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Kitchen-Klatter[®]

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 24

DECEMBER, 1960

NUMBER 12



—H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Subscription Price \$1.50 per year (12 issues) in the U. S. A.

Foreign Countries \$2.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the Post Office at Shenandoah, Ia., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published Monthly by
THE DRIFTMIER COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa

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Kings may fall, and wars may
thunder,
Dynasties begin—and end—
But forever lives the glory
Of the love of friend for friend.
And since Christmas is the season
Friendship's pledges to renew,
Once again we write to strengthen
Ties that bind us close to you!

Dear Friends:

This verse was written a number of years ago by my sister, Helen Field Fischer. I had forgotten about it until I ran across it in a box containing some of Helen's poems. My sisters, Helen, Martha and Sue, left many lovely verses behind them and I'm happy to share this one with you.

When I wrote last month I told you that we were hoping to drive to Denver to visit our son Wayne and his family. Well, we finally made the trip although the weather had been so unsettled Mart almost gave it up. Fortunately we got up one morning to a very favorable five-day forecast and, after talking to Wayne on the phone and getting an equally favorable report from that end, we packed our suitcases and started out. Mart decided to drive through Kansas as this is the shortest route and one we hadn't taken for quite some time. This took us through Sabetha, Seneca, Marysville and Mankato to Smith Center, where we stayed over night.

One wonderful thing about my many years of broadcasting is that we find friends wherever we go. In the Dairy Center Cafe at Smith Center we were greeted by Mrs. Anna Peterson. Her 86 year old mother, Mrs. Emma Noble of Red Cloud, Nebraska has listened to Kitchen-Klatter since the very early days of radio.

Perhaps some of you don't know that Dr. Brewster Higley wrote "Home on the Range" in a cabin near Smith Center. The cabin is still standing and is kept as a memorial to him.

The following morning was clear and cool. Mart and I are early risers so we ate breakfast, packed, and were on the road around 8:30. Although the morning started cool, it soon commenced to warm up and by the time we reached St. Francis, the day was HOT. Highway 36 proved to be a very good road across Northern Kansas—level and safe. We noticed that the wheat fields were very much in need of rain and certainly hope that they've had adequate moisture by now.

We drove only as far as Joes, Colorado that day, spending the night at the Alma Motel which is owned by Mrs. La Verna Gerdes, formerly of Nebraska City, Nebraska. I'll not soon forget the window boxes of petunias across the entire front of the motel nor her five wonderful children who help keep the grounds so beautiful.

When we reached Denver, we found our way to Wayne and Abigail's home without difficulty and received an enthusiastic welcome. It was just noon when we arrived and Abigail had a lovely lunch waiting for us. We spent the remainder of the day visiting.

Whenever we see any of our grandchildren after a period of time has lapsed, we're always amazed at how they've grown. Emily, Alison and Clark were no exception—they had grown up and out! When we weren't out for drives, I helped Abigail let down hems and move seams.

There had been no killing frost in Denver so the mums, petunias, dahlias and other flowers gave a profusion of color to the yards. We decided there must be something special about the Colorado soil for the colors were the most vivid and the blooms the largest we had ever seen. There was snow on the mountains and the greens of the pine with the yellows of the aspen and cottonwoods presented a scene of spectacular beauty!

One of the side trips we enjoyed very much was to Georgetown. It was interesting to see the old Victorian houses in such a beautiful setting. The town has changed very little since the old mining days.

We arrived back in Denver in time for Wayne to start charcoal on the grill. One of his specialties is barbecued chicken. Abigail has an original recipe for the sauce. It was delicious! With the chicken she served a tossed salad, garlic bread and an elegant dessert. We'll try to share these recipes with you sometime.

Although the weather held up well while we were in Denver, it was raining the day we left for home. We stopped in McCook, Nebraska for the night and called on the George Herolds, old friends from Shenandoah. We planned to stop in Minden, Nebraska the next day in order to visit Pioneer Village, but it was raining so hard when we reached there that it

would have been impossible to get from the car to the building without becoming completely saturated. We'll hope that we have cooperation from the weatherman the next time we drive through Minden!

My sister Jessie (Shambaugh) hopes to leave for California before long to spend the winter months with her daughter Ruth and her family. Ruth is very anxious for her mother to do some writing about her life's experiences which have been so varied and interesting. Many of you know that she was one of the founders of 4-H clubs. She has always maintained an active interest in the organization and for the past several months has been working with other interested persons on plans for permanent buildings on the club's camp grounds near Boone, Iowa. Perhaps you are making similar efforts in your own state. We drove over to see Jessie as soon as we got back from Denver and she was very excited over the progress of the fund-raising campaign.

We thought our brother Henry's wife, Bertha Field, would be home by now, but she is still in Oregon. Her brother remains quite ill and she felt she had better stay a while longer. I'm sure that her presence is a great comfort to him.

Henry's son Phillip and his wife Marie have been in Korea for over a year. Phillip is in government work there and writes such long, interesting letters. Their daughter, Billie Marie, is making her home in California near Marie's sister during their absence. Her interests are a great deal like her father's and she is taking some post-graduate work in a college nearby. Phillip agreed to stay in Korea for three years and in that time he will have had many, many experiences to tell us upon his return to the States.

Like everyone else, we watched the election returns with great interest. I wonder how many of you remember this little English jingle:

"Politics, oh such a lark, don't you know!

Just a nightmare in the dark, don't you know!

You work all day and night

And then after all the fight,

Why perhaps the wrong man's right, don't you know!"

However you felt about the outcome, I know that you will do all you can to support our new President now and in the critical years ahead.

Your letters tell me that this has been a busy fall for most of you. I hope you were able to get your bulbs planted and pansy seed sown. One of my big fall projects has been making mincemeat. We bought fresh cider and apples when Dorothy was here for her magazine work and she and Margery helped me make it. We'll forget the calories and have all the mincemeat pie we want for Christmas dinner!

I have made good headway on my Christmas shopping. Most of it is done by mail order so I like to make out my gift lists early. This year we will have the traditional "tree" at our house. On Christmas Eve as many of

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IF BETHLEHEM HAD PUBLISHED A NEWSPAPER

By
Esther Sigstee

Bethlehem of Judea is a very small town. Visitors there from the big city of Jerusalem could very well remark, as our urban friends do today, "Nothing ever happens in a small town." But long ago an event occurred there that changed the world for all time. Interestingly enough, it happened in one of its less desirable housing units.

I doubt very much if Bethlehem had a weekly newspaper nearly two thousand years ago. Even if there had been one, perhaps the Birth would not have been noted in it. A rumor of a new king wouldn't set so well with the current administration and small town newspapers have to stick pretty much to the proven facts.

If there had been a weekly newspaper, the *Bethlehem Bugle*, for example, the December issues of almost two thousand years ago would make interesting reading. There could be, for instance, a decree reading something like the following:

"To the Citizens of the Roman Protectorate:

You are hereby notified that each of you shall proceed, within thirty days, to the city of your lineage to register and be taxed in compliance with the law that was first established when Cyrenius was Governor of Syria. Failure to comply within the allotted time limit will incur the penalties of immediate property confiscation and arrest by the Emperor's soldiers. (Signed) Caesar Augustus, Emperor of All Rome. (Countersigned) His Majesty, King Herod. (Published, Dec. 5, 12, 19, in the *Bethlehem Bugle*.)"

Bethlehem was the city of the descendants of David. There was a great deal of civic pride in this fact; for the prophets of old had foretold that out of this family would come one who would save Israel. As the people returned to register and be taxed we can imagine that the residents of Bethlehem had many visiting relatives and much social activity, all duly noted in the *Bethlehem Bugle*.

The "Around Bethlehem" column would be full of items like this: "Mr. and Mrs. A. J. David are being visited by Mr. David's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. David of Nazareth. They have returned for the registry and are former Bethlehemites. On Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. David entertained a few friends of the visitors at a coffee."

On the society page, an item like this might have appeared; "The Daughters of Solomon celebrated the anniversary of their founding with a dinner meeting, Wednesday evening, at the lodge hall. Seventeen members were initiated. Arrangements were in charge of the social committee. Eligible for the D. O. S. are women who are proven descendants of David, The King, through his son, King Solomon and his twenty-second wife."

Advertised for sale in the *Bethlehem Bugle* might be: "Fresh Temple-killed goat meat. 3 pounds for 1 sheckle." "Get your new donkey during our special December promotion. 6 sheckles down, 1 sheckle per month. Highest trade in value on your old animal. Ali Abed—the Wildest Trader in Town!" And, there might also be an announcement that a new shipment of loin cloths in the latest colors had just arrived from Persia.

The editorial page would undoubtedly contain a protest about the high rate of taxes. Those were trying times for the ordinary man and the high cost of living was being felt. "Shall it be swords or butter?", the editor might ask. "Seventeen million sheckles have been appropriated for the armament program! We realize that preparedness intimidates our potential enemies, but is it not also true that the funds already raised might be more economically spent instead of burdening the taxpayer with still further revenue bites?"

Somewhere in a December issue of the *Bethlehem Bugle* the local hostelry might take out a little ad reading: "Notice: Due to the influx of visitors and the quartering of the Emperor's soldiers, we regretfully announce that there is no room at The Inn."

The strange light in the sky over Judea, during that December of long ago, would probably be the subject for a headline story. The word sputnik had not been coined yet, but the National Observatory at Jerusalem was undoubtedly called in to comment. Just why the star seemed to pause over such a non-strategic point as Bethlehem would be a controversial subject for the astrologers.

In a little stable back of The Inn a man from Nazareth would be watching over his sweet young wife. He'd be worried because her time was near and this stable with sleeping animals was the only place where he could find shelter from the cold.

The Babe was born! He was born to be a king, but only a few people besides His Mother knew His province was not confined to earthly boundaries.

The people of Bethlehem went about their business unaware that the long awaited Messiah was already in their midst. A handful of shepherds came in from the hills with the unlikely story of some angels announcing the birth of a king. But then, sheep herding is a lonely job and during a long watch it's pretty easy to see things that aren't there.

The people of Bethlehem were too human, too filled with this world's trivia, even as we are today, to realize

that God had become incarnate in their midst.

The editor of the *Bethlehem Bugle* might have closed the office after the last December issue was finished. He'd trudged home to discuss with his wife such matters as why she forgot to pay the lamp-oil bill within the discount period and what they were going to do about the son's progress at the Temple School.

He'd be unaware that he had just missed the second greatest news story of all time.

The supreme story in the history of the world was to occur some thirty years later. It had to do with an empty tomb.

AN OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL

As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing,
"This night shall be the birthnight
Of Christ our heavenly King.

"His birth-bed shall be neither
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the places of paradise,
But in the oxen's stall.

"He neither shall be rocked
In silver nor in gold,
But in the wooden manger
That lieth in the mould.

"He neither shall be washen
With white wine nor with red,
But with the fair spring water
That on you shall be shed.

"He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But in the fair, white linen
That usen babies all."

As Joseph was a-walking,
Thus did the angel sing,
And Mary's son at midnight
Was born to be our King.

Then be you glad, good people,
At this time of the year;
And light you up your candles,
For His star it shineth clear.

PRAYER AT CHRISTMAS

Give me a manger in my inmost heart,
Humble, unworthy, yet a glowing
shrine

Where God's reality fills every part,
Where thought and impulse bear a
tinge divine.

Give me an angel's song within my
ears;

A song from heavenly source yet
hymned through earth,

Of brotherhood, unquenched by
blundering years,

Proving divinity in all men's birth.
Give me, o'er the horizon of my soul,
A star to kindle and direct my days:

Essence of that harmonious shining
Whole:

Infinite purpose for my finite ways.
Wise Men, I thus would join you in
your quest:

Mary, so share with you your holy
Guest.

—Maude White Hardie

ABIGAIL SHARES SMORGASBORD IDEAS

Dear Friends,

Some months ago Lucile asked me to write about the organization of the smorgasbord our church has put on the past two years. Our women's organization is not large and any group of 25 - 30 women could put on the same kind of dinner with equal success.

December is a good month for such an article, for many churches include a smorgasbord or buffet dinner with their holiday bazaars. Perhaps this will arrive in time to help you a little on this year's plans. Such a dinner does take time to organize so you might be interested in doing something similar in one of the spring months. In fact, our church always has this dinner in late April or early May.

First of all, let me be frank about one thing. Our dinner is not a true smorgasbord and should honestly be called a buffet. We do not restrict our menu to authentic Swedish foods. However, the word smorgasbord seems to have more sales appeal so we use the name and some of the traditional foods and decorations.

A profit is made on this dinner because much of the food is donated. The ticket prices are deliberately kept within reason so that families may attend. A dinner of this quality in a restaurant would cost much, much more. We charge \$1.50 for adults, \$.75 for children under twelve and children under four are admitted free. Since our facilities are limited, we sell only 250 tickets. The serving hours are from 5:00 to 8:00 P.M.

Our basement dining room looks beautiful on this occasion for we have several basic assets. The walls are painted a lovely turquoise and a new white acoustical tile covers the ceiling. Through an unusual stroke of luck we have very handsome heavy walnut tables. One of our members has access to buying second quality and reject tops from a factory which builds executive desks. We add folding legs and the results are marvelous tables! We use simple lace-like paper placemats and pink and green napkins to create a very attractive setting.

Flowers used are potted geraniums and fuschias purchased from a wholesale florist. These are sold after the dinner at regular retail prices. The effect is a gay and beautiful eating area accomplished with a minimum of effort and expense.

The serving table is formed by placing several tables together in an "L" shape and is located adjacent to the kitchen door. Two of the low children's tables are placed on top of the large table to form two tiers. People serve their plates from one side only. This means the line moves more slowly than if serving was done from both sides, but it does allow the workers easy access to the table so they can keep the food hot and attractive at all times. We feel this is most important!

The main serving table is used for



This picture was taken the day mother and Dad (Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Driftmier) arrived in Denver, Colorado to visit their son Wayne and his family. Alison, Emily and Clark are pictured with their grandparents.

plates, gelatin and fish salads, hot vegetables, rolls and rye bread, butter, parsley potatoes, baked beans and several kinds of meat. Just beyond this table is a round three-tiered table containing a large variety of pickles, relishes, herring and other fish snacks and the cheeses.

Two or three children's tables are set up for the youngsters to use. One high school girl is assigned to supervise each table. This leaves the parents free to eat peacefully and they appreciate this feature greatly. Other high school girls pour coffee and pass the trays of butter cookies. About ten junior-high girls clear away the dirty dishes and set up fresh places, pour water, milk and fruit juice and fill in wherever needed. With this fine assistance, only two women are needed to supervise the dining area.

Three or four husbands are usually commandeered to set up and take down the tables. We also hire four high school boys to wash and wipe the dishes. We have found that they do a much better job here than girls of the same age.

A special dinner such as this is considerably more work than a regular dinner, but if it is properly organized and planned in advance it should turn out well. Just use the particular talents of each member. Because of the terrific population growth and turnover in Denver, most of our people are new and their talents unknown. The solution to this problem is simple as can be — just ask each one what she can do and in what area she would prefer to work.

For instance, our dining room chairman offered her services saying she wasn't any great shakes as a cook but loved to decorate, make flower arrangements, etc. She took charge of decorating both the serving tables

and the eating tables and was an absolute *whiz*! I have never seen more artistic and attractive displays of food than those she made.

The general chairman must, of course, be someone who has shown her ability to organize, plan and carry out responsibility. A poor chairman could mean chaos and failure. Except for this one position, we have had excellent luck with untried volunteers. The one thing to remember is that each person deserves to understand just exactly what her duties are and when she is to do them.

Each of our committee chairman was responsible for soliciting her assigned food. The night of the dinner she saw that it was served, replenished and kept attractive.

The meat committee purchased, prepared and served all the meat dishes. Such a large amount was prepared it was easiest to cook it all in the church kitchen. Incidentally, we borrowed all the chafing dishes we could locate to use for the hot foods, particularly the meat balls and rice.

The cookie chairman had all her items baked and frozen in advance so her committee volunteered to set up the tables.

The salad and vegetable chairmen requested their donors to bring everything ready to serve including attractive decorations. They didn't want fifteen or so gelatin salads that had to be unmolded and decorated arriving at the last minute. Most of the hot vegetables were in casserole form and this helped a great deal in keeping them hot and making them easy to serve. We had no rigid requirements on the kind of vegetable to be furnished; we just asked that each person prepare her most delicious recipe. Only three or four kinds of vegetables were kept out at a time and these were exchanged frequently to make sure each was piping hot.

One member offered to make *all* the baked beans. She brought them in electric roasters. This reminds me of an important item which should be checked in planning a dinner of this size. You must know how much of a load the electrical wiring can carry. You just don't dare run the risk of having too many electrical roasters and coffee makers blow the fuses.

