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Katharine, Jed, Juliana and James Lowey.

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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JULIANA'S LETTER

Dear Friends:

It is a lovely day here in New Mexico. Sunlight is pouring through the south window above my desk. This year I do not have my traditional geraniums on this window ledge but several pots of mixed herbs, some cacti and a tomato plant. The tomato has valiantly produced a small fruit now and then. As we head into the winter season, every little homegrown tomato is treasured!

I am sharing my desk top with a large, old Christmas cactus. It is covered with buds so it looks like it will do its "thing" and bloom right on schedule. House plants really do help to keep me perked up during the winter.

We are enjoying a visit with my mother, Lucile, and her companion, Betty Jane. They were kind enough to volunteer to take care of our two children, James and Katharine, while Jed and I took a long weekend trip to Arizona. This is the first vacation that Jed and I have taken—just the two of us—since James was born. James is fourteen so this vacation was a real treat.

Jed and I piled into the most fuel-efficient vehicle we own and headed off. The first stop was El Paso, Texas, to see our friends, Chris and Steve Crouse. Chris has just completely redone her kitchen area and I was anxious to see the results. I am pleased to report that the kitchen is GORGEOUS. I hope to get a picture of it soon to share with you. I have always understood that tearing up a kitchen is the most traumatic remodeling that can be done. Chris agrees with this statement.

From El Paso, we drove to Nogales, Ariz., where we took time to cross the border into Mexico. It had been many years since I had been to Nogales, Mexico, but the town has not changed one bit over the years.

The next day found Jed in all new territory. I had been in the Tucson area two



When Juliana was a little girl, she always made this particular winter scene for a holiday decoration. Her Lincoln logs went into the cabin and a collection of small frosted trees were grouped around it.

years ago when I visited Aunt Marge and Uncle Oliver Strom, but Jed was unable to go on that jaunt. We ambled up the interstate highway from Nogales to Tucson, stopping at all three of the old Spanish missions near the highway. Jed particularly enjoyed the mission at San Xavier. It was a crystal clear day with the famous blue Arizona sky which set off the white walls of the mission to perfection.

Onward to the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum where all of the exhibits were enjoyable. I was surprised at how many new exhibits had opened up in the last two years. The "Earth Sciences" area was new and is now my favorite place in the museum. The Saguaro National Monument is right next door to the Desert Museum so that was our next stop. The huge saguaro cacti are truly inspiring!

A busload of tourists from England pulled up while we were there. All the Brits were obviously very impressed. One lady turned to me and said "My! You must think we sound silly going on about these cacti." I assured her that we were equally thrilled and that even though we lived in the Southwest ourselves, these cacti were an unusual sight.

We stopped at the Casa Grande Ruins National Monument for a brief visit. Time was getting short and we still wanted to see the Heard Museum in Phoenix where the Fred Harvey Company collection of Indian art is housed. Fred Harvey was famous for his "Indian Detours" trips that were run in conjunction with the Santa Fe Railroad during the early 1900s. Most of the objects on display date back from these early days and there is also a display of beautiful Pueblo Indian pottery. Probably the most famous exhibit is

the Barry Goldwater collection of Indian "kachina" dolls. These figures are not playthings, but objects used in the Indian religious ceremonies. We found them to be very interesting.

The next day, we continued north and stopped at Montezuma Castle National Monument and Tuzigoot National Monument. Both of these places feature prehistoric Indian ruins. From Tuzigoot, we stayed on the secondary road that winds through the town of Sedona and up through Oak Creek Canyon. This was a complete change of scene. The desert was left behind and the cacti were replaced with oak trees and tall pines. Quite a few public campgrounds are along Oak Creek and we hope to get back in the summer to do some camping and exploring. Other things to visit in the Flagstaff area include the Museum of Northern Arizona and Walnut Canyon National Monument.

Our time had run out, so it was back onto Interstate 40 to zoom home. We did

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Good news

KITCHEN-KLATTER RADIO PROGRAM

can now be heard on

KUVR Holdrege, Nebr.
1380 on your dial.

2:00 p.m. to 2:30 p.m.
Monday through Saturday.

TUNE IN TODAY.

FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

Betty and I had a delightful surprise one day early in the fall. A phone call came from a friend of many years ago, a call which led to a pleasant reunion with Mary Reed and her sister, Ruth Reed. Mary and I were in the same class at Tarkio College back in the 1930's. The Reeds are now retired from many years of teaching in Michigan, and they are spending much of their retirement traveling around the United States in a comfortable motor home. They called us from a public telephone not far from our house, and in a matter of minutes they were sitting with us on the sun deck reminiscing about our college days. I held my breath while Mary told Betty humorous stories about some of my college escapades.

