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Kitchen-Klatter

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

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Photo by Verness.



LETTER FROM LEANNA

KITCHEN - KLATTER MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER, Editor.

LUCILE VERNES, Associate Editor.

S. W. DRIFTMIER, Business Manager.

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Dear Friends:

This letter to you is the last thing I am doing at my desk before we leave early tomorrow morning on the first lap of our winter trip. It gives me a strange feeling to sit here and look at our suitcases all packed and ready to be put into the car, to realize that when I wheel out of this little office and go into the bedroom it will be my last night in my own bed for several months to come. It seems to me that our own home, even though it may always be dear to us, is especially dear in the hours just before we leave for a long trip—and then when we return. I had thought that I would write this letter from "someplace along the road" but circumstances put off our departure a little later than we had expected.

It gives me a great thrill to tell you that Mart and I have our fourth granddaughter. Emily Lawrence Driftmier arrived on the morning of November 4th to bless the home of Abigail and Wayne. She is an exceptionally pretty little baby (this isn't just a fond grandmother's prejudiced opinion) with a great deal of black hair, dimples, and big shining eyes that may turn brown—only time can tell. She tipped the scales at 7 lbs., ½ oz., when she arrived, and has gotten off to a good start. I'm so happy that her parents are being spared the sleepless nights that we put in with Dorothy, and that Dorothy, in turn, put in with Kristin. I find it hard to believe that when we return from our trip she will be trying to sit up, laughing, and eating a variety of foods. You will be able to get acquainted with Emily in next month's magazine for Russell has promised to get pictures of her soon.

When I read Frederick's letter that appears in this issue it made me feel as though I were in a dream to think that before long I'll be "gliding down out of a star-studded sky" at the airport in Honolulu. Of course we aren't absolutely positive yet that we will fly to Hawaii, but things are beginning to shape up that way at this particular time. If we do go by plane it will be my first experience traveling in the air, and I can honestly say that it doesn't seem real to me! In fact, this trip to Honolulu just seems like a happy dream from which I will surely awaken—if you've ever wanted to do

something for a long, long time and never thought, in your wildest fancies, that it could ever come to pass, then you'll know how I feel now.

The trip itself is exciting to think about, of course, but imagine how happy I am at the prospect of seeing little Mary Leanna for the first time when we reach the end of the trip! Not that I won't be extremely happy to see Betty and Frederick, but you know what it means to see a far-distant grandchild for the first time.

Since I last wrote to you the only really important family event has been the arrival of little Emily. Everyone has stayed well at our house this fall, and we've more or less just carried on the daily routine of cooking, cleaning and sewing for the bazaar. As all of you know, I've always loved to cook and been grateful indeed that it is one thing I could do well even though I must get about the kitchen in my wheelchair, but I've done an unusual amount of cooking and baking this fall. Lucile and I have had a good time testing many recipes, and we share the results with each other so that it gives us both a little more variety than we would have ordinarily. Margery has always done the cleaning here while I've been at the helm in the kitchen, but she will take up my testing "business" after tomorrow, and Abigail is going to try new recipes too—between the three girls you should have many good recipes this winter, both on the daily Kitchen-Klatter visits and in the magazine.

We saw Donald about a month ago when we went to Des Moines to visit my sister, Martha Eaton. He came down from Ames where he is a senior in the College of Engineering, and we had a nice time together for the day. Martha enjoyed a lovely trip back East in the home of her son, Dwight, and had a happy time with her two little grandsons, Douglas and Craig. When she returned to Des Moines she had to settle the problem of whether to give up the family home and take an apartment, or stay where she had lived a good many years, and after looking at it from all sides she decided to remain in her home. We'd like to have her join us in California when we return from Honolulu, but she isn't sure at this time if it will be possible.

Helen is well and busy with her flowers. She had a fine visit with Mary, her husband, Jim, and the two little boys, Elliott and Jared. I think that from the description Helen gave us of Mary's home, she must live in a section much like Dorothy's farm—the boys must be watched closely for it would be easy for them to get lost in the New Jersey woods.

When I write again I'll tell you where we had our Thanksgiving dinner and about our trip west. We aren't likely to leave for Honolulu (from Los Angeles) until around December 10th, so I won't be able to tell you about that part, but in February you'll get the full details of everything. We send you our warmest wishes for a happy holiday, and you can be sure that I'll have you in my thoughts on Christmas Day even though I am far, far from home.

A happy and blessed Christmas to you all. . . .

Leanna.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:

"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

—Henry W. Longfellow.

"Help us to remember the birth of Jesus, that we may share in the song of angels, the gladness of the shepherds and the worship of the Wise Men. Close the doors of hate, and open the doors of love all over the world. Let kindness come with every gift, and good desire with every greeting. Deliver us from evil with the blessing that Christ brings, and teach us to be merry with clean hearts. May the Christmas morning make us happy to be thy children, and the Christmas evening bring us to our beds with grateful thoughts, forgiving, and forgiven, for Jesus sake, Amen."
Dr. Henry Van Dyke:—

THE UNCHANGING

Let nothing distress thee, nothing afflict thee;
All things are passing, God never changeth.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Come into the Garden

A GIFT OF LILIES

By Eileen Derr

Many of us try our luck at gardening, but few of us specialize in one thing as does Mrs. Fred Evans who lives near Forest City, Missouri. She is an authority on the subject of Lilies! Not only does she raise them profusely in every size, shape and color, but she likes to share them with her friends. The gardens and yards of all her neighbors are well sprinkled with bulbs that originated in her garden, and these neighbors and friends, whether they think they are qualified to raise Lilies or not, find themselves the proud owner of exotic members of the Lily family. Furthermore, when Mrs. Evans' Lilies bloom, they do not just bloom and die, but go visiting as cut flowers to delight the hearts and grace the tables of her friends.

Mrs. Evans is a member of the North American Lily Society. She became actively interested in the culture of Lilies in 1942, and in 1944 became a member of a Lily Round Robin Club from which she received many of her rare and unusual specimens.

In Mrs. Evans' garden, bulbs do not just go into the ground to live or die as is the case in many gardens. They are pampered as so many babies, and if one formula does not agree with them they are fed another. A lot of them were cultured from minute seeds or from scales taken from the mother bulb and nurtured in especially prepared soil indoors until they were able to take care of themselves against the elements.

It's quite a confusing experience for the novice to talk to Mrs. Evans about her Lilies. One hears of the *Maximowiczii*, *Davidi Willmottiae*, *Aurelianense*, and *Speciosum Rubrum*, and all of those other unpronounceables preceded by the word *Lilium*. Mrs. Evans says that it was necessary for her to learn their botanical names in order to decipher her round robin letters and translate her nursery books, and that now it comes as second nature to her to call a Tiger Lily just plain *Lilium Tigrinum Splendens*.

To the average person a Lily is a Lily and that is all there is to it. Most of us do not realize that there are many flowers of the bulb family classified as Lilies that are not considered true Lilies by the Horticulturists. Among these are the Iris, the Day Lilies, *Amaryllis*, and the Magic Lilies. Mrs. Evans' garden contains all these and many more flowers of the bulb family. She estimates that she now has around twenty-five different species of Lilies growing in her garden, and many varieties of the different species.

Mrs. Evans' green thumb does not stop at outdoor Lilies and flowers. She has scads of that temperamental, the African Violet. They bloom profusely for her throughout the year, and she keeps a big dishpan full of these crisp little plantlets in her liv-

ing room window. They seem to grow furiously for her, and as soon as they are large enough they are transplanted to bigger pots and go out to find new windows in the homes of her friends.

Mrs. Evans' garden is ideally situated along the foot of the Missouri River Bluffs. A large timber tract runs behind the house, and this furnishes a much needed shelter from the North winds. Her back yard is a mecca for the many birds that come to feed there. She has counted as many as twenty-one redbirds at one time, and has identified many other species of birds. Their brilliant plumage and joyous song may be seen and heard from her kitchen window.

Mrs. Evans has just one plant for which she could apologize—an artificial vine, put where she "wanted a vine," she said, "but just couldn't wait for one to grow!"

THE SYMBOLS OF CHRISTMAS

By Mary Duncomb

There is no season of the year when we indulge our fancy in the lore of symbols so much as we do during the Christmas festival. They stand as a reminder to us of something precious, and each and every one of them has some real significance which has come down to us through the ages.

The Christmas tree itself is a symbol on which we place many other symbols. The evergreen and other greenery used in wreaths, together with their cones, stand for immortality; and when we decorate our homes with them we are unconsciously voicing our belief in the indistructability of the soul—without which life would be meaningless. Holly and mistletoe were used as Christmas decorations in very ancient times, and they are certainly a very vital part of our Christmas today.

The stars in the heavens are particularly bright in December, and so we hang a bright silvery star on the tip of the tree because of the Guiding Star which shone over the Manger. We portray the events of that momentous night in arrangements which use small figures, and each one means something to us and brings to mind the old, old story which is ever new again.

Because of God's great gift of His only Son, we too enjoy giving to those whom we love, and this spirit overflows into what we call the Christmas spirit. The greetings we joyfully call to each other are reminders of the season when we are at peace, in our hearts, at least, with our fellow men.

To the children, whose thoughts are less serious, the most beloved symbol is old Santa himself. The stocking is hung in many homes by expectant little ones who will scamper out in the chill of Christmas morning to find what was left in them. At this season too, old legends are retold once more, and even the older people who

are in tune with the season love to hear favorite ones repeated. There is an undercurrent of good in these legends which will help us all, and the dramatic story of the first Christmas, as it is told in the Bible, never palls regardless of how often it is read.

Bells of Christmas! They ring out the glad tidings of our abiding faith in an ever-changing world; no matter what else changes, this wonderful season and all that it means to us will come back year after year with the same radiant message of hope and cheer.

And speaking of music . . . can we imagine a Christmas without carols? The shepherds tending their flocks by night heard the first ones. To them, in the stillness of the night, came that blessed music which has echoed down through the ages.

It would really be difficult to imagine December without a Christmas. It is true that we often become very weary because we undertake too much, so let us endeavor to keep our pleasures as simple as possible, not forgetting that it should be a season of prayer, as well as a season for feasting and exchanging gifts.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

THE LEGEND OF THE POINSETTIA

In Mexico, on a certain Christmas Eve many years ago, little Rosita was on her way to church for the service to honor the Christchild. Other boys and girls of the town walked along with nimble steps and smiling faces; but Rosita was sad and she could hardly drag her feet along for she had no gift to lay at the foot of the altar for the Holy Child.

Suddenly she remembered that she had not prayed to the Lord for help in her trouble. So she knelt down on the cold ground, closed her tear-filled eyes, and offered her prayer. Hardly had she finished and opened her eyes, when there before her a beautiful plant was springing up from the ground, with bright red leaves like a gorgeous flower. Her prayer had been heard. Here was her gift. She quickly gathered the flame-colored flowers and with a light heart she hurried into the church and placed them as her present to the Christchild at the foot of the altar. It was the poinsettia—the Flower of the Holy Night!

