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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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

MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

EDITORIAL STAFF

Leanna Field Driftmier,
Lucile Driftmier Verness,
Margery Driftmier Strom

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

There's a note here on my desk that says: "Lucile, aside from your letter the December issue has been completed."

I know it's the truth but it's hard to believe — seems as if I wrote my December letter to you folks not more than a couple of months ago. All of my life I've heard that the older you get the faster time goes, and there surely must be a lot to this old phrase.

The house smells mighty good today because we have a cooky sheet of spiced nuts in the oven, and with a three hour or so time limit at a very low temperature it gives plenty of opportunity for this Caves of Araby fragrance to penetrate every nook and cranny.

Betty and I have had some happy hours this last month testing all kinds of holiday recipes. We make quite a team for I can fool around with the time-consuming jobs such as chopping candied fruits, nuts, etc., and she can whip up the batter, lift heavy or awkward pans in and out of the oven, etc. I think that any time spent in the kitchen that is shared is a happy experience.

Mother and Ruby got their mincemeat made long ago, of course, so that department is all taken care of. It's really a chore to pack jars for shipment, and thus we're hoping that someone in the family will be heading out for Denver and can cart along a box of this mincemeat for Wayne. It's by far his favorite pie and we always have him firmly in mind when mincemeat time rolls around.

With our printing schedules rigidly fixed we are always compelled to get the December issue together before Thanksgiving, and this is why I do not know myself (to say nothing of passing on any information about it) exactly who will be here to sit down at the table.

We are very hopeful that Cousin

Gretchen Fischer Harshbarger and her husband, Clay, will be able to make it here from their home in Iowa City. Since arthritis is such an extremely commonplace ailment I'm sure that Gretchen won't mind if I go ahead and say that this last year has been a dreadful one for her.

In early March, I believe it was, she was stricken without warning by rheumatoid arthritis, and that's a truly vicious variety. It's been an uphill fight to achieve every small gain since that initial onslaught, and once on the phone she said that for several months she actually thought she'd be joining Mother and me in our wheelchair existence!

When I heard this I was left virtually speechless. Gretchen has always had more tremendous physical vigor and vitality than anyone I've ever known, and it was inconceivable to me to try and imagine her living anything but a tremendously active life.

(When I called Howard and gave him this news he said something that struck me as extremely funny.

"I still remember," he said, "the terrible licking she gave me when we were little kids and lived across the street from each other years ago. I always figured it would take a saber-tooth tiger to get Gretchen."

("Well," I said, "rheumatoid arthritis was the saber-tooth tiger that finally got her.")

Anyway, if her health permits and IF the weather is decent (such a tricky issue in late November) we hope that Gretchen and Clay can make it. Thank goodness health doesn't enter into any plans where Dorothy and Frank are concerned, but the weather certainly does, so you can see why Thanksgiving dinner plans are hanging in the air.

Halloween is long past, of course, but Juliana went into the cupcake business for James and Katharine to take to their respective schools and all told made a grand collection of ninety.

"I followed their instructions right down to the last degree," she said, "and I had a stomach that churned for two days after it was all over. They wanted bright orange cakes decorated with green and black, and to my eyes they were a terrible sight. But all of the kids just loved them!"

Recently we had a far too short but wonderfully good visit with our old friend (and your old friend too) Mabel Nair Brown, who has written faithfully for this magazine every month since 1944. She and her daughter, Regina Brown Fineran, both came for a Methodist Work Shop held here in Shenandoah, and they were kind enough to stay over a night after the conference broke up so they could visit with you folks on the radio.

I really felt that Mabel, Regina and I could spend endless hours visiting together because they have such a tremendous variety of interests and activities. Regina, for instance, has four children ranging in age from Bryce (he's a first grader so I could associate him with James) and Kristin, thirteen — and I could associate her with Hanna Tilsen who now makes her home here with her mother and me.

On top of all this she has an extremely busy minister husband and a full-time job of her own in what is now referred to in cities (Des Moines in their case) as the Inner City. I gasped when I thought of the organization it took to keep that household organized PLUS holding down a job outside the home.

"All of the kids have their responsibilities," she said, "and they know exactly what must be done and THEY DO IT!"

My! I like to hear such steady, old-time talk! I'm hopeful that if circumstances permit they can both come back now and then to have other visits with you folks.

Now . . . with Thanksgiving still hanging fire, so to speak, it seems taking the bull by the horns to mention Christmas plans, but I'll tell you what I have in mind.

I am most hopeful that Betty and I can drive out to Albuquerque and spend that holiday with Juliana, Jed, James and Katharine. Heaven knows after that one dreadful storm-bound stay in Tucumcari when Dorothy, Eula and I thought we'd NEVER get on the road again, it seems a poor time to tackle the trip, but things have worked out to the point where it is just about our only chance.

I've been tied down with the dentist AND business problems to the point where I just couldn't get out to Albuquerque at any time before the forthcoming Christmas holiday season. And

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MARGERY'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

How exciting the month of December is! I expect by the time you receive this magazine you'll be busy with candy and cooky making, wrapping packages and decorating the house. If you have youngsters in your home, they no doubt are in the midst of these activities, sharing the joys of preparing for the holidays.

But I'm writing to you in November so this issue will be ready for the mail when December rolls around, and the actual "doing" for Christmas is still bubbling around in my head. I'm giving thought to gift giving, have sorted out the recipes for cookies and candies, but it will be a few weeks before I launch into all these happy "goings ons".

Mother and I were visiting over a cup of coffee this morning, discussing this and that, and she commented on the fact that it would soon be "shut in" time for her. As the days get colder and the weather more uncertain, she doesn't venture out of the house very much. Then she depends on our comings and goings to bring in a bit of the outside world.

We were blessed with a nice, long fall so she could attend some club meetings and get out for afternoon drives. One thing she particularly enjoyed was going to Shenandoah's Old Settlers Reunion. I guess I should call it by its proper name, "Southwest Iowa Pioneers Reunion", but for years we always referred to it as the Old Settlers Reunion, and long-standing habits are hard to break!

It was held on a lovely autumn day — really, a rather warm one — so there was a good attendance. I arranged my office work so I could go with her to the luncheon and stay for the program and visiting. She saw many old friends and had a lovely time.

The program was a talk by one of our local "history buffs" about the life and activities of Jesse James, the outlaw who made some appearances in our area on more than one occasion.

Recently, at one of our club meetings, we had a very worthwhile program by a nurse on emergency procedures that might save a life. She demonstrated step by step what we should do in various situations that might arise in the home. Several of our group have taken the First Aid course offered in our community, and we all left the meeting with the conviction that this is something we should all take if possible.

Last week we had a brief visit from a very dear friend. As a matter of fact, she could be called my oldest friend, for we were neighbors when we were babies. It was a joy to have a couple



Lovejoy Homestead in Princeton, Ill., is now a National Historic Site.

of days together.

The morning she left, Oliver and I left, too, for a trip to Illinois. Lucile had mentioned in late summer — August, I believe — that she wanted me to drive to Princeton, Illinois, sometime this fall to visit a store called "Patterns of the Past". Perhaps some of you will recall her mentioning it on the radio visit one day. One of our listeners in Princeton, Mrs. Clifford Leonard, heard the reference and wrote a lovely letter inviting me to contact her if I could make the trip. She and her husband are very active in a number of local projects so offered themselves as guides to see what interested me. I was so glad Oliver was able to go along, for he enjoyed that long weekend as much as I did.

We stopped in Iowa City enroute to have a visit with Cousin Gretchen Harshbarger and her husband Clay, had a lovely dinner that evening, and Friday headed on across the Mississippi and over to Princeton in time for morning coffee.

The Leonards met us on arrival and took over their role as guides. Our first stop was to go through the Lovejoy Homestead. This interesting old home was built in the 1830's and was a famous station of the Underground Railroad. Mr. Leonard had always been fascinated by the old house and its unique history, and instigated the restoration and furnishing so that it could be appreciated by everyone. It is a Registered National Landmark now and Mr. Leonard serves as chairman of the board of trustees.

After lunch at a perfectly delightful tearoom called "The Strawberry Patch", Doris and Cliff took us to the "Patterns of the Past". It might very well be that you'll recall reading about Mr. Allen Murphy and his unique business, as there have been articles in a number of newspapers and magazines about him.

Mr. Murphy is the owner of a lovely

jewelry store, and about eight years ago he started buying dishes, silver and crystal from estate sales, jewelry store close-outs and from private parties. Now he has an enormous room that houses so many dishes you just can't believe your eyes! He has over 4000 discontinued patterns, and likely about as many patterns that are currently being manufactured but possibly difficult to find.

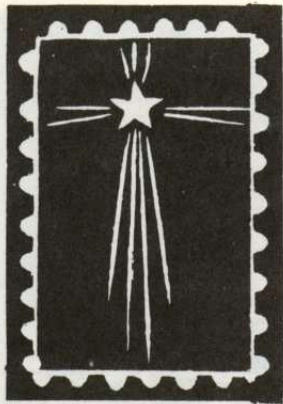
I found a pattern in crystal that Mother gave me many years ago. It hasn't been manufactured since 1958. Imagine my delight in finding four lovely serving dishes to go with my dessert plates and cups and saucers! I also found a china dinner plate for Lucile to replace one she broke recently.

Mr. Murphy told us some interesting stories about how he acquired some exquisite very, very old Haviland, and china from other famous manufacturers. Oliver and I could have stayed all day, but we had to move along. You can be sure that we'll make a return trip to Princeton and "Patterns of the Past".

We had expected Oliver's sister Nina and her husband to visit us this fall, but they wrote that they wouldn't be able to make it. Their home is in Rockford, Illinois, only about 75 miles from Princeton. It seemed a good chance to see them since we were so close, so we headed north and arrived in time for our evening meal.

When we called Nina she told us that there was an art exhibit going on at a new shopping center which we would be interested in seeing, so that is what we did Saturday after a lovely lunch at the Wagon Wheel in nearby Rockton. There were over 50 artists exhibiting and selling their art, some of whom were working at their crafts. All this activity was taking place in a beautiful mall. After viewing the art, we took a little time to look through some of the stores since Cherry Vale is a very new shopping center and we

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Does the Star Still Shine?

A CHRISTMAS SERVICE

by

Mabel Nair Brown

(Note: This service will be enhanced if the five speakers wear robes — and Christmas is special, so we can spend a little extra time in preparation. These robes can be made quite simply by dyeing old sheets in colors to match the respective banners used in the setting, and then draping and fastening them with pins. The speaker for the "Worship" banner wears a circlet of gold tinsel in her hair, while the others wear circlets of silver tinsel. As she enters, each speaker carries a lighted white candle in a holder. She places the candle on the altar below the banner she represents, and then turns to face the audience and give her narration.)

Setting: On the wall above the altar hang the five banners described below. These may be made of burlap or felt, or more simply of lightweight posterboard.

1. Yellow banner. On it glue or pin a large orange sun with rays radiating from it. With green letters form the words BE JOYFUL.

2. Deep pink banner with the word SING in purple letters, with large black musical notes scattered in a hit-and-miss fashion.

3. Purple banner with the symbol for God (hand pointed down) in white, and the word WORSHIP in gold letters.

4. Light blue banner with a white dove of peace symbol, and the words GOOD WILL in deep royal blue letters.

5. Bright green banner with a large heart symbol, and the word GIVE in white letters.

Prelude: "O Holy Night", continued softly through the call to worship.

Call to Worship: Almighty and everlasting God, the radiance of faithful souls, Who didst bring to the nations Thy light and kings to the brightness of Thy rising, fill, we beseech Thee, the world with Thy glory, and show Thyself unto all nations through Him Who is the true light and the bright and morning star, even Jesus Christ, Thy Son our Lord. Amen.

Scripture: Matthew 2: 1-11.

Song: (by all) "The First Noel".

Prayer: Heavenly Father, help us to see that the Star still shines for us if we but see it, and grant, O Lord, that

its light may find its way into our hearts, so that we may be willing to follow where it leads. Amen.

