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—Photo by Jack Holowitz

“Away in a Manger”

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MRS W E PEARSON
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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM JULIANA

Dear Friends:

It is a positively beautiful morning here in New Mexico. I mention this because we have been very fortunate this year where weather is concerned. I know that winter will get here eventually, but this interim sunshine makes that hard to believe.

Mother (Lucile) has been after me to get down a good report on our trip to Washington, D.C., this summer. I've done a lot of talking about that trip, but I need to get it down in black and white.

To start at the beginning, we were thrilled when my cousin, Emily DiCicco and her husband Rich, called one night and suggested that we come to visit them. At first I just didn't see how this could be managed, but the more I thought about it, the more I decided that it was an opportunity that just shouldn't be missed. I had been in Washington, D.C., when I was younger than Katharine is now and I remembered a great deal about it. I felt sure that both James and Katharine, our children, were old enough to absorb a real sense of history by making such a trip.

We decided to go in August. Emily had just returned from Costa Rica where she had completed a short contract job and this meant that she would not be working while we were there and would be free to do the sight-seeing with us. Rich knows the area well, but Emily hadn't had a chance to do much in the way of poking around the museums and monuments, so she was looking forward to seeing these things too.

The afternoon we arrived, we sat down and made out a list of things we felt we just had to see, and the next morning we started out to tackle that list. The first stop was the Lincoln Memorial, and in spite of the early hour, there were hundreds of people there. This was also true at the Jefferson Memorial. In fact, we didn't even stop at the Washington Monument because there was a line around the building of people just waiting to get inside.

We thought that we might have better luck at the museums and wherever we could find a parking place would

determine which museum we would see first. It turned out to be the Museum of History and Technology.

The first thing to see when you walk in is the 71½-foot Foucault Pendulum. The pendulum is always moving and proves that the earth is rotating. It is fascinating to watch. And like all of the museums in Washington, one could spend a week just trying to explore the exhibits in this one building. We decided to go through the Folk Art area and were delighted to see a huge exhibit of old carousel animals. James and Katharine were particularly interested in the folk art from New Mexico, but they couldn't understand why these familiar objects such as "santos" and wood carvings would be in a museum. I explained that people from other parts of the United States would find these things exotic, but I'm not at all sure that I convinced them.

The next morning we headed out on the lovely Rock Creek Parkway on our way to the National Zoo. I might add that we had to wait until 9:30 A.M. to do this. All the traffic on this Parkway is one-way going into Washington until this hour. We needed to go out of Washington so we had to wait until the traffic pattern changed. Katharine is an animal fanatic and I think the zoo was the high point of the trip for her. She would have been happy to move right in with the giant panda bears. This zoo covers a huge area and I don't think we missed anything.

The next stop was James' favorite—the National Air and Space Museum. This is a new building and very well designed. It houses everything from the original Wright Brother's "Kitty Hawk" plane to a lunar-landing module. James is interested in anything that flies. The top floor of the museum has a cafeteria so we had lunch there. It has a fantastic view and the food is good and inexpensive.

In the afternoon we walked over to the Botanic Gardens. It is just a few blocks from the Air and Space Museum. I am partial to plants so this was a must on my own agenda. There was a beautiful display of orchids, most of which were new to me. I especially enjoyed the series of terrariums which ranged from miniature jungles to desert environments. Emily finally had to remind me that we had to get home and think about dinner, but I could have stayed another hour or two.

After dinner we went out to see Washington at night. It was a fortunate decision because for some reason there didn't seem to be anyone else out sight-seeing that night. We went to the Capitol building and practically had it to ourselves. The high point for the children was the fact that there was no line at the Washington Monument, so we stopped and rode the elevator to the top. The elevator had been closed because of lightning in the area, and we were the first



The late Mrs. James Lowey with her first and only grandson. This was taken in Albuquerque when James was about eight months old. His parents are Jed and Juliana Lowey.

ones to ride up after the electrical storm. By the time we got back down, the line of people was halfway around the building again. I can understand why there was such a line because the view from the top is unsurpassed.

After all the museums and monuments we were ready for a break so the next day we were off to the beach. Rich was able to get that day off so we drove to Assateague Beach. This is part of the National Seashore and is famous for its wild ponies. It was a lovely day and the water was very warm. We had a picnic lunch and just enjoyed being lazy and riding the waves into the shore. James and Katharine were very impressed with the surf. I was, too, and I kept a very sharp eye on them.

No trip to Washington would be complete without a visit to the White House. I had made arrangements with one of our Senators to take the early tour. (This requires a special pass signed by a Congressman.) We went to the Senate Office Building to pick up the passes, and found that the Senate subway was open to the public. It was a lot of fun to ride on the little subway cars and to see if we could spot any famous people.

I think the White House tour gave the children the most information and history that will stick with them. Our guide was geared to talking to children. We now know that Theodore Roosevelt's children rode their ponies inside the White House. Gracious! There is a room which displays place settings from all the different Presidential china services, and it was interesting to see how tastes in china have changed over the years. How I wish Mother could have seen that china!

It seemed appropriate that in the afternoon we should see Mount Vernon. President Washington was the only president who did not live in the White House. Mount Vernon is beautifully

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A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

It is Friday night, and I have just finished my preparation for the services on Sunday. I have written three sermons—two for the adults, and one for the children. At our early service on the radio I shall be preaching a sermon entitled: "Obedience to the Unenforceable". At that service we shall have as our guests one hundred members of the Royal Arch Masons, and following the service, our church ladies will serve the guests breakfast. At the eleven o'clock service I shall be preaching to the congregation on the subject: "Open Wide Your Hearts". The words of the sermon title are taken from Paul's Second Letter to the Corinthians in which he begged the Christians to be tolerant of one another.

At that same service I shall give the children a short sermon on the subject: "God's Gift of Water". As usual, I shall have one of the youngsters in the pulpit to assist me as I explain to the children how people may have very different ideas about the goodness and badness of water. Whenever I speak to children, I have a child as my "helper". Just having a child in the pulpit gets the attention of the adults, and what the child does to help me gets the attention of the children.

Once the Christmas season is here, there are so many beautiful and spiritual messages for the children; I just love to speak to children. On the Sunday before Christmas, we conclude the church service with a Nativity Processional as the congregation sings the appropriate Nativity hymns. After the Wise Men from the East have made their way down the center aisle, the people begin to sing "Silent Night, Holy Night", and as they do so, all the children in the church walk down the aisle to kneel and adore the Christ Child. The trouble is that the adults begin to weep with the touching beauty of that scene! How hard it is to watch without weeping while little children kneel before the Christ Child!

Our Christmas plans at the parsonage will be the same as in other years. We shall have twelve or fifteen guests from the church for Christmas dinner; hopefully, Mary Leanna and her family will join us. There is no one in all this world who can cook a better Christmas dinner than my Betty! I am getting hungry now just writing about it.

Part of our lovely tradition of Christmas Day is having the same guests year after year after year. Here at our house,



The ministers of South Congregational Church in Springfield, Mass., Frederick Driftmier and J.W. Ames prepare the Christmas services.

for example, it would not seem like Christmas if my childhood friend, Janice Pitzer, were not here. Janice was a close family friend when I was growing up in Shenandoah, Iowa, and our friendship has continued through the years. This Christmas will be the twenty-seventh consecutive time that she has come from a considerable distance to be with us for a few days at Christmas time. When she arrives, her car is loaded with gifts for all the family, and when she goes home the car is loaded with gifts for her from all of us. It is more fun! Of course, she is a big help with all of the dinner preparations.

Do you want a white Christmas? I do not! The responsibility of getting all of our elderly guests in and out of the house when there is snow on the walks is not one that I like. Each Christmas I breathe a big sigh of relief when the day is over and our guests are safely home. If ever the weather were so bad that we could not have some of our elderly guests here, it would break our hearts. At the parsonage it just wouldn't be Christmas without our South Church family to celebrate with us.

After our dinner guests have gone home at the end of Christmas Day, we in this house probably do what you do in your house—start making long distance phone calls to members of the family who could not be with us for the holiday. The first call will be to Betty's parents in Florida, and then we shall call Lucile and all my Driftmier relatives in the Middlewest, and then we shall call David and Sophie who will be with Sophie's parents in Calgary, Alberta. One by one we shall call Betty's sisters who live here on the east coast.

Our church does so much for so many during the Christmas season. In our

parish we have nearly one hundred persons in nursing homes or invalided in their own homes, and each of them receives a gift and a visit from our deacons or deaconesses. This year each shut-in will receive an amaryllis bulb in an attractive container. That was our church gift last year, and it proved to be very popular. We used to give lovely flowering plants, but we have found the bulbs are more appreciated.

In the neighborhood of our church there are hundreds of Puerto Rican families, and for all of them our church will have gifts—toys for the children, and food delicacies for the adults. Our church has a high school club which will give a big Christmas party for all of the Puerto Rican children. Most of those children use our church recreation center five days a week, and the church is like a second home to them.

Do you know what I would like to do for you this Christmas? I would like to wave a magic wand and bring all of you to our lovely Christmas Candlelight Vesper Service. The decorations in the church will be breathtakingly beautiful, and the music will be magnificent.

I hope that you will remember Betty and me in your Christmas prayers. We shall be remembering you, and wherever you are, have the happiest and merriest Christmas ever. God bless and keep you.

Sincerely,
Frederick

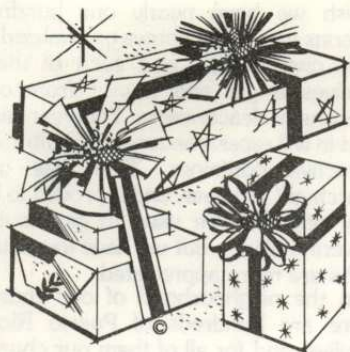
A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

As the candle glows,
so may your lives radiate
warmth and love, and the
Spirit of Peace be with you
this Christmas season and
throughout the days to come.

—Julia Yancey Petty

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. The husband of Jesus' mother, Mary, was (Joseph).
2. The name "Jesus" means (Savior).
3. The forerunner of Jesus was (John).
4. The prophet foretelling the town where Jesus was born was (Micah).
5. Jesus is often called the "Messiah", which means (anointed).
6. The home town of Jesus' parents was (Nazareth).
7. The prophet who foretold that the mother of Jesus would be a virgin was (Isaiah).
8. The story of the Wise Men is told in the book of (Matthew).
9. The Roman emperor who at the time of Jesus' birth had decreed "all the world should be taxed" was (Caesar Augustus).
10. The Bible tells us that there were (doesn't say how many) shepherds who came to the stable.



The Gifts of Christmas

A Christmas Service

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: The center of interest should be a beautifully decorated Christmas tree with a large star at the top. Have ready beforehand eight small, gift-wrapped packages and four larger ones. The small packages should be about the size of the small jewelry boxes or lipstick containers. Five helpers will be needed to present the packages and give the meditations as indicated.

