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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

A few weeks ago when I went through a closet I came across a big box of pictures, all of them "blown up", as they say in the circles of photography, from what had been small negatives.

The moment I came across this picture you see on the cover these words flashed across my mind:

"Turn backwards, turn backwards O  
Time in your flight,  
Make me a child again just for this  
night."

I'm sure that everyone who reads these words will remember this phrase and will know how it affected me. Russell had not dated it (unusual for him) but I think that it was Christmas day when he snapped it in our living room. Juliana will be 33 this coming February and Kristin (on the right in the picture) will be 33 in June, and thus you have a very good idea of how long ago it was taken.

I don't want to get off on to it in this letter, but sometime soon I'll tell you about the dresses they are wearing for it is quite a story.

Well, and again WELL, it seems to me such a long time ago since I last wrote to you. (Of course, if I miss even one month it seems to me at least a year since I've sat down at this typewriter for sending a letter in your direction.)

Those of you within the range of my voice on the radio know that I was absent because of illness. And I might also go ahead and say that I was astounded by the number of people who wrote on cards or in letters: "I didn't think you sounded your usual self for a long time."

You were right. I wasn't my usual self. It must have been about March that I began to feel very much under the weather, but I couldn't put my finger on any one specific thing that might be wrong; and since I was brought up in the old school where, if you just

ignored something and didn't pay any attention to it, it would go away. I tried this old scheme — and it didn't work. Finally, after about three or four months I could see that it wasn't going to work, so I took myself to the doctor. (That's the last thing in the world I'll do unless I'm driven to it, so you can see that I was literally driven to it.)

After about a week at the local hospital it looked as if I had to go on to other sources of refuge, so they telephoned for an ambulance and started me on the road. (I was scared to death!! With all of my surgery and troubles of any kind I'd never hit the ambulance before!)

Betty made all of the arrangements about my room, etc., and it's a good thing she was with me because I surely was in wretched shape.

At first I didn't really know where I was, but gradually it came to me that I was up on the 9th floor in what they called "a suite" and I'd never before had such accommodations and felt flabbergasted. The prime reason for this elegant suite was that Betty planned to stay with me since I was far too sick to be left to floor care, so this demanded some room to get around in.

The next day they (and by "they" I mean doctors) started in on me and I've never seen such a gang in and out of a room in my life. It sort of took me back to Fourth of July parades when I was a child. Each one seemed to have a specialty of some kind, and since there were no symptoms to offer a clear-cut clue they just started out and went through the whole works.

I told someone afterwards that I had every test known to the medical profession short of whacking my skull open, and when they had completed the usual rigamarole they invented tests. Now you know I'm saying this laughingly because you know my sense of humor if you know me at all, so I'll just say that they really ran me through the works.

I'd get back to my room so exhausted that I didn't know who I was and surely

didn't care who I was until the door opened one afternoon and here appeared Juliana and Marge. I didn't think I had enough strength to rare up that fast, but the instant I saw Juliana I thought: "Oh, oh, they've sent for her because I'm in a very bad way." She's not the kind to jump up and leave her little children, to say nothing of leaving her husband, so my propensity for expecting the very worst, instantly came to the foremost. (I've always said: "Expect the worst and you'll rarely be disappointed!")

In this case I found out very shortly that Juliana was there simply because Marge called and said she thought it would do me a world of good if I could see her. Marge was right. I began to perk up almost at once.

I guess I must have been at the hospital around three weeks or so when they finally decided (had run out of tests, I'm sure!) that I had a truly impressive stomach ulcer and very severe anemia. This combination accounted for the fact that I hadn't been able to eat for a long, long time and the kitchen (always my favorite place in the house) had reached the point where I couldn't stand to go into it for any reason.

Well, I seemed to make so much headway with Juliana at hand, tests showing good results, etc., that I was told I could go home IF I'd follow complicated medical routines, blood check-ups, etc., right down to the last straw. Believe me, I wanted to get well and I was more than ready to pay attention and do what I was supposed to do. I told Juliana "goodbye" with a light heart and the promise that somehow I'd get there for Christmas . . . and then I was on my road back home to Shenandoah.

Now at this point it seems like a terrible anti-climax to say that I made it to Shenandoah all right, but when Betty stepped out of my room for just a second, I ignored her orders not to make one effort to get into my wheelchair unless she was right there to help me. I ignored her. Thus I fell on to the floor with full force and in ten minutes the rescue unit was here to haul me back to the hospital in Omaha — and the same old room. It took another full week to recover from all that, so all in all I felt that I had had it. (After this I'm going to mind Betty!) Anyway, I'm home and following my rigid routine and I expect to be well enough to have a happy, happy holiday.

Since Marge is giving me her space this month I'll go ahead and launch into family news far more interesting than my ordeal.

Ruby (Mother's companion) flew East to visit members of her family who live back in those parts. Marge and Dorothy



stayed with Mother the first week, then Mother spent a week on the farm with Dorothy and Frank. She hadn't been to the farm for a year or so and it seemed like a mighty good time to make the trip; after all, WINTER is coming!

I, personally, have made no final plans for Christmas. I'm not positive that I can drive that far even though Betty is more than willing to stop when I'm tired and need to get out (this means right in the front seat — sort of a stretching-out spell) but we'll just have to see how I get along.

I'm wild to see Juliana, Jed, James and Katharine, but this year, at least, I don't need to feel guilty about not being out there since Jed's family has just wound up a two weeks' stay in Albuquerque. They all had a wonderful time. Juliana said that Emily (her little Lowey niece) was surely a better baby than her parents deserved! At the same age Katharine was shrieking her head off all the time, but Emily (it's confusing to have two Emilys in the same family!) is perfectly angelic and raises no rumpus of any kind.

At this date I *think* that my branch of the Lowey family will be in Albuquerque right there through the holidays, but we'll just have to see how I get along before I plan to go out there for a brief stay; or they come here. Jed is so terribly busy that there isn't too much hope of making the trip back here for any reason. He is an engineer specializing in heating and air-conditioning systems, as well as doing blueprints for schools and churches. He loves his work, but let's say that it keeps him on the run — plus more running.

Juliana has thoroughly enjoyed her work in archeology and has now been asked to help as a volunteer assistant in these classes several mornings a week. I'm glad she has found something that she truly enjoys and can share with Jed when weekends roll around.

We have several important events coming up in our family in the year that lies ahead of us. Frederick has pretty well covered what concerns his children, but since I'm using Marge's space this month I must tell you that we have another wedding coming up. After so many years without much happening in the line of weddings it seems pretty exciting to have several.

Since Frederick has accounted for his children I'll go ahead and say that Martin, Margery's and Oliver's son, will soon be married and we are all extremely happy about this.

We have had a chance to meet the future Mrs. Martin Strom because she was here briefly and "saw the whole outfit" then in Shenandoah. The moment we saw Eugenie we thought that Martin had made a remarkably fortunate



Eugenie Davis and Martin Strom visiting in the dining room of the parsonage.

choice.

Their engagement has been announced formally (such a curious word in this day and age!) and until the wedding day she will continue to be Miss Eugenie Davis, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ainsley Eugene Davis of Silver Bay, Minnesota. She attended a school for women in Milwaukee, and now is working as a Music Therapist for Retarded Adults at the hospital in Cambridge, Minnesota.

Mother told me on the phone today that Abigail and Wayne will be flying through shortly — will deplane in Omaha, rent a car at the airport, and then come on down here. I'll be SO HAPPY TO SEE THEM. The last time they were here I was just out of the local hospital and so sick that I wasn't the least bit sure as to who I was or where I was. I'm positive that this trip will be infinitely more satisfying.

Betty and her daughter Hanna are both flying out to San Francisco to spend Thanksgiving with Betty's son, Nicholas. He is the one who is a professional chef and is going on for more work in the same field. (I surely hope that *someday* I'll have a chance to meet him.) I have someone lined up to stay with me at night while Betty is gone, so all is well on this front. Mother and I (both in wheelchairs) get along just fine during the day, but when night falls (and doesn't it seem EARLY these days?) we want someone in the house with us. And we always *have* someone in the house with us.

During beautiful summer and autumn weekends Juliana, Jed and the children had wonderful weekend camping trips. They are pretty well equipped now with what is really needed, in-

cluding fishing gear. Jed grew up right on the Atlantic Ocean but had no interest whatsoever in anything pertaining to a fishing experience until these wonderful trips up into the mountains where there are grand trout streams and everything needed for a great time.

Thus far there has been only one catastrophe. James saved his money to buy a genuine fishing knife (it has a name but I'm so short on sporting lore of all kinds that I can't think of it.) He bought that here in Shenandoah when they were here for a short visit and took it home to his father with tremendous pride.

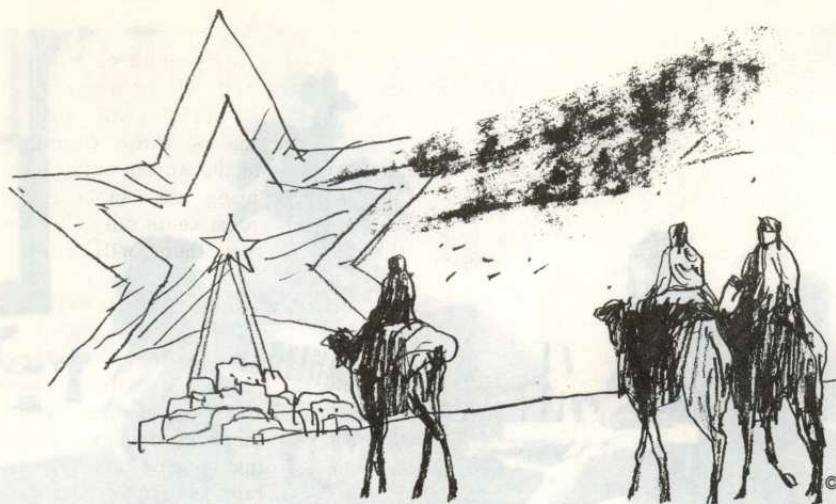
On the following Saturday just the two of them went up into the mountains to catch some trout (the streams through there are just alive with trout) and so James took it into his head to help his father by cleaning the first fish that was caught. He couldn't have been alone there for more than two or three minutes, but alas! that was time enough to christen the knife by getting a very bad cut. In fact, they had to drive down the mountain straight to the doctor to get it all stitched up. These days (when it's warm enough to go fishing) the cleaning is left strictly up to Jed.

Katharine isn't interesting in fishing, but she has worlds of fun making dams and pools that can occupy hours of fun. Some of their family friends have little girls about the same age, so it gives her companionship that such expeditions call for.

She trudged down that old dirt road with James (plus a little gang of other kids in their neighborhood) for the daily trip to school and thoroughly enjoys every bit of it. It made her feel very

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## HOW FAR TO BETHLEHEM?

by  
Mabel Nair Brown

**Worship Setting:** An arrangement of the three wise men and their camels should be placed on an altar or table, silhouetted against a backdrop of some softly draped material in a deep sky blue. To this backdrop fasten a large gold star, above and to the right of the wise men. The star should have rays (narrow strips of paper in graduated lengths) radiating from it. To the left side of the altar place a large scroll, made of heavy paper, which is unrolled to reveal the words "How far to Bethlehem?" written on it.

