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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*Magazine*

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

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— Photo by Lee Fray

"Merry Christmas to All!"

MS. R. C. PARSON  
102 PAMBURO AVE  
ST. JOSEPH, MO. NOV 64





LETTER FROM LEANNA

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,  
Lucile Driftmier Verness,  
Margery Driftmier Strom

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My dear Friends:

This is my Christmas letter to you, so let me wish you all a joyous season. May God bless you and your dear families. At this time we especially remember God's great gift to us, and in our small way we express our thankfulness by sharing what we have with those we love — our families and friends, and others who need a bit of Christmas cheer.

Do you remember the song "Hang up the baby's stocking; be sure you don't forget, for the dear little dimpled darling has never seen Christmas yet!"? Well, we have a new baby in our family who will see her first Christmas tree this year. Mart and I are great-grandparents to a dear little girl, Lisa Kay Nenneman. This is Mae's and Howard's first grandchild. Lisa's parents are Mr. and Mrs. Tom Nenneman who live here in Shenandoah where Tom teaches in our school system. Donna also taught until this year.

Baby Lisa is using the same bassinet that was purchased originally for Juliana. In time she will grow into Kristin's crib. The "good" baby equipment in the family was carefully stored in our upstairs, used by the grandchildren when they came to visit, and now passed on to the first of a new generation. What a thrill this is for us!

We have had lovely late fall weather here in Iowa, and we're hoping that the winter will not be too severe. Those of you who use wheel chairs know how snow makes it hard for us to go outside very often. I always try to have several projects lined up so I'm very contented to be house-bound on snowy days. Right now I am working on another tablecloth which I hope to have completed by Christmas. I've ordered yarn for another afghan, so with these projects and letter-writing, my days will be filled.

During Mart's stay in the hospital I have many calls from our three sons who live out of town. Their voices sound so much alike on the telephone that I would have difficulty identifying

them except that Donald says: "Hi, Mom! How is everything with you?" Wayne always starts his conversation with: "Denver Driftmiers calling." And Frederick says: "Hello, Mother. How are you and Dad?" Dorothy, not living so far away, is able to come for frequent little visits, and our other three children are within a few blocks of us.

One of my most treasured possessions is a large picture titled *Hills of Home*, painted by my sister Susan who passed away about ten years ago. It shows a wooded hillside, in all its autumn splendor, behind a little white farmhouse. This painting hangs on the wall above the television set. This fall a large box of bittersweet arrived in the mail from a radio friend. She had heard me mention that we had driven out into the country to pick bittersweet only to find that someone had already gathered it. The brilliant orange and red just matches the coloring in the painting, so I placed a large arrangement of it on the TV set just below it. How effective it is!

I had as a guest not long ago, an old high school friend whom I hadn't seen for many years. Margery and I took her and her sister through the *Kitchen-Klatter* plant when the November magazines were being printed. When they saw the huge stacks of mail sacks ready to go out to all the states in the country, as well as to the many foreign countries, she asked if I remembered the little magazine we edited when we were in school. No, I hadn't forgotten, and what fun we had recollecting the hours we spent on it for it was printed by hand!

When I ask my friends to stay for lunch, we eat at the kitchen table. Although this isn't a very formal way to entertain, I find that most people enjoy doing things the simple way. When we eat in the kitchen I can manage everything from my wheel chair, even to setting the table, almost as quickly as anyone who can walk.

Since there is no letter from Mary

Beth in this issue, I'll bring you up to date with their activities. She writes that Adrienne has finally adjusted to playing by herself since both Paul and Katharine are in school. It took several weeks of helping her with little games, planning tea parties together, but now she has begun finding pleasure in playing by herself. Mary Beth drives the children to and from school, but she finds it much less inconvenient than she expected it would be.

We're expecting a visit from Donald one of these week-ends. His business brings him into Iowa as far as Des Moines sometimes, and on those occasions he drives on to Shenandoah to see us. It has been some time now since his last visit, so he should be turning up one of these days. I always try to bake a batch of animal cut-out sugar cookies for him to take home to the children, so out come the cooky sheets and cutters when he walks in the door.

It is almost time to bring out the Christmas cooky cutters. Each year I decorate hundreds of cookies and pack up boxes of them for the children and friends. When we have our Christmas party at the office I'll be taking a tray of them down to the employees, too.

Margery will be stopping in to take me out to the hospital for my daily visit with Mart, so I must bring this letter to a close. But first, I want to share this poem with you.

### Mary's Thoughts

Traveling down to Bethlehem,  
Mary thought of field and sky  
and of the Babe that, like a gem,  
would, shortly, on her bosom lie.  
(Would the woollens be too rough?  
Would their house be good enough?)

In the stable, Mary thought  
of cattle, starlight and a tree,  
of the Child that must be brought  
up subject to Divinity.

(In what Life planned, could she  
concur as Heaven must expect of  
her?)

(Would she be able to prepare  
Him wisely, with inspired care?)  
She sought the answer she must  
give

and gave it, then, as mothers now,  
in the brave affirmative,  
trusting Love would show her HOW!

—Helen Harrington

Merry Christmas to all of you!

Sincerely,

Leanna



## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Hello, Good Friends:

We have just now returned from the trip to New Mexico that did so much to restore my health, and even though all of our stuff and junk is piled high and our suitcases are still unpacked, I'm sitting right down to visit with you because I am acutely aware of the fact that I'm holding up our printing deadline. Even though we do our own printing now we still have deadlines and always will have.

When we started out from Shenandoah several weeks ago we simply had no idea what to expect as far as covering miles was concerned. I had not been able to ride for more than a half-hour without being miserable, and in view of this fact we thought it might take us a week or ten days to make it from here to Santa Fe. Imagine our astonishment when we found ourselves at our door in New Mexico in exactly two days—why, we just couldn't believe it.

I'm positively certain that the explanation for this lies in the fact that I rode in the back seat and it gave me a chance to stretch out for long spells and really rest. When you're sitting in the front seat you just plain sit bolt upright and that's that. We have a two-door car, not a sedan, and thus I had never attempted to get into the back seat before we started this trip.

Right here I might tell you how I managed to get into the back seat, because there may be other people with comparable physical problems who could ride many more miles if only they could stretch out and rest. This whole solution was Myrt's idea and it worked like a charm. She put a small footstool on the floor of the back seat, and this enabled me to slide from the footstool up on to the seat; I simply couldn't have done it without that footstool, but never once had it occurred to me to try this!

You'll be hearing more about Myrt from time to time, so I'd like to explain that her full name is Mrs. Myrtle Welda and she has joined forces with Russell and me — she took over on our last day in Shenandoah when we pulled down the curtains on our long, hard summer by inviting all of my special nurses, plus their husbands, to come for a buffet dinner. We thought these husbands were more than entitled to join us for our buffet dinner because in their own way they'd put up with all kinds of complications so their wives could be with me.

Anyway, it was a happy party and when I parted from "my girls" I felt that I was leaving old and dear friends. And then when Myrt came in that night



Lucile and Russell brought these charming little angel candleholders from Mexico and gave them to Oliver and Margery as a gift.

I felt that I was being turned over to good hands because if ever there was a jack-of-all-trades, Myrt is it. Not only is she a wonderful nurse, but she's also a terrific cook who can practically put on a big dinner for twelve with her hands tied behind her back, and a hostess so gracious that everyone who enters our door feels instantly at home. She's also a great one to fix up beautiful flower arrangements and make candles for special purposes — all sorts of things like this that I couldn't do if I had the legs of a centipede! And in addition to all these abilities she's the most marvelous tonic for my spirits that can possibly be imagined. It's just too bad that Myrt can't be spread out over the whole country where people have physical problems that tend to depress them. (Drug sales would take an alarming drop if this could be done!)

These days I'm on crutches practically entirely, and my wheelchair doesn't come out from its corner unless I'm going someplace where it would be wise to use it. The last x-rays showed that the hardware in my hip "took hold" exactly as it was supposed to do, and if everything continues to go this well I will be able to take the next step (learning to walk again on a new artificial limb) by March or thereabouts. In view of the fact that for quite a spell it looked as if I'd never walk again under any conditions, this time span of approximately ten months doesn't seem too bad.

October was simply gorgeous in New Mexico. I haven't words to describe how the mountains looked when all of the aspen was a solid carpet of gold, and how beautiful our little valley was with an actual radiant glow falling in it from the enormous cottonwoods that rivaled the sun they were so brilliant. These trees were still dazzling when we left, and against the incomparably clear blue sky, plus the towering snow-covered peaks that serve as a backdrop,

it made a scene that no painter, no photographer, could possibly hope to capture.

In many respects this little valley is totally unique. Virtually all of it is Indian land, and within ten miles of our place are pueblos where life is going on just as it has been going on for several hundred years. (One of the pueblos is only two miles from us, so they are really our neighbors and we have gotten acquainted with some of them.)

In addition to the Indians there are Spanish-Americans and they constitute by far the greatest percentage of the population. For the most part they are farmers and their customs and traditions also go back for several hundred years. (The Spanish that they speak has not been recognized as the Spanish language for three-hundred years — something like the hills in Kentucky a couple of generations ago when the language used in that area was referred to as Elizabethan English.) And incidentally, when I speak of them as farmers I don't want anyone to get a mental picture of farms as we know them in the Midwest. Ten acres is a big farm in this valley, and everything is dependent upon irrigation. Water is life itself to this valley, and the reason the land has been cultivated for so long is because several shallow rivers could be tapped for a supply. Three hundred years ago they learned how to make water run uphill and all of the tiny farms around us are irrigated by canals that carry their clear streams up amazingly steep ground.

There is a third group in this valley, a tiny, tiny handful of people always referred to as Anglos. (Russell and I are Anglos!) Some of these Anglos have retired here from far parts of the country, others commute back and forth to Santa Fe to take care of their professions or business houses, and still others go back and forth to distant places whenever circumstances enable them to make the trip. But considering the total population of Indians and Spanish-Americans, we are a puny collection that could only be called a minority group.

All in all, this entire valley and the life that goes on in it is so completely different from what we call the "American way of life" that it's no wonder we've had guests who made a reference to something or other in their home towns far away and said: "Back in the States". At first all of it looked so foreign and exotic to my Iowa-conditioned eyes that I actually felt as if I were living in another country. But things we get acquainted with are not strange to us, and thus our valley is not alien land to us now but simply

(Continued on page 18)





## "When the Light Shines Through"

A Christmas Worship Service  
by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** Place a very large, unlighted, white candle in the center of the altar. Encircle the base of the candle with Christmas greens and pine cones. Immediately in front of the candle place the Bible, opened to Isaiah 58:8. Above and behind the altar fasten a large scroll upon which is inscribed "In Him was Life, and the Life was the Light of men".

**Costumes:** The two Heralds wear long maroon robes (these might be choir robes). What they are to read is written upon large scrolls (use heavy white wrapping paper for this).

The Spirit of Christmas, of Light, of Love, and of Peace, all wear flowing white robes (we drape and pin white bed sheets for this). The Spirit of Christmas wears a dark green stole around her shoulders, the ends falling to the hem line in front. She wears a garland of evergreen tips in her hair. The Spirit of Light wears a deep yellow stole and a matching crown, which has been decorated with gold glitter. Love wears a rosy-pink stole and ribbon headband, and Peace wears a stole and headband of lavender. Dye strips of old sheets, or lengths of cheesecloth for these stoles.

Love carries an unlighted pink candle, and Peace a lavender one.

**PRELUDE:** "Joy to the World". If possible have a verse of this carol played as a trumpet solo immediately preceding the first Herald's speech as the service opens.

**INVOCATION** — First Herald:

"Come Holy Spirit, come.  
Come as a fire and burn.  
Come as the wind and refine.  
COME AS A LIGHT and reveal.  
Convict, convert, and consecrate,  
That we may be wholly thine,  
And wholly in Thy service —  
LIGHTED WITHIN BY THEE. Amen."

