

TX1
K574
C. 2

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

40 CENTS

VOL. 42

DECEMBER, 1978

NUMBER 12



—Photo by Barton's Studio

Kitchen-Klatter

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

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

Subscription Price \$4.00 per year (12 issues) in the U.S.A.
Foreign Countries \$5.00 per year.

Advertising rates made known on application.
Entered as second class matter May 21, 1937, at the post
office at Shenandoah, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly at
The Driftmier Company
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

Copyright 1978 by The Driftmier Company.

LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good and Faithful Friends:

Last month I wrote to you from Albuquerque using the typewriter belonging to my daughter, Juliana. I sat at her desk in their greatly enlarged breakfast room. Incidentally, this desk belonged to my husband, Russell, and was used for a long time here in our Iowa house. Before Russell passed away, he had it shipped out to New Mexico, so you can see why I had many emotions about that desk as I sat down to write my letter.

Today I'm back at my old typewriter and desk in my home here in Shenandoah. In one way, I feel as if I've never been away. Have you ever taken a trip and then felt after about 24 hours at home base that you hadn't been away at all? However, this return was somewhat different because, in our absence, the solid walnut in the kitchen (and there is a lot of it) had been refinished, my own room had been repainted, the heavy draperies had come back from the cleaners, the curtains had been beautifully washed and ironed—well, it was just about like walking into a new house. This work was done by our good friend, Delma Hogue; it was hard to find the words to express my appreciation to her for all her effort.

At this time, I'd like to return mentally to Albuquerque and mention events that happened after I wrote to you from there.

Our prime purpose for taking this trip to New Mexico was to look after my grandchildren, James and Katharine, while their parents, Juliana and Jed Lowey, were on a fantastic trip to Peru with eight of their archaeological friends. The children were truly a joy; when we left I felt that I knew them much, much better.

In times gone by, I spent quite a bit of time reading to these two, but now that they can both read with great facility, I realized that I had to stir up something new. It turned out, fortunately, that both children thoroughly enjoy the game of Monopoly, a game which was such a favorite in our old family home when it first came on the market. The Lowey's



Old-fashioned Christmas greetings are always fun to see and fun to share. This card was popular around the 1920's. Where do you suppose the idea of using dogs for Santa's sleigh came from? At any rate, they do carry my heartiest wishes for a happy Christmas.

—Lucile

set had been used so much that it was in bad shape—a few pieces of property missing, money gone, etc.—so Betty Jane picked up a brand-new set and, believe me, we had some rousing games. James served as the banker and Katharine handed out the property cards—Boardwalk, railroads, etc. They were extremely efficient in their roles.

If you are expecting grandchildren through the holidays of approximately the same ages as James and Katharine (ten and eight), this might be a good idea for entertaining them.

I know some of Juliana's good friends and they were kind enough to call on me since they knew that Betty Jane and I were alone in the house with the children. Betty Jane's mother, Grandma Lu, was with us on the trip down and for a few days after we had settled in, but then she had to return suddenly to Saint Paul, Minnesota, because of her husband's poor health. James and Katharine missed her for she has a wonderful way with children.

As nearly as possible, we followed the usual routine to which the children are accustomed. This wasn't hard to do because both Betty Jane and I are early risers. At Mission Elementary School, which both children attend, breakfast is served at 8:15. I was amazed at the menu. The students who walk to school (this includes the Lowey children) get fruit juice, hot cereal, eggs and toast—the whole meal for only 20¢. At 8:30, the kids who are bused get the same breakfast and this surely is a boon to working parents.

The one great regret James has is that next year he will be transferred to a school quite a long distance from home and thus must ride a bus. Both he and Katharine have enjoyed tramping along

that old dirt road with the friends who joined them along the way. You'd never dream that such an old-fashioned road is really on the fringes of a large city.

Since both children were gone all day (or until around 3:30 in the afternoon), Betty Jane and I took a number of short drives in the car. On one of these trips, we drove up to Golden, New Mexico, to see Vera Henderson and to purchase some Christmas gifts. We were there twice, and on the second trip I had one of the most unexpected encounters of my life. I was sitting in my wheelchair looking at beautiful Indian jewelry when a very tall man came up to me.

"Please, may I introduce myself?" he said. "I'm sure you're a relative. I am Fritz Harshbarger."

"Fritz Harshbarger!" I exclaimed. I couldn't believe my eyes for Fritz is the older of the two sons of my cousin, Gretchen, and her husband, Clay. He was born and grew up in Iowa City. I'm sure it had been at least 35 years since I'd seen him, so most naturally I never, never would have known he was in New Mexico if he hadn't introduced himself. He lives in California and makes four trips to Albuquerque each year, so this surely could be called a freak encounter.

After we left Vera's place, we drove on to Madrid, a deserted town that was founded and settled by copper interests. I must admit that I've never seen a place that looked so completely abandoned—it was hard to believe that at one time the town was a bustling community.

From there we drove on to Cerillos. Betty Jane says that ten years ago, when she saw the town for the first time, it looked like Madrid does today. However, the area has revived in the last decade because many of the Western

(Continued on page 22)



A LETTER FROM FREDERICK

Dear Friends:

Do you ever have the feeling that life becomes more complicated with each passing year? When I was a youngster, Christmas was so simple and uncomplicated, but today it is a different story. As a matter of fact, in our church we are beginning to think about Christmas before the summer months have passed. There are so many plans to be made, special musicians to be contacted and consulted, quantities of foods and gifts to be ordered for our large mission parties, etc., etc. Much as I do not like to rush the season, it is obvious that our long-range planning pays big dividends in terms of showers of Christmas blessings. A South Church Christmas is so lovely, so filled with joyous charity and good fellowship, that we cannot thank God enough for it.

Since I last wrote to you, we have had a very busy social life. One day we drove to Betty's home town in Rhode Island to attend a party in honor of some of our dear friends from Natal, South Africa. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Van der Riet may be known to some of you, for they do have many American friends. They are the owners and operators of the beautiful Cathedral Peaks Hotel where tourists love to stay. Each year in their Christmas letter to us, Albert and Doreen ask us to come and visit them, but that is one trip we are leaving until our retirement some years from now. When the Van der Riet's come to this country, they always stay for a few days with Betty's parents. Since Albert is a noted big-game fisherman, he and Betty's father have much in common. When the two of them are visiting together, it is worth the price of admission to hear the stories they swap.

You have heard it said that the chief difference between a man and a boy is the cost of the man's toys! In my case, that is too often the truth of the matter. It was on our trip to Rhode Island that I decided to take up a new hobby of flying miniature airplanes. The little planes are about three feet long, and they are totally controlled by radio. Using sophisticated electronic controls, the little planes are flown from takeoff to landing just like the large planes we use for standard air transportation. A dealer agreed to sell me one of his best planes including several hours of instruction. Before I went through with the purchase, he demonstrated the plane for me, and what a thrilling demonstration it was. That miniature airplane could do practically anything



—From *The Springfield Daily News*,
Ed Malley, photographer
This tree in the South Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass., is decorated with the Chrismons which have become so popular in recent years. Each decoration is built around a symbol depicting some event in the life of Christ. The name comes from "Christ's Monogram". For example, the chalice signifies the Last Supper, the five-pointed star is the Star of Bethlehem, or sometimes called the Wise Men's Star. Permission to use the Chrismons and books containing the patterns are available from: Chrismon Committee, The Lutheran Church of the Ascension, 295 West Main Street, Danville, Va. 24541.

that a large plane could do, and as I stood there beside the man operating the electronic controls, I became more and more eager to complete the deal.

As I watched the plane flying high overhead, I said to the dealer, "Do you ever wreck one of these plans?"

Instantly he replied, "You are about to see a wreck right now! Look out!"

As he spoke, that airplane crashed into the trees with a bang. It was a total loss, a complete disaster. My dream of a new hobby blew up with it, and I thanked my lucky stars that I had not yet written the check.

Isn't it interesting the way children so often follow in the footsteps of their parents without the parents ever trying to direct the children in that way? Betty and I were both school teachers when we were young, and now our children are teachers, but not because we planned it that way. David and his wife Sophie are now living in Fort Nelson, British Columbia, where David is a teacher in the high school and Sophie is a nurse in the local hospital. Most of David's work is with "slow learners". He teaches small classes of young people who, for one reason or another, have been slow to learn to read. This is an unusually difficult type of teaching, and there are times

when we do a little cheering up via long-distance telephone.

I began my teaching in a mission college in Egypt, and that was a very difficult assignment too. When I became discouraged, I would remember what my mother used to say: "If you do not have a problem, is it because God doesn't trust you with one?" We have no doubts about David's success as a teacher. In his past teaching experience at Simon Fraser University, he demonstrated superior ability and an infinite patience, two qualities so essential for a teacher.

Mary Leanna is teaching English as a second language to young men and women who have come from Iran to study here in the United States. There is a small college right next door to the home Mary Lea and Vincent bought in Springvale, Maine, and all Mary Lea has to do to get to her job is to walk out the back door and across the garden. Because she has her little Isabel in a nursery school, and a baby sitter for young Christopher, Mary Lea is free to teach a couple of hours a day, just enough to satisfy her urge to teach, but not enough to upset her schedule as a mother and housewife. In the evenings after the children have gone to bed, she writes a column for the local newspaper.

One dividend we are expecting from Mary Lea's work with the Iranian students is an opportunity to have some of those students as guests in our home here in Springfield. We have told Mary Lea that we would be very happy to entertain any foreign students who would like to have the experience of spending a weekend in the home of a Protestant pastor. I was shocked to read an article in our Springfield newspaper which said that all too often young men and women come to this country from other lands and, after studying here for several years, go back to their homes without ever having been a guest in an American home.

Here in New England, we really know what winter is, but we are not complaining. We have just completed the most beautiful fall season within the limits of living memory. It was a perfect season for the fall program of bus tours that our church conducts for our church members and their friends.

On one gorgeous fall day, we sent three large buses filled to capacity to Newport, Rhode Island. That tour not only included visits to some of the loveliest homes in America, but also had an exciting tour of the harbor by boat. Our Men's Club arranged that tour as a means of earning money for the neighborhood recreation center that the club maintains for the Puerto Rican boys who live within a block or two of the church.

One of our women's organizations
(Continued on page 18)



JOY

A Candlelighting Service

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Place three tall tapers in candleholders and conceal the holders with an arrangement of Christmas greens. On a large white card, which stands to the right of the candle arrangement, print in large letters the word JOY.

A narrator reads the script of the service with an assistant to light each candle at the appropriate time.

Musical Prelude: "Joy to the World".

Leader: Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which will come to all people; for to you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord.

This is an age of concentrates, short cuts and capsuled digests. If we were to try to put the meaning of Christmas in one word, how many of us would suggest the word JOY? Christmas might be said to be bounded on all sides by joy.

There was the joyous song of the angels, the joy of the shepherds and of the wise men who came to worship the Christ Child. The joy of Mary and Joseph over their newborn Babe. The joy of all the faithful who have come after, who believe that the long-awaited fulfillment did come; the Messiah came to dwell among us and to show us the Truth and the Way.

We hear joy in the simple notes of a beloved carol or in the mighty swell of the "Hallelujah Chorus". We hear it in the jingling bell of a Salvation Army worker on the street corner, in the deep, thrilling tones of chiming church bells. Bounded by the mysteries of birth and death, conscious of what seems at times overwhelmingly evil, yet richly blessed by so much that is good, we live out our lives in the hope that is renewed each year when the joy of Christmas fills our hearts.

Joy stands for the message of real Christmas. As we light these candles which represent JOY, let us think on the joyful qualities of this holiday.

(Assistant lights first candle.) JESUS is

the center of Christmas.

Christmas is a time for remembering —
A time for remembering Jesus.
Born long ago in Bethlehem,
Where shepherds on a hillside heard a song

And good news of joy to the whole world.
Christmas is a time for remembering
The Man who lived and worked in Galilee,

Showing men the love of God
And how to love one another.
A time for remembering
That Jesus is still our friend, our joy,
today.

Hymn: "Go Tell It on the Mountain",
or one or two verses of "Good Christian Men Rejoice".

(Assistant lights second candle.) The angels' song as it rang over the Judean hills told of good will toward men, a concern for OTHERS. Christmas is a time for remembering the lonely and the needy and the sad, sharing with them in friendly ways; in this way we bring the best gift of all to Christ on His birthday.

Christmas is a time reminding us to show love in thoughtful ways, through all our days to all men—to others.

With St. Francis of Assisi we say,
"Where there is hatred, let me sow love.
Where there is injury, pardon. Where there is doubt, faith. Where there is despair, hope. Where there is darkness, light and where there is sadness, joy."
Let us sing the joy of Christmas not only in song, but in deeds which will bind our hearts together as brothers—knowing that we best serve Him when we serve OTHERS.

(Assistant lights third candle.) The last candle on our altar can represent YOU. The greatest joy of Christmas comes when we give of ourselves. We will receive joy from Christmas in exactly the same proportion we put into it of ourselves. In the words of the lovely old children's hymn —

"What shall I give Him, poor as I am?"

If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man, I would do my part.
Yet, what can I give him? I'll give Him my heart!"

Leader:

The Christmas song is in the air,
One hears it ringing everywhere.
We hear it on the busy streets,
From the lips of all we meet,
And know that still o'er farm and town
Christmas joy comes singing down.

Song (by all): "Joy to the World".

LIVE AS YOU PRAY

I knelt to pray when the day was done,
And prayed, "O Lord, bless everyone;

Lift from each saddened heart the pain,
And let the sick be well again."
And then I woke to another day
And carelessly went on my way.

The whole day long I did not try
To wipe a tear from any eye;
I did not try to share the load
Of any brother on my road;
I did not even go to see
The sick man next door to me.