Call to Worship:

Be quiet, heart, that Christmas may come in,

That I may hear the angels sing,

See the Star,

And come to worship Him.

Scriptures — 1st Reader: Luke 2: 1-20.

Song: "Angels We Have Heard on High".

Scriptures — 2nd Reader: Matthew 2: 1, 2 and 9-12.

Song: "As with Gladness Men of Old".

Prayer: Our Father, we come to Thee at this time asking that our hearts might be open wide to all that this Christmas can mean to us. We pray Thee that our love for all humankind may be deepened and our faith renewed. Grant us depth of understanding and generosity of thought. Give us an abiding sense of wonder and of joy. This we ask that we might come, as did the angels, the shepherds, and the Wise Men, to worship Him, our Lord and King, in prayer and praise and song and deed and gifts, in joy and in love. Amen

Leader: CHRISTMAS! Yes, it is Christmas. A time for caring and for sharing. It is a time for joy and singing and laughter. It is a time to remember and appreciate all of the good things that life has brought to us.

As we have heard again the Scriptures read, telling of that first Christmas, we think especially of those who came to worship the Christ Child in the manger. Why did the Wise Men come? True, they brought Him gifts; the best they had they offered to the Babe in the manger. But they brought Him much more. John Ruskin wrote of the Magi: "These men came not to see, nor to talk, but to do reverence. They are neither curious nor talkative, but submissive." More important than the worldly gifts they brought, they gave themselves. They

worshipped Him.

How do we come to Christmas? What do we give with our packages?

I have asked some helpers to share with you our thoughts about some of the "gifts of Christmas" which we would like to have each of you receive this year.

Speaker 1: (Carries one of the large packages.) My gift for you is JOY. Howard Thurman said, "There must always remain in everyone's life someplace for the singing of angels."

No other season brings with it the contagious, shining joy of Christmas. The laughter, the lights, the bells, the gathering of families, the urge to share it all with someone else; these are all a part of the special sparkle and glow. This is the gift I place under the tree for you. (Places gift under the tree.)

Song: "There's a Song in the Air".

Speaker 2: (Carries a large package.) Here is my choice for your Christmas gift—a big box of LOVE, all tied up with ribbons of tenderness, and a big bow of understanding. Without love there can be no Christmas. It all began with God's love for us. *For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.*

This love draws family ties closer together in the desire to share all the pleasures and joy and happiness of the Christ Child's birthday. This love radiates out to include friends and strangers in the cheerful glow of our "Merry Christmas". This love makes us remember those in need and want to share with them. Like perfume, the more generously you sprinkle it on others, the more you'll get on yourself! Be sure it is tucked inside every package you give, into every bit of Christmas baking. Blend it smoothly into every carol you sing. Christmas IS love. (Places package beneath the tree.)

Song: "Love Came Down at Christmas" or "They'll Know We Are Christians by Our Love", one chorus.

Speaker 3: (Carries the eight small packages in her arms.) Of course large packages are lovely and exciting, but you know I love to open packages, and when I'm giving gifts, I love to do up several small gifts in little packages instead of giving one larger gift. So that is what I'm doing for you. I will give you a clue as to

their contents. In each one is a pause. Use them well and you will find it the most blessed Christmas you have ever known.

PAUSE amid the hustle and bustle of shopping and baking and cleaning to see the sparkle and the wonder in a child's eye as that child becomes caught up in the Christmas Story, in planning little homemade gifts for members of the family, and in helping to decorate the cookies.

PAUSE to hear the carols and to join in singing them frequently during the holidays. The season is so short! Listen to a recording of the "Messiah". Remember, the first Christmas carol was that which the angels sang above the hills near Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the Highest".

PAUSE to share and savor every moment of this blessed season which you can with your family. Read the Scriptures together, sing together, share the holiday baking and candy making. The shopping, the gift wrapping, and the sending of greeting cards are more fun when they become family projects. Never let them become "Mother's holiday rat race", for then Christmas is lost to you entirely.

PAUSE often for quiet moments of prayer and thanksgiving. It is when we take time to count our blessings of the past and the present and to enjoy the anticipation of those to come that the heart really feels Christmas. If, like Mary, you will ponder the real meaning of this celebration, feelings of frustration and pressure will dissolve into a spirit of praise and thankfulness.

PAUSE for sharing. Give little gifts of the heart to neighbors, shut-ins, the elderly, the church choir, the mail carrier, the paper carrier, your child's teacher, the Scout leader. A telephone call to say thank you, or to give a word of praise, costs so little, but means so much.

PAUSE to worship, to share in all of the special services of your church, to have family worship, remembering how Jesus said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name . . ." Come to Him as reverently as did those Wise Men of old.

PAUSE to take the time to let your own eyes seek the Star, your own ears be attuned to the angels' song, and bring your heart in reverence to the manger.

Song: (solo) "What Child Is This?"

Speaker 4: (Carries a larger package.) I bring to you the Christmas gift of PEACE. I like the word Jesus would have spoken for peace, *shalom*, meaning wholeness. It is the healing of the whole person in relation to the whole state of the universe. When we speak of the peace of God we mean peace of heart such as comes when we are unified with

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GLEANINGS FROM GREYSTONE

"CHRISTMAS"

by
Harold Smith

As December arrives, a gentle breeze stirs the old cedar tree and I note the black-capped chickadees have the feeder to themselves, yet I know the English sparrows will arrive in great throngs soon, scattering the chickadees as easily as they scatter the seed. I'm certain the birds would survive without our feeding them, but while other species fly away to southern climes, we feel it is our duty to feed the feathered friends who choose to stay with us during the cold winter months. That thought is confirmed as I carry seed to the feeder and see a flash of brilliant red wings darting into the evergreen branches.

The air is saturated with dampness as the wind shifts to the south, becoming very cold. A smell of snow is detected as clouds thicken with the often depressing grey colors of winter. The radio forecasts snow and, sure enough, by mid-afternoon snowflakes large as silver quarters scurry downward to break into smaller particles as they strike the earth. Eventually, the pattern becomes stable and the wind swirls the snow into a darkening curtain, obliterating from view the valley in which we live.

People who live in the snow belt area associate Christmas with snow. It does, certainly, add a festive appearance to the landscape. Christmas cards that depict a gentle scene of snow, a family carrying a yule log, a farmhouse situated on rolling land or a deep, snow-covered wood, are my favorite, familiar settings for the holidays.

Recently, a friend in Connecticut sent a greeting card with a reproduction of a Currier and Ives' print, "Wintertime". She remarked in her enclosed letter that she had sent it, knowing my preference for scenes of an earlier era. On the same day, a card arrived with a design of swirls in turquoise on a mottled beige background and, although I appreciated the remembrance, I did not understand the modern, abstract design.

Now the days, filled with activities, literally fly by as our favorite season of the year approaches. The air is crisp and icy to the lungs as I walk to the village post office. Each day, trudging back with a handful of cards, I'm eager as a child. Some of the cards are elegant with gilt, glitter and embossing. Even the envelopes range in color from pink, yellow and blue to apple green traced with silver ink, delicate as lace. The joy of letters tucked into cards brings a glow as we read of current news in the lives of our friends.

Thinking of cards, I decided to go



MAY SANTA FILL YOUR STOCKING FULL.

Many of the early Christmas greeting cards are unique and beautiful enough to have now become valuable collectors' items. The earliest American greeting cards became popular about 1870. Since then other countries have produced lovely cards to add to the popular holiday greeting industry. This card was sent in 1910 to a friend in Shenandoah and is now part of the Fremont County Historical Society collection, located at Sidney, Iowa.

upstairs and check the items in the Christmas drawers. We have an old oak chest in which we keep various gift items: one section has a selection of wrapping paper for all occasions as well as name tags, ribbons and cards. Another stores just Christmas wrapping materials. A third drawer holds the gifts we purchase throughout the year. For extensive shopping we must drive some distance in either direction to reach a city; by having a selection of small gifts on hand we are prepared when special occasions arise. We often buy Christmas gifts during the year and store them in our chest of drawers to await the holiday season.

The method of year-around shopping might not be suitable for everyone for I know people who enjoy shopping in crowded stores during the holiday season. One couple told me they habitually bought all their gifts on Christmas Eve!

Once our gift list is under control, our thoughts turn to the tree. Years ago, a great uncle brought us a tree each year from his farm. His talent in selecting a perfectly-shaped tree was inspiring. Foil icicles were hung carefully, one by one, on the branches. A silver star was placed on top, red roping (which shed red fuzz everywhere) and strings of large electric bulbs were arranged on the limbs. Later, bubble lights were introduced by a factory in a nearby city, and we used these for many years. Today, I'm told, the early sets are collectors' items.

Now the old bubble lights have given way to the popular miniature lights and, to the dismay of many of our friends, we use a perfectly proportioned artificial Scotch pine tree instead of one brought in from the woods. Artificial it may be but

it does not shed its needles! In addition to the sparkling lights, we decorate our tree to capacity with ornaments of all kinds. Our favorites: delicate, hand-blown glass birds, mercury balls decorated with cartoon characters from my childhood days, garlands of antique gold beading, redbirds, and on the very top, a great white dove of peace.

Around the house old pressed glass bowls hold more ornaments and greenery—live evergreens this time—to add the pungent odor of pine. Candles, burning with the scent of bayberry, stand nearby.

When Christmas Day arrives members of our family will arrive with it. The table will brim with roasted turkey with dressing of French origin, mashed potatoes with giblet gravy, the inevitable cranberry sauce, golden corn laced with butter, peas and mushrooms and hot breads. The old buffet always holds the mincemeat pie, fruitcake and homemade candies. Surrounding the table, our guests will bow their heads while a prayer is offered asking that the peace of this season be instilled in every heart.

Gifts are distributed after our meal: some will be practical, some useful, some delightfully nonsensical, all appreciated. As we discard paper and ribbons on the floor, our cat, Chequers will delight in tossing them about, his eyes bright as the lights on the tree.

Snacking later in the day is part of our tradition. Well-fortified, the family and guests then leave us for their homes. Suddenly, the old house will become quiet as my mother and I realize another Christmas Day is almost over. We usually pause with another cup of coffee,

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WHAT'S IMPORTANT?

by
Evelyn Birkby

If we tried to put into words what Christmas really means to us and to our families, I wonder what varied ideas might be expressed. It could be an enriching experience to sit down with the other members of the family and write down what the children think of Christmas, what a husband and/or father thinks, and what wives and mothers feel is really important for the holidays.

This all came to mind when I was starting to make out a list of the various projects which need to be completed before December 25th. It suddenly dawned on me that many of them are done simply because I have *always* done them, at least since I have been in my own home directing the activities which swirl around the holidays.