**CALL TO WORSHIP** — Second Herald:

"O, hearken, for this is wonder!  
Light looked down and beheld darkness.

"Thither I will go," said Light.  
Love looked down and beheld hatred.  
"Thither will I go," said Love.

Peace looked down and beheld war.  
"Thither will I go," said Peace.  
So came Light and shone.  
So came Love and brought life.  
So came Peace and gave rest.  
And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

—Author Unknown

**HYMN:** "Angels from the Realm of Glory".

**RESPONSIVE READING** — by the Heralds, standing at opposite sides of stage.

"The people that walked in the darkness have seen a great light. They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."

"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, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace."

"Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy healing shall spring forth speedily; and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of Jehovah shall be your reward."

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of Jehovah is risen upon thee. For behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but Jehovah will rise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And nations shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."

"The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but Jehovah will be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory."

"In Him was life and the life was the Light of men. . . . Let your light so shine before men; that they may see your good works, and glorify our Father which is in heaven."

**SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS** — (steps to left center near the altar) I am the Spirit of Christmas. Each year Christmas comes to us—the most wonderful of all gifts—wrapped in colorful papers and tied with red and green ribbons.

The wrappings are beautiful, indeed, and they are for us to enjoy, but it is the gift of Christmas which is WITHIN that is of supreme importance. When the wrappings become too fanciful and costly, the genuine gift of Christmas disappears—for Christmas is too big to be confined in any package. The LIGHT OF CHRISTMAS breaks all bonds, leaps across all barriers, lightens the darkest recesses of the soul.

There is a LIGHT our darkened world is needing to shine afar and bid the shadows flee. In paths of perfect peace forever leading O Bethlehem Christ, that Light is Thee. (Turns to the altar and lights the large candle and then continues to speak, facing the altar.)

"We come to Thee, O blessed Light abiding,  
We humbly worship, O Savior of mankind,  
We follow Thee, the Way, our footsteps guiding,  
Our Light, our life in Thee, O Christ, we find!"

(Turns back to face the audience as Spirit of Light enters and stands at the right of the altar.)

**SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS** — (continues) Light is come into the world. (John 3:19). O Spirit of Light descend on us today, give to us a lighted, glowing, heart, this Christmastide, we pray. (She stretches out a welcome hand toward the Spirit of Light, then turns once again to speak to the audience.) A little boy, when asked if he knew what a saint was, answered, "Sure. They are men the light shines through!" How true! They are the people who somehow manage to halo the clouds with rainbows, who banish frowns and replace them with smiles, whose enthusiasm and courage make stars to give light to the blackness of despair and trouble, whose very faith, and love, and inspiration, challenges us to nobler ideals and higher aspirations. Oh, that each of us might be one whom the light shines through!

**SPIRIT OF LIGHT** —

"No room can be so large and bright  
The Star of Bethlehem's quiet light  
Cannot shine in with gentle grace  
And make that room a lovelier place.  
No room can be so dark and small  
The Bethlehem starlight cannot fall  
Within that night encircled space  
And show the Christ Child's holy face.

Where souls are filled with tinsel glare,  
Where souls are dark with sin's despair,  
Lord, may the Christmas Star shine soundlessly  
Till all mankind shall worship Thee."



**HYMN:** "As with Gladness Men of Old", verses 1 and 2.

**1st HERALD** — O Little Child of Bethlehem, why do your young eyes grieve? Why do your outstretched arms implore of us this Christmas Eve?

**2nd HERALD** — Look. In the dark streets shineth no Everlasting Light. Hearts crucified by daily fears watch through the silent night. Their arms hold tight to little ones. Tear-blinded eyes turn East, too tired to ask for more than crumbs, dropped from my Christmas Feast.

**1st HERALD** — O Little Child of Bethlehem, descend to us we pray, and show our hearts how best to share with these, on Christmas Day.

**SPIRIT OF LIGHT** — I am the Spirit of Light. Jesus said, "*I am the Light of the world; he that followeth after Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of Life.*" (John 8:12).

Christmas in Judea, those centuries ago, was the kindling of a steadfast light in a dark and uncertain world. For generations the Hebrews had hoped and prayed for deliverance to come. Then a Light, brighter than all others, flashed into their discouraged minds and rekindled their hopes. Every incident from His birth onward proved that the Christ Child was the steadfast Light. Why? How? *For God so LOVED the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life.* God SO LOVED! Today how our world needs the Light of LOVE! (Spirit of Love comes to the altar.) Love shall be our token, love be yours and mine, love to God and all men, love for plea and gift and sign. (Takes Love's candle and lights it from large candle, then hands it back and says), Go, Spirit of Love, and spread the Light of Love into all the world. Like the Christmas Star let each of us shine afar with the Light of praise and Love. By the lives we live, by the help we give, we point the way to Him above. (Love departs through audience with candle held high.)

**HYMN:** "Love Came Down at Christmas", first verse.

**SPIRIT OF LIGHT** — *I am the way, and the truth and the life.* (John 14:6) *These things I have spoken unto you, that in Me, ye may have peace.* (John 16:33) *Let your light shine before men; that they may see your good works.* (Matt. 5:16) *And the nations shall walk amidst the light thereof; and the kings of earth bring their glory to it.* (Revelation 21:24) "Peace on earth good will toward men," sang the angels. PEACE! (Enter Spirit of Peace to

stand at the altar.) So many plans to build a better world; so many schemes that always seem to fail. So many earthbound eyes that won't look up, never think to ask God for help. Yet, the Way was shown long ago—the angels sang of it one star-filled night; and He, Who came to earth as a Babe in a manger, gave us the Key to Peace. If only men would learn to choose His way and accept with joy the gift of Bethlehem, God's master plan for peace, revealed that first Christmas Day! (Lights Peace's candle and hands it back.) Go, Spirit of Peace, teaching all men that "where a life is spent in service walking where the Master trod, there is scattered myrrh most fragrant for the blessed Son of God, whoso bears his brother's burden, whoso shares another's woe, brings his frankincense to Jesus with the men of long ago. When we sooth earth's weary children, tending best the least of them, 'tis the Lord Himself we worship, bringing gold to Bethlehem."

**SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS** — Someone has said there are four kinds of Christians. There are those whose light has gone out. They do not warm anybody or anything. If it is warm around them with goodness, then they are warm; if it is cold, they cool off. They are merely a thermometer that registers the temperature about them. Then there are the deep-freeze kind of Christians who are good enough people, but who keep their goodness very close to themselves—no light shines through them to brighten the lives of those about them! The third kind is like grandpa's old space heater—these persons blow hot and cold. If you were close to the old heater, you were warm, at least one side of you was—but your other side could be oh, so cold! BUT THEN we have the Christians who take on the qualities of the thermostatically controlled furnace. When it is cold they raise the temperature; when it's warm, they keep the temperature constant. They DO something to keep the temperature where it should be. These are the Christians who have truly found the Babe in the manger. They transform their homes, their communities, and the world by humbly worshipping at the manger, and then going out to let the Light given them there SHINE THROUGH, in LOVE AND IN PEACE with one another.

**SPIRIT OF LIGHT** — Which way to Bethlehem? And will a weary pilgrim know the road without a star to shine as in the long ago? O, yes! But he who goes to Bethlehem must lift a lamp of prayer whose light will scatter fear and doubt and lead him safely there!

**SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS** — Star of beauty, star of Light, lead us down the years tonight. May we hear the song again, "Peace on earth good will to men". Let war's echo fade away and know peace will come some future day. Steadfast Light of beauty bright, guide again this Holy Night. Make a little path to show our stumbling feet the way to go. Never let thy light grow dim. Lead us always back to Him.

**HYMN:** (All join hands in a friendship circle for this, with those who took part in the service now moving in to join hands with the rest. Remain standing for benediction.) "O Little Town of Bethlehem".

**BENEDICTION** — Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for Thy great gift, Thy Son. For this steadfast Light come down to earth that long ago Christmas, we can never truly find words to express our thanks, but grant, O Father, that we may ever keep that Light aglow in our hearts. May it always shine through us to make the world a better place for all men, everywhere, we pray. Amen



### Here They Are

Could you take time to step inside?  
Behold the place where they abide  
Away from noise and the cold.  
This thing of which the angel told  
Is here. Come closer, sit and gaze.  
The breaking dawn will lend its rays.

See now this sleeping little Maid  
And Holy Infant, safely laid  
Upon the straw beneath her cloak.  
The miracle Isaiah spoke  
Is come to pass. Be still and know  
Their way is very far to go;  
For she whose Baby sheds this light

Begins a journey far tonight,  
To Egypt, Cana, Bethany  
And Golgotha for you and me.

—Dorian Baumaartner



## THE STROMS ARE REDECORATING

Dear Friends:

How glad we were that Indian Summer held on as long as it did, for we decided not to buy a new home but to stay right here for the present, and the balmy weather enabled us to have the house painted before cold weather moved in.

We arrived at our decision rather suddenly. Under ordinary conditions it would have been considered too late in the season to tackle a job such as this, but when forecast after forecast indicated that the weather was going "to hold", we concluded that it would be possible to start the exterior work. Only one short shower delayed the workmen so it didn't take long to complete the work once it was started.

Our old front porch rail had to come off and a new one built in its place. Instead of an open "spoke rail", we had a solid one built on in the hopes that this type would hold back more snow from its north exposure. While the carpenter was at hand, we had the back steps replaced and some minor repair work done on the inside — nothing very extensive.

How exciting it was to watch the progress of the painters for we selected grey as our color after its lifetime of white. The trim is white to match the new white roof. We are pleased with our choice, especially since a number of friends have telephoned to tell us that they admired the new look.

At this writing paper hangers are at work. As long as we had gone this far, we decided we might just as well "shoot the works" and not have to be torn up with any redecorating for another seven or eight years. We had a few rooms worked on several years ago, so they won't have to be papered, but we are having all of the woodwork painted and changing paper in the halls, living room, dining room, den and kitchen. The colors are cream and soft green, some print and some plain — colors that will go well with our furnishings. When the work is completed, I'll take some pictures so that you can see the patterns as it's difficult to describe them.

This has been a busy household all fall. Oliver and Martin took care of the screens and storm windows ahead of the house painters, cleaned up the yard after the carpenters, put the garden to bed, and raked the leaves. They are a big help when it comes to emptying closets and cupboards ahead of the paper hangers and, in general, helping me "upset the fruit basket" as work progresses from room to room.



Mary Lou Mika is seated at the machine which makes the plates used to address the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine. The Christmas tree on the wall is made from greeting cards received from you friends.

In one respect we've managed the situation more easily than some for we're staying with Mother while things are in this state of confusion. This also means that we're company for Mother during this period while Dad is in the hospital. If we've judged the time element correctly, we'll be ready to move back home about the time Aunt Jessie Shambaugh returns from California. She plans to spend the winter with Mother, so at no time will she be alone.

The Junior Class put on their annual play last month. Martin didn't try out for any of the parts, preferring to be a member of the stage crew. It was his responsibility to assist with the construction of the sets, help round up "props", pull the curtain and work the lights. He gave such assistance with one of the plays last year and found it much to his liking. Oh yes! the play was "A Man Called Peter", based on the book by Katharine Marshall.

The following week the high school music department put on their Fall Concert, so again we trekked up to the third-floor auditorium. Those flights of stairs seem longer with every passing year! We're strong supporters of the current plans to build a new building on the school grounds which call for a ground-floor auditorium. How nice this would be, especially for older people and those with physical handicaps who have had to miss lovely programs and graduation exercises because of the long flights of steps. We speak from the experiences of our own family members on that score — it's a problem we've been familiar with for many years.