Yet once again, when day was done
I prayed, "O Lord, bless everyone."
But as I prayed, into my ear
There came a voice that whispered clear;

"Pause, hypocrite, before you pray,
Whom have you tried to help to-day."

And then I hid my face and cried,
"Let me but see another day
And I will live the way I pray."

RING THE BELLS

(A Reading for Children)

Each child carries a string of tiny bells which are rung each time the word "ring" is spoken.

All:

Ring the bells of Christmas —
Ring them loud and clear,
Reminding each and every one
That Jesus' birthday time is here.

First Child:

Ring the bells for angels.
How their heavenly voices rang!
"Unto you is born a King,
Peace, goodwill," they sang.

Second Child:

Ring the bells for shepherds
Who heard the angels sing
And hastened to the stable
To kneel before the Baby King.

Third Child:

Ring the bells for wise men
Who traveled from afar
To bring Him gifts and worship Him,
Led there by a Star.

All:

Ring the bells of Christmas.
Let them ring and ring and ring
For they tell the wondrous story
Of the birth of Christ, our King.



Christmas Bells

The lovely sound of chiming bells has been a beloved part of Christmas for hundreds of years.

It seems strange to realize that two thousand years before Christ was born, bells were already being used for happy occasions in the Orient. Sad events were also commemorated with the sound of chimes and bells. However, we have grown to associate bells with many incidents in Christ's life and with the subsequent worship services held in churches throughout the world.

In 400 A.D., in Campana, Italy, St. Paulinus had a bell placed on the roof of his church to call people to the services. By the sixth century, church bells were being used in France. Church bells were introduced to England about 680 A.D. by Benedict, the Abbot of Warmouth. The idea soon spread throughout England, and Egbert, the Saxon king, ordered that bells should be rung in ALL the churches to call people to worship.

Eventually, the coming of Christmas was announced by the pealing of the church bells on the three mornings preceding Christmas Day. Bells were also rung as Yule logs were dragged in and the English holiday festivities really began. On Christmas Eve, the bells tolled slowly from eleven o'clock until midnight as they would be tolling for a funeral. This was called, "The Old Lad's Passing", and referred to the devil. The tolling was supposed to warn all the evil spirits, including the devil, that Christ's birthday was near. At midnight, the tolling turned to joyful chiming. The bells continued to be rung joyfully on Christmas Day. It was this glorious symphony of bells which is said to have inspired Charles Wesley to write, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing".

Through the centuries various legends have grown up around bells:

At one time bells were inscribed with religious words and many people thought the bells were almost human, their chiming "voices" carrying special messages.

During war times bells from old cathedrals and churches were buried to escape falling into the hands of enemies. Legend says such buried bells could be heard chiming on Christmas Eve by anyone who would put his ear to the ground near where they were hidden.

One Dutch legend tells about a Christmas Eve when Christ visited in the Holland town of Been. Everywhere were festive decorations and holiday parties, but when Christ asked for food and shelter no one would take Him in. As a result, Christ caused water to spread over the village. It was never seen again.



These three children of Hallie and Gene Blackman live many miles from Shenandoah, Iowa, far away in the town of Las Vegas, Nevada. Their father is Ron Blackman, the second of Gene Blackman's sons. If you compare these pictures with the ones in the July, 1977, issue, you can see how much these charming youngsters have grown. On the left is 9-year-old Tracy, in the center is 3-year-old Lenny and on the right is 2-year-old Rhonda Sue.

But the sound of the bell from the immersed church can be heard every Christmas Eve.

In some countries it is believed that Saint Nicholas carries a bell in one hand and switches in the other!

Here in America, Santa's reindeer wear sleigh bells and we hang strings of bells on our doors to welcome holiday guests.

Wherever you are at Christmas time, bells will ring to bring joy to the hearts of those who can hear. One never-to-be-forgotten experience is the Christmas Eve carillon concert at the Bok Tower in Lake Wales, Florida. Wherever you are, wherever you hear the bells, may your heart echo the words of a favorite carol:

"From every spire on Christmas Eve,

The Christmas bells ring clearly out
Their message of good will and peace."

—Virginia Thomas

COVER STORY

What happier way for a grandmother to prepare for the holidays than to be surrounded by as many of her grandchildren as possible? Hallie Blackman, vice-president and executive office manager for Kitchen-Klatter, is known to many of you who stop by the Kitchen-Klatter plant here in Shenandoah. Many more of you have listened to Hallie when she helps with the radio visit.

Seven of Hallie and Gene Blackman's grandchildren live near enough to Shenandoah to come often to enjoy family visits, picnics, and to celebrate special dinners and birthdays.

Taking photographs is one of the Christmas family traditions of the Blackmans. We hurried and asked Hallie to have one taken in time to share with you on our December magazine cover. Going counter-clockwise, starting with

the baby in Hallie's lap:

Laura Blackman, age 2 months, is the daughter of Larry and Pam (Gene's oldest son, who lives in Elliott, Iowa).

Miki Blackman, age 4, is the daughter of Dennis and Kelley (Gene's third son who lives here in Shenandoah).

Brad Hopkins, 3 years old, and Chris Hopkins, 8 years old, are the children of Jocelyn and Max (Hallie's only daughter who lives in Omaha).

Tressa Kite, age 14, and Kevin Kite, age 10, are the daughter and son of Hallie's son, Kent, and his wife, Connie, of Shenandoah.

Wade Blackman, also Larry's son, age 8, completes the circle around Hallie.

P.S. This Christmas is the Blackman's turn to have Christmas Day for their special get-together. On alternate holidays, the in-laws have December 25th and the Blackmans chose some other time when their side of the house can celebrate. How many of you friends have the same pattern of taking turns?

When asked if she had any special traditions for the holidays, Hallie told us that she always prepares ham, turkey and hot rolls for the Christmas dinner. The remainder of the dinner is prepared and brought in by the "girls" of the family.

Decorations used for many years include two tree-top balls with spirals in blue and silver. "Why I have two I don't know, but one goes on a tree in the front room and one on the family-room tree. The gifts are piled under the family-room tree and that is the place where we open our gifts, eat our dinner and have a great time, confusing though it is," Hallie chuckled.

"The decoration which is my favorite and used every year is a long, red, crystal bowl with fluted edges which I place on top of the television set," Hallie continued. "I surround it with evergreens, fill it with white satin balls and then tuck in teeny-tiny twinkle lights of different colors. It is very pretty."



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

No one in this area should complain about the weather we have had this fall. Harvesting has been going "full steam ahead" for several weeks, and it looks as if there is a bountiful crop everywhere. Our beans are out of the field, but the corn is still not picked. We don't have bins and dryers, so our corn has to stay in the field until the moisture content is low enough for the ears to be cribbed safely. Our renter picks and shells his share, then he will pick ours by the ear.

About the middle of October, the fall coloring in the timber was lovely. I have stated many times that this is my favorite time of year. When we lived in California and October rolled around, I always got homesick for Iowa. In my imagination, I could smell the burning leaves and hear the rustle of the leaves as I walked through them. Wiener roasts were never as much fun on the West Coast as they are in the timber in Iowa on a nippy October evening.

In a recent letter from Kristin, she said Julian and a little friend had spent the afternoon jumping in the leaves and moving the piles from one spot to another. As children, we spent days making playhouses in the yard after the leaves fell. Sometimes our houses covered the entire yard. Every day the room outlines had to be made over because new leaves would fall, or a wind would come up and blow them all over the yard again. I'm sure no expensive professionally built playhouse could have been as much fun.

Every year about this time, when I sit down to write my *Kitchen-Klatter* letter to you, I'm reminded of something that happened about thirty-one years ago. Kristin was four and we had let her walk through the timber to Grandma and Grandpa Johnson's house by herself several times because she had a road to follow. She had walked that way many, many times with us and she was very familiar with this route to the farm from our house in the timber on the hill. She had been with Frank a few times when he came a different way through the timber, and she had been pestering us to let her go that way by herself. We had never permitted this because there were a great many hazards and no special road or path for her to follow. Down on the bottom along the creek there were some shallow old mine holes where a little surface mining for coal had been done. After all these years, the depressions were pretty well concealed and we were always afraid Kristin might fall into one.

One beautiful Sunday afternoon Bernie and a friend had gone to pick up walnuts in this area, and Kristin had gone with them. I was at home sitting in the kitchen writing my *Kitchen-Klatter* letter when I heard a little rap on the door and when I opened it there stood Kristin with a big smile on her face. She said proudly, "You thought I would get lost but you see I did know my way home the other way."

Astonished, I asked Kristin where Aunt Bernie was. She said Aunt Bernie was still picking up walnuts, and no, she didn't tell her she was going home. We got right in the car and drove down to the timber where we found Bernie, scared to death. When Kristin was missed, they had called and hunted everywhere, and all they found were two little red mittens not far from one of those holes! Bernie said she had never been so frightened in her life. Bernie took care of Kristin a great deal when she was small and I was working in the field with Frank, and she never once spanked her, but the temptation was so great the day Kristin disappeared, Bernie had a hard time controlling herself.

We have a little heifer calf that Frank has practically raised "by hand". Scoogee (don't ask me where Frank got that name) was born on a very cold day last spring. The mother cow simply didn't have enough milk for little Scoogee. Frank started giving the calf a supplemental bottle and this was satisfactory with the mother. Poor Scoogee was a sorry-looking little calf. The tips of her ears and about half of her tail froze and fell off. Her knees also froze and the hide fell off in that area, too. We didn't think she would ever live. For a while she didn't seem to grow at all and then, with the special loving care Frank

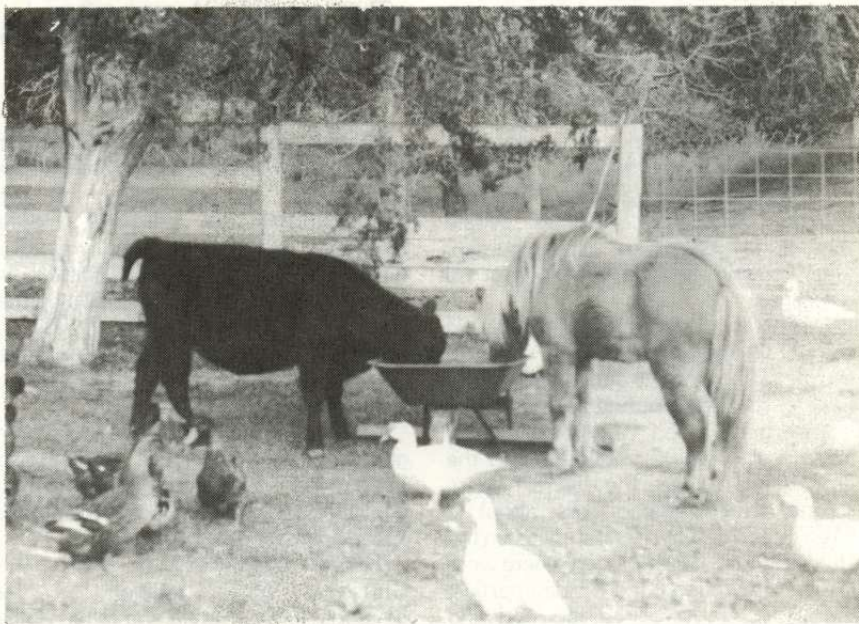
gave her, Scoogee began to improve and now looks much healthier.

In October, Frank was sick and had to spend a few days in the hospital, but he is home again and doing very well. He has to be careful and not overdo, and this is hard for him. While he was sick, Kristin's school was closed for a few days. She left Aaron and Julian with Art and his mother, and she and Andy drove back to spend a couple of days with us. Andy enjoyed getting out to help me with the chores.

Kristin hadn't been home in the fall while the timber was pretty since she graduated from high school, so it was a treat for her. One afternoon she and Andy took a long hike through the woods, Kristin later reported that the big rock where she and Juliana used to play didn't seem nearly as big as it once was. Frank and his three sisters also spent many happy hours playing on that big rock. If we can possibly get the job done, we hope we can get the rock moved into our front yard; it's a real monument to many happy childhood days.

Although Kristin lives 600 miles from here in far western Nebraska, at Chadron, it is still a lot closer than anywhere else she has lived since leaving home. She can drive here to Lucas, Iowa, in one long day so hopes to be able to come to the farm more often. If possible, Kristin and her family would like to spend some of their Christmas vacation with us. Andy loves the farm in the winter and has fond memories of the Christmas he spent here with us. He says if the rest of the family can't come, he would like to come on the bus by himself.

Our brother-in-law, Raymond Halls, is back in Roswell, New Mexico. We know
(Continued on page 19)



Scoogee, the heifer calf we were surprised to save, is a real pal of our pony, Little Buck. They eat their oats and shelled corn together out of the same wheelbarrow. The ducks stand around to pick up all the grain which drops to the ground.



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

The sunlight is flooding in through the southern windows of my bedroom this morning and I feel as though these hours were set aside just to write to you. If the weather holds steadily for several hours I think I shall hop in the car and drive the few miles to Madison and visit Katharine today. I am still pinching myself that I have hours to squander like this.

I've discovered what is probably the only good thing about having the children all gone. There are many idle hours that I can now do with as I please. Having the laundry basket half full after two or three days without running the washing machine is a shock to which I have yet to adjust. My grocery shopping trips occur one fourth as often; our food bill is considerably less than half what it was formerly; the electric bill is down because we use less hot water, which is heated electrically; my dishwasher runs sometimes once in three days; my house, once cleaned, now stays that way for an entire week at a time. This is truly the "culture shock" that I have heard so much about. It won't be long until our student, Adrienne, returns from Northwestern University for a nice vacation for the holidays, and I shall be happy to have her and all her busyness return to the house again.

