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Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

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Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

Today I am writing to you on a typewriter that I haven't touched for more than a year! Yes, it is Juliana's typewriter and desk, so this tells you that we actually did make it to Albuquerque right on schedule. I had such constant doubts about being able to carry through on my promise that it took me until we reached Lawrence, Kansas, to believe that we were actually on the road.

Betty Jane, Betty Jane's mother and I made up the passenger list and we had just one goal in mind when we left Shenandoah: to make Albuquerque in the shortest possible time. I had thought earlier that it would be wonderful to take it slow and easy with stops for looking at towns I haven't seen for more than twenty years, but time didn't allow for this.

Our second full day on the road brought us into Liberal, Kansas, and we were surprised and worried to learn that even at 5:30 P.M., it was difficult to find a motel with wheelchair facilities. We hadn't made advance reservations because it hadn't occurred to us that there would be such heavy tourist traffic. Well, there was—all kinds of vehicles headed west. It was a relief to locate a place for my wheelchair needs, but we were somewhat apprehensive when a total blackout of electricity occurred and left us in total darkness for more than an hour. Fortunately, the TV came back on about 10:00 o'clock, but the news was ominous—a heavy blizzard was raging throughout the area that we expected to be traveling through on the following day. I'll tell you, none of us had a very good night's rest after hearing this.

At 6:00 the next morning, we were up and packing the car. High winds were raging and snow—real blizzard snow and we had so many miles ahead of us to cover! We were a very silent trio as we pulled away from the motel and headed west. And not one single announcement on the car radio did a thing to lift our spirits.

I hadn't been in a genuine blizzard for years and somehow it all took me by

complete shock to be driving along (at the pace of a sluggish snail) with the full knowledge that there was no prospective shelter ahead until we reached Tucumcari, New Mexico. It so happens that on the happy night we spent with Dorothy and Frank Johnson at their farm near Lucas, Iowa, when we returned from Minnesota, Dorothy read in the journal she had kept when she, Eula Blake and I were stranded at the motel in Tucumcari for FIVE DAYS. That's all I could think about as we battled our way towards Tucumcari.

When we reached there, it seemed only wise to stop at the same motel where we'd been stranded those five days and ask about road conditions ahead. Oh dear! Our highway (Interstate 40) was already closed at Clines Corners and they expected within an hour to have the entire stretch closed west of Tucumcari. I just couldn't believe it—stranded again at Tucumcari!

We got the same room that we had occupied on that never-to-be-forgotten five-day siege and just settled down because there was nothing in the world to be done about it. We were grateful to have made that point by noon because from that time on it was strictly a disaster zone. Thousands of people were stranded there, public buildings were opened to house the storm victims, and even motels had cots set up in the lobby! I would have liked to call Dorothy and tell her precisely what was going on, but all circuits out of Tucumcari were completely tied up until midnight and there was no question of calling anyone.

The following morning we called the desk to hear the wonderful message that Interstate 40 was open as far as Gallup (and this is considerably west of Albuquerque), so we hit the road again with eyes wide open for patches of ice and snow and breathed a great sigh of gratitude when we reached the city limits of Albuquerque. Oh, that was a wonderful feeling!

The prime purpose of this trip was to look after my grandchildren, James and Katharine Lowey, while Juliana and Jed accompanied eight other people on an archaeological trip to Guatemala. Plans for this trip were made during a brief spell of reduced-price airline tickets (I think it was in July.) when you could purchase round-trip tickets for less than it would now cost to go to Chicago! They had their tickets firmly in hand and the airline was compelled to honor them—no getting around it.

Those of you who have been reading our *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine for a long spell will recall Juliana's and Jed's long, long friendship with Dr. Steve Crouse and his wife Chris. They flew up from El Paso (this is where Steve practices in his field of neurology), spent the night here at the house, and then took off early in the morning on the first step of their trip.



This was the scene outside Lucile's window after a heavy snowfall.

They were going non-stop to Atlanta, Georgia, and then on to Miami, Florida, where Emily (Driftmier) DiCicco will join them. After a night at Miami, they were headed for the country of Guatemala with all necessary papers firmly in hand.

We had to laugh about all the grandmothers who came to stay with grandchildren, so this long-anticipated trip could be accomplished. Steve's parents journeyed from their home in Vista, California, so they could look after their two grandsons, Keith (now nine and Kenneth now five). Another doctor's mother flew down from St. Paul, Minnesota, to look after her two grandchildren. I think I'll try to get in touch with her and see if we can get together for an afternoon visit.

I hadn't seen James and Katharine since their brief visit in Shenandoah last summer, and it seemed to me that both of them had changed tremendously in even the short time since I'd last seen them. They take full responsibility for their daily schedules. James is dressed, books under arm and out the door at exactly 8:00 A.M. waiting for the bus that takes him to his Middle School. Katharine is dressed, books under arm and out the door at exactly 8:15 to make the trek to her school. Both of them work at their respective schools and feel their responsibilities very keenly. I am happy about this because the jobs are genuine preparation for the world into which they will be going when these years in schools are behind them.

Frankly, this world is changing so swiftly that I cannot help but feel confused. No matter how hard we strive to keep up with these baffling world situations it doesn't seem that as individuals we can do much about it. I feel

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ALISON'S ACTIVITIES

Dear Friends:

How nice to be able to sit down and fill you in on the latest comings and goings of the Walstads in New Mexico. I must admit that our delightful Indian summer this year has made me delinquent as to many scheduled indoor activities, correspondence included. Here in the Southwest, autumn can linger on until the holidays arrive. As a good friend told me last week: "If I want to hear from Alison this time of year, I'd better either wait for a Christmas card or pick up the phone!" And I'll have to admit, ashamedly, that it's true. I'm an outdoor lover at heart and as the daylight hours become shorter and shorter, I fanatically try to use and savor each day, knowing that tomorrow's sunshine will be diminished by a few more minutes.

This Christmas marks the anniversary of my first year as an independent business woman. As you know, having a family-owned-and-run business has many gratifying moments. Despite the fact that caring for a kennel and a yard full of living creatures certainly ties one down; such responsibilities can also reap satisfying rewards. Watching the daily growth of a new puppy or calf, and hearing the nickering of the colts each morning at feeding time, are certainly compensating joys.

It is fortunate that the job of running my small kennel doesn't need my attention full time, for I have as many other projects as I have ideas in my head! Often, during this past year, the months have passed by in a whirlwind. It must be the constant turmoil that keeps me energized. If things would ever slow up, I might have the time to sit down and feel tired!—and heavens, we couldn't have that!

Most of the work the past year was conducted amidst a barrage of visitors; people staying with us nearly every weekend. We dearly love to entertain our many friends, and living in a tourist town ensures that each will pass this way for a little recreation, whether their interests be horse-racing, skiing, or just finding a quiet retreat in the mountains. Our visitors have had a marvelous intuition for not imposing and we are always pleased to have them stay with us. Several of Mike's young single men friends are very thoughtful, and a bouquet of flowers now and again arrive to erase the memory of many extra laundry loads of towels and sheets! For awhile, it seemed wise to close the



Alison Walstad (far left) is shown riding on the float which won a first-place trophy at the fall celebration in their town of Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico.

kennel and open a bakery! Honestly, I must have baked no less than a *thousand batches* of brownies and cookies for house guests. However, a culinary compliment now and again will inspire me to feats of greatness—or at least a doubled recipe!

Fortunately, a group of friends arrived one night just in time to help complete our major project for October—making a float for the local parade. It was really the idea of my girlfriend, our kennel dog groomer, Vicki, and her husband, Tim. Although we had never helped on one before, it sounded like fun to Mike and me.

The parade originally was held in this small town every autumn to celebrate the fall color change in the mountains. The parade had lost public support in the last few years and a group of citizens decided to revitalize it this year. Their enthusiasm helped to encourage our entry. Our plan was to use a flatbed trailer, line it with cardboard, and staple on pompons made of colored tissue

paper. Vicki and I started early on the pompon preparations, making thousands as we watched TV football games on Sundays and Monday nights. Unfortunately, although many of you may feel there is already too much football on television—there wasn't enough game time to make *that many* pompons. On the Friday night before the parade, we were still many hundred short, so we quickly enlisted the help of our out-of-town guests. In fact, it took several of us working until 4:00 a.m. to complete the finished float, which, by the way, earned us a *first-place trophy* in the commercial division.

The overall parade theme was "Four Seasons Playground", and our adaption was, "A Friend for All Seasons". Four people rode on the float, each representing a season. With each was a companion dog. The tissue pompons were color coordinated to represent each season. To symbolize autumn, I was dressed in my English riding outfit
(Continued on page 22)

NOTICE

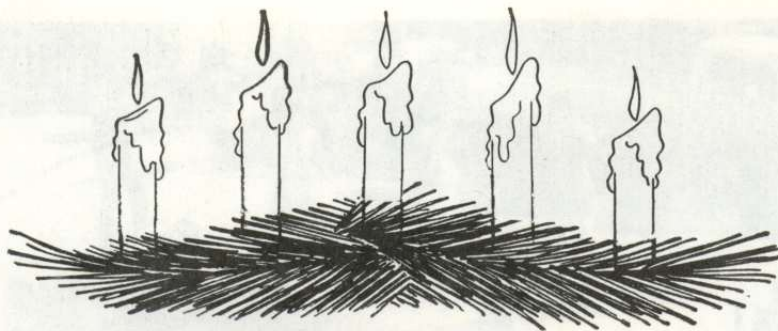
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51601**



COME TO CHRISTMAS

As We Light the Advent Candles

by Mabel Nair Brown

The word "Advent" comes from two Latin words meaning "come" and "to", so Advent is the name given to the weeks before Christmas when we prepare our hearts for the birthday of the Christ Child. For centuries, Advent has traditionally begun on the fourth Sunday before Christmas. More and more people are coming to use the Advent wreath and candles to help remind themselves of the true meaning of Christmas. It makes a lovely family tradition, so why not begin this tradition in your family this year if you have not already done so?

The Advent wreath is a wreath of greens with four candles placed around the circle, signifying God's *endless love*. The greens stand for *life everlasting*. The candles symbolize the *light* that came into the world with the *birth of Jesus*. The first candle is lighted on the first Sunday of Advent, the second Sunday two candles are lighted, and so on, until all are lighted.

In the following Advent devotions, the father and mother and older children might take turns reading Scriptures, leading the hymn, or giving the prayer.

First Sunday: This is the first Sunday of Advent, and we will light our first candle to remind us of the prophecies that told of Jesus' coming. (Light the candle.)

Scriptures: (To be read.) Isaiah 7:14, 9:6-7, and 40:11.

Hymn: (To be sung.) "O Come, O Come, Emmanuel".

