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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Happy Holidays!

—Photo by Brase

# Kitchen-Klatter

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

## MAGAZINE

*"More Than Just Paper And Ink"*

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder

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Margery Driftmier Strom



LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

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## LETTER FROM MARGERY

Dear Friends:

A strong wind is blowing from the north which might mean that we'll have our first real taste of winter in the next day or so. Oliver and I are not ready for it as we're still behind with fall work, but maybe we can hurry along and at least tackle the most necessary jobs before winter is upon us.

Oliver gave the evergreens and young trees a good soaking a few weeks ago, and we hope they have enough moisture to carry them safely through till spring. The drouth was hard on our new plantings, but certainly this couldn't compare with the seriousness of its effects on farm crops throughout the Midwest. We're grateful that many of you realized a better harvest than was predicted earlier for some areas, and we're deeply concerned for you who had a total loss.

This has been a difficult fall for us, having so recently buried our dear mother, but with the passage of time the wounds created by our loss will heal, as our Lord promises they will. There are so many things to look after that we've been kept busy, and such responsibilities themselves are aides in making adjustments. And thank you, dear friends, for your many expressions of sympathy these past weeks. They have helped us all so much.

When I wrote to you back in October, Oliver and I were leaving for a trip to Minnesota to visit our son and his wife. This was our first visit in their home since their marriage last January, so it was a very special occasion for us. It was comforting to see them settled so nicely in the parsonage and busy with their many activities. I expect Martin will be writing a letter to you in the near future, so he can tell you himself about their life in Maple Lake.

Their days were well filled with meetings and other commitments, so Oliver and I slipped out of their way

several times to explore around the area. I'll never cease to be impressed with the beautiful little lakes in Minnesota. (We'd call them BIG if they were in Iowa!)

While we were at Martin's, Oliver's sister Nina and her husband Bob, from Rockford, Illinois, were visiting a niece and her family in Minneapolis. Yes! the timing was planned in advance so we could all gather at Martin's and Eugenie's for an evening.

Eugenie's parents live in Silver Bay, Minnesota, which is on the north shore of Lake Superior, north of Duluth. Oliver and I were invited to spend a weekend with them, the best time for our visit since Eugenie's mother, Christine, teaches music and art in the public schools. Mr. Davis (Gene) works for Reserve Mining and arranged for us to go through the company's extensive operations. Their son Chris and his wife were home that weekend too, so they joined the group.

One of the highlights of the tour was being invited by the captain to board an ore boat which was docked and being loaded with taconite. This was an unusual privilege and we were thrilled to have such an experience. Little did Oliver and I dream when we watched dozens and dozens of these huge ore boats pass through the locks at Sault Ste. Marie several years ago, that we would ever board one!

Another special treat was having dinner at Lutsen Resort, north of Silver Bay, which is owned by Christine's aunt and uncle. Their son and his wife assist in the family business and we had the pleasure of meeting them also. They are the parents of Cindy Nelson who made a name for herself last winter when she won a bronze medal in downhill skiing at the Winter Olympics. The resort is famous for its winter sports facilities, but is also very well known as a popular summer vacation spot. Oliver and I were certainly impressed and hope we can vacation there sometime.

When we left the Davises' we drove to

Ely, planning to cut across northern Minnesota and down the west side, making a circle of the state. However, forest fires were popping up here and there (remember them from the news?) and we decided it was a risk we didn't care to take. We made a beeline back to Maple Lake instead, and had a few extra days with Martin and Eugenie.

A few weeks ago I accompanied Oliver to Des Moines to attend a convention. We wound up the evening of the banquet with an experience that was a bit frightening. No sooner had we taken the elevator up, up, up to our floor and entered our room when there was a power failure and all the electricity went off in the huge high-rise motel. All I could think of was that thirty seconds sooner and we would have been stuck in the elevator, frantically wondering what had happened and how long we would be stalled between floors! We have often wondered since if anyone was trapped in one of the elevators. We learned the next morning that the blackout was the result of an automobile accident when a power pole was struck.

At one of my club meeting this month, we heard a report by one of Shenandoah's concerned citizens about the need for a new Junior High for which there will be a vote on a bond issue soon. Many of you face these decisions in your own communities. When your children are grown and you no longer have occasions to visit the schools, you likely don't know what conditions the schools are in, and under what handicaps the teachers must work and the youngsters must learn. I, for one, was grateful to be informed of the outdated, unsafe school which is presently under discussion. This building was formerly the high school we Driftmier children attended, as well as Martin and Juliana. (Remember Lucile writing years ago about struggling up to that third-floor auditorium when Juliana graduated?) I'm in favor of a fine, new modern building, all on one floor, that will take care of the education of this younger generation. Times and needs change and we must be prepared to meet them.

Lucile, I'm sorry to say, is having another "down spell" with her arthritis and as I write to you she is back in the hospital for a few days. Hopefully this will not be a long stay and she'll be back home again soon.

This letter is being written too long before Christmas to tell you any family plans. Oliver and I would love to spend part of the holidays with our son and his wife since they won't be able to come home (ministers just don't leave their churches at Christmas), but if we can't manage that, we'll make plans closer to home.

Sincerely,  
Margery

## FREDERICK SENDS HIS CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Dear Friends:

What busy days these are for Betty and me and all the other members of our large church staff. Since the death of our wonderful church secretary, a lady who had served in that capacity for fifty years, we have been busy interviewing persons to fill her position. The big problem has been the large number of exceedingly well-qualified persons from which to choose. It has been so hard to make up our minds, but we have now reached the point where some final decision will be made this week. For the past several weeks we have been using much volunteer help in the church office, and what a blessing that has been. I doubt if there are very many churches with as many eager and capable volunteers as our church, and how we do use them! In the course of a church year we must have the help of more than 400 persons serving the church in some volunteer capacity. As a matter of fact, we have a waiting list of persons wanting to do some work for the church as soon as we can find a job for them.

Even though we have three large hospitals in our city, and have three others only ten miles outside the city, some of our people go to the famous hospitals in Boston. When a member of our church is in a Boston hospital, I try to pay at least one call there if the hospitalization is for more than a week. Such a call means a one hundred and eighty mile round trip to Boston and back. Recently, I have had to make several such trips. Except for hospital visits, we seldom go to Boston, and so I have found these trips to be interesting ones. Frequently, I take some member of the church along with me, taking a different person each time, and that gives me a good opportunity for a long visit in addition to the one in the hospital. You would be surprised at how much church business I can do during an automobile ride. Visiting with a companion is much better than what I used to do. I used to carry a little dictating machine with me, and I would dictate letters while I drove along the turnpike. I did that until I had a small accident while my mind was on the letter and not on my driving. Since that incident, I have left the dictating to my office hours.

I have a new car! Well, that is, I am driving a new car. After reading that more than half of all the cars in the state of California are leased by their drivers and not owned by them, I decided to try leasing instead of owning. I shall let you know how it works out. All I do is to put the gasoline into the car. The garage which owns the car does all the rest. If anything happens to it, it is the garage owners' responsibility to repair it and to



Every Christmas the deacons of Frederick's church pack boxes for prisoners. This is one of the many activities that involves members during December.

give me another car to drive while they do the repairs. They pay the taxes, and in this city my auto taxes come to \$600.00 a year. And of course they pay the insurance. I think that it will cost me a bit more to lease in the long run than it would if I had bought the car outright, but there are some advantages both ways. At least I am driving a new car, and that is a pleasure after driving my old one for so many years.

I always preach at least two different sermons a week, and usually I give two or three extra speeches each week. This past fall I have been giving more extra speeches than usual, and that has kept me busy. Both my associate and I frequently are asked to give lectures on our travels, and to show our pictures. When I am asked: "Dr. Driftmier, how much do you charge for one of your lectures?" I usually replay, "That all depends. If you usually pay your program speakers, then pay me what you usually pay. But if you do not usually pay your program speakers, then do not pay me." I never want to charge an organization that has no funds to pay for its programs, but on the other hand I do not want to have it said of me: "Oh get

Dr. Driftmier to come and speak. He won't charge us anything, and we cannot afford anything any better!"

I like to help people out when I am free to do so. Many times I am called only a few hours before I am to speak (and sometimes only *minutes* before) to hear the frantic message: "Oh Dr. Driftmier! we are in a terrible jam. Our speaker for the luncheon today had an accident and cannot speak to us. Could you be our speaker?" I always accept if I can do so, because I know what it means to have one of my church groups needing a program at the last minute because of an emergency. When I accept those emergency assignments, in my opening remarks I invariably say: "I have quite a reputation. I know that people say of me: 'If you cannot get the speaker you *really* want, try to get Dr. Driftmier,' but I never object to playing second fiddle." How many, many friends I have made in just that way. People are so grateful when I help them out in an emergency. On two different occasions, I have had to speak in place of one of our local congressmen who was detained in Washington, D.C., too long to make his plane connections back to this part of New England.

If you have mockingbirds around your place, you know what lovely music they can provide when they are in the mood to do so. Last year, and again this year, we have had a mockingbird come to our feeding stations looking for raisins or bits of apple, but he has not stayed any length of time. On my New England radio broadcast I asked for advice about feeding mockingbirds so that they would be regular, singing guests. In reply to that

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### COVER PICTURE

In homes throughout the land, mothers will be busy in the kitchen on Christmas Day preparing a traditional feast for the family. If there are small youngsters in the house, they will be as excited as little Julian Brase to see the turkey go into the oven. Kristin, a patient mother, lets her youngest son take his time examining the huge fowl.

# The Song of Christmas

## A CHRISTMAS WORSHIP SERVICE

by  
Mabel Nair Brown



(NOTE: Because most of us try to have a little extra special service for the Christmas meeting, this service is planned with that in mind. However, if your group is small, or other circumstances do not permit you to follow all the suggestions, the processional with banners may be omitted, and the service otherwise easily adapted to a simpler service. I suggest that you have a bulletin made up, listing page numbers for the hymns, printing the Scriptures to be read in unison, etc. You may prefer to include the words of the hymns and carols to be used right in the bulletin to make for a smoother service.)

**Setting:** Place a Bible, opened to the Psalms, in the center of the altar, with a church hymnal standing on either side of it; or use a hymnal and a choir anthem book. As a backdrop fasten the silhouettes of Biblical instruments — trumpet, lyre, timbrel, harp, etc. — cut from gold paper.

**Processional:** As the opening hymn, "O Come All Ye Faithful", is sung by all, those taking a special part in the service (and extras if desired) march singing down the center aisle, carrying banners. It will be even more effective if they are accompanied by a trumpeter or two, or a flutist. (Make the banners of red felt with one of the gold paper Biblical instrument silhouettes glued on each. Use white letters, making such words, or phrases, for the banners as: "SING", "PRAISE THE LORD!", "ALLELUIA", "GLORY TO GOD!", etc. The banners may be placed on standards on either side of the altar, or hung on sidewalls of the sanctuary, as preferred, before the persons take their places on or off stage, before the program begins as is indicated by their part in the service.