We're so much in hopes that it won't be long until Dad is able to return home. One of the biggest thrills he's had since his confinement in the hospital was when the nurses wheeled him up to the nursery so he could have

a look at his first great-grandchild. The first words that greeted me each time I came in for a visit were "How is the little baby doing today?" I made it a point to check on the baby before I stepped into his room so I could give him the latest information.

And what a thrill for all of us. Now that there is a new little girl in the family we'll have a renewed interest in smocking dresses.

The quilt made from old nylon stockings created quite a stir. Many listeners weren't able to get the directions when we gave them on our radio program, so we're giving them to you again in the magazine.

### NYLON STOCKING QUILT

Cut percale or other suitable material into 5-inch squares. Be sure that the material you select is dark enough so that the stockings don't show through. A full-size quilt will require about 10 yards of material.

After the squares have been cut, sew two together as you would make a pillow case, leaving one side open. Gather a nylon stocking (foot and all) as if you were going to put it on. Stuff it into the little pillow case. Turn in the raw edges and sew the end shut with blind stitching. Put a tie with yarn in the exact center so that the stocking ring will not slide around. Place the puffs side by side and stitch them together. You can featherstitch them with embroidery thread for a more decorative touch. This would also cover the seams.

Keep on sewing puffs together until you have the desired size for your light-weight quilt.

Mother mentioned the little poem "Hang Up the Baby's Stocking", and it reminds me of some little incidents at Christmas programs at the church in years past. I remember so vividly when Donald spoke his first piece.

When Martin made his first appearance, the children were supposed to sing "Away in the Manger", but Martin, with determination, said he would much rather sing "Down by the Station Early in the Morning". He was "train-minded" even at that tender age. Ah, memories! Each Christmas brings more, and may you and your dear families have a very memorable one this year.

Sincerely, Margery

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### COVER STORY

A great deal of the fun of Christmas involves setting up the Christmas tree. Mary Beth and Donald (Driftmier) wrote that Katharine, Paul, and little Adrienne were eager to start decorating for the season long before time to purchase the traditional fir, so they solved the problem by buying one of the aluminum trees. Mary Beth says that putting it together is so fascinating to the youngsters that she must actually "set her foot down" or they would spend all of their time putting it together and taking it apart again!



## A LETTER FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

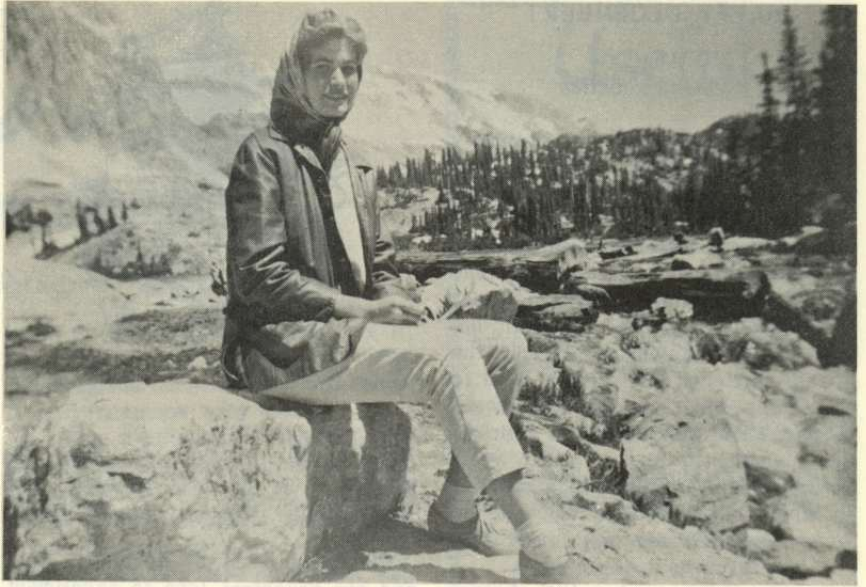
It has been a good many years since we have had such perfect weather for harvesting crops. I think this is true not only in Iowa, but all through the Midwest. The weatherman co-operated in 1963 and, according to all the statistics, there hasn't been such a bumper crop for several years.

We live on a delightful little country lane. The half-mile from the main road to our house is well traveled. Beyond our house the road is only wide enough for one car, has blind curves, two railroad crossings on the main line of the Burlington, and is what we call "a dangerous road" — but in the Fall of the year it is beautiful.

On a golden Sunday in October when the timber is a mass of gorgeous color, there is more traffic by our house in a single day than there is in a full month at any other time of the year. Often a car will stop and little children will jump out and run up the road. It reminds me of my childhood. Mother and Dad used to load all seven of us into the car on Sunday afternoons and take long drives into the country over little roads just like ours. We had relatives who lived on farms and they would let us pick up walnuts in their groves. Sometimes we would stop at farms to see if they had apples for sale. We would bring the rosy fruit home and spend the evening wrapping each one in paper before Dad carried the baskets to the fruit cellar in the basement.

We seem to have an increasing population of deer in our county. At least we have seen more deer this year than we ever have before. A few days ago, when Frank was driving down the lane, a young deer scurried out of the weeds by the creek and ran in front of the car, disappearing into the timber. Later in the day the same thing happened again. The following day we were coming home from town and almost hit the little deer as he ran out in front of us at the very same place. Frank thought perhaps its mother might be injured and lying near the creek or in the weeds, so we stopped the car and he got out to investigate. He didn't find anything, but remarked that if this kept up we would have to put up a "deer crossing" sign so people would be on the lookout for them.

Kristin loves to fish and the short time she was home this summer she ran down to the bayou to throw in her lines when she had a spare minute or two. Sometimes she hooked *turtles* instead of *fish*. She caught one that weighed sixteen pounds, another that weighed eleven pounds, and a number of smaller ones.



When time permits, Kristin and Art delight in spending a day hiking in nearby Snowy Range. Art snapped Kristin's picture on one trip.

Not too long ago Frank caught a turtle and decided to clean it and have me cook it to see what it was like. Several of his friends had told him how delicious turtle meat is, but they hadn't told him *how* to cook it. I decided to fry it just like I prepare frog legs. We both considered it good eating. Frank thought it was a big job to clean, however, and vowed not to tackle another one until he had a talk with his friends. He figures there must surely be an easier way to do this job. They might have suggestions for cooking the turtle meat, also.

Before Frank picked corn this year he put up a new corn crib. He decided on one of the round steel cribs. Just looking at one from a distance, I didn't think it would take very long to put one together, but I've never seen so many bolts in my life! If this is any indication as to the life of this crib, then I would say it will be standing there long after I'm gone! I wasn't very observant when they put up some steel bins a few years ago, because Frank says that they had even more bolts than this crib. The assembling must require a great deal of patience.

Frank hopes to find a little more time to trap this year. I hear this statement every year at corn-picking time when he reports how much of the corn along the creek and bayou has been cut and carried away by muskrat and beaver. Although trapping is a wonderful outdoor sport for men, it is also very time-consuming. I'm sure Frank wouldn't take the necessary time if he didn't feel that for every one caught, he would have just that much more corn next year.

Our home is an old one, and like most old houses, the closets are very small. When Kristin left, she took almost everything out of her bedroom closet,

so this gives me additional storage space. I'm finding it convenient for storing extra sheets and blankets, etc.

Kristin has always enjoyed rearranging the furniture in her bedroom at home, and was unhappy because the door and window placement in other rooms made it necessary to leave furniture more or less in the same positions. Now that she is in a home of her own, it hasn't surprised us one bit that almost every letter contains little sketches showing us how they have changed the furniture around!

Young people just getting started have to find many little ways to economize, especially when both are still in college. Kristin has always been a good little grocery shopper, and takes pleasure in learning how to fix good economical meals. I gave her some recipes for inexpensive dishes and she really makes good use of them.

From now on before I throw anything away, I ask myself first if this is something Kristin could use for a while. Recently I packed up a box of some odds and ends that I thought she could make good use of. Mother was always doing things like this for me when I was first married.

Art enjoys the out-of-doors as much as Kristin and they've enjoyed some lovely trips into the mountains before time for the roads to be closed for the winter. And speaking of roads, we're hoping that highway conditions are such that they'll be able to come home for Christmas. If they can't, it will be Kristin's first Christmas away from home and our first Christmas without her. Well, we won't cross that bridge until we come to it!

Merry Christmas to all of you from all of us.

Sincerely,  
Dorothy



## HAPPY DECEMBER!

by  
Harverna Woodling

What is December? Our dictionary says it is the 12th month, the last month of the year. It is probably due to Julius Caesar that we can be sure of that. Our calendar had many forms before the present one evolved. The early Romans arranged their calendar according to politics. When an unpopular man attained an office, the priests shortened the calendar year to hasten his demise in an official capacity. When they liked an official, they lengthened the calendar year. Naturally, this resulted in a muddle, so when Julius became emperor, he revised the calendar and named July for himself.

Augustus Caesar made a little further revision. He took August as his name month, and removed a day from February to add to August so that August would have 31 days. This was done because the Romans considered odd numbers lucky.

All was now well, except that too frequent leap years were disarranging the pattern of months. This was corrected by Pope Gregory in 1582, and now we have our orderly procession of months; hence, December, the 12th month of our year.

Of course, December is more than a mere expanse of 31 days, each consisting of 24 hours.

First of all, December is weather. Here, in our Middle West, that can mean anything! We can be reasonably sure of only one thing. There will probably be great variety. December is often snow and cold. Sometimes it is frozen water pipes! (Ah, we remember last year!) Yet we still hope each year that December will give us snow for Christmas. There is a deep peace and contentment, a rightness, about our own family safe in our own warm, bright home while the soft snow blankets the world outside. The white velvet snow on Christmas Eve and on Christmas Day covers all the winter's drabness, and lends the perfection that it seems Christmas should mean.

Snug evenings at home are part of December's bounty. There are books to read and plans to make. Letters must be written. There are cookies to bake, decorate, store, eat, and give as gifts. We make all the old favorites; oatmeal, chocolate, browned butter. There are also many tempting new recipes to try



if time will just stretch. There is always a cry for popcorn balls, and this requires the help of the whole family.

The house must be decorated, too, and our daughters love to experiment and also to try their hands at seasonal centerpieces. Each year, too, we try new ways to display greeting cards.

Yes, December is people. It is all the people we love and all the people for whom, perhaps, we do not care. The thoughts and emotions of this month may give us a better understanding and a more kindly feeling if we choose to accept. December is many people in many places. It is country roads and city streets, stores and schools and churches.

Music, too, is an integral part of this month. There is congregational singing at church, and the soaring voices of children in the school program. At home, Older Sis loves to play the dear old carols on her clarinet. This year she will also try them on the piano. Little Sis practices the songs her fourth grade will sing at school, and poor, untuneful Mom is caught in the dilemma of wanting to help, but not being able, since she cannot even "carry a tune".

December is compassion and sympathy and a wish to share. We realize more clearly the wants and needs of others. Most of us try in what small manner we may, to help those who are not as blessed as we. We truly believe that, in all the world, there are no more dedicated, unselfish people than the Salvation Army workers who do so much to aid their fellow man, spiritually and physically.

December is the undying glory of Christmas. And it is perhaps a touch of disappointment, the inevitable small depression following Christmas. Yet there is also the conviction that God is great and God is good. There is the feeling that this old year, be it what it may have been, is closing. A new year is close at hand — our chance to begin again, to be better and to do better. And so, most of all, December is love and faith and hope.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE TREE

by  
Nadine Stutzman

An evergreen tree burdened with a snowy wrap is a majestic sight to be sure, but a tree gaily festooned with colored foil and decorated with old and treasured baubles is a part of Christmas to which we eagerly look forward.

The tree brought into the living room, stark and bare, affects a lonely appearance. It seems to stretch forth its branches in an appeal for a spirit, even a spirit of Christmas.