Prayer: We thank you, dear God, for the Bible and for the prophets who spoke from it to tell the Good News of Jesus' coming. Amen

Second Sunday: Remember, we lighted the first candle for the prophecies which told us of the coming of the Messiah. (Light first candle.) Today we light the second candle for the joy the news of the coming of Jesus brought to Mary. (Light second candle.)

Scriptures: Read parts of Luke 1:26-28 and Luke 1:46-48.

Hymn: "What Child Is This?"

Prayer: Have sentence prayers

around the group.

Third Sunday: Again, we light our first candle for the Good News of Jesus' coming, and our second candle for the joy of Mary as she waited for the baby. We light the third candle today to remind us of the humble birth of Jesus and of the shepherds who came to find Him in the manger. (Light third candle.)

Scriptures: Luke 2:7-12.

Hymn: "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear".

Prayer: Thank you, God, for the wonderful gift of your Son. Thank you, too, for the story of the shepherds and how they came to the stable to worship Him, and went away to spread the Good News. Help us to do the same. Amen.

Fourth Sunday: (Light the first three candles, explaining briefly why each is being lighted.) We light our fourth Advent candle to remind us of the wise men who saw His Star and followed it, coming to worship the Christ Child and bringing Him gifts. (Light fourth candle.)

Scriptures: Matthew 2:9-11.

Hymn: "We Three Kings".

Prayer: Thank you, God, for the story of the wise men, which teaches us to come and worship Jesus and to bring Him the gifts of our lives, our talents, our time, and our money. We say a special prayer of thanks for Your gift of Jesus. Help us to feel very close to Him this Christmas and always. Amen

(NOTE: In our family, we place a fifth candle in the center which we call Jesus' birthday candle, which we light on Christmas Eve just before we read again the Christmas story from Luke and sing our favorite carols.

"GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE"

... so says Dickens' Tiny Tim in *A Christmas Carol*, which has become so popular a blessing that we know it almost as well as the Merry Christmas greeting.

But the blessing is more than a greeting. It is a deep-from-the-heart invocation that all people—no matter who or what they are—be touched by His divine love.

CHRISTMAS FUN FOR CHILDREN

For a gift idea for the children, start with a large animal applique pattern. Cut two of the pattern from fabric of your choice. Arrange and stitch on a face using your imagination with embroidery stitches, bits of trim, etc. Stitch the front and back together leaving a small opening to stuff the figure. Cut nylon hose makes an excellent, washable stuffing. In this uncomplicated way, an efficient animal or doll grows in short order. If you wish to add a book to go along with the character—*Gingerbread Man*, *Peter Rabbit*, etc.—it will add to the magic of the gift and aid the child in his interest in reading.

A handful of excelsior (a giveaway item at stores which receive it in packing) will fashion into a bird's nest with a few twists and turns. Use a toothpick to anchor it. A longer flower pick can be used if the nest is to go into an artificial arrangement. Sprayed gold and with a tiny red bird perched atop and a Christmas tree ornament is born to sit astride a branch.

Castoff jewelry can grow into a lovely framed Christmas "picture". Rummage sales provide an abundant supply. Select the size frame you wish, paint gold for a glittery look. Cover the glass with heavy material (we used green velvet), glue in place and then crisscross across the back with stitches of heavy thread before replacing in the frame. Fasten securely in place as the jewelry makes a heavy picture.

Make a pattern to your liking, cut from cardboard and trace onto fabric with chalk. The disassembled and cleaned jewelry can be arranged in muffin tins according to color and texture. Use white glue in an old saucer and, with tweezers, grip and dip the jewels in the glue and then stick to the fabric backing. Sometimes jewels can cover jewels, but fill inside of outline completely. Be careful not to get glue on the fabric outside the outline.

These glittery pictures can be developed with a variety of shapes besides the trees—bells, stars, topiary trees, etc. Even small children can enjoy making simple arrangements to use as gifts for their relatives or teachers.

—Marjorie Fuller



These jeweled Christmas pictures were made by Marjorie Fuller's young granddaughters.



Christmas Eve on Main Street

by Betty Jess Peck

Where do you spend Christmas Eve? At home with the family singing carols around the Christmas tree? In the peaceful atmosphere of a church watching your own special little angel, resplendent in gauze gown and gossamer wings, steal a wink at you when she thinks no one else is watching? When you are a night watchman you spend it, like every other night, on Main Street.

On this night, my job seems more unnecessary than usual and twice as lonely. Methodically, I try the doors of the business places to make sure no one in their hurry to leave for the big day ahead forgot to lock up. The electric sign in the bank window continues to flash "Merry Christmas". The regularity of its click, click, reminds me of our beloved, cracked Bing Crosby record at home that keeps repeating, "I'll be home for Christmas, I'll be home for Christmas," until some member of the family gets up and moves the needle.

My galoshes crunch on the hard-packed snow and seem unusually heavy as I cross to the other side of the street. It is unthinkable that Miss Alita would forget to snap the night lock on her gift shop, but in the excitement of leaving to spend Christmas on the farm with a houseful of nieces and nephews, anything can happen. The red and green festoons of rope at the window are faded from too many Christmases on Main Street. The shades are discreetly drawn, almost, but not quite, hiding a window full of multicolored stoles stocked especially for Christmas, but as Miss Alita explained ruefully, "Folks just didn't take a liking to."

There is no need to check the lock on the store next-door. Granny Jones's EMPORIUM is still open to accommodate tardy customers. The once orderly piles of games and neat rows of dolls are now in a sad state of

confusion, symbolizing the hustle and bustle of last-minute shopping.

The air is more than nippy and my fingers and toes tingle from the cold. GREEN'S MARKET is still brightly lighted and doing a moderate business. It is pleasant to stand over the floor register and feel the heat penetrate to my very bones. As I try to store up enough warmth to last the remainder of my rounds, I silently study the customers.

Rosy-cheeked little Trudy Black comes running into the store, excitedly demanding more popcorn. "Mother didn't get enough this afternoon," she tells us, and fairly trips over her own feet in her hurry to get home and get the fluffy white pieces ready to hang on the tree.

What a contrast her youthful enthusiasm is to miserly old Mr. Dobbs whose chief concerns seem to be: "Will the turkeys that ain't sold yet be marked down?", and, "Are you going to give away the trees you got left?"

Business finally trickles to a stop. I turn up my collar and step out once again onto Main Street. The mechanical Santa at the intersection still stiffly raises and lowers his arm in greeting even though the last storekeeper has turned the key in the lock and hurried homeward and there is no one but me to appreciate his friendly gesture.

Only the night lights are visible now in the buildings on Main Street, with the exception of the post office. I used to lock the old building every night at nine, but the lobby of the new building is left open and brightly lighted all night. Tonight I am sure I will find it deserted for who would wait until after nine o'clock to pick up mail on Christmas Eve?

To my surprise I almost collide with young Mrs. Hemple on her way out. A bright head scarf frames her pretty face but her eyes are brimming with tears, and I'm reminded that this will be her first Christmas since her husband was tragic-

ally killed. She manages a smile to my "Merry Christmas" and I make a mental note to have my Molly look in on her tomorrow.

As I step out into the night, my breath makes tiny wreaths in the frosty air. The rhythmic thump, thump, of my gloved hands as I beat them together to ward off the cold is all that breaks the silence.

Suddenly, from the far end of the town, the happy laughter of children and the objection of cold motors being started tells me that the church program is over. I wonder if our young hopeful remembered the piece his mother so painstakingly taught him.

I hear cars hastening homeward on country roads and city streets and within a short time most of the homes in town have been darkened. A few scattered lights showing from beneath lowered shades tell me as plainly as though I were peeking that some of St. Nick's helpers are still at work. At last, even the most dilatory of Santas has finished and the last light is extinguished.

A few feathery flakes of snow come drifting down, forerunners of a glistening new coat of white that will give the town Christmas-card beauty for the morrow. I stand with hands outstretched catching the starlike particles. Suddenly, the air is filled with music. Someone is sharing a beautiful "Silent Night" recording with the rest of the world. As the last strains of the music die away, I bow my head and thank God for another Christmas, especially on Main Street.



CHRISTMAS IS SHARING

I'm always planning to remember the paper boy, mail carrier, meter reader, and other people who offer me certain services through the year, but too often I don't have something right at hand when I want it, so I came up with my special Santa's Pack. Perhaps you would like to make one, too.

You will need a sturdy shopping bag. Decorate it with gay holiday pictures cut from old greeting cards and magazines and add a few Christmas ribbon bows. Tie a big red bow on the handle.

I keep this beside the door and in it put a variety of goodies ready to hand out to my special helpers as well as to children who visit us during the holidays. In it I keep wrapped popcorn balls fastened with Christmas seals, small margarine containers filled with caramel corn and homemade candies, cookies wrapped in plastic wrap and tied with ribbon and big shiny apples.

One year, I tied up the wrapped popcorn balls into red bandanas and these made a hit with the boys who came to my door! —Mabel Nair Brown



MARY BETH REPORTS

Dear Friends:

The speed with which time passes is positively mind boggling! My *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazines don't seem to arrive too fast, but the occasions when I sit down at my typewriter to write to you readers zip by with unbelievable speed. Our life from September to June is so wrapped up with the day-to-day routine of school teaching that I am frequently hard pressed to compose anything. However, as I warm up my fingers on the typewriter, thoughts begin to flow.

One of the most touching events at school this fall was the dedication of a "Quiet Corner" in memory of a fourth-grade boy who died of leukemia last spring. His parents had asked that flowers not be sent, but rather that a fund be established for a memorial. The parents consulted a landscape artist from a nursery and the final plans included a five-star form outlined with railroad ties and filled in the center with finely crushed rock. Halfway around this is built benches and above these are plantings of shrubbery. The memorial, which is for our smallest children, is located at the corner of the school building near the edge of a deep woods. Whenever we take our classes there to read or hold any kind of discussions, it is truly a quiet, meditative corner.

This little fellow was attending school during the time he was taking chemotherapy treatments and had not missed any appreciable amount of time from class. As a result, none of his classmates were aware of the seriousness of his illness. It was a very difficult time of adjustment for his teacher in the weeks following his sudden death. However, she handled the subject of death in the gentlest of manner with his nine-year-old classmates. It is especially poignant to see how much the students think of this Quiet Corner. The boy's parents have had a brass plate inscribed with his name, date of birth and death and this has been bolted onto a large grey and pink granite rock which has sat unnoticed on the school property for twenty years now. The rock was moved to a point of the memorial star.

It may interest you to know that the logo of the school is based upon five stars. Each of the stars stands for things which the founders thought needed restatement lest they be forgotten. They are Truth, Character, Individuality, Intellect and Heritage. Every morning before school we stand around the flagpole, pledge allegiance to the flag after it is raised by two fifth graders, and then the headmaster discusses briefly



Paul Driftmier and his Grandma Schneider when she visited him in Orlando, Fla., this fall.

one of these five points. After doing this with the pupils for all their years in elementary school, it can truly affect their thinking. Heaven knows there is a need in the schools to be reminding little children of Truth, Character, Intellect, Individuality and Heritage and what they mean. After the discussion, we close with a prayer.