In the beginning Christmas plans were simple. A box filled with empty spools made the eyes of a tiny tot shine, a gift of crayons with new sharp points brought gleeful exclamations, a "kiddy car" pushed by chubby legs was the perfect vehicle and a few trucks in the sandbox could be gifts used for an entire year.

The Christmas decorations were similarly uncomplicated. As long as the children were little we made our own decorations or purchased unbreakable items. Everyone was free to decorate and redecorate, move, enjoy and feel each item on the tree. Now it is our small basement tree which holds the unbreakable and most of the handmade decorations, for here we gather on Christmas Day for the family dinner and our small nieces can enjoy the tree just as our own children used to do.

The big living room tree upstairs is the one which is trimmed with the collection of fragile, antique glass balls gleaned from auction sales and new tiny twinkling lights. Strangely enough, this tree is basically Robert's. He brings it in from the timber, sets it up, and, with whichever boy is home by December 20th, gets it decorated exactly to his liking. (As I've told you before, December 20th is Craig's birthday and became the traditional day for the Birkby tree to be set into place. This year the vacation time for our sons may make the tree-trimming day come later in the week. It will be an important time of sharing, anyway, with my major contribution one of making suggestions until I am banished to the kitchen to make cocoa and toast for the decorators.)

I can well remember the years when the plans for the gift-giving and decorating became less simple. All too soon a tricycle was not enough, requests began to come in for a two-wheeled bike. When consciousness of gifts given other



Craig Birkby's broad smile could be caused by the new flannel shirt he is wearing, made by his mother for his Christmas gift, or by the funny apple bank in his hand. The bank is one of the silly gifts which seem to pop up more and more frequently in the Birkby household now that their three sons are older. When Craig puts a coin on a special part of the bank, a worm comes out and pulls the money inside.

children, of commercial suggestions of "what YOU should want for Christmas" and even some of the comments such as "what do you want Santa to bring you for Christmas?", made me fear the earlier simple approach to the holidays might be overshadowed by a growing selfishness.

It is difficult to know, now that I look back over the years, how well we succeeded in keeping the important areas of Christmas intact. It did take effort and concern to continue to emphasize what we could all do for others. It took explanations to help a small child understand the reasons for sharing with those less fortunate. It took time to plan thoughtful projects which could be made by small hands to give to relatives and special friends.

Too often, as we reach maturity, the childlike pleasures are forgotten. I had hoped, long ago, that our children would not forget the joy of the simple pattern of the holiday activities they had helped create. Somehow, the important traditions do build a firm foundation which cannot be duplicated in any other way.

As the boys grew we had hoped they would discover a broadening circle of friends. Living in a small Midwestern town, it seemed crucial that they learn as much as possible from other cultures and races. In the beginning we studied

the holiday festivals of various countries. As the boys began their own travel experiences, we added the Mexican decorations Jeff brought home from his study trip to Guatemala, Craig added fans and lanterns from his trip to the Boy Scout World Jamboree in Japan and Bob contributed his plaid ribbon bows from Scotland. More than just being baubles, these decorations symbolize the friends our sons have made abroad and among other cultures here at home.

Giving gift books helped to continue the pattern we had set for ourselves, and I still turn back to some of them as the holidays approach. One we all enjoyed reading and continue to share with young people who come by is a book about Albert Schweitzer's animals. (Is it necessary, now that Dr. Schweitzer has been dead a number of years, to explain that he was the great missionary-doctor to Africa?) The book not only shows many of the beloved animals who lived near the hospital, but it shares Dr. Schweitzer's philosophy of reverence for life.

It was Dr. Schweitzer who once said, "I must not accept happiness as a matter of course, but must give something in return for it." Not a bad motto for Christmas! This could well make up a marching order for us to remember the lonely, the suffering, the discouraged, the weary and the poor.

I've often wondered at the statement, "Christmas is for children." If that is true, then a childlike quality must still remain in us all and should come out in full force now that the holidays are so near at hand. Just as the desires of our sons changed from tricycles to bikes (and I might say cars, except that none of them has ever expressed more than a passing desire for a car!) just so their desires and needs have changed now that they are adults. But the important part of Christmas is still part of their lives, as it should be of all of us. The brightness, the beauty, the sharing belongs to us all. Christmas is full of shining eyes of both the young and the old, full of secrets and surprises which delight parents as much as children. The holidays are quickened by the unexpected letter, the lovely greeting card and brightened by the times together and the memories of days gone by which come to mind frequently, emotions shared by young and old alike.

Joyousness could be the most important emotion of this season: not just happiness which is dependent on happenings, or who is around, or the weather, but the kind of deep, abiding joy which is inside one's self. Sad as well as glad occurrences do come at Christmas-time, but knowing that God is with us, that the promise of Christmas and the hope of the deep abiding joy which it shares makes us know that whatever comes God is truly with us.

Have a Blessed Holiday.





Stardust

A CHRISTMAS SKIT

by
Virginia Thomas

Setting: Make a very large five-pointed star of heavy poster board, then cut it into five equal sections so that the five speakers may each place a star point into position (on a large easel or bulletin board) as indicated in the skit. Cover the easel with blue paper. Cover the star sections with tinsel glued into place, or glue on silver glitter. Have thumb tacks all ready in the star sections so they may easily be fastened into position.

Leader:

Our Christmas star with five points bright
Shines forth on us the Christmas Light.
One point is for love, so pure and true,
One for hope in a Presence new;
One beams forth with Christmas peace,
One for a faith that will bring release,
And a point for courage that may never cease.

May your Christmas star all five points know,

For the blessed Christ Child wills it so.

Song: "O Little Town of Bethlehem".

Speaker One:

No room can be so large and bright
The Star of Bethlehem's quiet light
Cannot shine in with gentle grace
And make that room a lovelier place.
No room can be so dark and small
The Bethlehem starlight cannot fall
Within the night-encircled space
And show the Christ Child's holy face.

—Sunshine

(Speaker places the first point into position on the easel and then returns to her seat.)

Speaker Two:

Shepherds and Wise Men came
From near, from far,
Led by the heavenly light
Of one bright Star.
Under the blue night sky,
On dunes, in dells,
Bellwether sheep
And camels,
Shepherds and Wise Men,
And on each of them
The same bright Star
Shown that led to Bethlehem.

—Church Paper

(Places star point.)

Song: "The First Noel".

Speaker Three:

What Star is this, with beams so bright
Which shames the sun's less radiant

light?

It shines to announce a new-born King,
Glad tidings of great joy to bring.
'Tis now fulfilled what God decreed,
"From Jacob shall a Star proceed."
And lo! the eastern sages stand
To read in the heavens the Lord's command.

O Jesus, while the Star of grace
Invites us now to seek Thy face,
May we no more Thy grace repel,
Or quench the light which shines so well.

—Written in 1736

(Places star point.)

Song: Chorus of "We Three Kings"
sung twice.

Speaker Four:

Come, then let us too hasten yonder;
Here let us all,
Great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder;
Love Him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star,
That from far
Bright with hope is burning!

—Church Paper

(Places star point.)

Speaker Five: This year let us
sprinkle some stardust over our
Christmas celebration. If we tie some
stardust into the ribbon on each package
we wrap, and kiss each knot with a
prayer, we will find that our Christmas
Star will shine the brighter. Let us
sprinkle stardust as we go about our
shopping, our homemaking, our
business, and see how it quickens the
spirits of those we meet, and puts a song
in the heart — and who doesn't like to
see eyes sparkle with stardust and



Our most recent picture of Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Driftmier of Denver.

friendship? A little stardust sprinkled in the right places will awaken anew the dream for peace on earth, and quicken our purpose to bring about goodwill among all men. Yes, be generous as you sprinkle stardust on your Christmas this year.

(Places star point.)

Leader:

We, too, have seen the Star,
Bright with truth, and beckoning.
O guide us Father, as we journey on
In faith, not reckoning
The hazards, but serene, assured
That each of us, most surely, will
Find for ourselves a Savior
Who is Christ the Lord.

Duet: "Star of the East".

DECEMBER



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KSIS	Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial 9:00 A.M.
KCOB	Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:35 A.M.
KMA	Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.

GIFTS MADE WITH LOVE

by
Donna Ridnour

In past years, as I have joined the crowds doing their Christmas shopping, I have questioned whether we have forgotten the true meaning of Christmas in our search for the finest gifts money can buy. Thus, my husband, two daughters, and I have initiated a "Make-a-Gift" project which is our answer to the commercialism of Christmas.

Seven-year-old Jenea, five-year-old Janine and I would like to share some of our ideas with you and your children in the hope that you will enjoy making these gifts as much as we have. These gifts are inexpensive, simple to make, and are good gifts for teachers, church school teachers, grandparents, and other special people in the lives of your children. I do caution you to start early as I find that Jenea and Janine do not do their best work when I am hurrying them. With your youngster's help, decide on the ideal gift, gather the needed materials, and then let those little ones go to work.

One simple gift is *decorated guest soap*. All the supplies needed are small pictures, such as those from wrapping paper or greeting cards, several bars of soap, and melted paraffin. Carefully scrape off any letters stamped on the soap and glue the picture over the scraped area using good quality white glue. Then dip just the picture side of the soap in melted paraffin. Let the soap dry, then wrap. Make several bars in assorted colors and give each person a variety. The soap can actually be used or simply be displayed for others to enjoy.

Another easy and clever idea is a *personalized placemat*. You will need colorful 12x18" construction paper, crayons, paper, and glue. First, have your child draw and color a picture or



Two-year-old Julian Brase gives his grandmother, Dorothy Johnson, a big hug.

color a picture from a coloring book. Glue the completed picture and photograph of the young artist onto the construction paper. On the back, be sure to write the name and age of the child. Finally, cover both sides of the placemat with a thin coat of shellac or seal in plastic. There are some stores and many offices which will perform laminating or plastic sealing service for you. These placemats have endless possibilities as older children can make collages, write or copy a poem, write a personal message, or use a colorful picture from a magazine. What fun to be able to share each meal with a friend!

Plants and flowers are always excellent gifts but why not add a personal touch? Jenea and Janine enjoy making attractive vases out of odds and ends of jars and bottles that would normally be thrown away. Start with an interestingly shaped jar or bottle, colorful wrapping paper, and white glue mixed with equal parts of water. Tear the wrapping paper into pieces about an inch square, dip each piece into the glue mixture, and then stick each piece to the bottle. Be sure to overlap the edges so that no holes can be seen. After the glue has dried, brush the entire surface of the bottle with the glue mixture. This coating of glue will give the bottle a glazed look. Then artificial flowers (or homemade tissue flowers) may be put in the newly created "vase" for a gift that will brighten anyone's day. If you prefer to work with living plants, use fabric scraps and glue them in the same manner over an old clay pot and put a plant in it.

