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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

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Number 12



"And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger."—St. Luke 2:15-16.

—Photo by Russell Verness

KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LEANNA



However far we wander
From friends who once were dear,
They are sure to be remembered
One season of the year.
For surely as the swallows
Fly northward in the spring,
Our hearts go back to old friends
When Christmas carols ring!

—Helen Field Fisher.

Dear Friends:

The above verse, written by my sister, Helen Field Fisher, has always appealed to me as one of the brief poems that manages to say what I really feel about Christmas and the opportunity it brings to get in touch once again with friends who are scattered far and wide.

When you reach your sixties you find that it means a great deal to turn back and find the school friends of your youth. Where they are living, what their experiences have been, and what they still hope to do is of deep interest to those of us whose roads parted long ago. I have the same feeling when I receive cards and letters from you friends who were busy homemakers with small children years back when I first started my Kitchen-Klatter programs. Now your children are grown and in homes of their own, and mine are too, so we've gone almost a quarter of a century together. I guess you might say that one of my favorite things about Christmas is the refreshing of old-time associations. It means a great deal to me.

This year we expect all of our children except Frederick to be with us on Christmas Eve. In some families Christmas morning has always been the high spot, but with us it has always been Christmas Eve. As long as I can remember we've had our tree then (with the exception of the year that I returned from the Kansas City hospital and it seemed wise to have our gifts in the morning), and unless something unexpected comes up that's what we'll do again.

Frederick, Betty and little Mary Leanna will have their holiday in Hawaii, and I imagine that at some time

during Christmas day they will see my nephew, Phillip Field and his wife and daughter. They were of great assistance to Frederick when he was trying to get the house fixed up for Betty's arrival, and a letter from Betty not long ago told what a good job they'd done. It seems that all of the groceries were in, the beds were made, and the entire house was pretty well furnished. Betty was particularly happy over a new stove and refrigerator, and since this is the first time that they've been able to have their own things, I'm sure that they are getting solid satisfaction from fixing up their home.

As yet we haven't received a picture of Mary Leanna that would make a good cut, but you can be sure that as soon as one arrives we will share it with you.

Elsewhere in this issue you will find a new picture of little Martin. As you can see, he has become a big, chunky boy, and I can honestly say that he's just as good-natured as he looks. His special formula is a thing of the past now, and he's on whole milk plus a wide variety of strained vegetables and fruits. When I see him put away a big meal it makes me remember the days when Kristin was that age and we felt cheerful if she took a tablespoon of anything and kept it down. We've certainly never had any reason to feel disheartened over Martin's progress.

A good many of you have asked from time to time what Howard does because of our occasional references to his being in town or out of town. Since a short period immediately following his return from overseas he has been employed by the May Seed Company, and it is his job to install and supervise the various pieces of machinery that they use in their seed-cleaning work. May's have a good many stores throughout this section of the country, so if we say that he is out of town it means that he is "on the road" for them.

Wayne and Abigail are finally through with the worst of their housing difficulties and are pretty well settled. The second floor of their house is an apartment and they lived upstairs while all of the work downstairs was being done. Now they have rented this apartment and are occupying only the downstairs, but they have

five rooms (all but one of them are large) so this gives them plenty of room. In some issue in the near future we want to get a picture of Abigail and her cocker spaniel, Copperhead—called Copper for short. Juliana thinks it's great sport to play with him.

Donald will be home for the holidays from his college work at Ames. His different courses in the engineering department keep him so busy that we don't hear from him too often, and I imagine that this is true of most of you who have GI sons in college.

Juliana spends a lot of time these days looking through the big mail order catalogs and deciding what she wants Santa Claus to bring her. She has a huge pink pig bank that holds her pennies, and I'm sure she's spent the contents of it a thousand times over in figuring out what she wants to get for everyone. The other day she asked me if I thought Kristin would like a big suitcase (she was studying the luggage section) and if Martin would be ready for a tricycle by the time Christmas arrived, but I discouraged both ideas as tactfully as I could.

Kristin and Dorothy haven't been able to get down very often and we haven't been able to get up there, but we are hoping for a good visit with them over the holidays.

Our fruitcakes are all made, and it's almost time to begin thinking about decorating cookies and making our Christmas candy. I'm halfway expecting a new stove one of these days and have sort of put off some of my baking in the expectation of having a brand new oven. I don't know just what Santa Claus has up his sleeve for me, but as far as I'm concerned a new stove would take care of the whole thing!

In looking ahead to next year I find a number of things that I want to have in our magazine, and one of these is a drawing of the floor plan of our home, Lucile's and Russell's home, and all of the others too if we can get them to sit down with pen and ink to make the sketch. So many of you have mentioned wishing you could visualize the arrangement of rooms that I thought perhaps the best way to do this would simply be to draw the floor plan. Unless something comes up to prevent it, I'd like to start this series of sketches in our next issue.

I have some mincemeat pies in the oven and my nose tells me that they are ready to come out, so I must get to the kitchen and take care of them. All of you know, I'm sure, that the Driftmier's wish you and yours a merry, merry Christmas—we hope that it will be the happiest holiday you've ever had.

Sincerely yours,

Leanna.

P. S. Because of the Christmas ideas we have for you this issue we have had to leave out part two of Mr. Driftmier's summer trip to the west coast and also several other regular features. These will appear in the January magazine.—L. D.

Come into the Garden

THE HOME OF THE HOLLY

By Mary Duncomb

For the past two holiday seasons our family has been the happy recipient of a huge box of English holly from Bellingham, Washington. Last Christmas the box contained a big, well-berried wreath, sprays of a smaller leaved more prickly variety, a beautiful red-berried variegated holly, and many sprays of a flat cedar known professionally as "florist's cedar," much different from the *Arborvitae* grown here.

This season in mid-summer we were entertained in the home from which this last box came, and were very much interested in seeing the trees and shrubs which had produced our gift. They were growing as ornaments in that yard, and not only in Bellingham but in all the country-side bordering Puget Sound it might well seem to be Christmas the year around, for in July red berries still adorned the holly trees. Many ornamental evergreens grew in every yard, and for snow one only had to look eastward to see the summits of Mt. Baker and Mr. Shuksan etched against the blue sky. To complete the illusion of Christmas we were told that mistletoe grew high up on the tall fir trees of the evergreen forests.

The fresh, moist air from the sound, coupled with the elevation and mild year-around climate, is favorable to the growth of English hollies. This is because the conditions are similar to those in southern England, the home of the English Holly.

Our friends showed us the tall shrubs from which they had gathered our holly. Some of the older specimens seen were not shrubs but large trees. The English holly, *Ilex aquifolium*, has very prominently toothed leaves which reflect the light to a marked degree. The red-berried branches are carefully cut so as not to mar the appearance of the tree, for they have a year-around beauty—green ones are developing while the branches are loaded with red berries.

These sprays are gathered during the early holiday season and stored until wanted in a cool, not too-dry temperature similar to the atmosphere where they grew.

There are also the Dutch holly, and the holly *myrtifolia*, a small-leaved variety of a pyramid type for foundation planting. To my way of thinking the choicest of the hollies is Holly Silver Queen, a tall variegated shrub growing in our friend's yard. As I looked at it I remembered with what delight I had lifted the beautiful sprays out of the box, the leaves so artistic with their variegated markings and the glistening red berries gleaming among them. I had never seen them before as they are not offered on the markets here.

Back in the distance toward the east the evergreen forest reminded us

of the countless Christmas trees celebrating Christmas every day. I wondered how any further decorating for Christmas could really be done when so much was already at hand, but I was assured that the streets are draped with holiday greenery just as they are back home on the prairie, and that the Christmas spirit is every bit as ardent.

Along this coastal area every effort has been made to utilize the extremely favorable weather and soil conditions to grow the most choice of evergreen shrubs. Some are tall and columnar, some are well-rounded little bushes, and some prostrate types are grown for rock gardens. All of these make a beauty spot out of every home, and there are few yards in which at least a few are not planted. There are also the variegated evergreen shrubs and those having a golden cast to their needles.

And now back home again at Christmas we love our holly all the more for the happy memories it brings to us of its native home far across the mountains on the shores of an ocean-borne atmosphere.

A merry Christmas to you all!

LET'S TALK ABOUT LILIES

By Olga Tiemann

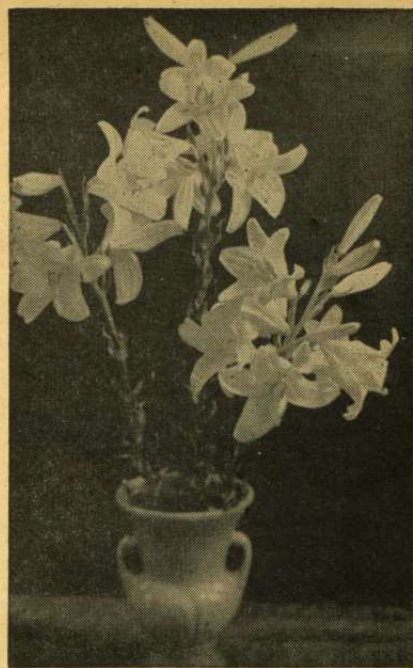
Part II

FLOWERS AND FOLIAGE

Perhaps one reason that we do not know more about the true Lilies is because we have them mixed up in our minds with other flowers. We have Daylilies, August-lilies, Mystery-lilies, Rain-lilies, Calla-lilies, Regal Lilies, Waterlilies, Trout-lilies, Red Russian Lilies, Plantain-lilies, and a host of other Lilies in our gardens, but how many of us know which are true Lilies and which are not? How can we tell?

First of all, they must possess certain botanical characteristics that place them in the genus *Lilium*—all those you can call Lily with a firm voice. For instance: The flower parts come in 3's or we might say in 6's. The petals and the 3 sepals are so nearly alike that we think of the blossom as having 6 petals or 6 segments. Each blossom has 6 stamens. If you have been calling a flower a Lily that has 3, 4, 5, 7 or more petals and stamens, you can be almost sure that it is not a true Lily. However, there are other plant families which have flowers with only 6 petals and 6 stamens, so we must look for other distinctive features.

A true Lily carries its seed ovary (the part that eventually becomes a seed pod if proper pollination takes place), inside the bloom or floral envelope, as it is called. Compare a Lily blossom with that of members of the Amaryllis Family such as the Hybrid Amaryllis (*Hippeastrum*) or the Mystery-lily (*Lycoris-squamigera*). Note how the tell-tale bulge which is



The Madonna Lily—Photo by Olga Tiemann.

the seed ovary is in a position outside and just below the blossom.

This may all appear very foolish, for if a plant looks like a Lily why not call it a Lily? It is all right if you know the difference. An apple is round and red. Because of these similarities is it all right to call it a tomato? Would culture methods for a tomato plant be successful in growing an apple tree?

Almost all the Lilies have leaves with parallel veins. They vary from the narrow grass-like foliage typical of the Coral Lily (*Lilium tenuifolium*) to the much wider leaves of the Madonna Lily (*L. candidum*). The leaves continue on up the stem of the plant and are topped by the blossoms. Compare these with the bare bud stems of the Waterlily (*Nymphaea*) or Rain-lily (*Zephyranthes*), neither of which is a true Lily. To make it all very interesting and surprising this leaf growth is quite varied. Some Lilies arrange their leaves in attractive whorls around the stem and others scatter them up and down in a careless way. Just to be different, perhaps, some species have both scattered leaves and leaves in whorls on the same stem. On the Madonna Lily they ascend in spiral fashion.

We associate Holly, Poinsettia and Mistletoe with Christmas, but often in artist's portrayals of the Baby Jesus and His Mother, Lilies, true Lilies, are to be found. The monks of the Middle Ages cherished these Lilies in their gardens and the paintings of the Renaissance associate them with the Virgin Mary, from whence came the name "Madonna Lily" (*Lilium candidum*), a symbol of purity and holiness.

The Christmas gift I ask for this year is lasting Peace, Blessed Peace for all the world. Merry Christmas to all!

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier-Verness

CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO

Eventually Mother was out of the cast and beginning once again to make the effort of moving about. Those of you who have had fractured hips and spent months in a cast, surely know too how painful it is to begin using muscles that haven't been exercised for weeks and weeks. At the outset it seems simply impossible to make the effort. There are a thousand strong temptations to give up. But somehow or other (meaning the triumph of sheer will power!) the effort is made and slow progress results.