While I am on the subject of school, I want to share with you the name of another excellent teaching book. It was copyrighted in 1978 by Memory Press of White's Creek, Tennessee, written by Jerry Lucas. This is the second book he has written dealing with the idea of remembering things by the use of mental images or pictures. This newest book, entitled *Ready, Set, Remember*, is really intended for parents and children because it is filled with pictures to associate with words. In the book are the fifty states with crazy pictures to put together to learn each state's capital. There is a section on the multiplication tables, phonic spelling and endless tricky helps for kids to learn more easily. It is an association of pictures with words and letters.

I was trying to teach my little scholars about the Spanish explorers who were instrumental in taking over Mexico and the Southwest. So I gave them a mental picture of Coronado wheeling his big Toronado automobile through the Colorado River area. One student was drowsing his way through that day's discussion, but the other eleven remembered Coronado correctly on every test. Oh, yes, and Pizzaro was eating pizza as he plundered his way through Peru! If you are hunting for a book for any young child who can enjoy a book or one for those who can read themselves, this is an excellent idea for under the Christmas tree—or even for teachers who want a new approach to an old idea.

The news on our personal children's front is pretty routine. Paul is working now in the body shop department of the automobile agency in Orlando, Florida. I do not know yet what arrangements we will be able to make for Christmas.

Travel is risky by automobile between Florida and Wisconsin this time of year and travel by air is growing increasingly expensive for young folk.

Adrienne has her last exam of the term a week before our teaching responsibilities run out, so she will be home for vacation early. She worries a great deal about her grades and to hear her talk during our weekly telephone conversations one would think she would never make it through a term, but her idea of a bad grade and mine are so different that I have to keep remembering that all is really well at Northwestern.

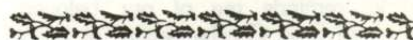
Katharine's plans for a skiing vacation have been canceled because of the inability of the resort owner to buy heating oil. If I were that owner, I would install wood-burning heaters. There is such demand for moderately priced places to ski here in Wisconsin that it would seem a good move for the long-range picture. Katharine is well and working hard in her laboratory. She reports that her two Siamese kittens are leaping high up upon her bookshelves. When she is gone too long, they pull down her plants to play with.

I hope you and yours are able to get together this Christmas. I shall be very happy to have the weeks of vacation from the demands of daily teaching. It is a much needed vacation by then—and I'm sure the children feel the same way.

Until next year, we all send you our best wishes . . .

Sincerely,

Mary Beth



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

"One of these days I must go shopping. I am completely out of self-respect. I want to exchange self-righteousness, which I picked up the last time I was shopping, for some humility which they say wears longer. I want to look at some tolerance which is being used for wraps this season. Someone showed me some pretty samples of peace and I want to get several of those for gifts, as well as for myself. Oh, and by the way, I must try to match some patience that my neighbor wears. It is so becoming to her and might look well on me. I might try on that little garment of long-suffering which is being displayed. I never have thought I wanted to wear it, but I feel myself coming to it. My, I mustn't forget to have my sense of appreciation mended, and look around for some inexpensive everyday goodness. It is surprising how quickly one's stock of goodness is used up. By the looks of this list, I'd better go shopping today!" —From a church paper



THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

Most of us have a friend or a relative who resides in a nursing home and we wonder what to give as a Christmas gift. Consider an amaryllis bulb. The cost is no more than a cut flower arrangement (and possibly less) which fades in a short time and must be discarded. Not so with an amaryllis as the bulb can be stored and "rebloomed" again another season. It is truly one of nature's most lovely flowers with three to six huge lily-like flowers emerging at the top of a sturdy stalk. Amaryllis come in a wide range of colors—pink, white, red, orange and striped combinations of these colors. There are innumerable hybrids available and you may wish to buy by color rather than a named variety.

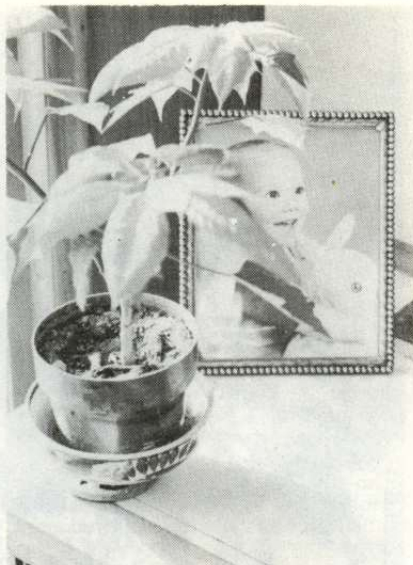
Pot the bulb in a relatively small pot, leaving about one inch of soil around the bulb, as amaryllis bloom better if planted in this manner. Leave the top third of the bulb protruding above the soil line. Often a bulb will send up the flower stalk before leaves appear. If small bulbs grow out around the base of the bulb, remove and pot up separately as they will develop into blooming-size bulbs in two to three years.

If your bulb has been a gift to a shut-in, you may wish to offer to take it home and care for it after the bulb has finished flowering. Keep it growing near a sunny window until outdoor planting time, then place outside in a protected place. Feed and water as needed to keep the plant growing. When frost threatens in the fall, bring indoors, store in a cool basement and let the plant go dormant.

Some nursing homes may have a place where ambulatory patients can putter with their house plants but our experience has been that it is better done for them. You can always return the amaryllis if it rewards you with a bloom another year.

Many florists are offering a single poinsettia plant at holiday time to take to shut-ins and to nursing homes. The plants occupy only a small space (so precious in a little room) and bring an aura of Christmas. They can be delivered early in December and usually last long after the holidays are gone.

Last Christmas so many of you sent me cards and letters that I was unable to answer because of the pressures of work and lack of time. Please know I am deeply grateful and wish you and yours a Blessed Holiday Season and a Happy New Year.



Poinsettias always make up a part of the Christmas decorations in Lucile's home. This lovely plant is placed next to one of the favorite pictures Lucile has of James when he was a baby.

POISONOUS PLANTS AT CHRISTMAS

by
Evelyn Witter

Five common plants which have become traditional for home decoration at Christmas time have poisoning potentials. You need to have the knowledge of these dangerous properties in order to enjoy your Christmas plants safely.

The Jerusalem cherry is a popular house plant around Christmas because its cherry-like fruits ripen and turn a bright shade of red. The amazing thing about the Jerusalem cherry is that all parts of the plant are poisonous! All parts contain three poisons which may cause vomiting and diarrhea, or they may attack the nervous system, paralyzing the muscles and causing unconsciousness. People have died from eating Jerusalem cherries.

Another common decorative plant at Christmas time is the mistletoe. A sprig of mistletoe is considered by many as a must for the holidays. But mistletoe is a deadly and unusual plant. It grows as a parasite on oaks and other trees, taking nourishment from the trees and giving nothing in return. In ancient times, people thought of the mistletoe as magical because it grows on the branches of a tree instead of on the ground, and also because its leaves stay green all winter.

The poisonous part of the mistletoe is its sticky, whitish berries. If swallowed, these berries can cause intestinal upsets and, in big enough doses, they can cause death from exhaustion after hours of suffering. There is a great threat to children and pets from a sprig of

mistletoe. If some berries come loose and drop on the floor, and children or pets eat them, they may become violently ill.

Strangely enough, while mistletoe is poisonous to cats and other animals as well as human beings, it is not harmful to birds. Birds love them, thrive on them and are the chief spreaders of mistletoe.

The Christmas rose, so pretty and beloved in the home at Christmas, is not a rose at all. A close relative of the buttercup, it blooms around Christmas time. The thick, fleshy roots are the most dangerous part of this plant. For over two thousand years, people have known that the Christmas rose is poisonous. The ancient Greeks called the roots "bread of death", yet they dried the roots, crushed them to powder and sniffed them up their noses. The reason for this was that they thought the powder would quicken their wits!

Children or pets digging in the potting soil of the Christmas rose are in danger of getting some of the root bits into their mouths. It is best to keep the pot out of reach.

It would be hard to imagine Christmas without the poinsettia. The poinsettia is raised for its white, pink, or red "flowers" which are not flowers at all, but "bracts" (a special kind of leaf). The real flowers are tiny, yellow blossoms that grow in the center of the bracts. Poinsettia (originally from Mexico and Central America) belongs to the spurge family, and its milky juice has irritating substances that can cause digestive upsets or blistering of the mouth if certain parts are swallowed. The juice may also irritate the skin. Many children and pets have been rushed to emergency rooms because they thought the pretty petals good looking enough to eat!

Holly, with its deep green, shiny leaves and dark red berries, has been a Christmas tradition for generations, but the berries hold a bitter substance that causes violent vomiting and diarrhea. Again, small children and cats are attracted to the pretty berries and can suffer greatly from eating them.

Hollies grow wild as far north as southern New Jersey. The wood of the holly plant is hard, heavy and ivory-white. Because it is even grained, woodcarvers like it.

The Jerusalem cherry, the mistletoe, the Christmas rose, the poinsettia, and the holly all brighten the home at Christmas time and add a festive note to the holidays. They are traditionally admired and loved, but knowledge of their poisonous qualities should add another word in describing these plants. That word is: CAUTION.

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DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

I can sit down at my typewriter tonight with a light heart. Our good weather held on long enough for the men to finish picking our corn and putting it into the cribs. Rain was predicted for last night and today, but so far we haven't had any. When the last of the corn went up the elevator shortly after noon today, Frank and I both heaved a big sigh of relief. Our crops were good this year, and for this we are very grateful.

One day before the corn was picked in a field across from our house, Frank asked me to come see what the beavers had done to this field—how much corn they had cut and taken out. I'll just put it this way—the beavers have certainly been busy. The animals had built two slides going into the creek. Because of the long dry fall, the water in the creek had dried, so these little engineers had cut a long perfect canal through which they could easily transport the corn to where they wanted it.

We have finally gotten rid of most of our white ducks. We have only five left. I mentioned in one of my letters last winter how they got to be such a problem because three or four at a time would fly to the top of the house and roost on the chimney to keep warm. I worried because I was afraid the ducks would shut off the draft and cause the oil burner to explode. Hopefully, the ones we got rid of were the culprits, but if these five also discover what a warm place the chimney is, they will also sing their swan song.

Frank and I have been seeing many wild turkeys lately, so it looks as if they have really moved into our timber. A few years ago the conservation commission stocked several of them in the state forest area southwest of Lucas. They have really thrived and have spread out several miles from the forest area now. Although the state has two hunting seasons for turkeys now, they are so cagey the hunters don't get very many of them, so the population keeps increasing.

