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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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" 'Twas the night before Christmas!"

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LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Dear Friends:

Mart and I join the other members of the Driftmier family in wishing you a happy Christmas! Many of you who cannot have loved ones near will find your happiness in reliving memories of past years; and to those to whom this season means family gatherings with homes bursting the walls with Christmas excitement, cherish each moment. Children have a way of growing up and establishing their own homes--perhaps many miles from you.

If you find yourself alone and lonely at Christmas, you can make it much happier by planning things to do for those in your community who need your love and help.

One of the first signs that the holiday season is approaching is the arrival of attractive gift catalogs. I must be on the mailing list of *all* of them, for never have I received so many. There is such a variety of unusual and inexpensive items that I can always entertain myself looking for different little things for members of the family. I suggested to our daughter, Dorothy, that she might put an ad in one of the gift sections of unusual decorations, but she said that our Kitchen-Klatter friends keep her busy taking care of their orders as it is.

Have you girls who do handwork become interested in the return of crewel embroidery? For those of you who are not familiar with it, let me explain that it is the use of wool yarn on heavy linen material, using the authentic crewel stitches in embroidering flowers, birds and other designs in bright decorative colors.

When I read of this work I remembered a piece of crewel embroidery that my sister, Helen Fischer, did many years ago as a gift for our sister Jessie. For years it hung over the fireplace in their recreation room. I hadn't seen it since she moved to a smaller house, and on her last visit I asked her what ever became of it. She said that it was rather soiled by smoke from the fireplace, but if I wanted to

try to clean it up, I could hang it here for a while. The next time she came over from her home in nearby Clarinda she brought the picture along. I sponged it several times with Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner and the colors came to life, just as bright and beautiful as I had remembered them, and my! we're enjoying it so much. It hangs on the wall in the dining room where we can look at it every day and think of Helen. And since Jessie spends so much time in our home, she is enjoying it just as much.

We have lots of squirrels in our neighborhood--both black and brown ones--and Mart and I enjoy feeding them. This morning I found a sack of stale peanuts in the cupboard where they had been pushed out of my reach. From the back porch I threw them as far as I could and then watched for the squirrels to come for their treat. Imagine my disgust to see a bluejay quickly fly down from the maple tree and before the squirrels knew the peanuts were there the bluejay had carried them away, one by one. I don't actually dislike the bluejays but they drive the smaller birds away from our feeding stations. Once, when I was complaining about the bluejays, our small grandson, Clark, who loves all living things--even mice--said, "But, Granny, they are God's creatures and you must be kind to them."

I always look forward to fall and winter when the social groups meet again. Although many times I'm not able to go because of severe weather or many steps, there have been a few meetings when I was able to attend.

Not long ago our DAR chapter met at a home with no steps and Margery was able to take me. The speaker was the headmaster of St. Mary's Episcopal School for Indian girls at Springfield, South Dakota. Since the DAR's help support this school, it was of special interest to us to hear Mr. Kenyon Cull speak and to meet the seven girls he brought with him. The girls gave a fine musical program before Mr. Cull spoke

to us, and following his talk, he showed some colored slides of the school and special events in which the students participated. He closed with an Indian version of The Lord's Prayer, which I would like to share with you.

Great Spirit Whose Tepee is the Sky,
and whose hunting ground is the earth,
Mighty and Fearful are you called;
Ruler over storms, over men,
and birds and beasts:

Have Your Way over All...
Over earthways as over skyways.

Find us this day our meat and corn,
that we may be strong and brave;
And put aside from us our wicked ways,
As we put aside the bad works of
them who do us wrong.

And let us not have such troubles as
lead us into crooked roads;
But keep us from all evil,
For Yours is All that Is...
the earth and the sky,
the streams and the hills,
the moon, and the sun, and
all that lives and breathes...
and the valleys, and stars,
Wonderful Shining, Mighty Spirit.

Our daughters (not I!) have decided that they should take turns having the big family dinners in their homes to keep me from attempting to do too much. We will be having our Thanksgiving dinner with Lucile and Russell this year. In between times, I have the different families here one at a time so that we can eat around the kitchen table.

We can scarcely wait until the first of December to get out our Christmas records. Our collection is growing for each year the children find more to add to what we have already accumulated. Last year we received three recordings of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir which are very lovely. Some of our old favorites are about worn out and will have to be replaced this year. Music has always brought much happiness to us and not only do we enjoy recordings but also FM on our radio which plays such fine music throughout the day. And then there are a few musical programs on regular AM radio which we tune in regularly.

Now I must say "Goodby" with the wish that this will be a very blessed Christmas for you and your dear families.

Sincerely,

Leanna

MARY BETH VOLUNTEERS TO LEAD BROWNIES

Dear Friends:

The children are playing outside this morning so I have a good opportunity to write you without too much conversation on the side. We're having a spurt of beautifully sunshiny weather, and the children are taking advantage of this last chance to play outside in relative comfort.

Since I wrote to you last month, some rather monumental changes have taken place at our house. I've got myself a troop of 25 little seven year old girls, and together we're going to become smiling Brownies.

I went to a meeting for the purpose of signing Katharine up in a new Brownie Troop which was being formed at Elmwood School. Little did I realize that there was as yet no leader. The executive members of the Girl Scouts who had taken the time to come to New Berlin to aid the organization of this Brownie Troop explained that unless someone volunteered to assume leadership of this group there simply wouldn't be one formed. There were about 15 women with daughters interested in joining a troop, but none of them felt they had the time to assume the leadership. So it was with dragging feet that I finally raised my hand and agreed to take on the job. I didn't really feel qualified to be a Brownie Leader because my abilities in the Arts and Crafts department are not what I would consider even average, but I couldn't imagine what I would have told Katharine if the group had failed to organize because no one would volunteer.

Although we have had only one meeting thus far, I am pleased to report that my feet are *not* dragging at this point. I am sure this venture will work out satisfactorily for everyone. And I may even learn a few craft secrets along the way. More importantly, in spite of the stack of papers I have to type up and the records that have to be kept, I am sure it is going to be fun.

We arranged to have the meetings held at our house, and since we're so close to the school the girls will have a chance to work off some of their pent-up exercise by walking here after dismissal. We're holding the meetings in our store room. I had assumed that the family room would be a good size but then the problem of setting up work tables for each session looked as though it might be a time consuming task for the girls. Don suggested that we empty the store room which is on the same level of the house as the family room and use it. Let me tell you this is no ordinary store room. It has been a pill of bitter disappointment to Don that



With the popular revival of crewel embroidery, Mother (Mrs. M.H. Driftmier) remembered this piece which she holds. It was worked by her sister, Helen Fischer, many years ago.

we've never had the furniture to put into this lovely room. He has longed for a study or some kind of a retreat and to have a paneled room sitting vacant annoyed him. I really think he's relieved to have it finally put to some use. We hauled all the boxes of out-of-season clothes, the Christmas ornaments and other sundries that we kept in this room down to the basement. When we were finished, there stood this good-sized room which was absolutely perfect for a Brownie room. I've hung some curtains at the window, put a floor lamp in one corner, which won't be enough I'm certain, pushed a bookcase-desk affair into another corner and this combined with two 81-inch tables set upon cement block legs makes a dandy craft room for the Brownies. Now when we want to play games we can adjourn to the family room for more space, and if we want to have refreshments we can gather on the rug in front of the fireplace.

After the Leadership of the troop was determined, there was perfect cooperation from the other Mothers when it came time to volunteer for committee work. I have a Calendar sales chairman and a Cookie sales chairman, the Brownie's two money making projects and no small tasks in themselves. I have a good threesome of ladies to make all the zillion telephone calls that seem to be involved with a group like this. There is a woman whose task it is to line up the automobiles when we take a field trip of any kind and last but not least a very talented girl came forward and volunteered to be my Co-leader. She will come to all of the meetings and help me in every capacity. Not to be overlooked in importance is my assistant leader! He's only four and a half years old and he felt pretty much like a forgotten friend when the main topic of conversation centered on Brownie-everything 24 hours a day for about two

weeks, but when I informed him that I would need him to help out he was filled to the brim with his pleasure. Adrienne sat in the corner of the Brownie room all through the first meeting and was positively speechless to see so many girls.

I'm sure this state of speechlessness will not remain with Adrienne, it just isn't in her to be speechless for long, but I feel confident we can keep her happy for one hour each week by simply giving her a crayon and large piece of paper.

Allow me to state here emphatically—we are working on the start of a second troop. Much as I would enjoy having all these second grade girls in one troop there are Girl Scout regulations that don't allow for a troop of 25 such as ours. As a result we're meeting with two other women tomorrow to try to divide the troop into two groups. Already we have had two little girls cry when their mother's told them they would be put into a different group. It seems they have certain little friends in the other group they don't want to be separated from. These emotions certainly seem quick to rise in this age group and I'm amazed that they have made such close attachments to each other at this age.

I remember that just one year ago the occasion when the telephone rang was quite rare, but I feel certain that those days are gone forever. If you've moved into a new town and found yourself a little lonesome and at a loss to know what to do with yourself, let me give you a nickel's worth of advice. Even though you may not have children, go to your nearest school and attend the Parent-Teacher meeting, and when they ask for a volunteer for a job, take it! Then if your political party has a local small club, attend one of the meetings and believe me they *never* have enough hands willing to help do the realms of typing and telephoning that are so essential to the smooth operation of a political organization.

I have met and grown to like so many new people this past year that it has made a world of difference between this year and last. This year I'm busier and happier than at any time since we moved to Milwaukee. And I never have the time to be lonesome!

With Christmas approaching rapidly, let me tell you what we're hoping to do. Rather than try to make the long haul to Anderson, Indiana, my Mother has agreed to fly up here on Christmas Eve and have Christmas with us in our home.

From our house to your house we send our very best wishes for a very Merry Christmas.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth



Come, Hear the Bells

A Christmas Worship Service
by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting

Cover a table with red or green cloth which will hang almost to the floor. Place a box, covered with the same material, at center back so you have two levels. Place the Bible, opened to the second chapter of Luke, on the higher level with a very large Christmas candle to the right of it. On the lower level make an interesting arrangement of Christmas bells of various kinds and sizes.

The participants in the service should wear choir robes. Have the Leader stand on one side of the table and the Reader stand on the other side. It would be very effective if the Reader would read the scriptures from a large scroll.

As the music starts, have the Leader step to the table and light the Christmas candle.

Service

Prelude: "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day"

Call to Worship: (Reader) "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder. And His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Sing unto the Lord for He hath done excellent things. Sing, O Heavens; and be joyful, O earth; and break forth into singing, O mountain. Break forth into joy."

Prayer: (Leader) "Grant us, O God of peace and love, the gracious help of Thy spirit in this hour that we might receive into our hearts the joy, the hope, the love, the peace that is truly Christmas. Grant that we pause, each in our own busy world, to listen to the message of the Christmas bells and that our hearts, too, become so joyful that we join in singing Thy praise and Thy glory. Amen."

Hymn: "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day"

Leader:

"From every spire and every steeple
Peal the joyous Christmas bells,
While the eager waiting people
Ponder what the music tells.

There is comfort in their ringing,
There is joy in every heart
For the blessings they are bringing
Never from us shall depart."

"What do you hear as the Christmas bells chime? What is the message they speak to your heart? I wonder, as you

listen to bells peal forth through the frosty air, if your memories go back through the centuries, back to faraway Galilee and Judea where strange and wondrous things were happening that night."

Duet: "No Room for the Savior"

Scripture: (Reader) Luke 2: 1-17

Solo: "O Little Town of Bethlehem"

Leader:

"Listen to the happy music
Of the bells, the carol bells.
Louder, softer, rising, calling,
How the happy carol swells.
All the hope and joy foretelling,
Hope and joy with Jesus born.
Oh, the wonder, oh, the gladness
On that blessed Christmas morn!"

Scripture: (Reader) Luke 2: 8-20

Hymn: "Hark the Herald Angels Sing"

Leader:

"O merry, merry Christmas bells,
When blithe and clear your music
swells,

In each glad note I hear again
The 'Peace on earth, good will
to men'.

And back to Bethlehem I go
To seek a manger crude and low
Wherein the holy Christ Child lies,
Foretold by glories in the skies."

Solo: "We Three Kings of Orient Are"

(1st verse and chorus)

Scripture: (Reader) Matthew 2: 1-11

Leader:

"All praise and thanks for aye be
given

For Him, the sweetest gift of
heaven,

And glory in the highest be

To Him who gave eternity.

Ring, ye merry, merry bells,

Oh ring and ring a joyous chime!

Set all the earth a thrilling with

The rapture of the Christmas time.

Listen to the happy music

Of the silver-sounding bells,

Softer, sweeter, dearer, ringing;

How the music sweetly dwells

On the joy of ever singing

Carols to our newborn king!"

