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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Magazine

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— H. Armstrong Roberts



LETTER FROM LEANNA

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

I have just finished reading a big folder of letters from you folks, and this always puts me into a frame of mind to roll a sheet of paper into the typewriter and dash off a letter to you.

It's curious, isn't it, how other people's lives seem so much more varied and interesting than our own! I've read letters today from women who seemed up to their ears in all kinds of interesting projects, and I thought that by comparison my own life seemed singularly dull and uneventful. Well, it all depends upon where we're standing to get the viewpoint.

Now that I live entirely alone I find that my routine is almost as inflexible as a train schedule, and in days gone by this wasn't true at all. Russell and I never tackled the day in exactly the same way two mornings running and this made for much variety, but now I sit down to a percolator of coffee at exactly 7:15, pick up the morning paper, and from that point on I'm settled into a pattern that is always just about the same. I don't know that any of the neighbors pay any attention to my comings-and-goings, but they could just about set their watches by my departure for the office and my return.

One thing I've much enjoyed through these autumn days is sitting at the table in the kitchen and looking out the big window to watch the little children next door. There are four or five pre-school youngsters in the adjoining apartment house and it gives me pleasure to watch them (particularly a little blonde around three years old who reminds me so much of Juliana at that age) riding up and down my driveway, covering each other over with leaves, and having a gay old time whenever the weather permits them to be outside.

It impresses me that these children don't whine and cry and fight with each other. It also impresses me that

their mothers are endlessly patient and never screech at them or yank them around. Through these years we've seen many small children come and go through that four-plex next door, and some of them I felt very sorry for indeed. But the current children are happy children and I love to watch them.

I also derive pleasure from observing the many, many children who go up and down our long street to the old Central school on Clarinda Avenue. Their clothes are vivid and gay and they make a bright picture as they run along with their faithful dogs trotting beside them. I'd hate to live in one of these age-controlled communities where children are not a part of the daily scene. I wouldn't like that at all! I can honestly say that through these brilliant autumn days I have watched all this activity and been grateful that I could stay in my home where it is possible to feel part of a neighborhood made up of all ages.

I haven't written to you since Howard, Mae and I made our quick two-weeks' trip out to New Mexico. The short time that we spent out there was over so fast that I could scarcely believe we'd been there at all. We went out on the new Interstate 70 that runs straight across Kansas from Topeka and I must say that it is a marvel of engineering and design. The roadside areas are highly attractive and they do justice to a very beautiful state. As all of you old friends know, I love Kansas; it seems to me like a great sea with rolling hills taking the place of water.

But isn't it true that somehow we always lose something as we gain and make progress? With such a highway as Interstate 70 it is possible to devour the miles and cover vast distances in comparatively little time, but my! how I miss the villages and the towns. You can see the countryside all right but you certainly get no clue as to the human life that's going on, and

I'm mighty grateful now that Russell and I covered countless roads in Kansas and had the experience of driving through many, many towns. It gave me a picture that I'd never have otherwise for now that Interstate 70 is done we'll always be taking it when we head West.

Incidentally, my only vivid impression of Ohio came a good many years ago when Russell and I made a trip to Pennsylvania before the days of the big Ohio turnpike. We wound all around Ohio on all kinds of roads and saw all kinds of towns — and that was our last experience of Ohio. By the time we went to Pennsylvania the next time that turnpike was done and we never again saw Ohio. And so it goes.

On a recent very bright autumn day Mother, Marge and I drove over to Clarinda to call on Aunt Jessie and to see the new house that her daughter's family will probably be able to move into late next summer. This house is being built from the basic structure of an old barn and it stands right at the crest of a steep hill with a magnificent sweep of countryside all about it. There are three full floors and the entire north side is solid glass from top to bottom. Ruth's husband Bob is an artist and the top floor is to be his studio, plus a couple of bedrooms and a bath.

It will be a big house when it is done and they'll need it for Bob and Ruth have six children. For these last ten or twelve years they've lived in San Mateo, California, and Bob has driven daily through unbelievably dense traffic to his office in San Francisco, and back home at night again through the same traffic. They are sick of the tremendous pressures and tensions of highly organized urban life and want to get back to the peaceful simplicity of Iowa. After seeing the beautiful hillside where they will live I couldn't imagine a greater contrast to the rat-race they've been battling for so long.

Aunt Jessie made a miraculous recovery from her severe fall last spring and is now comfortably settled in her own home in Clarinda. She has a pleasant young girl living with her so Mother's mind is at ease and she doesn't need to worry. Aunt Jessie has many good neighbors who drop in to see her frequently and this means a great deal to someone who is not able to get out very often.

I have long letters from Juliana very frequently and this is a high point of the day for me . . . to get to the office and to find a letter from her on my desk. She is much better about writing now than back in the days before she was married, and this is just the

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FREDERICK WRITES FROM THE PARSONAGE

Dear Friends:

Here in America we have accustomed ourselves to Christmas shopping beginning in early October. We may not like it, but it is a fact of life that no longer surprises us. We Driftmiers were surprised, however, when we saw Christmas merchandise on sale last July in Tokyo, Japan. Good heavens! Japan is one of the last places one would expect to see any kind of a Christmas emphasis, but to see it in Tokyo in July was beyond belief. Our Japanese friends explained it by saying that although Japan has very few Christians, all the Japanese like the idea of Christmas — Santa Claus, decorated trees, gifts, and feasting — but put no emphasis on the birth of Jesus. Only the Japanese Christians try to make Christmas a religious holiday; for the rest of them it is just a fun time holiday.

I frequently remind the people here in our Springfield church that Christmas is the gift of the Christian Church to the world. It is the Church that has kept Christ in Christmas, and it is the Church that gives to Christmas a particular beauty and loveliness the secular holidays can never have. Sometimes I think our church centers its whole life around Christmas, counting the days until it arrives, and then immediately thinking in terms of keeping the Christmas spirit alive through all the months of the coming year. Wouldn't it be wonderful if all of us could keep Christmas in our heart all the year?

Our Christmas plans this year include our usual entertaining of a dozen friends for dinner on Christmas Day and an open house for college students home for the holidays, but then in addition we intend to have several smaller parties for some of the church groups. Ever since we were first married, Betty and I have tried to make our home a special Christmas rendezvous for aged people who would otherwise have to spend Christmas alone, and this year we are going to do even more of that. We know that that is the sort of thing the people who gave our beautiful parsonage to the church would particularly like to have us do with it — make it a place of Christmas cheer for lonely people.

At the close of each church service I go to the rear of the church to greet the people, and every now and then I meet visitors who are Kitchen-Klatter friends. Not long ago at a social hour following a church service I shook hands with Sharon Epperson and Mrs. Craig Epperson from somewhere in



The children in Frederick's church present The Christmas Story each year.

northern Missouri. I think that name may be familiar to some of you who will remember reading articles in *Kitchen-Klatter* by Mrs. Katherine Epperson. Well, our church guests were the daughter and daughter-in-law of Katherine, and they had come to Springfield from Westover Air Force Base a few miles north of town. I was greeting so many people that day that I could not visit with the Eppersons very long, and I am hoping that they return soon. If any of you are in the vicinity of Springfield, Massachusetts, on a Sunday morning, do come to South Church at 45 Maple Street in the downtown section of the city.

Few people realize one particular tension under which every clergyman must live, and that is the uncertainty of all his plans. As I sat here writing this letter to you I was called to the phone and learned of a death in our parish that would necessitate a funeral just three days from now. It so happens that three days from now I was supposed to take a group of church ladies on a special tour of some home mission properties some distance from our city, but those plans must be changed. How often my plans for special activities or trips must be changed so that I can be free to conduct a funeral. Whenever I accept an invitation to attend some social affair, or to go out of the city, I have to make it tentative, knowing that my needed presence at a funeral must take precedence over all else. There is no occasion more important in the life of a family than a funeral, and I believe that a minister must always give first importance to funerals no matter what else he may have planned.

I was surprised to learn that not every clergyman agrees with me on this matter. A few years ago I was asked to take a funeral for another minister who was in town and available but who maintained that he was on vacation. He said: "Of course I am free to take the funeral, but since I am on vacation I don't think I should be asked to do so. I don't take funerals on my day off or on my vacation time even though I am in town." I took the funeral for him, but I also said a prayer for him!

This morning I looked out of the window by our kitchen table and could not believe my eyes. At the far end of the garden there are still a few fall flowers bravely standing up to the cold and the frost! They should have given up long ago and let themselves die with the leaves and the grass, but die they will not. I don't know how it was out your way this past fall, but here in New England we had the most beautiful fall flowers we ever have had. Of course I love spring gardens, but when it comes to brilliance of color the fall gardens are the loveliest of all. I wish that you could have seen the gardens on the campus of American International College where I am a visiting lecturer. Some people have stopped referring to the college grounds as a campus and simply speak of it as "The Gardens". If every college campus were the same, it might do wonders for some of the students whose personal appearance is in such contrast to a beautifully kept garden. Since we usually are away during most of the summer, we don't get to enjoy a spring garden as much as do some

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THIS IS CHRISTMAS

A WORSHIP SERVICE

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Spread a cloth of gold or Christmas red on a small table. Place an untrimmed Christmas tree in the center of the table. As the various speakers give their meditations, they fasten the objects, as indicated in the script, on the tree as decorations.

The carols suggested may be presented by a vocalist, chorus, or record player.

Prelude: "There's a Song in the Air". (Continue this melody through the reading of the Call to Worship.)

Call to Worship: Christmas is the fire of a Star which burns away the dross of indifference, cynicism, selfishness, and negligence. Christmas is the joy of the angel's song which lifts and lightens the weary hearts of the earth. But most of all, Christmas is a Message, exalted, encompassing all hope and meaning for the future of mankind.

The people who walked in darkness have seen a great light: *They that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined; for unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government*

shall be upon His shoulder: and He shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

Leader:

A gleam of lovelight in the eye;
A glint of gladness in the sky;
An added charm to passers-by —
That's Christmas!

A hint of halo in the day;
A thought of others when we pray;
A gentle glow that lights the day —
That's Christmas!

A goodwill flame within the heart;
A zeal to act a nobler part;
An urge the upward way to start —
That's Christmas!

A special tenderness in the voice;
A wish to make His way our choice;
A smile when other hearts rejoice —
That's Christmas!

—Selected

This is the way one poet expressed the way he sees Christmas, but what is Christmas to you?

First Speaker: (hangs a pretty ball ornament on the tree)

Christmas is for beauty — for the beauty God gives and for the beauty we create. There are great drifts of snow sparkling in the winter sun; scarlet cardinals at the bird feeder; streamers, bells, and baubles in red and green; silver stars strung above our streets or glowing in a lighted window; the beautifully decorated tree; the gay wreath on the door; a tall church spire on a snow-covered hilltop — these are part of the beauty that is Christmas. Red for the courage, the cheer, the glow that Jesus brought to mankind; green for life and love everlasting; blue and silver for the strength and richness that comes to our lives through our Faith in Him — these are the colors of Christmas. This is the beauty of the life of the Christ Child which through our love and the work of our hands we may share with others at Christmas and always.

Leader: Give unto the Lord the glory due His name; bring an offering and come before Him; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Song: "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear".

Second Speaker: (hangs a greeting card)

Christmas is for sending messages of love and friendship, for spreading the message the angels sang — "peace on earth, goodwill to men!" It is the message of love we send through our gifts, but more than that it is the message of understanding and love we send when we share food and clothing with those in need, when we carol for the shut-ins, when we help our children to take a homemade card to the elderly, or a plate of cookies to a neighbor. Christmas is for spreading the Good News of the Babe in the Manger.

Leader: And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

Song: "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night".

Third Speaker: (hangs a page of music)

No matter where Christmas is celebrated in the world there is always singing. Music, the singing of the beloved carols, has through the ages become an important part of telling the message of Christmas, for music has been a part of our religious heritage since its beginning. How beautiful are David's psalms of praise and thanksgiving — yea, at Christmas as at all times, let us "come into His presence with singing and make a joyful noise unto the Lord." Christmas is for singing.

