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# Kitchen-Klatter®

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Magazine

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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# 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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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This wintry-looking November day is the kind that makes a person want to get at what could be called "picky projects", and when I've finished this letter to you I'm going to tackle a big pile of catalogs and get them into some sort of order.

It seems to me that I must be on every mailing list in the country! This year the Christmas gift catalogs began arriving in September — and they are still arriving. For people who cannot get out easily to shop they are a god-send, and even the most able-bodied person would have to do worlds of tramping around to begin to find the tremendous variety of things that are available. All in all, I have a good time with my catalogs.

Now that I'm back in Iowa and very much settled into the usual routine it seems to me that the six weeks I spent in Albuquerque flew by like the proverbial greased lightning. It was a most happy visit, and this time, thank goodness, there were no hospital complications to mar it such as I had last spring. Aside from a short-lived siege with some kind of a virus that was making the rounds we all managed to stay hale and hearty.

Katharine changed a great deal during the time that I spent in New Mexico. She doesn't look like a big baby but she has outgrown all of her pretty little 6 and 9 months size dresses and is wearing the stretch sleepers that James wore when he was a year old. The last morning when Juliana brought her over she had on a lovely little smocked dress passed on from Lisa and Natalie, and this was a size one. I noticed that the top button couldn't be fastened because her neck is so plump.

Her long tussle with colic is just about over and now she has a hearty appetite for cereal and strained vegetables, but fruit of any kind is definitely out. She is a contented and happy baby as long as she is right in

the middle of everything that's going on, and her merriest laugh is always produced when James talks to her and tries to play with her. He is upset if she cries hard and says firmly to Juliana: "Katharine's so noisy, mama. Put her away!" (This means putting her in her crib and closing the door.)

Dorothy spent a couple of days with us before we started back to Iowa, and we both said that watching Juliana with Katharine certainly took us back to those long ago days when our girls were babies. She gets great pleasure out of dressing up Katharine in her prettiest clothes and "showing her off" at every possible opportunity. We had to laugh when she brought her over and said gayly that she had been playing doll! I'm sure that no one ever enjoyed a little girl more than she enjoys Katharine.

James is a sturdy, self-reliant little boy who has a wonderful capacity for entertaining himself. He gets genuine pleasure out of his toys and can play happily with anything mechanical for long periods of time. The two of us had many a session with some of my toy catalogs, and he studied things intently as long as I would turn the pages. Since I cannot play with him physically it was nice to stumble on this diversion . . . and I must say that it was surely a successful one.

After the first of the year Juliana is hopeful that she can enter him in a nursery school for a couple of hours twice a week. The little boy next door (six months older) is going to such a school and his mother says that it's done him a great deal of good. James loves to play with other children and there are a number of youngsters on the street, but the complication here is that he can't be turned out to play with them because he wanders off, and you know and I know that you can't have a little youngster two-and-a-half years old wandering off. The only time he managed to unlock the front screen and get out Juliana found him almost up to Comanche Boulevard and it scared her

half to death. I guess he'll just have to stay in the walled-in back yard until he can be trusted to play only in front of his own house.

It would be my guess that Juliana's daily routine is very typical of most young mothers who have small children. They are up in the morning around 6:30 for Jed must be at his desk by 8:00 and it's quite a long drive through heavy traffic. He doesn't get home until 5:30, at the earliest, so she spends her days taking care of the youngsters' endless needs, doing countless loads of laundry, cleaning, cooking and grocery shopping. The latter is quite a project since Katharine must be in the top part of the cart and James must trot along beside her. She tries to manage the major grocery trips at night when Jed can be at home with the children. It's a blessing that these big shopping centers stay open until 9:00 at night.

The day before we left to return to Iowa, Jed's mother and sister, Beth, arrived from Woods Hole for a week's visit. I hadn't seen Mary Lowey (Jed's mother) since James was two weeks old, so it was good to have a visit with her again even though it had to be very brief — they came over in the morning and we had to leave at noon. She followed right through on her plans to learn to drive, and just before they flew out to Albuquerque she bought a new car, a small one that will be easy to handle. This month she takes her driver's test and I'm sure she will pass it with flying colors. My! It's going to give her so much freedom to come and go as she pleases, particularly since they are several miles from the nearest grocery stores.

Back in September I asked mother what she wanted to have as her needlework project for the winter, and after looking through her catalogs she concluded that she'd like to make a pale green wool afghan that was to be quite elaborately embroidered with clusters of daisies. I told her that I'd order it for her as a Christmas gift — I figured that it would hold her through the long winter months ahead.

Well! When I got back home I found that it was all done — and by the end of October! In addition to this she had made a perfectly stunning poncho for Marge out of white wool, using the same embroidery on it as the clusters of daisies on the afghan. I've never seen anything more eye-catching. All I can say is that I'm glad the current needlework catalog offers a brand-new afghan, for the shut-in winter months are ahead of us and a big new project is definitely needed.

Marge has just finished making two adorable little dresses for Katharine.

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## FREDERICK'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

Betty and I have had the recent pleasure of entertaining some dear friends from Finland. They come to this country every three or four years, and whenever any of us are in Finland, we are entertained in their beautiful home located in a fine residential section of Helsinki. I was in their home in 1956, Betty's parents were there in 1960, and Mary Leanna spent more than a week with them in 1968. Helsinki is one of my very favorite cities — very beautiful, very cultured and sophisticated, and just filled with magnificent shops and restaurants. It is an expensive city to visit, but well worth it.

All we had to do to entertain our Finnish friends was to take them driving in the country. They loved seeing our New England mountains. In Finland there are no mountains of any kind, just a few rolling hills, and so to the mountains we went. The mountains we have around Springfield are not very high, but they are much higher than anything Finland has. Of particular interest to our friends were our trees. Here in America we have a much larger variety of trees than one ever sees in Europe. Finland has magnificent forests, but the trees all look alike, while here in New England our woods are mixtures of maple, oak, spruce, birch, with different varieties of each.

Because Finland has such wonderful food, we were not sure just what would appeal to our friends in that line. Of course, being Scandinavians, they love fish, but here they wanted to have the kind of fish they never — or at least rarely — get in Helsinki. They wanted swordfish and oysters!! Well, that is just what we gave them in quantity, and Betty and I enjoyed them too. We eat a great deal of fish in our house, and swordfish is Betty's favorite. How did we eat the oysters? Raw and on the half shell, and they were absolutely delicious!

Remember my telling you about a narrow escape I had three years ago when I almost fell out of an airplane? You would not think that that sort of thing could happen twice in a lifetime to the same man, but it did! A few days ago I chartered a plane and a pilot just to go up and fly around the New England countryside. The valleys still have some fall foliage, and it was such a perfect day for photographs. We had just taken off and were making a slow climb up over a range of hills when I saw some beautiful lakes that I had never before seen from the air. Right away I wanted a picture, and so I opened the window, and leaned out of the



It had been many years since Frederick and Betty went to a studio to have their picture taken together, so it was a real surprise when this arrived in the mail. It was taken for a booklet for the church.

plane. Just as I did that, the plane's door pushed open, and there I was looking straight down to the ground. I had unloosened my seatbelt so that I could get as far out of the window as possible, but thank heavens I had not unfastened it altogether. It was that last bit of belt that kept me from falling right out and into the lakes. What a surprise that was! Now after the second such incident, it is my honest opinion that it won't happen to me a third time. A friend who learned of this latest incident met me on the street yesterday and said: "It is obvious that the good Lord watches over you!" I smiled, gave him a wink, and replied: "Not at all! He has been trying very hard to get me for some time!"

One day this week I spent several hours "selling Springfield" to some people that I would like to come and live here. As we drove about the city, I not only gave them a guided tour, I gave them a good sales talk for the town. And do you know what? I sold myself all over again. For the past year I have been somewhat discouraged about our fair city, but as I tried hard to sell it today, I convinced myself that it is a mighty fine town in spite of its problems. The people asked to see homes and schools and museums and art galleries and colleges, and parks, and that is just what I showed them in abundance. It was a beautiful day for that sort of thing, and as I drove from one end of the city to the other, I realized again just how much I do love this town, and I realized how much there is in the town to love. It really is a great place!

The inner city of Springfield has just 175,000 population, and I don't know of any other city that size which has three excellent colleges, each of them with about 2,000 enrollment. In addition we have two large junior colleges,

one preparatory school for boys, and two preparatory schools for girls. As we drove around the city, I was amazed to note how many beautiful new schools we have. When I got home for supper I said to Betty: "I don't know whether I sold the town today or not, but I certainly sold the place to myself. After all the good things I have seen, I am sure that I don't want to live anywhere else."

A few weeks ago I had a wedding unlike any wedding you ever attended. It is such a rare thing for us to have anything at all to go wrong at weddings, and on those rare occasions when something does go wrong, it upsets us. The particular wedding which caused me so much anxiety got off to a bad start when one-half of the wedding party did not make it to the rehearsal. Well, there was nothing we could do about that. On the day of the wedding, the bride was twenty minutes late, arriving in a car with her father. She got out of the car and rushed into the church to tell me that her father had had to go home to get the rings which he had forgotten and left on the top of a bureau. At this point the organist was beginning to get tired playing, and all of us were certainly tired of the waiting.

When the father got back with the rings, the wedding started just thirty-five minutes late. As though we had not had enough trouble, I walked to my place at the front of the church, and as I turned to face the congregation, I could not believe what I saw — the ushers had seated the parents on the wrong side of the aisle. This meant that the bride's people were all in the place reserved for the family of the groom, and vice versa. I proceeded with the wedding trying to keep as calm as possible, but even my calmness was disturbed when a little ring bearer decided to step out of the procession and sit with a friend of his. But wait a moment! One more thing went wrong; the ushers proceeded out of the church with the rest of the wedding party, and then they forgot to come back and usher out the mothers of the bride and groom.

When I related this story of wedding woe to one of my friends, he sent me a copy of an eyewitness account of all that went wrong with a wedding conducted just over 100 years ago in a small Italian town. This account as I relate it here to you made me feel that my wedding had not been so bad after all.

"In 1867 a princess of the Royal House of Italy was married. These were the incidents that surrounded the event: the bride's wardrobe mistress hanged herself; the colonel who was to

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## Emmanuel

### A CHRISTMAS WORSHIP SERVICE

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**Setting:** You will need a large bulletin board which can be placed upon an easel, and a small, low table placed in front of the easel. Cover the bulletin board with some Christmas red material. Drape the table with a dark green cloth which falls to the floor on all sides, concealing both the table legs and the legs of the easel.

Cut out large gold paper letters to spell the word "Emmanuel" and pin them in a curved line across the top of the bulletin board. Fasten a large copy of your favorite painting of the "Head of Christ" in the center of the board. Have ready enough small sprays of Christmas greens to be thumb tacked to the board to form a frame for the picture of Christ at the time indicated in the service.

On the table, and to the right of the picture, place a large candle, arranging a few greens and pine cones at its base. The leader lights this candle just before the service begins.

For this special Christmas program, try to have those taking part wear choir robes, or make robes of different appropriate colors by dying old sheets and draping and pinning them to shape: purple for the person reading the prophecy from Isaiah, deep green for the narrator, red for the person speaking on joy and faith, white for the one emphasizing love, etc.

**Quiet Music:** "O Come, O Come Emmanuel". (Leader lights candle. Music continues softly as the Scriptures of the prophecies are read.)

**Scriptures:** *Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign; Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Emmanuel.*

*The people that have walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.*

*For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.*

**Hymn:** (Solo.) First verse of "O Come, O Come Emmanuel".

**Leader:** His name shall be called

Emmanuel, which means God with us.

Christmas is not about an innkeeper and mangers and shepherds and wise men; Christmas is about God.

Christmas was and is a gift — God giving Himself in Jesus Christ.

Christmas makes it possible for a baffled, troubled world to become a home, warm and friendly. Its disclosure of God through a baby in a stable condemns the ugliness of pride, hatred, and prejudice.

*"Christmas makes an offer, gives a warning, and brings a challenge. It bids us to give up selfish ways. It invites us to give in to love. It calls us to give out in serving the needy and the lonely."* (Wilson O. Weldon) But Christmas is even more — it is JOY and HOPE — two things as desperately needed today as in the days of Isaiah.

**Hymn:** Second verse of "O Come, O Come Emmanuel".

**First Speaker:** Isaiah lived in a troubled, confused world. The enemies on every side of his little nation were strong and powerful.

Many were hungry, so hungry they thought each night as they went to bed that they couldn't stand it. There were blind and lame children, begging on the streets. The jails were full of people who owed money but could find no way to pay their debts. Many of the sick were shunted off in isolation and disgrace.

Worst of all, the leaders of these people didn't care. They never tried to help. They simply shrugged and took the attitude "So what? Who cares?"

How hard it must have been for Isaiah to stand forth and say to his despairing people, "God cares. When God's messenger comes, he will care." In the face of this despair the prophet sought the most wonderful words he could find to describe this messenger, this God, to his people. "Wonderful". "Counselor", "Prince of Peace".