Sent by Mrs. Henry Kramer,
Aplington, Iowa.

LOOK TO THIS DAY

Look to this day!
For it is life, the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all the varieties
and realities of your existence:
The bliss of growth;
The glory of action;
The splendor of beauty;
For yesterday is already a dream, and
tomorrow is only a vision;
But today, well lived, makes every yesterday
A dream of happiness, and every tomorrow
A vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day!
Such is the salutation of the dawn!
From the Sanskrit.

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

By Lucile Driftmier Verness

CHAPTER SIXTY-THREE

Both Donald and Howard were able to get furloughs in the spring of 1943 and visit the folks and Frederick—he was the only one of us children living at home during that period. Donald came up from Waco, Texas where he was serving as a weather forecaster in the army, and only a few days after he left Shenandoah he notified the folks that he was to be sent to Grand Rapids, Michigan to complete another phase of his training program. Furthermore, he had been told that when this period of his training was completed he would be sent overseas—and that was the height of Donald's ambition—to get overseas.

Howard made his trip from Camp Adair in Oregon. By this time he had been elevated to the exalted role of a corporal in the 382nd Infantry. I write it in this fashion because Howard's experiences in the army, from beginning to end, were always recounted with such a wry sense of humor that it was impossible not to laugh. A little later on I want to tell you about one specific incident that happened to him when he was stationed in the front lines at some point in the Philippines, but right now I want to mention the fact that this particular furlough was made on what Howard always called a "cinder shaker"—meaning a train that probably saw its first run before the turn of the century. Every hour of his short furlough was priceless to him, but almost half of his time was consumed on the old cinder shaker that literally crawled through the miles between Oregon and Iowa. Dorothy and I were chronically hopeful that Howard would be transferred to some camp in southern California where we could see him from time to time, but another year was to pass before this happened.

When Juliana was about nine weeks old we had the first blackout that Los Angeles had experienced for a number of months. It came on a Sunday night around eight o'clock, and to us it was more alarming than the others because we now had a baby to think about and try to protect. There was precious little that anyone could do in the line of protection for there was simply no place to go—California houses are built without basements, you know, so when the air-raid sirens blew one had to make his peace with the fact that there could be nothing between himself and possible bombs except a thin, California-construction type of roof.

In our apartment there was only one place that seemed to offer a shred of security and that was a large closet built directly underneath a staircase. It was big enough to accommodate Juliana's bassinet, so we wheeled her in there and hoped for the best. No gunfire was heard that night, but the sky was ablaze with brilliant searchlights and we could hear many planes above us. It was



This picture was taken on a Sunday afternoon when Kristin was ten days old. Dorothy and Frank were every bit as proud as they look!

not for us mortals to know what those planes were after because no explanations were ever made, so like thousands of others we just sat on our front steps in the darkness, listened to them, hoped they were our own planes and that they would settle whatever it was that had forced them up to fly above the blacked-out city for a couple of hours.

A short time after this we had an experience that was as mystifying as the never-to-be-forgotten February night in 1942 that I told you about not long ago. I am positive that this was never known outside of Los Angeles, and certainly I never made a reference to it in any letters written to you during that period. This incident occurred in the early summer of 1943 and, so far as I know, was the last totally mysterious and unexplained incident of the war years so far as southern California was concerned.

One evening just at dusk a big bomber was sighted flying at a fairly low altitude above Glendale. Now the sky was rarely empty of planes, including big bombers, so the thing that made this unusual was the fact that suddenly a squadron of P-38 fighter planes rose from the ground, and within a few minutes thousands of people rushed out of their houses to see why there was so much gunfire above them. In utter amazement they watched a spectacular dog-fight between the bomber and the fighter planes—and no doubt the people who were struck by shell casings felt something a little stronger than utter amazement! During this fight the bomber continued on its course in the direction of the big Lockheed plant, but about a mile from there it turned suddenly and disappeared into the dusk.

In no time at all there was a special edition out with blazing headlines about the mystery bomber. According to the newspapers this plane was first sighted above Los Angeles—it was moving towards Glendale and the Lockheed plant. When it refused to answer an air-force demand to identify itself the P-38's were sent up—three times the P-38's demanded that it identify itself and on the third refusal the fighter planes opened fire. Then began the dog-fight that thousands of people watched, and it end-

ed, as I said, when the bomber suddenly turned and disappeared.

Well, that's all I can tell you! There was never again any reference to it in the papers. One person's guess was as good as another's. However, everyone was mighty uneasy for a long, long time because up until that incident we had assumed that approaching enemy planes would be sighted far from the coast and that the city would have ample warning of impending trouble. The fact that an unidentified bomber could actually get over the heart of Los Angeles before it was discovered gave us a long thoughtful pause! I hated the baleful noise of the air-raid sirens but, like countless others, I would have been glad to hear them on that particular evening.

Shortly after the first of June Dorothy and I began making preparations for Margery's arrival. She had finished her year of teaching at Pella and planned to spend the summer with us in Hollywood. I was very eager to "show off" Juliana and it was my fond hope that I could get some curl into her red hair before Margery arrived. Yes, Juliana was born with red hair and I hoped it would stay that color, but by the time she was three months old it had all disappeared and she had golden hair even straighter than the proverbial string. It's gotten straighter as the years go by, too.

Dorothy and I (plus Juliana in her basket) drove to the Union Station about five o'clock one afternoon to meet Margery, and my! that was a happy reunion. We could scarcely believe that the "three Driftmier girls" were in one spot so far from Shenandoah! After a few days of sight-seeing for Margery's benefit we settled down to wait for Craig-Kristin who was due the last week in June. I felt that Juliana was fortunate to have two cousins so near the same age for about the middle of March her cousin Kristin Solstad had been born in Minneapolis—and now we had the second Kristin to anticipate.

At five o'clock on the morning of June 24th, Frank came downstairs to awaken me with the news that Dorothy was dressing to go to the hospital. It had been planned in advance that Margery would stay and take care of Juliana, and that I would go with Dorothy and Frank, so there was great scurrying around for the next fifteen or twenty minutes. Then, in another twenty minutes or so we were at the Cedars of Lebanon again, only this time the roles were reversed and I went to the waiting room where Dorothy had sat four months earlier. Frank and I had a good long visit that morning! We were just casting around for a new subject of conversation when the news was brought to us that Kristin had arrived—eight pounds, ten ounces. She was brought out for us to see, and then we hurried to the telephone to call Shenandoah and tell the folks that their second granddaughter was safely in the world.

(To Be Continued)

HOMEMADE HOLIDAY GLITTER AND GLAMOR

By Mabel Nair Brown

December at last—a whole month of exciting days for you and yours! This is especially true if the entire family gets its fingers in the Christmas pie early in the month by joining hands to make lovely and inexpensive decorations from materials at hand. Give imaginations full rein and you'll find that often the most prosaic, everyday article, when combined with a bit of traditional Christmas trimming, will produce an unusual and strikingly beautiful effect.

For instance, consider your individual bread pans. Do you know they can make wonderful candleholders? Cover the pan with silver aluminum foil, then fill it with sand or dirt and place a row of three red or white candles in the sand. Place the pan on a window ledge or use as a table centerpiece. Surround the pan with evergreen tips, with perhaps a few pine cones or tree ornaments to highlight the greenery.

This same aluminum foil will give your pots of red geraniums, Christmas cactus, etc., a festive touch. Tie them up with a big perky red or blue ribbon bow.

Speaking of houseplants, if you have a plant of English ivy, bend a wire to form a circle and entwine the ivy around it to make a growing wreath. Place a red light bulb behind the flower pot in back of the wreath, or place it at the lower edge of the wreath to make a glowing candle. This wreath could stand on a small table, with the family Bible (opened to the Christmas story) just in front of it. Perhaps you have some small angel figurines which can stand on either side of the Book. This will be a favorite Yuletide arrangement in many homes, I'm sure.

Tiny angel figures are easy to make. The skirt is a half-circle cut from white construction paper and pasted in cone shape. Make the head from an egg shell, painting on features (or use crayola). Glue on some bits of yellow yarn for hair, and also glue on wings cut from silver or white paper. Instead of the egg shell you can make the head by wrapping a small piece of white crepe paper (or cloth) around a tiny ball of cotton and twisting at the bottom. Now snip off the point end of the paper cone skirt and insert the head into this hole. Decorate the skirts with a few silver or gold star stickers. These little angels will stand alone and can be used as a part of many different arrangements or for table favors.

The children will love an outing flannel snowman on the glass pane in your front door or on a window. Simply cut the round circles for head and body from white flannel. Sketch in the features or you can sew on button eyes and nose and embroider the mouth. Fasten him to the glass with a bit of scotch tape. Add a black top hat set at a rakish angle. This can be cut from black cloth or paper. The features may be put on both sides in order that he may be enjoyed by those

inside the house as well as by those who pass on the street.

A front entrance flanked on either side by giant candles is very attractive. The candles are made by making tubes of heavy cardboard and then covering them with paper to resemble the candle flame. Evergreen garlands might be twined around each candle and also hung in a swag effect across the top of the door.

Christmas tree baubles, strung on graduated lengths of ribbon and hung to form an arch across your large window, are very effective, especially if indirectly lighted by some Christmas lights hidden behind a bit of greenery.

If a Christmas cookie house centerpiece is traditional at your house, try covering the windows with colored tissue paper and then place a flashlight or light bulb inside—the children will be delighted to see the cookie house aglow with lights.

Another joy to childish hearts will be a popcorn tree. Tint the popcorn ball syrup green and then mold the popcorn in your cone-shaped colander (sieve) which has been well greased. Unmold and stick bits of bright colored candies on it for ornaments with a tiny silver star at the top. Along the same line, a cake tree is traditional at our house. I bake two angel food cakes, one in the regular tube pan and a second one in the cone-shaped colander. When they are cold I place the cone shaped cake upon the regular one and then, using my sharp bread knife, I cut out some irregular pieces of the cake so that it will take on the pointed branch shape of the evergreen tree. Then the whole cake is iced in a delicate green. Pretty Christmas candies make the decorations. I select the small cylinder shaped pieces and stand upright on branch tips to resemble candles. Tuck lace paper doilies beneath the cake at the plate's edge for a snowflake effect, and if you wish you can snip tiny snowflakes from these doilies and stick them on the cake.

Popcorn balls in a variety of pastel colors can be strung on a string and hung at the window to delight the youngsters. If these are to be eaten later they should be wrapped in cellophane.