Leader: And suddenly there was a multitude of heavenly hosts praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, goodwill toward men.

Song: "There's a Song in the Air".

Fourth Speaker: (places a star at top of tree)

Christmas is a time for stars. We look at the evening sky and ponder. Might His star be like that one there? Or this one over here? Can I follow the star? We gaze at the star at the tree-top, or a lighted star on a roof top and we remember the Bethlehem Star and whisper a prayer for guidance, that we, too, may follow where His star leads.

Leader: Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the king, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

Song: "Star of the East"

Fifth Speaker: (hangs a bell)

Christmas is a time for bells — for pealing bells, joyful bells. It is one of the most universally used symbols of Christmas; yet have you ever stopped to think that there is no mention of bells ringing in the New Testament stories of Jesus' birth? Centuries ago, however, bells were rung for a period before midnight on Christmas Eve to remind listeners that the Babe's birth was at hand. Now in most countries the ringing of the Christmas bells is a signal to all to go to church and share in services honoring Jesus' birth. Christmas bells are happy bells; they are bells of hope.

Ring them high, ring them low, ring them loud and clear;

Let them send the glad news forth, so that all may hear.

Leader: Let them praise the name of the Lord, for His name alone is exalted; His glory is above earth and heaven . . . praise the Lord.

Song: "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day"

Sixth Speaker: (places a candle on the tree)

Christmas glows in the beauty of candlelight — candles in our windows, candles on the altar, candles glowing in the hands of a singing choir. How lovely they are! In the candleglow we seem to see reflected back to us all the love and the good works of our Lord until our own hearts seem filled with a radiance we must share with others. If only that glow of love might radiate from us all year through!

Beautiful flame, by you we are reminded

Of One Who is the Life, the Light of men;

Here His light shone, He lived no ray withholding;

Selfless, He lived to make the dark ways plain.

Beautiful light of Christmas, in your glory

May we reconsecrate our hearts to Him Who is our King of Love and may we ever

Walk in that Light that shall never grow dim.

Leader: Ye are the light of the world . . . Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Song: "O Little Town of Bethlehem"

Seventh Speaker: (places a small package)

Christmas is for giving, and let us never forget that the true gift must contain something of ourselves. There cannot be any Christmas unless the heart is there, for gifts, however costly, without the giver are bare. Warm each gift with love for all mankind with whom you want to share. Christmas is for giving — not just a gift in a package, but giving of our friendship, our understanding, our faith, our time, our knowledge and our love — these are the greatest treasures we can share with anyone. This is the true spirit of Christmas giving.

Leader: And when they were come into the house they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshiped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Eighth Speaker: (places a basket of food or a beautiful plant beside the tree)

Christmas is for sharing with the stranger, the lonely, the suffering, the discouraged. They are everywhere about us this Christmas. Do we see them? Do we care? Do we act? Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

O Little Child of Bethlehem, why do your young eyes grieve?

What do your outstretched arms implore of us this Christmas Eve? Look, in the dark streets shineth no Everlasting Light, Hearts, crucified by daily fears, watch through the silent night.

Their arms hold tight to little ones, tear-blinded eyes turn East, Too tired to ask for more than crumbs dropped from my Christmas feast.

O Little Child of Bethlehem, descend to us we pray, and show

Our hearts how best to share with these, on Christmas Day.

Leader: For I was hungered, and ye

gave me meat, I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger, and ye took me in.

Song: "O Come O Come Emmanuel" or "Come Thou Long Expected Jesus".

Ninth Speaker: (hangs a symbol for Christ or a tiny creche)

Christmas is for Christ. This is where Christmas begins and Christmas is! It is not enough that we spread the Good News of the Babe's birth. We must put the Good News to work in our everyday lives. "Peace and goodwill," the angels sang; "And where be peace?" men cry. "But in the hearts of all God's own, goodwill and peace do lie."

Scripture: Luke 2:1-19.

Song: "Silent Night".

Prayer: "The day of joy returns, Father in Heaven, and crowns another year with peace and goodwill. Help us rightly to remember the birth of Jesus, that we may share the song of the angels, the gladness of the shepherds, and the worship of the wise men. Close the doors of hate and open the doors of love all over the world. Let kindness come with every gift, and good desires with every greeting. Deliver us from evil by the blessings that Christ brings and teach us to be merry with clean hearts. May the Christmas morning make us happy to be Thy children, and the Christmas evening bring us to bed with grateful thoughts, forgiving and forgiven. Amen."

—Henry VanDyke

Leader: (a carol plays softly in the background)

Christmas is your faith in all that is good in the world;

Christmas is the selfless spirit of doing for others;

Christmas is laughter and friendship and the spreading of cheer.

Christmas is the guileless wonder of childhood.

Christmas is the sweet joy of families united.

Christmas is the tender knowledge that you are loved by someone and that you have someone to love.

Christmas is believing in prayer and the Power that answers it.

Christmas is singing your belief in the way of your choice.

Christmas is the renewed plea for an ancient hope —

FOR PEACE ON EARTH, GOODWILL TOWARD MEN.

THIS IS CHRISTMAS!

Song: (joyfully) "Joy to the World".



When the music of the carols
Fills the air on Christmas night,
When the earth is filled with beauty
And the star is shining bright —
May your heart be filled with gladness
May your home be filled with cheer,
And may the peace that Christmas brings
Be yours this coming year. —Unknown

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

The wind chimes that Juliana brought me from New Mexico have been playing a mad tune on the front porch all day. If it weren't for the fierce, strong wind that is blowing I would be tackling some storm windows, but I'm afraid this job will have to wait until the wind subsides. It would be just my luck to have a gust of wind catch the window and take us sailing through the air! Frank just came in with the announcement that this wind is blowing up some rain. Likely the temperature will start dropping in an hour or so.

We had an early hard frost which caught some of our replanted corn (put in about the middle of July) still in the dough stage, so this put an end to our hopes for it. Frank has always ground his own feed during the winter and has never put up any silage. We don't have a silo and although he has talked some of having a trench silo made, his feeding program has worked out so well the way he's been doing it that he hadn't given it any more thought.

Although the long dry period stunted the corn and made it look as if we wouldn't have any, Frank said that there was far too much to turn the cows into the field. The only thing he could do with it was have it made into silage. Some of his friends put their silage in a pile on top of the ground last year and said it had proven to be a satisfactory way to handle it, so this is what he did. All the stacks I had seen on top of the ground were made in a rectangular shape so I was surprised to see ours round. John Prunty, a neighbor who was chopping ours for us, stacks his own in this manner and feels one can do a better job of packing it down, so Frank decided to try it. You can run the tractor up over the pile at every angle and there are no sides to cave off.

The timber was beautiful this year but only for a few days. We are grateful for even that much because we didn't think it was going to be pretty at all. The long dry spell caused some of the trees to lose their leaves early, and with so many dead elm trees in the timber we didn't expect much color. The oak trees didn't disappoint us, however, and seemed to turn overnight



This year a lot of Frank's corn had to be chopped for silage.

into gorgeous shades of red. Fall has always been my favorite time of year — especially since we moved to the farm.

We had no black walnuts around our place this year. Frank's sister Bernie has only one walnut tree in her yard and it never fails to produce nuts every year. We have several trees and get a crop about every other year. I don't know why this is so; maybe you can explain it.

We've had more squirrel hunters asking to hunt in our timber this fall than we've had for many years. Squirrel hunting has been good, and as always, they are underharvested. With all the den (hollow) trees, acorns and cornfields nearby, I'm of the opinion that squirrels are a long way from extinction!

Frank's sister Bernie and their aunt, Delia Johnson, returned recently from Phoenix where they spent a week with sister Edna and her husband. Edna has been in poor health, and since Bernie still had a week's vacation left, they decided to go down and cheer her up a little. Edna and Raymond had been living in a large house with considerable grounds to take care of, and with their limited strength it proved to be more than they could cope with. They decided to purchase a mobile home (It is a beauty!) and have moved to Mesa, Arizona. We hope this simpler way of life will have a marked improvement in Edna's health.

We recently had a nice visit with Florence Harris, a close friend of Edna's whom I met in Phoenix last year. She came to Chariton to visit her mother and we had them out to our house one evening for dinner. Florence brought us a jar of home-canned pickled figs. We had never tasted any before and enjoyed this treat from the Southwest.

As Christmas nears with sounds of Christian cheer

And saintly souls praise peace and freedom's ring,

Earth's hopeful hearts and gentle folk revere

Sweet simple words of love from Heaven's King.

Bernie has started on a new project that we are all enthused about. After Uncle August's death his wife Delia moved into an apartment in town. We hated to see their nice little four-room house stand empty after all these years, so Bernie and her friend Belvah decided to fix it up as a weekend and vacation cottage for themselves and any members of the family who might care to use it. Yesterday they picked out the new wallpaper and we're getting excited about starting the redecorating. After all the painting I did last spring I felt qualified to offer my help in painting the woodwork. All of us have odds and ends of furniture to donate "to the cause", and when it is finished we should have a nice extra cottage for members of our families to use.

Kristin's letters are enthusiastic about her teaching experiences this year in the rural school at Harmony near Laramie, Wyoming. She started out with twelve pupils in the 5th, 6th and 8th grades, but now has 16. The four new children are members of the 4th grade who were switched to Kristin's room when it was decided that there were too many youngsters in the lower grades for the other teacher to handle. They put on an all-music program for the first meeting of parents and teachers. The janitor built risers for the children to use in presenting their program and for others that will follow. Kristin reports that it was a terrific success. She loves music and derived much satisfaction from this experience. Now they are working on some plays to be presented at some future meeting.

The school has had its first visit from a State Supervisor and the County Superintendent, and Kristin and the other teacher were very pleased that they were complimented on the work they were doing.

Our son-in-law, Art, has now finished his nine weeks of practice teaching in northern Wyoming and enjoyed his first experiences in classroom teaching. Besides teaching art, he helped the physical education teacher with junior high football. Since he played football in high school and his first year at college, he found this great fun. He has now completed the work for his degree and hopes to find an opening in some school for the remainder of this year. If nothing is available at mid-year, he'll enroll in some classes at the University which will apply on a higher degree.

I must close now and get this to the post office before the closing hour. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy

LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends:

I am writing to you for the first time as Mrs. James Edward Lowey II, and I'll admit that I am still trying to get used to my new name. (I would hate to count the number of times I have had to re-sign it.) However, this is a very minor matter when compared to my happiness in being married to Jed. My very simple wedding was simply perfect, to my way of thinking, and all of your wonderful cards and wishes added to my happiness. I wish to thank all of you for your thoughtfulness. So many of you friends told me that you had followed my growing-up since I was a baby, and it certainly gives me a warm feeling to have retained you friends through the years.

Our first project as a newly married couple was to fix up our apartment. We were very fortunate to find an ideal location and a lovely apartment to match. In comparison to some of my old apartments, this is like a castle. We have a large living room with a fireplace, a nice kitchen, a dining nook, a large bedroom with lots of closet space and a lovely bath. There are windows in every room so it is never dark and cave-like.

Jed and I have both collected artist's prints over the years and we spent a long time finding frames and getting the pictures on the walls. Although the apartment is furnished, there were no bookshelves so we visited the lumber yard and purchased several boards and ornamental cement blocks. These materials turned into very attractive and inexpensive book and record shelves. I can certainly recommend this type of shelving to those who are on a limited budget. We used the large cement blocks on the bottom for our records, and the smaller bricks and blocks were used on the second tier for books and knick-knacks.

The location of the apartment is ideal because it is only two blocks from the University and Jed's classes. He is working on a degree in engineering and his classes are limited to one area which is about five minutes' walking time. This eliminates driving to the campus and spending hours looking for a parking place. I am not exaggerating one bit. Many students park on our street for lack of any closer parking. We are also near the art buildings and I see many students lugging huge paintings the whole two blocks to their classes.