But best of all, "Emmanuel", God with us, came not in the showy splendor of a conquering king, wearing rich garments and jewels, but as a babe born into a humble home, growing up as their children grew up, friend of the humble folks, the friendless, the lame,

the blind, the sick and the lonely. "God with us" in our daily lives, Isaiah told them. "God caring and loving us. God is love."

**Hymn:** Third and fourth verses of "O Come, O Come Emmanuel".

**Reading:**

In a dirty stable  
In the early morn,  
To a sleeping city  
Love was born.  
Who would have thought  
As the day began,  
That in that stable  
Lay the hope of man?  
Mankind was destined  
To eternity alone  
But God, in His mercy,  
Sent us His son.  
He owned us nothing —  
Filthy bits of clay  
From Him we wandered,  
Choosing our own way.  
God loved His children,  
Realized their doom,  
Arrived that Christmas morning  
In a stable room.  
Now, this Christmas,  
Let all your thinking be  
Of God's great gift of love  
For you and me.  
God's love will fill you,  
For this end He came.  
Let Him take over  
Every desire and aim.

—Adapted from poem by Martha Henk,  
age 15

**Scripture:** *For I am convinced that there is nothing in death or life, in the realm of spirits or superhuman powers, in the world as it is or the world as it shall be, in the forces of the universe, in the heights or depths — nothing in all creation that can separate us from love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.*  
—Romans 8:38-39 in the New English Bible.

**Hymn:** "Love Came Down at Christmas", verses 1 and 2.

**Second Speaker:** His name shall be called Emmanuel, which means God with us. This is what Christmas is saying. One writer said, "Christmas is saying that God is not off in some celestial boiler room running the machinery; but He is HERE, cradled in the hearts and minds and bodies of His children the world around."

Christmas points up the idea of God's hereness, a revolutionary idea in Isaiah's time and still a revolutionary idea today.

Why is it so hard for us to believe that He is right here, jostling shoulders with the crowd, walking the paths with those in trouble, holding the hand of the suffering, near to the lonely, rejoicing with hearts that are glad? God it is Who makes joy joyful!

EMMANUEL — God with us, here and  
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## CANDLE-MAKING

by  
Mildred D. Cathcart

Candle-making is an ancient art which is becoming increasingly popular. Ingenious women are not content to use the conventional candleholders; they prefer something more inventive. Unusual ash trays, an old-fashioned smoke stand, and other bric-a-brac can be converted into candleholders. Many of the insulators that are such popular items in trading posts will be sold to hold candles. The heavy brown type are a ready-to-use holder, while others require two: one inverted for the base and the second glued on top to hold the candle. Wooden table legs and posts from old wooden beds can be made into large ornamental holders. Since odd-shaped candles cannot be found, it has become a do-it-yourself project to make candles to fit all of these odd-shaped holders.

The first candles were a crude type made many years before the time of Christ, and were just fats wrapped in husks. The Romans probably were the first to make candles much as we know them today. They used flax or papyrus wicks and dipped them in tallow, pitch, or beeswax. In the Middle Ages, candle-making was such an important industry that the candle-makers even had their own guilds, and in nursery rhymes the candle-maker was named along with the butcher and baker. After the eighteenth century, whale wax and processed fat was mainly used for candles.

By the nineteenth century, paraffin was refined from petroleum and became an important ingredient. Stearin, made from animal and plant fats, was added for hardness. In some isolated villages, farmers still use tallow candles made after animals are butchered. Beeswax, obtained from honeycomb, is used in most of the church candles. Candleberry is an evergreen shrub that produces berries covered with wax. This is pleasantly scented, and the bayberry or waxberry candle is especially popular during the Christmas holidays. It takes about one bushel of berries to produce four pounds of the wax.

Although candle-making began hundreds of years ago, the process has

not changed drastically. Machines have replaced some of the handwork, but the better candles are still dipped by hand.

The two main ways to make candles are either by dipping or pouring wax. At school, our junior high pupils made many Christmas candles by pouring wax. There is one word of warning — wax can catch fire easily. The wax should be melted over water and the project should be under the supervision of an adult. Children should never be allowed to pour the hot wax by themselves. Most of our pupils filled milk cartons with chunks of cracked ice, then poured the slightly cooled melted wax into the container. The results were always varied and interesting. The cracked ice should not be in too large chunks or the holes in the candles will be too large to be attractive. Tin cans or other containers can be used to provide the right-sized candles. Pour cold water around the container before you pour in the wax, but be sure you do not wet the wick or the wax will not adhere to it.

To hold the wick in place, punch a small hole in the bottom of the container and tie a knot so the wick cannot slip through. Put a knitting needle or a piece of wire coat hanger over the top of the can and tie the other end of the wick to this so it stays taut. Wicks can be made from braided cotton yarn, but for best results buy your wick ready-made. If, like some of my pupils, you do not plan to burn up your finished product, the wick is immaterial.

These candles can be made in a variety of shapes, sizes, and colors. The paraffin is easily colored by cutting up desired colors of wax crayon in the hot paraffin. You will want to experiment with other types of dyes or food coloring. Attractive candles are formed by pouring a layer of one color and then another color.

The dipping method is more tedious, since you must dip the wick into the melted wax, let it harden, and repeat this process until the candle is the desired thickness. If you plan to dip several candles, suspend the wicks from a hanger and lift the container until each wick is coated with the wax. Repeat this as often as necessary to obtain the desired size. If the dipped candle needs to be smoother, roll it on a wet glass or on a dampened marble surface.

Beeswax candles are more expensive out are easiest to make, and are so safe and simple that smaller children can participate in this activity. The beeswax can be purchased by the sheet and is merely wrapped around the wick. As you experiment, you will find ways of rolling the wick vertically, at an angle, or in other ways to

create desired effects.

Decorating the candles will give you an opportunity to develop your creative ability. Our students decorated their candles for Christmas by using pins to attach bits of holly, evergreen, or tiny ornaments. These decorations can be changed from season to season. Many women use an arrangement of flowers at the base of the candle to carry out a desired color scheme. Wax can be melted and shaped into tiny flowers or other shapes and attached to the candle. Pencil points, scissors, or blunt objects can be used to make designs in the candle while the wax is soft.

Candle-making is such an interesting pastime that once you begin, you will find yourself searching through your basement or attic, in antique or junk shops, or almost anywhere to find a suitable and unusual holder for your candles.



### CHRISTMAS

Christmas is . . .  
Doorbells ringing, carolers singing,  
Nuts and chocolate candy, Raggedy  
Ann and Andy,  
Silver hung on trees, Dad and his son  
on their knees  
Playing with train; snow covers the  
lane,  
Children's mittens and boots, distant  
train whistle toots,  
Company arriving, hungry children con-  
vining,  
Hours ahead the table was spread,  
Each in his seat, starved, anxious to  
eat,  
Dad nods to each one, prays to God's  
only Son.

That's what Christmas is.

—Fay Blodgett Shores



### SHENANIGANS AT CHRISTMAS

She'd waited just for me,  
Fat arms outstretched  
Beseechingly, blue eyes alight  
With all the joy of Christmas.  
Her dress was sheerest white  
With lace-edged ruffles, shiny  
Pink. And in her hair — bright  
Ribbons, touched with gold!

"What do you think? Would Santa bring  
Me such a doll?" Mom shrugged,  
Dad urged me on. Then, unaccountably  
He merged into the pushing throng.  
His blue eyes twinkled with delight  
As he rejoined us in the night, a  
Bulky parcel tucked beneath his arm.

Dad smiled at Mom, Mom smiled at Dad.  
And, with glowing eyes downcast,  
I smiled demurely  
To myself!

—Leta Fulmer



## THIS PAST MONTH HAS BEEN A BUSY ONE FOR MARGERY

Dear Friends:

A continuous sound in Shenandoah these days is the loud buzzing of power saws as elms come tumbling down. The last of ours were removed last week, and how bare our yard looks! We worried so about the school children who use our walks for fear a limb would break off suddenly, but now that danger is past. I expect the stump-removal crews will take over before long. At least we hope that the job is completed before spring so we can get new trees planted. We'll select a variety and hope that some are fast growing.

Martin has just spent a weekend with us. Although we talk on the phone frequently, there is nothing like a good personal visit. We hadn't seen him since his fall classes started at the seminary, so there was a lot to catch up on. This year he is taking more courses in New Testament Interpretation and Church History as well as a course in the Church and Youth Culture and Communication Forms in the Church. His field work for the year is assisting the chaplains in campus ministry at Macalester College in St. Paul. His time is pretty much divided between the two institutions so he does a great deal of driving back and forth.

Martin was particularly anxious to come home at this time to bid farewell to our minister and his family. The Hausers are leaving us to serve a church in Wisconsin. Last Sunday was Mr. Hauser's final service in our church and we had our farewell dinner for them following worship. This week the packing and loading will get under way. After the truck leaves they'll spend the night with us before leaving for Wisconsin and their new home. How we'll miss them for they are such dear friends!

In this issue you'll find an amusing poem on dieting — or the lack of it. I can't recall at the moment which page it is on, but you can't miss it. I started a diet but finally gave up on it. There were so many luncheons and coffees and good club refreshments to enjoy that I gave up in despair, deciding that I'd better wait until after Christmas — just like the poem.

This year our church circles are meeting together for a one o'clock luncheon each month. We are going to work jointly on service projects. The leaders got in touch with several state institutions for lists of their needs. We selected the ones that we thought would work out best for our group's capabilities. For the next few months we'll be making draw-string bags and



Crewel embroidery is very popular these days and is used to decorate almost anything, including the poncho Mother is holding. She made it for Margery and it is lovely.

bed socks and hemming tea towels. After our lunch we spend the afternoon working on the project of our choice. Those who have small portable sewing machines bring them to the meetings and the sewers work at the dining room table. Some do the cutting, some stitching, and some insert the drawstrings. The knitters work together in another room making bed socks, and an assembly line is set up for the towels. Those whose eyesight doesn't permit them to sew or knit can tear towels, or perhaps do some basting. It is great fellowship!

The study club I belong to had a lovely luncheon a few weeks ago — again, delicious food! — to start out the meetings for the year. One of my friends and I had the program that day. The topic was "News of Yesterday and Today". We stressed the similarities of events of the Twenties with today and the book we found the most helpful for information on the Twenties was *The American Heritage History of the 20's and 30's*. Perhaps your local library has a copy of it. We handled it like a news team — news of yesterday followed by a similar item on the same subject from recent news. We used current news magazines and newspaper articles for today's items. It was great fun to present it this way. We concluded our program with a social item taken from our local newspaper of 50 years ago giving the account of the wedding of one of our members. Our friend was taken completely by surprise! Incidentally, their twin daughters honored them at a lovely reception the following Sunday, attended by over 600 persons!

Back to sewing, my project here at home has been to make some little

hand-smocked dresses for my little great-niece, Katharine. I hadn't made any in recent years because it has been difficult to find smocking patterns, but they are making an appearance in the pattern catalogues again. I've noticed more hand-smocked dresses in the children's shops, also, so perhaps they are making a "come-back". One is white smocked in red, and the other is pale blue smocked in white with a touch of pink.

Right now my sister-in-law Mae is making something for Mother. Mother, you know, is confined to a wheelchair and finds it impossible to buy a coat that will cover her lap. When she and Mae were discussing this recently, they decided that a cape would be the answer to this problem. Mae found a pattern for a long, full cape, beautiful navy blue wool and a bright silk print for the lining. She is going to fasten it at the neck with a decorative frog. I was at Mother's yesterday when Mae brought the cape over for a fitting and it is beautiful! Mother is hoping that it will be finished in time to wear to her next Thursday Club meeting.

Mother's handwork has been varied this fall. She embroidered a lunchcloth for her granddaughter Mary Leanna, made a crewel embroidered poncho for me, and is now crocheting an afghan. She has a sampler to embroider when the afghan is done.

Ruby, Mother's nurse-companion, has been knitting ponchos for her daughters and granddaughters. I believe she has made six so far, and each one has been in a different color. I expect many of you have made them as they are so popular this year. They are certainly lovely.

We are so happy that Aunt Jessie's daughter Ruth and her family have moved permanently from California to their new farm home near Clarinda. The older girls enrolled at the community college in Clarinda and the other children are in the public schools, except for the little toddler, Seth. Ruth is busy getting settled, but manages her household so she can spend several hours each day with her mother. Aunt Jessie isn't able to go out now but has a lovely companion who is a great help in all ways.

Oliver and I are counting the days until we leave on our trip. We weren't certain for a while how things would work out for taking our last two weeks of vacation, but it looks now as if we can get the suitcases out of the closet. We plan to see some sights in Texas and then drive to New Mexico and on up to Colorado. I'll tell you about our adventures next month.

Sincerely,

*Margery*



## MARY BETH FINDS TEACHING CHALLENGING AND EXCITING

Dear Friends:

I have just finished martialing the forces in the kitchen detail, and in a record ten minutes we loaded the dishwasher (bless its heart!), cleaned the table, and vacuumed the kitchen rug! This reminds me of the tales Don tells of his days at home when everyone had his kitchen assignment, and all the work was completed with much singing and whistling. Well, our kitchen is not blessed with as many little helpers as his family home had, but we have a dishwasher which surely contributes the work force of two additional children, or a total of four hands.