Leader: All over the world Christians are making final preparations for the experiences of Christmas. Once again eager eyes search for the Star. But does the STAR still shine? WHERE IN CHRISTMAS DO WE FIND THE STAR? For those who find it, Christmas is truly a time of wonder, the receiving and giving of gifts that are beyond price. We, too, would follow the Star, but how do we find it?

Speaker One: (Places candle below first banner, steps to left of altar, turns, and faces the audience.) Christmas is a time to BE JOYFUL. Today we often hear talk centered around the word "celebration". Certainly Christmas is a time for celebration in the greatest sense of the word! Did not God give to all mankind the greatest of all gifts, "His only begotten Son", Who in turn gave His life for us? Celebrate? Be joyful? I should say so!

"Joy is never a private affair. It always comes through or from another person or object. The wise men sought their joy by coming together to Bethlehem. And they came together to Bethlehem to come together with the Christ Child." So you see from the very beginning Christmas has been a time for sharing joy and togetherness.

Part of the joy of Christmas is the anticipation and the planning. And the more your plans include room for the Christ Child at the center of your celebration, the greater the joy and wonder that will be yours. This kind of joy is contagious, and soon you'll find that all around you are catching it. Let us not let the glitter, the tinsel, the costly gift-giving rob us of the sharing with others of the good news of the Messiah's coming. This is how the rays of that STAR find their way into our hearts. BE JOYFUL! CELEBRATE! "The Lord is come!"

Hymn: (all) "Joy to the World".

Speaker Two: (Places candle then steps over beside first speaker.) "O sing to the Lord a new song, for He has done marvelous things." Christmas

is for singing. Down through the ages man has expressed some of his deepest emotions through music and song. Christmas is the time for our own little celebration as we sing the beloved Christmas music while we go around the house doing our household chores. It is a time to share the joys of the season in song with the family, with friends, and in the various worship services during Christmastide; and then to carry the Star-shine on through the years as we try to bring cheer and a song to brighten the world of every-day.

It all began long ago when in that region there were shepherds out in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night . . . And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and good will toward men. Take up the song and pass it along. That is part of Christmas.

Hymn: (all) "Hark the Herald Angels Sing", 1st verse.

Speaker Three: (Places candle, then steps to right of altar.) Just as we heard it said of the wise men when they saw the star, they rejoiced exceedingly with great joy, and going into the house they saw the Child with Mary His mother and fell down and worshiped Him, we too, must make WORSHIP of first importance as we come to the Christ Child this Christmas. If we have been wise, it began in our homes with the observance of the Advent candles and with family carol sings. As we have said, it is a joy that must be shared, and so we go caroling; we have special music in our church services; we thrill to a presentation of the Messiah. We want to bow down and worship this God who gave His Son to us.

Once again we hear the Christmas Scriptures read again and again through the "holy-days", and, like Mary, ponder all these things in our heart.

Children re-enact the coming of the shepherds and of the wise men as they followed the Star to the manger. Each time we hear the Scriptures, each time we see the Christmas story portrayed, it seems a ray of the Star has found its way into our lives and our heart. We want to offer a prayer of praise and thanksgiving for the Gift of gifts, Jesus, our Lord.

As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding Star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

Christmas is for worship. Let us put it at the very center of our Christmas, where it belongs. We need no gold like

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FOR THE HOLIDAY OPEN HOUSE

by
Mabel Nair Brown

When serving cranberry punch at your holiday parties, a stick of cinnamon in each cup makes a handy and tasty stirrer.

If you're serving open-faced sandwiches, place them on a large tray in the shape of a tree. The decorations will make the tree's ornaments. Use triangle sandwiches to form the tree trunk.

Of course you'll have your nut bowl and picks on the snack table, but have you ever thought of placing a big fat candle on top the nut pick holder section in the center? (Anchor it in place with modeling clay and tuck a few tips of evergreen in the clay.)

Dress up your kitchen utility table (the tea cart style on rollers) with a small Christmas cloth on the top and a strip of frilled red or green paper on the lower shelf, and use it as a "buffet" on wheels to serve Christmas goodies and coffee to your holiday guests.

For ease in serving, but elegance in appearance, don't overlook cherry or mincemeat tarts, or little individual pies. They can be made ahead of time and stored in the freezer. My newest, and one of my handiest kitchen gadgets, is a little plastic cutter-crimp sealer which cuts and seals filled cookies or little tarts in one operation. Or for square "pies", or two-crust tarts, roll out half the dough and put dabs of the filling upon it in even rows. Roll out the other half of the dough and gently lay on top of the bottom crust. Use a pastry wheel to cut lengthwise and crosswise between the "bumps" of filling. Carefully lift onto a cookie sheet and bake.

For a tiered wicker serving tray to show off your lovely Christmas breads, find baskets in graduated sizes and use a water glass, filled with small tree ornaments, for the pedestals between tiers. If you want them held firmly, use a bit of modeling clay.

Have you tried *button decorating* for your sugar cookies? Just sort through your button box for some fancy buttons with raised or carved designs. Dust with flour and press into the cut-out cookies, lift up, and presto! you have very original and pretty cookies. Candies and colored sugar will add to their attractiveness.

Hot Holiday Cider: 2 quarts apple cider, 3/4 cup brown sugar, 2 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. cloves, 2 tsp. allspice, and juice of 2 lemons. Put cider in a large pan. Add sugar and juice, and the spices (which have been tied in a bag). Heat slowly to get the flavor of the spices. Remove the spice bag and



Adrienne Driftmier prepares the table for entertaining school friends.

serve hot.

Tree Ornament Dessert: Use a tiny scoop to make ice cream balls, using different colors of ice cream. Carefully place on a large tray and refreeze until just before serving time. If you want decorated balls, try putting trim on with a cake decorator and icing, and also use some candy cake decorations. When ready to serve, pile several of the ice cream balls into pretty sherbet dishes, garnish with a sprig of holly, and serve with your decorated Christmas cookies.

Mosaic Tree Sandwiches: You will need an equal amount of white bread

and green bread. (If your bakery does not make green bread, then use all wheat instead.) Cut rounds from each slice of both colors of bread, using a large round cookie cutter. Set aside half of these circles of each color. Using a tree cookie cutter, cut a tree out of the center of each round in the other half of the circles. Next, insert the green cutouts in the white circles and the white trees in green circles. Spread the other half of the circles with sandwich filling and then place one of the "mosaic" rounds on top. They are more work, but really "special" for holiday tables.



NAVAHO CHRISTMAS EVE

While children in their hogans sleep,
A Navaho shepherd tends his sheep
Up on the hill where star fire burns
And the wheel of heaven slowly turns,
A coyote barks and the wind blows
chill,
The sheep lie huddled against the hill;
Starlight sprinkles white fire fall
On chaparral and stark rock wall.
The shepherd tends his flock by night
And talks to the Spirit who sends the
light.

—The Christian Home church paper

CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Choirs chant and angels sing;
Wise men now implore the King,
Begging guidance, praying, "Lord,
Thou hast touched the vibrant cord,
Brought us love so undefiled
In the figure of a child,
So that all the ages knew
Of the secret old and new.
Tough our hearts, the pulsing life;
Lead from fratricidal strife
Up the corridors of heaven,
Man to man may peace be given."

—Mary Kurtz

DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

As I look out at the timber today it is hard to believe that just a few short weeks ago it was spectacular in all its gorgeous array of brilliant color. The only trouble is that it just didn't last long enough. Fall is my favorite time of year, and I always enjoy being outside helping Frank every minute I can, so I can soak up enough of this beauty to last me through the long winter months, my least favorite season.

I'll tell you what we have been doing. Farming methods have changed greatly since Frank was a boy at home, and it has been many years since he has shocked any fodder. He shocked some a couple of years after we first moved back to the farm in 1946, but that was the last time. He had a lot of corn that didn't mature this year (just like practically everyone else in the Midwest), so much of it had to be chopped for ensilage. Frank was visiting with our friend Glen Dyer one day, when Glen said he had an old corn binder that was working beautifully, and he would like to use it one more time before he sold it. Frank said he would like to put up some shocks once more, so Glen came one day and cut a small patch of corn for him.

As often as our creek comes out, we don't dare set up shocks on the bottom. Frank has been hauling the bundles to higher ground nearer the barn lot, and has set up his little "teepees", as I call them, so this winter when the snows blow it will be a lot handier and closer to the feed mill when he needs to grind it.

Several months ago I told you about the one lone duck that came to our house from out of nowhere, and became quite a pet. Our friend Gerald Griffiths, who lives on a farm near Albia, decided our duck needed some company, so he brought us a pair from his farm. They are young, but quite large already — white with black feather top-knots that look like little black caps. When he turned them out with our duck it was fun to watch them become friends. She was like a mother hen, showing them where they would sleep at night, where the food and water is, and all the important things around the yard. The new ducks are strange in that they won't go near the water, and our duck spends a great deal of time



Dorothy finds antics of ducks as amusing to watch as those of the little kittens and puppies.

swimming on the bayou. She tries to get them to go with her for her daily swim, but they go just as far as the hedge at the end of the yard, and stop. She goes on through the hedge and waits a little bit for them to follow, but they just sit down and wait for her return, so she goes on her merry way. Gerald also has some geese at his place, and they won't go into the water either. When we spent the day with Gerald recently, he and Frank walked to the pond and the geese followed Gerald over there, but wouldn't go in. I thought all ducks and geese liked to swim, so I think they act very strangely.

I ran out of space last month before I finished telling you about the Farm Bureau Women's tour that our Birthday Club members went on to Minneapolis. One of the many highlights of the trip was attending the dinner theater, which was located in the same block as our motel. Our literature said that any type of clothing was appropriate, long dresses, street length, or slack suits, so most of our crowd decided to wear long dresses. Dinner was at 6:30, served buffet style. The dining room was very large; I think they said they could seat 750 at tables for four or six people. I wondered how long it would take to serve that many people, but actually there were four lines, and they went fast. The food was good, attractive to look at on the buffet tables, and well handled.

We couldn't have had better seats, as our reservations were for tables right in front of the stage. The waiters and waitresses were all attractive college students, members of the Northstar Opera Company, which hosts the dinner theater. They were dressed in clothing of the forties. The girls wore long plaid pleated skirts, sweaters, bobby sox, and saddle shoes; the boys wore suits or pants and sweaters of the style then. Before the play started they came on stage and entertained us with songs and dances popular in the early

forties. Each one introduced himself and told where he or she was from, and one boy was from Osage, Iowa. Of course we all clapped for a fellow Iowan, and later he came to our table and talked to us.

We had breakfast at 6:30 the next morning because we had to have our bags packed and ready to load on to the bus at 8:00. It was misty and rainy, but that didn't dampen our spirits. Our first stop was the St. Anthony Falls locks and dam. The man on duty at the time, I suppose you could call him a gate keeper, showed us around, and told us all about the dam, falls, and locks, all of which was very interesting to me.

These locks may be used free of charge by commercial craft or pleasure boats. Even a small motor boat with a single fisherman can go through the locks. When I got home I sat down and read all the literature I picked up there about the history of the falls — fur traders, the first lumber mills and flour mills using the power from this river — and found it fascinating.

We stopped to look at Minnehaha Falls on our way to Old Fort Snelling, but apparently it had been dry there this summer, too, because the falls weren't falling.

We were just a few days too late to see all the interesting things at Old Fort Snelling, since the season for daily guided tours and interesting demonstrations is from May 1 to September 2, but we did get a printed folder to use for a self-guided tour, with a description of each building. The restoration of this first fort, when completed in 1977, will appear as it did in 1825. Most of the buildings are accurate replicas of the original buildings, but two of them are the original buildings restored to their earliest appearance.

From here we headed home, making one more tour stop in Faribault at the Faribo Woolen Mill. This tour showed us how they make their beautiful woolen blankets, beginning with the sheep's wool right on through the entire process until the blanket is packaged and ready for sale. We had our lunch in Faribault and our supper in Story City, and were back in Chariton at 8:30.

I certainly want to mention our bus driver, a very nice young and patient man by the name of Paul Gilpin, whose home is in Des Moines. He had lived at one time in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area, so he knew the city and the streets and got us to our destinations safely and swiftly.

We all agreed when we got home that we were ready to go again next year.