Whenever Jed and I have a free afternoon we hop into the car and take a drive. We were blessed with beautiful, golden autumn days and we took full advantage of them. There is a small, farming community near Albuquerque



One thing Juliana appreciates in her new location is having room to hang her laundry outside. It dries very quickly in the dry air & bright sunshine in New Mexico.

named Corrales. It is set along the Rio Grande river and has a magnificent view of the mountains. Many of the farmers set up stands in the fall to sell their goods, and we were lucky to find many fresh fruits and vegetables. I also purchased some gourds and a huge pumpkin and made a fall display on our coffee table.

Our only disappointment was the fact that there were no fresh apples and cider. We had an unusually late frost and it completely destroyed our apple crop in this area. However, I was able to get some green tomatoes and made Aunt Dorothy's favorite — fried green tomatoes. Jed had never tasted this dish before and he quickly became a real fan. But our favorite part of the expedition was getting a big pumpkin. Several of our friends also had pumpkins and we all got together before Halloween and had a pumpkin-carving party.

With Thanksgiving right around the corner. We have made plans to spend the holidays at Mother's home north of Santa Fe. We are hoping that Allison and one of her girl friends can take the bus down from Denver to join us. It would be quite a lark for the girls and I could certainly use their help in

THE ICICLE MAN

The icicle man has just gone by
While I was fast asleep!
Our roof is trimmed like Grandma's
shawl,
With fringe so white and deep.

The window ledges, steps and walk
Like plump, soft cushions spread;
The birdbath and the lily pool
Each like a feather bed.

How sly this icicle man must be . . .
As sharp as I may plan,
I never catch him at his work . . .
Is he a fairy man?

—Gladys Niece Templeton

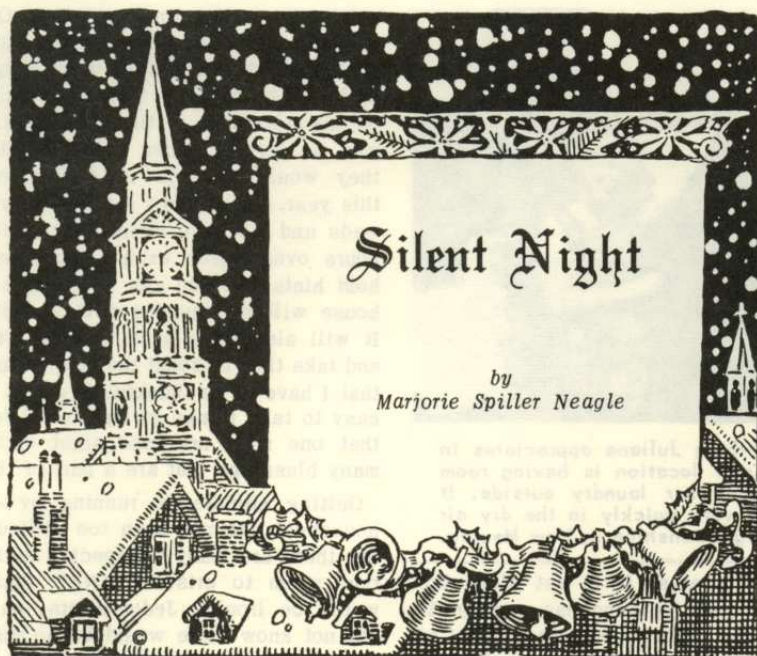
getting the turkey dinner together. One of my old school friends from Shenandoah, Hank Norris and his wife, Marge, will also be on deck. Hank is working on his doctorate at the University. I was so thrilled when I learned that they would be here in Albuquerque this year. Marge and I are both newlyweds and we have spent quite a few hours over coffee exchanging household hints. As you can see, Mother's house will be bustling with activity. It will also be a good time to relax and take time to count the many things that I have to be thankful for. It is so easy to take things for granted. I feel that one must not lose sight of the many blessings that are a part of life.

Getting adjusted to running my own household has not been too difficult, but there are many unexpected duties that seem to arise. I KNEW that I would be ironing Jed's shirts, but I did not know there would be so many of them! It took several weeks to budget my time to include seven or eight shirts. I also knew that we both needed dental work done, but I didn't figure on the hole it would put in our budget. What it boils down to is that we have just about doubled the budget that we followed as single persons. I'm sure this comes as a shock to everyone who believes that "two can live as cheaply as one". It just isn't true. Both of us have chuckled many times at the budget we worked out so carefully before our wedding. Needless to say, it has been drastically revised.

One of my favorite things about married life is the cooking angle. I had never had much opportunity to bake things and now I try to bake every other day. I had never been overly proud of my pies, but they are improving with practice. I have also tried my hand at bread and "from scratch" cakes. Thank goodness I can count on our friends dropping by to help us eat all of this! I think some of Jed's old bachelor friends have supersensitive noses that tell them when I am baking. They invariably turn up when I take something out of the oven. I have found that it is wise to keep a pot of coffee going when I am cooking. But we are always glad to see them and their compliments encourage me to keep perfecting my cooking skills.

The mountains are covered with snow and the snow skiers are in seventh heaven. We never get much snow in the city so I am hoping that Shenandoah will provide us with an inch or two. We are planning to visit there for Christmas. I am looking forward to seeing my much-loved Iowa family and to participating in our holiday traditions. Of course Jed and I

(Continued on page 22)



It was the day before Christmas. In Obendorf, Austria, snow covered everything. In the Church of St. Nicholas the organist, Franz Gruber, sat down to practice the music for Christmas Eve Mass. But the only sound he could get from the old organ was a tired wheeze. Franz couldn't imagine what had happened. But when he looked inside the instrument he could plainly see what the trouble was. A hole had been gnawed in the bellows by a mouse . . . a whole family of mice, Franz thought, since it was so big. And it couldn't be mended until spring. Not until then would the snow be melted enough for the repair man to come up from the Zillerman Valley to Obendorf.

While Franz was wondering what to do, the priest came into the church. Franz told him what had happened. "I know," said Father Mohr. "I was here earlier and tried to play it myself. But don't be troubled, dear friend. Here." The priest pulled a piece of paper from the pocket of his soutane and passed it to Franz.

"I have scribbled a few words on it. They are quite simple. I am hoping you will be able to compose a tune for them. With you to play an accompaniment on your guitar we could sing them tonight."

Franz shook his head. How could Father Mohr possibly think he could set words to music on such short notice? It was too much to expect. But not wishing to disappoint his friend or the villagers who would be coming to Midnight Mass from miles around, he promised to see what he could do.

He hurried home through the drifted snow, pulled off his boots and coat

and long woolen scarf, and sat down at the spinet. At first he could think of no tune to go with the words. He closed his eyes and tried to picture Bethlehem as it must have looked that first Christmas so many hundred years ago. And little by little a melody stole into his heart, and from his heart to his fingers. Quickly he jotted down the notes. When the melody was finished and he had played it through on the spinet, he nodded his head, smiling. It was good! He rushed off through the snow to find Father Mohr.

That night in the Church of St. Nicholas *Silent Night* was sung for the first time by a priest and an organist whose names almost nobody remembers. But almost every person living knows the song. For when the repairman came to Obendorf in the spring Franz showed him the paper on which the words and music of *Silent Night* had been written. The organ mender showed it to the villagers back in the Zillerman Valley. Quickly it traveled through Europe and to England and America, and to every corner of the world. It is, perhaps, the best loved of all our Christmas songs.

If you happen to be in Obendorf some Christmas Eve you may see the villagers gathered in the snow in front of the Church of St. Nicholas. They have come to sing *Silent Night*. And one of Franz Gruber's descendants will be playing the accompaniment on the very guitar that Franz himself played on that other Christmas Eve almost 150 years ago.

A little Child, a shining star,
A stable rude, the door ajar.
Yet in that place, so crude, forlorn,
The hope of all the world was born.

CHARLIE'S GHOST

by
Carlita Pedersen

A funny thing happened to me on the way to do some Christmas shopping the other evening. I came face to face with Charles Dickens' Ghost of Christmas Past!

"Do you realize", he asked me, "that the world is inclined to forget the people who made the Christmas image what it is today?"

"I guess I've never given much thought to that," I replied, staring right through him.

"That's the trouble," he shouted. "People don't think anymore! Charlie wrote *A Christmas Carol* a hundred and twenty-three years ago in an attempt to pay off a debt. You people still read it, but you never give much thought to Charlie. He had it mighty rough that fall. He slaved day and night to get that story written and netted a mere 230 pounds for his efforts. Sold 6,000 copies within 9 days though," he mused.

"Gosh!" I exclaimed. "I sure didn't realize it sold like that."

"Another thing," the Ghost continued. "Way back in 1535, I think it was, Martin Luther cut and decorated the first Christmas tree in an effort to dramatize the awe-inspiring glory of Christmas. But who ever gives Martin credit for that? And in 1851 when a Cleveland minister put up the first American Christmas tree, he was accused, mind you, ACCUSED, of sacrilege and idolatry until a small child referred to the tree as 'the pastor's tree from Heaven!'"

"Imagine that." I answered, not knowing what else to say.

"And way, way back," he told me, "centuries ago, in fact, a Scandinavian goddess started this idea you have of kissing under the mistletoe. As if anyone needed an excuse. She declared mistletoe a symbol of love after her son recovered from a wound caused by an arrow made from mistletoe. Incidentally, the white berries on mistletoe are said to be the tears she shed when her son lay near death."

"My goodness!" I replied.

"And did you know," he continued, "that an Englishman by the name of Sir Henry Cole dreamed up the idea of Christmas cards because he was too lazy to write personal greetings to his many friends? He talked a London artist, John Calcott Horsley, into painting the picture for the cards. It depicted a jolly old English family around a jolly old wassail bowl — with more jolly old wassail in the jolly old family than in the jolly old bowl!"

"How about that?" I queried.

(Continued on page 20)

HOMEMADE CHRISTMAS MAGIC

by
Evelyn Birkby

The Advent wreath is laid out carefully on the table in the dining room, just as one is now in place on the altar of the church. Along with the creche, it is the first of our Christmas decorations to be taken carefully from storage and put in place in preparation for a happy month ahead.

In no manner of speaking is this the beginning of Christmas, for Christmas started long ago with a box tucked high on the shelf. All year long that box has been filling with odds and ends of anything which might go into the making of gifts and decorations. Now is the time to begin to think how each item can be used to best advantage, for part of the magic of the holiday is creating a *homemade* Christmas.

This year the box holds shells and driftwood from our trip to the ocean. Driftwood, "wood sculptures" (those rugged, weathered branches from the top of mountains), or the simple tree branches from the yard, have many *decorative uses*. A large piece fastened to the wall or over the mantel can be hung with small decorations and festooned with garlands. A smaller piece can serve as background for small animals, figurines, greens, balls or miniature flowers for a centerpiece or coffee table arrangement. If desired, the entire scene can be sprayed with gold or silver. If you have difficulty keeping glass balls in place in such an arrangement, crumple up a little aluminum foil under the balls. It will not only keep them from rolling but can be adjusted to different heights.

Shells can be used in many types of *arrangements*. They can be left natural, shellacked or painted. Lovely *tree ornaments* can be fashioned from shells. Sand dollars, for example, may be painted and glittered in many ways. The center hole can be used for a wire to fasten this interesting shell to the tree.

A friend collected tiny starfish and used them to *decorate* an unusual Christmas tree. Our *one* is going to be painted and sprinkled with glitter and wired to the very top of our tree this year. It will remind us of a happy summer as well as symbolize the star of Bethlehem.

