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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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MRS HAROLD STEPHEN

BOX 24

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—H. Armstrong Roberts



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom.

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Well, the only thing I can say right now is that this letter seems to me an anti-climax. ANOTHER letter from Shenandoah!

When I wrote to you last month I didn't dream that I'd still be sitting down at the old, familiar typewriter in the old, familiar room when the December issue deadline arrived — but here I am. However, I must hasten to say that if nothing else unexpected comes up we will actually be on the road to Albuquerque in 24 hours.

At an earlier time I'd thought it would be a happy break to allow a little more time for the highway and branch out to see something different. Alas, it's gotten so late in the season that I'm afraid to tackle anything new, and this means that we'll make the old run to Salina, Tucumcari . . . and Albuquerque. At least we know every curve in the highway, every landmark (this includes fence posts!), and can figure exactly how far we are from the next filling station.

Many people who know me quite well have expressed amazement that I continue to take the highway out to New Mexico rather than flying, but the explanation is very simple — at least to me. I simply love the countryside and the only opportunity I have to enjoy it is on these drives out to Albuquerque. When you're flying at 39,000 feet you never see a thing, and I'd regret that very much indeed. This is why Eula and I, with Dorothy at the wheel, are striking out once again.

Juliana's letter in this morning's mail tells me that the big remodeling job is 100% completed, and thus when we arrive it will be to see the finished dining room-library as it will stand from this point on. I am really most eager to see it, because even though I know the house I've never quite been able to visualize all of the big changes.

At an earlier time I'd thought that we would have gone to Albuquerque and been back here in time for Thanks-

giving dinner, but now it's gotten so late that we'll have Thanksgiving dinner in the new dining room and space, at long last, to put all three leaves in the table. Unless I've counted wrong I think there will be twelve of us for turkey and the trimmings.

Among the guests will be Mary Lea and Tony — my first opportunity to meet the newest member of the family. Juliana says that they've been very busy moving down from the canyon to a country place 8 or 10 miles from Las Vegas, in the direction toward Albuquerque. I've no idea what this new place will be like, but to get away from that harrowing "shelf road" seems to me a great gain. Juliana knows how much I dislike hair-raising blind curves, no guard rails, sheer drops of 1,000 feet straight down, etc., and told me that never, never would she have taken me up to Mary Lea's and Tony's cabin in the canyon where they lived after their marriage. (Even Frederick, never dismayed by dreadful road conditions, expressed tremendous consternation by that "shelf road".)

Now that the time is so close at hand when I'll see my darling little grandchildren I can scarcely wait. You know, I've never been one to envy anyone anything whatsoever, but I'll confess that sometimes when I read the folders of your letters I get a quick twinge that *must* be envy — don't know what else it could be.

People say that their children and grandchildren live in the same town, or down the road a half-mile, or 35 miles away where they can drive easily just any old time. MY! I think, how fortunate they are — and I get that twinge!

Well, before I can let this twinge really take hold I remember something else — how extremely fortunate I am to have a loving daughter, no matter how far away, who shares so much of her daily life in wonderful letters and Sunday phone calls. Not everyone is equally blessed. In fact, for a good many years I've thought, and said, that the saddest words in the English language are these when they appear in an obitu-

ary: "There are no known survivors."

Since I'll be in New Mexico for Thanksgiving our local family members, plus Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger and her husband Clay, residents of Iowa City, will probably sit down to turkey with Marge and Oliver. I don't know if Martin will be able to make it down from Des Moines, and probably Marge doesn't know either at this point. I'm just glad that no one has asked me what plans I have for Christmas, since this is certainly much, much more than I know. Although this is the December issue, no one in the family has been able to get a firm grasp on Christmas comings and goings.

These last few weeks we've been through an upheaval the likes of which we've never had before in all the years our *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* has been going out to you good friends. No one knows how in the world this could have happened, and I'm sure will never know — it was simply one of those things for which there is no explanation whatsoever.

We've known for the last year that we simply had to increase the price of this magazine — couldn't make ends meet anymore no matter how hard we tried. There hadn't been an increase whatsoever since April, 1967, and I don't need to waste any space explaining what's gone on, expense-wise, since then. Everyone knows.

But from month to month we put it off — just couldn't make a final decision as to when we'd do this. It was the last check written for paper that wrenched us into setting a date — that check was for several more thousands of dollars than we'd ever had to pay before.

Facing all of this we decided that January, 1974, would have to be the date when we announced a price increase from \$2.00 per year to \$2.50 per year. Everything was set up accordingly.

Can you imagine, then, how stunned we were to discover AFTER the November issue was in your hands that our usual advertisement for *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* carried this price increase that we had expected to announce in January? At almost the same time we were sending out renewal notices at the old price of \$2.00 per year!

Frankly, everyone involved was in something approaching a nervous breakdown! Four people read the proof on that advertisement; four people failed to catch the error. (In a way I was the luckiest person in these parts because I hadn't read the proof!)

What it comes down to is that the magazine is now \$2.50 per year — effective in November, 1973, rather than January, 1974. Needless to say, everyone who renewed at the old rate is cer-

(Continued on page 22)

MARGERY WRITES ABOUT HER ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

This is a cold, blustery day. Oliver and I are watching the weather with a sharp eye as we are expecting company from out of town and would hate for them to run into bad weather. There is a bit of snow in the air which wasn't in the forecast, and it seems to be one of those days so frequent this time of year when anything can happen in the line of weather.

My! I certainly created some problems for everyone when my touchy back acted up and I had to go to the hospital for a little over a week! Lucile, Dorothy and Eula were practically ready to pack their suitcases to leave for New Mexico, so their plans had to be changed. Oliver and I were planning to get off on our long-postponed vacation as soon as they returned, but things have a way of working out. Maybe we can still manage a little trip before Christmas.

Since Oliver had quite a bit of leave accumulated which had to be used up one way or another, and since things were so indefinite for a trip, he decided to take a week off to catch up on things around the house and yard. He washed windows, covered the roses, planted tulips and then oiled all the garden tools and stored them away until spring work starts. He also had time to look after some things for me, such as picking out some outdoor carpet for the front and back steps. We decided this would be a wise investment since it was icy steps that landed him in the hospital with some broken ankle bones last spring! This is one of the things I had planned to get done this summer but just hadn't managed, so I was glad to have him report after a trip to town that he had picked out the carpet and had made arrangements to have it put on the next week or so — whenever the men can get to it, as our name is on the end of their list.

Driving is not very comfortable when one has back trouble, so I stayed pretty close to home for a while, but the first day I felt that I could take the wheel, I picked up Mother and we drove to apple orchards near Hamburg, Iowa — a relatively short trip — and bought apples, cider, and good old-fashioned sweet potatoes, the light ones. On the way Mother mentioned the many trips she and Dad has made to buy apples and cider when he was living, but they always went earlier when the leaves were at their best in their beautiful fall colors. We were too late to see that spectacle, but the day was warm so we took some back roads home and made our afternoon ride last as long as possible.

Dorothy and I had such a marvelous time when we went to Lynn and Al's two grocery stores in Norfolk, Nebr., to visit our radio listeners in that area — and quite an area, too, for in reading the guest register we counted 53 different towns in the addresses. It was a disappointment to me that I wasn't able to make the trip to Jefferson City, Mo., to visit with friends in the Gerbes Stores, but Dorothy and Evelyn were able to go and were delighted to meet so many friends in that vicinity.

Earlier this fall I attended the Shenandoah Home and Garden Club "Hall of Flame". I asked Eula to go with me as she had never attended this annual event. We were so surprised to see Mother inside the door when we arrived. When I had talked to her earlier in the day she was getting ready to go her Thursday Club luncheon and hadn't mentioned a word about going to the Country Club to see the beautifully decorated tables. At her luncheon the women were talking about it, so she just picked up the phone and called the plant for two of the men to pick her up and help get her into the building. She knew we would be surprised to see her there, and indeed we were! It was a happy surprise! I took a lot of pictures, of course, as I always do. Perhaps I can share some of them with you sometime.

Something else we enjoyed recently, but with mixed emotions, was a retirement dinner for Earl Dyer, the manager of the Council Bluffs employment office where Oliver worked for seven years before he was transferred back to Shenandoah. We are very fond of Mr. and Mrs. Dyer and will miss them now that they have retired to a home they pur-

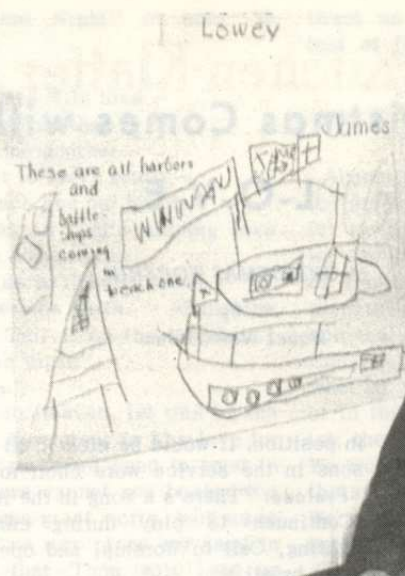
chased in Florida several years ago.

It has been several weeks since we've seen our son Martin. We thought we would see him more frequently after he moved to Des Moines for his work as a chaplain at Iowa Methodist Hospital, but we hadn't taken into account that he would be working many weekends. Occasionally he has a free one, but has other commitments. One weekend he drove to Chicago to attend the wedding of a chaplain friend, and another was spent driving to Minneapolis on business, and so it goes. Last night when he called, he said he hoped very much to make it home in a couple of weeks, but time would tell as sometimes it is necessary to change hours with someone on the staff.

Wendy, our little Lhasa Apso, is nipping at my shoes for attention. When I'm in the house she follows me from room to room. I must confess that she seems to favor Oliver, though, for he plays more actively with her than I do. She has learned a few little tricks, and one I'm not so sure I care for! Oliver is up first at our house, and if Wendy doesn't see me soon after he comes downstairs, she stares him down for a minute or two, waiting for the words "Run upstairs and get Margery out of bed." Like greased lightning, she rips through the house, up the stairs, and pesters me until I climb out of bed!

Oh dear! it is still snowing outside. I hope our company can make it tonight. They are coming such a distance, it would be a shame if they had to turn around and go home. But I can't hold this letter up any longer to let you know if they arrive.

Sincerely,
Margery



—Photo by Claude Chmiel, Courtesy of The Albuquerque News
Recently a big hot air balloon landed very close to the school James attends. It led to a discussion on types of transportation and drawings by the children. He was greatly surprised when this picture was used in their school paper.



Christmas Comes with L-O-V-E

A CHRISTMAS WORSHIP

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Make a 3' x 5' or larger banner to hang above the altar. Use bright red burlap with most of the design done in white. The outstanding feature of the banner will be the word "Love" in large letters cut from white felt. The letter "O" will be the largest letter, perhaps 18" across, and it will be placed in the center of the banner. In the center of the "O", which becomes the frame for the picture, place a silhouette of Mary and the Baby Jesus. (If you look through magazines or greeting cards, you will find one which you can copy, trying to get it into a stylized circular form so that it fits nicely in the center of the "O", with enough of the red showing to outline it. This silhouette is also cut from white felt.) The large letter "L" is placed to the upper left of the "O" and the "V" and "E" go down to the lower right for a diagonal effect.

Cut a Bethlehem star of white felt and glue on gold glitter. Glue this star toward the top of the banner above the "O", with the long ray of the star pointing down to the Christ Child. Cut white felt angels (two or three, depending on the size of banner) and glue in the upper right section of the banner. Before making the banner, experiment with patterns cut from old newspapers so that you can get the best effect. Add white fringe to the bottom, or make a fringe by raveling the burlap itself. Fasten the top to a dowel.

Place a white taper in a tall candlestick in the center of the altar. It is lighted as directed in the service.

Make five smaller banners of white burlap or heavy paper, with red lettering and bottom fringe. One of the following words goes on each banner: Remember, Enjoy, Sing, Share, and Worship. Each banner is fastened to a crossbar on a long dowel so that it can be carried. It will be effective if the banner-carriers come from the back of the room, up different aisles at the time designated, while the narrator reads the meditation concerning each word. The banner-bearers take places so that three stand to the left of the altar and two on the right when all are

in position. It would be nice if all persons in the service wore choir robes.

Prelude: "There's a Song in the Air". (Continues to play during candle-lighting, Call to Worship, and opening hymn by all.)

CANDLE IS LIGHTED

Call to Worship:

We light the Christ Child's birthday candle.

Hail to the King of Kings!

Let us be in an attitude of praise and remembering.

May the faith symbolized by this one candle

Glow in our hearts this Christmastide, Throughout the coming year, And forever and forever.

Song: (All) "There's a Song in the Air".

Narrator:

It is not far to Bethlehem;

The shortest cut I know

Is directly through the heart,

The way the children go.

