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# Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

15 CENTS

VOL. 28

DECEMBER, 1964

NUMBER 12



—H. Armstrong Roberts

### "Merry Christmas to All!"





LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This morning I have been sitting here at my desk typing up copies of some of the recipes you will find in this issue, and while I'm still geared to the typewriter I'll go ahead and get off a letter to you.

You'll be reading this a little bit after Thanksgiving, or thereabouts, and we will have had a quiet family dinner to mark the day. Several months ago when we first thought about Thanksgiving we had planned to have the dinner at my house, but Dad's health no longer permits him to leave the family home and consequently we had to change our plans.

If present arrangements work out, Abigail, Wayne and the children will drive here from Denver. In previous years they've made the trip in one day and arrived in Shenandoah about nine o'clock in the evening, but this year they are starting out after the children are through with classes in the late afternoon and going as far as is reasonable before stopping at a motel for the night. This will put them into Shenandoah around mid-afternoon on Thanksgiving Day itself, so we are making our plans around this fact.

Mother wants to fix the turkey (it is hard to transport a big turkey!), and Margery, Mae and I will prepare all the rest of the food and see that everything gets on the table. Dorothy and Frank are hopeful that things work out so they can drive down and be with us. We'll be quite a crowd if everyone manages to get here, but at least Dad will be able to go into his bedroom and rest when he gets tired.

Since I last wrote to you I have had a rather short trip to New Mexico, a trip I made for the express purpose of seeing Juliana. Myrt, plus a dear friend of mine from Omaha, and I started out together on a perfectly beautiful au-

turn day, and this time we varied our usual route across U.S. 54 by going to the end of the Kansas turnpike and turning off at Wellington. I had never taken that road just above the southern border of Kansas and it was refreshing to see new country. Then we swung down into Oklahoma (again, new country to my eyes) and stopped for the night at Alva. We had been tempted to continue beyond Alva because it was rather early to get off the road, but the western sky looked extremely foreboding and we decided it would be only sensible to take shelter while we could. I don't think we'd been in Alva more than forty-five minutes when a torrential storm struck, and the three of us were happy enough to be in a motel.

The next day we drove through rain almost the entire time, so it was late in the afternoon before we reached my place north of Santa Fe and could stretch our weary legs. Incidentally, the weather in New Mexico has been much "out-of-kilter" for the past six or eight months and no one seems to have an explanation for it. As a rule there is almost always sunshine in Santa Fe and Albuquerque — rains come only rarely and are much appreciated when they do come. This year there has been excessive rainfall in both places and things looked astonishingly green to our eyes. The entire first week we were there it was very cloudy and rained almost every day, a situation unheard of in October.

My friend from Omaha could be gone only one week from her job, so after she had left Myrt and I drove down to see Juliana and her roommate, Chris Schletter of Roswell, New Mexico. (They started out as roommates when they were freshmen at the University and are still together!) Until this year they had lived at the big dormitory for women students, but a greatly increased enrollment made housing con-

ditions a very serious problem and, along with many other seniors, they looked for an apartment.

Well, they found one! And they are both very proud of it and very responsible homemakers; every minute they could spare from classes they had spent painting the entire thing — even the ceilings. They said that this paint job was an absolute necessity because everything had been a dark brown when they moved in, and since this is a semi-basement apartment you can imagine how dark it seemed. I really couldn't begin to describe this apartment to you, so I'll simply say that it is a building originally constructed for a hotel and converted a number of years ago for student housing. Young people can absorb just about anything and don't even see what we parents see in the line of inconveniences; that's the way it's always been and nothing seems likely to change this fact in the future. At least their apartment is practically on the campus and that is a tremendous advantage.

While Myrt and I were there, Juliana said that their apartment was practically an animal shelter! We had Jake with us, of course, so this was one pet. Then the girls have a very beautiful Siamese Seal-point kitten, a truly adorable little thing, so this made two pets. (Jake and Steffy got along very well together — she put him in his place at the outset and there was no further trouble.) Then a student in the house had a six-year-old Chihuahua that had taken up bed and board with the girls, so this made a grand total of three pets tearing around the apartment. There was a hole in the screen door which permitted them to come and go as they pleased, so at least we didn't have to keep jumping up and down all the time.

Albuquerque has some very good Mexican restaurants in Old Town, but on this trip we decided to go to a Chinese restaurant and have genuine Cantonese food. That was a thoroughly enjoyable evening for the food was exceptionally delicious, and since the girls do all of their own cooking (with an eagle eye on the grocery budget) it was a great treat to them to be in a restaurant.

On our return trip to Iowa we went north through the Taos and Cimarron canyons, and surely it must have been the one perfect day in all of October to go through them. They were simply undescribably beautiful. This is country famous for its trout fishing and hunting, so I'm sure that some of you have seen these magnificent canyons.

(Continued on page 22)



## A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

The big calendar on the kitchen wall is covered with circled dates, evidence that this is going to be an especially busy month.

Our church circle meets about the date this issue enters the mails so I'll have to jump back a bit and tell you about last month's meeting. We had a lovely luncheon before our business session, and since we hadn't yet put any money in our treasury, we decided to pay for our lunch. In that way, we'd have some money to start out the year. Everyone thought it was a fine suggestion and that it was a plan we might follow at every meeting. The project committee was open for suggestions and it was heart-warming to hear so many ideas of things we could do in service to our church, and for those in need.

Some of you readers will remember that several years ago I collected cologne and face powder for a special project for the Mental Health Institute. I rebottled and repackaged them in small pill bottles and boxes, which I decorated with little floral stickers, and then took them to the hospital to be distributed. Our circle members rounded up similar items for me this fall and in my spare time I've been getting some little presents ready. One of my friends is helping me with my project. I'm passing on this information for this is something you could do in time for Christmas if you get at it right away.

We've had a number of requests in the radio mail recently for new ideas for groups to raise money. As one friend wrote, "Everything we've held recently has been used and used until the novelty has worn off and we're lacking in enthusiasm and cooperation. I wish we could come up with a new idea." Perhaps the benefit held recently by the Hospital Auxiliary in Shenandoah will be of interest to you.

One-dollar tickets were sold in advance for "A Nickel a Nibble". Each member brought a favorite dish and the recipe. There were salads, tiny elegant sandwiches and an array of delicious desserts and each dish was numbered. When we picked up our plates to start down the long buffet table, paper and pencils were available so that we could list the numbers for the recipes we wanted. We selected nibbles from the various dishes and at the end of the table, we paid a nickel for each one, plus a nickel for our coffee. We wrote our names on the papers with the numbers of the dishes, and while we



The Reverend Frederick Driftmier helps a friend observe her 90th birthday.

ate lunch at small tables the recipes were typed and assembled. Five cents was charged for each recipe, also. It was very successful and a fine piece of hospital equipment, a heart pacemaker, was purchased with the funds raised.

During this past month our family has been saddened by the death of one of our dearest friends, Edith Hansen, whom many of you knew through her radio visits. Edith had been retired for several years and made her home with her son Donald in Phoenix. Her activities during the past few years had been very limited due to a serious heart condition which, followed by a stroke, was the cause of her death. She had been hospitalized in Shenandoah for several months so we were able to visit with her regularly. One of her last outings before she was completely bedfast was to spend an afternoon with Mother and Dad. Edith's passing was a great shock to her many friends, I know, for only a few of us knew the seriousness of her condition. The Edith Hansen Memorial Fund has been established at Children's Memorial Hospital in Omaha, Nebraska.

I remember when Martin was just a little fellow and we would go over to Edith's to spend an evening. He would go to sleep on the bed while we visited. Now Martin is finishing his last year of high school. It just doesn't seem possible that time has flown by so fast. These days he is pouring over college catalogues, and as we've had the opportunity we've visited some colleges nearby. Since he isn't posi-

tive just what his major will be, he will probably take two years in straight liberal arts before he makes up his mind. That will give him a little more time to decide.

The last time I wrote, we were waiting for the big night of the senior class play in which he had a role. There were three weeks of concentrated rehearsals after the cast was chosen. This left little time for studying but he felt the experience worth that sacrifice. I suppose that's the way it is with most of the extra-curricular activities! The play went off well with no visible signs of nervousness among the members of the cast, but I doubt if the same could be said for the parents in the audience! The play was well along in the first act before Oliver and I could relax — a typical parents' reaction to their son's first acting role!

We live only a block from the high school, so we walked down to the building. As we've mentioned before, the auditorium is on the third floor so Mother couldn't attend the play. (She managed to attend the graduations of her children by being carried up the stairs, but since those years she has had to forego such activities.) Consequently, she was eager to hear how things had gone and was watching for us. As is our custom, we stopped in on our way home to report on the play.

May you all have a blessed Christmas.

Sincerely,

*Margery*





# Circle of Love

## A CHRISTMAS WORSHIP SERVICE

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** On a wall or easel place a large hoop to be used as the base for the wreath which the speakers will form as the service progresses.

**Properties:** Large sprays of evergreen. A large red ribbon bow. Pipe cleaners fastened to the evergreens and the bow for ease in fastening them to the hoop. Three plain, bright red ball tree ornaments (holly berries) fastened in a cluster with pipe cleaner.

**A Medley of Christmas Music** is played softly as the prelude and throughout the service, except as otherwise noted.

**Call to Worship:** *So faith, hope, love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is love.*

"Just as April brings new life to sleeping shrub and tree,  
Love is quickened at the time of the Nativity.

Life and faith are now renewed by thoughts of holy things.

Christmas brings to every heart the sound of angel wings.

Though wintry storms of life around us roll,

It is the springtime, the *evergreen* time, of the soul."

—paraphrased from verse by unknown author.

**Scripture:** *Love never ends. As for prophecy, it will pass away. As for tongues, they will cease. For knowledge, it will cease. For our knowledge is imperfect and our prophecy is imperfect: but when the perfect comes, the imperfect will pass away. So faith, hope, love abide, these three; but the greatest of these is love . . . God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten son . . . A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another, even as I have loved you.*

**Hymn:** First verse of "Love Came Down at Christmas".

**Leader:**

"Place we green garlands on this circle round,

Sign of God's love which will ever abound.

For as a circle unending is His tender love

Which came down at Christmas from heaven above."

**First Meditation:** Evergreen signs of an evergreen joy, hope, and good promise that naught can destroy. Time cannot wither, nay naught can kill; sure and eternal are peace and good will. (Places spray of evergreen on wreath.) Yes, joy is a very important part of Christmas, has ever been since the angels first sang "We bring you tidings of great joy". Who has not seen the joy in the eyes of a child gazing at a glowing candle on the mantel, or at the glittering ornaments on the family tree? Who could miss the joy in a parent's heart as grown sons and daughters and beloved grandchildren gather beneath the home roof once more at Christmastide, and sing together once again the precious carols around the old upright piano? Joy of worshiping with loved ones in the church on Christmas Eve, joy in taking a glass of jelly to a neighbor, or a pan of hot rolls to the minister's family — our special way to say "A blessed Christmas to you" — joy that floods us to the very soul when we hear Christmas music coming over the air waves, or bells chiming the carols across the snow-covered hills. Oh, there is no doubt that *love* is in Christmas when we find such joy there, the very special joy that seems to touch everyone about us, and every act that we do, with a special kind of happy magic at Christmas time.