Hymn: "As With Gladness Men of Old"

Leader:

"When the music of the carols
Fills the air at Christmas time,
When the earth is filled with beauty
And the bells so sweetly chime,
May your heart be filled with
gladness

As His love within it swells,
Bringing peace, and joy, and wonder
As you listen to the bells."

Music: (If you have chimes on your organ, play "Joy to the World" with chimes. If not, you will find this carol on many records played in chimes.)

Closing Prayer: "Dear Lord, make a manger of our hearts; there let Thy Son be born into our lives, to fill each part in memory of that morn. Lord, light His star within our souls, and let us hear the songs the bells ring out above the clamor of the seeking throngs. Lord, touch each life that it may be a blessing to someone; and keep our hearts forever, Lord, a manger for Thy Son. Amen."

THE RECURRENT CHRISTMAS MIRACLE

How snowbound silence quivers with
the joy

Of angel-choirs across long centuries,
And holds the awe of shepherds, on
their knees,

Beside a manger-cradle of a Boy!

White circling stars look down on shimmered earth--

The proof they offer is a vital thing,
For they were shining when our blessed
King

Became a mortal through His holy
Birth!

The panorama of that other night
Unfolds in faith's pure hour, until I
merge

With lowly herdsmen--sharing their
great urge

To kneel in adoration and delight:
Acknowledge Him as the Eternal One,
And yet...the humble Virgin's little
Son!

—Thelma Allinder



Again it is Christmas time! It is the season of happy-hearted children and warm generous adults. This is the season when the tinkle of bells appeals to the buoyancy of youth in the tones of fable, celebration and gladness. A time of sweet charity and tender hearts.

When we are quite young Santa Claus is the soul of Christmas, and all festivity is centered around this mythical gentleman. As we grow older, we live in retrospection that each Christmas impels across the past. We have changed the season of childhood joy to one of deep love and reverence, and nostalgia.

His birth brings the heart of each of us into closer fellowship with one another, and a true brotherhood with all. Our souls are in true harmony with the psalm heard by the shepherds on that night long ago when glory shone around them and the nearby angels said:

"Peace on earth; good will to men."

—Helene B. Dillon

A MESSAGE FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

So often people say to me: "I know that Christmas is the busy season for you clergymen!" That is true, but no more true than the fact that every season is a busy season for clergymen. You know the old saying: "Every day should be a Christmas Day"; well, for those of us who serve the Lord as his ministers, this is generally true. Yesterday afternoon there were three different people here in my study asking for the kind of personal help that most people think of giving just at Christmas time. These were poor people, needy people — people desperate for food, for clothing, for children's shoes, etc. And each gift that I gave in the name of Christ, was in a very real sense a Christmas gift. Even though I am writing this letter to you at an early hour in the morning, I already have had two phone calls from people who need some kind of help.

Actually, I see far more needy people in the course of a single day than do most ministers, because in addition to being the minister of a large, downtown church not far from a slum area, I also am the Chairman of the Board of Public Welfare for our city. All of this makes Christmas-giving no more abundant than the kind of giving that I am doing all the year through, except for one thing. As much as people need shoes, clothing, and food, at Christmas time I use all of my influence to see that they get that little extra something—for children a lovely toy, and for adults some little luxury item.

Our church activities are no more numerous during the month of December than any other month of the year. Every month is a busy one, and December differs from the others only at the point of emphasis. What a surprise you would have if you were to walk into our parish house during the month of May and hear children's voices singing Christmas carols. You see, we have a Day Nursery for the children of working mothers, and each morning the little children have a singing session. When the children are permitted to choose the songs they want to sing, they invariably ask to sing "Jingle Bells" and "Silent Night". The sight of little children merrily singing a Christmas tune can give me the Christmas spirit any day of the year.

Christmas can be a very sad time of the year for those of us who have much contact with the poor. Last Christmas I visited some homes where there was no glass in the windows, only old blankets nailed up to keep out the wind. I took gifts into homes where the only furniture other than some broken down



Taking part in Christmas services last year at Frederick Driftmier's church was this children's choir. David Driftmier stands in the center of the back row.

beds were assorted boxes—a large box serving as a table, and smaller boxes for chairs. It is hard to enjoy the comparative luxury of one's own home with its beautiful Christmas tree and stacks of gaily wrapped gifts, after a visit into the homes of the poor.

And what can you and I do about it? Of course we never can take care of all the needs that exist in our towns and cities, but we can do something. If each family were to do something nice for one other family, it would go a long way toward taking the spirit of Christ into each home of the poor. Certainly it would make a difference to our own city if each one of the 800 families in my church were to be responsible for taking the Christmas spirit into one other home. As a matter of fact, that is just what a great many South Church families do.

This morning at the breakfast table Betty said: "Wouldn't it be nice to retire to a Christmas tree farm? All year long we could be in the out-of-doors, and we could have the satisfaction of knowing that there would be thousands of happy children enjoying the fruit of our labor." Many people in this part of the country do make their living growing Christmas trees. The tired New England soil can grow trees when it can't grow anything else. By the first of December trucks and trucks of trees

are rolling down our highways heading for all parts of the country.

There are days when life on the farm looks very nice to me. It must be a delightful experience to work in the fields away from the rush and the roar of city life. Since I know absolutely nothing about farming, I suppose that any farm in my life would be one similar to that of many New England people—a farm without crops and without animals. Most of the people who live on the farms of New England, do not work the farms. They are city people who just live in the country but do their work in the offices and factories of the city.

We mail out our Christmas cards very early. As a matter of fact, they are addressed and ready to mail out after the first of December. Certainly people will remember our greeting if it is one of the first they receive. I think it is nicer to receive a few cards every day for three weeks than it is to receive a flood of cards at the last possible minute.

The sending of greetings via the mails is such a lovely custom that it is too bad so many people only do it once a year at Christmas time. With the cooperation of the United States government, each of us can do a great deal to make other people happy for the small fee of a greeting. A little personal note any time of the year can carry a wealth of warmth and friendship. One of my greatest pleasures is the writing of personal notes to my church people on their birthdays.

At what point do most people do their procrastinating? How about the writing of notes of appreciation? Again and again we promise ourselves to write to people, to tell them of our pleasure in something they've said or done, or some honor that has come to them, or perhaps to tell them of our sorrow at their disappointment or grief. We want to write such notes, but we keep putting it off until some morning we say to ourselves, "Well, it's too late now. I should have done it when I first thought of it."

Each day I would suggest that you read the following prayer: "Our Father in Heaven, grant unto us pure hearts and a ready will to make of this day something deserving of Thy love. Help us to be patient and sympathetic with all who may need our help. May our lives bring cheer to those who are sad, and hope to those who are discouraged, and courage to those who are afraid. If yesterday we hurt the feelings of anyone, let us this day make amends. Subdue our hearts' rebellion and keep us at peace with all our fellowmen and with Thee. Amen."

Sincerely,

Frederick

COVER PICTURE

One last peek at the Christmas tree—or do you suppose Katharine, Paul and Adrienne will be popping out of bed any number of times to see if Santa has arrived! Donald and Mary Beth Driftmier, the parents of these three bright-eyed youngsters, will sit up for the jolly gentleman to be certain that he finds the glass of milk and cookies carefully placed beside the tree for him, and no doubt morning will dawn all too soon!

MARGERY DESCRIBES SOME BEAUTIFUL TABLE SETTINGS

Dear Friends:

Although the sun is shining brightly this morning, the air is crisp and cool. Appetites are perking up now that cold weather has arrived, and my family needs a more substantial lunch these days. Right after the broadcast this morning, I made two apple pies. While they were baking I decided to write my letter to you friends.

A number of years ago a Home and Garden club was organized in Shenandoah. It is a very lively group and our community has benefited from its activities. I thought perhaps you would be interested in some of the work they have been doing through the years.

Several years ago their big project was placing double hanging baskets on the lamp posts along the main street of our business section. This was followed by encouraging businessmen to place planters in front of their store windows. Visitors in Shenandoah were much impressed with the attractiveness of our shopping section.

This past summer a committee within the club judged the lawns and gardens around town, naming a "Yard of the Month". A sign was placed in the front lawn designating it as such, and people were encouraged to visit the garden. I understand that this project will be continued in the years to come, and it no doubt will create more interest in home gardening.

Each year there are several special events open to the public, and I thought you would be interested in the details of the very elegant "show" that was held this fall.

The theme was "Hall of Flame", and it was held at the American Legion Country Club. The emphasis was on table settings and literally hundreds of candles were aglow. The first sight of the large room with 27 beautifully set tables in candle-light was simply breath-taking! And as I wandered around looking at the tables, I thought that surely Shenandoah's finest collections of china, silver, linen, rare antiques and unusual appointments had been brought out for this event.

Because you might be interested in utilizing some of these ideas in table setting, I'm going to give you a run-down on some of them. There are numerous ideas that you could follow to make an attractive table.

Ring Around the Roses: The table and overhanging basket featured an abundance of Christian Dior roses. To complete this table the Moon and Star ruby goblets and antique ruby crystal plates were accented by the sparkling glow of silver.



" 'Twas the Night Before Christmas": With an appliqued red felt cloth, this table was set for a children's party, complete with Santa Claus pitcher and mugs.

Matisse: Inspired by the French artist who was noted for his use of pure bold colors, this table was done predominantly in blues and greens and other Matisse colors.

Lavender and Old Glass: This table was designed for using a fabulous collection of old glass, "Westward Ho!" pattern, the motif of which was repeated in the quilted border of the cloth. Spode's Maritime Rose and pearl-handled flatware contributed to the elegance.

Table du Roi: This banquet cloth was purchased in Paris in 1899. The Eighteenth Century French bronze candelabra and centerpiece were similar to those used in the State Dining Room at the White House.

Hearts and Flowers: Saint Valentine would have been pleased with this gay table in red, pink and white, centered with a nosegay and hearts.

After the Game: High school colors provided the background for the table designed to serve "soup and snacks" to teenagers.

Sing Along with Grace: Years of choir directing motivated this musical theme, created by using music boxes and bells. Operatic figurines of Marguerite and Mephistopheles, from the opera "Faust" enhanced the setting. Exquisite antique Coleport china and elaborate gold-encrusted crystal made this an outstanding table.

Penelope's Birthday Party: This table was done in pink and blue in authentic Victorian style. Two little girls, in old-fashioned dresses, presided over their little antique tea set.

Queen's Luncheon: Purple, scarlet and white made up this exciting color scheme. In contrast was the white Ransom Haviland, Della Robbia crystal and antique silver.

Burlap and Broomcorn: This rustic

table featured White ironstone and blue carnival glass (Peacock and Fountain) on a blue burlap cloth. An enormous arrangement of fall materials was placed off center and balanced by tall candles in unusual holders.

Easter Enchantment: Hand-decorated eggs on an Easter egg tree centered the table done with a pastel cloth, Haviland in "Garden Flowers" pattern, and antique flatware.

Autumn Hues: Cattail candles amid fall flowers centered a round table laid with an autumn-patterned cloth and set with amber glass.

Metamorphose: Like the transformation of the worm into the butterfly, old lantern chimneys blossomed into a beautiful epergne. Stove shakers became candelabra. In other words, objects were changed from the ridiculous to the sublime and made a very attractive table.

Indian Summer: This table was designed to be used for any fall occasion. Colorful Spode in the India Tree pattern suggested the beautiful fall centerpiece.

Merry Christmas: A gay little table featured antique candle holders, old monastery angels and a punch bowl.

On Our Golden Wedding Day: On this elegant dinner table was an enormous pyramid of golden fruit, flanked with seven-branched candelabra. Eight complete place settings of gold band Haviland china on a white linen cloth contributed to the "Golden Wedding" theme.

Let's Go Camping: For outdoor living, this table was appropriate with a cloth made of red bandanas, miniature tent, Fiestaaware and wildflowers.

Beauty with Roses: Cerise net cloth, roses, and a milk glass punch bowl were combined to make this a party table.

Symphony in Glass: A collection of cut glass was featured on the table set with old Haviland on a magnificent antique tablecloth.

Here Comes the Bride: This was truly a table set for happiness with shirred white net over a satin cloth. A tiered wedding cake dominated the setting, flanked by crystal candelabra, the flowers a subtle echo of the marriage service.

I wish I could have mentioned all of the tables in detail, but that would have taken more space than I could use. I hope that what I've written here gives you a fair idea of how lovely this table-setting show was.

My! but this time went fast. The pies are done and now it's time to heat up the vegetable stew that was put out to thaw.

Until next month, sincerely,

Margery

Things to Make for Christmas



Are you stumped for Christmas gift ideas? Many novel ideas for things to make either for gifts or decorations which we would like to share with you have been contributed by our readers. Some of these will also keep the youngsters occupied during those last frantic days of the Christmas rush.