In my box are an old tray and two plates. These will be used for the *base* or *background* for *arrangements*. Pieces of board, cardboard, even paper plates could also be utilized. These can be covered with bright paper, wrapped with foil, painted or covered by gluing on the lovely pictures cut from old cards. A small three-sided screen made of heavy cardboard (call-



Craig Brikby stands near the altar of the Sidney Methodist Church which he and his family attend. The beautiful large Advent wreath is used each year for the four weeks before Christmas.

ed a *triptych*) can be made into a background when it is covered with material, paper, pictures or painted to represent stained glass. This is one of my favorite backgrounds for a decoration, especially one with a religious mood.

Old picture frames collect in my box, leftovers from auction sales or gleaned from secondhand stores. These are wonderful as the *base of arrangements*. Remove glass and cardboard backing. To the center nail heavy cloth, felt, styrofoam or screen wire — anything onto which articles can be fastened. For a *centerpiece*, lay frame flat. Arrange and fasten articles into center of frame. For example, use candles of various lengths, greens and tiny balls. A bright bow can add color. Figurines can be included for interest.

For a *hanging* three-dimension *picture*, fasten shiny artificial leaves or real evergreen into place inside the picture frame. Wire on small figures such as angels and carolers, tree decorations and tiny toys. Tuck in a bright bow. Hang on the wall or balance on top of bookcase or mantel.

The frame itself may be painted or covered in any way desired to fit into the decoration or used as the base for a square *wreath*. Wire evergreen or or shiny leaves to the frame. Artificial leaves could be used for a permanent wreath. At one corner tie a bright bow and center with small balls or shiny bells.

An easily made *background* for carolers or musicians or the little candle children can be made from the cardboard tubes found inside paper products. I am going to lay the tubes in graduated sizes or cut to get the desired length. These will be arranged to simulate organ pipes. Near the top of each tube will be cut a notch to look like the opening through which the sound will come. Sprayed gold or

silver these will be fastened to the wire of one of my picture frame bases. The choir children will be arranged in front with evergreens and tiny balls at their feet. This type of arrangement is excellent for a small hall table, the top of a piano, or a bookcase.

Each year new ideas come along for using the old Christmas cards tucked in *magic-making* boxes. A Cub Scout group taught me how to cut lovely pictures from the cards, glue them to a piece of hand soap, wrap with clear wrap and used for *gifts to nursing homes* and shut-ins. Really, these would make nice *stocking fillers* for anyone.

Iced tea *coasters* can also be made using pictures from gay cards. Fasten a cheery Santa, or a snowman, or a cute animal cut from a card into the center of the inside of a plastic lid such as comes on ice cream containers. Coat with shellac or clear fingernail polish to make waterproof. These are nice for *hospital trays* as well as a *family holiday dinner*.

An ordinary cardboard box can be made into a delightful *gift box* by gluing cutouts from Christmas cards over the lid of the box. Tied with bright ribbon it will need no other wrapping.

A nice *gift* to make for a child will fill some of the odd-shaped jars in the back of my magic box. Give several jars and a roll of slick white shelf paper. Include directions: "Dampen amount of paper needed, spoon on a bit of paint and make whatever fantastic figures you want."

HOMEMADE FINGER PAINT

Mix 1/2 cup dry starch with enough water to make a thick paste. Add 2 cups boiling water and cook until very thick. Divide into jars and add food coloring as desired. (A few drops of oil of clove will give this a delightful spicy odor. This also adds to the keeping quality of the finger paint.

Recently, a number of interesting articles and *decorations* have suggested using papier-mache for craft work. This is simple to make and easy to handle.

HOMEMADE PAPIER-MACHE

Tear newspapers into small pieces. Soak in water overnight. When ready to use, knead the paper into fine pulp. Squeeze out excess water. Mix 3 cups pulp with 1 cup flour and 1/3 cup salt. Use to *mold figures*, make *tree decorations*, pat on cardboard shapes for "stucco" and for topographical maps. Let article dry thoroughly. Paint with enamel paints. Poster paints may be used if a coat of shellac is used after paint is dry.

MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

It is an easy task to start out my letter this morning because I'm still under the influence of the beautiful music which Don and I were fortunate enough to enjoy last evening. My good friend Lily Baird has been ill with an inner ear infection and she and her husband were unable to use their Chicago Symphony Orchestra tickets so they offered them to Don and me. This was truly a perfect way to finish off an otherwise hectic, busy day.

Last evening's concert featured the triple artistry of Robert and Gaby Casadesus and their son, Jean. It is impossible to describe such a beautiful experience. Don and I sat for two full hours and let the cares of the day melt away as we listened in awe to these three magnificent artists! The Chicago Symphony has been coming to Milwaukee since 1915 and they have a loyal following. In fact, their following is so intense that it is impossible to buy season tickets for their concerts. People simply never give up seats which they have purchased for years and years and years! This in itself is a testimonial to the perfection of the Chicago Symphony.

Our lives continue to hum along at a whirl-wind pace. The children get home from school at staggered hours. Adrienne is dismissed at 2:30 which, considering her lessons begin at five minutes past eight in the morning, is quite a long day for a seven-year-old. Paul and Katharine are dismissed at 3:30, and by the time they gather their books, coats, hats, two mittens and get home, leaves them only one hour for relaxation before supper. Right after supper the children start their evening studies, and before we know it, it is bed time. Only then do Don and I seem to get a few free minutes to catch up on our day's activities, and another day has ended. I look around at the dust collected on the top of a table in our family room and I would be willing to bet that I had just cleaned that room *two days ago*. Suddenly I realize a week has flown by. However, I don't believe I would care to have it any other way.

Katharine is having the happiest year of her entire school career. The move she made into the newly constructed junior high building at the Academy has proved to be very stimulating to her mentally and emotionally. One of the mothers decided to line up a dancing teacher for the junior high students and she has managed very successfully to kindle considerable interest among both the boys and girls. The class meets after school in the gymnasium on alternate Fridays and as



Adrienne, arriving home at mid-afternoon, is her mother's little helper around the house.

soon as football season was over the male members of the class increased. The teacher is instructing these twelve- to fifteen-year-olds in the manner of dancing from the good old-fashioned waltz to the Buggaloo (whatever that is!). I haven't observed this class but hope to soon.

Katharine financed this latter venture with her own money, which she is learning to manage very handsomely. She gets a very modest allowance each week and has begun to supplement this income by baby sitting. She can only sit on week nights when I am certain that the parents will be home no later than 9 o'clock. On weekends she has been doing a small amount of sitting, but once again, considering her age and her inexperience we're very careful where she goes. Although she's a very mature girl for twelve and we trust her judgment almost entirely, she lacks experience and we don't want her saddled with too much responsibility for a while. We've left her in charge of our two occasionally rambunctious youngest children and for the most part it has been successful, but everybody knows that a younger sister and brother think the older sister has no right — absolutely none — to boss them around! I've had to appeal to their finer inner selves (hoping to uncover some little finer inner selves) and tell them they were helping their daddy and me by behaving for Katharine. We've never been gone over the dinner hour but have limited their evenings alone to not more than three hours. This may sound ultra-cautious to you, but we've seen some situations right here in the neighborhood when parents were gone and emergencies arose that demanded the judgment of

more than a twelve-year-old. On these occasions Don stepped in and administered first aid and was, of course, glad to be of help. However, I don't wish to start out for a presumably entertaining evening with the knowledge that I'm depending on neighbors to assume my responsibilities.

One evening it struck me as rather amusing and somehow incongruous that we were paying a baby sitter to stay with Paul and Adrienne while Katharine was going out to baby sit for a couple's child. It has worked out that way on occasions when she made her plans before we made ours.

Katharine did have one frightening experience that has made her a little cool to sitting where she isn't well acquainted. That came one truly foggy evening, which makes this sound like a mystery story. She looked up at the door and there stood a man looking in at her. He commenced to pound on the door and shout to her to call the police! I have always taught the children NEVER to open a door to a stranger so, of course, she didn't open the door to hear what he wanted. She did, in fact, flee to the back part of the house in stark terror. The man went away and when she thought it was safe to come out she returned to the living room. When he saw her, he *again* came to the door and pounded on it. The poor child couldn't find a phone book to call the police so she called me and I contacted the police. Don was out of town, so I raced the car to this home and encountered the stranger myself, forgetting all the while that I was a pretty defenseless female out in the dark of night. The police did not arrive for what *seemed* forever, and by then I learned this man was a stranger to the area and in the fog he could find no where else to go for help with his disabled automobile! He did have trouble with his car and regretted having frightened Katharine, but he needed help and there were no other houses nearby in this wonderful area we call suburbia! So, Katharine is learning rapidly. But our fine town of Milwaukee has had such trouble for so long now that when a man pounds on a door at night it would make anyone have a few terror-filled moments.

I've not attempted to mention much about our Christmas plans. We will, of course, be spending it at home. Our Fraulein will have only a few more weeks with us and then she'll be leaving for her next teaching appointment. I will have to clean her room and prepare it for the next teacher who will join us January 21st. Our sincere best wishes for a Merry Christmas from all of the Milwaukee Driftmiers!

Sincerely,
Mary Beth



Hints for Happy Holidays

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Star Bright Centerpiece: You will need a yard of net — white is beautiful but you may use other colors to carry out a chosen color scheme. Cut the net into 8" squares. Form into cornucopias and staple the edges in place. Join two cornucopias together at the point ends so that you have eight pairs. Now place them on the table so that they form a complete star and staple them together at the top and also fasten all the points together in the center. Staple the top edges with a glittering trim of tinsel. There are many ways to use the finished star. Each cornucopia can be filled with a pretty tree ornament or sprigs of greenery with a pile of ornaments heaped in the center. These are beautiful used beneath a punch bowl or a brandy snifter vase filled with ornaments.

Angel Mobile: Twist a metal coat hanger into any free-form shape, leaving the hook to hang it by. Wrap the wire with tinsel or narrow Christmas ribbon. Paint clothespins white. Mark the facial features on the rounded end with a ball point pen. Add bits of yarn for hair. Cut angel wings from white or gold paper and glue to clothespins. Suspend the angels from the hanger, using black thread in various lengths.

For the Open Stairway: Use red dye to color ordinary white clothesline to make a beautiful rope to drape in swags, with some greenery and ornaments, on the stairway.

This same rope idea can be used to make swags over windows or doors or can be pinned in loops and swags to the overhang of the tablecloth for a party table.

For lovely table trees, make cones of heavy cardboard, wind the cones with a spiral of dyed clothesline, and glue in place. Tiny sequins and ornaments can be glued or pinned to this "yarn" tree.

Pine Cone Bird Ornament: To a nicely shaped pine cone glue a wooden bead for the bird's head at the larger round end. Glue on wings and tail cut from gold paper. Fine wire can be shaped for the legs. Suspend from the tree with a length of thread. You could

use these as package decorations also.

Holiday Sleighs for the Children: Decorate boxes of animal crackers with colored foil for the sleigh. Tape two candy canes to the box for the runners.

Gourd Bells: If you raised and dried many gourds this year, try making some gourd bells. You will need gourds that have long necks. Cut off part of the round end so that you have a bell shape after seeds are removed. Paint the bells with gold paint. Wire in a tiny tree ornament for the clapper. Wire the bells along with a few cones to a swag of greens to use as a table arrangement or a door swag.

Paper Plate Carolers: These add a gay touch to your hall or recreation room. For the faces use paper plates in different sizes. Glue on eyes and mouths cut from felt. Use other felt scraps to make hats or stocking caps, some with yarn pom-poms. Glue paper collars or big bows at the neck. Fasten to the wall in an informal arrangement. Cut song book covers from colored construction papers and fasten below the heads, as if held in the hands of the carolers.

GAMES

Toy Parade: A fun game to start the party. As guests come, pin a card with the name of a toy on their backs. They must ask questions of the others to try to discover what they are. Questions may be answered only with a yes or no.

The Color of Christmas: Give guests paper and pencil, and divide them into three groups. Assign each group one of the Christmas colors — red, green, or white. Allow five minutes to see which group can compile the longest list of things relating to Christmas in their particular color. Each group might be given a birthday candle in a styrofoam holder in the proper color, allowing each group to list articles only as long as it takes the candle to burn.

