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Kitchen-Klatter

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,

Lucile Driftmier Verness,

Margery Driftmier Strom.

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

A LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

"Winds of autumn, as I walk'd the woods at dusk I heard your long-stretch'd sighs up above so mournful---". As I was walking home from Mother's a little while ago, these words of Walt Whitman came popping to the surface from some hidden corner of my brain! It is late autumn and it is dusk, and the winds are certainly sighing in the tops of the big elm trees. A cold wind can sound so mournful - more so when the trees are stripped of their leaves and the ground is bare and brown. I don't mind the sighing sounds of wind in the spring-time, or even in the winter when the ground is white with snow. Come on, snow! I'm ready for you.

One of the chief topics of conversation this time of year is the weather. I think it is interesting to listen to "old timers" as they predict what "the signs" say about approaching winter. Will it be long or short? Will there be more snow than usual or less? And I ask, with a play on words of a popular folk song, "Where have all the blizzards gone?" It has been several years since we've had enormous snowfalls. Perhaps we'll have them this year. I'm not saying I *want* them; it is just a comment.

Last month I wrote my letter just before leaving for a week's vacation trip. We had three weeks for vacation this year and decided to take them a week at a time - one in the spring, one in the summer, and one in the fall. We selected the week in the spring when Martin had his "spring break" from college so he could accompany us on a brief trip in the South. In July we took Mother and Aunt Clara Otte to Arkansas to attend the Golden Wedding anniversary of Aunt Adelyn and Uncle Albert Rope. For October, we decided on Colorado and New Mexico.

We drove to Denver to visit Wayne and Abigail and their family first. Mother and Dorothy were there, too, and since both Abigail and Dorothy

told you about this segment, I'll avoid repetition and start my account with leaving Denver for Santa Fe.

We drove south to Wallensburg and then west, as we wanted to cross the mountains at La Veta Pass. This was all new territory to both Oliver and me. It seemed so strange to us that we were never out of sight of mountains the entire drive to Santa Fe. If they weren't on one side, they were on the other! And being "history buffs" we commented frequently on the difficulties the pioneers must have encountered as they moved westward over the old Navajo Trail, and what relief must have been felt as they neared old Fort Garland. It was at this point that we turned south and drove to Taos where we enjoyed a late lunch. It being a Monday, Taos was very, very quiet. We didn't even see any of the "hippies" we had heard so much about!

We arrived at Lucile's place near Santa Fe around four o'clock. It was nice to unpack completely and rest and relax after several full days of visiting and driving. We were pleased that it was cool enough for a fire in the fireplace as there is no fragrance that delights us more than that of burning pinon.

Those of you who have read *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* for several years probably are becoming well acquainted with the area around Santa Fe, for we have told you on numerous occasions some of the interesting places to visit. On Tuesday we took a day-long drive seeing some sections we had seen before such as Nambe Falls, Truchas and Chimayo, and then crossed the main highway that runs between Santa Fe and Taos to visit the Santa Clara Pueblo and Puye Cliff Dwellings which other members of the family had visited but which we had never seen. We enjoyed our mid-day meal in Chimayo at Rancho de Chimayo and most of the guests seemed to be from Taos. They, too, must have decided it was a beautiful day to take a drive. Certainly the coloring couldn't have been more beautiful. The aspen were pure gold, as

were the cottonwoods. We stopped the car frequently so we could get out and *really* look at the mountains and the magnificent colors of fall. I really haven't the words to describe New Mexico in October!

Wednesday we drove down to Albuquerque to see Juliana, Jed and little James. I was almost overcome with a feeling of guilt that I was seeing them instead of Lucile. How she longs to visit her daughter, son-in-law and little grandson in their new home! We hope that she can soon, but the next best thing was to take back pictures and give her a blow-by-blow account of our visit.

James is an exceptionally good baby. I don't believe he cried once during the entire 48 hours we were there. He is a small baby, but very active and, as Juliana says, he is accomplishing everything right on schedule. Perhaps he seemed small to me because Martin weighed four more pounds at that age!

No doubt we should have ventured out to see new things while we were in Albuquerque, but we do so much enjoy going through the interesting shops in Old Town, and returning to a favorite restaurant, that we didn't try to line up new sights to report to you.

On Thursday we returned to Santa Fe and that evening decided that if we left bright and early the next morning we could make our return to Iowa a more leisurely trip.

A number of years ago we traveled the route through Cimarron Canyon, Eagle Nest, Raton Pass and remembering how beautiful it was, we decided to leave New Mexico by this highway. It is slower, but certainly a gorgeous drive. We stayed overnight at Lamar, Colorado, and then headed across Kansas on Interstate 70. We spent several hours at the Eisenhower Center in Abilene and, since it was Eisenhower Week as designated by Congress, we were privileged to see the special display in the Library. This was truly a great experience, and one which I wish all of you could enjoy.

Our overnight stop in Junction City, Kansas, placed us practically next door to Fort Riley. Since I had never driven around an army post, this was an opportunity not to be overlooked. I had no idea it was so huge! Nor so old! A sign in front of the buildings identified General Custer's quarters when he was stationed there. A little further on we saw the First Territorial Capitol of Kansas.

After crossing the Tuttle Creek Reservoir Dam at Manhattan and heading on north, we felt we were getting into home territory and indeed we were, for we pulled into the driveway at noon.

Life has been pretty busy since
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JULIANA WRITES ABOUT HER ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

This letter will probably be written in spurts as James is teething. Those of you with small children will know what I mean when I say that I have few uninterrupted minutes. Poor little James has been truly miserable with this "tooth" business. Thus far he has cut his two bottom teeth and if his constant gnawing is any indication, his top teeth are due any time.

The really big news is the fact that Jed and I have purchased a house. When we returned to Albuquerque after our summer visits to Cape Cod and Iowa we found it difficult to resign ourselves to another year in our one-bedroom apartment. After a careful look at our finances, we agreed that it was time to invest in a home. Our old apartment was all right for two people, but it left a lot to be desired for a family of three. We decided that we would have to find just the right house — a place where we would be happy for several years. In other words, in spite of our impatience to move, we weren't going to take the first place we saw just to get out of the apartment.

Neither of us knew the first thing about house-hunting. We both grew up in a family home and had never had the experience of buying a house and moving into it. Goodness knows I am an old pro at shifting around in apartments, but moving into a house is an entirely different matter.

To help us out, Jed bought several books concerning how to buy a home and they agreed, unanimously, that a real estate broker is a necessity. We heeded that advice and put ourselves in the hands of a competent broker. As a result, we saved ourselves racing from one end of the city to the other and found our house in about three weeks. The broker did all the legal work involved and even managed to lower the original price and monthly payments. My advice to anyone contemplating a house purchase is to get professional help. Real estate agents are on the lookout for problems that the inexperienced buyer would not even be aware of.

The house itself is just right for us. We had thought about getting two bedrooms, but ended up with three. I am just as glad! This way we have a guest room for now, and room for an additional child in the future. It also means that we won't have to move when we enlarge our family. Moving is quite a chore so I do bless the extra bedroom. We did all the moving ourselves with help from our friends. I would hate to estimate the number of trips involved. The house is about



Juliana displays collected art objects in the family room.

twelve miles from the old apartment so the mileage really added up. Thank goodness the freeway system is conveniently located to both places!

Our neighborhood is about ten years old and it has lost the "new" look that so many sub-divisions have. All of the houses in this area are beautifully landscaped with mature plantings. People take a very lively interest in their homes and yards which is a refreshing change from transient apartment life. We have several small and two large shopping centers within blocks. However, one of the things I enjoy most is the activity of all the children in the area. I say "all" the children because we estimate that each family has at least three. Jed has chuckled that Halloween tricks and treats almost put us into the poorhouse.

I was surprised to find that so many of our neighbors are uprooted Midwesterners. The lady next door just moved here after spending all of her life in Bismarck, North Dakota. Across the street is a family from Missouri. I might add that this family has TWO teenage daughters who baby sit and this has been a great help with James.

The lady from North Dakota and I have been learning about Southwestern gardening together. Our back yards are adjoining and we have long conversations over the fence about pruning and watering. Our yard is really the high point of our house. The former owners were spectacular gardeners and the plantings are lovely. I can hardly wait for spring as there are beds of bulbs and many fruit trees. I understand that the display lasts a full two months, so no wonder I am excited at the prospect. We also have a large, tightly screened back porch and this will be marvelous when James starts walking. I won't be able to let him out into the yard itself for a few years. We have a fish pond and although it is shallow, I have heard about too many tragedies concerning small children and ponds

even to think of letting James near it without constant supervision.

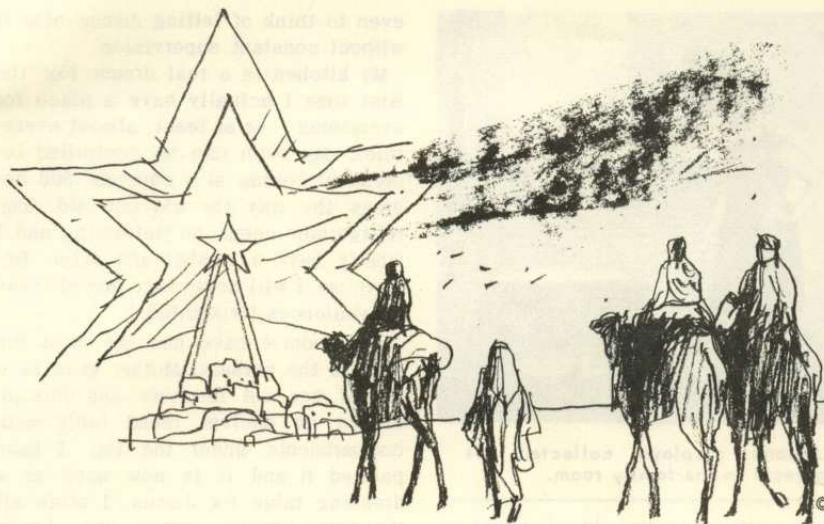
My kitchen is a real dream. For the first time I actually have a place for everything — or at least, almost everything. My oven can be controlled instead of baking at a constant 500 degrees the way the old one did. The refrigerator needs no defrosting and I finally have a washer and dryer. Believe me, I will never take any of these conveniences for granted!

The room I have had the most fun with is the nursery. Mother gave us a lot of her old furniture and this included an ancient round table with compartments under the top. I have painted it and it is now used as a dressing table for James. I store all the baby lotions, cotton, etc., below in the compartments where little hands can't grab them and knock them over. I also bought an unfinished chest which I painted the same color as the table. I use it for James's clothing and it is a good thing baby clothes are very light. When I bought the chest it was boxed so I didn't see it until I got home. I bought it on the basis of a floor model and when I opened MY box, I discovered that OUR chest was not nearly as well made as the floor model. Jed had to rebuild it from scratch and at that he calls it our "orange-crated modern" chest. The chest was on sale so there was no chance of taking it back. I learned a good lesson. From now on I will insist on seeing exactly what I am buying and not depend on floor models.

My old friend from Shenandoah, Robin Klein, has moved to Albuquerque and she volunteered to make nursery curtains. I am absolutely all thumbs when it comes to sewing so I appreciated her offer. We looked and looked at nursery prints and neither of us was satisfied with the selection. What we ended up with I like much better than conventional nursery prints. We found a fabric store that carried printed patterns for stuffed animals. I decided on a darling blue teddy bear. The pattern came in two parts — front and back — to be sewn together and stuffed. We cut them out and sewed both parts on to white muslin. Then the curtains were made out of muslin decorated with the bears. I think they are charming.

I really should mention that James has changed in other ways besides his teeth. He can sit up all by himself and he is like a bobbing toy. I put him down and up he comes. This makes diaper-changing a real challenge. He is a master crawler, but he goes backwards! We get a kick out of this and call it his reverse gear. His diet now includes junior foods and mashed table

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"Travel in the Starlight"

A Christmas Worship Service

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Cover an easel or bulletin board with some rich dark green material. In the center place a large electrically lighted star. (If a lighted star is not available cut one from aluminum foil.) Cut five wide strips from heavy construction paper for rays of the star, large enough so that the words, Faith, Joy, Courage, Love, and Peace, on them are easily read. Frame the easel with sprigs of evergreen.