**Second Meditation:** Evergreen signs of brotherhood still bring true the promise of "peace and good will"! (Places evergreen.) Jesus' ideal world is a world of faith ruled by love. Oh, it isn't an easy goal to attain, but each Christmas, as we see the warm glow that spreads from heart to heart around the world, we cannot fail to see what can be done — through love. Slowly,

but surely, men are learning a higher way than selfishness. Our individual good must become a common good if we are to know true peace and good will.

Yes, love comes down at Christmas, and to know its full beauty is to know the *spirit* of love, and of sharing, not as an act of the moment, but as a way of life. To accept the love of God is but the beginning. We must ask what it means in the home, in business, in our nation. Then we shall see that God is working his gift of love with nations. He is giving men a larger, wider vision, creating in them a new spirit of brotherhood. Think of shiploads of food, of clothing, of medicines, of machinery going from a nation of abundance to one in dire need. Think of the Peace Corps, the council tables of those who govern. Yes, God is ever working through His "little miracles of love". "If Christ's way is your way at Christmastide, then your way is the love way whate'er betide. The right way, the bright way, the whole world wide, is Christ's way, the love way, everyday — not just at Christmastide."

**Third Meditation:** Evergreen signs of worship and prayer, ever a sign that God, too, is there; let garlands of reverence the circle entwine, symbol of God's love unending, divine. (Places evergreen.) Reverently we see it as we stand with a child at the creche, or watch the candle processional on Christmas Eve. We feel it as someone reads the Christmas story from the Bible, as children's voices croon "Away in a Manger" or the congregation triumphantly joins in "O Come, All Ye Faithful". We know it when peace steals quietly into our troubled hearts, and that warm glow of good will toward men radiates in and around us, until our whole world seems, for the moment, securely sheltered within the folds of love. Yes, it is then that we know truly that reverence and worship are the strongest threads in weaving God's circle of love, and we long to sing with the Psalmist, *O make a joyful noise unto the Lord all the lands! . . . O sing to the Lord a new song, for He has done marvelous things!*

**Fourth Meditation:** We place the bright holly berries on our wreath for remembrance. (Places holly berry ornaments.) Remembering is such an important part of Christmas, remembrance that God so loved that He sent us His Son, the Babe of Bethlehem. Christmas is love that knits families together across distances and time, that offers the shining hope of peace that can

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## FREDERICK'S LETTER

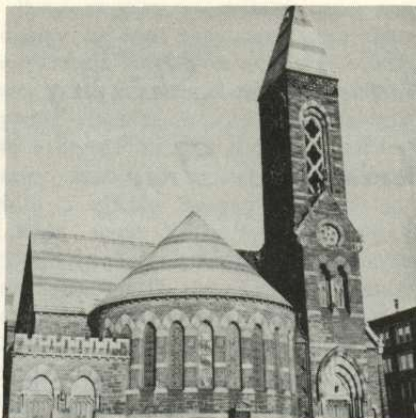
Dear Friends:

If you were to walk into my stately old New England church today, you would be in for the surprise of your life. The entire downstairs of our parish house — dining room, nursery, kindergarten, and halls — is filled with junk! That's right! This place is one great big pile of junk today! Next Friday is the day of our Annual Fall Rummage Sale, and all this week the rummage has come piling in. I declare I don't know how our church women manage it, but every fall and every spring they clean their attics and their basements and then sell the stuff they would under other conditions throw away. They never make less than \$1,000 on each sale, and in addition, they fill any number of boxes and crates to be shipped to missionary outposts.

On the day of the sale the big dining room is the distribution center for books, men's clothing, bedding, drapes, kitchen utensils, furniture, women's hats and shoes. Jewelry, vases, trays, silver, and nice china is sold in one of the nursery rooms. The kindergarten room is given over entirely to women's dresses and coats, and the big hallway is the market for children's clothing and toys. Because of the mob of people who attend these sales, we always have to have several policemen on hand to keep things under control. The doors open at 9:30 A.M. and close at 2:30 P.M. Everyone has to leave by one door where there is a check-out system similar to that in any supermarket.

On the day before the big sale, some of our own church people are permitted to have their choice of articles. I always buy some books, and occasionally I have bought a radio, or some throw rugs for the porch, etc. Whenever my Betty sees me buying things at the Rummage Sale, I always have to reassure her that I am actually buying so that we shall have something to contribute to the next sale! Many of the people who come to the sale are people who are buying things to ship overseas, although there is less and less of this. There was a time right after World War II when most of the clothing and bedding was bought for overseas shipment, but times are changing. Of course, we have quite a few antique dealers who always are on the alert for a good buy.

After each sale I say: "Surely that is the last! Never again can our church come up with enough rummage for a



A new picture of South Congregational Church in Springfield, Massachusetts, where Frederick Driftmier is minister.

sale like this one!" But every fall and every spring I am proved wrong. I think there is good Christian value in these sales, for they do raise money for the Lord's work, and certainly they do make available to others many things they might not ordinarily be able to afford.

Last Sunday evening I had a thrilling experience. I was one of a panel of speakers to address a large college audience. The several hundred students and professors were so eager to discuss religious matters, that the panel of speakers was kept answering questions long after it was time to close the meeting. It was a revelation to me to learn how anxious the young people are to find a faith of their own. It was obvious that some of them had come to the meeting as out-and-out atheists or agnostics, but before the evening was over some of them had betrayed the fact that down deep inside they really *wanted to believe*. There always are some college students in my congregation on Sunday morning, but I wish there were more. In addition to having them in the congregation, we have several college students teaching in our Sunday school. Each student on our teaching staff is given what we call a "teaching scholarship", and at the end of the school year several hundreds of dollars are placed to the credit of the students in their college accounts.

I like to think of a church membership as a "church family", and I frequently refer to my church people as "members of the family". Along with this thinking is the idea that all church members should be concerned about the good fortune or the unhappiness of all the other members of the family. And this is why our church here in Springfield has set up a Church Scholarship Fund to assist our own young people with

their college expenses. During the past two years we have given outright grants to ten of our young people, and next year there will be several more. The amount of money given depends on the amount of the need, but thus far the grants have varied from \$200 to \$800 per student. We have made this Scholarship Fund a regular part of our church budget, and we are taking pride in the fact that the young people of our church are not having to go "outside the family" for financial help.

One of the fine things about our scholarship program is that our missionary program has grown right along with it. The more we have given to our own young people, the more we have had to give to our missionary work outside the church. Our High School Fellowship has assumed all the costs of educating a college student in the Philippine Islands, and our Men's Club is educating a nurse down in Puerto Rico. In addition, our church is sending several thousands of dollars to our colleges and hospitals overseas. How many, many times I have told our people: "The more we give to missions, the more we shall have to give to our own church here at home." It is God's truth!

It doesn't seem possible that Christmas is almost here. Our local stores begin to have some Christmas emphasis by the first week of October, and by the time December gets here "the big push is on". Once again this year we shall ask each of the 700 families in our church to buy a nice Christmas present to be given to some child in one of our several city hospitals. On the day before Christmas several of the church deacons will distribute the gifts to the hospitals and arrange for them to be placed under the beds of children while they are asleep. I have not had the fun of being in the children's wards on Christmas morning, but the nurses have told me that if ever I am there, I want to be prepared to shed a few tears of joy. One nurse who has seen much suffering in her many years in children's wards, told me that the only time she breaks down and weeps a bit is on Christmas morning. She said: "When I see how happy and surprised the children are with their gifts, I just can't hold back the tears."

Mrs. Driftmier and the children join me in sending you Christmas greetings. Always on Christmas morning we remember our many *Kitchen-Klatter* friends in our family prayers. God bless you every one, and may the year 1965 bring His peace and His joy to your hearts.

Sincerely,  
Frederick





## *I Am Your Shining Christmas Tree*

by  
Sandra Ames

For many long, cold winters I stood among my fellow trees high on a mountain side, watching the wild animals as they ran past my slender body, under my branches, and over my deep roots; hearing the high, shrieking winds; and feeling the snow and icy sleet of winter storms — the gentleness of summer rains.

I thought that I would go on forever being just a good, kind tree in which birds nested in summer and small animals sheltered in winter. But one day a zinging saw-blade cut through my heart, and I was hurried down the mountain side to become your Christmas tree.

I had never anticipated the liberties that would be taken with me — had not known that I would be adorned with shining, glittering baubles, and made to appear as though ready for a grand masquerade ball! I was placed in an iron tripod and moved into a large corner of a large living room, between two windows. The tripod pinched me, and I had to stand still and erect instead of waving my beautiful branches as was my custom.

The three children in this family sounded like a dozen, and their eyes glowed with anticipation as daddy came in, staggering under a load of boxes which he dropped gently in the center of the floor, a floor that mother had covered with paper. Each box bore, in gay colored crayon, the words CHRISTMAS TREE TRIM. Hands reached out exploringly, curious eyes scrutinized the contents of the boxes, and voices raised in joyful excitement as small piles of trimming grew into larger piles — gaily colored glass balls in one pile, and yards and yards of shining tinsel in another. There were crisp, shimmering icicles and strings of vari-colored lights, which the oldest boy tested in the nearest socket. "Yep, everyone lit up, Dad!"

The family dog grabbed the tinsel and scampered into another room, the children following after, the tinsel winding around table and chair legs. Mother murmured, "Why *didn't* we wait

until they were safely in bed?" But she knew that the trimming of the tree was as delightful to the children as any of the other Christmas events, so she retrieved the tinsel, laughing with the rest.

Father brought in the stepladder, began winding the rows of colored lights among my trembling branches, and hastened down to turn *on* the tree lights, and turn *off* the living room lights. Exclamations of delight burst forth, with a squeal of joy from the youngest child. And then back *on* with the house lights, and *on* to the business of making me the most beautiful Christmas tree in town!

I began to like all this attention. I held myself erect, and looked up instead of down. I was aware of every complimentary word that was spoken about me. That was quite an achievement, with five people all talking at once. They must have placed a hundred ornaments on my branches, but so fragile, so fairy-like they were, that I scarcely noticed them.

When father climbed the ladder to the top-most rung to place a shining angel at the tip-top of my dark green beauty, I thought that the bark of my trunk would split, and the heart of me be scattered all over the room. How proud I was of her, with her golden curls and silvery halo! The children were suddenly hushed. "How truly beautiful!" breathed mother.

The boxes were now almost empty, their emptiness replaced with articles that had been rejected as not equal to my beauty. At last I was completely decorated, and everyone stood back to admire me. Mother re-arranged a few ornaments, but only a few. Their voices were now less gay, more hushed, more reverent. And the little angel cast her faint rays from my slender height.

After mother had picked up tissue paper and other scattered objects, and father had vacuumed the glitter from the rug, *now*, ceremoniously, the tree lights were turned on, and the house lights again turned off. This time the

sound that greeted me was as a chord struck from a great harp! It was admiration, pleasure, reverence, and awe, all rolled into one soft expression.

In the silence that followed, mother ran her fingers over the piano keys, which fairly tinkled, so gently and tenderly did she play. Her beautiful voice rang out in carol after carol while father and the children hummed along with her.