Filling the Stocking Relay: Divide group into two teams who line up op-

posite each other. Beside the person at the head of each line place a chair loaded with a variety of small objects such as toys and fruit. The person at the end of the line holds an outside stocking. The object is to pass the items down each line to fill the stocking, but the fun comes when it is discovered the items must be passed by holding them under the chin without using hands! It's more fun when there are plenty of round objects such as a ball or an orange. Players really have to "face up" to each other for this one. Only one object is passed along the line at a time. The prize might be a sock full of Christmas candies.

Christmas Quiz:

1. The husband of Mary, Jesus' mother, was _____. Joseph
2. The name "Jesus" means _____. Saviour
3. The forerunner of Jesus was _____. John the Baptist
4. The hometown of Jesus' parents was _____. Nazareth
5. According to the Bible how many Wise Men visited Jesus? No number given
6. What emperor had decreed that all the world be taxed? Caesar Augustus
7. What prophet foretold that Christ was to be born of a virgin? Isaiah
8. To escape Herod, Joseph and Mary took the Babe and escaped to _____. Egypt
9. What prophet foretold the town where Jesus was to be born? Micah
10. The word "Messiah" means _____. Anointed

Christmas Shopping: Divide guests into two teams who face each other. The first player in one line says, "What gift shall I give to Eva?" The player opposite must answer with name of a gift beginning with last letter in the name, "A", as "afghan". The next player in opposite line takes the last letter in the gift and uses it for the name she chooses, as "Nancy". Players must drop out if they cannot think of the word before speaker says "Merry Christmas to you" following the question.

Special Holiday Recipes

Tested by the Kitchen-Klatter Family

GINGERBREAD MEN

Gingerbread men on a cooky sheet,
Fresh from the oven, they're good to eat;

Cover them with frosting,
Set candy eyes and nose,
They'll march across the table in delicious rows.

Give them to the children for a Christmas treat,

Only trouble is . . . they're too fine to eat;

They'll play with them awhile,
At games of any kind,
'Til, at last, on gingerbread men they'll dine.
—Inez Baker

RECIPE FOR GINGERBREAD MEN

- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1/3 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2/3 cup molasses
- 2 3/4 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. ginger

Cream sugar and shortening. Add egg, flavoring and molasses. Beat well. Add sifted dry ingredients. Roll dough and cut with gingerbread boy cooky cutter. Bake at 350 degrees. Do let the children help make these. —Lucile

OVEN CARAMEL CORN

- 2 cups brown sugar
- 2 sticks butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup white corn syrup
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Make about 8 cups of popcorn. Sort out unpopped kernels. Combine brown sugar, margarine, corn syrup and salt. Boil for 5 minutes. Stir in flavorings and soda. Pour immediately over popped corn. Put in 1 or 2 large pans and place in a 250-degree oven for 1 hour. Stir about every 15 minutes. Cool. This makes a delightfully coated popcorn where each kernel is nicely separated from the other. If you like, add peanuts just before putting into the oven. This stores nicely if kept tightly covered.
—Evelyn

CRANBERRY FLUFF

- 2 cups raw cranberries
- 3 cups miniature marshmallows
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 cups diced, unpeeled, red apples
- 1/2 cup seeded grapes
- 1 cup diced pineapple
- 1/2 cup broken pecan meats
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise

Put the cranberries through the grinder, using the coarse blade. Add marshmallows and sugar, stir, and let stand overnight. The next day, add the apple, grapes, pineapple and nuts. Whip cream and add the mayonnaise to it. Fold gently into the mixture. Serve in a lettuce cup. This is simply delicious! I make it almost every year around the holidays.
—Margery

WELSH TEATIME DAINTIES

- 1 cup sugar
- 2/3 cup margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 egg yolks
- 4 to 6 tsp. milk
- Pinch of salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 2 1/3 cups flour, sifted
- 2 egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1/2 cup plus 2 Tbls. sugar
- Nuts if desired
- Raspberry jam

Combine first eight ingredients in a bowl. Beat well. Sift baking powder and flour together. Stir into batter. Roll in small balls and flatten with a small glass so an edge or rim will be shaped around the cooky — or make a thumb print in the center. Fill this depression with jam.

Make a meringue by beating the egg whites and cream of tartar together until stiff. Slowly beat in sugar. Spread meringue over top of jam. Sprinkle with finely chopped nuts if desired. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes, or until a very light brown.

(If the bottom of the glass is greased and dipped into sugar it will press several cookies before it is necessary to dip into sugar again.)

EVELYN'S CHRISTMAS GUMDROPS

- 4 Tbls. (4 envelopes) unflavored gelatin
 - 1 cup cold water
 - 4 cups sugar
 - 1 1/2 cups boiling water
 - Flavoring and coloring as desired
- Soak gelatin in cold water for 10 minutes. Dissolve sugar in boiling water and add softened gelatin. Simmer slowly for 15 minutes. Remove from fire.

Pour mixture into pans (refrigerator trays are excellent and three may be used for this amount; bread pans are larger and only two should be used to make candy of proper thickness). Add desired coloring and 1/2 teaspoon Kitchen-Klatter flavoring to each part. I use yellow coloring with orange and lemon flavoring, red coloring for cherry, strawberry or raspberry Kitchen-Klatter flavorings, green coloring goes with mint flavoring and white with almond or vanilla.

Let candy set for 24 hours (do not refrigerate). Sprinkle a sheet of waxed paper with sugar. Dip bottom of candy pan in hot water to loosen. Turn candy onto sugar. Cut into squares with knife dipped in hot water. Coat each piece of candy with sugar and put on waxed paper covered tray or cooky sheet. Be sure pieces do not touch. Cover with waxed paper or clean towel to keep free from dust. Store for several weeks. Three weeks is a good time for these to firm but they will stand even longer. Because of this, it is excellent candy for mailing.

This candy was a traditional Christmas treat in my home as a child.

DELICIOUS DATE PUDDING

- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- Pinch of salt
- 1/3 cup chopped nuts
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 egg (well beaten)
- 1 cup milk (scant)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Mix all ingredients together and pour into a greased baking dish (7 1/2 by 12 by 2). The batter should not be stiff. Pour over this the following mixture:

- 1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed)
- 2 cups boiling water
- 2 Tbls. butter

Stir this until the sugar and butter have melted, then pour over the batter. Bake in a 375-degree oven for approximately 40 minutes. Serve with whipped cream.
—Dorothy

SPECIAL PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup School Day peanut butter
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. salt

Cream butter or margarine, butter flavoring, peanut butter and sugars until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs and remaining flavorings. Sift dry ingredients together and stir into batter. Chill well. Roll into balls. Place on greased cookie sheet and flatten with sugared glass or with fork. Bake in 350-degree oven 10 to 12 minutes, depending on size of cookie.

This is a marvelous recipe which can be varied in a number of ways. Add 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring and sprinkle with yellow sugar for a delicious orange cookie. Add chocolate chips for another type cookie. Roll balls in coconut and then bake as directed. Flat cookies can be put together with a powdered sugar frosting to make a delightful sandwich cookie.

PEANUT BRITTLE

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup white corn syrup
- 1/2 cup water
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 cups raw peanuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 tsp. soda

Boil sugar, syrup, water and salt together until it spins a thread (hard ball in water or 262 degrees on a candy thermometer). Add butter or margarine and peanuts. Cook and stir until syrup is a golden brown. Remove from fire. Add flavorings and soda and stir well. This will bubble up when the soda is added, so be careful. When well mixed, pour into two well-greased cookie sheets and spread thin. Let harden. Break apart into chunks.

If the package of peanuts holds more than 2 cups it is perfectly alright to use up to 1 pound of the raw peanuts in this recipe. It simply gives more nuts to the candy. The flavor of this combination is wonderful. It stores well.

—Evelyn

**JELLED CRANBERRY AND ORANGE SALAD**

Pick over 1/2 pound cranberries. Cut an orange into four sections, then remove the seeds and cut out all the middle membrane with a sharp knife. Put both the raw cranberries and orange sections through a food chopper (medium blade), reserving the juice as it flows from the chopper. To the juice and fruit add 1 cup of granulated sugar and stir well until the sugar is dissolved. Add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring.

Heat a small amount of the juice, just enough to dissolve 1 pkg. of lemon gelatin. When thoroughly dissolved, combine the gelatin mixture and the fruit, pour into individual salad molds and chill until firm. Turn onto chilled lettuce cups, garnish with salad dressing and serve. —Mary Beth

STRAWBERRY DESSERT

- 2 10-oz. pkgs. frozen strawberries
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. strawberry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

- 1 pkg. cream topping, whipped
- 3 cups miniature marshmallows

Thaw the berries and heat to boiling. Add the strawberry gelatin and the cup of boiling water. Add flavoring. Cool until partially congealed. Whip. Whip cream topping and fold into the whipped gelatin. Fold in the marshmallows and then pour into mold to chill until firm. Serve with additional whipped cream and top with a fresh strawberry.

—Margery

CALIFORNIA SALAD CUPS

- 1 cup diced grapefruit sections
- 1 cup diced orange sections
- 1 cup pineapple chunks
- 1 1/2 cups sliced banana
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1 Tbls. liquid honey
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1/2 cup whipping cream

Combine the grapefruit, orange, pineapple and banana. Drain off all the juice. Arrange lettuce cups on salad plates, and fill with fruit mixture. Mash the cream cheese. Add the honey, lemon juice and flavoring. Whip the cream slightly and add to the cream cheese mixture, blending well. Pour the dressing over the fruit cups.

—Dorothy

CRANBERRY JUICE PUNCH

- 1 16-oz. can cranberry juice
 - 2 cups apple juice
 - 1 6-oz. can frozen lemonade
 - 2 bottles of 7-Up or ginger ale
- Combine cranberry juice, apple juice and lemonade, which has been diluted according to directions on can. Chill all. Add the soft drink just before serving.

—Margery

BEST EVER FILLED COOKIES

- 2 cups brown sugar (firmly packed)
- 1 cup shortening
- 2 scant tsps. soda dissolved in a little water
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 4 1/2 cups sifted flour

Cream together the sugar and shortening. Add the soda, eggs and flavorings. Stir in the salt and flour. Make into large rolls and chill. When firm, cut in thin slices and put a little dab of filling between two slices, pressing the edges together with a fork. Bake 15 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

Filling

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 cup sour cream
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 cup raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Mix everything together except the nuts, and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until it begins to boil hard. Remove from stove and add the nuts. Cool to room temperature. —Dorothy

"MELT-IN-YOUR-MOUTH" COOKIES

- 1 cup butter
- 1/3 cup powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 3/4 cup cornstarch (this is right!)

Cream butter, powdered sugar and flavoring. Sift flour and cornstarch and add. Drop by teaspoon on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees about 12-14 minutes.

Frosting

- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 2 Tbls. butter, melted
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cream

Mix all ingredients adding enough cream to make frosting a good spreading consistency.

—Margery

**MY MOTHER
IS THE
WORLD'S
BEST COOK**



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You can help your good-cook reputation by insisting on **Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings**. No matter what you make or bake, these flavorings never cook out.

**KITCHEN-KLATTER
FLAVORINGS**

DELICIOUS DATE CAKE

- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 cup boiling water
- 2 tsp. soda
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 cup salad dressing
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/3 cup chopped nuts

Put the dates into a mixing bowl. Dissolve the soda in the boiling water and pour over the dates. Add the sugar and flavorings. Stir in the salad dressing and mix well. Add the flour, a portion at a time, mixing well after each addition. Stir in the nuts. Pour batter into a greased and floured 9- x 13-inch pan and bake 35 minutes in a 350-degree oven. A caramel frosting is good on this cake, or it can be served warm with a dab of whipped cream.