Here's a gift suggestion for those beloved grandchildren which will please both mom and the tots and won't strain your budget or ability. Buy cotton flannelette and make gowns or pajamas according to preference and sex. If you package and label these to be opened on Christmas eve, they can be used as an inducement to get the small fry tucked into bed early enough for Santa to arrive. Such a lovely assortment of colors and patterns is offered that there need be no monotony in sewing, and sleep wear fits so casually that fittings aren't necessary. On occasion, I have included a matching stuffed toy or gown for a favorite doll.

--Lula Lamme, Powersville, Mo.



Trees made of cleansing tissues and standing from 16 to 19 inches high will decorate many homes this year. A cone of poster board which is heavy white cardboard forms the base for holding the tissue flowers which are made by folding the tissue lengthwise then back and forth fan fashion, snipping off the folded edge. A bobby pin holding a small ornament or large bead is pushed through the center of the tissue and into a small hole punched in the poster board (use ice pick or nut pick to make hole). Spread tissue out to form the flower and dip flower edges very lightly in Elmer's glue and then in glitter. Insert flowers, starting at the top of cone, close together all around cone. Larger colored ornaments placed here and there and a tall one on top will finish the tree. One beautiful tree I saw was made of aqua colored tissue dipped in silver glitter and decorated with all silver ornaments and beads and stood on a silver compote.

--Mrs. V. B. Hawk, Ames, Iowa.

An angel tree is formed on a sturdy tree branch (a lilac branch is fine) which has been sprayed with white or gold paint. Place the tree in a flower pot base, or it may be anchored to a large styrofoam base. To make the angels you can use: an ordinary wooden clothespin for the body; a white pipe cleaner twisted around the "neck" of the clothespin and then bent to shape the arms; ink in the facial features, and glue on a fluff of of yellow yarn for hair. The gown is made from a ruffled 4-by-12-inch piece of white nylon net, gathered and tied at the neck of the angel figure. For the wings you can gather a 5-inch square of the net through the center and draw the string tight and knot, then fasten to the back of the angel, leaving a long thread by which to tie the angel upon the tree. Add some of the gold glitter to the hem edge and to the edge of the angel wings; also a few sequins might be glued to the skirt. If you would like the angel to wear a halo, bend one end of a length of yellow pipe cleaner into a circle and then slip the end down the back of the angel, under the drawstring at the neck. Hang several of these angels upon the tree branch. Cover the base of the tree with a fluff of the spun glass angel hair and also add small fluffs of it here and there upon the tree. A few tiny gold ornaments might also be added to the tree trim. This arrangement is doubly beautiful if placed before a large mirror. I like to use a hymn book, opened to "Hark The Herald Angels Sing" beside the tree.

--Mabel Nair Brown, Ogden, Iowa.



Wax sculpturing in aluminum foil tins will provide some interesting centerpieces. After melting paraffin in a large tin over hot water, you carefully submerge tin and wax in cold water. By cautious maneuvering it is possible to make beautiful spires which will be as high as the level of the water. (Don't keep the tin even or level when submerged as the wax will simply overflow all over your fingers.) Tip the tin from side to side. It takes a little practice, but you can always start over if you aren't happy with the result. Color can be added by melting a crayon with the wax. I made several and decorated them with tiny ceramic animals, small flowers and plastic swans for a party. A large clear white one resembling ice along a river bank was appropriately adorned with a small Santa in a sleigh.

--Mrs. Elmo Peterson, Washta, Iowa.



From plastic containers, originally filled with detergents, I make vases and pencil holders. The larger containers are cut off at the neck, using a sharp knife and then kitchen shears to get a pinked edge, and then painted with a quick drying enamel with decals for decoration. If you cut the container off farther below the neck, you can have a holder for pencils. Painted and labeled, these would be useful for the children.

--Mrs. J. J. Dorsey, Creston, Iowa.



Another small gift suitable for teacher or an exchange which can also be made by a child is fashioned from catalogues and handkerchiefs. Cut out the pictures of women (to the waist only) from catalogues and paste them on construction paper, making a slit in the paper at the waist where the handkerchief is inserted to form the skirt. These also make nice greeting cards.

--Mrs. C. S. Riggins, Hampton, Iowa.



Santas from lamp chimneys are effective as gifts and decorations and can be made by the children themselves. Last year our Cub Scouts made these Santas using the following materials: old-fashioned lamp glass chimney (35 or 25 cent size), empty tuna fish can (covered with black felt) and in the can a red plastic top from a detergent can was fastened with melted wax to form the candle holder. Scraps of felt obtained from the Collegiate Manufacturing Company in Ames, Iowa, and priced at about 35 cents a pound supplied the felt needed to make the arms, mouth and nose and small piece for border around the chimney top. Just below the red border we circled the top with white fringe for his cap; small pieces of fringe around the wrists and fringe around the middle represented the bottom of the coat. A black felt belt with white buckle of felt and white buttons below a white beard completed it. We still burn a red candle in ours, and our son is very proud because he made it.

--Mrs. V. B. Hawk, Ames, Iowa.

ABIGAIL'S TABLE REPRESENTS BUSY HOUSEHOLD

Dear Friends:

Last month when I wrote, I was looking at a lovely centerpiece on the dining room table. Today there is no floral beauty on the table, only concrete evidence that this particular table is located right smack in the center of a busy household. Believe me, when I don't police this table it can really get hidden in a hurry. A quick inventory yields the following items: 1 sewing machine, 5 spools of thread, 1 box straight pins, 1 tape measure, 2 needles, 3 pairs scissors, 2 dozen eggs, 2 shiny pennies, 1 new Cub Scout shirt with assorted patches, 1 sheet of instructions concerning proper placement of patches, 2 flute music books, 1 sheet paper containing samples of petroleum products, 1 pen, 1 pencil, 1 package typing paper, 1 package carbon paper, 1 typewriter and 1 cup of lukewarm coffee.

It wouldn't take a very skilled detective to figure out that earlier this morning I was sewing at the machine and and that I decided to put this project aside and begin typing a letter to you. Also it would be apparent that our son has just joined the Cub Scouts, and his mother must get the appropriate patches sewn on in the exact, proper location before the Den meeting. If such a detective were a father, he might without difficulty guess that an eleven-year-old had gone off to school forgetting her music books and project on petroleum products; also that two bright new pennies had caught some child's eye but failed to reach his bank. With just a little research, he could learn that a farmer made his weekly egg delivery just as I was in the middle of a sentence. The eggs can be put away in a hurry, but the others will take a bit more time.

I had never realized that a third grade boy could acquire so many uniforms and so much equipment. Clark started out a year or so ago with only his Uncle Howard's old Army uniform. Now his closet is jammed with his baseball and football uniforms and equipment. Yet somehow room must be found for the Cub Scout paraphernalia. The football pants, shoulder pads and helmet present an almost insurmountable obstacle to efficient storage. They are already a cumbersome nuisance, and next year's season is months away.

Emily is at the age when a large wardrobe in the latest style appears to be one of life's prime goals. What cruel fate it is that this particular stage of development occurs just when a teenager reaches a tremendous growth spurt. Nothing seems to fit very long, and there is no backlog of old standbys



Alison Driftmier, who loves all animals, holds the Denver family's pet, "Lucky". The poodle recently changed from his black puppy hair to silver grey.

to fill out with a few new items. The dresses that I made last spring are already shortwaisted in spite of including wide belts. Now I'm taking the advice of a neighbor who has been through this stage with her eldest daughter. Rather than make one-pieced dresses, she made matching skirts and blouses. They have a one-pieced look but extend the period of wearability by several months. I am about to finish a dark plaid cotton two-pieced shirtwaist for Emily which I hope will fit through this school year. And somehow before the holiday rush gets into high gear, I must make a winter party dress for Emily. It's the same story of last year's not fitting any longer.

Next on the sewing agenda is a coat, the persistent request of Alison. It's not for herself (she is quite indifferent to clothing), but for Lucky, our silver poodle. Alison is afraid that with Lucky's record of bronchitis that he might catch cold. I suspect that she's equally anxious to walk the only dog in the neighborhood who owns a winter coat. Since there was leftover blue corduroy from Emily's pep club uniform and the pattern looks very easy, I really don't mind making it.

Our household has had a recent addition whose fate at the moment is somewhat questionable. "Hammy", a male hamster, arrived here about ten days ago to visit indefinitely. Alison's teacher of last year, who could hardly escape her intense interest in animals, asked Alison to care for Hammy. This seemed to be a very economical solution to Alison's persistent desire to own a hamster so we gave permission. Hammy was to spend Monday through Friday in Alison's classroom and return to our home over weekends and holidays. (A boy in the class owned a female hamster, and the class had great plans for the future litters. Unfortunately, the female died before bearing young.) Hammy has escaped into the

wall behind the built-in classroom cupboards. He comes out to eat at night when the room is empty, but gives no indication that he is willing to forsake his new-found freedom and return to his cage.

Colorado enjoyed a long and perfectly gorgeous fall. After a most unpleasant fall, winter and spring starting a year ago it was doubly welcomed. The only bad aspect was the lack of moisture and the resulting forest fires. The planting crews at the nursery have been almost as busy as in spring, and Wayne found that he had to work many nights. The mountain dwellers predict that this winter will be a mild one for us. It seems the wild animals have neither put on heavy fur coats nor stored up large caches of food. This prediction makes some of us quite happy, but it is bad news for those interested in skiing.

The ski industry has really boomed in recent years in Colorado. Every major highway mountain pass has its handsome new ski facilities and resorts. Millions of dollars have been invested in this state to build the accommodations necessary for the tremendously increased number of ski enthusiasts all over the country. Wayne and I have never had a desire to ski; golf is our sport.

Emily is planning to try skiing for the first time this winter. She has saved her babysitting money to finance this rather costly recreation. The various metropolitan recreation districts have a six-weeks' program for beginning teenage-skiers which does cut the expense considerably. There are six lessons, the first two held indoors and the last four up on the ski slopes. Rented buses provide transportation at cost. Also the various sporting goods firms rent skis, poles and boots for this six-weeks' period at a lowered rate. Thus the only items that have to be furnished by the skier are the pants, wool socks, mittens and jackets which all have other uses besides for skiing.

With best wishes that the Joy that is Christmas will fill all our homes,

Abigail

SNOWBOUND

A miracle has happened to our town;

We are enmeshed in crystal solitude.

Great flakes, as fluffy-soft as cygnet down,

Have fashioned this delightful interlude.

We will confide our dreams, and I will sew;

Togetherness is a rewarding mood
That we can share before the
hearthfire's glow!

-Thelma Allinder

We Were There

by
Deleta Landphair

Outline a large five-pointed star on white flannel-covered board with tinsel rope. Each speaker places a red flannel-covered block with his name in white poster paint on a point as he speaks.

Narrator: The first Christmas! What do those words bring to your mind? We have heard the story of the birth of Christ since childhood. But have you ever considered the human feelings and thoughts of the people who were most closely involved with Christ's birth? Mary, Joseph and the inn-keeper were all ordinary people. That is, they were ordinary people until God brought about the birth of the new Messiah as was prophesied in Micah 5: 1-3. This is the prophecy (read scripture).

We are using the star as our symbol. Each point is represented by the different participants of the greatest story ever told.

(The following music may be played as each speaker speaks.)

Music: Luther's "Cradle Hymn"

First Speaker: I am Mary, the mother of Jesus. What were my thoughts when the angel of God visited me? Yes, I was bewildered and troubled when he told me that I was blessed among all women. But, somehow my fear began to leave as he explained his message from God. He said that I was to bring forth a baby who would be the Saviour King of the Jewish people. But my heart became at peace as I reasoned that with God, nothing is impossible.

Music: "O Come All Ye Faithful"

Second Speaker: I am Joseph. I took Mary as my wife although she was already great with child. How could I do this knowing that the child was not mine? An angel of the Lord came to me in a dream telling me that Mary's child was conceived of the Holy Ghost. No, I didn't fully understand, but I felt compelled to follow the command of the angel. I knew that it had been prophesied that a virgin should bring forth a son. Yet, it was hard to realize, at first, that my Mary was the chosen one. It grieved me that I could not find a better place for the birth of such a child, but surely God knew best when he led us to that stable.

Music: "O Little Town of Bethlehem"

Third Speaker: I am the inn-keeper. I don't know why people keep blaming me for not having a room in my inn for this man and his wife. The crowds had been enormous since so many were returning to the city of their birth to pay their taxes. My rooms were sold

out long before this Joseph came wanting a room. I could see that his wife was expecting a child so I gave them room in the stable out of the goodness of my heart. What more could a man do? (pause) Sometimes I wish I had asked someone to give up his room for that woman. After the baby came there were many strange events that followed. The star, the shepherds with their talk of singing angels and even the three strangers that said they followed the star to my stable. Yes, sometimes I almost wish I had found a room for this Joseph and Mary.