Mother says that the thing which helped her to limber up her muscles more than any other one device was the frame that Dad had made for her. Perhaps those of you who have relatives or friends in the first stages of trying to walk again after a long siege in a cast would like to try this idea too. The frame was square with casters on the four legs, and it was high enough to furnish good support; of course the legs were very broad at the base to eliminate all danger of its toppling over. With this frame Mother could get about the house for short periods of time, and it proved to be of unmeasurable benefit.

However, in spite of the tremendous effort that she made to learn to walk on crutches again, the fractured hip proved to be the proverbial last straw and as time passed it grew increasingly apparent that Mother and her wheel chair were to be inseparable companions. It is one thing to have a fractured hip when there is nothing else wrong. But it is another and very serious thing to have a fractured hip on top of a fractured back. I want to make this clear in case someone with a fractured hip is suddenly thinking in profound discouragement that she will never walk again! Don't allow yourself to be depressed for a moment unless you have a fractured back as well, and even then you shouldn't be tempted to give up for great strides have been made in treating fractures since the year about which I am writing.

When autumn arrived in 1935 we were all at home again except Dad. His work took him all over the state with headquarters in Des Moines, but almost without exception he managed to spend the weekends with us. All of us remember vividly that almost the first thing he did when he entered the house for those weekend visits was to step over to our old-fashioned clock and wind it! He believed, and with good reason, that it was never wound in his absence. Somehow there wasn't a one of us who could keep that clock firmly in mind.

Donald was in the eighth grade that year, Margery and Wayne were in high school, Frederick was a student at Tarkio College, Howard was running the mill, and Dorothy and I were working on our local paper. Except for the fact that we missed Dad a great deal, it was a happy winter for



Mother and our Christmas tree in 1935.

us because we were all busy and well.

One thing we particularly enjoyed about that winter was our many happy evenings with Frederick's college friends and several of his teachers. They were all most agreeable and interesting people, and it was a pleasure to entertain them frequently. Monopoly was a brand new game at that time, and I remember that we bought three sets and had tremendously exciting games that went on for hours and hours. I won't tell you how late it was when we finally stopped playing and all went to the kitchen to prepare a lunch, but if you know anything about monopoly you also know that it was mighty late!

It was during this winter that Mother made plans to start publishing Kitchen-Klatter once again. I say "once again" because 'way back in the twenties she had gotten out a small magazine that she called "The Mother's Hour Letter". This had gone into a good many homes and it seemed to result in mutual pleasure—Mother enjoyed writing it and from the letters that came back she knew that you enjoyed reading it. There was no set routine for this first small publication. Whenever sufficient material accumulated that Mother wished to share with her friends, she simply got it together and sent it to the printers. When it was done she announced this on her program and then her friends sent in a stamped, self-addressed envelope. I've forgotten how many issues of "The Mother's Hour Letter" were sent out and I'm not even sure that we have a copy of each one, but this was the background that accounted for the many letters between 1930 and 1935 that asked if it would be possible to resume publishing the magazine.

When Mother first talked about getting out a new magazine we felt that she would enjoy it and, as she said, there seemed to be no better way to acknowledge the kindly, helpful letters that arrived in every mail. These letters were full of fine helps, discoveries that you had made in your own kitchens and experiences that you had had with your children, and it seemed a shame to read them over the air and then put them aside. Mother felt for a long time that something should be done to keep them in a more

permanent form, and she felt too that by means of this magazine she could keep in touch with you as satisfactorily as though she sat down to write a long letter telling you how things were going with the Driftmiers from time to time.

All of us children were greatly interested in this project, and we were as excited as Mother when the first copy came back from the printers just as it had years ago. When the first issue was ready to be mailed out we all worked together filling the envelopes that you had sent. They were of all sizes and shapes, of course, and my! what a job it was to fold the magazine so that it would fit into the smallest envelopes! We always left these hard problems for Wayne because he could fold more neatly than the rest of us. Many an evening we sat around the dining room table and worked at this, and when we finished each night there would be a big basket full to running over that Donald took to the postoffice after he came home from school the next day.

You can see from this why we have always felt that our magazine was a link between your family and our family. From the time Mother compiled the material, I read proof from the printers, we all pitched in to get the copies in those envelopes and then Donald delivered them to the postoffice, no one outside of our family worked on it. And perhaps right here I should write a word of explanation about the change of name. Mother felt that she wanted a more comprehensive title than "The Mother's Hour Letter", so with that first issue she decided to use the name of her program and call it the Kitchen-Klatter magazine. And I'm sure that those of you who have read it since 1935 cannot imagine it being called anything else.

Aside from the excitement of seeing our magazine published we had Frederick's activities to keep us interested that winter. When he found his way into the Tarkio College Debate Team all of his propensities for public speaking came into full flower! Many were the trips we made to hear him debate, and when he won contests and traveled to distant cities we waited eagerly to hear the news. Even in those days Frederick was a convincing speaker. After listening to some of the contests and debates that winter there was no doubt in our minds as to what his choice of a profession would be.

(Continued in January)

A CHRISTMAS GREETING

Please write me a Christmas letter
Straight from your heart to mine,
With this new-old Christmas spirit
Inspiring every line.
Bring me as close as we used to be
Those days we walked together,
Tell me all you have seen since then
Of fair and stormy weather.
Tell me your dreams, your hopes, your
loves
And how your loved ones fare—
I'm homesick to visit your heart again,
Let me keep my Christmas there.

—Helen Field Fischer.

CHRISTMAS HOSPITALITY

By Wilma Ward Taylor

Christmas is the season of friendliness, kindness and genuine hospitality. Let your home express the true Christmas Spirit by being as bright as the red holly berries, as jolly as old "Santa" himself, and showing hospitality as warm as a burning Yule log.

Yes, Christmas is in the air these days, and if you want to get in the Yuletide Spirit, deck your house in holiday garb, and let's do some entertaining. For some new ideas this year, try these for starters.

If you want something really different, here is your answer. Buy a piece of red oil cloth to fit your table. Scallop the edges by using a saucer or bowl for a pattern. Between each scallop attach a small bell (these may be purchased at a Variety store). Pile fruit on green pine in the center, topping with a tall white candle. This will delight your guests, and the tinkling bells are sure to raise comments as they pass by the table.

If you would like to use a "Horn of Plenty", try this idea. Instead of filling the horn with fruit, as is usually done, fill with green pine and fasten colorful Christmas tree ornaments on the pine branches. Candles placed on each side will lend a soft glow to your center piece. Candle holders made from cherry limbs are nice to use with this decoration. To make these cut bases from a cherry limb which is about three inches across. The base should be about one inch thick. Next cut a holder from smaller cherry limbs three or four inches long. Bore a hole in the small limb to hold the candle, then nail the holder to the base. A twig of green pine at the base of the candle holder will complete the picture.

If you would like a bouquet for your table, but don't wish to use flowers try this diversion. Make your bouquet from Christmas tree balls, using wire stems. The stems may be wrapped with crepe paper or tinsel. These may be secured in florists' clay or tucked in a regular flower "frog". Star place mats, repeating the colors of the balls used in the bouquet, will work in nicely with this center piece.

For an afternoon get-together, during the Christmas season, where most of the time is spent playing games, fix a side table with your refreshments on it. Red taffy apples on sticks, with a twig of green tied on the stick with bright red ribbon, will be fun for all. Place the apples in a circle and let each guest serve himself. For your games, tuck these in for variety.

Christmas Wreaths—This is a game of marksmanship. Hang two inner tubes from the ceiling. These may be wrapped with red and green crepe paper to give them a holiday look. Take green or red soft rubber balls and line up your guests into two teams. The game is to see how many can put the balls through the wreath from a given distance. Each successful throw counts 5 points, etc.

Santa Claus Puzzle—Cut a large

Santa Claus into several pieces and give a piece to each guest. Have one guest start by pinning his piece on a sheet which has been hung from a door opening or suitable place.

Caution them to pin their pieces on securely. Much excitement results as Santa grows or gets mixed up. If you have several guests, it is fun to have two Santa Clauses going so that the piece that the guest holds may be pinned on either Santa Claus, which of course causes more excitement.

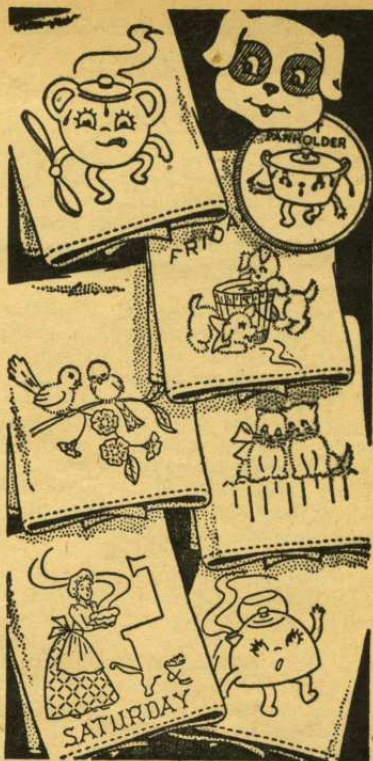
Stocking Pin Up—Rather than pinning the tail to the Donkey, make an outline of a fireplace on a large sheet of brown paper and of course draw in a crackling fire. Cut out stockings from red and green construction paper and give one to each guest. Blindfold one at a time and tell them to pin their stocking on the fireplace. Those who pin their "stocking" nearest the most logical place could be given a small prize. Little stockings filled with candy would be a nice prize, as they would remind them of the game after they have gone home.

White Elephant Exchange—Some ones white elephant is another person's desire, so ask each one of your guests to bring their "white Elephant" wrapped in Christmas attire, when they come to your party. Place the white elephants on the Christmas tree. Give each guest a number and as their number is called out they can proceed to the Christmas tree and select the package they think is the prettiest. Of course there will be some exchanging of gifts and each one will have fun opening their package and being surprised.

Speaking of the Christmas tree in this game, how are you planning to decorate yours this year? I think it's fun to decorate a little differently each year. If you would like to, try some of these ideas. If you wish to color your tree, try doing it with white wash and then sprinkle Christmas snow on it. Or starch may be used on the branches if you want to add a sparkling note by sprinkling Christmas snow on the starched limbs. Metallic glitter may be used in place of the "snow" and shellac may be used instead of starch, whichever you prefer.

Now for the decoration which may be all home-made and will help cut down the expense which usually mounts up, come Christmas time. Jar rubber rings dipped first in shellac and then metallic, are delightful swinging from the tree branches. Chicken "wish bones" painted red and green or dipped in metallic will add variety. Round circles and star cut-outs are fun to use and may be made from colored cardboard or painted the colors wanted. I think one of the prettiest things on a Christmas tree is to buy balloons of various colors and toss them on the tree and let them land where they may. These are especially nice if you don't have lights as they take their place nicely.

These are just a few holiday starters—Christmas is a time to show your hospitality—and don't forget that mistletoe!



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PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS

Lord, let the new-fallen peace of this Christmastide be white; endow it, the wide world over, with Thy blest benediction of snow.

Let it fall softly, now, with gentle healing on the heart of all mankind.

Let the clean gauze of its snowflakes bind up all nations' wounds.

Let its cold, crystal beauty benumb all sorrow and pain.

Spread its deep, downy blanket over the memories of little children, banishing horror and fear.

In the hush of its snowy silence, let vengeance and hate be stilled.

Give us a White Peace this Christmas, O Heavenly Father, that the lovely glen of its snow may be, unto all mankind, as the gleam of the Bethlehem Star.

"I didn't know there could be reading material as interesting, homey and educational as Kitchen-Klatter is."—Mrs. Harry Stevens, 4705 S. 14th St., Omaha 7, Nebr.

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A CHRISTMAS TO REMEMBER

By Hallie M. Barrow

One of the favorite Christmas stories in our family, as long as our Grandmother lived, was her first Christmas in Northwest Missouri. She always maintained it was one of the happiest for her, although she said about all they had to share with each other was just plain "Christmas spirit."

It was during the Civil War that my grandparents came with a group of their relatives to St. Joseph by boat, and then on by wagon. They built log cabins and had a very meager harvest that first year. It took cunning to keep what they had for they were often molested by bands of ruffians, called bushwhackers, who followed in the wake of the regular army and ransacked the country. They stole horses and livestock, took all food supplies, sometimes set fire to the log houses and even killed entire families who offered any resistance.