Don and I and Katharine drove the relatively short distance to Evanston to see Adrienne earlier in the fall season before the leaves were off the trees. The location of Northwestern's campus on the shores, literally, of Lake Michigan gives it a look of beauty that is unsurpassed in my knowledge. I thought Rice University in Houston, where Katharine went, was beautiful with its canopy of trees and Spanish architecture, but it is eclipsed by the combination of buildings, trees, and water in Evanston.

Adrienne is taking to college life very happily. This has really been her first extended period away from home, and although we are close enough for her to get home she has managed to "tough out" the periods of homesickness. One of the major factors she has found to ward off nostalgia is forcing herself to get out and do things. And there are endless opportunities.

While we were there, she walked us many miles through the campus to see the Shakespeare Garden, which is shown on the campus map, but which requires hunting to find. It is a perfectly charming place shut off by high, trimmed hedges and enclosing well-defined

gardens where herbs and fragrant flowers and shrubs grow. Apparently, I was soon to learn, these were common in England in Shakespeare's time in an effort to provide a place where pleasantly scented plants could be found to offset the more unpleasant odors which would have been common in that age of little or no sanitation.

The students we saw as we walked across campus are certainly a different-looking group than were visible on the campuses a decade ago. Adrienne is heard to comment frequently on how well-dressed and well-behaved the kids on the campus are. She says it is common to see the majority of girls in her classes in dresses.



Katharine Driftmier is fastening on her snow boots in preparation for a snowy outing. Both cross-country and downhill skiing have increased in popularity during the past few years. Almost every state where snow is present, even for a short time, have places where energetic people of all ages can enjoy these activities.

And this point reminds me that I wish to pass on to you my general observations of co-ed dormitory living. I understand that Phil Donahue did a TV program from Chicago where he interviewed Northwestern students who were living in co-ed housing. I did not see the show, but I would be willing to bet that his and the students' conclusions must have been that it is a condition of living which is no more prone to misuse than segregated living. If a couple is determined to conduct themselves immorally they will find a place to go, but living in the same building doesn't change the attitudes of the ones who are not bent toward such purposes. One of Adrienne's best male friends is the son of a Salvation Army minister and a finer young man you could hardly find. He

lives on the "other end" of her floor and their friendship is very casual yet respectful. Besides his abilities musically, (he plays every Christmas in the little bands the Salvation Army sets up in their charity drives) he is the only one of her acquaintances with a stereo, so he has a constant flow of guests, both male and female, into and out of his room.

If all goes well, our Christmas holiday will be one to remember. IF, and that is such a big word covering such a multitude of changeable possibilities, plans unfold as we all hope they will, Katharine will come to Delafield on the nineteenth right after work in her laboratory; Adrienne will have been here since the sixteenth when her school dismisses; and together they will begin the task of helping to close up the house so that we can all leave on a night flight to have Christmas with Paul in Orlando, Florida. Our conversations with Paul on the telephone plainly told that he was missing his family as much as we were missing him. He has not worked at Walt Disney World long enough to have earned vacation time which would allow him to come home. But even more of a problem than no vacation time for him is the fact that this is "W.D.W.'s" busiest season, and there are no days off permitted. When the school children are out of school, Disney's busy time begins. It has been a pocketful of moons since any of us have had a vacation away from the house save to go to visit our relatives. I dimly perceived our first Christmas without Paul here and it seemed even more bleak for him to be away from his family at such a "family-oriented" time.

I don't know if there will be a Christmas tree down there in that sunny clime, if we get there, but it surely is fun to consider if it can be arranged. From the looks of our early winter and low temperatures it certainly is an idea "devoutly to be wished".

Paul has two new roommates now, so the expenses for the boy are considerably eased. He didn't have to have his phone taken out, so it appears that their economic crisis is over, at least temporarily. At present, his major problem is his six-month automobile insurance premium. Any of you who have boy drivers can appreciate their monumental problem. Their premiums are so much higher than girls that it is staggering to consider. However, the insurance companies' figures don't lie and I know there is just cause for the higher premiums; they will just have to bide their time with careful driving until they pass the magic age of twenty-four.

I wish for each of you a very Merry Christmas and a Blessed New Year.

Sincerely,

Mary Beth



ALISON WRITES FROM NEW MEXICO

Dear Friends:

How fortunate I am that Christmas comes once a year, for somehow amidst all the festivities, I find the time to correspond with my friends. It's ironic that all year my excuse for not keeping in touch with old and dear people is that I am just a "little too busy". I continually procrastinate, vowing to do it tomorrow, and the tomorrows fly by until Christmas is upon me. And somehow at the busiest time of the season, I manage to make the time. What is it about Christmas that triggers such a nostalgic wave? Inevitably, I'll get the urge to phone an old college roommate with whom I haven't chatted all year, and we'll talk for an hour. I'll sit down to write a letter to a childhood "horsey" friend, and the news I thought I could condense into a few paragraphs is quickly transformed into an epic multipage novel. Could that much have happened in one short year?

My husband, Mike, is still working at a state home for retarded children here in New Mexico. As director of the medical laboratory, he deals with all of the patients and staff personnel. Each individual in the institution is completely unique, and he finds that a great deal of patience and understanding are required by everyone.

One always thinks of families around holiday time, and many of you might wonder what Christmas is like for the children at a center for the mentally retarded. In general, it is like Christmas everywhere. The buildings are decorated with ornaments and wreaths, Santa Claus and presents. Many of the students help to make the yuletide items, and I think that each of them, no matter what his level of comprehension or understanding, recognizes the spirit of Christmas. Unfortunately, for many there is no family with whom to share the holiday joy. A large majority of the children are wards of the state. Some have no immediate relatives, and others have families incapable of caring for them. For an unfortunate few, there is no one at all to come and visit, and for these children, the staff members—the men and women who care for them on a daily basis—become their family. The state furnishes funds for Christmas toys and new clothes, and no one is without presents to open after Santa Claus has been down the chimney. Each year a certain employee plays Santa at the big Christmas party. He has a physical appearance such that he is transposed

into ol' Saint Nicholas by the mere addition of beard and hat. With a stature of three hundred pounds, he has probably had the role every Christmas!

As for myself, I have always been typecast as an animal nut. Since the day I was old enough to recognize God's creatures, they have been my passion. I must say in that regard, that at age twenty-seven things have changed little in my attitude since age seven. As most of you know, I am a veterinary technician, and I spend six days a week at the local animal hospital. It is termed a "mixed" practice, meaning we treat both large and small animals. Large animals usually translates to mean horses, cows and hogs, and small animals usually refers to dogs and cats. However, this is not always the case, for in a town where there is only one veterinarian, we're apt to see just about anything and everything. For instance, I doubt many of the big-city veterinarians treat great numbers of pet bobcats, or worry about coon hounds injured during our very popular bear-hunting season. But not all our patients are large, exotic or expensive. Not only have we performed surgery on horses, dogs, and cats, etc., but on tiny little hamsters as well! Although we have yet to see a snake on the operating table, I won't be shocked the day one slithers in!

During the past year, we had the fantastic experience of working with a television crew filming several segments of the series "Grizzly Adams". As many of you are aware, this series has an amazing cast of animal actors and there were instances when we were called out on location to see one of the animals. During the filming here in New Mexico, the show's wolf was in need of some minor surgery and arrived one morning at our hospital doorstep. He was eight months old, of substantial size, and we didn't really know what to expect from those pale and wild-looking eyes. What we didn't anticipate was an overgrown puppy, who would jump up and almost knock us over trying to lick our faces. Overall, he was extremely affectionate, extremely playful, and extremely easy to love. It was all we could do to send him home after his visit; all of us wanted to keep him.

In the summertime, our town of Ruidoso Downs is a mountain tourist resort, a cool haven to which vacationers from Texas love to retreat. We have many thousands of people arriving here each weekend to attend the horse racing at Ruidoso Downs racetrack, and in those hectic months I became used to the extraordinary. However, I did lift an eyebrow one day when two very well-dressed businessmen from Dallas walked in our office carrying a shrieking shoe box. Low and behold! it contained an injured sparrow hawk. What were two



Alison's parents are Abigail and Wayne Driftmier who live in Denver, Colorado. Ready for a holiday party, the two radiate the happiness they continue to enjoy in their busy lives.

men in business suits doing with the creature? They explained they had flown their company Cessna here for the weekend, and had somehow collided with the poor bird upon landing their airplane. We took the hawk in and discovered it miraculously had escaped serious injury. We released it into the custody of our local licensed keeper of birds of prey, and the gentlemen went on their way. I'm sure when they returned to their offices they had quite a story to tell!

Well, I can see that further animal stories from me will have to wait until later (I could tell them all night, you know!). Here is hoping that the coming year will be a joyous one for each of you, and may warm-hearted feelings keep you snug these snowy nights.

Sincerely,
Alison Walstad



LEGEND OF THE POINSETTIA

It once was the custom in Mexico
For the villagers to leave
A gift for the Baby Jesus
In their church on Christmas Eve.

In one small village, a little boy
Who had no gift to bring
Prayed to God for a way to show
His love for the Infant King.

God, in His mercy, looked down on the
boy
And answered his earnest prayer
By causing a flower to bloom where he
knelt —
A flower so brilliant and fair.

The miraculous flower was formed like a
star
With leaves that were red and so bright,
And the boy's precious gift has come to
be known
As the "Flower of the Holy Night".

—Unknown



Holiday Fixin's

Candy Cane Decorations: With Christmas time approaching, many mothers and/or children like to make new tree ornaments. One such decoration is a colorful candy cane that's easily, quickly and inexpensively made.

For one red-striped cane you'll need these materials:

1 red pipe cleaner (or chenille-type)

1 packet red propeller beads (often called tri-beads—they're shaped roughly like a three-leaf clover and are quite flat)

1 packet white propeller beads

Gold or silver cord

With a pair of pliers, bend a very short bit of one end of the pipe cleaner to form sort of a "knot". String one red bead on the pipe cleaner, making sure it can't slip off over the bent "knot".

Then slide on one or two white beads, fitting the beads together. Add another red bead and more white as before, continuing until your make-believe candy cane is six or seven inches long and looks like a striped peppermint stick.

When the desired length is reached, cut off the end of the pipe cleaner, leaving just enough to bend under making another "knot" that will keep the beads from sliding off. If you buy the fuzzy chenille-type cleaner, the fuzz will hide the bent wire at each end.

Carefully bend one end of the peppermint stick over to resemble a candy cane. Tie with gold or silver cord for hanging on the tree. These also make delightful tie-on decorations for use with gift wrappings.

—Inez Baker

Initial Door Decoration: Cut a large initial (from the family name) out of heavy cardboard, styrofoam or chicken wire. Fasten evergreen sprigs to this basic form, covering it thickly. Wire on pine cones, small red bows, artificial red berries and/or small plastic fruits. Hang beside or on the front door.

Jar Arrangements: A variety of jars can be filled with various items and arranged attractively on coffee tables, buffets and fireplace mantels. Apothecary jars are particularly

attractive—big ones, small ones, round ones, square ones. Fill with such items as ball ornaments, spools holding brightly colored thread, red and white striped peppermint candy, ribbon candy, pine cones, nuts, sea shells, stick candy, whole spices, etc. Arrange as desired and circle with sprigs of evergreen or holly. Tuck a pretty red velvet bow and a few bright Christmas balls among the sprigs. Various sized and colored fruit jars, bottles, and glass canisters could also be used in the same type of arrangement.

Snowflake Ornaments: For each snowflake you will need two yards of white chenille, a spool of white-covered florists' wire and 32 beads of size and color desired. Cut the chenille into 16 pieces, each containing two "humps" or "buds". Hold the 16 pieces together at the center. With a generous piece of the white wire, tie the chenille pieces tightly in the center, leaving enough wire to make a loop for hanging. Pull the ends of the chenille out from the center in all directions to make a ball shape. On the tip of each chenille, place a small bead (easily available in craft and variety stores). The beads seem to stay on the wire easily without gluing.

These snowflakes are especially lovely with the blue metallic-like beads. Used as the major decorations on a Christmas tree with the addition of white birds, they make a lovely display. One of these snowflakes might be placed at each place setting as a favor, tied to Christmas packages or hung at the entrance with a ball of mistletoe hanging underneath.

—Mabel Nair Brown

Christmas Letter: A holiday letter will reveal more of your family's personality or individuality if the message is typed and duplicated *inside* an outline of something that identifies the letter with your family such as an outline of your house. Photographs of your family may be placed in the windows of your house in a Christmas letter like this.

Other outlines that may be used in a

Christmas letter are: a silhouette of your child, an outline of a family pet, your mailbox (especially if yours is unusual), your small child's hands and/or feet, or something pertaining to a family hobby such as your camper, antique car, etc. If you feel that you can't draw, enlarge a photo from your family album and trace the outline of the subject. For instance, a photo of the side view of your child's head could be traced for a silhouette. Typing inside an outline of an object isn't difficult, but practice before putting it on a stencil.

These Christmas letters may be folded to fit into a legal-size envelope or they may be folded, sealed, and mailed without an envelope.

12 Days of Christmas: Inspired by the song "12 Days of Christmas", this is an idea for Christmas time which may be used in family exchanges, or a variation of the idea may be used by a church or club group.

For the family gift exchange, deliver 12 gifts to relatives over a period of 12 days—one gift each day. The first delivery should be made 12 days before Christmas and the first gift could be a hand-decorated Christmas stocking. This stocking could be a decorated pair of panty hose! One gift per day during the following eleven days should be delivered and placed in the stocking. The gifts remain in the stocking and are opened on Christmas Day during the family gift exchange.

