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Kitchen-Klatter®

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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-H. Armstrong Roberts

Christmas Greetings



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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My dear Friends:

It doesn't seem possible that several months have passed since I wrote to you last. Time passes very quickly for me.

We had many beautiful days this fall — beautiful, but dry. We were hoping for more rains and watched anxiously as the skies clouded over, but they skipped around and dropped their moisture elsewhere. Perhaps this winter will bring more snows than usual to make up for it.

I don't believe there ever was a year when there were more leaves on the trees than this year. Their beauty was spectacular when they turned their golden and crimson colors. We took frequent drives around town to see them when they were at their height of color. As I looked out over the carpet of yellow in our own yard, I could recall many scenes of our own busy little girls making leaf houses and sometimes mischievous little boys making trouble for them. We were usually the last family in the neighborhood to rake up the leaves, for we wanted the children to have their fun with them first. When everyone pitched in willingly to clean up the yard, we climaxed the activity with a big bonfire and wiener roast in the back yard. What fun we had!

We made our usual trip to an apple orchard near Hamburg, Iowa, to buy apples and apple cider. Looking back over the years I can remember the old cider mill on Sunnyside farm where we Field children grew up. On crisp fall days many loads of apples would stand in our driveway waiting their turn to be run through the mill and press which was run by horse power. And my! the swarms of honeybees that hovered near the barrels and cans into which the cider was poured. I remember that vividly for I was afraid of bees and never lingered close by for long. One sees few apple orchards on the farms now and, as a result, a sack

of apples costs almost as much as a sack of oranges.

The most important news of the family is that Mart and I have a new great-grandchild. Howard and Mae are grandparents again for Donna and Tom have a lovely baby daughter named Natalie Sue. Three-year-old Lisa was very excited to have a baby sister, but hardly had a chance to become acquainted with her before she was hospitalized with an attack of asthma. Our dry, dusty weather was very hard on anyone with respiratory ailments and Lisa was a very sick little girl for several days. It was necessary for her to be in an oxygen tent for a while and she didn't like that confinement one bit. As a matter of fact, she asked the nurse for a hammer one day. The nurse asked her what she needed it for, and she said, "I have to build a door in this thing. There isn't any way to get out." We're glad to report that she is improving and once again at home with her parents and the new baby.

Well, to come back to activities at our house, I can report that I have been busy with a new type of hand-work. Last winter Ruby Treese, my husband's nurse, made lovely hooked rugs for her children. I became so enthused that this fall I decided to make a rug, expecting that it would keep me busy for some period of time. How mistaken I was! I finished it in less than three weeks. Seeing that this work would go faster than I thought, I've decided to make one for each of our seven children. The first rug has been mailed to Wayne and Abigail for their new family room. The second one, which is on order now, will be for Donald and Mary Beth.

Our nephew Philip Field and his wife Marie have been in Lusaka, Africa, for almost three years. We expect them home next spring when his term is over. I believe this is their last foreign assignment, so perhaps we will be able to see them more often in

the years to come. Philip and Marie have been such faithful letter writers, never forgetting a birthday or anniversary. We look forward to their letters, and having lived in a number of different countries in Africa, we have gained a great deal of knowledge about that part of the world. They are ardent camera fans and on trips back to the States have brought colored slides to show us.

My heart goes out to you who have sons or daughters in the service of our country in foreign lands. Like many mothers during World War II, we had four boys in the service at the same time. We can only put them in God's care and pray that He will give them strength and courage to face the duties of each day bravely.

We are enjoying having my sister Jessie Shambaugh with us this winter. We have a regular work schedule in the forenoons and things really hum around our house. I get breakfast, and while Jessie washes the dishes and cleans the kitchen, I plan the day's meals. The baking is done while the nurse is getting Mart ready for the day. By this time the mailman has come and gone and we sit down to enjoy our letters. Margery stops by before lunch with anything that has arrived at the office and often has her noon meal with us. Howard and Mae stop in for a little visit on their way back to work, and then we all take our afternoon rests.

We are glad that Lucile could spend several weeks with her daughter Julianne in New Mexico, but we miss her when she is away. We understand each other's limitations and if we don't see each other more than a couple of times a week, we do lots of visiting over the phone. She always has Sunday dinner with us, so we have missed her more particularly then. When she called this last Sunday, she said that she would be back in a few days.

Ruby is busy these days making dresses to go to a mission school. They are mostly made of dress scraps that Dorothy brought down with her on her last trip. It is fascinating to see what she can turn out of odds and ends. She is also making Christmas gifts for her grandchildren. This gives me ideas for gifts too. While I'm waiting for the rug materials to arrive, I think I'll turn my attention to some of those projects.

When you can take a little time from these busy days, do write to us for we look forward to your letters.

Sincerely,

Leanna

MARGERY CATCHES UP ON FALL ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

Are you ready for winter? This has been a busier fall than usual and it seemed to take us longer to get things accomplished, but ready or not, winter will be here soon.

Oliver's transfer to the Council Bluffs office has made some changes in our usual routine. It isn't a long drive, so he comes home when the weather is favorable. However, with such short evenings he finds it necessary to save big jobs until Saturdays. With the help of a boy across the street he got the storm windows on, the leaves raked, the garden spaded and, in general, things in readiness for the winter months.

I didn't write a letter in the magazine last month so there is some catching-up to do. Martin came home several weekends, bringing friends on two occasions. Our first guest was Michael Aung Thwin, his friend from South India. Mike has visited us a number of times so we feel well acquainted with him. The second was Richard Hutchins from Denver, a junior student who is in some of Martin's classes. We had met Richard but this was his first visit in our home.

In mid-October Oliver and I drove over to Crete to attend Parents' Day, which was combined with Homecoming. We met the parents of several of Martin's friends, attended the football game in the afternoon (Doane was victorious, which made Homecoming a success!), and enjoyed two meals in the college cafeteria. Oh, yes! and watched the Homecoming parade. Martin played an unexpected role in the parade. As the caravan of floats was returning to the campus, one of the floats became entangled on a low-hanging branch. We were standing nearby and quick as a wink Martin climbed the tree and held the branch up and out of the way. Noticing that other floats would run into the same difficulty, he kept his post until all had passed by. He was quite amused by the cheering from on-lookers. Oliver and I cheered too, but at the same time we were concerned about his good suit!

Before leaving the subject of college, I've been reminded that I haven't told you what courses Martin is taking this year. This first semester's classes are Introduction to Fine Arts, Basic Ideas in Religion, Introduction to Drama, American National Government and Painting. Also there are some classes in Physical Education



Mother worked on the rug the other way around, but we turned it so you could see some of the pattern. The design is in shades of brown, tan and orange.

as well as Chapel and Convocation. There will be a few changes in his schedule the second semester. Martin is still interested in the field of teaching, but won't decide in which area until this coming spring when Sophomores must decide on their majors.

Even though I'm sometimes alone during the week, testing recipes goes on just the same. If Oliver isn't coming home I check with Mother and tell her what I'm going to test so she can include it in her menu for dinner or supper (They have their main meal at noon.), and then I plan to run in with my dish and eat with them. Lucile has been out of town in recent weeks, but when she is here we sometimes have a meal together of tested recipes.

While I'm on the subject of food, I must tell you about our annual Silent Bazaar. This is the main money-raising event of our Women's Fellowship at church and it is always very well attended. Instead of having a large bazaar of items to sell, we have a very special dinner for church members, complete with entertainment, and each member gives a donation of money. In recent years this has proved more successful than a bazaar for the public.

Our theme this year was "The Twenties". My part in the entertainment was playing the role of a woman news-caster. Since I have almost no recollections of the Twenties, some research in the public library helped considerably. Some of the "newsmakers" that I thought were related to the Thirties actually started in the Twenties. Remember flagpole sitters and walkathons?

An amazing number of people were able to dig into attics and storerooms and come up with costumes. Not being a "saver" or "collector" myself, I had to borrow a costume from a friend.

Actually, many of today's dresses are much like the styles of the Twenties, and some made costumes using current patterns.

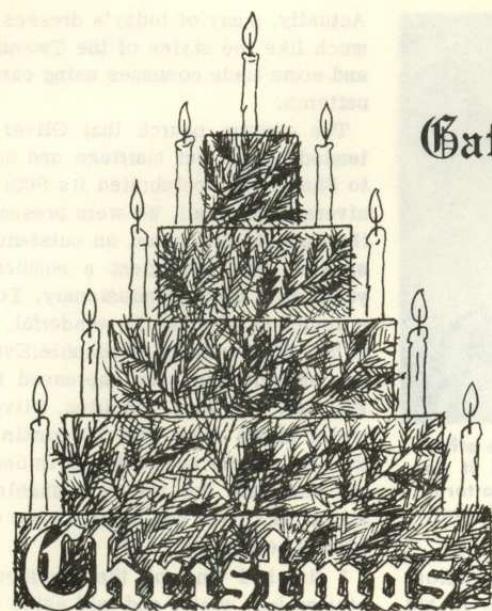
The country church that Oliver attended before our marriage and move to Shenandoah celebrated its 90th anniversary this fall. We were present at the banquet and heard an outstanding speaker who had spent a number of years as a medical missionary. To be a doctor or minister is wonderful, but to be BOTH is truly remarkable. Everyone present was very impressed with his talk — truly inspiring. Oliver's sister Emma came from Wisconsin for the anniversary and took part in one of the services, but we were unable to attend as Oliver had a part in our own church service that day.

I finished one of the sweaters I started last winter and laid aside during the summer months and am working on the other one now. It is going nicely so should be finished by Christmas. Mother is encouraging me to knit a coat next. That looms as a rather large project for me since I haven't much time for knitting, but if I don't finish it this winter, I could surely have it ready for wearing next fall. I'm such a novice that I have to watch every stitch and count carefully. No looking at television while I knit like some can! I have to keep my eyes glued to my work.

I expect we'll be a rather small group when we sit down to our Thanksgiving dinner this year. Last year Wayne and his family came from Denver and Martin had several friends home with him from college. We're always hopeful that some members of the family from a distance can come but it doesn't look now as if we'll have to put extra leaves in the table! Of course, the picture may have changed by the time you friends read this. When we were all at home for Thanksgiving it was the ideal time to draw names for the family Christmas gifts, but now we're so scattered that that little bit of tradition is a thing of the past.

Time necessarily brings its changes, but we must be ever mindful of the importance of keeping some of the old favorite traditions alive when possible. Sometimes we adults don't realize how the children count on them, but try just once to do something differently and they'll be quick to remind us "how we *always* do it!" If this isn't true at any other time, it is true at Christmas.

Until next month,
Sincerely,
Margery



Gather 'Round the Christmas Tree

A CANDLE-LIGHTING SERVICE

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: As the main prop for this service, build a Christmas tree on a small table from five boxes of graduated sizes, stacking them as one would a tiered cake. Place a candleholder (this might be a block of styrofoam) at opposite ends of each of the four lower tiers, a ninth one in the center of the top, with an unlighted candle in each holder. A tenth holder, without a candle, is placed in the center of the middle tier. Arrange evergreen tips to cover boxes and holders in such a way as to resemble a Christmas tree. The whole tree shape might be obtained by using tiers of styrofoam. If this is done, simply stick the candles into the foam.

Make large gold letters to spell out the word "Christmas" and stand them across the base of the tree.

The narrator can light all the candles and read the selections for each letter and candle, or different persons might light each candle as she tells what her letter stands for.

Musical Background: "O Christmas Tree" can be played softly throughout, or it can be interspersed with a medley of other appropriate carols, such as "Away in the Manger" when the Christ Child is mentioned. Let the theme tune predominate the musical setting.