A Christmas tree without illumination would be a dismal tree indeed. Lights, therefore, play an important part in providing the tree with a spirit. Because God saw our spiritual needs, he sent Jesus, the Babe, as a light to a darkened world, to reveal to it all of its sheer Godlessness and to redeem it at the cost of His life.

A Christmas tree needs baubles. Some of these ornaments have sharp sides, much like ourselves, that need the gentler effect of ornaments with rounded edges. All of us need to refine our sharper natures into softer, more rounded Christian attitudes. Just as old and worn ornaments need replacing so should we discard our inferior habits and pettish ways.

Finally, crowning the tree for everyone to see, is the star, a symbol of omnipotent and omnipresent God. He, too, can be the primary force in our lives, if we will but let Him, and by our actions in the presence of others and toward others, visible evidence of His power working in us.

After the holidays the tree is stripped of its glitter, and once again stands as a plain tree. If we were to as ruthlessly remove the ornamentation and sham, and examine ourselves, what would we find—selfishness, intolerance, prejudice, jealousy, despair—or would there still be love, peace of mind, and faith?

Faith, love, peace, are familiar Christmas words. They are the words that bring the world hope. They are the prevailing factors in the Christian life.

Allow the spirit of the Christmas tree to come into your heart. Let its wafting fragrance be a symbol of love encompassing not only your own dear ones, but the lonely and the aged as well. May the evergreenness of its branches declare to you the promise of eternal life.





## A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

Every summer I think that I dread the coming of winter, but now that it is almost upon us, I feel differently. There is something about the winter months that offers a special challenge and gives a chance for greater endeavors. This afternoon a cold, blustery wind almost dared me to go down the hill from the church and then up another hill toward the museums and there, on the third floor of a large apartment house, to make a call on an elderly invalid. Oh yes, it was an effort, but how much greater the reward! She was so delighted to see me on a day when she was just sure that no caller would dare the dampness and the wind. With her crippled limbs, her deafness, and her very high blood pressure, one would not think that she, of all people, would be as cheerful as a winter snow bird, but that she was.

Our church women are having their Christmas bazaar this week. Sometimes I wonder if there exists *anywhere* a church that does not have *some kind* of a Christmas bazaar. Where the women get all of their ideas I don't know, but no two bazaars are ever exactly the same. I haven't the faintest idea what our ladies plan to have this year, but whatever it is, it will be good. That is one thing I can say about the ladies of this church: everything they do, they do to perfection.

Just for fun, Betty and I drove out into the hills to a little village church almost surrounded by forest, and there we had such a good time at a real, old-fashioned, country church bazaar. There is just one word to describe the aromas that wafted up out of the basement of the church, and that is TANTALIZING. Best of all, the fragrances were free! On an herb table there were boxes and baskets and bowls filled with garden herbs that produced an enchanting mingling of essences — a regular potpourri of scents. Being a *Kitchen-Klatter* fan myself, I had to stop and chat with the "herb ladies" about our family products. One old lady told me she had a secret herb recipe that was worth a fortune, but she had no intention of ever sharing it with anyone but her eldest granddaughter, and sharing it not even with her until some years from now.

There was a table of smoked meat and cheese where wee little samples were being handed out to a most interested crowd. Have you ever observed how popular free food samples are? There is no better way to attract a group of people in a church or anywhere else. Folks do love to sample, even though they may have no inten-



Last Christmas a group of Sunday school children in Frederick's church put on a pageant re-enacting the Christmas Story. After the performance the youngsters in the congregation were invited to come to the front of the church for a closer look.

tion of buying. Up in the Berkshire Hills to the west of us there are several small villages that specialize in making good cheese, and at this bazaar they had several varieties with a special emphasis upon the smoked ones.

Our neighborhood grocer was telling us the other day how amused he gets with these people who will drive for miles to some village to buy a special kind of cheese or cider or homemade bread, when all of the time they could have bought the same things right there in his market. I am sure that he is right, but for some reason or other, things always taste better when you go miles and miles to procure them. This is particularly true of us city people. I like to think that it is because there is something of the farm in each of us, and even in the most sophisticated cities it is never taken from us.

With all of the joy of Christmas, there always is a bit of sadness in it for me. More than most people I have an opportunity to see how much suffering and poverty there is in our city. You will remember that I am the Chairman of the Board of Welfare for the entire city, and not a single day goes by without many requests being made of me for special help. Even though our local budget is eight million dollars, it never is enough to take care of the many, many destitute cases.

Only a few minutes ago I looked out of my office window here at the church and saw two children — a boy and a girl — leading their drunken father and mother up the street. What a tragedy for those children! What can Christmas mean to them but sadness? People who

drink, always seem to drink so much more during the Christmas season, and those little children will be lucky to have so much as a crust of bread unless some good and kind person thinks of a way to help them. Giving the parents money to buy gifts for their children will not help, for the parents will spend the money on drink. Many times I have seen parents taking presents given to their children and trading the presents for drink!

If you are planning to help some poor families this Christmas, or if you are working with a church or club group that plans to do something for the poor, there is something you need to remember. The poorest people in any community are very often not receiving any public assistance whatsoever. It has been my observation that quite often the real poor are those people too proud to ask for welfare assistance — too determined to stand on their own two feet no matter what the cost in suffering. The father of a big family who has a steady job may actually be making less money than is given by public welfare to the unemployed father of a big family. It just so happens that many people receiving public assistance are getting more money every week than they ever made in all of their working lives. Often they are not the people who need help at Christmas time as much as some families where the income is earned.

Yesterday a good member of my church returned from a trip to Europe. He called me on the phone and said: "Frederick, you must have friends all over the world! I was sitting in a hotel lobby in Paris talking to a couple of

(Continued on page 22)





## Things to Make for Christmas

A variety candle centerpiece can be made from several bottles of unusual shapes and sizes. Decorate each bottle elaborately with sequins, glitter, bits of ribbon, metallic rickrack, tiny beads and flowers, or decorative cellophane tape. Each bottle is used as a candle holder (use modeling clay to anchor the candles firmly, if necessary). Candles of different holiday colors and in various sizes, some plain, some twisted, can be used effectively. Group them all together, preferably on a large mirror (for reflected beauty), adding some tree ball ornaments and some greenery as final touches.

—Mabel Nair Brown, Ogden, Iowa.



With ordinary sand, casting plaster, and water you can turn out some really nice Christmas gifts. Fill a bread pan with clean sand and dampen it well, pressing it down until it is firm and smooth. Select any object you wish to cast; figurines, wall plaques, etc., just so it will leave a deep imprint. Press the object upside down into the damp sand. Carefully brush the sand up around the edge, then gently remove the object from the sand and fill the imprint with the casting plaster which has been mixed with cold water to the consistency of thin cream. Set it aside to dry overnight. When dry, lift the cast out, brushing away the excess sand with a stiff brush, and paint as desired with water colors or quick drying enamel.

—Sylvia Brandt, St. Joseph, Mo.



Snowmen made out of cotton-covered pop bottles create lovable looking decorations. I helped twelve mentally retarded children make these for Christmas. To make the snowmen you need a 7-Up bottle of the small size, cotton batting, three pipe cleaners, glue, buttons, rubber bands, scrap of ribbon, paper drinking cup, and black felt or velour paper. You can make two snowmen from a 40-cent package of cotton batting. First, you lay one pipe cleaner on a piece of cotton about four inches square and roll like a jelly roll. Then

bring the pipe cleaner ends together tightly so it pinches the cotton. Next shape the other end of the cotton into a ball; if necessary, add a thin layer of cotton to make a better ball shape. Put the pipe cleaner ends down the mouth of the bottle, and tear a piece of cotton large enough to cover the snowball and top half of bottle which has been coated with glue. Keep shaping as you work. Either one or two rubber bands may be placed just below the neck of the bottle. Coat bottom part of bottle with glue and cover with a large piece of cotton, making the ball as fat as you please. The snowman's arms are made of pipe cleaners wrapped in cotton, rolled like a jelly roll, and tucked through the rubber band at the back of the snowman. You can position his arms by bending the pipe cleaners. Tuck the ends of cotton together in front. By now you have one good side, the front, and with a little pulling of the cotton the rubber band can be concealed in back. Black felt or shiny paper can be cut out to use for his eyes, nose, and mouth. His cap is the drinking cup with a brim of either felt or paper. We glued red sequins onto black buttons and glued the buttons on his front. A perky ribbon was tied around his neck. The girls made snow ladies by putting aprons and bonnets or scarves on them.

—Mrs. Elmo Peterson, Washta, Iowa.



A hanging Christmas basket is made by filling your salad greens' shaker basket with evergreen tips and ball ornaments and hanging it from a light fixture, a doorway, or window with ribbon streamers, and a big red bow at the top. If you like, fasten some of the ornaments around the bottom so they twirl with the air currents.

—Mabel Nair Brown, Ogden, Iowa.



We make beautiful plastic Christmas wreaths from transparent or blue plastic bags—the bags that come around dry cleaning are very good for this. Cut the bags into strips 4½ by 7 inches. Bend a wire coat hanger into the form of a circle, with the hook at

the top of the circle. Starting at the top, next to the hook, lay a strip of the plastic under the wire, bringing the ends up. Tie them in a simple overhand knot around the wire. Continue tying the plastic strips around the wire, pushing them as closely together as possible, until the entire wire circle is covered. Tie a pretty bow at the top to cover the hook, with which it is hung. You may wire silver, red, blue or white Christmas bells around the wreath for added decoration, or you may wire gaily colored, cellophane-covered candies around the wreath to make a 'Candy Wreath'. These wreaths are weatherproof and may be used outside as well as inside.

—Mildred Grenier, St. Joseph, Mo.



Flash-bulb favor figures are made using discarded flash-bulbs for the heads of angels, dolls, toy soldiers, or other holiday figures. First paint the bulbs white; when dry, use tube paints to make the features. Bits of yarn glued on supply the hair. A ruffle of white net at the "neck" and gold paper wings on the back will make an angel. Jolly little Santas may have red caps and a red neck ruffle with white cotton beard and cap trim. When the figures are finished, set them in a collar (this is a strip of heavy construction paper cut into a 1½-by-4-inch strip with the ends glued together to form a circle). Even the figures for a creche arrangement might be fashioned from these bulb figures. It is something the children would enjoy doing.

—Mabel Nair Brown, Ogden, Iowa.



Cardboard egg cartons make clever Christmas decorations that even the children can manage. Cut the bottom of the carton, containing the cups, into strips of six cups each. Secure the ends together of a strip of five cups and you have a Christmas star. Paint with silver or gold paint, inside and out, sprinkle with glitter if you wish before the paint dries, and hang on the Christmas tree or from the drapes, doorways, or windows.

To make an egg-carton Christmas tree, make a paper cone the size you wish your Christmas tree to be. Staple the ends of a strip with six cups together and slip down over the cone. Next, staple the ends of a strip of five cups, then four, then three, then two, and slip down over the cone. One cup covers the top of the cone and makes the tip-top tip of the tree. Paint the tree green or silver. Glue on several varicolored small Christmas balls for decorations.

—Mildred Grenier, St. Joseph, Mo.



## THE DENVER DRIFTMERS VISIT AN INDIAN RESERVATION

Dear Friends:

When I wrote last month, space ran out before I was able to explain just how it came to be that our family spent five days in a cabin on an Indian reservation.

The cabin was built by my brother on White Mountain Apache Indian Reservation land. In recent years these Apaches have decided to release some of their land under long term lease for summer home development. The purpose is to provide employment opportunities for members of their tribe. There are definite restrictions on the minimum size and exterior finish for these cabins.

The White Mountains are covered by an extremely large ponderosa pine forest and all construction must be in materials harmonious with the beauty of the natural surroundings. The Indians are employed on much of the construction and do almost all of the maintenance work as well as operating the store, gas station, and boat dock at Hawley Lake.