Our ticket chairman gave out tickets to each member to sell in advance and collected the tickets and money at the door. She was also responsible for paying all the bills. Another member, whose health made it impossible for her to work, sat near the door to welcome the guests and tell them where to hang their coats.

Each committee split itself into two shifts in order that no one would have to work more than one and one-half hours. Most of the chairmen chose to stay through the entire time. Actually, they were having such a good time no one wanted to leave!

It has been suggested several times that we rent one of the local halls and double the number we can serve. This suggestion has not been received with much favor. We are afraid our established quality might suffer. The

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"STAR OF WONDER"

A Christmas Service

By

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting

On a table against a wall, place a small decorated Christmas tree topped with a large silver star. Hang a blue backdrop behind the tree and fasten five large, silver stars to it, being careful to arrange them so that they show plainly above and at the sides of the tree. Identify them as Love, Hope, Peace, Faith and Courage. From each point of the tree star, fasten a ribbon streamer and as each Meditation is given, join the streamer to the corresponding star on the backdrop.

Soft background music of Christmas carols will do much to set the "mood" for the service.

Service

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Soft music of "We Three Kings".)

"Saw ye never in the twilight, when the sun has left the skies,
Up in heaven the clear stars shining,
through the gloom-like silver eyes?
So, of old the wise men, watching,
saw a little stranger star,
And they knew the King was given,
and followed from afar.

Have ye never heard the story, how they crossed the dessert wild,
Journeyed on the plain and mountain,
til they found the Holy Child?
How they opened all their treasures,
kneeling to the Infant King,
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
gave the myrrh in offering?

Know ye not the lowly Baby was the bright and morning star?
He who came to light the Gentiles,
and in darkened isles afar?
And we, too, may seek his cradle,
there our heart's best treasures bring,

Love, and faith, and true devotion, for our Savior, God, and King."

RESPONSIVE READING: (By two voices off stage, speaking loudly and clearly, representing the "Voices of Prophets".)

FIRST VOICE: "And His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Almighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

SECOND VOICE: "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light."

FIRST VOICE: "Arise, shine; for thy light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

SECOND VOICE: "And lo, the Star, which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."

FIRST VOICE: "When they saw the Star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

SECOND VOICE: "And when they came into the house, they saw the young Child with Mary, His Mother, and fell down and worshipped him."

SOLO: "O Holy Night."

LEADER:

"Our Christmas Star, with five points gay,
Shines forth upon the tree today.
One point is for LOVE, so pure and true,
One for HOPE in a Presence new;
One beams forth with Christmas PEACE;

One for FAITH that will bring release;

And a point for COURAGE that may never cease.

May your Christmas Star all five points know,
For the blessed Christ-Child wills it so.

"Let us too, go unto Bethlehem. Let us look to the Stars for a message for us this Christmastide.

"The first point of the Christmas Star is the Star of Love."

MEDITATION—LOVE: "Have you often looked as I have, upon the radiant love, the bubbling laughter, and the warm friendliness that sets each home, each neighborhood, and even whole nations aglow at Christmas? Have you wished that it might last the whole year through? Perhaps we shouldn't really expect, nor even desire, that all the breathless wonder, great expectancy, magic and sparkle be with us every day. Deep down, we realize that we must spend some time upon the plains before we truly appreciate the view from the mountain tops!

"Someone has said, 'Christmas time is a loving time!' Surely we wish that the lovingness, the good will toward men, and the kindly tolerance that radiate everywhere at Christmas, would enrich our daily lives all year.

"Love came down at Christmas, love all lovely, love divine;

Love was born at Christmas, Star and angels gave the sign.

Love shall be our token, love be yours and mine;

Love to God and all men, love for plea, and gift, and sign."

MEDITATION—HOPE: "The second point of our Star leads to the Star of Hope. We pray that the HOPE of Christmas will be truly ours, shining a lovely assuring ray along our way like the blessed Star of the East. It was only a little Babe who was born in that lowly manger in far away Bethlehem, to simple Galilean parents so poor that there was no room for them at the inn. Yet to this Babe came the shepherds who had left their flocks to kneel at His crib in adoration. To this Babe came also the wise men with treasures to lay at His feet. In that tiny Child lay the HOPE of the world. He ever brings to us the HOPE of all our tomorrows. Through us, the HOPE which the blessed Babe symbolizes, can be fulfilled. We can, if we will, fulfill His hope for a kinder, friendlier world in the new year."

MEDITATION—PEACE: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, goodwill toward men! I salute our Star of Peace with this four-hundred year old Christmas wish of Fra Giovanni: 'I salute you: There is nothing I can give you which you have not; but there is much, that, while I cannot give you, you can take . . . No heaven can come to us unless our hearts find rest in it today. Take Heaven . . . No peace lies in the future which is not hidden in the present. Take Peace . . . The gloom of the world is but a shadow; behind it, yet within our reach is joy. Take Joy . . . And so at this Christmas time, I greet you, with the prayer that for you, now and forever, the day breaks and the shadows flee away.'

MEDITATION—FAITH: "I look at the Star of Faith and think that I shall always pause to wonder at the things that happen at Christmastide . . . How for a brief season the world forgets its ugliness, its bickerings, its satellites . . . and pauses long enough to stand beside a lowly manger, dreaming the great dream. How for a little while time seems suspended—the past, the present, the future—so strangely and so beautifully blended in the birth of love eternal. Beyond the candlelight where friends and enemies join voices this night, more than a carol rings—you can hear a 'mighty chorus and the beat of angel wings'. Yes, Christmas surely brings us FAITH renewed."

MEDITATION—COURAGE: (Holds up a Bible) "Our last point leads us to the Star of Courage. Constant obedience may prove irksome to us if we forget our purpose. This Book will fulfill our need, for the Faith, the Love, the Hope, and the Peace which came to earth with the Christ-Child, speaks from its pages directly into our hearts. It gives us the COURAGE to shine forth our own lights to make this world a brighter, happier place in which to live."

LEADER: "We cannot see the Star amidst the doubt and fear that dim our vision here; But when the Christ-Child small and dear, is cradled in our heart, 'tis then, like shepherds from afar, we hear the angels' song . . . and see the Star. And thus a Star that shines with timeless light, leads men to Christ, as on that Holy night. Out of the past, from Bethlehem, far away, it leads on through the present where we stand today; Into the future, yet unknown, unseen, but lighted too, like all years between. Past, Present, Future . . . one long road . . . Made bright by one immortal Star's eternal light!

PRAYER: "Heavenly Father, help us to be ever mindful that the eternal stars are always there—the stars of love, of hope, of peace, of faith and courage. Though hidden sometimes by clouds, still they always break through with brilliance and strength that will not be denied. May these stars be the guiding stars of the wise men of the nations today, and of the peoples of all nations. May thy light shine through them to light the path to peace for all. This is our Christmas prayer. Amen."



AS BLESSED TO RECEIVE

By

Martha Williams

The gift basket was larger than usual the year I hated Christmas. The apples were redder, the oranges larger and someone had tucked a small box of chocolate covered cherries between the sack of sugar and the sack of sweet potatoes. One of the Christmas-Chest ladies was talking graciously with my mother about the weather when the other lady turned to me, "There is a special gift for you, too, Martha."

But when they had driven away, I unwrapped the blue pocketbook and burst into angry tears. Not that the little blue pocketbook with its celluloid handle wasn't pretty. It was. Not that we didn't need the food basket to eke out our meager fare of canned tomatoes and Irish potatoes. We did.

"I hate Christmas! I hate everything about it!"

"You what?" My mother was more startled than shocked. "You hate Christmas?"

"Why shouldn't I hate it? Everybody else has all the fun of giving. All I ever do at Christmas is get!"

I suppose my mother cried a little, too, as she took me in her arms.

"It is just as blessed to receive as to give," she said softly as my sobs began to lessen.

My mother loved her Bible too well to misquote a single verse. Yet her years of illness and proud poverty had taught her to understand the complete cycle of giving; every gift needs an appreciative receiver. She had learned how to receive gifts with reverence and gladness. She had learned that the spirit of receiving is as necessary at Christmas as the spirit of giving, neither is complete without the other.

But at the age of eleven I didn't want to receive anything from anybody. I wanted only the pleasure of giving. I daydreamed of the expensive gifts I would buy my friends, of the day when I would be the one to deliver the heaping Christmas baskets.

It wasn't until I was able to write checks for expensive gifts and to help with Christmas boxes for shut-ins, that I began looking at the other side of the Christmas coin—*receiving*. Now I felt the uncertainty of every giver; "What if my friend doesn't like my choice?" "Perhaps this token of my love and sincerity will be ignored." My mother's words, "It is just as blessed to receive as to give," came back to me with clearer meaning.

May I pass on to you some of the lessons my experience has taught me? Gracious receiving is not just the passive understanding of the giver. It is sincerely assuring the one who gives that his gift has been a bridge between two hearts.

Let that gift continue to be the bridge throughout the year. When the

black bowl is filled with yellow jonquils at Easter, take three minutes to write a note—"I used your gift today,"—to the friend who gave the bowl. Realizing the sacrifices Uncle Elmer made in buying a garish tie, as a present, with part of his pension check gives reason enough to wear it to the family reunion in August. Knowing that Cousin Mattie crocheted the pretty, but impractical, hot pad with her arthritic hands gives cause to place the pad on a hook above the stove where it will give the warmth of Mattie's love each time it is seen.

Once this fine art of receiving is learned we will find many thoughtful methods of expressing gratitude and appreciation.

Christmas is an easy time to enthrall about presents received. Somehow, during the holiday season we feel freer to put our deepest feelings into words. But many gifts do not come near December 25th. Many are not wrapped in foil and placed in boxes but are important treasures just the same. For instance, do we consider as wonderful gifts such offerings as: the pudgy fistful of dandelions held up so triumphantly by a three-year-old; the six-year-old's desire to show us a newly hatched robin; the teen-ager's hesitant confidence about his first date; the neighbor's cup of coffee when a dull weary day bears down upon us; the offer to help when a task seems unmountable and the shared excitement of a poem just discovered, a new recipe or a funny joke?

These are the gifts others are anxious to give us all year. When we consider them as trivial or ourselves too busy to be bothered, we are more unkind than if we tossed away an artistically wrapped package. There are few hurts compared with the rejection of a proffered gift—especially if it is an idea to be shared or a desire to help.

What is more humbling and stimulating than to learn over again: wonder and simple goodness from a small child; enthusiasm from a teen-ager and the mellowness of living from the fruits of experience by one grown old? These are priceless gifts, like the beauty of the world around us. They are wrapped, not in bright colored tissue but in the tenderness of human concern.

God must understand the unspoken disappointment of the person who feels his gift unwanted. God daily wraps the world in the splendor of sunlight and nightly studs the sky with stars. How often do we actually *receive* our world from the hands of God with gratitude?

But at Christmas we at least talk about preparing ourselves to receive God's greatest gift—His Son—into our lives. In the name of this Manger Babe we give of our goods and of ourselves. In His spirit we can also receive with reverence and joy. Perhaps we give most when we fill the cup of the giver with happiness by accepting his gift graciously.

Yes, Mother, I am learning that it is as blessed to receive as to give.



A MOMENT TO REMEMBER

By

Evelyn Birkby

The night was cold and crisp. The moon was a clear globe of golden radiance. Stars were sprinkled here and there across the sky. My feet snapped the frozen grasses at each step and the sharp air made my face tingle as I opened the gate near the barnyard. The Christmas cantata was over but as I walked up the path to the house the words kept singing in my mind; "My soul doth magnify the Lord . . ." "While shepherds watched their flocks by night . . ." "There came three kings a-riding . . ." "Away in the manger . . ." "Ring out sweet bells . . ." "For unto us a child is born . . ."

The barn made a rough, ungainly shadow against the night sky and I thought, as I stood looking at it, that it was in just such a place Jesus was born. For a moment it seemed to become a lowly stable. The quiet sleepy noises of the animals and the soft whisper of the wind through the cracks in the siding could have been much the same as the sounds Mary heard on the night her Son was born. What a place to give birth—and such a birth! But perhaps that is the greatest wonder in a night of wonders, that the Son of God was born in a stable with the only observers the peaceful animals of the field. That is indeed a miracle. His birth is truly a symbol of the greatness of the humble; of the wealth of the spiritual.

Later that night as I sat and held my own small boy in a warm, safe house, it seemed as if all the love down through the years was blessed because of Mary's love for her Son. I realized that some of the glory of that first Christmas is contained in the tiny precious soul of every little one and in the heart of every mother who holds her own child close on Christmas Eve. Quietly I thanked God for the gift of His Son which has given our lives meaning, enriched the value of our family and increased the hope of our spirits.

THROUGH THE CENTURIES

That night in Bethlehem was fair,
And from the sky afar
The strains of anthems filled the air
Beneath a radiant star.

And shepherds watching on the hill
Beheld the shining light;
They saw the heavenly glory spill
And spread across the night.

What splendor humble shepherds
knew!

What joy dispelled their fear!
What joy today is shining, too!
The Savior still is near.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson

A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends,

Last Saturday morning and afternoon several hundred people were here in the parish house of our church attending an auction. We had asked each family in the church to contribute some antique or family heirloom to the auction for the purpose of helping us pay for the cost of our new parking lots. Everyone in the church got into the act. Some of the men worked directing the traffic and parking cars; many of the women worked in the kitchen caring for the snack counter; the younger women of the church acted as "runners" at the auction itself; and the high school youngsters conducted a food sale on the church lawn.

The auction grossed more than \$4,000, and out of that we expect to make at least \$3,500 profit. Don't you think that was a goodly amount for a church auction? The item that brought the largest single bid was a beautiful desk which had been given to Catherine the Great of Russia back in 1781. An art dealer from New York paid \$380.00 for it. Had the desk been in a better state of repair it would have brought much, much more. It was interesting to note the high prices paid for heirloom tablecloths and bedspreads. I bought a fine piece of black cloth to be used for a man's topcoat.

Two things make an auction a success—good things to sell and people with the money to buy them. We had both in abundance. Our ladies had sent personal invitations to many antique dealers throughout New England and from the number who attended they must have all come.

Do you folks have antique dealers where you live? Here, on every major highway and on some that are nothing but back roads, we have antique dealers the way some areas of the country have gasoline stations. I often wonder where on earth they find all the antiques they sell! Of course, manufacturing so-called "antiques" might be a profitable business for some, but most of the things on the market are genuine.

Next week our church ladies hold their annual rummage sale and they never make less than \$1,000 on that. It is amazing the way this church of just 1,400 members continues to contribute rummage to these sales. We always have one in the fall and one in the spring and each of them takes mountains of articles to be sold—everything from old shoes to costume jewelry. After each sale I think: "Well, never again can we have as much to sell as we had at this one!" And year after year I am proven wrong.

Some time ago we drove up into the hill country to visit friends who have just built a beautiful new home. Although most of the leaves had fallen from the trees, there was still a magnificent display of color to be seen. The trees along the sides of the mountains were lovely beyond description.

We found the new house perched high on the hillside overlooking a typi-



Each year the old, familiar Christmas tree decorations are unpacked from their boxes to once again adorn the traditional tree in the living room at Frederick Driftmier's home.

cal New England farming valley. It was a dream house with every modern convenience. The other houses in the neighborhood belong to Yankee farmers who still cling to many of the old ways of doing things and you can imagine their interest in this new house with its electric radiant heating and all of its automatic devices. While the house was under construction people came from miles around to satisfy their curiosity about the new labor-saving devices incorporated into the home.

I find some New England farmers slow to realize the way farmers out in the western part of the country have advanced. They are surprised to learn that the farmers in Kansas and Nebraska and Iowa use such progressive methods and possess so much modern equipment.

The older I become and the more I see of the world the more I observe that all of us have a tendency to become provincial. We all like to think that our particular part of the world is the very best and that no one anywhere else could possibly have something better. We feel sorry for the Eskimos, but they feel sorry for us. We who live on the mainland find it hard to believe that Honolulu is a much more modern city than most of those here on the mainland. That Cairo, Egypt could have a better municipal transportation system than some of our big American cities doesn't seem possible. And so it goes.

I remember how amused I was at some of the questions the Russian people asked me about our country. When I was visiting a summer camp for children, just outside the city of Leningrad, the camp director asked me if here in America we had any summer camps for children. The game of basketball was invented right here in the city of Springfield, so you can imagine my amusement when a Russian official told me that it was a Russian game. He wondered if we had ever seen the game played in America!

Writing of these different countries around the world makes me think of the many years and the far away places where I have spent Christmas. I can remember a very hot December day in 1939 when I was in Egypt. The sun was beating down with great fury. Poinsettias grew in great hedges of flame-colored leaves making me think of home and our church altar with its beautiful decorations. Somehow, they looked a bit out of place growing in such great profusion instead of single potted plants.