**In Unison:** From the Scriptures: *Praise ye the Lord! Praise God in His*

*sanctuary . . . Praise Him with trumpet sound; praise Him with lute and harp! Praise Him with timbrel and dance; praise Him with strings and pipe! Praise Him with sounding cymbals; praise Him with loud clashing cymbals! Let everything that breathes praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!*

**Prayer:** As we sing once again the familiar carols with new gladness, O God, open our hearts to a new spirit, to new ways of service, to a richer, fuller understanding of what this Jesus Christ, whose birthday we celebrate, means to us, and to the whole world. Amen.

### Leader:

Sing Christmas! Be Christmas!

This year start early —  
Be Christmas!

Let it start in your heart and flow out from you.

Christmas is love and peace and joy —

Be Christmas!

Do not linger, waiting for carols,

Sing them yourself —  
Sing Christmas!

Do not expect the Star to appear

Until you yourself become a star —

Light Christmas!

Do not expect the Child to come

To you until you have first come to Him.

Love Christmas!

For only in your heart can you observe this day,

Can hear the song of Christmas,  
Can sing your song.

Sing Christmas! Be Christmas!

—Adapted from an unknown author  
The very first Christmas came with music — the angels' song — and down through the centuries Christians have sung praises to Him who was born on that long ago night in old Judea. In lilting carols and beloved hymns we sing our

joy in this great occasion. Music has become a vital part of Christmas.

History tells us that the first recorded observance of the festival of Jesus' birth was held early in the second century. In A.D. 129 Bishop Telesphorus of Rome ordered that on the night of the Nativity, Christians should hold services and sing the angels' song, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo".

In this service we hope that the Scriptures and the music will so fill your heart with rejoicing that you will from this hour go forth to truly sing your "Song of Christmas" with joy and thanksgiving.

(NOTE: Scriptures may be read by one person throughout, or two persons may alternate. If desired some of the carols or hymns may be solos or duets or quartettes, for variety; otherwise everyone sings each number when indicated. Scriptures are taken from the Nativity story as found in Matthew 2:8-20 and Luke 2:1-11.

**Scripture:** *In those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled. And all went to be enrolled, each to his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, from the city of Nazareth, to Judea, to the city of David . . . to be enrolled with Mary his betrothed, who was with child.*

**Hymn:** "O Holy Night", 1st verse.

**Scripture:** *And while they were there, the time came for her to be delivered. And she gave birth to her first-born son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.*

**Song:** "What Child Is This?"

**Scripture:** *And in that region there were shepherds out in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.*

**Song:** "The First Noel", 1st verse.

**Scripture:** *And an angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were filled with fear.*

**Song:** "Angels We Have Heard on High", verses 1 and 3.

**Scripture:** *And the angel said to them, "Be not afraid: for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy which will come to all people; for to you is born in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this will be a sign unto you: you will find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom he is pleased!"*

**Song:** "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear".

**Scripture:** *When the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said to one another, "Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this thing (Continued on page 20)*

## OUR NIECE ALISON WRITES FROM TEXAS

Dear Friends:

A considerable amount of time has elapsed since I last corresponded with you via *Kitchen-Klatter*, and, as usual, a lapse is once again attributable to a move.

I believe my last letter was written when the completion of my training as an animal technician was drawing near. Mike and I and our four-footed menagerie were living on the outskirts of Denver, and were awaiting the arrival of spring and our chance to move down to Mike's family-owned farm in the Texas Panhandle. This is the story of that move, and I hope that all of you will get a chuckle over the ensuing tale. I'm sure, in decades to come, when time has blended the years beyond distinction, that Mike and I will remember the spring and summer of 1976.

Mike's grandmother had owned a dryland wheat farm in Armstrong County, Texas, since the 1920's. In fact, when the family lost the majority of its rather extensive ranch holdings in the depression, she was determined to keep this three-hundred-acre parcel. And keep it she did, even though she continued to live for many years in her house in town.

At any rate, when Grandma Walstad passed away a few years ago, my father-in-law was still determined to keep the farm under the family name that had headed it for so many years. It is this marvelous family spirit that has kept the farm available for Mike and myself today.

And so, last March the stage was set for a drama I call, "Little House on the Prairie — a la 1976". (I'm sure Laura Ingalls Wilder would forgive a little tongue-in-cheek reference.)

First — the Setting. Imagine, if you will, a west Texas wheat farm, flat, bleak, and barren save for two trees, one elm and one apple, both stunted and barely half alive. In the center sits a run-down house partially caved in, and accented by an ancient, but only mildly rickety windmill.

Second — the Characters. The two "homesteaders", who were long on ambition, short on money, and full of determination to build their own house, despite everyone's dire predictions that such things were beyond the average human capability.

With this scenario in mind, Mike and I packed our belongings and the three dogs and headed to Texas, thankful at least that we had an automobile to get us there comfortably and quickly in one day. We had what we thought was a good plan. We'd pitch our tent and begin



**Now that Alison's dream of living on a small ranch has been fulfilled, she has the horse she has always longed for. The dogs get excited when she saddles up for they like to explore the countryside too.**

tearing down the old farmhouse. It was beyond repair, permeated with skunk smell, and just generally looked like the original haunted house. We would salvage the good lumber, and use it to build our "new" house.

Everything went great for the first three days, and then on the fourth day our continual twenty-mile-per-hour breeze changed to a sixty-mile-per-hour wind. Needless to say, the tent was soon beat into the ground, and our belongings strewn everywhere. As we were to find out later, we had hit the only three calm days to be encountered from our March arrival until June. As Mike laughingly recalls, "We should have become suspicious when we noticed that all the trees grow bent over to the north."

At the time however, it was *not* funny! All my hopes had dashed to the ground with the tent. I informed Mike that pioneer spirit was one thing, and masochism quite another. He agreed, and we abandoned plan A, and adopted plan B — which was to rent an apartment in town while we completed our work. It's amazing how much better things looked when blessed with a shower and electric stove at the end of a working day.

We didn't have much choice concerning a site for our new home. All the farm except for one small section was under cultivation for the winter wheat crop, and so we dug the foundation about one hundred feet from the original house, and in close proximity to the windmill.

We apparently were much more interested in getting under way than the electric company was, and so we decided to begin without their help, hoping they were not far behind us!

Fortunately for us, an angel of mercy arrived on the scene in the form of a

framing carpenter friend of ours, unemployed between jobs, and willing to come help out. Although he was not too thrilled with the prospect of all that hand sawing, he was an incredibly good sport, and took it all in stride. Each of us soon established our worker's niche. Guess where I was? On the bottom of the totem pole as chief nail puller. I dragged the boards over and pulled nails, Mike did the measuring and hand sawing, and Fred, at the top of the working chain, did the nailing. Working in this rather crude assembly line things went remarkably fast.

However, there were two other factors contributing to the overall speed of completion: number one being that the house is quite small, and the second being that the wind was blowing forty miles per hour all day — every day, urging us on!

And so, with four walls erected and the roof started, our friend turned the operation over to us and headed back to a regular job. He left the next steps spelled out one . . . two . . . three . . . and waved goodbye wishing us luck.

It was not long after this that the electricity line was brought out and although most of the major construction had been already completed by hand, it was nice to give those blisters a rest during the remaining work.

Apartment living has never been my idea of heaven, and by mid-May it was "ready or not, here we come!". I was so anxious to move to the new house, that bare necessities became luxuries. At this time, everything, everywhere was in a nebulous state of being half-finished. But this, we decided, could be remedied bit by bit. (However, it is now fall and although the old projects are completed, there are new half-finished ones to take their places.) Now that we are settled, though, things *are* being completed.

Friends, I can see that I have rambled on, using up my allotted space already. I could honestly fill up the whole magazine myself! And I would like to share with you some of the specifics of design, construction, and interior decor. But that will have to wait until a later date.

Until then, let me leave you with this thought. Mike and I have spent the last nine months working on this home, and it is completely ours. We designed it, built it, wired it, and plumbed it entirely by our own hands and wits. It may not have the finish of a luxury townhouse, and goodness knows there are mistakes aplenty, but it is proof that two people with a bundle of "do it yourself" books from the library can, in actuality, really "do it themselves". It has been an invaluable learning experience and, rest assured, the words "we can't" have been stricken from our vocabulary.

Sincerely,  
Alison

## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

Every year Frank tries to find enough bittersweet in the timber to fix up three boxes to mail — one to Kristin, one to his sister Edna, and one to Juliana. This year he couldn't find any, but thanks to a good friend who lives in another county and brought us a big box full recently, we are still going to be able to send our bit of Midwest beauty to them.

We have been so dry here this year we didn't think our timber was going to be pretty because so many of the leaves had just dried up and fallen off before we had a hard frost, but the oak trees did turn red, and for about three days it was beautiful.

It has been a good year for farmers to get their crops out and to get some of their fall plowing done. We were pleased with our crops this year. We never complain about the dry years, only the wet ones. Having lots of timber around us it is only natural that we lose a percentage of our crop every year to deer, beaver, muskrats, and raccoons, but this loss is minimal compared to the damage that can be done by cattle when they get into a field. A man who lives away from here rented some pasture ground near us and brought in several hundred head of steers from the Southwest for the summer. These animals were used to the open range, and it was difficult for him to keep them fenced in. Consequently this was quite a serious problem for farmers in the immediate vicinity.

I had a sort of strange experience happen to me a few weeks ago. Frank was going to move the cattle and needed a couple of gate panels put up. I offered to go along to help him move the panels and put them in place, because they are a little awkward for one person to handle. We had laid them on the hay rack behind the tractor, and when they started to jiggle off I said I would ride on top of them to hold them on. When we got there and he made a U-turn, the wagon wheel dropped down into a hole he couldn't see because of the tall grass, and I also went into the hole. I wasn't hurt a bit, but it just about scared Frank to death, and I admit I was a little shaky. We put the panels in place, came home, and I got lunch for Frank before I got ready to go to a Birthday Club luncheon at the home of Maxine Siglin.

Following a delicious meal, Norma



**Kristin Johnson Brase, who with her husband and three sons lives in Montana, takes advantage of a sunny Saturday to get out of doors. During the week she teaches school.**

Pim, one of our members who had just returned from a trip to Norway, told us about her trip and showed a lot of beautiful slides. While I was sitting quietly enjoying the program my foot and ankle began to swell and hurt terribly. Before long I could barely step on it. Up until then I hadn't had one pain and had been on my feet all the time for about three hours before I sat down at the table to eat. I broke up the party early and came home. One of my friends brought me a pair of crutches to use. I decided I would wait until morning to go to the doctor, and I was surely glad I did, because by then my foot and ankle were completely back to normal.