Narrator: Too much tinsel on a tree cheapens it, it seems to me. Too much tinsel intertwined in our lives, we're sure to find, cheapens the meaning of

Christmas day. As we light our candles, may it be seen — that which keeps Christmas *ever green*.

(Narrator picks up large lighted candle which stands ready on nearby pedestal.)

We will light our candles from this one which represents the Christ Child. *In Him was life and the life was the light of men, and the light shineth in the darkness.*

(Narrator hands candle to each candle-lighter in turn.)

"C" — Christmas, if it be a real Christmas, is Christ-centered; and so we light the first candle for the CHURCH, for certainly it is there that we come closest to the selfless spirit of Christmas, to the awe, the wonder, the glory that shone around the stable long ago.

"H" — HOME, where the holy days begin — where the heart prepares for Christmas. Around its fireside the Christian family joins in the reading of the old, old story, ever new; sings the beloved carols; and tenderly sets up the traditional creche, as it strives to center its Christmas upon the Bethlehem Babe.

"R" — ROOM for the Savior, without and within; not crowded and closed like the inn. Ah, no, Son of Mary, I make room for Thee, and for all whom Thou sayest are brothers to me.

"I" — Yes, I must be sure that I am right there in the middle of Christmas if I'm to find the Christ Child I

come seeking. Head, heart and hands — I must use them all lovingly, joyfully, spreading through service the true spirit of Christmas to those about me.

"S" — SINGING — singing the beloved hymns and carols that are a traditional part of Christmas — singing that touches the heart strings in such a special way at Christmas, uniting us in memories of the past, and in dreams of a future filled with brotherhood and love.

"T" — The beautiful, shining TREE! Doesn't it remind us of the eternal — the ever green — love of our Heavenly Father? Let it remind us, too, to renew old friendships, to keep the old traditions alive, and the love of family ever green.

"M" — The MAGIC of Christmas — who can explain it? The joy of brightening other lives, bearing others' burdens, forgetting old grudges, filling empty hearts with generous gifts of love and understanding — that is the magic of Christmas.

"A" — The ANGELS' chorus, the most beautiful music the world has ever heard. *Peace on Earth, Goodwill Toward Men.* Oh, let us tell the Angels' good news, over and over and over again!

"S" — SHARING — a very blessed part of this holy day; sharing your faith in all that is good in the world; sharing your laughter and friendship; sharing the joy, and the awe, and the

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FREDERICK EXPRESSES SOME THOUGHTS ON CHRISTMAS

Dear Friends:

As I sit here in my office writing this letter to you, I can look out of the windows at a very blustery sky. Low clouds are racing almost across the roof tops of the apartment buildings, and I think that if I were to go out of doors and look up at the church steeple I would not be able to see the top of it. Everything about this day suggests that winter is here, and that I had just better give in to the fact. It is hard to do! I love the fall of the year so much that I can't bear to think it is completely gone for another year. Some people like the winter months, but I do not. From now on I shall be counting the days until the first promises of summer.

The one saving grace of winter as far as I am concerned is the advent of Christmas. Thank God for Christmas! It is one of His most blessed gifts to us. The joy of it, the beauty of it, the fun of it, and the goodness of it more than make up for some of the hardships of cold, dark days. Isn't it wonderful the way our Christian high holy days come at just the right time of year to boost our morale, and lift our spirits? Easter, like Christmas, comes at a perfect time of the year.

We shall have several special Christmas features in our church this year, but the Candle Light Vesper Service will be the high point for me. It has been a custom in our church for people to give silver candlesticks as memorials to loved ones, and during the Christmas season we use them a great deal. At the Vesper Service the entire church will be lighted with gay holiday candles in lovely silver holders. Every Sunday the music in our church is extraordinary, but for the Christmas Vespers, it will be simply angelic. I can hardly wait!

I love Christmas so much that I must continually remind myself that it does not bring the same amount of joy to everyone. You know, at Christmas some people are very sad because of a death in the family, or because of loneliness. Somehow family tragedy never hurts more than at Christmas time. I think of people for whom the Christmas stars do not shine as brightly as for some others because there are no children in the home to add to Christmas joy. But there are others for whom the "door of the inn will be shut" because of the heartaches and grief that their children have brought them. Some will miss the deepest satisfactions that Christmas should



Frederick and his son David.

bring because, never having married, they feel alone and left out of things at a time when so much emphasis is placed upon family gatherings, and then there are others who will find it so hard to enter into the full spirit of Christmas because they are married, and most unhappily so, and what should be their gifts of love are but shallow tokens of something that doesn't really exist.

The other day a lady sat here in my office pouring out a tale of self-pity and telling me again and again that she knew she could not survive the emotional strain of another Christmas. She admitted that she could not help feeling sorry for herself at this time of the year when other people found so much joy in family. All alone in the world, she just hoped that Christmas would come and go so quickly that it would be over before she noticed it too much. The two of us talked about many things, but principally about techniques for overcoming self-pity. I gave her three simple steps that I personally have found most satisfying and helpful.

People who feel sorry for themselves are people who invariably remember the wrong things. They remember the sad things instead of the happy things. They remember the heartaches and the failures, and they forget to remember the joys and the triumphs. But they are also people who anticipate the wrong things. You know the kind of people I mean — people with inferiority complexes who anticipate the slights and snubs of others, who are sure that they will fail before they even start, who always expect the worst instead of the best. They are also the people who are grateful for the wrong things. I think of the people who remember to be thankful for luxuries and then

forget how grateful they should be for the essentials of life, grateful for their nice cars and forgetting to be grateful for shoes. When we had our drought here in New England last summer, people would feel so grateful if they got a chance to water their lawns, and yet not once did I hear anyone breathe a word of gratitude for the water they had to drink every day.

In other words, most of us could fight a successful battle against self-pity if we would remember the right things, and anticipate the right things, and be grateful for the right things. And if ever there were a time for being grateful it is at Christmas.

Do you remember my telling you about our little school for retarded children? Well, it is progressing nicely. Now we have about eight children in the school, some of whom are so retarded that they cannot walk alone. We have a staff of three people working with the children, and they are here at the church from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon. If you are looking for some project that will appeal to the membership of your own church, give some consideration to this matter of helping retarded children. God will bless you for it.

If you were listening to our Kitchen-Klatter visit on the radio a few weeks ago you heard me telling about my airplane flights in the attempt to get some good pictures of our church. This is the first time I have remembered to mention these expeditions in my letters to you, and I really ought to say a word. The first plane trip was a hectic one. In the first place, the wing of the plane was a big obstruction to the camera, and so the pilot would turn the plane almost completely over so that I could get my pictures of the ground through the top window of the plane. It was exciting, but nerve-racking! Then we got caught in a storm and the sky became too dark and wet for good pictures. The second time I went up for pictures (you can see that I don't give up easily) I had much better luck. We could remove one big glass panel in the side of the plane so that I could unfasten my seatbelt and actually lean out of the plane. What fun that was! Some of the people working at the church ran out into the parking lot to look up and see me, and when they saw me literally hanging out of the window of the plane, they couldn't believe their eyes. We went round and round the church tower until I got all the pictures I wanted. I enjoyed that trip so much that I am planning to do it again when the snow

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SNOW FELL GENTLY ON CHRISTMAS EVE

by
Mollie Dowdle

Snow was gently falling like soft downy cotton as I drove through the entrance gate on my way to work at the Northern State Hospital, a mental health institution. Branches of the tall trees bordering the driveway were bending in graceful arcs under their glistening weight.

A white Christmas would please the patients. They would excitedly call to each other and stand together at the windows making idle talk about the wonder of it all. Some of them would hold hands and they would exclaim: "Look, isn't that beautiful? Wouldn't it be fun to get outside and make a snowman?" So many of them hadn't been privileged to walk in a carpet of snow for a long time.

The Hub, center of gaiety for the employes of the hospital, was a busy place now that Christmas was almost here. Attendants called greetings to each other as they hurriedly grabbed a cup of coffee, glancing at their watches as the hands slowly crept to 3 p.m. when the shift would change and we would go to work.

Today was somehow different. Twilight, then darkness would fall on this world of white and it would be Christmas Eve. We carried the atmosphere of our firesides at home and the closeness of our families into the wards that day — an aura of the Christ Child, of peace and goodwill to all men everywhere.

Such little things can become such great mountains of importance in a secluded world.

For weeks preparations had been in progress for the holiday season, the most blessed time of the whole year for those who could not gather with their families and friends.

Great pots of red poinsettias decorated the ward where I worked, accented by late white chrysanthemums. Pastel cyclamen were everywhere surrounding the gayly decorated tree that stood majestically in the corner. The parties were all over, the exchange of gifts, the brief intermingling of the wards and the holiday dance. Tomorrow, Christmas Day, would be the great dinner. Turkey, cranberries, sweet potatoes, fruits, candies and special

delicacies brought in by families and friends.

Supper was served, the dishes gathered and a quiet expectancy settled over the ward. I took my Bible from my bag, turned its pages and held the place between my fingers.

The patients were quietly sitting alone or in groups around the room as I circled it, asking if they would like me to read them a story. In unison, they answered, "Oh, yes a story. We'd like to hear a story." So they gathered their chairs very close, settled down and waited for me to begin:

"For unto you is born in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord — there was with the angels a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill to all men.' "

It was as if a special angel from that celestial host came down and hovered amidst the circle as I turned the pages and continued: "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son and shall call his name Immanuel; and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace."

My listeners sat with bowed heads as if waiting for a benediction. From the back of the group a middle-aged woman slowly rose to her feet and walked to the window. For a brief moment she looked out on the wintry scene. The lights along the hospital walks shone brightly on the snow which was still falling.

She reached up and caressed her hair, straightened her misshapen garments and turned, facing the group of intent listeners. In a beautiful clear voice, one which could grace a concert hall, she began to sing "Ave Maria". The acoustics of the ward echoed to the clear tones. "Hear me, O Father. Grant me my prayer." Her pleading, cultured tones weren't confined behind lock and key — they were reaching beyond, into the very portals of heaven. The host of angelic choirs were picking up the strains and bearing them with anthems of praise for the birthday of the Christ Child.

The attendants who were working in the office laid aside their work and drew close to listen. The evening supervisor came in at the front ward door and with a look of amazement, she joined the circle.

The song ended on one high glorious note. No one spoke. The nurses and attendants went back to their work and the patients made their way to their beds. When I reached home that night I wrote in my diary: "Working within those walls I'll stay and do a good deed every day. I'll try to make hearts warm with care. Gain strength for loneliness they bear. Perchance my love can show a way. For a better life, faith, hope I pray.

"There must be words that I can give. To those who must be brave to live. Amidst loneliness, confinement and oft times strife. To build a richer, happier life. I ask to show, 'tis not in vain. There needs must suffer hurts and pain."

LIGHT FROM ABOVE

How many will see the beauty, of the stars in the Christmas sky?

Please step outside and softly close the door;

Drink in the beauty of the night, the light from every star.

Pray a prayer for peace and bless each absent one.

Then you may know far greater joy than you have known before.

Then step inside and softly close the door.

—Emma D. Babcock

CHRISTMAS INVOICE — #1966

Be advised that we are sending (as a substitute for gold)

Several Standard Brands of treasure for your tree of life to hold.

First, some love to give or cherish; Work, and rest upon demand;

Friends like us but much, much nicer;

Music, either live or canned;

Day and night

And rain with rainbows;

Beauty;

Laughter;

Trees and flowers;

Nourishment for mind and body;

One-a-day brand quiet hours;

Strength to meet each day;

SMALL sorrows;

Joy, so wonderful to know,

And "too numerous to mention"

little things that shine, or grow.