Christmas was a big affair in Egypt for all Americans. Some gathered together and ate out under the trees. Some went on trips. A favorite jaunt was to the Red Sea. It took two days to go across the desert, camping out at night. The one rule we Americans had during the holidays was to keep very busy so no one would get homesick.

Buying Christmas gifts in Egypt was a real struggle. Everytime I would go down to the shops a group of natives would surround me. When I went into a store they would follow and soon try to help me by arguing with the storekeeper. Yes, I did manage to send something to the folks back home but it was never easy!

Another Christmas I remember vividly was spent in Hawaii in 1947. It was warm there also. Many of the Hawaiian children had never seen snow and it was fun telling them all about Iowa blizzards, building snow houses and having snowball fights.

That was the first year we had a baby in the house. What a joyous occasion that was! Christmas seems to take on new meaning and luster when a child is around with whom to share it.

We worried that year about having a Christmas tree for little Mary Leanna. At last an entire shipload of evergreens reached the islands. They were a bit beaten up from the voyage,

(Continued on page 21)



HOLIDAY HILARITY

Bell Quiz

1. Starts ringing in the fall. (School-bell)
2. Is a flower. (Bluebell)
3. Cracked, but widely known and beloved. (Liberty Bell)
4. Announces a visitor. (Doorbell)
5. Calls to worship. (Church bell)
6. Invented the telephone. (Alexander Graham Bell)
7. A welcome sound if you feel the need of its announcement. (Dinner bell)
8. We say it's a stupid one. (Dumb-bell)
9. Announces a happy event. (Wedding bell)
10. Invites us to talk. (Telephone bell)
11. Known for her sweet talk. (Southern belle)
12. Home for special kind of music. (Bell tower, or belfry)
13. To help locate the wanderer. (Cow bell)
14. The older generation remembers it well. (Sleigh bell)

Hidden Bells

Bells cut out of green and red cardboard may be hidden about the room, and upon announcement by the leader, the guests start to hunt for the bells. The one finding the largest number wins a prize.

Candle Relay

Divide the group into teams for this relay. (The number of teams you have will depend upon the number of people being entertained.) Place a chair about 15 or 20 feet in front of each team. The first person in the line is given a candle and a package of matches. He must carry the lighted candle around the chair and back, and hand it to the next person in line. If the candle blows out, the "runner" must stop and light it before hurrying on. The first team to complete the relay wins.

Christmas Toys

Pin the name of some toy on the back of each guest as he arrives. During the evening, he must ask questions until he has learned what toy he represents. The last person to identify himself wins a "booby prize".

Christmas Charades

Charades always proves to be fine entertainment, especially in a group with people of all ages. Divide the guests into several groups and have them retire to work out a pantomime.

Some suggestions are: 1. A man buying his wife a Christmas gift. 2. A man trying to wrap a Christmas package with a small piece of paper. 3. Trimming the Christmas tree. 4. Mother baking Christmas cookies. 5. Children looking at a store window full of Christmas gifts. 6. An audience watching the children's school program.

Christmas Tree

Can you guess these? The answers are things very apt to be found about the Christmas tree.

1. Who was John Barleycorn's father? (Pop Corn)
2. Can you name a metal and a word meaning "to vend"? (Tinsel)
3. What is combined to be a container and a meadow? (Candle)
4. Who was a famous inventor? (Bell)
5. What is a synonym for "here"? (Present)
6. What has its points? (Star)
7. What word means to waste with melancholy? (Pine)
8. Can you name a warm apparel? (Fur)
9. What is found in the workbasket? (Needles)
10. What is often the root of things? (Bulb)
11. What word means "never sophisticated"? (Evergreen)
12. What words combined mean a bed and a measure? (Cotton)
13. What is a sound idea? (Horn)
14. What is an aid to walking? (Cane)
15. Can you name a piece of baggage? (Trunk)

Jumbled Words

1. Natasuacis ----- (Santa Claus)
2. Matrishes ----- (Christmas)
3. Siewemn ----- (Wise Men)
4. Lhyol ----- (Holly)
5. Namerg ----- (Manger)
6. Erte ----- (Tree)
7. Tsokegnis ----- (Stockings)
8. Atsr ----- (Star)
9. Mhcyen ----- (Chimney)
10. Fitsg ----- (Gifts)

Christmas Darts

On a large cardboard, draw and color a decorated Christmas tree. Each guest has five darts to throw at the tree to build up a score. The scoring is thus: If they hit the star at the top of the tree, they receive 15 points; hitting other tree decorations counts 10 points; if only bare branches are hit, 5 points are given. When each has had his turn at the darts, the scores are tallied, the highest score winning the game.

St. Nick

Prepare little pieces of cardboard about 2 inches square. Paste a Christmas seal on each one, making sure that you paste no more than 4 of each seal. There are any number of pretty seals so you can find many different designs to use.

The object of the game is to see who will be the first to collect 4 matching seals. Put the cards into a large paper bag and pass it around the room, each person, without looking, drawing out 4 cards. (No peeking at your neighbor's!) After looking at the cards, and at a given signal, each passes one card to his left. This is repeated until someone collects 4 of a kind and calls out, "St. Nick".

Stuffing The Stocking Relay

This game will require 2 large stockings, and 2 equal number of packages of similar sizes that will go into them. Put the packages in two baskets or decorated Christmas boxes. Choose up sides for two teams. At the leader's signal, the first player puts all of the

packages into the stockings, one at a time, and hands it to next player, who takes them out, one at a time, and puts them back into the basket. The next player fills the stocking, etc., until all players on each side have taken a turn. The first team to finish wins the prize—a bag of Christmas candies.

Christmas Treasure Hunt

Give to each guest a small red Christmas stocking—these may be run up quickly on a sewing machine from inexpensive material—and a list of articles which have been previously hidden around the room. No guest may pick up more than one of any given object. The first one to get one of each item on the list in her stocking wins. The fun comes in not letting on where you find the things as several items of same thing may be hidden in one spot. Use such items as peanuts, wrapped candies, bobbie pins, miniature toys, tiny powder puffs, etc.



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!

COVER PICTURE

Does this cover picture make you think of a very special Christmas tree on a very special occasion? Or maybe it reminds you of some of the favorite Christmas balls which hang on your tree every year. Christmas decorations which are carefully cherished year after year and hung lovingly on a tree just as these have been, seem to become a very important part of the holidays. How little eyes shine when they see the bright balls and the glittering ropes. How adult hearts warm to the soft glow of colored lights and the memories which every Christmas evokes.

Whether you live in a city apartment or a big country farmhouse, whether you live alone or surrounded by a brood of little ones; or if your children are grown and in homes of their own near and far, we hope you have some kind of a gay Christmas tree with bright decorations to cheer this holiday season. When we look at this cover picture it makes us think of the decorated trees in the homes of our Kitchen-Klatter friends everywhere.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Friends, Near and Far:

There is a warm and cozy feeling in our house tonight for Juliana and I have just finished cutting up all the fruits and nuts that are to go into this year's fruitcakes.

Jobs of this kind are tedious and boring, to my way of thinking, unless you can have someone to visit with as you snip and cut. I don't have very many chances to visit with Juliana, so I welcomed a job that we made plans to do on this Wednesday evening—the one evening of many evenings that wasn't cluttered up with something concerning school. It gave us a wonderful chance to catch up on a lot of things, to make plans for the approaching holidays, and to remember this-and-that from holidays long since past.

There are two particular things from years gone by that Juliana listens to with relish. Both incidents have become part of our family folklore and tonight as we laughed about them I could almost step into the future and hear Juliana telling them to her own daughter when they busied themselves with all the makings of fruitcakes. (How stealthily Time casts its pale shadow and tugs at one's heart!)

If you have been reading Kitchen-Klatter for a long time you have heard about both of these incidents, but it has been many years since they happened and of course they have not crossed your mind—after all, we each have our own particular Christmas memories. Yet most of us don't object to having our memories refreshed, as lawyers put it, so I'd like to mention these two incidents that are part of our family folklore.

The first incident took place far away in San Francisco when Juliana was only two years old. World War II had been over only a very few months and we were still in the grip of every conceivable shortage. In this year of 1960 when there is such a tremendous abundance and money is the only thing needed to get ahold of *anything*, it is almost unreal to remember that war time period when all steel went into military supplies and no toys that called for metal parts could be had for love nor money. There may have been places in our country where people weren't constantly and acutely aware of not being able to buy anything beyond the starkest of necessities, but San Francisco was a great nerve-center of the war and everyone who lived there was adjusted to the grim reality of skittering from day to day with as little as possible.

Most of the time our meat ration points were as worthless as Confederate currency; we could trudge from store to store and never turn up more than pig's tails. Sugar was something we searched for endlessly, and if anyone in San Francisco ever drove a mile on gasoline he should not have had in his car, we certainly never heard about it. For all purposes of daily life, San Francisco was a city under siege and I have gone into this because young people of Juliana's age



We are happy to share this picture of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Otte and their son's family, Mr. and Mrs. Darrel Otte, Mary Ann and Curtis. Mrs. Otte is Dad's youngest sister and the one who plans to accompany the folks when they drive to California after Christmas.

cannot conceive of such conditions; and in the years that have passed since then I have talked with many people of my own age who spent the war years in other sections of the country and had no idea that civilian life was so severely pinched in cities that were nerve-centers for the armed forces.

So . . . Dorothy and I came up to the Christmas when our girls were two years old and we couldn't imagine where to find toys for them. Both of us had completely unreal ideas about toys. We were always getting the cart in front of the horse and thinking about toys that were suited for youngsters two or three years older than our own girls. We both know now that a two year old isn't ready for all kinds of doll equipment, but we certainly didn't seem to know it then!

That was why we thought that all of our problems had been miraculously solved when we noted from a streetcar window that some kind of a Good Will store or Salvation Army store, I've forgotten which, had a big display of buggies, dolls, highchairs, bathinettes . . . all the things we thought our girls would enjoy. We lost no time getting back to that store and took care of St. Nick's work in short order. We were thrilled to death to get all those wonderful pre-war toys so splendidly refurbished; they looked just like new.

It was still several weeks until Christmas but we had to get them out of the store so we used precious, precious gas to haul them to our house, and I remember very vividly indeed how hard it was to keep Juliana and Kristin at the front of the house while Dorothy unloaded those things at the back of the house and stored them in the garage. Dorothy had no place at all where she could keep the things safely hidden from

Kristin, so the whole shooting works went into our garage, the one place our girls *couldn't* get into under any conditions.

That was what we thought. And we were 100% mistaken. The man came to read the gas meter (it was in the garage) and I unlocked the door for him. I had intended to stay right there and lock the door behind him, but just then the phone rang and I hurried to answer it. Before that door crossed my mind again I heard Juliana carrying on excitedly in the garage and realized with awful dismay that she had gone through the unlocked door and found all the toys.

My! what a time I had getting her out of that garage! And what fancy excuses I rigged up constantly when she asked to see all the wonderful things I'd snatched away from her! I tried to tell myself that by Christmas morning she would have forgotten all of it, but this was just plain silly—she didn't forget a thing, not a thing, and when Christmas morning arrived she tore into that stuff with joyous screams of recognition.

Unfortunately, Russell and I couldn't deceive ourselves at all about the situation for Juliana talked fluently at a very early age and could express exactly what she was thinking. Like all inexperienced parents, we set great store by the element of wonderful surprise on Christmas morning and we had an awful sense of let-down when she found all the exciting things she'd been jerked away from so swiftly several weeks earlier. I'm glad Dorothy and Frank didn't have their spirits dashed so thoroughly—Kristin never laid eyes on any of her things until Christmas morning and everything worked out exactly the way it had been planned.

The other Christmas incident really happened on a scalding hot day in August, a peculiar time to have such a powerful memory connected strictly with Christmas. But it came about because of this:

Russell wanted to make up cards with a photograph of Juliana and since he knew he would be extremely busy at the time when people normally think about Christmas cards, he planned to get ours done and out of the way very early. This wasn't hard to manage for he planned to photograph Juliana wearing an attractive snowsuit, one that her Grandmother Verness had made for her. The cap had a wide band of soft fur that framed her face and it gave the general impression that she was suitably dressed for Alaska . . . and deep, deep snow.

It was one of the hottest August days I can ever remember and I felt guilty to stuff her into that snowsuit even for the time it took to set up lights and snap the picture. Something had to be held out as an inducement to get her full cooperation, so I decided to do the one thing that she loved above everything else: play paper dolls. Generally we played paper dolls at the dining room table, but Russell wanted a certain background for the photograph and the only way

(Continued on page 20)



PACKAGES WITH A PUNCH

A Christmas Skit

Cast of Characters: The Spirit of Christmas, Mrs. A., Mrs. B., Mrs. C. and Mrs. D., as well as any additional club members.

Time: An afternoon just a few days before Christmas.

Scene: A living room where the members of the "Stitch and Chatter" Club are having their meeting. In the center back of the stage is a small table piled high with gaily wrapped Christmas packages. Four of these are marked A, B, C, and D. The ladies with corresponding initials pick up their packages at the proper time. These special packages will contain articles mentioned in the skit.

At the far right front of the stage, on a tall pedestal, place an open Bible and a lighted taper.

(The Spirit of Christmas enters. She is wearing a flowing white robe with a wide red sash and a wreath of greenery in her hair. She walks to the pedestal, reads from the Bible, and then talks to the audience.)

Spirit of Christmas: "Opening their treasures, they offered Him gifts—gold, frankincense and myrrh."

"I am the Spirit of Christmas. Many of today's generation think I'm an 'odd ball'. Who has time to notice an old 'foggy' like me when they are scurrying around buying gifts they can't afford for people they perhaps don't like, to the modern Christmas carol of 'I'm bushed, poohed and busted'!? You've seen them for the lines form in every store and on every street corner. With hats askew and coats flying, they clutch crumpled lists in one hand while trying to hang on to purses, packages and little Junior's hand with the other.

"What's wrong with this Christmas picture I've just painted? Why, the genuine Spirit of Christmas has been lost in the shuffle of modern progress. I decided to see what I could do about it, and here is what I've done. No! I won't tell you—I'll let you see for yourself.

"Let's look in on the *Stitch and Chatter Club* as they gather for their annual Christmas gift exchange."

(Spirit of Christmas leaves stage and various club members enter.)

Mrs. A: "I don't mind telling you that I very nearly didn't come today. I just finished my shopping this morning and I'm practically out on my feet."

Mrs. B: "This is the sixth activity I've been to this week—two clubs, the school program, a tea and gift exchange. Oh, brother, I've had it!"

Mrs. C: "Honestly, I just don't know what to get for John's aunt. She has *everything*, but Julia is named for her and we mustn't offend her for the world! Oh, girls, let me collapse into this chair and get my shoes off."

Mrs. D: "Will I ever be glad when Christmas is over—such a rat race!"

(When all are present and seated, some lady can suggest that they have the grab bag first as they are all anxious to see what they are to get. Mrs. A goes first to pick up her package from the table.)

Mrs. A: (Opens package and takes out a bill of money, a checkbook and a small globe. She looks perplexed as the others try to see what the gift is, asking who it is from, etc. She finally takes up an enclosed card and reads it.) "All that we have is *thine alone, a trust, O Lord, from Thee*. These gifts are to be reminders to you of some things you've forgotten." (She ponders a moment before going on.)

"Why, I see what these mean. They are to remind me that Christmas is a sharing time, that at this season and, in fact, *all* the time, we should be giving generously to His church, and to the mission fields. Yes, I'd forgotten that Christmas means to give gloriously, share generously and kindly, and not just of our worldly goods, but a warm heart as well. It is not a time for bartering or gift comparing. I'll keep these things to remind me that Christmas means **GIVING THE HEART.**"

Mrs. B: (Her package discloses a new 1961 calendar and possibly, some Sunday School papers. She stares at them and then reads the card.)

"Are you being a good steward of your time and talents? To you are given twelve brand new months. Will you use them wisely? Twelve new months! Now really, girls, what I need are a few more pairs of hands to take care of the months I already have filled to overflowing!" (She stops suddenly as if thinking, then speaks again.) "Oh my, that is what these gifts mean. It is a warning to me to re-evaluate my time. I guess I have been guilty of short-changing God and my family of my time. I've always thought I was too busy to teach a Sunday School class, or help plan an Aid Program. Yes, I've let my daily life get so cluttered that even Bill and the children have been calling me 'Home-satellite', because I always seem to be buzzing around **OUTSIDE** the home! I should use my time more wisely for God and my family, then perhaps I'll find the time to really enjoy Christmas the way we used to when I was a child."

Mrs. C: (She takes a Bible, a dust cloth and a daily devotions book from her package, looks bewildered, then ashamed and finally speaks.)