—Dorothy

LIME AVOCADO SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 3/4 cup pineapple juice
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

- 1 cup mashed avocado
- 3/4 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 cup cream, whipped

Dissolve the gelatin in the liquids which have been heated. Add the salt and flavorings. Let this cool, and when it has begun to thicken, whip it and fold in the remaining ingredients. Pour into a ring mold or individual molds and chill until firm.

DELICIOUS GINGER COOKIES

Into a bowl put:

- 1 cup sugar
 - 3/4 cup shortening
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - 1 egg
 - 1/2 cup molasses (light)
- Beat well and then add:
- 2 cups flour
 - 2 tsp. soda
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1 1/2 tsp. ginger
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Mix this well and add enough more flour until you can roll the dough into small balls the size of a walnut. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) until light brown. Don't overbake them or they will be too hard.

GOLDEN CRUNCH COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup crunchy School Day peanut butter
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 Tbls. water
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 3 cups uncooked oatmeal

Combine shortening, flavorings, peanut butter, sugars, water and eggs. Cream and beat well until light and fluffy. Sift dry ingredients together and mix into the batter. Lastly, stir in oatmeal. Drop by teaspoon on greased cookie sheet. Or dough may be chilled and rolled into balls; press flat with sugared or greased bottom of a glass. Bake at 350 degrees about 12 minutes.

—Evelyn

PEANUT CHOCOLATE CANDY

Mix and mold into small balls:

- 1 cup crunchy peanut butter
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Melt over *low* heat in heavy pan:

- 12-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 1/4 lb. paraffin wax

Dip balls in melted chocolate and place on waxed paper. Coating dries immediately.

These are a wonderful addition to your tray of holiday sweets.

—Margery

CARAMEL DATE PIE

- 1/3 cup brown sugar (firmly packed)
- 4 Tbls. flour
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- 2 eggs, separated
- 2 cups milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. cinnamon

Mix together the sugar, flour, salt and dates. Beat the egg yolks and combine with the milk. Combine the sugar mixture and the milk and cook in a double boiler until the mixture thickens. Add the flavorings and cinnamon. Cool. Pour into a baked pie shell and cover with meringue made with the two egg whites. Bake until the meringue is a golden brown.

—Dorothy

EMILY'S TRIP WILL BE LONG REMEMBERED

Dear Friends:

It is really amazing to find out how many of my fellow college freshmen have traveled outside the United States. Most of those who haven't done so yet have definite plans for summer tours or future teaching careers abroad. It seems to me, in conversing with Americans who have traveled abroad, that those who learn the language well are much happier. It is very possible to live in Europe or Latin America without even a "Buenos dias" basic vocabulary. But these people always return home more American than when they left.

It is a common gripe that Americans expect everyone to learn English while we don't bother to get a good knowledge of any other language. For example, a Peace Corps volunteer to Nigeria with whom I conversed taught English to people who lived in very substandard conditions. Yet in his two years he communicated with the people via an interpreter because he couldn't learn, or wouldn't learn, the native dialect. The Costa Ricans remember with considerable displeasure the fact that no U. S. ambassadors to their country prior to the Kennedy administration appointee ever bothered to learn Spanish.

However, all of this is getting off the subject that I intended to continue from last month. I was describing my trip from Costa Rica to the States, detouring via Panama, Colombia and Jamaica. Space ran out while I was in the middle of the visit to Colombia. On one day we visited Cartagena, a city of evident Spanish heritage. It was built by the Spaniards as their defense for all possessions of the Americas against pirates. The streets are narrow and curving, the buildings tall with carved wooden balconies, just like pictures I have seen of Spain. We toured the city by bus a bit, then toured it more completely by foot. Each day we returned to the bus with very tired feet and legs, the hallmark of the eager tourist.

Among the most interesting sights of Cartagena was the fort. We were guided down, and down, and down into the tunnels of this historic fortress. At the farthest point we made several fascinating experiments. It was constructed with amazing accoustic, respiratory and lighting designs. A pin drop was heard hundreds of feet away. We had an ease in breathing just as if we had been on the surface. And from special locations the Spanish soldier could see any man that approached from any direction without being detected himself.



Home was a welcome sight, but Emily had only a few days with her family before commencing her studies at Colorado University in nearby Boulder.

We did not have the opportunity to visit any other cities of Colombia other than the three coastal ones, much to our regret. Traveling long distances did not fit into our limited schedules. We did enjoy what we saw and felt we'd used every minute to its full sixty seconds.

The following morning we slept in, or rather overslept! When we awoke at 9:15 we realized that our plane was scheduled to take off at 10 A.M. for Jamaica. This gave us fifteen minutes to get dressed, pack, pay the hotel bill and load the taxi for a dashing thirty-minute drive to the airport. During the taxi drive we planned each second after we arrived at the airport. Elaine ran to the Pan-Am desk and told them to hold the plane a few minutes for us, I tossed the fare to the cab driver and tips to the porters and with one final dash we made it! Two seconds later we were in the air bound for Kingston, Jamaica.

Arrival at the Kingston airport brought an immediate change from Latin America. Jamaica is still a British possession. After a year of lyrical Spanish it was a bit of a shock to listen to English spoken with the clipped British accent. Appropriately our tourist guide was garbed in Bermuda shorts and knee-high stockings.

We toured Kingston for several hours, then caught the train to Montego Bay, the main resort city. The train ride across the island was the most interesting part of our stay and most tourists don't even bother to see the island itself. It is beautifully clean with simple houses in the semi-jungle.

Besides the famous beaches and jet-set night life, Jamaica's main attraction is the opportunity to shop. Many stores operate on a duty-free merchandise basis. They sell on this basis only to people leaving the country. Foreign products (usually perfumes,

cameras and such) are purchased by sight in the store; from here they are sent to the airport for pickup before departure. Thus the item has not been considered to have entered the country and become subject to the usual duty charges.

The native market is a joy to any female who likes straw purses, woven place mats, novelty coconut shell heads and flowered hats. By this time Elaine and I were so weary of nagging market salesmen that we hit upon the perfect solution. From the moment we entered the city we conversed in Spanish and pretended that we knew only enough English to say "How much iz dis . . . um . . . purse, meezter?" We made them repeat everything very slowly which discouraged their bartering quite effectively.

All too soon our week of touring was over. We had visited three amazingly different countries in a small geographical area. The problems of money exchange confused us; yet everything worked out well and we entered the States almost within our budget.

The trip served a very important function. It made my year in Costa Rica seem more as a year all by itself. It gave me a few days to sort out memories of that great year from my anticipation of seeing U. S. life again. Many people experience "culture shock". It is hard for them to accept certain American things after becoming accustomed to another way of life. For example, the extremely casual or "sloppy" dress. A Costa Rican woman would never be seen in public dressed in slacks or shorts. The short trip helped me to compare the ways of life in the U. S. and Costa Rica with the other places I visited. And the trip had one more impact on my life: I've now got the "travel virus" (some of you may call it travelitis) and it won't be cured! Sincerely, Emily

The Family Celebrates Christmas

A CHRISTMAS PLAYLET

by
Dorothy Hayes



Setting: Family living room.

Characters: Mother; Father; Georgena and Allan, teen-agers; Mark, age 12; youth choir and their director; junior high youth fellowship and their leader (the neighbor); Grandmother and Grandfather.

(Enter Mother, Father, Georgena and Mark, each carrying decorations for the tree, Advent candles, and creche. They decorate tree as conversation continues.)

Georgena: Dad, where did you get this lovely tree?

Father: It was growing in our back yard. I just cut it down and dragged it in.

Georgena: Oh, yeah?

Mother: Each year you seem to get a more perfect one than the year before.

Mark: Everyone in (your town) seemed to be getting a tree last night. What a mob!

Georgena: Well, Christmas will be here in a week. Oh, Mother, I forgot to add (neighbor) to our list for cookies.

Mark: Who gets your cookies this year, Sis? Don't give them all away. You know how I like those crescent cookies.

Georgena: (Laughing) Perhaps I'd better put you on my list, too.

Mark: Where is my favorite ornament? Oh, here it is. Do you remember when I got it? (tells about it)

Mother: And here is my favorite one. Do you remember, Dad, when this was given us? (relates)

Dad: Say, where are they now?

Mother: Last week I had a letter from them. I guess you were out of town when I read it to the children. Isn't it wonderful to have friends all over the states, and to take time out to remember friendships even though this is a busy season?

Georgena: Not only in the states, Mother. When I was in Canada last summer, I became acquainted with (names young people and tells about them). We are still corresponding. And Allan met some interesting fellows at Scout camp, too.

Mother: Allan, say where is Allan?
Allan! (calling in a loud voice) I need

him to put this angel on the top of our tree.

Allan: (Yells) Coming! (Enters in basketball outfit) I don't see why I can't go out for a little practice?

Dad: We need a tall guy to put the angel on our tree.

Mark: Mom, I need some wrapping paper for a few more gifts.

Allan: Me, too. That tissue paper you gave me is too thin. It tears like crazy. Say, Mark, stay out of my room. I don't want you to see the transistor I'm giving you.

Mark: Oh, boy!

Allan: I'm just kidding about the transistor. Say, where is the creche? I always set it up.

Georgena: Here it is. (Carols are heard.)

Dad: Mark, get the door, please?

Mark: Oh, I forgot. I was supposed to be at the church at 6:30 to go caroling with the junior choir. (He opens the door.) It is the choir!

Dad: Tell them to come in.

Choir Director: We missed you at church this morning. George. You weren't on the list of people who are ill, but we were going by —

Dad: (Laughing) You missed me?

Mother: Won't you all sit down? Georgena, what about some of those cookies for the gang? (passes cookies)

Dad: How about a carol?

Director: We like (names a carol and all sing).

Choir Member: What have you been doing, Allan?

Allan: Our family always has a creche. It is my job to set it up.

Choir: What is a creche?

Georgena: That is a French word for "manger". We have one in the junior department. Do you remember?

Mark: We sometimes refer to it as the Nativity Scene. Georgena, would you tell the story of St. Francis? I like to hear it over and over again each Christmas season.

Georgena: Long ago there lived a man whose name was Francis. He had many friends who loved him dearly. That was not strange, for Francis was a real follower of Jesus, always trying

to find ways of helping people to live useful lives. But he was not always happy. It made him sad when people were unkind and selfish.

One day Francis was very sorrowful. He was walking alone through the woods. He had heard that many of his friends in the nearby village were unhappy, for they were being thoughtless of each other and unkind and selfish. It was nearing Christmas, and as Francis was walking along he was thinking of Jesus. "If only people would remember Him!" he thought. "They couldn't keep on being selfish and unloving if only they remembered Jesus. Here it is almost His birthday. If only somehow I could do something to make these people think about Jesus and his life in Palestine."

Francis walked on slowly through the woods, his head bent thoughtfully. Suddenly he looked up and smiled. "I have it!" he cried. Quickening his steps, he hurried on to the home of his good friend, Giovanni, with whom he was to spend the night. Giovanni was a rich man. Eagerly Francis told him of his plan and Giovanni agreed to help.

Not far from Giovanni's home was a large grotto, a hollowed-out cave in the rocks. If you had been inside the next day, you would have seen Francis working eagerly and happily. Servants of Giovanni brought branches of evergreen from the forest. As Francis directed, they built a stable.

"Go bring the villagers," Francis told them. So off went the servants throughout the village, repeating, "Francis, our good friend, has come. He wants us all to come to him at once. He is waiting for us."

How eagerly the people repeated, "Francis is here."

With eager haste they crowded around. Their voices hushed as they approached. It all was so beautiful they just stood and looked. Something like this Mary and Joseph must have seen on that long-ago first Christmas eve.

As the people of the village stood looking, happy Christmas thoughts came crowding into their hearts. They remembered Jesus and his goodness. They were ashamed of their selfishness and unkindness. For a long time they lingered in the grotto while Francis talked with them. Then they went quietly to their homes.

