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# Kitchen-Klatter Magazine

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# Kitchen-Klatter

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"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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## LETTER FROM LUCILE



Dear Good Friends:

Most of the time I write to you folks while sitting at my old beat-up desk at my home in Shenandoah, but this morning the scene is different. I am using Dorothy's typewriter on her dining room table.

Yesterday, when we were eating lunch, I told Dorothy and Frank that I felt as if I had really turned into the famous man who came for dinner and then settled in for a stay of several years! I feel completely at home here, and next to my very own home this farm is my favorite place to be. Other people may take time off from their usual routine to travel to some far distant place, but I am perfectly content to drive about 130 miles from Shenandoah to Lucas and settle into the daily schedule of an Iowa farm.

Speaking of far distant places reminds me to tell you that last night a call came from Juliana with the welcome news that she and Jed were safely back home in Albuquerque after a ten-day trip to Yucatan. Their two favorite hobbies are archaeological digs and fishing trips, so this year they headed for Yucatan for a wonderfully happy time.

Juliana said that they were really taken with the East Coast (Caribbean) side of Yucatan. Its beaches have the whitest, finest sand any of them had ever seen. They called them "baby powder" beaches. The beaches were singularly beautiful next to the crystal clear ocean water of genuine turquoise color.

"They've never put out travel photographs," Juliana said, "that begin to do the country justice."

All in all, it was a very successful trip. They went with eleven of their friends who've gone on many of these digs. The fact that Emily and Rich DiCicco could go with them was an added bonus. Emily

speaks Spanish and Portuguese (the official language of Brazil) with such fluency that she qualifies as an official interpreter. This makes a tremendous difference to anyone who travels in countries where English is not the taken-for-granted language.

On another page in this issue, you will see our most recent photograph of little Stephen Louis DiCicco. While his parents were in Yucatan, he stayed with his grandparents, Abigail and Wayne Driftmier, in Denver. This was their first opportunity to be with him over a span of time. While he was there, Alison and Mike Walstad and their little Lily Florence drove up to Denver from their home in Ruidoso Downs, New Mexico, for a weekend visit. When I heard about this, I contrasted the entire situation with Christmas of two years ago when they learned for the first time that by Christmas of 1980 they would have their first grandchildren. Anyone would agree that the span of two years makes a tremendous difference.

Since this is the December issue, I'll go ahead and say that IF everything works out all right, I expect to spend the holidays in Albuquerque with Juliana, Jed, James and Katharine. I've been looking forward to this since January 1, 1981. In one year's time, Betty Jane and I should have made final decisions about what highways to take between Shenandoah and Albuquerque, but I'm still looking at road maps with an uncertain eye. Traveling by car during the winter months means you cannot bank with certainty on any particular route. Ever since we were snowed in for five days at Tucumcari, New Mexico, I've been in a state of stimulating anxiety when it comes to making plans.

IF everything works out, I'd like to head south towards Mountain Home, Arkansas, and spend a couple of days there with my dear Aunt Adelyn Rope and Uncle Albert. (This is assuming that they will be there and not in California with their two sons and families.)

IF we take that route we could then head west on roads through Oklahoma and Texas that are not familiar to either Betty Jane or me. There is nothing that I enjoy more than seeing something different. Moreover, I'd like to allow plenty of time simply to browse around in small towns on our route because interstate highways were never designed for browsing—they can get you someplace in a hurry, but you never are able to see anything—might as well be in a plane at 20,000 feet in the air.

Well, in the next issue you'll learn how these plans worked out.

As I write this letter to you, Betty Jane is in St. Paul, Minnesota, on a trip that hadn't been planned in advance. Her eldest daughter, Heather Baum, had to go to the hospital for serious surgery and



The front entrance of Juliana and Jed Lowey's home in Albuquerque, New Mexico, looks like countless other New Mexican homes during the winter months because of the brilliant red peppers hanging against the adobe wall. Those heavy beams (called vegas) and the ornately carved door are also typical of many homes in that area.

she wanted her mother to be with her. I'm glad that Betty Jane could go, not only for Heather's sake, but because it gave me a chance to be here at the farm with Dorothy and Frank. While Heather is in the hospital, Betty Jane is staying at her home and keeping things on track for her only grandchildren, Jennifer and Jessica Baum. It means a great deal to children to have their grandmother on deck if their mother must be hospitalized.

When I retire (and don't ask me when this will be) I have a plan in mind to do some volunteer work that I think might bring genuine pleasure to people who live in retirement and nursing homes. I've always enjoyed reading aloud, and I can think of quite a few books that would be well worth sharing with a group.

I have read three of these books since I last wrote to you, and although it was the second time around for them, I enjoyed them even more than when I first read them many years ago. This is really the test for a good book—if you can pick it up thirty years later and find it more interesting than you had remembered.

Two of these books were the first-published works of Pearl Buck, and to a large degree were responsible for the Nobel prize that she was awarded. *The Fighting Angel* is the biography of her father and *The Exile* is the biography of her mother. They were missionaries in China for the greater portion of their lives, and the account of their experiences makes for fascinating

(Continued on page 22)





## DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It has been raining for two days and nights, a slow gentle rain which is not much more than a drizzle. All together the rain gauge measures a fraction over an inch. It isn't much, but enough to make the ground very muddy. The temperature is so warm today, it seems more like spring outside than late fall. It won't be long, however, until the snow begins to fall. If the predictions are right, we will have more than we want this winter.

Because of the bad flood in July, when our crops were under about four feet of water, we didn't expect to have any beans to combine, and are happy to report that we were wrong. As soon as the water had gone off, our renter came down to look over the situation and was sure the crop was wiped out. Apparently, a small shower a couple of days later washed the mud off the bean plants. Except for a few low spots that stayed wet too long, they made a comeback so we did have some beans to combine. We were glad Dean got them harvested before this rain started.

Actually our corn was hurt a lot worse than the beans, which surprised us. It hasn't been picked yet and since this rain came, the ground will be too muddy to do anything until the arrival of a hard freeze. At this house we never count our bushels until they are in the crib or bin.

Speaking of crops, we had no walnuts this year—at least the trees near the house didn't have any. Frank found a few under a tree in the timber, but this will be the last year this particular tree will produce because Frank reported that it has been struck by lightning and split right through the middle. Walnut trees are so valuable that this is a real loss. Bernie has two walnut trees in her yard and both of them bore heavily this year, so we got a few from her. Nuts of all kinds are so expensive that every little bit helps.

The timber wasn't as pretty this year as it usually is. Lucile and Betty Jane wanted to come and spend another weekend with us when the trees were at their peak of color, and when they called to say they were coming, I was afraid they were arriving about a week too early. I was wrong. We spent one entire afternoon riding all over this part of the country and the trees were beautiful. (I am spoiled because living right here in the timber, I've seen so many years when the leaves were much more brilliant than this fall.) I was so happy they didn't listen to me about the time to come because two days later, just overnight, the leaves all turned brown and started to fall.

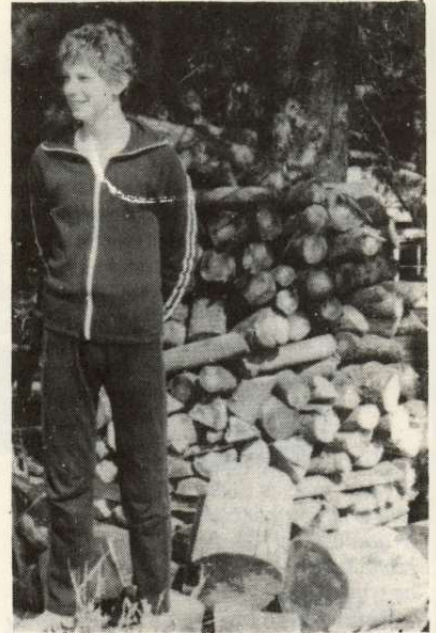
This is the first year there has been a fall season for hunting wild turkeys. The weather, for the most part, was nice. The first two friends to arrive were Doyle Adams and Larry Wilson from the Iowa State Conservation office. They were here a couple of days and each got a turkey. They enjoyed being out in the timber so much that after they got their turkeys in the morning, they stayed out and hunted squirrels in the afternoon, coming in with their limit. They said they had never seen so many squirrels. If they are that thick, I hope they don't get diseased; this often happens if there is an over-population of a particular animal.

Three of our deer-hunting friends from Kanawha also came to hunt turkeys and didn't go home empty-handed. We hadn't seen two of these men since last deer season, so Frank had me get out all the turkey pictures I had taken so they could see that we really do have turkeys here. These men will return in a few weeks when deer season opens. They told us they saw several deer while hunting turkeys and the deer weren't a bit frightened, but when the season opens the deer grow wise and the hunters will be lucky to see any.

Frank wanted to set a couple of new posts for the yard gate to replace the ones that had been there for many years. He used some old railroad ties for this and had to cut a piece off the end of each one because they were too long. He didn't want to use his chain saw because he might cut into some imbedded gravel, so decided, if I would help him, to get the job done with the old crosscut saw. This saw has been hanging unused in the shed for many years. In no time, the ends of the ties were off.

That saw must be over ninety years old. It belonged to Frank's father. When Mr. Johnson came here almost ninety years ago and bought this farm, all of the bottom ground that we now have in crops was covered with dense timber so heavy he could work in it all day and never see the sun. There were no chain saws in those days so Mr. Johnson cleared every bit of that timber with an axe and the crosscut saw. It was really hard work. I wonder if there would be so many people today going back to the wood-burning stoves for their heat if there were no chain saws?

Recently, some of my friends were going to Des Moines to have lunch and to see and hear Mary Martin who was in town representing a linen company. Later she signed her autograph on paper or, if you wanted to buy some of the linens, she would autograph them in permanent ink. Since Kristin is always in need of pillowcases, I thought her boys might get a kick out of having pillowcases signed: "J.R.'s real mother, Mary Martin." She was a very charming and warm person to visit with and, as she put



Aaron Brase, Dorothy and Frank Johnson's grandson, is very good about lugging in wood for the fireplace, and then lugging out ashes later. The Brases have a good supply on hand this year—all set for a long and probably bitter winter in Torrington, Wyoming.

it, "a typical grandmother of six."

A carload of us were able to go to Shenandoah late last month to attend Billie Oakley's annual KMA Cookie Festival. Bernie and several of her friends went with me and we all had a good time.

This week I made a trip to speak at the Fairview Christian Church, a rural church north of Melcher, Iowa, for their annual guest day. The women's group in the church invites women from the surrounding churches and clubs for a program and social time. They had a roll call of the various churches and when each group stood up, I was surprised so many churches and towns were represented. It is always a pleasure to meet our many long-time Kitchen-Klatter friends. My friend, Dorothea Polser, went with me and we enjoyed the delicious refreshments and visiting with everyone after the program.

Frank has just come in and said he found a break in the fence where a few calves have been getting out, so I'll bring this to a close and go along with him to lend a hand.

Have a Happy Holiday Season,  
Dorothy



### CHRISTMAS BELLS

O, Christmas bells!  
I listen to them ring,  
And cheerfully embrace  
The joy they bring. —Verna Sparks





## EACH SEEKS A PLACE

(A Skit)

by Mrs. Edwin Schwanke

### SCENE I

(Two women, Beth and Lana, are visiting. Beth is dressed in a bright robe and is sitting in a comfortable chair with a quantity of Christmas cards in her hand. Lana has her coat and purse on a nearby chair.)

**Beth:** I'm so happy you could stop by for a few minutes to see me, Lana. I'm feeling much better but I honestly don't have the Christmas spirit even with all these cards. I think I'll just put them in a drawer.

**Lana:** I sent more cards this year than I have for a long time.

**Beth:** Why, for heaven's sake!

**Lana:** You may not believe this, but I think it is because I am more humble.

**Beth:** When have you ever had cause to be humble? I don't understand.

**Lana:** Well, it all began when I realized how I hated the daily routine of my life. It really was killing me. Meals, laundry, bills to be paid, trash to carry out, be sure a cake of soap is on the sink for the kids, the whole bit.

**Beth:** But that is something everyone does—it is taking care of yourself and your home.

**Lana:** But to have to do the same things over and over, wipe up spots someone else made, run the sweeper to clean up other people's messes, mend seams the kids ripped, it all began to get to me.

**Beth:** It is obvious to me that you look well-groomed, well-nourished and, evidently, keep your bills paid, at least I haven't heard of any creditors hounding you. But what does this have to do with humility?

**Lana:** It dawned on me, finally, that much of what was being done to make my life easier was coming from other people—my family helped, people around the office and those in my church and club did many kind and useful things for me. For awhile I had the idea I was doing everything myself, only, when I took a hard look at each day I found it wasn't true at all.

**Beth:** You are very fortunate. Your path crosses many other paths. People admire you and your ability both at home and in your office work. You undoubtedly

ly help them as much as you are claiming they help you.