At last the family retired, and I should have felt lonely in these strange surroundings, but never had I felt so vibrant and alive in all my previous life. Not even when spring had come to the mountains, and the soft April rains had caressed my green and fragrant branches had I felt this elation. I trembled in sheer joy, and tiny bells tinkled in response.

Where I learned it, I do not know, unless from the gentle rains from God's blue sky, or from the south winds that melted the snow at my feet, or from the wild fowl that flew over my head or the animals that roamed the hills. *Somehow* I knew that tomorrow would be Christmas. And I knew that I was to be a leading character in a drama that would be enacted throughout the land.

I was to see faith reflected in the eyes of children as they came joyfully down the stairs, ruffled of hair and rosy of cheek, to check up on Santa Claus. I was to see the joy of giving and the light of love mirrored in the eyes of parents as they watched their children's happiness.

I was to see an atmosphere of "Peace on Earth" settle on this household, and on all who came in contact with it — an atmosphere of a Holy season. I was to sense that this peace and friendliness was felt for only a few days a year, but after this night, I doubted that such a spirit could last such a small time.

I firmly believe that the love and fellowship of Christmas, and all its blessings, must continue to influence the lives of people everywhere who have experienced it. Love, generosity, and sympathy must go on and on, even if not brilliantly displayed at every moment.

The spirit of Christmas is eternal! I, who am but a Christmas tree, must die, but I shall have served my purpose. I have seen eyes glow because of me. I have seen heads bowed in prayer beneath my branches. And I shall be remembered by small children as long as they live. That is reward enough, and to spare!

I am glad, and honored, to be your shining Christmas tree!

\* \* \*



# DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

The beautiful Indian summer days are gone, but we had such a wonderful fall this year for harvesting crops and getting the fall plowing done, that none of us should complain when the cold north winds bring the first snow.

Our timber was magnificent this year in its gorgeous array of color. We must have had our first killing frost just at the right time to make the trees so beautiful. Some years the timber is especially outstanding, and this was just such a year.

One other fall stands out in my mind, and I have thought about it often in the past weeks. Frank and I were living in the little house on the hill and Lucile, Russell and Juliana spent the weekend with us. I fixed a picnic supper (I remember we had fried chicken and baked potatoes but I don't recall the rest of the menu), and Frank took us in the Jeep to a clearing at the very top of a hill in the middle of the timber. Everywhere we looked below and around us, we saw a sea of brilliant color. I shall never forget it! I knew it would look like that again this year, and every day I kept thinking that before the leaves began to fade and fall, I would take the time to walk to this spot at the top of the hill. But my days were full and busy, and suddenly it was too late.

Frank and I gathered sackfuls of walnuts, and when I wanted a change of occupation, I sat out in the fall sunshine and hulled them. Before my last trip to Shenandoah I managed to get a large box of hulled walnuts ready to take to the folks. They were very pleased with the gift and the first thing Dad said was for me to be sure to spread them out to dry in a safe place where the squirrels couldn't get them. He remembered the time some walnuts were left outside to dry and the squirrels carried every one of them away!

Another thing I wanted to do this fall was hunt for some hazelnuts. One of our neighbors stopped in to see us and said he and his wife had found a lot of them and were spending their evenings hulling them out.

Frank recalled seeing a lot of hazelbrush as a boy. He used to ride his



The Johnsons had fine crops this year. Dorothy took this picture of Frank in a cornfield so Dad could see that the stalks were "as high as an elephant's eye".

pony there and get so many sacks full of hazelnuts that the pony would be loaded down, making it necessary for him to walk home, leading the pony. Frank suggested that we hike over there some afternoon and see if hazelbrush still grew there, but, again, we had so many important things that had to be done while the weather was nice, that we never found the extra time for our hike.

One afternoon when Frank was spreading some fertilizer on a piece of ground before he plowed it, I decided to drive out to the field with some hot coffee. I had just started down the road when I saw a deer running just ahead of me. It turned into the field where Frank was and ran almost up to the tractor before it turned and darted across the field in the other direction. About this time Frank saw me coming and waved frantically for me to see the deer. He didn't know that I had chased it into the field! We see deer frequently, but never cease to be thrilled at the sight of one.

## OF FRIENDSHIP

The beauty of true friendship  
is not the outstretched hand,  
Nor is it just a pleasant smile  
that makes one feel so grand.  
It is when we discover  
how much we are inspired  
When we know we have another's trust,  
and that we are admired.  
It's when someone believes in us,  
our hopes and dreams he shares.  
We can accomplish so much more  
by knowing someone cares.

—Ed Fuller

Our good friends from northern Iowa, Clarence and Sylvia Meyer, spent a Sunday with us this fall. Clarence tried to talk Frank into going deer hunting in Wyoming with him. Frank would have loved to have gone, but he didn't think he should waste a single day while the weather was nice. He promised Clarence that we would spend a weekend with them during the pheasant season and would expect a good deer steak dinner!

We are hoping that Kristin and her family can come this year since they didn't get to come last Christmas. They can't give us any definite answer yet for they have such a full schedule with both of them working, it's hard to make any plans ahead of time. Then, too, weather conditions have to be considered.

Kristin writes that Andy has been very well, growing like a weed, and "eating them out of house and baby-food". He tries to eat everything he can grasp with his little hands so they have to keep things up and out of his reach. They rounded up a little walker and it didn't take him long to figure out that by kicking his feet he could explore exciting things such as diaper pails and bookcases! When Kristin gets up in the morning she gives Andy his breakfast first, and as soon as he has had his milk she puts him in his walker while she gets their breakfast. She never has to call Art, because the first place Andy heads for is the bedroom, so excited he can hardly get there fast enough. He pulls up to the bed and "talks" to his Daddy until he opens his eyes and looks at him.

I wrote to Kristin that I am glad they don't have any stairs to worry about now that Andy is beginning to navigate the walker. When she was a baby we lived in California in an upstairs apartment, and I will never forget the horrible moment when I realized the banging noise I heard as I stood at the bottom of the stairs on the other side of the door, was the walker tumbling down. Fortunately, the stairs were heavily carpeted, and she was so thin she fell out on the sixth step. The empty walker turned over and over until it finally hit the bottom with a bang. Our baby suffered a painful broken nose, but it could have been much worse.

This must be all for this month. Not only have I run out of space, but I must get back to my Pixie table. This is the season of the year when making little peanut pixies occupies every minute of my time.

Sincerely, Dorothy



# Things to Make for Christmas

A great deal of the fun of Christmas is in the preparation: decorations, cooking, making gifts, thinking up surprises. Each year new ideas come along — or old ideas used in a different way. Ever since Evelyn visited the wonderful display tables at the Iowa State Fair last August, she's been storing up useable ways to have fun in developing inexpensive Christmas ideas.

Wreaths can be made of so many different types of materials the variety is amazing. Various-sized nuts, for example, can be wired onto a firm circle (a coat hanger pulled into a round shape is excellent) and sprayed gold. This can be used alone, backed with a circle of evergreen, or trimmed with bright berries and ribbon for added color.

Chains made of hemp (basket material) are light and easy to handle. These are usually used to hang the decorative baskets or "bird cages" which, of course, can be filled with greens and bright balls for lively holiday combinations. However, I saw one such chain fastened onto a wire circle. It was trimmed with evergreen and a wide green velvet bow. A long extension of the chain was draped like a swag to one side of the wreath. It was graceful and beautiful.

The cardboard rolls which come inside waxed paper, paper towels, etc., are useable for many decorations. Slice them into circles about the size of napkin rings. Decorate with paint, paper, sequins, stickers or wrap with foil. In the center of each, tie a shimmering Christmas ball. These cardboard circles can then be hung with gay ribbon from the tree. A large window can be trimmed by hanging the decorated circles from the top by brightly colored ribbons cut in different lengths. Staple or stitch the decorated circles into a wreath. Make a Christmas tree using 15 of the rings. In a pyramid shape, staple or stitch the rings together. Four rings without the balls inside can be fastened to the broad base of the pyramid to form the trunk of the tree. This makes a delightful window, wall or mantel decoration.

Tiny wreaths can be made from jar rubbers. Glue tiny shells, sequins, macaroni or small Christmas stickers to the rings. Glitter may be glued on to fill up any spaces. Tie to the tree with ribbons.

Another simple decoration is made by gluing two colored crinkle baking cups with the bottoms together. Inside each cup paste a picture cut from a Christmas card. Fasten a ribbon to the top of each double cup and tie onto the tree.

Macaroni and shells have been glued to boxes for many years to form pretty designs. A lovely shadowbox can be made with this idea using a paper tissue box with its graceful oval opening. Glue shell macaroni to cover. Spray with gold paint. Stand box on one end, and inside place a figurine which will fit in with the decoration planned. The one I saw held a tall, slender Madonna.

Coffee cans and flowerpots can be trimmed for gifts with macaroni, shells, shelf paper, wallpaper, sticky tape, gay ribbons and seals. Look inside your jewelry box for unmatched earrings and brooches with a stone or two missing. Find fringes, and tassels, feathers, beads, etc., which can be used to add glamour to simple boxes and pots.

Lovely nylon net poinsettias can be made to use both for decorative and utilitarian purposes. These can be made in different sizes, of course. I like one made by cutting 3 pieces of dark green net in 4-inch squares. Lay these so the points do not overlap, and stitch firmly in the center. Take 3 bright red nylon net squares 4 inches in size. Lay these so the points do not overlap. Stitch a circle in the center and pull this up like a drawstring so the red material will look like a flower. Fasten this firmly to the green "leaves". In the center of the red flower, gather a little yellow net or make several large yellow French knots. These poinsettias look darling tied to packages, fastened to the bottom of candles, pinned to table napkins or wrapped as a gift to use as a sink "scratcher".

An inexpensive tree decoration goes back to grandmother's day when she used nature's treasures for trimming her tree. Get a quantity of English walnuts; carefully pry open with a knife. (With care most of the shells will come apart without breaking.) After removing the nutmeats, tape the two halves of the shell together with cellophane tape until ready to glue. This is simply to keep the two shells matched, for it is almost impossible to put them together right once they have become jumbled into a pile. Glue a loop of heavy string or yarn at one end of a shell and then glue the two halves together. This gives a loop with the ends firmly gripped between the halves of the shell. Be sure to remove all excess glue from the outside of the nuts. Walnut shells take almost any kind of paint. If you use poster paint or water colors, shellac when dry for permanence. Glitter can be sprinkled on while the paint is wet. Hang the painted nut up by its loop and let dry thoroughly.

Flannel graphs are usually used as teaching aids, but the idea can be used to make a simple, but delightful, child's gift. Cover a firm piece of cardboard with heavy flannel. Pull firm and staple or glue to the back. Shapes cut from flannel or felt will stick to the flannel-covered board. Cut some of the shapes yourself to give the child the basic idea, then tuck in a variety of colored scraps and a shiny new pair of scissors for the child to cut his own. Paper dolls or pictures with flannel glued to the back will also "stick" to the flannel graph.

Pictures made from bits of scraps can be used as gifts for Christmas cards or for gift-wrapping designs. We like the hosiery boxes for making pictures as they are not too deep nor too large. With yarn, rickrack, felt, cotton, feathers, bits of twigs, seeds, etc., original pictures or designs can be put together. Draw the design lightly with pencil or chalk. Outline a little at a time with glue and paste the scraps cut the shapes and sizes desired. Glamorous "wall hangings" can be made with this technique using a large piece of covered cardboard or a long box lid such as those in which florist's flowers are shipped.