The White Mountain Apaches are known as the "cowboy Indians"; they own thousands of Hereford cattle as fine as any to be found in the country. These cattle roam throughout the reservation and the first morning we were awakened by the sound of a cowbell just outside the cabin. Later Alison and Clark were frightened away from their fishing by an "enormous" bull that wandered down to feast on the lush grass near their favorite spot. Alison, our horse lover, kept hoping that one of their equally well-cared-for horses would come visiting also, but she was disappointed on that score.

After spending three days with us the Morrisons returned to Phoenix. Our fourth day there was too rainy for boating so we decided to drive down through Whiteriver, where the headquarters for the tribe is located, and on just a few miles to Fort Apache and the Kinishaba Ruins.

Whiteriver is quite a small town with many Indian homes in and around it. Most of these homes seem to consist of a tiny square frame building with a wickiup and a ramada located nearby.

A wickiup is shaped something like a large teepee but is made out of poles rather than hides. A ramada is a rectangular room-size frame of poles which is loosely covered with leafy branches. Its purpose is to provide a shady refuge from the hot sun. We passed many Indians walking to and from town — the man two paces ahead of the woman who was dressed in a



The cabin pictured here was built by Abigail's brother, Clark Morrison, and is located on the White Mountain Apache Indian Reservation.

long, printed, full-gathered overblouse and skirt.

Alison and Clark were very familiar with the name "Fort Apache" for they used to watch the television program "Rin-Tin-Tin". They were more than a little disillusioned to discover the sets for the show bore no resemblance to the real thing. This was an active Cavalry post until the 1920's when the buildings were converted into a school for the Indians.

The Kinishaba Ruins are the partially excavated and restored buildings of an ancient pueblo. No one seems to have worked on them in many years and there is no ready source of information available to the casual tourist. We just walked around and about them, much as the Cavalry soldiers used to do many years ago when they weren't pursuing the recalcitrant Apaches. On our trip home to Denver we toured some other ruins which were much more understandable to amateurs such as we.

The sun was shining the following morning, providing us with the opportunity to rent a rowboat to take out on the lake. This was the first chance our children have had to learn to row a boat. I grew up near Blue Lake in Iowa and immediately discovered that rowing is similar to riding a bicycle. Once you have mastered the skill, it returns almost immediately, despite years without practice.

Saturday, after breakfast, we gave the cabin a final cleanup, a fond goodbye to lovely Lake Hawley, and loaded up for our return trip to Colorado. Heading north from Show Low, we wanted to make a brief stop at the Petrified Forest and Painted Desert. Our previous visit there had been in winter when a light blanket of snow covered the ground. The children were much younger then and they were able to appreciate the displays much more this time. The intervening years have

brought great improvements to the facilities of this National Park. We stopped for lunch at the very handsome new tourist center under construction by the Fred Harvey chain at the Painted Desert turn-off on U.S. 66.

It has never been our privilege to be in Gallup, New Mexico, for the Indian Dances and Ceremonials. But we got a hint of the color just by stopping along the main street on an August afternoon. As we waited for one of those endless western freight trains to clear our road it seemed as if every Navajo for miles around walked past our car. Many of the older Indians still dress in native costume and, of course, they were wearing their magnificent silver jewelry. The younger Indians, who seemed to prefer the ordinary non-Indian attire, weren't nearly as eye-catching.

We were quite mistaken about every Indian being in Gallup. As we drove north on U.S. 660 through the Navajo reservation, we met numerous others. Almost every one of them was riding in a very late model pick-up truck.

The schedule called for us to spend the night in Farmington, New Mexico. Banners greeted us as we entered town, announcing that the national finals of Babe Ruth League baseball were being played that night. Prospects for securing a motel seemed mighty dim. However, accommodations were available the first place we stopped. The families of a losing team had been staying there and they had moved out that day.

A long day's drive back to Denver was before us the next day. Thus we were on the road early enough to arrive in Aztec, New Mexico, about twelve miles past Farmington, shortly after the Aztec Ruins National Monument opened. These ruins of Pueblo Indians have been extensively reconstructed

(Continued on page 22)



# Holiday Recipes

Tested by the

## Kitchen-Klatter Family

### Cookies

#### CANDIED FRUIT COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 cup candied fruits
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cream together the shortening, butter flavoring, sugars and salt. Beat in the egg. Stir in the dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Lastly, add the nuts, candied fruit and vanilla. Roll into balls and dip the top quickly in water and then in sugar. (The bright colored sugar may be used if you are using this as a holiday cooky.) Place sugared side up on a greased cooky sheet. Bake in a 350 degree oven.

#### NUT CHOCOLATE BARS

- 1/3 cup margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup flour
- 1/4 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup nut meats
- 1/2 cup to 1 cup chocolate chips

Cream the margarine, sugar and butter flavoring together. Add the egg and other flavorings. Beat well. Sift the dry ingredients together and add to the creamed mixture. Mix well. Stir in the nuts and chocolate chips. Spread into a greased pan about 11 by 7. Bake at 350 degrees 20 to 25 minutes. Cut into bars while warm. This may be varied by using the Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring in place of the burnt sugar. If you use 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring in place of the burnt sugar, you have an excellent black walnut-chocolate bar without adding any nuts at all!

#### JEWEL COOKY BARS

- 2 cups flour, sifted
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 Tbls. milk
- 3/4 cup soft shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 egg

Sift the dry ingredients into a bowl. Cut in the shortening just as if you were making a pie crust. Add the rest of the ingredients and blend well. Press into a ball. Divide into four parts. Shape each into a long roll, 13 inches long. Lay on an ungreased cooky sheet and flatten with your hand until about 3/4 inch thick. Leave about 4 inches between the pieces of dough. With the handle of a knife, press a depression lengthwise down the center of each roll. Fill the depression with red jelly or jam. Bake in a 350 degree oven about 15 to 20 minutes, or until light golden brown. While warm, cut into bars and lift onto a rack to cool. (If you leave these in the pan to cool, the jelly or jam will make them stick. Be sure to remove them while warm.)

These make a very delicious and pretty bar. They will add variety to a tea tray and go especially well with coffee.



#### RICH AND TASTY BUTTERSCOTCH COOKIES

- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- A dash of salt
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 pkg. butterscotch pudding and pie filling
- 1 egg

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together. Cream the butter, add the sugar, flavorings and dry pudding mix gradually, mixing thoroughly. Add egg and mix until light and fluffy. Stir in the flour mixture. Shape dough into roll about 2 inches in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper and refrigerate several hours or overnight. Cut in 1/8-inch slices and bake in 375 degree oven for 8 or 10 minutes. Makes about 5 dozen cookies.

#### FILLED ICE-BOX COOKIES

- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup butter
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cream shortening, add sugar, eggs and flavorings and beat thoroughly. Sift the soda and flour, and add to the first mixture. Roll out to one-half inch in thickness. Spread with the following mixture:

- 1 lb. dates, pitted and cut in pieces
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 cup finely chopped nuts

Combine the above ingredients and cook until thick. Set aside to cool before using. Spread on the cooky dough and roll up like a jelly roll. Set in a cool place over night. Cut into thin slices and bake on greased cooky sheet in a 375 degree oven for about 12 minutes.

#### FREEZER BROWNIES

- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup light cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

3 squares semi-sweet chocolate  
Combine the 2 squares of chocolate with butter or margarine and melt in heavy pan over a low fire. Beat eggs thoroughly and then add 1 cup of sugar. Add chocolate mixture. Sift together flour and salt. Stir in with nuts and flavoring. Spread batter in well-greased shallow pan, 11 by 7 inches and bake at 350 degrees from 20 to 25 minutes. Cool in pan.

For frosting, cook together remaining sugar and butter with cream in a heavy saucepan until mixture forms a soft ball in cold water. Set in pan of cold water until cool, add remaining vanilla and beat until creamy. Spread on brownies. When this is firm, spread melted semi-sweet chocolate over all. Put in freezer.

These brownies are elegantly rich and delicious, and when cut into small squares look and taste like fine French pastry. A real treat for your family or for company.



## Salads

### MARY BETH'S HOLIDAY SALAD

- 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 cup coffee cream
- 1 small can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 1-lb. carton cottage cheese, drained
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup celery, cut fine
- 1/2 cup cucumber, cut fine
- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Dissolve the lemon and lime gelatin in the 1 cup boiling water. While still warm, add the salt and mayonnaise. You'll need to use an egg beater for blending completely. When mixture is cool, and beginning to set, add the cream, crushed pineapple, cottage cheese, nuts, celery and cucumber. When completely firm, dissolve the remaining box of lime gelatin in 1 1/2 cups boiling water, adding the lemon flavoring, and pour it over the top of the salad.

Diced apple may be used as a substitute for the cucumber, if desired.

This makes a large salad that will serve about 15 persons.

### HOLIDAY BUFFET SALAD

- 1 pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- A dash of salt
- 1 cup diced apples
- 1/4 cup nuts, chopped (optional)
- 1 cup red grapes, quartered

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Stir in the mayonnaise, cold water, flavoring, lemon juice and salt. Let chill until syrupy. Add the rest of the ingredients. Mold in a ring mold.

When ready to serve, unmold onto a large glass plate which has been lined with lettuce leaves. Fill the center with fresh fruits, cottage cheese, or a chicken or tuna salad. Around the outside arrange rounds which will match your color scheme. Slices of jellied cranberries, fruit cocktail frozen in the can and then sliced, rings of pineapple centered with a maraschino cherry or a spoonful of cottage cheese, or drained pear halves centered with small balls of cream cheese, are just a few suggestions for this exciting buffet salad.

## Candies

### 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. Orange and lemon peel may be prepared the same way. A box of candied peel makes a lovely gift.



### OLD THRESHERS' CARMEL APPLES

- 6 cups sugar
- 4 cups dark corn syrup
- 1 cup cream
- 1/3 cup water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 large cans evaporated milk
- 50 apples
- 50 sucker sticks

Combine the sugar, corn syrup, cream, water, and flavorings and bring to a boil. When it boils, add the evaporated milk. Cook until it reaches 240 degrees on a candy thermometer. Coat the apples and put on heavily greased cooky sheets. Be sure they do not touch.

These are absolutely the best candied apples I've ever tasted. The recipe came from the Olds Congregational Church. They made over 1700 of these taffy apples on Thursday of the Old Threshers' Reunion at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, this year and still did not supply the demand. They double this recipe in their huge church kettles to make up such a huge quantity of apples.

For my family I cut down the recipe to coat 12 apples as follows:

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 cup dark corn syrup
- 1/4 cup cream
- 1 1/2 Tbls. water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 small can evaporated milk
- 12 apples
- 12 sucker sticks

Cook according to directions for the large batch. Sweet apples, such as Jonathons or Delicious, are best to use in making carmel apples.

### CHOCOLATE CARMELS

- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup dark corn syrup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 squares chocolate
- 2 Tbls. margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Combine all of the ingredients with the exception of the flavorings and the nuts. Boil slowly, stirring occasionally, until it reaches a firm ball stage. Remove from the fire, stir in the flavorings, and pour over the nuts which have been spread into a well-buttered, shallow pan.

This makes a very chewy, rich, chocolate carmel. It is best to cut the candy while slightly warm. It can be left in squares or shaped into a round ball while still warm. Wrapped individually in waxed paper, these go nicely into a gift box.

### ENGLISH TOFFEE

- 1 cup blanched almonds
  - 1 cup butter
  - 1 cup brown sugar (well-packed in cup)
  - 2 5-cent sweet milk chocolate bars
- Sprinkle 1/2 cup almonds over a buttered pan. Place butter in a heavy skillet with sugar and bring to boiling point and boil for 12 minutes, stirring constantly. Pour over almonds in a thin sheet. When set, but still hot, arrange pieces of chocolate bars over the top and as that melts, sprinkle on rest of almonds. Cool and break in pieces.