"Well, I might as well confess right now and not beat around the bush. When our minister called to see Grandma last week, he asked for the Bible to read to her. Imagine how mortified I was when Julia brought it

in all covered with dust! Her fingerprints looked like elephant tracks to me just then. I find a devotions book too. We are always saying that we should start having family devotions, but somehow there never seems to be time for the family to get together. Yes, there's a righteous rebuke here. As a homemaker, it is up to me to **MAKE** the time for all of us to share in daily Bible reading and devotions. After all, the greater the pressure of modern living, the more we need daily prayers and spiritual comfort. We'll begin by having Christmas devotions."

Mrs. D: (Opening the package, she finds a handful of mirrors.)

"A boxful of mirrors—now we all know I'm not *that* beautiful! And I'm not that *vain*, am I? Oh, this card says, 'In the mirror you will see the gift God wants most this Christmas. Let your friends see, too.' God is saying to each of us, 'Give of yourself!' I guess it's time to do a bit of real probing into our Christmas thinking. Aren't we ready to admit that to give ourselves—our hearts, our minds, our lips, our hands in love and service to loved ones and *all* mankind, is the greatest gift of all?"

Spirit of Christmas: (Returning to the stage, she surveys the group before speaking.)

"How did you like my little secret? I hope it will be a long time before the *Stitch and Chatter Club*, or **YOU**, forget my **PACKAGES WITH A PUNCH!** And now, a blessed, blessed Christmas to you and yours."



A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Our God, who hast mercifully and patiently led us through the busy year, giving us more than we have deserved or even desired, give us at this Christmas time the grace which was in Jesus Christ. Let the spirit of the little child, as it knocks today at the hearts of men, enter our life and bless it. Let duty become touched with delight, and justice be forgotten in love. Ofttimes we ask that we may not fall short of Thy requirements. Today we ask for more: that obligation may be changed to opportunity and duty done with joy. Ofttimes we ask that we may walk uprightly. Today we pray for grace to bow ourselves to others' needs. Let our ears hear the cry of the needy, and our hearts feel the love of the unlovely. Give our hands strength to do small things graciously. Let our gifts today be a privilege rather than a sacrifice and let us accept kindness with humility. Heal the wounds of misunderstanding, jealousy or regret, and let the gentler air of the Christmas spirit touch our lives, as the cold of winter is touched by the gentler days of spring. As the old year ends and the new year begins, grant us peace with the world and peace in our own hearts, that those we love and those whom we may help may have sweet joy and rest.

Amen.

THIS IS CHRISTMAS

By

Evelyn Birkby

What is Christmas?

Christmas is a *church* . . . all white and green and gold . . . filled with music . . . glowing with candles . . . resounding to the rich words of the Holy Story . . . presenting the wonder of a God who came down to earth as a little, sweet, innocent child—One whom even little children could know and love . . . showing us how glorious life can be . . . giving us awareness of the scope of the seasons when the customs of centuries and nations around the world have been gathered to celebrate this blessed time.

It includes a *program* filled with . . . wiggling, laughing, excited youngsters . . . the nursery spelling out C-H-R-I-S-T-M-A-S . . . words of greeting from the kindergarten . . . a skit from the primary group . . . the story of the first Christmas by the juniors . . . youth choirs singing out a joyous message . . . a final, quiet moment of thankfulness to God for the gift of Christmas . . . a rushing descent to the basement for small gifts.

It is a *drive* . . . homeward bound through the lights of town . . . past glowing, friendly trees . . . along the street where people live in peace with one another . . . past houses with colored lights in the windows . . . where the sound of a barking dog breaks the stillness of a starlit night . . . with the heart overflowing.

Christmas is *home* . . . with cards in red and green and gold showing deer, trees, bells, Santas, trains, snowmen, sleds, greens, candles and stockings, all bright and gay and filled with words of love and faith and hope . . . with a sugar-cube church . . . with cherubic choir boys surrounded by white snow . . . with pine cones in a copper bowl . . . with red candles burning brightly in square dark windows . . . with the Bible open to Luke 2 . . . with a reverent picture of baby Jesus lighted by the Advent candles . . . with a picturesque creche . . . with a brilliantly decorated tree . . . with the radiance of love throughout every room.

In my house it is *three boys* in assorted sizes to gasp and giggle and enthuse . . . watching with awe-filled eyes as each box from far away is unwrapped and the packages displayed in brilliant-hued paper . . . "That one's mine" . . . "What a queer shape" . . . "What an odd sounding rattle" . . . sitting quietly on Christmas Eve to listen to the beloved old, old story . . . happy that it's Jesus' birthday . . . suggesting, "Let's sing songs," . . . *Silent Night* . . . *Jingle Bells* . . . *Away in the Manger* . . . raising small voices clear and high along with Mama's and Daddy's . . . getting ready for bed, "Thank you, God, for the star that shone when Jesus came—Oh, may it shine on us tonight, we ask in Jesus' name." . . . finding it hard to settle down . . . up for a drink . . . down again . . . up for a



One of the holiday traditions of the Birkby family is a bedtime snack of hot cocoa and toast just before getting the boys into their pajamas on Christmas Eve. The big round dining room table, with its white feather tree centerpiece and red place mats under crystal cups, is a cozy gathering place for Bob Jr., Evelyn, Craig, Robert and Jeffrey. Can't you imagine the exciting time they'll have on Christmas morning?

drink . . . down again . . . "Is it time yet?"

Christmas is a happy wondrous *morning* . . . "Oh my stocking is full" . . . "Just what I wanted" . . . "What's that?" . . . "How do I work this?" . . . "Look, I got two just alike" . . . "The size is just right" . . . "The size is too big" . . . "The size is too small" . . . with breakfast prepared hopefully and eaten near the tree with appetites made small from excitement and stick candy . . . filled with pushing and pulling and looking and hunting . . . "Where is the block that belongs here?" . . . "Where is the wagon that goes on the tractor?" . . . "Mama, I can't find —" . . . "Mama, he took it away from me!" . . . "Daddy, when will Aunt and Uncle and cousins and Grandma and Grandpa come?"

Christmas is *eating* together . . . with those we love best sitting around the long table . . . with a turkey sending out a tantalizing odor . . . with dressing and salad and potatoes and gravy and vegetables and pumpkin pie . . . with leisurely visiting over the last cup of coffee.

It is even cleaning up . . . washing the dishes from the dinner . . . wiping and putting away . . . picking up ribbons and papers and pine needles . . . picking up blocks and wagons and balls . . . hearing, gratefully, words of appreciation, "It's a good thing homes have mothers, especially at Christmas time!"

It is goodbye to those who have come . . . "Goodbye." "Goodbye." "Thank you again." . . . with a final wave of the hand as those who have shared our happy day climb into their cars for the journey home.

Christmas glides into a quiet *evening* . . . now weary children are tucked into bed . . . "Thank you God, for a happy Christmas day." . . . with Mama and Daddy sitting quietly by the tree as the night deepens . . . creating a feeling of contentment through the house . . . giving time to look at the gift books . . . with time to be thankful that one day is set aside for such a glowing tribute to the power of love . . . thankful for the wonder a simple surprise can bring . . . thankful for grandmas and grandpas and aunts and uncles and nieces

and nephews . . . thankful for lively, happy children . . . feeling uneasy to know that many children around the world are still not fed and clothed adequately.

Christmas is *peace* . . . a vibrant, living desire to bring peace on earth . . . a growing realization that peace starts right here in this home, in this neighborhood, in this community . . . a time to recommit ourselves to the bringing of love and goodwill to *all* God's children . . . thankful to God for sending His Son to show us the path to peace.

All of this is Christmas.

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR CHRISTMAS

1. Thou shalt not leave Christ out of Christmas.
2. Thou shalt not value thy gifts by cost.
3. Thou shalt give thyself with thy gifts.
4. Thou shalt not let Santa Claus take the place of Christ.
5. Thou shalt not burden thy servants — the shop girl, the mail carrier, or merchant.
6. Thou shalt not neglect thy church.
7. Thou shalt not neglect the needy.
8. Thou shalt become as a little child.
9. Thou shalt prepare thy soul for Christmas.
10. Thou shalt give thy heart to Christ as the first gift.

OUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

When we give to each other our Christmas presents, let us give them in His name. Let us remember that He has given us the sun and the stars, the earth with its forests and mountains and oceans and all that lives and moves upon them. He has given us all green things and everything that blossoms and bears fruit—and all that we quarrel about and all that we have misused. And to save us from our own foolishness and from all our sins, He came down to Earth and gave Himself.

Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

HOLIDAY SWEETS

HOLLY BARS

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup oatmeal
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1 tsp. instant coffee
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream the shortening and sugar and add the beaten eggs. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Stir in the instant coffee, flavorings, oatmeal and nuts. Pour into a greased 8 inch square pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. If you would like thinner bars put the batter in a larger pan. The 8 inch pan makes rather thick, cake sized bars.

Frost with pale green confectioners sugar icing and decorate with little red flowers made from maraschino cherries with a touch of green leaf made from a green cherry.

These bars are not as sweet as many recipes and need the frosting for the finishing touch. On a cookie tray or tea table these Holly Bars give a lovely touch of color.

MERINGUE JAM COOKIES

- 1 2/3 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 beaten egg yolks
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup jam or jelly
- 2 beaten egg whites
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon

This is a bar cookie and is prepared in two parts. First mix together the flour, salt, brown sugar. Cut in the shortening and then add the beaten egg yolks and vanilla. Press into an 8 x 12-inch pan that has been very lightly greased. Bake at 375 degrees for about 15 minutes. Remove and cool slightly, then spread the jam or jelly over this slightly cooled layer. Beat the egg whites until stiff. Add the 1/2 cup sugar and the 1/4 tsp. cinnamon. Spread this meringue over the jam and return to a 325 degree oven to bake until it is lightly browned. Leave in the pan to cool, then cut into bars.



LOW CALORIE BUTTER COOKIES

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 Tbls. milk
- 1 1/2 tps. Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt

Cream the butter and sugar until very fluffy. Add the egg, slightly beaten. Mix together the milk, Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener, Kitchen-Klatter vanilla and Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring and add to the creamed mixture. Sift together and add the flour, baking powder and salt.

Chill the dough; then roll to 1/8-inch thickness and cut into fancy shapes. Bake at 375 degrees for about 10 minutes on an ungreased cookie sheet. These cookies may be decorated with colored sugar, candy shot, maraschino cherries, chocolate bits or coconut if desired.

This recipe makes about 5 dozen cookies and the calorie content is approximately 30 to 35 calories each.

FRUIT PATTIES

- 1 cup figs
- 1 cup dates
- 1/4 cup seeded raisins
- 6 maraschino cherries
- 2 cups almonds
- 1 cup California walnuts
- 1 cup pecans

Grind figs, dates, raisins, cherries, almonds, walnuts and pecans. You may have to use the coarse blade the first time for the almonds and then they will go through a finer blade. Mix thoroughly. Form into small patties; dip in sugar. Keep in a cool place. This makes about 3 dozen patties, and are that extra-special something to add to the candy plate.

MARSHMALLOW WALNUT FUDGE

- 2 1/4 cups sugar
- 3/4 cup condensed milk
- 1 pkg. chocolate chips
- 1 5-oz. jar marshmallow creme
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Combine sugar, milk, marshmallow creme and butter and bring to a boil. Cook for 5 minutes. Add chocolate chips and Kitchen-Klatter walnut flavoring. Stir until the chips melt and then beat until thick. This is much better if it stands a day or two, and the black walnut flavoring gives it a marvelous taste.

ALMOND BALLS

- 1 7 1/2 oz. package vanilla wafers, rolled fine
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped fine
- 1/4 cup melted butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/4 cup pineapple juice

Mix all ingredients well; roll in balls about 1 inch in diameter, then roll balls in powdered sugar. Let stand overnight.

STRAWBERRY DIVINITY

- 3 cups sugar
- 3/4 cup light corn syrup
- 3/4 cup water
- 2 egg whites
- 1 pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1/2 cup coconut or 1 cup nuts or chopped drained maraschino cherries

Combine the sugar, syrup and water in a saucepan. Bring to a boil, stir, reduce heat and continue cooking until it reaches the crack stage. Beat the egg whites until fluffy, add the gelatin and continue beating until it holds its shape. Stir in the flavoring and your choice of coconut, chopped nuts or drained cherries. Drop by spoonfuls on waxed paper or turn into a greased pan. This may be varied by using different flavored gelatin and different Kitchen-Klatter flavorings.

MARY BETH'S FRUIT SQUARES

Make up pie dough sufficient to prepare a two-crust pie using your favorite recipe. Divide this in half and roll it thin and into an oblong piece large enough to fit a heavy aluminum cookie sheet (approximately 9 x 13). Then spread a 12-oz. jar of your favorite jam or preserves on this open sheet of dough. I used Apricot and a friend of mine used Mincemeat and she reported them equally good.

Spread the filling to within 1/2 inch of the edge and moisten this edge before you lay on the top piece of pastry which should be rolled to the same size as the bottom piece. Seal these edges securely.

Now with a sharp knife carefully cut "V"-shaped ventilation holes in the top crust. Make about three rows down the length of the cookie sheet to give lots of escape places for the air. Otherwise the filling will ooze out the edges.

Bake in a 425 degree oven only long enough to turn the pie crust golden brown. There is no need to cook the jam or preserves but if you use Mincemeat it should be heated through first.

Cut this sheet into small finger-size squares and serve still warm for any occasion. They are exceptionally tasty! And for those of you who are as busy as I am right now this will make a simple but unusual dessert.

SPARKLING GINGERSNAPS

- 1 cup extra fine granulated sugar
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup light molasses
- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. each of salt, ginger and ground allspice

Beat together the sugar, butter, shortening, egg and molasses. Add sifted dry ingredients all at once and beat well. Drop one teaspoon of the batter into a dish of sugar. Roll until coated with the sugar. Place about 2 1/2 inches apart on an ungreased baking sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for about 12 minutes or until the top cracks. Cool briefly, remove from cookie sheet and finish cooling on a towel or cake rake. If you want chewy cookies store in air tight container. If you want crisp cookies, store in a container with a loose fitting cover.

BOSTON CREAM CANDY FUDGE

- 3 cups white sugar
- 3/4 cup white corn syrup
- 1 cup cream

Cook until soft ball stage, then add 1 cup School Day Peanut Butter and 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. Beat until creamy and quite thick. Pour onto buttered platter or into buttered pan. This is just the recipe you want for that next Sunday afternoon candy-making session.

DOROTHY'S DELICIOUS BUTTER-SCOTCH WALNUT PRALINES

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 cup light corn syrup
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup butterscotch bits
- 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts
- 1/4 cup hot water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Burnt Sugar flavoring

Combine sugars, water, corn syrup, vinegar and salt in a 2-qt. saucepan and cook about 15 minutes over moderate heat, stirring up from the bottom constantly. Boil over high heat for 3 minutes, not stirring at this point. Remove from heat. Add butterscotch bits and beat vigorously by hand about 5 minutes. Let stand until hand may be held comfortably against side of pan. Add walnuts and water and stir well. Drop by tablespoonfuls on waxed paper and chill until firm.

(If you are using black walnuts in place of English walnuts, add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter Black Walnut flavoring and decrease the amount of nuts to 1/2 cup.)

I made this in mother's kitchen when I stayed there through Kitchen-Klatter magazine week, and all of us thought it was extra delicious.

**STUFFED DATES**

- 1/4 cup School Day peanut butter
 - 2 Tbls. orange juice
 - 4 drops Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 - 1 7 1/4 oz. pkg. pitted dates
 - Granulated sugar
- Combine the School Day peanut butter, the orange juice and Kitchen-Klatter flavoring. Mix thoroughly and use to stuff the dates. Roll the filled dates lightly in the sugar.

CANDY ANIMALS

- 1 pkg. semi-sweet chocolate pieces
 - 1 Tbls. vegetable shortening
 - Animal crackers
- Melt the chocolate and shortening together in the top of a double boiler over hot, not boiling, water. Stir until smooth. Dip the animal crackers, one at a time, into the melted chocolate. Remove with a fork and place on wax paper to harden.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
 - 1/2 cup light corn syrup
 - 1/4 cup water
 - 3 Tbls. butter
 - 1/2 cup cream
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- Cook the sugar, syrup, water and butter until it forms a soft ball. Remove from the fire and immediately stir in the cream and the flavorings. This is wonderful on ice creams and equally good on custard puddings. It makes a rich smooth sauce which will keep well in the refrigerator.

CHOCOLATE BUTTERFLIES

'Most everybody likes chocolate and 'most everybody likes peanut butter, so why wouldn't 'most everybody like a chocolate-peanut butter cookie?

- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup School Day peanut butter
- 1 3/4 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/3 cup milk

Sift together the flour, cocoa and baking powder. Cream together the shortening and peanut butter. Add sugar and cream again. Stir in the eggs and vanilla and beat well. Add dry ingredients alternately with the milk, blending thoroughly. Drop by teaspoon on ungreased baking sheet. Press criss-cross with a fork to flatten. Bake for 8 to 10 minutes at 400 degrees. (Do not overbake these as they should be soft when done.)