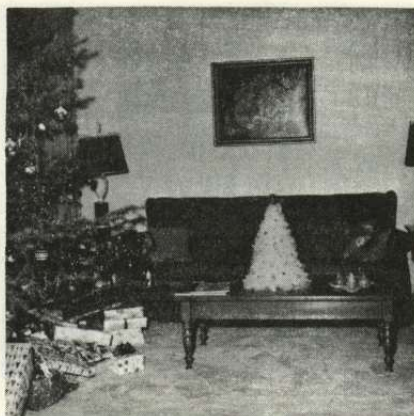
Mabel Nair Brown has a real talent for creating unusual and spectacular decorations. She keeps her eyes open all through the year for everyday materials that could be treated in special ways to produce beautiful arrangements for the holidays. This year, again, she has come up with some new ideas for you.

**❧ Frosty Christmas decorations** are easily made by filling a water glass, or a large clear glass bowl, half full of salt. Stick evergreen tips into the salt. Fill the glass to overflowing with water and set in a shallow dish, or plate. Add water as the water evaporates. Salt crystals form on the dish and tree, resembling sparkling frost. You can make lovely arrangements using this with cones, reindeer figurines, carolers, etc.

**❧ Oriental lantern candles** take extra work, but are so rewarding that you won't begrudge the time spent—and you're assured of a real conversation starter! You will need sheets of construction paper in several Christmas colors. (I use deep forest green, holly green, shades of red, and gold.) Cut designs in the construction paper (left 13 inches in length, but cut strips off to get varied heights), with a sharp razor blade—half moons, long narrow slits, "almost" circles, etc. Bend edge of design (flap) slightly outward, so light will shine through. Glue edges together to make a cylinder. Place a cylinder over each Christmas tree bulb which you fasten in an arrangement on styrafoam. Add angel hair swirled among the lanterns, scatter a few balls on the angel hair, turn on the lights, and listen to the "ohs" and "ahs"!

**❧ Sugar angels** are lovely to use in Christmas arrangements. They are made in same manner as the molded sugar bells. Make cones of very heavy paper and staple together to use as the mold for the body. Fill with the sugar mixture (about four cups of sugar to one egg white, and mix thoroughly). Pack firmly. Let dry for about 2 hours, or until you can gently scoop out the insides, leaving a cone-shaped shell. Make a small sugar ball for the head. Fasten it to the body with thick cake icing. Put in angel features, and decorate the angel's gown with frills, using icing in a cake decorator. Add spun glass hair, and sequin-trimmed net wings.

**❧ Candy cane cuties** are pretty to hang on the tree or to decorate a child's package. In magazines, on Christmas seals, etc., find cunning heads—some can be angel heads. Scotch-tape to the straight end of the



Each year Margery (Driftmier) Strom brings her little white net tree out of the storage room and displays it on the coffee table. It is decorated with the tiniest of ornaments from the dime store.

small candy canes. Tie a ribbon bow at the "neck". You'll soon see, as you work with these that you can add little hats and accessories.

**❧ Greenery lanterns** are a clever way to use old lamp shade frames. Select two alike of the clip-on type shade. Place the frames, bottom to bottom, and wire together. On the top shade, pull the clip up to form hanger. Bend bottom clip to form flat base. Paint gold, black, red, or white. Fasten on a few ball ornaments. Fill with greens and add a big red bow at the



#### CHRISTMAS HOUSE

The old home's mingled scents of evergreen,  
Mince pie, roast turkey, candles, mistletoe,  
And buoyant gladness permeate the scene,  
From heart-warmed laughter to the Yule log's glow.  
A light of wonder gleams on Mother's face  
As eyes are washed by tears of welcoming  
While she is wrapped within each sweet embrace  
Of loved ones in this joyous cloistering.  
Her children and grandchildren are all here,  
And feet step lightly, blending with the mirth  
Of angel-sung, nostalgic-tempoed cheer  
Of promised peace, good will to men of Earth.  
The house is filled with living and glad songs  
Where man's abundant happiness belongs!

—Thelma Allinder

top. One of these, hung in a wide doorway, could be used as a kissing ring.

**❧ "Evergreen" cone tree favors:** Several days before needed, set pine cones in a pan and wet thoroughly. Sprinkle grass seed in the scales of the cone. Keep a little water in the pan and keep cones moist. Soon the grass will sprout to make lovely little living green trees. Use a little clay to fasten them to small cardboard bases, and use as table favors or with other holiday arrangements.

**❧ Plastic doilies, or egg case flats, sprayed gold and caught up at sides (or corners) make lovely baskets to hold greens. Tie with a bow.**

**❧ Star of Bethlehem cake** (might be used for Jesus' Birthday cake). Bake the cake in layers of several square cake pans in graduated sizes. Lacking enough pans, you could bake large sheet cakes and then cut out the size squares you need.

To assemble the cake ice the largest layer with white icing. Place the next largest layer upon the bottom layer, staggering the layer so the corners come between corner points of bottom layer. Ice this layer and then continue to stack and ice the rest of the layers up to the smallest layer at the top, staggering the corners to make the points of the star tree. Decorate with silver dragees and a cookie star at the top. On the tip of each star point make a rosebud with a cake decorator and icing. Insert a little birthday candle in each rosebud holder. If you prefer to emphasize the tree shape, sprinkle the cake with green sugar trim as soon as you finish icing it.

**❧ Candle extravaganzas** I called the beautiful candles I molded in some of my favorite copper molds last year. I molded two identical candles and then "glued" the two together (top-sides together) to make a single "super" candle. My favorites were the one made in the large "crown" mold and the one in the star mold. One of these huge candles encircled with greens and a few sparkling tree ornaments, or pine cones, makes an arrangement that is extraordinarily lovely in its simplicity. I melted down old candles for this. The prettiest one was the one made of all the ends of my white and yellow candles, which turned out a candle in a rich cream color. I poured the remainder of the wax in a shallow cake pan and cut out the large letters N-O-E-L before the wax got too hard, inserting a tiny wick (merely for looks!) in the top of each letter. These letters I stood in front of the greenery and to one side of the large candle, for a lovely buffet arrangement.



## MARY BETH DISCUSSES AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT

Dear Friends:

As I sit and look about my home at this happy time of the year, I'm truly overcome with the goodness of my life. Here I sit, enjoying the equal warmth of central heating while my second cup of coffee warms on my electric stove. The refrigerator keeps my food healthful and safe for eating. The storm windows keep out the unusually frigid blasts of winter's winds. All of these modern conveniences we take so much for granted — at least those of you in my generation — I feel we should take a second look for their true perspectives.

Why is it we have so much for which to be grateful today? Not because Americans are more blessed with natural resources, for other countries have great natural resources. But it is the use to which our natural resources have been applied that is important. It is not because Americans work harder because in most foreign countries the people work much harder, on the average, than we do. I cannot believe it is because we are a people of inherent superiority. Too many of our ancestors, including the Anglo-Saxons, have starved right along with everyone else. I do not believe we are endowed with any superior energy — mental or physical — although I think we have made more effective use of our human energies than any other people on the face of the globe. And it seems to me human energies are controlled by our own natural laws — our God given natural laws, of course. For instance, the energy I expend to strike these typewriter keys is released from within me because I *want* to type this letter. I am, as an individual, living under a system of freedom, the natural heritage of each living person, and all of those people who made possible the wonderful way of life, my modern conveniences, lived under this protective umbrella of freedom that allowed them to invent and develop my furnace, my stove, my refrigerator, my entire way of life!

And inseparable from freedom is the responsibility that comes right in the door with it. The natural freedom or control over my own life-energy was born in me. No one can give it to me, nor can I give it to anyone else — not Katharine or Paul or Adrienne. By the same token I can hold no other person responsible for my actions. Control simply can't be separated from responsibility; control is responsibility.

All of this leads up to my telling you



A year or so ago the Shenandoah Home and Garden Club presented table displays as a fund-raising project. We were particularly impressed with a lovely setting for entertaining holiday guests. A treasured antique punch bowl with cups, delicate angels, and an arrangement of red carnations made up the arrangement.

about a series of lectures I was fortunate to learn of and how it has affected my thinking and my life. The subject of the lecture was Freedom and Responsibilities. Sounds dry, doesn't it? But when I sat through the first day's three-hour lecture and discovered that I was being taught fundamental principles upon which I could become a better person, and in due course a better mother and wife, I was simply astounded to realize how much of a backward approach I had been taking just because I didn't realize what living under freedom had meant in my life.

Let me tell you how it has changed our household. It is as though I have put on a different pair of glasses through which to see my children and all other phases of my life.

Since school began Katharine has been attending Weekday Bible School. She went directly from school with several of her schoolmates and all I had to do was drive in about five o'clock, pick her up and bring her home. In my usual way of concentrating on my driving, I half listened to her reports of what they did, and even less concentrated on the fact that there was some homework connected with it. I had satisfied my conscience that I was doing my best as a Christian mother by seeing to it that she attended Bible school. But after attending the lectures it struck me that it wasn't just the church's role to teach the Bible, but mine, too.

So I came home determined that things would be improved. Katharine was enjoying Bible school and was beginning to give me quotations from the verses they were learning. We had been accustomed to family visiting at

the dinner table, sandwiched in, I confess, with radio news and weather reports, but I realize now that we had been missing some golden opportunities of talking with our children of more important things. In recent weeks we have invited Katharine to give us short scripture readings from the Bible. Some are the verses she has studied at Bible school and some are subtle verses I discovered at my lecture about responsibility. It takes some small degree of explanation to get the moral of a story down to a six-year-old's level, but Paul caught on very easily to the point of the story of the lord of the house who went away and left his three servants with five, two and one talents respectively. We pointed out that in his schoolwork he didn't dare bury his abilities or talents, but to use them and develop them. That this was what God wants us to do with our minds and hands. Not just that Mother and Daddy wanted him to do this, but the Bible told him this, too.

And do you know this particular mother has discovered that three or four minutes of Bible reading before supper calms the entire meal for all of us. We talk in gentler voices but *most important* we talk. Gone are the days with my girls when we talk over the supper dishes . . . I have a dishwasher to ease my work load. But now I realize it is cheating me of that period of intimate conversation between mother and daughter. Immediately after supper the children begin their homework and this lasts until bedtime — gone *again* is the opportunity to perhaps sit and do handwork with my daughters and have intimate talks and discuss how to become a good grown-up girl. The homework, I know, is important; indeed it is *their* responsibility to learn, but it still displaces those golden moments to talk — to communicate with our children.

I can recall very vividly sitting perched on a stool in the kitchen in my home as a young girl talking with my mother as she baked. And we talked as I helped her hang up clothes. I have a baby bedspread upstairs that I embroidered while Mother mended and sewed clothes for my sister and me. These were the days before we over-organized our children into activities to teach them the very things that are our responsibilities as parents to teach them ourselves.

The Holidays are fast approaching. May you and your families have a blessed Christmas.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth



# The Last Shawl

by  
Evelyn Witter

Nathan went to the market place with his father. It pleased him to be asked to assist in the day's business, for, more than anything else in the world, Nathan wanted to be a successful merchant like his father.