Bernie and I have been trying for years to get Frank to go down to New Mexico to see his beloved sister Edna, but he never thought he could be gone from his work that long. After he had his accident and was in the hospital so long he found that we managed to get along at home without him, and he promised he would go when he felt well enough and the time was right. This fall, while the cattle were still on pasture, before time to combine beans, and after the last hay crop was baled, he took four days off and flew down and back. When we called Edna and Raymond to tell them he was coming and what day and time to meet the plane, they said they would believe it only when they saw him get off the plane. He had an hour between planes in Albuquerque, and Juliana and Emily were there to greet him and have a nice visit. Juliana also spent an hour with him on his return trip. She regretted he didn't have enough time to get out to her house, but she lives so far from the airport there just wasn't time.

Bernie stayed with me at the farm and everything was fine here. Frank had a

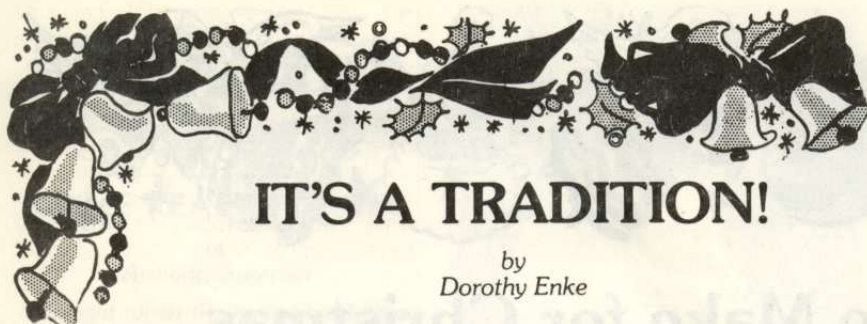
nice visit, but unfortunately he came home sick and ended up spending a week in the hospital. He is fine again now, and we are just hoping this bad experience won't keep him from making the trip again next year. It wouldn't be that important if Edna could come to Iowa to see all of us, but because of her health this is impossible, so we try to see that as many of the family as possible get to go see her during the year.

We did a real fun thing last of August. Bernie still belongs to the neighborhood club of which her mother was a charter member. They have family covered-dish suppers once in awhile. In the winter they rent the community hall in Lucas, and in the summer they have usually gone to one of the parks in Chariton. This summer Bernie thought it would be fun to ask them all to come to the Andybear for a picnic. Ruth came home to help us get ready for it. It had been quite awhile since Ruth had been here for a visit, and she stayed several days, which we much enjoyed. We carried all of our lawn chairs and folding chairs, plus card tables and picnic tables up to the yard, and everyone who had a lawn chair at home was supposed to bring it. It was a covered-dish affair, and we had all the tables we could find put together and covered with cloths, and every inch was filled with food. I don't know when I have seen so many and such varied dishes of good things to eat. Counting the children and a few guests, there were 49 present.

The children had a volley ball net they put up in the front yard, and they played this and other games. No one seemed to have to entertain them or think up things for them to do. (Since there was no playground equipment for them to play on, I wondered about this.) After those with small children had taken them home to bed, the adults and a few of the older children moved into the house. Richard Clothier, a teenager who plays the piano very well, sat down at the piano and entertained us for an hour or more. He didn't have his music with him, and there was none at the house, so we thought he was very gracious to play for us as long as he did. We plan to do this again sometime, and he has promised to bring his music and perhaps we can have a songfest, which would be fun.

There is a ditch that comes down through our timber and ends at the bayou, and the silt buildup after twenty-two years, the time it has been since the creek was straightened and this bayou was formed, has finally made a dam across the bayou in this spot. Frank took me down the other day to show me what the beavers have done to the dam. Apparently they didn't like the idea of having to walk over the dam to get to the water on the other side, so these little engineers had dug a canal about three

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## IT'S A TRADITION!

by  
Dorothy Enke

Have you ever thought about your family's special customs and traditions? Traditions have a happy way of reinforcing family relationships. Such commonly shared experiences create bonds of love that can hold families together even in these days of disparate life patterns. In the pressure of modern living it is a particular blessing to have something as simple and comfortable as a family custom to cling to in moments of upheaval.

The strength of family traditions lies in mutual sharing. Through long repetition these customs become a way of life for the family. To be a blessing traditions must be pleasant and happy experiences. When usual practices become a burden or a bore they defeat their own purposes and soon become non-existent. A happy, viable tradition affords a maximum of pleasure and comfort to everyone involved.

Family traditions range from very serious concerns to an abandoned zaniness. The important thing is that family members find that keeping the tradition has a special significance for them. In their own traditions, important or minimal, they find a satisfying expression of their family's individuality and character.

Many families have a Sunday breakfast or brunch which has fallen into a regular pattern of certain foods. A favorite coffee cake, or fresh sweet rolls might be a breakfast tradition. In some households Sunday morning the man of the house prepares breakfast.

Can you imagine the amazement of a young bride whose husband came home with some fine plump wieners to be served for their first Sunday breakfast? For some reason, long since forgotten, his family always had wieners for their Sunday breakfast special. Different? Of course. But it is a tie that is shared by many members of the family.

Anyone who grew up in a household that takes birthdays for granted as just another day may never realize the excitement and thrill of mysterious birthday preparations, the joy involved in all the small remembrances. Grown-ups and children alike find happiness in being the "Birthday Child" who can select a favorite food for a birthday meal or choose a special birthday outing. No child should be denied the pure joy of

making secret wishes on the candles of the birthday cake before the glow of the candles is blown away.

There are families who share their grace before meals by clasping hands around the table. Surely this reverent custom will be a strengthening for every member, a tradition binding them together.

In some families correspondence is postponed or neglected completely unless one faithful member takes care of it. Today's telephones make it easy for a scattered family to keep in touch with a regular time for a long-distance call.

One family has a thoughtful way of keeping in touch with those who may be away from home even briefly. Although the absent one may be away from home only days he knows that mail will be coming from his family, or perhaps waiting for him when he reaches his destination. A tired father, checking in at a motel after a hectic business day, relaxes over a letter from home. A busy mother, off on a vacation or short trip, finds comfort in a letter waiting for her. Small thoughtful gestures prompted by loving concern build such traditions into strong family bonds.

When a new baby arrives there is always a flurry and shower of gifts for the newest member of the family. One thoughtful woman established an entirely different tradition which she maintained throughout her life. With the arrival of a new baby this charming woman always sent a special, personal gift to the mother. It was her opinion that the mother deserved an accolade. Her gifts to mothers was a happy tradition that brought pleasure to many.

A minister's family had a tradition that eventually had a story-book sequel. Because the Christmas season is always one of the most demanding times in a minister's year his family is almost never free to go home for the holidays. The many Christmas services make a minister's presence in his church imperative. After the various programs and worship services are concluded and the parishioners go on to their family reunions it is all too often the lot of the family in the parsonage to be quite alone.

One young minister and his wife were far from parental homes and too short of funds to even consider going home for any part of the holidays. They made it a

habit to give each other a do-it-yourself gift each year. It might be something as commonplace as a difficult jigsaw puzzle, or a piece of crewel embroidery. Its main purpose was to supply the recipient with something special to occupy part of the lonely hours of a Christmas season away from one's family.

One year, when their finances were particularly strained, Christmas was upon them before Sue found a gift for David. The day before Christmas Sue was still searching through the neighborhood shops. She had exactly one dollar to spend. Finally, almost in desperation, she bought a kit of mosaic tile. When properly assembled the tile was to decorate a small salver.

On Christmas afternoon Sue watched David quickly cement the tile on the dish, each tiny unit in its own specific place.

"You really aren't enjoying that, are you?" she asked a little sadly.

David sighed. "I think I could do a better job on my own, instead of following all those stupid directions," he said.

"Why don't you try it?" challenged Sue.

This was the beginning of David's interest in working with mosaic tile. His own creativity and artistry soon had him experimenting with different tiles and cements. Eventually he was designing with tile imported from Italy, making beautiful mosaic murals that graced churches and chapels in the Middle West. He was invited to have a showing of his mosaic work in a world-famous art gallery.

All of this started many years ago. What did David give Sue last Christmas? A knitting bag filled with yarn in a riot of colors so Sue could begin an heirloom afghan. Sue had a leather-work kit for David. The family tradition has gone on to their two sons, both of whom share their parent's enthusiasm for working creatively with their hands.

So firmly established is this tradition no one would think of interrupting it. When Christmas comes, and they are far apart as families often are these days, Sue knows that her sons will be thinking of their parents in the parsonage, each busy with his own special Christmas gift.

Perhaps you have noted some pleasurable or intriguing customs of other families. It isn't piracy to adopt these and make them your own if they have a warming appeal to you. A tradition can only become valid through family acceptance. It could be an exciting adventure to innovate some new and challenging traditions in your own family circle. What a wonderful heritage to pass on to the next generation!





## Things to Make for Christmas

**Starry Strings:** White drinking straws, red construction paper, and a string of yarn are needed. Cut stars (1½ inches in diameter is a good size) from the paper and cut the straws into 2-inch lengths. String them on the string, alternating straws and stars. For variety, the stars can be outlined with glue and the edges dipped in glitter, or the stars may be cut from gold or silver paper. Another variation is to string the smallest size paper doilies here and there along with the stars on the string. These pretty decorations can be used on the tree or as swags for windows or doorways.

**Bell or Snowman Swags:** These are simply bells or snowmen made by folding paper and cutting just as we do for the paper dolls with the joined hands. A Magic Marker can be used to add features and a scarf on the snowmen, or a pretty sprig of holly on the bell. With a little practice you can cut angels in the same manner, perhaps to fasten up on the wall above your creche.

**Centerpiece Tree:** You will need a bright metal funnel (or a white plastic one might be used) for each tree and some sprigs of evergreen, and decorations. Choose a few sprigs of evergreen and insert in the spout end of the funnel so the large end becomes the tree base (funnel is upside down). Tie a small bow of red ribbon at lower end of funnel spout. Tie more tiny red bows on the "tree" for decorations, or add a few of the smallest size ball ornaments. Popcorn kernels or cranberries might be glued to the tree also for ornaments.

**Fancy Candles:** The candles may be tapers or larger ones but the simple taper type becomes so pretty with a little trim, and how one can let the imagination go on the trim! Use Christmas ribbons in various colors and widths, sequins, stars, paper doilies (from which to cut tiny snowflakes), beads, glue, pins and scissors. The ribbon can be wound and glued on in spiral design, or in bands around the candle, and other decorations added as desired. You can be sure no two candles will end up with the same design! Oh, yes, old cloth or plastic flower sprays may be taken apart and the single florets used on the candles for pretty designs, too.

**Door Decoration:** Cut a simple key

shape (giant size, of course) from old newspaper for a pattern. Cut the key to be used from heavy cardboard. Cover the key with foil or spray paint. Cut the large letters for the word "Noel" from cardboard and spray paint red, or cover with red masking tape or paper. Tie a red ribbon bow next to the "handle end" of the key and then staple the letters to the lower edge of the long key part. Fasten to the front door.

**The Empty Gold Thread Spools** such as some thread comes on today can be used to make many pretty decorations. String them on red yarn, alternating with paper stars, red ribbon bows, or small branches of greens to make lovely swags for doors or doorways, on open stairways, etc. For favors, simply stick a sprig of evergreen in the hole of the spool and tie a small red ribbon bow to the middle of the spool. String them in doll shape, tie a red bow at the neck and hang as a decoration on the wall, or on the door, or tree.