It is not far to Bethlehem;

It cannot take you long.

It is no farther than a prayer,

The distance of a song.

Song: "Love Came Down at Christmas".

Narrator: Christmas comes with love! Oh, the joy of it! Oh, the beauty of it! Oh, the memory of it! Oh, the sharing of it! Oh, the singing of it! Oh, the peace, the praying, of it! That is what love is all about. That is Christmas.

Christmas is for remembering. (Banner-carrier with "Remember" moves into position.) The old familiar Bible passages take on new meaning for us each year, refreshing the spirit and blessing the soul.

Reader: Luke 2:1-20.

Solo: "What Child Is This?"

Narrator: God did not plan for His Son to be born under the eyes of the public in a busy inn. He had gone before Mary and Joseph and sought out the shelter of a quiet, peaceful stable. Jesus was the Lamb of God — what better place for a lamb to be born? There Mary gave birth to Him Who was King of Kings. No fanfare of trumpets, no royal gar-

ments. Just a sweet baby, wrapped in simple swaddling clothes, with a manger for his bed.

Yet God placed a flaming Star in the heavens for Him, and He led the extremes of humanity to the manger — the lowly shepherds who longed for the Messiah to come and bring Light to their world; the Wise Men who came bearing gifts befitting a king — gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Go outside the door for a moment tonight. In the quiet and solitude look away to the galaxies of stars, worlds beyond worlds, and lose yourself in the infinite peace you see there, as you remember that stable, the manger, the Babe Who was born there to be the Way, the Truth, and the Light for all mankind. Remember! This is keeping Christmas with love.

—Parts taken from newspaper clipping, author unknown.

Song: "Angels We Have Heard on High".

Narrator: Christmas is for singing the joy of the Savior's birth. (Enter carrier with "Sing" banner.) The first Christmas came with music. Wondrous night! Wondrous event! There was rejoicing in Heaven as they sang of "Peace on earth goodwill toward men." Down through the centuries Christians have sung praises to the Babe of Bethlehem in lilting carols and fervent hymns. A Christmas without music, without singing? Why, Christmas is singing! It comes as children sing carols to shut-ins. It comes as we sing the joyful good news in our churches. It comes as the carillon sets the Christmas music floating out over the city. How sweetly, how memorably it comes as families sing the beloved carols together! Somehow, through voices lifted in song together, family ties and friendship ties become more closely knit, more lovingly joined.

Song: "Angels We Have Heard on High".

Narrator: Christmas comes when we lovingly share. (Bring up "Share" banner.) This is the Spirit of Christ at work among people. Sharing is "goodwill among men" put into practice. It is giving gifts of love with love. To share in the true spirit of Christmas is to give of oneself — the mitten tree, the white gift service, gifts made by our own hands, gifts that bring thoughts of God and his goodness. The giving and receiving of gifts is a beautiful custom. Helping the needy, the lonely, the shut-ins is a worthwhile project at Christmas time and all year through, but let us remember that the custom of giving grew out of the longings of the human heart to "tell and show" how greatly we have been blest by the coming of Christ.

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FREDERICK WANTS A BALLOON FOR CHRISTMAS!

Dear Friends:

I have just had one of the greatest adventures of my life. A few days ago I took my first ride on a little platform hanging down from an enormous hot air balloon. What a thrill it was! Ever since that incredibly exciting trip over the valleys and mountains of New England, I have been dreaming of owning my own balloon and being known as the Original Hot Air Preacher! How many good laughs we are having about this. I admit that Betty isn't laughing quite as lightly as I am, but we are having loads of fun talking about the prospect with our church people. One of my church deacons said yesterday: "Well, if you do own a hot air balloon, you will never run out of fuel!"

When the members of my church first learned that I had taken a cross-country hot air balloon trip, they were a bit upset over it. Some thought I should not take such risks at my age and with my responsibilities in the church and in community, but the more they thought about it, the more they realized that their pastor simply thrives on adventure. I am one of those persons who must do something truly exciting with some element of physical danger every few months, or I become restless and impatient with myself and with others. There seems to be something in my make-up which requires an outlet for nervous energy that can be met only with genuine adventure. Believe me, hot air ballooning is the answer for that requirement.

It was a beautiful, late fall day before the last of the leaves had dropped from the trees, when the twenty-year-old balloonist and I shot up into the air. I was amazed at how fast we rose to an altitude of 2,500 feet. It was explained to me that it is impossible to hold a balloon down once the temperature inside the balloon is one hundred degrees warmer than the air outside the balloon. The essential thing is to keep that inside air hot, and that is done with two torches burning butane gas. Of course every precaution is taken to prevent the torches from burning the balloon itself.

I had expected that we would be strapped onto the passenger platform with some kind of safety belts, but we were not. The flight was so smooth that there was no necessity for safety belts. I was surprised to learn that we were required to wear leather crash helmets and heavy leather jackets, both meant to protect us on landing. How glad I am that I was wearing them, for our landing was a bit on the rough side, banging through some treetops, and then being dumped over and drag-



Frederick has amazed us with his adventures since he was a young boy. Nothing seems to frighten him!

ged a few feet along a gravel road. Never in my life have I had such excitement, except the excitement of being under enemy attack during the war. Big-game hunting, sailing on the North Sea, climbing mountains, fishing for the enormous tuna off Nova Scotia, photographing glaciers from an airplane in British Columbia — none of these were as thrilling and pulse-pounding as my first balloon trip.

Yes, I have to confess that there was a doctor's bill involved. Somehow my shoulder was injured in the landing, but for a mere injured shoulder I would do it again today. As a matter of fact, I intend to do it again very soon. I have promised my son David that for his Christmas present I would pay the cost of his first balloon ride.

One of the problems of ballooning out here in New England is the fact that we have so few fields in which to land. You cannot guide a hot air balloon. You just have to go where the wind takes you, and you never know for sure where you are going or where you are going to land. From up there in the air I got the impression that all of New England is either woods, or lakes, or rivers, or buildings. We saw so few open fields of any kind.

I would think that ballooning would be a great sport in the Middlewest where almost all one sees are open spaces. In the open country the only danger would be electric wires, and away from the built-up areas there are few of them. An electric wire of any kind is a great danger to a balloonist, and as we were descending from our flight, I began to think that there was no place in New England that was not strung with electric wires all over the place. Last year two people were killed a few miles from our home when their balloon hit an electric wire near a shopping center parking lot.

One night this past fall, I entertained

my literary club here at the house, and on that occasion I read the men a paper I had written about the building of the Erie Canal. You will remember that Betty and I took a yacht trip through the modern Erie Barge Canal last summer, and at that time I became very interested in the history of the canal. When we got home, I read several books about the building of the canal, books I wish I had read before we made our trip. Since most of you are good cooks, I thought you might be interested in reading what I told my club about the way the canal contractors around the years 1818 to 1825 were feeding the Irish laborers imported to build the canal.

Actually, the thing the Irish liked best about their job on the canal was the food. Never in Ireland were they fed the variety and quantity they got in the upper New York country. On a Saturday night, if the work gang had made good progress, there would be a special feast. The main feature of it was a sort of stew prepared in kettles so large that each one could hold the contents of five pails. In every kettle were chunks of beef, pork, mutton, and venison for foundation. For filler, there were thirteen chickens, sixteen squirrels, and ten rabbits. All this was cooked up with carrots, potatoes, turnips, onions, and cabbages. On the side stood platters of boiled corn, baked beans, stewed squash, and peas boiled with pork. In case any eater was still hungry, he could cut his own wedge from a pumpkin pie two feet across.

Most people today think of wild game as a treat, but in the early days of our country, wild game was so plentiful that the people got too much of it. As a matter of fact, the Irish workmen digging the Erie Canal in those frontier days objected to the amount of wild game they were being fed, and demanded more pork and beef. In those days a hunter could sell a big wild goose or turkey for the magnificent sum of five cents!

As we begin our Christmas preparations in the church, it is hard to believe that for many years the population of our state of Massachusetts was forbidden to celebrate Christmas in any way. A person could be arrested for having a special dinner on Christmas Day, and anyone who dared to sing a Christmas carol was certain to go to jail. My goodness how the customs change with the years! Today we almost feel like disciplining someone who doesn't recognize or observe either the Christian holiday of Christmas or the Jewish holiday of Hanukkah. I am one of those persons who simply has to have a grand and glorious celebration of Christmas, or else I am de-

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Christmas Anywhere

by
Evelyn Witter



I suppose I was one of the most unhappy young mothers in my community. Within me there was a tug-of-war decision to make. I was pulling for my husband's happiness, but I was also straining on the other end to give my baby boy the advantages of a beautiful future. It wasn't until we were caught in a Christmas Eve traffic jam that I realized that both ambitions were on the same side of the rope.

In the days after Jimmy was born I was completely happy living on the land, walking hand-in-hand with God's miracles of nature. Every day was an adventurous discovery in learning. Learning such things as how a man achieves complete joy of living when doing work that gratifies him, how rewarding close relationships are with good neighbors, and how lovely an unsmudged-by-smoke sunset really is. I reveled in identifying bird calls, and watching plants respond to care. All these things were important until Jimmy was born.

It was then I began to think of other things — like the facilities our small community lacked. There was no suitable church, no concert to attend, no art galleries to visit, no competitive sports in the grade school in which to compete, no block-square library for research, no municipal swimming pool or playground for fun time, nor many of the other advantages I had enjoyed so much in my formative years.

Several times I tried to tell Bill about these things that were not within easy-to-get distances from us. Several times I wanted to tell him how I felt about limitations of our rural community for a growing boy, but his happiness stopped me.

How could I ask a man who was so absorbed and contented in what he was doing suddenly to begin a new career in unfamiliar surroundings?

I had no doubt that eventually I could pressure him into leaving the farm for Jimmy's sake. I had no doubt either that he could adjust to city living; but I knew too that not even a good adjustment could bring him the deep-down

happiness that he had on the farm.

Still, how could my baby make his mark in the world if he were not given the advantages of full-scale living? Wasn't it unfair to deprive him of the chance to do something worthwhile with his life?

It was this tug-of-war within me that made me yearn for my home church as the Christmas season approached. So often, in the past, I had brought a troubled mind to that sanctuary with its high-vaulted ceilings, jewel-glow windows, and deep-throated organ music. There I had found solutions to my problems and consolations for my soul.

When I suggested the trip to the city in order that we could attend Christmas services in my beloved church, Bill said: "I think that would be about the best gift I could give you. Sure! If we can arrange to have my Aunt Martha keep Jimmy, we'll go."

Aunt Martha said she would be delighted to have Jimmy, and as soon as we had the car checked and packed a few clothes, we set out for the city.

It was a long, uneventful drive until we got into the heart of the metropolis. There we were caught in a bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that allowed us to creep along only spasmodically.

"Christmas, you know," Bill offered the needless explanation good naturedly. "People going to church, helping the needy, bringing gifts . . ."

"All because a little Babe was born in Bethlehem," I mused.

And then I thought, "Bethlehem. A small rural community! But still influenced the world so much He could cause a traffic jam in a big city twenty centuries later!"

I began to feel the pulling tensions within me slacken. Suddenly I realized that my son, too, if he led a Christian life, could produce an influence for good in the world no matter how small the community in which he was raised.

"You look so happy!" Bill's voice cut into my thoughts.

"I am!" I told him honestly.

He smiled contentedly and we drove on to church.

THE MAGIC OF CHRISTMAS

by
Cecile Moore

Christmas is not a day or a season, but a condition of mind and heart. Caught up in the glories of it, the humblest home becomes a castle, and everyday affairs seem suddenly touched with magic. There's an air of excitement everywhere and all of a sudden you're caught up in it and you realize there's something very different about this holiday.

First of all, we are filled with nostalgia, as memories of former Christmases flood our minds and hearts, tendered already by memories of by-gone days, when the family all gathered in the old home, and the customs and traditions we shared then are lived again.

Then, as we send and receive greetings from friends and loved ones, how it thrills our hearts to get that unexpected card from someone out of the past. Now and then a lump comes into the throat as we hear from one who is especially dear to us.

The poorest home is transformed at Christmastime. Not by the gifts, decorations, nor any particular thing, but there's a feeling of good will, one for another, as at no other time of the year, and an electric spark of expectancy fills the very air. Every rustle of paper sounds mysterious and exciting, and the ordinary things of everyday living take on a special meaning.

The kitchen becomes the family gathering place as the cooking of the Christmas goodies progresses, and it's a heartwarming experience, regardless of the fare, if Mom's hands prepared it.

The excitement builds until it becomes almost unbearable, and you wonder if it's worth all the work and worry. But after the last gift has been opened; the last delicious meal enjoyed, and you see the contented faces, you decide it was worth it all.