If by chance these gifts should reach you sooner than you might expect, please examine them at leisure; they are never sent "collect".

—Oneita Fisher

What Is Christmas?

by

Harverna Woodling

What is Christmas? Oh, what a hard question! Christmas is many things to many people. It is the time when we truly strive to love our neighbors more and ourselves less, so it is shining and many faceted.

Do you remember when we were delighted children taking parts in our Christmas program at school or church? Sometimes each of us held a big cardboard letter, bright and glistening, each letter standing for one special thing, and all together spelling Christmas. Let's play acrostics now.

C is for the little Christ baby whose birthday is the reason for this loveliest season of all. C is also for our Church where we worship, for Children who make Christmas gay and heart-warming, and for Candle glow and Christmas cards. C can stand for "Camouflage", too, where gifts are involved.

H means Home, always dear, but never more fully realized than now. It is for Hope, too, the hope of the world and of all the years.

R is the Reverence we feel when we truly know Christmas. R means Reading, too. There are so many enchanting Christmas stories, poems, and articles, from the Bible story of the first Christmas to the newest of the new. Christmas could never be complete without reading.

I is for Ideals that hold Christmas holy, but it is also for Ideas that make family and community celebrations part of our happy holiday season.

S is for School, where families, friends, and hard-working teachers meet on the common ground of pride and hope and faith in our young people. This faith is underlined and emphasized at Christmas time, and nowhere better than at school.

T is for Tradition — for holly wreaths and Christmas trees, for gifts and Santa Claus, for the battered but beloved decorations so carefully placed each year.

M is a beautiful letter. It stands for Music, soul-stirring, majestic music, lovely and awesome; it stands equally for the dear, familiar carols we all know and sing and listen to as they come from family piano, radio, television, or from public speakers in Christmas-shopper-crowded stores. Perhaps best of all music means fellowship with friends and neighbors in your church as you join voices and hearts in "O, Come All Ye Faithful" and "Silent Night, Holy Night".

M is for Memories, too. Most are



When the Stroms' old creche wore out from years of re-enacting the Christmas story, Martin gave his parents this new one last year.

happy; some, funny; a few are sad. There are the happy reminiscences of many Christmases shared with grandparents, aunts, and uncles. There is the sorrow of Christmas with a loved one gone. (There was the year when our then fourth-grader was very sick with the mumps so that she missed the school and church celebrations, and try as she did to admire her presents and be happy on Christmas Day, she was just too sick to care! On the lighter side, there was the Christmas morning when Dad gave COLD CASH, silver dollars frozen in a jar of water and secreted in the freezer.)

A is for All — all these parts of Christmas.

S is the initial letter of Christmas Sights and Sounds and Smells, but best of all, it means Sharing.

Thus, together, we spell CHRISTMAS, the magic season of Love and Laughter and Joy and Faith. Thus we wish again the old yet ever new wish — a happy, happy Christmas to you and yours.

NOTHING LOVELY EVER LASTS

Nothing lovely ever lasts,
Though it be a perfect day,
Flower or a sunset rare —
It is sure to pass away.

Precious though a child's first cry,
Evanescing as a sigh,
Like a cloud-hung azure sky —
All things beautiful must die.

But I deposit all these riches
In the bank of memory
Then when time's swift flight has run
I withdraw them one by one.

Though nothing lovely ever lasts,
One dear thing the future has
Is memory — the doorway
To the treasured past.

—Grace F. Williams

Christmas Feasting

by

Erma Reynolds

Christmas time is feasting time and this enjoyable custom of Yuletide gormandizing has been in the world for a long, long time.

Yuletide was the season when ancient nations celebrated the "birthday of the sun" after the winter solstice, and at this time folks wined and dined in honor of this giver of light and life.

Christmas in "merrie olde England" during the middle centuries was not a single day of festivities, but covered a period beginning with Dec. 6 and on Jan. 6. On Christmas Day a great feast was served with a baked wild boar's head the highlight of the meal. Borne in on a massive gold or silver platter, the entry of the roast was announced by a fanfare of trumpets and mummer's songs. The lord of the household, before thrusting his carving knife into the meat, would swear allegiance to his family and fellowmen

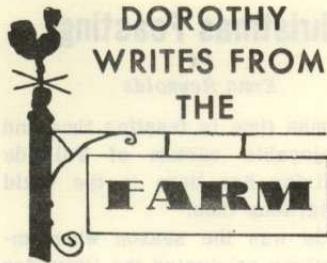
A second featured food at this medieval Christmas dinner was baked peacock. To prepare this bird for the table its skin was carefully removed to prevent loss or injury to the plumage. Then, after being roasted and cooled, the bird was again enveloped in its coat of feathers, with its beak gilded. This unique dish was always carried to the table by a beautiful highborn lady.

On our American Christmas tables the turkey has been substituted for wild boar and peacock. The turkey, a native of the New World, was introduced to Europe by the returning Spanish settlers, and first appeared at an English Christmas feast in 1524.

Today we enjoy plum pudding as a Christmas dessert, but in medieval days plum pudding was served at the beginning of the meal and was a concoction of boiled beef or mutton thickened with wheat or brown bread, and sprinkled with raisins, currants, and spices. The forerunner of this plum pudding dated back to pre-Roman England and was called "frumenty". Later it was renamed "plum porridge" and kept this name until about the time of Charles II when it became "plum pudding".

There is an interesting legend which gives another version of the origin of plum pudding. It seems that during the early days of England, a king and his men went hunting and became lost on Christmas Eve. The cook for the party was ordered to prepare a meal for the men.

(Continued on page 17)



Dear Friends:

Frank is busy this morning cleaning out the corncribs and doing a little necessary repairing in preparation for this year's crop, which he plans to start picking in the morning.

I have been spending most of my time the past few days making peanut pixies, since this is the time of year the orders really stack up. This morning seems a good time to take a break from this job to write my letter to you. The next few days I'll be busy cooking big meals for extra men.

It has been a little over a year since Frank's sister Edna and her husband Raymond Halls moved to Phoenix, Arizona, because of Edna's health. All summer Edna kept reminding us of how long it had been since she had seen a member of her family and how she wished that someone would visit them. Frank said it looked as if he would have to send me as the family ambassador since no one else could manage to get away to make the trip. I was happy to oblige, so we got out the calendar to set the date. After my unexpected trip to Laramie I thought perhaps I should postpone the Phoenix trip until a later date but Frank said they were expecting me and we shouldn't disappoint them. So on the scheduled date Frank and Bernie took me to Allerton and put me on the Golden State Limited headed west.

The train trip seemed short. Getting on at 7:00 one night, I was in Phoenix by 11:30 the next night. My seat mate was a charming girl, Anastasia Foster, about Kristin's age, from London, England. Stasia, as she prefers to be called, has been in the United States a year, living with friends of her parents in New Jersey and working in New York City. She had just returned from a two-week vacation with her family in London, and was now on her way to Phoenix to begin another job.

She said she wanted to see as much of the world as possible before she married and settled down, so was more or less "working her way" to some of the places she was curious about. After several months in Phoenix she hopes to make San Francisco her next stop, and from there she isn't sure. She thinks our country awfully big, and



Two charming students, Thomas Swift and Phoebe Alchee, were Dorothy's guides on a tour of the Indian School she visited in Phoenix, Arizona. She considered this one of the high lights of her trip to the Southwest.

that it was taking a long time to get from New Jersey to Arizona. She said, "You can cross England from one end to the other in just eight hours."

Edna and Raymond were at the station to meet me, both of them looking wonderfully well and extremely happy. Of the three of us I don't know which was the happiest. I introduced Stasia and we stayed with her until the person who was to pick her up arrived.

Edna and Raymond have been fortunate with their living accommodations in Phoenix. Early this year they became acquainted with a man and his wife who have a home in Phoenix, but whose business interests are in Indiana. They had to return to Indiana for several months but disliked renting the house to strangers. They didn't want to close it up because of the big yard and swimming pool that had to be cared for, so they asked Edna and Raymond if they would live in the home while they were away. The home and yard are perfectly beautiful, and it seems that both couples have benefited from the arrangement.

Raymond had to work the next day, so Edna and I took a bus to the doctor's office for her shot, and went across the street to the China Doll Chinese Restaurant where we had some delicious chow mein. We toured the Park Central shopping center. I wanted to go to a fabric shop to see if I could find a piece of material. I still had a sample in my purse that Lucile had liked but when I got back to Des Moines to buy it for her it was gone. Lady Luck was with me, and I found the material and bought it.

Raymond didn't have to work the next day, so we spent the entire day sightseeing. Our first stop was at the Bayless Cracker Barrel Store. A. J. Bayless, head of a large grocery chain in

Arizona, had always dreamed of setting up a store patterned after the one built and owned in Tennessee by his father in 1896, and has taken great pains to see that the replicas are authentic and truly represent a store of that era. It is packed full of antique objects of the 1800's. There is everything from agricultural equipment to house appliances, magazines, presidents' signatures, drugs, candies, and foods. As we walked around the store we saw a furnished living room of that period, a post office, grocery store, clothing store, and hardware store. The three of us had fun just browsing around. The store proprietor, George Burke, as well as the rest of the help, was dressed in clothing of that period, and was happy to answer questions or tell you about some of the items of special interest. He was most anxious that I see the old office and showed me some of his prized rare books.

We had lunch at the Sweden House, a favorite of Raymond's, and then drove for several hours looking at the beautiful homes built on the mountains. We drove to Tempe so I could see the campus of Arizona State University and the Grady Gammage Memorial auditorium, the last large design of Frank Lloyd Wright. It is a huge building, circular in design, with two-level pedestrian bridges extending two hundred feet from either side. It is so beautifully lighted at night, that one evening they again drove past it for my benefit.

We drove through Mesa and Scottsdale and on to Papago Park, where we went through the Desert Botanical Garden. There are hundreds of species of cacti here from both American continents and the islands of the Caribbean, all in a natural desert setting. Every plant is numbered and listed in a leaflet available at the office.

Edna and I spent an extremely interesting afternoon at the Phoenix Indian School. At the administration office they called two students to act as our guides. While we were waiting for them, the secretary gave us some literature about the school so we would know some facts before we started our tour. More than 10,000 young men and women have attended this school since it was founded 75 years ago. The student body of over 1,000 students is composed of about equal numbers of boys and girls, and represent 15 different tribal groups from 11 reservations in the Southwest. They teach children from seventh grade through high school, and over half of last year's graduates are now attending colleges and universities.

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Cranberries -- An American Tradition

by
Jean Jones

The delicious and colorful cranberries, so traditional on our holiday tables, have a fascinating history. One of the many skills the Indians shared with the white settlers was the use of wild cranberries. Dependent upon native food for their diet, the Pilgrims found this ruby-colored berry a pleasant mealtime variation, and made it a traditional favorite at Thanksgiving time.

Massachusetts settlers were so fond of cranberries that they thought King Charles the Second would like them also, and sent him "ten barrels of cranberries, two hogsheads of hemp and 3,000 codfish" in hopes of appeasing his anger over their coining of the Pine Tree shillings.

Cranberries, stored in barrels of cold water, were one of the early trade items sent to Europe, and being a good source of vitamins A and C, they were also served to the seamen to help prevent scurvy.

By 1683 the *Compleat Cook's Guide* included a recipe for cranberry juice. "Put a teacupful of cranberries into a cup of water and mash them. In the meantime, boil two quarts and a pint of water with one large spoonful of oatmeal and a very large bit of lemon peel. Then add the cranberries and as much fine Lisbon sugar as shall leave a smart."