Prelude: "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night".

Call to Worship:

The Bethlehem star in the heavens,
Filling the skies with its light,
Guided the Wisemen to Jesus
Leading them on through the night.

Shine on, O Star, in your glory,
Guiding earth's pilgrims today,
That they may travel in Starlight,
Revealing the Truth and the Way.

Solo: "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night".

LITANY

Leader: That we may prepare our hearts for the coming of Thy Son, cleanse our hearts and minds of selfishness, indifference, thoughtlessness, and vain pride.

Response: WE PRAY THEE, OUR FATHER.

Leader: Like the shepherds who saw the glory in the skies and heeded the call of the angels' song, may we, too, be mindful of Thy glories and Thy Voice and heed Thy call.

Response: WE PRAY THEE, OUR FATHER.

Leader: As Wisemen were guided by the Star of Bethlehem, so may the blessed Spirit always guide us and lead us into ways of peace and love.

Response: WE PRAY THEE, OUR FATHER.

Leader: May the message of "peace on earth, goodwill toward men" find a true echo in our hearts this day and always, and be practiced in our daily lives.

Response: WE PRAY THEE, OUR FATHER.

Leader: Grant, O Lord, that we may feel Thy divine presence ever near us, that we may be courageous and true, always traveling in Thy starlight to speak of Thy goodness and to do good deeds that through us others may come to know Thee better.

Response: WE PRAY THEE, OUR FATHER.

Leader: Make us glad, O Lord, with the yearly remembrance of the birth of Thine only Son who came to us in a manger and grew among us to lead us humbly into understanding and love of fellow man. Let us, too, humbly and joyfully serve Thee.

Response: WE PRAY THEE, O FATHER.

Leader:
"Rejoice!" the heavens said, "Rejoice!"

And made one star a golden voice,
So radiant against the night
A whole world harkened to its light!
Soon, an angel host would sing,
"Glory! to the newborn King!"
But the first, the purest word
Glittered so the ages heard;
The Everlasting Light was there,
Shining in the holy air. —Anonymous

God is associated with light. The first words of the Creator were "Let there be light!" One of the favorite titles for Jesus is "The Light of the

World". Fire revealed the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. When God comes, darkness is dispelled!

As we approach Christmas and read anew the story of the Star of the East, the light of the Christmas candles, the stars in the heavens, all take on added significance proclaiming again the birth of the Christ Child, the birth of True Light — enlightenment for all mankind.

If, in the hustle and bustle of our holiday preparations, the wrapping of gifts, and the parties, we miss the Star Light, then we will truly have missed Christmas!

(Leader turns on the star. If using a foil star, perhaps a spotlight could be beamed upon the star for the rest of the service.)

Shine on, O Star in your glory,
Guiding earth's pilgrims today,
That they may walk joyfully, fearlessly,
Traveling the Star-lighted Way.

Hymn: "Come Thou Long-Expected Jesus".

Reader: (As the reader reads and mentions the five words, *faith, courage, joy, love and peace*, a second person stands ready with the slips of paper and pins one out from each point of the star.)

GIFTS OF THE STARLIGHT

Today I ask for all mankind five things —

Five priceless gifts I pray this Christmas brings:

Firm FAITH that gives to life a golden key,

High COURAGE that goes forward dauntingly,

And JOY exceeding great that springs and swells

Within the soul where patient meekness dwells,

And gentle LOVE that seeks for everyone

The noblest freedom that our race has won;

And PEACE that spreads abroad its lovely light

Like candles in a window, warm and bright!

These five gifts in His Star I see —

Gifts freely given to you and to me —

The blessings of Christmas, like the Star's bright rays

Guiding our feet on the Starlight Way.

(Reader will need to read slowly to give the person time to get the "rays" pinned into place after each special word is read.)

Meditation: (A voice comes from the back of the room, or off-stage, speaking distinctly and with great expression.)

Long ago the earth was wrapped in shadows much like those which have gripped mankind in this twentieth cen-

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Christmas Eve on Beacon Hill

by
Marjorie Spiller Neagle

It has been said that in order to look back on another age and see Christmas Eve as you can see it nowhere else in the world you must go to Boston's Louisburg Square.

Louisburg Square, with its tree-shaded, iron-fenced central oval, is the epitome of the grandeur of Boston's famed Beacon Hill, where have stood the homes of her aristocrats, her authors, and the makers of her history.

Somebody once wrote that here the bricks are the reddiest, the brass the most highly polished, cats the fattest, paint the freshest, and ladies the most ladylike. And here, in winter, little dogs wear little blankets, and nice old ladies set out pans of water for any thirsty small animal that may stray in their midst.

The celebration of Christmas in Boston is new by that city's standards. The Puritans sanctioned none of what they labeled "the pagan customs" of Old England. In 1659 the General Court ruled the observance of Christmas illegal. Anyone caught making merry on that day was fined, or placed in the stocks.

It was 200 years before the Bay State officially reversed its position and declared December 25th a legal holiday. In Boston its first public celebration came at the close of the Victorian era when the choir of a fashionable Beacon Hill church went to sing carols in Louisburg Square.

This first attempt was a modest one. The next was a bit braver. When, several years later, a famous surgeon organized a number of nurses and doctors into a band of carolers a Louisburg Square home was opened to them. They went inside to warm themselves

and drink Christmas punch.

The next Christmas more homes were opened and a movement that was to grow out of all proportion was begun. Shop girls came, and domestics, clerks and even those who spoke in foreign tongues. They stared in wonder at the old houses whose iron balconies hung in front of drawing room windows; at iron rails with little brass urns on their posts.

For most it was their first time in spacious rooms where fires blazed on wide brick hearths and where doors were hung with garlands of fir and spruce and pine, entwined with crimson berries.

A group of society woman learned to ring handbells and gave concerts before the caroling began. (They still do.)

As the numbers increased it became physically impossible to accommodate them all, and the doors were closed to them.

As a recompense window shades are now rolled to the top. Rows upon rows of candles are set along the sills and middle sashes in lines, in curves, and at angles. Banked, there are often forty or more. In some houses great altar candles are used; many glow in rare old candlesticks. Shadows dance on gleaming Adam and Sheraton furniture; crystal chandeliers sparkle; and family portraits by Stuart or Copley look benignly down from frames, hand carved in many instances by Paul Revere.

Home owners never fail to come to the windows to acknowledge the presence of the crowd, where Hollywood stars often rub elbows with welfare recipients as together they lift their voices in the familiar carols.

At midnight the carolers turn toward their homes. The sound of footsteps on old cobblestoned streets gradually dies away. Lights in the houses are extinguished, candle by candle, window by window. Strains of the melodies that have welled from a thousand throats cease their echoing between the walls of the ancient brick houses, and Beacon Hill waits in silence for the dawn of Christmas morning.

Mother Goose

by
Marjorie Fuller

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone.

The Mother Hubbard of nursery lore probably evolved from Edmund Spenser's poem "Mother Hubberd's Tale", published in *Complaints*, 1591, a satirical fable written in Chaucerian style.

First known in England as *Mother Goose's Melodies*, the rhymes and jingles were translated from Charles Perrault's French stories, called *Tales of Mother Goose*, first published in 1697.

As English ditties were added parallels of truth were woven between the nursery rhymes and English history. "London Bridge is falling down!" It actually did, in 1014 when Norwegian allies used cables and boats to pull down the bridge, preventing Danish invaders from capturing the city.

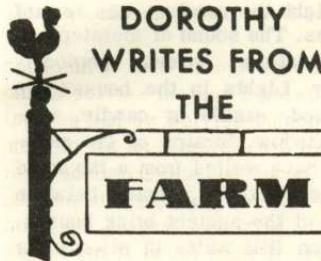
In first existence many nursery rhymes were popular ballads, political satire and love songs written for adults. Old King Cole was an early British monarch called Cunebelin. The narrator in "As I Was Going to St. Ives", was on his way to Huntingdonshire, St. Ives, the site of the great medieval fair. "Ride a Cock Horse" commemorates a stone cross in Banberry where a replica still stands.

First published in London about 1760, *Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes* soon became the identifiable title. In reality the verse collection so popular with our children is an accumulation from a variety of sources, many not found in the original collection.

One popular rhyme added to the copy of *Mother Goose's Melody* in 1803 still captivates the reader by its worldliness:

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great
fall,
All the King's horses,
And all the King's men,
Couldn't put Humpty together
again.

The rhythm is the endearment of the rhymes to each generation. Mother Goose, don't retire! Keep swinging for our wee hearts.



**DOROTHY
WRITES FROM
THE
FARM**

Dear Friends:

At the breakfast table this morning when Frank asked me what was on my agenda for the day, I said the first thing was to write my *Kitchen-Klatter* letter, but beyond that I had made no special plans.

The days slip by so swiftly it seems but a week instead of a month ago that I last wrote, but much has happened since then. The leaves were just turning to their beautiful fall colors and now they have fallen and the timber looks bare. The beans were still in the field and now they have been safely combined. The trip to Denver and Laramie was something to anticipate and now it is a happy memory.

I left home early on a Monday morning and drove to Shenandoah where Mother was all packed and waiting for me. Ruby had made a fresh pot of coffee and Margery came in for coffee and rolls and to see us off. We felt fortunate to have a gorgeous day to start our trip. In fact, the weatherman couldn't have been more cooperative, as we had lovely weather the entire week we were gone.

We didn't have any planned driving schedule but were just going to drive until we felt we had had enough for one day. Since we had gotten a late start from Shenandoah we had no idea how far we would get the first day, but with the marvelous Interstate 80 to travel on across Nebraska the miles just flew by, and at 4:00 we were already in North Platte. We decided if we stayed there all night we could be in Denver by noon the next day. (Of course when we were planning this we didn't anticipate the car trouble we had the next morning.)

After we had driven a ways I didn't like the way the car was acting and thought we had better stop at the first garage. This happened to be Ogallala, Nebr. This was the longest 52 miles I have driven for a long time, partly because I drove so slowly, but principally because when I am driving Mother anywhere I am always fearful of getting stalled somewhere along a highway.

When we drove into the garage and saw how full of cars it was, with all the mechanics busy, I feared we would be spending a day or two in Ogallala. The foreman said we had a universal



Andrew was as happy as he could be with his grandmother's visit to Laramie. One of the places he wanted to take her was to "his park".

joint going out that would have to be replaced, which sounded serious, but they had the part in stock and were able to put a mechanic on it in about ten minutes. The job didn't take much longer than an hour, and it didn't seem any time at all before we went merrily on our way.

As we were approaching Julesburg, Colo., I told Mother I wanted to stop to say hello to someone I knew. When we first moved back to the farm I bought most of my groceries at a suburban grocery store owned by Paul Kingsbury and his son Paul, Jr. Seven years ago Paul, Junior, and his wife and two children moved to Julesburg because of the health of their young son. Upon inquiry at a filling station we found that Paul's grocery store was right on the highway, and when we stopped he was certainly surprised to see me.

We drove up in front of Wayne's house about 4:00 and spent the next day just resting and having a good visit. Then on Thursday we drove to Boulder to see Emily, who attends Colorado University. She had a few hours of free time after lunch, so Abbie had called to tell her we would pick her up at 1:30, and she could go with us for a drive through Boulder Canyon so that Mother and I could see the beautiful scenery with the aspens in their fall array. We couldn't have had a more perfect day.

Our trip was planned so we could spend Friday and Saturday in Laramie, since Kristin didn't have any classes on those days and would be free, and her husband Art would be free over the weekend and could also be with us. We drove from Denver to Laramie on Friday morning. Most of this drive is through the mountains on a wonderful highway, and we enjoyed every minute

soaking up the grandeur and beauty of it.

We arrived at noon and called Kristin for directions to their new residence, where they had just moved a few weeks before. Art's mother, Mary Brase, has bought a new home with an apartment in it, which is a wonderful arrangement for all of them. Kristin and Art live in the apartment and Mary lives in the remaining rooms. Kristin had a lovely lunch ready, and when Art got home from work in the afternoon he took us for a drive around town to show Mother the campus of the beautiful University of Wyoming. She had seen the University when we took Kristin out there to enroll six years ago, but so many new buildings have been built since that it hardly looks like the same place.