When the last one had gone, Francis knelt before the manger scene. His heart was full of joy and thankfulness. God had shown him the way to help these people remember Jesus, and to show the true meaning of Christmas.

Dad: Thanks, Georgena, I like that story, too. Say, what about some more

(Continued on page 19)



COME, READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Some years ago, John Steinbeck wrote Adlai Stevenson's thoughts on the "two kinds of Christmases." The first, "... in a house where there is little and a present represents not only love but sacrifice." The second, "... with presents piled high, the gifts of guilty parents as bribes because they have nothing else to give."

The book *Two Kinds of Christmases* (World Publishing Co., \$4.95, 1966) is a collection of the classic Christmas and New Year messages of all time, edited by H. Jack Lang. More than 30 years in the making, the collection includes: the Editor of the New York *Sun* reassuring Virginia O'Hanlon that there is a Santa Claus, Robert Louis Stevenson transferring his birthday rights to a little girl born on Christmas Day, Charles Dickens sending a copy of his *Christmas Carol* to his American friend, Dwight D. Eisenhower presenting a precious gift to the widow of a departed comrade, and Calvin Coolidge writing in a Christmas letter to the American people, "To cherish peace and good will, to be plenteous in mercy, is to have the real spirit of Christmas."

Two Kinds of Christmases, complete with slipcase, is a book to express the spirit of the season.

The latest Gladys Taber book, *Stillmeadow Calendar* A Country-woman's Journal (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$4.95), is another report from Stillmeadow, her comfortable old farmhouse in the peaceful Connecticut Valley. Through her words we witness the changing seasons, become acquainted with her family, friends, and dogs, and learn some of her favorite recipes. Gladys Taber shares her full life with the reader in *Stillmeadow Calendar*.

A new book which has been long-anticipated is the memoirs of Joseph Stalin's daughter, *Twenty Letters to a Friend* (Harper & Row). Svetlana Alliluyeva writes about her father, the Communist dictator of the Soviet Union from 1924 until he died in 1953. She tells how his position of power affected her life and the lives of her friends. The letters were written back in 1963, and a copy was smuggled to India in 1966. After a rather cloak-and-dagger trip, she is in the United States where she can express her thoughts freely. "I am absolutely sure

that I have done the right thing," she says.

Two Pearl S. Buck books are to be reissued this fall by the John Day Publishing Company. These works, the biographies of her parents, are entitled *The Exile* and *Fighting Angel*. When she was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1938, these two books were singled out as "masterpieces of biography".

Rev. Charles L. Wallis, who edited *The Treasure Chest*, has compiled 365 *Table Graces for the Christian Home* (Harper & Row, \$2.50). Included are graces for special days and table graces for children. For Christmas:

"Dear Christ, who long ago was born in a stable because there was no room in the crowded inn, may we prepare a place for Thee at our table and make room for Thy spirit within our hearts. May the Christmas star so guide us that we shall find the abundant life which Thou dost give to all who love Thee."*

The 100th anniversary of Nebraska's statehood is being celebrated this year. At age 91, Mrs. Bessie Bartlett, a member of one of Chadron's (Nebraska) pioneering families, has set down the story of her life in *I Count My*

Blessings (Vanguard Press, \$3.00). From the beginning, the author counts her blessings, deeply aware of the riches of things that really count . . . friendships, the joys of happy family relationships and of a long, harmonious marriage. She underscores the human values that make life worth living.

Heirlooms (Harper & Row, \$4.95 until December 31, 1967, then \$5.95) is a volume of both prose and poetry. The "Heirlooms" are things of the spirit. A good book for a special friend. To illustrate:

"When you go forth from your door, behave to all you meet as though you were meeting some distinguished guest. When employing people, be as though you were taking part in a religious ceremony. For what you would not wish done to yourself, do not unto others." Confucius, 500 B.C.

*From 365 *Table Graces for the Christian Home*. By permission of Harper & Row, Publishers.

If this day should prove to be a difficult one, do not let us become discouraged. If some temptation should come our way, give us the good sense and the strength to resist it.

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Smooth Mailing for Christmas

by
Erma Reynolds



Take a look at the calendar and you'll know that it is time to prepare your Christmas packages for mailing. After the efforts you've put forth in buying and tying your gifts you'll want to be sure that they reach their destination in perfect condition, and in time for the holiday.

Mail early. Parcels going to distant states should be sent in advance of December 10, and for local delivery not later than December 16.

Pack and wrap your gifts securely, with cushioning placed on all sides of

the gift. Because a fragile gift needs extra protection, use two boxes for the packaging, filling the space between the two containers, top, bottom, and sides, with shock-absorbing material. This type of material can be prepared by cutting old newspapers into strips about one-half inch wide. Toss to separate the strips, then crinkle them between the hands. Or use shredded unwaxed glassine bags, cellophane, or cooking parchment for this buffer purpose. After the package is wrapped, mark with the word **FRAGILE**.

To prevent Christmas cookies from becoming crumbled during transit, place them in a tin or cardboard box. Then put this container in a larger box, filling in the space between the two boxes with shock-absorbing material. As a final precaution, give the package a hearty shake to be sure that the cookies will not move about during the trip.

To mail food packed in glass, put the container in a slightly larger tin can. After stuffing shredded material between the glass and tin, place the two containers in a strong carton for mailing. When sending foodstuffs subject to spoilage, be sure to mark the outside of the package with the word **PERISHABLE**.

If you have spent time and effort decorating a gift package with a handsome upstanding bow or Yuletide decoration, you certainly will not want to have the trimming mashed down in the packing process. To prevent this cut a strip of cardboard as long as the distance around the decoration, and as wide as its height. Fasten the ends of the strip, and slip the collar around the decoration. Pad around the collar with crumpled paper. A cottage cheese or ice cream carton, or paper drinking cup can also be used to protect stand-up decorations.

Before putting on the outside wrappings of a package, place a slip of paper containing your return address and the destination address inside the package. This will insure delivery in the event the outside wrapper becomes lost or damaged.

Correct addressing is most important. Print the address on one side of the package only, using dark indelible ink. Pasted labels sometimes come off, and pencil or crayon writing can be erased or smeared. An inked address can be water-proofed by painting over the writing with colorless nail polish, or covering it with a strip of cellophane tape.

Be sure to use sturdy paper for wrapping. For a not-too-large package, a grocery bag cut open makes a durable wrapping. If you are using a carton in excellent condition, no outside paper wrapping is needed. Just make certain that all flaps are securely sealed.

If you use string or twine to tie your package, test it for strength by giving it a sharp yank. If it snaps, discard it. To prevent string from slipping during the tying, dampen it. It will shrink as it dries, making the knots more secure.

When using gummed tape be sure that it is at least two-inches wide. A few drops of vinegar added to the moistening water will make the tape stick more securely.

IF SANTA USED KITCHEN-KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

We probably wouldn't like Santa as much if he were cut down to a slim-jim size. But wouldn't we like **OURSELVES** better if **WE** were?

When you use **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** you are sure that you're not taking in a single weight-producing calorie--no matter how much you use! Enjoy anything you want: baked goods, sweetened cereals, sweet drinks. You have no calorie worries when you sweeten with **Kitchen-Klatter Sweetener**. And there's never an artificial taste, never a bitter after-taste. Inexpensive, too.

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Ask for it today.

KITCHEN-KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER





Andrew Brase (Dorothy's and Frank's grandson) loves the playground "where the big kids go".

CHRISTMAS PLAYLET – Concluded
carols? Remember, I'm a shut-in.
(Choir sings.)

Director: Well, we must be on our way to visit more of these on this list that the minister gave us. We seem to have a dozen who are physically unable to attend church this Advent.
(Choir leaves.)

Family: Thanks for coming!

(Mark sets up Advent candles. The backdoor bell rings. Enter neighbor and junior youth fellowship.)

Mother: Come in everybody. (Greetings.)

Neighbor: Say, what is going on here? The young people were at my house making popcorn balls and we heard all the singing.

Mother: The junior choir was here carolling.

Youth: What a lovely tree! I like this decoration.

Youth: What is this? (Goes to creche.)

Allan: That is our creche. We set it up every year.

Georgena: I was just telling the story of St. Francis to the juniors. Do you know it?

Youth: (Several answer.) Yes.

(Doorbell rings – grandparents enter. General greetings.)

Grandmother: Oh, you have company, I see.

Mother: The youth fellowship dropped in. They'd heard the junior choir singing. Do you know (name of neighbor)?

Grandmother: Oh, sure.

Georgena: We knew you'd be coming soon. We are just about ready to light the Advent candles. Won't you sit down?

Georgena: What is that you have in your hand, Grandmother?

Grandmother: (Tells about decoration she brought for the tree.)

Neighbor: We really must be leaving.

Mother: Do stay while we have the lighting of the candles. This is another of our family traditions which we find so meaningful. (All sit on floor.)

Dad: Mark, will you light the candles? We lighted the Christ candle first and each week we have lighted another. This is the fourth week. Mother, will you explain as Mark lights them?

Mother: The first candle reminds us of the promise of the Messiah; the second reminds us to make room for others in our hearts; the third recalls the announcement to the shepherds. Tonight we are thinking of the Wise Men. Will you read, Georgena?

Georgena: (Reads Matthew 2:1-12.)

Mother: Like these Wise Men, we can give gifts, sharing our games and giving happiness and friendship to those about us. Will you young folks help us sing "O Little Town of Beth-

lehem"? Or better still (to congregation) will all of you join us in singing? Grandfather will lead us in prayer. (Organ plays as all sing.)

Grandfather: Let us pray.

O God, how happy we are that we can celebrate Christmas in our homes and in our church. We give thanks for Jesus Christ and all he means to our personal and family living. May we so plan and spend these hours of the Christmas season that our family may be more aware of Thy presence than ever before. We are glad for all our friends who have dropped in to see us this evening. May all of us grow in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man as did Jesus of Nazareth whose birthday we celebrate. Amen.



We've Finished OUR Shopping

Years ago, we started "shopping" for a new kind of bleach: one so good we could put our **Kitchen-Klatter** name on it. We knew just what we wanted: a dry bleach so our customers would not need to buy water at a high price. We wanted a hard-working bleach, one that would keep whites sparkling and colors clear and new-looking. And most important, it had to be *safe*. Safe for all washable fabrics, natural or synthetic. We told our research people we would not sacrifice any of these qualities.

And we didn't! The result of our search was **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** . . . the *safe* bleach for all washables. If you're still shopping for the perfect bleach, look no further. You'll find it on your grocer's shelves.

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

CHARLIE'S GHOST — Concluded

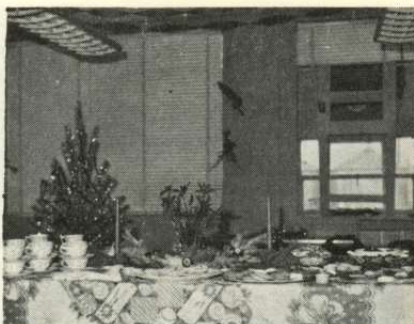
"And that poem that starts out 'Twas the night before Christmas'. Can you tell me the name of the person who wrote that?" he asked my slyly. "I think his name was Moore," I replied rather doubtfully.

"Well, you're right for a change." The Ghost looked thoughtful. "But it really isn't any wonder that people can't seem to remember his name. Clem Moore refused to claim that poem as his own for 22 years because he thought it too undignified for a man in his position, being a professor and all."

I didn't say a word.

"I might as well remind you of another thing while I'm about this," the Ghost continued. "Did you know that the artist who's *Head of Christ* hangs in the Metropolitan Museum, the diplomat who ended his career as Counsel General to Ecuador, the cartoonist who created the Democratic Donkey, the GOP Elephant, and the Tammany Tiger, is the same man who first drew Santa Claus as you know him today? The world recognizes the jolly round man with the red nose and white beard, dressed in a red suit with white trim, but most people don't know that Tom Nast was the man who depicted him that way over a century ago."