You have probably silvered pine cones, but have you ever shellaced them and stuck red cinnamon drops on them while the shellac is still wet? They look beautiful among the Christmas greens, and I've used them also to decorate Christmas packages. Try these, too, with hedge balls. Heap the hedge balls on a large mirror, tuck white lace paper doilies around the base, and then lay evergreens around the balls with a few sprigs stuck here and there among the balls. Place the cinnamon candy decorated cones among the greens, and if possible use delicate green tapers in clear glass holders at either side of the arrangement.

An attractive window decoration is made by painting several small flower pots or tin cans a brilliant red. Fill with sand or dirt. Then stick an evergreen sprig in each pot and set a row of these tiny Christmas trees

on the window ledge. By sticking on tiny seals, candies, etc., the trees can be decorated for added beauty.

Why not make some jolly Santa ornaments? A large red ball tree ornament is his head. A bit of cotton will make his beard, mustache and eyebrows, and a red paper cone serves as his hat. A white or black crayola can be used to draw in his eyes, nose and mouth. These make clever favors for Christmas meetings.

Had you thought of having the whole family work on a creche for your home, keeping it over from year to year? The children could make the tiny figures from modeling clay, and perhaps Dad could fix up a small manger from a box. Use a bit of real straw for the manger and the scene is complete. Each year add a new figure or object to make the scene larger. Mother and the girls can have the pleasure of making tiny robes for the figures. We have a small cardboard church around which we build a pretty Christmas scene on top of our piano each year. To us, Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without it.

Just bear in mind that it is these homey little traditions carried on year after year in your home which will be the cherished Christmas memories of your loved ones in the years to follow.

MARY, THE MOTHER

She little knew a shining star
Above the manger stood—
She only knew the pains and joys
Attending motherhood.

Nor did she hear the angels' song
Ring out in glorious light—
She only heard her baby's cry.
Upon that Silent Night.

Not knowing that the Three Wise Men
Were bringing gifts so rare—
She only saw that Joseph knelt
In adoration there.

To her it never did occur
The Prince of Peace was born—
She only kissed her baby's head
On that first Christmas morn.
—By Mary Duncomb.

STAR OF THE EAST

Star of the East, that long ago
Brought wise men on their way
Where, angels singing to and fro,
The Child of Bethlehem lay—
Above that Syrian hill afar
Thou shinest out tonight, O Star!

Star of the East, the night were drear
But for the tender grace
That with thy glory comes to cheer
Earth's loneliest, darkest place;
For by that charity we see
Where is hope for all and me.

Star of the East! show us the way
In wisdom undefiled
To seek that manger out and lay
Our gifts before the child—
To bring our hearts and offer them
Unto our King in Bethlehem!
—Eugene Field.

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Folks:

It is a beautiful Sunday morning and while I am waiting for church time I shall get this letter off to you. We had a big breakfast of fried bananas this morning. The bananas were from the tree in our neighbor's yard and of course that made them all the more delicious. The best bananas for frying are the great big yellow ones, while the best ones for eating raw are the small orange ones. After frying them in butter Betty puts brown sugar and cinnamon on them. We don't have any banana trees in our yard. They have to be watered so often that I can't be bothered with them.

Since last writing to you our little daughter, Mary Leanna, has started walking by herself. In her first two weeks of walking she has never taken a fall that we know of—she is so very, very cautious. In that respect she takes after her grandfather Driftmier. I really doubt if Dad ever tripped or fell in his life. The other day Betty walked into the living room, took one look at me, and then shouted, "If you are in here, who is it that is in the bathroom with the door locked?" There was just one answer to that question—Mary Leanna. While we were debating the best way of getting her out, since it is next to impossible to reach the bathroom window even with a ladder because of the dense growth of shrubbery, the little darling unlocked the door and walked out. A little girl of fourteen months does not know how to lock and unlock doors, and so the whole affair was quite accidental, but lucky.

The other night I was acting as chairman of a public forum here in Honolulu where the American way of life was being much discussed. Most of the speakers during the evening had been pointing out the need for a greater understanding of the American way by the Hawaiian and Japanese families here in the islands, when a big Hawaiian gentleman rose from the audience and asked to be recognized. When given the floor he said exactly this, and I quote him: "I am a Hawaiian man. I am a good American. I have seventeen children all living at home. I am not so sure about the American way of life. Whenever I get into an argument with my seventeen children they all shout, 'Let's do it the American way, daddy. Let's vote!', and so we vote and it is always seventeen to one." Well, maybe the old gentleman had a point there. At any rate we all gave him a good round of applause for his contribution to the discussion.

Night before last Betty and I took a night out. It had been so long since we had gone out to dinner that we decided to make it a notable evening. We ate at a most fascinating restaurant called the "Skyroom." It is a beautiful place on the roof of the Municipal Airport here in Honolulu. Just below us was the big airport waiting room and while we ate dinner looking out through enormous plate-glass windows at the planes landing and taking off we could hear the an-



Mary Leanna, aged fifteen months, climbing up the ladder of a playground slide. She can scoot right to the top of anything, and yet never has taken a fall.

nouncements over the airport loud-speaker system.

During the course of the evening we heard the following announcements, not all together as I give them here, but spread out over a couple of hours. "Arriving at gate 2 is Pan American Clipper Celestial from San Francisco. . . . Departing at Gate 1 is the British Commonwealth Pacific Airlines Royal Mail plane for Vancouver, British Columbia. Will all passengers for Calcutta, India, please report to the customs officers' desk immediately? Arriving at Gate 3 is the United Airlines Mainliner 300 from San Francisco. All passengers leaving on the China National Airways Clipper for Shanghai will check with the Agricultural inspectors before boarding the plane. No smoking outside of the waiting room, please. Will the man with the loud shirt and straw hat please put out his cigar? Thank you, sir. No smoking please! Arriving at Gate 1 is the Pan American Clipper Cathay from Los Angeles, etc. etc. etc." Betty and I were thrilled by the romance of it. One after another the huge planes came winging their way gracefully down out of the star-studded sky, and each one was carrying from 30 to 50 passengers and a crew of five or six. The next time you are in Honolulu I suggest that you have a dinner at the "Skyroom." And after this advertisement they should give me a free dinner, don't you think?

Last night was Hallowe-en. Fortunately for us during the afternoon we remembered that in the evening it would be "Trick or Treat" and so I dashed down to a neighborhood store to buy some candy. Before we had finished supper the hordes of children started to pour in shouting, "Trick or treat". All of them were campus children with the exception of my little sec-

ond cousin, the daughter of Philip Field and granddaughter of Henry Field. She lives just three blocks off the campus. I think that the "Trick or Treat idea" is a good one, and I got a big kick out of talking with the kids and acting as though I had no idea who they were. I actually didn't know who Billie Field was. Her dad had helped her to get all fixed up with an old mop for her witch's headdress, etc.

Betty and I are looking forward to a wonderful Christmas this year because we are sure that mother and dad will be with us. They have never seen our little daughter and they have never been in our home since we were married. After all, if Betty and I insist upon living our lives on islands in the Atlantic and the Pacific we can't expect too many visits from home! When we lived in Bermuda Betty's parents visited us, and now that we are out here in Hawaii the Driftmier side of the family is going to make the trip. We are confident that the shipping strike will be over in time for them to get here, and even if the strike isn't over for the east-bound trip, they will be able to fly out and then take the ship back. The Pan American Airways boasts of its ability to handle wheelchair customers.

Mary Leanna is too small to understand about Santa Claus this year, but a year from now she will be able to get a kick out of the Santa Claus legend, and she is going to get it with all of the beautiful imagination that we can muster. For a child not to have the thrill of believing in Santa Claus is criminal. When, some years from now she says to me, "Daddy, is there really a Santa Claus, or is that just make believe?", I shall reply, "My darling, of course there is a Santa Claus, and he is one of the most real things in this whole world. Santa Claus is a spirit who whisks his way into our lives bringing us happiness and joy. Of course we just have to imagine what a spirit looks like, because nobody has ever seen a spirit, but since he brings us such a jolly time, if we could see him I'll bet that he would have a very jolly appearance. We just have to imagine where he lives because a spirit can live anywhere and everywhere, but any spirit which brings such joy to children must live in places just as interesting or even more so than all the pictures you have seen in picture books. You believe in Santa Claus, darling, and you believe in him with all your heart, because if the time ever comes when none of us believe in Santa Claus this will be a mean old world indeed."

A Merry Christmas to you all,
Frederick.

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FROM MY LETTER BASKET

By Leanna Driftmier

QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

QUES: "It has always been the custom in our community for the three teachers in our school to plan and present a Christmas program, but this year we have all new teachers from towns far away who don't seem to be interested. When it was mentioned to them they said they didn't have time to prepare anything, and really seemed completely indifferent. We mothers and fathers know how much a Christmas program means to children and are wondering what we can do to improve this situation."—S. D.

ANS: I would like to suggest that a group of parents go to the teachers and have a friendly discussion regarding this problem. If the teachers still express indifference, ask them if they object to you parents preparing the program. It's highly unlikely that they will refuse, so with the coast clear you can work up a good program by cooperating together. The children should have their program, but don't let them feel that you are critically dissatisfied with the teachers for after all there are still five months of school ahead. These girls must be very young and inexperienced to take such an attitude where a community custom is concerned.

QUES: "Our parents will celebrate their Golden Wedding anniversary on December 24th, and the six of us children have always wanted to entertain at an "open house" in their honor. Three of us feel that Christmas Eve is not the time to have such an affair because too many old friends and relatives will be busy with Christmas plans, while the other three think that it would be a shame not to have it at that time since it is the original wedding date. Can you give us your ideas on the subject?"

ANS: I am wondering why Christmas Eve is necessary? If the date is the 24th, you have the entire afternoon at your disposal. I think that so many people attend church programs on Christmas Eve that it definitely would cut down the number of those who would attend ordinarily. My suggestion would be to have an "open house" running from two o'clock until five o'clock, or even an hour or so after five. People feel in a festive mood the day before Christmas, and I feel certain that almost everyone would be able to attend an afternoon affair.

QUES: "We are expecting our fourth baby just before Christmas, and I hate so badly to have my children without mother at Christmas time that I'm considering having this new baby at home rather than at the hospital where I had my other three. This way I could be home on Christmas day and everything would be so much better. What do you think?"

ANS: I believe that your doctor is the one to answer this for I know many, many doctors who will not handle confinements at home. Your doctor may belong to this group and

in such an event it wouldn't make any difference what you thought about it, or what I might think. I can surely see why you hate to be in the hospital over Christmas, but until you know his attitude on the subject it scarcely does any good to make plans.

QUES: "Is there anything I can do to discourage my son's interest in a girl who isn't worthy of him? He is twenty-four, a college graduate, and working up to a fine job in his field. This girl hasn't gone to college and simply isn't the type who can help my son achieve a place for himself. I'm afraid that they will be married this winter and it just makes me heart-sick. Please tell me what I can do to prevent it."—Minn.