As settlers pushed westward wild cranberries were found in other areas. Captured in 1755, Colonel James Smith lived with Indians for several years in Ohio and Michigan. In his writings he tells of cranberries growing in the swamps and how the natives gathered them when the ground froze in the fall. He describes the berries as "large as rifle bullets, of a bright red color and of agreeable flavor, though rather sour of themselves, but when mixed with sugar had a very agreeable taste".

Traders moving into Wisconsin for fur and timber found wild cranberries. Each fall the Indians of this area filled many bags of berries for barter and trade. The 1829 journal of Daniel Whitney tells of purchasing three canoe loads of cranberries, which no doubt added a splash of color and flavor to the tables of many pioneers in the Midwest at this time.

Until the time of the Civil War, areas where cranberries grew were considered public property. The chilly fall days would bring whole villages out to pick

the precious fruit. It was a social outing for the entire family and an opportunity for much neighborly activity.

In the second half of the nineteenth century private property rights began to be exercised on these wild marshes, and by 1880 almost all the bogs were held privately. This made many folk unhappy who were accustomed to annual berry-picking trips into these areas.

It was nearly 200 years after the Indians first introduced cranberries to the Pilgrims' diet that enterprising Americans began cultivation of the berry. It all started when Mr. Henry Hall observed in Cape Cod, Massachusetts, that the berries were larger and juicier where sand from the dunes blew over the vines. This first observation in 1816 was the beginning of much experimentation and has developed into an important business in Massachusetts, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Washington, and Oregon, the five states where cranberries are grown.

There are three basic requirements for developing a cranberry bed. The first is an acid peat soil. Sometimes peat swamps are drained and cleared as the first step. The land must then be perfectly level, and ditches and bulkheads built so that the area can be quickly flooded and drained. The second requirement is a constant water supply, which is usually in the form of reservoirs several times larger than the cranberry beds. The beds are then covered with a layer of sand, which is the third necessity, and are now ready for planting.

Dormant vines in six- to eight-inch lengths are pressed into the moist sand to take root. The vine growth is slow and it takes three to five years before

GIFTS FOR THE CHRIST-CHILD

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Matt. 25:40 — KJV

Gifts for the Christ-Child, what shall they be?

Gay ribboned packages under a tree?
Shiny new toys, candy and fruit,
New shoes and stockings; a warm
woolly suit?

Yes, we give Him these gifts, and
more,

When we share from the heart with the
needy next door.

—Evelyn Pickering

a new cultivation will begin bearing fruit. During these early years, weeding, fertilizing, and spraying for insects and fungus pests keep the cranberry grower busy. However, once producing, and with proper care, the vines will bear indefinitely. Some bogs are over one hundred years old and are providing income for a third generation of cranberry growers. The cost of developing a cranberry bed is from \$3000 to \$5000 an acre. An acre of cranberries can be expected to produce 100 or more barrels of berries a year.

Once a bog has begun producing cranberries, the growers' work begins early in April when the snow and ice melt. The vines are raked to remove dead foliage and grasses, and to train them for easier harvesting. Keeping the beds free from weeds is important, and this is done both by hand and by the use of chemical sprays. Ditches and canals are cleared and bulkheads and gates are checked for needed repairs.

It is late in May before regular nightly flooding is no longer needed because of frost. Any time during the growing season when frost is expected, however, the bogs are flooded. Next comes the spreading of fertilizers, and spraying or dusting is repeated regularly throughout the summer months for the control of insects and fungus.

A bed of cranberries is a tangled mass of vines about six inches deep growing along the ground. Late June or early July is blossom time in the bog. The tiny flowers are a soft pink and have a faint, but delicate scent. The bed gives the appearance of having been covered with pink powder. It is from this dainty flower that the berry receives its name. The curving stem and graceful blossom resembles a crane's neck and head, and they were once called "crane" berries. Perhaps also partly responsible for the name were the many cranes that nested in and around the wild cranberry bogs.

During July and August the berry develops, and early September they begin to color. Harvesting is the next step in bringing cranberries to your holiday table.

In the early days the picking was done by hand. Later, tools were used to rake and scoop up the berries. As harvesters moved across the fields on their knees, the rocking motion of their wooden-fingered scoops removed and gathered the berries. An average worker could gather about 10 barrels a day by this method. Following World War II mechanical pickers were developed and today modern machines are responsible for almost all the cranberry pick-

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A CITY GLOWS WITH CHRISTMAS

by
Evelyn Birkby

One of the dreams I've had for years is to take my family to Chicago early in December to see the fairyland produced by the decorations on the city streets, in the churches, in the store windows and inside the stores as they prepare for Christmas.

The last of November the large department stores suddenly become bright areas in the land of make believe. One year while I was working in Chicago, Carson Pirie Scott and Co. had a series of miniature scenes in their State Street windows depicting the entire story of Dickens' "Christmas Carol". That same year, Marshall Field and Co. windows were done in life-sized, animated scenes from "The Night Before Christmas". I never tired of looking at the artistic, colorful illustrations of these old favorites.

The church in which I worked during my years in the city (First Methodist Church, commonly called the Chicago Temple) always had great banks of poinsettias around the altar during the holidays. White flocked trees were set at each side of the altar railing. Huge green wreaths hung on the wood-paneled wall behind the choir. Upstairs in a small chapel beneath a rose window, the choir director created a beautiful scene with ceramic choir boys, candles and evergreen. The miniature children looked for all the world as if they really were singing a hymn of joy to the Christ Child.

Inside the stores the feeling of wonder and delight is carried out in gay, sparkling, colorful decorations. For years Marshall Field's main store has had a tall, tall tree which reached from the first floor up through a six-story high open area inside the building. The lights and glistening decorations make it almost unbelievable. Such a great Christmas tree simply could not exist, but it does!

On a recent trip to Chicago, I found my way to Field's toy department. It was filled with mounting excitement as the Christmas season approached. Articles were on sale from around the world. Animated decorations were of the type children love; clowns, animals, dolls, musicians and toys.

One section held dolls: girl dolls with magnificent wardrobes, boy dolls complete with the latest outfits, dolls from many lands, and dolls dressed to represent various nationalities.

I stopped to examine the Hanako



Toy soldiers come in all sizes and these are cute "boy-sized" members of a military band. This holiday display was animated and had a musical background to make it excitingly realistic.

Japanese dolls, which were about eight inches high, elaborately dressed and boxed with a variety of Oriental headdresses, umbrellas, fans and shoes. A Japanese boy doll, an actor, was also elaborately clothed and housed in a box which included six masks with the explanation of the character each depicted.

From Switzerland were several handmade dolls, about 18 inches tall, made by Sascha Morgensthaler. Each was interestingly costumed, and each face was different. The price was a breathtaking \$350.00 each! These really would be treasured as heirlooms. Two girls about twelve years old were looking through the glass at these delightful dolls. One said, "I wish I could take the sad-faced one home with me. She looks like a very neglected child."

My next stop was the Christmas tree department and it was truly fantastic. An entire corner of one floor was set up with trees of various sizes and colors. Each was decorated in a distinctive style. A gold tree was trimmed with white doves, white plastic cones, white lights and gold balls. A green tree had modern blue and green trimmings. One white tree was covered with pink decorations, another had green and a third was decorated completely in red. Near by stood a white tree appearing dashing indeed with red, white and blue items, mostly small revolutionary soldiers and drums.

A tree which particularly caught my eye was green and decorated with old-fashioned type decorations made from a dark red flocked paper and felt. Roses, fans, sleds, umbrellas, hatboxes, pot-bellied stoves and tiny square trunks were all made in dark

red with gold rickrack and sequin trim. Two red roses were at the tiptop of the tree. Gold tinsel was the only other decoration on the very lovely, friendly looking tree.

One tree was decorated with miniature birds, the very colorful feather birds available in many stores. Another had only bright butterflies. A tree held tiny plastic squares tied in ribbon to look like small gift packages. Near by stood a tree decorated entirely with eggs. These were made of china. Each egg held a tiny figure which was lighted from inside. However, the homemade decorated eggs could make an equally attractive tree.

My considered opinion, as I went on to the next department, is that *anything* can be used as decorations at Christmas time.

Near the trees was the home decoration department. It literally took one's breath with its color and beauty. My most startled impression was the value placed on "handmade" items similar to those homemakers have been creatively putting together for years!

Pine cone trees were displayed in a variety of colors and sizes. These looked like the ones made on a chicken wire base with the pine cones tucked in tightly, then sprayed with color. Those on display had tiny lights intermingled with the cones. One such tree, which stood about forty inches high, had a price tag of \$145.00.

All types of wreaths were shown. Many were made on woven mat backgrounds with plastic flowers (both plain and pearlized), evergreen, cones, bells, balls and tiny flat angel heads tucked around in a circle. Fruits and nuts were used generously in other wreaths.

A basket held fruit crudely shaped of papier-mache. These were painted with shiny enamel. A few leaves cut from slick-finished paper were glued near a wire loop so they could be used to hang on a tree — a delightful idea which children could make.

Angels, it was obvious, could be fashioned from *almost anything*! Angels were shown carved from wood; made from plaster; fashioned with round heads on wire cone bases, and draped with velvet, lace and satin. Some wore elaborate-embroidered garb, and several had simple paper cone bases trimmed with glued jewels (a fine use for old jewelry).

One amazing set of angels was made by shaping coarse brown burlap over wire bases. This material was sprayed

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A LETTER FROM EMILY

Queridas Amigas:

Buenos dias mis amigas de Kitchen-Klatter.

When my Aunt Marge suggested that I write a letter to you about my experiences in Costa Rica, I was very excited. Too many people have never heard of this small Central American country, or else confuse it with the United States' Puerto Rico. Costa Rica is a country that has a personality all its own, and it is a pleasant personality that ought to be better known.

I am in Costa Rica as the guest of the San José Rotary Club. I applied for the exchange in November of last year, my senior year. Knowing that I wanted a Spanish-speaking country because of having studied the language in high school, the district chairman wrote letters to several clubs in Latin America. From the replies I selected the invitation that fit me best. The Rotary exchange program for high school students is only in the ground-roots stage, but is pleasingly flexible in the placing of its applicants.

I left Denver on Saturday, July 16, 1966, and flew to Mexico City. I spent two nights and one day in Mexico. I saw the folkloric ballet, the floating gardens of Xochimilco and (of course) a bullfight. My day in Mexico City was certainly a full one, and it stimulated my interest for another visit someday.

I arrived in San José on Monday via LACSA, the Costa Rican airline. One amusing incident happened in San Salvador national airport where we had an hour's wait. I decided to buy an ice cream cone, but realized after the girl had made it that I had only Mexican pesos and \$20 travelers' checks. A man behind me noticed my plight and came to my rescue with his Salvadorian coins.

The school year in Costa Rica is from March to November. The three-month vacation falls in the dry season at Christmas time. There is also a vacation break of two weeks between semesters in the middle of July.

I attend a girls' school, Colegio Nuestra Señora de Sión. The school hours are from 7:30 A.M. to 2:45 P.M. I eat a hot lunch at school, although in most schools the students go home for lunch and a siesta.

Students in every school, except the American "Lincoln School", wear uniforms. At first the idea of a uniform had absolutely no appeal for me; but now I'm sold on the idea. My uniform is comfortable and very good looking, but the best advantage is that it saves



Emily Driftmier models a Costa Rican costume belonging to a member of the Truque family. Such a dress would be worn only for a special festival occasion.

the morning decisions on what to wear!

