \$1.00 to \$25.00 of crocheted and embroidered articles. Novelty crocheted cup and saucer, 50¢. Vera Lachelt, Route 3, Janesville, Minnesota.

CROCHETED APRONS, pineapple design, \$3.00 and \$4.00. Potholders, 50¢. Would like other crocheting. Edna Hintz, St. Mary, Nebraska.

LOVELY PERFUMED NECKLACES! Send self addressed stamped envelopes, 50¢ in coin for instructions. Make charming gifts. Julia F. Haskell, Reynolds, Nebr.

PRINT APRONS, bib style, \$1.10; tie around, 75¢. Pot holders, print, 15¢ each. Mrs. Alfred Winters, Route 1, Des Moines, Iowa.

SEWING MACHINE DARNER FREE— Send only \$1.00 for two 50¢ Boxes of Crysto Magic Cleaning Crystals and receive free the radio advertised sewing machine danner. All sent to you Postpaid on Money back Guarantee. Supply limited. Order now from Martin Enterprises, Shenandoah, Iowa.

PILLOW CASES FOR SALE. A number of different patterns with beautiful crocheted medallions set in. Send a stamped envelope for price and designs. Mrs. Mae Graves, 330 South Grand, Chariton, Iowa.

CROCHETED POT HOLDERS, each with a different colored flower, lovely gifts, 3 for \$1.00. Mrs. Kermit Chapman, Gassaway, West Virginia.

FOR SALE: Two dozen extra fancy dish towels, 50 cents each. Will fill orders anytime during the year. Mrs. Fred Hallik, Pawnee City, Nebraska.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT SHE'LL LIKE. Beautiful pins made from small sea shells, \$1.25 each. Earrings to match, 75 cents. Earrings alone, one dollar. Mrs. M. J. Young, 603 E. Yerby, Marshall, Missouri.

CROCHETED APRONS IN TWO COLORS. Shell pattern, \$2.45. Kitchen aprons, \$1.10. Crocheted parka hoods. Small aprons, 75¢. Mary Wirth, Route 4, Newion, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Yarn dogs, lying down, 10 inches long, \$2.50 each. Brown, black, white pink, with ribbon bow. Edna Waldron 208 10th Avenue, Council Bluffs, Ia.

HEAD OR NECK SCARF: Crocheted or woven, beautiful colors, finest wool yarn direct from mills, \$2.00. Baby jackets white baby wool, pink or blue trimming 2 months to 2 years, \$3.50. Pillow case rose medallions, 6 for \$2.00. Mrs. Harp Copenhaver, Plainfield, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Trimmed bib aprons, back straps, figured material, small, medium, large, \$1.10 each. Light, dark. Mae Bugbee, Jamaica, Iowa.

FOR SALE: 3 embroidered dish cloths, \$1.00. Rose pot holders, 2 for \$1.00. Others, three for \$1.00. Chenille chrysanthemums, 2 for \$1.00. Pearl Wolfe, 305 N. Y. Avenue, Creston, Iowa.

COMBINATION SPECIAL: Ten lovely Christmas cards, each with envelope. Your name neatly printed on each card, or any wording not over 35 letters. Also one box fine stationery; matching envelopes, each printed with your name and address. All mailed you postpaid for only \$1.00. Order NOW. Midwest Stationery Service, Dept. L-2, 1024 Quincy, Topeka, Kansas.

CROCHETED DOILIES: Swirl pattern, 14 inch, fine thread, 16 inch, heavier thread, both \$2.00 each. Buffet set, white, hemstitched cloth center with colored crocheted pansy, good size pieces, \$3.00. Stamped addressed envelopes on inquiry. Emma M. Stein, Dysart, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Black walnut meats, \$1.00 pound. Sage, 25¢ ounce, leaf or ground, postpaid. Mrs. John Sattler, Fort Atkinson, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL WHITE DOTTED SWISS APRONS, with bib and trimmed, \$1.50. Pillow cases, good tubing, \$4.00. Matching scarfs, \$2.00. Crocheted spitz dogs, \$1.25 and \$2.50. Pretty little girls dress and bonnet sets, crocheted of all wool, \$5.00. Pansy doilies, \$1.00. Mrs. G. M. Page, Box 574, Boone, Iowa.