Music: "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks"

Fourth Speaker: I am one of the shepherds who was on the hill beside Bethlehem. How can I describe what we saw that night? It began as any other ordinary night. We were sitting beside the fire with the sheep lying quietly nearby. Suddenly an angel appeared before us. There was such a light about him that we trembled in fright. Then the angel said, "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

Then we heard beautiful music such as we had never before heard praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Then the music died away. Well, we were pretty excited. After a lot of discussion, we decided we would go into Bethlehem and see if all this were true. Everything was as the angel had said. We told everyone we knew about our strange night but hardly anyone would believe. Even now, it seems almost like a dream.

Music: "We Three Kings of Orient Are"

Fifth Speaker: I am one of the wise men. We came from far eastern countries because we had seen the star in the east. Our prophecies had told us that this star would lead us to the one who had been born King of the Jews. We made a grave mistake in going first to King Herod. He didn't seem to know anything about the new Saviour because he called his priests and scribes to tell him what had been written in the scriptures. After hearing the prophecy, he instructed us to find the baby and then return to him.

We followed the star to a stable and were privileged to worship the tiny Saviour. We laid our gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh before his manger. Then God warned us in a dream that Herod only intended harm to us, so we left Bethlehem by another way to go into our own country. Surely, Bethlehem

is a blessed city to be chosen as the birthplace of the promised Saviour.

Narrator: Our star is now complete. Each star tip represents a different point of view and emotion. Why did God choose such varied types of people to play their parts in the drama of the birth of Jesus. Why did he choose common shepherds? Why did he bring wise men from far-off countries? Why did he cause Jesus to be born in a stable which was only intended to shelter animals? And why did the people find this prophesied birth so hard to believe when Mary and Joseph could accept their vital roles? No, it is not for me to try to give you the answers. Can you find them in your own hearts?



CHRISTMAS IS FOR THE BIRDS

by
Mildred Dooley Cathcart

"Christmas is for the birds" at our house and we think it is an excellent idea. It began several years ago when our youngsters were reluctant to part with their Christmas tree even though it had reached the dusty, fire-hazardous stage.

To avoid sadness the next year, we decided to decorate one of our outdoor evergreen trees for the birds. This proved such a delight to us, for it prolonged Christmas, that we have continued this practice and it will become one of our many loved Christmas traditions.

The tree must be colorful so we drape bright red apple peelings, strings of cranberries and popcorn around the branches. If we are fortunate to find bittersweet, we tie it to the branches. Although it is brilliant, it becomes rather dull compared to the vivid cardinals that come to our feeding station.

Net bags filled with sunflower seeds or nut meats along with bits of suet or chunks of dried bread are attached to branches. We take tiny lids, fill them with melted fat to which we add table scraps, bits of chopped fruit, nut meats or commercial bird feed. Peanut butter may be placed in the lids, too. Last year we filled pine cones with peanut butter and the birds enjoyed this "decoration" immensely.

We always keep a pan of grit near our tree, and in freezing weather we put warmed water out, too. We even found the sparrows bathed in temperatures that seemed far too cold for such cleanliness!

You will find that a "Christmas tree" feeding station is even more popular with the birds than a regular bird-feeder, and you will provide yourself with hours of entertainment.

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

My favorite time of year, with its beautiful Indian summer days, is almost a thing of the past, and the cold north winds of winter are shaking the last leaves from the trees. To me there is nothing so beautiful as our timber in the fall with its gorgeous array of brilliant colors. This was the season I missed most when Frank and I lived in California. We spent four years there, and I was never homesick until fall rolled around.

A sight that used to be typical along a country road in Iowa has almost disappeared from our autumn landscape--the shocks of corn standing like tepees in the fields. Almost every farm has a silo of some sort, and the corn is chopped up by machine right in the field and hauled in to the silo. I'm glad that on our farm we still have some corn-shock tepees. Of course, since our corn ground is all on bottom land, it isn't safe to shock the corn in the field because of the danger of losing it all should a late fall rain cause high water. The corn Frank planned to grind for cattle feed this coming winter was cut and hauled in closer to the house and farm buildings. Now the shocks are standing in rows on high ground. This will also make feeding a lot easier this winter when the snow is several feet deep.

We were happy that Mother and Dad could spend several days with us while the weather was beautiful. The men came to shell our old corn while they were here, and Dad enjoyed that. We spent one afternoon visiting with Edna and Raymond Halls, Frank's sister and her husband. When the folks decided it was time to return to Shenandoah, I drove them home and Edna went with us. She hadn't been to Shenandoah since we moved into the new Kitchen-Klatter building so I enjoyed showing her around the plant, and demonstrating the machine I use to address the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine each month. We took the night train home from Red Oak, and Frank and Raymond were in Charleston to meet us.

Frank and I both think Bob Woodcock, the young man who keeps our gas barrel and fuel tank filled so regularly, is one of the nicest persons we know. Whenever he is in the neighborhood he stops to see if we need anything and has a cup of coffee with us. Bob had a birthday recently, and Frank said that if I would make a cake he would call him and ask him to stop by. We told Frank's aunt and uncle when they saw Bob's truck coming down the lane to get into their car and follow him down. When I walked in with the lighted, decorated cake we all sang "Happy Birthday".



Standing in front of Hoyt Hall are Kristin Johnson, who calls this dormitory at Wyoming University home, and her cousins, Alison and Emily Driftmier of Denver, Colorado.

Bob was really surprised! This was our way of showing Bob how much we appreciate the good service he gives us.

Letters from Kristin have been very enthusiastic about her activities at the University of Wyoming. She is carrying the maximum load permitted a sophomore, so she spends a great deal of time studying. She has several classes in English, History, Speech Correction, and Psychology, and feels fortunate that almost all of her classes were scheduled for mornings which leaves the afternoons free for studying. Her roommate is a lovely girl, and they have been happy living together.

In one of her letters Kristin told of having her first taste of antelope meat. Two of the boys in her church youth group had gone hunting and shot an antelope, which they shared with the others when the youth group had a picnic after a football game. The picnic was held in the hills near Jack Hill

Winter Sports area, a popular spot for coasting parties in the winter.

When we were having beautiful warm weather here in Iowa, Kristin wrote that some skiffs of snow had already fallen in Laramie. She was counting the days until Thanksgiving, which she planned to spend in Denver with her Uncle Wayne, Aunt Abigail and the children. Frank and I, however, are counting the days until Christmas vacation when she will be at home with us.

I have managed to find a little time for sewing. Before Kristin left for Wyoming she picked out material for two skirts which I've now made and mailed to her. One was a light grey wool flannel, and the other was a wool plaid in shades of tan and yellow; both made in a straight sheath style. I was happy we found a pattern which fit her perfectly so I'm able to sew for her without the necessity of fittings. I've also made a skirt for myself and have material on hand for another.

The last time I was in Shenandoah there was no school on Friday, so Martin decided to spend his little vacation with Frank at the farm. I reminded him that I wouldn't be home to do any cooking until Saturday afternoon, but he said he didn't mind; he knew how to make pancakes and Uncle Frank knew how to fry eggs, so he didn't think he would starve. However, when they met my train, I was greeted with, "It surely is going to be nice to have you at home. What's for supper?" At the breakfast table the next morning when I was thinking ahead to lunch, Martin said he wasn't particular what I fixed just so we had potatoes and gravy!

When the two came back from the pasture where they had been pumping water for the cows, Frank asked if there would be time to fry a rabbit. Martin had shot one (his first), and Frank thought it would be nice if I would cook it for him for dinner.

Frank and I are anxious for the Johnson clan to have Thanksgiving dinner with us this year, but we can't make definite plans until we see what the weather and roads are going to be like. We do know they'll be at our house for Christmas Eve and probably Christmas Day as well. The last two years we've spent Christmas at Frank's sister's home in Lucas, but Kristin told everyone that this year she wanted to be at home so they have promised her they'll come, even if they have to walk through a blizzard!

We know we'll have a very Happy Christmas at our house, and that is our sincere wish for all of you.

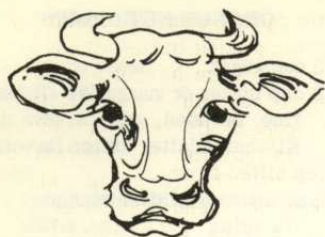
As ever,

Dorothy

COUNTRY CHRISTMAS

It's Christmas in the country, and
it's Christmas everywhere,
But Christmas in the country has a
special sort of air,
For here are fields and stables,
here is meadow hay,
And here are sheep and cattle as
there was upon the day
When a little child lay sleeping in
that warm and lowly place,
With a manger for his cradle and a
star to mark the place.
So country folk be humble, be thank-
ful for the sight
Of stars at Christmas gleaming
through a calm and peaceful
night.

— Lula Lamme



SHE HAS THE GOODS ON BOSSY!

by
Esther Grace Sigsbee

Mrs. Paul Hurn of Algona, as one of very few women testers for a dairy association, knows a great deal about milk and milk cows. She admits that she has never milked a cow in her life and doubts if she could if she had to, but she really has "the goods" on Bossy! Mrs. Hurn is employed by the Kossuth County Dairy Herd Improvement Association and her territory covers the entire south half of the largest county in Iowa.

"It's not unusual for a woman to help her husband in the position, but I don't know of any other woman who handles it on her own," Mrs. Hurn said when asked if this isn't an unusual job for one of her sex.

It all began with helping out her husband. Ill health forced him to retire from active farming, and in 1956 they moved to Algona. The dairy association position was suggested to him as being ideal because of his farm experience and the fact that little heavy physical work was required. Mrs. Hurn accompanied him when he took the required training at Iowa State University at Ames and soon found herself involved in the mountain of paper work necessitated by the job. In those days all the calculating was done by hand by the individual testers; now the testers collect very accurate facts and at the college they are fed into one of those "master-mind" machines that do everything but talk.

When her husband's heart condition became worse, Mrs. Hurn found taking over the D. H. I. job a solution to her problems for he needed full time nursing and couldn't be left alone. Two of their four children were still at home, so the income was necessary.

Mrs. Hurn would go out to the dairy herds to collect the milk samples early in the morning before the youngsters left for school. She did her book work at home during the day so that she could be with her husband, and when the youngsters came home from school she'd return to the herds for the samples from the evening milking.

When Mr. Hurn passed away in October of 1958, Mrs. Hurn continued the job. She has a laboratory in the basement of her home for testing the milk samples

for butterfat content. At present, she is doing this work for 24 herds, and at times has had even more.

Some of the dairy farmers milk as early as 4:45 and if the farm is as far as 20 miles from Algona, you can see why Mrs. Hurn can't be much of a "slug-abad". She must be there when the milking starts.

It is a mistaken impression of a cow's life, she says, if you believe all she has to do is stand around all day chewing her cud and then stand reasonably still while somebody milks her. Bossy either has to put out or get out! What the dairy farmer wants and pays for from the Herd Improvement Association is a complete record of each cow, and whether or not she produces enough to pay for her keep.

The records include data from calf-hood to the hamburger machine, and in case of registered cows, a detailed history of her ancestors. They are complete enough to make a genealogy expert blanch with envy.

Each cow has a sample of her evening and morning milk taken at a centering date each month. Mrs. Hurn tests it for the amount of butterfat content and records the poundage of milk, the feed Bossy has consumed for the month, the amount of labor that goes into the herd and the all-important gain in milk sales over production and feed costs. Any cow who decides to "goof off" for a while and ride along on the reputation of the rest of the herd soon finds herself in trouble. If she doesn't mend her ways she finds herself no longer a member of "the sorority"!

However, if Bossy has an injury or a spell of minor illness that puts her production down for a few days, there is space on her record for an excuse. But she doesn't use it for long or the reports will tell on her.

On the farm, individual cows may be affectionately known as "Bess" or "Elsie", but so far as the records are concerned, she is only a serial number.

The records show how many calves she has had and when she should have another one. No maternity leaves are allowed, for Bossy is expected to be working all during the nine months it takes for Junior or Sister to arrive. But cows do get a paid vacation---sixty days when they are dry and then nobody cares if they eat more than they produce.

The elite of the bovine world produce as much as 2,000 pounds of butterfat during one cow's lifetime. They get special honors for that---a certificate which presumably is a kind of Oscar of the cow world. Or maybe it should be called "a Ferdinand"!

When it becomes apparent how Bossy has to hoof the mark, new respect is gained for the working cow.

HOLIDAY

MERRYMAKERS



Snowball Dip: This is the most fun when two compete at a time. Each player is blindfolded and given a table-spoon. Beside each player, on a chair, is placed a bowl filled with cotton balls. A few steps away is another empty bowl on a chair. The object of the game is to see which player can be first to dip out a "snowball" and carry it to the other bowl, returning for others until he places five balls in the bowl. The fun comes in the fact that the cotton is so light he can't tell if he is actually carrying a snowball in the spoon or not. How funny it is to see someone walking very carefully with an empty spoon!