MAPLE REFRIGERATOR COOKIES

- 3 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 2/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup fairly thick maple syrup (made with Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring)
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 beaten egg
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
- Nuts

In a saucepan large enough to mix the entire batch of cookies, melt the butter or margarine. Remove from heat and stir in the syrup, sugar, beaten egg, vanilla, sifted dry ingredients and the nuts. Form into a roll and chill. Slice and lay on a greased cookie sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes or until light brown.

KITCHEN-KLATTER SWEETENER

NO CALORIES!

BRAND NEW!

COMPLETELY DIFFERENT!

Here is the No-Calorie Sweetener that really tastes RIGHT!

No bitter taste. No aftertaste. Just the natural sweet taste we get from sugar — and not a single calorie!

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Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener will never bake out, boil out or freeze out. Its delicious sweet taste is there to stay.

Buy a bottle of this wonderful new Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener today and see for yourself how delicious non-fattening foods can really taste.

You'll find Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener on the same shelf with our Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings. Be sure to save the cap liners from each bottle so you can get in on the terrific premiums we offer with our Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings.

MARGERY REPORTS ON LATE FALL ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

If we were visiting over a cup of coffee this afternoon, it would be a struggle to make ourselves heard. The carpenter just arrived to tack sheets of plastic over the screened-in back porch. Now that we are having some blustery days, we decided it was time to take care of this job before winter settled down upon us. Oliver usually takes care of it himself, but we had to have some back steps replaced and while I had a carpenter in tow, decided to have him put the plastic on the screens. I believe this finishes the "winterizing" at this house.

Last month I didn't have space to tell you about a little trip we made to Brownville, Nebraska to attend the town's annual fall festival. This celebration is sponsored by the Brownville Historical Society, an organization started four years ago to help preserve what is left of this beautiful little village.

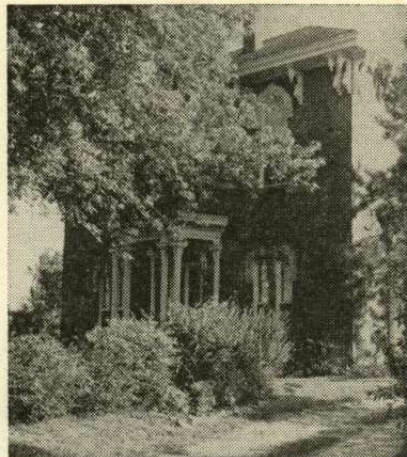
Oliver, Martin and I have driven to Brownville a number of times as we are extremely interested in our mid-west history, and this lovely old frontier village of the early 1850's has a history as fascinating as any other town on the Missouri River. (If you have a Nebraska map handy, you will note that Brownville is the first river crossing below Nebraska City.) We were always intrigued with the gorgeous old homes, some of which are opened to the public on special days, and when we learned that there would be tours through the homes during the festival, we arranged to go.

We arrived in time for the parade which included Indians from the Omaha tribe (who later gave dancing exhibitions in the street), antique cars and surreys, as well as marching bands and the usual parade features.

Following the parade, we enjoyed street demonstrations of quilting, copper and leather tooling, spinning, weaving and pottery making. Perhaps the most interesting to us was the spinning, for we had never seen a spinning wheel at work. It was operated by Mrs. George Haack of Johnson, Nebraska. She uses wool sheared from her own sheep and after she spins the wool into yarn, she uses it for knitting mittens and sweaters. It was a most fascinating demonstration.

After we had seen all of these displays, we went to the museum which is known as the old Captain Bailey House. It was first opened in June of last year and has received many gifts pertaining to early day history. The curator is Richard Rowen, a teacher in Syracuse, Nebraska, who owns the famous and fabulous Muir House in Brownville.

Mr. Rowen became interested in Brownville a number of years ago and considers himself very fortunate to own what I believe to be the most beautiful mansion in the little town. It is located on a high hill and is constructed of native materials. The house itself is built of brick, the style



When the Stroms attended the annual fall festival at Brownville, Margery snapped this picture of Muir House, a home she describes in her letter.

of which is called the "Hudson River Bracketed" because a large number of this particular style were built along the Hudson River in upper New York state during this same period. The woodwork is of butternut, black walnut and birds-eye maple—truly magnificent. This home was considered one of the finest in the state when it was built in 1868. As we looked at the twelve-foot ceilings, the beautiful staircases and other woodwork, and the magnificent period furnishings Mr. Rowen has collected for his home, we couldn't help but take away with us the romantic feeling that we had just been swept back to the 1870's. This house is not now open to the public, so we feel very fortunate that we had the opportunity to tour through it when we did.

Our next stop was at the Carson House. Here again is an authentic glimpse of life in the last century. The original part of this home was built of native brick in 1860 by Richard Brown, the founder of Brownville. Captain Carson added to the house when he moved in directly after the Civil War. It was furnished in the finest of furniture purchased in St. Louis and brought up the river by steamboat. Many of the original furnishings are still in the home, although I understand that some pieces are now on display at the Nebraska State Historical Museum.

Before leaving for home, we drove around the town envisioning the many, many buildings that long ago burned to the ground. It was a bustling, active social and political center in its day, but like countless other frontier towns, the population has dwindled to a few hundred. We can all be proud that a historical society has been formed to help preserve what remains.

I mentioned that a carpenter was working on the back porch. This was the tag-end of the work we have done on the house this fall. The initial work that brought him here was to do some repair work in the downstairs bath. I should have been forewarned (or rather, simply should have known better), that when you start any job on

an old house, you always end with three times as much work as you expected! We intended to have the bathroom simply painted and papered. Some of you are probably familiar with the song I'm about to sing!

It was suggested that we *really* needed new wainscoting. In order to put that on, we had to call the plumber to remove the fixtures. Then it was discovered that we *really* needed new fixtures and new flooring. This also led to new floor covering! When the paper hanger came he said, "Marge, that ceiling is bad—you *really* need a new ceiling." As a final result we have a *new bathroom*!

The joke in the family is that my color scheme was far removed from the old one and Oliver had a good laugh with me when everything was finished and I said, "What we *really* need are new towels and wash cloths." That just about did it! You might guess that when any conversation starts with "What we *really* need . . .", we break out into gales of laughter! For instance, the other day I was bemoaning the fact that it looked as if we really needed new kitchen paper and Oliver asked me if what I really meant was that we needed a new kitchen! I'm most grateful for his sense of humor!

If you're like I am, as you look through wallpaper books for new paper for one room, your mind wanders to every other room in the house. I think the papers get prettier and prettier. It is just plain hard *not* to think about the rest of the house.

This is choir-practice night and I'm going down to the church a little early to help pick out Christmas music for the next several weeks. We have added some new numbers to the music library this year, but there are still some favorites that the congregation loves to hear each year. I also promised Martin that I would look for a certain piece of music for him. He is taking voice lessons every Saturday and his instructor is permitting him to choose the songs he would like to work on. There are a few old carols that the Youth Choir sings which he would like to have me bring home tonight.

Last year we bought some lovely albums of Christmas Music and this year we hope to add some more to our collection. During December the family likes to have the house filled with music so Martin's phonograph is operating most of the time.

An idea for a centerpiece has been stirring itself in the back of my brain so one of these evenings I must get started on it. The stores are filled with "do-it-yourself" materials and it is fun to see what you can turn out with your own hands. Perhaps some of you have been working on novel decorations and centerpieces for church bazaars and will pass on your ideas for next December's magazine.

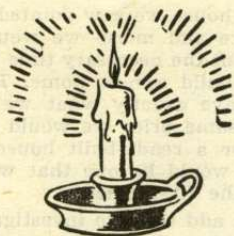
It seems that I never have the space to cover all of the subjects I have in mind. (Oliver says I'm "gabby" by nature!) For instance, we had a very successful Silent Bazaar at the church this fall and I would like to give you complete details on that next month.

(Continued on page 23)

CHRISTMAS 100 YEARS AGO

By

Frances Williams



Smoke poured from the chimney of the small log cabin on the northwest slope of one of the rolling hills that fringe the valley of the Big Blue river north of Marysville.

It was Christmas morning in the year of "Our Lord" 1859. A capricious wind swooping down with icy fingers, straight from the North Pole had tossed the snow about, piling it higher than the eaves on two sides of the dwelling, then sweeping the frozen earth bare in spots only a few feet away. It had driven the fine snow into every tiny crack and crevice of the walls and roof, leaving long fingers of the white stuff across the dirt floor of the cabin.

Christmas promised to be a bleak one for the pioneer family who lived here, A. G. Emery, 52, his wife, Abigail 50, their two children, Albert Jr., 15, and little Mary, 7. It was the first Christmas on their farm and the second they had spent in the Kansas Territory.

Abigail had been unable to sleep the night before. For hours she had lain awake, thinking and worrying. The entire cycle of events passed through her mind—many questions remained unanswered.

Why had she consented to come to Kansas in the first place? Emery had been carried away by the wave of resentment that flooded New England when accounts of the bloody warfare in Kansas reached there. The sacking and burning of Lawrence was the last straw. From that time on Emery was determined to have a part in making Kansas a free state.

Even so, his ardor might have cooled except for John Smith. John E. Smith and A. G. Emery had been partners in a hattery business in Derry, N. H. They were close friends, near neighbors and both ardent Abolitionists. Smith made a trip west to the Territory the summer of 1857. He located a site for a grist mill near the settlement of Seneca, then returned to New England. The summer of 1858, he, with his family, several relatives and the Emery family, made the trip to Kansas. They traveled by train then by river boat disembarking at Leavenworth.

The Emerys lived in Seneca that winter while the father searched for a suitable farm. Albert Jr., attended the first school taught by Miss Addie M. Smith, John's sister. She conducted classes in one of the downstairs hotel rooms. She also distributed the mail and helped Mrs. Smith with cooking and cleaning.

With the coming of spring, hundreds of wagons and travelers on their way west to seek gold that had been discovered in the Pikes Peak region passed through Seneca and Marysville. One of those wagons turned off the trail just east of Marysville and traveled north. It was the Emery family, seeking gold that might be found in the rich, black soil of the Blue Valley.

They settled on a farm six miles north of Marysville.

Letters sent back to the relatives in the East that spring were filled with glowing accounts of the country—the rolling hills covered with grass, wild strawberries, red and sweet in great abundance, the fringe of timber that marked the course of the river and smaller streams.

Abigail had written to her sister Elizabeth in Boston: "Kansas seems like a good place to get ahead." Emery had written to his brother Isaac in Concord, N. H. "The soil is rich and black and should grow flax, barley and maize. There is plenty of wood for fuel and even some timber big enough for lumber."

Now Abigail's thoughts turned to her family, her aged mother and her dear sisters. Why had they left their kin-folks and friends to come to this God-forsaken place? Why, if they had to come to Kansas, didn't they stay in Seneca. Addie and Agnes Smith and Eliza Williams had been so much comfort when the news came of Hosea's death. Her eldest son dying among total strangers, far away from family and friends, in St. Joseph.

Then she thought with sadness of the four daughters, Esther the eldest, the twins, Eliza and Clara and little Abby, the baby, all sleeping beneath the sod in the cemetery above the village of Derry.

Now she worried over the health of her two remaining children—only two left from the seven. Both of them had been sick all summer. Mary was pale and frail even now, although Albert had seemed to throw off the chills and ague. If only there had been a good doctor in the settlement! There was now only that drunken Dr. Miller and they said in town that he charged as much as \$50 to make a call into the country.

She was lonely and discouraged. There were so few families in the neighborhood—only the Helms family about two miles to the northeast and the Donovans that same distance to the south. Emery had heard in the trading post that a family had preempted some land that adjoined theirs and would move in the spring.

They had worked hard and there was so little to show for their labor. The cabin erected by the former owner was a poor shelter.

"It will have to serve until we get a crop planted and some kind of a shelter for the oxen and three horses", Emery had said.

It seemed on the verge of falling down; the roof leaked and the door hung crazily on one leather hinge. Although the cabin had been repaired, and the chimney plastered with clay,

the door was not tight and it let in the cold wind. It was necessary to hang a heavy buffalo hide at the door to keep the sparks and ashes from blowing all over the dirt floor. She thought of their snug home in Derry, and even the cabin in Seneca was much better than this hovel. "What if my sisters could see me in this house?" she thought.

Abigail had to smile when she recalled the concern of the relatives. They had written, "We expect to hear any time that you have all been scalped and murdered in your beds by the Indians."

They saw only an occasional Indian riding from the Reservation to the Trading Post. Often he would stop on the very top of the hill across the prairie and rearrange the pile of stones that were up there. Young Bert, who watched with great interest, said that was the Indian's way of leaving a message for others who came that way. She wrote, but never convinced the Easterners, that the Indians here were not hostile and there was no reason to fear them.

She recalled how the oxen strained to pull the heavy plow when they broke the sod. Emery had planted his corn the same way New Englanders had since the days of the Pilgrims. Paddy Donovan had offered advice, but Emery ignored it. No doubt Paddy was right. They planted the precious seeds they had brought with them—pumpkins, squash, turnips and beans.

There were violent wind storms and a beating rain in late May. June came in amidst a record breaking heat wave. Thunderheads boiled up in the south, but it didn't rain.

July arrived. The heat increased. Now the sky began to have a brassy look. The sun beat down on the parched earth. The corn planted in neat squares, drooped and shriveled. August was a July repeat. The corn never grew beyond the tasseling stage.

Streams and springs dried up—the grass turned brown—as dry as powder. The old timers who had been here since 1854 and '55 declared that they had never seen the like. Neighbor Paddy advised Emery to cut the puny corn stalks for fodder. He said, "The oxen can live on dry grass but your horses will need the fodder."

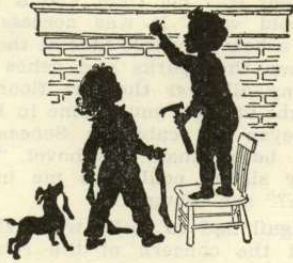
Winter came early. Great cracks appeared in the ground. The snow that fell was dry and powdery and when melted helped little to moisten the ground.

Ducks and geese flying south could find no water on which to light and flew on. Game became scarce and that was thin, tough and stringy.

A few days before Christmas, Bert was sent to Marysville. Although he seemed recovered from his chills, it worried Abigail to have him go. It was such a wild place—there was so much drinking, fighting and knifing and Bert was still only a boy.

Bert returned home with a sack of meal slung across his horse but there had been no letters in the post office and Abigail was terribly disappointed. The meal smelled musty, but since they had had no corn to trade for

(Continued on page 23)



FINDING HOUSING ISN'T EASY!

Dear Friends:

I have just completed my daily run through the house, picking up and slicking up, in case someone should drop in to look at the house. Now that it is listed for sale, I have to keep things looking as *presentable as possible* at all times. With three little youngsters this isn't always easy!

It is surely a strange state of affairs not knowing where our family will be spending Christmas. This much seems certain at this point—we will be in Anderson. If our house is sold between the writing of this letter and the arrival of Christmas, the children and I will move in with Mother. Donald started working out of Hales Corners (where the new Regional Sales office for Guide Lamp is located) and lives in a motel, driving to Anderson over the week-ends. This is far from an ideal situation but the only solution until we find desirable housing in our new location.

At this point, we have exhausted all possibilities of buying any property in Hales Corners. (Incidentally, Hales Corners is the name of the suburb in Milwaukee where we will be moving.) We spent six days pounding the pavements looking for a house. We are limited as to the type we can buy and feel sure that we have seen all the ones available.

The biggest obstacle we ran into concerned the fact that 99% of the houses built in the Milwaukee area have basement laundry facilities. I knew very well that it would be a mistake to buy a house where I would be forced to run up and down stairs as frequently as my washings require. If I were able-bodied, it wouldn't be considered a problem, but my physical handicap calls for a first floor laundry. People simply don't build houses in Wisconsin with crawl space construction as so many are built in Indiana. Undoubtedly, this is due to the severe winters in Wisconsin. We did see one or two houses built on a slab (as they are referred to), but these had serious drawbacks.

For example, one house was located on a six lane highway! We looked through it because the price was "right" and we felt we might have to sacrifice our hopes of the quiet suburban living we were accustomed to. But the interior so desperately needed redecoration and new plumbing that we cancelled it out. Although we could have corrected these latter faults, my blood ran cold at the very thought of living on such a highly traveled highway.

Every house we saw pointed up one fact more and more—we would have to wait out the necessary time it would take to build a new home. Then we would have exactly what we wanted for the same price we would have to spend for a ready-built house, which possibly would be one that we didn't like in the first place.