**Quiet Music:** The hymn "O Little Town of Bethlehem" is played as a prelude to the service and continued during the Call to Worship and the prayer.

**Call to Worship: IS THIS THE ROAD?**  
Men travel bravely by a thousand roads,  
Some broad and lined with palaces,  
some steep

And hard and lonely, some that twist  
blindly

Through tangled jungles where there is  
light;

And mostly they are traveled thought-  
lessly.

But once a year an ancient question  
comes

To every traveler passing on his way,  
A question that can stab and burn and  
bless;

"Is this the road that leads to Bethle-  
hem?" —Selected

**Invocation:** Our Father, Thou Who knowest our hearts and our desires, give us the courage and the conviction to prepare our hearts anew this Christmas season. Show us how we may find the way to Bethlehem that we, too, may truly worship the Christ Child. Amen.

**Scripture:** Luke 2:8-15 and Matthew 2:1-11. Let this Scripture be read responsively by two persons.

**Hymn:** "We Three Kings of Orient Are".

**Leader:** WHICH WAY?

Which way to Bethlehem? And will

A weary pilgrim know

The road without a star to shine

As in the long ago?

Oh, yes! But he who goes to Bethle-  
hem

Must lift a lamp of prayer

Whose light will scatter fear and doubt  
And lead him safely there!

**First Meditation: HOW SHALL WE  
PLAN FOR THE JOURNEY?**

We have heard the story of the wise men from the Scriptures. They knew the prophecies and they saw the star and followed it to Jerusalem, seeking the Christ Child, letting nothing turn them aside! There is another side to the story. The religious leaders whom Herod summoned to the court also knew all about the old prophecies concerning the Messiah. They all agreed that He would be born in Bethlehem, but not one of them went there to see! Thus they missed their chance to find Him.

Is it possible that we, too, often miss the way to Bethlehem? As we journey to Christmas, how do we get off the route? Is it because we do not do enough careful planning for the journey?

Whenever we anticipate a vacation trip, we make plans in meticulous detail. So it should be when we make plans for our heart's journey to Bethlehem at Christmas.

Christmas programs with their pressures, school festivities, club parties, shopping expeditions, the big family dinner, the gift exchanges can turn us away from our quest — our journey to Bethlehem. The planning time, then, is the time for real soul-searching ques-

tions. What do I want most of all to find at Bethlehem? Now is the time to discard the "unnecessary luggage" so that we may head straight for our destination, unhampered by the unimportant extras.

Yes, we are very family conscious at Christmas time, but are we truly Christ conscious? We must make our plans with the Christ Child at the center. He is the reason for Christmas. Let us seek the most direct way to Him.

**Duet:** "Star of the East".

**Leader:**

**WE MUST FOLLOW THE STAR!**

Sometimes . . .

We cannot find the Star

Amidst the clouds of doubt and fear

That dim our vision here.

But when the Christ Child,

Small and dear,

Is cradled in our hearts,

'Tis then, like shepherds from afar,

We hear the angels' song . . .

And, like the wise men,

See the Star.

**Second Meditation: WHAT PREPARA-  
TIONS SHALL WE MAKE FOR THE  
JOURNEY?**

We have such *big* plans for Christmas. We want it to be such a wonderful day, perfect in every way. Perhaps last year, when Christmas was over, we sat down exhausted from days of hectic activity, realizing that somewhere along the line the blessing that we had expected had somehow gotten lost in all the trimmings. Where did we go wrong? What had we forgotten to do?

Once that vacation trip we mentioned before was decided upon, we did not just take off! We began to make preparations — discarding excess luggage, but being sure to pack all the items we would need. Alas, too often we start the journey to Christmas — to Bethlehem — with little, or no preparation, or we take along far too much "baggage", simply because we failed to think through to what we really needed, or wanted.

Many folks like to make a list in preparing for a trip, so that they can see it in black and white, and cross out nonessentials, and check off needed items as packed. I wonder if it wouldn't help us to prepare for Christmas if we had some sort of a check sheet. Might we not call these "The Christmas Commandments"? Let us, like Mary, "ponder" these things in our heart.

1. Thou shalt not leave Christ out of Christmas, making it "Xmas", but let every member of the family present a gift to the Lord at Christmas, be it ever so small.

2. Thou shalt value the gifts thou receivest by love, not cost.

3. Thou shalt give of thyself with

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## FREDERICK AND BETTY WILL HAVE AN EXCITING MONTH

Dear Friends:

Betty and I have had many happy years together, but surely the year 1975 will go down in our personal history as the happiest of them all. Until now it has been a great year with all kinds of interesting and exciting events, but this month of December is going to bring the ultimate in happiness. There are going to be two weddings!

Our David Lloyd is going to be married to Sophia Maria Lang, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John N. Lang of Calgary, Alberta. David and Sophia went to school together at Victoria University, and they have been engaged for several months. The wedding will be in the Langs' lovely home in Calgary on December 18th. The pastor of the local Lutheran Church, Rev. Harry G. Kadeikis, and I will conduct the service. Betty and I will fly out to Calgary from here, arriving there in time to give a dinner party in honor of the bride and groom the night before the wedding.

Wouldn't you know that Canada would have a mail strike in the weeks before the wedding? It seems that the Driftmiers and the Langs are calling each other long distance every few days as we work out all the wedding and travel plans. Although we never have met John and Susan Lang, we have become well acquainted via telephone, and we like them very much. We knew about the children's engagement long before the Langs because they were on an extended trip to Europe, and Sophia wanted to wait until they returned before giving them the happy news.

Sophia came to visit us here in Springfield eighteen months ago, and Betty and I fell in love with her then. She had come here to see us just before we left for our exciting trip to Iceland and the Hebrides Islands. She told us how she happened to meet David. It was at a meeting of a folk dancing club at Victoria University that they first met. Sophia is an authority on European folk dances, and she finally persuaded David to join her for one of the dances. That did it!

Yes, there is to be a second wedding! On the plane with Betty and me as we fly home from Calgary will be Mary Lea, Isabel, and a very splendid young man by the name of Vincent Joseph Palo, a graduate student at the University of New Mexico. Vincent is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent A. Palo of Waterbury, Connecticut. He is a graduate of Boston University, that splendid Methodist school in Boston where Mary Lea took her degree and where for two years she was on the staff of the Dean of the University as an advisor to



Frederick greets worshippers following the Sunday morning service.

foreign students.

Betty and I first met Vincent when he and Mary Lea met us at the airport in Albuquerque last summer. We liked him instantly. He is a handsome, athletic young man with a fine record as both a student and a football player. At the university he is taking his graduate degree in education with a special concern for teaching the American Indians.

Vincent's parents, Greta and Vincent A. Palo of Waterbury, live just forty-five minutes from Springfield, and they have been up to have lunch with us. You would have thought that we had known each other all our lives. We like them very much, and we plan to drive down to see them in a few days to work out the wedding details. Mr. Palo is on the engineering staff of the City of Waterbury, Connecticut, and Mrs. Palo is an advertising executive with the Southern New England Telephone Company. Incidentally, she is a wonderful cook, and it won't be long before you are going to have some of her recipes in *Kitchen-Klatter*.

The wedding here in Springfield will be a small one in the beautiful Memorial Chapel of South Congregational Church. Only relatives from both sides of the family of the bride and groom will be present, but that will be enough to fill the chapel which seats only 100 persons. Assisting me will be my dear friend and neighbor, Monsignor Roger Vieau, Chancellor of the Diocese of Springfield. Following the service, Betty and I will give a reception and dinner for all the guests at our beautiful Colony Club.

December always is a busy month for clergyman, but you can see that this December tops them all for happy business. The Afternoon Guild members of

South Church are giving their annual Christmas luncheon rather early in the month, and it will be as beautiful as ever. I wish that someday you might be a guest at one of those Christmas luncheons where the women outdo themselves decorating the tables. The church dining room seats only 220, and that means that there will be just twenty-two tables decorated, but those twenty-two give the over-all effect of forty-two tables. The dining room is so beautiful when all the candles are lighted that people gasp with wonder when they first enter the room. It baffles me how these good church ladies manage to think up new and different ways to decorate year after year. One year is never the same as another, and each year we say: "Oh! This is the most beautiful it ever has been."

As if that luncheon were not enough to make us wonder about the magic of Christmas, there always is the big Christmas dinner of the Evening Guild of South Church. Again the dining room will be filled with beautiful tables as two hundred more church ladies capture the spirit of Christmas. Once again the room will sparkle with candlelight.

Then comes the night when all of the church children fill the hall to capacity. There will be a good dinner, singing around a magnificent Christmas tree sixteen feet tall, and to top it all off will be the arrival of Santa Claus with a gift for each child.

The Christmas services in the church are always lovely. The great organ, the chimes, the big choir, and guest instrumentalists all do so much to bring the spirit of Christ into the hearts of the worshippers. There will be several special services in both the chapel and the main sanctuary, and of course there will be the usual Christmas baptismal service for infants. Just writing to you about it, fills me with anticipation. I love Christmas, and when all of the services and festivities are over, I may be desperately weary, but there is a song of thanksgiving on my lips and in my heart.

How pleased we are when our Kitchen-Klatter friends attend our church. On recent Sundays we have met Mr. and Mrs. Miller of Muscatine, Mr. and Mrs. Schnorr of Des Moines, Mr. and Mrs. Wells of Ravenwood, Missouri, and Mr. and Mrs. Tschetter of Lincoln, Nebraska. The Tschetters told us that they now have as their pastor a good friend of mine, Rev. John Scavo, who used to be out here in New England. To all these good friends and to all of you Betty and I send our Christmas greetings with a little prayer for God to bless your New Year.

Sincerely,  
Frederick





## Christmas Customs & Traditions

While Christmas preparations are being made, much interest can be added by family discussions about the old customs and traditions which have become an accepted part of our American Christmas. One can mention them only briefly, but there is much material to be had about almost any phase of this holiday. One never tires of hearing these customs and the legends surrounding them.

About 340 A.D. St. Cyril made careful investigation as to the date of Christ's birth, and reported December 25 as the most probable date. Pope Julius accepted this, and established the festival at Rome on this date, which was eventually accepted by every nation in Christendom.

The greeting "Merry Christmas" comes from the old Saxon word "merrie", meaning pleasant or agreeable, and is typically English.

The custom of giving presents was a feature of the Romans during their winter festival. The early Christians gave presents to their children on Christmas morning under the pretense that they were gifts from the Christ Child.

The traditional Santa Claus is observed differently in various countries. The letter "Is There a Santa Claus?" should be read to children each year.

Christmas tree legends are many, but it is believed they came to us from Germany. The trimming legends are also interesting. Holly was considered a symbol of immortality because it bore fruit in the winter season. Mistletoe was a plant sacred to the Druid priests of old England. Lights in the window come from the belief of many people in many lands that the Christ Child wanders over the world on Christmas Eve; thus the lights are placed in the windows to guide Him.

The Christmas pudding and Christmas pie are emblems of offerings brought to the Infant Christ by the wise men. Christmas cookies are a survival of the giving of confections to the Roman Senators during the Christmas festivities in the early ages.