**Lana:** I hope so, but they all give me far more than I can ever return to them. That is the reason I sent so many cards this year, it was one way to say thank you. Here, *(she reaches for the cards in Beth's hands)* let me put your cards in this tray. Keep them out where you can see them often for they are messages of love from your friends.

**Beth:** Thank you. Do you know a thought that just came to my mind? When I was a little girl, we always put the empty manger from our creche set on the table. Each time any of us did something thoughtful for someone else we put a straw into the manger. The idea was to try to have a soft bed for the Babe in time for Christmas Eve. I'd like to revive that custom this year. *(She reaches into box next to her chair and takes out a small manger.)* Do you want to add your straw with mine? I'd be pleased if you did, and we could add straws for any spiritual help that comes our way as well.

**Lana:** I'd like that very much. You know, your memory reminds me of a loving minister we used to have in our church back home. He used to say, "Each of us seeks our own place by the manger." *(Picks up her coat and purse, bids Beth goodbye and leaves stage.)*

### SCENE II

*(It is Christmas Eve. The creche is assembled and the manger is well-filled with straw. Lana is dressed and is sitting beside the manger scene fingering some of the figures and talking to herself.)*

**Lana:** Poor Joseph, he was spoken of as such a humble person and sometimes ignored as unimportant, but he was steadfast and trusting. He listened for God's guidance and provided the security Mary needed for the birth and care of her Son.

Mary was so fair and gentle. I wonder about all those things she kept in her heart. Surely life was not easy for her as the wife of a carpenter. To have raised such a son as Jesus must have been a challenge none of us will ever quite understand.

I wonder what the littlest shepherd thought when he had all that glory descend upon him from heaven. Imagine doing simple chores and then having angels suddenly begin singing a triumphant chorus. No wonder the shepherds fell down in amazement! And the older shepherd, with his watchful sense of responsibility toward the sheep, was it his job to train the younger shepherds? Who made the suggestion to follow the angel's message and try to find the newborn child?

**Beth:** *(Knocks on door, then enters.)* Merry Christmas, Lana. I know last year you didn't want to go to the candlelight service at the church, but I decided to stop by anyway and see if you might like

to go with me this evening. I wish you would.

**Lana:** Just wait until I comb my hair. I do want to go with you. I've been looking at this Christmas scene and thinking of the people who were there. I want to go and seek my own place by the manger.

*(Lana smiles at Beth, puts on her coat and, just before the two go out, they each pick up a piece of straw and lay it in the manger.)*

## CHRISTMAS EVE WITH THE FAMILY

by

Virginia Thomas

Mother lights the Christmas candle, then all join in singing a favorite carol. Father reads the Christmas story, Luke 2:1-16. Each child chooses a Christmas poem or story to read aloud. Sing Christmas song chosen by the children.

*(The following interesting bits of Christmas in other lands may be told by the children of the family:)*

In Oberammergau, the woodcarvers of that little German village put on ski clothes and, just as the first darkness falls, they ski down the mountain slopes with lighted torches while singing Christmas carols. Later, they join their families at church for a special ceremony. The father takes a large candle, lights it, and holds it high, saying, "Christ is born!" Each person in turn will take the candle and repeats three times, "Praise be the Lord! Christ is born!"

The children of Norway will be remembering the love of Jesus as they join hands with their families on Christmas Eve and march around the Christmas tree singing their Christmas hymns.

In France, children remember the love of Jesus as each family makes a small scene with the figures of Mary and Joseph beside the tiny Christ Child in a little manger.

The love of Jesus which they are remembering is shown by the children of Sweden when they tie sheaves of grain to the top of tall poles so that the birds, too, may enjoy a Christmas feast.

The love of the Christ Child is in the minds of Yugoslavian children as they place lighted candles in all the windows of their homes at Christmas time.

It is the children of England who remember the love of Jesus as they go from home to home singing lovely carols—a tradition they passed along to us here in America.

**Mother speaks:** It is wonderful to think of all the love in the world at Christmas. We hope everyone is so happy they want to share it. Let us talk a little about the meaning of the Christmas story, of that quiet night in Bethlehem when the Christ Child was born. *(Pause)* Let us think of

*(Continued on page 20)*





## Things to Make for the Holidays

**Sweet Wall Hanging:** Materials needed: Felt, yarn, small dowel, glue, 10 pieces wrapped candy.

Cut piece of felt 7 inches wide by 16 inches long. Turn under one end and stitch, making a fold to hold the dowel.

Type or print the following verse on card and glue near top of felt below the fold. (I backed my white card with red felt.)

The ten days preceding Christmas  
Are the longest days of the year;  
It seems then that old Santa Claus  
Just never will get here.  
So, untie a piece of candy,  
A treat to start each day,  
'Cause a little bit of sugar  
Will sweeten the delay.

Cut bottom of felt piece in scallops or points and sew a small bell or other ornament on each scallop or point. Or, decorate with free-hand cutout holly leaves. Bottom can be left straight and decorated with cutouts, sequins or embroidery of your own individual design.

Using 9-inch lengths of yarn, attach 10 such lengths to tie candy to felt backing.

Insert small dowel, 9 inches long, through fold at top of hanging. At each end of dowel, tie the end of a crocheted yarn chain or gold cord for hanging on the wall. Tassels of the same yarn can be tied at each end of the dowel.

This is an attractive wall hanging to be put up 10 days before December 25. It makes a nice item for grandmothers to make for their little ones and for children to give to their friends. —Inez Baker

**Easy Tree Ornaments:** Last-minute ornaments can be made by both you and your children. A simple sewn ornament can be made from colorful scraps of material. Just draw a pattern of a tree, star, or bell shape. Mark the shape on the wrong side of the fabric. Cut two. Stitch with right sides together, leaving an opening. Turn right side out, stuff, and whipstitch the opening closed. Sew onto a hanger or a ribbon to hang on the tree.

Youngsters can make darling ornaments from blown eggs, old cards, food coloring and glue. To blow eggs, pierce each end of the shell with a large

needle; move the needle around to break up the yolk. Force the egg out by blowing in the hole at one end. (Use the egg for scrambling or baking.) Rinse the eggs by holding them underneath water in a dish so that water enters the shell. Shake shell gently, blow out the water, and let the shell dry. Make dye using a teaspoon of vinegar, a few drops of food coloring and warm water. Children can dye the eggs and once they are dry, can glue on angels, Santas, or any small scene cut from old cards. To make a hanger, glue gold braid, or use the self-stick kind, around the shell starting from the bottom. At the top tie a small bow, place a drop of glue on the knot, then 2 to 3 inches along the braid tie another bow. Trim excess braid. The loop between the bow atop the shell and the second bow can be used to hang the ornaments (or a metal hanger can be slipped through the loop).

—Brenda Rahn

**Round Noel Tablecloth:** Use heavy linen-like cotton fabric 54" wide (if you wish it for a larger table, sew a strip of material to each side of the 54" width to get required width) and cut into a round circle. Sew white cotton fringe around the edge. Make large white letters of felt or heavy white paper of a size to show up well when pinned to the overhang of the cloth when it is on the table. You will probably want two sets of the letters so

you have "Noel" on the front and back sides of the cloth. Baste or pin on letters so they can be easily removed for laundering.

**Pine Cone Favors:** For each favor, glue a pine cone to half a green-painted spool. Decorate the tiny tree by gluing on cinnamon red-hot candies and other tiny candies.

**Santa Candle Trims:** These are paper Santas which slip down over the candle and rest upon the candleholder. For each Santa, cut red construction paper into two five-pointed stars four to five inches from point to point (depending on height of candle). Glue the two stars together at four point tips only, leaving top points open so it can be slipped over the candle; this top point becomes Santa's head, two points are arms and the other two are the legs. Strips of white paper are glued on the "front" star points to indicate the boot tops and sleeve cuffs, and bottom of Santa's peaked hat. Add a white paper or cotton pompon to peak (star point) of the hat. Paste on a black paper belt with a white buckle. Then, cut a white paper beard for Santa and add felt or paper eyes. (I like to place the tiny Christmas ball ornaments around the candle in the holder and then slip the star Santa down over the candle.)

—Mabel Nair Brown

## SHINY TREE

Materials needed: 12 empty tuna cans (6½-oz. size) opened at both ends, 15 feet of green tinsel roping, rubber cement, 50 miniature lights on cord, 24 miniature glass ball ornaments.

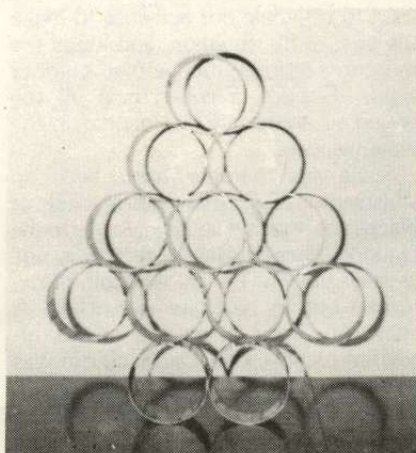
Throughout last year I saved empty tuna cans and had our local furnace and air conditioning installer (tinsmith by profession) solder (or glaze) them together in the shape of a tree. As you can see pictured below, 4 cans are used for the bottom, 3, 2, and then 1 at the top to create a pyramid shape. Use 2 cans for

the base.

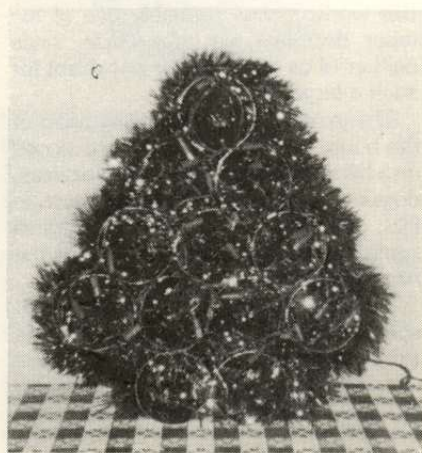
Glue 1 strip of green roping to the inside and 1 strip on the outside of each can. Clip the 50 lights and 24 glass ball ornaments on both sides of each can (front and back) with hairpins.

Once your cans are glazed, it takes only an hour or less to put the decoration together. It stores easily and can be used year after year. It is very portable and can be placed in a window or used for a centerpiece at club meetings or social functions. It is a worthwhile recycled can project made at a minimal cost.

—Norma Tisher



Tuna cans soldered or glazed in shape of tree.



Completed tree.



## EMILY'S EXPERIENCES

Dear Friends:

The fact that I finally have pen and paper in front of me to write you seems like the major accomplishment of the month. To even begin, it required unpacking boxes of household goods recently moved from our first house, in order to find the pad of paper. Stephen is fed, bathed and in bed for the night. Richard is out of town on a business trip for a few nights, so I have a quiet moment to write this letter.

About a year ago I wrote you that I was wondering how we would fit a new baby, a crib, playpen, walker and stroller, as well as a washing machine and dryer, into our small two-bedroom, no-storage house. We managed for a while, but soon I found myself searching the classified advertisements in the newspaper.

Finally, I called an acquaintance who is a real estate agent, just to have her keep her eye out for something for us. She found something we liked immediately and, all of a sudden, the papers were signed.

We rented a truck, bribed four friends with promises of a big Italian dinner, and soon found ourselves in a four-bedroom house a short distance from our first residence.

Our new home is in good shape for an older house, but quite a bit of updating was necessary. The previous owners' military backgrounds were reflected in their decorating. We found the rooms wallpapered in Revolutionary War soldiers and Civil War pistols. I expected to find Vietnam camouflage in the basement!

We decided that the painting and wallpapering were too big a job for us to handle ourselves, so we contracted for this work. It was probably one of the wiser decisions we have made, since neither of us has the time nor talent for such a large effort.

The yard was the real selling point of the house for me. The backyard slopes up a hill that is entirely planted in azaleas, dogwoods and a nearly natural forest. In fact, during the hot and humid Virginia summer, that area reminds me of the Amazon jungle.

Last weekend we started to clear out some of the overgrowth of shrubs in the front yard. I worked for about five hours with little more than blisters to show for my efforts. Rich decided to help me, and in less than five minutes we were dashing off to the emergency wing of the hospital to have four stitches taken in his hand.

Perhaps major landscaping will be another job for hiring assistance.

The upheaval of our living arrangements have been paralleled by moving Rich into his own suite of offices. His business as a consultant in new technologies for industry has been steadily increasing and he decided it was time to establish his company with adequate space and with his name on the door.

His new office suite is in a building recently constructed in the Crystal City area of Virginia, close to the U.S. Patent Office and National Airport. He now has three full-time employees and already the space in his offices seems too small.

It the last six months, we have seen a number of visitors from England, Panama, Honduras, Colorado and New York.