The girls have also enjoyed working with wood scraps. These scraps can be the beginning of a very interesting *wall decoration*. First, prepare the surface of the board by sanding and painting or staining it depending upon the type of decoration desired. Jenea and Janine have used colored chalk, crayons, and paints to draw designs on their background boards. I have found that their original pictures are much nicer if the girls draw first on paper and then

transfer the picture to the boards. They give more thought to the color and composition by drawing them twice. When the picture is finished, simply spray the entire board with an acrylic paint fixative which can be purchased at any craft shop. Tack a pop can pull top to the back for a hanger.

Boards can also be used as backgrounds to decoupage pictures from magazines, greeting cards and other sources. Or you might consider using a picture of your child or a snapshot which the receiver of the gift would enjoy. Simply glue the picture on the board and then coat it several times with the half-glue and half-water mixture. Be sure each coat of glue is completely dry before adding the next coat.

I must admit that gift-making takes a lot of patience but the pride and excitement reflected in Jenea and Janine's faces as they wrap and deliver their special gifts are well worth the tongue-biting and counting to ten I've experienced as the projects developed. I also have the added bonus of having shared some very special moments with them as we worked on our gifts. Watching the girls, I feel sure that they have learned the joy of giving and thus have learned a truer meaning of Christmas. A gift made with love and received with love is the finest gift of all.

A DIFFERENT CHURCH SCHOOL PROGRAM

Would your church school leaders like to get away from the usual recitations, exercises and song-type Christmas programs? This particular program is best worked on several weeks in advance but can be made as simple or as elaborate as desired.

Our pupils began by learning all they could about Christmas customs in other lands. Then each group decided which customs it would dramatize, complete with costumes and props. One of the men of the church took colored slide pictures of each of the scenes, taking extra shots of each to be certain of at least one good finished picture. The children learned carols to go with each scene and these were taped, along with the narrator's script about each custom (written by one of the teachers) so that it fitted exactly with the scene portrayed in each slide.

On the night of the program, the youngsters, teachers, parents and friends gathered to view the slides, listen to the taped songs and narrative and enjoy seeing and hearing the final production. This plan worked better than any other we have tried so far, for it included the students in a learning situation in the church school classes as they explored and shared the real meaning of Christmas.

—Mabel Nair Brown

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"Monster", one of the Fulmers' pet turkeys, appears confident that he will not be included in the upcoming holiday menu.

UP THE GRAVEL ROAD

by
Leta Fulmer

I eased up the drive, stopping short of my customary parking spot by a good hundred feet. Ten snowy white geese blocked my path like a horde of honking demonstrators. Grabbing my cane, lunch sack and purse, I rounded the car to encounter another obstacle—two threatening turkey gobblers, one dark red, the other white and black. In breath-holding exertion, they fluffed out plumage and promptly turned blue in their faces. Tired and impatient, I brandished my cane at them with a few well-chosen words. Immediately, they side-tracked and strutted away as if to insist "Oh now, we were only kidding!" I could hear the drag of their wings on the gravel as they kept a discreet distance behind me. When the screen door slammed, Monster (the white one) let fly with his huge claws against the door. Red-faced, I turned to scold him and he replied with a profane gobble. I grinned in spite of myself and settled down with a cup of coffee.

As I sipped my coffee, I thought back several years. In anticipation of retirement, my husband, Jimmie, had begun stocking our small farm with things we'd never raised before, and the turkeys had come first. He had beginner's luck. Though we'd heard that turkeys are difficult to raise, ours grew like the proverbial weeds. We made pets of all of these big birds. When Jimmie scrunched around on the ground to work on the tractor, they gathered around like nosy children, often making off with bits and pieces of shiny tools. His voice would raise in shouting exasperation as he found something missing and chased it down in some turkey's sharp beak. His anger soon faded as they tagged him back and perched on some high vantage point to oversee his mechanical progress.

Monster and Big Red were the biggest pets of all and the most egotistical! Monster was chief gobbler for the first year but when he came up with a lame foot Big Red was quick to seize his advantage. The two fought a bloody fight, and Big Red won — *that time!* Since then, they have one yearly battle, much like a hard-fought political election. Afterwards, with no hard feelings, they police the yard like a team of prancing horses. We've teased them with dragging brooms and rustling feed sacks until they've become convinced we're their natural playmates.

Sometimes these big pets play just a bit too rough! Instinctively, they know that I'm just a bit in awe of those sharp beaks and king-sized feet. At first Jimmie excused their sneaky picking on me, observing that they objected to my always carrying things—like jackets, purses and packages. But I nearly laughed my head off when they found him intent on planting seeds in the hotbed, his posterior an inviting target. They really made a hit that time!

I'd just finished my coffee and my reminiscing when I heard the crunch of tires on our lane. A neighbor had come for duck eggs. As I stepped onto the porch, I grabbed my cane off the hook and walked toward her. Her round face softened in compassion.

"Oh Leta, I'm so sorry. I haven't seen you lately. I didn't know you had to walk with a cane. What happened?" She rushed to assist me up the path and I shook off her helping hand.

"Oh, there's nothing wrong with me—except them!" I pointed to the two big turkeys circling in my direction. "My legs are as good as they ever were, I just want

to keep them that way!"

When she shyly suggested those birds would make two fine holiday dinners, I shook my head, gave Monster a warning rap on his warty head with my trusty cane, and grinned.

"Oh, you know how it is (she didn't though!). They may be kind of mean, but they belong here just as Jimmie and I do."

Guess we're kind of funny, up the gravel road!



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS (A Motion Song for Children)

Here is the Star high overhead (1)
By which the three Wise Men to Jesus
were led.

Here is the cradle (2), the manger of hay
Where gentle Mary little Jesus did lay. (3)
Here are the inn doors, shut fast and
tight; (4)

No room for the Babe, that Holy Night.
(5)

Here are the gifts (6) of a worth untold,
Wise Men brought frankincense, myrrh
and gold.

We, also, our reverence should bring (7)
On His birthday, to our Lord and King. (8)

MOTIONS: (1) Right hand high overhead, fingers *twinkling*. (2) Arms crooked, hands held together to form cradle. (3) Rock the cradle gently. (4) Hands, side by side and palms out, extend out to front as the closed doors. (5) Continue hands outward, shaking head negatively. (6) Hands outstretched as if presenting gifts. (7) Hands together in prayer as they bow down in worship, or kneel. (8) Hands still in prayer, look heavenward.

—Virginia Thomas



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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This started out to be a perfectly beautiful golden day, but now the wind has switched around to the north and has brought in some clouds and a haze or fog, I don't know which. So far the temperature hasn't started to drop, so maybe we can expect a few more nice days.

We have just experienced our first flood of the year, which is unusual for us since we can almost always expect a flood or two in the spring months. We were really lucky this time where the beans were concerned. They got the ones on the bottom combined just two days before it started to rain, and it didn't stop raining until the creek came out and there were several feet of water all over the bean fields. That was pushing it pretty close. Our corn is still in the field plus a few acres of beans that were on higher ground, and I imagine they will stay right there until we get a hard freeze.

Even before this last heavy rain here in Lucas County, the harvest was far behind schedule. Estimates were that only 20 to 30 percent of the soybeans and corn had been harvested. We had quite a bit of rain the first week of October when the harvesting usually begins in this area, and also the fields don't dry out very fast at this time of the year. I noticed on my last trip to Shenandoah that in the fields where they had been combining there were some pretty deep ruts, and places in the middle of the fields where the beans had been left standing because the ground was too wet.

We don't know how much damage this flood did to our corn, whether the water was deep enough to cover the ears or not. I do know that Frank was happy that he got the last of his big bales of hay moved to higher ground the day before they combined the beans. If he hadn't, they would have been under water and we would have lost several tons of winter feed.

I was afraid that because of the extremely dry weather we had this past summer the timber wouldn't be pretty this fall, but I couldn't have been more wrong. The trees were spectacular. The colors were more brilliant than they have been for several years.

Our Birthday Club took advantage of the beautiful fall weather and had an old-fashioned wiener roast at our lovely Red Haw State Park. We think we surely have one of the most beautiful of the state parks in Iowa located right in our own county. They have built several new shelter houses on the hill overlooking the



Red Haw State Park, where Dorothy's Birthday Club recently had a wiener roast.

lake, but we went to the old original one because it has a large fireplace in one end of it, and we also enjoy the view from there. Frank filled the trunk of my car with good dry wood and told me to leave whatever was left for the next picnickers. Several commented on how many years it had been since they had roasted wieners over an open fire. I haven't missed very many years of doing it, at least once in the fall. We had lots of other good food and ended our meal by toasting marshmallows. What a wonderful day we had!

Frank's sister Bernie and her friend Belvah Baker have just returned from a trip to Roswell, New Mexico, where they spent eleven days with Edna and Raymond. Edna recently had surgery in a hospital in Albuquerque and Raymond stayed with Juliana and Jed while she was there. This was the first time the Halls had seen Juliana's home, and met Jed. It was also the first time they had seen James and Katharine. Edna got out to the house before they started home, and since the children were in school she was afraid she was going to miss seeing them, but Juliana took them to the schoolhouse and went in and brought the children out to the car, which pleased Edna very much.

The day after Bernie and Belvah arrived in Roswell, Raymond became very ill and had to be in the hospital several days for tests, so Edna was glad the girls were there with her at that time, and Bernie was glad she could be.

I had the nicest time one afternoon recently when my friend Dorothea Polser and I drove to Derby to visit with Marjorie Sharp about the cafe she and her sister Gusta Flack own and operate in this small town, which the last census states has a population of 161 people. I had met these women before, but it was on one of their busy days, and I didn't have a chance to talk to them but just a few minutes. Since they serve an evening meal only one night a week, we avoided this day and went late in the afternoon

when their day's work was about done. Marjorie brought us a piece of her homemade pie and a cup of coffee and sat down with us. She is such a friendly and warm person it was a joy to talk to her.

Gusta lives on a farm near Derby and used to raise turkeys. About twenty years ago she decided to get out of the turkey business and sold all the birds. She and a cousin thought there should be a place in town where people could come in and have a cup of coffee and a good homemade roll. It wasn't long before they started serving sandwiches and short-order lunches.

Marjorie and her husband Bill live in Derby. She taught school in Lucas County for 25 years—eight years in country schools and 17 years in the Derby school. At this time the school closed and consolidated with two other towns, so Gusta suggested that Marjorie come into the cafe with her since the cousin wanted to quit. Marjorie arranged her working hours so she could take a few college courses and complete her degree in case she ever wanted to go back to teaching.

About ten years ago they decided to make their Sunday noon meal a buffet dinner, and this proved to be so popular that they now serve buffet-style on Thursday and Saturday noons as well, and on Thursday night. The only two days of the year the cafe isn't open are Christmas and New Years. On an average Sunday they serve between 240-250 people. One Mother's Day they served 350. The girls like to have the guests register as they go through the line, and one Sunday people from 20 different states ate with them.