**Have a Bulletin Board** in your kitchen? Buy one of the strings of lollipops such as found in some stores (a long strip of cellophane with the "pops" enclosed). Clip off graduated lengths, each strip having one more lollipop than the last. Now arrange the strips on the bulletin board to form a tree shape, longest strip at bottom and a single lollipop at the top. Fasten into place with strips of green tape. For the trunk, attach a green paper cup to the base of the tree. Fill the cup with more lollipops. When the grandchildren or the neighborhood children pay you a holiday visit, let each one choose a lollipop from the trunk.

Children love to have a creative part in the home Christmas. You can set the whole mood of your family holidays by letting the children help make a **Christmas Mural** early in December. Gather up last year's greeting cards, especially those that picture some part of the Christmas story. You will need a roll of white shelf paper. Take plenty of time to allow the children to look over the cards or pictures from magazines and choose the ones they think are just right to tell the particular part of the story — from Mary's and Joseph's journey to Bethlehem, to the coming of the wise

men. After they have sorted and chosen the cards, they can cut them out and paste the pictures in the right sequence. Mountains can be sketched in, bits of evergreen can be glued on for trees (or they can be crayoned in). Brown paper becomes the desert. When it is all finished, there comes the big decision of where to hang it so all can enjoy it and so it can become a part of your family worship during the holidays. Older children can letter in the appropriate Biblical references beneath each picture, if desired.

—Mabel Nair Brown

**A Touch of Elegance:** Stop! Don't discard that broken bracelet, the brooch minus its clasp, that partial string of beads, or those odds and ends of jeweled buttons and earrings. Instead, save them, and other jeweled pieces which your friends and neighbors may be glad to contribute to your collection, so that you can make a jeweled tree.

Simply select a styrofoam cone for your tree form, being careful not to choose too large a cone for the amount of jewelry you've collected. (It's surprising how much jewelry even the smallest of these cones can hold.) Select a base to fit your cone, or do as I did; use an old, discarded, three-legged black ashtray. Then glue your foam cone to the base, and now you're ready for the fun part.

Stick the earrings into the cone by their clips, following no set pattern or design. Securely pin broken brooches with straight pins coated with glue. Use straight pins, again coated with glue, to stick odds and ends of small beads and buttons in between the larger jeweled pieces.

I used corsage pins liberally, in various colors, to hold larger beads in place, once again coating the pins with glue. You won't want a bit of the foam cone showing, so use the corsage pins to fill in where you may be short of beads or jewelry.

The more haphazard and cluttered you make your tree, the more interesting it becomes. When you've finished, you'll find that with your old broken jewelry you've created not only a conversation piece, but a beautiful decorative piece which will give your home a touch of elegance!

—Lorraine Seamer

## WHO'S INDISPENSABLE?

by  
Evelyn Birkby

Who would be the most indispensable worker at Christmas time, my mind was wondering as the rest of me lugged the boxes of holiday decorations down from the attic. Is it possible that mothers might fill that category without argument from anyone? I could list many a project that would never be accomplished during December if mothers should all suddenly vanish.

Just at that very moment Robert came stomping in from work with his arms filled with wood for the fireplace. Shaking the white flakes from his shoulders, he assured me that the snow would last all evening, a perfect time to decorate the mantel, start a blazing fire in the fireplace and finish addressing the last of the Christmas cards.

Robert helps make the holidays bright and cheery in so many ways besides providing the bright, warm fire. He helps me get most everything ready for our sons' homecoming and the influx of relatives we enjoy so much on Christmas Day. He listens to my complaints, holds ribbons and string with his fingers so the bows and knots can be tied and always goes out into the timber to find just the right trees; one tall and bushy to fill the corner of the living room and the other, a small evergreen, to brighten the basement recreation room where we have our family meal and celebration on December 25th.

Husbands and fathers could very well be the indispensable ingredient in creating Christmas as we know it. Who else would provide the checkbook and the encouragement to back up all the ideas other people in the family have?

Strange how the list grows. After the supper dishes were put away, I got out the card table, pulled it near the fire and began the last of the addressing of the cards and writing notes to friends not seen throughout the year. What would we do if we did not have dependable postmen?

All the mailmen I know are patient, responsible and faithful as they go about their appointed rounds during the holidays carrying cards and letters and packages back and forth across the land.

It must be difficult on cold mornings when the air is frosty and the wind sharp to get outdoors and tramp from house to house. Probably the rural delivery men listen in apprehension to reports of approaching storms. Out they go anyway, along rutted gravel, and slick pavement, and treacherous blacktop. How does it feel to roll the window down so as to reach into a metal mailbox beside the road and have a blast of winter air come rushing in?



Robert Birkby traditionally brings in the family Christmas tree from a timber in the bluffs near the Birkby home (with permission of the owners, of course). It is a happy part of the season when the big tree is brought in from the woods.

Without the trusted postal employees, Christmas as we know it would practically cease to exist!

Each day, now, I listen for the sound of the postman's automobile. As soon as he leaves our portion of the day's messages and drives on down the road to the next stop, I pull on my warm snowboots, a hooded jacket and woolen gloves. Humming a happy tune, I go down across the yard and pull an armload of Christmas cards from the metal box with the Birkby name on it perched by the side of the road. I'm happy when people mail their greetings early; it gives me more time to enjoy the beauty of the artistic prints, the comic fun of some and the letters which mean so much.

A fresh cup of coffee and a quiet corner of the living room provide a comfortable setting for opening these treasures. No matter what work demands attention, it must wait until this more important event of the day is completed.

One letter came today from a friend in Chicago saying she could just imagine how lovely our house looks as it is being prepared for the holidays. I chuckled as I thought of her reaction if she walked in at this moment. The decoration boxes are in the living room, the table by the fireplace still holds cards to go into the mail, and gift sewing is taking up a goodly part of the work area of the basement. The kitchen is an interesting jumble of gumdrop candy in pans waiting to be cut and stored, cutout cookies ready for frosting and freezing and a bowl of bread dough rising with expectations toward the evening meal. A package of candied

fruit is on the shelf just in case time permits the start of a fruit cake before the day is over.

With the thought of all those good edibles swirling in my mind the vision of the growers of our food and the grocers from whom we buy the items needed for our December dinners put them near the head of the list of necessary helpers. Without them could we cope as well as our pioneer forefathers did in providing good meals around the festive table? Certainly our menus would be severely limited without the wide variety of food available, literally from around the world.

And to these add the many merchants and their helpers who assist us in finding just the right gift for each person on our list. The mind boggles!

This list is getting out of hand! But we must be certain to include the public school teachers, the church school teachers and the ministers who help our children and youth provide the beautiful programs, the songs, the pageants and the special services of worship which create the mood of wonder and spiritual meaning without which Christmas would not be at all.

Deciding to start a poll to bring this discussion to a close, I asked neighbor Dorothy who she thought was most indispensable at Christmastime. Her answer: "I couldn't possibly choose just one person or group of persons who are most important. The holidays are a combination of so many different traditions for me, it takes them all."

How would you vote?





## IF ONLY I COULD GO AMONG THEM

by  
Nick Warner

George sat at his typewriter, trying in vain to recall the year's newsy events. He was composing his Christmas letter to his brother, and since this formality was the only means of communication still existing between them, he felt obligated to make it as interesting as possible.

It was Christmas Eve, so the letter was bound to arrive a few days late. However, he rationalized that even if he had finished it a few days earlier, the Postal Service, crushed beneath the flood of Christmas cards and parcels, would have failed to deliver his letter by Christmas anyway.

George's concentration on his letter writing was less than it should have been. His mind kept replaying the skirmish with his wife earlier that evening.

She had asked, "Does it take too much effort to go with the kids and me to the Christmas Eve service at the church? It would mean a lot to Johnny if you could see him as one of the shepherds."

George had felt "put upon" by his wife's persuasive strategy, and responded, "If you've seen one bathrobe parade, you've seen them all."

That hadn't set too well. "George, you lack any trace of the Christmas spirit," she had accused. "There are better ways to spend Christmas Eve than dragging yourself around the house!"

He defended himself by drawing attention to the evergreen tree outside, which he had decorated with several strands of colored lights. "That shows I have as much Christmas spirit as the next guy!" He justified his attitude, "Besides, I won't be 'dragging myself around the house'. I have some things to do . . . like writing to my brother."

"Writing to your brother!" she scoffed. "You haven't seen him for three years and haven't heard from him since last Christmas Eve?"

Then, just before leaving for the church, she added, "If you're going to stay home tonight, I'd suggest you fix the faucet in the kids' bathroom and hang that decorator clock I bought last week."

Suggestions! She always had plenty of them. Unfortunately, now that he was alone in the house, George found that he could have used some of her suggestions — suggestions about what to say in the letter to his brother!

He thought back to the time of his last conversation with his brother. They had talked completely past one another; George had wanted to talk about his family and their last vacation, while his brother could only talk about politics and economics. It had been miserable!

As his mind wandered, George realized his peculiar plight at that moment. It was "the season to be jolly", and there he was, turgidly writing a letter to a brother from whom he had grown increasingly distant these past few years.

He had been invited to a neighbor's party tonight. However, after attending the office party last night, he found the thought of a second straight evening of such festivities unappealing.

Of course, he could have gone to the Christmas Eve service with his family. George, however, wasn't "the church-going kind". Sunday mornings seemed a better time to lie in bed, than to sit in an uncomfortable pew, listening to the

minister's weekly verbal barrage. And the meaning of Christmas Eve services always escaped him. He had never been able to comprehend the idea of God coming into the world by being born in a stable. Or even the idea of God entering the world!

He looked out the window and saw that it was snowing. He remembered that the weatherman had forecast snow, but George was just as skeptical of the weather bureau as he was of the church.

He heard a group of carolers passing by. "The fools," he muttered, "they'll probably catch their death of cold and not be able to enjoy Christmas dinner tomorrow." They were singing "Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come!". That didn't speak to George either. He wasn't in church hearing a story about a baby; he wasn't out in the cold singing carols, and yet he was perfectly happy. Well . . . at least he wasn't especially unhappy.

George got up and walked toward the window to get a better view of Christmas Eve, 1976. Taking time to watch the snowflakes come drifting down would at least be a brief reprieve from sitting in front of the typewriter, staring at the keys.

He saw a flock of birds, huddling together under the colorfully bedecked tree for protection from the cold wind. However, when he came close to the window, the little congregation flew away, startled by his appearance.

Now George, in spite of his cloak of indifference, was a warm-hearted fellow, and his compassion extended even to his feathered friends. The blanket of snow would prevent the birds from finding food. So he went to the kitchen and broke up a couple of slices of bread. It really gave George a good feeling to know that he had something right there in his hand which could keep some "lesser creatures" from starving.

Quietly, he walked to the door to bestow his gift upon the flock, which had reassembled beneath the tree. But, alas, his appearance once again frightened away the frail creatures.