ANS: King Solomon himself couldn't have answered this. Furthermore, it strikes me that you'll have to produce more evidence than the fact a girl hasn't gone to college before you can enlist my sympathies. I can only earnestly hope that you experience a change of heart if your son does marry this girl. It isn't pleasant to find that your husband's mother is inclined to snobbishness.

QUES: "My husband and I have only lived in this town six months so we've no way of knowing if it's customary here for a couple to return the minister's call. We've had two very nice calls from our minister and his wife and I'd like to return them, but my husband says that it's just part of their routine and they don't expect people to call on them. What do you think?"—Nebr.

ANS: It may be part of a minister's routine to make such calls, but you can't tell me that he and his wife wouldn't be delighted to have you return their call.

QUES: "My fourteen-year old daughter and I are on bad terms the bulk of the time because I won't permit her to have dates on any nights but Friday and Saturday, and then I insist that she be home by eleven. She says that I'm the only old-fashioned mother in these parts, and sulks to the point where life is made miserable for both of us. Sometimes I wonder if I might not as well give in and follow the crowd—what do you think?"—Kansas.

ANS: I think it a genuine shame that any mother and daughter are on such poor terms that life is a misery for both of them. I really don't know what has come over parents that an entire crowd of girls go out on dates practically every night. To my way of thinking you are sufficiently lenient in permitting your daughter to go out on Friday and Saturday until eleven o'clock. This situation has become such a problem to other mothers that I would appreciate hearing various viewpoints on the question.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

By Gertrude Hayzlett

Here are some things you can do to help make life better for some shut-in:

Send an order for greeting cards or stationery to Mrs. Thelma Hanson, Concord, Nebr. A dollar buys a nice box of either. She also will take your magazine subscriptions. Thelma has been shut-in since she was a small child.

Write a friendly letter to Mrs. Emma McGee, c/o Burson Nursing Home, Paola, Kans. She is 76. She has a heart ailment and when her husband died last December she was not able to live alone so went to this Home. She is so lonely and blue, and feels there is nothing to live for.

Send a card to Louis Cohen, 524 N Dale St., Saint Paul 3, Minn. He has been bedfast for a long time, suffering from arthritis. His joints are all locked, including his jaws. He is having to have his teeth taken out now in order to make it possible to get food down.

Send a book to Mrs. Olive Tidwell, Twain, Calif. She is shut-in and in order to keep in touch with the outer world and at the same time be of some help in that world, she has gathered a number of books into her home and loans them to her neighbors. Twain is a lumbering camp and has no library so Olive's bookshelves are well patronized. She wants any and all kinds of books.

Hunt up the jigsaw puzzles that you have finished with and send them to Miss Amy Farnham, Ladies G.A.R. Home, Anoka, Minn. With cold weather here, when they cannot get out doors, the ladies in the Home spend lots of time with jigsaws—when they can get them.

Order a box of greeting cards from Miss Ruth Luman, 1901 Kennedy Ave., Parsons, Kansas. She has many kinds, all pretty. You can ask her for prices or just send a dollar and tell her what you want.

Mrs. Tillie Leonard, 2019 N 13 st., Kansas City 2, Kansas, is doing all she can to help clothe a family of small children living near her. She makes over things for them, but tells me she has run out of things to make over. You might have something suitable that you could send to her. Tillie has been shut-in for many years, but is able to sew.

Send a card to Mrs. Lydia Roy, 124 W 3 St., North Vancouver, B. C., Canada. She has rheumatism and heart trouble, and is just home from a month in the hospital. She lives alone and has a hard time getting along. Postage on a letter to Canada is 3¢; a postcard is 2¢.

Ask me for the leaflets telling about shut-ins and things they have to sell. You can make them and yourself happier by patronizing them. The leaflets are free—and my address is 685 Thayer Ave., Los Angeles 24, Calif. If you know of a shut-in child, or older person, who would enjoy hearing from folks through this column, tell me about him.

HOLIDAY FRUIT CAKE

We used this recipe for our 1948 fruit cake and thought that we'd like to share it with you.

- 1 lb. candied pineapple
- 1/2 lb. candied cherries
- 1/4 lb. candied citron
- 1/8 lb. candied lemon peel
- 1/8 lb. candied orange peel
- 1 lb. golden raisins
- 1/2 lb. seeded raisins
- 1/4 lb. currants
- 1/2 cup pineapple juice
- 1/4 lb. blanched shelled almonds
- 1/4 lb. shelled walnuts or pecans
- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1/2 tsp. mace
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 5 eggs
- 1 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. almond flavoring
- 1/4 lb. butter
- 1 cup sugar

1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
Set oven at 275 degrees. Sift flour. Measure 1 1/2 cups lightly by spooning it into the cup. Sift with spices and soda on to waxed paper. Mix remaining flour with fruit. Beat eggs slightly. Measure milk and almond flavoring into a cup. Cream white sugar and butter; add brown sugar. Mix in eggs, milk and flour thoroughly. Pour batter over fruits and nuts. Bake 3 hours and 15 minutes. Let stand a full half-hour after you take it out of the oven. Then turn upside down on wire rack. This makes a 5 1/2 lb. cake. Store in air-tight pan with a few pieces of raw, unpeeled apple. Every 4 weeks pour over it 1/2 cup grape juice or pineapple juice.

MOCK STRAWBERRY DESSERT

- 1 package of strawberry gelatine
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 2 cups fresh cranberries
- 2 slices of pineapple
- 1/4 cup nuts
- Small orange divided in half
- 8 marshmallows
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1/2 cup powdered sugar

Dissolve gelatine in boiling water. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Using fine blade on food chopper put through cranberries, pineapple, and the half of a small orange. Measure juice left in chopper—this will probably be about 2/3 cup, but if necessary add sufficient pineapple juice to make it 2/3 cup. Add ground ingredients, plus liquid, to gelatine mixture. Then add chopped marshmallows and nuts. Set aside to cool. When thick, but not stiff, add heavy cream, whipped, to which the 1/2 cup powdered sugar has been added.

CRANBERRY MOLD

Add 1 cupful of water to 1 quart of cranberries. Cook until berries burst, and then press through a sieve with a wooden spoon. Add 2 cupfuls of sugar to the hot strained fruit and stir until dissolved. Pour into a mold and chill. Unmold and serve, and be sure not to cook the mixture after the sugar is added.

"Recipes Tested in the Kitchen - Klatter Kitchen"

By LEANNA DRIFTMIER



Those of us who love to cook are moving right up into the season when we can have the time of our lives without one single tiny prick of conscience to say that we're neglecting other duties by taking extra-special pains to make things fancy and beautiful. If anything can surpass the excitement of preparing for Christmas I don't know what it is. Every mother knows how much more she can accomplish in the kitchen if children aren't underfoot, but don't, *please don't* make the Christmas cookies, cakes and candies when they are in school. That's almost a sin! Most grown-ups can't tell you what they received for Christmas in the line of gifts, but they certainly can recall with vivid pleasure how much fun it was to help Mother in the kitchen. Just resign yourself to getting the job done in twice the time you'd ordinarily consume, and remember that this is Christmas just as much as the gifts themselves on Christmas morning. Time flies by too swiftly. You may not believe it now when flour and sugar are on the floor and sticky hands are *everywhere*, but the day is coming when you'd give all you ever hoped to have to go back for just one blessed hour when the children were still safely at home and "helping" you in the kitchen.

DATE AND NUT BREAD

Wonderful to bake in small loaves for bazaars, or to have on hand during the holidays.

- 4 cups cut-up dates
- 2 cups broken nuts
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 4 cups cake flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 2 level tsp. soda

Pour 2 cups of boiling water over cut up dates and nuts and let them stand. Pour shortening in bowl; add eggs. Now add soda to dates and nuts, but don't do this earlier because the soda will turn the dates red. Stir in flour and fruit alternately and mix thoroughly. Add 2/3 cup of water if batter seems excessively thick and then turn into lightly floured bread pans (4 small ones). Bake 45 minutes at 350 degrees.

CHRISTMAS NUT LOAF

- 3/4 cupful brown sugar
- 1 1/2 cupfuls molasses
- 1/4 cupful butter
- 1/8 tsp. soda
- 2 cupfuls chopped dates
- 1 tsp. lemon flavoring
- 1 cupful of walnut meats
- 1 cupful of blanched almonds
- 1 cupful hickory nutmeats
- 1 cupful Brazil nutmeats.

Boil sugar and molasses together until the mixture forms a hard ball when tested in cold water. Add the butter and continue to boil until brittle when tested in cold water. Add the soda, dates, lemon flavoring and nutmeats, broken fine. Pour into a buttered loaf pan and cool. Slice as needed. This candy should be stirred constantly while cooking.

PECAN PRALINES

- 2 cups white sugar
- 1 cup molasses
- 2 cups thin cream
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 2 cups pecans

Combine all ingredients, aside from pecans and butter, and boil until a soft ball is formed in cold water. Then remove from fire, beat until thick, add butter and pecans, and drop by teaspoonfuls on to buttered slab.

This recipe for pralines is the *genuine article*. Anyone who has eaten this candy in the Deep South or Mexico will recognize it instantly, at the very first taste, as being a perfect praline.

SCALLOPED CABBAGE DE LUXE

- 2 Tbls. butter
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. chopped onion
- 1 Tbls. chopped pimiento
- 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 small head cabbage shredded

Melt butter; add flour; blend. Gradually add soup and milk. Add onion, pimiento and Worcestershire sauce. Cook over low heat until smooth and thick, stirring constantly. Cook shredded cabbage in small amount of boiling, salted water until just tender. Drain. Add sauce. Mix lightly.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COOK BOOK FROM THE GROOM'S MOTHER

My Darling, here's a little book
That tells you how I bake
The cakes and pies and other good
things
His "mother used to make."

For men are hungry creatures, dear,
But this we know about them,
That cooking would not be such fun
If we had to eat without them.

So take this book with my fondest
love,
And a thought I now impart:
When you feed a husband, keep in
mind
His stomach's near his heart.

AN APPLE SANTA

This year why don't you surprise Mother and Daddy by making a clever little Apple Santa Claus to put in front of each person's plate for your dinner on Christmas Eve or Christmas day? If you can do this work secretly and if you can resist talking about it, they'll be astounded and delighted when you arrange them on the table.

This is all that you will need: A small, round red apple for the body; a marshmallow for the head; toothpicks for arms and legs and some cotton to wrap around the toothpicks; cloves or little candies for eyes, nose and mouth, use cotton for hair and beard, and a strip up the front of the apple and around it for coat trimming.

GRAHAM CRACKER & DATE CANDY

- 1 1/2 doz. large graham crackers
- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup cream
- 15 marshmallows cut fine
- Pinch of salt

Put 1/2 cup cracker crumbs in bottom of dish. Mix the remainder of the crumbs with the other ingredients and press into pan.—Mrs. W. S., Garden City, Mo.