Around the well at the end of the crooked street there was the noise of animals: donkeys brayed, sheep bleated, camels made their sounds. Intermingled with the animal noises were the voices of the merchants and camel drivers from far-off lands.

His father, though shorter than he, guided him through the crowds much as he had when Nathan was a little boy, to an advantageous spot in the market place. As they unfolded the shawls which his father hoped to sell this day, he said: "Watch me carefully today, my son. These are important goods and should bring us a good profit. Watch how I bargain and use sound judgment as to the highest price I can obtain from each customer."

His father had made an excellent choice of goods. The shawls were sure to catch the eyes of all who loved the feel and look of grandeur; that is, all the shawls except one would attract. The plain shawl, in its soft color like the blue of the sky on a mild day, looked too modest next to the blazing beauties.

Then everywhere he heard people shouting, "A caravan! A caravan is coming!"

It was a large caravan. Nathan saw his father rub his plump hands together. Father would give him a chance to bargain, to show his good judgment in business, and thereby ask him to be a partner merchant.

Nathan grabbed a red shawl, interwoven with gold, and shouted, "Come buy! Come buy!"

Nathan was proud and happy. His heart sang as he assisted his father in spreading shawl after shawl, for buyer after buyer, listening and watching each transaction. His father always asked more from foreigners than from his own people. His father was a very wise man.

The day's business was coming to a close. All the shawls were gone except one: the pale blue one of the coarser weave that Nathan had calculated at the outset would not sell.

"We have had a profitable morning," his father announced. "I shall go to the potter and find the finest water

jug in his collection and take it to your mother. Stay here, Son. Sell the last shawl. If your judgment is good on this sale, which I warrant shall not be easy since the shawl is not on the attractive side, then and only then shall I consider you ready for business."

The crowd in the market place was thinning when Nathan saw a man with tattered sandals stop before him. His eyes sparkled and his lips smiled as he stopped to touch the shawl at Nathan's feet.

"What is the price of the shawl?" the man asked.

"Its price is too much for you, I am afraid," said Nathan honestly. "You are a tradesman here in Nazareth, are you not?"

"Yes," replied the man. "I am a carpenter."

"Of course!" Nathan exclaimed. "I know you. You are Joseph."

The eyes of the poor carpenter were still on the shawl, as he said, "I would like the shawl for my wife. We are soon to go on a journey to the city of David where we must register."

"Ah, yes," sighed Nathan sympathetically. "Our people are gravely oppressed by the decrees of the Roman emperor, Caesar Augustus. The new registration means more taxes."

"Do not speak ill of the emperor if you would keep your head," said Joseph in a hushed whisper. "But the shawl . . ." The carpenter extended his hand in which lay two small coins.

Nathan looked at the two coins. Hardly enough to cover the cost of the shawl. There was no profit here. What should he do, he wondered? How was he to judge whether or not he should sell the last shawl for so light a price? His father, he remembered, always asked less from his own people than he did from foreigners. The carpenter was one of his own people, one of his own neighbors. And just yesterday Rabbi Ezra had read from the scrolls: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This neighbor was a good man, a gentle man, a kind man, a man easy to love. His wife needed the shawl for a tedious journey out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David which was called Bethlehem.

"You may have the shawl," Nathan told the carpenter.

Joseph extended his arm as Nathan draped the shawl over it. He stroked it caressingly and refolded it carefully over the worn sleeve of his tunic. Then he hurried quickly away with a happy smile playing about his lips.

Nathan waited nervously for Father's return. Would he be angry about the poor price that he got for the last shawl,

or would he understand Nathan's judgment? At long last, when the sun was making the sky red, his father returned.

"Ah, Nathan," his father greeted him. "I see the last shawl is gone! And what price did you obtain?"

Nathan said nothing. He held out his hand and opened the palm in which lay the two small coins.

"You sold the shawl for this!" his father shouted angrily.

"Yes, to Joseph, the carpenter."

"What difference the trade? Be it Mark the potter or Joel the farmer, we must make a profit on our goods. Go, boy. Go to the carpenter shop immediately and redeem the shawl. Tell Joseph your father cannot approve such a bargain, and give back his coins. A man of my position cannot humble himself in such a manner, but a youth can easily resort to such an action. Go! At once!"

"Yes, Father," murmured Nathan. But his heart was sad. His father would not trust him again. He might never be a merchant. Then, indeed, would his life be as useless as the clay without the potter. Perhaps, though, if he would get the shawl back, his father would relent and give him another chance.

Nathan sauntered down the crooked street and called back only halfheartedly to the children who looked up from their games to hail him.

When he came to the carpenter shop, he stopped. What could he say to this kind man without injuring his feelings?

Then he saw a woman, heavy with child, moving about. As he stood there, he heard her singing softly. She drew the blue shawl about her shoulders and head. As it framed her sweet face Nathan thought how well it became her.

Then she paused briefly before her husband, saying, "Joseph, Joseph, it is a lovely shawl. It will give me ease on our long journey."

Nathan knew then that he could never redeem the shawl. He felt in his soul that it was right that it should belong to this woman.

Suddenly Nathan felt an arm around his shoulders. He looked up into the kind eyes of his father.

"My son," his father said, "I followed you here to tell you I was sorry for my hasty words. Now I tell you I am proud of you. You have judgment of the spirit which is far more blessed than judgment of material things. Will you come back with me?"

"To be a merchant like you?" Nathan asked eagerly.

"Yes, my son, to be a merchant like me."





# Recipes

## Tested

by the

## Kitchen - Klatter Family

### MIRACLE CHOCOLATES

Melt 1 1/2 bars of Baker's "Sweet Chocolate" in the top of a double boiler. Keep fire low. Stir and take off before completely melted so it won't get too hot. Add a dash of salt, 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring and 1 can of condensed sweetened milk (Eagle Brand). The addition of the milk thickens the chocolate. Add lots of nuts and then drop by spoonfuls on waxed paper, or spread into a buttered pan as for fudge.

(The old friend who makes this many times throughout the year gave me the recipe exactly the way she uses it, and that is the way we have printed it here. It sounds very simple, but the results are elegant.) —Lucile

### BLUE RIBBON FUDGE

- 3 cups white sugar
- 1/2 cup white corn syrup
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 1 cup milk
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 1/2 cups miniature marshmallows  
Combine sugar, corn syrup and cocoa in a heavy pan. Stir until mixed well. Add milk and stir over low heat until smooth. *Do not stir again!* Cook slowly until it reaches 238 degrees on a candy thermometer, or a soft ball is formed when a spoonful is dropped in cold water. Stir in butter (or margarine, plus 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring) and vanilla. Set pan in cold water until the mixture is thick and the spoon sticks to bottom of pan. Remove from cold water, add marshmallows and beat until it changes color. Turn out onto buttered platter.

This is a marvelous recipe which has won blue ribbons at fairs. It does not take too long to cook. If the directions are followed it *never* goes to sugar. Canned milk can be used. Nuts may be added if desired. Most of the marshmallows will melt down during the beating time, but if some do not, it adds interest and texture. —Evelyn

## Christmas Candies and Cookies

### QUICK TOFFEE

- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 1/2 lb. butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine these ingredients in a heavy pan and cook on medium to low heat — better too low than too high. Stir well and when it starts to boil, cook for 7 minutes or until it makes a hard cracking ball in water. Keep stirring this and it will combine into syrup. Just don't let it burn.

Have ready a large pan, heavily buttered and covered with chopped almonds — or any other nuts that are at hand. Pour syrup over nuts. Scatter 1 package of chocolate chips over the top and cover tightly with foil until the chocolate melts. Then spread chocolate evenly over the top, mark into squares and chill.

(This recipe also came from the friend who makes so much candy. She said that keeping the temperature low on cooking the brown sugar and butter had a lot to do with the success of the candy.) —Lucile

### UNBAKED CHOCOLATE ROLL

- 2 eggs, beaten
- 2 cups powdered sugar
- 8 squares semi-sweet chocolate
- 4 Tbls. butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 10-oz. pkg. miniature marshmallows
- 1 cup nutmeats, cut

Beat the eggs and add powdered sugar. (If eggs are large, you may need to add a little more powdered sugar.) Melt the chocolate and add the butter and flavoring. Add to the egg mixture. Pour over the marshmallows and nutmeats. Shape into rolls on waxed paper or aluminum foil and roll in fine grated coconut. (It isn't the easiest thing in the world to roll, but don't mind if you get a little chocolate on your fingers!) This will make two large rolls or several smaller ones. Chill in refrigerator until hard. Slice with a sharp knife when completely set. I keep the rolls in the refrigerator and slice as needed.

—Margery

### MEXICAN ORANGE FUDGE

- 1 cup sugar (Part 1)
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Melt sugar in heavy skillet and watch carefully to see that it gets just to a golden brown. When it reaches this stage, add the water and orange flavoring. Cook until it is syrupy.

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup evaporated milk
- 1/2 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup coarsely chopped pecans
- 1 Tbls. margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

2 Tbls. chopped candied orange peel  
Heat evaporated milk in double boiler. Combine hot milk with the remaining ingredients, aside from nuts. Now combine with the first mixture and let cook slowly until it makes a firm ball in cold water. Remove from fire and cool, adding at this time the margarine and butter flavoring. Beat until creamy and add nuts and candied orange peel just before pouring into a buttered pan.

Once you start this candy, stay with it. The ingredients may strike you as a strange combination, but the results are unusual and delicious.

### OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD MAPLE FUDGE

- 3 cups sugar
- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- 1 Tbls. white corn syrup
- 1/4 lb. margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup broken nutmeats
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

Combine sugar, sour cream, corn syrup, margarine and butter flavoring, plus cream of tartar and salt, and cook very slowly in a heavy pan. (Slow cooking, plus the cream of tartar, seems to make for a very smooth, non-grainy candy.) When the soft ball stage is reached, remove from fire and allow to stand until cool. Then beat briskly until the candy begins to lose its gloss. Add nuts and maple flavoring and turn out on a buttered pan.

All of us have our favorite fudge recipes, but this maple fudge recipe is different and another welcome addition to the usual collection of candy that we turn out from year to year. —Lucile



**DOUBLE-DECKER COOKIES****Part One**

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup flour

**Part Two**

- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup shredded coconut
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1 cup nuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine the first five ingredients and spread in a pan 8 by 12. (It will take considerable patting to get this dough spread evenly.) Bake for 10 minutes at 325 degrees.

Combine the ingredients in Part Two and spread on top of the partially baked dough. Bake at 325 degrees for about 20 or 25 minutes. When cool, cut in squares.

These bar cookies are rich and have a distinctly "foreign" taste.

**BUTTER ALMOND FINGERS**

- 1 cup slivered almonds
- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Dash of nutmeg
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 3/4 cup finely ground almonds

Thickly butter a 13- by 9-inch baking pan and sprinkle slivered almonds over the bottom. Sift together the measured flour with baking powder, salt and nutmeg. Cream together sugar, margarine and flavorings. Add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Fold in flour mixture and then the ground almonds. Spoon batter over the slivered almonds and spread gently. Bake in a 300 degree oven for 45 minutes, or until a light brown. While still warm cut into small bars.