This greatly saddened George, because it occurred to him that his awesome size would inevitably overwhelm the birds each time he approached them, even though he held in his hand food which they needed and which he fervently wanted to give them. But the barrier between them seemed too great!

He thought to himself, "If only I could become a bird for just a few minutes, I could go among them and give them the food they need so desperately. I could be one of them. Yes, if only I too were a bird . . ."

Then George heard the church bells pealing out in the crisp night air, and for the first time in his life, he knew *why* they were ringing!

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## NOW, YOU TAKE STOVES —

by  
Leta Fulmer

From my perch on the kitchen stool, I saw Pickles' ears go up, heard the growl in her throat erupt into a warning bark. From the lane came the irritated honk of the geese, the threatening gobble of the turkeys. Ah, it was here — my new bottle gas heating stove. Grunting under the weight of the huge cast iron monster, the men angled it into place and left. I sat looking at it. It was pretty of course, with a glass face where red-blue flames would cast flickering shadows on a winter's eve. But my idea of modern luxury has always been a heating system that doesn't show. An impossible dream in an ancient house with no basement and an arrangement of rooms that vetoes the idea of a wall furnace. And so, after twenty years of stolid service, out went the old and in came the new.

Stoves, stoves, stoves. With a feeling of nostalgia, I remembered our heating stove when I was a child. How tall and majestic it stood, with its bulging tummy, its shiny trim and filigree decorations. But better yet, how wonderful to unhook its arms (guess they were really called fenders) at bedtime, wrap them securely in a blanket and tote them off to my bedroom. Placed under the covers at the foot of my bed, they were a haven of comfort in the unheated room. How delightful to stretch out to that heavenly warmth!

Of course I could never forget the first stove I had as a bride. How frantically it roared, and how ineffectually, to heat the cardboard box we called *home*, on the Missouri River bottom land. Green wood mixed with corn cobs provided a sizzling flame that spat and flickered, but did little to heat the frail little house. We managed to survive the bitter cold, the coyotes, the varmints that ate my chickens — but the rampaging river chased us out. We moved into town, on Jimmie's old home place.

This was the era of railroad ties. At that time, they were ours for the taking. Jimmie hauled them in by the wagon load — selling some, sawing the rest for our firewood. Our house constantly reeked of burning creosote. And talk about heat

— the tar that boiled out of those ties produced a fire hot enough to melt the stove right down to the floor! Never could I control Jimmie's enthusiasm for poking more wood into the stove. When the stovepipe itself turned to a glowing cherry red, it was time to hurriedly open doors and windows to allow the stove to cool, before it burned more than railroad ties.

When I had my appendix out and was still groggy from ether, I sent the hospital personnel into gales of laughter with my wild accusations. Sweating and choking under layers of protective blankets, I hurled protesting tirades at my worried husband. "Jimmie, quit poking ties in that stove — you're smothering me to death — and you'll set the place on fire!"

Years later we moved to town, still keeping our place in the country. I worked in a fur shop. With natural gas, there seemed to be no prospect of heating problems here. Till suddenly there was a gas shortage in the dead of winter. The huge collapsible tank shrank with each passing day. Then the gas was gone. The temperature dropped and kept on dropping, and the wind whipped the snow into mountains of white. The house grew colder and colder and the two children turned to us with chattering teeth and hands blue with cold. What to do? Well we went back to work — to the fur shop where the feeble steam heat kept us just above the freezing point.

We were an odd group assembled there. Some were young, some were old, but all were cold! What a weekend we spent, washing our faces in icy water, heating canned soup and coffee on the electric plate. And sleeping at night on piles of worn out coats from the "thrift shop" — coats which smelled to high heaven of sawdust, moth balls, dye and dirt. It turned into a lark. We were dirty, not too well fed, and tired. But we were warm, and together. And we watched the swirl of snowflakes through the huge plate glass windows. What a relief when the big gas tank began to grow tall again and we could go home and light our own stove. And how long it took for those icy

walls and floors to become warm and comfortable once more.

Though we lived in town, we worked constantly on our house in the country, in anticipation of moving back one day. It was during this time that Jimmie did something about a stove that made me absolutely *furious*. Our sheds and barns were filled with bits and pieces of this and that — and he thoughtlessly gave away an old stove to friends who were visiting us. The expression on my face must have told the story. As soon as they left, he attempted to soothe my ruffled feathers.

"Now I didn't give it to them to keep. Never thought about you caring — that dinky old stove had been around forever. When he asked for it, I said they could use it till they got tired of it or moved away." Well, what could I do? The stove in question was a miniature, a "monkey stove", barely 19 inches high, in perfect condition. Our friends used it as a decorator item in their hallway. With the passing of time, I became a dyed-in-the-wool antique buff, and each time we visited these friends (and the little stove) I came away with the taste of ashes in my mouth. Knowing of my passion for family keepsakes, I kept expecting them to offer it back. But no such luck, and I felt that I couldn't embarrass Jimmie by asking for it. After all, he had done the giving! I eyed the small stove with envy and a bit of jealousy, and determinedly kept my mouth shut — even to my husband.

At last we moved back to the country. The years passed. The children married. Only occasionally did we see our city friends. I retrieved first one antique, then another — from the attic, the shed, the barn. And as each one was rejuvenated, admired and set in place, I mourned just a bit for the little stove. Last year, during the holiday season we stopped to visit our old friends. No one was home. But on the porch, sprouting a scraggly bouquet of artificial flowers, sat our little stove. I was downright angry.

"Look at that!" I demanded, "Even if they don't care for antiques, you'd think they'd know better than that! In this dark neighborhood, anyone could stick it in their car and take off. Those stoves bring a good price at auctions these days!"

I was sort of surprised when a few days later, Jimmie suggested that we try another visit. We hashed over old times and headed for the door. I stopped in amazement as I listened to the words coming from my husband's lips. My easy-going husband seemed to find no difficulty in saying the words, but I had difficulty in believing my ears.

"I think we'll take our little stove home with us this time. I see you've got it out on the porch." As though it was the most natural thing in the world, he tucked it under his arm and headed for the car. As  
(Continued on page 23)

# HOLIDAY RECIPES

Tested

by the

**Kitchen-Klatter  
Family**



## CARAMEL BARS

- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup quick-cooking oats
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 3/4 cup melted margarine
- 32 Kraft light caramels
- 5 Tbls. evaporated milk or cream
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup milk chocolate chips
- 1 cup pecans

Combine flour, oats, sugar, soda, salt, margarine. Save a little for topping. Place remaining mixture in bottom of 7- by 11-inch pan. Bake 10 minutes at 350 degrees. Melt caramels in cream or milk and add flavoring. Remove crust mixture from oven. Sprinkle chips and pecans over crust. Spread caramel mixture over this and top with reserved crumb mixture. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes more or until it tests done.

We think it is very delicious and we hope you will try it and see if you agree.

—Lucile and Betty

## CANDY CRUNCH COOKIES

- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup shortening
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups granulated sugar
- 4 eggs
- 4 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1 cup hard candy, crushed

Combine buttermilk and soda. Set aside. Cream shortening, butter flavoring and sugar. Add eggs and beat well. Add buttermilk mixture alternately with flour. Stir in remaining ingredients. Chill dough. Drop by scant tablespoonfuls onto greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees about 15 minutes.

This is a great way to use up those hard Christmas candies or peppermint sticks. Crush as fine as desired and add to batter. May be frosted with powdered sugar frosting. More crushed candies may be sprinkled on top. —Evelyn

## PEANUT BUTTER-DATE JUMBLES

- 3/4 cup butter
- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs
- 1/4 cup milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1 1/2 cups quick-cooking rolled oats
- 1 cup chopped dates

Cream together butter, peanut butter and sugars until smooth and creamy. Add eggs, milk and flavorings; blend well. Sift together flour, baking soda, salt and cinnamon. Stir into creamed mixture. Blend in oats and dates. Drop by tablespoonfuls onto greased baking sheets, about two inches apart. Bake in 350-degree oven for 15 minutes or until done. —Dorothy

## HOLIDAY SALAD

- 1 large can fruit cocktail
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. cherry gelatin
- 2 cups hot water
- 1 cup fruit juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1 envelope whipped topping mix, made according to pkg. directions

Drain fruit cocktail, reserving juice. Combine gelatin with hot water. Stir in 1 cup of juice. Refrigerate until set. Stir in fruit. Fold in the prepared whipped topping to which the flavoring has been added.

If the gelatin sets until very firm, it makes fine chunks to combine with bits of fruit and the whipped topping. If you prefer blending the gelatin more with the other ingredients, let chill until it just begins to set, and then add fruit and whipped topping. Keep chilled until time to serve.

This is excellent for any holiday. The gelatin and flavoring may be varied according to occasion and the color and taste desired. —Evelyn

## MARSHMALLOW FUDGE BARS

- 3/4 cup sifted flour
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. cocoa
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 3/4 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 12 marshmallows, cut in half

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and cocoa. Cream shortening. Gradually add sugar and cream until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift dry ingredients into creamed mixture and mix well. Blend in flavorings and pecans. Spread in greased and floured 8- by 10-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. (325 degrees if using glass pan.) Remove from oven and top with halved marshmallows. Return to oven for three minutes. Spread marshmallows evenly. Cool and cover with the following frosting:

### Frosting

- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 1-oz. square chocolate
- 3 Tbls. butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine brown sugar, water and chocolate in saucepan. Let come to boil and cook about three minutes. After chocolate melts, remove from fire. Add butter and flavoring. Cool slightly or until butter melts. Blend in the powdered sugar. Spread over marshmallow topping. Cut into bars.

Be sure marshmallow topping is cool before frosting. —Dorothy

## CHRISTMAS BARS

(An unbaked cookie or candy)

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 cup peanut butter
- 1 12-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 3/4 cup coconut
- 1 10-oz. pkg. miniature colored marshmallows

Melt butter or margarine. Add butter flavoring, peanut butter and chips. Stir until melted and blended. Stir in remaining ingredients. Pat into a buttered 9- by 13-inch pan. Sprinkle additional coconut on top and press gently into mixture if desired. Refrigerate until firm. Cut into squares. Freezes nicely. —Evelyn

**LUMBERJACK FUDGE**

- 6 cups sugar
- 1/4 lb. butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 13-oz. can evaporated milk
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 1 12-oz. bar sweet chocolate
- 1 1/2 cups marshmallow creme
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 cup nuts, if desired

Combine sugar, butter or margarine, butter flavoring and evaporated milk in a very heavy saucepan. (I used my heavy pressure pan for this.) Cook, stirring often, until soft-ball stage is reached. Keep heat moderate so this mixture will not scorch. Remove from heat and add remaining ingredients. Beat until almost ready to set and spoon into two buttered 8-inch square pans or a 9- by 13-inch pan.