"Well, forever more." I exclaimed.



A decorated tree and a table laden with goodies is an annual event in our Kitchen-Klatter offices.

"Before I go I want to ask you a question," said the Ghost.

"Shoot," I replied.

"Where is America's official Christmas tree?" he grinned, wisely.

"Why, it's on the White House lawn," I said indignantly. "Everybody knows that!"

"Then everybody's wrong!" he shouted. It's the General Grant Giant Sequoia in the General Grant National Park in California. It was declared the Christmas Tree of the whole American family by your government in 1925."

"Well, I do declare." I muttered.

With that Charlie's Ghost faded out of view, but I won't forget him, not for a long, long time. In fact, I'm glad I met up with him.



CHRISTMAS FOR THE BIRDS

Let's do something a little different this holiday season. Let's remember our fine feathered friends. Here is an idea to give as gifts as well as to keep at home for your own use.

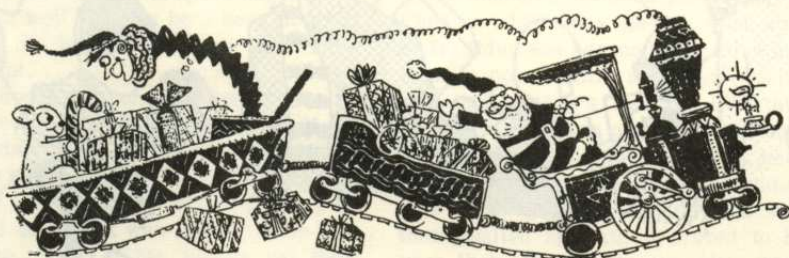
Make a mixture in an old coffee can of bacon drippings, oatmeal, corn meal, raisins, and wild birdseed. Put on flame to mix easier (this takes just a short time); then pour into foil containers and presto! a gift for the birds.

I make a swag out of left-over greens cut from the trim job on my Christmas tree, tie on old cookie cutters filled with peanut butter, and then add berry branches (if available) wired to the swag. Add a ribbon and wait for the birds. I tacked mine up on the garage and had to refill the cookie cutters within a week!

Also, you can coat pine cones with peanut butter, fill the cones with suet, and tie on a tree branch.

If this sounds like a fun thing, and you want to try it, my only advice is to locate a bird book. I had birds I had never seen before.

—Alyce Ersland Anderson



We'll be sharing ideas for Christmas gift making, decorating and baking on the Kitchen-Klatter radio program heard each day (except Sunday) on the following stations:

KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 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.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KWPC	Muscataine, Iowa, 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial - 11:00 A.M.



A SIMPLE RECIPE FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS

Use one crisp-cold December eve topped by sparkling stars.

Add a pinch of frost and a layer of crunchy snow.

Prepare a crackling hot fireplace. Sprinkle in some holly and a dash of fir.

Mix gently with a preparation of family and friends.

Top this mixture with the joy of a get-together.

Let simmer in the warmth and good will of each one's heart.

Season with a few smiles and a bushel of love.

Set before an evergreen tree tinseling with silver and topped by the star of hope.

Serve to the strains of a Christmas carol.

Feel the goodness of living. And the yield is one VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS.



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Many of you will receive a lovely poinsettia as a holiday gift, or perhaps will buy one to decorate your home. If it comes gift wrapped with foil, either remove it or poke holes in the bottom so that water can drain through readily. Place the plant out of drafts and where it will receive good light. Keep the soil moist at all times, but don't let the pot stand in a saucer of water for any length of time. It isn't necessary to feed a blooming poinsettia plant as the grower has taken care of this before the plant was ready for sale.

In time the flower bracts will begin to fade and droop and the plant will lose its lower leaves. Cut off the flower heads and place the plant in a cool basement room. It will shed all its leaves and appear to be dead, but this is natural as the plant is merely dormant and resting. If you want to keep it over and attempt to get it to bloom by next Christmas, handle it in this manner:

In early May bring the plant upstairs and repot it using good garden loam with some coarse sand mixed into it. Water it well and prune the canes back a few inches. In a short time new growth should appear. After the weather is settled outdoors, set the pot to its rim in a protected spot in the border where it will receive sun part of the day. Water and feed it regularly during the summer and prune the shoots back until the end of July to keep it shapely. Watch for insect pests and spray with malathion if any are noticed. Bring the plant indoors before frost threatens and place where it will get good light during the day, but no artificial light after sundown. You may have to cover it with a heavy paper bag to exclude lamp light. With luck your poinsettia may bloom again in time for the Christmas season.

May each of you have a Blessed and Joyous Christmas.

Christmas — a widely observed holiday when neither the past nor the future is as important as the present.

SO MANY THINGS

Christmas is so many things —
Memories, past happenings;
Greeting cards, a tinselled gift;
A sunny clime, or white snow drift;
Carols around a Christmas tree,
To stir the heart strings tenderly;
The thrill of youth's expectancy;
Dreaming of old years wistfully.
Christmas means so many things,
With *you* in my rememberings.

—Sunshine

THE STAR OF CHRISTMAS

I saw the lights of Christmas
Upon a city street.
I watched the tired people
As they walked with weary feet.
Is this the light of Christmas —
The radiance of a star?
Are these the eager pilgrims
Bearing gifts afar?
I saw the shining wonder
In a child's uplifted face,
And I knew the star of Christmas
Had found its resting place. —Selected

TO A BRIGHT CHRISTMAS

Christmas is family time when loved ones gather together with their friends, reaffirming old customs and fundamental beliefs.

It is the time for happy smiles and beautifully wrapped gifts and the joys of remembering good times past.

It is the tree with glistening ornaments; it is the delicious smells of good things to eat; it is the crunch of clean snow; it is the light in the window, the cards on the mantel, the wreath on the door, the sprig of mistletoe.

It is the story of Bethlehem . . . it is the tears of joy . . . it is the singing voice of good people everywhere . . . it is the heart of mankind.

Indeed, Christmas is more than a season: it is an idea, a reason for being, a goal to attain, a hope.

With the concept of Christmas may someday come man's fulfillment of the peace, justice, and dignity of all the world's people.

HELP!



Company's Coming!

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

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

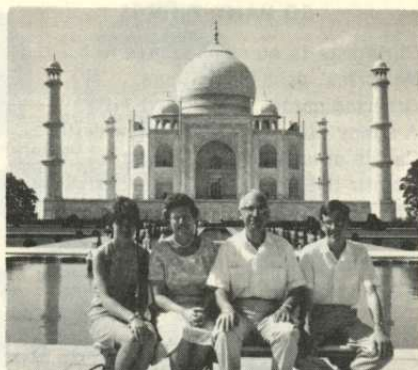
KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

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

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded
others, but the late fall gardens are our delight. This year we might even refer to them as winter gardens!

We have been quite busy these days giving talks about our trip around the world; with only one or two exceptions, our talking has been limited to our own church groups, and that is the way we intend to keep it. Without fail, people always ask us about the status of women in India, and in answering I first of all remind them that India is the only great nation with a woman as its ruler. We did bring back with us some interesting books on the subject, and in one of them are the sacred writings of the Hindu religion. *The Law of Manu* is to the Hindu of India what the *Laws of Moses* are to us, and these quotations from *The Law of Manu* help us to understand why there is so much difference between the position of women in India and in the West.

"Day and night must women be held by their protectors in a state of dependence. Their fathers protect them in childhood; their husbands protect them in youth; their sons protect them in age: a woman is never fit for independence . . . A woman must always live with a cheerful temper. While her husband lives, let her obsequiously honor him: and when he dies, let her never neglect him. A virtuous wife must constantly revere her husband as a god — though he fail to observe the approved usages, or be enamoured of another woman, or be devoid of good qualities . . . A wife may be corrected, when she commits faults, with a rope or the small shoot of a cane; but on the back part of her body, and not on a noble part by any means . . . It is the nature of women in this world to cause the seduction of men; for which reason



A main attraction in India is the Taj Mahal, of course. Frederick & family thought it breath-taking.

the wise are never unguarded in the company of females. A female, indeed, is able to draw from the right path in this life not a fool only, but even a sage, and can lead him in subjection to desire or to wrath. Let no man, therefore, sit in a sequestered place even with his nearest female relations."

Of this one thing I am certain: any generalization made about the women of India is bound to have a million exceptions. What is true of them in one part of the country, is not true in another part, and what is true of one caste is not true of another caste. But there is a big difference between the place of women in a Hindu society and in a Christian society. If I were actually talking to you about this instead of trying to write it in a letter, I could say so much more. Perhaps I shall talk about it on some Saturday morning visit over the radio.

May you all have a very blessed Christmas.

Sincerely,

Frederick

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded
opposite of what I had expected! She said she was writing a letter to you friends for this issue, so I won't mention anymore details about what is going on with them for I don't know what she'll be reporting.

Well, this is the time of the year when the old mousetraps come out and the annual battle begins. I'll swear I don't know how mice get into our house. As far as I can figure out it is tightly sealed — not a tiny hole anywhere — but every year they troop in from somewhere and settle down happily. Jake ignores them completely — won't even twitch an ear when they gnaw loudly, and since he is extremely alert to all noises I don't see how he can be so blissfully unaware of those mice. But he is.

I get irritated with Jake because he's so fussy about his food; as Juliana says, he's thoroughly and completely spoiled. But now he's found a way to get even with me if I leave a dish of food two days running that he won't touch. He just trots up the street to Mother's house, barks at the door, and Ruby lets him in for a good hand-out. If I fail him at home he can always get a fine meal up there. Sometimes when I'm at the office he spends an entire afternoon up there stretched out on the davenport in front of the south windows. When I get home I call Mother and tell her to send him home, and in about two minutes he's right there and tears around happily to see me. Jake is a great deal of company and I'd miss him most terribly if anything ever happened to him. In view of the fact that he isn't a house dog and has the run of the street, I think it's only sensible to be braced for the worst. He's the only Chihuahua I've ever heard of that isn't confined to the house.

We're still rounding up final plans for the holidays so at this date I don't know exactly what's what. But when we know we'll share our family plans with you and I hope you will share your family plans with us.

Faithfully always . . .

Lucile

JULIANA'S LETTER - Concluded
would like to visit his family, too, but Massachusetts is such a long way that it just isn't possible this year. However, our thoughts will be with them.

Have a happy holiday,
Sincerely,

Juliana

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If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 20¢, a word, payable in advance. When counting words count each initial in name and address. Count Zip Code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

March ads due January 10

April ads due February 10

May ads due March 10

THE DRIFTMIE COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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CASH AND S&H GREEN STAMPS for new, used goose and duck feathers. Free tags. Used feathers, please mail sample. Northwestern Feather Co., P. O. Box 1745, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49501.

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LUTHERAN COOKBOOK: over 400 recipes. Lovely Christmas gifts. \$1.75 plus 10¢ postage. Mrs. T. Mesenbrink, 2116 Franklin, Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613.

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KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

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TWO BOOKS, "Old Mills in Midwest", "Covered Bridges", \$1.50 each. Swanson's, Box 334-KK, Moline, Illinois.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Kitchen-Klatter Magazine published monthly at Shenandoah, Iowa for October 1967.

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.)

74,242

Lucile Driftmier Verness, Business Manager
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1967.

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KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601



If we were a retail shop . . .

it would be easy to extend season's greetings in person. We'd just wait till you came in to shop, then greet you with a "Merry Christmas!"

And then, we'd probably tell you how much we appreciated your business this past year — and how we are going to work even harder next year in order to continue to deserve your confidence.

Unfortunately, we can't visit with you face to face, as we'd like so much to do. So, this is our message to the homemakers whose trust and loyalty we cherish, and to the grocers, jobbers and wholesalers who make our distribution possible:

May the holidays be among your very best . . . and may the new year bring all the things your hearts desire. That is the true wish of —

The Kitchen-Klatter Family