BAKED EGGPLANT CASSEROLE

- 1 medium sized eggplant
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 1/4 cupful water
- 1/2 cupful grated American cheese
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- Dash of black pepper
- 1/4 cupful dried bread crumbs or
- 2 zwieback, crushed

Peel and dice the eggplant. Sprinkle with salt, cover and let stand for 15 minutes. Drain. Add water, cover and cook for 10 minutes. Drain thoroughly. Reheat, add the cheese, and cook and stir until the cheese is melted. Stir in the eggs and pepper. Turn into a buttered baking dish, cover with crumbs and dot with butter. Set in a pan containing 1 inch of hot water and bake in a 350 oven for 35 minutes. A most delicious and unusual vegetable dish that will have all of your guests wondering what it could be.

SPECTACULAR POPOVERS!

- 1 cup flour
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. salad oil

Set oven for 425 degrees—this will be temperature throughout entire baking period. Sift flour, measure, add salt and sift again. Beat eggs, until light and thick. Add flour and 1/3 cup of milk; continue to beat slowly until all flour is moistened (about 30 seconds). Add remaining milk and shortening, beating until mixture is free from all lumps—1 to 2 minutes. Pour into greased glass cups—little less than 1/2 full. Bake for 40 minutes.

If you've never made popovers, please try this on Christmas morning and give your family a great surprise. They'll actually amaze you if you follow these directions carefully. This recipe makes 8 popovers.

HAWAIIAN COFFEE CAKE

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 3 slices pineapple

TOPPING

- 1/2 cup sifted flour
- 1/3 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 cup melted butter

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and sugar together. Cut shortening into dry ingredients until mixture is dry and crumbly. Blend egg and milk. Add liquid to dry ingredients and mix just until blended. Place in a greased 8-inch square pan. Cut pineapple slices into thirds and arrange in rows over top of batter. Mix flour, brown sugar, cinnamon, and melted butter. Sprinkle over top of batter and pineapple. Bake in a 375 degree oven for approximately 45 minutes.

WATCH THEIR EYES GLEAM



Few things in life give greater joy than the laughing eyes of happy children. Youngsters will squeal with delight and dance with joy when they see this perfect cake for all special occasions.

This Lamb Cake mold is made from heavy cast aluminum for easy, fancy baking. The baked cake is 6 1/2 x 9 x 3 1/2 inches. Individual and complete baking instructions are included with each mold.

Price only \$5, postpaid

LEANNA DRIFTMIER
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

A VISIT TO A DANISH KITCHEN

By Myrtle E. Felkner

When I was a child I looked upon adults as fearful and wonderful beings, demanding obedience and only occasionally having any fun. A grand exception to this rule was Uncle Leon, and it was always a joy to know that he would help you get away with anything within reasonable limits, and sometimes a little outside those limits! During the depression years, Mom became well known for her superb divinity candy which she sold to merchants and acquaintances in town. During the Christmas season she would earn many a doll, sled, and pair of roller skates in this manner. In the evenings after we had gone to bed we could still hear the steady whirr of the rotary egg beater as Mom made pound after pound of this candy. Don't think that "we kids" got all the candy we wanted, however. The same theory that said "no-pancakes-for-school-children-because-then-they-are-too-busy-digesting-to-think" also applied in some strange way to "candy-before-bedtime."

Thus it was that Uncle Leon became a top-notch guy in our estimation. By some colossal coincidence, Uncle Leon and Aunt Olge usually managed to visit us once or twice during the pre-Christmas candy rush. The candy would be cooling in luscious mounds over ironing board, tables, ice box and what not, and Uncle Leon would divert Mom with an exclaimed, "Golly, Florence, look at that big spider up there!" Mom, with apparent innocence, would turn to stare at the imaginary spider, and while she was thus occupied, Uncle Leon would be dishing out candy to the willing hands of his accomplices. We would then retire to the front room with the spoils of our victory, and somehow the candy Mom passed later on in the evening was never so good as those first luscious pieces Uncle Leon swiped for us (and himself) as he came in the door.

Here it is, then—Mom's own divinity recipe:

Combine 3 cups sugar, 3/4 cup of water, and 3/4 cup of dark syrup, boil together until some dropped in cold water will have a crackling sound, or until it is about as thick as the syrup you used. Pour this over three stiffly beaten egg whites. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and a pinch of salt, then beat until it has a dull color and will hold shape. Drop on waxed paper, decorate with nut halves.

Another candy which you will find frequently on Danish tables this Christmas season are the kisses. These are so simply made that you might let the youngsters try their hands at it!

Beat three egg whites until they are very stiff. Add one cup of powdered sugar gradually, beating constantly. When stiff, add two teaspoons of vinegar and a pinch of salt. Drop from a teaspoon on heavy waxed paper on cookie sheet. Bake until done, about one hour, in a very slow oven, 200 to 225. Remove from paper while still warm. I know you will like them!

A LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends:

Tonight when I sat down at my desk I had three projects lined up that I was determined to complete if it took until two in the morning. The first thing on schedule was to finish a new dress for the doll that Santa Claus will leave here on Christmas morning. The second thing was this letter, and the third thing was to start digging through my recipe files for an extra-special cookie that I'm eager to make tomorrow.

Perhaps it sounds odd to speak about sitting down at a desk to sew, but that happens to be exactly where I do all of my sewing, and if you recall my description of this desk you'll readily see why it's a convenient place. My typewriter is shoved over to one side, the portable machine comes out, the three drawers at my right can be reached and pawed through without stirring from my chair—and there I am—it's a perfect set-up.

Juliana has just now gotten up (for the umpteenth time) to get another drink, so it's a blessing that the doll dress has been completed and is safely tucked away. FIVE MINUTES LATER: She wandered in and stood beside my chair and asked me to read what I had written, so I did some speedy fabricating, and it makes me realize that before long I won't be able to write to you with Christmas plans when she is around for she'll be able to read every word herself.

Are there many of you who agree with me when I say that making doll clothes is one of the nicest things about Christmas? Juliana adores her dolls, and I truly enjoy jiggling up new things for the old ones so that they can be placed in a circle at the base of the tree near the new doll, and not suffer too much by comparison. Baby-Doll dates from San Francisco, and is minus one leg and one arm. She has a special claim on Juliana's heart because, as Juliana puts it, she is badly handicapped. Sherry comes next in age and she is intact physically, but has never seemed too bright mentally. I say this because Juliana has invested all of her dolls with a real personality—only Sherry seems dull and unwieldy. Susan Lavonne came to live with us last Christmas, John arrived on her fifth birthday, and Anna Diana (isn't that a terrific name!) joined us only three months ago. She represents Juliana's first concerted attempt to save money. John is hard to sew for and all of us regret that his wardrobe is so unsatisfactory, but the other dolls look pretty decent. The dress that I finished tonight was for the new doll, as I mentioned before, and when she is properly clothed I think that I'll take fresh heart and start in on John.

Before long now our boxes of Christmas decorations will come down from the storeroom and we'll see what needs to be repaired or replaced. Our angel that stands at the tip of the tree still looks all right, and we also have the collection of angels made from heavy cardboard that was covered with tin foil. I always fix up my huge wooden bowl with a big assortment of brilliant Christmas tree balls.



I was hard at work on a batch of Christmas candy one night when Russell snapped this picture. Yes, I like to have things handy, as you can plainly see.

It looks extremely effective standing on the mirrored top of our big round table, and for just a split second no one can figure out the source of the dazzling and unusual colors.

I wanted to be sure and tell you this month about two books that will exactly fit two different situations. If you are presenting a gift to a little girl who adores her doll house and plays happily with it for hours on end, then do try to get a copy of a book called "Big Susan." I have read this to Juliana at least twenty-five times the past six weeks—she loves it. The story is about what happens in the doll house on Christmas night, and the pictures are charming. It's the kind of a book that a little girl never forgets.

The other book is for someone who has traveled through Louisiana and wishes, wistfully, that he could go again. It is titled "Ghosts Along the Mississippi" (The Magic of the Old Houses of Louisiana) and is a collection of one-hundred magnificent photographs, probably the most remarkable photography that has ever been done for such a purpose. Someday it will be a collector's item for books of this kind have a steadily increasing value. After we had first gotten it and admired it so much I wrote to a number of friends who have been in Louisiana and suggested it for a Christmas gift, and then just yesterday when I was dusting in the living room and moved the book from the coffee table I thought that I'd remember to mention it to you . . . because it may be the answer to a perplexing problem of what to give to someone who has "everything." (Don't think I'll ever be in that bracket myself!)

The new baby in our family carries me right back to those early days with Juliana, and oh! how I wish that I could live those days over again! I'd do everything differently—well, practically everything. If you too are the mother of an only child haven't you wished repeatedly that you had been blessed with a second to do bet-

ter by? In my deadly earnest efforts to do *exactly* the right thing I just lost out on all the fun. I lived those first few months in clouds of steam from boiling bottles, boiling diapers, boiling everything. I measured that formula with the precision of a chemist in some great research laboratory. I took exact readings on the thermometer to gauge the right amount of clothing. Oh, there isn't anything I missed from the viewpoint of the old scientific school, and it was all so foolish, so remarkably foolish.

Whenever I look at one certain picture of Juliana dating from her fifth month of life I always have to burst out into a peculiar snort of amusement and chagrin. She is so fat in that picture that her cheeks look as though inflated balloons had been tucked inside. Where one more ounce of weight would have gone I'm sure I don't know, but it was at exactly that age that I went to her pediatrician in tears because "my baby won't eat." He should have laughed with me in a cheerful sort of way, but instead of that he—oh dear, I don't remember what he did or said, but I do remember that I walked out of the office, my big, fat baby bouncing away, in darkest gloom and despair. I think you can see now why I'd like to live those days over again in an entirely different fashion.

Common sense tells me that no one is going to be fooling around with picture frames this month, so I'll let those few suggestions go until January. I figure that any spare moments at this season of the year should go into cooking and decorating for Christmas—furniture and other trappings will have to stand just as they are.

It will seem very strange not to have the folks here during the holidays, but all of us are happy that they can be with Frederick, Betty and Mary Leanna. I do hope they get some good pictures around their Christmas tree. We will open our presents on Christmas morning, and give the day over to feasting and rejoicing. This is the first Christmas that Martin can really appreciate, and it's so much fun to see a youngster of that age with new gifts. Juliana still believes that Santa Claus will make a personal call with her things, although she is at a loss to understand why he works so hard at the North Pole when the stores are just full of things. Probably she suspects many things that she doesn't choose to express.

It's only ten o'clock so I'll have plenty of time to rummage through my files for that recipe. When you write to us this winter please send along your favorite recipes and tell us what you like to serve with it. And don't forget too, that January 1st is the deadline for letters in the little contest that I mentioned last month. I should have told you too that I'd appreciate having those particular letters addressed to Box 67, Shenandoah.