This is another cookie with a somewhat "foreign" taste and is genuinely extra-special for your holiday baking.

—Lucile

**APRICOT-DATE BARS**

- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 3/4 cup soft shortening (I used part margarine)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups rolled oats

**Filling:**

- 1 cup pitted dates
- 1 3/4 cups cooked, drained unsweetened dry apricots
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. apricot liquid
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Boil filling ingredients until thick, cooking slowly and stirring. Cool.

Blend shortening, Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring and brown sugar into sifted flour, salt and soda. Blend in oatmeal and Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring. Take one-half of crumb mixture and pat into 9x13-inch pan. Pat on filling, crumb other half of dough on top of filling and gently pat down. Bake in 350 degree oven about 30 minutes.

**TRAVELING ALMOND COOKIES**

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 4 hard-boiled egg yolks, sieved
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2 cups flour

Cream together butter, margarine and butter flavoring. Then add the hard-boiled egg yolks that have been pressed through a fine sieve or colander. Whip in sugar and almond flavoring. Lastly add the flour. This makes a soft dough that *must* be chilled before handling.

When dough is thoroughly chilled, make into small balls and place on a cookie sheet. Bake for about 10 minutes in a 400 degree oven, or until lightly browned. If you wish, these can be dipped in powdered sugar while they are still warm. (They do not flatten out as they bake.)

These are very rich cookies — and very good. We sent this entire batch down to Juliana and they went through in perfect condition . . . and since they went to Albuquerque we called them Traveling Almond Cookies.

**DELICIOUS DATE KISSES**

- 6 egg whites
- 3 cups powdered sugar
- 3 cups dates
- 3 cups walnuts
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Beat egg whites until very stiff. Then add the sugar slowly and continue beating. Fold in chopped dates and walnuts. Lastly, fold in the black walnut flavoring. Allow to stand for several hours in the refrigerator and then drop on well-greased cookie sheets and bake in a 275 degree oven for 30 minutes — or until they are lightly browned. Do not remove from cookie sheet until they are cool.

*Be sure you try this recipe. It's wonderful.*

—Lucile

**DELICIOUS ORANGE CRESCENTS**

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup cream cheese
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- Pinch of salt
- Orange marmalade

Combine margarine, cream cheese, butter flavoring, orange flavoring and flour and work lightly with finger tips until a soft dough is formed. Let stand in refrigerator until thoroughly chilled. Then roll out on floured board and cut into small thin squares about 4 by 4 inches. Spread with marmalade and roll from the corner as for tiny crescents. Shape and pinch the ends together. Brush with 1 beaten egg for a nice glazed finish. Bake at 350 degrees until light brown.

We got 20 crescents out of this recipe and everyone at the office was most enthusiastic about them. These will make a highly attractive addition to your tray of Christmas cookies.

—Lucile

**DEVIL'S FOOD COOKIES**

- 1 pkg. devil's food cake mix
- 1 egg, beaten
- 3 Tbls. water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 pkg. chocolate chips
- Nuts, if desired

Combine all of the ingredients in a bowl. Mix well. Form into 1 or 2 rolls, depending on the size cookie desired. Chill well. Slice about 1/4-inch thick. Bake on a greased cookie sheet for 10 minutes at 375 degrees.

This makes a very crisp, delicious cookie.

— Evelyn



**MAPLE PECAN DROPS**

2 cups brown sugar  
1/2 cup evaporated milk  
1/2 Tbls. butter or margarine (if margarine is used add a few drops of Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring)

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

16 large marshmallows

1 lb. pecan meats

Place sugar, milk and butter or margarine in a pan and cook to a soft ball. Remove from fire. Add marshmallows and stir until dissolved. Add nutmeats and maple flavoring and drop on waxed paper by spoonfuls.

—Margery

**ESPECIALLY FANCY COCONUT BARS**

2 cups crushed graham crackers

1/2 cup melted butter

2 Tbls. white sugar

Mix and pack firmly into 9- x 13-inch pan. Bake in 350 degree oven for 8 minutes.

1 7-oz. pkg. flake coconut

1 can sweetened condensed milk

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Mix together thoroughly and spread over first mixture and return to oven to continue baking for 15 more minutes.

1 12-oz. pkg. chocolate chips

2 Tbls. School Day peanut butter

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Melt the chocolate chips and blend in the peanut butter and burnt sugar flavoring. Spread over the baked mixture when removed from the oven. Cool. Place in refrigerator to harden the chocolate. Cut into bars. These are simply delicious. Do try them.

— Margery

**PINEAPPLE-RAISIN NUGGETS**

1 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed

1/2 cup vegetable shortening

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 egg

1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

3/4 cup crushed pineapple

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

2 1/4 cups sifted flour

1 tsp. baking powder

1/2 tsp. soda

1/2 tsp. salt

1/2 cup raisins

Cream the sugar, butter flavoring and shortening until light and fluffy. Add the egg and vanilla and beat well. Stir in the undrained pineapple and the pineapple flavoring. Sift the dry ingredients together and beat into the creamed mixture. Stir in the raisins. Drop from a teaspoon onto a greased baking sheet and bake for 10 to 12 minutes in a 375 degree oven.

—Dorothy

**SESAME SEED COOKIES**

1 1/4 cups flour

1/4 tsp. baking powder

3/4 cup margarine

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed

1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

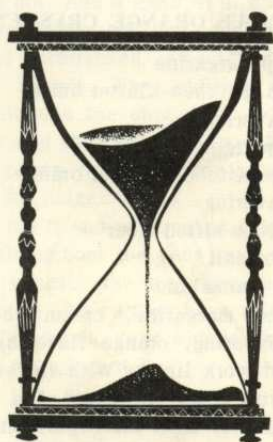
1/2 cup toasted sesame seeds

1 egg

Toasted sesame seeds, additional

Sift flour with baking powder and set aside. Soften margarine in a mixing bowl. Gradually blend in sugar, flavorings and sesame seeds. Beat in egg. Stir in flour. Drop from a teaspoon onto ungreased cookie sheets two inches apart to allow room for spreading. Sprinkle tops with additional sesame seeds. Bake 6 to 7 minutes in a moderately hot oven, 375 degrees. Remove cookies to a cake rack to cool.

—Lucile



# TWO MINUTE MIRACLE

Cooking reputations are built on little things, not big productions. A perfect recipe, an unusual flavor, an attractive table. Two minutes can change a so-so dish into a real conversation piece. Just take a minute and a half to open the cupboard and select a **Kitchen-Klatter Flavor** —and a half minute to measure it out. Almond, for instance, in the turkey dressing. Or mint in the chocolate icing. Or black walnut in the salad. See?

When you add a drop, or a spoonful, you're adding concentrated flavor, aroma and color that won't cook, steam or bake out. There are sixteen to choose from:

Blueberry

Maple

Vanilla

Black Walnut

Mint

Strawberry

Pineapple

Orange

Almond

Burnt Sugar

Coconut

Butter

Raspberry

Cherry

Banana

Lemon

(Vanilla comes in both 3-oz. and Jumbo 8-oz.)

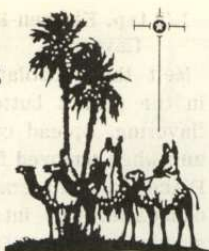
Ask your grocer first, however if you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00) We pay the postage.

## KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

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# THE CHRISTMAS STORY IN PICTURES



by  
Mildred D. Cathcart

This presentation of the Christmas story may be adapted to various ages and may be done simply by younger groups, or more elaborately by the advanced classes. If a flannel board is not available, one can be made easily by covering a large board or cardboard with flannel. As the story is told, felt silhouettes depicting each scene are placed on the flannel board. These pictures could be in black, or they may be more colorful, if desired. As each part is repeated, the speaker puts the picture in place, or the leader could place each picture at the proper time. If desired, the choir may sing appropriate carols as the pictures are being added to the scene.

## Leader:

It is the old, old story  
Of that first Christmas Day,  
But we will try to tell it  
In a most interesting way.

## First:

This is Bethlehem, a most lowly town,  
But being Christ's birthplace gives it great renown.

## Second:

This is the inn, so crowded that day  
That two weary travelers were turned away.

## Third:

There was a stable with sweet-smelling hay;  
This is the manger where the Christ-Child lay.

## Fourth:

This is Mary rejoicing with Joseph nearby.  
And here is the Child sent down from on high.

## Fifth:

Here are the shepherds and these are their sheep;  
Some weird happenings have disturbed their sleep.

## Sixth:

These are the angels that sang of Christ's birth;  
They told of peace and goodwill upon the earth.

## Seventh:

Here is the star so dazzling and bright;  
It gave the dark earth a heavenly light.

## Eighth:

Here are the Wise Men — travelers from far;  
They found the blest child when they followed the star.

*(Turn off the bright lights and let a soft blue light shine on the scene.)*

## Leader:

Here you have seen the story;  
What a wonderful sight!  
Let us all stand and sing,  
"Silent Night, Holy Night".

*(Or children who didn't have parts could make up a little choir.)*



## YOUR GIFT TO YOURSELF

The holiday season means many things — family gatherings, church dinners, parties, luncheons — and temptations to overeat and "put off dieting" until after the new year.

Isn't this the ideal time to do something about calorie counting? To make sure you cut down when you can? Buy yourself a present — a bottle of **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. Use it at home, on cereals, in drinks, in cooking and baking. You'll discover the sweetness goes in, and calories stay out. **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** makes everything taste just right, but never, never adds a single calorie. No bitterness. No aftertaste. Just natural-tasting sweetness.

This present for yourself will cost only pennies, at your grocer's. Try it now.

## KITCHEN - KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER



## A MEANINGFUL CHRISTMAS

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Did you ever stop to think what it would be like to go through a year without Christmas? We are so accustomed to our celebration it has become a part of our pattern of living. Almost every nation and religious group has some festival where gifts are given. It would seem to be almost an instinct, this desire for pageantry, excitement and sharing.

We can find the meaning of Christmas but we have to slow down and look, we must plan and eliminate, we must have a strong will to put first things first and not be afraid to be a little different.

We can all feel like chucking the entire holiday out the window at one time or another when we get in the midst of the whirlwind of preparations. What we need to do, of course, is to sit down and decide what is really important and needs emphasis to make it a meaningful time.

Think back over years past and see where the real frustrations and bottle-necks occurred. Could it be the day the entire family went to the city? Planning a big day of shopping along with taking the children to see Santa can end up with everyone so tired, cross and sharp-tongued that the holiday spirit vanishes. If the children are to go to the stores make it *their* day. Visiting with Santa, looking through the toys, and eating out makes it a gay occasion to be sure. On such a trip take time for the youngsters to shop for gifts they want to give others. This can serve the purpose of taking the edge off selfishly wanting too much for themselves.

We must provide an opportunity for our children to think of others or Christmas cannot become meaningful for them. Let them choose the gifts themselves, even struggling over making allowance money stretch. Let them make their own cards with crayons or paints. Let them choose the paper and ribbon and wrap the gifts; never mind if the corners are not mitered or the bows fancy!

Homemade gifts take a lot of patience, but they are fun. Scout troops, Church School classes, etc., frequently make gifts for parents. We usually must help them at home to make remembrances for brothers, sisters, and grandparents.