Christmas Art: This game is played in couples, each person seated back to back. One of them is given a pencil and paper and the other is given a Christmas object (toy, tree ornament, etc.) which his partner hasn't seen. Holding the article out of sight, he describes it while his partner tries to draw it. Each paper should be signed by the couple, and when all are finished, the pictures are displayed and a vote taken to see whose picture best fits the article that was described. The prize might be a Christmas ornament.

Ribbon Race: Give each player a long length of very narrow Christmas ribbon and a pair of scissors. See who can first cut through the ribbon lengthwise without cutting either edge.

Silent Christmas Spelldown: Have many, many letters of the alphabet hidden about the room. Pass out slips of paper, each containing a different word. At a given signal each is to try to be first to find all of the letters which will spell his word. In all fairness, the words should contain approximately the same number of letters, such as: stockings, evergreen, Christmas, mistletoe, toy horns, etc.

Candy Quiz: List the words on the left and see if the guests can think of a Christmas candy which might match them. The answers are on the right.

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------|
| 1. Dentist | Gumdrop |
| 2. Lover | Kisses |
| 3. Minister | Divinity |
| 4. Flattery | Taffy |
| 5. Fish | Seafoam |
| 6. Cheat | Fudge |
| 7. Affectionate relative | Fondant |
| 8. Coin | Mint |
| 9. Sunkled | Sucker |
| 10. Naughty | Stick |

Holiday Recipes

Tested by the

Kitchen-Klatter Family

Cookies

LUCILE'S MINCEMEAT COOKIES

- 3 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 1 1/2 cups thoroughly drained mincemeat

Sift together the flour, salt and soda. Cream shortening and add sugar gradually. Beat until light. Add eggs and beat until smooth. Add mincemeat and then the sifted ingredients. Drop by teaspoon onto greased cooky sheet. Bake at 400 degrees for about 12 minutes. Makes 4 dozen.

PEPPERMINT COOKIES

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 beaten egg
- 1 Tbls. milk
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 4 Tbls. crushed peppermint stick candy

Cream together the sugar and butter. Add butter flavoring, beaten egg and milk. Sift together the dry ingredients and add. Drop by teaspoon onto greased cooky sheet and sprinkle with crushed candy. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes.

EGG YOLK COOKY

- 1 cup shortening (part butter)
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 6 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar

Cream shortening and sugar until fluffy. Add 6 beaten egg yolks to which flavorings have been added. Combine flour, soda, cream of tartar and add. Roll into small balls; dip in sugar and flatten out on greased cooky sheet. Bake in a 350 degree oven for 8 to 10 minutes. Makes about 5 dozen.

HOLIDAY FRUIT COOKIES

- 1/2 cup veg. shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup thick sour cream
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup broken pecans
- 3/4 cup candied cherries
- 3/4 cup dates, cut fine
- Pecan halves

Cream shortening and sugar. Add egg, sour cream and flavorings. Sift together flour, soda and salt and add. Add nuts and fruit. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cooky sheet and put a pecan half on each cooky. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes.

MAPLE CRESCENTS

- 3/4 cup shortening
- 5 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. ice water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 1/2 cup powdered sugar

Work shortening with spoon until fluffy and creamy. Add the 5 Tbls. powdered sugar gradually while continuing to work with spoon until light. Add flour, ice water, maple flavoring and chopped nuts and mix well. Cover and chill for about 2 hours. Pinch off pieces of dough and shape into crescents about 1 1/2 inches by 1/2 inch. Bake on greased cooky sheet in slow oven, 300 degrees, for about 30 minutes, or until a very light brown. Remove from sheet and while still warm, sprinkle with the remaining powdered sugar. Makes about 40 cookies. (The nuts can be ground instead of chopped if desired.)

COCONUT CARAMEL CHEWS

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups flour

Cream the butter and sugar. Add eggs and flavoring. Sift together the dry ingredients and add. Press into the bottom of a flat pan. Beat 2 egg whites stiff and add 3/4 cup brown sugar and 1/2 cup coconut. Spread over the first mixture and bake for 20 to 30 minutes at 350 degrees. When done, cut into little squares.

ORANGE NUT CRISPS

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine (If margarine is used, add a few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.)
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 egg, separated
- 1 cup chopped walnuts

Cream sugar and butter. Work in flour, flavorings and egg yolk. You will find it easier to blend with hands rather than with a spoon. Roll into small balls and then roll each in slightly beaten egg white. Roll in chopped nuts. Place on greased baking sheet and flatten out with a fork until about 1/4 inch in thickness. Bake in 350 degree oven for about 12 to 15 minutes.

BUTTERSCOTCH THINS

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1/3 cup white sugar
- 1/3 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 1/3 cups sifted flour
- 3/4 tsp. baking soda
- 1/3 cup raisins

Melt butter and shortening, add white and brown sugar and mix well. Add egg, flavorings and beat until light colored. Sift together the flour and soda and stir into first mixture. Lastly, add raisins that have been plumped over hot water.

Shape into small rolls, wrap in waxed paper and refrigerate until completely chilled.

When ready to bake, slice thin and place on ungreased cooky sheet. Bake for approximately 10 minutes in a 375 degree oven.

PECAN TEA COOKIES

- 1/4 lb. butter, softened
- 4 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Cream butter and add powdered sugar, mixing well. Sift flour with baking powder and add to the creamed mixture. Lastly, add vanilla flavoring and pecans. Form into small balls and place on oiled cooky sheet. Flatten with a glass which has been greased. Bake at 350 degrees for about 15 minutes. While hot, sprinkle with powdered sugar.

CHERRY COOKIES

- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup shortening
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/3 cup drained, chopped maraschino cherries

Sift flour, measure, and add salt. Sift again. Cream shortening. Add sugar gradually and cream until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Stir in the flavorings and then add the flour mixture. Lastly, stir in the cherries. Chill dough and then roll into small balls. Place on ungreased baking sheet and flatten with bottom of small glass. Bake at 400 degrees. This recipe makes about 6 dozen cookies.

FRUIT BASKET COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 3 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 cup ground dried dates
- 1 cup ground dried apricots
- 1 cup ground nuts

Cream shortening and sugar; add eggs, milk and flavorings and beat well. Sift together the dry ingredients and add. Stir in the ground fruit and nuts. Chill dough for 1/2 hour. Form into small balls and press flat with a fork. Bake at 375 degrees. Makes about 12 dozen small cookies.

AGNES' LEMON COOKIES

- 4 cups sifted flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. soda
- 2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/3 cup shortening
- 2 1/2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 3 beaten eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Cream together the shortening and sugar. Beat in the eggs and flavorings. Sift the dry ingredients together and add to the batter. Chill for several hours. Roll into balls the size of a walnut, put on a greased cookie sheet and bake for 8 to 10 minutes at 375 degrees.

Candies

RUTH'S PINEAPPLE PENUCHE

- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1/4 cup cream
- 1/2 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped

Combine the sugars, cream and drained pineapple. Put over high heat and boil rapidly for 3 minutes, do not stir. Lower heat and continue cooking slowly until a soft ball can be formed in cold water (235 degrees on a candy thermometer). Wipe the crystals from the side of the pan once or twice. Do not stir during cooking time. Remove from fire and cool. Add flavorings and nuts. Beat until creamy, turn into a buttered pan and cut in squares when firm.

This candy is a marvelous "mailer". It stores well and is especially good for gift boxes.

MARASCHINO DROPS

Drain and wipe the cherries dry. Dip in melted sweet chocolate and place on buttered cookie sheet.

Candied fruit peel is delicious with chocolate coating also.

NUT CARAMELS

Boil to the hard-ball stage, or 250 degrees F., 2 cups of granulated sugar, 1/2 cup corn syrup, 2 Tbls. grated chocolate, 1/2 cup milk and 1/2 cup butter. Chocolate caramels may be made by tripling the amount of chocolate. Stir lightly with a wooden spoon to keep from burning as the last stage of boiling is reached. Add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring and 1/2 cup chopped nut meats when the cooking is finished. Pour into a buttered pan the size to make the candies an inch thick. An easy way to get the right thickness is to use small pans and pour into each until the mixture is an inch high. When cool, cut in squares and wrap in waxed paper.

CANDY-COATED NUTS

- 1 cup brown sugar
 - 1/2 cup granulated sugar
 - 1/2 cup sour cream
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 2 1/2 cups walnut halves or pecans
- Combine sugars and sour cream. Cook to soft-ball stage (236 degrees). Add vanilla and beat until mixture begins to thicken. Add nuts. Stir until well coated. Turn out onto greased platter or cookie sheet and separate in individual pieces.

UNCOOKED CHRISTMAS CANDY

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

Grind all and mix thoroughly. Form into small patties and dip in sugar. Keep in a cool place. Makes about 3 dozen patties.

BUTTERSCOTCH DROPS

(A candy)

- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/4 cup white corn syrup
- 1/4 cup water
- 4 drops yellow food coloring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine the first four ingredients in a heavy saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring, until the sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking gently, without stirring, until a little mixture in cold water becomes brittle (290 degrees on the candy thermometer). Immediately remove from the heat and stir in the flavorings. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto a greased pan. When the candy is firm, remove carefully with a spatula.

Suckers for the children may be formed by laying the sucker sticks on the pan; greasing generous circles where you intend to pour the butterscotch. Pour the candy around and over one end of the stick.

PEANUT BUTTER FUDGE

- 2 cups white sugar
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

1 cup marshmallow creme
1 cup School Day peanut butter
Boil together the sugar and milk until soft-ball stage is reached. Remove from heat and add vanilla, marshmallow creme and peanut butter. Mix quickly. Pour into buttered pan and cut in squares when cool.

ALMOND ROCA

- 1 lb. butter
 - 1 lb. sugar
- Heat over low heat until melted. Then add 1 pound shelled broken almonds. (Do not blanch almonds.) Cook until light brown in color, about the color of taffy. Add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. Remove from heat and pour into a glass baking dish. When partially cooled, sprinkle grated semi-sweet chocolate over the top and sprinkle with finely ground walnut meats.

JULIANA'S SCRUMPTIOUS YELLOW CAKE

- 2/3 cup shortening (some butter, if possible)
- 1 3/4 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/4 cups milk

Cream together shortening and sugar until very light and smooth. Add eggs and vanilla and beat vigorously. Sift flour with baking powder and salt and add to creamed mixture alternately with milk. Beat after each addition. Turn

into 2 9" layer cake pans, well greased and floured, and bake in a 350 degree oven for 30 to 35 minutes.

Lucile's comment: "I've always fancied myself pretty good when it comes to baking cakes, but this cake turned out by Juliana was better than anything I've ever made. I honestly believe it was the most tender, rich and completely delicious cake that I've ever eaten.

"Any kind of frosting would be good on this cake, but we doubt if any of them could beat whipped cream, slightly sweetened and flavored with Kitchen-Klatter vanilla, spread between the layers and over the top and sides. There's no getting around it--this cake with the whipped cream is food for the gods."

CHOCOLATE-COATED PEANUT CLUSTERS

8 ounces semi-sweet chocolate
1/2 pound roasted Spanish peanuts
Melt chocolate in top of double boiler over hot water. Remove from heat, add peanuts and stir well. Drop from teaspoon on waxed paper. Place in refrigerator to chill about 12 hours. Keep in a cool place. Makes about 3 dozen clusters.

THERE IS A MAN IN THE KITCHEN *by* *Frederick*

A friend of mine has a recipe for a simple date pudding that even I can follow perfectly. If you have a child who would like to make some nice Christmas gifts in the kitchen, let him try this. If he wants to give his teacher a gift, let him make this pudding and present it gaily wrapped with his compliments.

DATE PUDDING

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 4 white crackers, crushed
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Just stir all these ingredients together and bake in a shallow, well-buttered pan until the pudding is solid and well-browned. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream. The next time I make this, I am going to try adding some chopped maraschino cherries.

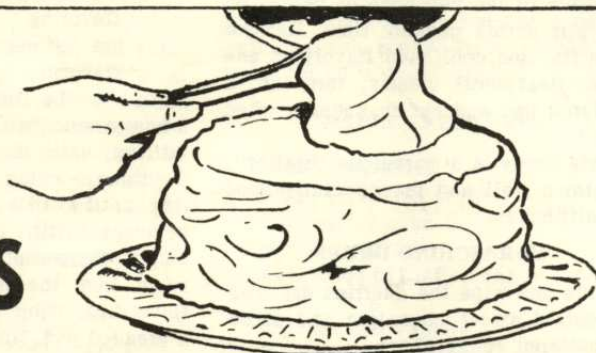
I make candy just about once a year, and that is at Christmas. My children say that if they had no calendar they could still tell when Christmas was near by the time I decide to try my hand at candy-making. Well, this year I have a candy recipe that is better than any I ever have had in the past. I know how to make fudge and divinity and taffy, and all the rest, but now I really feel superior. I have learned how to make French Chocolate Rolls! They are just as wonderful as they sound, and so simple to make!