But in spite of hard times, these Kentuckians decided to spend Christmas together at my grandparents' cabin. The small supplies of food would have to be rationed to last through until another crop. There were no grocery stores available, nor cash to use if there were any. But these fine cooks pooled their larders and found one ham and a single fat hen; they had wild honey and sorghum for sweetenin', preserves made from wild plums, and jams made from all kinds of wild berries; fruits they had dried themselves, and also potatoes, sweet potatoes and pumpkins and corn meal.

The guests arrived Christmas Eve in a wagon box that had been put on sled runners; the bed was filled with straw and covered with comforts. For supper that night they had stewed squirrel, fried rabbit and corn pone. Later that evening they gathered 'round the big fireplace and there was beautiful music.

"What radio program was it, Grandmother?"

"Heavens, child, we'd never heard of radios! Besides, real Christmas music is what you make yourself—it must come from the heart."

One of the men played a violin and my Grandmother "seconded" on the organ and they sang carols and hymns and let the blizzard rage outside until the children were sleepy. Then, much to their surprise, my Grandmother insisted that all the children hang up their home-knit stockings and when this was done they were bedded down in the loft. Grown folks were bedded down, not in twin beds in guest rooms, but on feather ticks and straw mattresses on the floor, just far enough away from the sassafras log, snapping and spitting out sparks, to be safe.

"Well, if you didn't have any stores to buy toys, Grandmother, what went into those stockings?" we'd ask.

"Well, you'd be surprised to know what loving parents can rake up. The mothers had knitted mittens and their Dads had carved out wooden toys and made baskets from peach seeds. They

were half filled with nuts—walnuts, hickory nuts and the sweet little hazel nuts; for candy there was taffy made from sorghum.

"And just before the children came down, I took my basket and ran to the lean-to and came back and stuck something furry into each stocking. Then the stockings squirmed and bumped against each other and the children rushed in wondering what on earth! Only a few days before I had found a litter of kittens cached away under the pile of prairie hay. Never did children have so much fun playing with their Christmas toys. They were as happy as larks.

"The precious ham was soon turning on the spit; the corn bread dressing had plumped out the hen; the dried peach pies had been baked and set to cool; hominy bubbled in an iron pot and sweet potatoes were baking in the ashes. Then the blow struck! One of the men rushed in to say that soldiers on horseback were approaching and were undoubtedly the dreaded bushwhackers! Some of the women were sure we would be killed and wrung their hands in terror.

"But I was just hopping mad. No bushwhackers were going to whisk that Christmas dinner right out of our mouths. I told them to bundle up and then I ordered, 'Grab the dinner and follow me.' We forgot the pies but the big kettles we covered up with rag rugs and fled to an old haystack and cowered in a hole the stock had eaten out. We might have frozen except for those hot pans. When the children shivered with the cold we sat them on the hominy kettle!

"In about an hour your Grandfather came and said they were gone. They'd eaten the pies and the dish of plum preserves. And soon we had that Christmas dinner reheated and on the table. Only we were so grateful that everyone joined in the grace. It was the grandest Christmas dinner I ever remember because we were so happy the bushwhackers had not gotten our dinner or burned our home."

Each year I steal a printed line
To greet a million friends of mine!
No festive cards with art bedight
But just two words in black and white.
Yet somehow, I am sure they know
Those little letters in a row
Are lighted candles, holly bright,
Carols sung, and hearth alight.
They're all that's good, and sweet and true,
Familiar, dear, through each year new—
Merry Christmas!

—Amy V. Richards.



GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

This issue of Kitchen-Klatter will reach you at Thanksgiving time. I wonder if you are thankful enough for what you have to do something for someone who is shutin? I have just made up a list of shutins who have things to sell. They can't get out to find a market, so will you send for this list and buy something from at least one person who is listed? It is in the latest Good Neighbor Guide and a sample copy will be sent free. My address is 685 Thayer Avenue, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Our glasses project is completed. Nellie's brother who was so ill, passed away and it was not possible for her to get the glasses at once, but she has them now and they are all paid for. Both she and I thank you for your help. Some money was left after the glasses were paid and I am holding it in hope that it will grow into enough to buy a wheel chair. We have two applications for chairs that I am investigating.

A request has come from Lincoln, Nebraska, for clothing for boys aged four and seven. Their father is an invalid. The mother does whatever she can to make a living but cannot leave the family alone and go out to work, so they are really having a hard time. She would like quilt pieces, too. Ask for their address.

Bill Jones is having more trouble. He had one leg amputated some time ago. Now the same disease that took it has attacked the other leg and the army doctors say it has to come off, also. You can imagine how that makes Bill feel, but he is even more concerned about his mother. If you have a son, you know what this means to her. Send her a word of encouragement when you write to Bill, at 175 South Wyoming Ave., Kingston, Pa.

We have been asked to write to Walter Fyler 595315 VSMC, Hqrs 2nd Bn 5th Marines, 1st Marine Brigade FMF, c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif. He is twenty and his aunt says he gets so lonely and wants to hear from folks.

Mrs. Delia Dudevoir, 3339 Hiawatha St., Baton Rouge 5, La., writes that they were in the midst of the hurricane in September. They put her on a cot and carried her to the church where they stayed till the storm was over. The roof was torn off their home but no one was hurt. She loves to get letters and says she is not getting many now.

Frieda Tobsing, 413 South Carolina Ave., Mason City, Iowa, wants some white squares to make dish towels. Frieda is bedfast but can do handwork and could sell dish towels if she had material to make them.

Mrs. Lydia Roy needs cheer. She lives alone and has been ill all summer. She can be up in a chair now but is not able to do anything. She is a former Missourian, but lives now at 124 W 3 St., North Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada. Letter postage to Canada is 3 cents, the same as here, but it costs 2 cents to send a postcard.

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Just a few minutes ago I turned out a nice big batch of divinity (made by the recipe given elsewhere in this issue), and while it settles and I recover, I'll get off my monthly letter to you. In days gone by our divinity speers called for all of the strength that both Russell and I could muster, for if ever there was a candy that just plain saps your energy, it's divinity. But now, thanks to last year's Christmas present, an electric mixer, I can see the job through all by myself.

The first Christmas after we were married we had a terrific spell of making candy. Night after night I stirred and beat and measured and tested, and towards the end of that session I was turning out candy that looked professional and tasted better! These sieges continued until the war, but after that there was no more home-made candy and this is the first Christmas that I've allowed myself to embark on major projects. I'm downright proud of this year's batch. We have one big highly polished chromium tray that makes a wonderful background for divinity, and I really feel that Christmas is at hand when it is full to the very edge and standing on the coffee table.

All of my spare moments these evenings have been devoted to doll clothes. At last Juliana has reached the age where she takes pride in her children's appearance, and I no longer have to look at naked dolls stuffed here and there. Now they are properly clothed in the morning, properly undressed at night, and changed innumerable times during the day. Fortunately there have been fairly good-sized scraps left from some of her latest dresses, and I've made these exactly like the grown-up version.

Speaking of Christmas reminds me that I don't believe I ever mentioned the catastrophe that overtook us when we lived in San Francisco. Juliana was "going on three" and we had done what most inexperienced parents do—we got together a collection of stuff too advanced for her age. As a matter of fact, the things she received that year were the things she should be receiving this year, so that gives you an idea of how far we had the cart in front of the horse.

Well, at any rate all of these things were stored in our basement and we thought that it was a good safe place. The front doors were directly on the street and the back door was kept locked. We planned cleverly how to keep her safely out of the basement for several weeks, and then just about ten days before Christmas the man came to read the gas meter and left the back door unlocked and open when he departed.

Juliana was playing out in the back yard that morning, and the first thing I knew I heard her shrieking in absolute ecstasy and running to tell me all about the beautiful, wonderful toys in the basement. MY! It was too late then. She had far too good a memory to pull any fast tricks such as hiding them again and then bring-

ing them out fresh on Christmas morning. There was simply nothing to do but accept it with the best possible grace and try to forget our own disappointment.

It all turned out just as well anyway, for on Christmas morning she had her first experience with quantities of candy (always before there had been just one piece and no more) and as a result she ignored her toys completely and simply sat in one spot blissfully engaged in eating as much candy as she could hold. At least we're not going to duplicate that experience this year. The toys are all in the back of a storeroom that she cannot possibly climb into (at least I don't think she can) and candy is an old, old story. Short of the house burning down I can't think of any reason why things shouldn't go off on schedule come the morning of the 25th.

When I wrote my letter last month I knew that I had no business mentioning our hopes of a short trip to Lucas. By putting those words down in black and white I sealed our fate just as effectually as though I had full charge of the weather. I'm sure you can't possible imagine why we didn't get to Lucas!



However, we did get away for one night, and although I had said that I would gladly settle for fifty miles from town, it actually turned out to be a trip of almost two-hundred miles. At that time the country was particularly beautiful, and I much enjoyed the road that took us through Fremont, Columbus, Schuyler, and other towns where we have good friends. I found myself looking at all the different houses we passed and wondering if one of you lived here or there along the road. I think that sometime when I know far enough in advance where we're going, I'll mention it in my letter and ask you to hang an old black sock on the mailbox if you're one of our friends. Then all I'll have to do is look for a black sock if a sudden blizzard or tornado swoops down. Although, come to think of it, there's no time to start looking for black socks when tornados are rolling towards your car.

We have acquired a new piece of furniture that is simply overwhelming. I'm going to beg Russell to photograph it before and after so you can see for yourself what we're looking at right now in the before stage. This particular piece is a black walnut

wardrobe that looks big enough and baleful enough to conceal all of Bluebeard's wives with a few corners left over to accomodate the victims of Jack the Ripper. It stands in the dining room and it serves a mighty useful purpose, so I shouldn't be speaking so lightly about its presence. When we get to work on it I'll give you full details, as well as illustrations, and when you come to see me you can get an honest-to-goodness look at it. As a matter of fact, it would be completely impossible to do anything else for it occupies I don't know how many square feet of space!

I have just finished making Juliana's "Sunday" dress for winter. The material is a lovely aqua colored fine-waled corduroy, and it is cut princess style. The only ornamentation is a white linen collar edged with hand-made Irish lace. I have also finished a red-and-white checked gingham dress, and I must have been feeble-minded when I cut a cotton skirt with twelve pleats in it. Of course it looks adorable with a white blouse and a checked bolero jacket, but oh dear, when I think of the forthcoming sessions at the ironing board my heart sinks.

These days that you're busy with your Christmas plans and wondering why you can't be five people all at once, remember that I'm in the same state and wishing you the merriest of all possible holidays.

Happy Christmas to each and everyone of you from . . .

Lucile, Russell and Juliana.

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KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE
Shenandoah, Iowa

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What can we do to hold Christmas forever in the heart of a child? How can we fill his mind with thoughts and feelings so warm and so joyous that as long as he lives these rich memories of home and of love will go with him? Decorated trees have a way of withering and going out the back door to bare-branched oblivion. Holiday parties fade from memory—in later years we cannot remember where we were and who was with us. And even the finest of toys inevitably break, or are passed on, or end as something to be cleaned out of the attic in years to come.

But Christmas in the kitchen, Christmas with Mother asking us to help her stir the candy and decorate the fancy cookies and stuff the turkey . . . Ah, there is the Christmas that never fades, never withers and dies. From your baby in his highchair to your boy who is almost as tall as his Dad, ask them into the kitchen for every wonderful moment of holiday preparations. In the excitement and heavenly odors and close feeling of love you will build in the heart of each child a perfect, never-to-be forgotten Christmas.

FROZEN CHRISTMAS PUDDING

- 1/2 cup seedless raisins
- 1/2 cup crystallized cherries
- 1/4 cup citron
- 1/4 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup shredded pineapple
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup pineapple syrup
- 4 egg whites
- Pinch of salt
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 2 cups cream

Cover raisins with cold water, bring to boil and simmer five minutes; drain. Mix with cherries, citron cut fine, nuts and pineapple. Cook sugar and pineapple syrup together until thick; pour over stiffly beaten egg whites, to which salt has been added; add fruits, nuts and lemon juice. Beat cream stiff and mix with egg-and-fruit mixture. Color, pour in ring mold and freeze. Two or three drops of green coloring gives this dessert a highly attractive appearance, and just before serving, the hollow inside the ring can be filled with Bing cherries that have been boiled down in their own juice plus additional sugar until they are almost candied.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER

FATTIGMAN BAKKELSE

(A Norwegian holiday pastry that is never forgotten by those who eat it.)