My parents visited us in June, just shortly after we moved into the new



Stephen Louis DiCicco of Arlington, Virginia, has made a number of trips in the first fourteen months of his life, but the most recent one gave him an opportunity to be in Denver, Colorado, with his grandparents, Wayne and Abigail Driftmier. This was the first genuine visit with him, and according to all reports it was a happy time for both baby and grandparents.

house. The weather during their previous June visit was marvelous, but this year June was hot and humid. We tried to schedule our activities to make the best of the situation, and found the museums more attractive than outdoor sights. Besides, Stephen is a bit too young to appreciate the pandas in the National Zoo.

Since my parents have been to Washington, D.C., many times, the list of places not seen is dwindling. A visit to the National Portrait Gallery, which is not usually known as an exciting place, turned out to be quite interesting. A show of *Time* magazine covers attracted us, because Dad's cousin was commissioned to do a number of paintings for *Time*. None of his works were in the show, however.

We wandered around the museum, paying particular attention to the famous

portraits of George and Martha Washington—the ones which aroused such controversy in Boston last year.

The Hall of Presidents had a remarkably candid commentary about the past presidents. The comments which were least candid, unfortunately, were those for the former chief executives who are still living.

Other sights on our itinerary that week included Gettysburg National Battlefield and Turkey Run Farm. The latter is a colonial-era tobacco farm in Virginia, and is intended to show how the majority of the people lived during the early years of the nation.

Family friends from Denver came to Washington at the end of the summer, and we went to see the newly opened National Aquarium in Baltimore. Five floors of exhibit space are linked by escalators and moving ramps which take viewers from aquatic environments to a rain forest.

Our favorite area was an enormous ring tank, housing both the Atlantic Coral Reef and Open Ocean Tank Exhibits. This tank contains over one-half million gallons of water. A wide variety of ocean life surrounds the visitor on all sides as one descends a long, circular ramp in the center of this huge tank.

Incidentally, we had one person in our party who was confined to a wheelchair. Almost all of the Aquarium exhibits are accessible to disabled persons, but I recommend going on a weekday in the off season when crowds are lighter.

When we weren't receiving visitors, it seems we were the visitors. Our visits to Rich's family in New York had an added attraction this summer with the new twenty-foot motorboat that Rich's sister, Linda, and husband, Tom, bought. Their house sits on an inlet or canal of a bay off Long Island, and so the water and the boat are literally at their back door.

One day we went clamming. This is done by wading in shallow water, feeling the clam's large shell with one's toes through the mud, then quickly digging it up and placing it in a bucket. Rich and Tom like to eat the clams raw, but I much prefer clam chowder.

Rich, Tom and Rich's dad also have been crabbing, but without the luck of clamming. For this they have traps and use chicken necks for bait.

Through all of these activities, Stephen is the delight and center of our lives. He constantly laughs, squeezes into peculiar situations, finds enjoyment in a bite of cereal, and shows us how simple the world really is.

Since childhood, I heard that life is different with a toddler in the house. I never knew precisely what that meant, but now I suddenly find myself an expert on the subject. Every aspect of a day, from food to friends, has changed now

(Continued on page 20)



## NEWS FROM MARY BETH



Dear Friends:

With a bit of luck, this letter will progress fast enough so that I shall be able to get supper on the table and deliver the car to the repair shop for what I hope will be a twenty-four hour operation.

Since I am no longer leaving the house each day to report for a daily job, it would seem that being without a car for more than twenty-four hours would not rank very high upon my list of priorities, but such is not the case. Because I did not finish learning all the word-processing machines during my summer course, I re-registered for a shorter course this fall. For every available machine, there are five women waiting to put in extra hours learning their individual secrets. As a result, it became apparent that I needed to locate one of the wonderful new IBM Display Writers which was put upon the market in May of 1980. On one of my Kelly assignments, I had the opportunity to produce letters on this spectacular machine. I discovered that although I could do some jobs, there remained many which I hesitated to attempt because the machine is very complicated. Far be it from me to have to tell my temporary employer that I have jimmied his multi-thousand dollar machine.

So, I set to work last week to find one of the new IBM Display Writers for my practice purposes. After several phone calls, I finally connected with a charming woman at the IBM sales and service office in downtown Milwaukee who directed me to the location of one of the machines which is not twenty miles from my house and, believe it or not, I can use it twelve hours a week. All of this private usage is for the same price as my once-a-week three-hour course. I love learning to master its skills.

I noted on the television commercials in Washington, D.C., that word-processors are earning nine dollars an hour. I was curious to learn if the same pay scale applied to the Midwest and sure enough, it does. That figures out to be \$18,700 a year which, in the world of secretaries, is exceedingly good money. In fact, in the world of women's salaries, it is exceedingly good money.

Naturally, since I saw the television commercials in Washington, you can surmise that I did get my trip to visit Katharine. The drive out and back was relatively uneventful. I say "relatively", because I experienced my *first* flat tire in the thirty years I have been driving. It did not prove to be any kind of an event because the Triple A membership which we have carried ever since my mother first gave it to us as a gift one year, sent a man



Katharine Driftmier relaxes after a busy day.

to change the tire in less than an hour with no cost to me. This is, incidentally, an excellent gift. It seems like a "ho-hum" kind of idea, but believe me, the Automobile Triple A Service is worth many times what it costs and makes an excellent gift.

The second "almost event" was the discovery, as I was driving back west across the mountains, that my radiator had burst a hole of sufficient size to make it appear as though my engine was boiling over. It was temporarily fixed by a knowledgeable service station operator who poured a silvery metallic powder into the radiator which sealed up the hole so I was able to continue my trip home. This is where the car is going yet this afternoon—to get a *new* radiator. That dear readers, is an event.

The second most confidence-providing tool with which to travel is a CB. CBs provide a good bit of unwanted conversations between the truckers on the long-distance hauls, but in case of an emergency they are a direct link to road help without the necessity of ever leaving one's automobile.

Since I had no timetables to meet on this trip, I determined that I would hit the spots of interest as I drove along and not give much thought to whether or not I was making good time. It was not without some feelings of inexperience that I checked into a motel for the first time on my own. Imagine being my age and never having registered at a hotel or motel! I did write my license number on my hand where it was not too obvious, because Don had warned me that this was information I would need to put on the motel registration. I think I was able to register without looking too much like a middle-aged ninny.

As I studied my road maps and the route carefully mapped out by Triple A on that first night, I discovered that about ninety miles south of the wonderful Route 80 across Pennsylvania, so carefully planned for me, was Fort Necessity. I had taught about this place to

many, many history classes and I could not believe how close I was. So I took off from the pre-arranged route and spent a nostalgic two hours walking through the area of historical importance connected with George Washington when he was a young man in his twenties. The meadow has been carefully and accurately restored by the Pennsylvania Park Service. The day was crisp and sunny, the park deserted save for a school class of twenty which was quietly investigating the fort. I began to realize the strong pull which history has upon my interests.

Katharine and I spent three days "doing" Williamsburg, Virginia, where Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson made so much history. We drove to Jamestown and slowly followed the tableaus erected along the long, quiet six-mile drive where our early ancestors began it all. We drove into Yorktown, Virginia, just at dusk and this half-light half-dark drive through parts of the battlefields was impressive and very, very moving.

We went to Mount Vernon on another beautiful autumn day. Katharine must have hiked three miles to each one of mine. I found a large black, antique armchair on the porch of Mount Vernon where I rested as I soaked up the beauty of the view out over the Potomac while I waited for Katharine to get her fill of each nook and cranny of this beautiful spot.

We took two side trips to visit family. One was to see Rich, Emily and little Stephen DiCicco, but they were out of town. The other was to touch ground again with one of my favorite Schneider relatives—Cousin Paul Knies, who lives in Ridgewood, New Jersey. We have kept in contact because of his keen interest in family genealogy. I had not seen him since I was twenty-one. It came as a shock to me and to Paul's son, Richard, to realize that on our last meeting, I had spent many hours cuddling him in a rocking chair. Now he is a fully grown man rapidly approaching his twenty-ninth birthday. The years had erased this memory until I realized that the inside of the house seemed familiar and we began to do the remembering which all families do when they get together.

The trip was best for soaking up the company of our Katharine. The hole in the family fabric caused by the absence of one of its members is partially eased by seeing where and how that member lives. Katharine has a fine house in a downtown area. She is about sixteen miles northwest of Washington just off, believe it or not, Wisconsin Avenue. Compared to our Midwestern area, her yard seemed like a postage stamp, but for a girl whose waking hours are filled with Bethesda Research Laboratories, the yard is too vast for her to keep up with.

(Continued on page 18)



## FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

How happy Betty and I are when Kitchen-Klatter friends stop by for a visit. Recently, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Ireland from Emporia, Kansas, spent several hours here on their way to Nova Scotia. They had visited the Mystic Seaport Museum and, not finding me there, they called on the phone for directions to our house.

If you ever come this way, be sure to call for directions. Our house is not an easy one to find, and having lived here only two and one-half years, many people along the river do not know us or know where we live.

A day or so after the Irelands' visit, Emil Andersen and three of his sisters, Betty Bealey, Maria Johnston, and Olga Andersen, from Loudon, Iowa, came to see us. We tried to persuade them to have lunch with us, but they would not accept our invitation. They did take time to see our house and to visit for a few minutes. Like all of our visitors, they were interested in our wild ducks and swans.

Since last writing to you, we have had a house guest, Mr. Richard Kirk Washburn of Portland, Oregon, a friend of many years. He arrived the day after Betty's parents returned to Florida. One of his favorite cities is Newport, Rhode Island, and he stayed there for a few days before coming to our side of Narragansett Bay. On a beautiful day, I drove over to Newport to get him. The two of us spent an entire day driving along the beaches of southern Massachusetts.

As we stood on the sand at the famous Horseneck Beach, Dick and I looked out across a stormy Buzzard's Bay where a large ocean-going tugboat was having a difficult time towing a barge filled with gasoline. Right before our eyes, the tug and barge were pushed onto the rocks by the winds and the tides. The wrecking of an oil barge is always bad news for the environment, and this case was no exception. Quick work by the Coast Guard kept the situation from becoming a major catastrophe.

For people who spend much time boating along the coast, the knowledge that the United States Coast Guard is quick to help out in times of emergency is a great comfort. Only once have I had to call for their help, but fortunately I was able to correct the problem minutes before the rescue vessel actually reached me. At no time was the danger great but the situation could have been very serious had I not been able to correct the



Betty and Frederick Driftmier enjoyed visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Ireland (center) of Emporia, Kansas.

problem quickly. One of the boat's anchor lines had become so entangled from the rocks on the bottom or cut the line free from the boat. Suffice to say, such a situation will never happen again.

I don't think I ever told you about the time I was able to help in the rescue of several passengers from a large motor cruiser that went aground in the surf about two miles down the bay from our house. Fortunately, the Coast Guard was able to be of big help in that situation, but before the rescue boat arrived, I was able to help seven persons get ashore. Three of them were little children. In that particular situation, I anchored my boat in safe water beyond the surf, and then, using all of my extra life preservers, worked my way through the waves to the grounded cruiser where I encouraged the passengers to jump down into my arms. Having the extra life preservers beside me gave the women and children more confidence about going into the water.

A few minutes ago, I went down to feed "my" wild ducks and swans; about fifty of them came walking up the road to meet me. The auto traffic stopped until I could get the ducks back onto the waterside of the road. The ducks know that I simply will not feed them on our lawn, but they keep hoping I will change my mind. In about two more weeks, more than two hundred of them will walk up our driveway each morning to stand close to the source of the grain supply. How they do push and shove each other as they noisily jostle about the driveway. After I have had my breakfast, I take a large bucket of grain and lead the ducks down the driveway to the edge of the frozen river. There, and only there, do they get fed.

This is the hunting season, and the ducks know it. The law does not permit hunters to fire their guns within 500 feet

of any house. The ducks are safe while they are close to our house, but the moment they fly out over the water the hunters shoot at them. I get so angry when I see the hunters in their boats waiting for "my" ducks.

Each morning and evening, I take particular concern for the wounded ducks which have been hit by gunfire. Unfortunately, if the ducks have their wings injured they are never seen again. The ones which have leg and hip injuries, but are still able to fly, are the ones I see at feeding time. One of my favorite Christmas presents is the knowledge that the duck-hunting season ends on December 26.

When you receive this letter, Betty and I will be out in the Middle West with Mary Leanna and her family. It will be our first opportunity to get acquainted with our newest grandchild, Cassandra Carol. We also intend to visit all the other Driftmiers in that part of the country. After spending Thanksgiving in Omaha, we shall drive on down to Little Rock, Arkansas, to visit with friends who used to belong to our Springfield church. From Little Rock we plan to go to Chattanooga, Tennessee, to visit with friends, and then stop in Lexington, Kentucky, to visit some of Betty's relatives. Betty is very uneasy about driving so far at this time of the year, but I am not. I tell her, "After all, the United States does not come to a halt just because of a few winter storms. If it storms, we shall simply visit with our family and friends a little longer."