FRENCH CHOCOLATE ROLLS

- 4 ounces semi-sweet chocolate
- 6 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 1/3 cup chopped toasted almonds
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 Tbls. double strength coffee
- Dash of salt

Grate the chocolate, add rest of ingredients and mix thoroughly. Form into balls and roll in the chopped toasted almonds. Makes two dozen.

TWO RULES



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We'd like to take this method of sending warmest greetings to you all, along with our best wishes for a happy holiday season and a wonderful 1963.

And with our greetings goes this pledge, we will continue to do our best to merit your confidence and loyalty . . . next year, and for the years to come.

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MORE HOLIDAY RECIPES

CRANBERRY-ORANGE BREAD

2 cups sifted flour
 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 cup sugar
 2 Tbls. melted shortening
 Juice of 1 orange plus water to make 3/4 cup
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1 egg, beaten
 1 cup raw cranberries, cut in halves

Sift together the flour, baking powder, soda, salt and sugar. Add the orange juice and water, orange flavoring, shortening and the beaten egg. Mix thoroughly. Fold in the cranberries. Pour into a greased bread pan and bake one hour in a 350 degree oven.

RIBBON ASPIC

Abigail writes: "This is the salad that was served when we hosted the covered dish dinner at our house--the one I promised to share with you this month because it would make such a wonderful salad for Christmas entertaining."

Avocado Layer:

1 envelope plain gelatin
 1/4 cup cold water
 1/2 cup boiling water
 1 tsp. salt
 3 Tbls. lemon juice
 Few drops Tabasco sauce
 2 avocados, sieved
 1 or 2 drops green food coloring

Soften gelatin in cold water and dissolve in boiling water. Stir in salt, lemon juice and Tabasco; cool. Add sieved avocado and a drop or two of green food coloring. Pour into oiled loaf pan. Chill.

Cream Cheese Layer:

2 tsp. (2/3 envelope) plain gelatin
 1/4 cup cold water
 2 3-ounce packages cream cheese
 1/4 cup milk
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/3 cup mayonnaise
 Few drops Worcestershire sauce

Soften gelatin in cold water; dissolve over boiling water. Soften cream cheese with milk and mix in salt, mayonnaise, Worcestershire sauce and dissolved gelatin, stirring until thoroughly blended. Carefully spoon over almost firm avocado layer in loaf pan. Chill.

Tomato Layer:

2 cups tomato juice
 1 bay leaf
 1 whole clove
 1 sprig parsley
 1 stalk celery, cut into crosswise pieces
 1/2 tsp. salt
 Dash of cayenne pepper
 1 envelope plain gelatin
 1/4 cup cold water
 1 Tbls. vinegar
 1 tsp. grated onion

Simmer tomato juice with bay leaf, clove, parsley, celery, salt and cayenne for 10 minutes. Strain. Soften gelatin in cold water and dissolve in hot tomato juice. Add vinegar and onion; cool. Pour over almost firm cream cheese layer in loaf pan. Chill until firm and unmold on salad greens. Serves 9 to 12.

CANDIED GRAPEFRUIT PEEL

Remove peel from grapefruit in quarters and cover with cold water. Boil until tender. Drain and with scissors cut in strips. Make a syrup of 1 cup sugar and 1/2 cup water. Add the grapefruit peel and cook until all the syrup is absorbed, stirring carefully with a fork. Remove peel from syrup. Roll in granulated sugar and dry on waxed paper.

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CHRISTMAS CHATTER

by
Evelyn Birkby

The minute the calendar turns to December, I get a very special gleam in my eye. This causes a variety of reactions in this household: the children become excited, helpful and extremely observing. My husband flees!

Out come the Christmas files which hold ideas for decorating, recipes for holiday cooking, directions for making exciting toys out of anything from old oatmeal boxes to cast-off socks. Whispered conferences are held to decide what Craig can make for Bob and Jeff, what Jeff can make for Bob and Craig, what Bob can make for Jeff and Craig and what all three can make for Mama and Daddy.

The box in the corner of the playroom (which is to hold the toys to be given to the orphanage) becomes a matter of many conversations. The toy which is decided upon today may not be the one in the box tomorrow. December 15th is the deadline for making final decisions; that is the day we plan to pack and mail the box. Each boy will choose something, finally, of his own to give; each one will truly share.

Trying to teach the boys to share has had its repercussions this year! Craig, in all his almost-seven-year-old enthusiasm, is really carrying things *too far*. It was my fault, of course. When the first gifts were purchased and wrapped, I started talking about all the nice things he could make for others. I *was not* going to have him grow up selfish and greedy! NO! I would encourage him to think of the gifts he could prepare and give rather than emphasize those toys which he might receive for himself. Well, *he got the idea*. He got it *too well*. He began expressing his desire to make a gift for *everyone* he knows. The catch is, he just is not quite to the point of maturity where he can plan a homemade gift, gather up the needed equipment and go off in the corner by himself to create *anything*.

So, now my days are being spent in fending him off, feeling guilty every time I do. "Wait until I have this Christmas box wrapped, then I'll help you." "No, I can't think of anything you can make for Daddy's gift right now--you can see I'm vacuuming the rug. When I get done and we don't have to shout at each other, we'll sit down and talk." "Why don't you ask Bob if you can help him make his gift for Daddy and both of you can give it to him." (None of these statements influence the child *at all* and I might as well save my breath.)

The list of people for whom Craig plans to make remembrances is growing by leaps and bounds. The situation



In this holiday scene, the 3 Birkby boys listen to their mother, Evelyn, play the auto harp, which she received last Christmas. Their father snapped the picture.

gets out of hand, what with the immediate family, two grandmas, one grandpa, aunts, uncles and cousins, without adding church-school teachers, the children in his class at school and the local minister. The next thing I know he'll probably want to add the merchants in the stores and the mailman on our route!

I did get Craig sidetracked for a short time by bringing out a box of last year's Christmas cards and suggesting that he cut pictures from them and write his name on the back. These could be used as his gift-enclosure cards. He promptly took to the idea and began printing "From Craig" with great, flourishing letters. Then he brought each card to me and insisted that I show him how to print "To _____" so he could also copy those names on his card. This did not lead to any long uninterrupted time on my part, but the idea of the gift-enclosures did keep him occupied during the time spent in writing "From Craig" on 23 different cards.

The fact that he did not cut out the pictures as I had so hopefully suggested doesn't bother him one bit. But I *am* wondering what cousin Larry will think when he gets a bright choirboy card which says "From Craig" on the outside and greets him with a cheery "Merry Christmas from Rosie and Bill Greene" (whom Larry does not know *at all*) on the inside.

Well, as I said, I started the whole thing.

It used to be that the first Christmas decoration to go up in this household was a big, white bell which we purchased the year Craig was born. Hanging, as it does, on the glass of the front door it can be seen both from the inside and the outside and makes

an addition to the decorations in both areas. But the white bell now plays second fiddle to the beautiful set of three figurines from Oberammergau, Germany. They were sent to us by a friend who worked overseas for a number of years. The figures are delicately carved from wood. Each detail is carefully developed, even to the tiny fingers and toes. The colors are muted with a small edge of gold outlining the neckline of Joseph's robe, Mary's flowing scarf and the baby Jesus' head.

For many years we have made our own creche using clay or cardboard figures. The children will continue to make and act out the Christmas story with their own creations, but they are old enough now to appreciate the workmanship, the artistic value and the spiritual qualities of these new, lovingly carved figurines.

Compared to many homes, our decorations and gifts are plain indeed. Most of them are not planned according to any rule, but by the desires of three exuberant boys. You will, however, find a *lot* of Christmas here. It is tucked away in queer places, wrapped in odd shapes and with glittering paper, smells like candy and fruit cake, is shining in bright blue eyes and sparkling Christmas balls, shows through all the plans for sharing with others and in baking Jesus' birthday cake. The holiday spirit is deepest in the feeling of being a family whose love goes out far beyond the confines of these four walls. And that love reaches out to everyone of you, too. *Merry Christmas*

Christmas is a prayer--a renewed plea for an ancient hope--for Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men.

Christmas

Eternal

by
Harvena Woodling



What does Christmas mean to you? Many bills and silly, time-consuming extravagance? Ah, we hope not!

To some, Christmas is wholly religious, and gifts and merriment are wrong. To some, Christmas is secular and valued only for the pleasures it brings. Perhaps we are wrong. We are not versed in theology, not competent to argue. To us, Christmas is both. First, the deep, undying meaning, never blasphemed or cheapened by worldly aspects; second, the love of home, family, and friends that stems from the first.

What is Christmas? Surely there is no one answer, for Christmas has many faces for many people. Perhaps Christmas is memory, for do you not say, "Remember the Christmas when we did this?" or "Remember when you gave me that?"

Children love to recall the joys of Christmas Past. Our two daughters ask often for the stories of their own young Christmases, times that seem incredibly distant to an eleven-year-old Dale and a nine-year-old Terri.

When Terri gets that remembering look on her face, I know what is coming. "Mother, tell about the best Christmas present you ever had."

And then I tell her of the year when tiny, colicky Baby Terri, less than one month old, gave her mother and herself the gift of a lovely Christmas Eve — a whole night's sweet sleep unbroken by pain or crying, and a whole, beautiful peaceful Christmas Day when she lay on Aunt Hazel's lap almost all day and did not cry once!

Then there was the year (pre-Terri) when Daddy and Mother and Dale could not go to the family Christmas dinner at Uncle Don's because Dale was recovering from the measles.

And there was the year Dale received the bouncing horse whom she promptly named Bob. And the family joke that started when a family friend seeing the angelic appearing, blond two-year-old ride Bob "high, wide, and handsome" exclaimed in accented italics, "But she *looks* like such a little lady!"

So Christmas is peace and Christmas is perhaps a touch of disappointment and Christmas is laughter.

Our Christmas tree is a beloved part of our observance. Perhaps the tree's origin was pagan, as we are told, but

our tree is not. Overloaded with all the purchased and all the homemade-over-the-years ornaments it has accumulated, it stands on a table in the big south window where we see it last when we leave home and first when we return. We hang wreaths in the windows and pin stars on the curtains. Each year we place in a window the tiny creche that we made several years ago. Some of it has become shaky; but we do not want to give it up, so each year we make careful repairs. And doing these things brightens our hearts as well as our house.

Red candles and white candles mean Christmas, too. When Dale was quite young she gave as a reading at our Mt. Olive Church a very beautiful poem which read in part:

I turned a shining moment
From fun and gifts in store
To place a lighted welcome
In case He passed my door.

We have always remembered it. Another extremely lovely poem, author unknown, we found in a Bible School workbook. It is entitled simply, "Christmas." We quote:

Fill all our hearts
With that peace universal;
God gave us love
And the spirit to give.

So Christmas is poetry.

Carols are a dear part of Christmas—the solemn "Silent Night", the tender "O Little Town of Bethlehem", the paeon of "Oh Come, All Ye Faithful", the triumphant "Joy to the World", and all the others. So Christmas is music.

Christmas at our Meadville R-IV Consolidated School is a treasured part of the season. When the pupils march in by classes, some four hundred in all, we feel a throb of pride and a catch in our throat. The program is musical, each grade having its own part until the finale when all the young voices rise in unison. As the audience stands for the benediction, we know that Christmas is real and that God is very near in any country that has schools and people and teachers like these.

Then we have Christmas in our white country church. We have our program at night and arrive under the stars while the lights, turned on by the first arrivals, glow a welcome. If we are very lucky, snow crunches underfoot.

All our children and young people take part in the program. Our costuming and scenery are not elaborate, but there is a warm and wonderful feeling that condones our shortcomings. At intervals the whole congregation joins in the carols; and when our minister gives the closing prayer, we feel that Christmas is truly the peak of worship toward which our year has striven. So Christmas is fellowship and Christmas is worship.

We have our Christmas presents at home on Christmas morning. We cannot argue the right or wrong of belief in Santa Claus. No longer does our smallest believe. Now she knows that we buy presents because we love those to whom we give, and she is happy in the knowledge.

Do not believe there is any confusion or conflict in a child's mind between Santa Claus and Jesus. The little Christ Child in the stable is very real to children if He has been presented to them as real. Children have a sense of the holy and a true and loving faith in it.

"Then what is Christmas?" we say. Christmas is far flung and all-encompassing, transforming and everlasting.

We could have Christmas with no music, no candles, no snow, none of the beloved trappings. For Christmas is Holy Love; and growing from it is family love and friendly love and love of all mankind if we give freely, not from a sense of beneficence but from a sense of sharing.

Christmas is God's own creation and therein lies its glory—the same undying glory that has endured through all the centuries.



KITCHEN-KLATTER MAGAZINE arrives

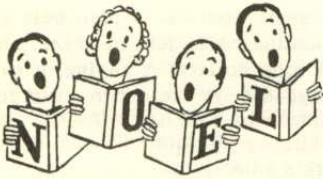


IN THE MAIL

every month, 12 issues per year,
for \$1.50.