A variation of this idea may be used by one of your church or club groups. Deliver all twelve gifts 12 days prior to Christmas to hospital patients, shut-ins and rest home residents. The receivers may be instructed to open one package each day during the following 12 days. This gives them something to look forward to from one day to the next.

Members of a club group could bring gift items to each of the monthly meetings throughout the year. This eliminates having so much to do in December—a very busy time of the year.

You may prune your evergreen trees, place a branch in a flower pot and decorate it for a small Christmas tree that may be delivered along with the "12 Days of Christmas" gifts. The decorated tree could be the first gift. The tree may be decorated with red and white gingham bows.

Postage Tip: To save money on postage, churches and clubs may set up a post office at Christmas time. You will need only some boxes with alphabetical dividers. Members share Christmas greetings by placing cards or Christmas letters behind the appropriate dividers, and receive greetings by checking the appropriate divider for their own mail.

—Barbara Wright Coats



MY OWN CHRISTMAS TREE

by Vella I Day

Sometimes a childhood experience stays with you all the days of your life. Such was one glorious, wonderful Christmas back in 1903 when I was about eight years old; it came about from my getting double pneumonia a couple of weeks before Christmas.

Of our family of four, I was the one continually out of school for tonsillitis or heavy colds. Childhood diseases laid me low for weeks instead of days, as one ailment invariably followed on the heels of another.

Our dear, patient, old Dr. Nesbit seemed to be coming in and out of our house constantly, answering a call for help as "Vella was sick again." We had no phone ourselves but used our uncle's across the street. Mother never called the doctor until all home remedies were exhausted. My hard-working father, who was a carpenter, spent most of his summer doing odd jobs for the good doctor, trying to keep up with my doctor bills; many times I know the doctor didn't put on his books a charge for the calls.

This particular winter I came down with a terrible cold that kept me out of school. I grew feverish and miserable as the cold settled in my chest. Mother wrapped me in a quilt and tucked me into our big old wooden rocker pulled up close to the heating stove. Suddenly, an excruciating pain slashed thru the lower part of my lungs and I screamed in agony, hardly able to breathe. Mother ran across the street to phone the doctor, then came back to ease me the best she could. I was losing consciousness fast.

The doctor's horses were lathered and steaming by the time he reached our house; someone in the neighborhood put blankets on them.

From that time on, my life was "touch-and-go" for nearly two weeks. You must remember that there were no wonder drugs like penicillin then, just a steaming kettle under a blanket to relieve labored breathing, and a horrible-smelling mustard and flaxseed poultice on my chest which, to this day, turns my stomach, just thinking of it. My nose still wrinkles at the memory of burning sulfur on the stove, which was thought to ward off illness. I was in and out of consciousness for days and remember very little except waking in the night to find the dear, kind face of Dr. Nesbit bending over me. Mother said he would come in around 2:00 a.m. every morning, besides the daytime visits, and watch over me for two or three hours. He was tired and worn but never gave up.

Finally, the day before Christmas arrived. By then my lungs had cleared, my temperature had been down for two or



Aaron Brase helps his mother, Kristin, arrange brightly wrapped Christmas packages underneath the tree at their home in Chadron, Nebraska. With three sons, the Brase's have a happy time during the holidays. If time and distance does not permit a trip back to Kristin's childhood home near Lucas, Iowa, you can rest assured the phone lines will be busy with long-distance visits.

three days, and the doctor said if I was real quiet I could be taken out in the living room for a while on Christmas Day. Mother relaxed enough to get a much needed rest, as she had been up for a week, night and day, without removing her clothes. I was thrilled because there was a lot of activity going on that I wanted to be a part of.

Naturally, sleep didn't come that Christmas Eve as it should. Trying to identify all the sounds wasn't easy, as many of them I had never heard before. I finally decided the tap-tapping *had* to be a hammer, but the "why" escaped me, and eventually I drifted off to sleep. The tapping was my mother fixing a stand for a small Christmas tree which my dad had brought in. While Dad went to town to shop for gifts, Mother was getting the tree ready.

They must have worked half the night, for when Christmas morning dawned, there on a chair by the side of my bed was the most beautiful, the most wonderful little tree in the world, twinkling and shimmering and loaded with strings of popcorn and cranberries, candy canes, and with small gifts tied all over the branches as well as piled on the chair below. It was breathtaking to me—a child's dream come true—a beautiful Christmas tree that was all mine! With shaking fingers I unwrapped each precious gift: perfume, a book, a pair of gloves, a dressed doll, a china cup and saucer from my Sunday school class and a huge orange. Most thrilling of all was an English pottery figurine of the Apple Woman crying her wares from my older brother who had painfully saved from his scant store of nickels and dimes to buy the gift. It is a treasured piece now on my

shelf of pottery figures.

Long after the needles from the little pine tree had been swept up from the old rag carpet and dug out of the button depressions of the couch, I carried with me a warm, tingly feeling that went thru me like a song in my heart —

I had my own Christmas tree!

I had my *own* Christmas tree!!

CHRISTMAS GAMES

Holiday Corsage: Have plenty of odds and ends of Christmas ribbons, package trims, trinkets, thread, florist wire and scraps of net in a box. See which guest can make the prettiest corsage in ten minutes. Have guests exchange corsages to wear during the rest of the party. A variation of this is to notify the guests before the party to make a corsage at home, using only items connected with Christmas. These are worn to the party and judged as to the prettiest, the most unusual, the cleverest, etc.

Living Tree: This will take some beforehand preparation. Choose a dress that is easy to get into, and to it pin or sew as many objects as you can that might be given to a homemaker for Christmas. Holders, napkins, tea bags, washcloths—the list is endless. When time to play the game, the hostess, or a friend, models the gown. It is announced that "Mary Christmas" will model her new holiday frock. Guests are allowed to watch her parade about the room for two or three minutes, then she disappears. The guests are given pencil and paper and the one who can name the most objects on the dress wins a prize.

—Mabel Nair Brown

A GIFT IS TO GIVE, AND TO RECEIVE

by
Evelyn Birkby

Christmas gifts come in so many sizes and shapes no one could ever describe them all. Part of the joy of the holidays is both the preparing and receiving of thoughtful gifts.

Buying gifts is exciting. Some people make lists all during the year based on comments made by friends and relatives who give hints about what is desired. It is also fun to just observe needs and choices and try to surprise the recipients with something they didn't remember they wanted.

My own family watched one year and decided I needed an electric griddle. Since we do try to have pancakes for our Saturday noon meal every week, it became a frequently used item. The boys would chuckle as the griddle went about its business of cooking fat buttermilk pancakes, which are their favorites. "Aren't you glad we bought you that griddle?" they'd say.

"Aren't YOU glad you got me this griddle," I would respond as I flipped the golden brown circles.

I well remember the year Robert finally purchased for me an article of clothing. He had always shied away from any such gift for fear it would not fit or I would not like the style. But that year I did not "hint" for anything except the need for a new bath-lounging robe. Robert would try to get me to list something more, but I stood firm.

Panic became apparent in Robert's attitude. The day before Christmas, he made one last trip to the store and came home with a large box, beautifully wrapped, which he pushed far back behind the other packages under the tree.

On Christmas morning, when I opened the box, I found a fine, soft, satin-trimmed, fushia-colored robe. When I put it on Robert exclaimed, "OH! The sleeves are not full length. I thought the sleeves were long. If you want to return the robe and get a different one, I won't mind."

"NO WAY!" I exclaimed.

I would have kept and worn that robe if it had been ten sizes too large or three too small. Since this was the first item of clothing Robert had ever purchased for me, I would not, under any circumstances, have made him feel his choice was not perfect. I kept the robe. I wore it. I am still wearing it and frequently comment, even yet, on how happy I am with the gift.

This year has been a particularly fun time for buying gifts, for a trip to New York City, my very first, became available to me.

I have written before about being a



Every year the holidays are a special time for the Birkby family. This year Jeff will be coming from Bozeman, Montana, Craig from Iowa City, Evelyn and Robert at the home base in Sidney, Iowa, and Bob from Springfield, Missouri. Tree trimming is saved until the boys can be home to help go to the woods to cut the tree. Evelyn prepares cocoa and snacks while the men of the family hang the decorations on the tree. It is a tradition which they never seem to outgrow. Preparing for the holidays is a treasured time together.

—Photo by Barton's Studio

member of the National Board of Managers for Communications for the United Methodist Church. This presents the situation where our board meets late each fall in one of the cities which contains communications centers of one kind or another (such as radio, films, magazines, television, etc.) for the church. This year the meeting was held in New York City.

It was a tremendous thrill to go to this huge metropolitan area. After all I had heard of the city, and my preconceived ideas, I can only say I was delighted with everything. Not once did I fail to find someone to answer my questions, give me directions or help me find what I needed. Not once was anyone rude or unkind. Not once did I have a moment when I felt threatened or frightened. And no place will ever seem so large to me again.

The opportunities to shop were delightful, but frustrating because I had too little free time. The first afternoon I was in New York, I had one hour to rush from the hotel to Fifth Avenue where I stopped at one of the most famous stores in the city. My major purchases were handkerchieves—they pack easily, were lovely in design and met the requirements of my budget.

The second place I went for gift purchasing was the Metropolitan Museum of Art. After the meeting concluded on Saturday, I stayed one more day especially to go to this fabulous museum.

Since it was Sunday, my first decision was where to attend church services. In New York City, this is not an easy choice to make—so many interesting and unusual churches are available. I finally attended Christ Church Methodist for several reasons: it was on my way to the museum, it is historical, the interior of the building is especially beautiful, and it is the church where Dr. Ralph W. Sockman was the minister for many, many years. I was not disappointed. The music was outstanding, the present minister, Dr. David Randolph, gave an excellent sermon, and watching the wonderfully varied members of the congregation proved to be a delight.

Arriving at the art museum, I ate lunch in the artistic cafeteria room with its fountains and statues. Then, again, came the need to choose what to see in a limited span of time. My major viewing included the temple of Dendur—a new exhibit of an Egyptian temple given to the museum as a permanent item. A new wing was built to house the fine stone temple with its entrance gate. With a shallow pool of water in front to indicate the previous location on the Nile River, the setting is reconstructed as similar to the original as possible.

The "Splendor of Dresden" exhibit came next. This display of over 700 works of art saved from destruction during the second world war was worth my entire trip to New York. Magnificent paintings, jewelry, china, statues, swords—the list is almost limitless in type and quality of the objects loaned by the German Democratic Republic. All of the display has been preserved by alert individuals who took the art objects out of Dresden and stored them in places of safety during the war, otherwise they would have been decimated when the city was destroyed.

My third stop was to see the French impressionist wing of the museum. Our son, Bob, has seen this display and insisted I include it in my itinerary if possible. I am so glad he insisted! Seeing the originals of many familiar paintings is a thrilling experience.

Forty-five minutes was left for the museum shops. They presented an array of treasures for sale which was exciting. Post cards and Christmas cards, woodcuts, ancient paintings, modern splatter prints, pages reproduced from "illuminated" Bibles with gold designs and medieval-type paintings were for sale along with copies of many of the most famous paintings displayed in the museum.

Various china is available in the shops—everything from the museum's own dinnerware pattern based on a Meissen plate in their collection to a Japanese porcelain stoneware bowl, plate and mug which are decorated with

(Continued on page 19)

RECIPES

MARSHMALLOW-CARAMEL BALLS

- 27 light-colored caramels
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 can sweetened condensed milk
- Crispy rice cereal
- Large marshmallows

Combine caramels, butter or margarine, flavorings and condensed milk in top of double boiler. Melt over simmering water, stirring occasionally until smooth. Dip large marshmallows into caramel mixture, then roll in cereal. Place on waxed paper to cool.

The whole rice cereal makes a nice, crisp coating, but crushed cereal could be used, and other cereals could be substituted. Chopped nuts or coconut would be other fine coating materials.

—Evelyn

CRANBERRY BUNDT CAKE

- 1 cup sugar
- 3/4 cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup whole cranberries
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Thoroughly cream sugar and shortening. Beat in eggs. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with buttermilk. Beat until smooth and fluffy. Add remaining ingredients. (I let my mixer run a bit after adding the cranberries and it did chop them up a little. The cranberries can be cut in half if you prefer smaller bits.) Spoon into well-greased bundt cake pan. Bake at 350 degrees for about one hour or until it tests done. Let stand in pan for 15 minutes before turning out on plate.

Cake can be glazed with a thin powdered sugar icing which has been flavored with orange flavoring. Can also combine 1 cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice and 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring; bring to boil and pour over cake while warm. Let set several hours before serving.

—Evelyn

MELLOW BUTTER FUDGE

- 3 cups sugar
 - 1 cup evaporated milk
 - 1 pint marshmallow creme
 - 3/4 stick butter or margarine
 - 1 12-oz. pkg. peanut butter chips
 - 1 cup chopped nuts (optional)
- Bring sugar, milk, butter or margarine to a boil. Cook to medium soft-ball stage (236 degrees on candy thermometer), stirring frequently. Remove from heat. Immediately add marshmallow creme, chips and nuts. Stir until all is melted. Pour into buttered 9- by 13-inch pan. Let cool and cut into squares. —Verlene

QUICKY PEANUT CLUSTERS

- 1 lb. white almond bark (or almond chips)
- 12-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 lb. salted peanuts

Combine almond bark (or almond chips) and chocolate chips in top of double boiler. Melt over hot water (never boiling!) until chips melt. Stir in flavorings and peanuts. Stir well. Spoon out in clusters on waxed paper. Cool. —Evelyn

HOLIDAY TREATS

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup dark corn syrup
- 1 cup chunky peanut butter
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 6 cups crispy rice cereal
- 1 cup chocolate chips
- 1 cup butterscotch chips
- 1/2 cup peanuts (optional)

Combine sugar and corn syrup in large, heavy pan. Heat, stirring, until mixture comes to a boil. Remove from heat and stir in remaining ingredients in order given. Spoon into buttered 9- by 13-inch pan. When cool, cut into squares.