Have a happy holiday!

Sincerely,
Dorothy

THERE IS A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS COMING TO SPRINGFIELD

Dear Friends:

The phone rang a few minutes ago, and I answered it up here in my little hide-away study where I always go to write my sermons and to write my letters. It was a young man who is selling magazine subscriptions to earn money for his Sunday evening youth group in one of the neighborhood churches. While I was listening to him suggesting various magazines I might like to take myself or give to someone for Christmas, I heard the doorbell ring. I told the young man to hold the line while I went to the door, and there at the door I found a cute little boy who was selling chocolate bars to raise money for the Cub Scouts. I told the boy to wait a moment while I finished the telephone call. Well, you might know, I bought a magazine subscription and I bought a chocolate bar! But that was not the end of it! Just as the little boy left the door, a very sweet little girl came up our long front walk and shyly asked if I would be one of her sponsors for a "Hike for the Children's Museum". How could I say, "No"?

Do you people have this kind of a problem? Betty and I try never to refuse a youngster who is going from door to door raising money for some worthy cause, but the number increases every month. Now that Christmas is just around the corner, we are going to be buying boxes of Christmas cards that we do not need, buying them to help some youngsters keep their faith in human nature. Since we always use a family Christmas picture on our card, any other cards we buy at the door I take to the church and give to one of the church staff. Last year I think we gave away about a dozen boxes of cards.

Since Betty and I were married we have had twenty Christmases (counting this one) here in Springfield. We had five in the lovely parsonage down in Bristol, Rhode Island. We had one at Wallingford, Connecticut, two in Honolulu, and one in Bermuda. Right now I could not tell you which one was the nicest, for they were all beautiful and filled with love and good cheer. If I could wave a magic wand and put ourselves back into some other Christmas of our married life, I think I would wish us back in Bermuda. That was our first Christmas together, and Bermuda is one of the most beautiful gems of loveliness in all this world. We went swimming on that Bermuda Christmas Day, and then we had guests for dinner.

Betty and I are waiting for this



Mary Leanna and her daughter, Isabel, will soon be flying home to Springfield to spend the holidays.

Christmas of 1974 with all of the eagerness of little children, for this will be our first Christmas to have a grandchild with us. Mary Leanna is flying home with her little Isabel Maria all of six months old. I hope that she makes as good a flyer as Mary Lea did at that age. They will be coming from Albuquerque, New Mexico, and our son, David, will be flying home from Vancouver, British Columbia. On Christmas Day fifteen guests from the church will join us here at the house for dinner. What a happy time we shall have!

We were sorry that the children could not get home for the big party we had down in Rhode Island a few weeks ago. Betty's family's business, The Ashaway Line and Twine Company, celebrated its 150th anniversary. The business was started by Betty's great-great-grandfather who made fishing lines for the commercial fishermen sailing out of Rhode Island and Connecticut harbors. Down through the years the company has expanded its manufacturing line until today it makes no fishing lines for the commercial fishermen, but makes many other things, including the finest sport fishing lines in the world.

Before World War II the Ashaway Line and Twine Company was proud to claim that 90% of the world's record sport fishing catches had been made on its manufactured lines, but since the invention of nylon, the company lines hold only about 54% of the world's records. Considering how many different brands of fishing lines there are in the world, that still is a record to be proud of. If you ever had surgery, the chances are very great that your surgeon used sutures that were manufactured by Betty's family.

If anyone in your family plays tennis, the chances are very great that they use tennis strings manufactured by Ashaway. The speedometer cable in your automobile may be an Ashaway product, and the cord you use to start your power saw and your outboard motor may have originated in the family factory in Rhode Island.

With all of the festivities of the 150th anniversary celebration, there was a touch of sadness, for Betty's brother Bob, who died so tragically a few years ago, was not there. He was the fifth generation to head the family firm.

You probably realize that every state in the Union except Hawaii has a town, city, or village named Springfield. Being the very first Springfield in North America, we of Springfield, Massachusetts, are very proud of our town. To give you an idea of the kind of town our Springfield is, let me tell you about some of the famous people who were citizens of our town. Most of these persons you will know:

Ethan Allen, a Revolutionary War soldier and leader of the Green Mountain Boys.

Mr. Chester Bowles, a Springfield native who became Governor of Connecticut, and then was our Ambassador to India.

Kingman Brewster, president of Yale University.

John Brown, an abolitionist famous for his raid on Harper's Ferry was a wool merchant here in Springfield.

William Cullen Bryant was a poet and literary critic.

Thornton Burgess was the author of Peter Rabbit bedtime stories, and one of my personal friends before his death.

Cecil B. DeMille lived in Ashfield, the home of my mother's father. You will remember that he made some famous movies. Ashfield is just a few miles from here.

Charles Edgar and J. Frank Duryea were Springfield residents. They made the first motor car in America.

Theodor Seuss Geisel (Dr. Seuss) is the author of children's books. He used to live just around the corner from our house.

Dr. Washington Gladden was a famous minister who wrote the hymn: "Oh Master Let Me Walk with Thee".

Fighting Joe Hooker, a great Civil War general, was from here.

General Authur MacArthur was the the Commander of our Pacific Forces in World War II.

Dr. James A. Naismith invented basketball here in Springfield.

Eleanor Powell came from here. She was a famous movie star.

James Abbott McNeill Whistler, famous for painting "Whistler's Mother".

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Christmas Kaleidoscope

by
Leta Fulmer

Though many Christmas seasons have passed my way, only a few individual ones stand out. All childhood yuletides merge in one poignant memory. Like homing pigeons, my married brother and sisters hurried home with their offspring to celebrate the occasion. And I rushed to greet nieces just my age, while Johnny, seven years older than I, tried unsuccessfully to look bored about the whole thing. But in nothing flat he was just as excited as I. In the kitchen Mom bustled about happily, her face rosy from the heat of the cookstove and the glow of having her little brood together once more. And Dad — the little ones almost stood in line to perch upon his knee and listen, open-mouthed and goggle-eyed, to the fantastic tales he'd conjure up for them. Dignified and dominating in the pulpit, he was a never-ending source of laughter and delight when he was just "Dad" or "Grandpa". I stood back a little while the girls giggled at his mustache-tickling kisses, the carresses of his big hands. How could I be jealous; after all, I was lucky enough to have him all year long!

I can see my last doll in every detail. She fit into the circle of my arms like a real baby, and her curls were as black as my own. Wonder of wonders, her brilliant eyes opened and closed, and dark silky lashes lay upon her rosy cheeks. When tipped just so, she murmured the magic word "Mama" — a small miracle of craftsmanship that is indeed picayune beside the intricate dolls of today! With an embarrassed twinge, I remember the year Johnny could hardly be pried from his shiny new bicycle long enough to join the family feast. With a glow of pride I accepted his generous offer to let me "take her just a little way." Carefully

I mounted the shining toy, and immediately wobbled it smack into a post. Although his treasure sustained no injury, my ego and dignity were left in a sorry state of disrepair!

The years flew by. There were great-grandchildren now, and Dad was gone. My older brother and his wife lived in California and were seldom home. Mom spent much of her time with Jimmie and me — and we inherited the family dinners, although by now the huge groups had dwindled a little. Each family had its set of parents, grandparents, and in-laws. It was a rare and gratifying occasion, indeed, when our little house was filled to the bursting point with the laughter of several generations of loved ones.

The Second World War — my brother Johnny was about to be shipped overseas, and we mourned the fact that he couldn't get leave to be with us. At the last possible moment he burst through the door with a uniformed friend in tow. His presence really made our Christmas that year. I could almost see the prayer of thanks in Mom's eyes as she kissed his cheek. And what a ridiculous thing for me to remember — his buddy accidentally brushed his teeth with foot powder and came stumbling from the bathroom, frothing at the mouth while we all laughed hysterically!

The year of the toy train! What excitement prevailed as we laid out track, set switches, and untangled extension cords — this was a gift for Little Johnnie, six years old. It's never been determined just who enjoyed that train more, the small black-eyed boy who watched with gleeful yells, or the huffing, puffing daddy who crawled around on the floor, arranging figure eights and repairing balky connections.

Rosemary, barely able to walk at a steady clip, was run down by that speeding engine several times a day. From the safety of her rocking chair she viewed that locomotive as a complete disaster. And I came to feel the same way when additional bridges and cars almost forced us out the door. (The train is in our attic now, an antique in these days of model car speedways — the item of the moment for boys of all ages.)

Then Mom was gone, too, and our kids were growing up. Our home was still open house for all the relatives who could make it, but the crowd grew steadily smaller. The year Rosie received a sewing machine, doll and doll buggy, Johnnie stood before his blue bicycle with a worried frown. Big Johnny, in spite of his two hundred pounds, had sailed along on it like a bird. Jimmie had hopped on it and gone wheeling away — everyone could ride it but the little boy it belonged to. Determined to prod him into further efforts, I announced indignantly, "Now, Johnnie, you can ride it — why, even I can!" Whereupon I jumped on it and wobbled crazily smack into a post — some things just don't change through the years! Needless to say, he finally managed to conquer it, but I didn't.

I'll never forget the last Christmas we shared before the kids were married. Johnnie was nearly through college. Rosie was in her last year of high school. Although we had a small farm, Jimmie and I worked in town. Christmas came on Sunday that year, and we'd left all our presents in town (away from prying eyes and poking fingers) to be picked up Saturday. But Friday afternoon brought the hardest blizzard I can remember. We barely made it home. In fact, we had to foot it up our lane, leaving our snowed-in car a block away. We looked out on Saturday morning upon drifts that were breath-takingly beautiful — but oh, so baffling! Our lovely gifts were nine miles away, and tomorrow was Christmas! An hour later I looked out the window and dashed for the movie camera. Friends and neighbors were snow shoveling their way up our lane, tossing the snow into huge mounds on either side of our drive. Our neighbors had left their children's toys in town. And if anything, they were more frantic than we. We combined forces to beat the snow. The neighbors went with Jimmie in the pick-up. Johnnie drove the car, with Rosie and me beside him. Only the tops of occasional fence posts pointed out the possible direction of the road as we slid and slithered through those treacherous drifts toward town. Just as we made it into the city limits, the car radio blared out

(Continued on page 20)

DECORATIONS AND GIFTS TO MAKE

Angels: Empty gold-lined tin cans are perfect for cutting into shapes of angels for your Christmas decor. Tin scissors are needed as well as a paper pattern held over the tin while cutting. Use the paper doll idea, cutting the wide-skirted figure, wings and head. The halo is formed by joining the edge, or rim, of can end. One end of the can is not cut, as it serves as a base which holds a short candle. The seam is cut back from the bottom, leaving about two inches uncut to be used for the candle base. The width is spread out and cut via the pattern. You have your angel with the bottom of the can for the candle. The halo is made by cutting out the top of the can, leaving the rim or edge which is made into a small circle. A tiny space is still attached to the head of the angel. The sizes of the angels can be graduated, using a gallon can for the middle, #2½ size cans, down to the very smallest. Use your imagination as you fashion your pattern and ideas occur to you. When the candle is lighted, the gold lining is reflected. These are adorable across a mantel, and will not tarnish in years if carefully stored away. The short candles must be replaced daily, but odd pieces of old candles are ideal for this purpose. —Gladys Niece Templeton

Gifts of Burlap: Burlap comes in beautiful colors that just tempt one to start "something pretty"! Children or grownups will love tote bags whipped up in their favorite colors. Use scraps of felt or burlap in other colors to glue or applique on as decorations. Little girls might like cunning animal cut-outs, dainty posies or sailboats and "wiggly waves" for beach bags. Huge flowers in psychedelic colors and designs will please the teenager, while Junior might like his in a space-age design. Granny's might have "Knitting Cache" spelled out in yarn stitchery.

Almost any design or color scheme for a picture in a child's room, or in the family recreation room or study, can be done easily with burlap for the picture "mat". Glue on a design of flowers, geometric patterns, hobby collages, etc. Here again stitchery designs and floral patterns in bright yarns can be used to create pictures to suit the decor of the room.

If you don't wish to cut "freehand" designs for these burlap pretties, use drawings in children's coloring books, or use large flowers in the nursery catalogues as pattern flower outlines.