If you are looking for a place to eat where the decor is beautiful and you are served by candlelight, then this isn't the place for you. But if you want delicious food and homemade rolls, and want to pull up your chair to an old-fashioned round or square oak table such as they

(Continued on page 22)

HOLIDAY STITCHERY

by
Janine Knop

This is such a busy time of year with all the preparations for a happy holiday season, so right now I would like to share with you some ideas for Christmas gifts that are easily sewn with a personal touch.

Denim has been a popular material for the past few years, starting off with the true-blue, stiff, denim jeans that were only worn when tackling hard dirty work. Then the stiff denim was softened to become the pre-washed and bleached denim, making jeans a fashionable, comfortable item in our wardrobes.

Regardless of whether jeans are faded or blue, stiff or comfortable, at some time they all need patching. It seems as though my patch pile is always a mile high! I remember my mother's mending pile sometimes occupied a corner of her bedroom floor, but I've hidden mine on the top shelf of my guest room closet. Oh how gently I open that closet door for fear the stack of jeans will fall right on top of me!

There are only so many times that a pair of jeans can be patched and repatched, and then I usually remove the zipper and find a creative use for the retired jeans in my pile. Some of the Christmas gifts I give this year will be creations from denim. For example, what boy or girl wouldn't fall in love with a rag doll made from denim? I have a life-sized Raggedy Ann doll pattern which I made up last year (to which I grew very attached as I made it up and used it for display purposes). This doll pattern can be varied to make different kinds of dolls. Using denim pieces as the fabric for skin, hair and clothing for these dolls give them a sturdy, unique appearance.

By using the waistband part of jeans for the top part of the pattern for doll legs, trousers or slacks, the doll will actually have a waistband on its pants without all the cutting and stitching needed to put on such a band. If worn spots are in the old jean knees, use these same spots for the knees of the doll's legs.

Excellent and real looking hair can be made by cutting narrow strips of denim the desired length, stitch these onto the back of the fabric head and then, using one blade of sturdy scissors, pull against the material just as if you were curling ribbon for a pretty package. This curls the denim enough to make nice-appearing hair.

To make the facial features, embroider with brightly colored yarn, use buttons for the nose and eyes, or paint the features on the face using non-toxic permanent color pens.

While denim is the important part of the dolls, some other types of fabric

scraps can be used for booties, pockets, etc. Colored stitching, embroidered designs, beads and laces can be added. Really, anything goes. If time permits, it would be fun to make a collection of dolls in different sizes so your favorite little child will have a number of *instant* companions. These dolls also make wonderful bazaar items.

If the youngsters on your gift list are past the doll stage, how about making them denim tote bags? I find the one I made useful for carrying books to the library, holding knitting, or just to use as a handbag. My bag is made from a pair of my husband's repatched jeans. I cut off the legs, measuring from the bottom up to the size desired for the bag. The bottom of the bag was then stitched shut.

Handles were made by cutting strips of denim from the leftover fabric from the jean legs. I tried stitching and turning the handles so no raw edges of fabric would show, but I found turning the denim is just too difficult. So, I thought, this is a casual-looking bag anyway, why not just zig-zag the raw edges together with a contrasting colored thread. It worked well, adding more texture to the bag's appearance.

I stitched the handles to the bag. Then I decorated it by appliqueing a red and white striped fabric heart to make a pocket. I also put cuffs (made from the same striped material) on the lower edge of the bag. By doing some decorative top-stitching in red, this tote bag really could be used as an attractive gift item even though it is made of the popular worn jean fabric.

Why not make this Christmas a *silk and denim* holiday by making Christmas tree ornaments out of denim and interspersing these decorations with silk ribbon bows?

Almost every pattern company has patterns for Christmas decorations to make from fabric, but you can also draw your own or trace around designs from holiday coloring books. Rather than using the red and green materials, use denim and decorate the ornaments with festive Christmas colors. Beads, sequins, buttons, embroidery thread, rickrack and ribbons lend themselves well to creative decorating. Tying silk ribbon bows in red, green, and/or white onto the boughs of the tree, in addition to the *country* look of the denim ornaments, gives a tree a festive, unique appearance, all for just a few pennies.

With radio stations playing Christmas music, with streets decked out with bright garlands, with store windows decorated with holiday attire, a person can't help but think Christmas. Why not take a relaxing time out of your busy schedule and try some of these ideas along with me?

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!



A PRAYER AT CHRISTMAS

Give us the faith of innocent children, that we may look forward with hope in our hearts, to the dawn of happy tomorrows.

Reawaken the thought that our most cherished desires will be realized, the things closest to our hearts — that we may come to an appreciation of the limitless joys and bountiful rewards of Patience, Charity and Sacrifice.

Above all, endow us with the spirit of courage, that we may face the perplexities of a troubled world without flinching, imbued with the child-like faith which envisions the beautiful and inspiring things of life . . . and restore the happy hours and experiences so many of us foolishly believe are lost forever.

And at Christmas, when the hearts of the world swell in joyous celebration, let us cast aside the pretense of sturdy men and live, if only for a day, in the hope and joy we knew as children.



For ten years this lovely tree has been growing in the living room of Dr. and Mrs. Van W. Hunt of Mason City, Ia. After purchasing the small plant at a going-out-of-business sale at a local store, Mrs. Hunt added some home-grown fertilizer and the little tree really began to grow. The tree is now tall enough to brush the top of the living room ceiling. Decorated with light-weight paper and cloth ornaments, tinsel garlands and tiny rope beads, the Norfolk Island Pine is used each year as the Hunts' Christmas tree. Usually growing indoors to only two to five feet tall, Mrs. Hunt says the plant needs a semi-sunny light with cool temperatures (they keep their room about 63 degrees) and evenly moist soil. If Christmas of 1977 has a tree shortage around Mason City, we can rest assured that the Hunts will not be troubled, they'll just get out the pretty decorations and, for the tenth time, turn their large, green pine into a holiday tree. (Photo by Globe-Gazette, Mason City, Iowa)



RECIPES for the Holidays

EASY SUGARED NUTS

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

About 20 ozs. raw peanuts

Combine ingredients and boil until syrup coats peanuts. Turn into well buttered cookie sheet. Salt if desired. Bake in 350-degree oven for 30 minutes, stirring at least once during baking time. Cool. Store in plastic bag or covered jar or can.

Other nuts may be used besides peanuts—English walnuts, pecans, cashews, etc. The cooking simply toasts the nuts and makes them especially tasty. A fine snack food for any time of the year.

OPERA CREAMS

- 2 cups sugar
- 3/4 cup heavy cream
- 3/4 cup milk
- 1 Tbls. white corn syrup
- A dash of salt
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup nuts, chopped

Combine all ingredients with the exception of flavorings and nuts in a VERY heavy saucepan. Cook, stirring frequently, until soft-ball forms when a little is dropped in water, or the 236-degree mark is reached on thermometer. Watch this closely and be sure a heavy pan is used, for it can scorch easily. Remove from fire and cool to 110 degrees, or lukewarm. Add flavorings and nuts and beat until candy becomes creamy and gloss is gone. Pour into greased pan. When cold, cut into small squares.

With the heavy fat content this candy keeps very well—even several weeks. It also freezes nicely. Half-and-half could be used instead of the heavy cream, but add 2 Tbls. butter if substituting the lighter cream. If chocolate creams are desired, add 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, shredded, during the first step.

HOLIDAY YEAST BRAID

- 2 pkgs. yeast
- 1/2 cup lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 cup milk, scalded
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 1/4 cups uncooked rolled oats
- 5 cups flour (about)

Filling

- 1 12-oz. pkg. dried apricots
- 2 cups water
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- 1/4 cup sugar
- Nuts (optional)

Topping

- 1/2 cup powdered sugar
- 2 to 3 Tbls. water or milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Nuts and dried fruit

Dissolve yeast in water. Add 1 tsp. sugar. Set aside for at least 5 minutes. Pour scalded milk over 1/3 cup sugar, salt and butter or margarine. Cool to lukewarm, stirring enough to blend ingredients. Stir in butter flavoring, eggs and 1 cup of flour. Add yeast mixture and rolled oats. Beat well. Add enough flour to make a soft dough. Turn out on lightly floured breadboard; knead until smooth and satiny, about 10 minutes. Round dough into ball, place in greased bowl and brush lightly with melted shortening. Cover and let rise in warm place until double in bulk, about one hour.

While dough is rising, combine filling ingredients with exception of nuts in saucepan. Cook over low heat, stirring occasionally, until thick. Cool. Add nuts.

Punch dough down. Cover, and let rest 10 minutes. Roll half of dough to form a 9- by 14-inch rectangle. Place on greased cookie sheet. Mark lightly with a knife to divide rectangle the long way in three sections. Spread half the apricot filling over the center, long section. On each of the long outer edges, make cuts 1

inch apart and 2 inches deep (into the dough). This makes 14 short strips on each side. Start at one end and take a strip from each side and cross at center over the filling. Continue to "lace" using opposite strips of dough over filling, tucking under the last ends. Repeat with other half of dough. Let rise until nearly double—at least 45 minutes. Bake in 350-degree oven about 30 minutes, or until golden brown. While warm, combine topping ingredients to make a glaze. Drizzle this glaze over top of braid, and decorate with nuts, dried fruits, candy trim, etc.

This is the simplest way to "braid" yeast dough that I've tried. It makes a very neat and pretty bread which is especially nice for holiday giving and eating.

—Evelyn

OATMEAL-CHOCOLATE CHIP BARS

- 1 cup shortening, melted
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar, packed
- 2 eggs
- 3 Tbls. milk
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 2 cups rolled oats
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips

Cream shortening and sugars; add eggs and milk and blend well. Mix dry ingredients together, then stir into creamed mixture. Add rolled oats, flavoring and chocolate chips. Mix well. Spread in greased pan and bake for 20 minutes in a 350-degree oven. Cut into bars and cool.

—Donna Nenneman

SOUR CREAM-PEANUT CHIFFON PIE

- 1 envelope plain gelatin
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2/3 cup cold water
- 2 eggs, separated
- 2/3 cup smooth peanut butter
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 9-inch baked pie shell
- Whipped cream and shaved chocolate for garnish

Put first three ingredients in saucepan and mix well. Add egg yolks and beat well with a rotary beater. Put over very low heat and continue beating with rotary beater until thick. Remove from heat and beat in peanut butter. Cool slightly. Beat egg whites until stiff. Lightly stir in the sour cream and flavorings. Fold into the gelatin mixture. Pour into pie shell and chill until firm. Garnish with whipped cream and shaved chocolate.