If desired, combine peanut butter, flavorings and cereal with syrup mixture. Turn into 9- by 13-inch pan as directed. Let cool. Melt chocolate chips and butterscotch chips in top of double boiler over hot (not boiling) water. Spread over cereal layer. Sprinkle peanuts over top.

LEMON BREAD

- 6 Tbls. shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup nuts (optional)
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 2 to 2 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice

Cream shortening, sugar, eggs and flavoring until light and creamy. Sift dry ingredients together and stir into first mixture. Beat in milk. Fold in nuts which have been coated with a little of the flour mixture. Pour into well-greased bread pan. Bake at 325 degrees for one hour. Cool five minutes in pan. Combine the 1/3 cup sugar and juice of one lemon (or about 2-2 1/2 Tbls. lemon juice). Stir to dissolve, heating if you desire to blend. Pour over warm bread. Let cool in the pan. Slice thin and serve with a cheese spread.

RUBY RED SALAD

- 3 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 3/4 cup cold water
- 1 cup hot cranberry juice
- 1/3 cup sugar
- A dash of salt
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- 2 cups cold cranberry juice
- 1 can jellied cranberries
- 1 1/2 cups diced apples
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country-Style dressing

Dissolve gelatin in cold water. Stir in hot juice and sugar and stir until melted. Add salt, lemon juice, flavoring, cranberry juice and jellied cranberries. Spoon one cup of this mixture into salad mold. Chill until firm. When remaining gelatin mixture begins to be syrupy, fold in apples, celery and nuts. Spoon over first layer in mold. Chill several hours or overnight. Turn out on lettuce leaves or on a pretty serving plate. Combine mayonnaise and dressing. Serve in bowl on the side, or make a ring of dressing around salad mold.

DELECTABLE DREAM BARS*(A large recipe)***Crust**

- 1 1/2 cups butter
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 3 cups flour

Cream butter and brown sugar. Add the flour and mix well. Press into 12- by 17-inch pan. Bake for 10 minutes at 350 degrees. Let cool slightly.

- 7 eggs
- 3 1/2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 Tbls. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 7 Tbls. flour
- 1 3/4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 3/4 cups coconut
- 3 1/2 cups chopped walnuts
- 2 Tbls. powdered sugar

Beat eggs until thick. Add the brown sugar and mix well. Add all the remaining ingredients except powdered sugar. Mix thoroughly. Pour over the crust and bake 30 minutes longer at 350 degrees. Remove from oven and let cool. Sprinkle with the powdered sugar. Cut into bars. Serves about 50.

This is a large recipe which can easily be cut in half. Use 4 small eggs and put in a 9- by 13-inch pan. —Betty Jane

PEANUT BUTTER GEMS**Part 1**

- 1/4 cup chunk-style peanut butter
- 3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 1/4 tsp. corn syrup
- 2 1/4 tsp. hot water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine ingredients to make a thick paste. Cover and refrigerate.

Part 2

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 3/4 cup white sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups all-purpose flour, unsifted
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt

In mixer bowl, cream butter or margarine, butter flavoring and sugar until well blended. Beat in egg and vanilla flavoring. Stir dry ingredients together and add to sugar-butter mixture. Cover and chill for two hours. Form dough into two-inch balls. Place two inches apart on greased baking sheet. With finger, make deep depression in each ball. Bake in 400-degree oven for six minutes. Remove from oven and place 1/2 teaspoon peanut butter filling in each depression. Return to oven and bake another five minutes. Makes four dozen.

—Betty Jane



At the KMA Cookie Festival held recently here in Shenandoah, Lucile and Dorothy, along with other members of the Kitchen-Klatter "family", enjoyed visiting with the hundreds of friends who attended. Dorothy is watching as Lucile gives her greetings over the microphone she is holding in her hand.

—Photo by
Shenandoah Evening Sentinel

HOLIDAY BARS

- 1 cup butter
- 1 lb. brown sugar
- 4 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup coconut
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup sliced maraschino cherries
- 1 cup dates or raisins
- 1 cup chocolate bits

In top of double boiler, put butter, brown sugar, beaten eggs, flavorings and salt. Stir until everything is thoroughly melted and mixed together. Remove from heat. Add the flour, baking powder and coconut. Mix well. Add nuts, cherries, dates or raisins. Let cool. Stir in the chocolate bits. Turn into a greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 325 degrees for about 40 minutes. Cool and cut into bars.

—Lucile

DEVIL'S FOOD PUDDING*(a crockery pot recipe)*

- 1/3 cup sugar
- 2 Tbls. shortening
- 1 egg
- 1 1-oz. square unsweetened chocolate, melted and cooled
- 1 1/4 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/2 cup buttermilk

- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Peppermint ice cream

Cream the sugar and shortening. Add the egg and mix well. Beat in the chocolate. Sift the flour, soda, and salt together and add alternately with the buttermilk and flavorings. Beat well. Divide into two well-greased 16-oz. vegetable cans. Cover tightly with foil. Place in the crockery cooker. Pour 1/2 cup warm water around the cans. Cover and cook on high-heat setting for 1 1/2 hours. Remove cans from cooker and cool for 10 minutes. Unmold and slice each pudding into four pieces. Serve warm with peppermint ice cream.

—Dorothy

APRICOT BLONDIES

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 3/4 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- 1/2 cup chopped dried apricots

Cream shortening and brown sugar together. Beat in eggs one at a time. Add flavorings. Sift dry ingredients together. Mix nuts and finely chopped apricots into flour mixture. Fold into batter. When well blended, spread on greased jelly roll pan, pushing batter until it fills pan. Bake 15 minutes at 350 degrees. DO NOT OVERBAKE. Chewy, delicious and freeze well.

—Evelyn

GLAZED ALMOND COOKIES

- 1 cup softened butter or margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 eggs, separated
- 3/4 cup chopped blanched almonds
- 2 2/3 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- Whole unblanched almonds

Cream butter or margarine and sugar until light. Beat in flavorings and egg yolks. Add chopped nuts, flour and salt and mix well. Roll into 1-inch balls. Dip in unbeaten egg whites and place 2 inches apart on greased cooky sheet. Place whole almond in center of each cooky pushing down to flatten. Bake at 350 degrees for about 10-14 minutes. Makes about four dozen cookies.

—Betty Jane

FAST FONDUE DIP

For a dessert fondue dip; melt 1 can prepared frosting. Stir in Kitchen-Klatter flavoring of your choice to taste. Add a little milk if mixture is too thick. Use as a hot dip for cubes of white cake, angel food, sponge cake or pound cake.

—Evelyn

RASPBERRY MERINGUE BARS

3/4 cup butter or margarine (If margarine is used, add 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring.)

3/4 cup sugar

2 eggs, separated

1 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour

1 cup chopped walnuts

1 cup raspberry preserves

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

1/2 cup flaked coconut

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

Cream butter or margarine with 1/4 cup of the sugar and flavoring in medium size bowl. Beat until light and fluffy. Add the egg yolks and beat. Stir in the flour until well blended. Spread in 9- by 13-pan. Bake for 15 minutes at 350 degrees. This should be golden brown. Remove from oven and let cool.

Beat egg whites until foamy. Gradually add the remaining 1/2 cup sugar. Fold in walnuts.

Combine raspberry preserves and raspberry flavoring. Spread over the baked, cooled layer in pan. Combine flaked coconut and coconut flavoring. Sprinkle over raspberry layer. Carefully spread beaten egg white mixture over coconut. Return to oven and bake about 25 minutes longer. Cool completely and cut into bars. These are an attractive addition to any cookie tray.

DATE SPREAD

1 lb. dates, chopped

1 cup chopped nuts

1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk

1/2 cup brown sugar

1/4 lb. margarine

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine ingredients in top of double boiler. Cook, stirring occasionally, for about 8 minutes. Cool. Serve on crackers or any breads which can use a sweet topping. Do not be concerned if this tends to sugar or separate at first while it is heating. It will blend in beautifully as it cools.

BLACK BOTTOM CUPS

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened

1 egg

1/3 cup sugar

1/8 tsp. salt

1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips

1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring

Combine all ingredients. Set aside. In another bowl sift together:

1 1/2 cups sugar

1 cup sugar

1/4 cup cocoa

1 tsp. soda

1/2 tsp. salt

Add:

1 cup water

1/3 cup oil

1 Tbls. vinegar

Beat well. Fill paper-lined muffin cups one-third full with batter. Top each with about 1 Tbls. of cream cheese mixture. Sprinkle each cup with a little sugar and finely chopped nuts. Bake at 350 degrees for 25-30 minutes. Makes about two dozen.

—Betty Jane

PARTY-STYLE CHICKEN CASSEROLE

1 1/2 cups crushed potato chips
3 cups cooked, diced chicken or turkey

1 1/2 cups chopped celery

1 Tbls. minced onion

2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced

1 Tbls. pimiento

1/4 cup chopped ripe olives (optional)

1 cup shredded cheese

1/4 cup mayonnaise

1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing

2 Tbls. lemon juice

1 small can mushroom stems and pieces, drained

Sprinkle half the crushed potato chips into the bottom of a greased casserole. Combine remaining ingredients. Spoon over potato chip layer and top with remaining crushed potato chips. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

—Evelyn

a SPECIAL gift
THE



KITCHEN-KLATTER COOKBOOK

A gift which friends and relatives will treasure whether they have a shelf filled with cookbooks—or none at all! Get your own copy, also, to help with your holiday meals and with ideas for every meal in the months ahead.

\$5.00 per copy
(lowa residents, please add sales tax.)

KITCHEN-KLATTER COOKBOOK
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

16 Ways to Be an Angel This Christmas —

Use one or more of the 16 dependable **KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS** in each dish you prepare for the holidays.



Strawberry
Pineapple
Mint
Lemon

Coconut
Butter
Blueberry
Banana

Vanilla
Raspberry
Orange
Maple

Cherry
Burnt Sugar
Black Walnut
Almond



Bottles of the flavorings make excellent TUCK-IN GIFTS for anyone who appreciates fine food.

If you can't yet buy them at your store, send us \$2.50 for any three 3-oz. bottles. Vanilla comes in a jumbo 8-oz. bottle, too, at \$1.50. We'll pay the postage. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Ia. 51601

CREATING OUR OWN CHRISTMAS

by
Judith McDowell

Creating our own special holiday traditions has been no easy task for my husband and me. Both Iowans born and bred, we were used to the good old Mid-western variety of celebration: fragrant tree, turkey dinner, snow, grandparents, etc. But shortly after our marriage, Al entered the Air Force, and our life has been a whirl of different places, people and climates ever since. In 17 years of marriage, we have had 23 different home addresses, so it shouldn't be too surprising that very few Christmases have been celebrated in the same place as the one before.

Christmas, we have learned, is many things to many people. Our first Christmas away from home as newlyweds was in Biloxi, Mississippi. People in the South, it appeared, celebrate a little differently. Mingled with the sound of church bells we heard the bang of firecrackers, and in place of snow, there was rain. Having no family around, we invited two young bachelor lieutenants to have Christmas dinner with us. One was a Chinese-American with Buddhist leanings, and the other, his roommate, a Jew. Our lessons on the Brotherhood of Man were off to a fun start.

The next year found us arriving bag and baggage in Sacramento, California, with our first original edition: six-week-old daughter, Jill. We arrived in town the day before Christmas Eve, and using our car as home base, started to hunt for an apartment. We found one in an hour and moved in that very evening. Too young and dumb to realize how lucky we were, it never occurred to us that we might not find a place that fast. After all, Christmas was upon us, and we simply *had* to find a home!

The next day (Christmas Eve), was a whirl of activity. While I unpacked our few belongings, Al went shopping for a tree. He came home with a spindly, droopy, little bush, but after it was decorated, the tree looked just lovely.

The move had left us nearly penniless, so we took turns shopping for each other that afternoon at the local dime store. For a total of \$8.00, we had quite a nice little pile of gifts under our "tree". I still have the straw monkey Al gave me, hanging from my kitchen curtain rod, and it reminds me daily of that special year. We were completely alone—didn't know another soul in California—but somehow it was one of the nicest holidays we've had. We had a cozy apartment, we had each other, and most important, we had our new little treasure of a baby.

Another Christmas that stands out in



There was nothing Juliana enjoyed more than "helping" me when Christmas cookies were to be made. Here are the two of us starting to work when Juliana was about four years old.

—Lucile

my mind is the one we spent in Grand Forks, North Dakota. The only thing traditional about it was that we felt very close to the North Pole! By this time we had three small children, and Al was a B-52 pilot. Our life that year was a series of "alerts"—one week out of every three Al would live at the alert pad with his crew. That first year in Grand Forks, his crew was one of many on alert for Christmas.

Ordinarily, families weren't even allowed inside the wire fence, but on Christmas Day the Air Force made an exception. They provided a delicious turkey dinner with all the trimmings, and all the families were invited to spend the afternoon with husbands and fathers. It was a strange way to celebrate the holiday, but we were all together with good military friends, and everyone involved understood why our Christmas was so different from the rest of America's. We had a feeling of something important being shared.

Speaking of different, that hardly begins to describe our Christmas in the Philippines. On the jungle islands, a real Christmas evergreen is simply not to be had, so we imported a mail-order artificial tree. Vivid in memory is the day we decorated it. With temperature and humidity in the high 90's, the sweat rolled off our noses as we hung the ornaments.

We incorporated several delightful Philippine customs into our celebration that year: the hanging of beautiful tissue paper lanterns, a wooden tree, uniquely Filipino, standing on the dining room table with its "branches" loaded with cookies. These customs we have been happy to keep, even back in America.