—Virginia Thomas

Boy's Carpenter Apron: Cut a bib apron from dark denim, leaving extra length to turn up to form the pockets. Edge the entire apron with bright bias



Paul seems amused as he wraps a gift for a member of his family. Can it be the traditional "joke present" for his parents, Donald and Mary Beth Driftmier, or is he particularly pleased with his selections for sisters Adrienne and Katharine?

tape. Turn up the bottom and stitch at the sides, and in several places across the front to form the pockets. Buy inexpensive pliers, small hammer, screwdriver, etc., to place in the pockets. Use your sewing machine to embroider the boy's name or something like "Bob the Fixer-up-er" on the bib.

—Virginia Thomas

Safety Mittens: These can be fun and also a real safety-teaching item. Trace around a child's hand, allowing extra width all the way around, especially at the thumb. Cut four mitts from black felt. Cut GO from green felt and STOP from red felt. Stitch or glue to two of the mitt pieces. (These become the right and left "palm" side of the finished mittens.) Now blanket stitch each two pieces together to make each mitten. The child can use these in crossing the street, in games with other children to indicate a change of leader, and in many ways for fun as well as to teach safety.

—Virginia Thomas

Children's Party Favors: Use small plastic containers with lids, such as some margarine and certain soup mixes come in, and glue on pretty Christmas paper (in children's design) to cover the outside. If the lid is clear plastic it need not be covered. Poke a hole in the center of the lid. Stick the handle of a lollipop through this so the handle is on the outside. Tie a bright ribbon

bow of red or green to the handle. Now fill the goody box with other small candies and nuts, leaving room so the lollipop will fit in when the lid goes on. There you have a cunning favor with a carrying handle!

—Mabel Nair Brown

Tube Gift Wrap: Try giving small gifts, such as scarves, handkerchief, jewelry, or apron in pretty "hang-on-the tree" packages. Wrap the gift in tissue paper and place in a cardboard tube of an appropriate size. Staple a loop of ribbon to one end of the tube for hanging. Now use your imagination to wrap the tube in gay Christmas papers, pretty foil, even lace ruffles or embroidery. Trim with bits of lace, ribbon, glitter, small baubles or ribbon roses. There's no end to the creative designs you can do clued to the gift, or to the taste of the receiver.

—Mabel Nair Brown

Monogram Swags: Cut the family initial from chicken wire or heavy cardboard. Wire on greens, pine cones, and perhaps some nuts of various shapes.

—Mabel Nair Brown

Stick Scraps of Evergreen into a Potato and glue on some sequins or sprinkle with glitter for a sparkling green centerpiece which will hold up well for a long time, as the potato provides moisture for the greens. This is fine for party tables which you want to get ready in advance.

MARY BETH MAKING ALL-OUT SEARCH FOR SPINNING WHEEL

Dear Friends:

By the time you read this Christmas will be breathing down my neck, and the message will be the same as last year — I'm behind in everything! I hope fervently to get my fruit cake baked early enough that it will have time to rest and blend its seasonings. I hope I shall have found a moderately priced real, old-fashioned spinning wheel for Adrienne. I've been talking to people who frequent the antique shops, but none of them have reported seeing any. I'm so busy with school work that I do not have time to do the extensive rummaging through the shops to hunt for this unusual item.

During the late autumn Adrienne was involved with a fair on the grounds of Hawks Inn, which is the restored stage stop here in Delafield. She is now on her third year as a guide at Hawks Inn, and as a result has become a genuine lover of things of the 1800 era. One of the displays on the grounds was run by a very young girl with her spinning wheel. She had her own supply of wool from the sheep her father raises right here in quiet Delafield. Adrienne has been learning from this young woman how to spin, and the more she learned, the more enthusiastic she grew with the idea of owning her own spinning wheel and carding combs, and of course she has a ready made source of wool to buy from the teacher. She is even learning the old-fashioned methods of dyeing the wool with root dyes and a piece of metal in the water to make the wool accept the color more readily.

Well, to make a long story brief, she has not come up with a spinning wheel, and I'm almost at a total loss to know where to find one. Lucile has in the past asked for help from you kind readers when she was in a bind, and perhaps you can help me now. If you know of a spinning wheel in reasonably good repair that I could buy, I would love to hear from you with an address where I could write. One of the men in Delafield is carving the drop-spindles for the ladies at the Inn, but Adrienne insists that she wants a foot-operated spinning wheel. Any good leads would certainly be appreciated.

With the profits the ladies auxiliary makes from this autumn fair at Hawks Inn, they are planning to add the missing wing, which was the kitchen. This will be an enormous undertaking for the ladies to build a kitchen which will not look entirely new but will have a flavor of the rest of the Inn. They are doing vast hours of research into the furnishings and I'm certain they will do it properly before they are through. They all quilted last winter, and made a



Morris the Freeloader is back with the Driftmiers after a long absence.

simply splendid double-bed size quilt depicting scenes of the 1847 era. I told them about the quilt that the Driftmier grandchildren made for their grandmother under the needle of a very young lady named Alison. They all agreed that was a wonderful present for a grandmother, and I'm sure you will agree that as a money-making idea for your club, making an original quilt and selling chances on a name for it, is an equally stunning idea. The ladies all donated their time and materials and the fun they had quilting together made a season or two of well-spent, jolly fellowship.

A very interesting happening stands out in my mind to report this month. After a long absence, Morris the Freeloader has returned. For those of you who missed my letter of two winters ago, there appeared on our window box, in the middle of a snow fall, a fluffy big male tiger kitten with long, ice-balled fur, and an appetite which demanded attention — even through the glass window. We took him in and fed him, so of course he didn't leave. He was a nice lovable cat and the children enjoyed him enormously, because our Siamese isn't the most affectionate cat in the world. I kept expecting his appetite to wane as he grew to manhood, but instead it increased, as did some of his undesirable habits. I guess we got to be too much for him, too, because last March, just the weekend before Katharine was due home from college, Morris vanished. Spring had arrived and he must have wanted to seek his fortune.

Well, after seven long months of wondering about him, just in time for Katharine's return from college for another vacation, I looked up in the same window box, and there, staring in at me

with those amber eyes was good old Morris. I had truly given him up for dead after so much time, so I investigated his off-beat markings to be sure it really was Morris. He walked in the back door after our initial greeting on the back porch, sauntered past Paul's room and upon finding he was not at home, headed straight for the kitchen where he was accustomed to finding FOOD. By now I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that our prodigal son had returned.

He was fatter than when he left, and had not a scar to indicate that he had had a tough seven-month existence. We have about concluded that Morris has a summer place on the lake, no doubt, where the "eats" are perhaps fresher, and this is where he comes when the hint of winter is in the air. Simba, Adrienne's Siamese female, was enraged that he had come back. She jumped to the top of the oven and thence to the higher spot on the top of the radio on top of the refrigerator. She sang terrible songs to him under her breath, that held no tone of welcome. She grew more vocal with each succeeding trip he made to her food dish. We've all accepted the fact that he is back to stay — at least until spring. Simba has grown less nervous now that she is sure who he is, but she hands out a few more generous bites to show her general displeasure with us for being such ninnies as to take him back.

I hope your year ends blessedly and that your families, like ours, will soon all be together again.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!

by
Evelyn Birkby

Good grief! I said as the summer sped by with the canning and freezing of garden produce taking precedence over all other activity.

Mercy me! I exclaimed as our three sons came home from their summer employment at the Philmont Scout Ranch in New Mexico and we went into a frenzy of sorting, mending, washing and packing so each could get off to his respective college for the fall term.

Great heavens! I panicked as the first of October brought the opportunity for a vacation with the usual frantic preparation for being away from home for two weeks.

It isn't possible! I commented as we tumbled into November and Thanksgiving.

Slow down! I shouted as the calendar approached December.

But it has been to no avail. Time moves along and the busier and happier we are the faster it seems to go. So we hurry, hurry, hurry and pray that everything will be accomplished that is essential. Hopefully, somehow, we will have the good sense to cut out the unimportant before December 25th arrives.

Maybe some of the last minute confusion has value. I remember the year I addressed my greeting cards so early I had none of that to do as the holidays approached. Something was missing in the familiar pattern and I found that sitting down in the early winter evening to write notes and inscribe the familiar names on the envelopes was much better than trying to be efficient earlier in the year.

Each year I add new ideas to the old routine, discoveries that *do* help get through this busiest of seasons with a minimum of confusion.

Shutting off the extra noise around the house helps tremendously. Unless we have a program we really want to hear we turn off the radio and television. None of this turning them on in the morning and letting them run in the background no matter what is on.

Whenever possible I go shopping early in the day. This makes it easier for me and leaves space for those whose hours of work make it necessary to shop later.

I try to get the entire family to help with the preparations. Boxes of old decorations and odds and ends which can be used to make new ones come out from the attic and basement. Whenever anyone is available I ask for their suggestions and help in making the decorations for the season just ahead. Even guests can be asked to make a decoration from the box. This makes great variety in design and the house



Rhesa and Gina Barrett, next-door neighbors, give Evelyn advice on sewing doll clothes for nieces.

contains not only sparkle but memories of delightful visits.

It seems that we've always tried to recycle, refurbish and make-do, but this year such economy seems essential. A holly wreath I purchased at an auction sale has a new coat of silver paint and several bright red balls to make it useable on the yard light post. The fall weed arrangement is ready for the holidays with some glue, glitter, silver paint and the addition of several artificial poinsettias.

A silk dress purchased at a second-hand store gave me enough fabric for three fine handmade silk ties. A used wedding gown provided for several nightgowns and the satin was used for a lovely negligee. The tiny scraps were used to make brides gowns for the two Barbie doll girls that now live in this household. (My two neighbor girl doll experts helped with the supervision of these projects.)

Right at this moment I am collecting all the pieces of gingham from the scrap box to use in making cute pillow-type decorations for the tree, to braid into a wreath and to stitch into a set

ROAD TO CHRISTMAS

The road to Christmas is a happy one —
All fragrant with the scent of spruce
and pine,

And colored lights are bright
As if the sun in all its brilliance
Never ceased to shine by day or night;
And every passerby calls a gay greet-
ing to his fellowman

While carolers make music high and
sweet

To cheer the Christmas caravan.
The road is old — and yet forever new —
Where revelers now gather Wise men
trod,

And on a far-off night 'neath heavens
blue,

A little donkey bore — on back so
broad —

So are all roads to Christmas, lighted
by a Star.

of placemats for the table. The top of these mats will be patchwork and the backing will be made from a mattress cover. With wrong sides together, I'll stitch with the machine following the quilting pattern on the mattress cover. The edging will be either bias tape or a bias strip cut from one of the gingham pieces.

Even though all of these plans seem to be moving right along, I know that at least once before December 25th I'll have a moment of panic. The symptoms are easy to recognize. Sometimes they arrive in the middle of the night and begin with insomnia, tossing, turning and fidgeting. Finally I'll get out of bed and walk the floor. Worry about all the things to be done before Christmas pile into my mind. If I am sensible I'll sit down with a paper and pencil and list everything that must be done, drink a glass of milk, read something light and crawl back into bed. Hopefully, the work will stay on the paper and not crawl back into bed with me.

Sometimes the moment of panic hits in the middle of the day. It can suddenly arrive in a store as I stare at the multitude of articles for sale and not find one single item which suits a person on my list. Or it can come when the telephone rings and someone asks me please to bring one more plate of cookies or attend one more meeting or serve on one more committee. Pushing down the hysteria in my throat I try to think of one more way to politely say, "No."

Usually these ailments last no more than 24 hours. Its best antidote is to find several gifts just right for giving, or get the last of the boxes into the post office, or realize that the pile of cards to be addressed is getting smaller. It also helps to cross off the calendar some of the extra meetings which really don't add much to the meaning of the season.

If possible I would stop *all* the activities that did not involve home, church and school during the holidays. I wish clubs would not meet in December, the office parties would be held the first of February and dinners with the neighbors would be moved into the middle of March. Spreading the fun of the season might just be the answer to some of the feeling of pressure that can be found this time of year.