LOVELY LITTLE CROCHETED HOODS and helmets with mittens to match, 100% wool, any color, angora trim, 1 to 3 years. \$4.25 set, postpaid. Vesta Whitehead, 215 E. 3rd, Washington, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL, 12 inch crocheted pansy doily, different colors, \$1.50 each. Edging doily different kind. Mrs. Lillian Stilts, Hardyville, Kentucky.

FOR SALE: Black Curley Mohair Coat, size 44, 100% wool. Silkolene quilted lining never worn, \$25.00. Mrs. John Buhs, Dexter, Minnesota.

FOR SALE: Infants crocheted sweaters, \$1.50. Crocheted shoes, 75¢. Knit wool soakers, \$1.25. Knit booties, \$1.00. Zelma Kritner, Sterling, Nebraska.

NOVELTY WOODEN SALT AND PEPPER SHAKERS, for collectors. Crescent and Star pair, 60¢. Christmas Bell pair, 60¢. Christmas tree pair, 60¢. Miniature map of Iowa, hand painted, 60¢. Noah's Ark, set, 75¢. Wauweta Slaughter, Silver City, Ia.

CROCHETED: All wool afghan, many colors, 54x72, \$30.00. Pot holders, 3 for \$1.00. Baby shoes, \$1.00. Mrs. Charles R. Snow, 2608 E. Douglas, Des Moines 17, Iowa.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS: Clothespin bags resembling girls dress, hanger included, \$1.25. Stuffed toys from plastene material, \$1.00. Immediate delivery. Marcelene Conner, 106 North Third, Indianola, Iowa.

GIFTS: Yarn dogs, \$1.25. Handkerchief aprons, \$1.25. Plastic aprons, 50¢. Orchid corsages, 75¢. Chenille rose, 50¢. Glida Palmer, Derby, Iowa.

TO REMOVE YELLOW CAST ON REFRIGERATORS, send 11¢ for information. Mrs. M. I. Meyers, Route 3, 316 S.E. Diehl Avenue, Des Moines 15, Iowa.

FOR CHRISTMAS: Add distinction to your Christmas cards by embossing your name in Gold, Silver, or Copper with "Golden Ray" processing kit. Simple to use. Send \$1.00 to E. H. Lindgren, Axtell, Nebr.

FOR SALE: 18 inch, "Star of India", doilies, No. 20, \$5.00. Mrs. Henry Dorman, 209 West 21st Street, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

SMALL CHRISTMAS STOCKING, mending kit, for envelope Christmas gifts, purse or workbasket, 35¢ and 3¢ stamp; crocheted rick-rack pot holders, \$1.00 per pair. Erma Jackson, Sanborn, Iowa, Box 554.

COVERALL PRINT APRONS, \$1.00. Everyday embroidered pillowcases, \$1.00. Print luncheon cloth, 48 inch square, \$1.00. Mrs. Wm. Debus, Route 4, Manhattan, Kansas.

CROCHETED DARNING KITS with thread, \$1.00. Crocheted parrots for holders, 50¢. Crocheted flowered pot holders, 75¢. Clara Taylor, Early, Iowa.

PILLOW CASES. Made of white feed sacks and have hand embroidery on them. Only twenty pairs. \$2.00 a pair. Mrs. Louis Sieck, Route 4, Grinnell, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Embroidered dish towels, \$3.50 for seven. Gray tweed winter coat, in good condition, size 18, for \$5.00. Mrs. Therald E. Isaackson, Cottonwood, Minn.

RUFFLED DOILIES: White center with white and colored ruffle, 14 inches in diameter, \$1.50. Mrs. Ernest Marcum, Center, Kentucky.

FOR SALE: Hand made novelty gift packages, one 50¢ and three 20¢ items in each package. \$1.00 postpaid. Mrs. Charles H. Heller, Box 21, East Dubuque, Illinois.

DESIGNS OF THE MONTH. For only one dollar, you will receive one large hot iron transfer and one design for knitting, tatting, or crocheting each month for one whole year. Designs are exclusive and may not be obtained elsewhere. Send \$1.00 today to Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Ia.