### ORANGE SUGARED WALNUTS

- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/4 cup water
- 3 Tbls. orange juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 cups walnut meats

Combine sugar, water and orange juice. Cool slowly, stirring until mixture boils. Boil slowly, without stirring until a semi-firm ball will form when dropped into cold water. Remove from heat; add orange flavoring and nut meats. Stir until syrup begins to look cloudy. Drop by teaspoons on waxed paper. You can use other nuts for this.

MERRY  
CHRISTMAS!



**FROZEN BING CHERRY SALAD**

- 1 8-oz. package cream cheese
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 1/4 cup sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 1 1/2 cups pitted, halved Bing cherries
- 2 cups apricots, sliced
- 1 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 2 cups miniature marshmallows
- Few drops red food coloring

Soften cream cheese by letting stand until room temperature is reached. Beat until fluffy. Stir in sour cream, sugar and salt. Fold in fruit and marshmallows. Tint a delicate pink with red food coloring. Pour into loaf pan and freeze. Cut into slices and serve on lettuce. Garnish with additional cherries and apricots if desired.

—Abigail

**FRENCH PIE CRUST**

- 2 1/2 cups flour
  - 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 1 cup shortening
  - 1 egg, beaten
  - 1 Tbls. vinegar
  - 1/3 cup cold water
- Sift the flour and salt into a bowl. Cut in the shortening (lard is preferred) until most of it is the consistency of corn meal. Leave about 1/4 of the lard in the size of small peas to give the crust flakiness. Beat the egg, stir in the water and vinegar and add to the flour mixture gradually, blending in with a fork. Just a little more water may be needed, but add only enough to moisten the flour. Press into a ball and roll out on a lightly floured board or a pastry cloth. This amount makes one double-crust pie.

**BLUE RIBBON BANANA BREAD**

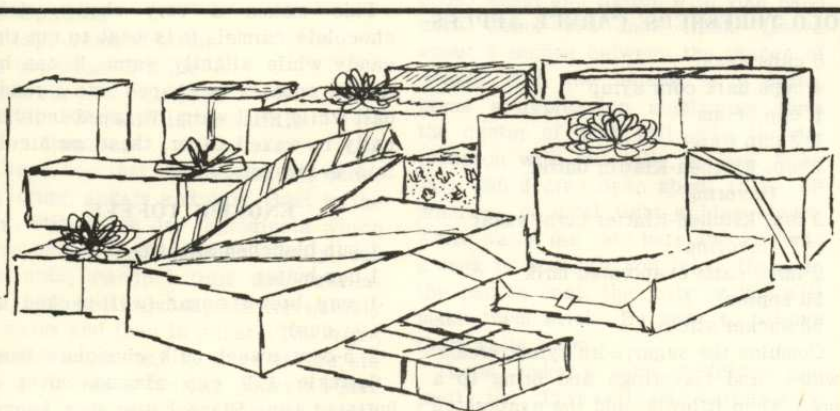
- 2/3 cup sugar
  - 1/3 cup shortening
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
  - 2 eggs
  - 3 Tbls. sour milk or buttermilk
  - 1 cup mashed bananas
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
  - 2 cups all-purpose flour, sifted
  - 1 tsp. baking powder
  - 1/2 tsp. soda
  - 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 1/2 cup English walnuts, chopped
- Cream the sugar, shortening, butter flavoring and eggs together thoroughly. Stir in the milk, bananas and banana flavoring. (If you do not have sour milk or buttermilk, add 1 tsp. vinegar to enough sweet milk to make the 3 Tbls. needed.) Sift the dry ingredients together and beat into the batter. Lastly, fold in the nuts. Pour into a greased loaf pan. Let stand in the pan at room temperature for 30 minutes before baking. (This improves the texture of the bread.) Bake at 350 degrees for 50 minutes. Turn out onto a rack to cool.

**DRIED BEEF SPECIAL**

- 4 oz. dried beef
  - 1/2 lb. American cheese
  - 1 can pimiento, chopped
  - 1 can tomatoes
  - 1 green pepper, diced
- Brown the dried beef in butter. Add the peppers and stir until heated through. Add the pimiento and the tomatoes. Let simmer until liquid is reduced and mixture is slightly thick. Add the cheese and continue cooking over low heat until melted. Serve hot on toast or toasted buns.

**NEBRASKA CABBAGE SALAD**

- 4 to 5 cups cabbage, shredded
  - 2 medium onions, sliced
  - 3/4 cup white sugar
  - 1 cup white vinegar
  - 1 tsp. sugar
  - 1 tsp. celery salt
  - 1 tsp. prepared mustard
  - 1 tsp. salt
  - 1 cup salad oil
- In a large bowl put the layers of shredded cabbage and onion. Sprinkle the 3/4 cup sugar over the top and set aside while preparing the dressing. Combine the vinegar, 1 tsp. sugar, celery salt, mustard, and salt in a saucepan. Bring to a hard boil, stir in the salad oil and return to a good rolling boil. Remove from the heat and pour, hot, over the cabbage and onion, but *do not stir*. Put in the refrigerator and store several hours or overnight. When ready to serve, stir until well mixed.



## 16 PRIZE PACKAGES FOR HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING

Add a magic touch to holiday treats: there are 16 ways to do it! Simply use your favorite recipes for pies, cakes and salads, then use your imagination and **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. Dribble in a little mint flavoring whenever you use chocolate. Gelatin salads and desserts will welcome a flavor surprise. Or how about haunting almond or tangy orange (just a touch!) in the dressing?

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Cherry	Lemon	Maple	Vanilla

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Shenandoah, Iowa



## THE CHRISTMAS STORY

*A Program for Youth*

*by*

*Mildred Dooley Cathcart*

This is an ideal exercise for an intermediate or junior group. In addition to the speaking parts, a junior choir is used. If choir robes are not available, the girls could wear dark skirts and white blouses, and the boys dark trousers and white shirts.

(As the curtain opens slowly the choir is heard singing softly.)

CHOIR: "Silent Night".

LEADER: Who was born on Christmas Day?

FIRST SPEAKER: *For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.* (Luke 2:11.)

LEADER: Where did the Baby Jesus stay?

SECOND SPEAKER: *And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.* (Luke 2:12.)

CHOIR: "Away in a Manger".

LEADER: Who was told of the Saviour's birth?

THIRD SPEAKER: *And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.* (Luke 2:8.)

LEADER: Who brought the message to the earth?

FOURTH SPEAKER: *And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them and and they were sore afraid.* (Luke 2:9.)

CHOIR: "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks".

LEADER: Who were the strangers that came from afar?

FIFTH SPEAKER: *Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.* (St. Matthew 2:1.)

LEADER: Where were they led by the Eastern Star?

SIXTH SPEAKER: *When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was.* (St. Matthew 2:9.)

CHOIR: "We Three Kings of Orient".

LEADER: Why did God send His Son from above?

SEVENTH SPEAKER: *For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world but that the world through Him might be saved.* (St. John 3:17.)

LEADER: What can we do to show Him our love?

EIGHTH SPEAKER: *If ye love Me, keep My commandments.* (St. John 14:14.)

CHOIR: "O Come All Ye Faithful".

## GOD'S GIFT

If we might gaze on the Star of the East

Which led the Wise Men to Bethlehem's Child,

Would our shackled faith in Him be released?

Would our thoughts and actions grow undefiled?

If we heard the angels whose songs from the sky

Inspired the shepherds while guarding their flock,

Would we continue to lag and deny The presence of Christ when we heard His knock?

Although we have never met Christ in the flesh,

His deeds are proclaimed in God's Word, and his birth

Was a gift of pure love, so may Christmas refresh

Our memory concerning His Mission on earth.

—Blanche R. Harvey

## QUIET CHRISTMAS

Not a single car was passing,  
Not a window showed a light,  
Only brilliant stars were gleaming,  
Through the silent Christmas night.  
I heard Bossy softly mooing  
To her calf out in the shed,  
As within the children's bedroom,  
I tucked in each sleepyhead.  
Pausing then by fireside embers,  
I sent fervent thanks above  
For our quiet country Christmas,  
And the gift of Mother Love.

—Lula Lamme



## TO MY FAMILY ON A WINTER NIGHT

When wind and snow  
and long deep glooms  
persist along the wintry air,  
in joy, I go  
about my rooms  
—so glad that you are there!

—Helen Harrington

# HELP!



## Company's Coming!

Collegians home for the holidays? Friends dropping by? A few folks in for dinner? Extra teenagers raiding the refrigerator? You need help!

And you can get help . . . real help . . . from **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. Help with the dishes, help with the laundry. Clean-up help when floors are tracked, or walls fingerprinted. In every room, every day, you'll find help when you need it by reaching for **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. Pick up a box when you grocery shop.

# KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

YOU GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS . . .  
KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER DOES THE WORK!





## CHRISTMAS WILL BE DIFFERENT

by  
Evelyn Birkby

In many, many respects Christmas this year will be different. In some ways we are glad it will be. In others, we are simply anticipating an exciting adventure in this experience of the first Christmas in our new home.

We did come out to the house last Christmas Eve, but there were complications. In the first place, the afternoon of the 24th, Craig fell on the ice of the creek! I had been rushing madly around the kitchen tending to all the things which had not been tended to earlier. The boys decided to go down to the creek and see if it was frozen solid enough for sliding. "Such good boys," was the thought that went through my mind as the three of them filed out through the back door. They had been little angels for days in anticipation of Christmas; more helpful than anyone dared expect!

In less than twenty minutes I heard the sound of their return — unhappy sounds. It did not take long to identify the cry as Craig's. Yes, the ice *had* been frozen deep. Craig had been zipping along sideways, going too fast, obviously, and had hit a stick frozen in the surface of the ice and had fallen, *wham*, on his right side.

A trip to the doctor and an X-ray determined that our youngest boy had broken his collar bone. When it was all strapped up (the doctor suggested he take flying lessons now that his arms were outspread) we belatedly returned home.

It was too late to have the supper we had planned. It was too late to go to the church for the candlelight service. We did decide, since Craig seemed very comfortable now, to follow through on part of our original plan: make up a thermos of cocoa and drive over to our unfinished house.

The world looked like a giant greeting card as we drove up the lane and viewed the outlines of the house surrounded by fresh, white snow. It stood silent and dark as we pulled into the yard. We soon unlocked the door, brought a light cord up from the basement, and hung the bare bulb from a nail pounded into one of the studs. We pulled our camp chairs near the fireplace and Robert lit the wood which he had so optimistically laid early in the afternoon.

Up danced the flames; no need for the glaring bulb now. The warm glow of the fire cast pleasant shadows on



— Photo by Ridgeway Hutcheson

Around the fireplace in their new home are Evelyn, Craig, Jeffrey, Bob, Jr., and Robert Birkby, sending you special Christmas greetings.

the gaunt studding which outlined where the walls would soon be built. The light sifted out through the long east windows to make bright fingers on the snowdrifts. It reflected on the faces of happy boys; Craig's face was happy, too, in spite of his injury.

Robert read the Christmas story from Luke. We sang Christmas carols and talked of the years past. We drank the steaming brown cocoa and gaily tossed the empty paper cups into the fire. The conversation turned to Christmas coming the next day in our *old* house and projected into the future and what Christmas would be like when we could celebrate it all in our *new* home.

And now, suddenly, that next Christmas is fast approaching. It *will* be different. In the first place, the walls *are* in! No longer can one stand at the south end and look clear through to the north wall. No more can the boys run back and forth shouting, "Look, I'm Casper the friendly ghost, I can go right through the wall!" The dry wall, the plaster, the paint and paper, and the furniture make for a great change in the appearance of the house.