—Betty Jane

SANTA'S WHISKERS COOKIES

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup butter or margarine, softened
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1/4 cup red and green candied cherries, chopped
- 1/2 cup pecans, chopped
- 1 cup flaked coconut

Cream sugar and butter or margarine together. Add milk and flavorings. Blend in flour. Stir in candied cherries and nuts. Form into 2 rolls about 2 inches in diameter. Roll in coconut. Wrap in waxed paper or plastic and chill overnight or several hours. Slice 1/4 inch thick and place on ungreased baking sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes or until edges are golden brown. Makes a very pretty cookie for a tea table.

—Evelyn

PEANUT BUTTER BARS

- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 2/3 cup peanut butter (smooth or chunky)
- 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 1/4 cups raw rolled oats (quick-cooking or old-fashioned)

Beat together butter or margarine, peanut butter and brown sugar until light and fluffy. Blend in eggs and flavorings. Add combined flour, soda and salt; mix well. Stir in oats. Spread into greased 9-by-13-inch pan. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for 20-22 minutes. Cool and cut into bars.

—Dorothy

BANANA FUDGE

- 3 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup half-and-half
- 3 Tbls. white corn syrup
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup mashed bananas
- Few drops Kitchen-Klatter banana flavoring

2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 cup English walnuts, chopped
Combine all ingredients except flavorings and nuts in heavy saucepan. Cook, stirring constantly, over moderate heat until soft-ball stage, or the 236-degree mark is reached on thermometer. Cool without stirring to lukewarm or 110 degrees. Add flavoring and nuts and beat until candy becomes thick and loses its gloss. Turn into buttered 8-inch square pan. Let stand until firm. Cut into small squares. Makes about 3 lbs.

PINEAPPLE-PUMPKIN PIE

- 3/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. ginger
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 beaten eggs
- 1 1/4 cups milk
- 1/2 cup half-and-half
- 1 1-lb. can pumpkin
- 1/2 cup crushed pineapple, drained
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

2 pastry-lined, 8-inch pie tins

Combine dry ingredients. Add eggs, milk and half-and-half. Blend until smooth. Add pumpkin, drained crushed pineapple and flavoring. Mix well. Spoon into pastry-lined pie tins. Bake at 425 degrees for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to 375 degrees and continue baking for 50 more minutes or until pies test done in center. (Put point of a silver knife in the center and when pie is done it will come out clean.)

The friend who sent this stated it is her family's favorite pumpkin pie. She made hers in two 9-inch pie shells, but when I tested the recipe the 8-inch shells seemed to be better.

—Evelyn

DATE-ORANGE SLICE BARS**Filling:**

- 1 8-oz. pkg. dates, diced
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 cup water
- 1/2 to 3/4 cup orange slice candies, diced

Batter:

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. soda
1 Tbls. hot water
1 Tbls. hot milk
In a saucepan combine all filling ingredients with exception of orange slice candies. Boil, stirring, until dates are soft and mixture thickens. Cool. Add diced candies.

While filling is cooling, make up the batter. Beat shortening, brown sugar, eggs and flavorings together. When well blended add flour and salt. Dissolve soda in hot water and stir into batter. Add boiling hot milk and mix well. Spoon half the batter into a greased 9-by-13-inch pan. Drop filling in small portions onto bottom layer of batter. Smooth out as much as possible. Top with remaining batter. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes. Cool slightly and cut into squares. An extremely rich and tasty bar cookie. Freezes well.

—Evelyn

CRANBERRY-RASPBERRY RING

- 1 3-oz. pkg. raspberry gelatin
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen raspberries
- 1 cup cranberry-orange relish
- 1 cup 7-Up

Dissolve raspberry and lemon gelatin in boiling water. Add flavorings and raspberries. Stir to thaw berries. Add cranberry-orange relish and cool. Add 7-Up. Pour into ring mold and refrigerate until firm.

—Verlene Looker

CHOCOLATE-COVERED CHERRIES

- 2 lbs. powdered sugar
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter flavoring (your choice)
- Maraschino cherries, drained
- 1 8- to 10-oz. sweet chocolate bar
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 1/4 to 1/2 bar paraffin wax
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine powdered sugar, sweetened condensed milk and flavoring of your choice. (I like mint.) Form into a ball. Push a well-drained maraschino cherry into each ball of candy. Chill well, preferably overnight. Melt remaining ingredients in top of double boiler. Dip candy-covered cherries in chocolate, lift out with fork and place on waxed paper to harden.

This basic fondant can be used with nuts, to make patty candies, for stuffing dates, etc.

—Evelyn

APPLE PUDDING CAKE

- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 large egg, beaten
- 3 large apples, peeled and coarsely grated or finely chopped
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/4 tsp. ground cloves
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- Sweetened whipped cream
- Maraschino cherries

Cream together butter or margarine and sugar. Add egg, mixing well. Blend in apples. Add flour, soda, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves, salt and walnuts. Mix well. Bake in a well-greased 8-inch square pan in a preheated 350-degree oven for about 45 minutes, or until done. Cut in squares and top with whipped cream. Garnish with the maraschino cherries. Serve either warm or cold.

—Donna Nenneman

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NEIGHOR DOROTHY'S MINCEMEAT

- 1 1/3 lb. roast or boiled beef, ground
- 2 cups beef broth
- 6 1/2 lbs. apples, ground (9 cups)
- 1 can pie cherries, chopped
- 1 lb. brown sugar
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 lb. raisins
- 1/2 lb. currants
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. cloves
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 3 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup vinegar
- 4 cups fruit juice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- Salt to taste (1/2 to 1 tsp.)

Combine all ingredients. Add any jams or jellies in the refrigerator. Simmer until apples are tender and mixture thickens. Spoon into plastic bags in 2 1/2- to 3-cup portions (enough for one pie). Freeze. When ready to prepare pie, remove from the freezer in time to thaw enough to spoon into unbaked pie shell. Cover with top crust. Bake at 400 degrees until nicely browned on top.

This is the recipe which was used for a number of years by neighbor Dorothy's church circle to prepare and sell as a money-raising project. Dorothy likes peach juice added to the cherry juice drained from the cherries in the recipe for the fruit juice, but other fruit juice can be used as desired. While ground beef (hamburger) could be cooked and used, the roast beef makes the best mincemeat.

—Evelyn

SWISS SWEET BREAD

- 2 pkgs. yeast
- 1/2 cup lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 cup water
- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 cups half-and-half or light cream
- 2 tsp. salt
- 2 cups sugar
- 6 eggs, beaten
- 5 to 6 cups flour

Dissolve yeast in 1/2 cup lukewarm water to which 1 tsp. sugar has been added. Stir in 1 cup water and 2 cups flour to make a sponge. Let this stand an hour or two until it gets bubbly.

In a saucepan combine shortening, butter, butter flavoring, half-and-half (or light cream), salt and sugar. Cool. Add beaten eggs and beat well. Stir in sponge mixture. When well blended, beat in enough flour to make a soft dough. Knead well on a floured breadboard for about 8 minutes, or until very smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, cover

and let rise about 1 hour. Punch down and let rise again until double in bulk.

Turn ball of dough out onto floured breadboard and knead 3 to 5 minutes. Form into at least four large balls and place on well-greased pie pans. Let rise until double. Bake at 350 degrees for about 40 minutes or until done. Remove to cooling rack. Frost, if desired, with a powdered sugar icing. May be decorated with candies for the holidays.

This is the sweetest bread dough I've ever tested. It was an old-fashioned recipe, used frequently for special occasions in the *olden days*. It is a very large recipe and can easily be cut in half if desired; however, the bread freezes well so quantity baking may be preferred.

Sweet rolls, buns, loaves and other forms of bread may be shaped besides the round loaves suggested. —Evelyn

CHEESE BALL

- 1 3-oz. jar Old English cheese
- 1 3-oz. jar Roka Blue cheese
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1/2 tsp. minced onion
- 1 Tbls. Worcestershire sauce or Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

Have all cheeses at room temperature. Combine and mix well. Shape into ball or log. (You can also add 1 3-oz. jar of olive-pimiento cheese.) —Hallie

CANDIED FRUIT PEEL

- 4 medium oranges
- 1 cup liquid
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Granulated sugar

Remove peel from oranges. (Use orange sections for another recipe.) Place peeling in saucepan and cover with cold water. Simmer until peel is tender. Drain, reserving liquid. Scrape any white membrane from inside cooked peel. If small slices are desired, cut peeling into strips, cubes, or triangles. Measure 1 cup of liquid in which peel was cooked, adding water if necessary. Add sugar and flavoring and boil until soft-ball stage is reached. Drop orange peel into syrup and continue simmering until liquid has almost all cooked away. Drain, if necessary. Coat each piece with granulated sugar. Place on waxed paper to dry.

Grapefruit peel and lemon peel can also be prepared in this manner, only discard the water in which they have been simmered. Use plain water with sugar for cooking syrup. Lemon flavoring would be used with lemon peel.

Any of the fruit peelings are also delicious with a few cloves or a stick of cinnamon added. Minted fruit peel can be made by adding Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring during the syrup-cooking stage.

—Evelyn



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

We at this house are enjoying a day of rest and relaxation which our school declares each autumn. School rolls along so swiftly the first months that the toll on teachers' and students' patience and endurance is not too noticeable. But that one day to recoup our weary spirits is unmeasurable. Already there has been a distinct problem with sickness. Many of the children are out for four to five days at a time with very high fevers. First, it sweeps through the college preparatory students in the high school building and then the younger brothers and sisters introduce it into the lower school, and it makes the rounds there. Many of the teachers are out ill, and quite severely, too. But surprisingly it seems to strike the newest and youngest teachers. We old veterans apparently have an immunity to all the juvenile bugs. I have not quite decided what to do with all my free hours today, but writing all of you is taking precedence of these early-morning hours.

I didn't even sleep late this morning, but did, instead, rouse myself to drive my precious car to Oconomowoc to have a hole in the muffler corrected. I was hoping the neighbors would think I was just the Monday morning trash men out in their little "put-put" trucks that make the house-to-house pick-ups. The muffler was so loud that I would have given almost any amount of money at that point to have taken care of this problem two weeks ago when it was a simple roar instead of the imitation it made of a jet airplane taking off from our garage at 6:30 A.M. I tried to slink along the back roads but there was no way I could muffle that noise. I managed to slip by a state patrolman at one corner by fortunately making a sharp right turn so the accelerator was not making its impersonation of a caterpillar tractor. I was greatly relieved when he did not turn around and come back to issue a citation for loud muffler violations. I left the car at the garage and thus my day of rest and relaxation was off to a roaring start.

We're getting prepared for a long, cold winter in many ways. In order to keep our blood circulating we have determined to keep the mind and body active at our house. I spent the last winter in this west end of the house freezing to the bone. I have sent for long johns and long-sleeved shirts for Don and Paul because they wear the "tall" sizes which are next to impossible to find in the regular department stores.