With Christmas activities breathing down my neck, and this being the first year I've been working, it has been necessary to tighten everybody's general responsibilities in the house. I very much wanted to make fruit cake, so I got busy in late October and whipped up my pet fruit cake recipe (if one can ever whip through the blending of a fruit cake), which is now mellowing in many layers of air-tight waxed paper and sealed in an oversized plastic container.

Our activities are a little different from last year's when we had a car pool going to and from school. It may sound silly to find ten minutes so important, but having just that many extra minutes longer at home in the morning makes an enormous difference in our early-morning schedule. Because we are not picking up extra riders, we have been using our little car. The station wagon is an absolute joy and delight to ride in. It is comfort itself. However, it has an expensive appetite for ethyl-type gasolines, and it swallows many gallons in a week's driving of 150 miles. Therefore, with an eye to our budget and considering that we are feeding another mouth (that of a horse), we pour ourselves into the tiny, economy automobile and get a fantastic 35 miles to the gallon. However, when the snow season descends upon us in earnest, we will switch over to the larger car, because although these little autos are thrifty they have sacrificed a good heating system and a number of other factors which we take so much for granted in an American-made automobile.

We'll have to make the switch in automobiles soon because one of Paul's classmates is coming to board with us while his parents are in the Orient on a trade commission for the Governor of Wisconsin. Paul has bunk beds in his room, so he will share his room with our guest. Harry is the boy with whom Paul sailed last summer, so there is no question about their getting



Having a teen-age daughter around the house is a real blessing to Mary Beth. Katharine can handle any of the household chores as efficiently as her mother.

along. Living with a family as large as ours will be a real experience for Harry. I don't think of our family as large (except on laundry day), but Harry is an only child, and I have a hunch he has not had to pack his own lunch and do other little things for himself that most boys' mothers do for them.

Since I've been teaching and have simply not had the time to do for the children as much as I formerly did, our children have learned to be much more self-sufficient. Necessity is truly the mother of invention in this case, and I'm sure our children are the better for having learned at firsthand how to do many things for themselves.

On the other hand, Harry is Mr. Neat himself, and I have a suspicion that he will take our Paul in hand and teach him a thing or two about keeping his room in order. He was here once for an "overnight", and in about ten minutes flat he had turned Paul's closet inside out and had put shoes and games and boxes back in a neat orderly arrangement. Then he tackled Paul's bookcase, which was hidden behind layers of papers and tumbled-down stacks of books and assorted trash, and he had that in admirable condition almost instantly. It will be an interesting few weeks to be sure! Which one of us will be the greatest gainer remains to be seen.

Paul has made the transition to junior high school with a minimum of hang-ups. He had to take over the management of a locker with a combination lock. He had to keep his class schedule in mind and get the correct books to class, and for a boy with a proclivity for forgetfulness this was a supreme test.

I have a fine class this year, although I confess to having been scared into a purple-panic at the idea of starting a class. Last winter when I began

teaching in January the teacher had her schedule beautifully arranged and the children were magnificently groomed into a smooth-operating group. So I literally inherited a class of well-trained children. This year I had to determine during the first weeks just where, in the selection of readers which are available for my class, each child would fit. I had to mentally group them into reading classes. I had to determine how much of last year's phonic rules for spelling and pronunciation they had retained over the summer vacation. And then I had to gear the class to accommodate two new students who were totally new to our school system. They had had no phonic training, so this necessitated an extra tutorial class for them to catch up to their classmates.

Let me tell you that first month was a mean one for me, and, as I later discovered, the same for every teacher in our lower school. It took me five days to determine who were reading badly from stage fright and who were simply a little out of practice from their summer's mental relaxation.

One thing I learned: if you have small children, keep them reading during the summer even if it isn't their idea of the neatest thing to do on a beautiful summer day. Fifteen minutes or oral reading would keep their little reading gears so well oiled that they would gain literally years in reading skills over the span of their total school experience. We had Paul doing arithmetic every day last summer, and I know he forgot much less because of this twenty minutes of daily mental exercise.

I have thirteen children this year, nine boys and only four girls. They are more of a uniform age this year. Most of them are six or very close to it, and they are *all* fine readers. While they forgot many reading rules and recognition of sight words, within six weeks they were up to a level where they were forging ahead with new material.

I have the same classroom as last year with its view of the rolling hills of the Wisconsin moraine that simply never ends. The green creeping ivy has disappeared from the windows with the advent of heavy killing frosts, and now we're getting ready to decorate for Christmas. I certainly do enjoy this age group. They're sincere and not yet complicated with the pseudo-sophistication that all too quickly overtakes the older children.

Our entire family sends to each of you our most sincere good wishes for your Christmas season. I will write in more detail next month about what we've been doing.

Sincerely,  
Mary Beth





"What, oh what can I get for Grandma's birthday? It's so hard to think of anything she really needs or wants." You appeal to your next-door neighbor in desperation, but she's as baffled as you are. Or, "Mom, you help me pick something. I got Uncle John's name, for Christmas, and I'm stuck for ideas." So says your fourteen-year-old son, faced with selecting a gift for an elderly uncle. Or, "Last year we gave Howard's mother a nice housedress, but she never wears it, even though she needs dresses — says it's too hard to get into. But how to know what to choose?"

And so it goes. Many voices, many views, but the theme is always the same. Your older friends and relatives often need, and will welcome, gifts of clothing — if the clothes are chosen with their special needs and personal preferences in mind. Since surveys show that gifts from families and friends are a major source of clothing for retired people, it seems sensible to do a bit of surveying of your own, to determine those needs and wants.

Certainly clothing must be becoming, for everyone likes to look attractive. That all-important first impression upon others, or the continuing sense of self-respect, are vital psychological factors for a cheerful, useful life. You'll want to consider the older person's favorite colors, then choose a softened shade that is kind to changed color and texture of skin and hair. Avoid nondescript colors and "blah" prints. Beige is seldom becoming unless crisply trimmed with white, and few older folks can wear unrelieved black or navy near the face. Far better to have touches of white or a soft color for a woman's collar or scarf; for a man, choose his favorite color of shirt, plus a suitable tie that adds a

discreet touch of brightness.

But what about Howard's mother's housedress, that was hung away and never worn? The daughter-in-law *had* chosen with care, for favorite color and becomingness. She'd chosen permanent-press, for easy care and low cost of upkeep; she'd double-checked to be sure of the correct size. But Howard's mother, plagued by both aging and arthritis, has never felt it worth the struggle that it takes to get that dress on!

Many older folks share her problem; whether from arthritis or from other causes, they lack flexibility and prefer styles that are easy to put on, lastingly comfortable to wear. You're probably familiar with specific fitting problems such as stooped shoulders, or excessive weight or thinness. You remember, too, to select lightweight items, as bulky ones are tiring to older people when they wear them. You remember warmth as an important point, since sensitivity to cold increases with age. You remember, too, to choose soft, flexible fabrics to allow for ease of movement and to avoid skin irritation. You even remember that Aunt Susie can't stand high collars or fitted necklines, while Grandma Bascomb wouldn't be caught dead without one.

What points, then, are you apt to forget? Let's check a few, and determine what can be done about them. Some needs can be met by shopping for readymades with a discriminating eye; for other needs, you'll have to sew at home. Sometimes you'll sew the entire garment, while at other times you'll alter or adapt purchased clothing.

Men's shirts seem simple enough, don't they? Yet have you considered that many older men prefer long-sleeved shirts, even in summer, as a protection from sunburn? Of course, they may be

of summer-weight fabric. If the wearer uses crutches, you can reinforce the underarm sections. Use long, rectangular shields of extra fabric in a blending color, sewn inside the shirt from the waistline to about 2' into the sleeves. You'll center these reinforcements over the side seams. You might want to use terrycloth or cotton doubleknit, for extra cushioning when the crutches are used. For someone with poor finger control and little strength, remove the shirt buttons. Then, sew strips of Velcro pressure tape in place, with the "hook" side where you removed the buttons and the "eye" side under the buttonhole strip. Then, resew the buttons over the buttonholes for the conventional appearance. Next, make "cufflinks" by connecting two buttons with several strands of elasticized thread, as neatly as possible, for each sleeve. If the shirt does not already have cuffs that take cufflinks, remove the cuff buttons and work a buttonhole on each cuff at that location. Then insert the stretchable double-button links and leave always in place. They will expand enough for the man to slip his hand through, with no necessity for button-fastening. If you have a friend or relative who has trouble fastening conventional shirts, try adding these specialized features to the shirt you give him for a gift — you'll be surprised at how much it is appreciated!

The same adaptations apply to women's clothing. If she uses crutches, stitch in the underarm reinforcements; they'll add both extra wear and extra comfort. Choose, or make, dresses with front openings for easy on-and-off. Some like zippers with oversized pulls; some like the new Buttonsnapps, or grippers, although either of these requires some finger dexterity. For women, as for men, that have trouble with fasteners, do add strips (or spot-patches) of Velcro tape for closures, and use buttons for decoration only. Three-quarter length front openings are best of all, since they are easy on and off, yet don't pull out as full length openings tend to do when closed by buttons or grippers. When making dresses at home with a front zipper, do use a zipper 2' longer than the pattern calls for, if possible. These little things *do* make a difference in ease of dressing. At-home dresses may be more comfortable with elasticized side inserts and no additional belt.

Some older women have welcomed the shift and skimmer styles because of their comfort, while others are much happier in the familiar shirtwaist look they've worn for so many years. The pattern companies now offer a happy compromise; they've styled a dress with three-quarter length front opening,

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## MARY LEANNA SHARES SOME INTERESTING EXPERIENCES

Dear Friends:

By the time you receive this issue snow may be on the ground, so reading about "sunny Italy" might be a refreshing change of pace. As some of you know, I spent six weeks last summer on an archaeological dig north of Rome. It was sponsored by Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut, which also has a regular summer school in Rome.

The program was a new one, and like all first-year programs, there were a few misunderstandings and inconveniences (our campsite wasn't quite ready when we arrived) which were quickly ironed out. There were about thirty in the archaeological group. We were located in Rome for a week and a half, attending morning classes at the G.A.R. (Archaeological Group of Rome), with our afternoons and evenings free. While I did miss some of the great joys of Rome, like eating ice cream in the Piazza Navona, I did visit places like the Roman Forum and the Vatican Museums, and even watched a thunderstorm approach from the top of the dome of St. Peter's. One of the most exciting moments of my stay in Rome was after Italy beat Germany in an international soccer game. I joined thousands of hysterical Italians as they converged on the Via Veneto. The purpose was to demonstrate at the German Embassy, but everyone was too happy to know or care where the Embassy was.

Leaving Rome, we spent a few days in Florence, stopping at Siena and Pisa on the way. Siena is a beautiful Gothic town where the Italian spoken is supposed to be the purest anywhere. Except for the leaning tower and the baptistry, Pisa is rather uninteresting. Florence, however, was my Italian Renaissance Architecture class come to life. Yet even with the Uffizzi to explore I found it hard to stay away from the flea market. The high point of our stay in Florence was the festival of San Giovanni, patron saint of the city. The night before his feast day there was a medieval pageant and soccer game. That took me back a little, like a few centuries. Following this, we headed for the medieval town of Ceri and some serious archaeology.

We lived in tents beside the Casalone di Ceri, an eighteenth century farmhouse. Along with our group there were thirty Italian students from Rome and Milan; all of us worked under the direction of the G.A.R. We carried out excavation and exploration in the morning and early evening, attending classes on such topics as Etruscan language,



Mary Leanna adopted a rabbit to keep her company at the campsite.

pottery and tomb typology, and use of equipment during the warmer part of the day. The Etruscan language is what was most interesting to me. Like Greek and Hebrew, it is written from right to left. Once you learn the alphabet it is very easy to read. The challenge is to figure out what the words mean, as there is nothing with Etruscan on one side and a known language on the other.

Tarquinius and Cerveteri are two of the major centers of Etruscan civilization. We visited the tombs and museums there. The Etruscans built their tombs to resemble their houses, with a slanted roof and central beam. Except for beds, a bench for funerary articles, and some pottery and ornaments, the tombs were undecorated. For some reason, the Etruscans in Tarquinia were the only ones to paint the walls of their tombs. These paintings, with their lively design, vibrant colors, and hint of Eastern Mediterranean influence, are really amazing when you remember that they are twenty-five centuries old.

We did two types of excavation. We dug into the surface dirt looking for a Roman road, carefully identifying and locating bits of pottery and changes of soil. We also unearthed an Etruscan tomb, which rewarded us by having a rounded ceiling instead of a slanted one — the first we had seen of that type. We quickly learned, however, that there is more to archaeology than just digging. Much of the archaeologist's time is spent following the contours of the land, mapping it out, noting changes in vegetation, measuring tombs and roads opened up by tomb robbers. We did a lot of hiking around. There were times, as I fought the vines of the Italian jungle, trying to avoid poisonous trees and pit vipers, that it occurred to me that there were easier ways to spend the summer. These moments were very few.