My problem now is not the choice of light fixtures or the decision on the color of the rug, but rather where to place the old, familiar Christmas decorations! No window sills were built here, so the usual red candles, green boughs and white snowballs from years past will have to go somewhere else — the mantel, perhaps? The white "Paul Revere" lantern with its fat little candle will also be placed on the mantel along with pine cones and a ceramic squirrel.

And the stockings — of course, the stockings — will be a vital part of the decorations. Hanging from the mantel

will be a stocking for each one of us: Craig, Jeff, Bob, Robert, Grandma Corrie and me! Already little whispered conferences and secretive sessions in basement and closet are taking place as silly little surprises are being planned for Mom and Dad and Grandma. And Mom and Dad and Grandma are having just as much fun getting their secret surprises ready, too! This year will be the first time the adults in the family have put up their stockings, inspired, no doubt, by the fireplace and the knowledge that the boys are old enough to enter into the fun of carrying out secrets of their own.

The Christmas tree, by all rights, should stand in the corner near the fireplace. Here, however, it cannot be seen from the street. Should we put a tiny tree on a table in front of the window or just try to fill in that large space with a Christmas scene? The boys *could* cut snowflakes out of white construction paper and tape those to the windows.

Another project the boys are planning is the decoration on the tiny windows in the front and basement doors. We have always had just one, single, large glass in the front door where we hung a white styrofoam bell. Now our doors have the small Colonial dividers and the bell won't fit! The plan is to cut pretty pictures from Christmas cards and fasten them to the small panes. With the addition of some spray snow, each little pane will hold its own Christmas scene.

If all this sounds simple and economical, it is *supposed* to be! We will use *everything* leftover that will possibly fit into this new situation, try to stretch our imaginations to make our  
(Continued on page 22)





## "THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"

by

Pearl Etta Richardson

Christmas is approaching! The fruit cakes have long since been baked and stored away to reach their peak of perfection for good holiday eating. This is the time we go through our accumulated suggestions, looking for patterns of bells and stars and other symbols of Christmas to make the dozens of Christmas cookies.

Maybe we shouldn't, but we all love to experiment at this season of the year. We try new spices and flavors. We use new frostings. We buy new candy decorations. We attempt new decorations of our own. We are deluged with new ideas, and like to try them, in order to come up with something new and tempting and delicious! Nobody cares if we get carried away. There is always enough for the tree-trimmers, the carolers, and all the callers.

Most of all, it's time to bring out, once again, that most popular poem written in 1822 by Clement C. Moore as a Christmas gift for his children. We know it as "The Night before Christmas". On Christmas Eve he recited this lovely bit of nonsense to his children. They were so delighted with it that they passed it on to friends. The following year it was sent to a newspaper in Troy, New York, where it was published.

Consisting of 28 jingling verses, it was so charming that children instantly

loved it. Fortunately, parents love it, too, because there must be few homes where parents have not read and reread it until they know it by heart.

In every town where decorations are featured on main street, in every home, on light posts — where all is festive for the holiday season — Santa Claus is one of the traditional features. As long as children live and wish and dream, and hear this poem, Santa will be a household tradition.

Santa could not long survive, even for children, were it not for the general good will and Christian fellowship that makes the whole season of Christmas something so different that we become "our best selves". But between children's seeing the family exchange of gifts, receiving from Santa, and knowing the story of the Christ Child, they easily mature to the adult knowledge that the "giving" is the most fun. Jolly Santa must have helped them to arrive at that lovely truth.

The gathering of the family for a holiday meal, the worship together at church, the quiet times a family can find at home after the excitement is over, all help the child to understand that we love Santa because he is the spirit of giving.

And as the excitement recedes, we can all say, with Clement Moore, "Merry Christmas to all, and to all, a good night".

are financially able to buy their own tree and ornaments, fine. But for the tree that belongs to the whole family and guests, I say, hands off.

There are, however, a few things children should be allowed to do. Decorate cookies is one of them. Trial and error has proven that the best plan for our households is to bake the cookies when everyone is asleep, and immediately hide the ones that you later plan to eat. The ones you really don't care about, place on the table with tinted frosting, sugar, raisins, etc., and then leave. It's the only way.

### Show of Faith

When it's all over and you've putty-knifed up the frosting, I think as a show of faith you should eat one of

## Useful Gift

Are you so busy you can't get all of your Christmas shopping done?

Would you like to do something *extra-special* this year for a friend, neighbor or relative?

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We send a special Christmas card telling them of your gift.

**\$1.50 per year, 12 issues**  
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It's not the number of hours you put in, but what you put in the hours that counts.

The world is full of willing people. Some are willing to work; others are willing to let them.

their decorated cookies. I know a gingerbread boy with sixty-seven raisin buttons is not a cooky—it's a meal—but haven't I been telling you that parenthood has a price?

When it comes to buying gifts, don't pay any attention to the price tag, keeping up with the Jones's, or buying something you had to do without when you were a child. Just buy them something they'll like or something you like. I have it on a good authority that electric trains are a lot more fun when you're forty than when you're four.

And it's a good thing. That way when Dad sinks his life savings in a train lay-out, and Junior discards it to play with the box it came in, it's not a total loss.

### Lick Stamps

Children also can string popcorn, seal Christmas cards, lick stamps and wrap gifts, more or less.

While I'm wrapping gifts, I lay out a piece of tissue paper and give each contestant a box of sticky stars. That takes awhile, and then you can use the decorated paper to wrap Grandmother's gift. She knows why her gift looks so messy, but she doesn't mind. She did the very same thing with you.

I'd like to close with a word about taking children Christmas shopping. Don't.

## CHRISTMAS CAN BE JOLLY FROM COOKIES TO GIFTS

by

Betty J. Stevens

'Tis the season to be jolly, and to keep you that way right up to the big day, I'd like to tell you everything I know about a smooth approach to Christmas with small children. That's why this is such a short article.

It never fails. Just before Christmas every year some writer, who claims to be a child psychologist on the side, says the only decent thing to do is let small children remove and replace tree ornaments whenever their little fingers feel like it. I say that's a bunch of malarky. As soon as the little ones





## COME, READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

Pine cones, lighted candles, a sparkling Yule tree and the family Bible open to the Christmas story added to the feeling of contentment at last year's Christmas holiday. As Mother and I opened our gifts, we both exclaimed with pleasure and delight. Gladys Taber's *The Stillmeadow Road* had been selected by both of us as presents! How often we choose gifts for others that we would like ourselves.

Readers of Mrs. Taber's *Stillmeadow* books will be interested in her latest, *Another Path* (Lippincott, \$2.95). After the death of Jill, her companion for

thirty years, Mrs. Taber was faced with the problem of trying to make a new life for herself. Written because she found many others traveling the same lonely road of grief, rebirth of hope came to her in prayer, in reading the Bible, and in poetry. The world became more bearable when she concentrated on sharing the happiness and sorrow of friends, instead of her own.

A sense of responsibility to Jill made her work at not being miserable and bitter. Therefore, she accepted her new life, and on Christmas Eve was able to meet the holiday with a peaceful heart.

Will there be books under your tree this Christmas? When we think how books become a part of our minds and future, they seem relatively inexpensive. For children, books can be read and read again with no breakage as with toys.

The fourth grade teacher at our school is reading *Charlotte's Web* (Harper, \$2.75). Jon remarked, "I didn't vote

for that book to be read. I voted for another, but lost." Knowing that master essayist, E. B. White, had written the tale of the intelligent spider named Charlotte and Wilbur the pig, I thought he would become fascinated. Sure enough, I soon heard, "Mom, do you suppose I could get *Charlotte's Web* for Christmas?"

Remember: Books are the delight of the mind and medicine for the soul.



## LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

a beautiful, beautiful place where the usual pressures of daily life can be discarded.

It seems wonderful to all of us to have a new baby in the family again. When word reached us that Donna's and Tom's little girl had arrived safely we were overjoyed. And it was such a pleasure to us that Juliana's bassinet could once again be taken from the second floor at the folks' house and put to use. Howard gave it a fine paint job and Mae and Donna decorated it; actually, it looked as good as new when they were all through. This bassinet was the only thing we saved from Juliana's babyhood and we saved it for sentimental reasons. It was so big and sturdy that we thought her own babies could use it some day! Once we counted up the number of babies who had used that bassinet and when we hit 19 we stopped — and then we had the nagging feeling we had forgotten some infant.

I've been able to sit on a stool in the kitchen and do some cooking, so after all the commotion of the holidays is over I'd like to tell you about a few of the recipes I've used . . . off-the-beaten-track things. Myrt has a wonderful collection of cookbooks, and on nights when my rigid diet seems too much of a good thing, I take these cookbooks to bed and study them. It's a crazy source of comfort, but for some peculiar reason it works — at least for me.

Once again I'm making the same old resolutions to get Christmas projects in hand long before the last scrambled moments, so I think I'll stop right now and get to the kitchen to help Myrt line up ingredients for a steamed pudding we want to age. Those suitcases piled in the corner can just wait!

A happy, happy holiday to each and every one of you, and a very special blessing to those of you who must carry through this Christmas season without the presence of one who was with you last Christmas.

Faithfully always . . .

Lucile



## MAGIC

Here's a magic trick, designed to get you through this "heavy-eating season" without gaining an ounce! Simply use your head when the starchy foods are passed — and sweeten and cook with **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**.

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## KITCHEN - KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

BUY IT AT YOUR GROCER'S.





by  
Virginia Thomas

**CHRISTMAS MIXER:** On old greeting cards (you can cut up the folder type to make several cards) write the names of the guests, writing each guest's name on several cards, perhaps as many times as you have guests. When guests have arrived, give each person the cards which have his name on them, and then announce that guests must shake hands with each other and present a card. The first one to have a complete set of cards (one from each guest present) wins a prize.

**FILL THE CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS:** Choose two teams for a relay. The leader on each team has a large stocking. At the other end of the line is a pile of oranges. The players must pass the oranges without using their hands, each holding one under his chin and passing to the next in line to grasp under her chin. The first team to get all the oranges in their stocking wins. This game is very funny, especially if both sexes are playing it!

**GIFT EXCHANGE:** Make two large cut-out snowflakes for each package to be distributed. Attach to each package as it arrives, keeping the duplicates in a small box. When ready for gift exchange, the leader announces that during the "snowstorm" each guest must catch a falling snowflake. The leader then holds box high above her head and lets the snowflakes fall where they may. For more fun turn an electric fan on slow speed to scatter the falling snowflakes. Guests must then match their snowflakes to the ones on the packages.

**TOY SHOP:** Have ready names of toys written on slips of paper. Pin one on the back of each guest. Guests must find out which toys they are by asking questions which can be answered with a "yes" or "no", or the one asked may pantomime some action of the toy. When guest learns her identity, the name may then be pinned to the front.

**CHRISTMAS GIFT WRAP:** Divide into two teams for a relay. The runners on each side must run to a table, untie, unwrap, rewrap, and retie a Christmas package

## CHILDREN'S PARTY

by  
Lynda Schlomann

Youngsters of any age love a party, and this one can be adapted to suit their age group. Originally planned for a boy who celebrated his birthday in December, it has also been used successfully for annual family Christmas parties.

### Invitations

For the children's party, invitations were made in the form of small Christmas cards by sketching a row of poinsettias on correspondence cards or using Santa Claus stickers. This verse did the inviting:

Santa asked me to tell you all,  
Not to forget this special day,  
When he'll be at \_\_\_\_\_'s house  
With a pack so bright and gay!

The name, address and date completed the invitation.

### Decorations

Decorations can incorporate any Christmas theme or whatever you have used in the past for holiday decorating. The poinsettia theme was carried out by stringing red cardboard poinsettias, cut out by the children, on ribbons or wire alternately with evergreen branches. In one corner was placed a small undecorated Christmas tree which awaited the ancient rite of trimming before Santa Claus appeared.