The first Christmas cards were printed in England in 1846, but did not become popular until late 1860. The first Christmas seals originated in Copenhagen, Denmark, in 1904 to finance a building project for tubercular patients. \$3000 was raised by this first sale. Miss Emily Bissell of Wilmington, Delaware, organized the first sale of seals in the United States.

Each of these subjects would provide good table conversation during the crowded December days. Children have access to a world of literature, but each child needs guidance in his reading. Is he to seek learning or mere entertainment? The Christmas season is a splendid time to teach him how easily the two can be combined.

—Gladys Niece Templeton



### CHRISTMAS HERBS

"They presented unto Him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh". Thus the second chapter of Matthew acquaints us with pungent myrrh, the gum resin emitted from a small, gray-barked, thorny tree of the rue family, native to east Africa and Asia. It appears no less than nine times throughout the Bible.

Originally used as a scent or fragrance for perfumes and ointments as well as an embalming ingredient, it has a bitter taste. Ancients were convinced that it contained an opium-like quality useful medically to alleviate pain and cleanse the mouth. It was so offered to Jesus at his crucifixion.

A recipe for a holy anointing oil containing myrrh and spices, as given to Moses, is recorded in the thirtieth chapter of Exodus. Biblically speaking,

myrrh in its perfume state was supposedly a mixture of myrrh and labdanum, and used in rites of purification and sacrifice.

Rosemary, for centuries past, was known as the herb of Christmas. The name rosemary means "dew of the sea". Its natural habitat, close to the sea, explains the dewy smell of the plant. The glistening gray-green foliage and delightful fragrance make a joyful addition to the household in any season.

In ancient France rosemary meant renewed vigor, and was known as a protective power against infection. In early England branches of rosemary were used at weddings and as New Year gifts. Another recorded tradition states that rosemary "passeth not commonly in highte the highte of Criste whill he was man in Erthe", and that when the plant reached thirty-three years it will continue growth in breadth, but not in height.

An early Christian legend says that when Mary dried the garments of the baby Jesus over a rosemary bush, it quickly became fragrant and evergreen in response. According to the same legend, the white blossom became an exquisite lavender-blue as the Virgin Mother cast her purple robe over a bush for shelter when fleeing Egypt.

Smoldering rosemary branches add a fragrance pleasant to any holiday hearth. A few sprigs give a meaning of deep friendship when used on gift-wrapped packages. This herb "it is an holy tree and with ffolke, that been just and Rightfulle gladlye it groweth and thryveth" could again become emblematic of Christmas.

The Christmas symbolism of the herbs is lovely and should be used more often.

The creche becomes much more significant if the folklore of herbs is used in its making. Thyme made the bed of Mary. The little creeping pennyroyal bloomed at midnight when the Christ Child was born, according to legend, and it is said that Sicilian children place a little pot of this herb in the creche each Christmas.

Rosemary for remembrance, along with marjoram for happiness, thyme for courage, and gray sage for long life, may be woven into a Christmas wreath along with other greens and cones.

Many of our herbs are green at Christmas time, and can be tied into tiny gift nosegays, fragrant and delightful to behold.\*

\*References: *Garden of Herbs* by Eleanor Sinclair Rohde, London, Jenkins 1926. *Herbs How To Grow and Use Them* by Helen Noyes Webster, 1942. Government Bulletins.

—Marjorie Fuller





### THE CAROLS OF CHRISTMAS

What sweeter music can we bring  
Than a carol for to sing  
The birth of this our heavenly King?  
Awake the voice! Awake the string!

—Robert Herrick

Christmas is the perfect time to join in singing the traditional old carols. These beloved folk songs and hymns were given the name "carols" by the English, who developed the songs of the Holy Birth to their highest extent. The name "carol" came from the Latin. It is believed to mean "to dance in a ring while singing". Their actual beginning and the names of those who wrote, or sang, these first Christmas songs are lost in the mists of time. All Christian people believe the angels in the heavens sang, or spoke, the first carols. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The oldest, and, no doubt, the best loved of all the Christmas hymns, is "O Come All Ye Faithful" (*Ades te Fideles*). This song has been translated from an old Latin carol.

Many of our Christmas ballads date back to the Crusades. The great religious plays of medieval times portrayed scenes of the nativity and the fall of Adam and Eve. These were called "Paradise" or "Passion" plays. Our modern indoor decorated evergreen Christmas tree is said to have been derived from the "Paradise" tree of those plays. Naturally many more sacred folk songs were written for these plays.

St. Francis of Assisi staged one of the first Christmas mangers. Real people and animals were taken into his church and a very true-to-life Nativity scene was created. This was the first time the "Holy Birth" had been made real to the common people.

The Puritans forbade the singing of carols in their colony in America because the custom came from England, where they had been sadly persecuted. In England in the early days a tree was chosen for the yule log; then carols were sung around the living tree before it was cut and dragged in. Christmas was supposed to last until the yule log quit burning; then the unburnt portion was saved to start the next year's yule log. This tradition was brought to Virginia. Many of our

lovely carols come from England: "Hark the Herald Angels Sing", "Joy to the World", "The First Noel", "Good King Wenceslas", "We Three Kings of Orient Are", and "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night".

Groups of children and bands of minstrels revived the singing of all the delightful old carols in the nineteenth century. Luckily "broad sheets" had been printed regularly through the years, which kept the old songs alive.

The German settlers also brought their lovely songs to America. Thus we have "Away in a Manger" and *Tannenbaum* ("O Christmas Tree").

We all have heard the story of one of our most beloved carols "Silent Night, Holy Night". The young Austrian priest, Joseph Mohr, wrote the words in 1818 because the church organ was broken, and he needed something special that could be sung, without the organ, for the Christmas midnight mass. He wrote the immortal words late at night, the night before the mass. He read it to his friend the organist and his wife. Frances Gruber then wrote the music and played it on his guitar while Mohr sang the words. The congregation was greatly moved, as we still are today.



"Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly" and "God Rest You Merry Gentlemen" came to us from Wales.

Many well-known Christmas songs have come to us from Americans. A memorable hymn was written by the beloved American minister, Phillips Brooks. He had visited the Holy Land and worshipped in the Church of the Nativity. When his Sunday school class asked him to write a Christmas hymn, he wrote "O Little Town of Bethlehem" in 1868. Lewis H. Redner wrote the music, which came to him in a dream on Christmas Eve.

This great minister also wrote many lovely poems about Christmas, many of which have since been set to music: "Christmas", "Christmas Once Is Christmas Still", and "Everywhere, Everywhere, Christmas To-night".

Other songs children love to sing at Christmas are "White Christmas", "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town", "Frosty the Snowman", "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer", and "Jingle Bells". New and lovely ones are added to the list each year. Let us have a family sing at Christmas!

—Fern Christian Miller



The beautiful Chrismons for this tree were made by a group of dedicated women of the Presbyterian Church in Shenandoah, Iowa.

### THE CHRISMON TREE

The CHRISMON TREE originated in 1957 in the Lutheran Church of the Ascension, Danville, Virginia. The word CHRISMON is a combination of parts of two words: CHRIST and MONogram. Some of the symbols are copies of Christian symbols from its earliest days; others are of more recent origin, and all are very beautiful. The Church of the Ascension has been generous to share their patterns and the explanation of the ornaments to those who are interested in using them in their own church, for they enjoy helping others find happiness. The material is copyrighted and their only limitation is that they not be made for sale. The address for information is:

Chrismon Committee  
The Lutheran Church of the Ascension  
295 West Main Street  
Danville, Virginia 24541.



### A CARD GAME

Are you ever discouraged by the length of your Christmas card list as you gaze at the stack of cards to be addressed, many with added notes?

This year try to start on an earlier date. Perhaps the Monday after Thanksgiving would be convenient. Gauge how many you will have to complete per day to finish in time. The task appears smaller as you find time to address one or two several times during the day.

When not so rushed you can relish a memory of each addressee as you add the personal touch of your own note.

—Marjorie Fuller



## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I don't think there is a single person in the Midwest who could complain about the kind of weather we had this year for harvesting the crops. This was the first year in many years we didn't have a flood at some time between planting and harvesting. Every time someone told Frank what good looking corn he had this year he would agree, but add, "It isn't in the crib yet." The last ear rolled up the elevator this morning, so now he can relax.

When we first moved to the farm Frank told me that when they picked corn by hand everyone tried to have the corn in the crib by Thanksgiving. With the big machinery they use today, and good weather, the corn is picked and the ground disked and plowed long before that date.

The timber this year was spectacular, but the brilliant colors didn't stay very long. I don't know if the long period of dry weather had anything to do with this or not, but some of the trees had started to turn color before the first hard frost, and after the frost they changed rapidly, reaching the peak of beauty in about a week, and then started fading immediately.

During this period, when the weather was warm and the trees so beautiful, it was really a pleasure to help Frank with some fence mending around the timber pasture. He had started checking over this fence just before his accident, and this was the first time we had gone back to the job. His arm doesn't function well enough yet to hammer staples — he can do it with his left hand, but it is easier for me — but he can drive in the steel posts. Where we have been working now we can go only so far with the tractor, then we have to walk a long way and carry everything in — tools, barbed wire, steel posts, everything required to fix fence. What we really need is a pack mule or a burro.

Everything is so dry right now, and has been for weeks, that you would think people would be careful about throwing out lighted cigarettes or matches where they could blow into the ditches and start fires in the long dry grass and weeds. Apparently this is what started a fire in our timber on a very windy day, and with the deep accumulation of dry leaves on the ground



The Johnsons' grandsons Andy & Aaron learned some history when they visited Custer Battlefield.

and the wind to help the blaze along, it spread very rapidly. The fire department had to be called to put it out. Although it didn't burn any buildings, it probably killed a lot of the trees.

Frank's sister Bernie and her friend Belvah Baker returned recently from their annual trek to Roswell, New Mexico, to visit another sister and her husband, Edna and Raymond Halls. They had lovely weather for it, but they said that coming home the wind was extremely strong in Kansas, and where the farmers had been disking and plowing the ground, the dust was so dense that they had to drive with the car lights on all the time. This sounds reminiscent of the dust bowl days of the thirties. The long-range forecasters are predicting this kind of weather for us next summer, but I am one of these skeptics who can't see how they can tell so far in advance. When they miss is so badly from one day to the next sometimes, I don't see how they can tell us what it will be like a year from now.

One of my good friends, Marilyn Jones, has always been interested in china painting and wanted to learn how, so last winter she drove clear to Des Moines from Chariton every week to attend adult education classes in this art. She found out there were enough of her friends who were also interested, that she was able to get several of them lined up to take a beginner's class. She was able to get a teacher to come to Chariton. She has a lovely large basement where she set up enough tables for them to work at, and she offered her home for the class. She bought a kiln so she could fire her own china, and she also does this for the other women. I stopped by to see her and have coffee one morning recently, and she showed me all the work they were doing. I told Marilyn I could remember Mother's telling me how she used to paint china when she was a young woman, and I can still remember

vividly the cute dessert-size plates with the blue sunbonnet babies in the center. I asked Mother the other day if she had anything left that she had painted, but she said she didn't. She doesn't know what ever happened to them, but with seven children doing the dishes all the time, I have a pretty good idea. I've been trying to talk her into starting this hobby again so she could make something for each of us, and Marilyn has even said she would fire it for her, but so far I haven't gotten very far with my suggestion.