Christmas, truly, is family, home and church oriented. Its beauty comes from love shared and the joy of being with or hearing from those you love. It certainly is not from the fashionable, the elaborate or the ornate.

The faith which made Christmas happen in the first place should be the center of the holidays. If this is done all else will fall into proper perspective, even the hurrying!

Holiday Recipes

Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family



HALF AND HALF SQUARES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 Tbls. cold water
- 2 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. baking soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips
- 1 cup coconut

Cream shortening with sugar and 1/2 cup of the brown sugar. Mix egg yolks with water; add to mixture. Add flavoring. Sift dry ingredients; add to creamed mixture gradually. Press into 9- by 13-inch pan. Press butterscotch chips and coconut lightly over top. Beat egg whites with remaining brown sugar; spread over top. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes or until done. Cut in squares when cool.

—Margery



CHOCOLATE-MARSHMALLOW DROP COOKY

- 1 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- 24 large marshmallows, cut horizontally

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Sift flour with baking soda, salt and cocoa. Mix sugar, shortening, egg and flavorings until creamy; blend in flour mixture alternately with milk. Stir in walnuts. Drop teaspoon of dough onto greased cookie sheet. Bake for 8 minutes. Remove from oven. Press marshmallow half, cut side down, lightly onto each cookie. Return to oven for 2 minutes or until cookies are done and marshmallows are softened.

—Margery

CRANBERRY SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup cranberry sauce
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup crushed pineapple
- 1/2 cup chopped celery

Dissolve gelatin in water. Cool slightly and add remaining ingredients. Pour in pan and let set.

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/2 cup prepared whipped topping
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Soften cream cheese. Add whipped topping and nuts. Spread on the salad and chill. Serve on lettuce.

—Ruby

OLIVE CHEESE BALL

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 2 4-oz. pkgs. crumbled blue cheese
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 2/3 cup chopped ripe olives, well drained
- 1 Tbls. chopped chives
- 1/3 cup chopped walnuts

Blend together the cheeses and margarine or butter. Stir in the olives and chives. Chill slightly and form into a ball, then press the chopped nuts over the ball, coating thoroughly. This recipe makes about three cups and can be made into two smaller balls, or even into bite-sized balls. They freeze very well.

—Mae Driftmier



LEANNA'S DIVINITY

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup light corn syrup
- 3/4 cup water
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup broken nut meats

Place sugar, syrup and water over low heat and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Do not stir again, but let simmer until it reaches the soft-ball stage, or 255 degrees on the candy thermometer. Move from heat and pour in a fine stream into the beaten egg whites. Beat until it loses its gloss and holds shape when you dip it off in bite-sized pieces or pour it in a buttered pan. Add flavoring and nuts just before you pour it out.

CHOCOLATE DROP COOKIES

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 ounces unsweetened chocolate
- 1 3/4 cups flour, sifted
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cream margarine until light. Add sugar gradually; beat well. Beat in egg. Melt chocolate over hot water and stir into creamed mixture. (I use the chocolate that is already softened, it's faster.) Sift dry ingredients together. Add to chocolate mixture with milk and mix well. Stir in vanilla flavoring. Drop by teaspoon 2 inches apart on an ungreased cookie sheet. Bake at 400 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes. These are good as they are or you may frost them and top with nutmeats. Makes about 3 dozen.

—Mae Driftmier

SOUTHERN FRUITCAKE

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/3 cups dark brown sugar
- 1/4 cup dark molasses
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1/4 cup fruit juice
- 1 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. ginger
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 2 cups raisins
- 2 cups candied fruit, chopped
- 1 to 2 cups nuts

Cream butter or margarine, butter flavoring and sugar until light and fluffy. Mix in molasses and burnt sugar flavoring. Beat egg yolks until light and lemon colored; add to creamed mixture. Beat in fruit juice of your choice. Sift dry ingredients together. Mix with fruit and nuts. Stir into batter. When well blended, gently fold in stiffly beaten egg whites.

Grease angel food cake pan. Line with waxed paper and grease again. Fill with batter. Place in a pan filled with hot water. Cover rim of angel food cake pan with heavy greased paper (a brown paper sack, cut, well greased will do nicely). Bake 3 hours at 275 degrees. Test for doneness. Continue cooking a little longer if needed. Remove from oven and let stand at least 30 minutes before removing from pan. It should have a moist, chewy texture. Keeps well, freezes nicely.

—Evelyn

RUBY'S MINCEMEAT

- 2 lbs. cooked lean beef
- 1/2 cup suet
- 5 lbs. apples
- 3 lbs. raisins
- 1 Tbls. salt
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 2 cups cider
- 2 cups meat stock
- 1 cup frozen orange juice, undiluted
- 2 Tbls. lemon juice
- 3/4 cup vinegar
- 2 tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 2 tsp. cinnamon

Put the meat, suet, apples and raisins through the food chopper using coarse blade. Add the rest of the ingredients and boil for one hour on low heat, stirring occasionally. Add more sugar or bits of leftover jelly if desired. Pack in sterilized jars and seal. This recipe makes about 10 pints.

SPICED NUTS

- 2 1/2 cups pecans, almond halves or English walnuts (We used pecans because it's what we had on hand.)
- 2 cups sifted powdered sugar
- 1/2 cup cornstarch
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup ground cinnamon
- 2 tsp. ground ginger
- 1 Tbls. ground cloves
- 1 tsp. ground nutmeg
- 1 egg white
- 1 Tbls. plus 1 tsp. cold water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Spread nuts out on a cooky sheet (preferably one with raised edges so they won't slide off easily) and place in a 200-degree oven for 10 minutes.

Beat egg white until frothy with water and flavorings.

Dip nuts, not many at a time, into this mixture and let drain a few minutes in a coarse strainer. Then put them into a sack filled with a portion of the first ingredients that have been sifted together and shake briskly as if you were flouring chicken. Spread out on cooky sheet and repeat until all nuts have been covered.

Bake in a 200-degree oven for approximately 3 hours. (Place a layer of the spiced mixture on the bottom of the cooky sheet . . . then the nuts on top of this.)

NOTE: You may question some of the amounts given here, but believe me, it makes for a superb confection. Store in an air-tight container (we used a 1-lb. coffee can with tight lid) if there are any left to store! Everyone who's tasted these is crazy about them — a marvelous holiday delicacy.

—Betty and Lucile

**COCO-MINTS**

- 3/4 cup margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup cocoa
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Cream margarine, butter flavoring and sugar. Add egg and beat well. Sift flour, baking powder, soda, salt, and cocoa together. Add alternately with milk and vanilla flavoring. Shape the dough into long rolls, 1 inch in diameter. Wrap each roll in waxed paper. Chill. Cut chilled rolls into thin slices. Bake on greased cooky sheet at 325 degrees for 10 minutes. Remove from baking sheet while warm. When cooled, put cookies together, sandwich style, with Mint Filling.

Mint Filling

- 3 Tbls. margarine
 - 2 cups powdered sugar
 - 3 Tbls. milk
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
 - Green food coloring
- Combine ingredients and beat until smooth and creamy.

EXCELLENT CHOCOLATE BARS

- 1 14-oz. pkg. Kraft caramels
- 1/3 cup evaporated milk
- 1 regular-sized box German chocolate cake mix
- 3/4 cup margarine, melted
- 1/3 cup evaporated milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 6-oz. pkg. semisweet chocolate chips

In top of a double boiler, combine caramels and 1/3 cup evaporated milk. Cook until melted. Set aside.

Grease a 9- by 13-inch pan. In bowl, combine cake mix, melted margarine, 1/3 cup milk, flavorings and nuts. Stir by hand until well mixed. Using half of dough, spread a layer over the bottom of pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 6 minutes. Remove from oven. Sprinkle the chocolate chips over the baked crust. Spread caramel mixture over chocolate chips, and then carefully spread the reserved dough as well as possible over caramel layer. Return to oven and bake 20 minutes. Cool slightly. Cut in bars. These are rich and chewy.

BANANA SPLIT CAKE

- 2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 1 stick melted margarine or butter
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 sticks margarine (soft)
- 2 cups powdered sugar
- 3 or 4 bananas (depending upon size)
- 1 medium-sized can crushed pineapple, drained
- 1 large carton whipped topping, thawed
- 1/2 cup chopped maraschino cherries, drained
- 3/4 cup chopped nuts

Mix the first three ingredients together and spread evenly into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Press down firmly.

Beat the next three ingredients together in electric mixer for not less than 15 minutes. Spread this mixture evenly over the unbaked graham cracker crust. Cover with the thinly sliced bananas. On top of this spread the well-drained pineapple, and then top with the whipped topping. Sprinkle the cherries and nuts on top. Refrigerate overnight. (We let ours stand two nights before it went to the plant for afternoon coffee break.)

We'd suggest adding a small amount of finely chopped green cherries along with the maraschino cherries for use as refreshments during the holiday season.

This recipe came from a young homemaker who says that her two little girls, Lisa and Lori, love to help her cook for their daddy and brother Mike.

—Betty and Lucile

COCONUT-PINEAPPLE SQUARES

- 1/2 cup softened margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 1/4 cups sifted flour
- Dash of salt
- 1 cup well-drained crushed pineapple
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 1 1/2 cups shredded coconut
- 1 Tbls. margarine

Cream 1/2 cup margarine, butter flavoring and 1/4 cup sugar together. Add flour and salt and blend into dough. Spread dough in a 9-inch square pan and then prick with fork. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes or until golden brown. Remove from oven. Spread on the pineapple mixed with pineapple flavoring. Mix together the 1/2 cup sugar, egg, coconut and 1 Tbls. margarine. Spread over the pineapple layer. Return to oven and bake for 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Cut in squares.

These bars are the best when used the same day they are baked.

BROWNED-IN-BUTTER OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/4 cup vegetable shortening
- 2 1/2 cups rolled oats
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 egg
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Melt the margarine in a heavy skillet until lightly browned. Add the shortening and rolled oats and stir constantly until the oats are toast colored. Remove from the heat and cool thoroughly. Sift together the cinnamon, soda, flour and salt and set aside. In a separate bowl, cream the sugar, egg and flavorings together. Add the flour mixture and the cooled oats mixture. Drop by teaspoon onto an ungreased cookie sheet and bake about 8-10 minutes in a 375-degree oven.

—Dorothy

FROSTED RASPBERRY SALAD

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. strawberry gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 4 cups raspberries (or 2 pkgs. frozen raspberries)
- 1 1/2 cups liquid
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/4 lb. marshmallows, diced
- 1 cup half-and-half
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. If frozen raspberries are used, thaw in strainer, reserving liquid. To the liquid, add enough cold water to make 1 1/2 cups. Stir into gelatin mixture. If fresh raspberries are used, add 1 1/2 cups water to gelatin mixture. Add lemon juice and raspberry flavoring. Chill until syrupy. Add raspberries. Spoon into 9-inch by 13-inch pan and refrigerate until firm. Combine cream cheese, which has been softened to room temperature, marshmallows and half-and-half. Let stand several hours or overnight. The marshmallows dis-

solve and the mixture thickens. Fold in nuts and spread on top of firm raspberry layer. Nuts may just be sprinkled on top if preferred. A few drops of Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring in the topping makes a fine added nut taste and no nuts are needed unless desired.

—Evelyn

CHOCOLATE CREAMS

- 1 pkg. (8 oz.) semisweet chocolate
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 3/4 cups sifted powdered sugar
- 2 Tbls. light cream
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Chocolate sprinkles or finely chopped nuts

Partially melt chocolate squares with butter or margarine over hot water. Remove and stir rapidly until chocolate is entirely melted. Blend in sugar, cream and flavoring. Chill until mixture will hold its shape — 1/2 to 3/4 hour. Form into small balls; then roll in chocolate sprinkles or nuts. This makes about five dozen candies. This candy should be stored in the refrigerator.

—Mae Driftmier

QUICK PLUM BREAD

- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 cup plum puree
- 1 cup salad oil
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup nuts, chopped
- A few drops Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Add remaining ingredients. Beat well. Spoon into two greased loaf pans. Bake at 350 degrees for about one hour, or until cake tester pushed into center comes out clean. Remove from oven, turn onto cooling rack and make the following glaze to pour over *hot* bread.