In the past, we have seen many squirrels around here but we seldom see any now. Last year there were no nuts, acorns or buckeyes for them to stash away for the winter. With so much deep snow for such an extended time, we think they starved out. Last winter every evening we would see about a dozen at one time come to the barn lot to eat the corn the cattle spilled. We also used to have many rabbits, but they are very scarce now. The fox and coyotes are so



Dorothy Johnson poses beside the Christmas tree she describes in her letter.

prevalent they keep the rabbit population down. The only reason the wild turkeys can survive is because they can roost in the trees at night.

We were happy that Marge and Oliver Strom were able to visit us for a few days while the weather was beautiful. They came at the right time to see the timber in all its glory. The colors were brilliant for just a few days and then faded rapidly. Every day we took long drives through the Stephens Forest area and all around the county rural roads. Lucas County has so much timberland that everyone who visits here thinks our countryside is beautiful at any time of the year, but especially in the fall.

About three weeks ago, an accident occurred near us which could have been very serious, but fortunately the man involved escaped with a few scratches and bruises. Our friend, Peggy Dyer of Des Moines, was driving from their timber place and saw a large combine tipped over in the steep ditch at the bottom of our big hill. She stopped and climbed down the bank to see if anyone was in the combine and saw no one. She thought it might be our young renter's combine. A few minutes later we saw our renter, Dean Krutsinger, and he reassured us it wasn't his machine.

We found out later that a farmer had bought the combine the day before, and was on his way home with it when he lost control coming down the big hill. A girl in a car right behind him saw the accident happen, so she stopped and took him to get help.

I was happy to be able to get away to attend the big KMA Cookie Festival this year. Billie Oakley and I had a great time giving a demonstration on how to make a cranberry-date chutney and a

horseradish cheese ball which were given away as door prizes. Everyone has so much fun at the Cookie Festival Billie and KMA put on every year, that if you can possibly attend, set aside this date and come next year. The entry fee is a dozen cookies on a paper plate, along with the recipe. Seeing all the tables filled with luscious-looking cookies is a sight to behold. Everyone gets to sample the cookies after the program.

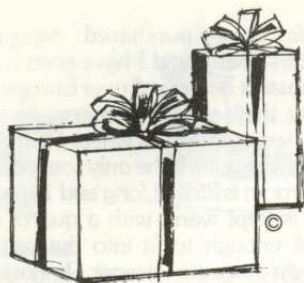
I want to tell you a little about the picture on this page. When I went to Valentine to attend the Cherry County Home Extension Clubs' annual Achievement Day, this attractive Christmas tree was on display in the entrance hall. All of the ornaments had been made by hand and were adorable. Mary Henderson asked me to stand beside it so she could take a picture. I was so happy to receive several prints from Mary in the mail and I'm hoping you will be able to see some of the details.

Yesterday, I took some pictures of our corn being unloaded into the crib. Whenever I take pictures of activities at the farm, I have Kristin in mind. Over the desk in her kitchen, she has a bulletin board covered with pictures I have sent her of the cattle, ducks, sawing wood, etc. She has pictures of the farm taken in the spring, summer, fall and winter. Now that I have seen her project, I feel impelled to keep her supplied with pictures.

Now it is time to put away the typewriter and go to bed. The wind is howling outside so the predicted rains will surely be here before morning. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,

Dorothy



CHRISTMAS GIFT EXCHANGE

by Erma Reynolds

Looking for a jolly way to distribute gifts at a club or group Christmas party? Here are some easy-to-do ideas:

1. A traditional way to distribute gifts is to have Santa Claus appear with a pack on his back filled with presents. Eliminate the jolly fat fellow and have Mrs. Santa Claus do the honors. Just be sure her outfit identifies her as Mrs. Claus.

2. Pin a slip of paper with the name of a well-known Christmas carol written on it on the back of each person. Guests circulate, asking questions of each other to find out what carol they represent. Questions can be answered only by "yes", "no", or "I don't know." When a guest guesses correctly, she goes to a table where the packages have been piled and chooses a gift.

3. Cut out Santa Claus heads from old Christmas cards. Cut each head in two, using different angles for the cuts. Fasten one part to each gift, and distribute the remaining parts, one to each guest. Each person matches her half of Santa's head to its remaining part. The package on which she makes the match becomes her gift.

4. Guests stand or sit in a circle. One of the gifts is given to an individual. As a gay Christmas tune is played, the gift is passed rapidly around the circle. When the music suddenly stops, the person with a gift in her hand, keeps it and drops out of the game. (Should a person get her own gift, she sends it on its way and stays in the circle until receiving a gift from another guest.) For a large group, two or three gifts can be passed at a time.

5. Make a list in advance of two-part words pertaining to Christmas. One word of each pair is written on a slip of paper, with the second word on another slip. The first word of the pair is fastened to a gift, and the second word given to a guest. Guests then set out to obtain a gift by matching words, and completing the Christmas pairs. Suggested words are: SANTA CLAUS, SAINT NICHOLAS, KRIS KRINGLE, MERRY CHRISTMAS, TREE TRIMMING, GIFT WRAPS, HOLLY WREATH, DOOR PIECE, WINDOW LIGHTS, YULE LOG, GREETING CARDS, RED NOSED, FRUIT CAKE, CANDY



Evelyn Birkby and Verlene Looker enjoyed sharing ideas for special sandwiches with the members of the Extension Clubs of Atchison County at their Fall Kitchen Fair. The discussion time following the demonstration gave them some excellent ideas from those present. (—Photo by Ben Moses, Courtesy of Tarkio Avalanche)

CANE, NATIVITY SCENE, WISE MEN, ADVENT CALENDAR, JINGLE BELLS, SILENT NIGHT, HERALD ANGELS, KING WENCESLAUS, CHARLES DICKENS, and TINY TIM.

6. Place the gifts in different locations about the party room. Blindfold each guest in turn, spin her around a few times, and then let her grope about the room, trying to find a gift. The others guide her by singing "Jingle Bells"—loud and clear when she hears a present, softly when she moves away. The first gift she touches becomes hers.

7. Number as many Christmas cards as expected guests and hide them about the party room. Place a corresponding number on each gift and pile these on a table. At the signal, guests hunt for a card, and when one is found, its discoverer shouts, "Merry Christmas." The hunt halts to allow the guest to go to the table and find the gift with the corresponding number. Then the hunt resumes, proceeding in this fashion until everyone has a gift.

8. Number each gift. A large calendar page for the month of December is placed on the floor. Each guest in turn throws a paper clip or coin at the page from a distance of about ten feet. When a clip or coin lands on a number, the guest looks for its corresponding number on a gift, which becomes his. As the gift pile diminishes, remaining persons have to work even harder to land a clip or coin on a number that will make a match.

9. Enjoy a Christmas bingo game. Rather than shouting "bingo", the guest with the filled-out card shouts, "Merry Christmas", and is rewarded with one of the gifts. The game continues until everyone has received a gift. If a person hits "bingo" a second time, and has already received a gift, the package goes to the one who has the most nearly finished card.

CHRISTMAS PACKAGES

Frosted wreaths hang in my windows,
Blue lights are strung over my door,
And that jolly red-suited gentleman
Will arrive in a few days more.
My dining table is loaded
With packages, scissors and paste.
Should I use the gold-starred paper
Or is holly more to your taste?
But wait! Does it really matter
What trappings I choose for above?
My heart is enclosed with each present
And each box is sealed with my love.

—Kay Grayman Parker



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FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

What a beautiful winter day this has been. The sun has been bright all day, and that means that the water in the river and in the bay have been a brilliant blue. As Betty and I sat in the family room having our breakfast by the fireplace, we looked out at a gorgeous sunrise; I hope that the sunset, which will be here in a few minutes, will be just as nice. When we have a beautiful sunset, it shines over the woods behind the house, and then reflects on the river and on the trees on the opposite shore.

Late yesterday afternoon, just as the sun was setting, a beautiful white yacht made its way slowly past our house. The red glow of the setting sun on the white side of the yacht was really something out of this world! When I called Betty to come see it, she replied from the kitchen: "I'll come and look at the yacht if you will come here and look at the red sunset glow on the backs of the two male cardinals at the feeder." I did, and she did, and we both talked about it for the rest of the evening.

Except for an occasional fishing boat, we see very few boats on the water now. It is too cold! I have put my boat into winter storage, and I won't have it in the water again until next May. Oh but I do have so many things to learn about boating! For example, my neighbor up the road called over the stone wall as I walked past his place: "Well, I see that you will be the first to have a boat in the water next spring."

"And how is that?" I asked.

"Well, don't you know that the last man to have his boat taken out of the water in the fall is always the first man to have his boat put back into the water in the spring?"

I had not realized before that the last boat put away in the fall would naturally have to be the first one out in the spring to make room for the other boats to be moved out. They go into storage in the order the owners bring them in, then are taken out in the reverse order—the last in the first one out. Makes sense.

I am grateful that the fishermen are still going out to sea. We do love to eat fish, and sometimes we have it three times a day. If you never have eaten fish for breakfast, you ought to try it sometime. Just yesterday, Betty fried some thin filets of flounder for breakfast, baked some fresh bay scallops for lunch, and then had some delicious clam chowder for supper in the evening. I don't think that there is anyone in this world who can

cook fish better than my Betty. Her secret is never to *overcook* it.

You know how much I like birds and beasts of all kinds. Well, my love of nature's furry creatures finally drew a complaint from Betty. Earlier this fall, when it was still warm and the leaves had not yet begun to drop from the trees and shrubs, I decided to attempt a bit of animal conquest. In a little cave on the very back of our property where the lawn merges into the woods, lives a big, sleek, fat, sly, old woodchuck. He is so big that some of my friends thought he must surely be a badger or a marmot. I thought how nice it would be to tame that rascal so that he would come and eat out of my hand. I accidentally let Betty learn of my plans for taming that woodchuck, she set her foot down, and I mean she set that foot down hard!

"Don't you know what that woodchuck will do to show his appreciation for your food? He will destroy our lawn next spring! You feed him, and next spring he will come right up into our flower beds and eat the bulbs! I have put up with many of your nature-loving fads, but feeding woodchucks is too much!" As usual, Betty is right, so I did not put my idea into action.

If you have read about the heating oil crisis out here in New England, you may have wondered what Betty and I are doing about it. We have a perfectly beautiful and efficient fireplace in our family room, and I thought that we could save money by burning wood. It was a crazy idea! Do you know what wood here costs a cord? —\$100 delivered and \$120 if the men who deliver the wood also stack it beside the house. That seems an outrageous price to begin with, and the mess of the ashes and soot also presents a problem. Burning wood is not our solution.

We have purchased two quartz heaters. Betty and I have seen many of the quartz heaters all over Europe, so we know they are good energy savers. In this basement room where I am writing, one of the units is the only source of heat. The room is 25 feet long and 15 feet wide and is kept warm with a quartz heater small enough to fit into the bag of an upright vacuum cleaner. It costs only about \$100 to buy and exactly 6¢ an hour to operate and that is much less than it would cost to extend our oil burner heating system into this room. We are using our second heater up in the bedroom. That saves us from having to heat the entire upstairs just to warm that one room. The bedroom has never been more comfortable.