This is a very large recipe, but an excellent keeper. It is fine to freeze, covered well with plastic wrap or foil, but it will keep well for some time if kept tightly wrapped and uncut until time to use. A fine recipe for use in packages to be mailed. —Evelyn

**SUGARED PEANUTS**

- 2 cups (10 ozs.) raw peanuts
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

Combine all ingredients in heavy saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring, until mixture crystalizes and coats peanuts, about 10 minutes. Spread in buttered cookie sheet. Sprinkle with salt as desired. Bake in 300-degree oven for 15 minutes. Lift and turn peanuts with metal spatula. Bake 15 more minutes. Remove from oven. Cool. Store in covered container. Makes 4 cups.

—Evelyn

**MYSTERY COOKIES**

- 1 1/4 cups instant potato flakes
- 1 1/3 cups buttermilk biscuit mix
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 stick margarine, melted
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

In mixing bowl, blend potato flakes, biscuit mix and sugar. Melt stick of margarine and blend into dry ingredients. Blend egg and flavorings and stir in well. Chill dough for an hour or so. Then form into small balls, mash down with fork and bake on very lightly greased cookie sheet about 10-12 minutes at 350 degrees, until slightly brown. —Margery

**CRANBERRY CANDY**

- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 1-lb. can cranberry sauce
- 3 3-oz. pkgs. raspberry gelatin
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

1/2 cup nuts, chopped (optional)  
Combine all ingredients with exception of nuts, and cook over low heat, stirring, until sugar and gelatin are dissolved. (Do not add any more liquid. Enough liquid is included in the canned cranberry sauce to carry this recipe.) Remove from fire. Let stand about 20 minutes, stirring a few times. Fold in nuts. Spoon into buttered 8-inch square pan. Do not refrigerate. Cover lightly with waxed paper or clean towel to keep clean. Let stand overnight. Cut into squares and roll in granulated sugar. Store after the pieces are dry enough to lose any stickiness. These keep a long time, are similar to gumdrops in texture and have a fine flavor. —Evelyn

**AUTHENTIC SCOTCH SHORTBREAD**

- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 3 Tbls. rice flour or cornstarch
- 1/3 tsp. salt
- 1 cup butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 egg, beaten

Sift half of the sugar with flour, rice flour or cornstarch, and salt. Mix well. Add butter and butter flavoring and blend in with fork or pastry blender. Make a hollow and sift in other half of sugar. Beat the egg and add. Mix into a dough. It will be quite stiff and really works best with the hands. Pat into waxed paper-lined 8-inch square or 9-inch pie pan. Stab through once or twice with a knife. Prick all over with the tines of a fork. Place in 350-degree oven and bake for one hour. This does not brown, only achieves a light cream color. Remove from oven, mark with knife and let cool. Break apart into squares or triangles as marked. Keeps for several weeks in covered tin. Freezes nicely.

This is an authentic Scotch shortbread. The original recipe came from Scotland. Rice flour is available in many health food stores and does add a fine flavor and texture. Cornstarch may be substituted if the rice flour is not in your area. Part margarine or part lard may be used but all butter makes for a finer shortbread. This is used traditionally in Scottish homes during Christmas. It is made right after Thanksgiving and "ripens" in a covered tin until the holidays. An excellent snack with coffee, to add to a cookie tray and to use when a not-so-sweet cake is desired at any time of year. —Evelyn

**CHRISTMAS CRESCENTS**

- 3/4 cup shortening (I use butter.)
- 5 Tbls. powdered sugar
- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 tsp. ice water
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/2 cup powdered sugar

Work shortening with spoon against sides of bowl until fluffy and creamy. Add the 5 Tbls. powdered sugar gradually while continuing to work with spoon until light. Add flour, ice water, nuts and flavorings and mix well. Cover and chill in refrigerator for about 2 hours. Then remove, and with fingers shape into crescents about 1 1/2 inches by 1/2 inch. Place on greased cookie sheets in slow oven of 300 degrees for about 30 minutes or until a very light brown. Remove from cookie sheets. While still warm, sprinkle with remaining powdered sugar. Makes about 40 cookies.

NOTE: The nutmeats can be ground in food chopper. —Margery

**ABIGAIL'S SUGAR COOKIES**

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. baking soda
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1/3 cup sour cream

Sift dry ingredients. Cream sugar and shortening. Beat in egg, flavoring and sour cream. Stir in flour mixture. Chill thoroughly for easier handling. Place on lightly floured board and roll thin. Cut desired shapes and place on ungreased baking sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375 degrees, for 8-10 minutes.

**OLIVE-CHEESE-NUT SANDWICH SPREAD**

- 1 pkg. cream cheese (either 6 or 8 ozs.)
- 4 Tbls. mayonnaise
- 2 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- 1/2 cup nuts
- 1 cup stuffed green olives, drained and chopped

Soften cream cheese to room temperature. Mash with fork and mix with mayonnaise and Country Style dressing. Stir in remaining ingredients. Spoon into jar and store, covered, in refrigerator for several hours before using. This thickens as it cools. Keeps well for a long time if refrigerated. Excellent served on open-face sandwiches, crackers or fruit breads.

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COOKBOOK**  
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*Listen to Kitchen-Klatter*

To the folks at Kitchen-Klatter, it really doesn't matter  
That you and we must live so far apart.  
For the letters that you write us certainly delight us  
And we know that they all come from the heart.  
They tell us how you're looking, in all your daily cooking,  
For ways to liven up your daily fare.  
And how your family savors our 16 different flavors  
(we're sure glad to know how much you care).  
So that's another reason, in this happy Christmas season,  
That we want you to try us all again...  
In all your Christmas baking and other things you're making  
To dress up recipes that once were plain.  
And when you write your letter, you'll make us feel much better  
If you tell us how you use us...all sixteen.  
May your holidays be brighter, and all your cakes be lighter,  
and 1977 be SUPER KEEN!



Raspberry  
Almond  
Orange  
Blueberry

Banana  
Burnt Sugar  
Black Walnut  
Maple

Lemon  
Coconut  
Strawberry  
Vanilla

Cherry  
Butter  
Pineapple  
Mint

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### FLUFFY DIVINITY

- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 cup light corn syrup
- 1 7.2-oz. box fluffy frosting mix
- 1 cup miniature marshmallows
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring
- 1/3 cup candied red cherries, diced
- 1/2 cup nuts, chopped

In a heavy, large saucepan, combine sugar, water and corn syrup. Cook, stirring, over medium heat until sugar dissolves and mixture boils. Continue cooking without stirring until mixture reaches the light crack stage — 265 on candy thermometer. Remove from heat.

While syrup is cooking, prepare frosting mix according to directions on

package. Very slowly pour hot syrup over frosting beating constantly at high speed on electric mixer about 5 minutes. Continue beating 5 more minutes slowly adding marshmallows. Fold in flavorings, cherries and nuts. Cool, stirring occasionally, until mixture holds soft peaks and begins to lose its gloss. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto waxed paper. Makes about three dozen pieces. This is delicious divinity and keeps well for several weeks. For longer storage it should be frozen.

NOTE: If small mixer bowl is used to beat frosting mix, transfer mixture to large bowl before beating in syrup and remaining ingredients. —Evelyn

### CRANBERRY-MARSHMALLOW FREEZE

- 2 cups cranberries (picked over and washed)
- 1 1/2 cups water

Cook berries in the water until the skins pop. Put liquid and berries through a sieve. While hot add:

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1 cup marshmallow creme
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

Stir until dissolved. Cool and freeze until hard. Remove from the freezer, break into small chunks and beat with electric mixer. Fold in:

- 1 cup cream, whipped
- Return to the freezer and freeze again.

This is very delicious. The recipe can be doubled, using 1-lb. package of cranberries and doubling all the other ingredients. It can be served either as a salad on a lettuce leaf, or as a dessert. While cranberries are in season it is nice to make up several batches to have on hand in the freezer. —Dorothy

### CRUNCH COOKIES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1 egg
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 2 cups raisin bran cereal

Cream together shortening, sugar, honey, egg, milk and flavorings. Sift together flour, salt, cinnamon, and soda; add to creamed mixture. Stir in cereal. Drop from teaspoon onto greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees) for 12 to 13 minutes, or until lightly browned. Cool slightly before removing from cookie sheet. Then cool on rack. Makes about five dozen cookies. —Margery



These youngsters took part in a Christmas program at South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass. Rev. Frederick Driftmier is at the top left, and his associate, Rev. John Ames, is at the top right.

## A PRECIOUS WORD

(An Exercise for Children)

Nine children are needed for this exercise, each one carrying a large red letter. The letters are held down at the side until each child speaks, then is held up for all to see.

**ALL:**

We know a very special word  
That's known throughout the earth.

It's the name we call the birthday  
Of the blessed Christ Child's birth.

**C —** Here is the first letter, which I bring.

C is for CAROLS we all love to sing.

**H —** H is for the HOPE that from heaven came down

When Jesus was born in Bethlehem town.

**R —** R is for REJOICING for God's greatest gift to the earth,  
Sent to us in the Christ Child's birth.

**I —** I stands for INFANT. Like all mankind he was born  
Just a wee little baby, that first Christmas morn.

**S —** S is for the SHEPHERDS who heard angels sing,  
"Be not afraid, good tidings I bring."

**T —** T is for TRUTH which the wise men did know,  
A Savior was born because God willed it so.

**M —** M is for the MANGER where the Babe lay his head  
There in a stable where cattle

were fed.

**A —** A is for the ANGELS who joyfully sang again and again,  
"Peace on earth, good will toward men."

**S —** S must surely stand for that wondrous STAR  
That led the three wise men from lands afar.

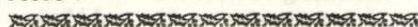
**ALL:**

CHRISTMAS is our precious word,  
The birthday of our Savior King.  
Christmas! what a glorious day!

We lift our hearts and sing

HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

**ALL SING:** "Happy Birthday, Dear Jesus".



### IT'S CHRISTMASTIME

What is this magic in the air?  
It's on the faces everywhere;  
It's lovely, like a whispered prayer  
At Christmastime . . .

It's in the smell of cookies,  
In the taste of lickin' pans,  
In the hustle and the bustle  
And in little helping hands,  
And the window decorations  
With their gaily tinsel strands  
At Christmastime . . .

We see and hear and taste and smell  
And feel this magic glow.  
It seems to be the only time,  
At least I've found it so,  
When for some magic reason  
All five senses know

It's Christmastime! —Unknown



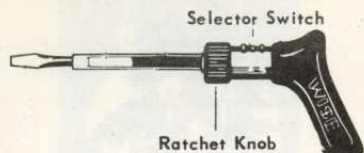
### WHY THE LIGHTED TREE?