BABY JACKET AND HOOD. Hand crocheted from soft woolen yarn in lovely medallion pattern. May have these in white, pink, or blue. Jacket, \$3.00. Set of jacket and hood, \$4.00. Mrs. Floy M. Lane, Stuart, Iowa.

LADIES LOOK! You can now order Capper's Weekly again. Will make a Christmas Gift to be remembered for 12 months! For 1 year \$1.50 or three years for \$3.00. A gift will be sent all who order for three years. All orders will be appreciated. Agent: Mrs. Irene Chase, Oakland, Iowa.

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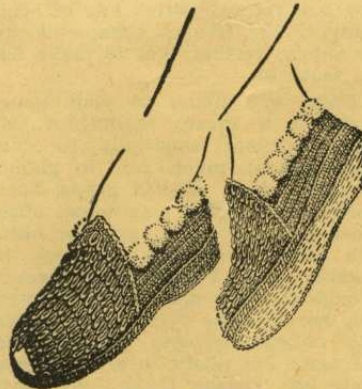
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Shenandoah, Iowa

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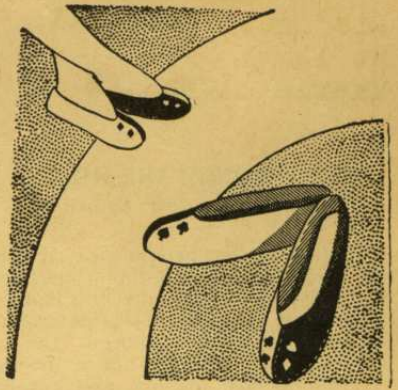
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This month we are able to offer you a pattern that will make a perfect Christmas gift. Number C628M, priced at 50 cents, brings you Felt Ballet Slippers cleverly designed and made for comfort. That difficult-to-find material, Felt, is furnished in generous quantity AND a supply of floss for embroidering clever designs is included. The felt is in colors of red, green and black.

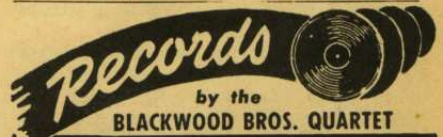
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"ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE"

By Mabel Nair Brown



Let the joyful Christmas spirit radiate from your home this Christmas tide so that all who are touched by its shining glow will feel themselves beloved and blessed. Forget the irritations and confusion of a hectic, hurried holiday season, and resolve that this year and ever after, you and yours will enjoy this season calmly and to the uttermost. Celebrate this Christmas with understanding, love and good will to share and to spare.

Give your front door a festive touch which will speak a silent "welcome" to all who cross your threshold. Of course one can use the traditional wreath and red ribbon, but why not a new touch? Cut a huge stocking from red oilcloth or red cloth and sew two sides together so the stocking will hold greenery. Fasten to the door with a bright red bow. If you have a large glass panel in the door, cut a large tree from green paper. Paste seals and stars on it for decoration and a large star at the top. Fasten to the door on the inside. You might use Bon Ami to write "Merry Christmas" on the glass across the top. And for a charming touch, make snowflakes to paste on your windows or door panels by cutting the little fairy-like shapes from lace paper doilies.

Now that we've come through the cheery doorway, let's look at the inside decorations. Have you wondered how to display your lovely Christmas cards? Paint or cover a large bulletin board in white. Tack greens around the edge and add touches of red ribbon or berries, or fasten on a few Christmas tree baubles. Then as your cards arrive, thumbtack them on the board. You'll find that your family and friends get genuine pleasure from looking at them.

We have a large cardboard Santa climbing down a chimney (our son made it in kindergarten) which we have used every Christmas to decorate one window. We pile cotton snow on the window sill and place Santa in place as if on a snow-covered roof. He gives the kiddies a cheery welcome as they come home from school, and as is expected, he's become another family tradition. If you use something like this, try dotting the window with bits of cotton to give the effect of falling snow.

Another traditional decoration at our house is the church scene on top of the piano. Cotton is used to make a heavy snowdrift from which a little country church peeps out. We made it years ago of white construction paper with "stained windows" of colored paper. Cotton snow is sprinkled on the roof. We place an ornament of Santa and his reindeer to glide down the snowdrift. A tiny artificial evergreen tree stands in the foreground.