### Games

Games for the event used a gift theme with lots of small prizes for the many winners. One game entitled "A Christmas Guess" required necessary preparation beforehand and asked the following question:

1. How many beans in this jar?
2. How many leaves in this book?
3. How many stars in the American flag?
4. How many seeds in this apple?
5. How many kernels on this ear of corn?
6. How many berries on this branch of holly?

Another popular game was the "Christmas Boxing Match". Each child was given a red or green balloon; then all the children with a red balloon selected one from their side to be the boxer as did the green balloon holders. To the left wrist of each boxer, 10 inflated balloons were tied with a string at least 18 inches long. The boxers were required to keep the balloons in front of them close to their chests and were not allowed to defend their balloons by moving their left

hand from that position. The object, of course, was to break all the other fellow's balloons with your right hand. The winner received a prize for himself and his side of "fans".

Children are enthusiastic over the thought of finding gifts with which to decorate the tree. When all the gifts, which have been hidden throughout the house, have been found, divide the children into groups of four. Each group is then assigned its special task at decorating the tree. One group, for instance, can hang the balls and tinsel; others can hang small Christmas stockings bulging with nuts and candy. Or pictures of decorations and strings of cranberries or popcorn can be used to decorate it.

The serving of light refreshments can close the party.



## Holiday Visiting



This seems to be a time of year when it's especially fun to share recipes and ideas —

A time of year when excitement and enthusiasm are in the air.

We don't pretend to be home economists or fancy cooks but we do like to share our ideas and recipes with you.

Take time out of your busy schedule to let us visit with you each week day morning on the following stations:

KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 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, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.



## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

Did you ever notice that some plants do not make any noticeable growth even though provided with good cultural care? It is because they are "resting" or going through a semi-dormant stage which is perfectly normal during late fall and early winter for many house plants. Mother Nature requires that a plant go through a quiet period so as to prepare itself for the mission of growing, flowering and fruiting. During the short dark days of December, water house plants lightly but do not feed any fertilizer or attempt to stimulate growth. As soon as the days start to lengthen the plants will awaken from their lethargy and send forth new growth. Bulbous house plants, such as cyclamen, amaryllis, nerines, and gloxinias, that have

ripened well and undergone a rest period for some weeks in the fall, can be repotted and will oftentimes bloom for the holiday season. Geraniums and other sun-loving plants will resume growth and bloom again toward spring.

Check house plants often for insect pests. Just last week a lady who has a large collection of African violets asked me to examine her plants to see if I could tell what was happening to them. She said her plants had always bloomed beautifully for her until this year. The deformed and stunted foliage on several plants indicated a bad infestation of Cyclamen mite. This microscopic creature lives on the growing tips of plants and burrows into crevices and folds of the plant making it most difficult to control. The only sure cure is to dispose of all infested plants and to isolate and treat the seemingly healthy plants for a period of time. "I can't throw them out," the lady wailed. "I haven't even seen

some of the new ones in bloom." So we found a big enameled vegetable cooker, bought a bottle of miticide called DIMITE, and proceeded to immerse each plant in a solution made with two gallons of tepid water and 2 teaspoons of DIMITE. As soon as bubbles no longer arose from the pot, each plant was set in the bathtub and on the kitchen drainboard to dry. We treated all of her collection, and will repeat the process within three weeks. The window curtains and sills were also washed and dried to make sure they were not harboring some of the mites. If you suspect mites and try the above treatment, be sure to let the plants dry off quickly in a warm, shady room or the leaves may spot and become unsightly.

I want to thank all of the kind readers who wrote stating you would sell roots of your fern leaf peony. Your names and addresses are on file and when someone requests this plant I shall send them the list and they can contact you. Though fall is the recommended time for moving peonies, they can also be set out safely in early spring.



### WHY DOWN THE CHIMNEY?

Why is Santa pictured as coming down the chimney? One story goes back to pre-Christian Germany and Hertha, goddess of the home. At the winter solstice, which is about the time of Christmas, families kindled a fire of fir boughs inside their homes, and the goddess supposedly descended through the smoke to bring them good luck.

The legend carried over into old England, where Santa was credited with coming down the chimney to clean it of soot so good luck could come in.

### WHY HOLLY AND MISTLETOE?

Holly was first used in English windows to indicate Christian worship, as the red berries were supposed to represent the blood of Jesus. The holly was believed to keep evil spirits away.

Mistletoe was sacred in many ancient religions. The Druids of England cut it with a golden knife and hung it over the doors, believing that only happiness could pass under the branch. They also used it in their marriage ceremonies, originating the custom of kissing under the mistletoe.

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FOR CHRISTMAS..

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YEARS  
AGO!



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**"A CHRISTMAS CAROL - 1963"**

by

*Esther Grace Sigsbee*

A long-time tradition of Christmas for many families is the reading of Charles Dickens's "A Christmas Carol". Tiny Tim with his "God bless us every one", Mrs. Cratchitt with her "twice-turned dress made brave with ribbons", Old Scrooge with his "humbug!" provide a story that never loses its fascination. And the three ghosts of Christmas Past, Christmas Present, and Christmases Yet to Be, bring their message.

Everyone has his own personal set of Christmas ghosts, past, present, and future, and they haunt us during this season, even though most of us aren't as much in need of a shock to get us into the spirit of Christmas as Old Scrooge was.

When the Ghost of Christmas Past rattles at my doorway, he brings happy memories. When I peer through the glass of time, as Scrooge did in Dickens's story, I go back through the years and far away. I see Christmas trees. Some of them are up on a table; others are down on the floor. There was a reason for this, I remember. For quite a long time, on alternate years, we had a toddler in the family. When the tree was on a table, the current baby was in the explorer stage; when it was on the floor, he could be trusted a little more.

The Ghost of Christmas Past also shows me three pajama-clad youngsters - Bill, Mary Ann, and Jean. They are waiting on the stairway until 6:30 a.m., the exact time Mom and Dad said they could burst into the living room to open their presents.

There are dolls there - two for every Christmas for several years. It is hard to tell who enjoyed them most, the little girls who received them or the mother who helped Santa pick them out. There are a series of three stockings hung each year for the Jolly Old Gent to fill.

The Ghost of Christmas Past has memories for my ear. I hear many Christmas vocal concerts at the high school. Somehow, this program always marked the opening of the Christmas season, and after I had delighted in it, I got into the spirit of the holiday. I hear echoes from a church, and smell the candles at the services. There are cantatas by the choir, and programs during which I listened breathlessly to hear one of our little ones speak a piece or see him solemnly carry a shepherd's crook or a Magi's gift.

I see family parties with uncles, aunts, and cousins gathered. There was always far too much festive food;



Our readers have been enjoying articles by Esther Grace Sigsbee for a number of years. Transplanted Iowans, Esther and Harlan are now residents of Florida. Their son Bill attends the State University of Iowa. Their daughters are Mary Ann, standing at the left, and Jean.

we sang the dear, familiar carols; and we watched movies of all the cousins gathered at previous Christmas parties.

The Ghost of Christmas Present has treasures to show me, although the preparations for the season are not yet completed. I see a tree, a traditional fir, but a bit strange in this land of the palm tree. I see two daughters, no longer tiny, but rapidly becoming young women. They no longer are uncritical of the artistic aspects of the Christmas decorations, but we manage to have a great deal of fun working together on the project.

The Ghost of Christmas Present brings me echoes of old songs sung in new surroundings. "Joy to the World" rings out from new school concerts and a new church. Messages from loved ones far away radiate to me from across the miles, for the spirit of Christmas is magical and laughs at time and distance.

The Ghost of Christmases Yet to Be is a more vague spirit. The glass through which he has me look is a bit hazy. I think, though, that I can make

out a Christmas tree. Is that couple, the very old gentleman and the ancient lady, Father and I? Are those people gathered around us, happily opening gifts, our children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren?

The Ghost shows me vehicles parked in the driveway. They look strange. Are they spaceships - the usual form of transportation in Christmases Yet to Be?

I hear singing - "O Little Town of Bethlehem", "The First Noel", and "Silent Night" - "rest in heavenly peace". Could it be that in Christmases Yet to Be, the nations of the world will have settled their differences, and the "peace on earth" of which the angels sang, an actuality?

The Ghost of Christmases Yet to Be brings peace, which is the crowning hope of Christmas.

The Christmas message is the same - past, present, and future. It's a Babe in a manger, a magnificent Gift, and the Hope of the world for this life and for all eternity.

\* \* \*

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### ABIGAIL'S LETTER - Concluded

and restored. (Early pioneers mistakenly applied the name Aztec.) A trail guide gives a complete and easily understood explanation of the features and culture of the ruins. It doesn't take a great deal of time to complete the tour and is well worth the trip if you are in the vicinity and have an interest in such things.

From Durango, Colorado, we took the longer, but spectacularly scenic, route up through Silverton and Ouray. We can never by-pass this magnificent mountain grandeur whenever we're in southwestern Colorado.

Since our return our lives have been full of the myriad of activities that arrived with the opening of school. It hardly seems possible that it is time for the Denver Driftmiers to wish each one of you a *Very Merry Christmas!*  
Sincerely, Abigail

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Kitchen-Klatter Magazine published monthly at Shenandoah, Iowa for October 1963.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa

Editor, Leanna F. Driftmier, Shenandoah, Iowa  
Managing Editor, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa  
Business Manager, Russell Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa

2. The owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Driftmier Company Shenandoah, Iowa  
Lucile Driftmier Verness Shenandoah, Iowa  
Russell Verness Shenandoah, Iowa

3. The known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if none, so state.)

None

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required by the act of June 11, 1960 to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue.) 68,728.

Russell Verness, Business Manager  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1963.

### FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

Americans when I happened to mention the church and your name. The moment I said, 'Dr. Driftmier' they asked: 'Do you mean Frederick Driftmier who writes for Kitchen-Klatter?' We spent the rest of the hour talking about you and your family, and they knew more about you than I did." His experience was similar to that of two ladies from this church who were on a ship sailing to Italy last month. I received a card from them on which they said: "You can imagine how surprised we were to learn that a Dr. Collins who sat at our table in the ship's dining room knew you. He said that he was President of Tarkio College when you were a student there years ago."

Little stories like that warm the heart, don't they? The many strands of one's life do have a way of coming together into a lovely pattern of friendship, giving to life a sense of security and stability. That is one of the particular joys of the Christmas season, for then it is that we hear from old friends of years gone by. Betty and David and Mary Leanna join me in wishing for all of you the happiest Christmas ever.

Sincerely,  
Frederick

Give a boy a good education and you educate an individual . . . Give a girl a good education and you educate a whole family.

### CHRISTMAS WILL BE DIFFERENT - Concluded

own decorations wherever possible and trust the new effect will be a happy one.

This Christmas we plan to have Grandma Corrie with us - stocking and all! This, too, will be different than it was a year ago. Last year Mother spent the holidays with my sister in Mesa, Arizona, and enjoyed sunny skies, desert sands, decorated cactus and her 16-year-old grandson's mature approach to life. We will promise her the cold of an Iowa winter, snow (surely it will snow) and the excitement of three younger grandsons.

This year it is hoped attendance at the Candlelight Communion Service will be unmarred by a broken bone! We'll come home afterwards, but, instead of leaving after a songfest, the Christmas story and cocoa around the fire, we will simply go into the finished bedrooms and await the arrival of the great day.

And Christmas morning will indeed be different: a fresh fire blazing a welcome, bulging stockings, shared joys and breakfast trays carried right into the midst of all the confusion! Truly, it will be a blessed Christmas.





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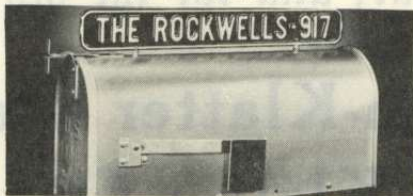
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We'd like to take this method of sending warmest greetings to you all, along with our best wishes for a happy holiday season and a wonderful 1963.

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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