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



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:

<b>KCOB</b>	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:35 A.M.
<b>KSMN</b>	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
<b>KWPC</b>	Muscataine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
<b>KWBG</b>	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
<b>KMA</b>	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
<b>WJAG</b>	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
<b>KHAS</b>	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
<b>KVSH</b>	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.
<b>KWOA</b>	Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
<b>KOAM</b>	Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
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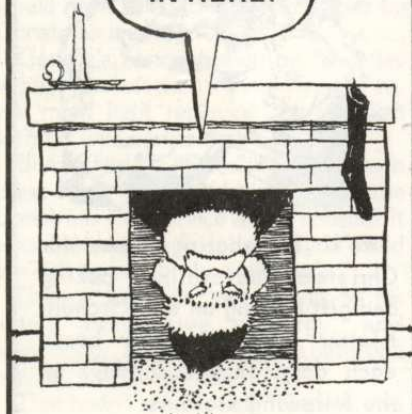
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A picture from our family album calls back memories of the childhood of Kristin Johnson Brase and Juliana Verness Lowey. Both girls are now mothers, watching their own children at play.

IT'S DIRTY  
IN HERE!



Oh, come now, Santa! Even the fussiest housekeeper can't keep the chimney clean. But that's just about the only place in the house that's not spotless, thanks to **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**! That's the high-power, low-suds household cleaner that goes into solution the minute it touches water . . . and goes to work the minute it touches dirt. Even greasy grime disappears quickly and easily, without scum and froth to rinse away later. And, since **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner** is a powder, it's much, much more economical than the liquid you may have been using. Give yourself the present of easy cleaning. Add this to your grocery list:

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You go through the motions . . .  
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does the work!

### MOST MEMORABLE MEAL

The meal I remember best (and with a bit of nostalgia) was one I helped prepare over 50 years ago. Although I was barely a teenager, it seems only a few years have passed.

The road past our Missouri farm home was mostly clay before pavement days, so whenever it rained, it was slick! One dark stormy night it was simply pouring, and when Father answered a knock at the door he was told that a car had slid into a ditch. There was no hope of getting out before daylight. The occupants needed a place to spend the night, and since my parents never turned anyone away this was no exception.

The tired travelers, a man, his wife and small daughter, were soon "at home" in the bedroom my sister and I shared. We two bedded down on the "parlor" floor.

The strangers were from the city and by all appearances wealthy and Mother thought we should "put our best FOOD forward", so we were up early to prepare their breakfast. Sis caught, dressed and fried one of our choice White Rock fryers. There was gravy to go with the pan of hot biscuits Mother baked, and my contribution was a bowl of the largest, most perfectly ripened, dewy-fresh strawberries to be found in the patch.

Everything was ready for the guests when they awakened. There was a look of surprise on the adults' faces when they saw the white linen-covered table almost groaning with all that food. Of course, freshly churned butter, jam, jelly, cold milk, hot coffee and thick cream were also included. How they enjoyed their country breakfast.

But I've often wondered: did they think this was a typical farmers' morning meal?

If so, they must have thought, along with countless other mistaken folks,  
**FARMERS ARE SO LUCKY.**

—G.M., Oregon

### DO THEY?

Do children still stick out their tongues

To catch a flake of snow,

When the first of these lacy bits

Visits earth below?

Later when the lace-flakes deepen,

Then the youngsters make snow-  
balls,

Bring out sleds and toboggans,

Slide down hills as the snow falls.

Next day when more magic crystals

Float down in multiples of ten . . .

Starting, though, with just a few flakes. . .

Do kids' tongues come out again?

—Inez Baker

### CHRISTMAS IS HOME

What is the magic and wonder of Christmas?

It's a blending of so many things:

It's loving, and giving, sharing and caring,  
And the hauntingly lovely carols we sing.

It's memories of home, and Mom's special cooking,

Greeting from special friends we have known;

Happy expressions on faces of children,  
It's sights, sounds, and smells of Christmas at home.

Though the home be humble, the fare be meager,

Regardless of where we may roam . . .  
There comes a sweet longing in each of our hearts

To go home when Christmas is come.

—Cecile Moore



## COME READ WITH ME

by  
Armada Swanson

Tonight when the hoar frost falls on the wood,/ and the rabbit cowers, and the squirrel is cold,/ and the horned owl huddles against a star,/ and the drifts are deep, and the year is old,/ all shy creatures will think of Him... so begins this beautiful poem by Frances Frost about the magic of a Christmas night. Aldren Watson's luminous three-color illustrations capture the breathless beauty of the starlit winter woods, when all creatures pause to bless *That Child who loves the trembling hearts, the shy hearts of the wilderness*. Originally published over 30 years ago, this small 24-page volume has stood the test of time and now is proudly reissued for a new generation of parents and children to cherish together. *Christmas in the Woods* (Harper & Row, Publishers, 10 East 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$3.50) by Frances Frost contains poetry and beauty in both words and pictures.

*Earthclock* is a narrative calendar of nature's seasons by Anita Nygaard (Stackpole Books, Cameron and Kelker Sts., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania 17105, \$8.95). The author acknowledges all the things in nature that never change (and are continually perversely changing) such as "The eternal sun... wild blueberries along a trail... birds rising out of a tree like spray from a fountain... the softness of quiet-dancing snowflakes..."

*Earthclock* shows that the moments, months and seasons are festivals to be enjoyed; what passes, returns. Every moment is a cause for celebration. Of December 24 she writes, "The vigil of Christmas begins. This is the holy season, the great event and supreme holiday of the Western world, but at its base are the peculiarly human emotions and human will; what people worship is the affirmation of the self. The season is all the more poignant because it is an earthly human thing... The great secret of Christmas is its recurrence of human hopes; the mystery is the personal awareness of man in an environment he did not create."

There is a wealth of information in Anita Nygaard's book, such as quotations from eminent naturalists, profiles of animals and people, and a feast of the earth's offerings. A professional librarian, Miss Nygaard is presently Director of the Lompoc Museum of Lompoc, California, and is



This cute youngster is Kenneth Crouse, son of Dr. and Mrs. Steve Crouse of El Paso, Texas. Kenneth's mother, Chris, and Juliana have been close friends since college days.

committed to enjoying and preserving the priceless treasures of our earth.

Here is her December 1 *Earthclock* for your enjoyment: "Patterns of December: Snowflakes. The folds and pleats of timelessly repeated hills. Lace of snow and delicate frost on plants."

Since the first time she played "Peter Pan" Mary Martin has been asked a favorite question, "Will you crow for us?" Of all her life of marvelous moments, Peter and Never Land loom largest in her mind. Thus she writes in her book *My Heart Belongs* (Wm. Morrow and Co., \$8.95). She says Never Land is like she would want real life to be: "timeless, filled with gaiety, tenderness and magic." The world of show business is full of hard

work and discipline, but Mary Martin has always loved it.

*My Heart Belongs* tells of her early life, of her musical successes, starring in "South Pacific" and "The Sound of Music", among many others. Back of her stage life is her family life, as wife of Richard Halliday, their love for their home in Brazil, her interest in needlepoint, and now, since the death of her husband, she has been three people in her life — "I," "We," and "Me." The "We" was 33 years of her married life. Now she is "Me." and on goes the circle of her life. An interesting book by a vibrant person.

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## Christmas is almost here!

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### THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

In one of the gardening columns I asked readers who had tried growing strawberries in a pyramid bed, to write and tell me of their experiences. Several responded and the consensus is that these beds work out nicely if handled right.

A lady from St. James, Minnesota, writes that her husband helped her make a pyramid out of some metal sheets they had on hand. "We cut up ten-inch wide strips and 'French-seamed' the ends together with a hammer to make an eight-foot wide circle. We filled this with good soil. The next circle was made of nine-inch strips and put inside the first circle leaving a fourteen-inch wide area around it. We filled this circle with more soil. The next circle was made of eight-inch strips with the fourteen-inch area left around it. This was filled with soil. We set out fifty Ogallala everbearing strawberry plants spacing them about a foot apart.

"The first fall we had lots of nice big berries and we picked them until Nov. 6. The last week or so we covered the pyramid with a couple of old bed spreads on cold nights. We finally decided to let them freeze or we'd be picking strawberries all winter. The next spring the plants were so thick we gave lots of plants to a friend, and we had plenty of berries ourselves through the summer and fall. Again we quit picking about Nov. 7 but did not start the covering process.

"My husband thinned out the bed last spring and transplanted some of the plants to a section of our vegetable garden. Because we lacked rain the berries weren't as large as previous seasons but we had plenty of them."

Another reader wrote of similar success with the pyramid. She said she covered her bed with a tent made of old lace curtains to keep the robins from taking the berries. Some gardeners mulched their pyramid beds with grass clippings or old hay, but a reader from northern Minnesota said she doesn't cover her Ogallalas at all—they seem to come through even severe winters in fine shape. She did admit to good snow covering early in the winter.

We already have an order made out for a pyramid for next spring. I'm convinced it will be ideal to have near the kitchen so that we can water it as needed and pick the fruits conveniently.

## THE GRACIOUS RECEIVER

by

Donna Ashworth Thompson

Most people are very generous. If they feel there is a need, they try to do everything they know how to take care of it. If a stranger's house burns and he loses all of his possessions, they are replaced many times over by people who give of the things they have and of money as well.

At Christmastime when we learn of the needs of many, there is always an outpouring of money and things. Everyone apparently has grown up believing that "it is more blessed to give than to receive".

And this is true. But there is another side to the coin. How many people do you know who simply cannot accept anything graciously? If you want to do something for them they begin to protest, "Oh you shouldn't have done that. No, I can't take that from you," and so on, until you wonder why you ever thought about giving anything to them in the first place.

I have thought of this many times when I wanted to give something to someone on an impulse, sometimes something of value, sometimes not, sometimes only a jar of preserves or jelly, something I wanted to share with them, and my impulsive generosity was met with remonstrances of one kind or another.

The other day a very small thing brought it to my mind very clearly. I realized that many people felt just as I did. I found out that I was not alone in feeling repulsed and let down and my generous impulses crushed by these protests.

Cora, a friend of mine, and I had planned to go to lunch, and after we started, she said, "I want to take you to lunch today."

I started to say, "Oh, don't do that," but swallowed my words real fast, and answered, "I think that would be nice, but I want you to know I'm starved because I had a very early breakfast."

"That will be all right," she laughed. "I have money today."

Then she went on, "I'm so glad you didn't begin protesting about my doing it. It seems to me that almost anytime I ask someone to go to lunch like this, and I can never plan too far ahead, they begin to put forth objections, like 'Let's go Dutch and No, I don't want you to take me to lunch.' It really let me down. If I didn't want to do it, I wouldn't suggest it."

I think she summed it all up in that one sentence. People don't have to take you to lunch. They don't have to pay you compliments. They don't have to invite you to go to the theater, or on a drive. They don't have to give you some of their best cooking or flowers from their



Wayne and Abigail Driftmier made a trip to Albuquerque not long ago and during a hike around the West Mesa, their daughter Emily took this picture of them.

garden, or give you something that you have admired in their homes.

Those are things they want to do. Nothing in life requires that they do it. And it may be that you have done some kindness for them and that is the way they wish to repay it. It isn't necessary to repay your thoughtfulness in kind, but in the way they can do it best. It may be there is no obligation involved, just a wish to do something for people because they like them.

And what is the other side of this coin of giving and receiving. It may be "more blessed to give than to receive", but it is also true that there is such a thing as being a gracious receiver and it is an important attribute.