Altogether, it was a great summer. My only regret is that I went to Italy with such limited knowledge. Belatedly I am

learning Italian and reading up on Etruscan history. So, for those of you who plan to study or travel abroad, know as much as possible about the countries you'll be visiting.

I'll report on what is new in study abroad in a future issue when I write to you about my new job.

Until then . . . Sincerely,  
Mary Leanna



You're right, I did resolve to lose Some surplus pounds last year. But January slipped away Before I knew 'twas here.

Then February came along, I vowed I'd be a sport And stick to my new diet — But that month was too short.

March came in like a lion A blustering and blowing, I had to eat for energy To keep myself a-going.

Spring cleaning gave me exercise Through April's busy days, And strenuous work without good food Just never, never pays.

May came along and with it A gay party every day With doughnuts, rolls and coffeecake, Oh, merry month of May.

June, the month of wedding cakes, Of ice cream, punch and candy — And what it did for me my friend, Was anything but dandy.

The month for family picnics, The gay month of July. Some folks might run a pound away, But no such luck had I.

August with its lazy days Oppressed with summer heat, The nicest way to spend that time Was just to sit and eat.

September — kids are back in school, Their mothers now are free To coffee with their neighbors At ten — again at three.

October comes, fall work begins With shovel, fork and rake — No wonder that a person needs Another piece of cake.

Now who could think of anything Like diets — in November? With all the lush Thanksgiving feasts I'll wait until December.

And now December time has come, The holidays are here — I think I'll just enjoy them all And try again next year. —Unknown



## Christmas Party Games



**Icebreaker — What Am I?:** As each guest arrives, pin a paper to his back on which is written the name of a toy. Then let them try to discover what they are by asking questions which can only be answered by "Yes" or "No".

**Unwanted Gifts:** Instead of the usual gift exchange, ask each guest to bring his most unwanted article (gift-wrapped, of course) and then have the usual grab bag. Gifts drawn will probably cause howls of laughter — everything from a back scratcher to a discarded dental plate!

**Whistling Carols:** Line contestants in a row. Give each one two hard candies to eat. At the signal see who can be first to eat the candy and then whistle "Jingle Bells".

**Whet Your Guesser:** On a table have several gaily wrapped packages; each has fastened to the top, a card giving a clue to its contents and a number. Each guest has paper and pencil and, after reading the clues, tries to identify the item, writing his guess by the proper number. Here are suggestions for items and clues:

1. Mirror — A place for reflection.
2. Blotter — An absorbing subject.
3. Sixteen chocolates — Sweet sixteen.
4. A blank book — What men know about women.
5. Assorted nuts — Gathered from many lands.
6. A pen — Mightier than a weapon.
7. Candlesticks — Lightkeepers.
8. Coin purse with pennies — The root of all evil.
9. Pair of bedroom slippers — Old standbys.
10. Earmuffs — Shock absorbers.

**Fill the Christmas Stocking:** Secure a large stocking or make one from heavy material. Fill it with numerous small gifts — a knife, pencil, compact, ring, doll, ball, and so on. Pass the stocking to each guest and let him feel it for a few seconds. The winner is the one who makes the most accurate list of things used to fill the stocking.

**Christmas Alphabet Gifts:** These must be prepared before the guests arrive.

Find pictures of gifts that begin with each letter of the alphabet — an auto for "A", a ball for "B", a coat for "C", a doll for "D", etc. Give each guest a piece of paper and pencil and have him search about the room for these gifts which you have hidden. The first to find and list all gifts alphabetically is winner.

**Christmas Jigsaw Puzzles:** Paste pictures from old greeting cards on heavy paper and then cut each one into jigsaw puzzles. Give each guest a puzzle and see who can put it together first.

**Santa Fill His Pack** is played by teams. Place a paper "pack" on the floor and have each team stand behind a given line and toss a wrapped Christmas package at the pack. Each one who succeeds in putting the package in Santa's pack scores five points for his team. The team with the highest score wins.

**Song Titles:** How many song titles can you count while this story is read?

*There's a Song in the Air Story*  
It Came Upon a Midnight Clear, Once in Royal David's City long ago on The First Noel. While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night, The Star of the East appeared in the sky and the shepherds heard Angels from the Realms of Glory. One of them said, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing, There's a Song in the Air." They all listened again to the angels' song, and then hastened away to find The Dear Little Stranger in the Little Town of Bethlehem. O, Holy Night, for on that same night The Three Kings of the Orient were seeing the Star of the East and they, too, journeyed to The Holy City of Bethlehem, bearing gifts.

O Come, All Ye Faithful and this year as the Christmas bells ring out From Every Spire on Christmas Eve let us think again of that Silent Night and As with Gladness Men of Old came to the Babe in the Manger with gifts, let us, too, give generously of our gifts, our time, and our love to bring Joy to the World.

## A CHRISTMAS QUIZ

The story of the birth of Jesus and the visit of the shepherds is very familiar, but can you answer these questions? If you can answer all of them correctly, you are a very observant reader with a better-than-average memory. The answers are all in Luke 2:1-17.

1. Who was the emperor of Rome when Jesus was born?
2. What was the subject of his decree?
3. Of what country was Cyrenius the governor?
4. What city did Joseph and Mary leave because of the decree?
5. They were traveling to \_\_\_\_\_ in \_\_\_\_\_.
6. How did Mary dress the newborn Child?
7. How do we know the birthplace was a stable?
8. Was it because of poverty that they did not stay at the inn?
9. What were the shepherds doing at the time?
10. What part of the 24 hours was it?
11. Who appeared to talk to them?
12. For whom were the tidings of great joy to be?
13. Did the angel tell the Baby's name?
14. What title did the angel give Jesus?
15. How many more of the heavenly hosts joined the angel?
16. Did they sing?
17. To whom did the angels give glory?
18. What did the angels say should come on earth?
19. Whom did the shepherds credit with having told them the news?
20. Did the shepherds keep what they had seen and heard a secret?

### — ANSWERS —

1. Caesar Augustus. (Verse 1)
  2. That all the world should be taxed. (Verse 1)
  3. Syria. (Verse 2)
  4. Nazareth. (Verse 4)
  5. Bethlehem; Judea. (Verse 4)
  6. In swaddling clothes. (Verse 7)
  7. She laid him in a manger. (Verse 7)
  8. No. "There was no room for them in the inn." (Verse 7)
  9. "Keeping watch over their flocks." (Verse 8)
  10. "By night." (Verse 8)
  11. The angel of the Lord. (Verse 9)
  12. "To all people." (Verse 10)
  13. No.
  14. "A Saviour, which is Christ the
- (Continued on page 22)



## DENVER DRIFTMERS ENJOYED SHORT FALL TRIPS

Dear Friends:

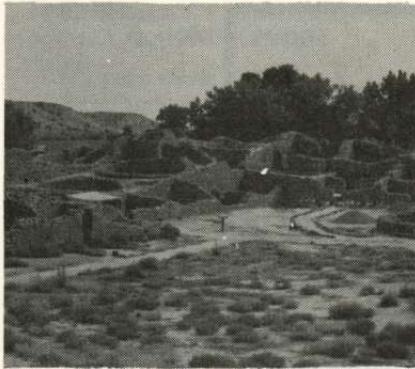
Fall is still officially present as this letter is being written. On the whole it has been a lovely fall and I do hate to see it end. I have been very fortunate these past autumn weeks to be able to get out and around and really feel that I had almost become an integral part of the season.

Perhaps you will remember my writing in previous years about the one-day jaunts we "gals" in the neighborhood have taken to explore the nearby ghost towns and mountain terrain. Last year snow, sleet, freezing temperatures, and the like frustrated our plans to renew these fall outings. But this fall we were able to make several of these expeditions. Sometimes we pack a picnic lunch and sometimes we eat in a restaurant along the way, depending on the route selected. By taking turns driving no one person has to keep her eyes glued to the highway instead of the scenery.

In addition I was especially fortunate to be able to enjoy two longer trips when fall color was almost at its peak. Early this fall Wayne attended a special meeting of the Rocky Mountain Golf Course Superintendents' Association held in Saratoga, Wyoming. Wayne is an associate member of this group since both old and new golf courses are good customers for nursery stock.

This meeting was special because wives were invited, and the meeting was held at an exclusive private country club and lodge. We've never before had the opportunity to use facilities designed for extremely wealthy people. These accommodations were so quietly elegant and the service so superb that staying there was a terrific treat for Wayne and me. I couldn't help but speculate as to what it would be like to live in this manner throughout one's entire life, and accept this manner of living as routine.

Saratoga, Wyoming, is located in the broad Platte River Valley with the Snowy Range on the east and another large range to the west. It is a magnificent natural setting, in the center of which sits this small town all by itself, many, many miles from a substantial population. One of the last recreational facilities you'd expect to find in such a location is a golf course with irrigated fairways and grass greens, a very expensive item to construct and maintain. Yet Saratoga, Wyoming, has two such eighteen-hole golf courses. One is the strictly private club where our meeting was held, and the other is attached to a lovely resort. (Incidentally, many of you probably remember that Kristin and Art lived in Saratoga a



Excavation continues on the ancient dwellings at Aztec Nat'l. Monument.

few years ago.)

Absolutely no expense was spared in the development of this private golf course. For instance, surrounding just one of the greens Wayne counted sixty-eight blue spruce trees, eight to twelve feet tall, and that represents a lot of expense right there. Under these circumstances I couldn't understand why the one hundred thirty-four sand traps were filled with gravel rather than sand, which is much more desirable from a golfing standpoint. Wayne pointed out the reason — the infamous Wyoming wind. It blows sand right out of the traps and only gravel is heavy enough to resist this terrific force!

The other trip which we enjoyed was one to Durango, Colorado, to visit Alison at Ft. Lewis College. We took advantage of the long weekend vacation time provided for Clark by a teachers' convention to make the drive down and back, which takes about eight hours each way. The fastest way is to take I-25 from Denver to Walsenburg, then U.S. 160 west to Durango. This route requires crossing two passes which have rather bad reputations for travel during a snowstorm, LaVeta and Wolf Creek Passes. The former is subject to wind and ground blizzards; the latter receives an enormous amount of snow annually and has some severe drop-offs on the west side. But there was no snow on either pass when we drove down, and Wolf Creek Pass was particularly beautiful with the last of the golden aspen and red scrub oak and other fall colors.

Southwest Colorado was subjected to some terrible rain during this past September, and among the casualties was the famous narrow-gauge train track between Durango and Silverton. There is a possibility that the tracks may not be restored in time for the 1971 season. This would be a severe loss for this area of the state.

Alison is pleased with her classes and living accommodations this year. She is taking several hours of Anthropology and also an Art Appreciation course which she really likes. She is

sharing a nice apartment in an old home with another girl from the Denver area. Unfortunately she can't keep her dog there, so she is trying to find another home for him. We brought him back with us to Denver and this pleased our dog Lucky no end.

The weather continued most co-operative, so on Saturday we drove down to Chaco Canyon National Monument. A visit to these ancient Indian ruins has long been a goal of ours, but Chaco Canyon isn't the easiest place to get to because it is so far from a city of any size. It is about 100 miles from Durango, the last 30 of which are dirt road. But the ruins are more than worth the drive, in our opinion, even though we were able to visit only a few of them in the time we had. Needless to say, someday we'll have to get back there. The thing I particularly enjoyed about these ruins is that they are not all restored yet. Also one isn't overwhelmed by large numbers of fellow tourists.

There is a ranger-conducted tour of Pueblo Bonito and our guide was a special treat. He's a retired chemist whose avocation is archeology, and he was on seasonal duty at this monument. His excitement and enthusiasm and appreciation for this location infected everyone in the group.

There is a campground at Chaco Canyon, but it looks rather bleak because there are no trees. Obviously there are no fireplaces, either, but charcoal grills are located at each campsite. There is drinking water and toilet facilities are provided, but the nearest food and ice supply is back over that dirt road — so bring along plenty.

Aztec, New Mexico, is located on the highway between Durango and Chaco Canyon, and the ancient Indian ruins here are also at National Monument. We had toured these, which early settlers mistakenly thought were left by the Aztec Indians, a few years ago, and found them very interesting.

That night rain fell in Durango and we knew this meant snow in the high mountains. When Sunday dawned bright and clear we decided this was our chance to head north on U.S. 550. Upon checking with the highway patrol we were informed that the "million dollar highway" was snow-packed but sanded and with melting expected. We'd never consider driving this route in a snowstorm nor during snow-slide season. But nothing could have been a more beautiful beginning to our return trip to Denver than this highway.

The Animas Valley out of Durango was a tapestry of fall color. Then, as the highway began its ascent towards Silverton, fresh snow appeared, and

(Continued on page 18)



**LOG CABIN CANDY**

- 3 cups white sugar
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 2 Tbls. white syrup
- 1 cup coconut
- 1 cup chopped black walnuts
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine first 5 ingredients in heavy pan; cook until mixture forms very firm ball in cool water. Remove from heat; add remaining ingredients. Pour into buttered 9- x 13-inch pan; cool. Form into roll; chill. Slice to serve.