Mother took us all to the Village Inn for dinner. (This is where little Andy always wants to eat when they go out for a meal because they have a basket of penny candies the children can help themselves to as they leave.) Andy is adorable, of course, and is growing like the proverbial weed. I had taken him a bright yellow rain slicker and hat, and he thought he looked just like a real fireman in it.

We had asked Kristin to reserve motel rooms for us because we didn't want to crowd them, and with all the steps at their house, a motel was more convenient for Mother. Mary and Kristin prepared a hearty breakfast at their house the next morning, and then Art took us for a drive up to Happy Jack, which is in the Medicine Bow National Forest near the summit of the mountains between Laramie and Cheyenne.

Mother wanted to see the Harmony School where Kristin taught last year, so we took the long drive out to the

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FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

It seems only a few weeks ago that I sent you Christmas greetings, but the calendar on my desk tells me that it was all of twelve months. Where has the time gone? Sometimes I almost panic when I think how quickly the days become weeks and the weeks become months and the months become years. As I sit here listening to some beautiful stereophonic music while I write these lines, I find it hard to believe that I am on the sunset side of fifty, and that the years of my childhood are so distant in the past. Beautiful music always makes me think of my childhood — the happy years, and yet the sad years, but never so sad that I would not want to live them over again if given the chance. Do you know these lines by Elizabeth Akers: "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight; make me a child again just for tonight."?

There is one night more than any other of the year when I would like to be a child again, and that is the night before Christmas. It is fascinating to observe how close all laughter is to tears on Christmas Eve. With all of its gaiety, Christmas Eve also is a time of memory, and wherever Christmas memories take us, there is bound to be some nostalgia, and that means tears of joy as well as tears of sadness.

Some people are so happy at Christmas time because it is a family time, a time for the gathering of the clan, and yet this is the very reason why Christmas is such a sad time for others. They have no family, and never do they feel more lonely than at Christmas.

Some people find Christmas the happiest day of the year because of their joy in their children, and yet there are many others whose Christmas is made so unhappy because of their children and the way they have been a hurt and a disappointment.

On one Christmas Eve a few years ago I was about to leave my study at the church to head for home and a happy time with the children around the Christmas tree, when I noticed a woman on her knees before the altar in the small chapel across the hall from the study. Since I was the last one to leave the church building, it was necessary that I interrupt her vigil and request that she leave as soon as conveniently possible. She was a stranger to me, but when I asked if there were anything I could do to help her, she told me a very personal and a very sad story. She had come into the chapel to say a prayer for her son, a young man who had been imprisoned for robbing his own mother! She wept as she told me the story, and I wept with her.



Crowds gather around the Christmas decorations at the bazaar.

Here in our church we shall have all the usual beautiful Christmas activities. There will be a special Christmas luncheon for the women of the church, and each of the twenty-four tables in the dining room will be decorated in some uniquely fine way to depict the spirit of the season. There will be a Christmas bazaar and dinner for another large group of church women, and of course there will be a dinner for the children with Santa Claus himself in attendance. The church choir will present a lovely candlelight carol service to which the general public will be invited. Christmas Sunday will be a special Sunday for the children with a nativity pageant at the close of the main service. All through the Christmas season the deacons of the church will be preparing quantities of Christmas gifts for needy families with children, and the various women's groups will be preparing gifts for the local hospitals and nursing homes. I wish that you could be here to see some of the activities and services.

As is our custom, Betty and I will be entertaining a dozen or more friends at our own Christmas table. Most of the invited guests will be persons who are quite alone in the world and who would be eating by themselves on Christmas Day if it were not for our invitations. We expect that David Lloyd and Mary Leanna will be home for the holidays, and perhaps they will bring friends with them. One of David's best friends is a young man from Thailand who will be thousands of miles away from his own home on Christmas Day. The parsonage where we live is large enough so that we can serve sixteen persons comfortably in the dining room and, if need be, we can put up another table in the sun room that opens off the dining room through French doors. When we give a big dinner party we sometimes don't know until the last possible

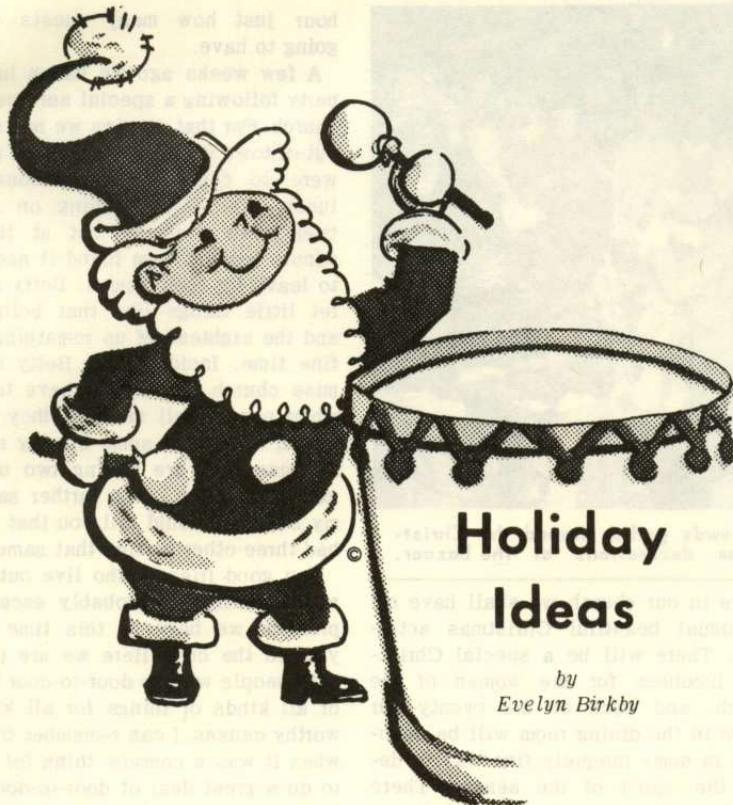
hour just how many guests we are going to have.

A few weeks ago we had a luncheon party following a special service at the church. For that service we had several out-of-town dignitaries, and all of them were to come to the parsonage for lunch. We were planning on serving twenty-two persons, but at the last minute four of them found it necessary to leave for their homes. Betty doesn't let little things like that bother her, and the eighteen of us remaining had a fine time. Incidentally, Betty did not miss church that day! I have to smile when people tell me that they cannot attend church on some Sunday morning because they are having two or three guests to lunch. As a further salute to my Betty, I should tell you that we had had three other parties that same week.

You good friends who live out in the rural countryside probably escape one problem we have at this time of the year in the city. Here we are plagued with people who do door-to-door selling of all kinds of things for all kinds of worthy causes. I can remember the days when it was a common thing for people to do a great deal of door-to-door selling as a means of personal profit, but we don't see much of that now. What we do have is the selling of things for various charities. Let me give you an example of what I mean.

Last Sunday afternoon I was just leaving the parsonage to make some calls to the hospital when a young man came to the door selling chances on a new bicycle as a means of raising money to buy uniforms for the neighborhood ice hockey team. Monday evening two little girls came to the door selling Christmas cards to make money for their Sunday school missionary project. We were not home on Tuesday, but on Wednesday we were home long enough to answer the doorbell and be greeted by a young woman selling magazine subscriptions to raise money for a civil rights organization to which she belonged. About suppertime on Thursday evening there were two boys at the door selling candy for some kind of a club. I was in no mood to buy candy at a time when both of us were on a strict diet, but to help the cause I did buy a can of peanut brittle. As they turned to leave I said over my shoulder to Betty: "Oh boy! Just what we need! Peanut brittle for the slim figure!" Well, the boys heard me say that, and a few minutes later they were back at the door with this greeting: "Sir, we heard you say that you needed some more peanut brittle and so we went home and got six more cans! Do you need more than six?" If I hear the doorbell today, I think that I shall

(Continued on page 22)



Holiday Ideas

by
Evelyn Birkby

If a vote were held for the most popular material to use for gift and decoration ideas this year, would *burlap* win? It is certainly a versatile material, comes in a variety of bright colors and is easy to handle. It can be made into everything from decorated yardstick covers to embroidered tote bags.

Make gay wastebaskets by covering ice cream cartons with colored burlap. Decorate with flowers, butterflies or geometric figures cut from contrasting colors of burlap or felt. This is an excellent way to cover an old wastebasket which needs reconditioning.

A gift to match the wastebasket can be made from inexpensive light switches. Cover with burlap and trim to match the basket. Light switches (and wastebaskets, too) could also be decorated with braid and sequins glued in place, bright-colored paper, Contact-type paper or, if you are artistic, enamel paints in a bright design.

Burlap can be used to cover notebooks for a student or for a colorful and practical dust jacket for a gift book.

Either burlap or felt can be cut into a large circle and decorated as a Christmas wreath. Besides wall decorations, these make excellent table mats. Trim with flat red ribbon and glue or stitch red balls to the circles.

Napkin rings to look like Christmas wreaths can be made from circles cut from cardboard tubes, covered with green paper or material and trimmed. Make little individual paper cones and decorate like a tree with paper, ribbon

or gumdrop trim to add to a holiday table. Both these ideas could also be used on a tray for a sick member of the family or as nice tray decorations for a nursing home or hospital ward.

A cone shaped from cardboard, heavy paper or sturdy burlap has many uses. Cover a heavy cardboard cone with bright paper. Fasten cookies to this cone base with pins, plastic toothpicks or glue. Stand this *cooky tree* in the center of a tray and surround the base with a variety of cookies to use on a tea table or buffet. This would make a pretty coffee table decoration and *cooky* server for a morning coffee.

Shape cones around the base of tall candleholders. Trim with braid, paper decorations, sequins, cutouts from Christmas cards, bright seals or ribbon. This is a fine way to unify a variety of kinds of candleholders when a mass effect is desired.

Trim a plain lampshade with bright ribbon fastened in a vertical pattern. Pin a bright Christmas ball at the bottom of each ribbon.

Make a cornice of a wide ribbon and decorate with many tiny ornaments, or cover a permanent cornice with a gay material and decorate.

Styrofoam wreaths can be the basis for many delightful decorations. An especially nice one for a children's holiday party can be made by sticking the wreath base full of candy suckers. Stick smaller candies, like gumdrops, into the wreath to fill up any empty spaces. Make a *cooky* wreath the same way by sticking pins or toothpicks

through the cookies and into the wreath or by wrapping the cookies in plastic wrap and tying or gluing to the wreath base.

Did you ever fasten cookies to the top of a package for decoration? This is especially nice with the cutout and decorated cookies. Fasten in an interesting design on the outside of a wrapped package in the same way as suggested above for fastening to the styrofoam.

Coins have been used to decorate children's gifts for a long time, but this year cut a bright Christmas tree from a card or out of construction paper. Glue to the top of the package. Glue on shiny pennies, nickels or dimes.

Pencils are excellent to glue onto a box top. Various designs can be worked out on a large box. One of the simplest is to group three pencils together and paste a felt or paper *flame* above the top so they resemble a *candle*.

How about tying a man's package with a necktie? This is a good use for those out-of-style ties or a way to add a bright new tie as a gift.

Wrap a gift book and then trim with a book label or one of the lovely book plates which can be purchased in most book stores. A package of the book plates is a lovely gift to include for a student or reader.

A funny face can be made for a package decoration out of half a styrofoam ball. Glue or pin half a ball on a package. Use colored paper or felt and cut out funny eyes, eyebrows, nose, mouth, ears, etc. Cement to ball. A silly hat may be added. This is ideal for a clown head, a Santa, or a snowman.

Baby food jars or other small jars with screw lids make delightful small gift items. Glue funny faces made of felt to the side of the jar. Make hats to go over the screw lids. Trim with rickrack, yarn, felt balls, sequins, etc. Braid or felt collars may be fastened around the bottom of the jars. Fill with candies. Clowns or Santas are nice to make but any funny faces or fanciful hats may be used. These are nice for a Scout or children's group to make as gifts or favors.

A lovely gift apron may be made out of any kind of white material. Make a large pocket and pin on that pocket a felt Christmas tree decorated with sequins and shiny braid. Include felt decorations for other seasons of the year if this is to be a gift: a decorated Easter egg, a turkey, St. Patrick's hat, a red firecracker and a teacup for any occasion!