School is very different from the U.S. in that there are no electives. Everyone in my grade takes the same courses: physics, chemistry, mineralogy, geology, French, English, Spanish grammar, Spanish literature, spelling, religion, gym, art, music, home economics, psychology, sociology, history, civics, mathematics, orientation and club. Our day is arranged thusly: three classes, break, two classes, lunch, break, two classes, break, two classes — certainly a full day! Some of the classes are not held daily, of course.

There is no extracurricular activities' program in high school (other than the "club", which is one hour a week), and few attempts by anyone to join a club outside of school. However, there is a student council, and it meets every week. There is a student newspaper published four times a year and a yearbook. Programs by students (for example, choir concerts or plays) are never held. I think the students are missing a great deal of fun. In my high school in Denver I participated in a number of activities and thoroughly enjoyed my hours in them.

The first question that my schoolmates asked was, of course, "Do you like Costa Rica?" The second and equally important was "Do you have a boy friend?" Girls everywhere are concerned about steady boy friends and dating. Costa Rican dating is strictly double-date or chaperoned (by little brother or sister, usually). The usual date is a movie or dance. Movies come from all over the world. Nearly all U.S. movies are shown, usually only a month or two later than their openings in Denver. Sunday night is the most popular evening for it is truly a time of family enjoyment.

The favorite Friday and Saturday night affair is the fiesta, often celebrating a girl's fifteenth birthday. These parties are held in the girl's home and sometimes are very expensive. Often there is a band, and always there are trays of appetizers and Cokes. The invitation says 7:30, which means that about 8:30 or 9:00 the party will really get under way. Between midnight and 3:00 A.M. (!) the guests politely thank the hostess and her parents and head for home.

I am living in the homes of Rotarians, two months with each family. The moving from home to home has its pros and cons. I think, however, that the trouble of six packings is small in comparison to the value of six different "Tico" families. "Tico" is the nickname for Costa Ricans, and is derived from a speech expression. A minute to the average Spanish-speaking person is "un momento", but to the Costa Ricans it is "un momento".

I have not found Costa Rican life to be a tremendous change from life in the United States. The difference is in small things; in general, things are more personal and friendly. For example, two women greet each other by a kiss on the cheek.

The homes that I have lived in are not typical, average Costa Rican homes. My visits have been to homes of the more well-to-do, as the Rotarians in foreign countries are the well-educated and civic-minded men. The picture I now describe of the homes is, therefore, in this light.

Let me use one of my families, the Truques, as an example. The home is very modern in design and was built by Señor Truque, who is a civil engineer. He received his master's degree at the University of Illinois. The house is in an area similar to a large U.S. subdivision. There are three bedrooms, two bathrooms, dining room (never used for dining except for guests), living room, family room and a kitchen with the usual appliances. The television set is usually turned on to cartoons for Javier, aged 11. María de los Angeles and María Elena keep the phone busy. Jorge has to study very hard for the final exams at the end of his senior year.

The Truques have a maid who lives in the house. Maids are common for everyone but the poorest. Ana, the Truque's maid, does everything, including the washing, ironing, cooking and housecleaning. The only responsibilities I had in their home was making my bed and keeping the bedroom in

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Special Holiday Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen-Klatter Family

FROSTED CREAM BARS

1 1/2 cups sugar
 1 cup shortening
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 eggs
 1 tsp. cinnamon
 1 1/4 tsp. soda
 1 cup liquid from cooked raisins
 3 cups flour
 1 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 1/2 cups raisins
 1/2 cup nuts

Cook raisins in water to cover until tender. Reserve 1 cup liquid. Cool. Cream shortening. Add sugar and eggs and butter flavoring and beat until smooth. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with liquid. Lastly, stir in raisins and nuts. Spread 1/2-inch thick on large cooky sheet (13 by 17). Bake at 350 degrees until done. This takes 30 to 40 minutes. Frost with powdered sugar chocolate frosting.

A quick topping may be achieved by sprinkling the top of the dough with chocolate chips just before baking. For variety, try a white powdered sugar frosting with a little Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring. Black walnut flavoring may also be used in the dough in place of the nuts for a very delicious black walnut cooky bar.

HURRY UP FRUITCAKE

2 1/2 cups flour
 1 tsp. soda
 2 eggs
 1 28-oz. jar mincemeat
 1 can sweetened condensed milk
 1 cup nuts, chopped
 2 cups mixed candied fruits
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine ingredients in order given. When well mixed, turn into 2 greased loaf pans. Bake at 300 degrees for 1 1/2 to 2 hours, or until firm and nicely brown on top.

This is a delicious combination and so simple to make. It is a fruitcake which is equally good when first made but will keep very well in the refrigerator or freezer over a period of time.

-Evelyn

TWO-TONED FUDGE

1 cup evaporated milk
 2 cups sugar
 16 Kraft caramels
 3/4 cup chocolate chips
 3/4 cup School Day peanut butter
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine milk, sugar and caramels in heavy saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring, until melted. Bring to a boil and boil 4 minutes. Remove from heat. Add burnt sugar flavoring. Divide into two portions. To one portion add chocolate chips. To other portion add peanut butter. Beat each until smooth. Pour chocolate layer into buttered 7- by 11-inch pan. Let set slightly. Pour peanut butter layer over top. Set until firm. Cut into squares.

The thickness of these candies depends on the size pan. A smaller pan will give fatter squares.

These are very easy to make, have a fancy two-toned look and are delicious!



OATMEAL-MINT COOKIES

3/4 cup sifted flour
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 1/2 cup granulated sugar
 1/2 cup shortening
 1 egg
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 1 1/2 cups rolled oats
 1 pkg. chocolate mint wafers

Sift the flour, salt and soda into a bowl. Add the sugar, shortening, egg and flavorings. Beat until smooth. Stir in the rolled oats. Form dough into a roll, wrap and chill. Slice very thin and bake on a greased cooky sheet 10 to 12 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Remove from the cooky sheet immediately and press two cookies together in sandwich form with a chocolate peppermint wafer in between. These are very crisp and delicious.

-Dorothy

COCONUT MIST LAYER CAKE

3 cups sifted cake flour
 2 tsp. baking powder
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 cup butter or margarine
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 lb. (3 1/2 cups) powdered sugar
 4 egg yolks, well beaten
 1 cup milk
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

1 cup shredded coconut
 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
 Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Cream butter, sugar and butter flavoring until fluffy. Add beaten egg yolks and beat well. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk. Add vanilla, coconut flavoring and coconut. Lastly, fold in beaten egg whites. Bake in three greased 9-inch layer cake pans at 375 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Cool. Frost with a marshmallow or seven-minute frosting flavored with a little Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring and sprinkled lightly with coconut on top.

A delicious variation can be made with a coconut-flavored cream pie filling between the layers. Dust the top lightly with powdered sugar.

The original recipe for this wonderful cake came from Miss Hulling, who has several very fine restaurants in the St. Louis, Missouri, area.



PEANUT BUTTER CRUNCHIES

1 cup flour
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1/2 cup shortening
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 cup crunchy School Day peanut butter
 3/4 cup brown sugar
 1 egg
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

1 cup uncooked oatmeal
 Sift flour, salt and soda into mixing bowl. Add remaining ingredients except oatmeal. Beat about 2 minutes, or until smooth and well blended. Stir in oatmeal. Drop by teaspoons on greased cooky sheet. Bake at 350 about 10 to 12 minutes, or until golden brown. This makes 3 to 4 dozen cookies, depending on the size. I made mine small and they were fat little round golden cookies, just right for a tea tray. A larger size could be made for family eating.

CHOCOLATE BONBONS

2 lbs. powdered sugar
 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 can *sweetened* condensed milk (Eagle brand)
 Flavorings and colorings desired
 Combine powdered sugar, butter, butter flavoring and sweetened condensed milk. Stir until well blended and smooth. Divide into bowls and add flavoring and coloring as desired. (I used orange, cherry and mint flavorings with the appropriate colors.) Add a bit more powdered sugar if it seems too soft. Roll into small balls. Put on waxed paper and chill until firm.

Chocolate Dip

1 12-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
 1 cake (1/5 lb.) paraffin
 1 square unsweetened chocolate
 Combine and melt over hot water. Keep chocolate warm while dipping bonbon balls into the topping. We tried several ways of dipping these candies and liked a plain table fork best. We put a ball on the fork, scooted it into the chocolate, lifted it out and let rest on side of pan as excess chocolate dripped through tines. Let cool on waxed paper. These can be wrapped separately and frozen. They are excellent for gift boxes.

REAL PLAIN OATMEAL COOKIES

1/2 cup butter or margarine
 1/2 cup lard or vegetable shortening
 1 cup white sugar
 1 cup brown sugar
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 eggs
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 1/2 cups flour, unsifted
 1 tsp. soda
 1 tsp. salt
 3 cups uncooked oatmeal
 Cream shortenings, sugars and butter flavoring until smooth. Add eggs and vanilla flavoring. Beat well. Sift dry ingredients together and add. Stir in oatmeal. Chill either in a roll or a covered bowl. Slice cookies from roll or drop by spoonfuls from bowl onto greased cooky sheet. Bake 10 to 12 minutes at 375 degrees. If you like a chewy cooky do not bake too long. If you like a crisp cooky bake a little longer. These are quite flat as given. If you want a fat cooky, a little more flour will need to be added.

While these can be used as a basic cooky with nuts, coconut or chocolate chips added, we like them *just plain*.

CHERRY DROP COOKIES

1 1/2 cups flour
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 2/3 cup brown sugar
 1 unbeaten egg
 1/4 cup maraschino cherry juice
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
 Maraschino cherry halves or bits
 Sift together flour, soda and salt. Cream butter or margarine and brown sugar together. Beat in unbeaten egg. Combine cherry juice and flavoring. Add alternately with dry ingredients. Drop by teaspoon on ungreased baking sheet. Top with cherry halves. Bake at 350 degrees about 10 or 12 minutes. Do try these. They are delicious.

MENNENITE PECAN BARS

2/3 cup shortening
 1 cup brown sugar
 1 egg
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
 2 cups flour
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 tsp. baking powder
 Cream the shortening and sugar. Beat in the egg and flavorings. Sift together the dry ingredients and add. Spread in a buttered pan, about 11 inches by 16 inches. Spread with the following mixture:
 1 egg, beaten
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 1 cup chopped pecans
 After spreading with the topping, bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes, or until done. When cool, cut into small bars. —Margery

HOLIDAY QUICK BREAD

1/2 cup sugar
 1 1/4 cups milk
 1 cup chopped nuts
 1 egg
 3 cups biscuit mix
 1 cup gumdrops, diced
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 Combine all ingredients and mix well. Bake in greased loaf pan for 15 minutes at 350 degrees, or until done.
 This is a simple-to-make quick bread which can be used for unexpected company or for a holiday breakfast or morning coffee. (I always take out the black gumdrops, using only fruit-flavored ones in the batter.) —Evelyn

CANDY MINTS

(*Professional Style*)

1 lb. powdered sugar
 1/3 cup white syrup
 1/4 cup vegetable shortening
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1 egg white, *unbeaten*
 Flavoring, as desired
 Food coloring, as desired
 Combine all ingredients except flavoring and coloring. Work with spoon and then knead with hands until well blended and smooth. The ingredients are balanced just right. *No more liquid is needed*. Flavoring and colors may be used in any combination you like.

Roll into small balls, pat flat with fingers and place on waxed paper. Press the top with a decorated glass or mold or anything which will make a design. Tiny cooky cutters can make cute animal-shaped mints. Dip the cooky cutters in sugar as you work.