One word of caution: always *appreciate* the gift so lovingly made. It may not be *exactly* what you wanted, but it is full of love. And please *use* it!



The Birkbys: Jeffrey, Robert, Bob, Craig and Evelyn.

Helping someone outside of the family who can do nothing in return is another way to impress children that Christmas is not just *getting*, but *giving* as well.

Several years ago Jeff came home from his Church School class with the statement, "Mother, may I take some soup to my class next Sunday?"

I was busy cooking dinner and did not, I confess, give my full attention to what might be behind those words. In my mind I saw bowls of hot soup being placed on the table in front of his classmates.

"No, of course not," I said firmly, whipping away on the potatoes.

Huge tears welled up in the eyes of my middle son. "But Mother, we are *supposed* to take something and I told my teacher I would bring a can of soup." This finally got through to me. I set aside the bowl of potatoes, wiped my hands on my apron and leaned over to Jeff's eye level.

Now I asked the question which I should have asked before rushing into a scolding "No!".

"What are you going to do with the soup?", I inquired.

"We are fixing up a basket and everyone is taking some food to put in it."

Now that made sense! In full swing at last, I asked the next logical question, "And what will you do with the basket when it is filled?"

"Oh," Jeff beamed. "We are going to take it to the shut-ups."

"Who, pray tell, are the shut-ups?" I asked as seriously as possible.

"Oh, don't you know? A shut-up is someone who is sick or old and has to *stay shut-up* in the house all the time."

His concept of being a helper for his Jesus was growing, and he helped mine

to grow, also, along with my vocabulary!

Ready now to make your lists — the projects you want to do as a family? Here are a few suggestions and we'll start with Jeff's.

1. Prepare and take something to a *shut-up*.

2. Start on December 1st to read a story together each day which pertains to Christmas — fanciful or true, exciting or pleasant. Include, of course, the wonderful story of Jesus' birth.

3. Everyone in the family who can write should get in on addressing and signing the Christmas cards and gift tags.

4. Invite a lonely person or a person from another country to share your home for part of the holiday fun.

5. Talk about the Christmas customs in other countries and do one of them which you've never done before: a Christmas tree for the birds, a pinata filled with goodies.

6. Plan at least one dish for Christmas dinner which every member of the family can help prepare.

7. Check the church activities and participate as much as reasonable in caroling, programs and worship services *as a family*.

8. Arrange a creche (be it homemade or elaborate) as the center of a devotional time each evening during the month.

Christmas is a holy time. It is necessary more and more to push aside the glitter and shine and rush to find the sacredness, but we can find it if we really want to. This can be the most meaningful Christmas time ever if we do our tasks with love in our hearts and Jesus' birthday in the forefront of our planning.



## ABIGAIL HAS A NEW HOBBY

Dear Friends:

Today as I sit down at the dining room table to write to you, I find it covered with football equipment. The season is over for Clark's team; the weather was favorable today for washing and drying his uniform. All the non-washable pads are waiting here to be put back in place so the entire outfit can be packed away for another year. After a most unfortunate loss by two points in their opening game, his team went on to another highly successful season.

Wayne and I are both avid football fans and it was rather nice to have one winning team to root for. Emily's high school team was "clobbered" repeatedly and Colorado University and the Air Academy were something of a disappointment to their fans. Those of you who enjoy professional football on television know what a difficult season this has been again for the Denver Broncos. We have attended almost every Bronco home game. If during December you see one of their games on television, you know we'll be in the stands even if there is a raging blizzard!

Usually the weather here stays pretty much fall-like until after Christmas or New Year's. This causes endless frustration for the eager skiers but suits the rest of us just fine. Our "gal-avanting gals" of the neighborhood enjoyed week after week of delightful fall weather to do our gadding in the mountains.

We can't do much "ghost-towning" any more for the last remnants of the remaining such locales are fast disappearing. However, a new interest is taking over our group — that of "rock-hounding". A shortage of supply is the very last problem we'll face here! Probably anyone who is interested in Colorado ghost towns has a latent interest in rocks. After all, minerals found in rock brought about the settlement of these towns. Each of us started with a yearning to find a really good specimen of gold or silver ore. And who doesn't still have a child's appreciation for a rock with pretty colors? From here it is but a short step to appreciating rocks of unusual shape or substance. The next thing you know you are looking for rocks that are "different". Pretty soon another person has joined the ranks of the rockhound!

Among the fruitful places to seek rocks are the old abandoned ore dumps.



Touching the Christmas tree is Christopher Barton, four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Blaine Barton of Shenandoah. This year there will be toys under the tree for Christopher's baby sister, Cynthia Marie, and we're certain that their daddy, a photographer, will have his camera ready on Christmas morning.

These adjoin the mills in the old mining towns. There is hardly a mill building still standing but usually their massive foundations are easy to identify. Most rock must be broken to reveal its full beauty or intriguing contents. In an ore dump the rocks are already broken. This is the obvious result of the mining operation which separated the rock from its original home provided by Nature and brought it to the mill for processing.

I am not as avid a rockhound as some of my neighbors. This is probably a blessing since an enthusiastic rockhound inevitably wants to bring home more rocks than he can possibly carry. They think I'm a terribly handy neighbor to have because I can help transport their rock specimens from the mountainside to the trunk of the car.

### PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We did manage to visit a ghost town located west of Denver that none of us had ever explored before — Sts. John is its name. We departed here with sack lunches and expected to have to hike the last mile or two up to the town. Much to our surprise, we were able to drive all the way in a regular car. Only four or five buildings remain at Sts. John and doubtless at least one of these will collapse with the winter snows.

We were somewhat surprised to find any buildings remaining at all for Sts. John was never a large city. Most small ghost towns located this close to Denver have disappeared under the hands of vandals and souvenir hunters. Apparently Sts. John has been overlooked by these destroyers-of-history. It is located just west of the Continental Divide a few miles off U.S. 6, not far from the tiny village of Montezuma. The latter looked well on its way to becoming a ghost town also, but I'm guessing it won't. The reason is not a revival in mining, although there is evidence of this, but Montezuma happens to be located within a few miles of booming recreation developments. There are several new ski areas either built or planned near by. The new large mountain-ringed lake created by Dillon Dam assures an expanding summertime population. I suspect that in another year or two the weathered, paintless, unused houses of Montezuma will be rehabilitated by the ever-increasing number of sports and recreation enthusiasts.

The big-game hunting season always brings an abrupt halt to our mountain expeditions, except to Rocky Mountain National Park where guns are prohibited. The number of senseless, careless deaths caused by big-game hunters is appalling.

November is an eventful month for our family. Emily arrived at the milestone of 16 years of age the day following our national elections. Her orthodontist gave her the nicest present: he removed her braces and replaced them with the much less noticeable "retainer". Clark celebrates his birthday the very last day of this month. And as I write this letter, we're hoping the weatherman can co-operate and give us decent driving weather for a trip to Shenandoah over the long Thanksgiving weekend. It will be wonderful to give thanks for the many blessings our family has received this year once again in those familiar surroundings.

Sincerely,  
Abigail



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## COME, READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

Christmas! Childhood memories of other Christmas seasons return. I remember the bobsled rides with Dad, handsome and warm in his coonskin coat, urging on his favorite team of horses so the sleigh bells would jingle louder and faster. And I recall Mother sending my sister and me off to early bedtime so she could complete intricate wardrobes for Cecelia and Elizabeth, the new dolls.

Our children question, "That was back in the *olden* days, wasn't it?" Another era? Perhaps, yes, but today it seems very close and clear, as I re-read Paul Engle's *Prairie Christmas* (David McKay Publishing Co., \$2.95). If you, too, are nostalgic about Christmas past, then this slim volume will leave a glow sure to warm your spirit.

Two prairie Christmases are described: one, when Mr. Engle's parents and brothers and sisters drove to the old family farm; the other, when uncles and aunts and cousins came from the farm to town, to spend Christmas with his family.

In wonderful description, it's all

there, from the tree with its homemade decorations, to the table filled with goodies taken from the kitchen range (the Smoke Eater), to the handmade gifts, to the evening taffy pull and singing of the Christmas songs.

A tribute to his mother and her busy hands makes us agree — Christmas is a woman's holiday filled with sewing, baking, planning and spiritual uplifting.

Paul Engle has been a member of the staff at the University of Iowa since 1937 and is Director of the Program in Creative Writing. He is the author of several volumes of poetry.

A cookbook entitled *Thoughts for Festive Foods* (Houghton Mifflin, \$6.50) is the newest of a series of books including *Thoughts for Food* and *Thoughts for Buffets*. Menus and recipes for special occasions such as a Christmas brunch, Mother's Day patio party, Decoration Day picnic, tricks or treats, formal wedding dinner, bride's first luncheon, fireside chat supper, and a book review luncheon are presented in *Thoughts for Festive Foods*.

The book will aid the hostess in making entertaining a special occasion. An advance preparation schedule accompanies each menu which helps avoid much last-minute cooking.

From recipes for Swedish tea cakes to elegant Cantonese beef, from hints to help-less housewives to a glossary of terms including spaetzle, *Thoughts for Festive Foods* makes good reading.

*The Little Kingdom* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00) by Hughie Call is an adult book about a child's world.

Wezie, short for Louise, lived on a sheep ranch in Montana with her family. Her chief companionship was with her little kingdom of pets — a pinto pony, a wild goose named Sweet Adeline, a ram, a herd of turkeys, and a black horse named Nig. This little girl, in the way of children, had an understanding of animals that helped her accept loss. This, in turn, helped Wezie's mother when the child, stricken with a rare infection, was taken from them.

Touching, tender, sensitive — all these describe *The Little Kingdom*.

And now, may the blessings of Christmas be with you and yours throughout the year.

**TO LIGHT THE WEDDING CANDLES QUICKLY:** About thirty minutes before the ceremony begins, light each wick, snuff it out, and then dip the wick lightly in cigaret lighter fluid. When the time comes, the candlelighters can walk right down the line with every candle lighting quickly.



The pages in *School Days* are actually envelopes — one for every year from kindergarten through high school with spaces for signatures, photos of themselves. Envelopes hold report cards, awards, news clippings, etc. Vital statistics page includes immunization records, weight, height, teacher, honors received and extra curricular activities. A useful, thoughtful gift.

\$1.25 each, postage paid.

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Laura Ingalls Wilder has written this series of books concerning her own history. The kindness, the neighborliness, the gayety, the resourcefulness, the patience, and most of all the unassuming courage of the people who settled our middle west are set down in a collection of stories that are true to American history as well as splendid reading.

For those who have enjoyed the *Little House Books*, there is a later publication entitled . . .

### ON THE WAY HOME

\$2.95

This is the diary of a trip from South Dakota to Mansfield, Missouri, in 1894 by Laura Ingalls Wilder, and edited by Rose Wilder Lane.

Mail orders please add 15¢ per book for postage

## KIESER'S BOOK STORE

207 N. 16th St.,

Omaha, Nebraska





by  
Joseph Arkin

Little did English schoolboys of the early 1800's realize, as they laboriously produced their "Christmas pieces", that they were paving the way to a gracious custom — the exchange of Christmas cards.

On special sheets of paper with fancy colored borders and headings, the boys penned, in careful script, sentences which served as greetings to their parents and proof of their progress in the art of writing.