We parents complain about the work and expense and worry, but we go on making Christmas for our families year after year just the same. Why? What is this Christmas magic that invades our hearts and homes at this time of year, and turns them into wild, sweet, happy madhouses; that causes us to dig a little deeper, sacrifice a little more, and exhaust every effort to make Christmas a happy time for those about us?

Love! The magic of Christmas is love! God meant it to be so!

CHRISTMAS!

There's more, much more to Christmas
Than candlelight and cheer;
It's the spirit of sweet friendship,
That brightens all the year;
It's thoughtfulness and kindness,
It's hope reborn again,
For peace, for understanding,
And for good will to men!

—The Churchman



Happy Holiday Ways

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Gift Exchange: Before guests arrive, cut old greeting cards in half — some straight, some curved, some scalloped, etc., putting half of each card in a box. Keep the other halves of the cards and tape one to each gift brought for the exchange. When ready to give out the gifts, pass the box around so each guest draws out part of a card. They then match them to the pieces on the packages to claim their package.

Another idea is to copy the titles of Christmas carols on slips of paper, making two for each title. Attach one to each package, and guests draw from matching slips to claim their gift. It will add to the fun, if each guest must "sing for her package", singing the carol on her slip.

Star Gazing Hunt: Have hidden about the room many, many slips of paper, on which the names of the planets are written — one planet to each slip. At a signal all hunt for the stars. When the leader signals that the hunt is ended, the person having the most complete set of planets wins the prize — perhaps a map of the heavens, or a small sack of sawdust, labeled "stardust".

Bell Quiz:

1. A noted inventor. Alexander Graham Bell
2. Very pugnacious. bellicose
3. A fancy rabbit. Belgian hare
4. A grandmother. bel dame
5. Town crier. bellman
6. State of warfare. belligerent
7. At your service. bellhop
8. A band. belt
9. For cryin' out loud! bellow
10. Poisonous plant. belladonna
11. A king in ancient history. Belshazzar
12. A pavilion at the top of the house. belvedere

To make a *Star Decoration* use five wire coat hangers. Pull each hanger into a diamond shape and then tape all five together with the hooks as the center. Conceal hooks in center with a cluster of greens and some pretty ornaments. You may make it a lighted star by taping small tree lights at each corner and the center with electrical tape.

Favors for a Children's Party: Decorate boxes of animal crackers by covering with bright foil paper. Tape two candy canes to each box for runners, thus making a miniature sleigh.

Noel Tree Candle Centerpiece: Make green cone drinking cups for candles, gluing a small bit of yarn to the pointed end for a wick. Stand "candles" on large tray, or plate, and surround with greens and small tree ornaments. On each candle paste one of the letters of the word "Noel", cut from red foil paper. If you paste a letter on two sides of each cone, your arrangement is equally attractive from both sides of the table.

A Popcorn Tree-Drum Centerpiece is easily made from popcorn and will delight old and young alike. Make your favorite popcorn-ball syrup, tinting that used for the tree green if you like. (I prefer a white tree with the color in the trimmings.) Mold part of the popcorn-ball mixture into tree shape. For tree trim take your choice of all tiny red ribbon bows, or use Life-savers in bright colors as ornaments and fasten on with icing or syrup. You can also use some of the pretty cake trims. Add a pretty bow and an ornament at the top. Mold more of the popcorn-ball mixture into a drum shape (this will be the base for the tree). Pin a red ribbon band around the top and bottom edge of the drum with a wider green ribbon band around the center. Use narrow red ribbon to make the drum "lacings" on the green ribbon. Place the tree on top of the drum.

Popcorn Ornament Favors: Begin by making the usual popcorn balls, perhaps a little smaller than you would make ordinarily. Then get out scraps of dress braids, sequin trim braids, and velvet ribbon, and use these to decorate the popcorn balls to look like lovely tree ornaments.

Ribbon Door Tree: Cut tree shape from green poster paper or posterboard. Then, using the gift bows which come already made up with adhesive on the back (often one can buy them inexpensively by the bagful), completely cover the tree shape with the bows. If yours

is a glass door, you can cover both sides so it's decorative from outside or indoors. You can choose bows of all one color, or add bows at outside points and at top of a different color for ornaments.

Easy Gift Wrap: For those extra large packages, use a pretty paper Christmas tablecloth to wrap it. It's an inexpensive way to wrap several packages, too; just cut up the tablecloth into the size you need.

Christmas Cage: For the base of the cage, use the plastic lid from a large coffee can. Use a paper punch to make four equidistant holes, around outer edge. Cut off the hook of a wire coat hanger, and bend the rest of the hanger out straight and cut wire in half. Put one end of a wire through one hole and bend end flat beneath lid. Place opposite end in opposite hole. Put second wire through other holes. Spray with dull black or gold paint. Using clay to hold in place, make a small candle and greens arrangement inside the cage. Add a pretty red Christmas bow at the top. Perhaps you'd prefer a smaller arrangement of greens and feature a pretty Christmas bird. These would make as easy, inexpensive centerpiece if you were needing several for a church or club dinner during the holiday season.



A LINE AND A RHYME

Memory reminds me of a very unusual Christmas in our home when I was a child. Mother thought a change would be fun and give us novel ideas for wrapping our gifts so she created a Christmas line.

Instead of the usual tree that year, a line was strung across the room above our heads, accented with the seasonal decor . . . evergreen, artificial poinsettias, etc. As the gift was wrapped and fastened to this line it became colorful and interesting. The heavier packages were fastened near the ends of the line or placed in the corner of the room.

Many came to see our "Christmas line" and knew they must have one.

Some apartments have no room for a tree, so this line would be ideal where there are children. Or for traveling folk who are in one place only a few days.

Many ideas could be worked out as to the decoration of this line; the children could have their part in such preparation. Sprigs of holly and the tiny silver balls, etc., are easily placed. Many ideas can be worked out and the entire family can have their place.

Christmas is the day that must be observed with all the decor possible, so where a tree is not to be had, try a line.

—Gladys Niece Templeton

MARY BETH REPORTS ON HER BUSY HOUSEHOLD

Dear Friends:

I am writing you again this evening amidst the relative peace and quiet of a houseful of studious people. Don is squared away at the kitchen table, with what appears to be an enormous quantity of algebra papers to be graded. Adrienne is stretched across her bed writing a composition — not the best position, to be sure, but the number of hours which these children spend sitting upon their sit-upons undoubtedly accounts for their weird contortions. Dan and Paul are studying in separate rooms because it became quickly apparent that their study habits did not complement one another, so we very dictatorially assigned them "better" places for their studies. Kay Harris is shut off inside her room industriously studying. This being her senior year, she finds much of her time consumed with vital book work.

(Note: The new members of the family are Dan Starck and Katherine Harris, out-of-town students at the Academy, who are staying with the Driftmiers this year.)

The other member of our family, Katharine, is doubtless studying in the library at Hillsdale College. Conditions have changed since I was a girl in college, when quiet hours meant just that — quiet! Now, however, quiet hours are largely ignored regardless of the campus or the locale. All the college parents I talk to report that their children are forced to take refuge in the library if they wish to pursue their academic endeavors. Katharine is having a good year at school. We have not received a report on her first term, but all the news she sends us regarding her tests and examinations are of admirable proportions. As a result of many tests during Freshman orientation week, she went directly into three out of five sophomore courses. Because Hillsdale is not one of the enormous colleges which enroll thousands of students, Katharine has found that her classes are just the right size. Her Economics class is the largest, and I believe she said there were 60 students in it. Her father is tremendously pleased with her background in math (considering he is greatly engrossed with the math department at the Brookfield Academy) because in her Calculus course with the sophomores she pulled the highest grade in two classes — that grade being a 97. She was so excited that she called us long distance to make her triumphal announcement.

The last week of the month she came home for a quick visit. She continued to protest that she was not homesick and I don't think she felt she was. But



Donald has never regretted giving up big corporation life to become a teacher of mathematics.

the tenor of her letters and phone calls led us to suspect that she needed a few days at home. Because we have always gone to my mother's home in Indiana for Thanksgiving, it was going to be from August to December before she would get home to see her familiar surroundings. During the time that the college had their Parents' Weekend, when all parents were invited to come to see their children and enjoy the concerts and other presentations that the college had arranged for them, our family had other obligations. Donald had grades to close for his junior high and college preparatory classes. It is simply impossible to get any house work done, groceries bought, laundry done and class work prepared in addition to a ten-hour drive to Michigan to see Katharine. So the gist of all this is that we had to forego this visit with our girl, so we decided that it was a good time for her to come home. We were able to send her enough money to fly from Detroit to Milwaukee, and we had a perfectly wonderful visit at home. She got to eat lots of meat. These companies that contract to serve food to colleges and other institutions have found the going difficult with the scarcity of food that hit last fall. As a result Katharine was estatic over the varieties of meats we were able to offer her.

When Katharine comes home in the latter half of December, between terms,

CHRISTMAS WISH

What do I want for Christmas?
Bounty at every board,
The traveler safe on his journey,
A world without gun or sword,
Virtue where youth assembles,
Trust instead of hate,
Truth from the heads of nations,
Honor in halls of state,
Pride and respect in working,
Light in the streets of men,
No child without love and comfort,
And peace in the world again.

—Unknown

she will have almost four weeks. The bank in Delafield where she worked all summer has invited her to come in anytime to work. They have many women who are eager to get off work during the holidays, so she'll have a chance to build up her bank account again.

Have I remembered to tell you that our Adrienne has joined what now appears to be the ranks of a multitude of thirteen-year-olds who are wearing banded and silver-plated teeth? She started her program of pulling her overbite back into the normal range of upper teeth. This series of visits will last some 18 months, and depending upon where her wisdom teeth decide to settle, anything longer than this will have to wait to be decided. She is a very good sport about the discomfort of wearing the nighttime retainer, and I'm delighted that she thinks the silver hardware in her mouth is a mark of beauty.

We'll be having a simple but happy Christmas this year. We'll have our family together again. The visiting students in the house will have gone home to be with their families. My mother will certainly come up here if the weather permits her to fly. She has finally decided that it is too risky to start the long drive from Anderson in late December. I have high hopes of having my mending done by then. I've taken to keeping a small sewing kit and my long-overdue mending in the car, and use this time, which amounts to forty minutes a day, to get caught up on mending. Otherwise the younger members of the family outgrow their clothes before I can mend them. As it is, I suspect that the main present under the tree for our children will be clothing of many styles and needs. Paul is stretching out so fast that when he forgets his shoes on Friday at school (coming home in tennies, not bare feet), he can now step into his father's shoes for church on Sunday. Adrienne is not able to wear one garment out of five that Katharine left in the box for her, which she wore when she was in eighth grade. Adrienne is taller, broader in the shoulders, and simply cannot zip up the zippers on her sister's old, but lovely, dresses. It grieves me to see what she cannot wear. I'm bracing myself for the fact that there will be no doll under the tree again this year. The girls have gone in for the stuffed animal bit a little more than last year, and Paul's greatest love — like the other men in the Driftmier family — is books. If he just took to academic books as eagerly as he does to his choice of scientific material, we would all breathe a little easier.

Hope you have a blessed and happy Christmas,

Mary Beth

The Magic Christmas Tree

by
Fern Christian Miller



No evergreens grew on my young father's 80-acre farm in 1915. My mother wanted very much to make a happy Christmas for us little ones. Although we had plenty to eat and a warm house, money was a scarce item. Mamma went about her many household chores with a thoughtful look. One snowy morning, near Christmas, she dressed us children warmly and took us across the small calf pasture to where a tall old hedgerow of Osage orange trees sheltered the homestead from the sweeping northwest winds. She took a sharp knife from her coat pocket and cut a bushy, nicely shaped branch from one of the trees. It was bare of leaves, with long tough thorns all over it. It was possibly four feet long.

She carried this carefully back to the house with us three children scampering along behind her. (Baby brother was asleep in his cradle inside the cozy little house.) She filled a gallon syrup bucket with heavy coal ashes and thrust the branch firmly into the center. Then she covered the bucket with bright red paper. Next she took a small package of brightly colored gumdrops and stuck them on every thorn on the branch. While we watched with fascinated excitement, she popped corn, and strung the fluffy, snowy kernels on a heavy thread. Next she made a string

of brilliant red cranberries. These she looped gracefully in and out among the twigs on the thorn branch.

"What is it, Mamma?" we coaxed over and over. But she just smiled her secretive little smile, and twinkled her eyes at us. Next she rolled hickory nuts in foil gum wrappers she had been saving all year, and hung these on the tree with thread. And still she didn't answer our questions.

That night she sat up with Pappa in the kitchen, after tucking us in bed after our prayers were said. Pappa said he had to catch up on reading the papers, and Mamma had to mend. I lay thinking of the beautiful little thorn branch. What was Mamma making?