Glaze

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. milk
- Pinch of soda
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine and simmer three minutes. Pour over hot loaves of plum bread.

This is a marvelous bread! It has a delicate flavor, excellent just with butter or with cream cheese spread for an open-faced sandwich. The large can or jar of baby food contains 1 cup plum puree and is fine for this recipe. Or make your own puree in your blender. Apricots would be another fruit which would make excellent bread using this recipe. Freezes well.

—Evelyn

He'd Be Doing You a Real Big FLAVOR



If the jolly fat fellow introduced you to Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings, you'd leave something great by the fireplace next Christmas . . . something delicious you cooked up yourself. Because these are the real true-to-life flavorings that taste so great, smell so swell, and go such a long way. And if you were a *really* good girl, maybe he'd bring you all sixteen;

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

Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings

If you can't 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 postage. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

PEANUT BRITTLE

- 2 cups peanuts
- 1 cup sugar
- 2/3 cup light syrup
- 1/3 cup water
- 1/2 stick butter
- 1 tsp. baking soda

Cook the first four ingredients together on medium heat, stirring constantly until peanuts are golden brown. Then add butter and soda. Pour mixture into a buttered platter and let stand until hard.

—Ruby

MOTHER'S GINGERBREAD BOYS

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup dark molasses
- 4 tsp. soda
- 4 Tbls. cold water
- 6 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 tsp. ginger

Combine and beat thoroughly the first four ingredients. Stir in soda which has been dissolved in cold water. Sift and add flour, salt and ginger. Chill. Roll out and cut. Bake in 375-degree oven for 10 minutes.

MINCEMEAT COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup honey
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 3 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 1/2 cups mincemeat

Combine shortening, flavoring and honey. Add eggs. Sift together and add the flour, salt and soda. Stir in the mincemeat. Drop by spoon on greased cookie sheet. Bake in 350-degree oven until light brown.

—Leanna

CRANBERRY RELISH SALAD

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1 cup drained crushed pineapple
- 1 1/2 cups ground cranberry-orange relish
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1/2 cup whipped cream or prepared topping
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened to room temperature

Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. Drain as much liquid as possible from the pineapple. When gelatin has been chilled to the point of being syrupy, add pineapple, cranberry-orange relish and pineapple flavoring. Stir well to blend. Pour into mold and refrigerate until firm. When completely firm, blend whipped cream into softened cream cheese to frost salad. Return to refrigerator to chill topping.

—Margery

"MELT-IN-YOUR-MOUTH" COOKIES

- 1 cup butter
 - 1/3 cup powdered sugar
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1 cup sifted flour
 - 3/4 cup cornstarch (this is right!)
- Cream butter, powdered sugar and flavoring. Sift flour and cornstarch and add. Drop by teaspoon on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees about 12-14 minutes.

Frosting

- 1 cup powdered sugar
 - 2 Tbls. butter, melted
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Cream
Mix all ingredients adding enough cream to make frosting a good spreading consistency.

—Margery

JIM-JAMS

(A crazy-sounding name for a perfectly delicious holiday cookie.)

- 1 cup soft butter
 - 1 1/2 cups sifted powdered sugar
 - 1 egg, plus 1 egg yolk
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
 - 2 1/2 cups flour
 - 1 tsp. soda
 - 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- Small amount of fine quality jam
Cream together soft butter and powdered sugar until very light and fluffy. Beat in the well-beaten egg, plus 1 additional yolk, to which the vanilla and almond flavorings have been added. Sift together the flour, soda and cream of tartar. Add to the first mixture and work until perfectly smooth. Put into a bowl, cover, and refrigerate for at least 1 hour.

When ready to work with this dough spoon out a very small amount and drop on a lightly greased cookie sheet. Make a tiny indentation in the top of each one and fill it with an equally tiny amount of fine quality jam. Bake at 375 degrees and begin watching like a hawk at the end of 8 minutes. Ten minutes is bound to be enough — it all depends upon your oven.

NOTES: These are very small cookies, extremely rich, of course, and without any nuts added can be managed by anyone! We were working with other things that morning and made a criss-cross over the top with some powdered sugar frosting. Other parts of the dough were made up by Hanna with a butter-scotch chip on part of them and a chocolate chip on others.

No matter what you do with this dough, it makes up into an extremely festive-looking big tray.

—Betty and Lucile

PARTY PINK DIVINITY

- 3 cups sugar
- 3/4 cup water
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup light corn syrup
- 2 egg whites
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cherry gelatin
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/2 cup maraschino cherries, cut up in small slices

Combine sugar, water, salt and syrup in a heavy saucepan. Put on medium heat. Stir constantly until mixture boils. Then cook without stirring to hard-ball stage (250 degrees on thermometer). Remove from heat.

Beat egg whites in a large bowl to soft peaks and gradually add gelatin and flavoring and beat to stiff peaks. Pour hot syrup in thin stream into stiff beaten whites, beating constantly. Beat until candy loses gloss and holds shape. Fold in maraschino cherry pieces, and drop onto waxed paper — working quickly!

Variation: Substitute strawberry gelatin, 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring, 1/2 cup flaked or shredded coconut, and 1 cup chopped pecans.

—Dorothy

SIMPLE EGGNOG

- 1 3/4-oz. pkg. vanilla pudding mix
- 5 cups milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- Whipped cream
- Nutmeg (optional)

Combine pudding and milk. Stir over low heat until mixture comes to a full boil. Stir constantly. Remove from fire. Stir in flavorings. Serve hot or cold with dollop of whipped cream on top. Sprinkle on nutmeg for a bit of color and flavor.

—Evelyn

CHILI CHEESE LOG

- 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 8 ounces sharp process American cheese, shredded
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. garlic powder
- Dash of red pepper
- 1/4 cup finely chopped pecans
- 1 tsp. chili powder
- 1 tsp. paprika

Let cheeses stand at room temperature to soften; combine cheeses, lemon juice, garlic powder and red pepper. Beat with an electric or rotary beater till light and fluffy. Stir in the nuts and shape into a roll about 1 1/2 inches in diameter. Mix the chili powder and paprika on waxed paper and roll the cheese log in it until it is thoroughly coated. Chill. Before serving let stand at room temperature for about 10 minutes.

—Mae Driftmier

FOR THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

by Mabel Nair Brown

LITTLE SNOWFLAKES

(For Finger Play)

Little snowflakes, pure and white,
Falling (1) gently — what a sight!

Like the snowflakes (2) we should be
Always beautiful to see.

Snowflakes (2) fall at Christmas time
When the bells so sweetly chime (3).

Snowflakes, snowflakes (2), soft and
light (1)

Bring to children great delight (4).

Motions: (1) Make a falling motion
with the hands. (2) Raise hands up-
ward and "flutter" the fingers. (3)
Shake right hand as if ringing a bell.
(4) Clap hands joyfully.

CHRISTMAS JEWELS

(A Skit)

Note: a very small tree stands on a
low table. Each child carries some
bright Christmas tree ornament which,
at the close of his or her narration, he
hangs on the tree before stepping over
to right side of stage.

First:

Christmas comes with happiness,
Comes with joy, comes to bless;
Friendly deeds may well be
Jewels on the Christmas tree!

Second:

Let's try the lonely ones to find,
Give them cheer, be very kind;
Loving words may be, you see,
Jewels on the Christmas tree!

Third:

Cards and greetings, glad and gay,
Smiles to brighten someone's day;
They bring sunshine you will see,
Jewels on the Christmas tree!

Fourth:

Gifts have a very special part,
If we give with loving heart;
Then they'll bring joy to you, to me,
Jewels on the Christmas tree.

All: (Speaking in unison)

Christmas gladness would you find?
Then speak a loving word, and kind.
Do with joy a loving deed,
Help someone who is in need.
These will bring others joy and you
will see
Jewels of love on your Christmas tree!

THE WONDERFUL NIGHT

'Twas a starry night and the wind was
still

And the Star shown bright o'er Judea's
hill,

When God sent His beloved Son down
And left Him with Mary in Bethlehem
town.

Then the angels sang till the break of
morn,

"Rejoice! For the Prince of Peace is
born!"



It doesn't seem any time at all
since we showed you our first pic-
ture of Natalie Nenneman, and now
she is eight! Since the Nennemans
live in Omaha, Natalie and Lisa
often visit their grandparents,
Howard and Mae Driftmier, who
live here in Shenandoah.

FROM BETHLEHEM TO YOU

AN ACROSTIC SERVICE

by

Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Place a very large star above
the worship setting. If possible, let it
be one which can be electrically light-
ed at the proper moment. If not, then
cover a large cardboard star with gold
paper and glitter, and arrange to have
a spotlight which can be turned on it.

On the table below it place the
Bible, opened to Matt. 2, on a raised
level. (This can be a small box.) Cover
both it and the table with a cloth of
deep green material. Across the front
of the table arrange holders (needle
point flower holders or blocks of styro-
foam) hidden by evergreen tips, in
which large gold letters spelling
BETHLEHEM are placed, as directed
later.

The letters may be placed by two
helpers, speaking and placing the let-
ters alternately from a position on
either side of the worship setting, or
there can be a speaker for each letter.
If just two helpers are used, they and
the leader should wear dark choir robes
if possible. If a group is used, they
might just step forward from their
seats in the audience at the right mo-
ment to do their part and then return to
their seats.

Musical Background: Prelude — "O
Little Town of Bethlehem", which is
also used during the closing moments
of the service and the benediction.
Throughout the service the background
music may include "We Three Kings"
and "Star of the East".

Leader: "O star of wonder, star of
night, star with royal beauty bright
(she turns the light on the star). West-
ward leading, still proceeding, guide
us to Thy perfect light."

*The people who walked in darkness
have seen a great light; those who
dwelt in a land of deep darkness, on
them has light shined. (Isaiah 9:2)*

*But you, O Bethlehem Ephrathah, who
are little to be among the clans of
Judah, from you shall come forth for me
one who is to be ruler of Israel, whose
origin is from of old, from ancient days.
(Micah 5:2)*

*Now when Jesus was born in Bethle-
hem of Judea, in the days of Herod the
king, wise men from the East came to
Jerusalem, saying, "Where is He who
has been born king of the Jews? We
have seen His star in the East, and
have come to worship Him!" (Matt. 2:
1-2)*

*"O golden star of glory, a-shine in
yonder sky (gesture toward star). You
are a sign to men on earth, a sign from
God on high! Of gifts Thou givest to
us today, as Thou didst then, to all
who followed His shining Star to Beth-
lehem! O golden star of glory, up there
so glowingly a-shine, make me to see
this day what gifts of Bethlehem are
mine."*

Each speaker (letter) places the let-
ter in holder, then speaks.

B — *The Blessed Babe* of Bethlehem,
God gave Him to you and me, that we,
through His great sacrifice, might live
eternally.

E — *Eternal Light* that shall never
dim — just so long as our heart's door
welcomes Him in.

T — *Truth* — it shall thy shield and
buckler be; Jesus said "I am the way,
the truth" and "Ye come to the Father
through me."

H — *Hope* that can conquer our
agonies, our tears. Hope to face
bravely life's oncoming years.

L — *Love* came down at Christmas,
love be yours and love be mine. Love
to share with world-wide brothers, love
incarnate, love divine.

E — *Priceless gift* of an *Example*
God has given unto you. As He lived,
so each one of us should do.

H — *Happiness* and joy in obedience
to God will be our chosen part, if we
make room to let the Savior dwell with-
in our heart.

E — *The Everlasting God*, who led
the wise men, is with us still; tenderly
He'll guide us, too, if we yield unto
His will.

M — *May the Miracle*, the *Marvelous*
wonder of Bethlehem, remain always
with us, that He may our life's center
ever, always, forever be.