For molded mints, dip each ball of candy in sugar and then press into the mint molds. For pillow-shaped mints, roll into long strips and cut with kitchen shears or knife.

Let mints set at least overnight. They firm up as they stand, but the centers stay soft. These are really professional-type mints and can be made for parties, clubs, teas, weddings, anniversaries and the like.

KANSAS POPCORN CONFECTION

2 quarts popped corn
 1 cup peanuts
 1 cup sugar
 1/3 cup molasses
 1/3 cup water
 1 Tbls. vinegar
 1 Tbls. butter
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/8 tsp. soda

Pop corn and remove any hard unpopped kernels. Combine sugar, molasses, water, vinegar and butter. Stir only until sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking without stirring until a "click" ball forms when portion is tested in cold water. (I let mine come to "soft crack" on the candy thermometer.) Add flavorings and soda. This may foam a bit, so handle carefully. Mix well. Sprinkle peanuts over corn and pour syrup over all, mixing well. Cool. Separate into individual clumps, shape into balls, or press into a buttered pan and cut into bars or squares.

—Evelyn

CRANBERRY BAVARIAN PIE

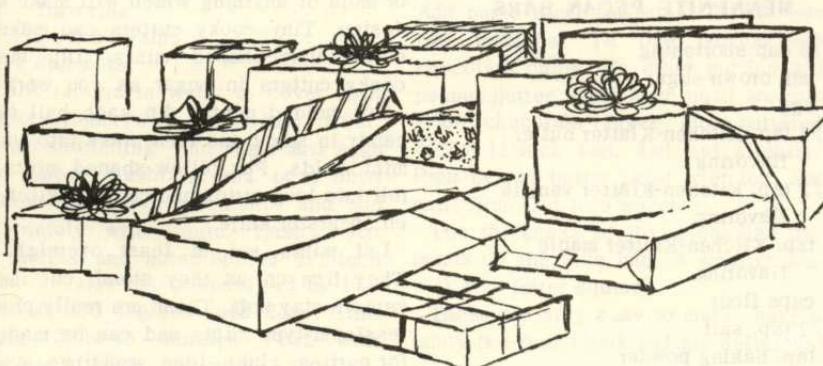
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
 1/4 cup cold water
 1 1/2 cups fresh cranberries
 1/2 cup water
 1 cup sugar
 1 Tbls. flour
 1/4 tsp. salt
 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
 1/4 cup sugar
 1/2 cup whipping cream (or powdered whipped topping)
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 baked pie shell

Combine gelatin with 1/4 cup cold water. Combine cranberries with 1/2 cup water and cook until skins pop. Mix together the 1 cup sugar and flour. Add

to cranberries and continue to cook and stir until thickened. Remove from heat, add gelatin, stir to dissolve. Chill.

Add salt to egg whites and beat until soft peaks form. Add 1/4 cup sugar and continue beating until it stands in firm peaks. Whip the cream or powdered whipped topping. (I used half an envelope of the whipped topping for the recipe.) Fold in vanilla. Gently stir the whipped cream or whipped topping into cranberry mixture. Lastly, fold in egg whites.

Turn into cold, baked pie crust. Chill until firm. This is delicious just as is, but it may be garnished with whipped cream and a few cooked, drained cranberries if desired. Add a little red food coloring if a brighter red color is preferred.



16 PRIZE PACKAGES FOR HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING

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

Make these sixteen fine flavorings an automatic part of your daily cooking. And don't forget: use your imagination!

Vanilla	Mint	Lemon	Coconut
Butter	Pineapple	Strawberry	Cherry
Black Walnut	Maple	Banana	Burnt Sugar
Raspberry	Blueberry	Almond	Orange

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

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

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, Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay postage.

PERFECT CHRISTMAS SALAD

1st Layer
 1 pkg. lime gelatin
 1 cup hot water
 1 can crushed pineapple, drained
 Pineapple juice and water to make 1 cup

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add crushed pineapple; add juice drained from pineapple with enough water added to make the total of 1 cup. Pour into 9 x 13 pan. Chill.

2nd Layer

1 pkg. cherry gelatin
 1 cup hot water
 1 can jellied cranberry juice
 Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Immediately beat in the jellied cranberries. Chill slightly and spoon over top of lime layer.

3rd Layer

1 envelope powdered whipped topping
 6 oz. cream cheese
 Chopped nuts

Whip powdered whipped topping according to directions. With a fork mash and stir cream cheese, which has been softened to room temperature. Beat into whipped topping. Spread over top of red layer. Sprinkle chopped nuts over top. Refrigerate until time to serve.

This is truly a perfect Christmas salad. Both color and flavor go very nicely with Christmas foods. It is excellent served with crispy crackers for club and equally good as a dinner salad. Either colored layer can be made alone with 3rd layer to vary both flavor and color.

—Evelyn

APPLE CHUTNEY

8 cups apples, peeled and diced
 2 cups raisins
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 4 1/2 cups sugar
 1/2 cup cider vinegar
 1/3 tsp. ground cloves
 Combine all ingredients in a heavy saucepan. Bring to boil; reduce heat to simmer. Cook slowly until apples are tender. Ladle into sterilized jars. Seal. This makes about 6 pints.

The original recipe called for light raisins, but I have used the dark ones and it comes out equally delicious.

This is an especially delicious sauce to use with any kind of meat. Ham, turkey, beef and pork will all be enhanced by its sweet-sour taste.

NEWS FROM MARY BETH

Dear Friends:

We're well launched into the winter season, and for our family it seems that each year about this time someone of the children is sick. And one is sick right on schedule.

Our Katharine has a sneezy-type cold from early May until after the first frost in the fall. This makes you think of hay fever, doesn't it? I have been convinced that our girl had some type of allergy along this line, and was therefore more casual than was wise when her sniffles continued long into the cold weather, accompanied by a hacking cough. Finally we managed to get an appointment squeezed into our doctor's busy schedule so that we might rid her of this nuisance cough, but before there was time to get there, Katharine came down with double pneumonia. So here we are launched on our second week of having her down in bed, but I am happy to report that thanks to modern antibiotics she is responding very satisfactorily.

Following the advice of our doctor I contacted an allergist to see if we could determine if Katharine is particularly allergic to something which irritates her nasal passages and bronchial tubes and sends her annually into these deep chest coughs and eventual bed rest. We were surprised that he wanted to see her while she was sick and fortunately she was running no temperature so it wasn't detrimental to her health to take her out for another trip to a doctor's office.

It seems he wanted to check something related to an asthma condition. He ran several tests on Katharine and discovered 13 allergies she has to pollens, dust, and molds and he has asked us to return to conduct more extensive tests. I am confident the child will be considerably happier if we could determine what she is sensitive to and build up her resistance to these air-borne troublemakers.

To make a long story short, my housework has gone the way all housework goes when there is someone in the house requiring nursing attention. I have white shirts to iron and school dresses for Adrienne and school pants for Paul and dog hairs that make me want to toss one particular member of the household right out the door. Our dog is without a doubt the messiest pooh in all of Brookfield. I could surely keep house more easily without her.

We've been having a quiet time since school started and especially since Katharine has been home sick. I miss-



Adrienne, Katharine and Paul Driftmier enjoy "making things", and the table in the dinette area serves as an excellent worktable.

ed my church circle meeting this month and only this year did I feel free to drive the miles into our church to attend the afternoon meetings. However, I am sure there won't be anyone home sick all year, so perhaps next month I can make it. Especially since there is no one home for noon lunch I am more able than before to get away from home for half a day.

Donald and I have found it a bit easier to get away once in a while because of a dear girl who has moved into our neighborhood. They came here from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and the girl has already established herself a regular list of people who want her sitting services. Our children love this young lady and they even, in fact, urge us to go out when we haven't planned to just so they can have an evening with Christine. She has endeared herself to our whole family.

The small fry will be happy to be informed that our girl Friday, Christine, will be here this weekend when Donald and I slip out for several hours to a book club that we have been attending and did, in fact, instigate. It has proved to be interesting for us because, believe it or not, it is one of the few things we do for fun together. All too often one of us stays home to baby sit while the other goes off for some function or other. One of these days Katharine will be old enough to baby sit for us which should take some of the high cost out of "going out".

(Continued on page 22)

CHRISTMAS SYMBOLS



by
Mildred Dooley Cathcart

Each speaker may carry the symbol of which he speaks. At the close, an appropriate carol may be sung.

S is for the Star that adorns the top of our Christmas tree and it reminds us of that Eastern star that led the Wise Men to the Christ Child. Even at this Christmas time, wise men will seek the Saviour who says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

Y is for the Yule log that burns brightly at the holiday season and it speaks to us of warmth and friendship. It reminds us that at this time of year, we should lay aside all ill feelings as we remember Jesus's words, "This is my commandment that ye love one another, as I have loved you."

M is for the Manger and is a reminder of the lowly birthplace of the King. Though He were a King, He came in humility. Let us remember the words from Mark's Gospel, "And whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all, for even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but minister and to give his life a ransom for many."

B is for Bell and its chime rings out the Christmas carols. It recalls the heavenly host who heralded the birth of the Child and sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

O is for God's Only Begotten Son, the greatest gift of all times. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

L is for Light and is a symbol for Jesus, the Light of the World. Since Christ has ascended to His Father, His people are the light of this world. He asks us to, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

S is for Stocking and is one of the very first symbols we can remember. This symbol reminds us of gifts and the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Let us remember that it is more blessed to give than to receive. And with all the activities of the Christmas season, let us never forget to give thanks to God for His unspeakable gift, His well-beloved Son.

A MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

What is so precious as a babe
To cuddle in your arms?
Somehow you feel the Babe God gave
To keep us from all harm.

Oh, may His Babe reign in our hearts
On this Bless'd Christmas Day,
And give us Peace, sweet Peace and
Hope

And lead and guide our way.

—Luetta G. Werner



There are lots of Christmas secrets going on these days. We read about many of them in our radio mail. We might be able to share a few with Santa, and with you, too, if you're listening to **Kitchen-Klatter** each weekday over one of the following radio stations:

KSIS Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

KFEQ St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KLIK Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

KOAM Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KWOA Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

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.

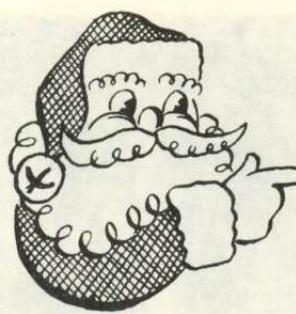
KSO Des Moines, Ia., 1460 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.

KWPC Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KSMN Mason City, Ia., 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.

KCFI Cedar Falls, Ia., 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

KWBG Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.



COCKLEBUR CHRISTMAS TREES

This is a hobby your husband, if he is a farmer, will really encourage you to adopt: making attractive articles out of cockleburs. Had you ever realized their artistic value?

Possibly the most attractive designs are the small Christmas trees. They may be made any size, sprayed any color, and then decorated with bows, buttons and beads. Wrap cardboard into a cone shape and staple. Wrap several layers of cloth around the cone. Then attach burs in rows, for they will stick to the cloth. Spray and sprinkle with brightly colored stars. An empty spool makes a good standard and a bright red big bead at the top really finishes off a most decorative Christmas ornament.

Dolls, doll furniture, picture frames and other gift articles can be made from the cockleburs. —Hallie M. Barrow

Things to Make for Christmas



TRINKET BOX

You can make a lovely trinket box from candy boxes, or any small wooden or heavy cardboard box or container that has a lid.