This is the time of year that our dogs sit in the front yard and bark all night long because the hounds run in the timber all night. Every once in a while we get up in the morning to find that we have acquired a hungry, lost hound. Most of them have tags with the name and address of the owner on their collars, so if we can get near the dog we can call the owner and tell him where the dog is. A black-and-white spotted dog that showed up here a few days ago has no identification and no one has come looking for him. He has a collar on, so we know he belongs to someone, but he has made no effort to leave. We don't need a coon hound, so we hope his owner comes for him soon.

Kristin and her family have moved again, and this time to something that is far removed from any other place they have ever lived. They are in the very small town of Busby, Montana, on the Northern Cheyenne Indian Reservation, where Kristin is a counsellor in the large Indian school there. Art has been wanting to further his education, and Kristin has been anxious to get into a job that she had been trained to do, so when this vacancy was brought to her attention they decided this was their opportunity.

Their house is very nice. There are three and a half blocks of homes where the teachers live. Kristin says she really has more room in this house than any place they have lived in before. The children made a good adjustment; in fact, Andy just loves it. He is in the sixth grade, but is on the junior high football team. I love to watch football, but it scares me to have the children play. Kristin says she worries about it, too, but we might as well get used to it, because they have three boys who will probably all want to play.

We are doing the chores for Louise and Roy Querrey while they take a trip to Arizona, and since Roy was so good to do our chores while Frank was hurt, we were tickled to death to be given the opportunity to reciprocate a little. Frank just came in to say he was ready to go over there, so I must close for now. Until next month . . .

Dorothy





## Happy Holly-Day Party

by  
Erma Reynolds

Let's welcome the Christmas season by having a HOLLY-DAY PARTY.

**Invitations:** Cut holly leaves from green construction paper and paste on three red berries cut from paper. Print the invitation on the leaf, using light green crayon.

"At our party on Friday night  
There will be holly berries bright,  
Lots of laughter, and Christmas cheer.  
So plan to come, we want you here."  
(Name, Place, Time.)

**Decorations:** Around the party rooms place giant clusters of holly made by wiring three inflated red balloons to large holly leaves cut from green construction paper.

**Holly Wreath:** To start the fun, when the first guest arrives, give him an artificial holly wreath to wear on his head, telling him he can wear it as long as he avoids saying "yes." During the evening, the other guests try to trap the wreath-wearer into saying "yes", and whoever succeeds takes over the holly wreath. At the end of the party, the person who is wearing the wreath takes it home as a prize.

**Hunt-A-Holly:** Before the party, collect lots and lots of old Christmas cards, and hide these in every nook and corner of the party rooms. Come time to play the game, instruct the players to scatter and hunt down these hidden cards. At the end of five minutes the hunt is halted and the players check the cards they have found. A card with illustrations showing holly, counts one point. One point is awarded for every word "holly" that can be found in verses and inscriptions. A card minus these holly features rates "nothing". Scores are added and the player with the most points wins a prize.

**Hit-A-Berry:** A large holly wreath is drawn on a piece of heavy white cardboard. Six holly berries, cut from red cardboard, with each berry containing one of the following numbers — 5-10-25-50-75-100 — are glued to the wreath at spaced intervals. The players in turn stand on a throwing line 15 feet from the wreath and toss five ping-pong balls, trying to hit the berries. Players

take the numbers on the berries they hit for their score, and a prize goes to the one with high score.

**Hang-A-Holly Wreath:** Players form into two relay teams. Leader of each team is given an artificial holly wreath. (Wreaths must be identical in size.) At the starting signal the leader hangs the wreath over his left foot. He turns to the player at his right, who holds his left foot in the air, and hangs the wreath over that player's uplifted foot. No fair using the hands, or holding on to each other for balance while hanging the wreath. If the wreath drops to the floor, it goes back to the head of the line to be started over again. The wreath continues down the line in this toe-to-toe fashion, and the team whose wreath reaches the end of the line first wins the relay. Each team member is rewarded with a round red "holly" candy.

**Snowball Tag:** "It" is given a handful of cotton balls and, standing in the center of a circle of guests, tries to hit one of the guests with the "snowball". The person hit becomes the next "It".

**Holly Words:** Give each player paper and pencil and tell them to write the words HOLLY DAY SEASON. They are then allowed ten minutes to see how many words they can make of the letters contained in HOLLY DAY SEASON. Letters may be used in a word only as many times as they appear in the phrase. Player with the longest list of words wins a prize.

**Refreshments:** The table is covered with a white or red tablecloth. Large holly leaves cut from heavy green paper, with three pasted-on red paper berries serve as place mats. Holly sprays, or a holly wreath, arranged around the base of a large red candle is the centerpiece. Combination place cards and favors are made by placing small red candies in small cellophane bags. A green ribbon is tied around the neck of the bag, and attached to this is a Christmas gift tag, decorated with a holly motif, with the guest's name inscribed in red crayon or felt pen.

\*\*\*\*\*

### FOR HOLIDAY GOOD TIMES

**Icebreaker for a Large Club Party or Guest Night:** Hand each guest a dozen slips of paper or small cards, and a pencil. Each guest writes his or her name on each slip of paper. Then the guests are to exchange greetings with one another and present their cards to all they greet. The guest who first brings to the hostess a set of twelve different name cards is given a small prize.

**Christmas Spell Down:** Divide guests into two groups. Pin a large letter on the sleeve of each guest, being sure each group has identical letters. Then the leader will pronounce a word. Each group tries to be first to spell the word by having players line up with letters in proper sequence. Give five points to the winning side for each word spelled first. Add up points at close of game to see which side is declared winner. Try to use words pertaining to Christmas for the spell down. If the group is small, a letter might be pinned to each sleeve.

**Fake Caroler:** A player is chosen to be "It" and is asked to leave the room. The group then chooses a Christmas carol to sing and chooses one of their number to be the fake caroler. This person does not sing but only mouths (pantomimes) the words while others sing the carol. "It" returns to the room and tries to pick the person who is not really singing. If he does pick the correct person, that one becomes the new "It".

**Red and Green Quiz:**

1. A woman's garment (Redingote)
2. An American game bird (Redhead — duck)
3. A fruit (Greengage plum)
4. A soldier (British Redcoat)
5. Legal tender (Greenback)
6. Where temperature is controlled (Greenhouse)
7. A sure sign of spring (Redbud)
8. Memorable in a happy way (Red letter day)
9. Fragrant (Redolent)
10. A novice (Greenhorn)
11. A fish (Red snapper)
12. Excessive formality (Red tape)
13. Oldest and tallest of its kind (Redwood)
14. Most important to your well being (Red corpuscle)

**T.V. Christmas Special:** Select about six players from among the guests (or more if you have time). Give each of these a slip of paper on which is written the name of a famous T.V. personality. Be sure to choose those who have a particular style in the way they appear on T.V. Each participant takes a turn imitating his or her personality (without words). Guests try to guess the T.V. person. Award a prize to the best impersonator.



## CHRISTMAS CANNOT BE MASS PRODUCED

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Even though I began thinking about Christmas some time ago it still seems to come all too rapidly across the pages of the calendar. If only the days would slow down just a bit perhaps I could catch up! No matter how early I begin to plan, no matter how carefully I make out my lists, no matter how much is already done, the next few weeks will simply fly by and non-essentials will have to be eliminated or I'll never make it to the 25th.

First things first, so to get into the spirit of the season I'll put on some phonograph records featuring the lovely carols. Then Mother's Gumdrops must be made. Since these take several weeks to become firm they are the first of the Christmas cooking to be done, then come the fruit cakes and the Scotch breads, all of which improve with age.

A sack of bright hard candies is in the grocery bag and will soon take their place in pretty jars on one of the living room bookcases. I especially like the ribbon style with the swirls and curls of reds and yellows and greens.

A soft white snow would help me get into the feeling of Christmas-to-come. Somehow snow and Iowa just go together. If it doesn't snow I'll get out cotton batting and use it on the mantel, the hutch and the top of the parlor organ as make-believe snow in the decorative scenes.

Last year one of the loving gifts we received was a set of three delightful ceramic carollers painted by our niece, Marjorie Barnard. I want to make a pretty arrangement of these interesting characters on the mantel, probably with candles, pine cones and the cotton snow to give the proper mood. Over the mantel will hang the homemade wreath I made last year from red, green and gold wool. This is the same kind of wool which I have used for the braided rugs in the family room, so the braided circle seems especially appropriate. I discovered it was so heavy I had to put a strong wire circle behind it and stitch the braid to the wire to hold it round. Sprigs of holly decorated the wreath and it was a very satisfying addition to the fireplace setting.

As I consider the boxes in the attic and think through the decorations from years past it is surprising how many routine possessions can be used for decorative purposes during the holidays. Almost anything can hold a Christmas tree — a bushel basket, an old iron kettle, a stone churn, a garden



Evelyn enjoys attending craft fairs where she gets many of her holiday decoration ideas. This one was held in Sidney by the County Extension. The wreaths shown are a large pine cone, one made of various colored ribbons, a patchwork wreath and a traditional evergreen ring trimmed with a plaid ribbon. The nativity figures are made from corn husks and the stable from corn stalks.

urn or a big clay pot. My small tree in the recreation room of the basement is held up traditionally by an old wooden keg.

Also, almost anything can be used to decorate a tree. Handmade articles collected year after year are particularly treasured. One grandmother I know makes a new decoration each year for each of her grandchildren, precious gifts increasing in value as the years go by. Any collection of miniatures can be adapted to decorate a tree — small shoes, tiny dogs, pitchers, wooden figures, whatever a person collects and enjoys.

For a number of years I've decorated the basement tree with handmade yarn items, adding a few each year. But this year I ordered two books of old-fashioned paper dolls, one is *Antique Paper Dolls of the Edwardian Era* and the other is *Antique Paper Dolls 1915-1920* (Dover Publications, Inc., 180 Varick Street, New York, N.Y.). My plan is to cut out the dolls, glue the back and front together on those which include both, and glue a ribbon loop at the top of each. I'll dress these dolls in the prettiest outfits and, if time permits, add scraps of material, braid, lace, sequins, etc., for a glamorous touch.

Our great big living room tree has already been chosen from those standing along the bluff where we have permission to cut one. Hopefully the boys will be home by Craig's birthday on Dec. 20th when we traditionally get the tree from the timber in one great enthusiastic family outing.

The decorations on the upstairs tree are always more formal than my little basement tree. For a number of years we have used primarily red and gold

decorations: various sized red and gold balls, redbirds in great profusion (with gold tails and wings!), red bows and flowers, a gold star at the top and many, many tiny golden lights. Grandpa's handpainted nativity figures always have the place of honor and add just the right touch of rainbow colors and meaning to the glorious evergreen tree. Last year we even found gold-colored icicles and tinsel to add to the decorations. Needless to say, that tree glittered!

Tiny strings of light are fine to outline the front picture window and it is always a struggle to decide what to put inside this glowing "frame". One year I painted the three wise men directly on the glass with poster paints. I even have a little trophy presented that year by the city for the best decorated window in town for my amateur artwork! Another year we fastened large angels to the center of the window. For the past several years we've hung large plastic snowflakes in uneven rows down the window. At this moment I have no new ideas at all for decorating the space inside the lighted square. It is time for a new inspiration!