If you have a room that is too cold for comfort, investigate the quartz heaters. They originated in Germany and are much more powerful and economical than many of the heaters Americans usually use. And the fireplace? Well, we just use it once in awhile for the loveliness of the open flames.

As I write this letter to you, I am not at all sure what our Christmas plans are going to be. We had supposed that Mary Lea and her little family would be with us for part of the holiday, but now we learn that they will be with Juliana and her family in Albuquerque.

This will be the first time in 34 years that we have not been responsible for services in our own church; we will miss that part of Christmas. Of course, we shall be in church for all of the Christmas festivities, but there will be a difference. I shall be out in the congregation instead of up in the pulpit. It is an adjustment that is not easy. Mind you, I am not complaining—I am merely stating a fact.

Do you know of anyone who does not

(Continued on page 20)



Even though they do not use it for their supplementary heat supply, Frederick and Betty frequently enjoy building a cheerful fire in this fireplace in their family room.

MOVING ALONG

by
Evelyn Birkby

It is time to move from the bronze and maroons and golds of fall into the reds and greens of December. It is time to recover from the turkey and cranberries and pumpkin pie of Thanksgiving and prepare for the turkey and sweet potatoes and date pudding of Christmas. It is a time to carry the thankfulness for harvest into the sharing of hope and love which is Advent. And it is time to pick up all the loose ends of ideas from the bazaars and fairs and festivals and make them into practical gifts and decorations.

The tiny town of Thurman, Iowa, for example, held its *Second Annual Pumpkin Hollow Festival* this year. The name is more than a title, for the community was actually called Pumpkin Hollow when the first settlers saw the beauties of the western Iowa bluffs and the richness of the Missouri River bottom land, and stayed.

Fortunately, the town has been able to maintain its grade school. The building is used for many community activities which helps to bind the people of this small town together. In the late fall, the gymnasium is filled with long tables upon which the various clubs, social groups, and individuals lay out items for sale. Craft demonstrations, special entertainment and lunch "served all day" are also part of this interesting festival.

This year the special entertainment was a style show of "Clothes Through the Years". Starting with a variety of aprons, garments were shown from the 100-year-old dress modeled by an 80-year-old member of the sponsoring club group, through party dresses of the 1910's and 1920's, and concluding with wedding dresses and clothing of members of wedding parties through the years.

This was the place where one club sold doughnuts which were frosted and decorated with nuts, candies, coconut, etc. and then pushed onto a sucker stick. Wrapped in saran wrap, which was held in place with a tiny ribbon bow at the place where the doughnut and stick met, these tasty "suckers" were selling like "hot cakes" at 20 cents each!

One of the individual displays was made up of two long tables simply loaded with gorgeous blooming African violets. As a person who is just getting to the place where violets will thrive under my inexperienced care, I found the "Violet Lady" a fascinating source of information.

Another idea which might be useable by a church or organization is the development of a food fair which is built around "Kitchens Through the Years". Originated by a nearby county extension club, it could be used satisfactorily at any

time of the year.

The display room was sectioned off into "booths". Each was assigned to a different group, or committee, and given a particular historical era as the basis for decorations, menu and actual serving of the meal. The first booth was *Pilgrims and Indians* and the menu and food served reflected the first Thanksgiving dinner. Second was *Colonial Days* and showed the interior of a log cabin. Their main dish was "buffalo stew" which was served with, among other foods, hot biscuits and sorghum. Then came a cowboy setting and food for *Western Settlers*, a *Turn of the Century* kitchen and a *Roaring Twenties* display.

The *Depression Years* had extremely simple cooking utensils, a large coal oil stove (where on earth did THAT come from?) a checkered tablecloth and simple food. The *Forties War Years* had



Evelyn samples the food in the Depression Years kitchen and food display at the "Kitchens Through the Years" fair sponsored by the Atchison County Extension Clubs. (Photo by Ben Moses, Courtesy of Tarkio Avalanche.)

a continuation of a simple kitchen and a menu with such dishes as meatless macaroni and sugarless cake. The *Sixties Fast Foods* had a layout of taco makings and quick box mix dishes. The kitchen display of *Now and the Future* was filled with fantastic equipment available for today's homemakers.

This could be developed as a money-making project by asking each person to buy a ticket at the door. Each one is then given a tag of a color corresponding to a color marking one of the food booths. Each guest goes first to the booth with her matching color where she can fill her plate. After she eats this first sampling, she is free to go to any of the other booths to try their food.

In this day of difficulty in transportation to far places, the idea of a Food Fair could be developed as a community affair or a money-raising

project to be open to the public as well as an interesting way to serve food in a different and unusual manner. It could even be used as a church family night project for an entire year: have one of the historical eras as a theme for each month's menu, decorations and, if desired, program. It would not only provide variety in food and serving, but it could be the basis for a fine history lesson and conversation about the way things used to be in the "olden days".

As I am cooking ahead for the upcoming holidays, I am acutely aware of "Now and Future" equipment in my own kitchen. Fast foods will be part of the December menus, as will be many of the old hand-me-down recipes from my mother and grandmother. When our three sons arrive home, they will want to know where Grandma Corrie's noodles are, when Grandma Dulcy will make them a banana cream pie, and how soon can loaves of homemade bread be put together since they have not had such made-from-scratch eating since last they were here.

And it has been a year since all three boys were under our roof at the same time. Bob will arrive first, if his plans go well. He stayed on his scheduled hike of the Appalachian Trail in a remarkable manner—concluding at Springer Mountain, Georgia, just as he had hoped on November 1st. With a number of good friends to visit, he has been spending most of November in Asheville, North Carolina, in St. Louis and Springfield, Missouri, and in Fayetteville, Arkansas. The last time he talked to us by phone he said he might get down to Wichita to see one more friend before coming home.

Craig and Jeff will be neck and neck as to the time they arrive in Sidney. Craig will be driving home from his medical school studies in Iowa City following the completion of the first semester of his second year. His phone calls and letters tell of a heavy study load but of more and more fascination with the medical knowledge he is gaining. Since Iowa City is near the Mississippi River, Craig took advantage of some fine fall days to go overnight camping and picnicking a few times—a pattern which surely must have helped keep his equilibrium stable.

Jeff will fly in from Helena, Montana, to spend Christmas week at home, the first time since last March. He promised to bring with him a series of slides from his mountain weekends and the insect and flower pictures he took as part of a summer job he enjoyed. The slides were taken for a company which supplies nature pictures to schools. Sounds like a good sideline for one who enjoys every aspect of outdoor life as much as Jeff.

Now you can understand why I want to get as much cooking and holiday prep-

(Continued on page 20)



RECIPES

ROCKY ROAD CONFECTION

- 1 12-oz. pkg. semisweet chocolate bits
- 1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk
- 2 Tbls. butter or margarine
- 2 cups dry-roasted peanuts
- 1 10½-oz. pkg. miniature marshmallows
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

In top of double boiler over boiling water, melt chocolate bits, condensed milk and butter or margarine. Remove from heat and stir in flavorings. In large bowl, combine peanuts and marshmallows. Fold in the chocolate mixture. Spread in wax paper-lined 9-by-13-inch pan. Chill until firm. Remove from pan, peel off paper and cut into squares. —Lucile

DIFFERENT CHICKEN SALAD

- 1 chicken (or chicken parts)
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 3 Tbls. to 1/4 cup sugar
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 2 Tbls. vinegar
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice
- 1 cup chicken stock
- 1/4 cup commercial sour cream
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Country Style dressing
- Salt as desired
- Pinch white pepper
- 2 to 3 cups chopped celery, green pepper, onion and stuffed olives
- 2 to 3 hard-cooked eggs, quartered

Cover chicken or chicken parts with cold water. Bring to a boil. Skim off foam. Simmer 40 minutes, or until tender but still firm enough to hold its shape. Remove from heat. Take meat from bone and cut into bite-size pieces. Dissolve gelatin in cold water in small saucepan. Put over low heat and stir to melt. Remove from fire and add remaining ingredients, using whatever amount of celery, green pepper, onion and stuffed olives you desire. Save one of the hard-cooked eggs for garnish. Turn into mold and chill until firm. This can also be molded in a bread loaf pan. Turn out on lettuce leaves. Excellent for a buffet meal. —Betty Jane

SUGAR LUMP CINNAMON BREAD

- 1 cup milk
- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 pkgs. active dry yeast
- 1/3 cup warm water
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 egg
- 5 1/2 to 6 cups flour
- 1 egg, beaten

Filling

- 50 cocktail-size sugar cubes
- 1/4 cup margarine, softened
- 1 to 2 tsp. cinnamon

In large saucepan, heat milk and margarine. Remove from heat and stir in sugar and salt. Cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in warm water. Add yeast mixture, flavoring and 1 egg to milk mixture. Stir to blend. Gradually add flour to form a stiff dough. Knead on floured surface 3 to 4 minutes until smooth. Place in greased bowl. Cover; let rise in warm place until light and doubled in size, about 30 to 45 minutes.

Divide dough in half. On floured surface, roll each half to a 12- by 15-inch rectangle. Brush with beaten egg. Combine filling ingredients, being sure to coat each cube with margarine and cinnamon. Spread each rectangle with half of filling. Slightly roll up edges of each portion along the 15-inch long sides; then roll in jelly-roll fashion, starting with the 12-inch end. Pinch edges to seal.

Place seam-side down in greased 5- by 9-inch loaf pans, allowing ends to fold up over top of loaf slightly. Brush tops with remaining egg. Cover; let rise in warm place until doubled in size, about 30 to 45 minutes. Bake at 375 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes until top sounds hollow when tapped gently.

If tops appear to be browning too much, cover with foil during last 10 minutes of baking time. Remove from pans. While still warm drizzle with glaze (recipe below). Serve warm or cold.

Glaze

- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1 to 2 Tbls. milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine.

—Donna Nenneman

EXTRA-SPECIAL CRISPY CANDY

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 bar German sweet chocolate
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1 16-oz. pkg. large marshmallows
- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 2 Tbls. dry malted milk powder
- 5 cups crisp rice cereal

In heavy pan over low heat, melt the butter. Add the chocolate bar and continue to heat and stir until chocolate is melted. Add the flavorings and marshmallows and stir until marshmallows are melted. Remove from heat. In mixing bowl, combine the remaining ingredients. Pour the melted mixture over dry ingredients and mix until all is coated. Place in buttered pan; pat down evenly. Cut in squares. —Lucile

HOLIDAY SALAD

- 4 cups cranberries
- 1 orange
- 2 cups sugar
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon gelatin
- 1 3-oz. pkg. cherry gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 cup diced celery

Put cranberries and peeled orange through food chopper. Add sugar and boil 2 to 3 minutes, stirring to dissolve sugar. Dissolve gelatins in 1 cup hot water, then stir into cranberry mixture while both are still hot. Blend well. Cool to syrupy and add remaining ingredients. Turn into mold or 9- by 13-inch pan and chill. Serve on lettuce leaves. —Evelyn

STRAWBERRY CANDIES

- 1 cup finely chopped coconut
- 1 cup finely chopped pecans
- 2 3-oz. pkgs. strawberry gelatin
- 3/4 cup sweetened condensed milk
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring

- Red sugar
- Slivered almonds
- Green food coloring

Combine coconut, pecans, gelatin, sweetened condensed milk and flavoring. Chill until firm enough to form into strawberry shapes. Roll in red sugar.