When You Entertain in December



by
Virginia Thomas

DECORATIONS

Merry Mobile: An enchanting mobile can be made from one circle from a pair of embroidery hoops. Wind it with half-inch tie ribbon in a holiday color. Attach three matching streamers of the ribbon by which you can hang it from a chandelier or doorway. For decorations cut bells, stars, birds, and stockings from felt. Cut two of each, put a bit of cotton in the center, and glue the two together. For the birds, cut wings of felt and slip through a slit in the bird's body. Glue white cotton to the top of the stocking. Sequins can be used for the bird's eyes, the bell clapper, etc. Attach the decorations to the ring by graduated lengths of dark thread.

Santa Noel Centerpiece: You will need four funnels of the same size for the bodies and four foam balls for Santa's head. Paint the funnels red. Features for Santa's face can be made of scraps of felt with a cotton beard. Make a peaked Santa's cap of red felt for each head. Glue on white cotton trim and pompon. Push a Santa's head down over the tip end of each funnel, adding a white cotton "collar" at the top of the funnel. On the front of each funnel paste "N-O-E-L" in white or gold letters. Place in a row on the table with sprigs of greenery around the base.

Foil Pretties for the Tree: Place three 5" x 5" squares of foil together and stitch down the center, leaving a length of thread to make a hanging loop. Draw a bell, star, or other design on the foil and cut out. Carefully open out the sheets to make a pretty three dimensional ornament ready to hang.

ENTERTAINMENT

Filling the Stocking: Each guest is given a stocking to fill which has the



When does the party start? James is dressed up in his "Sunday Best" and ready for all the action!

name of another guest written on it so each one knows for whom he is filling the stocking. The stockings are cut double from heavy red paper, leaving the back of the leg and of the heel uncut. Provide scissors, paste, and old magazines. The object of the game is to cut pictures from the magazines and paste them inside the stocking to fill it, but with no picture overlapping another. When all the stockings are filled, they are passed along to their "owner", and everyone tells what is in his stocking. The prize goes to the person who pasted the most gifts in a stocking, to the one with the funniest selection of gifts, etc.

Star Gazing: (A "star" is in all the answers to the clues given.)

1. Part of the laundry. Starch
2. What a rude person does. Stare
3. The "big wheel". Star (of the show)
4. To commence. Start
5. A sailor's direction. Starboard
6. The end of Mother Hubbard's dog. Starvation
7. To describe something unusual. Startling
8. A bird. Starling
9. Stiff, or to the uttermost. Stark
10. To be wanting. Starve

Christmas Artists: Each guest is asked to bring a snapshot of herself. The hostess has ready a large sheet of wrapping paper, about 4 or 5 feet by 2 feet, on which she has roughly crayoned in a mountain scene with a lake, trees, sky, grass, and rocks. She also has ready a collection of pictures from magazines and catalogues, showing people in all sorts of activities — boating, fishing, skiing, cooking, and riding horseback — and in all types of dress; and also pictures of planes, cars, tractors, and motorcycles. Scissors and paste are provided.

Place the mountain scene on a large table where all may see. Place the pictures of the guests near the other

pictures. Explain that you want a keepsake painting as a souvenir. Each one is to take a turn at creating the picture. The idea is to cut the head from an actual snapshot, paste it to the body of one of the magazine pictures, and then place it in position on the big picture. For example; one person might take the photo head of a quiet girl, paste it to the body of a girl dressed in loud sport clothes, and paste her on an airplane which is pasted up in the sky of the picture.

Found in the Stocking: (Use only letters in "stocking".)

1. A small bed. Cot
2. Something to spend. Coin
3. A ruler. King
4. Sometimes found in a pail. Tin
5. A fierce poke. Sock
6. A poem with a tune. Song
7. A soldier might have it. Kit
8. Part of a watch. Tick
9. We'd expect it of a bird. Sing
10. Every housewife better have one. Sink
11. Advertisers often recommend it. Sign
12. Can make it burn, or lift it. Tongs
13. Sometimes ruins a picnic. Sting
14. A natural covering. Skin

A Different Way to Bestow Favors: Purchase inexpensive trinkets at the dime store and wrap each as a gay Christmas package. Form a wire hoop (from a coat hanger) and cover with greens to form a wreath. Attach packages to the wreath with ribbons of graduated lengths. Suspend the wreath from a doorway or chandelier. Blindfold each guest in turn, swing the wreath, and let the guest keep whichever packages she catches.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

I want a gift for daddy dear,
And one for precious mother,
A present for my sister, too,
And a toy for little brother.
I've uncles and aunts and granny and
gramp,

And friends — O such a lot!
It's awful hard to choose my gifts —
A QUARTER'S all I got!

—Author Unknown

WHY THE LIGHTED TREE?

Over four hundred years ago, a clergyman, while returning home one beautifully clear, cold Christmas Eve, lifted his eyes to the sky in contemplation. Thousands of stars seemed to be clinging to the branches of the lofty pines by the wayside. His first thought was to share this inspiring spectacle with his family. . . That night a glittering tree blazing with star-bright candles was his gift to his loved ones . . . and his gift to all the world.

DENVER HAS MUCH TO OFFER WINTER VISITORS

Dear Friends:

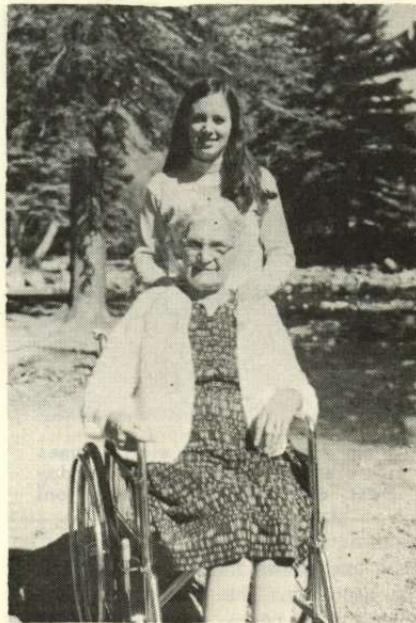
After a very gay and sociable fall, winter seems rather drab and unfestive. Visits from Mother and Dorothy, Margery and Oliver and a couple of old friends from Shenandoah gave us an excuse to make many days into holidays. When everyone left it seemed dreadfully dull and uninteresting. And probably it will be quite some time before anyone heads our way again.

A killing frost was late this year so we had beautiful fall colors over a long period of weeks. In fact, most people feel that the native cottonwoods and willows were prettier this year than they have been in years. They were an unusually deep shade of gold — almost orange at times. The locusts were such a deep orange that they seemed almost red in color.

I love to be outdoors in such weather and really enjoyed playing golf this fall. Our brand-new golf course made such wonderful progress during the summer that by fall it was a real pleasure to play there. It is located on the lower reaches of one of the easternmost, mesa-type foothills. Adjoining several of the fairways is land still in its natural state, including even an occasional rattlesnake. The view back towards the city is beautiful by day; at night the lights of the city are spectacular. Playing golf on a course located on the side of a mountain really provides good exercise. I walk the full eighteen holes and carry almost a full set of clubs. Believe me, I can really tell it when I miss playing for a week or so! It gets mighty tough trying to climb that last high hill or two.

Usually it is possible to play golf most of the year in Denver, even on some days in winter. Perhaps during those weeks when it isn't, I'll try ski-bobbing. Clark and two of his friends have been building one. In case this is something new to you, perhaps a brief explanation is in order. A ski-bob has a bicycle-type frame but in place of wheels, it has short skis. The rider wears extremely short skis on his boots. Supposedly, a ski-bob is quite easy to learn to operate and not nearly as accident prone as skis.

Last month I mentioned that Wayne's beard was quite popular with our younger generation. Recently he participated in Dads' Weekend at Emily's sorority house where he received the "Most Distinguished-looking Father" award. However, other people sometimes have the opposite reaction! He finds he occasionally has great difficulty getting waited on in a store. Apparently some people automatically



There was no more delightful place to stop and take a picture of Mother and her granddaughter Emily than along Boulder Creek.

consider anyone with a beard to be a "hippie" and not worthy of time and attention.

Denver has in the past been one of this country's favorite cities among the "hippies". Its strategic location as a stopping-off place during their frequent transcontinental travels probably had a lot to do with its popularity. However, the Denver Police Department has established a reputation for harassing this element in our society so the city doesn't have as many as it used to have. During the past summer quite a number of "hippies" moved into the mountains west of Boulder, but cold weather has forced many to move to warmer regions. This doesn't mean that when you come to Denver you won't find lots of long-haired, extravagantly mustached, and bearded, uniquely dressed young people, but closer investigation reveals most of them to be frequently bathed, hard-working young students; they are not dirty, drug-driven "drop-outs".

Our neighborhood expeditions to the mountains were fewer in number this fall. It proved to be a busy time for all of us. However, our house guests gave me an excuse for some extra trips to the mountains. Howard and Mae, who were here early this fall, found Leadville fascinating; they had never seen such a vast array of old mines before. Howard is quite a history buff so he is familiar with much of what has gone on in Colorado's past. Mother and Dorothy were able to enjoy the scenery of both Wyoming and Colorado as I'm sure they will report themselves.

Margery and Oliver are great sports fans. On their brief pause in Denver

we enjoyed seeing a Bronco football game with them. As this was the first game the Broncos had won in a long time, we tried to prevail upon them to stay and keep their good luck right on hand here! The new stadium has added a great many good-location new seats for watching professional football. Any of you would enjoy seeing a game there.

Television has made millions of people into professional football fans. A lesser but substantial number have become fans of professional ice hockey. If you are visiting here this winter, you might enjoy a home game of our new pro-club, The Denver Spurs. Their games are played at the Coloseum. Of course, this city has long enjoyed outstanding college ice hockey matches by the University of Denver team.

Last year was the first season for the Denver entrant in the American Basketball League, The Denver Rockets. We attended two of their games and found them very exciting. The home games are played at the Auditorium Arena in the heart of the downtown area, which makes it very handy to reach from all sections of the city.

In the event your tastes lean more towards classical music, let me recommend the concerts of the Denver Symphony Orchestra. They are given on Monday and Tuesday nights two or three weeks out of each month, October through April. Under the leadership of Vladimir Golschmann, the quality of musicianship has improved considerably. Frequently there are outstanding guest soloists performing with the symphony. Their concerts are given in the downtown Auditorium Theatre.

Most national touring theatrical and musical productions make a scheduled stop in Denver. For instance, last week the "Ice Follies" were in town and in another week the touring company of "Cabaret" arrives.

The reason I mention all these wintertime entertainment possibilities is that I can tell from my phone calls that more and more of you are visiting Denver at this time of year. There are many conventions and special meetings held in the city and many of you have relatives and friends to visit here also. I wanted to mention some of the things to do in addition to the stores and museums and similar places with which you are already well acquainted.

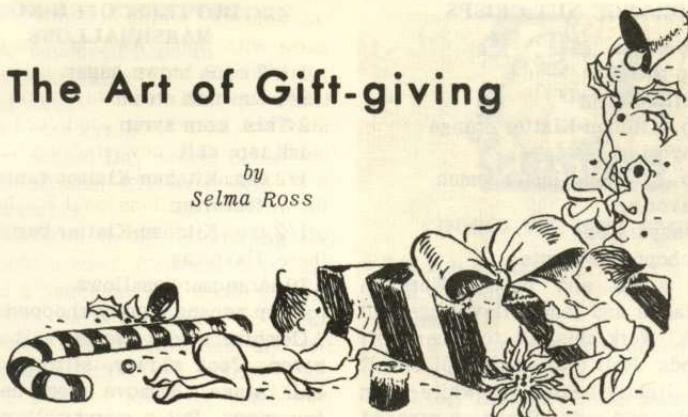
Those of you who come to Colorado to ski will, of course, not want to spend one extra second here in the city but will head directly for those enticing snow-covered ski slopes.

To each one of you our wish is that you have a joyous Christmas.

Sincerely,
Abigail

The Art of Gift-giving

by
Selma Ross



Never give a gift to a person — always give a *person* a gift. The important thing to remember when shopping for a gift is that you don't give an *item* — you give a happy *effect*.