The day before Christmas a beautiful little scene was under the thorn branch. A cave-like barn held within its opening a tiny man and woman in long robes. A wee cradle manger held a white-wrapped baby. Grouped around the three were animals. I remember a cow, a horse, a lamb, and a dog. Little men in robes holding shepherds' crooks knelt near the babe. Above the manger fluttered two white paper angels, held from the branches by fine thread. Mother had made all of this with corn cobs, paper, scraps of cloth, a pen, and her needle and thread. Surely she was a real Christmas fairy!

Now Mother sat down and told us the story of the first Christmas. That little thorn branch with its brave, gay decorations was our first Christmas tree. How we loved it! We stood about, big-eyed with wonder at the glorious story of the Christ Child.

On Christmas Eve Pappa and Mamma sang several simple carols. Then they helped us hang our stockings on hooks Pappa had fixed along the edge of the table below the tree. Pappa showed us a picture of Santa Claus and said he would fill our stockings to celebrate the birthday of the Christ Child. Filled with happy wonder, we went to bed to dream pleasant dreams.

When we awoke to a snowy, cold Christmas morning, we could smell meat baking and fresh bread and oatmeal cooking. We rushed in to find our stockings stuffed full: a few candies, an orange, a little homemade picture book, small saucy sock dolls (made by Mamma's clever fingers), and bright rubber balls. We hugged each other in delighted glee and then Mamma and Pappa got a loving squeeze.

Our little thorn branch had truly developed into a magic Christmas tree under Mamma's loving fingers. No children in all the world had a more wonderful Christmas that day.

CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS

by
Evelyn Witter

Do you hang up a stocking on Christmas Eve? If you do, you are among the thousands of children all over the world who think the Christmas stocking is the most fun of all!

Many children over the world hang their stocking by a fireplace or over a chair.

But in Holland, Belgium, and France, children put their shoes by the fire-

place or by a chair before they go to bed. The next morning there is an excited rush to the shoes to see what is in them.

There is never the great array of things that American children find in stockings. These children are delighted with simple things like a few pieces of candy, some fruit, a square of cake — and maybe a pair of mittens or socks.

Children in Mexico leave their shoes, too, rather than their stockings. In Mexico no child would think of leaving his shoes any place except inside the door of his home or on the balcony.

In the European country of Hungary, children leave their shoes on the windowsills!

Czechoslovakian children use the house windows, too — but in quite a different way from the Hungarian children. They hang their stockings outside the windows.

Stockings are hung in Italy, but not on Christmas Eve. They are hung for the Twelfth Night festivities. Sometimes, instead of stockings, the children use clothes with empty pockets. Desserts are what they find in the stockings and empty pockets.



How Santa Gained Weight

by
Evelyn Witter

It took Santa Claus over sixteen hundred years to become the "chubby and plump" character we know today. It took a Professor of Divinity and a famous cartoonist to get the weight on him.

The original Saint Nicholas of Myra (patron saint of children) was born in the year 352. He was always pictured in long, flowing church robes and with a miter and staff. He looked like a man to whom fasting was a way of life.

He was skinny in Germany where he was known as Knecht Ruprecht or Weihnachtsmann. He was lean with hollows and angles in France where his name was Bonhomme Noël or Le Pere Noel. Even in England, where he was known as Father Christmas, he had the appearance of low resistance, undue fatigue and poor physical stamina.

The early Dutch settlers brought him with them to America. Even with them, these people famous for their rich cooking, he kept his under-a-thousand-calories-a-day figure. His medieval Dutch costume hung in deep folds about his scanty frame.

Then, hundreds of years later, an American, Doctor Clement Clarke Moore, a Professor of Divinity in a New York Theological Seminary, put the pressure on him to gain weight by describing him as a fat, roly-poly elf. *The Troy Sentinel* published Dr. Moore's poem in 1823 extolling the virtues of a fat Saint Nicholas. There was an immediate, delighted response from the public, but like most time-honored images, he was reluctant to change and kept his lean and hungry look.

Some years later, before the turn of the century, a famous cartoonist, Thomas Nast, drew an original conception of the American Santa Claus. Nast pictured him as a fellow who was a fervent good eater. In fact, Nast's Santa Claus looked like a likely prospect for gout, high blood pressure, diabetes and arthritis. He certainly looked like a poor surgical risk.

Maybe the public at the turn of the century wasn't as interested in weight problems as they are today. Gradually they tempted him to eat in excess of his daily needs. And, according to the

way he appeared in pictures and Christmas cards in 1909-10, he succumbed to good home cooking. His cheeks filled out. He laid on weight in the right places.

By World War I he was not only showing signs of good nutrition, he was showing signs of being over-indulged because he over-bulged. It was even rumored that the sack he carried around, supposedly full of toys, did double duty as a snack pack.

Everyone accepted his rotundity, saying it exemplified joviality and good nature. His new costume, as gay and colorful as his old one had been drab and colorless, became an American Christmas symbol.

Now it seems one thing that interests all Americans is weight . . . the problem of taking it off or just keeping it normal. That is, all Americans except Santa! His appetite hasn't been tailored to insure physical fitness; his eating habits haven't been changed according to all the latest scientific knowledge about food and health.

Maybe some noted professor or some artist will try to incorporate him into the nation's physical fitness program. Maybe they'll try to streamline him as they have the rest of us.

But the American public likes him just the way he is! "On him it looks good," they say.

CHRISTMAS PRAYER TABLE GRACE

Dear Lord,
This is our prayer on Christmas Day:
May you guide and protect us in every way.

You know all our needs, our worries,
our cares;
Our burdens seem lighter for we know
You are there.

As we partake of this dinner which You
have provided,
We pray for peace — a world not divided.

Bless this food, Lord, and the ones at
our table,

And help us to praise Thee, as long as
we're able. —Mrs. C.O. Van Gundy

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Merry Christmas everywhere —
Up the chimney, on the stair;
Listen to the joyful sound.
Merry Christmas! all around.
Here it comes and there it goes,
In the house and out of doors;
Such a boist'rous hullabaloo —
What in the world can a person do
But join the jolly Christmas crew,
Made up of folks like me and you,
And holler "MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

AGAIN, CHRISTMAS

The air is tangy with the taste of cold
And Christmas fir, while on the highest
hills

Dark shreds of cloud tug where the
trees still hold

Their tattered ends of storm. Pale sun-
light spills

Down through bare branches, painting
roofs with gold.

Each hearthfire warms its own as eve-
ning stills.

Now, on the clear, calm air we hear the
chime

Of bells that ring for peace at Christ-
mas time. —Mary Pansy Rapp

A BOY'S CHRISTMAS

Christmas is the house all warm and
spicy smellin'

Mom bustlin' about in the kitchen cook-
in' up good things;

Me lickin' bowls and samplin' cookies
and stuff,

And Dad bringing in secret packages
and hiding them.

All through the house there's a happy
feeling.

There's pretty cards from all our kin-
folks, and friends;

Uncle Ben and Aunt Nan, and Grandpa
Wills, and all . . .

Outside it's all frosty, with people
hurrying by

With presents and stuff, their cheeks
all red like Santa's.

I can smell our Christmas tree and I
feel all tingly inside.

I just can't be still, no sir! I can't
rest nowhere!

It's the excitin'est time I ever saw!
Christmas is!

And then I think about it being Jesus'
birthday;

Mom says no one thinks about it being
Jesus' birthday no more,

But I do. We always sing happy birth-
day to Jesus,

And I get all choked up and funny
feelin' . . .

Just like He was right there listenin'.
Sometimes it gets all mixed up with the
presents and

Tinsel and toys and stuff, but way
down deep inside

Us kids know it's Jesus' birthday all
right. Kids do! —Cecile Moore

HOLIDAY PANIC

by
Evelyn Birkby

At least once a year, toward the end of November or the first of December, I arrive at a complete state of panic. This overwhelming sense of confusion may come during the day or, more frequently, on a dark and windy night.

Sometimes the first symptoms surface as I am looking through a gift catalogue. Is it too late to order something by mail? Will a card arrive on December 24th saying, "Sorry, the item you want was sold out months ago!"?

Often the mood becomes apparent while walking through a department store looking at the multitude of items for sale. No one article on display seems to suit any person on my gift list (or if it does it doesn't fit my budget!) "The last one has been sold," is a statement also guaranteed to encourage a rise on the panic scale.

Sometimes I'll awaken in the middle of the night and begin thinking about all the projects yet to be done, the gifts still to be purchased, the cards yet to be addressed and what, oh what, kind of salad will be best for Christmas dinner? Stewing over such thoughts is sure to produce excessive symptoms of holiday hallucinations. The only solution to this immediate insomnia is to get out of bed, find a pencil and paper, list everything that needs to be done in the next few weeks and hope that putting these thoughts on paper will clear them out of my reeling mind.

Sometimes a glass of milk and a light magazine story will lift my mind back into sanity and relaxation. This is not true, however, if the magazine includes articles such as, "Ninety-five Delightful Patterns for Making Quilts and Other Crafts for Gift Giving," or "Two-hundred Recipes for Candies and Other Goodies," or "How to Decorate Your Home for the Holidays with One-hundred and Seventy Plastic Bells".

I really blew the entire night recently when I opened a magazine and discovered some interesting suggestions for using old greeting cards. Before I realized what I was doing, I had the box of last year's cards tumbled out on the dining room table, scissors, glue and construction paper laid out and a pot of coffee perked. By the time the family got up for breakfast I had cut out a pile of poinsettias, a stack of mailboxes, an envelope full of cute little kids, and more wreaths than I can possibly use on all the Christmas packages in the next ten years.

Craig took one look at the scraps and assorted cutouts, silently went into the kitchen, got a tray and put his cereal and milk on it.

"I'll eat in the other room," my



L. V. Birkby (Evelyn's father-in-law) was hanging his handpainted Christmas decorations on the tree when he stopped to have his picture taken. The wooden, painted ornaments on the tree are just a few of the many he has made for his own use and as gifts.

youngest son commented quietly as he tiptoed past the table.

"What are you going to do with all those pictures?" Robert asked in an incredulous tone of voice.

"These angels will make a pretty mobile hanging from the ceiling light, the bells could be fastened to a piece of felt for a door or wall hanging, the little cutout decorations can go on a styrofoam tree for a centerpiece and these flowers in vases can be made to stand up on place cards. Everything else can be glued on shelf or construction paper and made into place mats," was my long-winded answer.

Robert threw his hands into the air. "What's for breakfast?" he asked pointedly and retired to shave in silent despair.

One of the reasons, I decided, as I swept the clutter from the table and put on the dishes for Robert's breakfast, this panic comes year after year is the fact that every organization in the country seems to have a festive celebration between December 1st and January 1st. To alleviate some of the tensions involved in this situation I'm practicing saying NO, loudly, and at frequent intervals. A family which is really not startled at a mother who cuts out pictures most of the night is surely not surprised to walk into the kitchen and find that same mother saying "NO" in a firm tone to the dishwasher.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOM

Put a candle in your window
Let its flame glow bright and gay
To light your loved ones homeward
And the wanderer on his way.

Let its cheery beacon beckon
To anyone who walks alone.
Let its friendly message radiate,
And brotherhood be known.

It would help a great deal if clubs, social organizations and office groups could shift their parties to different months of the year and leave December for home, church and school observances. This will undoubtedly never happen.

It is doubtful if anyone will ever agree to changing Christmas to another date, but our family has found that the holiday can be celebrated at other than the traditional time. The last few years of Mother's life we bundled up the family and gifts to create a very special holiday the weekend following the 25th. This gave us a relaxed time when all three of our boys could unwrap their gifts from her and share what they had brought to give their grandmother.

Another time we celebrated off season was last year when Bob was not here at all in December. During a brief visit in the middle of October, we had a real Christmas dinner for him with a decorated tree in the center of the table and cousins from Kansas to share the fun.

Traditions really can be changed if they make for easier preparation (and less panic). The traditional supper at Grandpa and Grandma Birkby's house following the Christmas Eve candlelight service at the church has shifted from oyster stew to chili. Chili can be made earlier in the day, is simple to warm up when we come later, and the young members of the family like it better.

Simplifying decorations is another fine trend toward relieving tense, over-planned days. Handmade Christmas decorations can be made well in advance of the holidays and help the spirit as well as the budget. Robert's father, L. V. Birkby, spent many rainy days in early fall painting delightful Christmas ornaments to give various members of the family.

The ones Grandpa gave us depict the holy family, shepherds, wisemen, angels, several animals and a star. Knowing that these were lovingly painted just for us make them a most important gift. They will become treasured heirlooms in the years ahead. We are still debating whether to put them on the big tree in the living room, the family tree in the basement (which is decorated with only handmade ornaments) or to prepare a little tree on the mantel just to hold these special decorations.