Leader:

I cannot walk the long, steep road
(Continued on page 20)



COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

Christmas Crafts Things to make the 24 days before Christmas (Harper & Row, Publishers, 10 East 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y., \$4.95) by Carolyn Meyer is a book for children and adults who want to enjoy the pre-Christmas season in a creative way. Here are easy-to-follow directions for making traditional holiday decorations, foods, and other projects — one for each of the 24 days before Christmas — and information about the origins of many Christmas customs. There are instructions for making an Advent wreath out of painted clay, and delicious Yule recipes. Anita Lobel's diagrams show, step by step, how to cut patterns for a bread-dough Christmas manger and crochet star chains.

December 10 is a good time to make the gingerbread cottage, but try not to eat it until everyone else has had a chance to admire it! The egg, the symbol of new life, appears as a Christmas tree decoration in Europe. To empty the egg, hold it over a cup and blow hard into one of the holes (made by a needle) . . . *Christmas Crafts*, filled with interesting family projects, will help capture the joyous mood of Christmas.

When Eric Sloane began writing his books on Americana, he would often say he did not "want to revere the past but only to recapture those good and valuable things of the past." This philosophy is reflected in the many books he has written: *American Barns and Covered Bridges*, *Our Vanishing Landscape*, *American Yesterday*, *The Seasons of America Past*, *Return to Taos*, *A Museum of Early American Tools*, and *Diary of an Early American Boy*. Many of these books are now available in paperback editions.

In *A Reverence for Wood*, Eric Sloane shows the importance of wood in the founding of our country. There is factual and historically accurate information and special knowledge of which wood was suitable for which task. Heavily illustrated, there is a special section on identification of nearly 60 native trees. The author's note is revealing: "Perhaps after reading this book when you hear the rustling of leaves or the wind in the boughs, smell the fragrance of a Christmas tree or the burning of a pine log in the fireplace, or see the majesty of a gnarled



Lisa Nenneman, daughter of Donna and Tom Nenneman of Omaha, is an avid reader. Her current interest is the "Little House" books by Laura Ingalls Wilder and anything about the early history of Colorado.

and ancient oak, you will revive some faint memory from our early American heritage and share with those first settlers a reverence for wood."

A Reverence for Wood, a delight to own or to give, can be obtained at your bookstore or where paperbacks are sold. To order by mail, send \$2.00 plus 25¢ for handling to Ballantine Cash Sales, P.O. Box 505, Westminster, Maryland 21157.

"I have long been conscious that mine has been a privileged life. By sheer circumstance of being the son of a prominent public figure, I have been thrust into situations and witnessed events that have deeply affected my life and outlook." These words were written by John S. D. Eisenhower in his book *Strictly Personal* (Doubleday and Co., Garden City, N.Y., \$10.95). The book gives the account of the coming of age of a respectful, loving son, moving through the sunlight and shadow cast by his famous father, General Eisenhower, and on to the writing career he has successfully begun. *Strictly Personal* tells of Mr. Eisenhower's being in the company of men like Churchill, Stalin, Khrushchev, Truman, Dulles and Patton. But mostly the book is the story of his life, as an Army brat, through West Point, to active combat in Korea, then as his father's aide at the White House. After writing his first book *The Bitter Woods*, he was made U.S. Ambassador to Belgium. *Strictly Personal* makes fine autobiographical reading and he reports events in an entertaining way.

A paperback book that is called *What's Right with America* by Dwight

Bohmbach is a handbook for Americans that reminds us of the solid, positive, right things we have in America today. Strengths we can use when we make changes and repairs in the 200-year-old national structure of ours, and things we can build on for the future.

The book is broken up into 70 little "helpings". Each discusses and answers a negative comment you're likely to hear about America. The separate pieces come together to make a picture of the greatest, most complex country in the world.

Examples of comments and then a discussion of facts by the author include:

"Americans just don't seem to care about the country any more." — America is bigger than all of us. Troubles come, troubles go. But the country has a deep, intricate strength that stabilizes and sustains and corrects its course into the future. We owe it to ourselves not to form part of a silent majority, but of a positive one, speaking for ourselves and what we believe is right. U.S. equal US.

"We've lost that old neighborliness. Americans don't want to get involved any more." — If you wonder "what's happened to the old tradition of American neighborliness" you might simply go down to your local hospital or nursing home and volunteer to help out. You'll find it suddenly flourishing in your own heart.

What's Right with America (Harrow Books, paperback, \$1.25) has very positive facts. On the last page, the author tells us to get involved and change the country for the better. Also, look carefully into every other country on the globe. Then consider the alternatives.



RECIPE FOR CHRISTMAS

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

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

Prepare a crackling hot fireplace.

Sprinkle in some holly and a dash of fir.

Mix gently with a preparation of family and friends.

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

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

Season with a few smiles and a bushel of love.

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

Serve to the strains of a Christmas carol.

Feel the goodness of living.

And the yield is one VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Last August my husband and I judged the horticulture section at the Aitkin, Minnesota, county fair. One of our clerks mentioned that she had an organically grown garden and after the judging was over she invited us out to see it. We hesitated because the judging had been tiring and we had ahead of us a long trek home, but I had never visited a large, organic garden so we drove out to the farm.

It is owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. Verne Eastman, a delightful couple who once had a dream of retiring to the land and obtaining their sustenance from it. At 58 years of age, Eastman gave up his Minneapolis area job as a tool grinder and moved his family to a wild 80-acre tract he had purchased five miles out of the town of Aitkin. The Eastmans literally carved a home out of the wilderness in a jewel-like setting with beautiful trees around their new house and a natural pond in the background.

At the time we visited them, they had been on the place nine years and considerable improvements had been made: a rustic bridge had been built over the narrow end of the pond; an artificial creek bed was dug and landscaped with innumerable bog plants; a pumping system had been devised so the water from the pond could be recycled through the creek bed where it trickled over a

rocky bottom. When I asked where so many interesting stones and rock formations had found their way to the creek, Eastman winced a little and felt of his back. "We lugged them from all over the farm," he grinned. "But we like the sound of water trickling over stones so it was well worth the effort."

The vegetable garden was almost unbelievable. There were rows and rows of carrots, beans (every variety imaginable — even pole beans), beets, parsnips, rutabagas, turnips, a second crop of peas coming into bloom, sweet corn, potatoes and peppers. Tomatoes were neatly staked with bumper crops of fruits starting to ripen. Chives, parsley, garlic, along with many herbs, were planted in a special section. There was no evidence of insect damage or disease, yet the Eastmans use no poisonous spray material whatever.

Raspberry canes reached higher than one's head, and short Mrs. Eastman had to use a stepladder to reach the luscious berries. Space doesn't allow me to tell about the interesting flower beds and their delightful home, but if you ever get up near Aitkin, Minn., do look up Eastmans Backacres, an organic gardening venture par excellence. Their welcome mat is always out.

Peace and good will on earth will come, not because it is an ideal state of affairs for mankind, but rather because it is necessary if man is to endure.

MEANLY MAGIC MISTLETOE

by
Evelyn Pickering

Mistletoe, the "golden bough" of classical legend, was held sacred by the Druids and by the Norsemen. The word *mistletoe* means "all heal". It was believed to have the miraculous power of healing diseases, the giving of fertility to humans and animals, and protecting from witchcraft and evil spirits. It was considered so hallowed that even enemies who met by chance beneath a mistletoe in the forest would exchange friendly greetings and lay down arms until the following day.

The use of mistletoe as a symbol of love, peace, and good will survives from those pre-Christian days. Sealing a betrothal with a kiss beneath the "golden bough" assured a lifetime of joy and happiness. The present-day custom of kissing beneath the mistletoe originated in England.

Superstitions about mistletoe still exist. In Germany the yuletide green is still called *gut hyl* or "all heal". In Brittany its berries are still crushed to produce oil for treating fever. Another superstition says that if the yuletide bough is not removed from a household by Candlemas — February 1 — each leaf left will produce a goblin to plague the careless occupants during the year.

The white-berried plant also serves as a winter food for robins, mockingbirds, and waxwings. These birds are responsible for spreading the seeds of this tree-damaging parasite. Yes, mistletoe is a measly parasite which can almost be called a criminal. It cannot grow on the ground nor take water from the soil, but grows on trees, such as the oaks, stealing water and minerals from its host. Mistletoe has been known to grow in clusters the size of a large barrel, causing many trees to wither and die. Although the word *mistletoe* means "all heal", we find it guilty of being a sneaking robber, and even a murderer, of the helpless trees which furnish it life and nourishment.

After Britain was converted to Christianity, the Bishops did not allow mistletoe to be used in their churches. Because of its pagan origin, and its parasitic way of life, mistletoe was not considered acceptable for church decorations, and even today it is looked upon with disfavor in some quarters.

As is the case with many other pagan survivals that have been incorporated into Christmas observances, however, it is still widely used. What boy or girl hasn't looked for its inconspicuous presence in a convenient archway?

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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 decipher, and read the verse.

TI SDHBUSAN ROF ROUY MEHISFL
VOLE VAEG VIWSE DNA NEVE SA
TSIRCH RUCCHH SOAL DOVEL HET

Around December first, the hinting season opens.

Would you like to help your children make some unusually pretty and different ornaments for the Christmas tree this year? In a saucepan mix 2 cups cornstarch, 1 cup baking soda, and 1½ cups water. Cook over low heat until thickened. Pour out on a plate and cover with a dampened cloth until cool enough to handle. Knead until smooth. You can mold into balls, snowmen, angels, trees, toys, etc.; or press into a flat sheet and cut out figures of animals, trees, stars, Santa Claus, reindeer and so forth with cookie cutters. Push pipe cleaners or colored string in the tops of the figures so they may be hung on the Christmas trees. You may decorate the figures in various ways. They can be colored with water colors, the ones you wish to remain white, as the snowmen, may be rolled in glitter, while still wet. You may push sequins, jewels, pretty buttons, etc., into the balls to decorate them. After the figures are decorated to suit your fancy, put in the oven which has been turned to a *very* low heat. Leave for one-half hour.

Christmas morning — and many children all over the land trying to get their gift balkie-talkies to work.

For edible place cards for a Christmas party, frost a large glazed doughnut with powdered sugar frosting tinted pale green with a few drops of food coloring. With frosting tinted red in the cake decorator, make a red bow at the top and red holly berries around the wreath. Write each person's name in red with the decorator, and place at each plate.

Here is another way you can make place cards "good enough to eat!" Bake your favorite cake in loaf or sheet. Cut in 2-inch squares when cool and frost all over with white frosting. With colored frosting in cake decorator, make ribbons "tying" the package and make a bow on top. Write each guest's name on each small gift package and place beside his plate.

We hope that not too many children

figure that Santa is just a fly-by-night affair.

Tint one layer of a white cake mix red, and one layer green, bake as usual. Put together with white frosting sprinkled with coconut. Or tint both layers red or green. Serve with sandwich bells, stars, Christmas trees, etc. Use fresh white slices of bread and your Christmas cookie cutters. Make open-faced sandwiches by spreading bread with egg filling — mashed hard-cooked eggs mixed with salad dressing and tinted appropriate colors with vegetable coloring.

ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE: Ephesians 5:25. Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

And perhaps I should add the name of Betty Driftmier, in my estimation one of the world's best cooks!!

Our town of Springfield is the home of the Webster's Dictionary, and on one of my father's last trips to visit us, I arranged for the President of Webster's to show him through the establishment. Incidentally the first U.S. Govt. postal cards were made here.

There are so many lovely old towns here in New England, and my Christmas wish for you is the opportunity to visit some of them. Our Bicentennial Year will be a good year to do just that. I cannot begin to tell you in this letter all the plans New England is making to make the Bicentennial celebration a great event, but in the months to come I shall keep you posted.

Sincerely,
Frederick



This seems to be a time of year when it's especially fun to share recipes and ideas — a time of year when excitement and enthusiasm are in the air.

We don't pretend to be home economists or fancy cooks but we do like to share our ideas and recipes with you.

Take time out of your busy schedule and let us visit with you each weekday on 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 — 11:00 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
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.
KTAV-FM	Knoxville, Ia., 92.1 mc. on your dial — 11.15 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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These models are free, so we suggest you write for yours now. Again, we repeat, there is no cost, and certainly no obligation. Thousands have already been mailed, so write today to Dept. 4028, Beltone Electronics, 4201 W. Victoria Street, Chicago, Ill. 60646.