Back of the church stands a huge California pine cone which I made into a candle holder and we place a tall silver candle in it. Plan such a scene, or the Nativity scene, for your piano or fireplace mantel. Your family will love it more with each passing year.

One of the most attractive of all decorations is placing the nativity figures on the mantel or, lacking these, artistic arrangements of greenery, pine cones and candles. Then suspend cut-out silver angels by strings from above so that they seem to hover over the scene.

Ornamental gourds and pine cones make beautiful decorations, especially if worked in with the traditional greens. Gay Christmas balls are adaptable for many festive touches too. For a table centerpiece, surround a large mirror with greens and then heap the Christmas balls in the center. Use fat white candles at either end, placing them in crystal holders with a red ribbon bow at the base. The effect of the gay balls in the candle light is breathtaking!

Have you ever made popcorn trees or chubby popcorn Santa Claus' or snow men by using your favorite popcorn ball recipe? Stick bits of bright candy to the tree as ornaments, and use candy, raisins, etc., to make Santa's features.

"From our house to your house" would be a lovely theme for your gifts this year, especially for farm folks. It's so much fun to glamorize your jellies, canned goods, home-grown apples, nuts, pine cones, bitter-sweet, pop corn, lard, eggs or butter with fancy wrappings for very acceptable gifts. I save small boxes all through the year and also buy several holly boxes at the Five and Ten. Then with cellophane, gay paper, ribbon and seals I'm ready to arrange some lovely gift boxes. If you give some friend a dozen eggs, place a bright seal on each egg! Eggs may seem like a very prosaic gift to those of us who live on farms, but you'd be astonished at the eagerness with which city people welcome honest-to-goodness fresh ones.

Another home-gift idea is to buy inexpensive dishes, casseroles or vases and fill them with fruit cake, cookies or nut meats from your kitchen.

Had you thought of saving up dainty, odd-shaped perfume bottles, etc. to give to some little girl for Christmas? Fill them with water of different colors and she can place them on the window sill of her bedroom where she can view them in the sunshine with delight.

I often raise sage and other seasonings, dry them and use them as gifts. The same goes for flower

seeds and bulbs. Add the holiday touch to your wrapping of these items and your friends will love them the more because they seem to be "just you" gifts.

This year will find many new homes having the first Christmas for our service boys and their brides. If there is such a home near you, why not run over with a few "Christmas" offerings from your house which can become "traditionals" for the new home? The true Christmas spirit is such that the more you share it, the more you have for yourself.

Merry Christmas to all and God Bless You Everyone!

CHRISTMAS GAMES

1. *Shoveling Snowflakes*: Place popped corn in a large pan. Give contestants a tablespoon and have each one dip into the pan with his spoon and carry the popcorn to a given place. After everyone has taken a turn, count the kernels each has carried to see who was the best "dipper-upper".

2. *Santa Claus Hunt*: Draw several large Santa Claus heads and paste on cardboard. Then cut them into quarters, or perhaps into eighths, cutting each head the same way. Hide the various pieces in easy places and at a signal turn your guests loose to see who can be the first to find all of the pieces for a complete Santa's head.

3. *Decorating the Tree*: Cut out a large green tree and hang on the wall. Give each blindfolded player a pretty seal which he is to stick on the tree as an ornament. A prize may be given to the one who places his ornament the most appropriately, such as a star at the top, a candle seal on a branch, etc.

4. *Greeting Race*: Make two sets of the letters in "Merry Christmas" by using heavy pasteboard. Divide the crowd into two groups and distribute a set of letters and clothespins to each group. String up two clotheslines, and then at the word "Go" see which side can be the first to get "Merry Christmas" pinned on the line.

5. *Musical Chairs*: The old-fashioned and much-enjoyed game of "Musical Chairs" can be used at your Christmas party if you ask the pianist to play carols for the music. Everyone knows these Christmas songs so well that there will be added suspense in waiting for the music to stop.

"I surely never want to miss Kitchen-Klatter as long as it is published. I enjoy it so much and can't see how it could be changed to improve it."—Mrs. Alvin A. Daeturler, Herington, Kans.