This, as with all other problems, will be solved in the next few weeks. I'll get my concerns and confusion melted down to size eventually; what needs to be done will get accomplished, and the panic that sneaks in at night will be banished to the place where such senseless mirages belong. It is going to be a wonderful holiday!

Holiday Recipes

Tested

by the

**Kitchen - Klatter
Family**



APRICOT-DATE BARS

Part I

- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 2 cups uncooked rolled oats
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 2 Tbls. apricot juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 cup butter, melted

Sift flour with salt and soda; combine with rolled oats and sugar. Add apricot juice which has been combined with lemon flavoring to melted butter and work it into the dry mixture. Reserve 1/3 cup and pat the remainder into the bottom of a 9- by 13-inch pan that has been greased.

Part II

- 1 1-lb. can apricots, well drained
- 2 cups pitted dates
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Combine above ingredients and cook over low heat, stirring until thick.

Remove from heat and spread over dough in pan. Sprinkle reserved crumbs over the top and bake in a 350-degree oven for 25 to 30 minutes. Cool in pan and then cut into bite-sized pieces — or larger.

An unusually good bar cookie that people seem to enjoy very much.

—Lucile

BONBON BALLS

- 1 stick margarine
- 2 1-lb. boxes powdered sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk

- 2 cups angel flake coconut
- 2 cups chopped nuts

Soften margarine and mix in 1 box powdered sugar and butter flavoring. Add milk, coconut and nuts. With hands mix in second box of powdered sugar. Roll into small balls (1/2 inch) and place on cookie sheet. Coat the balls with the following mixture:

- 2 6-oz. pkgs. chocolate chips
- 1/4 lb. paraffin

Dip the balls in the melted chocolate and paraffin. They cool instantly.

MAPLE-NUT FUDGE

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup cream
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

Nutmeats

Bring the 2 cups sugar and cream to boiling point slowly. Put the 1 cup sugar in heavy skillet and melt, not stirring, but gently shaking pan from side to side to heat evenly. Add boiling sugar and cream mixture slowly to melted sugar in the skillet and cook slowly to soft-ball stage (235 degrees on candy thermometer). Remove from heat. Add butter or margarine and maple flavoring. Let cool to room temperature, and then beat until creamy. Add nutmeats and pour into greased pan. Mark into squares. —Margery

FRUITCAKE SQUARES

- 6 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1 cup shredded coconut
- 2 cups candied fruit, diced
- 1/2 cup dates, chopped
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup nuts, chopped
- 1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Melt butter or margarine in jelly roll pan (about 10 by 15 inches). Stir in butter flavoring. Sprinkle graham cracker crumbs over top. Mix lightly with a fork. Sprinkle coconut over top. Arrange candied fruit over all as evenly as possible. (The amount of candied fruit may be less if you prefer. Diced maraschino cherries which have been well-drained may also be used for flavor and color.) Dice dates evenly over top; then distribute raisins and nuts over all. Press mixture lightly with hands. Combine sweetened condensed milk with lemon flavoring. Spoon evenly over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Cool well before cutting. Remove from pan. Makes about 50 very rich, tasty squares. —Evelyn

CRANBERRY-APRICOT SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 cup apricot juice
- 2 tsp. lemon juice
- 2 cups fresh cranberries, ground
- 1 8 1/4-oz. can apricots, drained and diced
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Dissolve gelatin, sugar and salt in hot water. Add juices. Chill until slightly thickened. Stir in remaining ingredients. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Turn out on lettuce leaves.

I like a light dressing served with this. Combine equal parts of whipped cream (or whipped topping) and either Kitchen-Klatter French dressing or Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing. This makes a fine dressing to spoon over the mold or to pass in a bowl. An excellent addition to a salad luncheon or buffet. —Evelyn

ELEGANT DOUBLE-DECKER DATE AND WALNUT BARS

Pastry Layer

- 1 1/4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1/3 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine

Combine flour, sugar and butter or margarine and blend to fine crumbs. Pack into bottom of greased 9-inch square pan. Bake at 350 degrees about 20 minutes, or until edges are lightly browned.

Top Layer

- 1/3 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/3 cup granulated sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 Tbls. all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 cup chopped walnuts or pecans
- 1 cup snipped dates

Powdered sugar
Combine the sugars, eggs and flavorings and beat together well. Sift flour with baking powder, salt and nutmeg and add to first mixture. Stir in nuts and dates. Pour over hot baked pastry layer and bake at 350 degrees for about 20 minutes longer. Cool in pan. Sprinkle top with powdered sugar and then cut into bars. Makes 18 bar cookies.

Last December I doubled this recipe to send to a church bazaar, and I don't remember now how many people called to get the recipe, but it was quite a number. An exceptionally fine bar cookie for the holidays. —Lucile

DATE BREAD

1 1/2 cups boiling water
 1 1/2 cups chopped dates
 3/4 cup sugar
 2 Tbls. vegetable shortening
 1 egg
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 2 1/4 cups flour
 1 tsp. soda
 1/2 tsp. salt

Pour water over dates and let cool. Cream sugar and shortening. Add egg and flavoring and beat. Stir in cooled dates and water. Sift together the flour, soda and salt and add to first mixture. Put in greased loaf pan and bake at 350 degrees for about 60 minutes, or until toothpick comes out clean.

—Margery

FROZEN CRANBERRY QUICKIE

1 quart prepared refrigerator whipped topping
 1 3-oz. pkg. cherry gelatin
 1 14-oz. jar cranberry-orange relish
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Stir all ingredients together. (No water or dissolving of gelatin in this — the gelatin goes in *dry*.) Spoon into refrigerator trays. Freeze until firm. Cut into squares and serve on lettuce leaves.

—Evelyn

CREME BARS

1/2 cup butter or margarine
 1/4 cup sugar
 1/4 cup cocoa
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 egg, beaten
 2 cups graham cracker crumbs
 1 cup flake coconut
 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 3 Tbls. milk
 1 3-oz. pkg. instant vanilla pudding mix
 2 cups powdered sugar
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
 1 cup chocolate bits
 2 Tbls. butter or margarine

Combine 1/2 cup butter or margarine, sugar, cocoa and vanilla flavoring in top of the double boiler and cook over simmering water until the butter melts. Stir in the egg and continue cooking (and stirring) until the mixture is thick. This takes about three minutes. Blend in the crumbs and coconut. Press into a buttered 9-inch square pan. Cream 1/2 cup of butter or margarine with the milk, pudding mix, powdered sugar and coconut flavoring, beating until light and fluffy. Spread evenly over the crust. Chill until firm. Melt the chocolate bits with the 2 Tbls. of butter or margarine over simmering water. Cool and spread over the pudding layer. Chill and cut into bars.

—Dorothy

NEW-FANGLED FUDGE WITH AN OLD-FASHIONED TASTE

4 1/2 cups sugar
 1 13-oz. can evaporated milk
 1/2 cup margarine or butter
 1 6-oz. pkg. semisweet chocolate bits
 1 6-oz. pkg. milk chocolate bits
 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 Nuts if desired

Using a very heavy pan (a pressure pan is great for this) combine sugar, milk and margarine or butter. When a full rolling boil begins, time for 7 minutes of good hard boiling, stirring constantly. Remove from fire and add remaining ingredients. Stir until chocolate bits are melted and mixture is smooth. Spread into well-oiled pan. When firm cut into squares.

When I tested this neighbor Dorothy reported it especially good. "It really does taste like old-fashioned fudge. The texture is fine. People who do not care for marshmallow creme in fudge would especially like this recipe." So there is another testimonial for a new-fangled way to make fudge that has a real old-fashioned taste!

—Evelyn

HONEY-PEANUT BUTTER BARS

4 cups puffed rice cereal
 1 cup chopped pecans
 3 cups miniature marshmallows
 2 Tbls. butter
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1 cup peanut butter
 1/2 cup honey
 2 cups semisweet chocolate pieces

Place puffed rice in shallow baking pan and heat in 350-degree oven for 10 minutes. Then pour into very large mixing bowl that has been well buttered. Add chopped nuts.

In the top part of a double boiler put marshmallows, butter and flavorings. stir over simmering heat until melted. Remove from heat, add peanut butter and honey and stir until smooth.

Pour over cereal-nut mixture and stir until evenly coated. With greased hands press into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Then cover with chocolate pieces and place in a 350-degree oven for 2 or 3 minutes, or until chocolate pieces are softened.

Remove from oven and spread the chocolate with a spatula to cover the cereal layer. Chill until firm and cut into squares.

I've made this up several times and both children and grownups seem to enjoy it equally. Goes together fast and easy.

—Lucile

PEANUT CLUSTERS

1 12-oz. pkg. semisweet chocolate chips
 1 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 12-oz. pkg. roasted salted peanuts

Combine chocolate chips, butterscotch chips and flavorings in top of double boiler over hot (not boiling) water. Keep water level below top pan of double boiler. Keep water just at simmer stage and stir chips and flavoring gently until melted. Add nuts. Stir just until coated. Drop by spoonfuls on greased cookie sheet. Cool. Makes about 3 dozen delicious peanut clusters.

Other nuts, raisins, dry cereal, peppermint chips, broken pretzels and chunks of almond bark could be substituted for peanuts.

—Evelyn

GUMDROP POPCORN BALLS

4 cups marshmallows
 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/4 tsp. salt
 3 quarts popped corn
 Nuts and gumdrops

Dice marshmallows if the large ones are used, or measure out small ones. Place in heavy saucepan with butter or margarine, flavorings and salt. Melt over low heat, stirring constantly. Pour over popped corn. Shape into round balls or into tree shapes. Push gumdrops and nuts onto balls or trees while still warm and sticky. Crisp cereal may be substituted for popped corn if preferred.

Children will like these. —Evelyn

HOLIDAY AVOCADO SALAD

1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
 3/4 cup hot water
 1 2/3 cups crushed pineapple, drained
 1/2 cup pineapple juice
 2 Tbls. lemon juice
 Pinch of salt
 1 large avocado, mashed
 1/2 cup mayonnaise
 1/2 cup whipping cream

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Drain pineapple and reserve the 1/2 cup juice. Mix with the lemon juice and add with salt. Chill until partially set and then whip until fluffy. Fold in the remaining ingredients, adding the whipped cream last. Turn into one large mold or 8 individual molds. Serve on a lettuce leaf — no additional dressing is needed.

This is a festive-looking salad and delicious.

—Lucile

CINNAMON CRISPS

- 2 cups flour
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 cup milk (about)
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. cinnamon

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and 1 Tbls. sugar into a bowl. Cut in butter or margarine until mixture resembles coarse cornmeal. Beat egg. Pour into

measuring cup and add enough milk to make 3/4 cup. Add flavoring. Add to flour mixture, stirring with fork just until dry ingredients are moistened and dough clings together.

Turn dough out on lightly floured board. Knead gently about 1 minute. Roll out to 1/4 inch thick in long, narrow sheet. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Combine 1/2 cup sugar and cinnamon. Take half of mixture and sprinkle over the dough. Roll up as for jelly roll. Slice into 1/2-inch slices. Place on well-greased cookie sheet, flattening with palm of the hand until thin and spread out flat. Sprinkle remaining sugar-cinnamon mixture on top. Bake at 375 degrees about 10 minutes or until light brown.

Children love these crispy cinnamon, sugar cookies. They remind me a little of the pie crust cinnamon cookies my mother used to make with the scraps of leftover pie dough. —Evelyn

PEANUT BUTTER FUDGE

- 2 cups white sugar
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup marshmallow creme
- 1 cup peanut butter

Combine sugar and milk and cook to soft-ball stage (235 degrees on candy thermometer). Remove from heat and add flavoring, marshmallow creme and peanut butter. Mix well and fast. Pour into buttered pan. Cut into squares when firm. —Margery

FROSTY CRANBERRY MOLD

- 1 8½-oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1 1-lb. can whole cranberry sauce
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. raspberry gelatin
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 2 Tbls. salad dressing
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped or 1 2-oz. pkg. whipped topping mix, whipped

1/2 cup walnuts, coarsely chopped
1 tart apple, peeled and chopped
Drain fruits, reserving liquid. Add water to make two cups. Bring to boil. Dissolve gelatin in hot liquid; add the flavorings. Chill until partially set.

Beat softened cream cheese and dressing together until fluffy. Gradually beat in gelatin; fold this mixture into whipped cream or topping mixture. Set aside 1 1/2 cups of this mixture. Add drained fruits, nuts and apple to remaining cheese-gelatin mixture. Pour into 8- by 12-inch or 9-inch square pan and refrigerate until surface sets, about 20 minutes.

Frost with reserved topping; refrigerate several hours. Makes 12 servings.