- 1 egg
 - 1 Tbls. sugar
 - 1 Tbls. thick cream
 - 1/4 tsp. salt
 - Pinch of crushed cardamom seed or
 - 1/2 tsp. vanilla
 - 3/4 cup cake flour
- Beat egg separately until very light; add sugar, cream, salt and flavoring. Mix in flour to make dough which can be rolled very thin. Cut in diamond shapes from 2 1/2 to 3 inches long, making 2 horizontal slashes in the center of each. Fry in deep fat. Drain, dust with powdered sugar.

PECAN PUMPKIN PIE

- 2 beaten eggs
 - 1/2 cup brown sugar
 - 1/2 cup granulated sugar
 - 2 cups pumpkin
 - 2 cups top milk
 - 1 Tbls. flour
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 - 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
 - 3 Tbls. chopped pecan meats
- Beat eggs and sugars; add pumpkin and milk. Add flour mixed with salt and spices. Beat well. Pour into 9-inch pastry-lined pie pan. Sprinkle with nut meats. Bake in hot oven (450 F.) 10 minutes, then in moderate oven (325 F.) 40 minutes.

PINEAPPLE DATE PUDDING

- 1 beaten egg
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. melted butter
- 1 cup unsweetened pineapple juice
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1/4 cup chopped raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped nut meats
- 1 tsp. vanilla extract
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg

Beat egg and sugar; add salt, butter, and pineapple juice. Stir in fruits, nut meats, and vanilla. Add sifted dry ingredients; beat thoroughly. Fill greased molds two-thirds full; cover tightly and steam 2 hours. Serve hot with Hard Sauce. Sufficient for 8 servings.

DIVINITY

- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup light corn syrup
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 egg whites
- Few grains of salt
- 1 Tbls. vanilla (see below)
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts (see below)

Mix sugar, corn sirup and water, stirring over heat until dissolved. Let boil without stirring to crack stage (265 degrees F.). Pour this syrup, a little at a time, over the stiffly beaten egg whites, stirring constantly. Take care not to scrape the bottom of the pan. Add the salt and vanilla, continue beating until creamy, add nuts and continue beating until candy will hold its shape. Drop quickly from tip of spoon on to waxed paper or pour into slightly greased pan and cut in squares when cold.

Many variations can be used with this basic divinity recipe. We have colored some batches a very pale green and used wintergreen flavoring rather than vanilla. We have also colored some batches a pale pink, and added finely chopped maraschino cherries. Chopped candied red cherries are also delicious. When arranged on a large platter these different colors make a wonderfully attractive sight.

ORANGE SUGARED WALNUTS

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 Tbls. orange juice
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. grated orange rind
- 1/2 lb. shelled walnuts

Cook sugar, water and orange juice together to 240 degrees F., or until a little dropped into cold water forms a semi-firm ball. Remove from heat, add orange rind and walnuts; stir until syrup begins to look cloudy. Before it hardens, drop by spoonfuls on waxed paper. Any other nut meats may be substituted for walnuts.

CAN'T FAIL CARAMELS

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

Combine all ingredients except vanilla. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until sugar is dissolved. Cook to 248 F. or hardball stage, stirring frequently. Remove from heat, add vanilla; pour into greased pan. When firm, cut in squares and wrap.

CHOCOLATE-COATED PEANUT CLUSTERS

1 7- or 8-oz. bar semi-sweet chocolate
1/2 lb. Spanish peanuts
Melt chocolate in bowl over hot water; remove from heat; add peanuts and stir well. Drop from teaspoon onto waxed paper. Place in refrigerator to chill 12 hours. Keep in cool place. Makes 3 dozen clusters.

PLUM PUDDING

- 2 cups chopped suet
- 1 cup chopped apple
- 2 cups seedless raisins
- 1 cup currants
- 1 cup light molasses
- 1 cup cold water
- 3 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1/2 tsp. allspice

Combine suet, fruits, molasses, and water. Add sifted dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Fill greased molds two-thirds full; cover tightly and steam 3 hours. Serve hot with Lemon Sauce or Hard Sauce.

CRANBERRY SHERBET

- 2 cups cranberries
- 1 1/4 cups water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. unflavored gelatine
- 1/4 cup cold water
- Juice of 1 lemon

Cook cranberries in 1 1/4 cups water until skins pop. Press through sieve; add sugar and cook until sugar dissolves. Add gelatine softened in cold water; cool; add lemon juice. Freeze in refrigerator tray 2 to 3 hours, stirring twice. Delicious served with roast fowl.

CANDIED ORANGE PEEL

- Peel of 6 large oranges
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 4 cups water
- 3 cups sugar
- Hot water

Cover peel with salt and water; weight down with plate; let stand overnight. Drain and wash thoroughly. Cover with cold water; bring to boiling. Repeat 3 times, changing water each time. Cut peel in 1/4 inch strips with scissors; measure 3 cups. Add sugar and hot water to just cover. Cook slowly until peel is translucent. Drain; roll in granulated sugar and dry on wire cake rack.

FONDANT

- 2 cups sugar
- 2 Tbls. light corn syrup or 1/8 tsp. Cream of tartar
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water

Cook ingredients in deep, 2-quart saucepan. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves, then bring to boiling. Cover and cook 3 minutes; uncover and cook, without stirring, to soft-ball stage (238 F.). Wipe sugar crystals from sides of pan several times during cooking with fork wrapped with damp cloth. Immediately pour on platter rinsed with very cold water. Do not scrape pan. Cool until fondant feels only slightly warm to touch; do not move during cooling. Scrape fondant from edge of platter toward center with spatula or wooden spoon. Work with spatula until creamy and stiff, then knead until smooth and free from lumps. If very stiff, knead only small amount at a time. Wrap in waxed paper and place in covered container to ripen at least 24 hours.

**COOKY HOUSE CENTER PIECE**

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 4 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 cup milk

Mix sugar and shortening; add well beaten egg. Measure flour after sifting and mix with salt and baking powder. Add to first mixture alternately with milk.

Roll this dough between 1/8 and 1/4 inches thick. Place on a greased cookie sheet and lay your house pattern on it and cut with a sharp knife. You will want two long sides, two short sides, and two pieces for the roof. Do not cut out the door and windows until after pieces are done. Bake in a moderately hot oven. With a very sharp knife work carefully and cut a door in one of the long pieces, and two small windows in all pieces except those reserved for the roof.

Stretch a white cloth over a bread board for the yard and cover it with finely chopped cocoanut. Make a large quantity of sugar paste (powdered sugar and water) to fasten the pieces together with. The windows should be covered with cellophane applied with the paste. Two marshmallows stuck together and criss-crossed with faint red lines make a fine chimney; this can be applied to the roof with the sugar paste. Cover the roof with thick powdered sugar icing after the house has been assembled.

SANTA CLAUSES, CHRISTMAS TREES

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 tsp. grated orange rind
- 1 3/4 cups of flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream butter well; then add sugar and cream together. Add beaten egg and orange rind. Sift flour with baking powder and salt and add to first mixture. Chill dough thoroughly. Roll thin and cut out with Santa Claus and Christmas tree cutters. Brush top of cookies with egg white diluted with cold water and bake 8 minutes in slow oven (325 F.).

To decorate, sprinkle trees with tiny colored candies before baking and decorate Santa Claus after baking. Outline with confectioner's frosting put through pastry tube and fill bag with colored candies. Egg white brushed over bag top will make candies stick. Boots are painted with melted chocolates.

**WALNUT PENUCHE
(Air Force Special)**

- 1 lb. light brown sugar
- 1 cup cream or
- 1 cup undiluted evaporated milk
- 1 Tbls. white corn syrup
- 1/2 cup walnut meats

Blend sugar, cream or milk and syrup. Bring slowly to boiling point, stirring frequently. Cook to the soft-ball stage or 234 F. Add 1/8 tsp. salt, 1/8 tsp. soda and 1 tsp. vanilla. Cool until candy feels warm, about 149 F. Beat until it loses its shiny appearance, then add walnut meats (and diced candied cherries, if you wish). Beat until first sign of stiffening appears and pour at once into a greased pan. Cut in squares.

The friend from Silver Creek, Nebraska, who sent this recipe calls it the Air Force Special because while her youngest brother was in training at Davis-Monthan Field in Arizona, she sent a package containing this candy every week. His entire crew sent their thanks for the wonderful candy!

PEPPERMINT CANDY CANES

- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup light corn syrup
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 3/4 tsp. peppermint extract
- 3/4 to 1 tsp. red food coloring

Combine sugar, corn syrup, water, and cream of tartar; stir until sugar dissolves. Cook, without stirring, to very hard-ball stage (265 F.). Remove from heat and add peppermint extract. Divide in 2 portions; add coloring to 1 part. Pour out on greased platters. When cool enough to handle pull each part separately. Form in ropes and twist red part around white. Cut in 8-inch lengths and form in the shape of candy canes. Makes 10 canes.

MARACHINO CHERRY CAKE

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 3/4 cups of sugar
- 2 3/4 cups of cake flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 16 cherries
- 1/4 cup cherry juice
- 1/2 cup milk
- 4 egg whites

Cream butter and sugar until like whipped cream. Chop cherries and nuts and sprinkle half of the sifted flour and baking powder over them. Add liquid to shortening and sugar. Add flour without the cherries and nuts, then add remaining flour that has been mixed with the cherries and nuts. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in layers in moderate oven.

This cake is rich and delicious, and if a drop or two of red coloring is added to the boiling icing that is used to frost it, your family and guests will exclaim over its appearance.

Give the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine as a Christmas gift.

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

Time has passed so quickly! It just doesn't seem possible that the last time I wrote to you my darling wife and daughter were suspended in mid-air between the sky and blue Pacific somewhere between Honolulu and San Francisco. What a joyous reunion it was! I met them at the airport with the traditional flower leis.

That evening several of the school and church officials came over to the house to give Betty a hearty welcome to the islands. Each presented her with a lei, and I am sure that Betty was a bit surprised when with every lei she received the traditional Hawaiian kiss of greeting. I know that I was surprised when some of the girls in my Bible class presented me with leis, giving me a kiss as they put the leis affectionately around my shoulders. At every special occasion in Hawaii leis are worn by both the men and women. A good lei usually costs around four or five dollars. Needless to say, Betty and I do not wear them often.

You, of course, are anxious to learn what we think of Honolulu. I wish I could be as enthusiastic about life here as I was about life in Bermuda, but unfortunately I cannot. Honolulu is a very much over-rated city. It is a city, you know. That was what surprised us so. It has all the evils that any mainland city has—noisy traffic, crowded shops, and the rush and bustle of many people trying to get somewhere at the same time. It is not a particularly beautiful city despite its island location. It has its beautiful sections, but one has to look for them.

The real beauty of Honolulu lies behind the walls and hedges that hide from view the lovely homes and gardens of the well-to-do. The famous beach at Waikiki does not begin to compare with Florida or Bermuda beaches. When I saw the beach at Waikiki for the first time, I refused to believe that it really was the famous beach about which so many songs and poems had been written. The beach is small, the sand is coarse and dirty, and the water is too warm to be invigorating. Honolulu does have an abundance of flowering trees and shrubs. Indeed, I have never seen so many varieties of flowering shrubs as we have here.

We are both very grateful that we have a nice house in which to live. We live in one of the old school homes right on the campus. Before Betty arrived I worked day and night furnishing it. I bought a few new things, but most of the things are second-hand. The inflationary prices on furniture are enough to make one ill. Chairs which sold for \$15.00 six years ago, are now selling for \$75.00. Instead of rugs, I bought some nice grass mats. A mat that cost \$3.00 six years ago now costs \$35.00. I had to pay \$40.00 for a baby bed that I am sure did not cost more than \$25.00 ten years ago. The strange thing is that second-hand furniture costs almost as much and sometimes even more than

new. The school did everything it could to make the house attractive in the way of refinishing floors and walls, and in the kitchen there is new inlaid linoleum. When Betty walked into the house for the first time she found everything all ready for house-keeping.