To keep the minds active we are



Adrienne Driftmier, youngest daughter of Donald and Mary Beth is a high school senior this year.

attending the Bucks professional basketball games this winter. There are three Indiana boys playing on this Milwaukee team this year and another two from the area and we are going to try to attend the full season of 42 games here in town! That's a lot of basketball, isn't it? The first game we attended was the now-famous one which you may have read about when the super-tall center from the Los Angeles Lakers sent a right punch into the face of Milwaukee's almost-as-tall center and knocked him down and out. This was my introduction to the National Basketball Association, and it was refreshing to see how quickly the officials slapped a high-priced fine on the offensive player. There is so much in professional sports that goes without penalty that I was happy to see that they are going to try to keep a lid on unnecessary roughness in the basketball profession. I do not kid myself that we will be able or desirous of attending all 42 games, but certainly Adrienne will be more than willing to use one of our tickets, and Paul, when he is free, and Katharine, when she is home over Christmas vacation.

Adrienne spent a lovely weekend visiting at Northwestern University and found the campus and classes very inviting. She took her father's little good-mileage car and drove by herself. She and I had driven down there to look at the campus last March, at which time I got lost getting there, but despite those difficulties I had had she was undaunted. She took the expressway and then the Illinois Tollroad and swung into the parking lot in Evanston in less than two hours. (Sheltered girl that I was, I could never have tackled such a project when I was her age.) She met with many of the faculty members during the two days, and ate with the students in the Union cafeteria. The weather was beautiful and the view from the windows, where most of the meetings were held overlooking Lake Michigan, was properly impressive. She is scheduled to take a train to St. Louis to visit Washington University in about three weeks, and then she will

have to grapple with the big decision about which one it will be. She has practically eliminated the idea of the Naval Academy now.

A parting note for you if you are still looking for a last-minute Christmas present for someone. If the person can read, and already has a subscription to *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*, then this should be next on their reading list. I came across this magazine in a friend's house last summer and because I didn't have time to read right then, I asked to borrow it. While the book was on my bedside table I managed to read every single article in it and discovered that I wanted to read more. I do not know if it is available on the newsstands, for I have

(Continued on page 22)



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MARY LEANNA WRITES FROM MAINE

Dear Friends:

The last time I wrote to you I said that my family and I would be moving to Maine, but at that time I didn't know where we would be or what we would be doing. Today I am writing to you from the desk in our study-utility room in our new home at Springvale, Maine. I smile as I write that because I am so pleased with the way things turned out!

In August my husband, Vincent, was hired to teach sixth grade at the St. Thomas School in Sanford, Maine. He had sent out applications to quite a few schools and we made many trips over the summer to explore the southern half of Maine. We feel very fortunate to be located in this particular community and to be tied with this particular school.

Once Vin had a job (no small feat during this age of massive teacher unemployment) we set out to look for housing. We found that there were almost no places available to rent so we decided to buy. We now are the proud owners of a seven-room, hundred-year-old house in the village of Springvale, a part of Sanford. The backyard, enclosed by a white picket fence, is perfect for the children. It backs up to the campus of Nasson College, a small liberal arts



Frederick Driftmier snapped this picture of Vincent & Greta Palo, Mary Lea & Vin. Greta is holding her granddaughter Isabel and Mary Lea is holding Christopher.

school! Isabel and I are frequent patrons of their library which is just around the corner.

Vin had already begun teaching by the time our house became available, so the first week was quite chaotic for me. I worked from dawn to dusk cleaning shelves, emptying boxes, and washing dishes while Isabel and Christopher chased each other in circles underfoot.

I felt very clever to have packed everything so well in Arizona that not one dish was broken. But to do that I used every sheet and towel I owned to wrap around things. The room where I'm sitting was covered with a mountain of dirty linen that I couldn't wash because the washing machine was unbalanced; we were four days living without a refrigerator, and the phone hadn't yet been installed. I was ready to throw in the proverbial towel (if I could have found a clean one!). However, things eventually got sorted out and fixed and delivered . . . just in time for Chris to start crawling.

I told Vin we were fortunate to be moving at this time so we could "childproof" our home from the start. And it *will* be childproofed when we get the bookcases built. In the meantime, I'm glad the weather is still warm enough so the kids can wreak havoc on the sun porch. The rest of the house is still a bit of an obstacle course.

I felt sorry for Chris when he was at the mercy of his big sister's teasing. Now that he's getting around under his own steam the tables are turned, of course. He wants to get involved in everything Isabel's doing, and he keeps both of us busy removing the small pieces of a big girl's toys from the vicinity of a little boy's big mouth.

Speaking of small and large, I must tell you that the classic comment about our home has already been made by my sister-in-law, Sophie. When she and David visited the East this summer I was allowed by the previous owners to give them a whirlwind tour of the house.

Upstairs I showed them the three bedrooms; then said, "And here's our little bathroom."

I think we were in the kitchen when Sophie asked, "Where's your big bathroom?" There is none. The humorous aspect of this is that there is no word to describe our one bathroom except "little". The bathroom is ten feet long by 35 inches wide (not even three feet). On top of that, the ceiling is only one foot wide before it starts sloping with the line of the roof.

Bathing Chris in the built-in tub was no easy matter until I had a brainstorm and realized that Chris would fit perfectly in one of the two big old laundry sinks in the utility room. He loves it! And Vin and I don't have to get down on our knees.

Before I close I want to tell you why Sanford is such a terrific location. First of all, Sanford is just three hours from my parents in Springfield, Massachusetts, and four hours from Vin's parents in Waterbury, Connecticut. So we'll be seeing lots of the grandparents.

Secondly, we're situated within the heart of a recreational district. All around us are lakes for fishing and hills for hiking. Half an hour's driving will take us to several of Maine's fine ocean beaches. Maine has hundreds of miles of rocky coastline but only 27 miles of beach, most of which are near us. On good days I pack a picnic supper and when Vin gets home from school we pile into the car and drive to the shore.

The high point for me of being in New England during fall is watching the maple leaves change color. Whenever I took the kids for a wagon ride I would pile the wagon high with gorgeous leaves, exclaiming, "Look at this one!" I even mailed some leaves to friends on the Navajo reservation in Arizona where we lived before moving to Maine.

I've used up my space for this month so I'll just wish you all a Merry Christmas and a mild winter! Sincerely,

Mary Lea Palo



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Iowa-born Marjorie Holmes and Sioux Cityan Betty Warren smile after some friendly conversation and discussion about author Holmes' latest book *Hold Me Up A Little Longer*, Lord.

COME READ WITH ME

by
Armada Swanson

The thrill of meeting a well-known author was a delightful experience recently as I attended an autographing party for Marjorie Holmes at our local bookstore, where she was promoting her new book *Hold Me Up A Little Longer*, Lord. This diminutive, vibrant, witty lady seemed genuinely pleased to meet the readers of her books, and was generous with her time and words in conversing with each one.

Marjorie Holmes came back to Storm Lake, Iowa, to attend the 50th reunion of her high school class and always mentions a sense of belonging and caring in the community. Her book *You And I And Yesterday* (Wm. Morrow & Co., \$4.95) tells of the world of the 1920s and her home town—the thrill of the Saturday afternoon at the movies, the fun of watching the circus unload, and the Christmas pageant.

For twenty years this inspirational writer wrote a column for the *Washington Star* called "Love and Laughter". At times she would include "apron pocket prayers" and got a response from her readers to "give us more". The *Washington Post* calls her "the housewives' patron saint".

One of her popular prayers is "Bless My Good Intentions"—

"Lord, please bless my good intentions. I make so many promises to myself about all the nice things I'm going to do: Have somebody over, phone, write, send books and get-well cards and flowers.

"The get-well cards I buy get lost—or I can't find the right address. The people I try to cheer up with a phone call are already on the phone, or out! The budget won't quite stand the strain of flowers, and there's nothing but a few straggly

marigolds in the yard.

"The cake I bake for the shut-in falls, or the car won't start to take it to her. When I sit down to write those lovely letters, the lovely words have vanished—or there's a sudden immediate crisis to be resolved.

"Surely you give us credit for our kindly thoughts. At least they're better than critical ones even when, through life's complications or our own procrastination, we fail to follow through.

"Anyway, Lord, please bless my good intentions."

Hold Me Up A Little Longer, Lord (Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York, \$5.95) by Marjorie Holmes will always be a special book to me as I recall with fondness the day I met the author.

Sometimes a book comes along that makes me feel at a loss for the proper words—it is so beautiful! Readers know of the works of Nebraska-born Hal Borland. His latest is a book of months called *The Golden Circle* (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 10 E. 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022 \$8.95). His twelve perceptive essays reach out in all directions to help the reader feel and hear and see what nature is doing and what the natural world looks like month by month. He writes of December:

"Now the year begins to sum up, in its own inconclusive way. Now there is rest, quiet, a time of forces consolidated, which is as near to summary as any year affords. December, the winter solstice, the holy days of Christmas. Year's end, which is no end at all except on the calendar. Year builds upon year, even as the seasons follow, and year's end is only a pause, a time for a deep breath. Tomorrow rises in the east, all the tomorrows."

Much credit must be given Anne Ophelia Dowden for her gorgeous paintings at the tiny beauty underfoot. For instance, for December her illustration is of plants from a pine forest: partridgeberry, wintergreen and club

moss.

Anne Dowden is recognized as one of America's foremost botanical illustrators. Hal Borland's many books have earned him the title of Dean of American Outdoor Writers. Today he lives in a red-shingled farmhouse in northwestern Connecticut.

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MEET OUR WRITERS

Leta Fulmer

Amazonia, a little town in Missouri, is where I was born on October 3, 1915, the fifth child of John and Annie Harrington. My brothers and sisters were so much older, that I was reared much as an only child. When I was about three, we moved to St. Joseph, Mo., and Mom went to work in a laundry to supplement the family income. Dad was a pioneer evangelist for the Church of God. With the coming of each summer, Mom took a leave and we traveled with Dad, who conducted tent meetings and revivals in



Writer, Leta Fulmer, displays some of her violin-shaped antique bottles.

out-of-the-way communities without regular churches or ministers. Those were times that are infinitely precious to remember, full of companionship and light-hearted fun, for though my parents were short on worldly goods, they were rich in the joy of living.

The sights and sounds of our great country instilled in me the ability to find beauty and wonder in the very small, almost insignificant things. Strangely enough, even as a teenager, I never tired of hearing my dad preach. I loved every illustration, each amusing anecdote. I'm sure those early years and experiences deepened my appreciation for words, for storytelling.

I attended Washington Grade School and two years at Lafayette High School, then went to work in factories. First one then another, all seasonal employment. We moved back to Amazonia where Jimmie Fulmer and I were married—the ceremony performed by my father in the house where I was born.