PEPPERMINT CANDY DESSERT

- 2 cups whipping cream
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 lb. marshmallows, cut up
- 1/2 lb. peppermint stick candy, crushed

1 1-lb. box butter cookies, crumbled
Whip cream; add flavoring, marshmallows and candy. Make a layer of the crumbled cookies in cake pan. Cover with whipped cream mixture. Top with crumbs and whipped cream. —Margery

ENGLISH TOFFEE BARS

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup brown sugar, packed
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 lb. sweet chocolate, melted
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Chopped almonds or pecans
Cream butter or margarine and sugar together; add egg and vanilla flavoring. Beat well. Add flour and salt; beat well. Spread in 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake for 25 to 30 minutes in 350-degree oven. Melt chocolate; stir in burnt sugar flavoring. Spread over baked bars; then sprinkle with nuts. Cut into bars while still warm. Yields 48 bars. —Margery

BANANA-NUT BREAD

- 2/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1 2/3 cups sugar
- 2 large eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup finely chopped or ground nuts
- 2/3 cup buttermilk
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 1/4 cups sieved bananas (about 3 large ones)

Cream together the butter or margarine and sugar; add eggs and banana flavoring and beat until very smooth. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt; stir in nuts. Mix into creamed mixture alternately with the buttermilk to which soda has been added. Lastly add the sieved bananas.

Bake in 2 well-greased loaf pans, or use 3 small loaf pans if you want to freeze some of it. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45-55 minutes, or until it tests done with a toothpick. Turn out on rack to cool.

I've tried many recipes for banana bread but I believe this is the best one I've come across. Sliced thin it would make very delicious sandwiches.

—Lucile



Yes, the holidays mean food for most of us: entertaining at home, church and club parties and dinners, kids home from school or the cities where they work. And most of us know a little extra secret that makes our home-cooking just a little bit better.

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings, of course. Just about everything you cook except the big bird will profit from a dash of one or more of these magnificent kitchen aids. Their aroma is mouth-watering, and their flavor never cooks out. Economical, too! There are 16 to help you:

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If you can't yet buy them at your store, send us \$1.50 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Vanilla comes in a jumbo 8-oz. bottle, too, at \$1.00. We pay the postage.

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Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

SUGAR 'N SPICE 'N EVERYTHING NICE

by
Vivian Dickerson

Sugar and spice and everything nice — that's what cookies are made of. Sugar, a most important ingredient in cookies, usually comes in blue and red decorated packages, probably the reason being that those colors are more suggestive of sweetness, while green denotes sourness. Sugar in some form is required in daily diets as a partial source of quick energy, so the filled cookie jar could be considered a "booster station".

History says that cookies of a sort were carried by gladiators in Roman days to forestall hunger and give them strength. Times haven't changed in some respects. Besides making cookies taste sweet, sugar helps them to brown, tenderizes egg protein, and makes them either crisp or chewy.

The history of sugar is older than recorded history, but it is thought to have originated in India. The first men utilized wild honey and plants containing sugar. During the 4th century, crystals of sugar were used mainly for medical purposes. During the 15th century sugar began to be produced commercially. However, in 1842, two dollars a pound was the price paid for it in London. Travelers went across dangerous mountains and seas to bring back the precious white substance.

In Colonial days, when sugar was needed, it had to be chipped from a 10-pound loaf. While sugar cane, beets, and maple trees are important sources of sugar, grapes, corn, wood, and dates are minor sources not to be ignored. The American Indians, who gave so much knowledge to the early settlers, discovered that the sugar maple was a good source of sweets.

Spices have played an important part in history and are mentioned in the Bible. Marco Polo and Columbus sought them. At one time they were valuable as barter or trade, and battles were fought over the possession of them. It is believed the first use of them in baking was discovered accidentally. They are like rare perfume; once the scent is gone they are worthless. Perhaps a batch of spicy cookies was the reason for the statement of the little girl who told her mother she loved her better when she was "kitchen-flavored".

Nutmeg, one of the most popular and ancient spices, is grown extensively in the West Indian Islands. The tree is grown for its beauty also, being an evergreen of symmetrical shape and dense green foliage. One of the superstitions of this versatile spice is that the trees will not live unless they are



planted within hearing distance of the sea.

Cinnamon is produced from the inner bark of a small evergreen tree that is native to Ceylon. The bark is extremely fragrant, and tastes sweet, warm and aromatic.

Cloves are dried flower buds that have a powerful fragrant odor and a hot acrid taste. The spice was used by the Chinese centuries before the birth of Christ, and first valued for its perfume.

Ginger, believed to be a native of Asia, is an ancient spice with an underground stem. It gives a warm, spicy-sweet taste to cookies.

Allspice is the dried berry of the pimiento tree, grown in the West Indies. The flavor resembles the blend of cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves, so the spice is well named.

The word "flour" actually means "flower", or the best part of the plant. Wheat is one of the important grains that have been growing since historic days. During Old Testament times most of the grinding was done by fitting two large, flat stones together; then wheat was poured through a hole in the upper stone to trickle down the upper and lower stones. A stick served as a lever to turn the upper stone against the lower one, grinding the grain.

About a century ago some German immigrants brought one bushel per family of Red Russian wheat to the Kansas plains. The grain was planted despite arguments by natives that such a crop would not thrive in that soil and climate. But the wheat survived and yielded well to establish the well-known Kansas wheat belt. Flour, like thread in a garment, seams the other ingredients together.

Butter is believed to have been in use two thousand years before the Christian era. A story has been told about a nomad, riding across the desert of the Middle East, with a goatskin of milk. At the end of his journey he tried to take a sip of milk from the goatskin. He

discovered to his dismay that the heat and jostling had churned the milk, causing a golden yellow product to rise to the surface. At one time butter on the table was considered a sign of wealth. Butter or butter flavoring adds something special to cookies.

Milk has played an important part in civilization, also. Prehistoric drawings found in the Sahara Desert believed to be eight thousand years old tell picture stories about cattle. Pioneers moving westward toward the Pacific took along a "food factory" (a cow). Milk in various forms is used in modern-day cookies, which makes them richer, while water makes a moister product.

In Colonial days, the "goodwife" used twigs to beat eggs. Some old cookbooks contained recipes calling for many eggs, possibly because they served as leavening before baking powder and soda were developed. Soda was once called *saleratus*. If in doubt about baking powder on your shelf, mix one teaspoon with one-third cup hot water. If it bubbles vigorously it is still good. Chocolate, cocoa, lemon or orange juice, vinegar, applesauce, honey, molasses, brown sugar, and sour milk or buttermilk are natural acids to be used with soda as leavening.

Chocolate and cocoa are more delicious ingredients in cookies. Chances are the jar contained some kind of chocolate cookies when a five-year-old boy had to explain why he had a morsel in his hand. He said he climbed up to smell them and one caught on his tooth. Chocolate was brought to Mexico from Central America and the West Indies. Care should be exercised when using chocolate or cocoa, as too high a temperature or long baking can change the flavor.

For those who can't have chocolate or cocoa for dietary reasons, carob may be the answer. Carob powder can be obtained from most health-food stores.

Salt is specified in most cookie recipes. Its purpose is to bring out the flavor of other ingredients. Salt in very small amounts tones down the extreme sweetness of frostings and glazes.

Molasses is used not so much for sweetening today as for the rich, mellow flavor it imparts to cookies. Since sugar is abundant, less molasses is produced. Every pioneer cabin and covered wagon had the molasses jug and pitcher, vinegar cruet, and sugar bowl. It was used in most cookies and other baked goods, and also eaten on pancakes and bread. Possibly the saying "slower than molasses in January" originated during those times before central heating systems were invented.

Honey is one of the oldest sweets known to mankind. The Old Testament describes the ideal land as one "flow-

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TALES AND LEGENDS OF MINCEMEAT

by
Wm. J. Reedy

Exploring "oven lore" is especially fun during the holiday season because what comes out of the oven has much to do with the "holiday spirit"!

Long before the Pilgrims celebrated the first Thanksgiving in New England, mincemeat pies were a favorite dish in Old England. Every member of the family helped chop apples and meat, blend the spices and seed raisins to make mincemeat. Enough was made at one time to last the winter, and stored in crocks.

Early English literature is full of colorful references to mince pies but when and where mincemeat was first made is one of the secrets lost in the mists of history. It's interesting to



It just wouldn't seem like the holidays without some of Mother's wonderful mincemeat pies — so good with coffee on a cold winter's day.



WHO NEEDS IT?

You don't need **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**, if you never have windows to wash. Or window sills. If you never have greasy pots and pans and broilers. Or barbecue grills. If there are never any fingerprints around your light switches. If you don't have a bathroom to clean. If the front porch never needs swabbing. If the white sidewalls on your tires never get black marks and road grease.

But you aren't your average caveman (or cavewoman). And since you aren't, let's face it, you need **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. And it's waiting for you, on the shelf at your grocer's.

**Kitchen-Klatter
Kleaner**

note that during the reigns of different rulers, the ingredients of mincemeat changed. And even today there is still much controversy as to what rightfully belongs in a mince pie!

A Fifteenth Century manuscript tells how the "mynce pyes" served at the "crownacon of King Henry the fyth" were made. While the king and his men were jousting, the cooks were "taking buttes of pork and smything them into pieces". After the meat had boiled, it was "hewed smale" and "mynced dates, cloves, mace, raissins or corans, saffrons, salt and powder ginger put thereto".

The first mincemeat recipe which we have dates back to 1486, and contained "a pheasant, a hare, two partridges, two pigeons, and two conies", suitably spiced and cooked, then "made craftily into the likeness of a bird's body", the meat stuffed into a pastry shell and feathers placed over the whole thing.

Other stories report that the mince pies of an earlier era were mammoth in size, 9 feet around and weighing 165 pounds. According to legend this huge pie was brought in on a specially made cart, with much flourish and trumpeting. It was decorated with a peacock's head and tail, and a sponge saturated with spirits was placed in the peacock's mouth. The sponge was lighted before the "bird pie" was wheeled into the dining room.

During the reigns of the Tudor rulers, Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary and Elizabeth, the chief ingredient of mince pie was finely shredded mutton.

At one time mincemeat pie was banned in England. For many years during the time of Oliver Cromwell, the custom of feasting and partying during the holidays was regarded as worldly. Thus, the strict Puritans refused to eat mincemeat pie during the yuletide. This prej-

udice was overcome after the Restoration.

When mincemeat pies were brought to the New World, trouble loomed again. For several years there were no mincemeat pies in New England.

With pies so popular in our modern world, it is difficult to see how they could have been the object of Quaker and Puritan attacks in olden times. One reason for the denouncement of "minc'd pyes" was their reputed religious significance. The "coffin", as the crust was commonly called, was baked in a rectangular shape and represented the Christ Child's manger to fanatically minded critics — while the choice spices flavoring the contents symbolized the offerings of the Wise Men.

For more than a century, mince pies were the center of stormy theological discussion. An attempt was even made to bar the clergy from enjoyment of the "unholy fare".

But good sense and good taste triumphed. In Seventeenth-Century England, mince pies played so important a role in holiday festivities that it was customary to appoint a night watch to guard them from marauders.

During this period, the mincemeat pies of England were essentially meat dishes flavored with spices and fruits. When they were introduced into the New World by the Puritans, the pies became quite a different dish from their English ancestors. The Puritans looked upon mincemeat pie as a dessert rather than as a main dish. So they made it primarily of fresh apples, dried fruits, sugar, cider, spices and only a small amount of meat.

Nineteenth-Century cookbooks show that other innovations were made in the basic mincemeat recipe by the more adventurous cooks of this country. The

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HIS BIRTHPLACE: A HOUSE OF BREAD; HIS PURPOSE: A HOME FOR ALL

He was born of peasant stock in the town of Bethlehem, a Hebrew word meaning the house of bread.

He worked as a carpenter and never received a gift at Christmas; yet is He responsible for all the world's Christmas gifts.

He never attended school; yet are there more schools, universities, and churches named for Him.

He never wrote a book; yet are there more volumes written about His life, along with His words and deeds than any other living being.

He was a poor Jewish preacher; yet did He cause all who followed him to earn a priceless treasure.

He associated with sinners; yet did He provide salvation.

He did not travel more than a few hundred miles from the place of His birth; yet is He known throughout the world.

He lived but thirty-three years; yet though He died, still does He live.

Almost twenty centuries have passed; yet does He live more surely than ever before.

And to this day, He remains more vital than all the kings and emperors and presidents and laws that mankind has made possible.

For His is a universal law; He is the King most high.

And His edict is simple: Peace on earth; good will to men.

And were this edict obeyed, there would be no poverty or injustice, no hatred or fear or war any more.

For that is the will and the power and the everlasting glory of the Lord.