Make the stems by putting about 1 tsp. green food coloring into a saucer. (Dilute with a little water if a lighter color is preferred.) Dip almonds into green coloring. Blot between paper towels and finish drying on waxed paper. Stick one green almond "leaf" at the end of each strawberry.

The friend who sent this recipe to us likes to make up the green leaves first as they take some time to dry. The candy is very pretty and tastes wonderful. Cover and keep refrigerated if stored for a period of time. —Evelyn

DIPPY CHIPPY SQUARES

- 1/2 stick butter, melted
- 1 cup graham cracker crumbs
- 1 cup coconut
- 1 6-oz. pkg. butter brickle chips
- 1 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 1 6-oz. pkg. peanut butter chips
- 1 can sweetened condensed milk

Mix the butter and cracker crumbs. Press into bottom of an 8-inch square pan. Put the coconut and chips in layers on top of crust. Do not stir. Carefully spoon the condensed milk over top. Bake at 325 degrees for about 25 minutes. Cool and cut into squares.

—Donna Nenneman

NUT GOODY BAR

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 12-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 1 cup crunchy peanut butter
- Miniature marshmallows

Melt margarine, flavoring and chocolate chips in top of double boiler. Add peanut butter and stir until well blended. Spread a layer of miniature marshmallows in bottom of greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Pour chocolate mixture over marshmallows. Chill until firm. Cut into bars.

—Betty Jane

CRANBERRY-ORANGE BUNDT CAKE

- 2 1/4 cups flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup fresh cranberries, chopped
- Grated peel of 2 oranges
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 cup buttermilk
- 3/4 cup oil
- 1/2 cup white sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed

Sift together the flour, salt, baking powder and soda. Stir in the nuts, raisins, cranberries and grated orange. In another bowl, combine the remaining ingredients. Blend together the two mixtures. Pour into greased 10-inch tube pan or a bundt pan. Bake for one hour at 350 degrees. While cake is baking, prepare the following topping:

- 1 cup orange juice
- 1 cup white sugar
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

In saucepan, combine all ingredients. Heat to dissolve sugar and blend. Brush about two-thirds of topping over hot cake while still in pan. Turn cake out onto plate. Brush with remaining topping. Serve with whipped topping, if desired.

—Betty Jane



Hallie Blackman has just finished baking a large chicken casserole and an apple dessert to serve to guests. Photo by Shenandoah Evening Sentinel

EMMA'S BROILED BANANAS

- 4 bananas
- 4 Tbls. honey
- Juice of 1/2 lemon

Cut bananas lengthwise into fourths. Place in broiler pan. Combine honey and lemon juice. Baste bananas with this mixture and broil for about 20 minutes, basting several times. When brown and crispy the bananas are done. Excellent served for breakfast.

Emma is the cook who has long been with the Crandall family. She spent last summer with Frederick and Betty and Betty's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Crandall.

CRANBERRY CHIFFON PIE

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups cranberries
- 1 medium-size orange, peeled
- 2 egg whites
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup whipping cream
- 1 9-inch baked pie shell

Stir unflavored gelatin into the cold water; set aside for five minutes to soften. Add orange flavoring and stir over hot water until completely dissolved. Stir 3/4 cup of the sugar into the gelatin. Cover and chill until syrupy. Place cranberries and orange in blender or food chopper. Chop fine. Beat egg whites and salt until soft peaks form. Beat in remaining 1/4 cup sugar. Fold into the cranberry mixture and add vanilla. Whip about 3/4 cup of the whipping cream. Fold into cranberry mixture and combine with gelatin mixture. Pour into crust and chill for several hours. Whip remaining cream and use for garnish.

—Betty Jane

SPICY CARROT LOAVES

- 1 cup vegetable oil
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 3/4 cups firmly packed light brown sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups shredded carrots
- 1 8-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained
- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 cup raw quick-cooking rolled oats
- 1/2 cup chopped black walnuts
- 1 Tbls. baking powder
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Combine oil, butter flavoring and sugar, mixing until well blended. Add eggs and remaining flavorings; mix well. Stir in carrots and pineapple. Add combined remaining ingredients, mixing just until dry ingredients are moistened. Pour into two 4- by 8-inch loaf pans. (Grease only bottoms of pans.) Bake at 350 degrees for 45 to 55 minutes or until loaves test done. Cool 10 minutes; remove loaves from pans. Complete cooling on wire rack.

—Dorothy

THREE-LAYER CHRISTMAS SALAD**Bottom Layer**

- 2 3-oz. pkgs. lime gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 2 cups cold water
- 1 20-oz. can crushed pineapple, drained

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add cold water and pineapple. Pour into 9- by 13-inch pan. Refrigerate until set.

Middle Layer

- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup cream
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup finely chopped nutmeats
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, room temperature
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

In saucepan, heat sugar and cream until sugar is dissolved. Soften gelatin in cold water. Blend the two mixtures with remaining ingredients and spread over bottom layer. Refrigerate.

Top Layer

- 1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 1 cup hot water
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen strawberries, thawed

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add flavoring and strawberries and mix well. Pour over middle layer and refrigerate until firm. An attractive salad to serve at Christmas time.

—Donna Nenneman

HAPPY HOLIDAY LOAVES

2 pkgs. yeast
 1/3 cup lukewarm water
 1 tsp. sugar
 1 cup milk, scalded
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/3 cup butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 2 tsp. salt
 1 1/2 cups flour
 2 eggs
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 1/2 cup chopped, mixed candied fruits and peels
 1 cup seedless raisins
 4 to 4 1/2 cups flour, as needed

Combine yeast, lukewarm water and 1 tsp. sugar. Set aside to dissolve. Scald milk; stir in 1/2 cup sugar, shortening, butter flavoring and salt. Cool to lukewarm. Combine yeast mixture and milk mixture. Add the 1 1/2 cups flour. Beat in the eggs one at a time. Add vanilla flavoring and spices. Fold in mixed fruits and raisins. Stir in enough flour to make a

soft dough. Turn out on lightly floured breadboard. Knead until smooth and elastic, about 7 or 8 minutes. Place in greased bowl, turning to grease all sides. Cover and let rise in warm place until double in bulk.

Punch dough down, turn out on floured breadboard and divide into portions as desired. Let rest, covered, 10 minutes. Shape into loaves, balls, rings, etc., as desired. Place in greased pan and let rise until almost double. Bake at 350 degrees, 20 minutes for small rolls, longer for loaves, 30 to 40 minutes, depending on size. Remove from oven, cool on racks and decorate with powdered sugar icing, fruit and nuts.

—Evelyn

CASHEW-CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKY

1/4 cup margarine
 2/3 cup peanut butter
 1/2 cup granulated sugar
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 1 egg
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring

1 1/3 cups unsifted flour
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 tsp. soda
 1/2 cup semisweet chocolate chips
 1/3 cup chopped, ground cashews

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. In a large bowl, combine margarine and peanut butter. Add sugars, creaming well. Beat in egg and flavorings. Sift flour with salt and soda and add to first mixture. Dough will be very stiff. Work in chips and cashews. Form into small balls and place on cookie sheet. Flatten balls with fork. Bake in preheated oven for 8 to 10 minutes. Watch closely!

—Juliana

CANDY SANDWICH

1 6-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips
 1/2 cup crunchy-style peanut butter
 4 cups rice cereal
 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
 1/2 cup sifted powdered sugar
 2 Tbls. butter
 1 Tbls. water

In large saucepan, combine butterscotch chips and peanut butter. Heat until chips melt and mixture is smooth. Add cereal and stir until well coated. Press half of cereal mixture into greased 8-inch square pan. Set remaining cereal mixture aside. Chill pan with cereal layer in refrigerator while preparing fudge mixture. In top of double boiler, combine chocolate chips, powdered sugar, butter and water. Heat over hot (not boiling) water until chips are melted and mixture is smooth. Spread over refrigerated cereal layer. Spread remaining cereal mixture evenly over top. Press gently. Chill until firm. Cut into squares.

—Donna Nenneman

CHICKEN WITH HAM

(A "day ahead" recipe)

1 large fryer, cut in pieces
 Flour mixed with a little salt and pepper, for coating

1/2 cup butter or margarine
 1/4 cup chopped green onions
 1 4-oz. can mushrooms, drained
 1 slice ham, diced
 1 clove garlic, minced
 Pinch of thyme
 Salt and pepper to taste
 1 cup red wine vinegar

Shake chicken piece by piece in a paper bag containing the flour mixed with salt and pepper. Brown chicken in butter or margarine. Place chicken pieces in casserole. Mix together all the remaining ingredients and pour over chicken. Spoon the juice over the chicken so it is well saturated. Bake, uncovered, in a 350-degree oven for one hour. Remove and cool for a short time before placing in the refrigerator overnight.

The next day, when ready to bake, again spoon the liquid over the chicken and place, covered, in a 300-degree oven for one hour. Serves four.

—Robin Justiz

BUTTERMILK BARS

1/2 cup margarine
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 1 egg
 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
 1 tsp. soda
 1 cup buttermilk
 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Cream the first five ingredients. Add egg and beat well. Sift together the flour and soda and add to creamed mixture alternately with buttermilk. Stir in the pecans. Spread in greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 20 to 30 minutes until golden brown and it tests done. Cool and frost with the following:

1/4 cup margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/4 cup white sugar
 1/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 1/8 cup milk
 1 cup sifted powdered sugar (may take more)

Place margarine, flavorings, sugars and milk in saucepan. Bring to a boil slowly. Cook for two minutes. Remove from heat and add the powdered sugar. Beat well. Frost cooled bars.

—Betty Jane

Merry Christmas!**BAKING SEASON**

Ah, the holidays! College students home, parties and drop-in visitors, church and club doings, etc. Seems like we spend most of our time in the kitchen during this season.

This baking season depend on all 16 Kitchen-Klatter Flavorings —

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MARY LEA WRITES FROM MAINE



Dear Friends:

Every once in a while a particular memory from my childhood comes back to me. The father of one of my friends was very good with children, and every Saturday morning he would come by and pick up half a dozen kids (myself included) and take us for a long bicycle ride in the park. How I looked forward to Saturday mornings! To this day, I am grateful for the time he spent "Pied Piper" us 20 years ago.