**MAPLE FUDGE**

- 2 cups sugar
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 5 1/3-oz. can evaporated milk
- 1/3 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. white corn syrup
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 Tbls. marshmallow creme
- 1/2 cup walnuts, (optional)

In a heavy saucepan combine sugar, butter or margarine, evaporated milk, milk and corn syrup. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Reduce to medium heat and cook slowly, stirring occasionally, until soft-ball stage is reached. Remove from heat, add remaining ingredients and cool to lukewarm. Beat until creamy. Pour into greased 9-inch square pan. Cut in 1-inch squares. Makes 2 dozen pieces.

This candy may be made with either brown or white sugar. I like the brown sugar fudge made with just a little less of the maple flavoring, using 1 1/2 tsp. when I use the stronger-flavored sugar. Either way this makes a delicious candy which tastes as if it had been made with real maple sugar or real maple syrup!

—Evelyn

**ALISON'S FAVORITE FUDGE**

Alison's very most favorite food is fudge. About a year ago she tried out this recipe and she's made many fine "batches" since then.

- 2 cups sugar
- 3 Tbls. cocoa
- 3 Tbls. white corn syrup
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 cup chopped walnuts

Combine sugar, cocoa, syrup and milk. Cook over medium heat stirring constantly until sugar dissolves and mixture comes to a boil. Continue to cook, stirring frequently, until mixture reaches 238 degrees or until a small amount of mixture forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Remove from heat and add vanilla and butter. Cool candy slightly. Beat until mixture is creamy and begins to thicken. Stir in walnuts. Pour into buttered 8-inch square pan. Cool. Cut into squares. Yields about a pound.

**EASY-TO-SHAPE MINTS**

- 4 Tbls. instant potatoes
- 2/3 cup boiling water
- 1/8 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 cups (about) powdered sugar
- Flavoring and coloring as desired

Combine instant potatoes and boiling water. Stir to blend. Add butter flavoring. Stir in powdered sugar until it will hold its shape. Divide into different bowls and add Kitchen-Klatter flavorings and food coloring as desired. Shape into patties or balls or holiday shapes. Place on waxed paper and chill.

This is easy and very good made up into the flat little party mints. Roll into balls, pat flat and then with a fork mark a crisscross design over the top.

For snowballs, add a little flaked coconut to the basic candy mixture. Roll into balls and cover with coconut. Chill. May be stored in a cool, dry place for several days. If stored for

any length of time these candies are best frozen.

This recipe shapes nicely into colorful fall leaves, fat orange pumpkins with green stems, red poinsettias or tiny green Christmas trees, flat red cherries with a green stem, a green shamrock, etc. Shaped and chilled, these may be used to top a frosted cupcake for a special treat.

Round balls of the fondant may be dipped into melted chocolate: in top of double boiler melt 1 small pkg. chocolate chips and 1/2 cake paraffin wax. Dip fondant into chocolate and let dry on waxed paper or a wire cooling rack.

**STAINED GLASS CANDY**

- 2 cups sugar
- 3/4 cup white corn syrup
- 1 cup water
- Food coloring
- Kitchen-Klatter flavoring

Combine sugar, corn syrup and water. Stir just to dissolve sugar. Continue cooking without stirring until hard-crack stage is reached. Remove from fire and add food coloring and Kitchen-Klatter flavoring as desired. (For this amount I would add 1 tsp. of the flavoring, but you may want to divide the candy into different sections and color and flavor it in various ways, using less flavoring for the smaller amounts.) Pour into buttered pan. Cool. Can score with the back of a table knife when it begins to cool and then break into squares or let harden and then break into irregular pieces.

The friend who sent this recipe said they had made a quantity and sold it for \$1.00 per lb. for a money-raising sale.

The candy is hard and the colors clear and bright. I made mine into green with Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring, red with Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring and yellow with the Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring. It really did look like clear, colorful stained glass. —Evelyn

**SOLDIER BOY SPECIAL**

- 2 cups white sugar
- 1 cup cream
- 1 Tbls. butter
- 1 1/2 squares chocolate
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 24 large marshmallows, cut fine
- 1 cup nuts
- 3 cups graham cracker crumbs

Cook sugar, cream, butter and chocolate to soft-ball stage. Add flavorings, cut marshmallows, nuts and cracker crumbs. Stir well. Spread in a large pan and when cool, cut into squares.

—Lucile



**MARASCHINO DROPS**

Drain and wipe the cherries dry. Dip in melted sweet chocolate and place on buttered cookie sheet.

Candied fruit peel is delicious with chocolate coating also.

**MARSHMALLOW-BANANA BARS**

- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. soda dissolved in 1 Tbls. water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 1 1/3 cups mashed bananas
- 1 7-oz. jar marshmallow creme
- Icing

Sift the dry ingredients. Cream the shortening and sugar. Add the egg and beat well. Stir in the soda mixture and flavorings. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the bananas, beating well after each addition. Spread into a greased and floured 15- x 9-inch jelly roll pan and bake about 30 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Remove from the oven and drop spoonfuls of the marshmallow creme on top of the bars and let stand a couple of minutes. Spread gently over the top. Cool thoroughly. Frost with a powdered sugar butter frosting. Cut into bars.

—Dorothy

**HONOLULU COOKIES**

- 1 cup vegetable shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 3/4 tsp. salt
- 2 cups rolled oats
- 2 cups Rice Krispies
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup coconut

Cream shortening and sugars; add flavorings and eggs. Add flour, baking soda, baking powder and salt, sifted together. Mix well; add oats, Rice Krispies, nuts and coconut. Dough will be stiff. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased baking sheets; flatten a little. Not necessary to leave a lot of space between cookies. Bake in 350-degree oven for 10 minutes or until golden color. Yield: 85 cookies. —Margery

**FREDERICK'S FAVORITE MAPLE COCONUT FUDGE**

- 1 1/2 cups maple syrup
  - 1/2 cup light cream
  - 3/4 cup grated dry coconut
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
  - Dash of salt
- Mix these ingredients together carefully and then cook to 232 degrees on a candy thermometer. Cool and then beat until stiff. Pour into a buttered pan. Cut into squares when set.

**BUTTERMILK CHOCOLATE BARS**

- 2 cups sifted flour
  - 2 cups sugar
  - 4 Tbls. cocoa
  - 1 cup water
  - 1/2 cup margarine
  - 1/2 cup salad oil
  - 2 eggs
  - 1/2 cup buttermilk
  - 1 tsp. soda
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
  - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- Sift the flour, sugar and cocoa into a large bowl. Put the water, margarine and salad oil into a small saucepan and bring to a boil. Pour this over the dry ingredients in the bowl, and stir until well blended. Beat in the rest of the ingredients and pour into a greased 11- x 18-inch sheet pan and bake approximately 20 minutes in a 375-degree oven.

**Frosting**

- Bring to boil:
- 1/2 cup margarine
  - 3 1/2 Tbls. cocoa
  - 1/3 cup milk
- Add:
- 1 box powdered sugar
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
  - 1 cup chopped nuts
- Spread this on the sheet cake and cut into squares. —Dorothy

**BUTTERSCOTCH CARAMELS**

- 1 cup brown sugar
  - 1 cup white sugar
  - 1 cup molasses
  - 1/2 cup butter
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
  - 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
  - 1 tsp. vinegar
- Bring ingredients to soft-ball stage. Pour into a buttered pan and when cool, cut into squares and wrap each piece individually in plastic wrap.

**CARAMEL PECAN ROLL****Part 1: Basic Fondant**

- 1 lb. powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup powdered milk
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup white corn syrup
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine butter or margarine, corn syrup and sugar in heavy saucepan. Cook over low heat until mixture comes to a boil. Stir constantly. Mix powdered sugar and dry powdered milk together. Stir slowly into boiling mixture. When well blended, remove from heat and add flavorings. Stir until mixture begins to hold its shape. Turn into a buttered pan or onto buttered waxed paper. When cool shape as desired.

This makes an excellent basic fondant to use for stuffing dates, rolling in nuts or making into flat party patties. It may be colored and flavored in any way for variety. To make into the Pecan Roll, shape the fondant into three rolls about 5 inches long. Make the following nut coating.

**Part 2: Pecan Caramel Coating**

- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 1/3 cup corn syrup
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup powdered milk
- 1/4 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup pecans, chopped

Combine sugar, corn syrup, butter or margarine in heavy pan. Stir powdered milk and water together. Add to sugar mixture. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until a small amount dropped in cold water makes a nice firm ball. (250 degrees on candy thermometer.) Stir in flavoring. Pour candy into 9 by 5 pan which has been well buttered and sprinkled generously with pecan pieces. When cool enough to handle, cut into three sections. Pull and tuck each section around one of the fondant rolls.

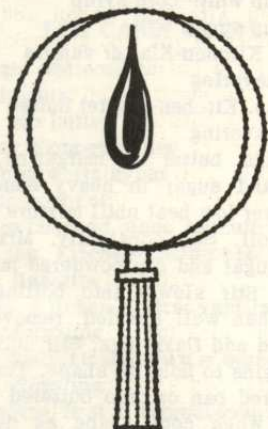
Wrap in moisture-proof paper, foil or plastic wrap. Store in refrigerator or freezer. Bring to room temperature before cutting and serving.

A pecan roll makes a fine addition to a box of sweets to be mailed.



**OATMEAL BUTTERBALLS**

1 cup butter  
 1/3 cup sugar  
 1 1/4 cups flour  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 2 cups quick oats  
 Powdered sugar  
 Cream butter and sugar. Add flour and flavorings and mix well. Stir in the oats. Let stand for 20 minutes. Shape



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## Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

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into balls and place on cooky sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes. Roll in powdered sugar while warm. Makes about 36 cookies. —Margery

**DOROTHY'S DELICIOUS BUTTER-SCOTCH WALNUT PRALINES**

2 cups sugar  
 1 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed  
 1/2 cup water  
 1/4 cup light corn syrup  
 1 tsp. vinegar  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1 cup butterscotch bits  
 1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts  
 1/4 cup hot water  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine sugars, water, corn syrup, vinegar and salt in a 2-qt. saucepan and cook about 15 minutes over moderate heat, stirring up from the bottom constantly. Boil over high heat for 3 minutes, not stirring at this point. Remove from heat. Add butterscotch bits and beat vigorously by hand about 5 minutes. Let stand until hand may be held comfortably against side of pan. Add walnuts, water, and flavoring and stir well. Drop by tablespoonfuls on waxed paper and chill until firm.

(If you are using black walnuts in place of English walnuts, add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring and decrease the amount of nuts to 1/2 cup.)

**SWEDISH CREAM WAFERS**

1 cup soft butter  
 1/3 cup thick cream  
 2 cups sifted flour  
 Mix butter, cream and flour well. Chill. Heat oven to 375 degrees. Roll out 1/3 of the dough, refrigerating remainder until needed. Cut the cookies with a 1 1/2-inch round cutter and place on waxed paper covered lightly with granulated sugar. Slip paper on cooky sheet. Prick each cooky with a fork four times. Bake for about 8 or 9 minutes, or until very, very lightly browned. This actually is a pastry, so you won't want them to brown but a tiny bit. Remove carefully to cool. When cool, put together with the following filling.

**Filling**

1 egg yolk  
 1/4 cup soft butter  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 3/4 cup powdered sugar  
 Blend together well. Spread a little on one cooky and top it with another. These are very delicate to handle, so work carefully. For Christmas, tint some of the filling red and some green. These are elegant! Do make some for your Christmas tray. —Margery

**DELIGHTFUL CRANBERRY MOLD**

1 8 1/2-oz. can crushed pineapple  
 1 1-lb. can whole cranberry sauce  
 1 6-oz. pkg. raspberry or cherry gelatin  
 2 cups liquid  
 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese  
 2 Tbls. salad dressing  
 1 cup cream, whipped, or 1 pkg. whipped topping  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring  
 1/2 cup nuts, chopped  
 1/2 cup apples, diced

Drain juice from fruit. Measure and add enough water to make 2 cups liquid. Heat and dissolve gelatin in hot liquid. Cool. Mash cream cheese with fork and blend in salad dressing. Beat into gelatin. Whip cream or whipped topping and blend into gelatin mixture. Fold in remaining ingredients including cranberry sauce and pineapple. Pour into lightly oiled mold. Chill in refrigerator until time to serve. Top with a little salad dressing or a bit of whipped cream or topping flavored with Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring.