Ask your father for a small amount of putty, or buy a small-size can of it from the hardware store. Spread a coat of putty about one-fourth inch thick over the lid of your box, being careful to smooth the edges down. Take colored beads, tiny sea shells, or decorative buttons and place them firmly in the putty, forming a pattern to suit your fancy. Set aside to dry. This usually requires several days. A coat of clear shellac over the decorated lid will add to its beauty.

The lower part of the box may be covered with wallpaper, colored paper, or cut-outs from last season's Christmas cards. —Evelyn P. Johnson

EARMUFFS

Heart-shaped earmuffs are sure to please the big and little miss on your gift list. Make them of double thicknesses of red (or any favorite color) felt. Whipstitch together with a thin layer of cotton between. A strip of red felt, with fringed ends, makes the headbands and tie ends.

—Mabel Nair Brown

HEIRLOOMS

Heirloom gifts to be cherished by your children are a snapshot book, made up of old snapshots, for each child. If you have some choice heirloom china, how about giving favorite pieces to the children as a special Christmas gift? Other pieces can be given on birthdays and anniversaries. Thus you will know that they are getting the pieces that have a significance for them, and which they, in turn, can enjoy with their growing families.

—Virginia Thomas

DECORATIONS

Make clever miniature candles to use as favors. For each candleholder you will need a discarded lipstick tube (the type with flat ends). Clean out any remaining lipstick. I like to use the small, old-fashioned, twisted tree candles in these holders. I usually cut them off so they are in proportion to the tube. The gold tubes are pretty "as is"; others, you may wish to paint, or decorate with sequins, beads, and glitter. If you prefer, you can melt old candles and fill the tubes with the melted wax and make your own candles. Use a piece of the original can-

(Continued on page 18)

CHRISTMAS FEASTING — Concluded

Looking at the skimpy provisions on hand he decided that the only way to stretch the food was to throw the entire works into the pot and cook it together. To his great surprise, and to the eating enjoyment of the others, the finished concoction was a delicious hot pudding, containing many of the ingredients which the true plum pudding has today.

Mince pie was originally called "Christ Pye" and had a religious significance, being baked in oblong form to simulate the manger in which the Christ Child lay, and flavored with spices to symbolize the gifts of the Wise Men. These pastries were also called "shrid pies" and later "shredded pies". These early mince pies were usually filled with beef tongue, wild game, poultry, eggs, sweetening, raisins, orange and lemon peelings, dates, and plums.

When the Puritans took over the rule of England they denounced pie and plum pudding as being "heathen" and eventually did away with all Christmas festivities, declaring Dec. 25 a fast day.

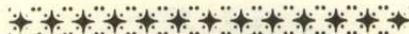
When Charles II was restored to the English throne in 1660, Christmas celebrations were reinstated and pies and puddings appeared on the holiday menus once more. Now the "Christ pyes" were called "minc'd pyes" and were baked in round pans rather than the former oblong shape.

Holiday fruit cake and fancy cookies are of Roman origin, being survivals of the confectionery gifts presented to the Roman senators of ancient days during the *Saturnalia* festival which occurred about Dec. 25. These early-day cakes were in the shape of animals and people, and had almonds added to the rich spice mixture to symbolize the pain and pleasures of life.

There are interesting Yuletide superstitions tied in with mince pie and plum pudding which might be wise to heed when you feast on these holiday foods.

One tradition has it that a mince pie eaten in 12 different houses during the 12 days following Christmas will bring as many happy months in the succeeding year. Another tradition warns that to refuse to eat mince pie at Christmas dinner will bring bad luck for the coming year.

Christmas plum puddings were turned out by the dozens by medieval cooks because, according to superstition, it was good luck to eat a plum pudding on each of the 12 days between Christmas and Twelfth Night, making a wish



MARTHA HANDS — A MARY MIND

Martha hands must wash and iron,
Sew, serve, and cook.

While a Mary Mind prays quietly
In her heart's secret nook.

Martha hands and a Mary mind,
Lord, give them both to me.
When daily tasks I need perform
Keep my heart at Jesus' knee.

—Evelyn Pickering

on the first mouthful each day. But pity the greedy snacker who nibbled at a pudding before the Christmas feast started; he was due for 12 months of tribulations.

Another plum pudding tradition stated, "By all means you must have a plum pudding — a plum pudding grown rich and black and solid". Otherwise you would lose a friend between the current Christmas and next.

DEEP SNOW AFTER DROUGHT

This snow is a joy, a joy to behold,
A joy to scoop, to sweep, to enfold
In mitten hands that fashion snow-
balls,
Build fat snowmen when ample snow
falls.

This snow is a joy for its beauty, too;
Piled on fences, trees, barbecue.
Its feathered fretwork frosts the wall,
Carves birdbath into marshmallow ball.
This snow brings joy to field and farm
Where blowing dust once caused alarm.
Memories of it will linger, I think,
Next summer when we want a drink!

—Inez Baker

PROGRESS

Santa is becoming a backward elf
Who with reindeer and sleigh trans-
ports himself,
While youthful spacemen scheme and
plan
Realms from earth to stars to span.

—Pearl E. Brown



MAGIC

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

When you bake and cook with this clear magic liquid instead of sugar, your whole family benefits — and nobody knows the difference. Because **Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener** has a really "natural-sweet" taste. No bitterness. No aftertaste. Just add a few drops when your recipe (or your sweet tooth) calls for sugar. You're adding plenty of sweetness, but not a single calorie!

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CHRISTMAS STAMPS



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CODE

USE
CHRISTMAS SEALS



FIGHT TUBERCULOSIS
and Other Respiratory Diseases



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COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

"Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days, recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth, and transport the traveler back to his own fireside and quiet home!" So wrote Charles Dickens long ago, now one of the 1100 quotations in the religious and inspirational volume *Words of Life*, compiled by Charles L. Wallis, and published by Harper & Row, \$4.95 — deluxe edition, \$8.50.

The compiler of this fine gift album is Charles L. Wallis, chairman of the department of English at Keuka College, Keuka Park, New York, and minister of the Chapel. In the preface he writes, "Within the pages of this album are found heart-enlarging and faith-empowering words by which men live and grow and achieve a fuller, richer relationship and understanding with God, their fellow men, and themselves."

Included are over forty full-page photographs of the Holy Land, with explanatory captions, including the bell heard throughout the world by radio on Christmas Eve. The bell tower overlooks Bethlehem.

What better way to describe the contents of *Words of Life* than to quote from it and "bring our candles and claim a flame for our minds; . . ."

Christmas — "The hinge of history is on the door of a Bethlehem stable."

—Ralph W. Sockman

Contentment — "Contentment is happy memories of things past, enjoyment of things present, and hope of good to come."

—Harold E. Kohn

Friendship — "A friend is a present you give yourself."

—Robert Louis Stevenson

Life — "Very little is needed to make a happy life. It is all within yourself, in your way of thinking."

—Marcus Aurelius

Memories — "Like a bird singing in the rain, let grateful memories survive in time of sorrow."

—Robert Louis Stevenson

Nature — "A crumpled rose-leaf, a gleam in the water lit up by sunset, a child's happy smile, waken in me the conviction that, as I am looking out upon Nature, so there is Another gaz-

ing on me."

—William Barry

Home — "The family is a storehouse in which the world's finest treasures are kept. Yet the only gold you'll find is golden laughter. The only silver is in the hair of Dad and Mom. The family's only real diamond is on Mother's left hand. Yet can it sparkle like children's eyes at Christmas or shine half as bright as the candles on a birthday cake?"

—Alan Beck

Words of Life, a volume comparable to *The Treasure Chest*, is a popular theology for Christmas giving and would be a worthy addition to church libraries.

Words of Life Copyright © 1966 by Charles L. Wallis, Published by Harper & Row, \$4.95.

THINGS TO MAKE — Concluded

Glue a little bit of dried lavender in each candle. Just before dessert is served, let each guest light her candle and make a Christmas wish.

For a truly elegant doorway swag, or for one above a fireplace mantel, drape several strands of heavy white rope (upholstery cording can be used) across the doorway, looping them through large curtain rings (painted white or gold) at each top corner. Pin assorted sizes of gold stars thickly along the rope swags.

Confetti popcorn can be used in interesting decorations. Make up a regular white caramel corn syrup and divide it into batches, coloring one batch red, another green, etc. Then pour over the popped corn, trying to keep each kernel separate. After it is dry, it can be mixed to serve as "confetti" caramel corn, or strung for tree trim or wall swags. If you make popcorn Christmas trees, this colored corn is perfect for the "ornaments" trimming the tree. The confetti corn is also a pretty trim to glue on gold and silver-foil tree decorations, or on various tree trims and decorations made of white plastic doilies. Children can turn their imaginations wild with this colored corn!

Melt odds and ends of candles and pour into odd and unusual parfait glasses, goblets, sherbets, small glass bowls, cups, or sauce dishes to make glamorous candles. Salvage wicks and use in these, or use birthday candles for the wicks (insert an ice pick in the candle to make a hole for the wick). Decorate with seals, glitter, or sequins.

—Mabel Nair Brown

It's not the hours you put in your work that counts as much as the work you put in your hours.

TEDDY'S TEDDY BEAR

by

Marjorie Spiller Neagle

Who of us does not remember that long ago Christmas when we found the Teddy Bear under the tree . . . our first? But did you know that he was born during President Theodore Roosevelt's first administration?

Roosevelt's passion was big game hunting. After his second term expired he went on a safari in Africa to shoot animals for the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. He hunted in Asia and Europe. Much of his conversation with a fellow enthusiast, Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, had to do with hunting.

All of Roosevelt's exploits made headlines. But none were enjoyed more than the story of his bear hunt in Mississippi, when he was new in the White House and his interest in hunting had not yet been publicized.

In 1902 he told his Secret Service men and newspaper reporters that he was going hunting.

"This time," he said, "it won't be for votes. But if you gentlemen are alert you may pick up the 'bear' facts of the case."

For nine days the Presidential party tramped through the Mississippi forests without uncovering a bear track. The Secret Service, on the point of exhaustion, and playing on the President's good nature, decided that by one means or another their Chief should have a bear. The newsmen were let in on the scheme, and two of them made a trip to the city zoo.

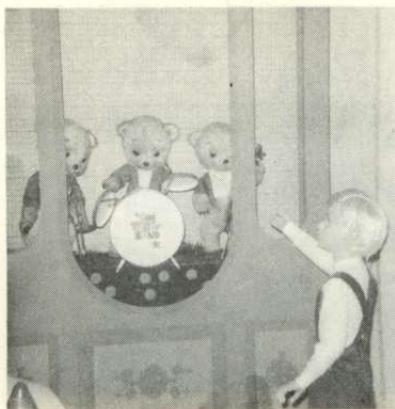
At dawn on the eleventh day a guide came hurrying in to tell the President that a bear had been sighted. Roosevelt grabbed his gun and, followed by his entire retinue, rushed off to bag his trophy.

At a designated spot the guide halted and pointed to a man holding a struggling bear cub by a rope. The little fellow was whimpering pitifully.

The President's face turned an angry red as he glared at the perpetrators of the hoax. Then suddenly the frown vanished, the lips parted in the famous toothy grin, and the forest echoed to the big man's laughter.

"For heaven's sake," he bellowed when he could get his breath, "let that poor baby go. Do you think I could ever face my children again if I should shoot him?"

Newsmen rushed to the nearest telegraph office, and the next morning the



Teddy bears, all-time favorites, used in a Christmas display at Marshall Field's in Chicago.

whole country knew of the President's bear hunt. The *Washington Evening Star* carried a cartoon captioned "Teddy's Bear". It depicted the Chief Executive pulling a stubborn bear cub up the White House steps with a rope.