Gift-giving is an art, and it can be fun. Here are some tips to help make it a pleasing and rewarding experience.

1. *Buy for the person you're giving to — not for yourself.* How often, when gift-hunting, have your eyes lit on an article which you would adore to own? Perhaps it is something that would go beautifully in your French Provincial bedroom. So you have the salesgirl send it to your newly-wed friend — but her little nest, you recall too late, is strictly modern! Most of us have had this experience at one time or another — for we can only choose for others something that we genuinely admire. But there's a simple solution; if you're purchasing for someone whose tastes are different from yours, or are unknown to you, buy something you can be *sure* of. Something not too specifically of a period or pattern.

2. *Make it exciting.* Why not make purchases you can drop tantalizing hints about. Like a vacation, the anticipation may be as enjoyable as the event. If you know that Aunt Polly has been yearning for a chafing dish, but hasn't bought one because they're a bother to keep clean, surprise her with a beautiful stainless one, and keep her guessing about "something beautiful and easy to care for".

3. *Practical presents are the biggest luxury.* It's true! Gifts that add pleasure but require a minimum of care are truly luxuries. Has a young man in the family recently begun improving his old jalopy? Surprise him with a new horn, or frame for his license plate.

4. *Quality is more appreciated than "quantity".* If your budget is limited (and whose isn't!) you will get more value for your dollar if you purchase a gift that is the finest in its class, rather than a so-called "bargain". Your teen-age baby sitter would feel absolutely glamorous with a silk chiffon scarf to complement her new suit; much more fun than a blouse costing

the same, but not supplying half the excitement.

5. *Make it long-lasting.* We all want to be remembered by the gifts we give — and in any price range, you can give a present which will be enjoyed for years to come. Instead of giving the hostess a box of candy which, though delectable, is also "deleteable", bring an attractive leather phone directory. You will be remembered every time you save her a frantic search for a number.

6. *Give something they wouldn't buy for themselves.* Sportsman friend? Give him a sturdy, fisherman's knife. Lady of leisure? She'd adore that serving cart or a set of stack tables which make dining in front of TV or brunch on the terrace here for the asking!

7. *Make it personal.* Have a monogram placed on a simple shirtwaist blouse. Personalizing makes the smallest gift more precious.

8. *Wrap it up.* That's all there's left to do. Either "do it yourself" with the many attractive wrapping materials now available, or if you just can't find the time, have it wrapped "professionally" in the store where you made your purchase.

Here's a thought to keep in mind the whole year through — whenever the opportunity for gift-giving presents itself; like photographs, long-lasting gifts bring back fond memories.

WHEN THE GIFT IS BARE

by
Paula Korhonen

"I just wish *they* had to sweep this dusty thing!" I caught myself thinking as I labored to clean the crevices in the oversized hooked rug that covered the floor of my mother's bedroom.

Then I was ashamed of myself. I knew my brother and his wife meant well when they selected the rug for Mother's Christmas gift. They thought only of the warmth and beauty it would add to the room, not of the fact that I lacked the vacuum cleaner, and the maid to operate it, that they have.

The impracticality of this gift re-

minded me of others. Why do we buy so unthoughtedly for the aged? I wondered. Those who, like me, have had the care of such a person for years, learn that gifts for them should be selected with the utmost care — with consideration for the recipient and for those who care for them.

Old people are the most difficult group to shop for. A child can be pleased with a toy; for the teenager, a book, a record, or some item of clothing is fine; and mothers, fathers, aunts and uncles can use any of a multitude of things. But many of the older people either have all the material things they need, or, because of their physical and mental conditions, cannot make use of ordinary gifts.

Take, for instance, the three-pound box of candy a relative sent Mother on her birthday. She has a sweet tooth and the remembrance pleased her, but she also has a chronic kidney ailment that is aggravated by sweets.

Boxes of various toiletries sit on tables — bright ornaments for the room, but unopened. These are gifts from some of the grandchildren and in-laws over a number of Christmases. Frilly gowns, satin houseslippers and fancy handbags are other items she has received in the last few years. All are nice, expensive things, but hardly suitable for a nearly ninety-year-old woman whose tastes have always been on the back side of conservative.

The well-meaning kin who bought these presents because they "didn't know what to get — she doesn't need anything," could take lessons in gift-buying from a neighbor who called me last Christmas season.

She said, "I've noticed that your mother wears heavier cotton hose. Will you pick up a couple of pairs in her size for me? I'll stop by and get them to gift-wrap for her."

"I want her to know I am thinking of her," she added.

A niece wrote in the early fall to ask what Mother could use, so she would be sure not only to please her but to get something that she could *use*, too.

Gifts are wonderful; to remember one who is house-bound is doubly wonderful; but to select those remembrances with care is a Christian deed that surely the Giver of the Most Precious Gift looks on with favor.

We are not expected to know just the right gift to buy, but there is usually a close relative or a caretaker from whom we can get suggestions. And a bit of thought on our part can be a great help.

Did the recipient grow flowers in earlier years? Then a growing plant would bring pleasant memories as well as beauty. But consider, first, if there

(Continued on page 18)



Holiday Recipes Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

BUTTERMILK PECAN CANDY

2 cups sugar
1 cup buttermilk
1 tsp. soda
2 Tbls. white corn syrup
1 stick margarine or butter
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1 cup pecans

Combine all ingredients except nuts and flavorings. Use a large heavy kettle. (I like my pressure saucepan.) Stir only until sugar is dissolved. Turn heat low and continue cooking until soft ball is formed. The candy gradually browns. Remove from fire. Stir in nuts and flavorings. Beat until slightly thickened and pour into 8 by 8 greased pan. A delicious candy. Do be sure to keep fire low so this will not scorch as cooking progresses. —Evelyn

ABIGAIL'S LEMON WAFERS

1 cup butter
1 1/2 cups sugar
3 eggs
3 cups flour
3 tsp. baking powder
1 Tbls. milk
2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs and beat well. Add sifted dry ingredients, then milk, vanilla and lemon flavoring. Chill dough, roll thin and cut with cooky cutter. Bake 6 to 8 minutes at 400 degrees. Abigail frequently decorates these with candies and nuts.

ORANGE NUT CRISPS

1/2 cup sugar
1/3 cup butter
1 cup sifted flour
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
1 egg, separated
1 cup chopped walnuts
Cream sugar and butter. Work in flour, orange and lemon flavorings and egg yolk. Work this all together well with hands. Roll into small balls. Roll each in slightly beaten egg white, then roll in chopped nuts. Place on greased baking sheet and flatten out with a fork until about 1/4 inch in thickness. Bake in 350-degree oven for 15 minutes. —Margery

WONDERFUL FILLED COOKIES

1 cup sugar
1/2 cup shortening
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 egg, beaten
1/2 cup buttermilk
1 tsp. soda
3 cups sifted flour
2 tsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1 cup raisins, ground (or dates or figs)
1/2 cup sugar
3/4 cup hot water
1/4 cup cornstarch
1/4 cup cold water
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Cream together sugar, shortening and butter flavoring. Add beaten egg; mix well. Combine buttermilk and soda and stir into batter. Sift flour and baking powder together and add with burnt sugar flavoring. Chill while filling is being cooked and cooled.

Filling

Put raisins, sugar and hot water in a saucepan. Dissolve cornstarch in cold water. Add to raisin mixture. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until it is of consistency to spread. Remove from heat. Stir in lemon flavoring. Cool.

Remove cooky dough from refrigerator. Turn out on lightly floured board. A little more flour may be added if needed to make a nice rolling consistency. Work with 1/4 portion of the dough at a time. Roll into a square. Cut square in half. Spoon fruit filling over 1 part of the square and place the other half over top. Cut into oblongs (or squares) and place on greased cooky sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for about 12 minutes, or until golden brown. —Evelyn

BUTTERSCOTCH-NUT MARSHMALLOWS

1 1/2 cups brown sugar
3/4 cup thin cream
2 Tbls. corn syrup
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
30 large marshmallows
1 cup pecans, finely chopped
Combine sugar, cream, salt and corn syrup. Cook slowly, stirring, to soft ball stage. Remove from heat. Add flavorings. Put a marshmallow on end of fork or toothpick. Dip into butterscotch mixture. Roll in chopped nuts. Cool on waxed paper. If candy begins to harden, set pan of candy in hot water while working. Candied apples can be made in the same manner. A delicious treat and one which the young people can help prepare.

—Evelyn

SPICED CRANBERRIES

2/3 cup cider vinegar
1/3 cup water
3 cups sugar
1 cinnamon stick
6 whole cloves
1 lb. cranberries

Combine vinegar and water in saucepan. Stir in sugar. Bring to boil and add spices. Simmer 5 minutes. Add washed cranberries. Bring to boil and boil for 3 minutes. Remove from fire. Refrigerate. Let stand several days before using. This keeps well but should be stored in covered jar in refrigerator. An especially tasty garnish for turkey, chicken, ham or pork. In fact, this goes with just about any menu!

PECAN NUGGETS

2 eggs whites
3 Tbls. sugar
2 Tbls. white corn syrup
2 cups pecans, chopped
1 1/2 cups brown sugar
2 2/3 cups crumbs (cake, cooky, or graham cracker)
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

Beat egg whites, white sugar and corn syrup until stiff peaks form. Fold in remaining ingredients. Drop by teaspoon on greased and floured cooky sheet. Bake at 325 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes or until light brown. Remove from cooky sheet while warm.

As you can see, this recipe is excellent for using up cake or cookies that are a day or two old. It may also be varied with different Kitchen-Klatter flavorings.

—Evelyn

PEANUT BUTTER POPCORN

1/4 cup unpopped popcorn
 2 Tbls. shortening
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 cup corn syrup
 1/2 cup School Day peanut butter
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Pop the corn in the shortening and turn it into a bowl. Combine sugar and syrup in a saucepan and cook, stirring constantly, until it comes to a full rolling boil. Remove from heat and stir in the peanut butter and vanilla. Pour over the popcorn and mix until well coated.

—Dorothy

JEFF'S FAVORITE CUT-OUT COOKIES

1 cup butter or margarine
 1 1/2 cups powdered sugar
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 egg
 2 1/2 cups flour
 1 tsp. soda
 1 tsp. cream of tartar
 1/4 tsp. salt

Cream butter, sugar and flavorings together. Beat in egg. Sift dry ingredients together and gradually add to creamed mixture. Chill. Roll out on lightly floured board. Cut into desired shapes. Trim with colored candies, gumdrops or nuts. Bake on ungreased cooky sheet at 375 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes or until lightly browned around edges.

If desired, these may be frosted and decorated after baking. This is a marvelous recipe to use for cut-out cookies for special occasions. —Evelyn

SESAME SEED COOKIES

1/3 cup sesame seeds
 3/4 cup margarine
 1 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
 1 egg
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 cup unsifted flour
 1/4 tsp. baking powder
 1/8 tsp. salt

Put the sesame seeds in a heavy skillet or pan, and place over medium heat, stirring constantly, until the seeds are a golden brown. Set aside. Combine the margarine, brown sugar, egg, and flavorings and beat until smooth. Beat in the dry ingredients and the sesame seeds. Refrigerate until thoroughly chilled, then drop by teaspoon onto an ungreased cooky sheet and bake about 10 minutes in a 375-degree oven.

—Dorothy

**CHOCOLATE MINT WAFERS**

2/3 cup margarine
 2/3 cup sugar
 1 egg
 1 1/2 oz. unsweetened chocolate, melted
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 1/4 cups sifted flour
 3/4 cup rolled oats

Cream together the margarine and the sugar. Add the egg and the cooled melted chocolate and beat well. Stir in the flavorings. Add the salt and flour, then the rolled oats, and mix until well blended. Chill the dough thoroughly, then form into balls, place on a lightly greased baking sheet, flatten with the bottom of a small glass and sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake about 10 minutes in a 350-degree oven.

—Dorothy

**MOSAIC COOKIES
(Unbaked Confection)**

1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
 1 egg, well beaten
 1 cup powdered sugar
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

1 cup nuts, chopped
 4 cups tiny colored marshmallows
 Graham cracker crumbs or coconut
 Melt chocolate chips and butter or margarine together over warm water. Remove from heat and add egg, sugar, flavorings, nuts and marshmallows. Form in two rolls. Roll in graham cracker crumbs or coconut. Refrigerate. Slice as needed.