If you want this to be a fancy two-layer salad, *set back* 2 cups of cream cheese-salad dressing-whipped cream-gelatin mixture before mixing the remaining ingredients in the rest of the mixture. Chill first layer and then spoon *reserved* 2 cups on top and return to refrigerator to firm. This is a marvelous combination of flavors, textures and fruits. It is one of our favorite holiday salads. —Evelyn

**CREAMY FUDGE**

3 cups white sugar  
 1 Tbls. unflavored gelatin  
 1/2 cup white syrup  
 1 cup butter or margarine  
 1 cup milk  
 2 1/2 oz. unsweetened chocolate  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1 cup nuts, if desired  
 Combine sugar and gelatin in *heavy* pan. Stir in rest of ingredients with exception of flavorings and nuts. Cook gently, stirring often to keep from sticking. Cook to soft, but firm, ball stage. (About 240 on the candy thermometer.) Remove from fire. Cool to lukewarm. Add flavoring and nuts. Beat until candy loses its glossy appearance. Pour into greased 9 by 5 glass baking pan. This makes a thick layer of fudge which may be cut into squares. The friend who sent this recipe especially likes it because it stays so creamy. It is a fudge she has made for over 15 years. —Evelyn



## IT'S DECEMBER ALREADY!

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Are you ready for December? Ready or not, it is right on our doorstep!

It seems like just day before yesterday it was August and the Christmas gift catalogues were arriving and the card salesmen knocked on the door. I hid them in the closet (the catalogues, not the card salesmen).

When the decorated trees began showing up in the stores in September I was furious! It seemed almost an insult to hear advertising on the radio in October insisting that a store had its complete line of Christmas toys ready for its customers. And we had barely finished Halloween when our mailbox grew fat on an influx of ads insisting that we do our Christmas shopping NOW!

Then I calmed down, as November approached, and realized that these situations are created because the people who supply these tremendously varied gift items need to work out their details early to get them into the thinking of people who need to make choices. Also, if we are going to have any free time during December to enjoy the holidays we simply *must* begin early enough to keep the rush at a minimum.

So I decide that the tempo of the season is my own to set and I am grateful for the wide variety of interesting gift and decoration ideas offered for our consideration.

But now it is December and we get down the Advent wreath, reach for the boxes with the decorations treasured through the years and begin developing ideas for homemade gifts and decorations to put together for a different touch of glamour.

Last year Craig began doing some of the plastic resin work with molds and produced some delightful gifts. He made a lovely lamp for me and a variety of candleholders for friends and relatives. He made bright tree decorations in the shape of wreaths and tear-drops and decorated with "jewels" taken from old strings of beads, pins and earrings. Paperweights came out in round and oblong shapes and embedded with everything from marbles and Lake Superior rocks to bald-faced hornets and hawk moths.

Now Craig is finding new ways to use the resin. Foil pie plates can be used as simple molds for fanciful decorations to hang from the window or to shape round hot plate holders or decorative rounds to place under a gay vase or flowerpot.

Use glass, beads, old pieces of jewelry, plastic flowers or leaves and arrange a design inside the foil pie



Wrapping packages is a creative and fun part of getting ready for Christmas. Evelyn, Robert and Craig Birkby are enjoying working together on this part of their holiday preparations.

plate. Then pour in the liquid plastic mixed as directed with the catalyst and color. After the circle has hardened it can easily be knocked out of the mold. If you want to hang the circles in a window or on a tree, use a hot ice pick to make a hole in the top of each circle. A wire may be used to fasten through the hole.

It is amazing how many ideas people are developing around the use of broken glass. Old pop bottles, medicine bottles, pottery, mirrors, glasses, almost anything of that kind can be used. Put the material to be broken in a heavy cloth bag or cover with several layers of heavy cardboard. Hammer until glass fragments are broken into sizes you desire. Keep various colors of glass separate as you work.

Heavy cardboard is fine to use for a background of the broken glass pictures. Brush over the cardboard with white paint or glue on white paper to cover. When dry, sketch on the design. A picture without much detail is best: a barn, a tree, a flower. Or, if the picture is to have a holiday theme: a star, a steeple, a manger or a stained glass window. With white glue, work with 1 to 2 inches of the picture at a time, spread on the glue and stick the pieces of the glass on as desired. If you like, the "picture" can be framed either before or after preparing the design.

A sixth-grade church school class recently made beautiful stained glass windows using the technique given above, by gluing the chips of glass to squares of clear plate glass. Displayed in a window or with a light behind the squares, the children created beautiful simulated church windows.

Wall hangings certainly are not new but they are updated in interesting ways, called *banners* and are showing up in very unusual places. For easily made Christmas banners, use a bright

new bath towel. Fasten the top to a sturdy dowel stick to hold it firm and make it easier to hang. Designs can be cut from material or felt and stitched onto the towel (or pinned if the banner is only temporary).

It is fun to create banners by pinning actual miniatures onto the towel: stars, bells, tinsel, small Santa and reindeer, angels, glittering balls and cute elves. Little perky bows can cover the place where the decorations are fastened to the background.

One banner I saw was covered with what looked like the tops of real packages wrapped in bright holiday paper and tied with real ribbon and bows.

For those of you who are making tray favors for a hospital or nursing home, collect the small plastic pill bottles. Imbed each bottle in a circle of plastic foam. Surround with tiny artificial flowers, holly leaves, pine cones, little glass balls, etc. Use as a candleholder, for nut cups, or as tiny flower vases. Several of these clustered together with bright red candles make a fine centerpiece.

Another idea for helpful giving is to collect men's white shirts. By removing the collar and shortening and hemming the sleeves, these make very useable hospital gowns for children's use. Putting on a bright appliqued animal, a clown's face done in textile paints or flowers in iron-on designs can make them cheerful additions to a hospital ward.

Darling children's smocks can also be made out of men's discarded white or colored shirts using the same technique. Add a big patch pocket or two in front.

Musical instruments are favorite designs. I keep watching at auction sales and second-hand stores for old instruments I can gild and hang on the wall, or on the front door, or arrange on the top of the piano. Miniatures, of course, are easier to come by and fun to arrange around a wreath or along a swag. A friend of mine decorates a small tree with toy instruments and sets it on her parlor organ each holiday season.

When all the decorations are in place and the candles lighted on the mantel, we enjoy building a fire in the fireplace and sitting together to let the peace and quiet of the moment permeate our spirits. December is a month filled with candlelight and sharing, full of faith in God and in our fellowman. It is a time to send gifts overflowing with love, to see new beauty in life and to find a renewed vision with the spiritual inspiration which is around us. It is time to think of God's greatest gift to us all.

Wishing a blessed Christmas to all of you.



## Yuletide Penny-pinching

by  
Erma Reynolds



Much as we all love Christmas, it can be an expensive time. If you have more time than money, here are some penny-pinching ideas to help the budget.

1. Salvage leftover gift-wrapping paper by pressing with a warm iron. Take off old stickers and sticky tape by pressing with a warm iron and removing at once. If the paper is badly wrinkled, dampen slightly and press on the wrong side.

2. Press leftover ribbons, dampening slightly if silk. Paper-backed varieties can be utilized if pressed on the wrong side with a warm iron. To save time, press several streamers at one time, laying them along the ironing board.

3. Make gift tags from used Christmas cards. Cut out a small rectangular or square portion showing a holiday motif. Cut a duplicate-sized piece from

the plain back of the card. Fit the two pieces together, punch a hole in the upper left corner, and insert narrow ribbon or cord for a tie.

4. Make your own Christmas cards by painting or stenciling the design. If you feel you lack artistic ability, cut holiday motifs from Christmas wrapping paper or used Christmas cards, and paste on the card. Use pinking shears, if possible, to make an attractive border. To save money on envelopes, design a card that can be sent through the mail without using an envelope. Just be sure the size is acceptable by the post office department. To make this type of card, fold a piece of construction paper in half or thirds. On the inside, place the design, and an appropriate greeting. Personalize your cards by including your friends' names in each greeting. For example:



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

KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial - 1:30 P.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial - 10:30 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KLIN	Lincoln, Nebr., 1400 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscataine, Iowa, 860 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.

### CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

to  
Paul and Alice Jones  
from

Ralph and Dorothy Green

Address outside of card, and seal securely with a holiday sticker.

5. Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without candles, but they are expensive, so make your own. (See the article "Candle-Making" in this issue. Ed.)

6. Fashion tree ornaments from throw-aways around the house. Paint empty spools, and while wet sprinkle with glitter, or paste on sequins. String on a knotted cord for hanging. Make holders for the tree lights by painting snap clothespins green, and gluing on narrow cutouts from Christmas cards. Paint old electric light bulbs with bright-colored enamel. Brush glue around screw-top and sprinkle with glitter while wet. Attach a loop of cord or ribbon for hanging.

Discarded cardboard tubes from foil, paper towels, and waxed paper can be turned into ornaments by cutting them in various widths. Cover with foil. Or paint with poster paint and while wet sprinkle with glitter. Beads can be glued to the inside of the circle for added trim.

7. The front door decoration does not need to be an expensive wreath. Go to an area where you are permitted to gather greens and cut boughs. If such an area is not available, visit a Christmas tree dealer. He sometimes cuts boughs from the bottoms of the trees, and these can be purchased inexpensively. Evergreens growing on home grounds can be used if they are pruned discretely. It is surprising how many branches can be removed without being noticed, and how much better some of the trees look for the pruning.

Arrange the boughs as a spray, laying them out on a flat surface with butts together. Wire largest boughs first, then add smaller ones for fullness. Pine cones, plain, or sprayed with gold or silver paint, can be added for decoration. Fasten these onto the spray with thin wire, slipping tie material under the top layer of cone scales. As a final touch, add a bright bow of red plastic.

8. If you have to put a ceiling on your spending budget, but still love to give, present gift certificates promising your personal services throughout the year - cooky-of-the-month, baby sitting, giving a home permanent, baking a birthday cake, weekly shopping for an oldster, or weeding a garden. For example, on the inside of a Christmas card write: MERRY CHRISTMAS. THIS CERTIFICATE IS GOOD FOR A BATCH OF COOKIES TO BE DELIVERED ONCE A MONTH. (Signed)





## The True Spirit of Christmas

by  
Mary Feese

The calendar said Fall, but the days were golden glowing, hot with sun, belying our sure knowledge that it truly was fall, and that winter was just around the corner. There were trips to the woods, where the boys found treasures: tiny acorns, a turtle, fossil rocks — and once, the tiniest of snakes! Fully two inches long, it could never be mistaken for a worm; rather, its swift-moving head and darting tongue plainly said "Snake!" at first glance.

The treasures came home, and went to school as science exhibits, and presently faded from favor as new wonders were discovered with every fresh day. And family life went swiftly on.

And then the rains came, and the cold winds blew, dispelling any lingering doubts that winter hovered nearby. The weeks had passed — had flown! — and it was time once more to think of the holiday seasons.

In spite of resolutions to "take it easier; plan, organize, and have a sane and unhurried Christmas just this once —", in spite of all, the spirit of Christmas began to possess our hearts. The ghosts of Christmas past, the mood of Christmas present, the visions of Christmas yet to come — all spiced and sparkled with the children's growing excitement — caused us to stop in our preparations and reflect upon the significance of it all.

Christmas past? The room fades away, and in its place we see another, the table filled with every imaginable delicacy. Ready for Christmas dinner, at Grandma's house! But first there is a pause, a hush; one of the cousins stands at the head of the table, Bible open, and in a clear sweet voice begins to read the age-old Story: "... For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." — Luke 2:11. In the hush as we listen that room, too, fades away and we see stretched in panorama before us that very first Christmas, with the stable and the angels and the star, with the One who was the beginning of it all. Then, flashing by so swiftly that it is impossible to grasp any single one, are visions of other Christ-

mases dear to our hearts — the first we can remember, the first away from home, the first in a new home all our own as newlyweds, the first we shared with the precious baby who gazed wide-eyed and cooing at the Christmas lights, and played with the wrappings rather than with the gift they held. Swifter fled the visions . . . a procession of babies as the older ones grew . . .

Our minds linger only a moment on Christmas Present, for we'll return to plans for it a little later. Our minds are busy now as imagination supplies

the visions for Christmas yet to come, those years when our children will marry and bring home new sons and daughters for us to include in the family circle, and when the family circle will expand to include their children too.

The locale will change. For us it will no longer be Christmas at Grandma's house, for there will be new grandchildren and we (is it true? but we feel so young inside!) will be the grandparents.

With a start, we recall ourselves to the present. In that short space of time, we've encompassed the grand sweep of years. We've sensed the continuity of family love and tenderness, the religious background that is our heritage, have dreamed ahead to pleasures yet unknown. Conversation turns now to include "Remember when ...?" and we reflect serenely on the true meaning of Christmas. The significance lies, we feel with deep conviction, in family life, family closeness, family traditions. For it is always and forever as a family that we, along with Dickens' unforgettable Tiny Tim, confidently ask God's blessing upon us — every one!

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## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

Grandpa and Grandma Jacobsen's victrola held a special charm for my sister and me in our growing up years. We looked with awe on the machine with its ability with records to give us a stirring Sousa march, a favorite hymn, "The First Noel", "The Blue Danube", and yes, even "Springtime in the Rockies". My sister became quite discouraged with my musical appreciation when I persisted in playing "Springtime in the Rockies" over and over and over again. So you can see why the book *The Christmas of the Phonograph Records* (University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebraska \$2.95) by Mari Sandoz struck a responsive chord with me.