I think we all try to give our children moments that will become memories. Vin and I did that recently when we took Isabel and Christopher to their first movie, Walt Disney's *Sleeping Beauty*. The children knew that story but still found the evil fairy "very scary", as Isabel said. Christopher's evaluation afterward included the statement, I liked *Sleeping Beauty*; she's a good woman." Eating popcorn and being in a theater for the first time were equally as exciting as the movie.

I feel sad that Isabel has forgotten almost all of the memorable moments she had in the Southwest. It's hard to believe that she remembers nothing about life in three cultures, but my parents probably feel the same disappointment that I retain no memories of Hawaii (where I spent my first two years). I hope to refresh Isabel's memory by means of a trip to Albuquerque soon. I had been forewarned by a friend that children forget almost everything up to the age of 5. You might think, "Why bother?" to present special experiences before that age, but research tells us those early years are the most important ones for learning. It's also fun to create and share future memories, even if you're the only one who remembers!

To bring you up to date on the children, Isabel was 5 in May and is attending public kindergarten. For a while it seemed that all she was learning was how to stand in line (a necessary skill for getting on a school bus, I know) but now she brings papers home showing progress in pre-reading skills. She says she has to spend too much time sitting on the rug, but she has made some new friends and seems reasonably happy.

Her best friend is a little girl named Shawntel who lives two houses away. She and Isabel play house endlessly with their "babies". Before they begin playing they have a very solemn discussion as to what their names will be. I smile to myself when I hear them, thinking how



Isabel Palo is showing her Great-grandmother Crandall a new toy.

interesting it would be if we could all put ourselves aside so easily and try on a new identity.

Christopher, at 2 years and 8 months, is full of enthusiasm and big plans. He wants to be "a bulldozer man, a backhoe man, a fronthoe man, a crane man, and a cowboy" when he grows up. He's a great little helper. He likes to set the table and we often end up with 5 spoons at each place when he does. His favorite activity is to help Daddy stack firewood in the basement.

Speaking of firewood, we cut our oil consumption about 35% last year through the installation of an efficient wood stove in the kitchen. This year we hope to cut the consumption even further—we'll have to if we want to pay the bills! New England really gets squeezed during fuel shortages.

Last year we had plenty of big pieces of wood but ran out of kindling. So this summer we planned ahead and filled a backpack with kindling every time we took a hike. We gathered a good supply that way and enjoyed our walks, too.

I read *Cinderella* to Christopher tonight before he went to bed. Now I'm sitting here staring into my cup of hot chocolate, wishing I could wave a magic wand and get some things done. When we moved here 2½ years ago, the children were always sick and I spent most of my time at home. I accomplished quite a bit around the house and started several craft projects, but I did get bored, I'll confess. I simply don't like to stay home all day. Now my life is practically the opposite. I still spend a lot of time with the children, but between my part-time jobs and my volunteer commitments, I spend a lot of time away from the house. So I stare into my cup and wish my half-completed braided rug would finish itself, not to mention the housework.

I'm a member of the local Business and Professional Women's Club and vice-president of our Parish Council, but I think the activity I enjoy the most is being on the Board of Directors of Cottage Grove Children's Center. My children

have both been involved in their fine programs so I have a long-standing relationship with the staff. A new executive director was appointed last spring and has made the Board a real working unit, not just an advisory council. There are some major changes happening in which we're all involved. I find it challenging to help point a direction for community day-care. It is an industrial town and in most families both parents work, so the Center fills a real need.

This summer, Vin took on the challenge of being secretary for our local food co-op. His job was coordinating all the jobs from compiling orders to (Continued on page 18)

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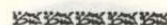
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THE MARK OF QUALITY



Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

Christmas is a fine time for gifts of books. When I was growing up, and reading the books by Lloyd C. Douglas, it was a special treat to find *White Banners* under the tree. Another time, Dad and Mother gave me *Song of Years*, by Bess Streeter Aldrich. More meaning was added when we visited the cemetery at Cedar Falls, Iowa, where many of the pioneers described in the book are buried. Our children were recipients of the "Little House" books, properly inscribed by Grandma Carlson. Last year, Theodore H. White's *In Search of History* was our gift to son Jon. We all read it! This year, since he is a fan of Charles Kuralt, he enjoys the CBS *Sunday Morning News*. He'd probably like to read *Dateline America*.

As the "On The Road" reporter, Charles Kuralt travels around the United States and interviews people where they live, and the things they live with. A fine collection of Americana, *Dateline America* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$10.95) is about all of us. Since the pieces were written for radio, *Dateline America* can be read easily. It is illustrated with many photos.

A few books for children are listed:

The Magic Blanket and *The Magic Teddy Bear* (Harper Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$4.50 each) by Stella Farris are two pop-up books of magical bedtime adventures of a boy named Scott. For ages 4-7, delighted young children can soar with Scott on a magic blanket and watch amazing flying things pop up, and can comb the house for his favorite teddy bear with other toys leaping out of hiding. These are tot-sized books, sturdily constructed with laminated covers, with 30 full-color illustrations. Sure to be favorites of the very young.

Santa's Moose (Harper Jr. Books, \$5.95) by Syd Hoff is an early I CAN READ book. Milton has offered to help pull Santa's sleigh, but he can't seem to get the hang of landing on roofs. Beginning readers will root for kindly, clumsy, lovable Milton as he brings Yuletide joy to children around the world.

Another I CAN READ book is *Pickle in the Middle and Other Easy Snacks* by Frances W. Zweifel, (Harper Jr. Books, \$5.95). In this book, for ages 4-8, young children can cook safely and easily, using their own clean hands, simple ingredients and equipment. Clear step-by-step instructions and bright illustrations will help beginning readers become beginning cooks. Brown sugar bumps, chocolate lumps, candy blips,



When Evelyn Birkby traveled to Sioux City last fall, she had an opportunity to visit with Frank and Armada Swanson and to take this snapshot.

bologna roll-ups, and pickle in the middle are just some of the recipes. Pickle in the middle? Well, that's Vienna sausages, Cheddar cheese, and sweet pickles. None of the recipes require a stove or sharp knife.

A Touch of Wonder (Fleming H. Revell Co., Old Tappan, New Jersey, paperback, \$1.75) by Arthur Gordon is, according to the author, "just a book that reflects one man's way of looking at things." He mentions several gifts in the book: shared wisdom, self-discovery, faith, awareness, and adaptability. In "The Gift of Caring", he writes that most of us spend our lives trying to escape from self-centeredness. He suggests that the ones who have the most success are those who turn self-caring into what might be called other-caring.

Author Gordon says it is not easy to let your guard down, to open your heart. But oftentimes a discovery is made—"The more things you care about, and the more intensely you care, the more alive you are. This capacity for caring can illuminate any relationship—marriage, family, friendships . . ."

A Christmas wish for you is from a speech that a man gave in Arthur Gordon's schoolroom: "Love life. Be grateful for it always. And show your gratitude by not shying away from its challenges. Try always to live a little bit beyond your capacities. You'll find that you never succeed."

Glad Jul from the Swansons!

PATCHWORK

The patchwork quilt, worn with time and love,
Shows harmony in its variety.
Likewise with the threads of life,
We strive to weave a whole.

Pieces from the corners of our mind,
Some dark, some bright, lie hidden,
Until a sudden knowing feeling confirms
That the pieces form the patchwork of
our lives. —Elisabeth Kirby

PINE CONE PRETTIES

by
Mildred Grenier

If you happen to have lots of pine cones available, you are in luck for they are always in demand, not only at Christmas, but all year 'round.

Clever toys, novelties and party favors can be made from pine cones. Perky Pine Cone People, to use as party favors, or to hang on the Christmas trees, are made by gluing wooden beads or very small styrofoam balls on one end of the cone for a head. Make features with felt-tipped pen or sequins, glue on a toothpaste cap hat and tie a bright ribbon around the neck. To make into a Christmas Angel, gather and glue a piece of white facial tissue under the wooden-bead head. Instead of a toothpaste cap hat, use a halo cut from gold construction paper. Glue on wings cut from white construction paper. If you wish the angel to hold something, twist a white pipe cleaner around the cone for arms.

To make a Pine Cone Santa, use a wooden bead on one end of the cone for Santa's head. Cut off the bottom of the cone to make a flat surface so Santa will stand upright. Cut a circle of thin red fabric large enough to cover the cone. With needle and thread, take small running stitches around the outside of the circle. Place cone, head up, in center of circle, lift the fabric up and around the cone, draw the thread firmly and tie tightly under Santa's head. Twist white pipe cleaner under Santa's neck to make arms. Cut a cone-shaped cap of red construction paper or fabric, glue on a small band of cotton around the bottom and a ball of cotton on top of the cap and glue onto Santa's head at a rakish angle. Decorate Santa's suit with bands and buttons of white cotton as desired.

Select slightly curved cones to make Cone Birds to hang on a tree. Glue a wooden bead for the bird's head at the larger round end of the cone. Make eyes with felt-tipped marker and cut a bill from orange construction paper and glue into place. Twist very fine wire around the middle of the bird's body, leaving a length for hanging. Cut wings from gold-colored paper, fold a fan-shaped tail of the gold paper and glue wings and tail to the bird. Make feet by using a pipe cleaner twisted under the bird's body and folded out to make toes.

Almost any kind of animal can be made from the versatile cones using the wooden beads for heads and pipe cleaners for legs. I made reindeers to pull Santa's sleigh using pipe cleaners twisted around both ends of the cone to make the four legs. I cut pipe cleaners to resemble antlers and taped them on either side of the reindeer's head with small bits of transparent tape.

Small cones can be glued on



Frederick and Betty Driftmier enjoy their "Sweetheart Swing" even on cool fall days. The swing was made for them by an old Yankee farmer.

construction paper to make original name cards for a Christmas party. A cluster of the small cones tied with bright bits of red berries and silver bells onto green or silver leaves makes a colorful Christmas corsage. Small cones are cheerful additions to gift wrappings.

One year, while I was teaching school, the children were enchanted with living miniature Christmas Trees which we made from pine cones. Several days before needed, soak the pine cones in a pan of water. Set the cones upright and sprinkle grass seed in between the scales of the cones. Keep water in the bottom of the pan to keep cones moist. Soon the grass seeds will sprout to make lovely little "evergreen" trees. When ready to display, use modeling clay to fasten the

cones to small cardboard bases.

Pine cones are always lovely and appropriate as decorations on mantle, table, door or as ropes and swags. You may leave them plain or treat in different ways. For a snowy look, dab the tips of the cones with white shoe polish or white enamel and sprinkle with glitter before the paint dries. One way to color the cones is to fill a can (one that can be discarded after using) about three-fourths full of water. Pour a small amount of house paint or enamel (not water-base paint) on the water. Use gold, silver, red, green or a combination of several colors. The paint will float to the top of the water. Tie a string around a pine cone and dip it in the water very slowly; it will come out in lovely variegated colors. Place on a newspaper to dry.