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

pressed at the darkest time of the year. Betty and I both love parties, and we both love to give parties, and during the Christmas holidays we shall be entertaining many church groups of all kinds. There will be a special party for the forty youngsters in our Junior Choir. And then there will be a party for the high school young people at one of our most beautiful restaurants where the guests can watch big jet planes landing and taking off every few minutes while they dine. Of course we shall have our usual Christmas dinner here at the house for some fifteen of the elderly persons in our church, and there will be other parties almost too numerous to mention. Thank God for Christmas! Thank God for sending us the Christ Child! And thank God for you, our dear, dear friends.

Sincerely,
Frederick



Foreign students were entertained at a dinner in Frederick's church recently. Visiting with two of the guests is Mrs. Gary de'n Hough, Jr.

KITCHEN CHATTER

by
Mildred Grenier

SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: The words, and the letters of each word, of this Bible verse are scrambled. The punctuation is also left out. See if you can read the verse. (Answer at the end of this column.)

TOUN EVLCAE ADN THEMRO FIWE
SIH SHLAL YETH DNA ESFHL NOE
EB ALLHS A LHALS EOFTERERH
TFRAHE ISH DNA ANM VELAE SIH

Sign seen at a church: A Going Church for a Coming Lord.

You will need a wire coat hanger and a half-gallon empty cardboard milk carton to make this Santa Sleigh to hold your Christmas cards that come in the mail this year. First, bend the coat hanger to make the framework of the sleigh. Make the hanger into a circle; then press the circle in from each side. The hook at the top of the hanger forms the back of the sleigh; bend the wire at the front of the sleigh slightly upward. Remove one side of the milk carton; staple the top of the carton back together where the carton had been opened. The top of the carton becomes the front of the sleigh. Cover the carton with pastel-colored paper. Cut scallops around the top of the sleigh and border with tempera paint. Fit the carton snugly inside the wire framework.

Christmas scene: All the family eating Christmas candy, letting papers and pounds fall where they may.

Darling "Powder Puff Sachets" are fun to make for those little girls on your Christmas list. You will need small, new powder puffs to make the sachets: or you may make your own by sewing together circles of soft white or

(Continued on page 20)



THOUGHTS

I like to think of Christmas
And all the joy it brings,
The wonder and the secrets —
My heart just sings and sings.

I like the snowy weather,
The wreaths in windows hung,
The lighted streets — a smiling time
When everyone seems young.



No way to pick a salad dressing

Nor should you do it by throwing darts or by the color of the label. Or, for that matter, by the claims of the advertiser (like us).

After all, it's your taste and your family's that you want to please. So why not put several dressings on the table and let them decide which they prefer?

You know already that you can depend on Kitchen-Klatter products — for quality, honesty, value. So why not start with all three **Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings: French, Country Style and new Italian.** After your family samples their zesty flavors and old-time goodness, you probably won't have to test any further.

Buy them at your grocery store, or send us \$1.25 for an 8-oz. bottle of either Country Style, French or Italian. We pay postage. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

Kitchen-Klatter Salad Dressings



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem, "Christmas Bells", is a favorite of many. Do you remember . . .

I heard the bells on Christmas day

Their old, familiar carols play,

And wild and sweet

The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good will to men!

This is just one of the many poems found in *The Best of Christmas* (\$2.50)

. . . favorite selections for your Christmas reading enjoyment from the many past issues of *Christmas Ideals*. The *Ideals* books are found in bookstores and gift stores. Also found in *The Best of Christmas* are two well-loved stories; "The Gift of the Magi" by O. Henry and "The Little Match Girl" by Hans Christian Andersen. Poetry includes those about country Christmas, holiday aromas, Christmas prayers, the Greatest Story, and an artistic and nostalgic look at Christmas . . . and snowbound, in the treasured past. *The Best of Christmas* would be a much-appreciated gift before Christmas!

Old Time Agriculture in the Ads by Robert Karolevitz (North Plains Press, Box 910, Aberdeen, South Dakota 57401,



Church libraries welcome good new books. These youngsters from Springfield, Mass., are looking through books donated to the children's section of the library at South Congregational Church.

\$2.00) is a fantastic collection of pre-World War I advertisements recalling the good old days . . . back when the iceless refrigerator was a brand-new idea . . . or when a farmer rejoiced at the invention of a swivel plow. The book contains magazine and newspaper sales literature reminiscent of the days when farming was the way of life and horsepower came in horses. Mr. Karolevitz has written concerning farming by giddap and whoa, the little piggy that went to market, woman's work never being done, bustles and bonnets, instant health in a dollar bottle, and the horseless carriage. With each chapter are the many nostalgic ads that recall another era, such as: a buggy for \$37.50, horse harness for \$5.50, and Sear Model

"L" automobile, \$450.00 complete.

In the epilogue, the author writes, "Some folks will say that I've belittled and demeaned a wonderful way of life; others — who have trimmed wicks, slopped hogs and harnessed horses in zero temperatures — will sigh; 'Thank God we won't have to go through that again.' Frankly, I'm inclined to agree with both points of view. No one can deny the discomforts and material deficiencies of the age. At the same time, a smog-choked, traffic-bedeveled inhabitant of the post-moonwalk period can certainly be excused an envious glance backward. If we could but preserve the good and discard the bad of each historical time, we might all be much better off."

Old Time Agriculture in the Ads makes a great gift idea for the old-timer, the farmer, or just someone looking for a good laugh.

Pearl S. Buck's *China Past and Present* (The John Day Co., \$8.95) is one of the last books she wrote before her death. There are accompanying pictures by famous photographers, with personal comments by Miss Buck. "We cannot understand China's present unless we know her past," she wrote. She has shared with us her knowledge of China's past and present, its history, religions, customs and culture, and her own memories of China, personal and public.

China has always been governed by a succession of dynasties, with a stability and power that expresses "the mandate of Heaven". When a dynasty weakens or an emperor loses control, it is a sign that the mandate has been lost, and the Chinese people wait for a new leader to appear. Miss Buck has traced the long history of the dynasties, beginning with the First Emperor, Chin Shih Huang, who united China in 221 B.C., up to the present Mao Tse-Tung.

She has written with affection of her nurse, Wang Amah, who darned her stockings and told the story of the T'ai Ping Rebellion; Teacher Kung, who taught her the Chinese brush characters and correct Confucian manner, and later the poets and writers who struggled to create a new Chinese literature.

In the final, moving section, Pearl S. Buck describes her reaction to the response of the present government when she asked to return to China, to see again the land she remembered so well. In *China Past and Present*, this prize-winning author has let us know and understand China and its people as she has.

Plum Jelly and Stained Glass and Other Prayers (Abingdon Press, 201 Eighth Ave. So., Nashville, Tennessee 37202, \$2.75) by Jo Carr and Imogene Sorley is a collection of poetic prayers

(Continued on page 19)



Make it easy for Santa.

SEND IN THE NAMES
AND ADDRESSES OF
FRIENDS TO RECEIVE
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WE SEND GIFT CARDS
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KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah, Iowa
51601



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

If you can't wait for the new spring catalogs to come (they are usually mailed out after the first of the year), get out some of the current ones and make plans for next spring's gardening. Except for new introductions, most items of stock are standard, repeated each year. The cultural direction and plant descriptions will be much the same. It is easier and more exciting if one keeps a garden record book from year to year.

Every three years we hold a family reunion for the descendants of my parents, long deceased. Relatives number over 100 and come from all over the states. The past two reunions have been held at our home and so we try to have the lawn and gardens in tiptop shape for the event. The reunion is always the 1st Sunday in August and three years apart so everyone can plan their vacations accordingly.

As in all family reunions, picture-taking is the order of the day and so we plan the flower garden to give a pretty setting.

When does one plant petunias, asters, snapdragons, bachelor's buttons, browallia, calendula, larkspur, pinks, zinnias and marigolds so that they will be at their peak of bloom the first week in August? You can't tell until you've tried them and then accurate records of planting dates and seedling transplanting must be kept.

The first year we were too anxious and set out our bedding plants at least two weeks too early. When we start planting the circle garden and other beds in early June, the flowers usually bloom at the desired time.

A reader wants to know if a plant called "Comfrey" will grow in Iowa and where are plants available or if one can grow them from seed. Please answer in the column as some of my friends would like the information also, she writes.

Russian Brodleaf Comfrey plants are offered in the catalog of NicolGarden Nursery, 1190 North Pacific Hwy., Albany, Oregon 97321. I believe the best method is to start Comfrey plants from root cuttings.

Not color, religion, nationality, class — not any of these is a barrier to friendship.

Nor should they be.



Mother's nurse-companion, Ruby Treese, has joined the ranks of great-grandmothers! Tobias Joseph is the son of Judy and Dennis Pickrel of Des Moines, Iowa. Grandparents are Mr. and Mrs. James Nicholas of Shenandoah.

COME READ WITH ME — Concluded
showing the beauties as well as the realities of everyday living. These two homemakers and mothers have co-authored three other books, including *Bless This Mess* and *Other Prayers*. Here is a sample of their prayers:

"Ah, Lord —

This is my stained-glass window today!

Seventeen jars of plum jelly — lined up on the kitchen sill, where sunlight can play through them and brighten my world.

This is the essence of summer, caught in a jar.

Winter shall have delights of its own, I know.

But I shall enjoy them all the more because of the saved and savored color of summer on my shelf.

Thank you, Lord."

As you read this book, your own day-to-day moments of joy and sorrow, frustration and triumph will be lifted to new heights.

May the happiness and joy of Christmas continue for you through the new year.

Listen to Kitchen- Klatter!



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

KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscataine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KSCJ	Sioux City, Iowa, 1360 on your dial — 10:30 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

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TALES OF MINCEMEAT - Concluded
best liked of all these recipes became carefully guarded family secrets that were handed down from generation to generation.

So when we make and eat mincemeat pie today we are continuing the history of a traditional dish that in all probability involved some of our ancestors in the hassle of how it should be shaped and what should go into it. And even today, it's doubtful if you'll run across two recipes for making mincemeat pies that are exactly alike!

SUGAR 'N SPICE - Concluded

ing with milk and honey". "Food fit for the gods" was the way Romans and Greeks described honey. Since it is a fifth sweeter than granulated sugar, honey is the sweetest of sweets. Cookies containing this nectar-flavored substance remain soft, since it is 20% water.

Raisins are one of the oldest fruits. In 1000 B.C., the Israelites paid their taxes in raisins to King David. Production in America began when an unsuccessful gold prospector in the San Joaquin Valley of California began his venture. More raisins are grown there than anywhere else in the world.

Walnuts in cookies provide essential vitamins, minerals, and other food values, besides making them delicious. For those desiring finer nut meats a



As a general rule, young children don't care to eat out in a restaurant, but there certainly are exceptions! In this picture you see Juliana and Jed Lowey and their two children, Katharine and James, waiting to be served in the dining room high in the Sandia Mountains. If you don't want to take the winding road up the mountains, you can take the ski lift. The Lowey family has reached the top both ways.

small amount "whirred" in the blender a few minutes will do the trick.

Peanuts are believed to have originally grown in Brazil. They were brought to other countries on slave ships. When the boll weevil became a menace to cotton in the southern states, farmers began growing peanuts. Since 1900 they have become a major crop. Peanut butter, as well as peanut oil and flour, is rich in portein and other nutrients.

Many cooky recipes have come from other countries, but some are strictly American. One of the most famous are the Toll House cookies. About 20 years ago a cooky baker at the Toll House Inn in Whitman, Massachusetts, added bits of chocolate chopped from a candy bar because the raisin box was empty. The recipe was developed by a home economist and skyrocketed to popularity. The icebox, now called the refrigerator, cooky is also an American innovation.

The newest cooky is the pie-bar type, being a cross between a piece of pie and a bar cooky, the delicious results tasting like pie. The recipes are varied; some have two crusts with filling and others have one crust with a filling and frosting. The filling could be apple, lemon, mincemeat, pumpkin, raisin or custard with a rich sweet crust.

If reading this has inspired readers to make cookies, do as the Pennsylvania Dutch say, "Go bake and eat to find out what good is."



NO ROOM AT THE INN

"... there was no room for them at the inn."

That is part of the sad tale related by Luke.

Think of the possibilities had room been made for Mary in her time of need. Had the selfish or the rich and powerful or even the intelligent among the lodgers at that inn used a bit of heart, what divine treasures would they have accumulated?

But the story is plain. No ifs can change it; He was born in a barn with a manger for a cradle.

Unfortunately, the theme - "there is no room for them" - remains the verdict of many of us today. We keep people out of our inns because they speak with an accent or pray differently or display black or brown skin coloring.

At Christmas, however, we mouth the words of brotherhood and peace and good will. Yet they do remain words.

For most of us have no room in our hearts for those who are not like us.

But as it was told, so must we all remember: *He was not like them either...*

KITCHEN CHATTER - Concluded

pink flannel. Turn the right sides of the material together, then turn inside out after sewing, so the seams will be on the inside. Cut a small slit in the sides of the puff, and fill with sweet-smelling talcum powder; sew the slit back up.