Here is a delightful story of a Christmas in the Sandhills of northwestern Nebraska — Sandoz country — when Old Jules Sandoz, Mari's father, bought an Edison phonograph with many records, including several hundred foreign recordings. To quote Miss Sandoz: "People appeared from fifty, sixty miles away and farther so long as the new snow held off, for there was no other such collection of records in all of western Nebraska, and none with such an open door. There was something for everybody, Irishmen, Scots, Swedes, Danes, Poles, Czechs as well as the Germans and the rest, something pleasant and nostalgic."

So the holiday week in the Sandoz household resounded with "Arkansas Traveler", "Melody in F", "Trumerei", "Evening Star" and "Schubert's Serenade", and the Syrian peddler who remonstrated to Old Jules that "The children have the frozen feet —" was answered with "Frozen feet heal! What you put in the mind lasts!" With their full larder the Sandoz family were able to feed the many visitors and the story of the phonograph records became a fine one to tell for years. A visitor to the community, a relative of the composer Dvorak, wrote an item for the papers, saying, "This Jules Sandoz has not only settled a good community of homeseekers, but is enriching their cultural life with the greatest music of the world." The ending for this story left me feeling extremely sympathetic for Mari.

*Sandhill Sundays and Other Recollections* (University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebraska, \$5.00) contains ten



Mother has had fun looking through her old albums and here is another picture she wanted to share with you. We believe it was taken in the mid-30's. She is holding her letter basket and the microphone is on the table. Were some of you listening to her broadcast in those days?

selections written by Miss Sandoz from 1929 to 1965. Mari Sandoz decided early in her career that writers do their best work when they restrict themselves to material with which they have emotional identity. Thus, the writings are uniquely Sandoz in their combination of firsthand observation and creative historical vision. The first nine selections have a background of Sandoz country and the people who figure in them are the family and friends and neighbors, redmen and white men, whom the world first came to know in the pages of *Old Jules*.

Also included is an interesting Sandoz chronology and a checklist of her writings. Although Mari Sandoz died in 1966, how fine it is we can still enjoy her books. It was John K. Hutchens who wrote: "Here is a large statement, but, I think, a true one: no one in our time wrote better than the late Mari Sandoz did, or with more authority and grace, about as many aspects of the Old West." Sheridan County, Nebraska residents must be very proud of their famous author, Mari Sandoz.

1970 was the year Jesse Stuart's book *To Teach, To Love* (World Publishing Co., Cleveland, Ohio, \$5.95) was read in our home. Previously mentioned here, I would like to quote his philosophy: "As a teacher, I have tried to go beyond the textbooks into the character — stressing honesty, goodness, and making each life count for something . . . No joy runs deeper than the feeling that I have helped a youth stand on his own two feet, to have courage and self-reliance, and to find himself when he did not know who he was or know where he was going."

E. B. White, author of *Charlotte's Web*, has written a long-awaited new

children's book *The Trumpet of the Swan* (Harper & Row, Publishers, 49 East 33rd St., New York, New York, 10016 \$4.50). If you are interested in wildlife and nature combined with the fantastic, *The Trumpet of the Swan* is sure to please. Louis, the Trumpeter Swan, came into the world a mute. It scared him to be different. His father promised to help him. Sam, a boy Louis had met in Canada, helped Louis by taking him to school where he learned to read and write. With a slate and chalk around his neck he did fine. The difficulty was the others were uneducated. His father helped him and Louis became a trumpeter, paid his father's debt, and won the swan of his desiring. E. B. White's story really expresses the swan's struggle to show the music he feels in his heart. For children especially, but all ages will enjoy *The Trumpet of the Swan*.

It is appropriate to quote from *The New English Bible* (Published by the Oxford University Press and the Cambridge University Press) during the Christmas season. *The New English Bible* attempts to achieve clarity and a completely new rendering. It is not a revision of any previous version. Whatever the version, the message is the same, isn't it? LUKE 2:6 "... and she gave birth to a son, her first-born. She wrapped him in his swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them to lodge in the house."

"Now in this same district there were shepherds out in the fields, keeping watch through the night over their flock, when suddenly there stood before them an angel of the Lord, and the splendour of the Lord shone around them. They were terror-stricken, but the angel said, 'Do not be afraid; I have good news for you: there is great joy coming to the whole people. Today in the city of David a deliverer has been born to you — the Messiah, the Lord. And this is your sign: you will find a baby lying wrapped in his swaddling clothes, in a manger.'"

### ABIGAIL'S LETTER — Concluded

shortly everything was covered with a shining layer of sparkling white under a bright, clear blue sky. Thus it was throughout our journey back to Denver. The lower elevations were basking in Indian summer; the mountain passes showed that winter definitely was close at hand.

We do hope that this approaching winter will bring peace in our land and throughout the world.

Sincerely,  
Abigail

Peace . . . by the Prince of Peace is for the people — all the people.





## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

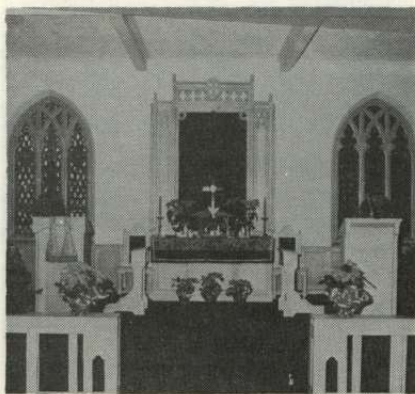
Eva M. Schroeder

Just as the Easter lily is known as the symbol of Easter, so has the poinsettia become the Yuletide flower. In warm climates it grows luxuriantly outdoors, but in the colder sections of the country it is treated as a house plant. The management of a poinsettia in the home is quite difficult because it requires a fairly warm temperature and moist soil at all times. If the soil gets too dry the lower leaves will yellow and drop off. The new varieties of poinsettias, however, will last far into spring in perfect condition if their light, temperature and moisture requirements are met.

If you receive one of these beautiful plants for the holidays, handle it in this manner. Set the plant in a draft-free situation where it will get good light and where the temperature does not drop below 60 degrees F. Keep the soil moist but not soggy-wet. It is a good idea to remove the foil wrap right after the big day so that air can circulate freely around the plant.

Although you are usually advised to discard the poinsettia plant after the bracts are faded and the leaves have started to yellow, if you are a diehard or an adventurous person who welcomes the challenge of something difficult, you may wish to keep your plant over and try to get it to bloom again for the next Christmas season.

If you have given your plant good care it might very well look quite well at Easter time. If you are tired of it by then, withhold water and let the plant go dormant. Cut off the faded bracts and set the pot in the basement. Water occasionally so that the soil ball does not dry out completely. After the weather is warm and settled outside, bring the pot upstairs and water the soil to keep it moist. Get it near a sunny window and, as soon as fresh new growth appears, feed the plant a soluble plant food every week and turn so it grows straight. You may plunge the pot to its rim in a protected spot outdoors for the summer but you must water, feed and turn the plant regularly. Before frost threatens, bring the plant indoors and grow where it will get good light only during the daylight hours. After sundown, cover the plant with an inverted heavy grocery bag or set the plant in a dark closet for the night. Poinsettias are short-day plants and will not bloom in time for the holidays if they get artificial light after sundown. Do you still want to keep your poinsettia over?



Poinsettias add much beauty to church decorations at Christmas.

### IF JESUS LIVED IN OUR TOWN

If Jesus lived in our town,  
Most likely we'd be neighbors.  
My dad would talk to His dad  
And help him at his labors.  
While Joseph sawed the board in two,  
My dad would hold it very  
Straight and firm and they would make  
A chair or a chest for Mary.

If Jesus lived in our town,  
Mary and my mother  
Would speak across the garden fence  
And get to know each other.  
They'd hang their washings in the sun  
When there was pleasant weather;  
They'd visit back and forth, and cook  
And sew and sing together.

If Jesus lived in our town,  
Oh, how that would please us!  
He would be a friend of mine,  
I'd be a friend of Jesus!  
I'd learn from Him about the earth,  
Things over it and under,  
And every shell and leaf and stone  
Would be a thing of wonder!

He'd point out to me a star  
In the heavens glowing,  
And traveling, and we would watch  
Its coming and its going.  
And maybe it would be a star  
Large, tiny, full or hollowed,  
And maybe it would be a star  
Like that the wise men followed.

And there would be a stable with  
Hay heaped in a manger,  
And sheep and donkeys and an ox  
From which there'd be no danger . . .  
And I would pet a little lamb  
As the starlight glistened,  
While Jesus lay there in the hay,  
Quietly, and listened.

There would be sounds through all the  
night —  
The gentle low of cattle,  
The chirp of sparrows, and, sometimes,  
We'd hear the hinges rattle.  
There would be magic all around,  
Dropping down and swinging,  
And sometimes it would seem like wind,  
Sometimes like angels singing.

We would have a hill to climb  
And Jesus would climb higher  
And see the world spread out below  
For Him to admire.  
And He would beckon me to come  
And I would climb up slowly  
Through rocks and trees, until I saw  
The world spread out below me.

Trees would spread their roots and  
boughs,  
A good, green shelter giving  
To squirrels and rabbits — and to us  
And every creature living.  
And I would look at Jesus there —  
The birds about Him flying —  
And He would be so beautiful  
That I would feel like crying.

And there would be a cave, with dark,  
And Jesus would command it  
As generals do their soldiers. He  
Would help me understand it.  
He would show me rays of light  
The walls of it adorning,  
And the open door through which I could  
Come out of it to morning.

If Jesus lived in our town,  
How proud we would be of Him!  
Everyone would honor Him;  
Everyone would love Him!  
And when He passed along the street —  
Even just to mail a letter! —  
Folks who saw Him all would be  
Happier and better. —Helen Harrington



### THE SMILING SALAD

Tonight when your family arrives at the table expecting another ho-hum salad, open their eyes with a bright surprise. Drench their salad with new **Kitchen-Klatter Country Style Dressing**. What makes the magical difference? Care and an elusive blend of spices. Not too tart, not too sweet. Just the greatest new dressing to hit the lettuce in a long, long time.

Look for it at your grocer's. If he hasn't stocked it yet, he'll appreciate your suggesting he get some.

**Kitchen-Klatter  
Country Style Dressing**



### LIGHT FROM THE MANGER

A special joy fills Christmas Day;  
We see its glow in every way:  
On face of friend, on face of stranger,  
A light reflected from the manger.

—Unknown

### LITTLE THINGS AT CHRISTMAS

God bless the little things at Christmaside,  
All the little wild things that live outside,  
Little cold robins and rabbits in the snow.  
Give them safe faring and a warm place to go.  
All the little things for His sake who died  
Who was a Little Thing at Christmas-tide.

—Anonymous



Katharine Elizabeth yawns sleepily in her Grandmother Lowey's arms.

### CHRISTMAS

Christmas is a singing time  
Of carols to our King,  
A time to express that love  
Which God, through Christ, did bring.

### CLOTHING FOR OLDER PEOPLE —

Concluded

shirt-style collar, choice of sleeve lengths, in an easy-fitted skimmer version that flares a bit toward the hem. It even has two front walking pleats, for fashion and for ease of movement. What more can you ask? Well, there's an extra bonus — it's equally stylish with or without a belt, pleasing both skimmer fans and shirt-waist lovers. Sew one of these for that special older person on your gift list, including a belt that can be worn or not, as she chooses. Select the front fasteners with her specific needs in mind, for a personalized gift.

Ladies' golfing clothes offer many ease-of-movement features not found in other ready-to-wear. Especially if you don't sew, it would be wise to check what's available there, for comfort is vital to the elderly. Nothing — but *nothing* — can be stylish enough to compensate for discomfort.

A few last thoughts: rather than another sweater, have you considered giving a trimly tailored, lightweight jacket in a shade chosen to complement a variety of dresses? If you sew, doubleknit is good to use, perhaps bound with fold-over braid in matching or contrasting color. Or, for those who prefer oxford shoes, yet have trouble reaching, or tying the laces, you might scout around to find elasticized shoe-laces. (They're sometimes advertised in women's magazines, or in those little mail-order catalogs of hard-to-find items.) Several pair of these in appropriate colors make a thoughtful gift for man or woman, not likely to be duplicated.

By now you're probably thinking, "Why, there are lots of possibilities! Why didn't I think of that before?" So, using these ideas, buy, sew, or adapt some clothing, to give as gifts for the older folks on your list. Plan them with care to make life easier for the new owner, and style them for him or her to wear with pleasure.

And you can be sure that they will be worn with pleasure, for what is more welcome than clothing so thoughtfully selected for special needs? Such gifts fill another need of everyone, whether young or old, for their unspoken message rings loud and clear.

Their message, to the ones who receive these individually tailored gift items, says beyond all doubt, "Someone loves you. Someone cares."



## MAKE A MOLEHILL OUT OF THIS MOUNTAIN!

Holiday laundries got you down? Too many kids home from school, too many tablecloths, too many towels? Time to reach for those great laundry partners: **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops** and **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**.

**Blue Drops** is the new low-suds, high-potency laundry detergent that works wonders in all washers, in all water. Because it's super-concentrated, a little bit does a big job.