There have been good years, sometimes comfortably at home in Iowa with loving grandparents, sometimes as

a cozy little family unit in a strange place. No matter where we were, we held to some of our own deeply rooted traditions: church on Christmas Eve, our tree which has grown each year, like Topsy, into an electric delight, and the same turkey dinner menu.

And there have been the desolate years, with Daddy in Viet Nam or otherwise engaged by Uncle Sam. But no matter what the circumstances, and no matter where we are, we've learned like the children in Grinch-land, that Christmas comes just the same. With Christmas there is always a quiet moment to give thanks: God is near, and while all might not be right with the world, we have the gift of a whole new year to start afresh.



TRUST

He takes my hand, my little boy,

And we, anxious the world to see,
Keep talking about many things

And what he will grow up to be.

I take my Father's hand which leads

Through changing scenes of mystery,

And know that faith supplies the need
To trust Him as my child trusts me.

—William Walter DeBolt

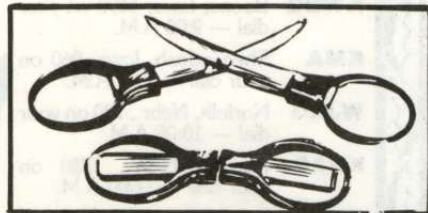
PECAN HALVES—WALNUTS —SLICED ALMONDS!

Three-Quart Sampler, \$9.95 Postpaid!

Canecreek Farm, Box 2727-K,
Cookeville, TN 38501

"SUGARLESS COOKBOOK"

Can't have sugar? This book is for you . . . Cakes, cookies, pies, desserts. Plus ideas for cooking without sweeteners. \$3.50 postpaid. Ideal gifts. 2 books \$6.25. Satisfaction guaranteed. Addie's, Drawer 5426-KK55D, Eugene, Oregon 97405.



DELUXE FOLDING SCISSORS 79¢

An open & shut case of convenience. Quality steel blades, cushioned plastic handles, ingeniously engineered to fold to absolutely safe 3" size to slip easily into pocket, purse, sewing kit, first aid kit, glove compartment, tackle box, etc. Great for in-store coupon clipping. Vinyl case included. A great value at only 79¢ Pr., 2 Pr. \$1.50, 6 Pr. \$4.25, 1 Dz. \$7.95 ppd. Fund Raisers write for quantity prices. Money-back guarantee. Pls. allow up to 6 wks. for delivery.

TWO BROTHERS, INC.
808 Washington

Dept. FS-451
St. Louis, Mo. 63101

WHAT? ME MAKE SAUSAGE WHY NOT?

GREAT SAUSAGE RECIPES AND MEAT CURING an illustrated 227 page book written by a sausage maker for home use, over 100 recipes. **FREE** supply catalog has book price, equipment, cures, casings, etc. Write R. Kutas Co., Dept. 60, 1067 Grant, Buffalo, NY 14207.

"Culinary Delights" Cookbook

by Coin United Methodist Women. 414 pages, 1174 favorite recipes from Coin people and friends from surrounding communities, 15 states and 3 countries. \$6.00 each — \$6.70 postage paid. Gift wrapped with card \$7.00. A delightful gift. **CookBook Committee, Coin, Iowa 51636.**

50 BRAND NEW TOWELS \$145!

Biggest Towel Bargain in U.S. UNWOVEN COTTON OR RAYON — Assorted beautiful Pastel Colors. **BRAND NEW** — NOT Seconds — 50 Towels for \$1.45, or 100 for only \$2.75. 150 just \$3.90. Super Quality. Pls include 50¢ extra for pstg. & hdg. with EACH set of 50 Towels you buy. We know towels — we've sold 70,000,000 already. Fund Raisers write for quantity prices. Money-Back Guarantee. No. C.O.D.'s. Pls. allow up to 6 wks. for delivery.

50 TOWEL CO. Dept. A-7
315 No. 10th St. St. Louis, MO 63101

Creative Comments

by
Brenda Kay McConahay

Every year I vow to have Christmas preparations well under control when December blows in, but it always seems that I have last-minute gifts to complete. In fact, I've been known to put finishing touches on gifts as late as Christmas Eve!

If you are a last-minute person, too, then perhaps the three gift ideas I'm going to share with you will come in handy this month.

The first idea is a *kitchen towel* that makes a perfect "tuck-in" gift for any woman on your gift list. My mother made these towels almost continually during the three years that she ran a craft shop. These circular towels are to be hung from any handles found in your kitchen such as those on your cupboards, oven door or refrigerator.

To make the towels: cut cotton terry cloth into circles of from 18 to 20 inches in diameter. To complete the towels, simply sew bias tape around the outer raw edge of the fabric, attaching with either a zigzag or straight stitch. For the ties, use the same kind of bias tape; cut a

piece of tape about 30 inches long, fold the tape in half lengthwise and stitch together. Attach this piece of tape to the center of the terry cloth circle by sewing just a few small firm stitches at the halfway point of the tape.

Mother nearly always made these towels in sets of two, and I always have one hanging on my cupboard door and another on my oven door. They are certainly handy when hands need to be dried in a hurry! They can be very colorful gifts when made from bright terry prints with contrasting colors in the bias tape.

HINT: If you make the circles 18 inches in diameter, you can get four towels per yard of terry cloth.

As a young girl, a standard gift that I would purchase for the men on my gift list was a set of *monogrammed handkerchiefs*. As an adult, I find it more rewarding and creative to make my own monograms. Many sewing machines have a variety of decorative stitches that can be used. But most of us forget to experiment with these different possibilities. By using some of those machine settings and/or attachments, you can come up with designs which give your monograms an original touch. If your machine is an older model, or if you just prefer doing handwork, you may want to purchase a pattern of different monogram styles and decorate the handkerchiefs with your own cross-stitch or embroidery work.

Monograms look great on just a standard linen handkerchief, but don't overlook the possibility of decorating the large red and blue men's bandana handkerchiefs. Since my dad has returned to farming after more than thirty years of teaching, I notice that he prefers to carry this type. Even the most staid business executive occasionally dons old work clothes, and a casual handkerchief might be just the type of gift he would thoroughly enjoy. I know my husband, Richard, does!

The last gift idea I want to share with you is appropriate for any little girl who is in the training pants stage. I made this gift set for two of my friends last year and both little girls delighted in receiving their very own "pretty panties". I simply purchased training pants and sleeveless T-shirts in coordinating sizes. Then I attached narrow ruffled lace trim around the neckline of the T-shirt and the legs of the panties. Be sure to sew this lace on the outside of the garments because lace can be very scratchy right next to the skin. Then at center front of the T-shirt and on one leg of the panties, I tacked a pink satin ribbon bow.

For boys, you can simply purchase brightly colored underwear. If you wish, cute animal figures could be appliquéd to the boys' outfits.

(Continued on next page)

Santa Suggests

that you listen each weekday over one of the following radio stations for current ideas, timely recipes, letters shared and the friendly KITCHEN-KLATTER RADIO VISIT.

- KCOB** Newton, Iowa, 1280 on your dial — 9:35 A.M.
- KSMN** Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
- KWPC** Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KWBG** Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KMA** Shenandoah, Iowa, 960 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- WJAG** Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 A.M.
- KHAS** Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 A.M.
- KVSH** Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 A.M.
- KWOA** Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 P.M.
- KOAM** Pittsburg, Kans., 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
- KLIK** Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
- KSIS** Sedalia, Mo., 1050 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.





THE FRIENDSHIP SEASON

by

Donna Ashworth Thompson

The holidays are here again, and in all the newspapers and magazines we see the words *The Christmas Season*. I have a friend who has a better name. She calls it *The Friendship Season*. Every year she writes a Christmas letter and always begins it with the words, "The Friendship Season is here again." It seems such a pleasant thought, because it is truly a time of year when old friends are mentally drawn together and remembered.

During this happy *Friendship Season*, most of us write letters or send greeting cards to old-time friends we haven't seen for a long time. It is a way to let them know that we like them and are thinking about them at this special time.

During this *Friendship Season*, friends frequently come by to call, bringing small gifts of love and friendship: a loaf of banana bread, a plate of fudge, a box of divinity, or a small plastic bag of fresh oranges or grapefruit. I keep my coffee-pot perking and a plate of cookies or maybe some fruitcake ready to serve as callers come and bring their greetings.

At Christmas time many thoughtful people make an extra effort to visit friends who are shut in or ill in hospitals or nursing homes. If possible, it is especially kind to take them to see the bright lights and Christmas decorations. People smile, greet each other warmly, and stop and talk a moment in passing.

Holiday time brings an added warmth in the greetings and feelings of expectation and good cheer. Christmas is coming and is welcome!

December is not merely a Holiday Season, crowded with rushing from store to store to find some special gift for a friend or relative, instead this month is the time of year my friend so aptly calls *The Friendship Season*.

CREATIVE COMMENTS — Concl.

This is such a simple idea, I almost feel silly mentioning it, but since these underwear sets in children's shops are priced sky-high, I thought I should remind you that you can make your own and save a considerable amount of money. Plus, it really is a fun but practical gift to give. I've heard mothers say that it is easier to toilet train their children if they are wearing special underwear, because the children don't want to get their "pretty panties" dirty.

Hope your holidays are blessed and filled with joy. I'll keep my fingers crossed that neither you nor I are up until midnight putting finishing touches on last-minute Christmas gifts this Christmas Eve!



Christopher Palo (Frederick Driftmier's grandson) looks cute enough to be one of the little elves who helps Santa get ready for Christmas. The patchwork overalls are a clever idea for using up scraps to create a colorful and fun outfit.

NEVER LOSE HOPE

by

Dr. Frederick Field Driftmier,
D.D., L.H.D.

A heart-warming book of faith and courage for Christians of all denominations. Published by popular request.

\$3.00 postpaid

Send orders to:

**Frederick's Book,
Kitchen-Klatter,
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601**

You cannot find Christmas in a tree unless it is in your heart.

The
WISHBONE CAFE
wishes you a very
**Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year.**
May the peace and joy
of this Christmas
Season be with you all
year.

Hent & Connie

Kitchen- Klatter Magazine

**The Perfect Gift for any
name on your Christmas
list.**

Kitchen-Klatter Magazine will be 12 months of greetings to those you love and wish to remember. Check the names of those you have given the magazine in years past so you can renew their subscriptions now. A gift card will be sent in your name if desired.



**KITCHEN-
KLATTER**

**Shenandoah,
Iowa
51601**



FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

called the Pro Christo Society conducted a bus tour of the historic and beautiful Hudson River Valley. I was too busy to take any of the tours this year, but Betty did take them, and she had a wonderful time getting better acquainted with some of the new church members.

Betty joins me in wishing you a very Merry Christmas. As our Christmas gift to you, we share one of our favorite family prayers:

"Dear Father in Heaven, we pray to Thee, keep us very, very close. Give us strength to live the life that will best serve Thee, whatever that life may be. Give us seeing eyes, understanding hearts, tactful tongues, and make us pure, sweet channels through which Thy love and Thy goodness may flow to all about us. Amen."

Sincerely,
Frederick

SHAKLEE BIG VITAMIN SAVINGS

240 VITA LEA — \$6.98

NOW AVAILABLE BY MAIL
FREE PRICE LIST

NUTRI-SAVE CO. Dept. KT
Box 1829 • Rockford, Illinois 61110

1000 GOLD STRIPE ZIP CODE LABELS 75¢



FREE LOVELY GIFT BOX

1000 Gold Stripe, 2 Color, gummed, padded Labels, printed with ANY name, address & Zip Code. 75¢ + 10¢ p&h, or 85¢ in all. Or, 3 sets, all the same or each set different, only \$2.40 p&h. Fund raisers write for quantity prices.

Money Back Guarantee. FREE GIFT BOX! Pls. allow up to 6 wks. for delivery.

808 Washington
LABEL CENTER

Dept. L-851
St. Louis, Mo. 63101

Christmas All Year 'Round

by Donna Ridnour

Christmas is a very special holiday which celebrates the most extraordinary birth of all the ages—that of the Christ Child. As is fitting for such a special birth, the holiday also has the very special mood which is often called, "The Christmas Spirit". This mood—or spirit—is something which I wish could prevail all year instead of just a short period during the holidays.

Last year at Christmas our daughters, Jenea and Janine, taught Jeremy, my three-year-old nephew, how to sing "Jingle Bells". It became one of his favorite songs to sing whether the season is winter, summer, or fall! To the accompaniment of Grandma's kitchen spoons, Jeremy entertains the family with his own particular version of "Jingle Bells". It is as much fun to hear in July as it is in December.

During the Christmas season, loud-speakers carry forth the traditional religious Christmas carols as well as other seasonal favorites. Every store exudes bustling sounds of shopping, laughter and happy voices. I'm constantly humming a favorite carol that seems to be on my mind. Oftentimes I hear others humming as we pass on the street.

In early October, our church celebrated World-Wide Communion. Following the communion service, our minister had us sing, "Joy to the World". As we were leaving the church a little seven-year-old girl said to me, "Why did

we sing a Christmas song today?" My answer was, "These songs are truly beautiful and have such an important message that we should not reserve them for only one month of the year." The more I thought about the theme of the familiar carol the more suitable it seemed to be for a communion worship even in October.

Almost everyone seems to be in an exceptionally pleasant mood during the holiday season even though we do complain about the hectic shopping trips and the enormous amount of money that Christmas costs. Even so, the glad tidings and best wishes for the holiday season come easily to the lips of almost every person I meet on the street. In fact, I sometimes believe that people who don't bother to speak during the rest of the year will readily wish passers-by a "Merry Christmas!". To spread such good will is a dream of all mankind; it is too bad that this same type of friendliness cannot prevail all year 'round.