Now you are ready to decorate the sachet; you will use pieces of brightly colored felt and yarn. You can cut dog ears, rabbit ears, kitten ears, mouse ears from appropriate-colored felt and sew on the top edges of the puffs to make animal sachets. Yarn braids can be sewn on the top edges to make hair for a little girl's face. Eyes, nose, and mouth are cut from blue or black, and red felt, and glued on the face. Cheeks may be reddened with rouge, lipstick, or colored chalk. Your little friends will love to get these lovable sachets to sweeten and brighten dresser drawers or handkerchief boxes.

ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh.

DECEMBER DEVOTIONS - Concluded

I have so little to give, my dear,
So little of silver and gold;
But I can give you a gift, my dear,
That cannot be bought or sold.
My friendship, if you find it sweet,
My smile of greeting when we meet,
My tears to comfort you in pain,
My smile to cheer you up again.
My hand to hold, in joy, in sorrow,
My love today - my love tomorrow.

Narrator: Christmas is to *enjoy*. (Bring "Enjoy" banner forward.) These are days when on every hand we hear the happy words "Merry Christmas!" This is as it should be. Christmas should be a joyful time. Someone has noted that the word "merry" is used some thirty times in the Authorized Version of the Bible. The word "mirth" is used 15 times, the word "laughter" appears 39 times. There are frequent uses of the words "cheer", "joy" and "gladness". God intended that we be merry-hearted, not long-faced, Christians. His great Gift of "Love come down" is reason for a merry heart.

So it is that we "deck the halls" with holly and greens, light the candles, and decorate the tree with bright baubles. More than this, we want to ENJOY all this beauty that is the Spirit of Christmas with loved ones and friends, and so we have family dinners and Christmas programs and parties. Yes, Christmas is to ENJOY.

The door is on the latch tonight,

The hearth-fire is aglow,
I seem to hear soft passing feet -

The Christ Child in the snow.

My heart is open wide tonight

For stranger, kith or kin;

I would not bar a single door

Where love might enter in. - Anon.

Song: "As with Gladness Men of Old"
or "Deck the Halls".

Narrator: To really have Christmas is to *worship* and praise God for the gift of His Son. (Enter carrier with "Worship" banner.) When Christ is put in the center of all that we do at Christmas, we find ourselves often in the spirit of prayer, often filled with joy and praise. Christmas is taking time for meditation. Christmas is a time to find peace through our own quiet time when we, like Mary, can "ponder these things" in our heart.

Sheep on the hillside lay

Whiter than snow;
Shepherds were watching them,
Long, long ago.

Then from the happy sky
Angels bent low,
Singing their songs of joy,
Long, long ago.

For in a manger bed,
Cradled we know,
Christ came to Bethlehem,
Long, long ago.

Song: "Silent Night" or solo "O Holy Night".

Narrator:

Christmas comes with love -
It stretches farther than
Our love for one another -
It reaches out to every man
And makes each one our brother;
For Christmas is God's shining love
Expressed in human birth
To make us, as in Heaven above,
One family here on earth. -Sunshine

Song: "Go Tell It on the Mountain"
or "Joy to the World".

Benediction:

Our Father in Heaven, let this be the day we learn how great is Thy love for us, and how much we need to trust in that love. If we cannot see beyond the shadow of some great worry, help us to believe that we may place our hand in Thine, and that Thou wilt lead us through every fear and every perplexity to a certain blessing on the other side.

Grant us the courage of life's daily test of faith and discipleship. Amen.

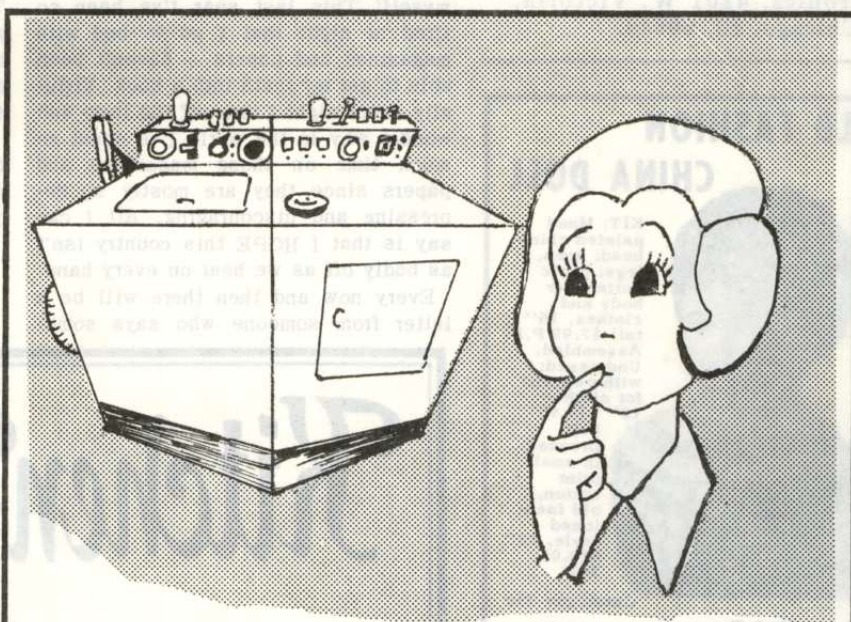
-Frederick Driftmier



Almost as dear to us as Christmas is the preparation for Christmas, the joyful weeks preceding the holiday when we become aware of a mounting tempo of happiness all around. Even this preparation, this anticipation, has spiritual office.

So we go forth to gather greens, and whether we go directly to the woods, or to the corner market, or to the florist; the essential purpose is the same. We would have near us and around us the symbol of life and hope and belief. We would make this season of holiday both beautiful and meaningful, enrich it with the old, unchanging and unchallenged truth - IMMANUEL, GOD WITH US.

-From church paper



THINK SIMPLE

Overpowered by gadgets? Ever get the feeling you need an engineering degree to work today's appliances? Take it easy. Help is on the way.

No matter how simple or how complicated your laundry machinery is, no matter whether your washer is wringer-type, top-loader or front. You need only remember two things: **Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops** and **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach**.

With these two modern washday miracle-workers, you *know* your wash is going to be clean clear through. Whites, colors and prints are going to sparkle like new. And, best of all, you know there's no danger of bleach damage. Every washable fabric, even new synthetics, is perfectly safe.

Use both of them next Monday. We'll bet you'll never go back to anything else.

Kitchen-Klatter Blue Drops
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How's Your Hearing?

Chicago, Ill. — A free offer of special interest to those who hear but do not understand words has been announced by Beltone. A non-operating model of the smallest Beltone aid ever made will be given absolutely free to anyone requesting it. Thousands have already been mailed, so write for yours today.

Try this non-operating model in the privacy of your own home to see how tiny hearing help can be. It's yours to keep, free. It weighs less than a third of an ounce, and it's all at ear level, in one unit. No wires lead from body to head.

These models are free, so write for yours now. Write Dept. 4058, Beltone Electronics, 4201 W. Victoria, Chicago, Ill. 60646.



LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

tainly given credit for a full year, but if ANYONE feels inclined to send an additional 50¢ the next time a letter is addressed to us for any reason, we'll be mighty grateful.

As I said before, this was something that had never happened before, and we cannot imagine in our wildest flights how it could EVER have happened — but it did.

Recently I've come across a number of letters from you folks in which you say that you miss my references to books that I've read recently. Well, I'll tell you something: I miss those books myself! This last year I've been so tired at night that I go to bed with magazines and papers — haven't been able to get my teeth into a book. Virtually every night I turn off the lamp and wonder why in the world I've spent so much time on those magazines and papers since they are mostly so depressing and discouraging. All I can say is that I HOPE this country isn't as badly off as we hear on every hand.

Every now and then there will be a letter from someone who says some-

thing to this effect: do you folks pay any attention to what's going on or do you just have your heads in the sand? This always gives me a start because I don't know anyone who pays sharper attention to what's going on than the members of our family. But it seems to us that people hear this concentrated grief and woe on every hand and that they welcome an opportunity to hear the old tried and true and steady news of plain daily life . . . just plain down-to-earth facts about plain down-to-earth people. After all, we have to get up in the morning and make it through the day as best we can. If anyone has ever figured out a substitute for doing this I'd surely like to hear about it.

So . . . I'm headed in only a few hours for Albuquerque and I'm taking some good new recipes with me and I'm sure there will be a basket of ironing waiting — and I'm saving time out of every day to read to James and Katharine. They love to hear Granny Wheels get going on their favorite books. (I tend to read with considerable "dramatic flair" and James said last year: "Just read it straight, Granny Wheels.")

Next month I'll bring you all up to date on what happened in Albuquerque. And may it be a blessed Christmas for you and yours.

Always faithfully,

Lucile

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KIT: Hand painted china head; arms, legs; basic pattern for body and clothes, 16" tall \$7.99 P.P. Assembled. Undressed: with patterns for clothes 16" \$14.95 P.P. Dressed: in small print cotton, old fashioned style. 16" \$18.95 P.P.

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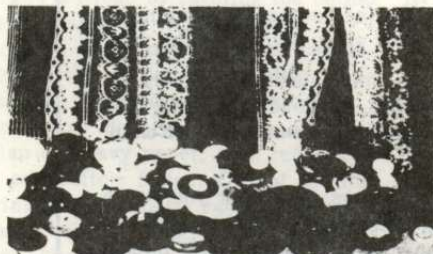
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February ads due December 10.

March ads due January 10.

April ads due February 10.

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CASH IMMEDIATELY FOR OLD GOLD — jewelry, gold teeth, watches, diamonds, silverware, spectacles. Free information. Rose Industries, 29-KK East Madison, Chicago 60602.

HOUSEWIVES WANTED: \$15.00 for two hours' work in your home. Box 205, Remsen, Iowa 51050.

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PROTECT YOUR FAMILY: Simple, binding will form full instruction booklet. Send \$2.00 today. Guaranteed! Wilma, Box 81K, Steamboat Rock, Iowa 50672.

\$1.50 for old BUTTERSCOTCH PIE recipe. Made in two parts using burnt sugar. 312 W. 15, Concordia, Ks. 66901.

FOR CHRISTMAS: order Danish Cookbook — 150 recipes \$2.25. Lillian Sorensen, 3301 8th Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa 51501

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GIFTS FROM BETHLEHEM. Free price list. Write Oriental Gift Shop, Freeman, South Dakota 57029.

SALE REGISTERED PUPPIES: Samoyeds; pomeranians — chocolate, black, cream, red; Pekingese; American Eskimos; Wire Foxterriers; Bassetts; Poodles; Westie. Closed Sundays. Zante's, Monroe, Iowa 50170.

WANTED: Hand quilting. Stamp please. Mrs. Naomi Mann, Logan, Iowa 51546.

CROCHET AFGHANS. Embroidered crochet edge pillows; crochet or tatted edge hanky; print pieced quilt tops. Black walnut meats. Stamp for reply. Mrs. Dale Brown, Harlan, Iowa, Rt. 4, 51537.

CZECK COOKBOOK. Grandma's dependable, delicious recipes — \$2.75 postpaid. Proceeds Kansas Czech's, LaVange Shiroky, Wilson, Ks. 67490.

LADIES — Just a dab a day keeps the gray away. Free details. WILFRED, 5225 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19139.

WANTED: 1933 calendar plate and almanac. Write first. Betty Bock, Wabasso, Minn. 56293.

RUBBER CANDY MOLDS: Rose, leaf, holiday designs. 50¢ each plus 20¢ postage. Pythian Sisters, Yale, Iowa 50277.

COOKBOOKS: 460 recipes — \$2.25. Pythian Sisters, Yale, Iowa 50277.

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DIABETIC RECIPES (no sugar) Christmas goodies — candy, cake, cookies, etc., \$1.00. Large diabetic cookbook, over 300 pages — \$4.95. Other "Special" diet cookbooks. List 10¢. Cook Book Shopping Center, Box 296, Almena, Ks. 67622.

DER DUTCHMAN Cookbook. 180 pages of Amish recipes. \$3.95 postpaid. Order: J. Masek, P. O. Box 6452, Lincoln, Nebr. 68506.

CRAFTS, HANDWORK, recipes. Sample 50¢. Starr Homemaker, Klemme, Iowa 50449.

CHRISTMAS PLATES: Danish, German, Hummel, Haviland, Franklin Mint and others. Stamp for prices. Maude House, 8009 Freeman, Kansas City, Ks. 66112.

BEAUTIFUL PHEASANT FEATHER PINS — \$1.08; Corn-cob dolls — \$1.18. Make nice gifts. George L. Hohnstein, 137 East 4th, Hastings, Nebr. 68901.

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CHURCH WOMEN: Will print 150-page cookbook for organizations for \$1.25 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126.

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 1973.

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.)

90,172

Lucile Driftmier Verness, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this

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