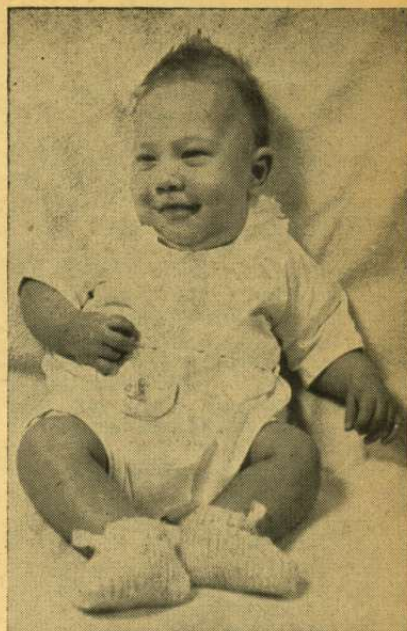
I know that food prices are high everywhere, but I am willing to bet that the highest food prices in the United States are right here in Honolulu. I have just returned from doing some shopping for Betty, and here are some of the prices I paid: Eggs—\$1.50 a dozen; milk—26¢ a qt.; salmon—50¢ for ½ size can; frankfurters—75¢ a pound; soup bone—70¢ a pound; fresh squash—70¢ for 3 pounds; lettuce—30¢ a head. But the most amazing food cost of all is fish. The cheapest fresh fish is \$1.00 a pound, and most of the fish on the market is not the cheapest variety. Hawaii is surrounded by water that has abundant fish. Why it should be so costly is beyond me. I think that the cheapest thing for me to do is to invest in a good fishing rod and reel and catch my own.

Being Chaplain for this large school—America's largest private school—is a position that gives me little time for more than work. Getting children to think seriously of religious things is difficult anywhere, and this school is no exception. I sometimes believe that our children think of nothing but football. Everyone in Hawaii is crazy about football. Just a few blocks from our home is the University of Hawaii stadium where all of the community football games are played. During a period of 90 days the stadium had 103 games. From our front porch we can hear all of the cheers and excitement. The only game I have ever seen our children play at school is football—even in the kindergarten. They are all football crazy. When they are not playing football, they are riding their surfboards off the beach at Waikiki.

The most thrilling hour of the week for me is the elementary school chapel hour. At that time I lead 400 children of grades 3, 4, 5 and 6 in a period of worship. At exactly eight o'clock the children march quietly from their classrooms to the outdoor pavilion where a beautiful altar has been placed for the occasion. They all sit on the floor, their bare feet underneath. They have their own little choir robed in white. It is a most responsive group, and I love serving them. On that same day I conduct a chapel service for 600 students in the senior high school and still another service for 500 students in the junior high school. All of that is in addition to teaching four classes of Bible. It is a busy day.

As I finish writing this letter I am watching the new moon dip down into the deep blue of the Pacific. It is late. Betty has fed the baby and it is time for all of this household to be in bed. From out here in the middle of the ocean we send to you on the mainland our very warmest greetings.

Sincerely, Frederick.



Martin has reached a chubby three months in this picture.

A MOTHER'S LETTER TO SANTA

Dear Santa Claus:

Will you please bring me for Christmas a good supply of appreciation for all the cooking and mending I do throughout the year?

Will you please bring plenty of kind words for those days when I am tired but must keep on just the same?

Will you please bring me plenty of patience so that on days when my nerves seem "on edge" I will not take it out on my children?

Will you please bring me a pack of unselfishness, so I will not make too many demands on my children, and so I will not act as though their time were entirely at my disposal?

But will you also bring me a supply of willingness on their part to help me?

Will you please bring me a collection of thoughtful deeds so that all of us may be thoughtful of each other; none of us expecting or demanding too much; each one trying and wanting to do his share; each one ready to praise the other; and give credit for what is done?

Will you please bring me a collection of compliments so we may be ready to admire and say nice things to one another?

Please bring me what I have asked for if you possibly can, dear Santa Claus, as I try to be a good mother and I want to make our home as happy as possible.

I am not a little girl, but I hope you can overlook that.

Your affectionate friend,
"A Mother"

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VERNESS STUDIO
Box 67
Shenandoah, Iowa

A DOLL HOUSE IS FUN!

By Lucille Sassaman

It's fun to make a doll house. Two years ago we decided to make that our Christmas project and we've been working on it ever since! Our decision to make one came after we looked at the little cardboard jobs that the stores were selling at such fantastic prices. While we were about it we thought we might as well make a good one, strong enough and big enough really to play with.

Kira's Daddy is pretty handy with tools and I'm not at all afraid of paint and paste, so we got to work. First we drew careful plans and for convenience scaled the whole thing one inch to a foot. It was made of ply wood and the overall size is 32 inches high with a peaked roof, 36 inches long and 24 inches wide. Partitions made four rooms and a hallway with steps up to the second floor. The house has three sides and half a roof, so the top is an attic and very useful, as attics always are, for storing things.

I have never seen a doll house with electric lights, but Walter figured out how to install them with only a little bit of trouble and they add a great deal to the fun. He put two batteries in the attic and ran wires in grooves in the ceilings, so each room is illuminated with a flashlight bulb. They give enough light at night to make it a very glamorous toy before bed time when all the babies are tucked away.

The outside is painted white with tiny blue shutters at each window and a trellis at both ends. I penciled lines to make a clap-board exterior and a red brick chimney; the windows were cut from a sheet of clear acetate and artificial vines from the dime store wound in and out of the trellis. I had some small red wooden beads so I sewed them on to the vines and there were the berries!

I stained and waxed the ply wood floors to a nice shiny finish and covered the bathroom and kitchen floors with linoleum. I couldn't get any wall paper but colored drawing paper made a good substitute. The hallway is papered in red, the living room in blue, and the bedroom in green with grey and yellow stripes on one wall. The woodwork (thin strips of wood) is white throughout, and the kitchen and bathroom are papered with yellow oil-cloth. I used tiny border decals around some of the doors and had a lot of fun fixing the nursery. I took plain white drawing paper and painted in water colors a whole family of bunny rabbits dressed in pretty clothes and running through a field of flowers. All of these designs were copied from some of Kira's books.

Tiny picture screw eyes went over each window and swab sticks made curtain rods that could be removed easily when the curtains needed washing—and they needed it pretty regularly at first. Rugs were braided and crocheted for every room, and then we started to make furniture.

Today you can buy almost anything you want at the Five-and-Ten, but two years ago there was very little to be had so we had all the fun of mak-



Ernette Mueseler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Karl Mueseler, Powhattan, Kansas, brings in her Christmas tree.

ing it. Fortunately our modern style of furniture is simple, so a few pieces of ply wood made some very nice pieces. I padded chairs and sofas with cotton and covered them with scraps of corduroy and satin. It was easy to keep our proportions right because we had a simple scale of one inch to one foot.

I'd never have the time or space to tell you all the things we made and what we made them out of, but a nice dressing table was a block of wood with a purse mirror on top and a round compact mirror glued to the back and an organdy petticoat all around. We made a lamp by sawing off the end of a spool, putting a dowel rod into it and a small wooden wheel glued to the top. The shade was made by fringe around the edge of the wheel. Thimbles filled with plastic wood and a small artificial flower stuck into it before it dries made wonderful flower pots.

The top of a shaving soap box makes a nice round table with a spool for a base and empty match boxes glued together and covered with artificial leather make as handsome a chest of drawers as you will ever use. Use fancy nail heads for drawer pulls.

Pictures were tiny snapshots and colored pictures cut from magazines and mounted on heavy cardboard. I covered them with cellophane from cigarette packages and bound some with colored scotch tape. Others were more elaborate made with dowel rods for frames. A sampler hangs in the entrance hall and the tiniest stitches I ever made went into it! The legend on it says "Merry Christmas, 1945" and a border of Christmas trees is around it.

I was able to get baby dolls to fit but not the rest of the family, so I made them out of pipe stem cleaners. The heads were wooden buttons covered with jersey, yarn made the hair, and faces were painted on. These look very good with nice full dresses for the women and heavy trousers for the men, and have the advantage of being able to sit down or bend over the baby's crib.

Once you start working on a doll house, let your imagination go free and you will see the shapes of household furnishings in almost everything that usually would find its way into the scrap heap. Spools, corks, bottle tops, salt boxes for the back of a barrel chair—anything if it is the right size and shape. Glue and paint and scraps of this and that will make almost everything you need.

I still hate to throw away anything that looks right and we have been adding and changing furniture for two years. Kira now has a great many ideas of her own and the doll house looks like a house that has been loved and lived in for a great many years, as indeed it has, for many families have lived in it. Children have been born and grown up and gone to school and died and new families have moved in! Best of all, Kira has had a way to release many of her fears and frustrations in this play, and a way to express the creative urge that grows so strong in all children.

THE FAMILY BOOKSHELF

By Elizabeth Kieser

Reams have been written about the care and training of the infant, but it is not so often that one finds a clear, readable account of the development of the older child. *THE CHILD FROM FIVE TO TEN* by Dr. Arnold Gesell and Dr. Frances L. Ilg points out the distinctive behaviour characteristics of those important years that lies between babyhood and early adolescence.

Because in this intermediate stage the child does not change in so dramatic a fashion as in his pre-school years, it is common to generalize about his development during the whole period. He is really advancing stage by stage in his strength and skills as well as in his attitudes toward himself and other people. "More goes on than frankly meets the eye between five and the teens," say the authors. Ignorance of these changes makes parent or teacher blame the school or home for maladjustments.

When the child at five seems to have surmounted babyhood, it is often confusing to parents to discover that he is apt to be a less easy person to live with at the age of six. At the ages of nine and ten it is hard to understand his increasing indifference to his elders. He seems to backslide from many things taught him as he begins to loosen himself from family apron strings. An understanding of the whole cycle of this middle period of growth enables the parent to look on his child with a better sense of proportion and humor, knowing that he is on the way to maturity. The changes in growth of personality do not occur abruptly. Unless the parent knows what to expect and what is normal, he may be most confused.

This is a thick book, about 450 pages, interesting to read, whether one be parent or teacher. The authors' earlier work, *THE INFANT AND CHILD IN THE CULTURE OF TODAY* has become famous as a thorough study of the stage of infancy, and this companion volume adds a rich fund of information.

LET YOUR HOUSE SAY "MERRY CHRISTMAS"

By Ruth Alghren

Plan to decorate your doorway this year for Christmas. You will provide a warm welcome to visitors, a life-sized greeting card to passers-by, and a lift to the gaiety of your own holiday spirit.

A big shiny red bow has served at our home so many ways for so many years that I want to tell you exactly how I made it. The material is red table oilcloth, though one of the new plastic cloths might look even better and would neither crack or peel. The oilcloth was cut into strips eleven inches wide and sewed into two loops twelve inches long. There are also four ends cut to slightly different lengths. A separate little piece makes the knot, and the bow is sewed to a band gathered at the middle. The whole thing is quite heavy and must be hung at the center from a slender nail. The band is fastened to the edges of the door with thumb tacks. Of course the idea is simply to give the appearance of a wide ribbon tied around the door.

Just the bow is a good ornament in itself, but a big wreath or a spray of evergreen may be hung to look as if the bow supported it. Silver bells with clappers made from Christmas tree balls (purchased at the Five-and-Ten) were beautiful dangling from red ribbons of different lengths.

This year Juliana helped with my plans and lent me some of her toys to hang from the ribbons. She brought a drum and a horn and even her teddy bear, though she loves to take him to bed with her.

I used toys once before when I made a candy cane by wrapping an old walking stick with red and white crepe paper. This looked very natural poked through the knot. The youngsters in the neighborhood soon found the horn, and how they loved to toot it! I bought a great many small candy canes too, and we took turns running out to give them to the little callers. Never have we had a merrier nor a noisier Christmas.

Another year I moved the bow a little to one side and added a second band vertically to look as if the door were a big package tied up. A great red card shaped like an express tag carried MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL in white letters.

There are really dozens of ways to decorate a door. Try framing it in evergreen roping to which you have added a string or two of Christmas tree lights spaced at regular intervals. The roping may be had from most florists, or you can make your own by cutting a light rope to the proper length, then wrapping with fine wire and adding sprigs of spruce or juniper as you wrap.

One of our friends uses Scotch tape to make big red letters which spell Merry Christmas. On a dark door use silver tape, or try a wreath sprayed with aluminum paint. A pretty basket filled with evergreens and holly and a score of Christmas card envelopes about to spill out is also ef-



Juliana hands Ruth Alghren her teddy bear for the door decoration.

fective. Try a giant sized stocking of red oilcloth or knitted from shiny cord. Stuff it to look as lumpy as possible and let toys peep from the top.

Once I made tall candles by fastening electric light sockets to the tops of pieces of large curtain pole and covering them with red. Or lengths of old stove pipe covered with red paper can make big fat candles to place at either side of the door. I have also constructed candles from pieces of mailing tube and little light sockets. These I stood in the two large windows of our living room, but they must have extra light on them to show up at night.