The front door is another problem. Never have the decorations we used completely satisfied me. One year we had evergreen tree branches fastened on each side of the door and trimmed with bright lights. This was the best yet, but it still didn't do a thing for the middle of the door. Someday, someday, I'll run across an idea that will be just right. At this moment it would be great if this could be the year!

It won't be long until the entire house will look like Christmas. The feather tree made many years ago will go on the bookcase beside the big glass snifter which holds a ceramic angel holding a small lamb. Holly and gold candles will be arranged on top of the organ. Craig's old Boy Scout bugle trimmed with a big red bow will be perched on the music rack. With the patchwork quilt on the davenport and the green kerosene lamp lighted on the marble-topped table (which belonged to my great-grandmother!) the room should have an old-fashioned, homey look about it.

The marble-topped table will also hold the old Bible and the small wooden nativity figures which are part of our Christmas emphasis. Just as soon as I get the gumdrops finished I will get down the green lamp, get out the Bible and the carved wooden figures, for now I am truly in the mood to begin the holidays gradually, creating them bit by bit with loving care. Christmas is an individual matter and cannot, no matter what, ever be mass produced!

Wishing each of you a blessed holiday.





## MAKE YOURS A CREATIVE CHRISTMAS

It's those "little extras" that let your family and friends feel "it's beginning to look a lot like Christmas" at your house. Besides, it does a good deal to set your own Merry Christmas mood. So let's whip up a whirl of Christmas cheer around the house!

If you have a Christmas tree mold, there is no reason to think it need be used **ONLY** for cake or salad. Treat the family to a *Pineapple Upside-Down Christmas Tree* dessert. Follow your usual recipe, but arrange chunk pineapple in the bottom of the pan, with English walnut halves and maraschino cherries placed here and there to form the tree "ornaments" when the cake is turned out on a large serving plate.

*Christmas Place Mats* in variety are what you'll have if you run a warm iron over old Christmas wrappings you have saved, and cut place mats from the papers, using pinking shears. This is another thing the children can do, and they can have fun choosing designs especially for Grandmother, or the baby of the family, and so on.

*Christmas Package Dessert* is simply your favorite Christmas cake cut into rectangular serving pieces, then iced in white. Decorate by using red icing in a decorating tube and piping it on as a ribbon tied around the package, with a bow on top. Pipe each person's name on his cake "package". Place these on a large glass serving plate, and add a few holly sprays. Beautiful!

*Candy Cane Centerpiece Candelabra:* Do you have a black wrought iron candelholder which holds several candles? Mine is a circle, with one higher in the center. I put a tall white taper in the center, and put large candy canes in the outside holders, anchoring with clay if need be. A circle of greens around the base, perhaps a few pretty, shiny Christmas balls, and you have a delightful centerpiece.

*Drum Cooky Stack Favors:* Make your favorite sugar cooky, cutting into small circles, and baking. When cool, for each favor cut two circles of red construction paper the same size as the cookies. Use a paper punch to make six holes around edge of circles. Place a circle of paper on the table, stack cookies on it to form the "body" of the drum (perhaps four or five). Lace the drum top and bottom papers together with narrow red ribbon, with two tiny candy cane "drumsticks" tied on top with a sprig of greenery.

*Hospitality Choo-Choo:* Many of you already have a cardboard or styrofoam train which you've used to hold greeting cards or other decorations. If not, perhaps you'd like to make one from foam, decorating engine, cars, and caboose with sequins, beads, ribbon, and tinsel in holiday designs. Then place the train on your dining room table as a centerpiece, or on a table in the entrance hall. Fill one car with small candy canes, another with candy kisses, another with homemade candy wrapped in clear plastic wrap, another with small decorated cookies. Now you're ready to offer holiday guests a treat from your "Christmas Train Special".



## A SONG OF CHRISTMAS

Oh, I love the "feel" of Christmas  
as it spreads its warmth about —  
Every smile and hearty greeting  
is sincere, without a doubt.

Oh, I love the songs of Christmas  
as they permeate the air —  
And the glow of happy faces  
can be seen most anywhere.

Oh, I love the joy of Christmas  
as we gather forth to pray —  
To celebrate the birth, again  
of Christ, on Christmas Day!

—Marjorie A. Lundell

## SUGAR 'N' SPICE

Sugar 'n' spice meant Christmastime  
And the whole house smelled so good  
When we returned each day from school,  
Ready to carry more wood.  
For Mama cooked on a big black range  
That had a huge appetite;  
The many armfuls of wood it ate,  
Baked pies and cakes just right.  
Of course, Mom served us much good  
food

Throughout the entire year,  
But the sugar 'n' spice of the holidays  
Added extra Christmas cheer.

—Inez Baker

## THOUGHTS ON A WINTER DAY

by  
Mary E. Javens

December is the last month of the year, and sometimes one of the most rugged. It's the month that brings the final windup to work on the farm as far as getting out the last of the corn or beans, and if there is still a bit of plowing to be done, it needs must wait till spring.

I have always felt that the month of December is the shortest month of the year. True, February has fewer days, but even so it has more **TIME** than this month we are in right now. After the Thanksgiving festivities die down, it's just a "whoop and a holler" to the time when we find ourselves buying presents to hide away, selecting the most appropriate cards, and bargaining for the greenest tree on the lot. And the days in between eating the Thanksgiving turkey and sitting down to the Christmas goose are just little half-days at best.

December can be many things. It can be beautiful in an artistic sense when bright winter sun shines from a clear blue sky and causes the snow to sparkle and leap on every tree branch. The air is tingly clear and frosty and wonderful to breathe, and momentarily one feels sorry for those who have never walked in crunchy snow nor breathed of pure chilled air. And in the back of our mind is the foolish wish that we might send a portion of today to someone less fortunate. But December can be frightening when a blizzard strikes and we shiver next to the heat, and hope and pray that no one is stranded in the cold.

December is the time when the majority of us take out the stack of cards that came last year in the rush of the holiday season; and as we go over them once more to be sure of addresses, we find little messages that were overlooked in the hustle and bustle. As we read, we smile a bit — and perhaps cry a bit — for some of the friends have passed away. Those cards we lay down gently and go on to the next, a bit saddened, while we comfort ourselves with the thought that, somehow, it must all be for the best. The sorting of the cards is almost like a short visit with those who addressed them twelve long months ago, for in the mind's eye we see the smiling face of the sender, and the friendly home it represents. Somehow we are strangely comforted by last year's words.

December is the month in which we bring gifts to lay at the feet of the Christ Child, for so did the wise men on that first Christmas almost 2000

(Continued on page 22)



# Holiday Cookies

Tested

by the

**Kitchen - Klatter  
Family**



## PEANUT BUTTER BARS

- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 1/2 lb. butter or margarine
- 1 cup peanut butter
- 1 lb. powdered sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 cups chocolate chips

Combine crumbs, butter or margarine, peanut butter, sugar, salt and flavorings, and work together until smooth. press this mixture into a 9-inch square buttered pan, or a larger pan if you want thinner bars. Stand in refrigerator until firm.

Melt chocolate chips over hot water. Spread over cracker mixture. Refrigerate until firm.

This tastes like a famous brand of peanut butter candy. —Lucile

## JUBILEE RAISIN JUMBLES

- 1/2 cup shortening (half butter)
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 large eggs, well beaten
- 2 3/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 1/2 cups seedless raisins
- 1/2 cup candied cherries or mixed candied fruits, chopped
- Butter frosting

Beat shortening, sugar and flavorings until fluffy. Beat in eggs. Sift flour, salt, baking powder, and soda together. Add to sugar mixture alternately with sour cream. Stir in raisins and fruits. Drop dough in small mounds 2 inches apart onto greased baking sheets. Bake at 375 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes. Cool cookies. Ice with butter frosting. Decorate with additional raisins or fruits if desired. —Dorothy

## TOFFEE BUTTER BARS

- 1 cup, minus 2 Tbls., shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 1 egg white

Use part butter and part margarine. Cream with sugar and butter and burnt sugar flavorings. Add egg yolk and vanilla flavoring. Beat. Add salt and flour and 1/4 cup of the nuts. When well blended, press into greased jelly roll pan, 10 by 15. Beat egg white lightly and brush over dough. Sprinkle remaining 1/4 cup nuts over top. Press lightly into batter. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Cut in squares while warm. This makes a very delicious bar cookie with simple ingredients. Try with a little Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring and black walnuts for a great variation. —Evelyn

## COCOA MINT COOKIES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg, beaten
- 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring
- 1 cup, plus 2 Tbls. all-purpose flour, sifted
- 6 Tbls. cocoa
- 1/2 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream the shortening and sugar until light. Add the egg and mint flavoring and continue beating until fluffy. Sift the dry ingredients together and stir into the egg mixture. Blend thoroughly. Form into long rolls, wrap in waxed paper and chill in the refrigerator for several hours. Slice and place the cookies on a lightly greased baking sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes.

## BUTTERFINGER BROWNIES

- 1 1-oz. square unsweetened chocolate
- 1/2 cup margarine or butter
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup flour
- 1/4 cup chopped pecans

Melt chocolate and margarine or butter. Cool slightly. In bowl beat egg until fluffy. Stir in chocolate mixture, sugar, flour and pecans. Pour into greased 8-inch square pan and bake for 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool.

## Filling

- 2 Tbls. butter
  - 1 cup powdered sugar
  - 1 Tbls. cream or milk
  - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Beat well and spread over baked brownies. Chill 10 minutes.

## Glaze

- 1 1-oz. square unsweetened chocolate
  - 1 Tbls. butter
- Melt and spread over filling. Refrigerate. (Chocolate will set in about 15 minutes. —Margery

## APRICOT-DATE BARS

- 1 cup butter, melted
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
  - 1 Tbls. apricot juice
  - 2 cups flour, unsifted
  - 2 cups uncooked rolled oats
  - 1/2 tsp. salt
  - 1 tsp. baking soda
  - 1/2 cup white sugar
  - 1/2 cup brown sugar
- Melt the butter and add to it the two flavorings, plus the tablespoon of apricot juice.

Combine all of the dry ingredients and then add the melted butter. We did this by hand. The dough will be crumbly. Reserve 1/2 cup for topping and then pat the remainder into a lightly greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan.

## Filling

- 1 1-lb. can apricots, thoroughly drained and then chopped
  - 1 1/2 cups dates, finely chopped
  - 1/2 cup brown sugar
  - 1/2 cup nuts, finely chopped
- Cook these ingredients over low heat, stirring until thick. Remove from heat and spread over the dough in pan. Sprinkle reserved crumbs over the top. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 25 to 30 minutes. Cut in bite-size pieces since it is very rich — and VERY delicious! A plate of these would make wonderful club refreshments if your family can leave them alone. —Betty and Lucile



**ELEGANT LEMON COOKIES**

- 1/2 cup butter
- 2/3 cup sugar
- 1 egg yolk
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped
- 3 Tbls. sugar
- 1 slightly beaten egg white

Cream butter and 2/3 cup sugar in mixer bowl. Add egg yolk, milk and flavorings. Beat well. Sift dry ingredients together and beat into creamed mixture. When well blended, shape on waxed paper into a 12- by 1 1/2-inch roll. Chill well — at least one hour. Combine ground (or finely chopped) nuts and sugar. Brush chilled dough with lightly beaten egg white. Roll in nut-sugar mixture. Press nuts firmly into dough. Cut into 1/4-inch thick slices. Place on lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake at 400 degrees for 7 to 10 minutes, or until they are a golden brown. Do not overbake. Makes about four dozen. A delightful cookie for a tea tray.