Like you, we are looking forward to many lovely church services and activities during the holiday season. It still seems strange not to have the responsibility for church affairs, but it is a strangeness that we relish. How good it is simply to be a part of the congregation, to be in church not because we *have* to  
(Continued on page 19)





—Photo courtesy of Historic General Dodge House by Dexter Press  
The wood-burning cookstove in the kitchen of the restored Dodge House in Council Bluffs, Iowa, shows how cooking used to be done. The models of the mother and the little girl are similar to Ruth Townsend and her mother when they baked bread and cookies on Saturdays so long ago.

## BAKE ON SATURDAY

by  
Ruth Townsend

In the old rhyme about the days of the week, "Bake on Saturday" came next to the last. Many homemakers still do a lot of general cooking—if not just baking—on Saturday because that is not a working day and more time is available to them than any other day of the week.

A modern Saturday baking day is quite different than one long ago. When I was little, it was a light-up-the-kitchen-range day. I loved Saturday baking because I loved working with my mother in the kitchen and we both loved to cook. We didn't even mind the heat in the summer—at least not too much.

Each Saturday morning, I would be sent out to get plenty of cobs. Mama had to have cobs on hand every day but on Saturday she needed an extra supply because she had to throw in cobs if the fire started to get low with a batch of bread or a cake or cookies in the oven.

Breadmaking usually came first. It was such fun to help knead the bread dough. It felt almost alive as I pressed and pushed and worked with it.

Cookies were the most fun of all, though. We liked to make rolled-out ones. From the time I was very small, I got to help cut them out. It wasn't long until I was allowed to use the rolling pin and see if I could get the dough smooth and even without making it stick to the board. It was fun to choose which cutter to use. Uncle Will, a great-uncle who lived on a neighboring farm, had made the cutters for my sister and me. We had a shamrock cutter, a pig cutter and a giant

heart cutter. These were the envy of our friends, for that was before you could buy every conceivable shape under the sun. Uncle Will had made them with a special reinforced edge on them. I still have those special cooky cutters and they are as good today as when Uncle Will made them.

Baking always made the kitchen smell so good—it made it hard to wait for dinner on Saturday. I suppose being young and hungry made everything taste especially fine, but I can still remember how delicious all the food was. No mixes were used and many of the ingredients were grown right on our own farm.

Of course, I didn't like everything about baking day. I wasn't too fond of helping cleanup all the dishes and pans that filled the sink. But the job I disliked most was getting the ashes out of the stove at the end of the day. I didn't really mind getting the long-handled H-shaped scraper and pulling the ashes out. But carrying them carefully across the floor, and then cleaning up around the stove and on the floor (if I did spill some) was no fun at all.

Now we have microwave ovens and our gas and electric stoves, and they're wonderful, but they don't provide the challenge of the old kitchen range. And they often prepare food so fast that you hardly know something is cooking.

I don't advocate a return to the old kitchen range, but a Saturday morning of baking is a good idea even now. Nothing can bring parents and their kids closer together than kneading some bread or cutting out cookies together. And there's still no better smell in the world than fresh bread baking or a batch of cookies just out of the oven.



## Sweet Calling Cards

by  
Vivian M. Preston

The calling card of 17th-century northern Europe often was a gingerbread cooky—not today's cute gingerbread boy or girl with white-icing trim, but fantastic pieces of art made in bas-relief formed in intricate wooden molds.

Usually the molded cookies were effigies of their bearers. Ladies going calling proudly carried their portraits in gingerbread to be placed on the host's mantel. It became the custom of the wealthy to hire bakers who were also skilled woodworkers to carve the detailed portrait molds.

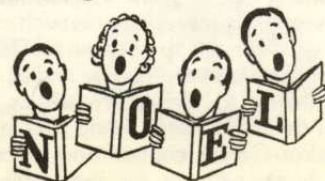
The earliest molds show a concern for religious subjects—the Nativity, Adam and Eve, and other Bible stories. But in the 17th- and 18th-century molds, more worldly subjects were carved in wood—knights, soldiers on horseback and ornately dressed men and women.

Even life-sized molds, called *speculaas*, became popular. The five-foot cookies were baked in a special open-hearth oven, then decorated with glazes or icing. It was often said that a man could not achieve true fame until his likeness appeared in gingerbread.

Faces or figures weren't the only designs reserved for gingerbread art work, according to one authority. Many of the intricate shapes had symbolic meanings. Monkeys and parrots were considered good luck; hearts signified the season of love; a rabbit meant fertility. A gingerbread deer given to a friend wished him strength and vitality. Dogs symbolized fidelity. Many cookies were patterned after saints and were used during individual saint days.

Cooky molding gradually disappeared as faster, simpler methods of cutting cookies became more popular. The cut cooky has merely a silhouette, not the dramatic, three-dimensional look of molded cookies in which the tiniest buttonhole and facial expression was transmitted to the dough.

Antique molds are becoming rare, although you can often find reproductions. Wooden molds are usually more expensive than the metal, stoneware and plastic ones, but they are all collectors' items reminding us of the days of the sweet calling cards.







## Christmas Greetings from Kristin

Dear Friends:

After a decade of nomading, the Brases have returned to Wyoming. Somehow, I have never pictured us living in Torrington, but here we are, and quite content with this little corner of the world.

Coincidentally, we are not the only family to have moved away from Chadron, Nebraska. Sharon Dietz, a good friend who had lived in Chadron more than twice as long as I, moved in October to Linton, Indiana. Sharon is a writer. She and her husband, Ron, have four children. When in Chadron, Ron published the *Chadron Record* and now publishes the daily newspaper in Linton. If you live in the Linton area, I hope you will have a chance to get acquainted with Sharon. She is a very special person.

Speaking of special people, did you ever hear of a character named "Little Grey Sambo"? Julian came home from first grade recently with the exciting news that he had operated the reading machine that day. The story on the reading machine was all about some tigers and "Little Grey Sambo". I was fixing supper at the time and listening only with my left ear (I'm right side dominate), but it finally dawned on me that I was thinking "black" each time he was saying "grey".

Somewhere it has been said that the portrayal of Sambo is a stereotype which can be considered demeaning of members of the black race. I would hope we are wise enough to know that it is just a story and that we still can enjoy its humor.

Personally, I do not know any grey people. I like different colors like black and red and white—"Rose White and Rose Red", "Little Red Riding Hood", "Black Beauty"—many stories use colors in their titles and narratives. I have always appreciated differences as part of the special uniqueness of people. I do not want stories to be degrading, but I still take a rather dim view of a grey existence.

Upon moving so much closer to our old Laramie stomping grounds, Art hoped to be able to take the boys to a Wyoming football game. Luckily, things just seemed to fall together in such a way that we were able to go down for Homecoming in October—parade and all. We had driven to Gering, Nebraska, the night before to watch Andy play in the Chadron-Gering contest and to bring him home with us for the weekend.

(Mother mentioned in one of her letters that Andy is finishing his senior year in Chadron.) Considering the hour we arrived home that night, having stopped for pizza after the game, I was surprised at the early start we made Saturday morning. Believe it or not, we reached our destination in Laramie in plenty of time to attend the College of Education Alumni Breakfast.

The delicious food, juice, and coffee were a real treat for hungry travelers. Art and I enjoyed seeing Dr. Arlan Peters, Dr. James Hook, and Dr. Arden White, professors we'd had for classes when attending the University.

When Art's cousin, Mary Koperski, and her husband, Dr. Ben Koperski, learned of our intended trip, they graciously included us in their weekend plans. So, after the Alumni Breakfast and Homecoming Parade, we drove to their house. Mary served sloppy Joes and potato salad for lunch—just what we needed to fortify us for the game. We sat high up in the bleachers under overcast skies with a chilly wind at our backs, not unexpected in Laramie.

The Koperskis' weekend plans included an overnight stay at their cabin in the mountains near Centennial. How glad I was it didn't snow! It was almost dark by the time we reached the cabin and we were hungry again, but Mary was well prepared for that contingency. We sat down to a huge roast turkey dinner with all the trimmings.

I admired Mary's efficiency and organization because I knew she had attended her son Jason's soccer game in the morning and was at the football game in the afternoon. Visiting during supper, we found it interesting that Jason, now a third grader, and Brian, who is in kindergarten this year, have both had the same kindergarten teacher Andy had when we lived in Laramie. Andy was very fond of Mrs. Morgan, and his cousins have found her to be an equally memorable teacher.

How Art made a trip to the outhouse in the middle of the night, and how I managed to stick my elbow through the window in the cabin door are stories we will leave for future letters (if we haven't arranged to forget them by then).

Another October treat was being able to see Aaron perform in a very clever play written by his English teacher, Mr. Craig Sodaro. Mr. Sodaro writes and acts in melodramas presented at Fort Laramie during the summer. Aaron was nearly unrecognizable as a tall Sudanese guard on the banks of the Nile River in a two-act comedy, "Curse of the Mummy's Tomb" (subtitled, "My Dear Ole Mummy"). The Middle School Bands and Choirs also performed the night of the play. Aaron enjoys band, but he can hardly wait to be in another play.

My job here in Torrington is similar to



Kristin Brase enjoyed a fall outing to the mountains near their home.

the one I held in Chadron working with children who have learning problems. I do have fewer students and do a little bit more testing here. The Educational Resource Center in Torrington serves the entire Goshen County area. The small communities of Lingle and Fort Laramie west of Torrington are considered part of my assigned responsibility for the school year.

With this new schedule, my jogging program seems to have fallen by the wayside. Art is playing volleyball on the hospital team, so at least one of us is getting some exercise. He had never played volleyball before, but he's really having a good time. Perhaps when the holiday season is over, I'll find the time to become involved in a healthful activity.

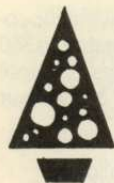
I hope this letter finds your holiday plans falling beautifully into place. My family joins with me in wishing you the very best of the season's happiness.

Sincerely,

*Kristin*

**Take  
Special Note of the  
RENEWAL DATE  
on the label of your  
magazine. Renew in  
advance. Only one  
notice will be  
sent.**





## Birkby Christmases

by  
Bob Birkby

Christmas is not what it used to be at the Birkby house, but then neither are the Birkbys.

When my brothers and I were still the apples of our parents' eyes (eyes red and weary from the raising of three such obedient, well-mannered offspring), we became so excited about Christmas we could hardly stand it.

"We want Christmas! We want Christmas!" we chanted, banging our cups on the dinner table until Dad picked us up by our collars and threw us out the back door.

As the holidays neared, we pooled our pennies to get yet another key ring for Mom, and another bottle of after shave for Dad. (The poor man had thirty-seven bottles of the stuff on his bathroom shelf before we realized he didn't even use after shave.)

For each other, we secretly bought whistles and softballs and rubber spiders—necessities in our careers as kids.

On December 20, the Christmas season began in earnest. We piled into the pickup with Dad and whatever dog was in current favor, and drove into the hills west of Sidney to cut the Christmas tree. Dad would have picked out the tree months in advance, but he would have us tramp around for hours before reaching it—a calculated effort to burn off some of our excess energy.

After the tree was home and decorated, there were lists to make, packages to inspect, and, for the church pageant, lines to learn to be delivered in halting monotone from under a turbaned towel. Mom warned us that the omnipresent Santa Claus was watching to see if we were being good (oh heavy responsibility, believing a bearded fantasy with jelly belly and x-ray vision monitored our every move), and that we'd best get our grubby hands out of her cookie jar.

And so we were tossed outside once more, this time to skate and sled and build snowmen. We went to the free matinee at the picture show and wrestled in the aisles with the rest of Sidney's hyperactive youth. We watched the electric trains run laps in the dime store window, smelled in the air the smoke of wood and coal, and with cold fingers counted down the last waiting hours.

On Christmas morning, having slept little and imagined much, we were up by five a.m. "Wait until your father gets out of bed," Mom told us, barring the door. "He'll want to watch you unwrap your gifts."

"But he's not even awake!" we cried,

hearing loud snores rattle the house.

"Shh, he needs his rest."

"Rest! On Christmas morning he needs rest?" We broke past, ran into the bedroom and piled on top of Dad, who snored even louder.

"Wake up!" we begged. We peeled open an eye, but it snapped shut again. "It's Christmas, Dad! Wake up!"

Suddenly, he leaped from bed, small sons showering off the blankets to be chased screaming down the hall and out to the tree where a benevolent Santa had decided, no doubt at the last instant, we deserved a few toys after all.

The rest of the day was a confusion of relatives, flashbulbs and food until at last, exhausted, we fell into bed surrounded by wrapping paper and gifts. The next Christmas, we thought a little sadly, was a full twelve months away.

Twenty Christmases later, we still look forward to the holidays. Jeff and I live in the Northwest, Craig in Iowa City, and though we are no longer urchins, a mid-winter migratory instinct arises in each of us and we set out on the annual pilgrimage to Sidney.