If your windows have large panes divide them with criss-crossing strips of clear Scotch tape, then use Bon Ami to paint frost marks below the horizontal lines. When glass is set in small panes, a silver star glued in the center of each is charming. Once I pasted dozens of small stars on the windows using a rather large one in a high upper corner with others in two smaller sizes clustered around. I applied them with library paste as the adhesive on ready cut stars is on the wrong side. Each night a few fell off and had to be put back the next morning, a fairly pleasant job when it lasts only a few days!

The matter of lighting the decorations is perhaps the most difficult part of the work. It is easy enough to make a flood light from a long length of rubber covered cord and a weather-proof socket. A cheap metal shade can serve as reflector, or even a pound coffee can with a hole cut in the bottom to slip the socket through. The question is where to conceal the light and still make it focus on the center of interest. Perhaps you can hide it behind a porch post or a thick little evergreen in the yard.

I have used tubular forty watt bulbs to light the windows by laying them on the sill in very slender tin cans with a side cut out. The bottom of

the sash covers the source of light especially if the windows are rather high off the ground.

If you have no electricity for lighting, just remember that the bright trimmings will repay you if seen only in the daytime.

There are only a few *don'ts* to worry about. One of these is don't use indoor electric sockets or connections where rain, sleet or snow can affect them. Sometimes the ordinary kind can be made water proof by wrapping thickly with electrician's tape. Don't use paper in outdoor decorations. Even under a porch roof it will wilt in damp weather and may stain the housepaint. Don't use real candles in windows. They can ignite curtains that seem a long distance away.

But *do* decorate for Christmas. You'll feel again many of the thrills the holidays brought you as a child.

CHRISTMAS TABLE DECORATIONS

Gum drop trees make clever centerpieces. Follow the directions given above for making a Christmas bouquet, but stick gumdrops on every little branch and thorn. Tiny gumdrop trees may be placed for each person at the table by using a marshmallow as a base, adding to this a small sprig of barberry that has tiny bits of gumdrop stuck on it.

A party for children is fun for all and decorations are unlimited. A large Gingerbread Santa as a center piece will be fun. Fasten him on to a round piece of cardboard which has been covered with cotton and Christmas snow. Surround the base with pine. For favors cut six inch squares of red and green cellophane and place on two-inch round piece of cardboard in each. Put small candies on the cardboard, stand a candy peppermint stick in the middle, bring the paper up around the cardboard and tie with ribbon around the stick. This will look like a candle and the children will be delighted with the contents. If candy canes are available the children will be happy to see them stuck in their ice cream cups.

Popcorn trees are enjoyed both by children and grown-ups alike. To make these fashion a cone out of semi-stiff paper and cover with a light coat of shellac. Dip the cone into a pan of popcorn, pressing the corn tightly so it will stick. Red cherries tucked in here and there will add color and variety to your tree. A hat stand will make a very nice base, especially if covered with green paper or material.

POEMS FROM MY SCRAP BOOK

A book of my favorite poems including many I have read over the air. This book has in it comforting poems, and makes a nice gift for a mother or wife. With an order for three of the books for \$1.00, I will send you free, six lessons in making party favors, with patterns, directions and pictures—Prices 35¢ for one book or \$1.00 for 3 books. Postpaid.
Order from Leanna Driftmier
Shenandoah, Iowa

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

This morning I am writing to you from my own kitchen table. As you know from my past letters, we spent almost four months at the home of Frank's parents, staying with his Father while his Mother was in an Omaha hospital. Mrs. Johnson was able to return to her own home about two weeks ago, and since Frank's sister, Bernice, was able to come here to be with her, we moved back to our little house on the hill.

You can imagine what our house looked like after standing empty for that length of time, so I started right in to "dig out" and get my fall house cleaning done. I have been so busy that I haven't been able to give much of my time to Kristin, but she promised not to disturb me while I wrote my letter to Granny's friends, and in return I said I would forget the dirty house this afternoon and we would spend our time making a new dress for Sue Ann, one of her dolls.

Kristin and I made a flying trip to Shenandoah last week, going one day and back the next, staying just long enough for Russell to take the cover picture this month. We would like to have stayed a little longer but there were just too many things to be done at home. I hope a little later we will be able to go for a visit of several days. The folks have only been able to get up once since I wrote you last. They brought Margery and Martin Erik who spent a few days with us. My, how we did enjoy having them. Wayne and Abigail stopped for them on their way home from a week-end with friends in Iowa City.

The day Mother and Dad came happened to be the day our Sunshine Club held their first fall meeting, so Mother, Margery and I dropped in for about an hour and I was so happy that at last Mother got to meet most of my neighbors. She has heard me mention all of them so often that she knew them by their first names.

I have been sitting here trying to think what I considered our biggest accomplishment this month, and have decided it was the molasses. You will remember that last year I wrote that I was so disappointed that I didn't get to help strip the cane because they got it all done while I was in Shenandoah for a few days. This year I was here and got to help, and I might add that if I miss out on it another year I won't be disappointed. My, what a job that was. Frank had put most of it on rich bottom soil, and consequently it was all between eight and ten feet tall, a real "bumper" crop. But after we got the molasses home from where it is made, it was so delicious that I was glad I had a small part in its success. Last year we had several letters from friends asking if we could ship molasses to them, but we are unable to do that. We sell it all at the house to those who bring their own containers.

Yesterday was a rainy drizzly day so Frank decided it would be a fine time to cut some posts in the timber. When he came in at noon he brought some

of the most beautiful wahoo berries for me to use as a winter bouquet. I had never seen any before and I don't know but what I think the color is even more beautiful than bittersweet. Knowing how fond Russell and Lucile are of things like that, we both immediately wished they were here so they could have some of them.

The timber hasn't been as lovely this fall as it was last year and I think the reason is because the leaves all started to dry up and drop off before we had a real good frost. However, when Frank came in last night he said that he wished I could see the timber now—that it really is lovely. Since we have had rain for most of the past week, Kristin and I have stayed home all the time, and in the fall of the year the timber can change a lot in a week.

Kristin and I visited school one afternoon this month. I had been wanting to take her to visit so she could see what it was like before she starts in next fall, and the right opportunity came when her little friend, Carolyn Marker, had a birthday. This is Carolyn's second year in school, and since her birthday fell on a school day she had her party right at school during recess time. Carolyn took candy bars and passed them around to the children, and since Kristin loves to make cup cakes and decorate them, I told her she could make some and we would take them to school and surprise Carolyn. The teacher let them have a real party outside because it was such a beautiful warm fall day. They played several games and sang songs, so of course Kristin was really thrilled with school.

We were supposed to go to the school house to a program last night, and Kristin had been looking forward to it for a week. The program was to start at 8:00 o'clock, and at 7:00 it started to pour down rain and rained all night, so of course we didn't get to go. The children who had worked so hard on it must have been terribly disappointed. It was a Hallowe'en program, but maybe they will go ahead

and have it anyway even if Hallowe'en is past. I hope so.

I have had several letters asking me to put in another sour cream recipe, and I am very happy to do so. I meant to put one in last month and just overlooked it. This is the recipe that Kristin uses to make her cup cakes. I give her a bowl and a spoon, put the measured ingredients on the table beside her, and she knows when to put in what and mixes them up herself. Of course when she says she is all done I give the batter a good beating to be sure everything is thoroughly mixed. This recipe was sent to me by Mrs. A. J. Swenson, Council Grove, Kans., but at our house it has received the name of Kristin's Cup Cakes:

1 cup of sugar beaten with one egg, 1 cup of cream (if sour cream, use 1/2 tsp. soda, and if sweet cream use 2 tsp. baking powder), about 1 1/4 cups cake flour, and 1/2 tsp. lemon extract.

It is almost time to start dinner—in fact I think I'll have just enough time to see what I can do with my wahoo berries in the way of a bouquet. So until next month—

Sincerely, Dorothy.

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed. A faithful and true friend is a living treasure, unestimable in possession, and deeply to be lamented when gone. Nothing is more common than to talk of a friend; nothing more difficult than to find one; nothing more rare than to improve by one as we ought. False friends are like our shadow, keeping close to us while we walk in sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade. If a man does not make new acquaintances as he passes through life, he will soon find himself alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair.

MY CREED

To laugh when the clouds are darkest,
To smile in the midst of pain,
And remember the golden promise
Of the rainbow after rain.
To say a kindly word
To all who pass along,
To keep content within my heart,
And on my lips a song.

—Sent by Helen Wohllab,
New Virginia, Ia.



Kristin and Juliana love to have their Grandmother Driftmier read to them.

"Life is too short to be little." This is my favorite quotation. It has helped through many a painful experience. Often we allow ourselves to be upset by small things we should despise and forget. But isn't this absurd?

Here we are on this earth, with only a few decades to live, and we lose many irreplaceable hours brooding over grievances that, in a year's time, will be forgotten.

No, let us devote our life to worthwhile actions and feelings, to great thoughts, real affections and enduring undertakings. For life is too short to be little.

—Andre Maurois.



FOR THE CHILDREN

THE TOO-LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE

By Maxine Sickels

The Too-Little Christmas tree had known he was too-little since the boss of the boys who were cutting Christmas trees had said, "Davy, this one is too-little for a Christmas tree. You must be more careful."

When the man who loaded all the trees into the big truck came along, he said, "Boss this one is too-little."

Boss said, "Yes, that one is too-little but throw it in anyway. It is a shame to leave it here to wither. It's too pretty for that."

So the Truck-Man loaded it on his truck in the far northern woods and hauled it down the mountain into the city. All of the streets were pretty with red and green and blue and white lights. All of the store windows shone with Christmas gifts for giving. The air was filled with the chatter of happy people, and now and then the music of a Christmas song rang out.

Too-Little heard them from his bed on the jolting, bumpy, noisy truck. He could hardly wait to see the city. He looked around as far as he could while the truck driver was unloading the Christmas trees on the sidewalk in front of a big store.

When the truck driver came to Too-Little he said, "This one is too-little. He will not cost you much, but I didn't want to leave him in the forest to wither and die."

The storekeeper said, "Yes, you're right—it is too little. But it's so nice and green and pretty and round that you can just put him down there. Perhaps someone will want a small tree."

So Too-Little was put in the pile of trees near the store door.

Many people came to the store to buy Christmas trees. Some of them wanted great big Christmas trees. Some of them wanted middle-sized Christmas trees. Some of them wanted small Christmas trees. But everyone who saw Too-Little said, "I do not want that tree—it is just too little."

Too-Little felt worse and worse. He felt so bad that he tried to hide behind the larger trees.

Christmas came nearer and nearer and the pile of trees in the store grew smaller and smaller. But no one wanted Too-Little.

The night before Christmas four children came down the walk. They stopped to look at the trees and Too-Little heard the biggest boy say, "We have twenty-five cents and perhaps that will buy us a little Christmas tree."

The children went into the store and came out with the Storekeeper. The Storekeeper said, "Now let us see.

Somewhere here is a little, little tree. I think that twenty-five cents will buy this tree because it is too little for a real Christmas tree. Here it is."

He pulled Too-little out from behind a larger tree where it was hiding and showed it to the children. They were delighted. They smiled and nodded and touched the soft green branches with their hands. They paid the storekeeper their twenty-five cents and went walking down the street taking turns carrying their precious Christmas tree.

They walked until they came to a little white house with lights in its windows. There they turned in at the door. When the door opened, Too-Little saw a baby in his high chair, a little girl watching with round blue eyes to see a Christmas tree, and a Mother stirring supper at the stove.

There was a great deal of talking and laughing, hurrying and giggling to fix the tree on a little table and to put the star on the top and the shining tinsel on its branches.

Everyone kept saying to everyone else, "Hurry before Daddy gets home!" And everyone kept getting in everyone else's way and stopping to look at the tree and exclaiming, "It's just right!"

Just when Mother had finished tying the last silver ball in place and they were all admiring their tree once again—just then there was a step at the door.

The door opened and Daddy came in. The children looked at Daddy and Daddy looked at the tree on the table. He looked at the star on the top. He looked at the silver tinsel. He looked at the little silver balls swinging on the little tree. He nodded his head and said, "That Christmas tree is just right for us."

Then the children all laughed and clapped their hands and shouted, "Yes. It is just right."

The little Christmas tree felt so proud and happy that it didn't care if the Boss and the Truck Man and the Storekeeper had said "Too Little."

Here was a whole family who thought it was "Just Right."

I AM THE LOOKING GLASS

Am I ready for school?
Is my hair brushed?
Is my face washed?
Are my ears clean?
Are my hands washed?
Are my fingernails clean?
Have I a fresh handkerchief?
Are my clothes neat?
Are my stockings clean?
Are my shoes shined?
Ask me—I am the looking glass.