—Evelyn

**ORANGE DROP COOKIES**

- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup margarine
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3 cups sifted flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup buttermilk

Cream the brown sugar and margarine together until light and fluffy. Add the eggs and flavorings and beat well. Sift the flour, baking powder, soda and salt together and add to the creamed mixture alternately with the buttermilk, beating well after each addition. Drop on an ungreased cookie sheet and bake 10 to 12 minutes in a 350-degree oven. While they are still warm frost with the following icing:

**Orange Icing**

- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
  - 3 Tbls. margarine
  - 3 Tbls. orange juice
  - 3 cups powdered sugar
- Blend all together until smooth.

—Dorothy

**PEANUT BUTTER DATE-FILLED COOKIES**

- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 3/4 cup margarine
- 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 cups flour (unsifted)
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Cream together the peanut butter and margarine. Beat in the sugars until blended. Stir in the eggs and flavorings. Sift together the flour, baking powder, soda and salt. Drop by teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet. Make a thumb print in the center of each ball of dough and fill with a little of the following date mixture.

**Filling**

- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup water

Combine and cook until thickened. Bake in a 350-degree oven about 12 minutes.

—Dorothy

**CHEWY DATE DROPS**

- 2 cups finely chopped dates
- 1 1/2 cups white sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup margarine
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Cook the dates with 1/2 cup of the white sugar and the water until thick. Set aside to cool. Cream the margarine, remaining white sugar and brown sugar. Add the eggs and flavorings and beat until fluffy. Sift together the dry ingredients and add. Stir in the nuts and cooled date mixture. Drop on greased cookie sheet and bake 12 to 15 minutes in a 375-degree oven. This will make 60-70 cookies. Do not overbake so they will be moist and stay that way when packed in a tight container.

—Dorothy

**MARGERY'S BUTTER COOKIES**

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup cooking oil
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 4 cups flour

Cream together the butter or margarine, cooking oil, sugars and flavorings. Add eggs and beat well. Sift baking soda, cream of tartar and salt into the flour and add to the creamed mixture. Chill the dough about an hour, then roll into small balls. Dip the balls into sugar, coating well and place on very lightly greased cookie sheets. Flatten with the bottom of a glass or with a fork. Bake at 350 degrees until they begin to brown around the edges.

These make lovely little cookies for the holiday tray if sprinkled with a bit of colored sugar before baking, or after they are baked top with a bit of icing and decorate with nuts or candied cherries. Try some of these this Holiday Season.

**HOLLY BARS**

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1 tsp. instant coffee (dry)
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 3/4 cup rolled oats
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts

Cream the shortening and sugar; add the beaten eggs. Sift the flour, baking powder and salt. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Stir in the instant coffee, flavorings, rolled oats and nuts. Pour into a greased 8-inch square pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. If you would like thinner bars put the batter in a larger pan. The 8-inch pan makes rather thick, cake-sized bars.

Frost with pale green powdered sugar icing and decorate with little red flowers made from maraschino cherries with a touch of green leaf made from a green cherry.

These bars are not as sweet as many recipes and need the frosting for the finishing touch. On a cookie tray or tea table these Holly Bars give a lovely touch of color.



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### ESTER'S HOLIDAY PECAN PIE

- 1 10-inch unbaked pie shell
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 cups dark corn syrup
- 2 Tbls. plus 2 tsp. margarine, melted
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup pecan halves

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Beat eggs just until blended, but not frothy. Add sugar, salt, and corn syrup. Add cooled melted margarine or butter and flavorings and stir just enough to blend. Spread nuts in bottom of pie shell. Pour in filling. Place pie in oven. Reduce heat to 325 degrees at once. Bake 50-60 minutes. Makes 8 to 10 servings. This is a large pie filling and requires the 10-inch pie shell. Reduce baking temperatures 25 degrees when using glass baking dish.

—Ester Mae Cox

### PEANUT-POPCORN BARS

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup light corn syrup
- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

3 cups popped corn  
1 cup salted Spanish peanuts  
Combine sugar and syrup. Bring to a full boil. Remove from heat and stir in peanut butter and vanilla flavoring. Stir quickly until smooth. Pour over popcorn and peanuts. Stir to coat. Pat firmly into buttered 8-inch square pan. Cool, cut into 2-inch squares. Makes 16 bars.

—Betty and Lucile

### MAPLE SPONGE CANDY

- 1 cup white syrup
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 2 tsp. white vinegar
- 2 tsp. soda, sifted

Combine syrup, sugar, flavoring and vinegar in heavy 2-quart saucepan. Bring to boil over medium heat, stirring until sugar dissolves. Continue cooking without stirring until mixture reaches hard-crack stage (290 degrees on candy thermometer or until mixture separates into hard brittle threads when dropped into very cold water). Remove from heat. Have soda sifted or sieved into saucer to remove all lumps. Quickly stir soda into syrup. Pour into lightly greased 9- by 13-inch pan. *Do not spread*, let it spread out just as far as it can by itself. When cool, break into pieces. It should have a crispy, spongy texture. A fine candy for mailing as it keeps a long time. —Evelyn

### OLD-FASHIONED SUGARED POPCORN

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 Tbls. butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Popcorn

Pop about three poppers full of corn. Remove any unpopped kernels. Combine all ingredients given for syrup. Cook until it tests a soft ball when a portion is dropped into cold water (or soft-ball stage is reached on candy thermometer). Immediately pour over corn. Keep stirring so the kernels separate and the sugar mixture coats each kernel. A little food coloring is nice to add to this — especially pink! A delicious old-fashioned way to prepare sweet popcorn. It does not have the sticky consistency of most syrup corn recipes, more of a sugar coating results from this method. —Evelyn



## IS THIS WHAT THEY MEAN BY MID-WINTER DOLDRUMS?

Still miss the variety that picnics, patio dinners and fresh fruits and vegetables provided last summer? Are your meals full of blahs instead of fun?

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Strawberry  
Vanilla

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Butter  
Pineapple  
Mint

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## MARY BETH'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

I am reminded today of the poem that I taught my class last year, which has some lines that just fit today.

"The last of October, we lock the garden gate . . .

We put the swings away . . .

The screens are in the attic . . .

Everything is put away . . ."

When I rolled out of bed this morning it was daylight for a change (during the week it is still dark and I don't see the backyard from my panorama window), and I was stunned to see the skeleton of the tree exposed where just last Saturday it had hung down heavily with crisp, golden leaves.

We're having an unusually dry autumn this year, and as a result, I believe, all the leaves will be down earlier than usual. The chipmunks must have found their winter tunnels, because Morris is complaining of the monotony of the food in his kitty dish. It has been a strange phenomenon, because coupled with the dryness has been the unusual warmth of these normally cold days. As a result, when I have studied at my desk under the bedroom window, I have had the window open on the balmy evenings, and I can hear all manner of strange footsteps cutting across the night-time silence. It is not possible to move through the backyard one inch without stirring the crispy leaves, and the little animals that had formerly stolen silently through the blackness in total safety now are broadcasting their presence and their direction to everyone. Simba, my sleepy companion when I settle down to do homework, finds her rest interrupted with these exciting noises crackling through the open window.

Katharine was home since I last wrote you for mid-term rest and recuperation. Last year we didn't feel we could afford the expense of an extra trip home before Christmas, but this year we determined that being home and back with family and hearth was more than worth the price of her ticket. Soon enough Katharine will be out of college and her times to come home will undoubtedly be more restricted than now. So we had a simply gorgeous weekend and two days with her. She loved the leaves and the smell of autumn up here. She saw no autumn at all last year down in the land of the eternal summer of Texas. She sat in the backyard and sketched, and she cooked and rested and studied.

As she waited in the terminal for the flight back to Chicago and then on to Houston, she commented that she would see us again in eight weeks for Christmas! I blanched in utter disbelief. Not



Donald and his son Paul hang the Christmas wreath on a chilly night.

only did I not believe it could be so close, but I was truly not ready to consider entertaining Christmas. I really believe that time flits by more quickly the older I get, but accompanying this swift passage of time are the attendant number of things that we all seem to have to do.

The children are reasonably involved with school and non-school activities, but not to the extent that some children are. And Don's schedule is just crammed, too. He signed up for a special holiday church chorus for men, which practices each Sunday between the first and second services, and this is cutting into the available time he has for studying on what remains of Sunday afternoon when we finally get home. Life shouldn't be so pressed with obligations. I have a terrible feeling sometimes that one day I'll wake up and the children will all be through with school and gone, and then I'll have time to do things with them other than studying and working.

Paul has just walked into the house after taking the foreign exchange student who is living with a family down the street to a crazy movie in a nearby town. Paul has been so quiet and shy up to this year that the idea of going out with a girl hardly crossed his mind (I think!) but anyway this year he is the world's funniest extrovert.

Delafield is a pretty quiet place, having no movies, and I presume that the presence of St. John's Military Academy here has had some bearing on the fact that there are none. The towns around here are all pretty close, and many of them have movie houses. He is really feeling like a grown-up these

(Continued on page 22)

May you share the joy of this Holiday Season in the arms of peace and good will and may you keep Christmas in your heart throughout the year.

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

KLK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial - 10:00 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial - 9:35 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial - 9:30 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Ia., 960 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.
KTAV-FM	Knoxville, Ia., 92.1mc. on your dial - 11:15 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn., 730 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.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial - 10:15 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial - 9:00 A.M.



## THE LITTLE MIRACLE

by

Irene Minnis Williams

The carpenter's son sat by the window gazing down the long, dusty street of the little village. The late afternoon sun was beginning to lower, and if one looked closely Mt. Carmel could be seen in the distance casting a shadow over the valley. Soon the nightfall, and then the streets would be quiet. But the children in the neighborhood were having their last few minutes of play, and the air was filled with their shouts and laughter.

Slowly up the street came Benjamin, a neighbor boy, carrying on his back his little crippled sister, Hannah. They had been down to the village well at the foot of the hill. It was their custom to stop each evening at the window to speak to Jesus. It was such a joy to visit a moment with him. His friendly greeting seemed always to lift the spirits of the little crippled girl. She sensed a feeling that he wanted to



A group of ladies from Frederick's church wrap gifts for needy children.

help her.