By December 20th we have arrived. Jeff is a little taller, Craig a little wider. I, of course, am more handsome than ever. We crowd into the truck with the latest dog and drive to the bluffs for a tree. Within a mile or two we are reacquainted.

Later we walk downtown. The Sidney theater is long gone, as is the dime store window, but aside from a few more grey hairs, the people seem unchanged. We find them at the drugstore sipping coffee, at a basketball game, at the post office mailing cards, and we know that for a few days we once more belong to the town.

As Christmas nears, the three of us pitch in to make cookies, bake bread, and roast the bird. In the evenings we sit by the fire and talk of the year's adventures—the places we've been, the things we've seen and done.

And on Christmas Eve, after we've watched children not us mumble their ways through the church pageant, we sleep long and well, happy to be home once more.

Four are snoring loudly. It is past nine a.m., and Mom runs up and down the hall. "Get up!" she cries. "It's Christmas! Why are you all still asleep?"

Jeff stumbles out of bed, peers about, and turns back to his pillow, but not before Craig has grabbed him about the knees. I wander into the hall just in time to be bumped by them into the master bedroom where we tumble on top of Dad who, despite the weight, continues a credible rendition of snoring.

"Get up!" Mom begs, and suddenly we all leap from the bed and chase her screaming to the tree where, even after all these years, Santa still makes house calls.

The holiday swirls past, and by dusk we are as exhausted as when we were small. But as the day ends, our thoughts are not on Christmases future, or even Christmases past. They are on the present—on the magical joy of reunion, of affection for a small farming town that always takes us in, and of the friendship that continues to grow among three former children.

Christmases aren't what they used to be at the Birkby house. No, they have changed along with us, shaping themselves to fit the needs of the moment. And at least for us, that's the way Christmases should be.



Jeff, Bob and Craig Birkby began at a very young age to go with their father into the woods to cut their own Christmas tree.



# RECIPES for the Holidays

## CHRISTMAS CAROL SALAD

- 1 small can crushed pineapple, drained
- 2 cups liquid (see below)
- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange gelatin
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 1/2 cup grated sharp cheese
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 8 to 10 red and green maraschino cherries, chopped

Drain juice from crushed pineapple into 2-cup measure. Add enough water to make two full cups. Bring liquid to boiling. Dissolve gelatin in the boiling liquid. Cool to room temperature. Add the flavoring and mayonnaise or salad dressing. Beat well with egg beater. Fold in remaining ingredients. Pour into mold or an 8-inch square pan. Refrigerate until firm. —Lucile

## GEORGIA PECAN BARS

### Crust

- 1 1/3 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/3 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/4 cup finely chopped pecans

Sift flour and baking powder together. Set aside. Cream butter or margarine with brown sugar. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture and mix until crumbly. Add pecans. Press firmly into bottom of greased 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 minutes. Prepare the following:

### Topping

- 3 eggs
- 3/4 cup dark syrup
- 1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 3/4 cup coarsely chopped pecans

Beat eggs until foamy. Add remaining ingredients in the order given. Mix thoroughly. Pour over partially baked crust. Return to oven and bake for 25 to 30 minutes. Cool and cut into bars.

—Betty Jane

## LLAMAC CANDY

- 2 cups sugar
  - 2 cups syrup
  - 3 Tbls. cocoa
  - 1 lb. butter (2 cups)
  - 2 cups unsalted peanuts
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Combine sugar, syrup, cocoa and butter. Boil until it forms a firm ball when tested in cold water (like caramels). Remove from heat. Add nuts which have been ground or chopped coarsely. (Best peanuts are those purchased in the shell, shelled, hulls removed and coarsely chopped.) Stir in flavoring. Beat until creamy. Pour into a large, greased pan.

—Evelyn

## ROCKY ROAD FUDGE BARS

### 1st Layer

- 1/2 cup margarine or butter
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 square unsweetened chocolate
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- 3/4 cup chopped nuts
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 eggs

In large saucepan, melt margarine or butter and chocolate over low heat. Remove from heat and add remaining ingredients and beat well. Spread in greased and lightly floured 9- by 13-inch pan.

### 2nd Layer

- 6 ozs. cream cheese, softened (Purchase an 8-oz. pkg and divide—6 ozs. for this layer and 2 ozs. for 3rd layer.)
  - 1/2 cup sugar
  - 2 Tbls. flour
  - 1/4 cup margarine or butter, softened
  - 1 egg
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
  - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
  - 1/4 cup chopped nuts
  - 16-oz. pkg. semisweet chocolate chips
- Mix all ingredients for second layer except nuts and chips. Beat for one minute at medium speed until smooth and fluffy; stir in nuts. Spread over

chocolate mixture. Sprinkle with chocolate chips. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for 25 to 35 minutes, or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean.

### 3rd Layer

- 2 cups miniature marshmallows
  - 1/4 cup margarine or butter
  - 1 square unsweetened chocolate
  - Remaining 2 ozs. cream cheese
  - 1/4 cup milk
  - 3 cups powdered sugar
  - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- Sprinkle marshmallows over top and bake 2 minutes longer. In saucepan, melt margarine or butter, chocolate, cream cheese and milk over low heat. Remove from heat and stir in powdered sugar and flavoring. Heat and stir until smooth. Immediately pour over marshmallow layer and carefully swirl together. Chill until firm. Cut into small bars. —Lucile

## MINCEMEAT COOKIES

- 2 cups flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 2/3 cup butter or margarine
- 2/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 egg
- 1 cup mincemeat
- 1/4 cup sour cream
- 1 cup chopped pecans (optional)

Combine the flour, salt, soda, nutmeg and cinnamon. Set aside. Cream the butter or margarine and brown sugar. Add the remaining ingredients in the order given, beating well after each addition. Stir in the flour mixture. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased baking sheet. Bake at 400 degrees for about 10 minutes or until light brown. —Juliana

## SPICY RICH PUMPKIN PIE

- 3 cups canned pumpkin
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. nutmeg
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. ginger
- 1/4 tsp. cloves
- 1/4 tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

- 4 eggs
- 1/4 cup butter, melted
- 1 10-inch unbaked pie shell

Combine the pumpkin, sugars, salt, spices and flavoring. Beat well. In a separate bowl, beat the eggs slightly. Add melted butter to eggs and mix well. Combine egg mixture with pumpkin mixture. Pour into pie shell. Bake at 400 degrees for 10 minutes; reduce heat to 350 and bake about 40 minutes longer. NOTE: This pie filling does not call for any milk.

—Robin



**BAVARIAN MINT FUDGE**

3 cups milk chocolate chips  
 1 1-oz. square unsweetened chocolate  
 1 Tbls. butter  
 1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring  
 Place chocolate chips, unsweetened chocolate, and butter in a 2-quart saucepan. Put over low heat. Stir frequently; watch closely. Melt until just smooth. Remove from heat and add milk and flavorings. Stir until smooth. Beat with electric mixer for one minute at low speed. Refrigerate for a total of 15 minutes. Every five minutes remove from refrigerator and beat by hand for a few seconds. After refrigerating the last 5 minutes, beat with electric mixer at high speed for 2 minutes. Spread in greased 8-inch square pan. Cool. When firm, cut into small squares. Store in cool place.

—Dorothy

**CRANBERRY SALAD DELUXE**

1 cup water  
 2 cups sugar  
 1 lb. fresh cranberries, washed and sorted  
 2 cups miniature marshmallows  
 2 cups diced apples  
 3 bananas, sliced  
 2 11-oz. cans Mandarin oranges, drained and diced  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring  
 1/2 cup chopped pecans  
 Boil water and sugar until syrupy. Add cranberries and cook until skins burst. Remove from heat and let stand covered for 10 minutes. Chill. Add the marshmallows, apples, bananas, oranges, flavorings and chopped pecans. Refrigerate. Serves 14.

—Verlene

**GOURMET VEGETABLE CASSEROLE**

1 medium onion, chopped fine  
 2 cans celery soup, undiluted  
 2 lbs. frozen or fresh French-cut green beans, partially cooked & drained  
 1 cup bamboo shoots, drained and sliced  
 1 cup sliced water chestnuts  
 Salt and pepper  
 2 ozs. grated Parmesan cheese  
 1 cup canned French-fried onion rings  
 Saute onion in a little oil. Mix onion with soup and set aside. In a greased baking dish, layer the beans, bamboo shoots, chestnuts and salt and pepper to taste. Pour the soup mixture over all. Sprinkle the cheese over top. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for about 25 minutes. Scatter the onion rings on top and return to oven for about five minutes.

—Robin

**CRANBERRY-HAM ROLLS**

1 16-oz. can jellied cranberry sauce  
 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar  
 1/4 tsp. nutmeg  
 1/3 cup butter or margarine  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1/2 cup finely chopped onion  
 1/2 cup finely chopped celery  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/2 tsp. dry mustard  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 1/8 tsp. pepper  
 1 3/4 cups cooked rice  
 6 slices boiled ham (sliced 1/8 inch thick)

Mash cranberry sauce and combine with the brown sugar and nutmeg. Set aside.

Melt butter or margarine in skillet. Add the butter flavoring, onion and celery. Saute until onion and celery are limp. Stir in the salt, dry mustard, lemon flavoring, pepper and cooked rice. Place about 1/2 cup of rice mixture on each ham slice. Roll up and secure with toothpicks. Place rolls, seam side down, in greased shallow baking pan. Spoon the cranberry mixture over top of rolls. Bake at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes, or until heated through.

More of the rice mixture may be prepared and spooned around the ham rolls before baking.

—Hallie

**SWEET-AND-SOUR BAKED BEANS**

1 lb. thick-sliced bacon  
 4 onions, sliced  
 1/4 cup vinegar  
 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar  
 2 Tbls. prepared mustard  
 1 can green lima beans, drained  
 2 cans white butter beans, drained  
 1 can dark red kidney beans, juice & all  
 1 large can pork and beans  
 1 jar (or can) baked beans  
 Dice bacon into skillet and fry until cooked but not crisp. Remove bacon from skillet. Stir in onion and saute until golden. Drain off excess fat as desired but leave some for flavor. Stir in vinegar, brown sugar and mustard. Cover and cook on low heat while preparing beans. Drain juice from lima and butter beans (save liquid to use in soup stock). Combine with kidney beans, pork and beans and baked beans and their liquids. (More or less beans can be used as desired.) Mix with sauteed mixture. Add bacon. Put into casserole, cover and bake at 350 degrees for 1 1/2 hours.

This mixture will freeze well, so the large amount can be used for a crowd or put into freezer containers in smaller portions and frozen.

This is an excellent make-ahead holiday vegetable dish which goes well with any meat.

—Evelyn

**TURKEY-ALMOND BAKE**

1 cup (4 ozs.) shredded Cheddar cheese  
 1 Tbls. flour  
 1 cup blanched slivered almonds, toasted  
 3 cups cooked, diced turkey  
 1 1/2 cups sliced celery  
 1 Tbls. lemon juice  
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring  
 1 cup mayonnaise  
 1/2 tsp. poultry seasoning  
 1/2 tsp. salt  
 1/8 tsp. pepper  
 Pastry for two 9-inch pie shells  
 Toss together the cheese, flour and almonds. Set aside about one-fourth of the mixture. Combine the remaining cheese-flour-almond mixture with the turkey, celery, lemon juice, flavoring, mayonnaise and seasonings. Spoon into pastry-lined pie pans. Sprinkle reserved cheese mixture over top. Bake at 400 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes, or until done.

—Robin

**FRUIT DREAM BARS**  
Crust

1/2 cup margarine, softened  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring  
 1/2 cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed  
 1 cup sifted flour  
 Cream margarine, flavoring and brown sugar until well blended. Add flour and mix with hands until crumbly. Pat into 9- by 13-inch pan. Bake in oven preheated to 350 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes. Cool. Prepare the following filling:

**Filling**

2 eggs  
 1 cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed  
 5 Tbls. flour  
 1 tsp. baking powder  
 1/4 tsp. salt  
 1 tsp. cinnamon  
 1/4 tsp. nutmeg  
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring  
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter cherry flavoring  
 1 can (13 1/2-oz.) crushed pineapple, well drained  
 1 1/2 cups flaked coconut  
 1 cup coarsely chopped nuts  
 1/2 cup halved maraschino cherries  
 Sifted powdered sugar  
 Beat eggs; add brown sugar and beat well. Combine the flour, baking powder, salt, cinnamon and nutmeg and stir into the egg mixture. Add flavorings. Fold in the pineapple, coconut, nuts and cherries. Spread over the cooled crust. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Cool slightly. Sprinkle with the powdered sugar. Cut into bars.