Before many days the "Teddy Bear" was on the market. Now, more than sixty years later, he is still loved by children the world over. During the years other animals, from tiny mice to purple plush elephants, have found their way into the nurseries of America. But none has been as universally loved as the little brown bear with his black button eyes.

A CITY GLOWS - Concluded

lightly with gold and then highlighted with black paint. Even the faces had been made by covering wooden balls with the rough material with the faces inked in. These were more striking in appearance than the heavily jeweled and more delicately formed angels.

The needlework department had an angel pattern cut like a string of old-fashioned paper dolls made by folding and cutting the paper so they are holding hands. These can be cut from felt and decorated with any combination of sequins, beads and lace. They would look beautiful fastened to a valance over a window, along the top of a fireplace or over a Christmas card display.

It was exciting to walk through the wonderland of the city as it prepares for Christmas. This trip my family could not accompany me, but next time, NEXT TIME, surely my dream of having them share this holiday glamour will come true.

GIFT PACKAGE

When they're too pretty to break and tear,

The sparkling, rainbow trappings, We wonder what the donor gives
One-half so grand as the wrappings.

-Flo Montgomery Tidwell



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

EMILY'S LETTER - Concluded

general order. It was not at all difficult to adjust to this Latin American custom!

One thing that I have learned about traveling to a foreign country is that all my friends and relatives expect frequent letters about what I'm doing. Unfortunately, I am far behind. While I'm still in the mood for writing, I think I'll start on their letters.

Sinceramente (Sincerely),
Emily Driftmier

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Emily Driftmier, buying pansies (called "pensamientos", which means "thoughts" in Spanish) from a vendor, who was so thrilled to have his picture taken that he sold her two 2-cent bunches for the price of one.

GRANDMA'S CHRISTMAS TREES

by
Carole Hefley Reese

My great-grandmother believes that Christmas is the *holiday of the year*! Until her health failed in recent years, she always poured all her energies into the festivities. No prince or princess ever felt more royally treated than her children and grandchildren on Christmas day. Because Grandma, as we called her, was never a wealthy woman, it meant a lot of hard work and originality to make Christmas a real celebration. Heading the list of importance was the Christmas tree.

Proudly displayed in the most prominent corner of her living room, Grandma's Christmas trees never failed to touch the ceiling. The sight of her trees surprised most people because instead of green fir trees, Grandma always chose black oak trees! The leaves would still be clinging to the tree despite the cold weather and the bumpy journey by a horse-drawn wagon from somewhere on the farm. Grandma lovingly dressed the trees, not only with homemade decorations, but with delicate, beautiful, store-bought ornaments that were not always as easy to obtain as they are today.

The tree was always in its place and fully decorated several days before Christmas because Great-grandma had too much other work to do to delay the tree project until Christmas Eve. She wanted to make certain her table was laden with every good thing to eat she could possibly prepare for her loved ones. That table was probably Grandma's greatest work saver. Instead of clearing it off after each meal, as so many modern homemakers do, there was always food on the table —

a warm welcome for every visitor. There were the homemade cakes, pies, rolls, and jams and jellies made from fruit grown right at home.

On Christmas Day Great-grandma boiled the turkey instead of roasting it, so that it would produce an abundance of broth. Part of the broth was used for mixing the dressing which was then baked with the turkey. The remaining broth was used for noodles, which were made by filling a large bowl with flour and making a "well" in the center of it in which to add the other ingredients. These methods of cooking — at least five generations old — obviously originated with economy in mind, but they are the same methods that I use and will one day teach my children!

After dinner on Christmas Day when everyone else gathered around the Christmas tree, Great-grandpa would quietly slip out of sight. Later the sound of jingle bells would interrupt the conversation, and every member of the family would rush excitedly to the front windows. There, walking down the road toward the house, was Santa Claus, completely attired in red suit and whiskers! Everyone cheered as he approached the house and entered with his large sack of gifts.

Great-grandma spent all year collecting those gifts. She bought things one at a time and stored them away. The less money available, the faster her needle went. No matter who came calling on her at Christmas time, she could always disappear into her bedroom and emerge a few minutes later with a gift that was perfect for the visitor, whether it was simply a pair of socks, a vegetable bowl, or a quilt she made. She also always managed to have candy to offer her guests, even though on many Christmases that was quite a luxury.

For over seventy years Great-grandma provided an unforgettable *Merry Christmas* for her family. One of her seven children, a camera enthusiast, photographed many of those Christmases. As a result, the photo albums in our family contain unique pictures. Not many people can boast of having Santa Claus in their family snapshots, nor do their photos show a huge, fully-leaved black oak Christmas tree — Grandma's special Christmas tree!





THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Yesterday I stopped in to visit nine-year-old Nancy, who is a victim of rheumatic fever and must be confined to her bed for some weeks. A bright, active child before her illness, her mother is hard put to find something to entertain the child and keep her quiet.

"I'm glad you brought Nancy flowers," her mother remarked. "She has received so many fruit plates, I just don't know what to do with all of it." She took me to the refrigerator to show me the vegetable crispers which were filled with oranges. I asked her if she had ever heard of pomanders. She hadn't, and so we started a "fun project" that should entertain Nancy for several days.

There are different types of pomanders, but I had in mind the ones made of oranges.

To make a pomander you take a small juicy orange and completely stud it with whole cloves. Then you tie a pretty ribbon around it and hang it up to dry. The pomander will give off a sweet, spicy scent and our great-grandmothers hung them in closets and about the house. They were even used to decorate the Christmas tree on occasions. Nancy was entranced with the idea and we made one during my visit using all the cloves her mother had on hand. "I'm going to make one for everybody," she said happily. If you know of a shut-in, old or young, you might wish to take them some oranges, a box of whole cloves, a bolt of bright ribbon and show them how to make pomanders.

A reader wants to know what can be done with a Christmas cactus that has grown too large. She wants to know if she can trim it back after it blooms and how much can be removed without harming the plant.

Some Christmas cacti, if well cared for, will bloom from six to ten weeks. After no more buds are forthcoming, one can remove about $\frac{1}{4}$ of the plant's growth. The cuttings can be dipped in a rooting hormone powder and the dipped ends pressed into moist sand for more plants. They make nice little "take home" gifts for friends who like house plants.

Listen to Kitchen-Klatter.

DECEMBER DEVOTIONS - Concluded

wonder of the Babe in the Manger — that is Christmas.

Narrator:

Christmas is a tinsel tree,
Bright from floor to rafter,
Carols ringing merrily,
Candle-glow and laughter;
A roof between us and the night,
Walls against the weather,
And here within the firelight
All of us together.

But Christmas stretches farther than
Our love for one another —
It reaches out to every man
And makes each one our brother;
For Christmas is God's shining love
Expressed in human birth
To make us, as in Heaven above,

One family here on earth.

—Sunshine

We now place our Christ-Child candle in the center of our tree (place candle on middle tier), for only when ours is a Christ-centered Christmas can His light shine in, around, and through us.

Now as we hear the strains of "Silent Night", let us bow our heads, and each in her own heart ponder how we may most effectively cause the Christmas glow to shine through our lives — ever green; then join in singing the last verse in adoration and praise of the Christ Child.

DID YOU KNOW?

Christmas was not established as a legal holiday throughout the United States until late in the 19th century.

**I GOT THIS BLOUSE
FOR CHRISTMAS..**

**TWO
YEARS
AGO!**



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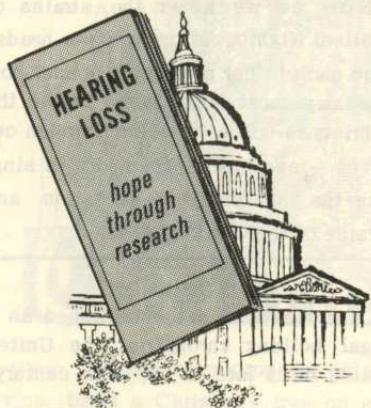
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With everyone busy on one project or another, Aunt Jessie decided to join the circle and start an afghan. Winding the yarn was a two-man operation so Mother helped.

MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded

Before I can start on my dog hair clean-up duty I must clean out the family room. Paul has finished a plastic model of a missile and launching pad that came in at least a million pieces. He gets his tube of glue out, and the scraped-off pieces fly here and there, and by the time he is through it is pretty messy. He is thoroughly enjoying this new pastime and it surely does take patience and perseverance. Many times I've seen him sit and hold two little pieces together until the glue sets, and this for our Paul is quite an accomplishment. He is the boy who six months ago was bounding around from room to room like a jack-in-the-box.

I must close now and run over to school to deliver the lessons Katherine has completed.

Until next month,
Mary Beth

CRANBERRIES — Concluded

The berries are cleaned and dried in storage sheds, and then graded and packaged for sale.

In December the cranberry beds are flooded in such a way that sufficient oxygen is present under the ice to keep the vines from smothering. After the bed is frozen, a covering of sand is spread over the ice, which will settle to the bed's surface during the spring thaws.

The brilliant color, unique flavor, and versatility in cooking and baking make cranberries a favorite with home-makers today, and because of modern canning and freezing can be enjoyed anytime of the year. Nevertheless, cranberries remain a Thanksgiving and Christmastime favorite, an American tradition begun by our country's founding fathers so many years ago.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
sities or various business or vocational schools. All students are carefully screened and must meet rigid requirements. One of the requirements is they they live in locations inaccessible to public schools. Here they live on the campus of this beautiful school.

Our guides were Thomas Swift and Phoebe Alchee, both juniors. This was the first year at the school for Thomas, but Phoebe had been there since eighth grade. Phoebe doesn't know what she wants to do after graduation but thinks she might like nursing. Thomas, on the other hand, hopes to go on to college and become an elementary teacher. They took us to four different classrooms where we were impressed with the teachers, the beauty of the rooms, and the latest and most modern teaching aids. I believe our tour was supposed to end here, but Thomas was so proud of his school, and so anxious to show it all, that he took us to see everything — the art workshop, print shop, wood shop, sheet metal and welding shop, mechanics shop, painting department, and even one of the boys' dormitories. The tour lasted twice as long as it was supposed to, the guides missing two of their classes instead of just one, but we were happy that we had two such enthusiastic students to show us about.

I have taken up more than my allotted space, so this will be continued next month.

Sincerely,
Dorothy

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
is on the ground. I just love to take pictures from the air.

Before too long I shall tell you something more about our plans for next summer. Betty and I would like our children to see some missionary work at first hand, and so we plan to take them to the Orient next June and July. We shall stop over to visit our old home in Honolulu, and then fly on to Japan, to Hong Kong, and then back to the Philippines. There is some possibility of our flying on around the world, but that will be decided later. Of course the children are all excited about this, and it is giving us much to talk about when we get together as a family. All their lives the children have heard me speak of my years as a missionary teacher in Egypt, and now they want to see what Christians are doing in other lands. Right now we're juggling the family budget to make this possible, but I am confident that God will show us the way. After all, aren't we going on His business?

Sincerely, Frederick

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Editor, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Managing Editor, Margery Driftmier Strom, 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
Margery Driftmier Strom Shenandoah, Iowa
Hallie E. Kite Shenandoah, Iowa

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

None

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

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

74,099
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Business Manager
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1966.



To the home-makers who recognize quality and insist on it, to the grocers who give these ladies what they want, to the jobbers and wholesalers, the buyers and salesmen, and the members of our local "family" who produce fine Kitchen-Klatter products and this magazine.

We'd like to take this method of sending warmest greetings to you all, along with our best wishes for a happy holiday season and a wonderful 1967.

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

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