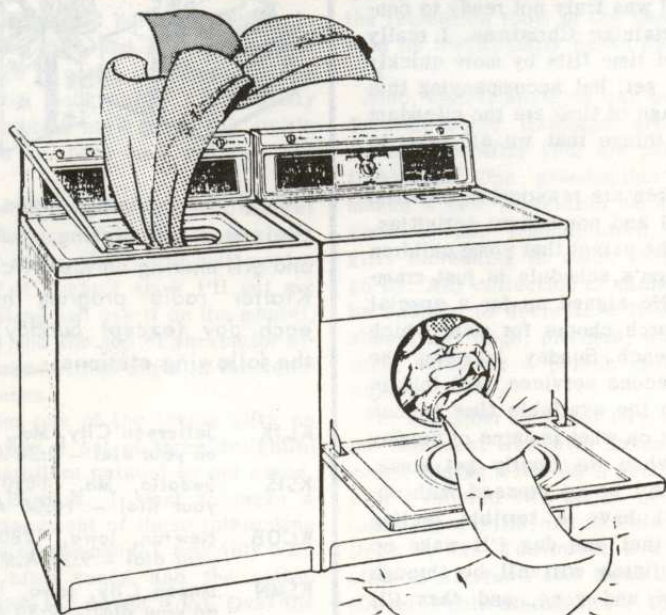
As they passed on, Jesus turned slowly from his window to the carpen-

ter's bench, and picking up his lathe, he began to work. For nearly a week, after each day's work in the shop with Joseph, his father, he would return at night with his candle to work on his new-found project. He measured it carefully, that every peg and bolt were strongly secured in their proper places. Not even Noah could have been more meticulous in building the ark. He polished it well, and finished with a coat of red coloring. At the close of each day, he would survey his handiwork and say, "It is good." When at last his work was finished, he gazed upon it, and behold, it was "very good".

The day finally came to present his gift to Hannah, his little crippled friend. The neighbor children gathered around the carpenter's door, in curious excitement. Then Jesus lifted her little form off the back of her faithful brother and gently placed her in the little two-wheeled cart that he had so carefully made for her. It was a thing of beauty with its red and shining wheels.

Then a strange thing happened. The instant her body touched the cart, a feeling of warmth and exhilaration and strength began surging like a river through every member of her being. Leaping up, she stood and walked, shouting and singing praises to Jesus as she ran following him into the carpenter's shop. It was indeed a time of rejoicing, for the Son of God had sanctified the little cart with His holy touch, and thus His healing hand had made her whole.

The children, seeing her walking and singing for joy, clapped their hands in happiness. And all the people in the little town were filled with wonder and amazement at that which had happened unto her — and marveled that any such good thing could come out of Nazareth.



# MY MOM DOES MAGIC!

"She puts dirty, stained, stinky clothes in the top, pushes the button, moves 'em into the other door, pushes another button, and out they come: clean, and pretty, and smelling swell."

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## Kitchen-Klatter

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The Little Chapel of the Flowers located at Schroeder's Floral, Eagle Bend, Minnesota.

## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

A little chapel, complete with old stained glass windows, a bell that can be tolled, miniature pews that hold 12 adults comfortably, and all the appointments that go in a true church, literally appeared in our yard last summer.

For a long time my husband and I had been searching for a feature that would be of interest to the many folks who visit our flower gardens each year. We tossed the idea of a little chapel around for some time and discussed it with an old friend who had built churches in neighboring towns. He said, "I'm 72 years old and want to retire, but I'll think about it." Think about it he did! The next time we saw Nels Braaten, he had drawn up blueprints of a little chapel and promised to build it "come spring".

Nels scoured the country for materials that would have a meaning. He told us of two very old stained glass windows that came from a Lutheran church in St. Paul, Minn., and of a crucifix and candleholders from an old country church that had been torn down some years ago. In his small workshop, he designed and made four cathedral windows for the sides of the little chapel. He also made a small altar, communion rails, kneeling benches and the six small pews.

Ground was broken on May 27th and the chapel completed on July 8th. It was dedicated on August 24th in an inter-faith ceremony with nine area pastors and two priests in attendance. I had been corresponding with Norene Booth of Princeton, Mo., and though we had never met in person, a warm bond of friendship developed between us as we share a mutual interest in flowers and gardening. Mrs. Booth writes a garden column for Joe's Bulletin published at Lamoni, Iowa, and one of the

oldest gardening magazines in the states. Norene mentioned that she was an amateur cartoonist (her son is the noted cartoonist, George Booth, of the *New Yorker Magazine*) and that she also did chalk paintings. We immediately "commissioned" her to do a painting for the little chapel. She did a head of Christ that now hangs reverently above the altar. Norene painted Christ as she thought he might look — an intangible smile touching his mouth and eyes that seem to express both joy and sorrow. It is a hauntingly different picture of Christ that you must see to appreciate.

As I write this, more than 1800 visitors have signed the guest book in the entry of the chapel. If any of you readers ever come up through Minnesota on U.S. Highway #71, stop off in the little town of Eagle Bend and make it a point to visit us and see the Little Chapel of the Flowers. The welcome mat is always out and the coffee pot hot.

## THE OTHER SHEPHERD

On a silent night in the land of Judea, while the earth quietly slept, Abram, a shepherd boy on a hilltop stood, for the flocks of sheep his watch he kept.

Abram was a very unhappy little shepherd boy. His older brothers had left him alone on that starlit hill to tend their flocks of sheep, while they had hurriedly gone to Bethlehem to search for the manger where lay the new-born babe. Suddenly in the sky, there had been a flood of light that shone around about them, and a multitude of heavenly angels, high above them, sang songs of praise and joy — and telling them that in yonder town, if they would seek they would find a king without a crown.

Abram had so much wanted to go with his brothers to Bethlehem, but someone must be left behind to care for the sheep. The night seemed long as he sat alone on a huge white stone watching the flocks on the hillside and meditating in his disappointment. Then a thought suddenly came to mind. "Why not!" he exclaimed, joyfully, "I can go in the morning. When dawn breaks over that eastern hill, I, too, shall go to Bethlehem."

"But, I have no gold or gift to take to the Holy Child. All that I have — all that I own, is Shadrack, my little pet lamb. Could I presume that he would be acceptable? His fleece is white as snow — without spot or blemish. He could 'ba-a-ah' his greetings as I lay him at the baby's feet, while I kneel in homage before the new-born King."

"Yes," said the shepherd boy, eagerly, "For Him I shall take my lamb in the morning — to Bethlehem."

—Irene Minnis Williams

# Christmas

Let's hang the greens, put up the tree  
And light the Christmas candles;  
And carols sing of wise men three,  
Of shepherds in their sandals.

Set up again the wooden stable,  
The cattle standing 'round it,  
The straw to pillow His sweet head,  
And loved ones to surround it.

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It's that time of year again. Windows and doors tight shut for months. Mud and slush tracked in. Pop's pipe, the fireplace and furnace all smoking. Seems like there's a film of grease and grime on everything in the house . . . thick enough to write your name in.

Thank goodness for **Kitchen-Klatter Kleener**! It's the all-year, every-room powdered cleaner that works fast on all dirt. Fast into solution, fast into the dirt, fast down the drain. No foam to rinse off. No scum to clog drains. And economical, too.

Feel like slicking up the house a little? Remember the old saying:

"You go through the motions . . .  
**Kitchen-Klatter Kleener**  
does the work."



## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

"I gaze at my cluttered shelves. Books stacked atop each other, spilling onto the floor. Some as familiar as this dear one in my hand, some brightly jacketed and new. I am both happy and sad at sight of them, for I know — as with the articles — I can't do justice to them. Many of these books, so full of love and knowledge, are like old and treasured friends who urge, 'Call us, come to see us.' While there is the tantalizing promise of the new. Yet the days are so full. I have so little time to seek out the friends who mean the most to me, let alone enjoy my new ones. But how wonderful to know I can always go to them," writes Marjorie Holmes in her newest book *How Can I Find You, God?*

The reader will find inspiration and help for everyday living in her book. She points out the many paths that have led her to God. These paths are shown to be through people, through the wonders of nature, through the bliss of birth and the testing of pain and death, through books and art and work and prayer. It is not the usual collection of meditations; it is the story of her growth in faith.

She writes of the goodness and love shown by children and young people. On asking what Christmases her children would most remember, they were found to be "The year we made the Raggedy Anns and Andys for the Doll House to give away," and "The years we adopted the Wilsons and the Kelseys —" The lights shone more brightly on their own tree, knowing they had brought warmth and gifts in an otherwise cold house.



Mrs. Frederick Driftmier and her niece, Emily Driftmier, in Colo.

Books by Marjorie Holmes always have a personal touch with stories of her experiences and there is help for the reader. *How Can I Find You, God?* (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, N.Y., \$5.95) by Marjorie Holmes is a fine inspirational book to add to her other best-selling books: *I've Got to Talk to Somebody, God, Who Am I, God?, Nobody Else Will Listen*, and *Two from Galilee*.

In this, our Bicentennial Year, cities, towns and small communities all over the country are putting what is best in America on proud display. Never before has there been such a bonanza of fascinating activities for the traveler, for the vacationer and for those who want to explore the resources of their own localities. *The Bicentennial Book* by Robert Lawler (Dell Books, paperback, \$1.50) is a guide that puts it all together so that you can conveniently find out what is going on when and

where, and how to most thoroughly enjoy it. From Boston, where the Battle of Bunker Hill will be re-enacted, to Honolulu, where a Polynesian extravaganza promises excitement, America is drawing on the full resources of her rich heritage to celebrate the Bicentennial.

A welcome and thoughtful gift for Christmas is a good book that will provide pleasure and inspiration for years to come. *The Best of Life* (Avon books, \$19.95) contains photographs from *Life* magazine on a variety of subjects. There are 680 photos shown from 1936 to 1972. *The Glory and Pageantry of Christmas* (Hammond Publishers, \$16.95) shows the joy of Christians through the ages by paintings, sculpture, songs and woodcuts. The Biblical account of the coming of Christ adds to the explanations of the art and customs. *Let Freedom Ring!* (Fleming Revell Co., Old Tappan, New Jersey, \$4.95) by Dale Evans Rogers with Frank S. Mead is Dale's salute to the Bicentennial. Both Christian and patriot, she gives a vote of confidence for our nation and its 200th birthday.

A new edition of a wise and reassuring story by Charlotte Zolotow is *When the Wind Stops* (Harper & Row, Publishers, 10 East 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$4.50). It had been a good day, and as the little boy was going to bed he asked his mother "Why does the day have to end?" "So night can begin," she answered. They looked at the pale sliver of moon in the darkening sky. There were other questions: "Where does the sun go when the day ends? Where does the wind go when it stops?" Through his mother's perceptive answers he understood that nothing really ends, only changes into the beginning of something else. Howard Knotts' black and white illustrations beautifully complement the lyrical text. (Ages 4-8)

*And To Think That I Saw It On Mulberry Street!* was the first book written by Dr. Seuss, whose real name is Theodor Seuss Geisel. Published in 1937, it is now in its nineteenth printing. Marco's father wanted him to notice the sights on the way home from school, so this is the story of how a plain horse and wagon on Mulberry Street became a zebra and cart, then a chariot with reindeer, then a sled and elephant with a rajah on a throne, plus a brass band, and on and on as young Marco let his imagination run riot. *And To Think That I saw It On Mulberry Street!* (The Vanguard Press, \$3.50) has rollicking rhyme and lively pictures that young children will enjoy — including those with vivid imaginations.

Happy Christmas to all!



"--- and Mommie  
wants  
**KITCHEN-KLATTER."**

Of course, she does! So do lots of other people! Give gift subscriptions to the Kitchen-Klatter Magazine this year. We send attractive gift cards.