But it wasn't until 1843 that the true Christmas card as we know it today came into being. That year Henry Cole, a gentleman-about-town in London, had fallen so far behind in writing his usual letters of season's greetings that he decided to try out what he considered a fanciful notion. He described his idea to an artist-friend, J. C. Horsley of the Royal Academy, and together they created the first Christmas card, an ingenious missive showing a Victorian family party in progress, and on each side of the happy group were panels illustrating acts of charity — "feeding the hungry" and "clothing the naked". The card captured the hearts of those who received it and within a few years, the Christmas greeting custom had charmed all of England.

The social gesture of Henry Cole, later knighted for his innovation, grew and grew until it is distinguished ancestor to the most heartwarming of annual observances. Certainly no other token of thoughtfulness carries so much affection and remembrance, as does the Christmas card.

Louis Prang, a German immigrant lithographer, is credited as the father of the American Christmas card industry. It's said that in 1875 a woman employee of his Rosbury, Massachusetts, printing shop, suggested adding the words, "Merry Christmas" to the small floral cards produced for the holiday season.

This year, as in the past few years, some 3 billion Christmas cards will be exchanged. There are cards specially designed for every purpose. Your Christmas card should express your individuality as nothing else does.

Many people select more than one design so that they can tailor their sentiments more closely to the people who will receive them. However, if you're planning to send the same card to everyone on your list, it's particularly important to select something with a simple message and design.

What about "rules" of etiquette? There are quite a few do's and don'ts connected with the Yuletide season and the sending of Christmas cards. Here are just a few of the more commonly asked questions about Christmas cards:

*How should cards be signed?* It is important to include complete name — there are many Jims and Marys. Husband-and-wife cards can be printed or written "Mary and Bill Smith" or "Bill and Mary Smith" or "The William Smiths" or "Mr. and Mrs. William Smith". The last two are preferred for business associates.

*How about family cards?* When a card is from the entire family, the father's name should come first, followed by the mother's and then the children in order of their ages, regardless of sex. (Bill, Mary, Tom, Harry and Janie Smith.) Grown daughters' names may be included; grown sons' should not be.

*Can I write a pen-and-ink message on the card?* Every year more and more people are adding a handwritten message to cards which have the "usual" printed greetings. They do this to give the cards a special meaning for relatives and close friends. This extra touch pays dividends and often brings you the same kind of personalized card in return.

*We only know the husband, do we send the card to Mr. and Mrs.?* When sending a card to a married couple, it is good form to address the card to husband and wife even if you only know one of them.

When sending a card to a business acquaintance, it may be addressed to him or her alone and sent to the office. If a business and social relationship exists, then the card may be sent to the home, addressed to both husband and wife.

*Is it permissible to put a return address on the envelope?* Written returns or address stickers are perfectly correct, or you may prefer to order your return address printed on envelopes when your cards are imprinted.

*What do you do when you overlooked mailing a card?* If you've received a card and forgot to send one in exchange, don't fret. If not too late, send one to arrive before Christmas, or send a card of New Year's greetings. Make

(Continued on page 22)

## Merry Christmas to All!

Many friends are unable to hear our voices but we do enjoy visiting with those of you who can be with us.

The excitement of decorating, cooking and baking is beginning to fill our homes, churches and communities.

Take time out to copy a new recipe or hint as we visit with you each day over the following radio stations:

WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 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 — 9:00 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

## Christmas Parties! New Year's Parties!

You'll be delighted  
with this new book,

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If you don't have your copy send for it today and be prepared this year with games and decorations to help celebrate.

Send your order to:

## PARTY BOOK

KITCHEN - KLATTER  
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



### A GREETING CARD

Little squares of paper,  
Little dabs of ink,  
Little words of friendliness  
That tell the things you think,  
Little bows of ribbon  
To trim it up just fine,  
A little curiosity  
Just like yours and mine—  
The answer to this puzzle  
Isn't really hard,  
You'll find it all collected  
On a little GREETING CARD.

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Printed in 4 colors on quality bond paper. \$1.30 ppd.

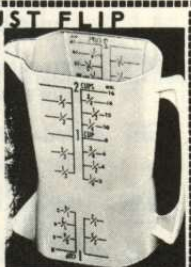
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When measuring liquid then dry measure. Saves wiping time. A MUST for preparing all your HOLIDAY recipes. A MUST in the laundry to save time and trouble. Mail your order today, for your time-saving measuring cup, only \$1.00 each.

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2 for \$1.89

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Giant California Mix

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### THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

During the Holiday Season florists' shops abound with colorful gift plants such as poinsettias, cyclamens, and Christmas peppers. If you are the lucky recipient of one of these plants it might be well to know something of their cultural needs. Florists often recommend discarding gift plants after they are through blooming because the specialized growing conditions that many of them demand are not readily duplicated in the home.

If your gift plant is a poinsettia, place it in a draft-free location where it will get good light but not direct sun, and where the temperature stays between 60 and 75 degrees F. Poinsettias are sensitive plants and too little water or too much water, too warm or too cool temperatures can cause them to drop their lower leaves or the bracts to wilt. After a poinsettia is no longer pretty, gradually withhold water so the plant goes dormant. Store the pot in the basement until mid-April, and water it just enough to keep the soil from becoming bone dry. Bring it upstairs at the end of the rest period, prune the stalks back to within 6" of the base, and begin to water it lightly. It might be well to repot it in a rich, humusy soil that drains easily. The pot can be sunk to its rim in a protected spot outdoors for the summer. Keep the



A poinsettia plant is always a part of Christmas at the Stroms' home.

plant growing well by watering as needed and feeding a soluble plant food regularly. Before frost arrives bring the poinsettia indoors and place it near a sunny south window. Be sure that it gets no artificial light after sundown or it may not bloom. If the plant must be grown in a room that is lighted, slip a heavy paper bag over it at sundown and remove it in the morning around 8 o'clock. With good luck your poinsettia should bloom about Christmas time.

Cyclamens, Christmas peppers and Jerusalem cherries require cool growing conditions and plenty of moisture. Grow the plants in the best light situation available, feed a soluble plant food according to directions on the container, and keep the soil evenly moist.



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Your friend or relative will thank you many times throughout the year for your thoughtfulness.

We will send a Christmas gift card from you.

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Address your letter to:

**KITCHEN - KLATTER**  
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



**CIRCLE OF LOVE - Concluded**

unite a world through a faith that has endured since Christmas began. Christmas is remembrance of the angels' tidings of great joy — "Peace on earth, good will toward men".

**Leader:** So we see that God's CIRCLE OF LOVE is a love everlasting, a love *ever green*. Our Christmas wreath is a symbol of that encircling love. Christmas means wrapping the world in love, God's love, tied up with the bright bow of wonder and adoration. (Places red bow at the top of the wreath.)

"Love is the heart of Christmas; it came in angel song, that men might hear, and year by year, still bear its joy along.

"Love is the heart of Christmas, let us ne'er forget. Love practiced true will bring to you, the most blessed Christmas yet!"

**Hymn:** Second and third verses of "Love Came Down at Christmas".

**Benediction:** O God, to Whom all glory is sung in the highest, while on earth peace is proclaimed among men of good will, hear our humble prayer. Grant us Thy peace. Give us good will for all mankind, and so fill our hearts with Thy great love that we may have the courage, the knowledge, and the will to make the world one great brotherhood of man. In the name of the Child of Bethlehem we pray. Amen.

**TO YOU AT CHRISTMAS**

If I could do whate'er I want to do  
To make complete your gladsome  
Christmas Day,

I would not bring a single thing to you  
But I would come and take some things  
away.

I'd take away all trouble from your  
heart,

Each pain and sorrow I would have  
relieved;

And every word that caused a single  
smart,

And every hour through which you  
sadly grieved.

I'd have them all be gone — forever  
gone —

Forgotten like the things that cannot  
be;

And then each hour would be a joyful  
one.

Now that is what I'd really like to do,  
If I could do the things I wish for you.

—Author Unknown.

The grand essentials of happiness  
are something to do, something to love,  
and something to hope.

—Chalmers

**HOLIDAY  
HELPER**

Unfortunately, "the holidays" aren't really holidays for the lady of the house. There are no holidays from dirty dishes, greasy pans, bathtub rings and spotted linoleum. In fact, this time of year usually means more company . . . and that means more work.

Lucky for us, **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** doesn't take a holiday.

It's always ready when there's tough cleaning to do, all around the house, all around the clock. Better pick up another box tomorrow when you shop for groceries. It wouldn't do to run out now!

**Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner****CHECK THAT  
NAME AGAIN**

The box on the left has probably become such a fixture in your house that you really don't look at the name — you just automatically reach for it when you bleach.

So perhaps we'd better remind you again that its middle name is "Safety". We weren't satisfied to put together a bleach that would just go to

work and bleach things. We insisted that our chemists perfect a bleach that would be absolutely safe . . . for anything that's washable. Delicate fabrics, diapers, new synthetics, they can all be bleached without fear of fiber damage, yet even stubborn stains can't resist **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach's** firm but gentle action. Believe me, you can depend on all-new, all-fabric

**Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**





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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY, STATE, ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

### CARD ETIQUETTE - Concluded

sure you add the name to your mailing list.

*Should envelopes be sealed or unsealed?* Pay first-class postage, seal the envelope and be assured of faster delivery, forwarding, or return to you in case of non-delivery.

*Do you wish a Merry Christmas to a person with a recent death in the family?* Certainly you want to wish the best of the season to your friends even if they are in mourning. Send them a card specially made for this purpose, or send a plain card with a handwritten message for a wish that the year ahead will be one of health and happiness for all.

*Must a card be sent to everyone who sends me one?* No, not necessarily. You are not expected to exchange cards with merchants and tradesmen who are sending cards for business goodwill purposes. Since the card is an expression of your spontaneous, friendly greeting, it should be sent only to those with whom you are friendly.

To conclude, no matter what design card you choose, remember that you are judged by the cards you send just as you are by the clothes you wear. Make sure your Christmas card is the best possible expression of your good will and your good taste.

### LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

That particular highway, and it's a very good one, brings you out at Raton, and there is where we spent the night.

The next day we swung north through LaJunta and Lamar, Colorado, and then into the Great Plains of Kansas. In their own way these Great Plains are

as beautiful as anything I've ever seen, and I agree with the person who said that it was just like looking at the ocean only it was land rather than water. We spent the night at Oakley, Kansas, and then headed directly towards Shenandoah with very few stops along the way.

I cannot conclude this letter without thanking all of you who have written to me with words of comfort and encouragement through these months since Russell's sudden death. I have not found that the Time that has passed since that terrible morning has made things any easier, but I try to get up in the morning and to keep going as best I can. Each day I am grateful to you whose thoughts and prayers have sustained me.

A blessed Christmas to all of you, near and far . . . . .

*Lucile*

Christmas is a chime--a boy soprano and "Silent Night"--carolers and "The First Noel"--the tinkle of a bell on a sleigh, of a coin in a cup. —Unknown

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 1964.

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, Lucile Driftmier 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

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 affidavit'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.)  
73,604

Lucile Driftmier Verness, Business Manager  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1964.

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*As we pause for a moment to glance backward over the path we have traveled, there is warm pleasure in the memory of old friendships continued, and new friendships begun.*

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