—Betty Jane



**FRUIT FESTIVAL SALAD****First Layer**

- 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 13½-oz. can pineapple tidbits, well drained
- 1/3 cup drained pineapple juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring

Dissolve gelatin in the boiling water. Drain pineapple tidbits, measuring out the 1/3 cup pineapple juice. Stir the juice and pineapple flavoring into gelatin. Chill until syrupy, then add the pineapple tidbits. Pour into loaf pan or mold.

**Second Layer**

- 1 1/2 tsp. unflavored gelatin
- 2 Tbls. cold water
- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- 1/4 cup milk

Combine the gelatin and cold water. Place over heat and stir until clear. Blend in the cream cheese and milk. Spread over the first layer and chill.

**Third Layer**

- 2 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry flavoring
- 1 1-lb. can whole cranberry sauce (or 2 cups of your own prepared cranberry sauce)

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Stir in flavoring and cranberry sauce. Chill until syrupy and pour over cheese layer. Chill until firm. —Dorothy

**SESAME SEED COOKIES**

- 1 tsp. butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup sesame seeds
- 3/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Combine the 1 tsp. butter or margarine and sesame seeds in skillet and toast 2 to 3 minutes or until seeds are golden brown. Set aside. Cream together the 3/4 cup butter or margarine, butter flavoring, brown sugar and burnt sugar flavoring. When smooth, beat in eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift dry ingredients together, add and beat until smooth. Stir in vanilla flavoring and toasted sesame seeds. Drop by teaspoonfuls on greased and floured cookie sheet. Bake at 325 degrees for 15 minutes or until lightly brown. Remove from cookie sheet immediately. Store in tightly covered container. Makes 5 dozen. —Betty Jane

**WASSAIL BOWL**

- 3 quarts apple juice or cider
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg
- 1/3 cup lemon juice
- 5 cups pineapple juice
- 2 sticks cinnamon
- 1/2 cup honey
- 3 oranges
- Whole cloves

Combine all ingredients except the oranges and whole cloves. Heat. Simmer at least 5 minutes to blend flavors. Meanwhile, push whole cloves into oranges. Place in baking pan with a little water and bake at 325 degrees for 25 minutes. When ready to serve, place first mixture in punch bowl and float oranges on top. This can be served either hot or cold. (Use a non-breakable serving bowl if hot punch is used.) Makes about 40 punch-cup servings. —Evelyn

**APPLE BREAD**

- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 2 Tbls. sour milk
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 2 cups flour, sifted
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup chopped raw, unpeeled apple
- 1/2 cup raisins

Cream the shortening and sugar. Combine the beaten eggs, flavoring, sour milk and soda and add to creamed mixture. Combine the flour, salt and baking powder and stir into mixture. Lastly, add the apple and raisins. Bake in greased loaf pan at 350 degrees for about one hour. —Juliana

**EASY PEANUT BUTTER FUDGE**

- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 2 pkgs. (3 ozs. each) regular vanilla pudding mix
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 lb. sifted powdered sugar
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 cup peanut butter

Melt margarine and stir in butter flavoring, pudding mix and milk. Heat to boiling and boil one minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and stir in remaining ingredients. Pour into greased pan. Cool and cut. A very simple way to make a very delicious candy. Keep refrigerated. —Evelyn

**GLAZED SAUSAGE-BEEF PARTY BALLS**

- 1/3 lb. bulk pork sausage
- 3/4 lb. lean ground beef
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. crushed coriander seed
- 1/4 tsp. ground allspice
- 1 egg, lightly beaten
- 1/4 cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup minced green onion
- 1/2 cup apple jelly
- 1/2 cup chutney
- 1 tsp. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Combine the meats, seasonings, egg, bread crumbs and onion. Using hands, mix well. Shape into 1-inch balls and place on baking sheet. Put into 500-degree oven for about 8 minutes, uncovered. Watch closely. Put the remaining ingredients in a large frying pan. Heat until jelly is melted. Add meat balls and simmer for 5 to 10 minutes. Insert a toothpick in each ball and serve. —Juliana

**CRISPY DATE BARS**

- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine or butter, softened
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
- 1 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup margarine or butter
- 1 egg, well beaten
- 2 cups crisp rice cereal
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring

In small bowl, combine flour, brown sugar, 1/2 cup margarine or butter and black walnut flavoring. Mix until crumbly. Press into ungreased 7- by 11-inch baking pan. Bake in oven preheated to 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes, or until golden brown.

In medium saucepan, combine dates, sugar and 1/2 cup margarine or butter. Cook over medium heat until mixture boils, stirring constantly; simmer for three minutes. Blend about 1/4 cup of the hot mixture into beaten egg, then return all to saucepan. Cook until mixture bubbles, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and stir in cereal, nuts and flavorings. Spread over baked crust and cool completely. Prepare the following frosting:

- 2 cups powdered sugar
  - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
  - 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
- Combine frosting ingredients and beat at low speed until smooth. Spread over filling. Cut into bars. —Betty Jane



**MACADAMIA NUT CAKE**

- 5 cups home-candied pineapple (recipe follows)
- 1 1/2 cups salted macadamia nuts, coarsely chopped
- 1 cup flaked coconut, chopped
- 2 cups flour, sifted
- 3/4 cup butter or margarine, room temperature
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter coconut flavoring
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 5 large eggs
- 2 Tbs. milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring

Line three loaf pans with waxed paper. Preheat oven to 300 degrees.

Reserve 1 cup of the candied pineapple. Coat the remaining candied pineapple, nuts and coconut with 1/4 cup of the flour. Using electric mixer at slow speed and in large bowl, cream butter or margarine, sugar and the coconut and pineapple flavorings. Add eggs one at a time. Beat each at least 30 seconds before adding the next. Beat in remaining flour (1 3/4 cups) alternately with milk which has been combined with the vanilla flavoring. Mix until well blended. With spoon, stir in pineapple-nut mixture. Divide evenly among prepared pans. Divide reserved pineapple and press into top of the batter. Bake until cakes test done . . . about 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 hours. Cool in pans on racks for 15 minutes. Turn out, cool completely and remove waxed paper. Wrapped and stored in the refrigerator, this cake keeps well.

**Home-Candied Pineapple**

- 3 20-oz. cans pineapple chunks in heavy syrup, undrained
- 3 cups sugar
- 1 1/2 cups light corn syrup
- 2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 2 Tbs. butter or margarine
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

In large, heavy pan, heat pineapple chunks, sugar, syrup and pineapple flavoring. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil gently, stirring frequently as mixture thickens, about 50 minutes. Add butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Continue cooking 10 minutes longer until pineapple chunks are lightly caramelized and syrup is thick. Remove pan from heat and let set for 30 minutes.

Place a rack above a shallow baking pan. With a slotted spoon, remove pineapple chunks from syrup and place on rack. Place pan in oven preheated to 225 degrees for 45 minutes. Allow to cool for several hours or overnight. This makes about 5 cups of candied pineapple. (Use syrup on pancakes.) —Betty Jane

**SAUTEED OYSTERS**

- 1 pint fresh shelled oysters with juice
- 1 Tbs. butter or margarine
- 2 Tbs. finely chopped celery
- 2 Tbs. finely chopped green pepper
- 1 Tbs. finely chopped fresh parsley
- 2 tsp. lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1/8 tsp. white pepper

Place oysters and juice in large skillet in which the butter or margarine has been melted. Add remaining ingredients and cook and stir until edges of oysters curl. Serve with toast. —Betty Jane

**COCONUT SNOWBALLS**

- 1 quart vanilla ice cream
- 1 cup coconut

Scoop ice cream into balls. Roll in coconut. Place on cookie sheet and freeze until firm. Slip into plastic bag or wrap in plastic and keep frozen until time to serve. Can be mounded up in a pretty glass bowl.

Colored balls can be made by using colored ice cream and sherbets or by rolling ice cream in tinted coconut. Nice idea for birthday parties or holiday occasions. —Evelyn

**A WONDERFUL IDEA**

Through the years we have had many requests for a special gift package of our flavorings. We decided it was a wonderful idea, so we've put together a **SPECIAL HOLIDAY PACK** of all the **KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS**.

This uniquely decorated holiday box holds all of the **17 SUPER KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORINGS**, PLUS an extra bonus bottle of vanilla, making 18 bottles in all. It will make an ideal gift for anyone you wish to please this holiday season—or, get a pack as a treat for yourself.

There are only a limited number of these special gift sets, so hurry down to your grocer and ask for **THE KITCHEN-KLATTER FLAVORING HOLIDAY PACK**. (Available **ONLY** from your local grocery store during the holidays.)

**GIFT PACK**

**1 each of our 17 GREAT FLAVORS**  
(Plus 1 extra bottle dark vanilla)

INCLUDES: Vanilla (dark), Vanilla (clear), Pineapple, Burnt Sugar, Black Walnut, Strawberry, Lemon, Maple, Coconut, Cherry, Blueberry, Raspberry, Banana, Mint, Almond, Butter, Orange.



THE MARK OF QUALITY



## THE JOY OF GARDENING

by  
Eva M. Schroeder

Surely the crab cacti that bloom at Christmas, at Easter and at Thanksgiving must have mystical time clocks in their growth makeup that causes them to bloom in their own holiday season. The genus *Zygocactus* is often confused with *Epiphyllum*, which has regular flowers, while the former has very showy red, irregular blooms. Some call *Schlumbergera bridgesii* the true Christmas cactus while others claim *Schlumbergera truncata* is the right one. But no matter, these spineless, much-branched hanging plants have always been favorite house plants that bloom at Christmas each year (with a measure of luck).

Christmas cactus likes to be pot-bound, likes to be summered outdoors in a shady place and to be brought indoors just before frost threatens in the fall. It should be kept on the dry order for a month or so and then watered about twice a week. Feeding a soluble plant food once every ten days while the buds are forming will give lush blooms later.

A potting soil comprised of one part sharp sand, two parts garden loam, one part leaf mold (humus), one-half part dried cow manure, and one-half part perlite is my favorite soil for the crab cacti as well as other house plants. Repot as needed after plant completes its blooming cycle.

A friend who gets her Christmas cactus to perform beautifully each holiday season says she puts her plant in an upstairs bedroom where the temperature is about fifty degrees. She grows it near an east window with no artificial light. When the buds are about ready to open, she brings it down to her living room and enjoys its bright flowers well into late January.

A reader writes that she was given her grandmother's Christmas cactus after her death. "This was one of my grandma's favorite house plants," she writes, "and I'd like to keep it growing so that I can pass slips on to my children and grandchildren. Last Christmas it had about twenty buds but only a few opened, the rest fell off. What am I doing wrong?"

Common causes of bud dropping are low humidity, over or under watering, growing the plant near a heat register or exposing it to cold drafts. If you have the same trouble this season, and none of the above reasons apply, try taking the plant from the pot, carefully remove old soil and repot in a clean container with good drainage. Use the potting soil recommended above and water the plant as needed. It may be that the old soil has been depleted.



### 70-YEAR-OLD CACTUS

My mother came to Keota, Iowa, as a bride in 1912 and moved into the house where my father had always lived. His parents had moved to town to give the newlyweds space.

A few years later, when Grandmother died, Mom inherited two large Christmas cactus plants. She does not remember now if Grandmother ever told her how long she had raised these showy plants but does know that early in the century my grandparents had the town's professional photographer come to take a picture of an especially beautiful collection of their houseplants including the cactus. We still have that photo.

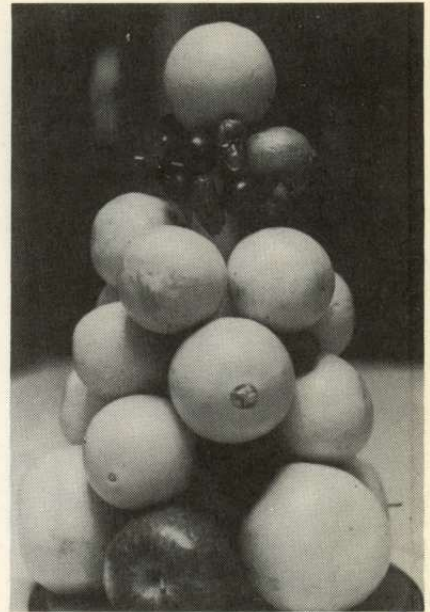
These cacti were both kept in huge ceramic-type pots that my mother always called jardinières. The pots stood on three-foot-high pedestals, and were lovely shades of green and brown and gold. After my father died, my mother moved into a small apartment, and later into a nursing home. I had many plants of my own, including two smaller versions of the Christmas cactus. One of my sons decided he would like to have the big plants, so he borrowed a van the next time he came to visit us. It took a BIG van to safely transport those two great cacti in their heavy ceramic pots. They stood the five-hour trip well. Since that time, the two plants have done well on the sun porch of the fourth generation to care for them.

A florist looked at the cacti and recommended doing nothing but watering them as long as they thrive and bloom. A newspaper in Alton, Illinois, printed a piece about these long-lived plants and asked if anyone knows of older ones. It would be interesting to know if anyone has a Christmas cactus more ancient than seventy years old.