"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.

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FRIED CINNAMON ROLLS. Send 25¢ and self addressed stamped envelope for this unusual and different flavored recipe. Mrs. Eldon Hauck, Seward, Nebr.

SEWING WANTED: Womens cotton house dresses, \$1.50. Child dress, \$1. Cotton house coat, \$2.50. Send material, patterns etc. Mrs. J. F. Walls, Rt. 1, Mystic, Ia.

DOLL CLOTHES: Good material, lace, fur trimmings. Coats, buntings, doll quilts, \$1. Dresses, 79¢; handbags, 25¢; bonnets, 35¢; plus postage. Virginia Thomas, Rt. 1, Rock Port, Mo.

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FOR SALE: Fancy knitted white or pink sweater sets, \$5. White soakers, \$1.50. Mrs. Fritz Van Briesen, George, Ia.

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HAND LOOMED WOVEN RAG RUGS. We will weave your rugs or sell rugs already made. Write to Mrs. Pardee Woods, 400 Church, St., Shenandoah, Ia., for full details.

1400 WORD CHARACTER ANALYSIS and Vocational Guide, 10¢. Send birthdate and dime. Money back if not satisfied. Martin Enterprises, Shenandoah, Ia.

CROCHETED 14 inch pansy doilies, white with alternating variegated purple and yellow pansies, \$1.50. 14 inch white rosewhirl doilies, \$1.50. 17 inch white pineapple doilies, \$1.75. Ad good anytime. Mrs. Charles Pittet, Randolph, Nebr.

BEAUTIFUL DOLL CLOTHES for sale. Baby style or little girl style. Fits size 15", 16", and 20", dolls. Write for information. Opal Hixson, Truro, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Doilies approximately 20", all colors. Northern lights, white, \$2.50. Infants crocheted sacques, \$2.75. Caps to match, \$1.50. Booties, \$1, white with pink or blue trim, or pink and blue with white trim. Send stamps for information. Mrs. Rob. Norton, Greensburg, Mo.

LOVELY WAFFLE WEAVE BUFFET and chair sets, \$1.50. Doilies, 50¢. Crocheted buffet sets, \$2 and \$3.50. Large aprons, bib or band, 75¢. Mrs. G. Valentine, Rt. 7, Topeka, Kans.

SIMPLE BLEACH, 25¢ and stamped envelope will tell how to make 3 gal. for 36¢. Bessie Duvall, Rt. 1, Guthrie Center, Ia.

FOR SALE: Bath mitts in dainty colors, containing fragrant bath powder, 75¢ each. Lovely gifts. Ada Dawson, Mora, Minn.

LOVELY DOILIES, \$1 to \$3, also chair sets, \$3. Large dresser scarfs, \$4.50. Send stamp. Maud Smith, 1012 Wash. Ave., Red Oak, Ia.

FOR SALE: Chenille table centers, \$1.50. Chenille or wood fiber corsages, 75¢. Bouquets, crepe paper roses, \$1.50. Mrs. Katie Fortune, P. O. Box 735, Storm Lake, Ia.

FOR SALE: A new portable table model loom for weaving beautiful rugs. Instructions included. Mrs. Roy Kintigh, Quimby, Ia.

FOR SALE: Crocheted edging in white or shaded blue for 42 inch pillow cases, \$2 a pair. 3 piece chair sets, \$3 a set. Mrs. Harry Parry, Atalissa, Ia.

APRONS, large and medium size, good prints, tape trim, good fitting patterns, \$1.50 each. 10¢ for postage. Mrs. Shelby Johnson, Madrid, Ia.

GET YOUR CHRISTMAS ORDERS IN FOR PILLOW CASES. Enclose an addressed stamped envelope for description and prices. Mrs. Mae Graves, 1012 Roland, Chariton, Ia.

1/2 DOZEN LARGE EMBROIDERED TEA TOWEL SETS, \$4.50. Embroidered pillow cases, \$4.50. Salad dressing recipe, 25¢. Mrs. J. G. Brand, 1217-10th Ave. S.W., Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

CROCHETED TEA APRONS, lacy pineapple design, white, small, \$2, medium and large, \$3 each. Crocheted Butterfly chair set, \$4. 2 sets, \$7, white. Beauties, postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutfield, Craig, Mo.

CROCHETED 15 inch pineapple doilies, white, \$1.25. 15 inch pansy doilies, \$1.25. Crocheted aprons, \$1.50. I will also take orders for other crocheted work, doilies, chair sets, and etc. Mrs. W. C. Dygert, Yale, Iowa.

CHRISTMAS BOUQUETS made up of bitter-sweet and will add Blue Berry Juniper branches if preferred, \$1 postpaid. For smaller orders, add 10¢ postage. Mary Echterling, 410 E. 3rd St., Maryville, Mo.

HEALTH BOOKLET: Over-weight problems. Why some persons cannot reduce, Allergy-Food Sensitiveness, Gas Forming Foods, Nervous and Anemic, answers to 30 Health Questions, Vitamin importance and dangers explained. Price, 35¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Ia.

NEW ANIMAL BREEDING DIAL CALCULATOR, \$1 postpaid. Excellent gift. Every farm needs one. Agents wanted. Literature Free. Handy Chart Co., 406 Greer, Memphis, Tenn.

LOVELY HAND CROCHETED WOOL BABY BLANKETS, crib size, \$8; buggy size, \$6. Plain pink, blue, white, or combinations. Also hood and jacket sets, helmets for boys, \$4.50. Grace Evans, Dawn, Mo.

HEALTH HINTS: Practical ideas on health by a nurse. Eight-day reducing program. Acid producing foods, Wrinkles and Gray hair, Why and when are we old, Child feeding problems. Price 15¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer, Shell Rock, Ia.

BEAUTIFUL CREPE PAPER FLOWERS made from tin cans. Makes lovely Christmas gifts, \$1 each postpaid. Rita Thomas, Pawnee City, Nebr.

CROCHETED POT HOLDERS, 3 for \$1; 12 inch ruffled doilies, white or colors, \$1.75; 17x28 runner, white or ecru, \$3.50; pineapple design doilies, 17 inch, \$2; 25 inch, \$3. Mrs. Sam Stigers, Jameson, Mo.

BOSTON TERRIERS. Males and females, 2 and 3 years, natural whelpers, Ch. bloodlines, registered, special prices, puppies. Mrs. Floyd Watson, Coon Rapids, Ia.

SPECIAL: Christmas cards, hand embossed in metallic. Script or printing. Gold, copper, silver, or assorted. 21 cards, \$1. Or \$1 brings kit and simple instructions to do yourself. Order now for early delivery. Write or print clearly. Mrs. Emerald Lindgren, Axtell, Nebr.

BEAUTIFUL CHENILLE ORCHID COR-SAGES, 65¢ each, two or more, 60¢ each. Lovely Crystalline Brooches, 75¢. All in leading colors. Freda Poverlin, 1700 E. Court, Beatrice, Nebr.

NICE GIFTS: Star Sapphire doily. Two dozen gems surround larger center gem on a white star design. Delicate reflection of color on the edge of the doily, 16 inches diameter. Choice of white with sapphire blue, yellow, purple, or green. Truly a gem. State date wanted. \$1.50 postpaid. Antoinette, 115 North Maple, Carroll, Ia.

CROCHETED BABY SWEATER SETS, medallion pattern. Pink, blue, white, \$4. Floy M. Lane, Stuart, Ia.

WANTED TO BUY or exchange. Old dolls, china heads, kid and jointed bodies with bisque heads. Helen H. Wright, Rt. 3, Brookings, So. Dak.

HAND MADE PLASTIC CLOTH 12 inch doll, hand painted face, 5-piece crocheted outfit, doll can be washed, \$4. Mrs. C. W. Schollmeyer, 922-19 St., Boone, Ia.

SACKS AND ARTICLES MADE FROM THEM. Print suitable for children's clothes, two for 75¢. Towels, 18x44, colored borders, 30¢. Beautiful comforters, hand tied with matching colors. Will last years, \$7.50. Crib comforters, \$2. Mrs. R. E. McCart, Moberly, Mo.

CROCHETED LUNCHEON SETS, four place mats and runner, \$5. Eight place mats and runner, \$10. Mrs. Herbert Bolton, 2400-2nd Ave., Council Bluffs, Ia.

SEWING: Ladies dresses, \$1.50; child's, \$1. Send patterns, material, etc. Christmas Gifts: doll clothes; crocheted rug; yarn pot holders, 75¢ pair; print holders, 15¢; will crochet small finishing edges. Send article. Mrs. Pat Hixson, 3520 59th St., Des Moines 10, Iowa.

MAKE A LOVELY crocheted covered clothes hangers, with colorful crocheted flower trim for Christmas gifts, or to sell. Quickly made and cost little. Instructions and illustration for 25¢ coin. Mrs. E. H. Espe, Radcliffe, Ia.

CROCHETED THREE PIECE BABY SETS, (sacque, bonnet, and booties), blue, pink, or white wool, \$5. Postpaid. Mrs. Florence Hamm, Rising Sun, Maryland.

MACHINE QUILTING: There will be a slight rise in quilting prices on large size quilts. Mrs. Z. B. Baughn, Box 320, Centralia, Kans.

HAND KNIT BOOTIES: Infant mittens, 75¢. Soakers in pink, blue, white. Other hand knit articles. Send for price list. Mary Martin, 731 Freeman, Topeka, Kans.

BEAUTIFUL RUFFLED DOILIES, \$3.00 State color. Orders wanted for other crocheted work. Dorothy Briney, Albion, Ia.

BABY QUILTS, pieced and quilted, of soft silk in pink and white, size 35x29. \$3 each. Pearl Moore, Purdin, Mo.

TEA TOWELS: Nicely embroidered. Size about 19x36. Price, 50¢ each. Ready for mailing. Martha Anthony, Craig, Nebr.

CROCHETED YARN INFANT SETS, (bonnet, jacket, booties), white, blue, pink with trim, \$6. Toeless booties, \$1.25. Hazel Ruch, Merville, Ia.

YARN DOLL LAPEL PINS, all colors, 50¢ each. Shakers, Capitol at Washington, D. C., 60¢. Wauneta Paxson, Box 173, Glenwood, Ia.

TRIMMED APRONS FROM PRINT MATERIAL, bib and back straps, small, medium, large; light, dark. Price \$1.10. Mae Bugbee, 620 Willis, Perry, Ia.

FOR SALE: One size 16 new swim suit, red and white striped, \$5 postpaid. Mrs. Alice Winter, Box 341, Maysville, Mo.

SEND ME YOUR PHOTOGRAPH for beautiful oil coloring, 50¢ each. State color hair, etc. Quick service. Dorothy Briney, Albion, Ia.

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

TROPICAL SHELL PINS, tiny pastel colored shells formed into flowers on a safety catch pin. Beautiful gifts, only \$1. Mrs. M. J. Young, 603 E. Yerby, Marshall, Mo.

NICE NOVELTIES, doilies and chair sets in \$10 and \$20 grab boxes. Bargain, one crocheted bed spread, \$28. Prewar wool comforters, \$11. Postage extra. Mary Klopff, Elizabeth, Ill.

APRONS: Coverall, \$1. Band, 55¢. Applique tea towels, 30¢. Childs dress clothespin bags, \$1. Ideal gifts. Mrs. Arnold Born, 202 So. 8th, Norfolk, Nebr.

QUILT TOP PIECING. Fancy pillow cases; aprons, fancy and plain, childrens and ladies dresses. Mrs. Lonnie Butler, Richmond, Mo.

FOR SALE: Wool crocheted rugs with carpet warp, reversible, 38"x24". Mrs. Paul T. Holan, Niobrara, Nebr.

IF YOU WANT SOMETHING NEW FOR CHRISTMAS, made of shells; earrings, 50¢, 75¢ pair. Brooches, 85¢, \$1. Nut cups, 15¢. Combs, 50¢ pair. Tally cards, place cards, etc. State color. Ruth Sigmund, Holton, Kans.

SUCCESS WITH AFRICAN VIOLETS. Illustrated booklet, tells just how. 35¢ (no stamps). Mayme Gale, 1400 Third Ave., Longmont, Colo.

FOR SALE: Beautiful young Canaries make nice Christmas gifts. Reasonable. Mrs. Roy McFee, 908 E. Howard St., Creston, Ia.