In late November or early December, I begin making Christmas goodies to give to neighbors, teachers and other people special in the life of our family. Our two girls help me pack boxes with candies, baked popcorn and cookies. Occasionally, we will tuck in a couple of jars of jam or pickles. These gifts take very little time and are extra special, filled brimful with love, for the receiver. Why don't I do the same thing several times a year so that these people will be aware of how important they are to my family and me all the time?

Do you have your Christmas cards ready to mail? During this time of year I try to write a letter to those friends about whom I often think but somehow never call or write! These include fellow teachers who have moved to other schools, college roommates, family friends and relatives. Naturally, I also hear from them so that I find out about new homes, new babies and new careers.

It is strange—I have lots more time to write letters during months other than December, but because I send Christmas cards, this is the only time I write! Next year, I just might send my Christmas cards in February or even August because such letters are fun and exciting to receive no matter what time of the year it is.

As the holiday season progresses this year, I'm encouraging my family to make notes of the part of the traditions they would enjoy using all year 'round. In one way or another, I'm determined to keep that Christmas spirit for longer than just a few short weeks in December.




★ STUFF Your ★ STOCKING with

Hearty Herbs, Fresh Flavor, Appetizing Appearance.

For special taste treats for simple hurry-up meals and holiday feasts, use the three EXCEPTIONAL

KITCHEN-KLATTER SALAD DRESSINGS





French Italian Country Style

If you can't yet buy these at your store, send \$1.75 for each 8-oz. bottle. Specify Country Style, French or Italian. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.



From Our Family Album

Many years ago Russell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Verness, drove from their home in Minneapolis several times a year to visit us at our home in Shenandoah. They are both gone now and have been for quite a long time. Mother Verness was a wonderful cook and specialized in Norwegian dishes, so I had a lot to learn from her. Here she is in our home with Russell and me both sitting with her.

—Lucile

A GIFT IS TO GIVE — Concluded
a Japanese legend about a rabbit and the moon.

I could have purchased a leaping unicorn cast in bronze for \$1,250, or a Sumerian doe just 1½ inches long copied from a 3,000 B.C. original and cast in gold for only \$450. Jewelry ranged from simple costume reproductions for under \$10 to a gold and emerald Byzantine-style necklace for \$895.

What a delightful experience in browsing! Yes, I did bring home a number of items to use for gifts during this holiday season from their wide range of beautiful choices.

When I reluctantly came out of the museum onto the broad front steps, I found bright sunshine and a variety of the wonderful people who inhabit Manhattan Island: a singing group with guitars and tambourines, a magician with flowing red cape and pointed black cap, push-cart peddlers sharing fat, hot pretzels, bagels and canned pop, many artists displaying their wares and a flea market on the edge of Central Park all beckoned me to stay longer. How I wished I could remain and enjoy this unusual mix of people.

I found the holiday spirit in the city. A loving, friendly, exciting place to visit, do some of my Christmas shopping and leave with regret that time did not permit experiencing more of the energetic, historical and cultural opportunities available.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
it is very lonely for him without his wife, Edna, but he is doing well, and hopefully he will be able to spend the holidays with his two sisters in Lucas and Chariton. Frank and I will plan our meals so he can share some with us. I'll be able to give you a more complete report about our holidays in my next letter. Until then . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

HOLIDAY HINTS FROM THE LETTER BASKET

Leftover stuffing can be used to stuff split wieners, top a baked pork chop, on top of hamburger patties or as the lining of a baking dish into which is spooned creamed turkey.

—Miss J.G., Lincoln, Nebr.

My mother always made delicious croquettes from leftover cooked meat. My favorite was turkey. She would grind the meat, moisten it with a thick white sauce and then chill. The mixture was then shaped into a roll-shape about three inches long and maybe 1½ inches thick. Mother would dip these rolls into a mixture of egg and milk and then coat with bread crumbs. Dropped into hot fat and cooked until brown on all sides, then drained well, they were delicious.

—M.D., Sidney, Iowa

HEARING AIDS

UP TO **50% OFF** COMPARABLE AIDS ★

• BUY DIRECT • 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Body Aids \$89.50 up. Tiny, inconspicuous All-in-the-Ear; Behind-the-Ear; Eye Glass Aids. End dealer markups. Large selection of fine quality aids. Low battery prices. Write for FREE literature. No salesman will ever call. Terms arranged.

LLOYD HEARING AID CORP. DEPT. KT

128 Kishwaukee Rockford, Ill. 61104

PLEASE RUSH FREE LITERATURE

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

The best gifts are tied with heart-strings.

Feet Freezing?



Step out in cozy comfort, whatever the weather. Damart's socks are the warmest in the world! That's because they're made from Thermolactyl, the miracle fabric worn by Mount Everest expeditions.

These socks protect and insulate your feet as no others can. The cushion double knit boucle Thermolactyl actually retains body heat. At the same time it lets perspiration evaporate so your feet always are snug and dry.

There's no weight or bulk, just comfortable warmth in any temperature. Damart socks are made in knee and ankle length at \$9.95 and \$6.50 a pair, plus handling and shipping—\$1.25 per pair. In navy only.



Damart, Inc. Dept. 61048
1811 Woodbury Ave.
Portsmouth, N.H. 03805

Please rush me my Damart socks. I enclose a check or money order for _____ pair(s).

Shoe Size _____ ☐ Ankle length
☐ Knee length

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Damart

© 1978
Damart



**The Best Helpers
Available Any-
where to Assist in
Getting Your
Holiday Cleaning
& Laundry Done
Efficiently,
Quickly.**



THE MARK OF QUALITY

Adrienne's Authors

by
Adrienne Driftmier



Are you looking for that special gift this Christmas that is sure to be remembered and appreciated long after the season is over? When Katharine, Paul and I were growing up, one traditional Christmas present was always eagerly anticipated and treasured. Easily identified, despite an expert and careful wrapping, a book selected with love and consideration for our special interests was waiting for each of us.

These gift books have always been kept, carefully inscribed with the name of the donor and the date it was received. I'd like to share with you several very special books that have been my favorites. Perhaps you know a youngster who would enjoy them as much as I did.

Stuart Little, by E. B. White, is a wonderful adventure story for any imaginative child. Stuart Little is not your typical hero; he is a suave, debonaire, courageous and very adorable mouse! Standing a lofty two and one-half inches tall, Stuart is the youngest child of the quite human Fredrick C. Little family. His story, both funny and tender, first describes his understandably unusual life style, and then concentrates on the greatest of his adventures, the search for his good friend, Margalo, a bird. The creative, bewitching text is enhanced by the illustrations of remarkable Garth Williams who is also the illustrator of the "Little House" books.

Hitty, Her First Hundred Years, by Rachel Field, was given to me when I was ten. Hitty is an extremely unusual antique doll which was carved in 1820 from mountain ash wood by an old peddler. Hitty has enjoyed some most unusual and different experiences. From her seat of honor in a store case in an antique shop she sits and writes her memoirs up to 1930. Her life begins with a trip with her owner on a whaling ship where she stays on a Pacific island for many years. Accidentally reunited with her owner, she is taken to India, is lost and finds a home with a missionary's daughter. She is spirited off to America, is lost again and returns to a new owner whose parents are Quakers. During the Civil War she is packed away safely to be uncovered years later as a fashion doll. Being kidnapped by street urchins, she finally becomes the companion of Katie, who lives in Rhode Island. Lost again, Hitty returns to society in the company of two old ladies, and after a trip down the Mississippi River in a grass basket, and an uncomfortable season in a hayloft, Hitty finds eventual security in the antique shop. Hitty's optimistic and



The cold winds of Lake Michigan blow across the Northwestern University campus and make it necessary for students to dress warmly during the winter months. The snow has helped Adrienne Driftmier get into a Christmas mood.

determined spirit shines through every exciting escapade.

A Little Princess, by Frances Hodgson Burnett, is the moving tale of a courageous young girl named Sara. Her father dies while seeking a fortune in diamonds in India. Left destitute and alone in a London boarding school, Sara moves to the attic and carries out a wretched existence as a messenger and scullery maid. Her vivid imagination and royal spirit save her from despair and endear her to a new friend who makes the riches-to-rags-to-riches-again plot possible.

A Wind in the Door, by Madelein L'engle, is a fantasy illustrating a basic moral lesson in a very unique and suspenseful manner. Good is pitted against evil when Meg and Calvin, teamed with the extraordinary alien creature, Proginoskes, struggle with the destructive Echthroi for the life of Charles Wallace. Their adventures lead them first to distant galaxies then into the microcosmic world of a mitochondrion, and finally home. Any thirteen-year-old girl or boy will immediately be swept into this captivating story.

Each of these books brings back a flood of wonderful Christmas memories to me. My best wishes go out to you for a wonderful holiday and for those whom you remember with a book to treasure forever.

SUNSET IS —

But a brief parting
To the day's glorious ending.

A slumbering tomorrow
Awaiting a new beginning.

The legacy of twenty-four golden hours,
Yours to await, watch, enjoy.

—Esther Payne Davis

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Mrs. J.G. wrote that she bought a lovely blooming begonia that was called a Christmas begonia. "It had a printed tag in the pot that stated the plant could not be propagated except by license and payment of a royalty fee. The name on the tag was 'Schwabenfeuer'. It had orangy-red, yellow-centered blooms that literally covered the top and sides of the plant. I put it near a south window where it could get all the winter sun available and watered it often. My plant started to go downhill within a week and finally died. I took it back to the store where it was purchased, not so much to get a refund but to get information on why it died. The clerk said he only sold plants and that he knew nothing about their care. The store owner said he bought his gift plants from a plant dealer and that he could not be responsible for them after they left his store. So I took the dead plant home and emptied it in the garbage. Its beauty still intrigues me and I'd like to own another of that same variety someday. Can you give information on Christmas begonias? Where do they come from and how should one care for the plants?"

Your plant was related to the well-known Christmas begonia, and it is a Rieger's variety so named by the late Otto Rieger, a begonia breeder of Nurtungen, Germany. They were brought to the United States in 1972 by Jim Mikkelsen of Mikkelsens, Inc., Ashtabula, Ohio. This firm became the exclusive licensing agent for Rieger begonias and it is true that they cannot be propagated commercially without a permit and the paying of a royalty.

The first time I saw a Rieger begonia, I became as excited as Mrs. J.G. A wholesaler, who sometimes supplied our shop with gift plants at Christmas, had gotten in a truckload of Rieger begonias and wanted us to offer some to the Christmas trade in our shop. I was a little dubious about a plant that lovely. Would it last? Did it need special care? I took six plants and sold all except one that I kept to enjoy. By New Year's we had four of them returned to the shop because they were losing their blooms or dying.

On examination, I found the plant I had kept was also going into decline. I searched for information and learned the Rieger begonia is demanding in that it must be carefully watered, given a warm and moist situation and good light, but out of direct sun. In the moist greenhouse, my plant developed a mold. I, too, discarded it as I didn't want the mold to spread to other plants. Frankly, the Rieger begonia is a fine one for a plant specialist or for anyone who is willing to cater to its whims. I'll settle for the more ordinary fibrous or tuberous begonias.

THE *Iowan* a "memorable" gift for Christmas giving.



IOWA'S COLOR-FILLED SHOWCASE MAGAZINE WITH AN IMPERIAL 9 x 12 SIZE

A gift subscription to *The Iowan* magazine is the special, elegant way to remember friends and loved ones at Christmas time.

Each seasonal issue is full of fascinating features about our state's people, places and events, lavishly illustrated with artwork and photography — with many pages in brilliant color.

This Christmas, *The Iowan* offers an unusual, new treat with each gift subscription — a handsome, three-panel, stand-up calendar for 1979. Six inches high, it is illustrated with four, full color Iowa scenes. For Christmas gift orders, the calendar will be sent with your signed announcement cards to arrive before Christmas. The subscription starts with the Winter Issue.

It's easy to order — just call our toll free number: 800-432-4166 (Iowa only) or mail the form below to The Iowan, Box 130, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601.

Subscribe to **The Iowan** today . . .

From: _____
Name

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please enter my subscription for one year at \$10.00

And/or Give a Gift to a Friend . . .

☐ Please send a one-year gift subscription at \$10.00 to: (List additional gifts on separate sheet.)

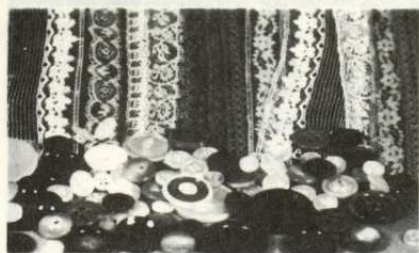
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Sign Gift Card

☐ Treat As Christmas Gift



50 YARDS LACE \$1.45

LACE — LACE — LACE . . . 50 yards of Lace in delightful patterns. Edgings, insertions, etc. Assorted beautiful designs, colors and widths. Pieces at least 10 yards in length — none smaller. Marvelous for dresses, pillow cases, etc. Terrific as hem facing on new double knit fabrics. **Only \$1.45** plus 40c pstg., double order **\$2.79** plus 50c pstg. Satisfaction guaranteed!

FREE with lace 50 BUTTONS!

50 New, High Quality Buttons. Assorted colors, sizes and shapes. Sent **FREE** with each lace order. Please allow up to 6 weeks for delivery.

LACE LADY
808 Washington

DEPT. LB-4
St. Louis, Mo. 63101

OLD FASHION CHINA DOLL



KIT: Hand painted china head; arms, legs; basic pattern for body and clothes, 16" tall \$13.95 P.P.

Assembled: Undressed; with patterns for clothes 16" \$21.55 P.P.

Dressed: in small print cotton, old fashioned style, 16" \$28.55 P.P.