This is one of those excellent basic recipes which can be varied with Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. A few drops of black walnut flavoring gives a rich nutty taste. Coconut flavoring may be added to the chocolate mixture.

**CANDY FOR BUSY PEOPLE**

3 Tbls. butter or margarine
 3 Tbls. milk
 A few drops Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 1 1/2-oz. pkg. dry lemon frosting mix
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Combine butter or margarine, milk and butter flavoring in top of double boiler. When butter is melted, add dry frosting mix. Beat with spoon until smooth. Cook 5 minutes over boiling water. Remove from fire and stir in flavoring. Drop by spoonfuls on waxed paper. Work fast, keeping candy in pan over hot water. These flatten out into lovely candy patties. They harden almost immediately and have the consistency of creamy mints.

This recipe makes lovely yellow lemon mints. It could be varied as desired with different flavors of frosting mix and different Kitchen-Klatter flavors. A delightful, quick candy for busy people.

—Evelyn

BUTTER COOKIES

1/2 cup brown sugar
 1 cup margarine
 1 egg yolk
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 2 cups flour

Cream sugar and margarine well. Add egg yolk and flavorings and beat well. Add flour. Roll in small balls the size of walnuts and flatten with a fork making them about the size of a silver dollar. Top with nutmeat and bake 10 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Margery

MARSHMALLOW CREAM FUDGE

1 jar marshmallow cream
 1 1/2 cup sugar
 2/3 cup evaporated milk
 1/4 cup margarine
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
 2 squares semi-sweet chocolate, grated (Grate as much as you can and then put the pieces you couldn't grate into the marshmallow mixture as it boils.)

1/2 cup black walnuts

Mix marshmallow cream, sugar, milk and margarine and then bring to boil and boil 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and add salt, flavorings, chocolate chips and grated chocolate. Stir until chocolate is all melted. Add nuts and pour into 8" square pan. Chill until firm and cut in squares.

FAMOUS FUDGE

2 cups sugar
1 small can evaporated milk
1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
1/4 lb. butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Nuts as desired

Combine sugar and evaporated milk. Bring to a boil and boil exactly 6 minutes. Remove from fire, add remaining ingredients. Beat until it begins to thicken. Pour into buttered pan. Cut into squares.

This may be varied with different Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. Add mint flavoring for a marvelous mint-choco-

late candy. Add black walnut flavoring for a rich, nutty taste. A butterscotch candy can be made with this recipe by using butterscotch chips instead of the chocolate chips and adding Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring. —Evelyn

1 tsp. soda

1/2 tsp. salt

1/4 cup buttermilk

1 cup mashed bananas

1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream the shortening and sugar. Add flavorings and eggs and beat well. Stir in the sifted dry ingredients, then add the buttermilk and bananas. Mix just until smooth. Stir in the nuts. Pour into a 9-inch greased and floured loaf pan and bake in a 350-degree oven approximately one hour. —Dorothy

DELICIOUS BANANA BREAD

1/2 cup shortening
1 1/3 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
2 eggs
2 cups sifted flour

FROSTED RED SQUARES

1 13 1/2-oz. can crushed pineapple
2 3-oz. pkgs. lemon gelatin
1 cup ginger ale (or water)
1 can jellied cranberry sauce
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
A few drops red food coloring

Topping

1 pkg. powdered whipped topping
1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
A few drops Kitchen-Klatter no-calorie sweetener
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Drain pineapple, reserving syrup. Add water to syrup to make 1 cup liquid. Heat. Dissolve gelatin in hot liquid. Cool. Gently stir in ginger ale or additional water. Chill until syrupy. Cut cranberry jelly into cubes. Fold into gelatin mixture with crushed pineapple. Add pineapple flavoring and a few drops red food coloring. Spoon into flat 9- x 13-inch pan. Chill.

Prepare powdered whipped topping according to package directions, fold in cream cheese which has been softened to room temperature. Stir in lemon flavoring and sweetener. Spread topping over firm first layer. Nuts may be sprinkled over top if desired. This amount serves 15 to 18 nicely. A lovely company salad. —Evelyn

DELICIOUS DATE KISSES

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

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

Be sure you try this recipe. It's wonderful. —Lucile

**REGULAR****SUPER-DELUXE
PREMIUM TOP-GRADE**

When you drive up to this pump, you don't have to decide whether to buy regular or premium. We made that choice for you a long time ago.

When we first began in this business, we decided that our friends deserved the best . . . and that was the only grade of flavoring we would put our name on. We'd never add another flavoring to our line until we were convinced that it was the best we could make. Not the cheapest. Not the formula with the longest profit. But the best-tasting, best aroma, best color. Flavoring that wouldn't cook out, or steam out, or bake out or freeze out.

We think we've got a real premium grade here. Don't you? Here are all sixteen flavorings:

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

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

KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS

Ask your grocer first. However, if you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.40 for any three 3-oz. bottles. (Jumbo vanilla, \$1.00.) Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay postage.



Lo, 'Tis Jesus's Birthday!

A Program for Youth by Mabel Nair Brown

Setting

On a small table in the center of the stage place a beautiful all-white birthday cake upon which is placed a large picture of the wise men presenting their gifts to the Christ Child in the manger.

The carol, "Noel", is played softly as the prelude and as the background music as Leader gives opening verse. Other appropriate Christmas music may be played softly throughout the different narrations.

LEADER:

"How wonderful it would have been
To hear the song — to see the Star;
To watch the wise men as they came
With gifts and treasures from afar;
But much more wonderful than all —
To stand with love and wondering
awe

Beside the Christ Child as He lay
So sweetly small, on bed of straw."

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

LEADER: At Christmas time the stars in the sky seem to have a special meaning. Everywhere in the world people can look up at the stars. And everywhere in our land and in many, many other lands around the world, as boys and girls and their parents look at the stars, they are thinking about that first Christmas and of that bright and beautiful Star which led the shepherds and the wise men to the Babe in the manger in Bethlehem.

The warm glow of that Star seems to warm our hearts, and everywhere people are making or buying gifts to show their love for one another. But, sad to say, sometimes we forget that it is really Jesus's birthday party, and who ever heard of having a birthday party with everyone getting gifts except the honored guest?

SONG: "What Can I Give Him?" or another appropriate carol.

LEADER: Yes, as we come to Jesus's birthday party, we can bring Him many gifts — the gift of our time to work in church and Sunday school, or in youth work. We can bring Him our talents and our love to try to do as He would have us do to help our families, our friends, and our neighbors, and even our fellow men in far away countries as much as we can. As we listen to the soft music, let us bring our gifts to the table and offer them to Jesus. (At this time the children, who have been told in advance to have an offering ready, or a gift to be given to some orphanage or other worthy organization, can present their gifts. This part might be used for a dedication service, with each one coming to the altar table for a brief moment of prayer and rededication.)

LEADER:

"The wise men's hearts were true
and glad,
Fair shone the star above,

They brought the very best they had,
We, too, will give our very best to
Him
And to those we love."

And now, just as that bright Star lighted up that first Christmas night, let us light the candle on Jesus's birthday cake, and let it make our hearts shine and glow with love as we sing the birthday song to Jesus.

SONG: "Happy Birthday, Dear Jesus".

LEADER: Let us end our birthday party by singing "Silent Night". As we sing, here are some things to think about. Do you know that Christmas is just like love — you don't hear it, you can't see it, or eat it; but if you sing the carols softly and *think* of them as Jesus's birthday songs, then you will *FEEL* Christmas — and that is the very best part of Christmas!

SONG: "Silent Night".

PRAAYER (for one of the children to give): Dear God, be born anew in all our hearts this Christmas. Help each one of us to make room in our lives for Thee. These things we ask as we celebrate the birthday of Jesus. Amen.

BENEDICTION: We thank you, God, for sending us the baby Jesus, and for Christmas that is for all people everywhere, no matter what country they live in or what is the color of their skin. Help us to *think* Christmas and to *feel* Christmas, so we may learn how to build friendship all over the world. We know this would be the best gift we could give to Jesus on His birthday. Amen.

(In our church school we cut and served the cake to the children at the end of the above program, so they feel they have had a real birthday party for Jesus.)



CHRISTMASTIME IS EVERYWHERE

On a crisp December evening
Carols linger in the air,
Echoing the season's gladness;
Christmastime is everywhere.

Snowflakes sparkle in the twilight,
Precious gems beyond compare,
Adding to the festive spirit;
Christmastime is everywhere.

Children's laughter, shining faces
Make us all the more aware
Of the blessed Christ Child's birthday;
Christmastime is everywhere.

—Inez Baker

May the wisdom of Christmas bring
you understanding and compassion.

May the peace of Christmas unfold
in you and through you to all.

TOGETHER FOR CHRISTMAS

by

Evelyn Birkby

Christmas is a *together* time. If you don't believe it, just look at the crowded highways, the filled seats on planes, buses and trains and the general hustle and confusion as relatives and friends congregate. Just look at the calendar! There it is filled with notations about meetings and parties, coffees and dinners, of school and church and club activities. December is the time for all kinds of gatherings. Sometimes, by the time all this kind of *togetherness* is planned and executed, it can become too much!

How do we find the important aspects of Christmas? One way is to look back at those incidents which we remember from holidays in our past. Was it a program at the church or a special gift you received which gives you your most glowing memory? Or is it the memory of making cookies with your mother or a toy gift hammered and glued with the help of your father?

Perhaps some of your memories of Christmas are involved with your own children. Could it be the story times, or the paper chains and popcorn strung to decorate the tree, or making Christmas cards around the dining room table?

If we are really truthful about these special memories we'll find that the most meaningful Christmas experiences come when we share *together* as a family.

It follows, then, that the most important work, planning, preparation and sharing, should be done with our family. It may take some will power to say "No" to some of the glamorous demands of those around us. But, if we neglect Christmas in the home we have lost the very foundation of the holy day.

Loving traditions which carry Christmas throughout the family are the deep material from which a happy holiday can be built—all children need to sink their roots down into the heritage of the past. Knowing that Grandma did certain projects at Christmas which she passed on to her children and which are now passed on to her grandchildren can give a family a rich sense of continuity.

Most of the traditions in my own home started when I was a little child. Well do I remember the times my sister and I hung our stockings from the back of the big overstuffed chair in the living room. How high excitement ran when we pulled out the silly little gifts our parents had tucked inside. Even when we were grown and came home for the holidays our stockings were hung on the night before Christmas and always



Gathering armloads of fragrant greens to use for holiday decorations are Evelyn, Robert, Jeff, Bob and Craig Birkby. —Photo by Blaine Barton

we found silly little gifts inside.

Now my own family hangs up stockings in front of the fireplace. The place of honor goes to Grandma Corrie's teeny-weeny black sock. (This is really an *antique*; it is a salesman's sample over seventy years old!) We all enjoy thinking of funny gifts to tuck into that miniature sock. Last year Craig put in a little gray mouse. Jeff bought a bright broach and Bob found a slender vial of perfume that would fit inside.

My fondest memories of Christmases past are tied in with Christmas Eve programs at the church. Sometimes it was a tiny country church, some years it was a larger one in town, and for several years my holidays revolved around a large city church. Each proved special in its own way. Now the children's programs are no longer held locally on Christmas Eve but we enjoy participating in them just the same. Can one count how many bathrobes have been used for shepherd's coats, how many foil-covered cardboard crowns have been made for the three kings and how often white sheets have been cut to provide a flowing angel with a garment? Now my boys are more apt to be in the choir or the reading group for the pageant, but the lump in my throat is the same as when they were tiny participants.

Oh yes, we still go to church on the night before Christmas. A candlelight service is planned and presented by the young people. We gain much from the worship experience.

Music is such a part of our Christmas tradition I cannot imagine a holiday without it. My mother is an accomplished musician and she played the lovely carols as we sang. My father

had little ability but he loved music and made up in volume and energy for his lack of quality.