For added sparkle and beauty, dip dry cones in liquid, self-polishing floor wax and sprinkle with glitter or artificial snow while still wet. Or spray the cones with hair spray or an adhesive glue and quickly sprinkle with gold or silver dust. Cones look beautiful among the Christmas greens when they have been shellacked and decorated with red cinnamon candies while they are still wet.

Pine Cone Roses are made by slicing off the tips of cones. Spray these tips with red, gold or silver and dip in glitter while still wet. One can make rose candleholders by selecting the large cones to make the roses, then hollowing out the centers so the candles will fit down into them.



ATTENTION! Time Change

Dear Friends:

On January 1, 1980, those of you who listen to the **Kitchen-Klatter radio visit on Radio Station KMA—960** from Shenandoah, Iowa—must be sure to listen to the usual **Kitchen-Klatter visit at 10:00 a.m.** (You are accustomed to hearing it at 9:00 a.m., but when the New Year arrives, remember to listen at **10:00 a.m.**)

For the rest of you faithful listeners, time remains constant—**Kitchen-Klatter radio program** is heard each weekday over the following stations:

—Lucile

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KLIK
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WJAG
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KWPC
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Worthington, Minn., 730 on your dial — 1:30 p.m.
Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 a.m.
Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 11:00 a.m.
Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:05 a.m.
Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 10:15 a.m.
Mason City, Ia., 1010 on your dial — 10:05 a.m.
Boone, Ia., 1590 on your dial — 9:00 a.m.
Muscatine, Ia., 860 on your dial — 9:00 a.m.
Newton, Ia., 1280 on your dial — 9:35 a.m.
Pittsburg, Ks., 860 on your dial — 9:00 a.m.
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MEET OUR WRITERS

Erma Reynolds

It was in Greenfield, Massachusetts, my birthplace, that I started my career as a playwright. My first drama was an adaptation of Mother Goose rhymes which I prepared for the guests to act out at my tenth birthday party.

Then I turned to other types of writing—descriptions, for the most part.

During my years in the early grades of school, I would stay after class and ask my current teacher to read and criticize my work. How those tired teachers, anxious to go home, must have hated the sight of me appearing on the scene, clutching my latest manuscript!

After I went to work as research librarian for a large cooperative farmers' association, I continued to write in my spare time. It was during those career days that I sold my first story, "Mrs. Dandelion's New Gown", to the children's page of *Dairymen's League News*. I'll never forget the thrill of that first sale.

I married in middle life and had more time to devote to my writing, turning out a variety of subjects for both adults and juveniles.

Currently, my "Bible Quizzes" are being syndicated and appear each Sunday in some of the Southern newspapers. I also contribute a weekly historical feature to my home-town newspaper. In 1976, my book *Intriguing Bible Quizzes* was published.

To turn out this amount of material, I try to write regularly each day, otherwise, as I laughingly say, "my creative juices dry up."

I am now a widow and share my big house with a neurotic French poodle, "Nanette". I have three stepdaughters, but they all live far away from me.

Perhaps I'm prejudiced, but I think Longmeadow, Massachusetts, where I now live, is lovely. The land was purchased in 1636 from the Indians for "4 fathom of wampum, 4 coats, 4 hatchets, 4 bowes, and 4 knives." This town still has houses which were built in the 1700's.

Even though I live alone, I like to cook and try new recipes. I am also a vegetable gardener with a pale green thumb. My hobbies, if you can call them that, are bird watching, working crossword puzzles, and making my own Christmas cards.

MARY LEA'S LETTER — Concluded
 trucking to bagging the food. We soon found the whole setup wasn't as co-operative as it should have been. Vin spent hours on the phone trying to track down workers, and it seemed that a few people ended up doing most of the work, yet the co-op still seems to hang together, however tenuously. Needless to say, we learned a lot.

Now everything in our lives is about to change. I expect to have some big news to tell you when I next write. In the meantime, I hope we all think "co-operation" as we share the limited energy resources through the cold winter.

Have a wonderful Christmas . . .
 Sincerely,
 Mary Lea Palo



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Check for labels on fabric products for non-flammable, flame-retardant, or flame-resistant notices as well as washable and hygienic materials for stuffed toys and dolls.

Avoid toys that produce excessive noise. (Even toy cap pistols fired too close to a child's ear can cause damage.) Avoid shooting games, especially those involving darts and arrows, unless the games are played under parental supervision.

Toys for very small children should be chosen with extra care. Playthings that are safe for older children become hazardous in the hands of little ones who are unaware of the dangers of sharp points and edges or brittle glass or plastic.

When choosing a toy for a toddler or infant, make sure it —

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- is not apt to break easily into small pieces or leave jagged edges.
- does not have sharp edges or points.
- has not been put together with easily exposed straight pins, sharp wires, nails, etc.
- is not made of glass or brittle plastic.
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—Carrie Wiggins



Brian, age 6, and Melissa, age 4½, often visit their father, Chuck Maxine, at the Kitchen-Klatter plant.

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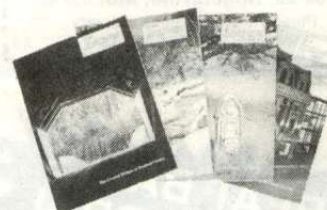
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From Our Family Album

This picture of my brother, Howard, and of me, could really be used at any time of the year, but it just so happens that it was taken on December 25, 1959.

After endless months of being totally "at sea" while Russell and I were completely remodeling our old house, we finally saw the last of the workmen and could get settled once again. We decided to have our first housewarming by asking all of our Driftmier relatives to come for a big Christmas dinner. I most vividly recall that all three leaves were put into the dining room table, plus a couple of card tables were pushed up as close as possible to the big table to make a huge extended eating area. There were many Christmas decorations, of course, but they were in another section of the living room so couldn't be included in this photograph.

After 20 years, I couldn't begin to tell you what we ate for that meal, but I DO have one food memory that is as vivid as though we sat down to that groaning table just yesterday. At 4:00 A.M. on that Christmas morning, I got up out of bed and put a big turkey in the oven with fervent hope that it would be done just right when we sat down at 1:00 P.M. for our feast. (Yes, the turkey WAS done.) But I never look at this picture without happily remembering our Driftmier family all together and with our remodeling work completed.

—Lucile

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded
like Christmas? Oh, I know we hear people complaining about the commercialization of Christmas, and the extravagance of it, but that is not the same as disliking Christmas. I think that God plants in the heart of each one of us a desire for all of the goodness and all of the love that makes Christmas the joy you and I know. For one to say that he or she does not like Christmas is like one saying that he or she does not like life. Christmas is the festival of life! It is the celebration of the Creator's love for His Creation! If we were the products of some other culture and some other religion, we would express this differently, but we are Christians, and for us Christmas speaks to our hearts with

love and with tenderness.

Betty and I wish you a very joyous Christmas. We know that many of you who lost loved ones will have tears in your eyes, but let those tears be tears of joy as you thank God for all of the love you have known. Sincerely,

Frederick

MOVING ALONG — Concluded
aration done ahead of time as possible—I want to be free to enjoy every minute of the time our family can be together. And, if you should try to call during this time, let the phone ring a long time, or knock real loud, we'll probably all be in the basement looking at slides of Bob's long hike, Craig's Alaskan summer and Jeff's Montana wildlife.

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LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

that in some way we MUST retain a family unity that will serve as a bedrock base no matter how the whole world situation turns out.

There doesn't seem to be a real fighting chance of surviving today if we don't make a move to keep from going under. I was told almost two years ago by hard-headed business men that we could keep going only by increasing the cost of this magazine. I refused to believe it.

Well, after incredible increases in postage rates, paper, ink—just everything that goes into getting this magazine in your mailbox every month, I am compelled to say that the hard-headed business men were right—and I was wrong in refusing to believe them.

At our end we are going to do everything possible to continue this magazine, and if you'll help us at your end by renewing your subscription and giving the magazine as a gift to someone dear to you, we'll struggle through. Let us somehow, all working together, keep alive this long, long tie of friendship. You've shared our happy times and our sad times; through your letters we have shared your happy times and sad times. Let us continue this with determination and warm affection.

Always sincerely yours,

Lucile

ALISON'S LETTER — Concluded

and had a foxhound as my companion. Tim wore a skier's outfit with a Saint Bernard to demonstrate winter. A darling little girl in a soccer outfit held a puppy for spring. Summer was represented by Vicki in a bathing suit. My huge Great Dane pet was beside Vicki, dressed up in a matching pink

bikini! They were the hit of the entire parade! Everyone who had helped with the float's construction rode in the back of the pickup which pulled the float. Needless to say, the project was a smashing success, and well worth the effort to put it together.

In between this activity, I managed to squeeze in a little time for my two outdoor passions: gardening and horses. I have a new colt who was foaled last April, and I try to work with him each day. In the garden, I must keep last year's plantings watered throughout our dry wintertime, plus oodles of seeds started in my greenhouse in anticipation of next spring. Our greenhouse is being used this year as a passive solar heater for our home, and it has really cut our heating bills.

Another major new commitment which I am quite enthusiastic about sharing with you is so worthwhile I'll wait until room permits to give it due justice. It is a program which should be active in every area of the country—a local humane society. We all have been quite involved in starting one here in our community, and I am anxious to tell you about our success.

Until later—wishing each of you very happy holidays. . . .

Sincerely,

Alison Walstad

Adv. — "When your *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine arrives I try to put it back until time to go to work. I work part time at our local mortuary as a hostess when a body is lying in state. During the times when no visitors come, I read my *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine. It is so much company, and an easy magazine to pick up and put down as needed and is not awkward to handle. It contains short, interesting articles."

—Mrs. A.L., Johnson, Nebr.

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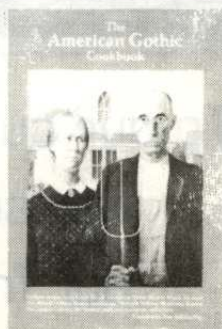
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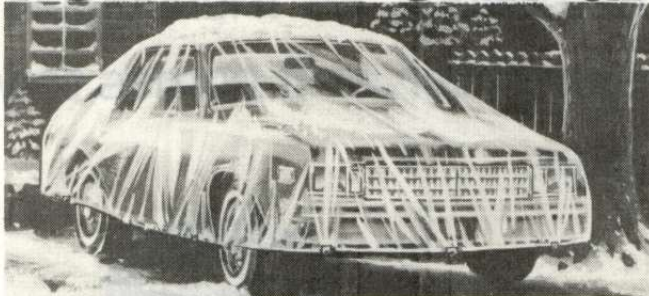
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