The perfect gift for the friend or relative who has everything. Many of our readers give the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine for **CHRISTMAS, BIRTHDAYS** and **MOTHER'S DAY**. Have you thought of giving it to a new **BRIDE** or a **SHUT-IN**? A gift from you that they can look forward to getting for a year. Also for the **SUNSHINE PAL** or to say **THANK YOU**?

We will send a gift card from you. Send your gift subscriptions to Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa.



A COUNTRY SCHOOL CHRISTMAS

by
Elaine Derendinger

Soon the one-room, "little-red-school-house" will be only a thing of the past, and we who attended them will remember our school days with a sad, sweet smile in our hearts. High on our list of happy memories will be the highlight of the entire school year--*The Christmas Program*.

We began looking forward to our program even before the Thanksgiving turkey had completely disappeared; actually on the day after Thanksgiving vacation when teacher assigned the parts. Children who could memorize easily knew they would have lots of speeches and dialogue parts to learn, and while they tried to act as if they couldn't possibly learn it all, sighing loudly each time their name was called, secretly they were proud. Teachers were lenient with those who couldn't memorize well, but, of course, everyone was to learn the songs. Since one could usually get by with moving his lips soundlessly, this was no problem.

After school, we hurried home with our program parts, and our parents always read them carefully. They wondered aloud if we'd be able to learn it all by Christmas, and though they never mentioned it, I'm sure they got very tired of hearing the same lines repeated nightly during December! We had a week to study before starting rehearsals at school--and we tried to learn at least a line or two that very first night.

As the date of the Christmas program drew near, we became practically letter-perfect in our parts. But this didn't mean that no one would forget on the NIGHT! A few could even recite the entire program by heart.

Also close to the holiday we drew names for the gift exchange. If you had sharp eyes, you could tell who had your name because they involuntarily glanced at the person as they read the name on their slip. When a girl received a boy's name, often an unliked one, lots of giggling and futile attempts to trade names went on. It was fun though to wonder who had your name, and to guess with other classmates; and to anticipate the gift that would be waiting under the Christmas tree.

It always seemed to me that the program would simply never come. I had my gift bought and wrapped well in advance, and I'm sure my parents

wanted to cover their ears as I recited my parts almost without ceasing! But finally the day arrived. We had regular classes in the morning and a complete dress rehearsal after noon. Then we were dismissed early so we could rest and get to the school early that night.

I started pestering my parents to leave for school as soon as supper was over. We usually did arrive much earlier than necessary, along with several other parents, and had to wait for teacher to arrive with the door-key!

All the boys and girls looked almost like strangers to each other; the girls with curled hair and new dresses, and the boys with neckties and slicked-down hair.

Even the Christmas tree looked different. Though we had decorated it days before and brought out gifts that morning, it surprised us standing in its splendor this night--tinsel and balls glowing in the light of the kerosene lamps that lined the walls.

The curtain in front of the "stage", actually only the front part of the room, was lowered when we arrived. The parents would come in and take their seats; where they would shift around a bit nervously when their own children performed, in case they made a mistake. But they would beam proudly all the while--mistake or not! The children would go behind the curtain instead of sitting, and walk around or giggle and tease; and nearly burst with excitement.

It was time to begin when everyone had arrived--parents, small brothers and sisters, relatives and others who lived near the school. The teacher rang the bell on the desk as a signal for QUIET, and told all how welcome they were and that she hoped they enjoyed the program. Usually she apologized for our mistakes before we even made them! Then the curtain was raised by a strong eighth grade boy, who stood off stage and pulled the rope that lifted the curtain, then fastened it on a hook.

First on the program was a *Welcome* speech by a pretty, little girl; one who spoke loudly, clearly, and did not forget even a punctuation mark.

After each performance, the curtain would be lowered--then raised when pupils and props were ready. Next would be a song by the whole school--a rousing, happy song like "Jingle Bells". As we sang, each child searched the audience for his family.

Then came a dialogue; almost always a humorous one, because audiences enjoyed them so.

A solo followed the dialogue if there happened to be a girl in school who had nerve enough to stand up and sing alone to a piano accompaniment. The song was generally "O Holy Night" or

"Star of the East", and the audience held its breath when she hit or tried to hit the high notes.

Numerous speeches were intermingled with all the longer parts of the program. Several of the older boys never failed to forget a line. They would stand, silent and begin to grow red in the face; some even giggled. After what seemed an eternity to the rest of us, the teacher would prompt them softly from the sidelines. And sometimes a boy would turn toward the prompter and say, "What?", surely driving the teacher wild.

Country schools always had a "rhythm band" where the youngsters beat two sticks or similar instruments together in time to a song, and no program was complete without a number from this band. Needless to say, there was more noise than rhythm.

Several songs and dialogues were given, and a girl with a good memory always recited "The Night Before Christmas" preceding the pageant, which was the religious part of the program. The age-old Christmas Story was acted out in pantomime; first came the star suspended by a thread from the ceiling; then shepherds in gunnysacks and angels in sheets; Mary dressed in blue; and Joseph in brown; Baby Jesus was usually a large doll; and the Wise Men were in bathrobes; all moved in slow motion with carol music for the background.

The most excitement was saved for the last when we all lined up and sang "Up on The House Top" with real enthusiasm. On the song's last line, Santa Claus would burst in through the outside door, "ho-ho-hoing", ringing bells and stamping his feet. The parents would smile, children gasp with delight and every baby in the room would begin to scream! Santa went around trying to quiet the babies with his jovial chatter. They usually quieted only after he passed out the candy and oranges.

When all the gifts were distributed, the teacher had Santa pass around a box of candy. Then she thanked him for coming, and he promised to return next year. He left as he had come--in a burst of noise.

We gathered up our gifts, put on our coats and wished each other a Merry Christmas. It was usually a cold, sharp night so we sat close together on the way home. The car's heater always got nice and warm just as we turned in our driveway.

The night had been as perfect as a night could be, I always thought as we entered the house and stood around the stove to get warm before invading the cold bedrooms.



BEAT THE RUSH BLUES

by

Ellen Rebecca Fenn

Last year on October fifteenth saw the beginning of that endless task--"I vowed to finish before Thanksgiving-time"--Christmas shopping.

Eyeing a beautiful silk scarf, the exact color of my daughter's eyes; a nylon stole in cozy white, the type my mother-in-law always fingered; and on the same bargain-even-if-you-don't-need-table boxes of pre-Christmas pastel notes, I succumbed.

Temptation became too strong and ended with my purchase of six boxes; one for each sister and sister-in-law. This once-in-a-lifetime-bargain of 50 cents per box actually saved me three dollars.

Early November found me with an armload of extra special Christmas cards even though last December I had vowed to cut my yawning list in half. Six pairs

of cuff links, at the fantastically low price of 50 cents a pair, were intended for the husbands of the stationery victims. I complimented myself on saving another six dollars. Two sets of necklaces with matching earrings were added to my bulging intentions. Two cotton blouses at the shameful price of 88 cents and two boxes of nylon hose at two dollars each for my daughters-in-law bulged by shopping bag. They might not be the exact size or color but their price was irresistible.

A sale on childrens' outfits caught my beagle eye. Six grandchildren could surely use extra changes. So I gathered up three pairs of hose, one pair of slippers, one longie outfit, one pair of pajamas and one headgear for each. The saving on those plus what I had already earned on previous lucky purchases amounted to twenty-one dollars.

That would more than cover the insulated hunting gear Son had been discussing. When I approached the

necessary counter, it also held a pair of hunting boots just his size, and for only nine dollars! A saving of twelve! I dragged home the entire outfit for the unequalled-anywhere-in-town-bargain of thirty dollars. (Those were the clerk's adjectives.)

December's rush girated me along. When I finally stepped off the whirling monster, I had Hubby's gift, another assortment of unique cards, a Christmas cloth, napkins, candles and centerpiece I might work in ample time for a party. (The word "ample" has since been stricken from my vocabulary.)

The last stamp was licked on the two hundredth envelope a bare forty-eight hours ahead of the deadline. I was munching strawberry and lime glue, but not liking it.

When the day actually arrived I was raveled at the edges; my speedometer reading had dropped dangerously low; and, I realized I was almost out of gas. (A quart of high test would hardly have revived me.)

I soon discovered Sonny's wife had bought him a similar hunting set; the blouses and hose turned out to be the wrong sizes and colors; the "other" grandmother had wrapped almost identical items from the same bargain counter. Six boxes of notes and cuff links overloaded the already plentiful supplies of those involved. My daughter received three scarves, and my mother-in-law chose the modest black stole her own daughter had given her.

You guessed it! In the end, I exchanged every last gift (except hubby's) that I had purchased on the so-called-bargain-counter. Each exchange came at a higher price.

This year I made the following resolution: not to buy one gift until two days before Christmas. The cards I send will be short notes of which I already have a supply. (Six boxes. Remember?) A January thank-you note and Happy New Year combined.

No purchase will be made in a store advertising ridiculous bargains; I shall buy where each gift is wrapped, labeled and delivered. Each will bear an attached card stating: Receive and unwrap at your own risk! Merry Christmas!



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Your name (or any wording up to 17 letters) gleams on both sides; permanent raised white letters reflect light. Epoxy enamel baked on aluminum; now guaranteed 10 yrs.! Perfect gift! We ship within 48 hrs. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Black background, \$1.95 ppd. Red, Green or Antique Copper background, \$2.45 ppd. Spear Engineering Co., 607-7 Spear Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Do You Ever Get to Feeling Lonely?



Does the House Ever Seem

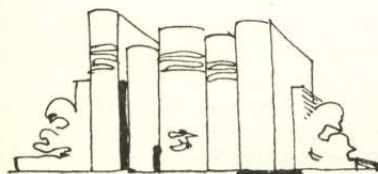
Far Too Empty and Quiet?

If you get lonesome for someone to stop by and break up the usual daily routine of housework you know so well, turn on your radio and let us drop in to visit with you.

Many people have told us how it perked them up when they heard how things were going with the Kitchen-Klatter family.

Here are the stations where you can get in touch with us:

KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 10:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial - 10:30 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Ia., 1010 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.



COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Come in! Sit down while I clear the table of wrapping paper, seals and ribbons so we can have a cup of coffee and a sample of the Swedish "Jul häst" (Christmas horse) cookies I've been baking. A roll-out dough cooky using a tiny horse cutter, they have come to mean as much to us as they did to my father as he grew up in Sweden. A taste of these delicious morsels will be just the thing to get us in the mood to discuss books we've enjoyed during 1962. (Incidentally, that's why I had Christmas wrapping paper strewn about. I've been wrapping books for Christmas giving.)

A truly interesting nature book is *Beyond Your Doorstep* (Knopf, \$5.95) by Hal Borland. Mr. Borland begins with signs of wild life found around his New England country doorstep. Then he takes us for a walk down the road to the meadow, the woods and the flowing waters, pointing out the animals and plants along the way. We have already used our book as a handy reference on nature many times. Especially delightful is his chapter on birds and their habits, including the variations in their songs. For instance, he tells of a Baltimore oriole that sang a phrase identical with one from a song in the play "My Fair Lady." They finally named that oriole 'Enry 'Iggin!

You people in Sterling, Nebraska, Mr. Borland's birthplace, have every right to be proud of this native son and his writings.

A friend of the Borlands, Gladys Taber, has written *The Stillmeadow Road* (Lippincott, \$4.95). In the foreword of her book she relates how she came to buy Stillmeadow (her 1690 farmhouse in Connecticut). "We just fell in love with the house" she says, in spite of the fact that later they found the plumbing was cracked, the furnace was broken, and the roof leaked! This is her latest journal of life at Stillmeadow--written month by month. Of December we read there is much joy in a warm house, a good woodpile, and a world of silver outside. Almost makes me wish for a good blizzard--almost, that is!

Having been an admirer of the late Grace Coolidge for years, I especially enjoyed the book *Grace Coolidge and Her Era* (Dodd, Mead, \$5) by Ishbel Ross. This book of a president's wife

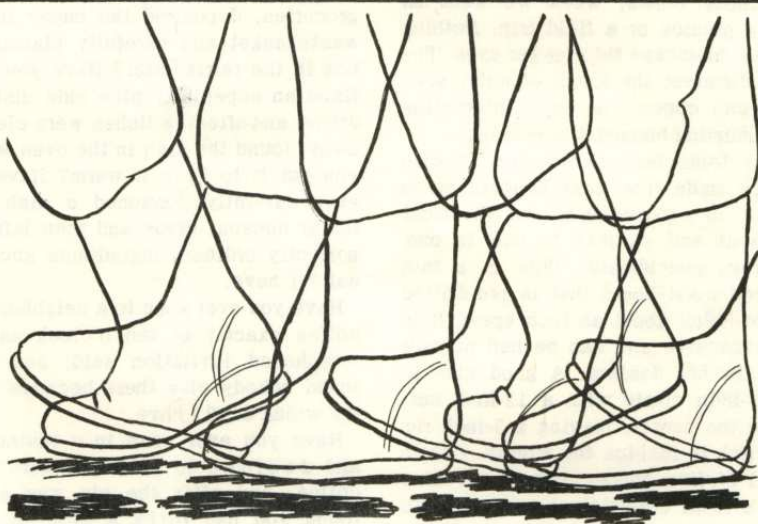
tells of her quiet humor, diplomacy, warm response to people, and enthusiasm and interest in the world around her--all helpful attributes in her position as First Lady. Here we learn of her interest in deaf children and her life-long support of the education of the deaf child. Years ago I wrote a fan letter to Mrs. Coolidge, and so today I treasure the photo I received which conveys her graciousness and charm, as well as her autograph "Grace Coolidge, 1944."