Juliana, Russell and I all wish for you and yours the most happy holiday imaginable. We'd like to hear the details of your Christmas when all of the excitement has died down.

Always—Lucile.

HERBS FOR YOUR KITCHEN

By Hallie Barrow

The herb business of Mrs. Rex Ottinger of Parsons, Kansas, is just another story of a woman who started in a small way, soon found herself "head-over-heels" in a hobby and ended up in a thriving business. We visited Mrs. Ottinger late this summer and found that to fill all her orders she had 21 acres in herbs, and in her little herb house there were jars and bottles and kegs of "smelly" things from all over the world. You would have loved her herb house—the place where she stores, dries and mixes. Occasionally a bee will fly in because they keep bees and also sell herb honey—honey made from the flowers of their rows and rows of herbs.

Mrs. Ottinger first started because she liked to use her grandmother's recipes and always they were calling for something she couldn't buy—a fragrant geranium leaf for a glass of jelly, mint leaves to be crystallized for cake decorations, a sprig of basil for any tomato cookery, etc. She decided to raise these herbs just to improve her own cookery. But soon neighbors and friends were begging for sprigs of this and that until she started selling herbs and added more each year. If you have never experimented with using herbs to differ the flavor and taste of ordinary foods, you have an interesting field ahead of you.

For instance: "Basil is a natural seasoning for tomato cookery", says Mrs. Ottinger. "Use it in tomato soup, tomato sauce, in spaghetti and macaroni dishes, about 1 tsp. to each quart of liquid. And do you use dill seed only for pickles? Always have a jar of dill seed on hand; add it to your potato salad and just see what folks say. You can also add dill seed to apple pie, apple sauce, slaw, and in stewing chicken, veal or beef."

Don't say you haven't room in your garden for an herb patch, she went on to suggest, for you can even grow a tray full in a window garden and you'll be surprised what you can harvest from that garden. Pot them up as you would other flowers, although, in general, herbs prefer poorer soil than flowers.

The chances are that you have already started growing parsley inside, but you can also have a pot of chives and chervil. Sweet marjoram is an erect, small bush when grown outside, but is more trailing in the window garden and still fragrant. Its leaves, fresh or dried, are used for a cooking flavor. Garden thyme may be used with lamb and rabbit. Burnet is a beautiful plant, bushy and with lacy leaves which are almost evergreen. The leaves are beloved of French and Italian cooks for giving a cucumber flavor to salads; a constant supply of tender young leaves is produced by cutting back. Lemon verbena has lemon-scented leaves that are often used in finger bowls or fruit cups. Borage flowers are used to float on summer drinks (they add a subtle flavor and decoration) but they may also be candied and used for cake decorations.

The same caution about rich soil

applies if you're planting herbs outdoors. The leaves have less scent and flavor if the soil is too rich, and furthermore the plants grow tall and leggy.

Every herb enthusiast makes her own vinegar. One recipe reads to heat white vinegar, then add leaves and stems of fresh dill, thyme, marjoram, savory and anise and even a bit of onion. Let this stand 4 or 5 weeks and then drain off the vinegar. My! but herb vinegar will give a tangy taste to your potato salad and salad dressings.

Then there is herb butter. Take 4 Tbls. of butter and add ½ Tbls. of mixed dried herbs, a little chopped green parsley and a few drops of lemon juice. Season with salt and pepper to taste. It's very good with fresh whole wheat or rye bread.

No one can tell you just how much herb seasoning to use. Let your family be the judge. If they say, "What have you done to these scrambled eggs—they taste awful!" you've used too much. But if they say, "Some way these scrambled eggs are the best you ever made" then your touch has been light and right.

Herbs will spread in your garden and you'd better decide right from the start just how much space you want to give them. The best example of this was a gardener who at some old blacksmith shop found a very large wheel with many spokes. This she had taken to her herb patch and put down on the ground. Then each herb was confined to its place between the spokes. And she had all 18 spaces filled between those 19 spokes. Among her herbs were tarragon, winter savory, apple mint, rue, coriander, sage, thyme, sweet woodruff, lavender, fennel, pennyroyal and tansy, besides others we've mentioned in this article.

Coriander, fennel, caraway and anise are the seed herbs. Seed herbs are harvested at the first sign of ripening for if left beyond this stage, many will be lost by falling to the ground. The best method is to clip the entire seed head and spread loosely in a dark room, where the seeds will finish maturing and can later be shelled. Just add 2 or 3 teaspoons of caraway seeds to your favorite lemon-flavored sugar-cookie dough and you'll have a new treat for cookie lovers. Caraway seeds also are added to cabbage dishes, sauerkraut, beets and rye bread.

Mrs. Ottinger now sends out a small package with a number of herbs in it and encloses suggestions for the use of the different herbs. With other orders goes a booklet of 25 tested recipes and a few pages devoted to the lore and history of herbs.

Just in case you have a few herbs on hand, try this meat loaf recipe of Mrs. Ottinger's.

1 lb. of ground beef, 1 egg slightly beaten, 1½ tsp. of salt, ½ tsp. pepper, 1 cup of canned corn, (not whole grain), 1 green pepper diced, 1 large onion minced, 3 tbsp. drippings, 1 tsp. each of basil, marjoram, summer savory, thyme and parsley, 1 cup of coarse bread crumbs, 1 can vegetable soup or equal amount of stock and cooked vegetables.

Method: Fry the onion and green pepper in part of the drippings until tender, but not brown, and mix them with all the other ingredients except the soup. Form into a loaf, place in a baking dish in which remaining drippings have been melted and add 1 cup of hot water. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. Pour the vegetable soup into a sauce pan and add an equal amount of water. Bring to a boil and frequently baste the loaf until the soup has all been used—perhaps 40 minutes. By the time the loaf is done, a delicious gravy will have formed in the baking dish.

By Christmas time next year perhaps you can have your own herb garden growing in the kitchen window. Good luck to you with your herb experiments—and a merry Christmas too!

A CHIMNEY FOR SANTA

By Catherine Scott

Christmas wouldn't seem like Christmas without a tree, and once ours stood up to a gracious height, large and important in its corner. But, with the years, it kept shrinking, until finally—well, it was a very young and tender tree that made its appearance each Christmas Eve.

So one year we started out to be just a little different. Two 30-dozen egg cases, 3 empty quart jar boxes, a piece of heavy cardboard the width of the boxes and the length of the 3 combined, another piece a little wider, a fold or two of red crepe paper, tacks, pins and a piece of white chalk—these were the tools.

The egg cases were stood on end, open end to the wall, and covered with the paper. The three boxes were lined up on the cardboard, caught together with string and a darning needle, then covered. The wider cardboard was covered, then laid on the floor, an egg case was set at each end, and the covered boxes placed across the top. With the chalk, bricks were marked off on the paper. Here I will say a ruler would be a great help. Without one, my blocks had a most irregular look.

By using a red light bulb, protected by a metal shield, andirons, if you have them, and a few sticks of wood, a fire can be "built". If the boxes are rough, a sheet or two of newspaper can be wrapped around them before the crepe paper is put on.

Beside this emergency fireplace a small tree took on new interest. Even stockings could be hung from it with care—with care because it wasn't made for too rough handling, but just for atmosphere.

COVER PICTURE

Surely no one in this world ever gets so old and disillusioned that his heart isn't warmed by the sight of little children decorating a Christmas tree. Juliana and Kristin are old enough this year to remember other Christmases, but even Martin's eyes sparkled when he first saw the tree and he seemed to know that it was something extra-special. May this Christmas be blessed and wonderful for all little children the whole world over.

IT'S CHILD'S PLAY

By Mildred Dooley Cathcart

This Christmas if you have a small child to buy for, why not look about the house for gifts? It's possible you know, and it is also economical.

Almost anyone has a variety of spools. Put these into a gaily decorated tin container or string them on very heavy thread. A baby can rattle them or play with them stretched across his buggy or play pen. For an older child paint the spools in bright colors. Buy a dime store spool holder and paint the spindles the same as the spools. The child can learn his primary colors by putting the red spool on the red spindle, etc.

A nice little wooden cheese box or cigar box painted a gay color, with perhaps some little transfers pasted on, can have a string attached and be a fine wagon. A tin coffee can, with the lid fastened securely, can be painted, filled with a few pebbles, and become a noisy, interesting pull toy.

We painted coffee cans at school one year, enameled sticks to match and what a fine toy drum we had!

Any child will love a "Surprise Box". Search the house for bits of bright ribbon, an old bracelet, rings, beads or costume jewelry, pretty shells or rocks or other trinkets. Put these into a box and what fun some child will have with them. My grandmother had an old metal vase on her dresser and it was filled with odd buttons, pins, etc.—things that we children found most delightful and never once thought of as JUNK.

Scraps of print can readily be converted into toy dogs, sheep, cats, or other stuffed animals. And then the old favorite rag doll from a man's work sock is ever much beloved.

Clothes pin dolls with yarn hair and crepe paper dresses are amusing to a child. Or to the child who is old enough to sew for her doll, scraps of material, ribbon, bits of lace or rick rack are a fine gift.

Scraps of wood, all sizes and shapes, can be sand papered and painted to make ideal blocks and building material.

Perhaps you have an old chest or wooden box that could be decorated and transformed into a toy chest for a child. I am sure mother would appreciate this too.

A little wooden box, such as a cigar box, needs but little done to it to make a doll bed. Make a head board and four legs, add a tiny pillow, quilt and spread and you have a pretty little bed.

Children of all ages like scrap books with pictures suitable for their age. For the older child you might buy a scrap book and pictures and let him paste them in. This will give him something to do on those wintry days when he must stay indoors.

Begin early and search your house for children's gifts. I'll wager they will be more acceptable than many store gifts and think what fun you have had too! You will surely agree that shopping this way is really Child's Play for you as well as for the children.



We all miss Mother, of course, but it's doubtful if anyone is more bereft than Martin. One of his favorite occupations was to ride around on her wheelchair—he braced himself on the bottom foot-rest and they went scooting all over the house. We have to keep him away from pictures of his "Granny" because if he sees one he starts searching for her in every corner.

HOLIDAY FUN

By Mabel Nair Brown

Instead of serving Christmas cookies to callers this year, why not pass open-faced sandwiches cut out with Christmas cookie cutters? For the trees, color some soft cheese spread a very delicate green. Bits of pimento, parsley and olive can be the ornaments. The doughnut cutter can make the wreath shape and sprigs of parsley will give the green holly effect. These colorful sandwiches, with coffee or cocoa, will delight your guests. They can be prepared a day ahead for special parties by placing a dampened cloth covered with a piece of waxed paper in the bottom of a large kettle, then lay the sandwiches on the paper, cover with waxed paper and place the lid on the kettle.