Jimmie and I made our first home on the Missouri River bottom, appropriately dubbed "The Island" because it was constantly threatened by the treacherous river. It was there our first son was born and died. When the raging river finally ran us out, we moved into the small town. We struggled through years of drought, grasshopper infestation, and poor crops. These words in black and white look so grim and depressing, but it really wasn't that way at all. We were young, optimistic, ready to taste whatever life had to offer.

Johnnie was born, and before he was a year old, the three of us spent a hectic, but unforgettable summer following the wheat harvest in the northern states. Then we decided to try city life and moved to St. Joseph. Jimmie went to work for Swifts. By this time, Dad had passed away and we had a daughter, Rosemary. Mom came to be with us for indefinite stays while I worked part time.

Rosemary was still a baby when an obliging neighbor instructed me in the intricacies of repairing fur coats. For a

time, my home was overflowing with every kind of fur garment, from rabbit to mink. At last I went to work in a shop, the Keller Fur Co., where I stayed for almost fifteen years. During this time, Jimmie's parents died, my mom died and the children grew into teenagers. We repaired and remodeled Jimmie's old home to make it liveable. And so once more we moved back to Amazonia. Johnnie finished college, married and moved to a distant state. Rosemary married, but lives close by. They each presented us with two grandsons.

Jimmie has been retired for some time, so busy with his feathered creatures that he hardly knows whether he's coming or going. Truck gardening too. I'm still working after more than ten years, at Mead (Westab), a paper company in St. Joseph. I'm eagerly looking forward to retirement.

About my writing. At Washington School, so long ago, I was never happier than when I mounted the rickety platform in the hall to deliver an original composition. Deep down, through all the passing years, I pushed back the urge to write; so little education for such an undertaking, and so little time! Finally I began to steal a moment here, a half-hour there—and I was hooked! The more I wrote, the more I wanted to write. Like Amazonia, *Kitchen-Klatter* is home to me. They published my first faltering poems and rambling articles and I'll be forever grateful. Even someone as stubborn as I cannot survive on rejection slips alone!

I'll retire in January, but I have no intention of making this a *do-nothing* period, only a *do-different* time! I'll have a chance to search for arrowheads in the gullies, antique the woodwork in my kitchen, dig on the far hillside for old bottles, stitch up material that I've stashed away, can tomatoes, get better acquainted with my new CB radio friends, make homemade bread once more, and drop everything with a thud to hop into the pickup with Jimmie and the dog, Pickles, to run the trap lines on the Missouri River. My typewriter will continue to sit in its accustomed place on the kitchen counter; may it ever be warm from constant use. Retirement has been a long time coming. May I make every moment count!

A FRIEND

A good friend is a priceless gift,
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—Ruth J. Jorgensen



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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

If you have gardeners on your gift list you are lucky because anything pertaining to the subject will be appreciated by the recipient. Give an outdoor garden enthusiast a new gardening gadget such as a miniature greenhouse for indoor seed starting, or a different type of hoe. Packages of peat moss, seed-starting mixtures, organic fertilizer and gardening aids such as hormone powders for stimulating root growth, make thoughtful gifts for a gardener.

One year a prankish grandson dressed up a *shuffle hoe* to look like a scarecrow and put it behind the tree. It caused a lot of merriment and I can truly say it is a gift I treasure and use a great deal in early summer when weed seedlings are easily destroyed by cutting them just below the surface of the soil. (A *shuffle hoe* is also called a *swivel* or *hula hoe* which is jointed and turns in many directions.)

House plant lovers delight in new plants, new containers and packages of complete plant food to feed their charges. I have a friend who enjoys starting house plants from seed—not always an easy thing to do. A few years ago, a daughter gave her one of Park's "Easy Does It" seed-starting kits and she was off to all kinds of adventures in growing house plants from seed. You might give a gift of pelleted plant seed to the gardener "who has everything". Increasing the size of very fine seed by coating with a clay substance makes them easy to handle and to space properly. The technique of applying an inert coating with the addition of nutrients and herbicides, to the seed has greatly advanced in recent years and pelleted seed gives reliable and quick germination.

Check in your local garden centers for gift ideas. The popular hobby of indoor-growing plants is increasing in interest. This could be the year to give a plant, a vine, a Christmas pepper, an exotic watering can, or a hanging basket to the person for whom it is difficult to choose a gift. Another idea for the outdoor or indoor gardener would be one of the excellent gardening or plant books available. With fine photographs and helpful ideas, it can bring joy through the months ahead until time to get out-of-doors again.

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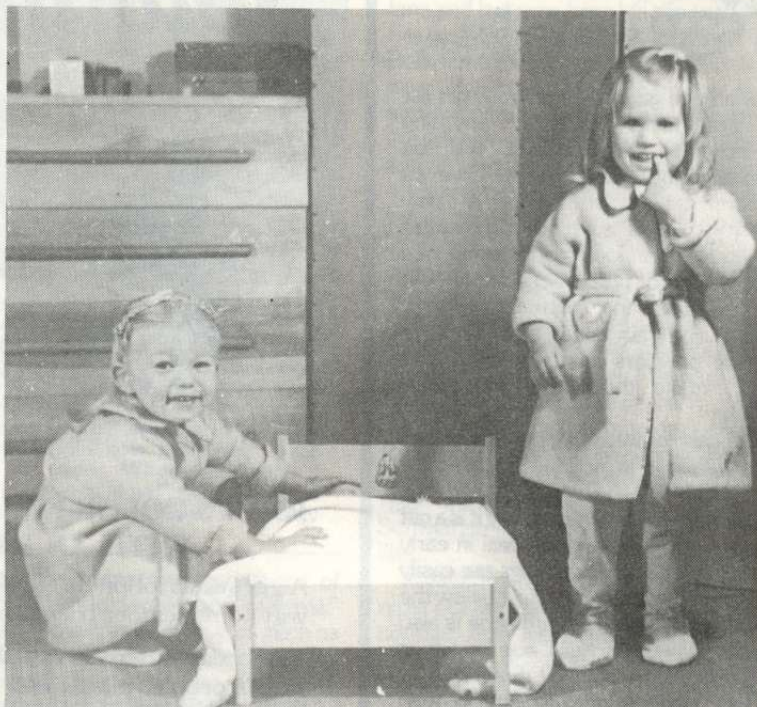
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From Our Family Album



In 1945, Dorothy and I were making our homes in San Francisco. Russell's and my daughter, Juliana Verness (Lowey) and Dorothy and Frank Johnson's daughter, Kristin (Brase), were excited, happy almost-three-year-olds when they bounced into the room on that Christmas morning of 1945.

In the above picture, the girls are wearing the matching pink, warm and woolly robes which Dorothy and I made for them.

The picture on the left shows the delighted girls as they cuddled the big dolls which Santa left for them the next year. —Lucile

DECEMBER QUESTION

And if there were no Christmas?
No candle gleam? No pealing bells?
No gold, or frankincense, or myrrh?
No little Son of Man — and God —
Close-circled by His mother's arms
Upon a holy night,
Brilliant with star-shine
And with angel host?

Only the chill mists of winter —
And the long nights
With each tomorrow like its yesterday —
Without a song.

Only the ceaseless tramp of soldier's feet
Upon the highways of the world,
And no fair dream
Wherein the kingdoms of this earth

"Become the Kingdom of our God
And of His Christ —
And they shall reign . . ."

Only the threat of death from out the
skies.

A new age, shadowed by the atom
Split, and slave to the caprice of man.
With Fear the conqueror
In the black caverns
Of the minds of all men everywhere
And nowhere Comforter to
Take us by the hand
And lead us to Light.

So would the heart break
In grief and loneliness —
If there were no Christmas.

—From church paper



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JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded
maintained right down to the kitchen gardens. I was particularly interested in the area devoted to the archaeology that was done to help with reconstructing the outlying areas.

The last two days of our visit we managed to get to the Natural History Museum, the National Arboretum, Arlington Cemetery and Embassy Row. There were many, many more places we would have liked to visit, but time ran out. All in all, it was a fabulous trip. I'm sure that it will be something that James and Katharine will always remember.

Back to reality, we are now firmly into the school year and getting ready for Christmas. It seems the older the children get, the more school activities they are involved in. Katharine is a "Blue Bird" this year and she enjoys it tremendously. James is in band and has joined a guitar club. I am taking two courses with the Community College and Jed is still finding places to take us fishing on weekends. That reminds me, I must take some trout out of the freezer for our dinner tonight.

May you have a blessed holiday season,
Juliana Lowey

(Lucile's Note: Next month Juliana will write about the trip that she and Jed made to Woods Hole, Massachusetts, for details concerned with Jed's mother's estate. He is the Executor.)

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
used to have in the big old farmhouse kitchens, you will love it. The buffet line groans with 10 to 15 salads, three or four kinds of meat, three vegetables, plain or sticky rolls, potatoes, dressing, gravy, several pies to choose from, and all you can eat for a very modest price.

Gusta bakes all the bread and rolls, about 30 dozen on Sunday. Marjorie takes care of the meat, pies, and cake if they have it. There are two women who help with the salads and the rest of the food. Marjorie told me she gets to the cafe at 5:00 A.M. on Sunday, puts two 20-lb. turkeys in the oven, fries 25 chickens in five skillets, then transfers the pieces to an electric roaster on very low heat. Both Gusta and Marjorie supervise all the cooking and help out where needed. The girls work very hard but seem to love it, and I doubt Marjorie will ever use her teaching degree again.

Kristin and her family are all busy with their many and varied activities. We are hoping she will be able to squeeze in enough time one of these days to write a letter for you and tell you all about it. I think sometimes I'm busy and then I think about all the things she does and in comparison I do nothing. We talk to her once a week to see how everyone is and what is going on out there in Chadron, and keep her posted on our activities.

I must make a trip to town today to stock up on groceries and run other errands, so until next month . . .

Dorothy

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MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concl.

not seen it there, but that doesn't mean it isn't available.

Many of you will say, "Oh, is she just seeing that? It has been in print for many years." If it has, I wish someone had put me next to it before now. The name of the magazine is *Success Unlimited*, and it is published in Chicago. At least that is where the mailing address indicates. The entire gist of the articles is centered on the Positive Mental Attitude which is so necessary to keep propped up, if you are anything like me. I can get so "down" with the daily report of the news, that when people write about how to succeed, and who is succeeding, and why, it is just what I need. I am using this daily on my little charges in class, reminding them that they can do a certain job or achieve higher levels of excellence if they make up their minds that they can, and if they are willing to apply themselves. W. Clement Stone, Paul Harvey, Eliot Janeway, Earl Nightengale and a host of other famous and not famous people write about their success stories. It comes once a month and is as uplifting as any church sermon.

Happy holidays from all of us . . .

Mary Beth

"Little Ads"

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We wish you a happy holiday season and a prosperous 1978.

Your friends at KITCHEN-KLATTER