—Mrs. Omar J. Stoutner

### PEACE TO YOU

Deep peace of the running wave to you,  
Deep peace of the flowing air to you,  
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you,  
Deep peace of the shining stars to you,  
Deep peace of the Son of Peace to you.



### EDIBLE CHRISTMAS CENTERPIECE

This year, make the centerpiece for your holiday table practical as well as pretty. You will need one styrofoam cone, assorted fresh fruits of all sizes, toothpicks, and a plate or tray.

Place the cone on a tray or plate. Then push toothpicks halfway into the fruit and insert the other half of the toothpick into the cone. Start at the base of the cone and place larger fruits such as grapefruit and oranges around the bottom of the base. These heavier fruits may require more than one toothpick.

Work up the cone, placing the smallest fruits at the top. You may want to reserve a medium-size apple or lemon for the very top of the cone.

Fill in any spaces with dates, grapes, and other small edibles. The result will be a colorful Christmas centerpiece good enough to eat.

—Dianne L. Beetler



### MAMA'S CHRISTMAS

To see her there on Christmas Day  
She was like a girl at play,  
Beneath the popcorn-spiraled tree  
She played with brother, sis and me,  
And shook the presents, large and small,  
And tried to peek inside them all.  
While brother, sis and I looked on,  
She sang us each her favorite song—  
A carol of Christmas hope and cheer,  
She made the Spirit seem much nearer.  
On that cold December day,  
She warmed our hearts like sun in May  
And as I pass through years of life,  
I never will forget that sight  
Of Mama and the Christmas tree  
And Christmas Truth she taught to me.  
—Brenda Phipps





Theresa Jacoby Lake, homebound teacher, works with Paulette Chullino of Council Bluffs, Iowa, at Mercy Hospital.

## *A Learning Experience*

A serious traffic accident can cause a traumatic experience for anyone involved, but if the one hurt is a child, it can create many problems besides the physical need for healing. Keeping up with schoolwork can be devastating if a child does not have help from some source.

This was brought home to us at Kitchen-Klatter when we heard about the motorcycle accident suffered by nine-year-old Paulette Chullino. Paulette is the granddaughter of Reatha Seger, who is on the staff of the Kitchen-Klatter accounting department. (A picture of Reatha and all her grandchildren was in the February, 1981, issue of the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine*.)

Paulette was fortunate in that the accident threw her up on the parking which, along with the safety helmet she was wearing, saved her from more serious injury. However, her left leg was severely damaged with a number of breaks from the foot clear up through the thigh area. She was taken to Mercy Hospital near her home in Council Bluffs where the leg was put into traction.

For five weeks, Paulette lay with her leg in that sling, then she was put into a body cast. At this writing, she is ready for an X-ray to see if the cast can come off soon and she can become mobile with the aid of crutches. We hope that by the time you read this, Paulette will be up and about again.

Paulette missed the first nine weeks of

school but kept up with her fourth-grade class through the services of a remarkable program which is staffed by teachers who help hospitalized and homebound children.

The teacher in Council Bluffs who helped Paulette with the assignments made by her own teachers, was reported to us to be Theresa Jacoby Lake. She works with the Loess Hills Area Education Agency. This organization receives recommendations from schools and physicians when a student is going to miss several weeks of school or who has a long-term illness or disability which might make it impossible for him or her to keep up with the class. Having a teacher see a child two or three times a week may make the difference between an individual returning to the same class in school or, possibly, becoming a dropout.

This procedure is also available, with some variations, for hospitalized emotionally disabled children.

It is a greatly needed program staffed by devoted, dedicated teachers. For further information write: Loess Hills Area Education Agency, Halverson Center for Education, Box 1109, Council Bluffs, Iowa 51502.

We were sorry Paulette had such a serious accident and are so grateful that she is improving. Her experience, however, did teach us about a vital service which is available for hospitalized and homebound students in southwest Iowa.

—Evelyn

## CHRISTMAS BIRTHDAY PARTY

(For Children)

One of my children has a birthday in December, and although he is grown now, he still remembers the fun we had when we played these games at his parties. We have used these same games, decorations, and ideas in our family Christmas parties, also.

For the party, we made our invitations in the form of small Christmas cards, sketching a row of poinsettias on correspondence cards (or you could use Santa Claus stickers from the dime store). On these we wrote the following little verse:

Santa asked me to tell you all,  
Not to forget this special day,  
When he'll be at (name)'s house  
With a pack so bright and gay!

Complete this with the name, address and date.

For decorations, we took poinsettias made from red construction paper and strung them on ribbons (or wire) interspersed with small evergreen branches. In one corner we placed an undecorated Christmas tree awaiting the ancient rite of trimming it before Santa Claus appears. Our games were a "gift" theme and with many small prizes for the winners.

**Christmas Boxing Match:** Each person is given a balloon. I bought only red and green ones, then two of the children were selected to be the boxers. Tie ten inflated balloons to the left wrist of each boxer with a string at least eighteen inches long. The children must keep the balloons in front of them close to their chests. They are not allowed to defend their balloons by removing their hands from this position. The object, of course, is to break all the other fellow's balloons with your right hand and receive a prize for yourself and your "fans" holding your color balloon.

**Christmas Hunt:** Children wax enthusiastic over the thought of finding presents with which to decorate the tree. Hide small gifts all over the house. When all the gifts have been found, divide the children into groups of four. Each group has something special to do. One group hangs the balls and silver tinsel, others hang small Christmas stockings bulging with nuts and candy, until the tree is decorated.

If it is not convenient to have Santa Claus distribute gifts, number each stocking and gift. A small card bearing a corresponding number is given each child. As you select a gift or stocking from the tree, call out a number. The child with the same number goes up to the tree and receives the gift.

There are countless attractive toys, puzzles, books that need not cost very much that make splendid little gifts.

—Lynda Schlomann



## COVER PICTURE

Through all of the years when Kristin Johnson Brase was growing up on an Iowa farm, she always went with her father into their timber to select just the right tree for Christmas. This tradition is so deep in her bones, Kristin continues to take her own sons out into the woods to select their own tree.

Now the Brase family lives in Torrington, Wyoming. This year they located a place near their home where they could look over the trees early and then come back later to get one. It was planned that Art would take the picture because he is exceptionally good with the camera. Unfortunately, when the day arrived, an unexpected emergency at the hospital kept him at work. Andy was home for the weekend and gladly accepted the role as photographer.

So, here is the picture of Kristin with two of her boys. Julian is bundled up in warm jacket, cap and mittens. Aaron is measuring the height of the tree they have selected.

This experience is not quite as exciting as going into your own timber to discover a special tree, but it is certainly next best. The tree should be especially fine when the family gets it all decorated for the happy holidays ahead. —Lucile

## ATTRACTIVE CLOTHING FOR EVERYONE

by

Ruth Townsend

Many elderly people, or people with disabilities, assume that clothes have to be inconvenient, uncomfortable or unattractive. That is not true.

If you, or someone you know, has a problem with clothing, remember that anyone at any age can have attractive, comfortable clothing. It just takes some thought and planning. I know because my mother has had some problems now that she is past ninety. My sister sews and has made sure our mom has attractive dresses that are comfortable and convenient.

Let's take hand problems first. Arthritis or some other problems can make using the hands difficult, so choose clothes that have few fastenings. Look for pull-on styles with wide openings. Pick out fabrics that slide easily over the skin. For a woman, find dresses with linings so a slip won't be needed. If there are buttons on ready-made dresses or shirts and they're hard to fasten, cut them off and sew them on top of the buttonholes, then sew dots of pressure tape, such as Velcro, underneath the buttonholes. Or you can sew the buttons

on with elastic thread so they will give and the hand can be slipped through the sleeve opening with ease.

If there is a problem with the entire arm, try cutting off long sleeves, unless needed for warmth. Or, use wide sleeves, such as raglan, kimono or square-cut types. Buy or sew with knit fabrics that will stretch. Avoid acetate linings that will wear out quickly if the problem involves a brace or cast. Use fabrics such as polyester crepe or nylon tricot that are tough and won't wear out as easily. If you need long, straight sleeves, add openings with zippers or pressure tape.

Move fasteners to a place where they can be handled with the stronger arm. For example, a skirt zipper at the side or front is easier to manipulate than one at the back.

For those with leg problems such as fractures, sprains, arthritis, cerebral palsy, polio or stroke, look for pants or slacks with wide legs. Or, if you want straight legs, putting a zipper on the inseam will make it easier to get on. Select good heavy material for pants or jeans. For example, look for fourteen-ounce denim instead of a polyester-cotton blend. This is heavier and stronger than the 100-percent cotton denims. If there are certain spots that seem to wear thin before the rest of the garment, you can apply adhesive-backed or iron-on patches to the wrong side.

Extension offices have bulletins that can give more information about attractive, comfortable, convenient clothing for the elderly and the disabled.

Clothes may not make the man or woman, but attractive clothes help anyone feel better, and that's pretty important.

## MARY BETH'S LETTER — Concluded

She has two grand girls for roommates and, between the three of them, they keep their house in commendable condition.

Undoubtedly, the most memorable, non-historical venture we had was a hurried trip to the Washington Airport to pick up one hundred day-old chicks. This "chicken run", as Katharine calls it, occurs with scheduled regularity since she uses chicks with her work in the laboratory. The wee fellows were secured in a sturdy box but they cared not for the bumpy forty-mile ride in her car. I am convinced that people in their autos in adjacent road lanes could hear the din of peeps pouring out of the seams of Katharine's automobile. It was with great relief that we saw those babies safely locked into their warm pens in Rockville.

We're all gathering here in Delafield, Wisconsin, for Christmas. I hope yours will be as merry. Sincerely,

Mary Beth



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## Come Read With Me

by  
Armada Swanson

When I think of the true meaning of Christmas, I remember when daughter Ann Elizabeth entered a contest in her early years. Sponsored by a TV program for children, contestants were to write what Christmas meant to them. Ann printed so neatly, "Christmas to me means the birthday of the baby Jesus." She won the prize, a doll. She did capture the meaning of Christmas, don't you agree?

A beautiful spiral-bound *Calendar of Love and Inspiration* for 1982 by Marjorie Holmes is here before me. She writes, "A calendar is just one small way to keep track of the chapters in our exciting, challenging, continued mystery story. It is my hope that this calendar of love and inspiration will add those qualities to every day for you."

Paintings by Mona Mark on many pages add a very special touch to this book. A quote from the writings of Marjorie Holmes is on each page, and the calendar part has enough room for a short daily diary. Fans of hers will be pleased with this offering. It is something to be enjoyed each day of 1982.

One December quote is so true: "At Christmas, all roads lead home. The filled planes, packed trains and buses—all speak eloquently of a single destination: home. We are like birds driven by an instinct we only faintly understand—the hunger to be with our own."

*Calendar of Love and Inspiration* is published by Doubleday & Co., Garden City, New York, \$8.95.

Bird lovers all over the country appreciate the *Bird Identification Calendar*, produced under the direction of the Massachusetts Audubon Society. The 1982 calendar includes a selection of both Eastern and Western birds, illustrated by John Sill, who combines biological accuracy with his artistry. The full-color reproductions on each page lend to the total look and provide a fascinating calendar. (Published by the Stephen Greene Press, P.O. Box 1000, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, 12x9 self-mailer, \$6.95.)

*A Field Guide to the Birds East of the Rockies* by Roger Tory Peterson is now available with new illustrations and new maps, and the Peterson Identification System for birds. Twelve hundred illustrations of birds of Eastern and Central United States and Canada are found in it. Available at bookstores, it is published by Houghton Mifflin, Boston, Massachusetts, \$9.95 in paperback and \$15.00, hard cover. This book is a valuable asset to bird watchers.

A full-color wall calendar of Old Sturbridge Village is almost as good as a visit to Old Sturbridge in Massachusetts. Photos show age-old routines: a man shearing sheep and women at work in kitchens. Monthly recipes of those long-ago days, such as Indian Pudding and Washington Cake, are an added feature. If you wish to step back in time to another era, this is just for you. *The Old Sturbridge Village Living History Calendar* for 1982 is available from the Stephen Greene Press, P.O. Box 1000, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301, 12x9 self-mailer, \$6.95.

For thimble collectors, there is an interesting paperback called *52 Thimble Patents* which includes drawings and information from the U.S. Patents. People who are engaging in, and enjoying embroidery, or who have turned to sewing their own clothes, have rediscovered the thimble. For those who collect thimbles as a hobby, the material in this book will be of interest. Patents are official papers which give a person the exclusive right to manufacture and/or sell the product for a period of seventeen years. An effort has been made to explain the features in simple language, and is an enjoyable learning experience for the reader. Bertha Betensley, a retired teacher, has written the book and it is available from her at 3444 S. Rd. 1050 West, Westville, Indiana 46391, \$6.00.