I must add that we investigated the possibilities of renting and were shocked at the amount of money asked. We simply don't feel we're prepared to rent a house for \$150 to \$200 a month. The ones we looked at were all for sale and if they should be sold we would be forced to move within 30 days! The other alternative to protect ourselves against being evicted was to sign a lease for periods ranging from one to two years. Even the lowest rent we found, without utilities paid, would run \$2,000 per year. This was out of the question. That kind of money should better be put into a home of our own!

It was my mother's suggestion that we put our furniture into storage and move in with her until the problem could be solved. This arrangement would be the most satisfactory of any yet available. She has a three-bedroom house and the space for toys and equipment that go with a family our size. At least we could have our family under one roof *part* of the time.

This much is certain, the children are *bound* to be a little wearing on Mother. She loves and enjoys the children but I'm certain that the confusion she encountered at times, when she stayed with them while we were house-hunting, must have been hard on her. When I mentioned this, she agreed that it was quite a change from the quiet life she had been leading, but reminded me that it would help her get through this first Christmas without Daddy. The hubbub of three active youngsters would ease the aching loneliness she feels these days when the house is closed tight against the cold weather.

Life continues on a well-ordered schedule at our house these days in spite of my mental state! Adrienne is an unbelievably good, sweet baby and is feeling very much a member of the family. She prefers her play pen to her bed and spends much time in it, often even napping there. She has grown deaf to all the activity around her and when she sleeps, no noise is disturbing. Yesterday I moved the pen all around the living room while I vacuumed and she slept peacefully on! She smiles and beams whenever Katharine and Paul pay her the slightest attention. Donald thinks she is the gabbiest infant he ever saw. She carries on regular conversations regardless of the presence of an audience, and if no-one is about, she talks to her hands and feet!

I can't leave her on beds now unless I'm right in the room with her. She rolls from front to back and back to front with great speed and, with these movements, she could easily work her way to the edge of the bed.

The jumper chair has come out of the attic and when I don't have time to fold up the play pen and move it

from room to room, I put her in the chair and transport her about. I must hunt up the indoor swing soon because Paul and Katharine enjoyed it when they were this age. It hangs from a portable brace that snaps over any doorframe. The canvas swing hooks on to a big spring and the baby can bounce and swing in complete safety.

Adrienne is using her hands more and more every day. When I hold her during a feeding she grabs for the spoon or reaches out to pat my face, making mealtimes quite messy procedures. But she steals our hearts and the hearts of the baby sitters. I may have to eat my words, but it seems to me that we have another very gentle-natured, good-dispositioned little girl. Because she requires so little attention, other than routine feedings, baths and changes, I am relatively free to go about my household activities with more ease each week.

You will remember my telling you how sorely Paul missed Katharine when she started to school. He is beginning to venture outside the house to play now and is adapting himself more and more to playing alone. When I get the vacuum out to clean the rugs he feels duty bound to stick around and be Mother's little helper. Every time I drop the sweeper handle to move a piece of furniture, I have to peel his fingers loose in order to gain back possession and continue cleaning. I remember Wayne and Abigail speaking of Clark's passion for the vacuum cleaner and that it was his favorite "toy" for months and months.

Katharine is liking Kindergarten more each passing week. After the first few weeks of newness, she grew a little restless at having to sit still for such long periods of time. One day she suggested that she thought it would be a fine idea to stay home for a while and play outdoors. I was disappointed to think that she wasn't *completely taken* with school and was relieved that it led to no great difficulties. She settled back into the groove of school routine and now, with holiday activities to keep her interested, she seems more contented. I've been told that children very frequently get such ideas into their heads and that it seldom leads to any real problem. Such proved to be the case with our daughter.

The baby is up from her morning nap and it was necessary to take time out to feed her a big lunch of strained squash, strained chicken and milk. She is happily rolling in her play pen now. I hold my breath that her little fat tummy will take the strain of 16 pounds of weight when she flops over too soon after a meal! Regardless of how many trips I make to turn her over on her back, she soon rolls back into the position she prefers.

Katharine and Paul have gone to their beds to rest and if I put the typewriter away, perhaps they will drop right off to sleep.

Sincerely,

Mary Bell

A VISIT WITH DOROTHY

Dear Friends:

When Kristin finished her home work last night, I closed up shop at the Pixie table and we spent the rest of the evening browsing through the Christmas catalogues that have come in the mail. We have done this every year since she was a very little girl and it has been fun watching her interests change from year to year. It seems like only yesterday that we spent hours in the doll and toy section; then came the stage of riding equipment. As she grew older, only the clothing section was important. Now, with college less than a year away, we looked at typewriters, study lamps, travel alarm clocks, bedspreads, curtains, and other things that would make a dormitory room attractive. Time marches on and we wouldn't have it any other way, but I have my moments of wishing we could "stop the clock" for a while.

When looking through a catalogue we also have fun reminiscing. In just these few short years, the dolls have changed so much in appearance—and so have the doll houses. (Some are even equipped with swimming pools now!) As we leafed through the toy section last night Kristin thought back over other Christmases she could remember—the year she got her sidewalk bike and whatever became of it when she outgrew it? Oh yes, we gave it to Emily and Alison. That beautiful big doll house? Don't you remember? We took that to the school house for the play corner.

Kristin always took very good care of her toys. With the exception of one thing, they have all been passed along to help make some other little child happy. The musical chair that she and her cousin Juliana loved so dearly is the treasured item that we couldn't bear to part with. It has been stored away these many years so that she can give it to her own children someday.

She asked me last week if we could *please* get started on our Christmas preparations early this year, and make some new decorations for the house before I became swamped with holiday Pixie orders. We decided to set aside this coming Saturday for candle making. We needed new candles last year and I had everything on hand to make them, but before we could get to them I was "pixieing" from morning until late at night. Kristin had good reason for wanting an early start this year!

We have already made a simple but beautiful Christmas tree that we saw demonstrated this summer. It is constructed from styrofoam balls and toothpicks. Ours may not be *exactly* like the one we saw because I didn't take notes. When the program was over I visited with friends and by the time I was free to look closely at the many lovely decorations made that day, they were gone. However, I think that I remembered the general idea of the tree and we are really proud of the one we turned out.



This picture of Juliana Verness and her Aunt Dorothy (Johnson) was taken following a family dinner. After reminiscing past family gatherings, Margery brought out photographs taken when Juliana and Dorothy's daughter, Kristin, were the only little folks around our family Christmas tree.

Starting with styrofoam balls about an inch in diameter, we stuck toothpicks in them about an eighth or a quarter of an inch apart until the balls were completely covered. The balls stick together easily as you pile them up into a cone shape which looks very much like a Christmas tree. We put ours on a round tray covered with aluminum foil. Of course you can make your tree as big as you like. We have a circle of eleven balls on the bottom layer with two to fill in the center. The next ring of balls is set in, to start shaping the tree, and required five balls. The third layer contains three balls and a single one on top to finish the cone shape.

You can finish the tree in any way you like. We sprayed ours with gold paint and, for an added touch, sprayed on some "snow". (These sprays can be bought in most ten-cent stores.) We have some very tiny tree ornaments and, by taking the little wire out of the top, we stuck them over the ends of the toothpicks, hit and miss, around the tree. It is lovely, different, and certainly was fun to make. Of course I don't know yet where I'm going to store it from one Christmas to the next since I'm so short of storage space, but I'll no doubt find a corner someplace.

Frank has been busy harvesting his crops. Our soy beans turned out very well for which we are grateful. I understand that the beans have been good almost everywhere this year. Some of our corn is picked and in the crib, but a later planting isn't quite dry yet. If we are fortunate enough to have a late snow we should be able to crib all of the corn.

Frank has so many projects lined up to do this winter that we're hoping

we don't have the kind of winter we had last year. If we do, I'm afraid a lot of these jobs won't get done! Last winter he spent practically all of his time in the timber cleaning up after the cyclone we had in the fall. He cut wood for the house from the fallen trees and day after day the chop, chop, chop of his axe was the most frequent sound around the farm.

We are delighted that Kristin has taken up her piano lessons again. When she entered high school she dropped them because she didn't think she had time to practice. She really didn't, with her "early morning-late at night" bus schedule. But this year she can easily get in a good half-hour at the piano before the bus arrives. I'm glad, because she really gets a lot of enjoyment out of her piano and the older she becomes, the more grateful she will be that she kept up with this talent. Time and again, Frank will call in to her to play a particular favorite and after obliging with a few numbers, she tells him that she *must* do "exercises" too. She takes her practicing seriously.

Recently I have received several letters requesting the formula Kristin used for the baby pigs she was bottle feeding. It occurred to me that others might be interested in this since pigs seem to be very difficult to raise on the bottle.

We have found that it isn't so much **WHAT** you feed them as **HOW** you do it. The formula she uses is: 1 quart of whole milk, 1 egg, and 2 ounces of white syrup. The original formula, as it was given to her, also included 2 ounces of cream, but when one of her pigs got sick we decided to leave the cream out because it seemed to us that this made a very rich milk for such tiny babies.

The veterinarian told us that the common fault in trying to bottle feed pigs is over-feeding them. Kristin's pigs were two weeks old when her uncle gave them to her so she fed them one ounce of formula very two hours, day and night. She kept creep feed, rolled oats, and water in front of them at all times. As soon as they were well established she stopped getting up in the night, but fed them just before she went to bed and the first thing in the morning. If a pig got sick, she cut his portion back to a half-ounce until he was well again. As the veterinarian told Kristin, "Keep them hungry!" Wean them from the bottle at the same age you would from the sow.

Kristin has had very good luck with the pigs she has raised and we hope that you will too. I know several women who bottle-feed all the runts their husbands don't want to fool with and the cash they get for "their" pigs has helped to add those "extra" things to their homes.

It is time for me to make my morning trip to the mailbox, so until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

MAKE YOUR OWN CHRISTMAS

MAKE GAY CHRISTMAS CARDS

Making Christmas cards can be fun for almost everyone in the family. It is interesting to see what your imagination can put together using simple, inexpensive materials. Envelopes are essential. Colored construction paper, gummed seals, glitter, glue, ribbons, last year's Christmas cards, pen and ink, brush and poster paint and, if possible, a printing set, are a few of the materials which can be used to make simple, tasteful cards or elaborate, glamorous ones.

Here are several easy ideas. The base for each card is a sheet of construction paper cut double the size of the envelope and folded. Decorate the outside in one of the following ways:

1. Paste a green strip resembling a tree branch near the top of the paper. With a shiny ribbon, glue a bright round paper ball so it appears to be dangling from the branch. Small sequins or tiny stars and circles can decorate the ball.

2. Glue a big cut out star in the center of the paper. Scatter tiny glittery gummed stars around the large star. With the glue make a few straight lines radiating out to the edge of the card. Sprinkle with glitter while the glue is still wet.

3. Use small red gummed dots to spell out a greeting. ("Noel" is an easy word to create.) Make tiny green paper leaves and paste them here and there among the letters.

4. Onto a bright background either glue a music staff made of black paper strips or draw a music staff using India ink. Paste red dots on the lines to resemble notes. Glue a choir boy Christmas seal at one side to complete the decoration.

5. Use a metallic house seal and snowflake seals to make a pretty Christmas scene. Add glue and silver glitter to make a snow effect on the ground and swirling in the sky.

6. Cut colored paper into the shape of Santa's bag. Fill the bag with toys cut from magazines and old cards or seals which are in the shape of toys.

7. A candle is a popular pattern for a card. Cut the candle from white paper, the flame and rays from yellow, the holder from brown or red and glue to a green card. Shiny rays may be made by using glue and glitter instead of the yellow strips of paper.

8. Choose pretty Christmas wrapping paper with a design which can be centered on the construction paper folder. Cut to size and glue in place. If a message is not already on the paper, try and print or write "Merry Christmas" in a clear area. These cards are especially nice for children to make.

9. Cut a lovely picture from the front of last year's Christmas greeting. Paste this to a background of construction paper so that an outline or border shows around the outside of the picture. Cut around the edge with pinking shears.



The little village you see in this picture is made out of boxes. The buildings are lighted by running a tree cord underneath. Toy cars and figures complete the scene. The small boy is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Meernik of Sanborn, Iowa.

Clever gift enclosure cards may be made the same way by using smaller pictures cut from cards and pasted on small squares of colored paper which have been pinked along the edge. Punch a hole in the top and thread with a ribbon to tie into a bow or fasten the card to a package.

10. Cut bright pretty wallpaper into the size desired. Paste a narrow border around the edge to make the appearance of a frame. Inside the frame print the letters "Merry Christmas" with ink, glitter or cut out letters. Children enjoy looking through magazines and cutting out letters which may be glued together to spell out the greeting.

11. Tiny gift ties which may be purchased in the dime store make a novel card. Tiny Santas, elves, poinsettias, etc., may be tied onto the corner of a card with a ribbon pushed through two punched holes. If you are sending this card to a girl, fasten the small decoration to a hair clip or a bobby pin and slip it over the edge of the card.

12. Family pictures make a wonderful Christmas greeting to friends far away. Cut out the outline of a house from colored construction paper. Cut the door on three sides so that it may be folded back to reveal the snapshot.

13. A card built around a picture of a family hobby is clever. One family had a group picture taken in their "old-timer" car. Their home-made Christmas card was of red construction paper with a spatter print on the outside of an old car. The snapshot was glued on the inside. (Spatter work is done by dipping an old tooth brush into ink or poster paint and rubbing it lightly over a small piece of window screen which is held a few inches above the paper to be spattered. For outline work, cut cardboard the desired shape, lay this on the paper before starting to spatter. When the paint is dry, remove the cardboard and a fine outline silhouette will be left.)

What kind of message might be used inside these "made with love" Christmas cards? A beautiful poem might be copied. This is one received on a card last year:

SEASON'S GREETINGS

On Christmas day, amid the hush
That comes to greet the holy morn,
My thoughts go back through long,
long years
To Bethlehem where Christ was
born.
And there, in gentle Mary's arms,
A glory filled the lowly stall.
Proclaiming to mankind, that here
Was One, the greatest Friend of all.
My thought comes back to earthly
friends,
To those afar, to those quite near;
And then I spend an hour with
those
Who come to chat with me each
year.

—Harriet Keeler Magee



HAPPY CHRISTMAS TOYS TO MAKE

Do you get discouraged this time of year when you realize how much toys cost? Have you looked around your house to see if you have odds and ends which might be converted into really nice gifts for Christmas? Often youngsters enjoy the simple homemade type of plaything better than a fancy, easily broken, expensive toy.

Small children need toys which they can push, pull, throw, cuddle and use in running and jumping. Mentally they are stimulated by puzzles, building blocks, and picture books.

The following are toys which will give your children hours of enjoyment and yet can be constructed at a minimum of cost.

1. Create a stick horse from a broom handle and an old sock. Cut off a three foot length of the broom. Stuff the sock with old nylons cut into strips or small pieces of cotton cloth. Fit the sock over the end of the stick. Outline the mouth, nose and eyes of the horse with colored yarn. Stuffed fingers of worn out gloves make fine perky ears. Yarn cut into the right length may be sewn along the back of the neck for a mane. A bridle and harness may be fashioned from an old belt, strips of leather salvaged from an old coat or use a double fold of denim. Old blue jeans could easily be turned into a harness.

2. A miniature wagon can be made from a small cigar box, cheese box or other small box. Wooden boxes are difficult to find now, but the strong cardboard boxes work very well. Use spools, small round jar lids or rounds cut from broom handles to make wheels. Run a sturdy wire through the inside of the box, thread the wire through the wheels and twist underneath to hold firmly. The wagon handle may be made from heavy cord threaded through holes placed wide apart and low in the front of the box. A rubber jar ring is perfect to tie on the front of this cord "tongue". It gives the child a firm place to hold when he pulls the wagon.

3. Spool dolls are fun to fashion and small children enjoy playing with them. Paint the spools bright colors using safe, unleaded paint. Draw a smiling face on the spool which is to be used for the head. Now you are ready to string the spools together. Use a strong cord or a narrow elastic. String on a bead or a button first so the spools will not slip off. Use a separate cord for each leg, run both cords up through two spools which form the body. Thread the arms through the top body spool. Run all four cords up through the head spool. Fasten them tightly and tie on a bead or form a loop to finish off at the top.

4. A toy truck is easy to make from a cigar box and a small cocoa can. The box is the truck bed and the cocoa can the engine. Use a heavy cardboard or a thin board for the base and fasten both the box and cocoa can firmly into place. Wheels may be made as they were for the wagon.

5. Cheese boxes, cigar boxes or solid wooden blocks can be linked together with cup hooks and eye screws to make fine pull-trains. File off any sharp points on the hooks. These trains do not need wheels, they pull very well without them. Painted with bright colors and trimmed with squares for windows, these simple trains make an excellent gift.