FOR SALE: Clothespin bags, (like girls dress) \$1.10. Crocheted white 12" doilies, \$1.50. Embroidered dish towels, set of 7. \$3. Pillow cases embroidered with crocheted edge, \$4 a pair. Mrs. Wm. Fuss, 1920 O. St., Ord, Nebr.

SEND ME CLEAN OLD WOOL CLOTHES. I will make round rugs, \$3 each. Lena Hilgert, Clark, So. Dak.

CROCHETED TABLE CLOTH, 60x70. Good quality thread. Stamped addressed envelope for information. Mrs. C. J. Phipps, Ogden, Ia.

FOR SALE: Ladies winter coat, size 36. Reasonable. Stamp for inquiry. Mrs. Lon Hitchcock, 607 E. First St., Carrollton, Mo.

FOR SALE: Antique dishes, cups and saucers, compotes, and pitchers. Mrs. Glenn Stockdale, Aplington, Ia.

WILL SELL MY CANARY BUSINESS, all equipment and several pairs of breeding stock. Write, Mrs. Curtis Van Houten, Cushing, Ia.

QUILT BLOCK APRONS. The newest, the prettiest, for yourself, for the bazaar, for that gift, \$1.10 each. Mrs. E. R. Hinks, 2012 H. St., Belleville, Kans.

FOR SALE: Two crocheted table clothes, price, \$50 each. **CROCHETING WANTED:** Crocheted baby sets in African Stitch, each, \$5; pincushions, each, \$1.50; rose hot pads, each \$1.25. Write to Mrs. H. C. Hoffman, Box 289, Chariton, Ia.

TREATED CAT TAILS for bouquets, tinselled, 15¢ each. Extra fancy doilies, \$3.50 to \$5. Hand drawn colorful Mexican style aprons, \$5.50. Postage extra. Mary Klopff, Elizabeth, Ill.

YOU WILL WANT ONE OF THESE TWO COLOR APRONS. Bibless with applique and embroidered pansy or water lily pockets. Well made, \$2.25. Mrs. Fred Kesi, Elberon, Ia.

FOR SALE: 7-inch yarn dolls, washable, yellow braids, crocheted dress and hat, \$1 postpaid. Canaries, Hartz Mountain, young singers, \$7, hens, \$2. Dish cloth dolls, 12 inches, fine Christmas gifts, \$1 postpaid. Clara Jackson, Mendon, Mo.

FOR SALE: Crocheted table cloth, ecru, 71x90, \$45. Ecru netted round doily, very lacy, 41 inches, \$10. Enclose stamps. Josephine Dolezal, Wilber, Nebr.

CLEARANCE OF: Embroidered towels, pillow cases, infant's wear, toys, pillows, aprons, 3-burner electric plate, also 1-burner, electric sweeper like new. Enclosed stamped envelope. Mrs. L. Stanek, Scribner, Nebr.

CROCHETED TABLECLOTH, 64" square, ecru, \$45. Bonnet-string holder and pot holders. Quilt tops. Birds. Pearl Wolfe, N. Y. Avenue, Creston, Ia.

FOR SALE: Crocheted Star white table cloth, 56x62, \$25. Mrs. R. N. Smith, 513 N. Kansas, Beloit, Kans.

A BARGAIN: 21 Christmas folders, \$1. Also an 18 oillette assortment, something different and distinctive in Christmas folders, \$1. Christmas and Every Day gift wrappings, \$1. Mrs. Fred Albers, Jr., Nashua, Ia.

CROCHETED HAT PINS, state color, 35¢. Vera Lachelt, Janesville, Minn.

PAT'S LEAGUE OF LETTERS, best monthly mimeographed club paper, only \$1.25 year. Mrs. Marion Pat Bridgwater, Gen Del., Boonville, Mo.

50 LOVELY ASSORTED CHRISTMAS CARDS, \$1 with name. Order by December first. Farene Mauton, Smithville, Mo.

LARGE CROCHETED DOILIES, \$3. Chair sets, \$3.50. Aprons, \$3.50. Runners, \$3. Stamped envelope for details. Mrs. H. O. Putnam, 3016-61st., Des Moines, Ia.

CROCHETED FASCINATORS, 20x50, triangular shape, shell pattern, sure to please, state color, price, \$5. Mrs. Garnett Huffman, Sulphur Well, Kentucky.

FLOWER GARDEN QUILT, \$22.50. Full size, pre-war material. Further information, write, Edna Stauffer, Greene, Ia.

FOR SALE: 78x96, prewar prints, yellow lining, hand quilted, Dresden plate quilt, \$16. Old fashioned pitcher and bowl, plain white, also gray decorated one. Send stamp. Mrs. Eugene Marquis, Osceola, Ia.

CROCHETED DRESS DISH CLOTH, 2 rose pot holders, clemenz cover, \$2.50. 2 dress pot holders. Mary Magill, Baxter, Pa.

WILL TINT WITH OILS any non-glossy photo at 50¢ each or 3 for \$1. Ada Dawson, Mora, Minn.

BEAUTIFUL PILLOW CASES, crocheted ends, rose or pineapple patterns, variegated colors or solid and white, \$4 a pair. 20" Grape pattern doily, \$3. Cross and Crown doily, \$3. 9" rose doily, \$1.50. Anything in crocheting made to order. Mrs. J. L. Miller, Edmonton, Kentucky.

CUTE SOCK DOLLS, dressed, \$1. Sure to please. Mrs. L. N. Carter, Sgt. Bluff, Ia.

("Little Ads" Continued on Page 16)

Mrs Louisa Pickell
Rt 1
Madrid Iowa 2



CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE

By Mabel Nair Brown

In all of the high spirits and festivities that crowd into the holiday season it is often difficult to set aside one special time for a service that captures the very heart of our reason for celebrating Christmas, but no time spent on such a service can ever be better repaid. When all of the fun and excitement has been forgotten we still carry warm memories of the hour in which we gathered together worshipfully. For children, particularly, it is necessary to instill the true meaning of Christmas, so this year let's plan a service of carols.

The following suggestions are intended to serve as a foundation for your program. Every group will probably want to make changes and additions.

Place a large picture of the Madonna and Child, or some other painting of Jesus' birth, on an easel at the front of the room or in the center of the stage. Place lighted candles on either side or use a concealed floodlight to illuminate it. If you prefer, you could have the manger scene with live actors to make the tableaux.

The reader will stand at the right of the stage and the singers will be seated at the far left, or they may sing from backstage or from another room if the program is given in a home. If possible, have a chorus of eight or twelve voices, but a quartette works out nicely too. The pianist should play a soft medley of Christmas carols while guests are gathering, diminishing the volume of music to a faint whisper when the reader opens the program by reading Luke 2:1-17. As soon as this is over the following sequence can be started.

READER: "The beloved cradle song, 'Away in the Manger' was written by Martin Luther. It is thought that he wrote it for his small son, Hans, to sing at a Christmas Eve festival about the year 1530. Doesn't it give a sweet picture of the Babe in the Manger? When e're we hear it our thoughts are wafted back along memory lane to our own childhood Christmases when we leaned on Mother's knee as she taught us the sweet words of this dear lullaby."

Song: Away in the Manger.

READER: "No Christmas would be complete without the carol 'It Came Upon A Midnight Clear'. Listen, now, as we hear it sung once more. Doesn't it recall to your mind a group of carol singers standing in the light streaming from a candle-light window?"

Song: It Came Upon A Midnight Clear.

READER: "Another beautiful song with which we celebrate Christmas

was written by Charles Wesley, author of the fine old hymn 'Jesus, Lover Of My Soul'. In 1739 he wrote 'Hark! The Herald Angels Sing', and then in 1743 he revised it in the form that we know it today. This joyous song calls up all the triumphant happiness of Christ's birth."

Song: Hark! The Herald Angels Sing.

READER: "In December, 1865, Phillips Brooks visited the Holy Land. With intense enjoyment he visited Bethlehem, Jerusalem and Nazareth where Jesus had lived, and on Christmas Eve he accompanied friends from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. At one point on the road they could look down the valley and see the little town of Bethlehem lying calm and peaceful in the darkness just as it did on that first Christmas over 1900 years ago. Later that evening Brooks attended midnight services at the Church of the Nativity built, it is believed, where Jesus was born.

"These beautiful Christmas scenes remained vividly in Phillips Brooks' memory long after he returned home. Three years after his trip he wanted a song for the children of his Sunday School, so he sat down and wrote the poem describing his Christmas visit to Bethlehem. He asked the church organist to compose a simple tune for it that the children could sing for their program on Christmas. And now each Christmas our hearts are touched when e're we hear the familiar strains, 'O Little Town of Bethlehem'."

Song: O Little Town of Bethlehem.

READER: "Silent Night, Holy Night, All is calm, All is bright . . . Thus begins the most beloved of the carols. We read that this carol had its origin high up in the Austrian Alps. In these Alpine mountains in 1818 lived a young Austrian priest, Joseph Mohr. One of his friends was the village schoolmaster and church organist, Franz Guber. Both these men were great music lovers and had often talked among themselves about the fact that the perfect Christmas song had not been written.

"On Christmas Eve, 1818, Joseph Mohr sat in his church study thinking about this. We can imagine him looking out upon the beautiful snowclad mountain scene, so hushed and still in the moonlight. As he sat there the words just seemed to form themselves in his mind, and in a few minutes he had written them down.

"The next morning he took his poem to his friend, Franz Guber read it with great delight and immediately sat down and composed the soft flowing melody we love so dearly. 'It sings itself—your song,' he told the priest.

"Later, that same evening, the men sang the song at their services. Their

listeners were deeply touched. From one music lover to another the song was passed on, and finally, in 1842—twenty-four years after it had been written, it was printed for the first time. In 1854 a full choir sang it in Berlin before the Emperor. He liked it so well he ordered that it be given first place on all religious Christmas programs thereafter. Since then it has been carried all over the world to be given first place in the hearts of all men. It is a carol which really touches the heart-strings."

Song: Silent Night, Holy Night.

READER: (Benediction). "The Lord bless thee and keep thee, and may we depart in love and understanding to spread His peace over all the world."

Pianist joyfully peals forth the carol "Joy To The World" as the program finale.

If desired, some beautiful Christmas poems might be included as part of the reader's role in this service.

"LITTLE ADS"

(Continued from Page 15)

FOR SALE: Pineapple dresser scarf, 12x36 or 12x48, \$6.50 and \$7.50, any color. Three piece pineapple fan chair sets, ecru, or white, \$3.75. Following doilies in any color. 15 inch pineapple, \$2.50. 17 inch Northern lights, \$3. 18 inch double star, \$3. 12 inch double star, \$2.15. 17 inch whirl away, \$2.75. 18 inch fern, \$3.75. 12 inch fern, \$2.50. 18 inch pineapple, \$3.75. 19 inch triple star, \$3.75. 13 inch triple star, \$2.60. 21 inch pineapple, \$5.25. 9 inch flower center, \$1.25. Dress pot holders, 65¢. 9 inch pansy doily, white with colored border, \$1.35. This ad good throughout year. Things all made to order. Please enclose postage. Hazel Hegwood, Swan, Iowa.

GRAB BOXES OF FANCYWORK, \$1 to \$25. Crocheted 8-piece davenport and chair set, pineapple, \$12. Vera Lachelt, Janesville, Minn.

Earn Money taking renewal and new subscriptions in your community. Make money for your church or club. Write for details. Leanna Driftmier, Shenandoah, Ia.

YOUR HAIR Should Look Its Best For Christmas Holidays

. . . so be sure you have plenty of La Dana GLORI Fluff-Type Shampoo for your hair . . . and for the rest of the family to use, too. This is the remarkable shampoo that Leanna has told you about on the Kitchen-Klatter Program, on KMA. GLORI Shampoo leaves your hair so soft and clean, gleaming with highlights, and so manageable that it saves you many minutes each day, in doing up your hair. Order a jar today, or several jars as gifts for your friends. We'll do our best to get them to you before Christmas.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER

Send your order now, for a jar of La Dana GLORI Shampoo, at one dollar, postpaid anywhere in the U. S. With it you will receive, at no extra charge, a generous-size jar of La Dana Hair Creme, PLUS a full dram of lovely perfume in a beautiful flaconette that looks like cut-glass. The perfume is in a separate box, gift-wrapped.

It's all for one dollar, postpaid. Send your orders to Leanna, at KMA, or to

LA DANA

705 S. 16th St., Omaha, Nebr.
This Special Offer Expires Dec. 15th.