Now I put Christmas music on the record player the moment Thanksgiving is tucked into the past. I play the records when I am alone. I play them when the family sits down together for a meal. I play them in the evening when we are busy with the activities which precede the great day. I play them when we read aloud the old familiar stories of Christmas and some of the newer ones. I play them softly when we have family worship and light the Advent candles.

On Christmas evening we gather around the old pump organ in the living room (it is seldom played on any other day of the year) and anyone who can play an instrument plays, and those who cannot play sing, and we have a song fest. We sing everything anyone can suggest!

We enjoy the lovely Christmas specials on television and radio, but somehow the music we make ourselves at the close of Christmas Day is the best of the season!

Candles have somehow become a part of our Christmas tradition. I remember seeing them shining from the windows of the country church we attended when I was a child. We used some at home for decoration, also. In our own home I use a variety of red candles and evergreen in the windows; could it have been the memory of the church windows which prompted my choice? We also cluster groups of candles on the mantel, on top of the organ and on the bookcases. We use the Advent wreath with its candles on the center of the dining room table. The candles' glow

(Continued on page 23)



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

A happy experience at a recent club meeting was having Robert Cromie, book editor of the *Chicago Tribune* and contributing editor of *Book World*, address the group. A talented speaker, Mr. Cromie kept this listener seated on the edge of her chair, taking notes like crazy, as he made colorful commentary on the world of contemporary writers. As host of National Educational Television's "Book Beat" Mr. Cromie spoke of interviewing current authors *Airs Above the Ground* Mary Stewart, Helen Hayes and her *Gift of Joy* book — she's a delightful person, he says — and Bill Sands, who wrote *My Shadow Ran Fast*. Mr. Cromie was impressed with ex-convict Sands and the foundation which helps other ex-convicts stay out of prison, which is explained in his book *The Seventh Step*.

A thoughtful critic in the world of books, Mr. Cromie said there are some atrocious books being written; he advised, "Don't buy them."

The mark of a good book, he reminded us, is when the reader slows up as he nears the end, because he doesn't want it to end. You've experienced that feeling, haven't you?

A successful book of recent years to delight all animal lovers, large and small, is *The Seal Summer* by Nina Warner Hooke, according to Mr. Cromie. The new book by this English author is *The Starveling* (The John Day Co., \$3.95). A British review states it is "so full of pathos it will wring the heart of the animal lover, but at the same time delight him." In *The Starveling* Nina Warner Hooke feels her way into the heart of a stray kitten to which the animal kingdom seems no less unfriendly than the human. The striped kitten had been left by didikois — people who lead a vagrant life but are not true gypsies. There seemed to be not a villager who could take in a stray kitten. The lives of these villagers are woven into the kitten's struggle for survival. So true to life, this story with a setting in the quiet English countryside will remain with the reader for some time, especially at Christmas.

A mural in the Story Hour Room at the Public Library, Iowa City, Iowa, was mentioned in the January, 1966, issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*. Ellie Sim-

mons, talented illustrator responsible for the mural, has two books labeled *Books You Can Read Before You Know How* because there are no words, so that a preschool child can "read" to himself. Small in size, the one book *CAT* (David McKay Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017, \$1.95) pictures the black and brave kitty following the little girl, who becomes a good Samaritan and ends up a life-long friend. *DOG* (David McKay Co., \$2.50) tells of how Boy meets Dog and their adventures, familiar to any child who has had a pet. Hats off to Mrs. Simmons for her charming little books.

For the children interested in history and geography of the states, the *Enchantment of America* series offer the dramatic story of the formation of the land, the explorers and pioneers who settled on it, and the adventure and achievement by people who played an important part in building the nation. Written by Allan Carpenter and published by the Children's Press, Chicago, Illinois, (\$3.95), titles now available include: California, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Nevada, Ohio, Wisconsin, Nebraska, and South Dakota. Check your bookstore or have them

order you a copy.

For this Midwesterner the *Vermont Life* Calendar for 1969 (The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, \$1.95) offers a year's enjoyment of full color views of a new Vermont year with engagement reminder areas. A mailing carton is provided.

The series by Mary Alice Jones of *Tell Me About Jesus*, *Tell Me About Christmas* and others (Rand McNally Publishers, \$2.95) convey to the young reader the deep spiritual significance of Christmas. And it is our hope that "Peace on Earth" will have a true meaning for 1969.

(If your bookstore does not have a desired book available, ask that it be ordered for you.)

SEASON'S GREETINGS

Christmas!
Hearts are warm and gentle.
Radiant is the Star
In the heavens.
Season of giving
To those whom we love.
Make of our hearts
A shrine of joy and reverence.
Shine, O Star of Bethlehem.

—Helene B. Dillon



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:

KLIN	Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

WHEN THE GIFT IS BARE - Concluded
is someone to care for the plant. And is there space for it?

All parents and grandparents like pictures of their children and grandchildren. But if the family is as large as ours, unidentified pictures can cause confusion. Not long ago my mother came to me with a picture of my own daughters, made when they were small. She said, "These are the children of one of my sisters, but I can't remember which one." I had

given her the snapshot when I was a young mother and housewife, busy with my own affairs and never taking time to think that someday my mother would be old and feeble and forgetful. It would have taken only a minute to write the names and the date on the back of the picture.

Sometimes, it is easier to give money than to search the shops for gifts. And money is a commodity that certainly can be used. Mama could've used the ten dollars my brother gave her last

year — if she had not forgotten where she put it. We should be sure our relative or friend is capable of handling money properly.

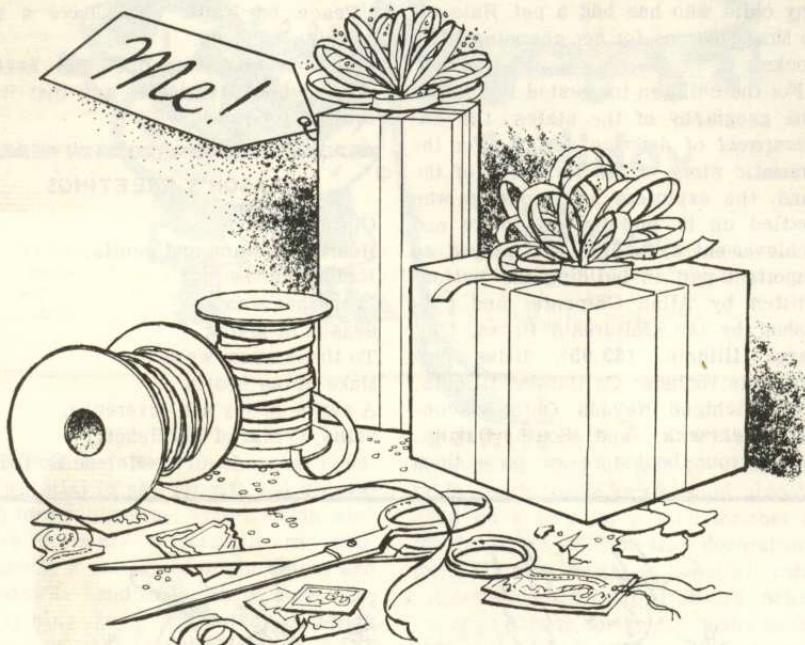
The young look forward to Christmas and birthdays, and they expect to be remembered with a gift. To the mind befuddled by hardening arteries and other infirmities of accumulated years, one day fades into another lonely day, and the person is hardly aware of the date or the occasion. But most of them are momentarily aware of mail time and visits. The mailman's stop each day breaks the monotony of the morning for my mother, and she is highly pleased if she receives a card or a letter. Her bedroom table is littered with greeting cards and pages of letters, worn from handling but still new to her each time she looks at them.

Recently when one of her granddaughters came to visit her, Mother pointed to a picture of a cat that she had tacked to the wall. "There's the card you sent me," she said. "The little kitten looks so real!" This same granddaughter had considered the failing eyesight of her grandmother a few Christmases ago, when she sent her a Bible with extra large print.

Another granddaughter lives near enough to visit often and her gift is a steady stream of little things . . . handmade bedroom curtains on rings that arthritic fingers can manipulate easier than heavy drapes or shades . . . the time to sit for thirty minutes of uninterrupted listening to stories from long ago . . . and once, she brought in a large covered box. Mother was as curious as a child about the contents — and as thrilled as the little great-grandson by the sight of a brood of newly hatched chickens and the mother hen. These reminded her of the flocks of chickens she had raised over a half century ago when she, too, was a farm wife.

Days speed by for us while we work at earning a living and educating our children, but to those who can no longer take an active part in our lives the days are empty. Gaily wrapped packages will do little to brighten their days unless the contents can be used.

Emerson said, "The only gift is a portion of thyself." When we look at our Christmas list this year, let us consider each name as an individual. Let us consider each individual's needs, his interests, the situation in which he lives, and his physical and mental condition. Then, bearing all these things in mind, let us select a suitable gift for each one. When we do this, we will have given a portion of ourselves, whether the gift costs fifty dollars or fifty cents — or only an hour of our time for an extra visit!



GIVE YOURSELF THIS GIFT

The holidays will soon be upon us, with family gatherings, church dinners, parties, luncheons . . . and temptations to overeat and "put off" dieting until after New Year's.

This means that this is an ideal time to buy yourself a present: the gift of fewer calories! We're talking about a bottle of **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener**. Use it at home, on cereals, in drinks, in cooking and baking. You'll discover the sweetness goes in, and calories stay out. **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** makes everything taste just right, but never, never adds a single calorie. No bitterness. No aftertaste. Just natural-tasting sweetness.

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

KITCHEN-KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

Ask your grocer first. However, if you can't yet buy it at your store, send 50¢ for 3-oz. bottle of sweetener. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay the postage.



BAZAAR CUTIES

by

Virginia Thomas

PLAY TOYS

Pop Bottle Cap Necklace: Paint the bottle caps in bright colors (spray paint is easy). With hammer and nail make two holes, opposite each other, in the rim. String several caps on a heavy cord. A tiny artificial blossom from a discarded corsage may be glued to each cap.

Doll Table Centerpiece: For each centerpiece use a plastic bottle cap for the vase or flowerpot. Make a tiny arrangement of artificial flowers (parts of discarded corsages) and hold it in position in the cap vase with modeling clay.

Photo Locket: Use a cap from a plastic pill bottle. Punch a hole in the edge with a hot darning needle. Thread a narrow ribbon or piece of yarn through for the chain. Cut the child's face from a snapshot and glue inside the lid, or cut a face from a catalogue. Perhaps dolly could have a matching locket.

Doll Canister Set: Paint graduated size plastic pill bottles and use a marking pen to label them on the side as flour, sugar, coffee, etc.

Shut-In Garden: Paint a muffin pan with bright enamel. Place a few stones in the bottom of each muffin cup and fill with dirt. Plant a few seeds in each cup — orange seed, bird seed, flower or vegetable seed (carrots, beets, or mustard make pretty greenery and a child will love some radishes). Cover the whole "garden" with clear plastic, taping it to the bottom. Add a pretty ribbon bow. Attach a card giving instructions that the recipient is to water the garden and "watch it grow". These are entertaining for a child's winter garden.

Paper Plate Puppets: For the basic puppet head use a paper plate to which half of a plate is sewn or stapled to form a pocket into which the hand can be slipped. Mark in the features with marking pens and add yarn, crepe paper, or "chore girl" hair and perhaps large button or cardboard ears. Glue on the hair and ears. Glue a big bow tie of any bright fabric on the male puppets. The puppets may wear fancy hats of paper, felt, or fabric. Children will have hours of fun with these. They are real fun starters for a child's party or in the sick room.



Mary Beth's and Donald's new home in Anderson, Indiana, is situated in a neighborhood where the lots are very spacious. The back yard is especially large, sloping back to the river. Adrienne is interested in the squirrels and birds and has started winter feeders for these little friends.

Merry Christmas ... 1966!



Sure, this is a Christmas gift — but from two years ago! It certainly doesn't look it, and it's going to stay new-looking for even longer, too!