6. Homemade clay is always a favorite. This recipe has been used for many years and is still one of the best.

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup salt
- 3 tsp. alum
- Vegetable coloring

Combine all the ingredients except the coloring with enough water to make the consistency of clay. Divide into small parts and color each with a different color. Mold each into a separate block and wrap in clear plastic or waxed paper. Pack neatly into a box or make into rounds and put into a coffee can with a tight lid. Tuck a note inside to tell the child who receives this gift to keep the clay wrapped tightly in the plastic when not in use. If it does begin to dry he can knead in a little more water to keep it in good condition.

7. Stocking dolls are popular for the tiny tots (these sell well at bazaars, also.) Use stockings, preferably the mens rather long sox. Decide on the length of the legs and the height of the body. Cut the slit for the legs at the toe end and stitch by machine on the wrong side. Turn right side out and stuff carefully so there will be no lumps. Strips of old nylons make the best stuffing material. Tie a neck with a sturdy string. Cover this with bright yarn or a ribbon bow. Stuff the head, trying to get it nice and round. With the piece of the stocking left at the top, tie the top of the head so this extra piece can come down like a hat. This may be trimmed with yarn or a yarn ball. Eyes, nose and mouth should be embroidered if this doll is for a tiny baby. Buttons and beads can be used for an older child or for a teen-ager who likes to pile such soft dolls on

her bed. Yarn may be used for hair. A full gathered skirt may be stitched on to make a girl doll. The arms are cut from another stocking, stitched, stuffed and fastened firmly to the body of the doll.



MAKE YOUR OWN GAY DECORATIONS

Part of the fun of Christmas is decorating the house in bright gay colors. Many attractive ornaments are made from simple articles. With a little imagination a table centerpiece can be created from every day materials to become a beautiful conversation piece. Add these to your file of ideas for homemade decorations.

1. Use a hula-hoop as a Christmas card wreath. Hang the hoop on the wall, tape the bright cards all around and tie a big ribbon bow at the top.

2. Take a piece of 1/4 inch plywood and cover it with bright red or green burlap, allowing a generous turnover on all sides. Fasten the burlap to the back of the wood. Pin your Christmas cards to this bright background and hang the entire board on the wall. When Christmas is over, use the burlap covered board as a bulletin board in the kitchen, in a child's room or in a recreation room.

3. A tree skirt may be made out of many different kinds of material. Felt is the most popular, but Indianhead, outing flannel, burlap or oil cloth work equally as well. Cut a 36 inch square into a circle and make a small hole in the center just the size for the trunk of the tree to go through. The circle is then split from one edge to the center hole so it can be placed around the bottom of the tree. Cotton materials should be bound. Felt and oil cloth do not need binding. Snaps, hooks or lacing can be fixed to hold the split edges together. A paper punch can be used to make holes. Glue white notebook reinforcements around each hole and lace up the

skirt with a bright ribbon. Decorate the skirt with paints, appliqued decorations, sequins, ball fringe or just use the plain bright color as a background for pretty Christmas packages.

4. A candy house or a sugar cubed church is a project for the entire family. Develop your own ideas for the building. A cookie sheet is a good firm base upon which to place the house or church. Make the building first, using powdered sugar icing for "mortar". Frost the entire cookie sheet base and set in miniature trees, candle choir boys, snowmen and a gumdrop fence to create a lovely Christmas scene.

5. Small tin cans make pretty tree decorations. Cut off the top smoothly and remove the label. Paint with bright enamel and sprinkle with glitter. Punch two small holes in the bottom of the can, push a wire through and hang the decoration from the tree.

6. Use a tumbleweed or shapely tree branch to make a small tree for use as a centerpiece. Set the weed or branch firmly into a flower holder or modeling clay. Spray with white or a color which blends with your color scheme. Sprinkle with glitter and trim with tiny decorations. One such outstanding "tree" was sprayed with pastel pink paint, sprinkled with glitter and decorated with miniature gold balls.

7. Poinsettias can be made very successfully from milkweed pods. Clean the pods, paint them red and sprinkle with glitter. Use green modeling clay trimmed with small yellow clay circles to resemble the center of the real flower. Push 6 or 7 of the pods into the clay center to form the petals of one poinsettia. Used in an arrangement with pine cones and peanut pixies or piled into a wicker basket or a wooden bowl, these milkweed flowers make a very attractive holiday centerpiece.

Christmas is laughter and friendship
and the spreading of cheer,
And it is the guileless wonder of
childhood.

IT'S KITCHEN-KLATTER TIME!

Here are the seven stations where you can tune in each weekday morning and get your second wind while folks from the Kitchen-Klatter Family come to visit. If you can't think what to cook next or if you're just plain lonesome for "woman talk", we hope our half-hour radio visit will give you a lift.

- KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- KWPC** Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
- KLIK** Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- WJAG** Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
- KCFI** Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KFEQ** St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KWBG** Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

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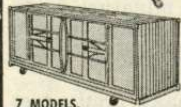
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Kitchen committees, social groups, attention! Direct-from-factory prices — discounts up to 40% — terms. Churches, Schools, Clubs, Lodges and all organizations. Our new Monroe 1961 Fold-King Folding Banquet Tables are unmatched for quality, durability, convenience and handsome appearance. 68 Models and sizes.

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Color pictures. Full line tables, chairs, table and chair trucks, platform-risers, portable partitions, bulletin boards. 53rd year.

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Sturdy, heavy gauge all-steel welded. 40" high. Holds 11 plants. 10 on revolving arms extending outward 6" to 12" from center shaft. Arms are movable to any position to enhance beauty of display and allow even sun and air exposure. Light weight. Easily dismantled. Choice of Antique Black, or White or Fawntan enamel. ORDER BY MAIL TODAY. Only \$14.95 each, plus \$1.00 for packing and postage.

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49¢

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12 Exposure Rolls, 49¢, Jumbo prints. Guaranteed work, one day service.

For an Honest Value **LINCOLN STUDIOS** Box 13 Dept. 107 Lincoln, Nebr.

LUCIE'S LETTER—Concluded

he could get it was for Juliana to be on the floor. This meant that I had to get down on the floor too, a major undertaking.

Everything was going along splendidly and Russell was almost ready to snap the picture when a loud rap came at the front door. Juliana jumped up, ran to the door and opened it. There was a heavy silence when nothing at all happened, and then I heard a man's voice say:

"Is your mother at home, little girl?"

"Yes, she's home," Juliana said, "but she can't come to the door because she's down on the floor playing paper dolls."

I've often wondered how long it took that salesman to recover? It isn't often one knocks on a door in

CHRISTMAS 12 TIMES A YEAR!

Yes, that's exactly what happens when you send a gift subscription of *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* to the people you love.

It's the one perfect way to say "thank you" for the kindness that money can never repay.

It's the one perfect way to bring home folks to your friends and relatives who've left the Midwest for distant places.

It's the one perfect way to encourage young women who are starting out in their own homes.

And it's the one perfect way to help ease the heavy loneliness that so many people feel today.

We send cards to the people who will be receiving *Kitchen-Klatter* from you this Christmas, and we write on those cards (by hand, of course) the greetings you ask us to write.

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine is \$1.50 per year. Foreign countries \$2.00 per year.

Address your letters to **KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa**

Iowa when the temperature is over a hundred and a little girl dressed in heavy wool and fur appears to announce that her mother is down on the floor playing paper dolls. Probably he's never yet run into anyone who truly believes this happened! And it's even possible that by this time, twelve years later, he doubts his own memory!

It has been a long time now since Christmas meant toys in our house. Clothing, records and books have been the packages under the tree for several years. This is as it should be, of course, but I still find myself looking at dolls and doll equipment and all the other things Russell and I once concentrated on for Juliana.

Autumn is over, the harvest is gathered and now our Midwestern plains lie quietly at rest. It was a beautiful Indian summer in our section of the country—one crisp, golden day after another and flashing bonfires of sumac and maples where we had seen only heavy green foliage for months and months.

As long as I live I will associate all of these autumnal sights and sounds with my childhood home. With the first faint hint of fall we knew that Dad would "take to the country", so to speak, and start gathering up huge supplies of fruit and vegetables to store for the winter. It was a lot of fun to tackle the apples and wrap each one carefully in paper before it was put into a bushel basket that would be stored in a dark fruit cellar. Sacks of black walnuts had to be hulled after they had dried out completely on our cement driveway, and loads of wood came in for the fireplace. Before the first flake of snow fell we were all set for *anything* that an Iowa winter had in store and there was the good snug feeling that we could weather six straight months of blizzards.

More than any other season of the year, this is the period when I wish

we had fantastic machines of some kind that would grab up every word in *Kitchen-Klatter*, print it in two or three hours, address each issue and shoot it through space in five or six hours! Think how incredible it would be if there really *were* such machines and our December issue could be printed and in your hands within the hours between sunrise and sunset in just one day! (Do you suppose in the 21st century this will be a reality? Probably so.) At the present time I'm simply grateful that at least we don't have to put together our December issue in August. It came as quite a surprise to me to find that big, fancy magazines have all their Christmas material completed by August at the latest—just think how hard it would be to get your mind all focused on Christmas when a summer heat wave was at its climax!)

You'll be receiving this shortly after Thanksgiving, so the best I can do to cover our family plans for that holiday is to say that Russell, Juliana and I HOPE to have our local family together at our house. If Aunt Jessie Shambaugh doesn't go to Des Moines to be with her son Bill and his family we'd like to have her with us, and if weather conditions permit our cousin Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger and her husband to drive here from Iowa City, we'd feel that we had a good sprinkling of kinfolk at hand.

Have a happy and blessed Christmas at your house. And if you have little children to look starry-eyed at things that no longer excite our grown-up eyes, cherish every minute regardless of how pressured and hectic these December days may be.

With all the old affection of many shared memories, I am always your friend—

Pucile



THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN

By Frederick

Once a week I visit the chronic wing of our big hospital and there I call on a lovely lady who has been confined to her hospital bed for many years. At one time she was a dietician for the finest cafeteria in the city, one which served more than one thousand people every day.

Yesterday when I saw her she said to me, "Do you know what I would like to eat? I would just love to have some deviled ham toast with mushroom sauce." This particular dish was a favorite of hers when she was working in the cafeteria. After she gave me the recipe I went right home and tried it.

Deviled Ham Toast With Mushrooms

- 1 small can of deviled ham
- 1 small can of mushrooms, drained
- 6 slices hot toast

Make a light white sauce using top milk or light cream. Brown the mushrooms slightly in butter and then combine with the white sauce. Add a tiny bit of salt and a dash of pepper. Butter the toast and spread with the deviled ham. Pour the mushroom sauce over the toast.

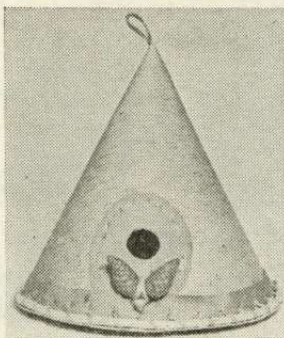
This is a perfect late snack or light television supper. I tried this recipe using undiluted cream of mushroom soup instead of the white sauce and mushrooms, but it was too salty.

A very good friend of mine is the dietician for one of our large high school dining rooms. She has to feed nearly a thousand children every noon. I wonder if you can guess the favorite main dish of all those children? It is meatloaf! They prefer this simple meat to chicken, turkey, hamburger, chops, etc.

I had to laugh when I asked her for the recipe for she began, "Take 90 pounds of ground beef, 75 pounds of bread crumbs . . ." Actually, the secret of her delicious meatloaf is the addition of tomatoes. "The children always eat it better and return for seconds if we put in tomatoes. Add tomato soup or cooked tomatoes and it will do wonders for meatloaf."

LEANNA'S PANSY QUILT

So many people have wanted to make this beautiful pansy quilt that Mother and I figured out a way to manage the pattern and directions. If you would like to have these instructions, send 25¢ and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.



RICHWOOD BOX MILL, DETROIT LAKES, MINNESOTA

A RARE NEW GIFT FOR A LIMITED FEW

This extraordinary new bird house is painstakingly made by hand by a few elderly Indian women from "parchment birch bark" and genuine, small, seasoned pine cones. A breath of the real north woods. Bringing an outdoor feeling to inside decor, this beautiful conversation piece will be the center of attraction in any room, patio, game room or garden. A big 9 by 9 inches. Write on it. Use for autographs, bridge prizes, gifts, guest registers, etc. A truly distinguished ornament. Each carefully selected by Chief Little White Cloud (Hereditary chief of the Chippewas) of the White Earth Reservation. Supply so limited this is the only Ad to appear in the U. S. Send only \$2.98 for one or \$5.00 for 2, postpaid. Don't be disappointed. Rush your order today to:

FREDERICK'S LETTER—Concluded

but when our tree was up and decorated it was a vision of beauty to us.

Oh, that was the year I almost got conked on the head with a coconut! Now wouldn't that have been a fine way to end a Christmas celebration? As I look back on it now it seems so silly, but at the time it could have been very serious. There were many big coconut trees growing in our back yard in Hawaii. After our big holiday dinner I took a walk out under those trees. A huge coconut fell and came so close to hitting me on the head it grazed my shoulder. Had it struck me I would surely have been knocked out!

When Mary Leanna awakened from her afternoon nap and I recovered from my coconut scare, we piled into our little red car and went for a drive. We drove along the ocean and watched the big waves break heavily against the rocks. A big blow hole the size of a wash tub was down in the rock about twenty-five feet back from the water's edge. When a huge wave would wash under the rock the pressure of the water would force a spray up through the hole and into the air some forty feet.

Flowers were everywhere on the islands. We particularly enjoyed the lush purple bougainvillea, the brilliant red patent leather appearing anthuriums and, of course, the many varieties of orchids.

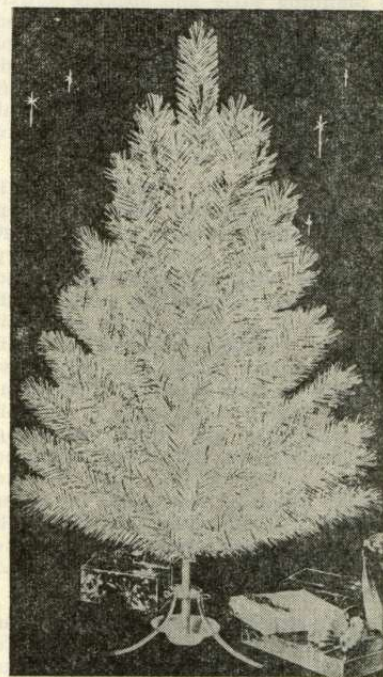
But, here we are, back in Springfield, Massachusetts, far from the native merchants, the intense heat and the orchids. Betty and I never really grew accustomed to spending holidays among the palm trees and lush flowers. We are looking forward this December to dodging snowballs instead of coconuts, sitting by a cheerful fire in the fireplace instead of watching Hawaiian pot holes and going caroling under the stars instead of hiking across a burning desert.

Betty, Mary Leanna, David and I wish to send to all of our Kitchen-Klatter friends greetings for the very best holiday season. And may the blessings of the Christ whose birthday we celebrate be yours now, and throughout the coming year.

Sincerely,

Frederick

Three ways to dispel the blues: think of things you have to be grateful for, sing hymns aloud, do a kindness for somebody.



BRIGHTEN YOUR CHRISTMAS

What's new for Christmas this year? Your new Silver Pine Christmas tree, of course. With the glitter and sparkle of our new "stow away" silver pine your Christmases will be brightened for years to come.

Each tree complete with stand.

4 foot tree—\$7.00 ppd.

6½ foot tree—\$12.00 ppd.

SILVER PINE TREES
3117 MILLER AVENUE
ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

ABIGAIL'S LETTER—Concluded

change would also make very heavy demands on the time and energy of our women. As it is, this is a big undertaking but not an overwhelming one. The workers find themselves tired but not exhausted. As a result they are always willing to pitch in when the next project comes along.

Cordially,
Abigail

A CHILD'S VERSE

Do you know what the Christmas mousie said
Before he went to his trundle bed?
Mr. Santa, if you please,
Bring me a piece of Christmas cheese!

HOW WE PREPARE FOR CHRISTMAS

By

Glendine Millard

Countless times, we have been asked how we manage our Christmas preparations. Perhaps it is a reasonable question for we have a large family, which naturally requires a great deal of time simply to keep "ahead of the work". Yet, we seem to plan more, make more and do more for Christmas than many folks we know. Now, I don't say that we *make more of Christmas* than others, it is just that, by planning early and spacing activities, we are able to entertain around the holidays and participate in school and church events completely relaxed. We approach the Holy Season without the last minute hustle and bustle that have so many people practically in a state of complete exhaustion!