Gather up spools, bits of wood, tin cans with smooth edges or small boxes and enamel in gay colors for some baby or small child. You might try making some cute toy figures by tying several spools together. Paint on eyes, mouth and hair with a brand of paint that won't hurt the youngster.

Use oatmeal cartons cut down and sewed together, then papered over to make a little toy what-not shelf for a small girl. She will enjoy using this as a safe place for her miniature figures.

Cover cold cream jars with pastel enamels or pretty paper, and add bits of ribbon or tiny flowers to make pretty containers for a little girl's pins, hair ornaments, etc. You'll be surprised at the new order on her dresser top if she has such jars for her belongings.

For someone who is ill, make a bed pocket of bright material, dividing it into several compartments to hold books, writing materials, hankies, toilet articles, etc. At the top fasten a large cardboard to slide be-

tween mattress and springs to hold the pocket within easy reach of the patient.

A wall pocket with compartments similar to the one described above can be tacked to the back of a closet door to hold mother's cleaning cloths, brushes, polishes and other articles of this nature.

All of us are very interested in the United Nations conferences, so enliven your children's spirit of good will by helping them make tiny clothespin dolls, dressing them as they would be dressed by youngsters in other countries. Hang them on the Christmas tree to give it a genuine glow of real peace everywhere.

The following list of toys and equipment suitable for various age levels is intended to serve as a guide for parents, relatives and friends who do not know at what age certain things are appropriate. We would suggest that you keep it on hand and refer to it when Christmas and birthdays roll around.

Suggested Lists Up To Two

Plastic rattles and discs; Celluloid cracks and chips; Strong large beads; Small soft dolls and animals; Small blocks and nests of boxes; Rag or oilcloth books; Balls; Push-and-pull-toys; Kiddie car; Play yard and clothes that can get dirty without trouble with Mama.

Two To Four

Blocks (large hollow); Wagon; Wheelbarrow; Beads to string; Sand toys; Blunt scissors; Hammer and nails; 4-piece picture puzzle; Doll buggy; Broom; Dump trucks; Simple trains and boats; Dolls and doll corner material; Easel or blackboard; Crayons and modeling clay; Toy telephones.

Up To Six

Blocks; Dolls; Scooter; Tricycles; Roller and ice skates; Jump ropes; Tools; Puzzles; Garden tools; House-keeping toys; Sand box; Play tents or big packing box; Swings and teeter-totter; Dishes and tea table; Easel, paints and crayons; Modeling clay; Simple lotto games; Scrapbooks; Turtles and fish.

Middle Years Six To Ten

Gym equipment; Croquet set; Hoops and tops; Stilts; Kites; Jump ropes; Marbles; Sleds and skis and skates; Soap bubble sets; Dolls and dressmaking material; Complicated construction blocks; Costumes; Doll houses; Toy theatres and grocery stores; Bead looms; Wool looms; Sewing kits; Musical instruments; Dancing Lessons (Teachers say not until 7); Desk and room furniture; Stamps and albums. Games—Parchesi, Dominoes, Checkers, Jacks, Marbles and Number Games.

Late Childhood Ten To Fourteen

Real building materials; Baseball equipment; Tennis equipment; Bicycles; Hockey sticks; Real jig-saw puzzles; Dolls (national costumes, etc.); Card games; Board games; Cameras; Globes; Typewriters; Soap carving sets; Tool chests; Model construction sets; Microscopes; Magnifying glasses; Collectors books and equipment.—Lucille Sassaman.

A LETTER FROM DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

Once again I'm sitting at Mother's desk as I write my letter to you. Kristin has just run down the alley to spend the morning with Juliana; Mother and Margery are in the kitchen and Martin is running around the house. The folks went to Des Moines yesterday to spend the day with Mother's sister, Martha Eaton, and also with Don who came from Ames to visit with them. Kristin and I met them in Osceola on their return home and rode to Shenandoah with them so that I could attend to some business here this morning. We are going back to Lucas on the train this noon, so this has really been a short, short trip.

This is a busy, busy time for us on the farm, as I know it is for all of you. Frank and I have been spending every day in the cornfield, taking advantage of this wonderful fall weather to get the corn picked. I like to pick corn by hand, and so does Frank, but this year we had so much corn that we wouldn't have gotten it all in until time to plant again next Spring (as slowly as I pick), so we got a single-row pull-type corn picker this fall. For a couple of weeks Frank picked by himself, stopping when the wagon was full and taking it in to the crib. I had told him I thought it would go much faster if he would let me run the picker while he unloaded, but he kept putting me off. I don't know whether he was worried about leaving me in the field alone with it for fear I would get hurt, or whether he was skeptical about my operating it at all, but anyway, a week ago today I convinced him that he should give me a try. The outcome of it was that I have been on the picker from 7:30 until 5:30 every day for a week. And furthermore, I plan to be on the picker every day until we have all the corn in. He has admitted that I do as good a job as he does, if not better, and that's something for a man to admit!

I have quantities of sewing stacked up to do, but it will just have to stay stacked until after the corn is in. I did manage to get some necessary patching done on Frank's jeans Saturday morning when it rained, and was too muddy to go to the field. Then when Kristin and I were in Shenandoah a couple of weeks ago for a week-end, Lucile and I spent one uninterrupted day at the sewing machine. She helped me get a plaid dress made for Kristin just like one she had made for Juliana, and later I made one identically like it for Mary Jane, the favorite doll. Kristin calls them her "Mother and Daughter" dresses and she and Mary Jane now have two outfits alike.

I honestly believe she is more thrilled over Mary Jane's dresses than she is her own. With Christmas not so far away this might be something you could do for your own daughter. If you have any scraps left over from dresses you have made for her, make dresses for her doll for Christmas just like hers. I'm sure this would make



We thought that the children would be amused by this picture of Kristin, Martin and Juliana. They had posed patiently for the cover picture, but when we were all done they sank down and giggled for a long spell over nothing that the grown-ups could see! Martin had fallen against Juliana's shoulder in sheer fatigue and was all but asleep three minutes later.

her just as happy as some expensive gift.

With all due credit to Grandmother Johnson, we have accomplished one thing this month that has made us all very happy. I don't know if I had ever mentioned that Kristin was one of these children who has always sucked her thumb. Of course the past two years it has only been when she was tired or very bored, and always when she went to bed at night, but now we think we have it stopped entirely. Kristin had seen a lovely set of dishes that she wanted very badly, and her Grandma Johnson told her that if she would stop sucking her thumb entirely, she would be very happy to get the dishes for her. Kristin was very honest about it, and a couple of days when she slipped and sucked her thumb she told her Grandma she did and that she would have to start all over. After she had gone two weeks without sucking it once, she went to her Grandma and told her that she thought it would be safe to get the dishes for her now, that she had really stopped sucking her thumb. So Grandma fulfilled her promise and last week after she had been to town she brought home the dishes.

I don't know when I have seen Kristin so thrilled over anything, and she very proudly tells everyone how she got the dishes. They are the cutest things I have ever seen, with a real little drip-coffee pot. Every day after school she and Grandma have a tea party with real (weak) coffee.

By the time you read this we will probably have snow on the ground and our nice warm fall will have been forgotten long ago, but I must stop and exclaim again about how beautiful our timber has been. People who have lived there for years say they can never remember when the trees have turned more perfectly than they did this year. From the bottom ground where we have been picking corn, we looked up to this hill that was one solid mass of color as far as you could see, ranging from pale yellow and pale pink, to the deeper purple and browns, with every color imaginable in between. It was truly breath-taking.

The timber was at its height last Sunday, but about Wednesday it began to fade, and yesterday, a Satur-

day, all the color had gone. Lucile, Russell, and Juliana had planned to spend last week-end with us and when they called that they couldn't possibly make it we were just sick because we wanted them to see it more than anyone else. The folks had been up just the week-end before and it was beautiful then. Dad got some wonderful color pictures of it. Frank and I always say that our house may look pretty decrepit, but no home ever had a more beautiful setting than ours does set right down in the middle of this timber.

Russell just called that he is ready to take some pictures of Kristin and would I please come down and do something about her hair. So until next month when it will be time to say happy New Year (this is hard to believe!) . . .

Sincerely, Dorothy.

"THE SEVEN CANDLES OF CHRISTMAS"

"Christmas is not a day to me but a state of being that begins on the morning when I get 'that feeling', and since that is always sometime in early December, Christmas lasts a long time. As our girls grew older I began to feel that we should develop our own Christmas traditions in our own family, and out of this grew what we like to call 'The Seven Candles of Christmas.' Briefly, it goes something like this:

"Seven days before Christmas (counting Christmas day one) before the girls go to bed, we gather in the living room and get ready to 'begin'—it's the most exciting feeling, or do you think me childlike?" (NO!) "Daddy reads from the Bible the various verses of Prophecy, I read from other literature or tell in my own words this story of foretelling, and then Judie (who is now eleven) lights a red candle on the table. This is the first candle of Christmas, the real beginning. We join in prayer, and then the children go off to bed.

"Each evening's 'Candle' is similar, although after the first, the girls recall what each lighted candle represents. And I must be sure to say that on each succeeding evening we begin with the foregoing candles that have already been lighted. These are our Candles: 1. Prophecy; 2. The Annunciation; 3. Christmas Long Ago; 4. Christmas in Other Lands; 5. The Wise Men; 6. The Shepherds; 7. Our Christmas Today (a summation of the whole wonderful Christmas Day of our own family). During Christmas week we burn all seven for a while each evening, and somehow this tradition that means so much to us has come to be the high light of the holiday season for us, and I wouldn't be the least surprised if Judie, Kathy and Susan carry it on in their own homes when they are married."—Muriel Gillies, Omaha, Nebraska.

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VERNESS STUDIO
Box 67
Shenandoah, Iowa



FOR THE CHILDREN

A PRECIOUS GIFT

By Myrtle E. Felkner

"Oh, Mother! Mother!" Susan cried excitedly as she and her brother tumbled breathlessly into the house. "Everyone is giving something, and Johnnie and I can't think of a thing."

"And Miss Peterson said we should know by tomorrow because Christmas is almost here and—O Boy Mom! Ginger cookies! May I have one? They really smell good."

His mother laughed as she handed each of them a big, warm cookie. Then she said,

"You are talking so fast I can't understand you at all. Tell me all about it, only more slowly."

"Well," began Susan, "today at recess time we were all talking about the lovely gifts we want for Christmas. Then Miss Peterson told us that the best joy of Christmas is in giving, not in receiving, so we decided to try it by giving gifts to the boys and girls who live in the orphanage on Maple Street."

"Yes," interrupted Johnnie, "and everybody has thought of something to give except us." Mother smiled as she brought more cookies from the oven.

"Why, Children," she said, "you have a very wonderful gift to offer. It is the finest thing you possess. You cannot give it away, but you can certainly share it."