Miss Ross has written other fine books, including *The General's Wife* (the life of Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant), *First Lady of the South* (the life of Mrs. Jefferson Davis), and *Angel of the Battlefield* (the life of Clara Barton).

The Singing Lady of radio fame, Irene Wicker, has done a masterful job of writing about the childhood of

the world's great composers in the book *Young Music Makers--Boyhoods of Famous Composers* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.95). The classical music came to mean more to our children as we read of the boyhoods of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and even Jerome Kern and George Gershwin.

As the Christmas season approaches, I reach back on the bookshelf for a small book called *Home for Christmas*, by Lloyd C. Douglas. Copyrighted in 1935, the sentiment is still wonderful for today. The story tells of the Claytons who spent their childhood in a little farmhouse, grew up, scattered and became prosperous American citizens. It was Nan's project that the family reunite at the old homestead to recapture a Christmas of long ago, including hardships and pleasures. May I wish this will be the year that you, too, go "Home for Christmas."



YOU SAY YOU HAVE ONLY ONE CHILD?

Seems like a million, doesn't it? Especially this time of year, when every outside step duplicates itself many times over in muddy, wet tracks across clean floors inside.

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does the work!



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

The Christmas wreath of cones, nuts and evergreens takes on added glamour from year to year at our house. When the children were growing up it was one of their "fun projects" and they started to prepare for it early in the summer by collecting material, especially cones, when we went on family picnics or a field trip. Nothing seemed to escape their eager eyes. The more different the kinds of nuts, seed pods and cones, the more interesting and charming became the wreaths.

Many folks fashion wreaths on wire circles made from coat hangers or on circles of styrofoam, but the most practical and easiest to use is one cut from punchboard. This is a thin pressed wood board that is pre-drilled full of holes about an inch apart. It is not expensive and can be had at your local lumber dealers. A good size is an 18-inch circle with a 12-inch cut-out in the center, leaving a 3-inch rim on which to fashion the wreath. Obtain a roll of fine copper wire (I get mine from a local electrician) and use it to anchor the nuts, cones, etc., to the punch board. Copper wire is soft and flexible and will not rust if the wreath is exposed to damp weather.

A small electric hand drill should be used to make holes in the nuts and hard seed pods. Once this job is done you are ready to assemble the wreath. You may wish to spray-paint some of the material before assembling or spray the entire wreath after it is made up. Some of the new coppertone sprays are lovely when used with gold and silver or enamel paints.

How does one go about making a design? All you need to do is let your imagination go and to be generous with the cones and nuts, milkweed pods, or what-have-you. In mounting the cones, entwine the fine wire around the scales to hold them in place. Use a saw and cut the large cones into sections which will resemble rosettes. Drawing the wire down through the design and anchoring it by pulling tightly through the holes in the punchboard will give a professional appearance to your wreaths.

CALLING ALL "GOOFERS"

by
Esther Grace Sigsbee

Red is practically my favorite color; followed closely on the chromatic scale by pink. It's a good thing I like these colors because I have to wear them on my face so often as a result of the dumb things I do. Goofing is an all-American indoor and outdoor activity, and I seem to be a sort of grand champion at it.

For example, have you ever been phoning a long list of people, dialed a number and when the person answered, forgotten who it was you were calling? Have you ever searched high and low, all over the house for a list, only to find it right on the cupboard door where you put it so you'd be sure to find it? I have, but these are just the beginning of my claim to the championship.

Have you ever, while putting away groceries, deposited the butter in the wastebasket and carefully placed the box in the refrigerator? Have you ever fixed an especially nice side dish for dinner and after the dishes were cleared away, found the dish in the oven where you put it to keep it warm? Have you ever carefully seasoned a dish with rather unusual herbs and then left out perfectly ordinary ingredients such as salt? I have.

Have you ever gone to a neighborhood coffee exactly at ten o'clock as the telephoned invitation said, and then found nobody else there because it is the wrong day? I have.

Have you ever been in a restaurant and decided to order pie with your coffee, and after the pie was eaten found you had only a dime in your purse? Or worse yet, have you ever made a big deal out of saying, "the treat's on me" only to find you are broke, and your "guest" had to pay. I have.

Have you ever started downtown and several blocks later think that perhaps you had forgotten to turn off the iron? Once when I did that, I ran all the way home and found that everything had been in order all the time.

Have you ever been about to introduce someone as, "my good friend", and all of a sudden find that although you know it as well as your own, you can't remember your "good friend's" name?

After you have completed your wreath and the paint is completely dry, fashion a felt liner and glue it to the back. With this protection you can safely hang it in front of a mirror or use it as a centerpiece on a table and it won't scratch the surfaces. After the holidays, store the wreath in a plastic bag for future use.

I have. Have you ever signed legal papers with your maiden name? I did once, but as it was only a short time after we were married it was a "goof" more on the forgivable side.

Have you ever walked down the street peering furtively at your reflection in a store window to see if your slip was showing; then turned your ankle and fallen flat on your face? I have.

Have you ever waited up until the late hours for a son or daughter to come home, all prepared to give him a good bawling out when he did arrive, only to find him peacefully asleep in his own bed? I have, and it turned out he had come home and retired before his parents arrived home. Have you ever been all set to ask the children in an indignant tone "Who left the milk out of the refrigerator again?"; then to remember that the "criminal" was yourself?

Have you ever decided to stay up and watch a late movie and awaken several hours later with the TV set still on, but blank, and find you have slept through all but the first part of the show? Have you ever bragged about being able to wake up exactly on time without the aid of an alarm clock, and then be one hour late for an early morning appointment because you overslept? I have.

However, I take a little satisfaction in paraphrasing an old quotation-- "Breathes there a gal with face so red, who never to herself has said--I goofed!" At least, I am hopefully assuming that I am not the only person who does dumb things.

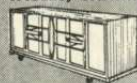
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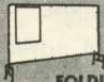


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LIST OF 50 firms needing homeworkers — 25¢. Farmer 210K Fifth Ave., New York 10.

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21 CHRISTMAS, BIRTHDAY. Get Well or assorted cards \$1.00. Gospel Supply, Stratford, Iowa.

LEANNA'S TULIP GARDEN QUILT

At your request Mother and I have prepared the pattern and directions for another one of her beautiful applique quilts—the Tulip Garden. If you would like to have these instructions, send 25¢ and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Dorothy Driftmier Johnson, Lucas, Iowa.

FOR SALE: Crosstitched aprons \$2.50; knit slippers \$2.00. Mrs. A. Fernstedt, 458-26th Ave. Greeley, Colo.

CHURCH COOKBOOK. Methodist ladies share hundreds of favorite recipes in "Good as Gold" plastic spiral bound cookbook. Perfect gift. Only \$2.00 plus 25¢ postage. Mrs. John Christopher, Grant Street, Blair, Nebraska.

TATTED EDGED linen hankies \$1.25. 2 for \$2.25. Plain tatted edging 47" — 2 strips \$1.00. Iva McReynolds, Chilhowee, Mo.

"BEAUTIFUL HAND SMOCKED CORDUROY" sofa pillows. 17x17 inches, stuffed, most colors \$5.00 each; covers each \$3.00. Mrs. Iva Miller, Munden, Kansas.

FOR SALE Home made FRUIT CAKE \$1.75 for 2 lb. loaf. Also Diabetic cookies 50 cents a dozen. Mrs. Beulah Borkowski, Audubon, Iowa.

COUNTRY KITCHEN COOK BOOK published by Farm Bureau Women, \$1.25 postpaid. Mrs. Willis Lorimer, Imogene, Iowa.

21 CHRISTMAS cards \$1.00. 21 Birthday cards \$1.25. Bear, 2118 Burt St. Omaha 2, Nebr.



PEANUT PIXIES
—12 for \$1.00.
postpaid.

Made entirely by hand with red trimming ONLY! Holiday entertaining, package tie-ons, or gifts. For Christmas delivery order before December 7th.

Send orders to
Dorothy Driftmier Johnson,
Lucas, Iowa.

TEACH YOUR CHILDREN THIS FINGER PLAY GAME

Particularly good for the children is this little finger play game, "The Family" which appeared in our Sunday School paper. For the first stanza: To indicate various members of the family, point to the extended fingers of the left hand, starting with the thumb. For the second stanza: Fold all fingers toward palm in a "loose" fist. Open and wiggle all the fingers at the line "happy as happy can be." Fold hands in prayer at the last line.

Here is the good father, he's gentle and strong.

Here's the kind mother, she's singing a song.

Here are the dear children, one big and one small.

Here is the sweet baby, a joy to us all.

They live in a family, as God says to do;

They love one another, as God wants them to;

And they are all happy as happy can be,

Because they are doing as God planned, you see.

—from Mabel Nair Brown

* * *



WAYS TO EXCHANGE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

by

Mildred Dooley Cathcart

If your club has a "grab bag" type of Christmas gift exchange you will enjoy trying these novel ways of exchanging gifts.

🎄 Balloons containing numbers to correspond with the numbers on the gifts may be varied to suit the particular group you are entertaining. Red and green balloons may be used in the decorating, and each person can burst a balloon and find his number. Or each guest may be given a balloon to blow up and burst and find a number corresponding to a gift.

🎄 Have everyone seated and as the music begins, pass out one gift to be handed from person to person. The one holding the gift when the music stops keeps the package. He then drops out of the game.

🎄 From magazines or old Christmas cards cut out as many pictures pertaining to Christmas as you have guests. Cut each picture in two parts, tying one part on the gift and distributing the other part to the guest. When it is time to pass out the gifts, have each person match his picture with the one on a package.

🎄 Cut out various pictures that pertain to Christmas, tying each one to a package. Have guests call out a word or name that is seasonal. If one says "Angel", he will take the package bearing the picture of an angel. This may become more of a challenge as various names are called.

🎄 Paint numbers on small inexpensive Christmas tree ornaments and use them to decorate a tiny tree. As each person selects an ornament, he also receives the gift with the corresponding number.

🎄 Give each person paper and pencil, hold up a package and instruct each one to draw what he thinks is in the box. The first one to hold up a "recognizable" copy will receive that gift. In this case, the person who brought the gift should hold up the package to verify the accuracy.

🎄 On each package tie a slip of paper bearing the name of a carol or familiar Christmas song. Line up and have each person sing a portion of a song, then he will receive the corresponding gift.

🎄 Draw a Christmas tree on a large piece of wrapping paper and add numbered packages on the various limbs. Have each person stand on a given line and toss at the tree. Whichever gift he comes nearest to hitting will determine the real gift he receives.

AN UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

by

Helene B. Dillon

When I first saw him, he was parading up and down the hospital corridor. He was wearing a brown, blanket bathrobe which struck him just below the knees. Long brown socks and street shoes completed his outfit.

With his hands crossed behind his back, his shoulders drooping, he strode here and there, peering into each room.

I had been spending my days at the bedside of my aged mother, and the little old man seemed to realize the seriousness of it all. Mother had an abundance of flowers, and I decided to share them with him. He was very pleased.

The next day the old man was dismissed from the hospital, and he stopped to tell Mother goodbye. He was wearing a plaid lumber jacket, and a delicate pink carnation was pinned on his shoulder—its long stem reached almost to his waist. In his hand he clutched a candy bar. With much dignity he marched to her bedside, took her hand in his and kissed it saying, "Thank you for my first flower, and here is candy for you." With tears in his eyes he said, "Grandma, I pray for you; you get well."

Grandma made a remarkable recovery.

A HALF of a BLOUSE!



You'd be mighty disturbed if a beautiful new blouse came out of the washer half eaten up, wouldn't you? Yet you may be shortening the life of your fine washables...*even cutting their life in half*...if you subject them to the punishment of harsh liquid chlorine bleaches. And to make it even worse, many don't even do a thorough job of bleaching!

Thousands of midwestern home-makers have learned to trust **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**...the dry bleach that keeps all washables sparkling and new-looking, yet never harms anything from baby's diapers to the new synthetics. Pick it up the next time you go grocery-shopping. Your clothes will be glad you did.



Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

WE KNOW IT'S SAFE! WE MAKE IT!