And **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** is just what the name says: a great, safe bleach for all washable fabrics. Colors, whites and prints (even new synthetics and permanent press) are perfectly safe, because **Kitchen-Klatter** bleaches bright without harsh chlorines.

So, next time you're at your grocery store, pick up the two helpers you need to get through holiday washdays in a hurry:

**KITCHEN-KLATTER**  
**BLUE DROPS &**  
**SAFETY BLEACH**





**DECEMBER DEVOTIONS — Concluded**  
now.

We are beset with problems in our homes and feel them unsolvable. God is with us. He cares.

We cannot help but worry ourselves sick at the thought of our sons and daughters on rioting campuses, confronting drugs on the local street corner or in school corridors. We feel so helpless, but GOD IS WITH US. He cares and shares!

There are the problems of our local communities, the loneliness, the need of our aging senior citizens, vandalism. Forget not — GOD IS HERE.

We agonize over the ills of our country and the world — injustice, racial prejudices and discriminations, war and greed. We are not alone. GOD IS WITH US.

Open your hearts to that influx of joy which comes each Christmas; then don't let it get away! Crush out the doubt and unbelief which cloud the intellect and press an unbearable weight on the heart. Answer the challenge of Christmas — rejoice, love, and be of good cheer! God is here to see us through!

Christmas is remembering One  
Who cheered the hearts of men;  
Who dried the tears of children  
And made them laugh again,  
Christmas is remembering One  
Who toiled from dawn to night;  
Who worked with loving tenderness  
To set the wrong things right.  
Christmas is remembering God with us  
Then let us each one day by day  
Remember by the things we do  
To love in Jesus' way. —Anonymous  
If God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.

**Scripture:** *In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us. (And we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father full of grace and truth.)*

**Leader:** (As the following is read let someone tack up a spray of greenery as part of the circle to frame the picture of Christ, fastening a spray at the reading of each line as marked with the asterisk, until there is a complete circle of greens.)

Born is the King of Israel!  
Born is the Child of Bethlehem!  
Born is the Savior of the world!

\*Christ is the light of the world!  
The light of every nation,  
The light of every race,  
The light of every man, woman and child, in the world.

\*Christ is the light!  
That shone first in the Christmas Star —  
That shines on us today —  
That shines in the hearts of people—

That shines wherever truth and mercy find a way.

\*Christ, the light,  
The light that points to freedom,  
The light that points to peace,  
The light that points to a Saviour,  
\*Christ, the light,  
Once the Child of Bethlehem,  
Once the teacher, once the master,  
Once the suffering Saviour,  
Now the King of Kings forever.  
\*Christ, the light!

Then let all the nations rise, and heed,

And joining hand in hand,  
Kneel before the manager  
And kneeling, understand  
That Christ is HOPE,  
Christ is LIGHT,  
Christ is one, true PEACE.

And only when Christ rules each heart

Shall war and hatred cease.

And only when Christ rules each heart

Shall faith and love increase.

\*Christ, the light of the world!

—From church bulletin

EMMANUEL — God with Us — HAL-LELUIAH! This is the great joy of Christmas. The circle of evergreen is the symbol to remind us of God's unending love, revealed to us through Christ who was God come among us to show us that God is with us, whoever we are, wherever we are. Let us remember the never-failing faith of Isaiah. Let us be joyful as we welcome the Christ Child into our hearts and in gladness and thanksgiving go forth to do that which needs doing in our world,

secure in the knowledge that God is with us; His love upholds us. Thus we, too, can help to keep the light of Christ aglow in the world.

(At this point if you desire to have a candle-lighting service, the two speakers may light candles at the large candle and then light the candle of someone on the front row in the audience, who then lights his neighbor's candle, and so on until all persons are holding lighted candles for the closing song and benediction.)

**Hymn:** "Joy to the World", by all.

**Benediction:** Let the joy and gladness of Christmas abide in our hearts, O God, and keep us remembering the love Jesus showed for others and the cheer He brought to all people that we may follow in His Way. Amen.

**THE COURAGEOUS MAN —**

Would defend a good which is widely condemned as being old-fashioned, obsolete, or irrelevant.

Would question that which is said to be unquestionable.

Would say "No!" when that position might cost him dearly.

Would prefer to give than to take.

Would stand by his convictions, regardless of how peculiar they may seem to others.

Would love when others hated.

Would speak out for something rather than against everything.

Would talk of God in a secular world.

Would remain silent when he is accused rather than injure another.

Would be right when it would be so much easier to be wrong.

**TRACKING SEASON**

This time of year, every outside step duplicates itself many times over in muddy, wet tracks inside.

Thank heavens for **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**! Its once-over action and hard-working ingredients take the work out of scrubbing — and it never, never leaves scum or froth to rinse or wipe away.

Pick up **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** at your grocer's, and put it to work for you. Remember:

**You go through the motions . . .**

**KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER**

**does the work!**



### CHRISTMAS VERSE

Seems to me sad things are fewer  
 Christmas night;  
 Seems to me glad things are truer  
 Christmas night;  
 Seems to me bells ring clearer  
 Christmas night;  
 From their steeples, louder, nearer —  
 Seems to me the whole world's dearer  
 Christmas night.

—Author Unknown

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Kitchen-Klatter Magazine published monthly at Shenandoah, Iowa for October 1970.

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

Publisher, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Editor, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Managing Editor, Margery Driftmier Strom, Shenandoah, Iowa.

Business Manager, Lucile Driftmier Verness, Shenandoah, Iowa.

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

The Driftmier Company Shenandoah, Iowa  
 Lucile Driftmier Verness Shenandoah, Iowa  
 Margery Driftmier Strom Shenandoah, Iowa  
 Hallie E. Kite Shenandoah, Iowa

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

None

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

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

77,351

Lucile Driftmier Verness, Business Manager  
 Sworn to and subscribed before me this  
 29th day of September, 1970,



Little Keith obviously is impatient for James to finish his lunch and climb down from his chair. Keith and his mother, Mrs. Steve Krouse, visited Juliana and Jed recently.

### LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

One is pale blue beautifully smocked in pastel shades, and the other is white smocked in red. Both of them are materials that don't need to be ironed, but just to look at them you'd never know it. The only trouble involved with her winter project of making smocked dresses is the fact that almost no patterns whatsoever are available these days. If anyone has any old smocking transfers tucked away that were never used for one reason or another, Marge would be tickled to death to have them.

Our cousin, Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger and her husband, Clay, are back in their own home in Iowa City this year. They plan to have Thanksgiving dinner with us but it can't be a long visit for they want to go back to Cotty College at Nevada, Missouri, during the weekend.

By the time you read this Thanksgiving will be over, and before we know it Christmas will be here once again. May it be a happy and blessed Season for you and yours.

Faithfully always . . .

Lucile

### SELECT THE "RIGHT" TOYS

When a child has an accident with a toy, chances are his parents had the right toy but the wrong child.

Parents should choose toys that suit a child's age and ability. Up to one year, get playthings for the infant to chew, squeeze, and drop. They should be washable, nonbreakable, with no sharp edges, and coated with non-toxic paint.

From one to two years, a child loves to investigate the world. Pick toys that he can take apart and re-assemble, like pegboards and blocks. But make sure that the toy's parts are not small enough to swallow.

Two- and three-year-olds love to experiment. Toddlers may enjoy non-poisonous finger paints and modeling clay and also cars and wagons to push and pull.

Between three and four, the child is ready to pretend that he is an adult. Give him small brooms, carpet sweepers, and other similar toys.

From four to six, children continue to imitate adults and enjoy blackboards, simple construction toys, and dolls. The parents of six-year-olds can start introducing more complicated playthings like sewing materials and carpenters' benches. At eight years, children are ready for bigger bicycles, electric trains, musical instruments, and gym equipment.

After you get the toy home, remember that a child's introduction to adulthood through toys calls for supervision and good play habits. Make sure you've given the right child the right toy and taught him the right way to play.

### WHY NOT HELP CREATE THE JOY?

'Tis the season to be jolly . . .

But why not have that jolly season year around?

Why not forget your prejudices . . . Love instead of hate.

Why not forget your wants . . . Appreciate instead the things you have.

Why not give of your happiness . . . Think instead of the needs of others.

To enjoy the jolly season for all your days, help create the joy.

### A CHRISTMAS QUIZ - Concluded

Lord." (Verse 11)

15. A multitude.

16. Not that we know of. Luke says they were "praising God and saying -----".

17. God.

18. "Peace, good will toward men." (Verse 14)

19. The Lord. (Verse 15)

20. No. "They made known abroad the saying -----." (Verse 17)

—Grace Stoner Clark

Don't call your committee together until you send for the Kitchen-Klatter Book "Church Projects and Programs". \$1.00.

KITCHEN-KLATTER  
 Shenandoah, Iowa 51601





## "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 and count Zip Code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

February ads due December 10.

March ads due January 10.

April ads due February 10.

**THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY**  
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

**WATCHES WANTED:** Any condition. Jewelry, spectacles, dental gold, silver. Prompt remittance. Satisfaction guaranteed. Lowe's, 502 Ashbury Ct., St. Louis, Mo. 63119.

**\$6.00 PER DOZEN** paid lacing baby boots, baby moks! Write: Cowboy, Warsaw 74, Indiana 46580.

**OUT-OF-PRINT** Bookfinder, Box 679-KK, Seaside, Calif. 93955. Send wants.

**HOMEWORK,** mailing circulars. Free details! Cam Company, Dept. 155-KE, Verona, N. J. 07044.

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

**DOUBLE N COOKBOOK.** Pretested recipes. Send \$1.00 to: Double N Club, Bertrand, Nebraska 68927.

**HANDTOOLED LEATHER BILLFOLDS** — fine quality — \$9.00 gift boxed, postpaid. Also Kitchen-Klatter magazines 1943 to 1969. Write — Gary Anderson, Route 1, Concord, Nebr. 68728.

**HALF APRONS** — new material, trimmed. \$1.50 — \$2.00. Mrs. Max Lanham, Paulina, Iowa 51046.

**KOWANDA METHODIST CHURCH.** 250 signed and tested recipes. Extra pages of hints and cooking information. These make nice special gifts. \$2.00 postpaid. Mrs. Glen Paulsen, Oshkosh, Nebr. 69154

**SEND FOR MAGNETIC** refrigerator patterns, Spanish vases, diet cow, poodles, large diet pig, bee family, duck, Mexican boy — \$1.25. Ask for set 15-KK. Mrs. Edwin Schroeder, Garner, Iowa 50438.

**VERDIGRE METHODIST COOKBOOK.** 250 tested and tried recipes, many Czech. Loose leafed, plastic bound — \$2.25 postpaid. Mrs. Marie Chocholousek, Verdigre, Nebr. 68783.

**LADIES:** There's gold in your sewing machine. Free details. Wilfred, 5225 KK-Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19139.

**CHURCH WOMEN:** will print 150-page cookbook for organizations for less than \$1.00 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

**WATCH BAND CALENDAR** for 1971. \$1.00 postpaid. Box 153-K, Creston, Iowa 50801.

**FUN WITH POPCORN!** Pocket book of popcorn recipes — \$1.00. Popcorn Pantry, Box 111, Garner, Iowa 50438.

**RECIPES!** Fifty choice no-bake cookies — \$1.00; fifty more no-bake cookies — \$1.00; ten luscious cakes — \$1.00; ten sugarless cookies for diabetics and weight watchers — \$1.00. Anna Andersen, Box 62K, Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613.

**HOROSCOPE.** 25¢ and stamped envelope. Birth date. Box 153-K, Creston, Ia. 50801.

**SALE: CHRISTMAS GIFTS** — pillowslips, aprons (small or allover), towels, etc. Mrs. Allen Lang, Brooklyn, Iowa.

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**FREDERICK'S LETTER** — Concluded  
lead the procession to the church fell off his horse with sunstroke; the palace gates failed to open for the procession, the cause being that the gatekeeper lay dead in a pool of blood. Though the ceremony itself was not marred by accident, just afterward the best man fired a pistol at his head. The wedding party then went to the railway station where the official who had drawn up the marriage contract succumbed to apoplexy. Next, from excess zeal, the stationmaster fell under the wheels of the approaching train. At that point the king refused to allow anyone to board it, and the party returned to the palace. The Count of Castiglione, who rode alongside the carriage, was suddenly thrown and the wheels passed over him, injuring him fatally. The occasion being royal, its ill-fated incidents were kept dark."

The next time you have one of those days when just everything seems to go wrong, get out this bit of description, read it aloud to yourself, and then relax, thank God, and smile.

Sincerely,  
Frederick

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# Seasons Greetings



Since we can't visit each one of you during this happy season, we'd like to take this method of sending warmest greeting to you:

. . . the homemakers who recognize quality and insist on it; to the grocers who give these ladies what they want; to the jobbers and wholesalers who form the "chain" between our kitchens and laboratories and the homes of the consumers.

Best wishes for a wonderful holiday season and a happy and prosperous 1971.

## *The Kitchen-Klatter Family*