Catalogue 35¢

EVA MAE

Doll Co., Dept. K
1931 15th Street
San Pablo, Calif. 94806

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded
scenes for movies and television are photographed at Cerillos. Some of the best-known stars are now in and out on assignments. We were sorry we'd forgotten to take a camera because we saw scenes we would have liked to photograph.

When Jed and Juliana returned from Peru, looking gaunt and exhausted, their account of the trip was completely absorbing. They took 32 rolls of film in color and Betty Jane and I stayed long enough to see part of them (all of them hadn't been processed and returned before we had to start back to Shenandoah).

I'm going to ask Juliana to write something about this trip for our January issue. Also, when she next comes home to Shenandoah, (I've no idea when this will be) I'd like to have her bring some of her slides so that local friends, who might be interested, can see them.

(By the way, I remember saying in my last letter to you that I was glad a doctor would be part of the travel group since I am a terrible worrywart. Well, his knowledge and experience came in mighty handy. Juliana slipped getting into a small boat at the headwaters of the Amazon and thought she'd broken her ankle. Thank goodness for the doctor right at hand since he could determine if Juliana had a bad sprain or a break.)

Our scheduled departure from Albuquerque was delayed because Betty Jane developed some kind of a terrific infection in her foot. We didn't dare start out with her foot in such bad shape since I don't drive. She went to see the doctor who had made the trip to Peru. When the receptionist brought a card to him with Betty Jane's name and the address of



Juliana, Katharine and James Lowey wish everyone a Very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Shenandoah, Iowa, he thought someone was playing a joke on him! The doctor knew that Juliana came from Shenandoah, so it was only sensible to expect a trick.

Betty Jane finally got to the place where she could drive, so we started for home. We stopped in Amarillo to spend the night with old friends (he is also a doctor) then continued on to Iowa through high winds, dust storms, sandstorms—truly unpleasant driving conditions.

At this writing, we are looking forward to Thanksgiving. Juliana plans to have sixteen people in her home in Albuquerque. Meanwhile, here in Shenandoah, we expect Betty Jane's daughter, Heather Baum, her husband, Bob, and their two children, Jennifer and Jessica, to come from Minneapolis. The menu will be turkey, of course, with all the trimmings.

Wishing you all happy holiday, always your good friend,

Lucile



WE GO THIS WAY BUT ONCE

We go this way but once, O heart of mine,
So why not make the journey well worth-while,

Giving to those who travel on with us
A helping hand, a word of cheer, a smile?

We go this way but once. Ah! never more
Can we go back along the selfsame way,
To get more out of life, undo the wrongs,
Or speak love's words we knew, but did not say.

We go this way but once. Then, let us make

The road we travel blossomy and sweet
With helpful, kindly deeds and tender words,

Smoothing the path of bruised and stumbling feet. —Author Unknown

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN FAMILY

is a great gift for those who remember the "olden days" and those who would enjoy knowing more about them. Spanning 110 years in the lives of two of the Midwest's best loved families. Written by Lucile Driftmier Verness.

\$3.00 per copy
KITCHEN-KLATTER
Shenandoah,
Iowa 51601



"Little Ads"

If you have something to sell try this "Little Ad" department. Over 150,000 people read this magazine every month. Rate 30¢ a word, payable in advance. When counting words, count each initial in name and address and count zip code as one word. Rejection rights reserved. Note deadlines very carefully.

February ads due December 10
March ads due January 10
April ads due February 10

THE DRIFTMIR COMPANY
Shenandoah, Iowa 51601

MANUSCRIPTS: Unsolicited manuscripts for the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* are welcome, with or without photos, but the publisher and editors will not be responsible for loss or injury. Therefore, retain a copy in your files.

FREE QUILT PATTERNS in "Quilter's Newsletter Magazine", PLUS catalog illustrating hundreds of quilt patterns, quilting stencils, pre-cut metal patterns, quilting books, supplies, kits, fabrics—\$1.00. Quilts, Box 501-F40, Wheatridge, Colorado 80033.

GOSPEL PIANIST: Add chords, "runs", progressions. Twenty lessons, "Playing Evangelistic Style Piano". \$5.95. Evangelical Music, KK-1, Hawarden, Iowa 51023.

BEAUTIFUL PHEASANT FEATHER PINS \$1.13. Peacock pins \$1.63. Feather neck-ties \$7.50. Feather chokers \$4.00. George Hohnstein, 137 East 4th, Hastings, Nebr. 68901.

OLDTIME RADIO CASSETTE CATALOG! Includes Oldtime Music! FREE Six Dollar Gift Certificate! Also: Full Hour Hi-Fi Cassettes "Edgar Bergen's Best", "Remember Pearl Harbor", "Oldtime Radio Christmas", "Christmas Nickelodeon" and "A Visit With Santa" (Includes Nativity story), \$6.00 each, \$22.00 for any four! Hannonhouse, Box 11400K, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

POETRY "The Paths We Walk". Hardback, beautifully illustrated. Ideal gift. \$3.00 postpaid. Julia Petty, 723 Brown, Liberty, Mo. 64068.

EGGPLANT LOVERS: 15 delicious and exciting recipes that will make mealtime something special. Send \$2.00 to Tebo Enterprises, Box 563, Stromsburg, Ne. 68666.

BUSY BEES 4-H Club Cookbook: 250 favorite recipes \$3.00 postpaid. Deloris Soppeland, R. 1, Box 41, Badger, Iowa 50516.

UNITED METHODIST CHURCH COOKBOOK: 600 favorite recipes from good cooks used successfully for years. \$4.50 postpaid. Ruth Johnson, Vincent, Iowa 50594.

COVENANT WOMEN'S COOKBOOK — Over 300 tested recipes. Send \$4.50 to Dorene Limegrover, 2687 Barcells Ave., Santa Clara, Calif. 95051.

ARTHRITIS PAIN RELIEF fast 100% guaranteed old time proven product. Send \$3.00. A-Balm, Box B55283, Indianapolis, Ind. 46205.

STUFF MAIL ENVELOPES!! \$250.00 profit per thousand possible! Offer details. Rush stamped addressed envelope: Universal-A 372, X16180, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33318.

DISHTOWELS, 30x38, good weight, bleached, hemmed, 75¢ each, minimum order 1 dozen, include \$1.50 for shipping and handling. Miller Supply Co., 2275-KK Territorial Rd., St. Paul, Mn. 55114.

CHURCH WOMEN: Will print 150 page Cook Book for organizations for \$1.55 each. Write for details. General Publishing and Binding, Iowa Falls, IA 50126.

"CRAZY CAKES. Exotic, unusual, easily prepared. Rush \$3.00 to Recipe Collection. BG Sales, P.O. Box 756, Council Bluffs, Iowa 51501."

BEAUTIFUL MACHINE QUILTING. Let us quilt for you. Many patterns. Over 35 years of continuous service. Free information or 25¢ for sample and information. Quality Quilting, Stover, Mo. 65078.

PECANUS! WALNUTS! Other Bargains! Write: CANE-CREEK FARM, Cookeville, Tenn. 38501.

LUTHERAN LADIES COOKBOOK: over 600 favorite recipes from good cooks. \$3.75 postpaid. Evelyn Sipple, 303 S. Hickory, Yuma, Colorado 80759.

TEN FUN-WAYS to present gifts, making each something special. \$1.00. Mary O's, Box 210, Westlawn, Or. 97068.

MAKE MONEY! ENJOY YOUR LEISURE! 6 Craft and Game books. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope to EASY PAK (KK), Clear Lake, Mn 55319.

KOWANDA — Methodist 50th Anniversary Cookbook "Our Daily Bread". 600 recipes by churchwomen. \$4.50 postpaid. Mrs. Velva Paulsen, Chappell, Nebr. 69129.

LOSE 15 POUNDS EASILY mixing two cooking ingredients! \$2.00. Recipe, 2060 East Second Street, Fremont, Nebraska 68025.

WANTED: Franciscan glassware, blue "Madiera", recently discontinued. Also want Noritake "Shelby" china. Mrs. John Christopher, 2321 Grant, Blair, Nebr. 68008.

DOLLS — buying, selling, repairing and costuming. The Doll Shop, 224 N. Ralph, Richmond, Mo. 64085. Telephone — 816-776-2590.

NEED A GIFT: Large church cookbook. 1100 recipes. \$5.50 postpaid. Cookbook, Wellsburg Reformed, Box 452, Wellsburg, Iowa 50680.

ENJOY SURPRISE PACKAGES? Our Jewelry surprise package contains several pieces of quality jewelry for you, for gifts. All gift boxed. A \$10.00 value, only \$4.95! Gift Fair, Box 1125-K, Oak Park, Illinois 60304.

MIDWEST'S FINEST COOKBOOK: over 700 locally tested recipes, third printing. \$4.50 plus 75¢ postage. Trinity Guild Cookbook, Hartington, NB. 68739.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS past Olde-Fashioned canning jar full of fresh penny candy! "Quart of memories" — \$3.00. Postage 95¢. House of Trivia, Williamston, Michigan 48895.



FOR CONSTIPATION INDIAN HERBS TABLETS

FAMOUS INDIAN HERBS TABLETS. Gentle, effective remedy since 1896. Made from roots, herbs, barks same way Indians made them. Helps your sluggish system back to overnight regularity. Money Back Guarantee. **ECONOMY SIZE \$3.49.** Send check or money order. *ESTES CO.* Dept. KT, Alma, Georgia 31510.

Does Your Church or Club Need...

- ☐ **BANQUET OR UTILITY
Tables?**
☐ **FOLDING OR STACKING
Chairs?**
☐ **PLATFORMS, STAGES OR
Risers?**
☐ **CONFERENCE, OFFICE
OR CLASSROOM
Furniture?**



Find what you need in
our new **FREE Catalog** —
and buy at **factory-
direct prices!** Fill out
and mail this ad today!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____



Send To:
THE MONROE COMPANY
51 Church Street
Colfax, Iowa 50054

BORDERLESS BILLFOLD PHOTOS



**FULL COLOR
20 FOR 2²⁵** **NO LIMIT
FAST
SERVICE**

2 1/2" x 3 1/4" prints on silk finish paper. Any photo copied (11 x 14 or smaller). Send color photo, neg. or slide. One pose per order. Your original returned. Add 50¢ for first class service. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.**

LARGER PICTURE
SILK FINISH
ROUNDED CORNERS

DEAN STUDIOS Dept. F-49
543 Sixth Ave., Des Moines, Iowa 50302

Organizations: Make money by compiling your favorite recipes into a cookbook.

Cookbooks Are Our Specialty

BEST-WAY PUBLISHING, LTD.

BOX 779

IOWA CITY, IOWA 52240

Phone: 319-354-4048, 319-337-9121, 319-338-7194

Damart

For
Climbing a
Mountain...



or
Walking the Dog...

Damart's Thermolactyl hood is indispensable in winter, no matter what your mission. Soft and snugly warm, it's worn by the British Himalayan Climbing Teams!

Thermolactyl is the warmest fabric known! A single layer provides more heat than several layers of ordinary fabric. And this great weather beater hood is *double force*—you get twice the protection around your head, ears and neck.

Easy to wash, fast drying, non-allergenic. One size fits all. Available in navy or sky blue at \$8.95, plus handling and shipping—\$1.25 per hood.

© 1978, Damart, Inc.

100% GUARANTEE TO CUSTOMER'S
SATISFACTION OR REFUND IF DEFECTIVE

Damart, Inc. Dept. 61058
1811 Woodbury Ave.
Portsmouth, N.H. 03805

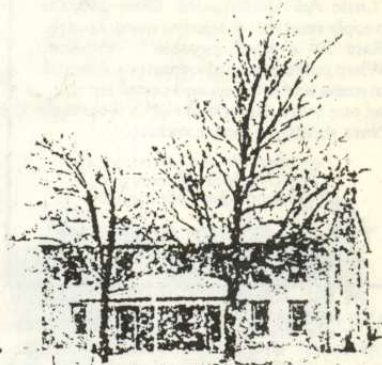
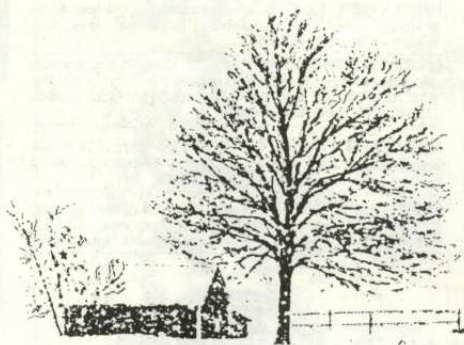
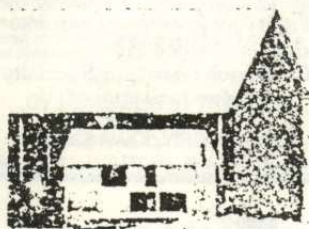
Yes, I want to be ready for winter's worst with a Damart Thermolactyl hood. Please send me _____ hood(s). I enclose a check or money order for each hood at \$8.95, plus handling and shipping—\$1.25 per hood.

☐ Navy ☐ Sky Blue

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



*Happy
Holidays!*



Around the holidays, we find ourselves thinking about (and yearning for) the slower-paced way of life. The visits we took time for, around kitchen tables or in front of fireplaces. Seems like we got just as much done, with plenty of time left for family and friends.

Friends. That's a word that hasn't changed. Still means the same, thank goodness. And thank goodness for our many friends: our readers and customers, our grocers and jobbers, wholesalers and suppliers.

We are thinking of you, and thanking you for your support. And we extend our hope that this will be your merriest Christmas, with many good things in store for you.



THE MARK OF QUALITY

*The Folks at
Kitchen=Klatter*



THE MARK OF QUALITY