When people give you things or wish to do something for you, what do you do? Protest. If they bring you choice dishes of food, do you say, "Oh, I'm on a diet. I can't eat that. No, take it back, don't waste it on me."

How do you think that makes the giver feel? Or are you one of those people who just resents people giving you anything feeling that it is because they feel sorry for you, or that you can't afford to buy it yourself, or some other foolish reason?

I have one friend who is always giving me things. And you would never believe what they are. She often has more food than she can use. So what does she do? She keeps a supply of plastic bags on hand. Sometimes she will come by my house with some of these, or if I happen to stop by hers, she will give them to me — a small bag of peaches, two or three tomatoes, a slice of cake, a half a dozen cookies, or some magazines she thinks I will be interested in. And I am delighted to have all of these things. I am also delighted to know someone is so thoughtful that they want to share with me the things which she enjoys. You can be sure I never make any remonstrance about her kindly generosity.

One time I was at a party and the

hostess handed me a small glass cream pitcher. It had been in her family for many years.

"I want you to have this," she said. "You will take care of it, and I have no family who will want it."

(Continued on page 22)

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Our heads let us remember the joys of Christmas. Our hearts let us remember why.

**DECEMBER DEVOTIONS — Concl.**  
that has happened, which the Lord has made known to us."

**Song:** "O Little Town of Bethlehem", verses 1 and 2.

**Scripture:** And they went with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

**Song:** "Silent Night" or the last verse of "Angels We Have Heard on High".

**Scripture:** And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all they had heard and seen, as it had been told them.

**Song:** "There's a Star in the Sky", 1st, 2nd, and 3rd verses.

**Scripture:** Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, wise men from the East came to Jerusalem, saying, "Where is he who has been born king of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the East, and have come to worship him."

**Song:** "O Holy Night", 2nd verse.

**Scripture:** And lo, the star which they had seen in the East went before them, till it came to rest over the place where the child was. When they saw the star, they rejoiced exceedingly with great joy; and going into the house they saw the child with Mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him. Then opening their treasures, they offered him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.

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

**Leader:**

Make room, make room in your heart for the Christ,  
Wondrous gift of God's love,

Own Him as your Lord and King;  
The music of Christmas in your soul will be found,  
And peace, His blessed peace it will bring.

**Reading:** The long journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem . . . A new Star in the sky . . . heavenly music above the hills of Judea . . . the flutter of angel wings . . . the swift journeying of the shepherds . . . Mary and Joseph and the newborn Child . . . the coming of the wise men, with their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh.

From these inspiring things the Song of Christmas was fashioned those many centuries ago. To them the years have added new notes of happiness and love-carols and songs upon the air . . . candles gleaming in the night . . . bells ringing in tall steeples . . . secret whisperings and laughter around the hearth of home . . . greetings going from friend to friend . . . deeds of love and mercy done in the name of the Christ Child . . .

No great symphony or composition can match the Song of Christmas. It rises above the clatter and roar of the city; it throbs through the scattered villages and country cottage; it sings through the sunlit islands of the Southland; it permeates the frozen wastes of the North. In ever widening volumes its strains echo around the world.

Before its magic the hosts of darkness and despair take flight. It touches the slumbering chords of memory; it heals old hurts and tears; it binds loved ones in closer and deeper ties. There are no forsaken or friendless in the Song of Christmas. Under its influence the strong reach out to help the weak.

Peace, Love, Joy — these are the loudest notes in this great song and they are for all persons on earth. The Song of Christmas is the greatest song on earth because it is understood in every heart.

—Adapted from an unknown author

**Scripture:** Praise the Lord! Sing to the Lord a new song. Let everything that breathes praise the Lord! Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace among men with whom he is pleased!

**Song:** "Joy to the World".

**Benediction:**

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

—Phillips Brooks

(NOTE: If you would like to use this for your Sunday school program, the children might be used, not only for the singing, but by having them do the Nativity story with the different characters taking their places on stage as indicated as the Scriptures are read.)

\*\*\*\*\*

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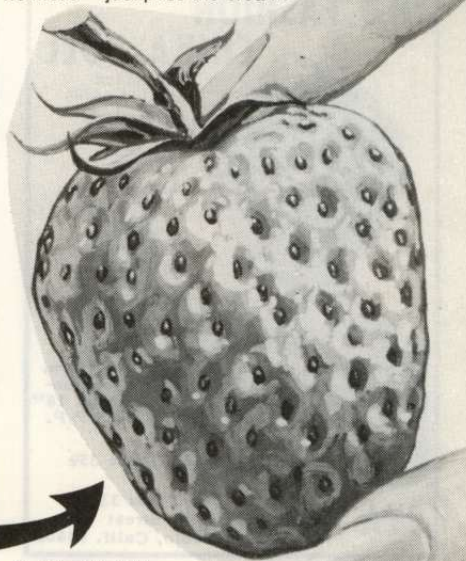
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Pictured aboard an ore boat are Oliver and Margery Strom, Christine Davis, Vicki and Chris Davis. Margery describes this experience in her letter on page 2.

**DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded**  
feet wide and thirty feet long so they could swim through. I wonder how long it took them to do it. Frank had just discovered it that day.

Everyone is fine at Kristin's house now. They have had colds, and after school started Andy fell and broke a couple of fingers and sprained some others. This hindered him with his homework and schoolwork for awhile, but he is back to normal now. Aaron won first in the Punt, Pass, and Kick local contest in the eight-year-old division, but lost out when he competed in Billings. He got a trophy for the local contest, and so did Andy, who got third in his division, so they were happy about that.

Frank is calling from the kitchen that he has a cup of coffee poured for me, so until next month . . . .

Sincerely,  
Dorothy

**GRACIOUS RECEIVER — Concluded**  
I started to object.

"Now don't object," she said with a laugh. If I didn't want you to have it, I wouldn't give it to you."

And I knew she was right. It was very old then. It is a real antique now, and is one of my most treasured possessions.

She wanted to give, and I was glad that she liked me well enough to give me her sentimental treasure.

This business of accepting thoughtful gifts and good deeds is worth thinking about. What kind of receivers are we? Are we protesters, not about the big important things we don't like, but against the kindness and generosity of our friends? To be a gracious receiver is something to be desired. I was really pleased the other day when Cora said, "I'm so glad you aren't protesting my taking you to lunch. I do it because I want to."

I was glad I had stifled my impulse to object. It is true that it is more "blessed to give than to receive", but it is also true that one of the most desirable traits of character we can have is to be a gracious receiver.

**FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded**  
appeal for help, one of the best informed ornithologists in Massachusetts called me on the phone. She said: "Do you really want mockingbirds in your yard? You know what they do, don't you? They drive off all the other birds! Once the mockingbird stakes out a territory around your home, he will not permit other birds to be at peace there. If I were you, I would not try to feed them." What a disappointment!

We have more than a dozen large pine trees in our back yard here at the parsonage, and what a harvest of pine cones they have provided this year. Have you noticed that the pine trees have produced their cones more abundantly this year? And have you noticed that they are larger cones than those produced in some years past? I have been told that that is the case all over New England, and that it is a portent of a cold winter. So many people have been saying that this winter will be an unusually hard one, and they have given all kinds of reasons for saying so. As far as the pine cones are involved in my winter planning, it is simply a matter of picking them up to use as kindling for our fireplaces. Already we have bushels of them stored away in the basement.

Christmas at our church will be as happy as always with many delightful parties. One of the nicest affairs will be the big Christmas party that our high school youngsters plan and give each Christmas for the many Puerto Rican children in the neighborhood of the church. I hope that sometime you may see the colored slides I have made of those parties over the years. Those precious little Puerto Ricans have such a good time, and they are so delighted with the gifts they receive. The deacons of the church provide Christmas gifts for the more than one hundred prisoners in our county jail, and our deaconesses provide gifts for many of the sick and aged members of the church. Betty and I plan to have our usual Christmas dinner and party here at the parsonage for a dozen or more of our church members, and we shall take the church young people to a beautiful restaurant for a holiday dinner party.

If I could wave a magic wand, I would put myself in your living room on Christmas Eve, there to have a visit with you and your family. Wouldn't that be a heart-warming experience? There are so many of you who have been reading my letters for so many years, and what a joy it would be to visit you in your home. Since I cannot be with you this Christmas, I send you my best wishes. I thank God for you, and I pray that God will bless you with a healthy and happy New Year.

Sincerely,  
Frederick

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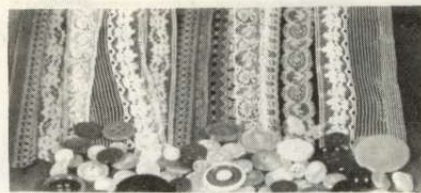
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## STOVES — Concluded

we wedged it onto the back seat, I touched it gently.

I painted the tiny stove antique black. And I finger rubbed the raised letters with gold paint till they are easily readable. A tiny lantern with a ruby red globe sits on it, also a little sad iron I used as a child. It's where it belongs now, one stove I'm glad to see in my living room. I suppose I treasure it more because I thought I'd lost it. Funny about stoves. Sometimes they do more than heat a room — they can warm a heart!



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**THROW AWAY THOSE OLD-STYLE SCISSORS** because once you've tried these, you'll never want to use any other kind! Unique, new design scissors feature soft, cushioned, orange plastic handles with contoured finger grips, super-sharp stainless steel blades for incredibly fast, comfortable, effortless and flexible cutting power. Keenly sharp blades zip through paper and all fabrics, around most intricate of curves, without "chopping" or snagging. **ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED TO PLEASE OR MONEY BACK.** If you thought you could never get excited about a pair of scissors, TRY THESE NOW at our new low sale price, only \$1.69 + 31¢ pstg. & hdg., 2 Pair \$3.25 ppd. Allow 6 wks. for delivery.

**TWO BROTHERS, INC.** Dept. SC-96  
808 Washington • St. Louis, Mo. 63101

Give EXTRA love to the Children of YOUR Family

Twelve months of the year with our . . .

## PAPER DOLL OF THE MONTH



. . . Wholesome, loveable dolls with exciting wardrobes! 11" x 17" full color set, mailed EACH month for a FULL YEAR . . . 12 different doll friends! Give child's name, address and how you want announcement card signed.

12 SEPARATE monthly doll sets just \$15.00, postpaid (only \$1.25 per doll average)

A great, warm Christmas gift.

**DOTTY DOLLS** Box 161B, Clarinda, Iowa 51632



What changes since last we exchanged holiday greetings! Some sad partings, some joyous welcomings. At home or around the world, it seems if we blink our eyes we miss something: governments fall, boundaries move, models change and the "kids" go off to college.

But in the midst of all this change, one thing stays firm: our commitment to continue to merit your trust. We feel that you--our wholesalers, retailers and consumer-customers--demonstrate your confidence in us each time you buy our products. You can be sure that confidence is treasured and will not be betrayed.

In this spirit, we send you our warmest wishes for a joyful holiday and a happy 1977.

Your friends at Kitchen-Klatter