The glorious tenor voice of opera star Luciano Pavarotti has thrilled us when we watch his performances on public television. What joy to find *Pavarotti My Own Story* (Doubleday & Co., \$14.95) on the shelf of new books at our Morningside Branch Library, Sioux City. Pavarotti, the man, is as popular a figure with the general public as Pavarotti, the singer, is with lovers of fine music. He possesses a rare combination which is described as "genius and genuine warmth". Born in Modena, Italy, in 1935, he grew up in a household where he was appreciated as someone special, especially by his grandmother Giulia.

He writes about his grandmother, "She rarely restrained or disciplined me but treated me like a little wild animal, a precious animal, one with a soul. My grandmother was not an educated woman, but she was intelligent and philosophical. She was a very Italian family woman—just the house, her children and grandchildren—that was her life."

Pavarotti's mother says that he got his voice from his father, and from her, the heart and romance in his music. His talent did not go unnoticed, and after impressing local opera goers, he was "discovered" in the early 1960s by British audiences and finally received international recognition. Much of the book is written by Pavarotti himself, with some chapters by his collaborator, William

Wright. Throughout the book are brief monologues by people close to him personally and professionally.

While the book concentrates on his career, it also sheds light on his theories on singing, and the present-day opera world. It makes you realize how being an opera star takes much stamina and concentration. It also reveals that an outgoing personality is a help in getting along in the music world. Because he is called "the best tenor of the century", it seems an impossible burden is put on him each night he performs. He will continue to succeed, a rare blend of outstanding personality and wonderful singing voice. After reading *Pavarotti My Own Story*, I felt it would be a book you readers would really appreciate reading.

**FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded**  
be there, but only because we want to be there. Naturally, I am glad that God called me to give my life to the professional ministry, but now that I am retired, I find an even greater joy in worship. I thank God that He called me to that obligation for so many years, and I thank Him for all of the wonderful people He called me to serve, but how greatly I thank Him now for the joy and privilege of being in a congregation.

I do hope and pray that you will find a great spiritual gift in all of your Christmas church activities. At this season of the year, I feel sorry for all those people who have no church home. One of the most precious Christmas gifts we can give to another is the gift of church hospitality, leading another to find in the church the blessings that we have found there.

May God bless us all with a Merry Christmas.

Sincerely,

*Frederick*



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### EMILY'S LETTER — Concluded

that we have Stephen with us.

I used to sleep late on weekends. Now Stephen has us up before 7 A.M. on Saturdays and Sundays, but we have to wake him up at that hour on weekdays. On the other hand, 8 P.M. has special significance now as the bedtime hour.

My friends have also been reassessed. I've discovered new dimensions in people—not that liking children is a criterion for friendship, mind you, but it does make a difference in planning activities.

Another aspect I had not anticipated was illness. When Stephen has the flu, we all have the flu. And when I get a cold, Stephen gets it, passes it on to Rich, and then back to me, and we're ready for another cycle.

On the other hand, I can now justify taking a few hours for a nice bicycle ride with Stephen. I've discovered a lovely bike path just two blocks from our house which goes through a forest to a nature center. From there the path goes quite a distance down to the Potomac River. We have not ridden that far yet, but it is in my plans for a bright winter day.

Yes, everything changes and that included me who can stand some changing too.

Sincerely,

*Emily*

### CHRISTMAS EVE WITH FAMILY —

**Concluded**

the beautiful Christmas music, the carols we like to sing, the sound of the ringing of the bells. What is the message these are telling us? (Pause) Let us think of the beautiful Christmas lights, the stars that brightly shine, the lovely glowing candles, all reminding us of the light Jesus' love brought into the world. (Pause) Let us think of the beautiful love of Christmas: God's love as He gave the gift of His Son to the world, the loving kindness Jesus showed to all who were sick, or lonely, or in need, the love of our family and our friends, the love we show as we give gifts to those in need. What are some of the ways we've shared or plan to share Christmas love this year?

*Prayer by Father:* Our loving Heavenly Father, fill our hearts with love and joy, and our tongues with praises, as we celebrate this great day of Jesus' birthday. May His presence show in our lives each day as we share his love and peace with others. Amen.

Sing: "Joy to the World", or other carol which the family enjoys.

Perhaps you'll want to gather 'round to share a snack of Christmas goodies and fruit punch or hot chocolate before stockings are hung and bedtime arrives. We love to sing a carol softly after "good-nights" are said and as we all move toward our own bedrooms.)



## From Our Family Album

Alison Driftmier was a radiantly happy little girl on this long ago Christmas morning when all of the packages under the tree had been unwrapped. I well remember how many years she lugged that teddy bear around with her—never left the house without it.

Today Alison is Mrs. Mike Walstad who lives in Ruidosa Downs, New Mexico, with her husband, Mike, and their little daughter, Lily Florence. It will be the second Christmas for Lily so this year on December 25th, she'll know that something extra-special is going on. Perhaps she'll even find her very own teddy bear under the tree.

—Lucile

### CHRISTMAS RECIPE

Take a cold, crisp December night, add generous parts of snow, stir in icicles until you hear a clear, gentle tinkle in the air. Now mix in the wonder of a child, the love of a family, a generous handful of friendship and set near the chimney to keep warm. When bubbly and light, add a sprig of holly, the sound of sleigh bells, the scent of a baking fruitcake and a pinch of fragrant fir. This will be ready to serve when it glows with happiness and radiates love. Pour over it the light of the Star in the East, garnish with visions of hope and peace, and serve with carols and good will for all humankind.

—Mabel Nair Brown



## HINTS FROM THE MAIL

The cost of wrapping paper and ribbon really shocked me when I started thinking about Christmas. I found all the old paper and ribbon I had saved from last year, ironed it with a warm iron and rolled it on cardboard paper rolls. Then, I got out my fabric scraps and cut long strips with the pinking shears to use for more ribbons and bows. Some of the scraps will be useable to wrap packages in. An inexpensive roll of wallpaper from the remnant section of the local paint store should give me enough to finish up my wrapping needs. If I use my imagination, I bet my packages will be as pretty as any under the tree.

—B.N., Muscatine, Iowa

\*\*\*\*\*

I have never liked to shell nuts until someone told me to freeze them first. The shells crack and the meat comes out much easier.

—V.T., Hermann, Mo.

\*\*\*\*\*

I bought some dried fruit that was all gooey and stuck together. I put it into an ovenproof bowl and heated it while I was doing my baking for dinner and it took only a few minutes for the fruit to come unstuck.

—M.M., Pipestone, Minn.

\*\*\*\*\*

Make pretty holiday candles by melting old candles in a tin can set in a pan of hot water. Add some ground cloves or cinnamon from the kitchen cupboard and color with shaved crayons added so it will melt into the wax. Put string wicks into molds such as gelatin molds, tin cans or juice cans and then pour in the melted wax. (I dangle my wicks from a pencil laid across the top of the mold or can.) Unmold when firm and you have a pretty, spiced candle.

—J.C., Collinsville, Ill.

\*\*\*\*\*

A cigarette burn in my carpet troubled me until I tried cutting off the burned ends, then dampening it with a Kitchen-Klatter Kleener solution and blotting it with paper towels. I was glad the burn didn't go in any deeper, a friend of mine had to put a patch on her carpet where a piece was really burned.

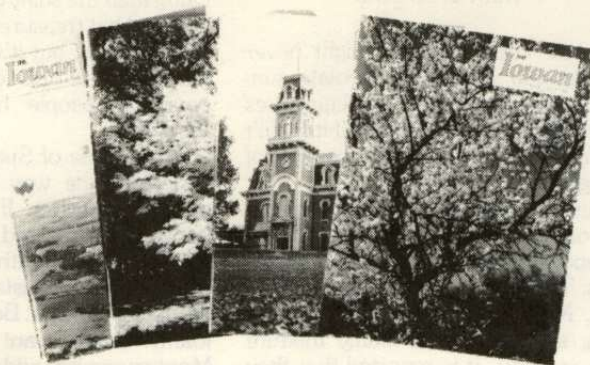
When I did my housecleaning, I found some places where the carpet was squashed down with furniture legs. I tried rubbing the places with the dull back of a table knife. This helped some. Then, I used my steam iron which I held just above the carpet. When the rug fibers were moist, I used my fingers and the dull knife to wiggle the pile up where it belonged.

—H.B., Friend, Nebr.

\*\*\*\*\*

When rubber gloves are worn, recycle into superstrength rubber bands by cutting through the fingers, palm and wrist for bands of various sizes and widths.

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## A GIFT FROM MONTEZUMA

by  
Ruth Townsend

Do you know that we might never have had our delicious chocolate sun-daes or our delectable chocolate cakes or our yummy cups of cocoa if it hadn't been for Montezuma, the Aztec ruler of long ago?

When the Spaniards first came to the court of Montezuma, they pretended to be friends and were treated as honored guests. They were served, among other things, Montezuma's favorite drink—a strong, spicy, fragrant, foamy mixture called *xocolatl*. It is reported that they noted that the emperor often drank "as many as fifty pitchers of it a day". We can surmise that the pitchers weren't very large, but still Montezuma must have consumed a lot of *xocolatl*. The soldiers seemed to think he had the right idea and

they began to drink a lot of it too.

Soon the Spaniards took over Montezuma's empire and one of the treasures sent back to their homeland was less exciting than the shiny gold or the sparkling jewels. That treasure was just some dark brown seeds, but it was a treasure that has lasted to this day and has made countless people happy. We call it *chocolate*.

The people of Spain first drank their chocolate the way Montezuma did—strong and bitter. If you would like to know how it tasted, just mix two teaspoons of cocoa with three teaspoons of water to make a paste. Stir this paste into half a cup of water. Beat the mixture until foamy. If you want to be even more Montezuma-ish, add a little pepper and a bit of cinnamon, nutmeg or some other spice.

As time went on, Spaniards thought Montezuma's drink too bitter and began to add a little sugar.

When chocolate spread to England, the English people began to add more sugar and use milk instead of water for the base. Eventually, chocolate drinks became sweet, rich and creamy instead of bitter, strong and spicy.

While we really owe our chocolate products to the *cacao bean*, we shouldn't forget that:

Today we have our cocoa,  
Our candy bars and such,  
Because old Montezuma  
Loved choc-o-late so much!

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### A CHRISTMAS WISH

Oh God! At this Christmas season  
 Give to the rulers of nations . . . wisdom  
 to meet the crises of the world;  
 To the men of the world . . . steadfastness  
 and courage in daily living;  
 To the women of the world . . . patience  
 and understanding in all their en-  
 deavors;  
 To the youth of the world . . . vision and  
 insight to choose the right goals;  
 To the children of the world . . . faith and  
 trust in the wonder of life around  
 them;  
 To those in the sunset years . . . memo-  
 ries echoing through time, warming  
 their hearts with the golden glow of  
 days that were;  
 To those who are troubled . . . content-  
 ment and release from disturbing  
 shadows;  
 To those who doubt . . . blessed assur-  
 ance of brighter days ahead and the  
 eternal dawn that never fails;  
 To those who sorrow . . . comfort and so-  
 lace that time alone can bring;  
 And to a world writhing in turmoil and  
 war . . . the peace that comes with  
 compassion and understanding that  
 was born that night in Bethlehem so  
 long ago. —Unknown

### LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

reading. I learned a great deal about the Chinese people from these two books.

The third book that held me completely absorbed is *Grandmother Brown's One-Hundred Years*. This book covers the span of years from 1827 to 1927. In spite of the fact that fifty-four years have passed since it was published, it still seems fresh and new. Even people who have never set foot on a farm would find this book interesting.

All three of these books have been out of print for many years so there is no question about being able to buy them. However, if you have a library like our Shenandoah library, you will find that they have access to the books from many, many other libraries in the state. I have asked for quite a few books and have never once been disappointed to hear that they couldn't be delivered to Shenandoah.

Dorothy and Frank have just now come in from repairing a broken fence, so I think I'll leave this typewriter and join them for a cup of coffee.

May it be a blessed and joyous Christmas and New Year's Day for you and the people who make all of the difference in your lives.

With gratitude for your friendship,

*Lucile*





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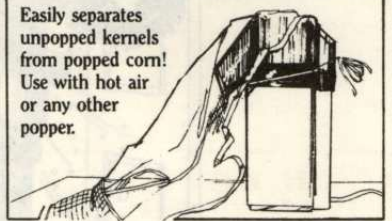
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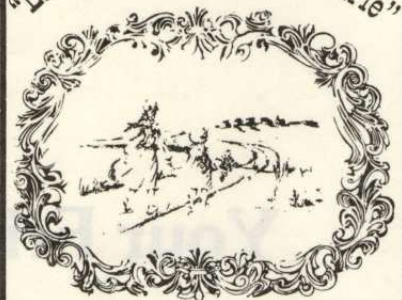
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