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**KITCHEN-KLATTER, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601**



## 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 UCBSAE DNIF TASTRI TTAH SI  
HET TAGE EB HEERT WFE DNA  
DNA WNRRAO SI FILE HET TOIN  
YAW DEEALHT HHWC I

\*\*\*\*\*

You will need two aluminum pie plates, three metal funnels, one slightly smaller than the others, assorted Christmas balls and other decorations, and a metallic mesh chore girl to make this attractive table centerpiece. Place the smaller funnel inside the larger funnel; glue securely. Glue funnels in the center of one aluminum plate; glue center of second aluminum plate to the top of the funnels. Allow to dry thoroughly. Make an angel with the third funnel. Carefully glue a Christmas ball to the spout of the upside down funnel to make the angel's head. A bit of angel hair glued on makes her hair, and her eyes are made of sequins. Make her a skirt of the metallic mesh. Cut halo and wings of aluminum foil, and glue in place. Place angel in center of top pan, place angel hair and Christmas ornaments around her. Place sprigs of pine or evergreen in bottom pan of the centerpiece.

\*\*\*\*\*

One of the prettiest Christmas centerpieces that I've seen was based around the lowly potato. Choose a large one, slice off one side to make a flat base for it to sit on, and scoop out a hole in the top of the potato so a tall candle can be fitted into it. Set on foil or an aluminum pie plate so the moisture from the potato will not ruin the table top. Get a collection of evergreen or pine cuttings, and cut them at an angle, so they will slip easily into the potato. Stick evergreen pieces into the potato from every side, close together. Keep the longest twigs near the center, and taper in length to the bottom. Have longer branches near the bottom, too. This centerpiece will keep fresh for days because of the moisture in the potato. Complete your centerpiece with pine cones, angel hair, Christmas balls and other decorations placed at random on the evergreen. Tie a colorful ribbon near the base of the candle.

\*\*\*\*\*

**ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED BIBLE VERSE:** St. Matthew 7:16: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth into life, and few there be that find it.

\*\*\*\*\*



Katharine Lowey is learning to assume some of the chores around the campground when the family heads for the mountains. Although she isn't old enough to cook, she can watch things for her mother and call for help when it is needed!

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### WISE MEN OF THE FIELDS

The shepherds wondered why the guiding light

Shone all around and in them like the sea

Above the firmament. It seemed to be  
 An easier road to travel through the night

In search of Him whose name the years  
 would write

On hills of hope (even in Galilee,  
 Dwarfed and despised, poor earth's extremity)

In golden letters glorious to the sight.  
 They did not with their Lord on missions go

To help Him heal in temple and in town  
 And meet with multitudes eager to know  
 The taste of food from heaven coming  
 down . . .

The wise men of the fields went home  
 and then

Fed their elated flocks and lonely men.

—William Walter DeBolt

### DECEMBER DEVOTIONS — Concluded

each of thy gifts.

4. Thou shalt treat with consideration all those who serve you.

5. Thou shalt not neglect thy church.

6. Thou shalt not neglect reading the Christmas Scriptures, nor the singing of carols.

7. Thou shalt not neglect sharing with the family the joy that comes with making holiday preparations together.

8. Thou shalt not neglect the needy.

9. Thou shalt discard all meaningless holiday festivities.

10. Thou shalt make time for thine own quiet moments of soul searching.

Hymn: "We Would See Jesus".

Leader: Wise men seeking Jesus

Traveled from afar,

Guided on their journey

By a beauteous star.

But if we desire Him,

He is close at hand;

For our native country

Is our Holy Land.

Every peaceful village

In our land might be

Made by Jesus' presence

Like sweet Bethany.

He is more than near us,

If we love Him well;

For He seeketh ever

In our hearts to dwell. —Selected

Third Meditation: THE FINAL CHECK

### — ARE YOU READY FOR BETHLEHEM?

The great day is drawing near! It is almost time for our "journey to Bethlehem". The plans have been made, the preparations completed we think — but wait! It is time for the final check-up. ARE YOU REALLY READY FOR THE JOURNEY TO BETHLEHEM?

Before crossing the broad expanse of the great Sahara Desert, the traveler must stop at the last outpost on the desert for a final check-up. He must identify himself and report the plans for his trip. He will be advised of proper equipment necessary. Officials at his first stop will be advised of his time of arrival. All of these precautions are taken so that the traveler will not be lost upon that vast desert.

With the approach of our journey to Bethlehem close at hand, we too must check to see if we are ready for the trip. Will we follow His Star, letting it be our compass to keep us on the right road? Will we come to Bethlehem as did the shepherds — to worship the Babe in the manger? Will we find in that experience the deep religious significance that the shepherds did? Ah! but therein lie the joy, the beauty, the peace that the shepherds found in Christmas.

Is your heart ready for Christmas? Is mine? Centuries ago the Star led the men of wisdom and humility to the Babe in the manger. We, too, are travelers from afar on a long journey in quest of the Holy One. As we wrap our gifts with love and joy in the giving, helping those in need, bringing comfort to those who are ill, and cheer to the lonely, we too, lay our gifts at His feet, and feel the wonder of His presence. Then it is that the Star, seeming to grow even brighter in the sky, brings to us the same desire of the Magi and the humble shepherds, to acknowledge Him King of Kings, the Light of the World. How far to Bethlehem? It will depend on how much we must abandon from our hearts, from our selfish holiday instead of Holy Day plans, that we may be ready for Bethlehem.

Hymn: "As with Gladness Men of Old".

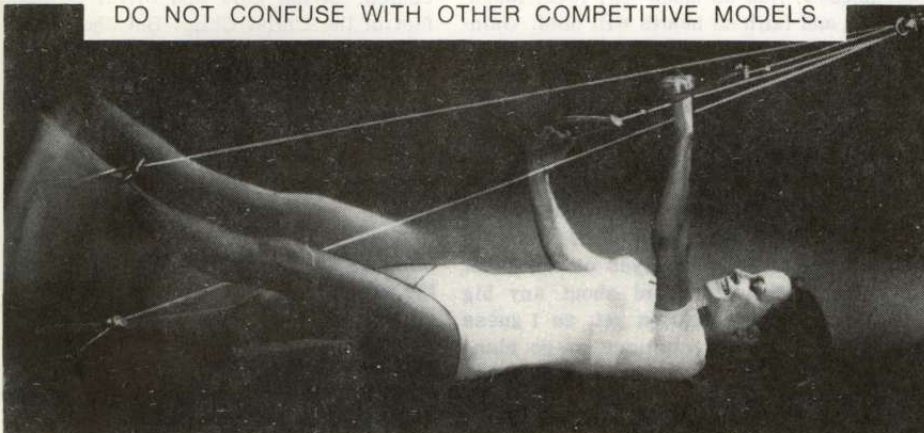
Prayer: Heavenly Father, give us a manger in our hearts, a humble yet glowing shrine, where each thought and each motive will be touched by the divine. Grant us ears that hear the angels' song that we may join the meek and lowly to worship at His crib. Give us the vision to see His Star o'er the horizon of our soul, that we may join the wise men's quest, and lay the gifts of our hearts at His feet. Amen.







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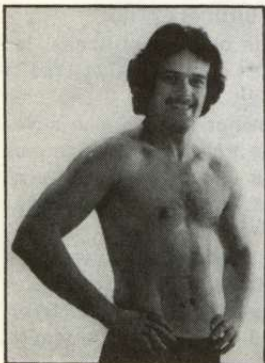
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## A CHRISTMAS RECIPE

1 busy hectic mother  
1 unperturbed father  
2 or 3 excited kids (various sizes)  
1/2 as much time as needed  
1 budget badly bent  
1 lb. of patience  
1 qt. of secrets  
1 bushel each of joy, love, laughter and faith

Place all ingredients in house a few weeks before Christmas. Sprinkle children with secrets and allow to simmer. Gradually add patience to mother as needed. Add as much joy, love, laughter, and faith as hearts will hold. Garnish father with unpaid bills. Serve generous portions topped with the blessings of the Christ Child. There will be plenty to go around and lots left over for yourself.

## LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

grown up to be appointed as sort of a monitor to keep her eyes on the other kids! I haven't heard about any big rumpus of any kind as yet, so I guess that things will continue to go along all right.

Marge's house is coming up to their expectations, and unless something utterly unforeseen comes to pass she plans to have her house warming with our family Thanksgiving dinner. That will be a lot of fun.

This is a long letter but I had to get caught up on things, so next month I'll fill in the details that couldn't get included this month.

Faithfully always . . .

Lucile

## MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded

days what with taking the car and going out on his own.

I still pale with uneasiness when a newly licensed driver takes the car. It must have taken me a full year to grow accustomed to having Katharine's driving on her own, and now that I am easy in my mind when she is driving, I find I have all those gigantic hurdles to leap over again. And, would you believe it, Adrienne is now talking about the driving lessons she is going to take next summer so that she, too, can get her license? Ah, well, there are lots of miles to travel before next summer when she is eligible to get a driving permit.

Right at the present moment Paul is dreaming enormous dreams about buying a car. How he has worked that out on his earnings as a bus boy is beyond my understanding, but kids do dream big when they're doing it.

Until next month . . .

Mary Beth

## THOUGHTS ON A WINTER DAY —

Concluded

years ago. And sitting in the old red rocker tonight in the soft glow of the warm light from the lamp on the kitchen table, I ask myself — what have I to give? In this day and age, what does one bring to the foot of the cross on Christmas Eve? And I think of the little beggar girl and the gift she brought to the Christ Child.

On a certain Christmas Eve, many, many years ago, so goes the legend, a beggar girl stood outside a great cathedral, weeping bitterly. Throngs of town folk were going in and out of the huge church, laying gold and silver at the feet of the Christ Child. But she, poor as she was, had nothing to give, for there were no shoes on her feet and little clothing on her body.

Suddenly an angel appeared and a great light shone around. "Why do you weep so bitterly?" asked the angel, softly.

"I weep because I have no gift to bring to the Christ Child," answered the wretched beggar.

The angel instructed her to gather a huge armful of the weeds growing by the roadside. "More", urged the angel as the child would have stopped. "Gather many more." When the frail arms could hold no more, the angel guided the child to the door of the cathedral.

"Now, walk up the aisle to the cross." As the child hesitated, the angel pushed her ever so gently, and whispered, "Go." And so, slowly and timidly, she crept up the dim aisle toward the brightly lighted cross. As she walked, a strange thing happened. The stalks of the weeds became straight and strong; the faded leaves turned to velvety green; and from the center of each weed stalk emerged a flaming red flower, as red as the blood of the crucified Christ. So the beggar child, who thought she had nothing to give, had the most beautiful gift of all. Thus came into being the much acclaimed poinsettia flower, the flower of the Holy Night, the Christmas Flower. And from that day to this, the green plant with the flaming crown has been a symbol of the birth of Christ.

So I rock in the blessed stillness, in the comfort of the old red rocker, and I know what my gift will be. There are those who are hungry, those who have no shelter, those who have come to our shores homeless and anxious. A warm jacket, a loaf of bread, a clean bed to sleep in, and work for willing hands. The world has need of our love, has need of encouraging words and a helping arm across trembling shoulders. Faith, Hope, and Love — but the greatest of these is Love.



## "Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 25¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count Zip Code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

February ads due December 10  
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The manner of giving is worth more than the gift. -Pierre Corneille

\*\*\*\*\*

May the memory of those who presented your gifts remain long after the gifts have been forgotten.

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