Excitement mounts as Christmas draws near, and Aaron Brase examines the packages closely to find one with his name on it.

We had our presents and each other, an unbeatable combination.

The Christmases passed, and still the toy counters held me spellbound. Round and round we went, pulling a cord here, winding a knob there — for now we had four lusty grandsons to play Santa Claus for. A bit wistfully I bypassed the doll displays to concentrate on fire trucks, baseballs, and guns — all those things dear to the hearts of little boys.

Johnnie and his family lived far away. Would Timmie's black eyes dance with delight at the toys we chose? And little Stevie — would he smile a toothless grin at the colorful stuffed animal? Thank goodness for the camera and the thoughtful hands that focused it. The holiday photos we always received are almost as precious as actual memories. Then Rosemary surprised and delighted us with twin grandsons. I haven't recovered yet — I hope I never will. Those two engaging little monkeys can turn my tears into a laugh any time! But a sudden thought assails me. What will happen when those youngsters stand before twin bicycles? By that time, will I be properly sedate — or will I crash madly into two posts?

Suddenly I remember something else about those long ago Christmases. I used to wonder at the touch of sorrow that lay behind the merriment in Mom's eyes. What made it so, when all should be fun and laughter? But now I understand. She was remembering, even as I remember now, Dad's booming laugh, Mom's gentle smile, my brothers and sisters well and strong, vibrantly happy. Now some are gone, others are gravely ill — but that, I guess, is life. In this world of so many transient things, how grateful we should be that memory endures and becomes more precious as holidays come and go.

COME YE TO CHRISTMAS

Come ye to Christmas
Down the starlit years —
Come all ye pilgrims,
Simple men, and seers;
Come, little children,
Come, man and beast,
Here kneel together
The greatest and least.

Here kneel and worship
Mary's small Child,
Born out of Heaven,
Pure and undefiled;
Born to redeem us
From earth's iron chains;
Come ye to Christmas,
Mary's Child reigns.

—From church paper



WHY THE CHRISTMAS CARD?

Henry Cole, an Englishman, was the originator of the idea of sending greeting cards at Christmas time. He took an artist's drawing, hand-painted it, and sent it as a greeting to a friend at Christmas time, 1846. The English Royalty took up the idea as a most gracious way to extend greetings to their intimate friends at the Christmas season. Year after year, the Christmas card, the messenger of joyful remembrance, has grown in popularity, until today it is an integral part of the celebration of the Season.

BETHLEHEM TO YOU — Concluded

That leads to far-off Bethlehem
To pay my homage to the Babe,
Or give Him costly gem.
But I can give much more than this —
Opening the heart's door this Holy Night,

To welcome Him, the King of Kings —
My heart the Manger, His love the haloed Light.

Let me eagerly await this Blessed Eve
Reverently, quietly, away from the throng;

Let me be worthy of Bethlehem's gifts,
Joyfully joining the angel's glad song.

"O, star of wonder, star of night, star of royal beauty bright. Westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to Thy perfect light. O star of wonder, star divine, make my heart a sacred shrine that I may treasure these gifts, which God has made mine."

Benediction:

O Holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel. Amen

—4th stanza "O Little Town of Bethlehem"

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CHRISTMAS KALEIDOSCOPE — Concl.

"K Hiway is still closed — snowplows are on the way — but it is impassable; no cars are coming through." We grinned sheepishly, and Johnnie murmured with a chuckle, "Wanta bet?" Christmas day dawned bright and rewarding.

DECEMBER DEVOTIONS — Concluded the wise men of old — 'tis love He bids us bring! Through worship we may see the STAR still shining.

Song: (by all) "O Little Town of Bethlehem".

Speaker Four: (Places candle and stands beside speaker three.) *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.* Always at Christmas we hear everyone speak of "peace and good will", and many hands are clasped or raised in prayer as we offer petitions for peace on earth, and yet — how clean are these hands of ours that we upraise to God when they have recently marked a ballot in favor of something, or someone, not right with God?

We sing "God Bless America" with zeal and zest, seemingly indifferent or unconscious of the wrongs of our nation which need to be righted.

How can we joyfully sing "peace on earth, good will toward men" and ignore the starving and suffering around the world?

Someone has said that it often happens that our hands speak louder than our voices!

"Peace is an idea — give it your most serious thought for this world needs peaceful thinking.

"Peace is a seed. Plant it in your hearts and in the hearts of our youth. If youth today do not plant the seed of peace in their lives, will there be any mature peace plants tomorrow?

"Peace is a cause — give it your life! It is through you the cause of peace will breathe.

"Peace — good will — give it your tongue! Every day, at every opportunity, speak forth to bring about the good will and peace of the Christmaside into being the whole year through."

—Adapted from church paper

Song: "Light of the World, We Hail Thee" or "As with Gladness Men of Old".

Speaker Five: (Places candle and steps over beside speaker four.) Christmas is a time to GIVE. To give is to share. A gift begins in the heart. A true gift says, "This comes with love from my heart to yours." That is the kind of gift, the kind of sharing, that will let us see the starlight for ourselves.

It is the kind of giving that makes us ask, "What does Aunt Jane really want? What would please our friend?" instead of "Now, whatever will we give Aunt Jane, for goodness sake?" It is giving and sharing with a sensitivity to the receiver's needs and wishes rather than just fulfilling another obligation, another chore or duty! Emerson put it well when he wrote: "The only gift is a portion of thyself." The gift then becomes a symbol of one heart reach-

ing out to another.

But Christmas is more than gift-giving; it is the sharing of our time with others — time for visits, for helping, for singing with, and for, others that we may put a song in their hearts.

Christmas is giving our time, our talents, and our love to the service of the Christ Whose birthday we celebrate! When the wise men followed the Star they were bringing gifts to Jesus. Just so, if we could see the Star, we must bring Him our gifts of love.

The wise may bring their learning;

The rich may bring their wealth;

And some may bring their greatness;

And some bring strength and health;

We, too, would bring our treasures

To offer to the King . . .

We'll bring Him hearts that love Him;

We'll bring Him thankful praise,

And our souls meekly striving

To walk in holy ways;

And these shall be the treasures

We offer to the King;

These are the gifts that even

The poorest of us can bring.

—Adapted from poem by unknown author

Song: Solo — last verse of "What Child Is This" or all may sing "O Come All Ye Faithful", verses 1 and 2.

Reader: Christmas is a JOYFUL time; The angels and shepherds were joyful — the morn

When Jesus the Savior in Bethlehem was born.

Christmas is a time to SING.

The angels sang at the Savior's birth;

Today let us sing the "good news"

— around the earth.

Christmas time is WORSHIP time;

Wise men before the Holy One did bow. Let us, too, come worship our Lord and King today — now.

Christmas is a time for GOOD WILL. Joyfully the angels sang of peace, good will;

Let us sing it and practice it still.

Christmas is a time to GIVE.

The wise men laid at His manger their gifts so rare.

May ours be love gifts which we freely share.

—Author Unknown

Now may we be in an attitude of prayer and praise as we listen to (name) sing "O Holy Night", and remain with heads bowed for the benediction.

Solo: "O Holy Night".

Benediction: For all the joys that the Christmas season brings, we give thanks, O God, but most of all we thank Thee for the gift of Thy Son. May the spirit of loving and sharing be in each of us this Christmas time and every day of our lives, and may we, like Jesus, bring the message of peace and good will to our world. Amen.

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Christmas is almost here!

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KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

LUCILE'S LETTER - Concluded

I surely cannot expect, in all good reason, for Juliana to pack up the children, leave Jed, and come back here. After all, she was good enough to do that last Christmas but things in her own home have now reached the place where the children want Santa Claus and all the excitement right in their

own house and with all of their friends.

So . . . Betty and I will tackle the highway again at the most unpredictable season of the year and just hope and pray that we make it without awful delays on the road. Hanna will join us out there for a very good reason; she's never seen New Mexico at *any* season of the year, and I've assured her with first-hand conviction that Albuquerque and Santa Fe during the Christmas holiday simply have nothing in common with small Midwestern towns, or even Midwestern cities, for that matter.

Then too, Betty's daughter, Naomi, is winding up her senior high school year this forthcoming spring, and consequently is looking around at where to enter college come next fall. She has

never been to New Mexico either, and I've suggested that the University of New Mexico might be of genuine concern to her since her great interest is majoring in languages, and in addition to a heavy senior year schedule in the Northfield high school, she has also been carrying two additional college courses in languages at Carlton — and in Liberal Arts they don't come much better than Carlton. Her high academic rating surely justifies looking around at other schools, so . . . Hanna and Naomi will board the bus (as it fits into their school schedules) and join us in Albuquerque.

I'm a great one to look ahead, you know, and I've already figured out that if we run out of room at Juliana's house they can probably just move over to Mary Lea's apartment since she will be back in Springfield with Isabel. I DO HOPE I DON'T MISS ISABEL AND MARY LEA ON THIS TRIP!! Everyone reports that Isabel is absolutely adorable . . . that no pictures begin to do her justice.

BELATED CREDITS

Our November cover picture was taken by James Soucie in Omaha, and the only reason we didn't give credit where credit was due is because we didn't have his name when we had to go to press. There is an interesting story connected with the whole thing and I'm making a mental note to tell you in the future.

COVER PICTURE

Our Wisconsin Driftmiers are getting ready for Katharine to arrive from Rice University in Houston, Texas. They're bound to have a happy, happy holiday. Faithfully always . . .

Pucile

MARGERY'S LETTER - Concluded

Oliver's sister Viola lives near Hampshire — about 50 miles from Rockford, so we drove there for dinner and a good visit. Another sister, Florence, had just arrived from Shenandoah to spend a couple of weeks, so there were seven around the table. Vi's husband Carl remarked that we were having a real little family reunion.

We are hoping the weather is favorable these next couple of weeks for Oliver and I have to go to Texas and New Mexico on business. If possible, we'll try to spend a few days with Juliana and Jed and the children before returning home.

Do have a very happy Christmas!

Sincerely,

Margery

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Arthritis, Rheumatism Sufferers!!!

Please read this true story of how I almost made the mistake of my life!

When I took charge of the 50 year old J. W. Gibson Company. I reviewed its 275 pharmaceutical and household products and decided, in the name of economy, to eliminate nearly 1/2 of them. Some of them dated back to the beginning of the company itself. Among these "old timers" was a product called Icy-Hot and I was soon to learn that sometimes the "old" ways are the best!

Even though this product had never been advertised, the letters literally poured in by the hundreds when customers found they couldn't buy Icy-Hot anymore. I was really impressed. I had just finished reading some of the letters and was looking at a jar of Icy-Hot when a friend stopped in. "What's that?", he asked.

"Icy-Hot". I answered.

"What's it do?"

"Gives temporary relief from the pain of arthritis, rheumatism and muscular soreness." I said, reading the label aloud. My friend frowned. "I've heard that before".

He sounded skeptical so I handed him the jar. "Here, try it and tell me what you think".



The next morning I no more than entered my office, when the phone rang. "I don't know what's in that stuff", my friend said, "but it's the only thing I've ever used that helped, and believe me, I've tried them all".

On the basis of the letters, and my friend's enthusiasm, I ran a small ad. Today the letters of

praise pour in and that phrase, ". . . the only thing I ever used that helped" is in practically every one of them. Icy-Hot has become our run-away best seller. In fact, our re-orders are so high, I make this unusual guarantee:

Please, try Icy-Hot. If it doesn't give you RIGHT NOW relief, keep the jar and drop me a note. I'll refund your money immediately! You can't buy Icy-Hot in drug stores, so just send \$3.00 for a big 3 1/2-oz. jar of Icy-Hot, the medicated cream that puts pain to sleep.

Take advantage of this no-risk offer—you have nothing to lose. Trying is believing! Only by trying can you fully appreciate the benefits of ICY-HOT.

J. W. Gibson Company
2000 North Illinois Street
Indianapolis, Indiana 46202

SEND ME ICY-HOT QUICK!

J. W. Gibson Co. Dept. 86
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Please rush ICY-HOT to me. I must be completely satisfied with the results or I will send you a note for a full refund. (I won't bother returning the unused portion.)

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