First of all, our children have a bank that I made for them out of an old jar which is used for nothing but their Christmas savings. It is very decorative with Christmas seals and cutouts from old greeting cards. Each child puts in as much as he can until the sum of \$3.00 is reached for each child. In other words, this will allow 50¢ gifts for each member of the family. The saving starts early in the fall with odd jobs and much budgeting from allowances. The baby, with no earning powers as yet, falls heir to Daddy's pennies! Naturally, the older children will put more into the bank than the younger ones, but all of the money goes together and each is proud to add whatever he can.

About two weeks before Christmas I take all of the children to town to do their shopping. Their father meets us for lunch and we make a real festive occasion out of our little expedition. That evening the children wrap their gifts and put them into a big box until the tree is decorated a week before Christmas.

I have always found it most convenient to get my fall house-cleaning completed in September so that I will have the month of October to do my Christmas sewing. The first thing I do is buy the Christmas babies. I *love* to make doll clothes, for my girls take very good care of the little things I make. This is enough incentive to me to make elaborate wardrobes. It is fun searching for pieces of material and trimmings. This year I also became interested in stuffed animals for they are all the rage with the youngsters nowadays, and "the thing" is to collect as many as possible to pile on their beds. Friends came to my assistance with old felt hats, old scraps of fur and countless choice items that made into clever little animals.

I always make new pajamas and gowns for each member of the family as my personal presents to them. On Christmas Eve these are worn to bed for the first time. I make new dresses for the girls and new shirts for the boys. (They probably take these presents for granted and by now it is no



The clear voices and bright faces of many a children's choir will enrich worship services and programs as Christmas time draws near. We wish this picture could have been printed in color, for the gold of the children's robes blends beautifully with the light green of the walls behind them. The red of the dorsal drape above the altar is repeated in the red of their bows. This is a picture of one of the choirs which Evelyn Birkby directs in the Sidney, Iowa Methodist church. Her Junior Choir and a new group of Intermediate Choristers will join for the presentation of holiday music.

secret, but the big surprise is finding out on Christmas Eve just exactly what they look like!)

This is the month that I also start buying items that I will need for my Christmas cookies and candies. It *seems* much easier on the purse when they are purchased a few at a time over a long period. I start with items that won't spoil, such as canned milk, cookie and candy decorations, special spices, etc. These are kept on a reserved shelf in the cabinet and everyone knows that they are to keep "hands off of Mother's squirrel nest"! Many candies and cookies can be made well in advance of Christmas because of the modern facilities for storing foods.

November is my letter-writing month. Many friends and teachers have moved away and welcome long letters tucked in with Christmas cards, telling of the various activities of mutual friends and lively accounts of our own "doings" the past year. I pick out snapshots of the children to include in the letters. By starting early, I needn't write in haste, and consequently, can write longer, personal letters than I could if I waited until nearer Christmas. Cards are addressed and letters included in all before mailing time in December.

November is also the month that we think about unusual Christmas tree decorations. We make more each year to add to our big box of trimmings. When home-work is finished, the children usually find time in the evenings to work on new patterns and experiment with a variety of materials. They were particularly taken with the one Mary Beth wrote of in her letter last December and made two dozen for our tree. Even the little children like handwork, although most of their efforts go into making chains out of construction paper and other more simple decorations.

Now we are ready for December! It is time to take out our creche. It dates back to our eldest son's first Christmas. We were living with my parents while my husband was overseas and I bought a little creche to put under the tree. My husband, while

walking through a heavily bombed section of Germany, came across a broken box. Opening it, he found three large and three small sheep, a Judas goat and a wooden shepherd dog. He hadn't known that I had bought a creche, but he sent them home to his little son as there was nothing he could buy for him for Christmas. They were added to the manger scene, making it doubly sentimental to us. Each year, as this set is put under the tree, we say a prayer for those who once had this under their own tree in better times. We will never know the family or their place in life today, but still, to us, an unknown family shares the wishes of Peace on Earth, Goodwill toward all men.

These last few weeks we can relax, entertain our friends and really enjoy Christmas as it is meant to be enjoyed. We aren't too tired from hours and hours of last-minute shopping, addressing cards and wrapping packages to attend the school programs, numerous social gatherings and frequent church services. This is the purpose of our long-range planning. It suits us and it *might* suit you too!

LEANNA'S LETTER—Concluded

the family who can come will be with us. If we stay well and don't find ourselves "snowed in" as we were last year, we expect to leave for Redlands, California right after the holidays. Our plans at present are that Mart's sister Clara (Mrs. Paul Otte) will go with us for a visit with relatives. We'll be glad to have company on the trip and Mart will welcome help with the driving. It is taking a chance to wait until after Christmas to leave, but we like to be at home for the holidays. The times we have been away, we felt so completely lost that we said we would never again be far from home on Christmas Eve if we could help it.

Mart joins me in wishing you and yours a Very Merry Christmas!

Sincerely,

Leanna

"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" Department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 15¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Rejection rights reserved. Note changes in deadlines very carefully.

February ads due December 10.
March ads due January 10.
April ads due February 10.

Send Ads To
The Driftmier Company
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HOW TO TRAP SPARROWS and starlings with famed, "Black Lily" elevator traps. Information everyone should have. No obligation. It's free. Write Sparrowtraps, 1012, Detroit Lakes, Minnesota.

CASH FOR FEATHER BEDS. New and old feathers—goose or duck—wanted right now! For TOP PRICES and complete shipping instructions with free tags, mail small sample of your feathers in ordinary envelope to: Northwestern Feather Co., Dept. E-6, 212 Scribner NW, Grand Rapids 4, Mich. (We return your ticking if desired.)

STONEGROUND CORNMEAL from open pollinated organically grown yellow corn. Write for free recipes and list of over 100 Health Foods. BROWNVILLE MILLS, Brownville, Nebraska.

WILL YOU test new items in your home? Surprisingly big pay. Latest conveniences for home, car. Send no money. Just your name. KRISTEE 104, Akron, Ohio.

3-DAY SERVICE on the new beautiful personalized slim-line Christmas cards made from your photo or negative. Write for free sample and information. Lincoln Studios, Box 13, Dept. KK, Lincoln, Nebraska.

BOOKLETS: Handcraft ideas 25¢; Sewing Hints 25¢; Items from Coathangers 25¢; Jiffy made items 25¢; Gift catalogs 25¢; all 5 above \$1.00. Leisure Hour Products, Freeland 3, Penna.

DAINTY white linen tatted edge hankies, assorted colors, \$1.25. Iva McReynolds, Chilhowee, Missouri.

BEAUTIFULLY MADE ORGANDY APRONS—fine material and exceptionally careful stitching. State color choice. A lovely gift or a "dress-up" apron for yourself, \$1.25 or \$1.50 postpaid. Order from Susie Kessler, Center, Kentucky.

WOOL CROCHETED AFGHANS—\$25.00 and \$35.00. Ludmila Hotov, 5th Street, David City, Nebraska.

GUEST TOWELS—Swedish embroidered trimmed in beautiful colors only 75¢ each. Louise Fowler, 4120 Izard, Omaha, Nebraska.

LOVELY LINEN HANKIES—Lover's knot edge, white or variegated, 2—\$1.50. Mrs. Carl Denner, New Hampton, Iowa.

MAKE FIGURINES—Cement Lawn Novelities, Molding Rubber Extra Thick. Sample Free. W. Wooley, 2801-KK Latrobe, Peoria, Illinois.

TISSUE GINGHAM APRONS, cross-stitched borders, \$2.50 and \$3.00 each. Mrs. C. W. Carlson, Rt. 2, Humboldt, Iowa.

APRONS—\$1.00 and \$1.35. All orders appreciated. Glenna Spanel, Long Pine, Nebraska.

MINIATURE FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS, in plastic boat—six inches high, \$2.00 postpaid. Mrs. W. C. Johnson, Box 67, Albion, Pennsylvania.

FRESH shell-free black walnut meats, Quart, \$2.00; 3 quarts, \$5.50, postpaid. White crocheted tablecloth. Dorothy Eggers, Avoca, Iowa.

REPAIR DOLLS—make rubber stamps; invisible reweaving; Catalogue of "75 Ideas" Free. Universal, Box 1076-KK, Peoria, Illinois.

ATTRACTIVE nylon kleenex holder and pattern—\$1.00. Mrs. John Norris, Alton, Kansas.

CHRISTMAS WREATHS for doors and cemeteries, handmade from fresh Colorado greens, beautifully trimmed with red-berried Kinnikinnik, blue-berried cedar, pinecones, large red bow, \$2.95. 4# box Evergreen Tips, Pinecones, Berries, for holiday decorating, \$2.50. 50 Pinecones \$1.50. Order now. Jessie Young, Red Feather Lakes 1, Colorado.

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS APRONS—Holly Wreath, Christmas Bell, Tree, Poinsettia, Santa Claus, Candy Cane designs, \$1.50; 4 piece Doll Layettes, \$1.00. Mrs. Wilmer Pfannkuch, Box 617, Pelican Rapids, Minnesota.

SALE—Crocheted tablecloth. Mrs. Arvid Segerstrom, Ida Grove, Iowa.

DELUXE-TYPE cross-stitch border patterns for aprons, skirts, 3—50¢. Poinsettia, star, snowflake, butterfly, swan, horse, and others, 50¢ each or 3—\$1.00. Audrey Hutchins, Beaver, Iowa.

FOR SALE—black walnut meats \$1.35 a pint. Mrs. Chris Rasmussen, 2101 South 6th Street, Harlan, Iowa.

MA-PA PICTURE PLATES. Handmade, with names, \$2.00 set — 75¢ children. Christmas stool covers, \$1.75. Net Christmas trees, \$1.75—Darling gifts! Mrs. Doris Phillips, Lohrville, Iowa.

ATTRACTIVE 12-Rose Doily—18"—\$2.00. 7-Rose Doily—12"—75¢; 3 for \$2.00. Vadyne Allen, Box 654, Kirksville, Missouri.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS—45 RPM, 4 for \$1.00. Slightly used. Send 10¢ for big list. Maureen Loots, Carroll, Iowa.

LOVELY—42" pillow slips embroidered and 3 crocheted roses and edge, \$5.00. 7 dish towels embroidered, \$3.35; 23" Rose T V Doily, \$3.50. Large plastic ruffled doily, \$3.00. Mrs. Paul Ledebuhr, Rt. 1, Houston, Minnesota.

TUPPERWARE for gifts. Contact Luella White, 3013 S. 1st Ave., Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

SHELLED PECANS—\$2.00; Walnuts, Almonds, Brazils, Filberts, Cashews \$1.75 Pound. Postpaid. Peerless, 538B Centralpark, Chicago 24.

MONEY FOR YOUR CLUB, CLASS, OR CHURCH SOCIETY handling my established line of original ceramic earrings designed and made personally in my studio. Start with no investment. Please name your organization in writing for details. Free sample available. Lillian Noble, Ceramics, Nebraska City, Nebraska.

OVERWEIGHT—reduce 3 pounds weekly, no drugs, exercising dieting, formula \$1.00. National, 6709 East End (BA), Chicago.

APRONS—red organdy, chintz, Christmas prints, \$1.50 postpaid. Margaret Winkler, Rt. 2, Hudsonville, Michigan.

CENTENNIAL COOK BOOK published by Willing Workers Society of Spring Garden Lutheran Church, Cannon Falls, Minnesota. 242 pages chuck full of wonderful recipes. Spiral binding. Fine quality paper and printing. Order from Mrs. Merle Clauson, Cannon Falls, Minnesota. Price \$2.25 per copy plus 35¢ mailing charges.

CHRISTMAS GIFT APRONS, English big apple, Lacy delight, Hidden Pocket, Ruffy Petite, \$1.50 each, 4—\$5.00. June Walter, Murray, Iowa.

CROCHETED hairpin pillow slip edgings—42"—\$1.00 pair. Tatting hankie edgings 47"—2 strips—\$1.00. All colors. Mrs. Edna Sutterfield, Craig, Missouri.

FOR SALE—woolen skirts, sweaters and dresses and car coat. Misses sizes 7-11. Good condition. Mrs. Fred Kubalek, Wahoo, Nebraska.

PRETTY linen, scalloped edge (6 rows) hanky \$1.04. R. Kiehl, 2917 Fourth NW, Canton, Ohio.

BEAUTIFUL gingham cross-stitched aprons, star and border patterns, \$2.50 each, Postpaid. Mrs. Carl Hollrah, Charter Oak, Iowa.

LOVELY CHRISTMAS GIFTS. I'll prepare, weave rugs, \$2.00 yd. Already prepared, \$1.25. Guaranteed. Rowena Winters, Grimes, Iowa.

BEAUTIFUL smoked corduroy sofa pillows 17x17 inches, stuffed, any color, \$5.00 each. Covers each \$3.00. Mrs. Iva Miller, Munden, Kansas.

LOVELY NYLONS—irregulars, 6 pairs \$1.10. Guaranteed. Postpaid. National, 6709 East End (BA) Chicago.

BABY'S SHOES BRONZED—\$2.00 a pair. M. E. Stauffer, Circleville, Kansas.

BEAUTIFUL cross-stitched luncheon sets, basket, peacock, or acorn leaf design, \$4.50 postpaid. Also cross-stitched aprons, \$3.00. Mrs. Sharon Yates, 1720 North 12th, Quincy, Illinois.

EIGHTEEN cross-stitch patterns, \$1.00. Mrs. Vencil Hanus, Traer, Iowa.

HEALTH BOOKLET—Arthritis, Overweight, Allergy, Nerves, 50¢. Mrs. Walt Pitzer (nurse), Shell Rock, Iowa.

EARRINGS—Hand-designed. Lovely to wear. Lovely for gifts. \$1.00 pair, 2 pairs \$1.50. White or colors. Eva Wilde, Osceola, Iowa.

HOW TO RESILVER MIRRORS. Formula \$1.00. Ten other formulas included FREE. Del Dykes, 904 Sunset Drive, St. Joseph, Missouri.

CHRISTMAS 100 YEARS AGO—Concluded

fresh meal, they were lucky to get any at the grist mill.

Abigail's Christmas dinner was a near feast, due to her scrimping and saving. It was Bert's gun that furnished the meat. Luckily he had flushed a covey of prairie chickens from a clump of grass and had brought down a couple. They were far from fat, but Abigail seasoned the stuffing with sage and savory and the fowls emitted a delicious fragrance as they roasted slowly in a heavy iron pot in the hot ashes of the fireplace. Abigail had even managed to find the makings for their favorite dish, Indian puddin'. There was corn pone and for spread some of the wild plum jam cooked thick with molasses.

So Christmas came and went that year; a pioneer Christmas of 100 years ago . . .

Reprinted from the *Marysville Advocate*. Used by permission.

(Editor's note: This article placed first in the Kansas Federation of Press Women's 1959 contest, category —"Feature in a Weekly Newspaper." It also placed second in the National Federation of Press Women's 1959 contest in the same category.)

MARGERY'S LETTER—Concluded

Also, we were able to get away for a little trek down to the Ozarks and I would like to pass on the high-lights of that trip.

The pounding has stopped so the carpenter must have finished his work. It looks like I'll have time to clean the back porch before I put a roast in the oven.

Sincerely,

Margery

PEANUT PIXIES

Let these colorful little men help you with your Christmas entertaining — hang them on the tree, tie them to your packages, perch them on your table centerpiece, use them as favors. Made entirely by hand with red trimming only. 12 for \$1.00, postpaid. (No orders accepted for less than a dozen.) Please order as early as possible so you'll be sure to have them in plenty of time. Send orders to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

Season's Greetings

The whole year through we think of all you good friends with warmth and gratitude, but when the time comes to say "Merry, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year", we are doubly thankful for a chance to put our thoughts into words.

There are a lot of people in these times who actually think it doesn't make any difference what kind of a product is turned out. They have the notion that we women who are trying our best to be good homemakers haven't sense enough to know if something we're using is worthless — or wonderful.

Well, it's a shame these short-sighted people can't look over our shoulders as we read the daily mail. They'd find out in a hurry that women want FINE QUALITY products—and recognize FINE QUALITY when they see it.

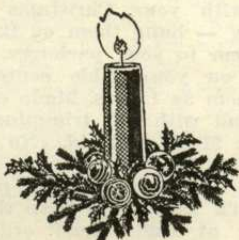
This is why our Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings and our Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner moves off the shelf so fast that grocers have a hard time keeping up with their customers. Women **know** the difference in quality. Make no mistake about it.

So to all of you loyal friends who have used our products and told us how much they mean to you, many, many thanks.

And to all of the other people who form part of the big circle—all the grocers in small stores and big stores, the jobbers and wholesalers, the salesmen, the buyers, the truck drivers, the hard-working crew that puts these products together—to each and to all of you we send our thanks.

May it be a truly joyous and blessed Yuletide season.

—The Kitchen-Klatter Family
Shenandoah, Iowa



Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings
Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener
Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner