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

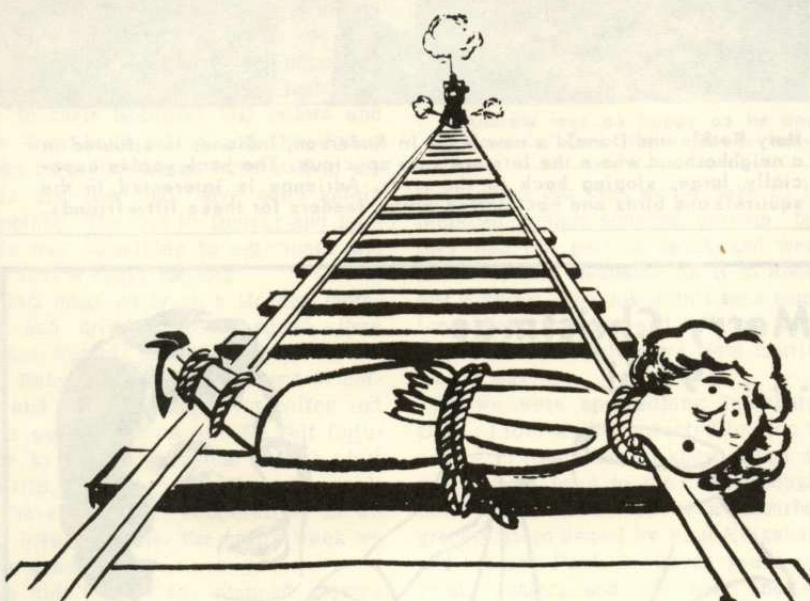
Last fall we added a large double garage and workshop area to our greenhouse. A garden club member happened to stop in one day and the idea for a Christmas design school came to her mind. "You have all this lovely

space", she said, "Let's have a Christmas workshop and invite all the area garden clubs to attend. We could make and design things for our own homes and for gifts. It would be such fun!"

We hesitated because the building was little more than a shell at the time — it had to be sealed inside, cupboards had to be built in the work area, heat had to be installed and it had to be wired. Besides, the rush of work in a floral shop at holiday time is frightening and we had no idea when a "suitable" time could be designated. Garden club members *never* take "no" for an answer. "We'll leave the exact date



Many of you have asked for a picture of Anita Turner who lives with Lucile. Margery snapped this picture of her one evening while she was visiting with Mother, and just in time to meet the deadline on this issue.



WE'VE ALL GOT OUR PROBLEMS

After all, running a household is like running a big business any more. We have to be purchasing agent, personnel officer, arbitrator, chauffeur, dietitian, psychologist, and goodness knows what all!

That doesn't mean it isn't fun, being a wife and mother. But we've certainly learned to recognize and appreciate anything that makes our work load a little lighter and our day go a little easier.

That's why we're so thankful for **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. I can't think of anything that works so well at so many jobs . . . and all over the house, too! Front porch to kitchen, basement to bathroom, laundry to garage, this wonder-working powder does its work fast and does it well. Cuts grease and dirt and grime right away. Yet it doesn't hurt fine finishes (or hands, either). Inexpensive, handy, easy to use in hard or soft water — what more could we ask for?

Doing without it: now *that* would be a problem!

and time open," she said. "In the meantime, I'll pass the word around and get enough people to come for the first session. We'll call it a 'Creative Christmas Workshop'." Here I am, already deeply involved in a project that common sense tells me to have no part of. I'll try to remember to give you a "blow by blow" account of our first holiday workshop after the first of the year.

In the meantime, are you trying to come up with a holiday centerpiece or arrangement that doesn't look exactly like "everyone else's"? Candles, cones, and evergreens are the very essence of Christmas but it's how they are combined that makes them different. There are angels, deer, bells, choir singers, and many other accessories that can make your arrangement your very own and unlike any other. Recently we attended a florist's trade fair and design school and found that burlap and velvet are being used extensively for background material. Nativity figurines and statues are made of papier-mâché, that has been painted and treated to look like wood. Only the inexpensive prices and the lightness in weight tells you they are not hand-carved out of mahogany or walnut. "Flocked" materials look as though they had been coated in soft velvet. The flocking is applied to ribbon, to deer and figurines, to poinsettias and roses, giving a lustrous velvety finish that is very rich and pleasing. Flocked fruits are also delightful to use in compotes and swags, and are lovely when combined with flowers. You will find these new items at variety stores, florists and "do-it-yourself" suppliers. Clean off the kitchen table and have your own family Christmas Design School — it can be most rewarding. My husband and I wish you and yours a blessed and happy holiday season.

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

DECEMBER DEVOTIONS — Concluded
 tury. In a remote corner of the powerful Roman Empire a courageous people who had gone through slavery, war, and famine, never lost faith in the goodness of their God. In the midst of terrible persecution they remained unshaken, steadfast to their faith, finding comfort and courage from the prophecies of Isaiah.

Voice: *The people who walked in darkness have seen a great light; those who dwelt in a land of deep darkness, on them has a light shined. . . For to us a child is born, to us a son is given; and his name shall be called "Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace." Of the increase of His government and of peace there shall be no end.*

Yes, the lights of the world had gone out but these people waited confidently for light to come again.

Then came a still, clear night on a Judean hillside when humble shepherds saw a strange light and heard the angel speak and heavenly hosts sing.

Voice: *Be not afraid; for behold I bring you good news of a great joy which shall come to all people; for to you is born this day in the city of David, a savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this will be a sign for you: You will find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger. . . Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and goodwill toward men.*

And far, far away to the East learned men looked into the heavens to behold an exceedingly bright Star and followed its starlit way.

Voice: *Now when Jesus was born in Judea in the days of Herod the King, behold wisemen from the east came to Jerusalem, saying, "Where is he who has been born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east and have come to worship him!" . . . And lo, the star which they had seen in the east went before them, till it came to rest over the place where the child was.*

Shine on, O Star in your glory! At least five distinct types of light heralded the birth of Jesus, the same lights that guide our footsteps today if we choose to travel the Starlight Way.

There was the light of ancient prophecy, telling of the Messiah who would come, the HOPE in the hearts of the believers. There was the light of good news and goodwill, of LOVE for all mankind proclaimed to the shepherds that first Christmas Eve. There was the light of guidance and COURAGE that piloted the Wisemen over the Starlighted road to the Christ Child, a long, long journey away. There was the light of God's presence, the PEACE of the Heavenly Father, which illumined

the stable where the young Child lay. There was the light of JOY in the rejoicing hearts of all who came to worship the newborn Christ, the long-promised Wonderful One.

The beginnings of our own nation are rooted in the promise, the faith, and the assurance given people by the everlasting Spirit that is in the Light from the Christmas Star. It is a beautiful faith. It is the trusting, strong faith of a child. It is the never-failing trust of humanity in the miraculous. But it is more. It is the force against which the most powerful evil cannot prevail for long, nor which the most wicked can overpower in the end. Whether in time of war or in time of peace, whether in time of happiness or time of strife, Christmas comes, as the years come. The world, through all its cruelties, and greed, and hate, and its blessings through these two thousand years since man began to seek to travel the Star-Lighted Way, has never altered the Spirit of Christmas, nor dimmed the Light of His Star.

The light in the heart is the light which lasts. Persecution and hardship are powerless to overcome the light of the Christmas Star. The lights of the world may go out, but the lights of the heart warmly gleam.

This Christmas the Star shines brighter than ever in the darkness of a discouraged world. Never has there been greater reason for rejoicing. *The world is not lost! It was saved two thousand years ago in Bethlehem. This is what the Christmas Star is saying to us. Nothing that early schemes and hatreds can devise has ever, or ever will be, able to alter this fact. Shine on, O Star in your glory!*

Music: "O Holy Night" as a solo or

the duet "Star of the East".

Leader:

Christians, lo, the star appeareth; Lo, 'tis yet Messiah's day; Still with tribute treasure-laden Come the Wisemen on their way. Where a life is spent in service Walking where the Master trod, There is scattered myrrh most fragrant For the blessed Christ of God, Whoso bears his brother's burden, Whoso shares another's woe, Brings his frankincense to Jesus With the men of long ago. When we soothe earth's weary children Tending best the least of them. 'Tis the Lord himself we worship. Bringing gold to Bethlehem. Christians, lo, the Star appeareth Leading still the ancient way; Christians, onward with your treasure; It is still Messiah's day.

—From church paper

Hymn: "Light of the World, We Hail Thee".

Benediction: May the echo of the angels' song bring joy and peace within our hearts; may the light of Thy Star purify our minds, and guide us to know the truth and Thy will more clearly; may Thy Presence come to us and consecrate our hearts that we may gain a vision of the Starlight Way throughout the coming year and all the years thereafter.

Glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace and goodwill toward men. We have seen His Star and have come to worship Him. Amen.

May the life and joy of Christmas heal you in spirit, mind, and body.

May the eternal light of Christmas guide you and protect you on your way.

And may it ever be so.

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DOROTHY'S LETTER - Concluded

schoolhouse and then a few miles farther to Woods Landing. There is a little river that runs through this valley which is bordered with cottonwoods and aspen trees, and on this brilliant day with the sun shining on the yellow leaves and with the green pine trees on the mountains for a background, we felt we couldn't have had a more breath-takingly beautiful ride.

Kristin had to leave early the next morning with ten other graduate students and members of the faculty to attend a conference in Brighton, Utah, and although she was eager to attend the meeting, she was unhappy to miss a half day of our visit. Art and Andy took good care of us the last morning, and we headed back to Denver after lunch, where we stayed overnight before starting home the next afternoon. Mother and I remarked on the way home that we had been gone just long enough to have had a good visit with all the members of our family in the Rocky Mountain region.

The Sunday before we left on our trip Frank and I enjoyed our annual visit with Clarence and Sylvia Meyer and young son Brian of Aplington, Iowa, who spent the day with us. We had our last wiener roast of the season down by the bayou before they went home.

It is time for me to stop and think about lunch. After we eat I'm going to have Frank step outside to help me decide where to plant some tulip bulbs. Until next month

Sincerely,

Dorothy

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JULIANA'S LETTER - Concluded

food. He thinks mashed beets are the most fun and he rubs them in his hair and any other place that is handy. He is also developing a personality and a temper. I try to remain patient, but I must admit we have had a few battles at nap time. Given his own way, I'm sure James would like to eliminate sleep completely.

Jed is still busy with school. The University is a long way from our home so he goes to classes in the morning and remains on campus until late afternoon. Of course I wish he could get home at noon, but with a 24-mile round trip it is out of the question. As a result, I have joined the "lunch packers". At least there is a park near the engineering complex so I don't have to think of him eating in a parking lot.

Well, I hear James tuning up so I must dash. A very happy holiday to you all.

Sincerely,
Juliana

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

then. It took a week of hard, long hours to catch up with my desk work so I could resume my normal schedule, but this is to be expected when a routine is broken.

Oliver and I had a pleasant weekend recently when we drove over to Crete, Nebraska, to visit our son. He was anxious to hear about our trip and suggested that we visit him the weekend he was appearing in a skit and Doane had a home football game. The skit was entertaining and "our team" won the game by the amazing score of 54-0! I believe this was Doane's 26th consecutive win. Now, I don't know how you state such statistics, for they did have one tie in a post-season game.

So soon Thanksgiving will be over and we will be planning ahead for Christmas. We hope you are fortunate to have all members of your family gathered around the tree, but that is a rare thing in this day and age. The greatest desire we all have, I know without question, is for Peace on Earth.

Sincerely,
Margery

COVER PICTURE

"Hang up the baby's stocking;
Be sure you don't forget,
For the dear little dimpled darling
Has never seen Christmas yet."

Our cover picture of Lucile's grandson James is dedicated to all those little tykes who will be observing their first Christmas. James' tiny stocking will be hung from the mantel of the fireplace in the Lowey's family room, pictured on page 3. We're sure Santa will find it!

LITTLE ADS

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.

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My parents always stressed the part of Christmas which involved sharing with others. They were well aware of the needs of the world and gave us a sense of world brotherhood and a joy in finding ways to give. We have tried to carry this pattern into our own home. It takes time and family discussions and work sessions to plan, make and deliver these love gifts, but it has provided many a meaningful Christmas memory.

Kindness, thoughtfulness, appreciation, worship, wonder, love, joy and the peace of Christmas should permeate all we do this holiday month. These qualities cannot be achieved if we go into the season too rushed and overly pressured. Make time to plan and carry out the true meaning of Christmas together as a family.

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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