"Oh, Mother, what is it? What is it?" the children asked excitedly. Mother just laughed mysteriously and said,

"I'm sure that before the evening is over you will think of it. Then we will plan together how to share this lovely gift." Johnnie and Susan looked at their mother and looked at each other. What ever in the world did they have that was so valuable? All the rest of the afternoon they wondered as they looked through their books and toys in the playroom, but the more they thought the more puzzled they became. Finally they wandered to the window and watched the street lights flicker on as it became darker and darker outside.

"It's not a very nice evening," sighed Susan. "Just look how the wind is blowing. The poor policeman at the corner looks very cold."

"Yes," agreed Johnnie. "I'm glad we're warm and safe at home, aren't you?"

"I'll say! It would be terrible to be—Johnnie! That's it!"

"What, Susan? What are you talking about?"

"Don't you see, Johnnie? Our home is our most precious possession. We can share it every day of our lives.

Let's go tell Mother that we guessed her secret." Susan and Johnnie ran quickly to the kitchen.

"We guessed it, we guessed it!" they chanted. "It's our home, isn't it, Mother?"

Mother smiled, "I am proud of you. You are good detectives, for that is exactly right."

"But Mother," said Johnnie, "how do you want us to share our home?"

"Johnnie, I think you would be giving a lovely gift if you would invite some orphaned boy and girl to spend the Christmas holidays here with us. Your Daddy and I would not be able to buy such expensive presents for you as we had planned, but I think we could manage some little package under the tree for each of you and your guests if you would like to do this."

"Mother, I think you're wonderful!" exclaimed Susan.

"Me, too!" said Johnnie, only Susan and Mother could hardly understand him because he had just stuffed another cookie into his mouth.



It looks as though Richard Corwin Peach of Greensburg, Mo., would have a snowy ride to school on his faithful pony.

CHRISTMAS TIME

When I'm as good as I can be,
My Mummy smiles and says to me,
"I hope that Santa Claus will see
How good you are today."

But when I'm cross or very bad,
My Mummy doesn't get real mad—
Just sighs and says, "It will be sad
If Santa looks today."

Sometimes before I say "Good night,"
And Mummy dear turns out the light,
I gaze up at the stars so bright
And think of the next day.

Then as my eyes begin to close,
I wonder if old Santa knows
How very slowly the time goes
Until it's Christmas Day!

Sent by Mrs. C. F. Sherwood,
Lincoln, Nebr.

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MOTHER AND DAUGHTER, Corn Husk Dolls. About 8 and 5 inches tall. Baskets. Red dresses. \$1 per set. Add 10¢ handling charges. Miss Lois Neff, Bethany, Mo.

CROCHETED VANITY SETS. White, ecru, blue, pink, yellow, rose, green. Patterns, Garden Gate, Flower Spoke, Star, \$3 set. Crochet orders taken. Violet Rhoades, Craig, Mo.

FOR SALE: Beautiful textile paintings. Oletha Jacobs, Triplett, Mo.

LAPEL PIN, made from real "WISH BONE" wear for luck. Attractive gold color, each \$1. Laura Craven, Denver, Mo.

STAMPED FANCYWORK: Pillowslips, 42 in. pillow tubing, hemstitched. Choice cross stitch flower, or outline butterfly design \$2.25 pr. Floral dresser scarfs \$1.25 ea. Applique aprons. Choice red poppy or blue water lily, 75¢ ea. Postage paid. Orders accompanied with remittance. Offer good until January 31st. Mrs. Merle E. Burt, Needlework Distributor, Bassett, Nebr.

PILLOW CASES, embroidered with crocheted insets, \$5. Ad good any time. Mrs. Carl Rohek, Wolbach, Nebr.

DOLL CLOTHES: Good material, lace, fur trim dresses, pajamas, slips, 79¢. Bunting's, housecoats, \$1. Coats \$1.25. Bonnets, handbags 50¢. Virginia Thomas, Rt. 1, Rockport, Mo.

CROCHETED BUTTERFLY, CHAIR SETS: \$4. Two sets, \$7. White, ecru 24x17. Davenport set \$6, white-ecru. 38x17 pineapple in the wings designs. Crocheted coffee table doilies, oval pineapple, 22x15, 20x12, white \$3. Crocheted tea aprons. Pineapple, medium, large, \$3. white. Beauties, always on hand. Postpaid. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Mo.

GORGEOUS CHENILLE CORSAGES. Roses or Orchids, 75¢. Several 65¢ ea. State color. Freda Poverlin, 1700 E. Court, Beatrice, Nebr.

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"12 INCH RUFFLED DOILIES. 180 inches around ruffle, white, shaded pink, blue, yellow or green. \$8. Dorothy Briney, Albion, Ia.

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NOVELTY CLOTHESPIN DOLLY, pin cushion 75¢. Mrs. E. Thul, Prairie Du Chien, Wis.

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GENUINE IRISH LINEN TABLECLOTH, and napkins. Water lily pattern. Write for details. Mildred Schleiger, 418 North Cleburn, Grand Island, Nebr.

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BEAUTIFUL GIFT: Tiny pastel colored shells formed into flowers on safety catch pin, \$1 ea. Mrs. M. J. Young, 603 East Yerby, Marshall, Mo.

PRINT APRONS: Mother and Daughter, tie aprons, \$1.50. Bib aprons. Small, medium, large, \$1.25 and up. Mrs. William Phillips, 2280 E. North St., Decatur, Ill.

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If you sent **Kitchen-Klatter** as a gift last year, don't forget to renew it for your friend. If you've never sent a gift subscription, insure yourself this year that "out of sight won't be out of mind."

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KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE
SHENANDOAH, IOWA

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

By Myrtle E. Felkner

(Note on special effects: Use is made of spot lights and dimming stage lights to dramatize and to denote passage of time as well as change of setting. Practically every community possesses an ambitious youth who will welcome the opportunity to try his ability along these lines. In case such an individual is not available, however, the platform for the Spirit of Christmas may be erected on the stage apron and the curtains used for the other effects.)

As program begins, all Church or auditorium lights are extinguished. Pianist plays "O, Come, All Ye Faithful" as choir or small group of 8-10 voices proceed down aisle to choir loft or stage loft, carrying lighted candles and singing the processional number. At close of song, a blue spotlight is focused upon "The Spirit of Christmas" who is attired in floor-length white gown or robe. She should be on an elevated platform at right stage. Choir hums "Silent Night," then pianist plays this carol softly as the Spirit of Christmas speaks:

Spirit of Christmas: "I am the Spirit of Christmas! I dwell within every community where there is even one Christian home; I dwell within every home where there is one person who loves the Lord; my abode is within every heart that knows one tender thought, one kind word, one loving deed. Tonight, will you come with me to the places where I dwell? I promise you no great gifts, no riches—only a full heart, because you have embraced me."

Spotlight fades, stage light turned on reveals an humble Dutch kitchen. A Dutch mother sits in rocker at left stage knitting; at her feet are two children playing with toys.

Mother: (Looks up from work.) "Come, it is time for you to put your shoes before the fireplace for St. Nicolas. Then to bed!"

Dutch Girl: "Oh, please, Mother, sing a Christmas song tonight!"

Dutch Boy: It is Christmas Eve. Let us stay just a little longer while you sing!"

Mother: "Well, since it is Christmas, I will sing to you first about the baby Jesus." (Mother rocks and sings, "There's a Song in the Air." Children join in singing last verse. Then choir and Mother hum another stanza while children remove wooden shoes, place them before the fireplace, kiss mother, and leave from stage right, hand in hand. Stage light dims, spotlight returns again to the Spirit of Christmas. Exit Dutch Mother left.)

Spirit of Christmas: "You will find me in many lands and in many homes. Come with me now to Denmark, where Christmas Eve is the Children's Night!"

(Stage light. Danish Mother enters

left, hurries to table carrying bowl, spoon, other cooking utensils. Stirs busily. Danish girl runs in from right, carrying bundle of wheat.)

Girl: "Mother, I have found the best of the wheat as our Christmas gift for the birds! Is it time to hang it on the pole in the yard?"

Mother: "Of course! Hang it now so the birds will be full for Christmas Eve. But hurry, your brothers will be here with the Yule Log and you will want to help them." (Girl exits right. Mother stirs. Pianist begins to play "Deck the Halls" softly. Four boys begin singing softly off-stage, as though in distance, then increasing volume until they prance onto stage from right. They pull the Yule Log which is tied with ropes, two boys at each rope. As they enter, Mother stands back, hands on hips. Boys drop ropes, stand arms around shoulders to sing verse of "Deck the Halls." As they finish, Mother speaks:)

Mother: "You are merry! And that is a fine Yule Log!"

Boy: "And we're hungry, too. Is the Christmas porridge ready, Mother?"

Mother: "No, but it will be soon. Take your log to the fireplace, and I will hurry with the porridge." (Boys exit left, Mother stirs again. Light fades, Spotlight again to Spirit of Christmas. Exit Danish Mother.)

Spirit of Christmas: "Now you have seen me, not only in your own homes, but in the homes of friends across the great waters. You can find me outside your homes, if you will, for walls cannot confine me nor words imprison me. I am in the laughter of a child; if you search, you will identify me in the smile of your neighbor; I am in the hush of evening, in the clear tones of the Christmas carols, in the sparkle of new fallen snow.

"But most of all, you will find me in your hearts as you remember the wonderful story of the Birth of the Christ Child."

(Pianist plays "O, Little Town of Bethlehem" very softly, stage light again appears, revealing manger, Mary and Joseph. Manger is at center stage, and Mary sits beside it looking into the manger. She wears a long light-colored dress and around her head is draped a soft shawl. Joseph stands slightly back stage. He has a blanket thrown across his shoulders and holds a shepherd's staff. After song has been played once, the choir sings it reverently as the Spirit of Christmas descends from platform and stands over the Nativity Scene with arms outspread as a Guarding Angel. A slow curtain descends as singers complete carol.)

A JOKE ON SANTA

Do you know what I'd like to do
When Santa Claus comes a'knocking?
I'd like to squeeze up a little
And hide behind my stocking.
And then when he opens his pockets,
I'd say BOO! just for fun—
And maybe it would scare him so
He'd leave his presents and run.
Oh! Wouldn't that be fun!

—Sent by Mrs. W. E. Henning,
Mound City, Mo.

DEATH IN LIFE

He always said he would retire
When he had made a million clear,
And so he toiled into the dusk
From day to day, from year to year.

At last he put his ledgers up
And laid his stock reports aside—
But when he started out to live
He found he had already died.

—Unknown.

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Special \$1.00 Xmas package contains THREE items, including: 3-oz. Mento Cream (used after shaving or for everyday skin protection); 1-3/4-oz. Hair Cream; and 2-oz. Men's Cologne (a fresh, manly, invigorating fragrance). It's all for \$1.00, postpaid. What a gift for children to give to their father!

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