When Mary and Ruth showed us through their motor home, we found many similarities between it and our sailboat—compact cooking facilities, efficient use of storage areas, and ingenious arrangements for comfortable sleeping spaces. Two persons could live comfortably aboard a motor home. Actually, motor home living is quite a bit more comfortable than boat living. For one thing, even at anchor or while tied to a dock, a boat still has some motion from wind and water. People who live on boats must always contend with excessive dampness because of the constant nearness to water. (Our next-door neighbor has the best of two worlds—a home on the shore with several boats, and a motor home for travels inland.)

Speaking of welcome visitors, we had a good visit with Rev. James Connor and his wife, Mary. They are two Kitchen-Klatter fans who live in Rogers, Ark. Before beginning an extended trip through New England, they purchased some motion picture equipment. James took movies of Betty and me, our house and gardens, and our wild ducks and swans. Only minutes later, he showed us those color and sound movies on our own television set. Imagine that! Betty said that she could tell from the glint in my eyes that I intend to purchase such equipment at the earliest opportunity.

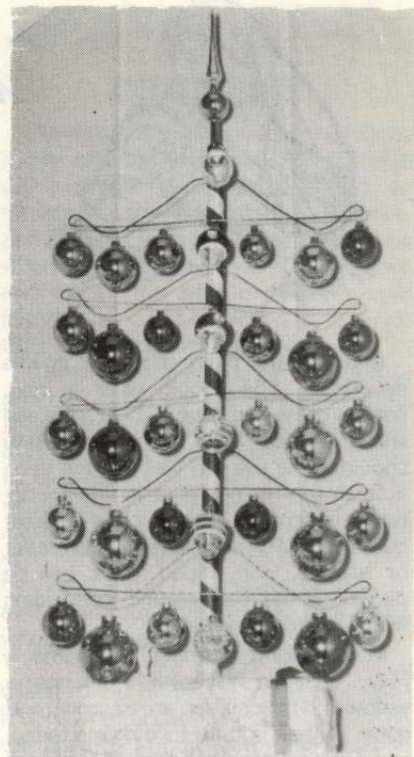
For some time, I have known that it was possible to make movies which could be shown immediately on one's own television set, but I have not known the superb quality of such pictures. James Conner demonstrated the way he could take movies in very poor light conditions without the use of special lighting. He has owned his equipment for only a few

months, and already he is making superb movies. One of the nicest features of his equipment is the way he can use his film over and over. If he takes a movie that is not as good as he would like, he just makes it over again on the same film. How remarkable! I must own that same kind of equipment someday.

Here on the river, we never tire of watching the boats and it saddens us a bit when the winter season arrives and the ice puts an end to boat traffic until the spring thaw. Most are pleasure craft, but occasionally there are larger commercial vessels. One day in late October (or early November) there was excitement all up and down the river when an enormous ocean-going barge loaded with big pieces of granite went by. It was a very windy day, and the three boats used to maneuver the barge simply could not keep that vessel in the required 100 feet of channel. Our river is only navigable for three miles from the ocean to downtown Westerly, R.I., but in that short distance the barge went aground three times! That it ever got safely to the ocean on that windy day was next to miraculous. All of our neighbors were out taking photographs or taking emergency actions to save their own boats from being hit by the out-of-control barge.

I was curious about the destination of that barge, and so I asked a few questions. It seems that a very wealthy man recently purchased a small island a few miles from here, and he needed that granite to make a protective barrier to keep the waves from damaging his boats and docking area. If anything had happened to sink that barge while it was passing our house, dozens of us would not have been able to take our boats out to sea until all of that load of granite had been taken out of the water. While it is true that the river is very wide in front of our house, there is only a 100-foot wide channel that is deep enough for our boats. Some restrictions should be put on barge traffic so that there will be no more windy-day risks of grounding. On a calm day, there should be no trouble, but certainly barges should be prohibited from using the river on windy days.

You know how I like to read old newspapers and magazines, papers dating back more than 100 years. Recently, I was doing my favorite thing—reading century-old copies of the *Mystic Press* printed a short distance from our house. I want to pass on to you a little item that I found quite humorous. Remember, this household hint was not meant as a joke at the time it was printed: "Every tidy housewife detests the cockroach, mice, and other vermin. Two or three domesticated toads would keep the coast clear of these vermin, and would be found more desirable than a cat, as they are wholly free from trespassing on the rights of man as does the cat."



This simple decoration is the type many families enjoy making together. The base is a piece of 2x4 covered with shiny aluminum foil. A hole was bored in the block to hold a broomstick "trunk". The trunk is wrapped with red and white striped ribbon. The tree branches are made from wire coat hangers. Each hanger hook was snipped off, the hanger bent as shown, and then stapled to the trunk. Bright Christmas balls fastened to the hanger-branches complete the decoration.

In that same Sept. 27, 1877, issue of the paper I found this bit of humor: "Teacher (speaking to a small boy): 'Let me hear you compare ride.'"

"Small boy: 'Ride, rode, ridden.'"

"Teacher (to another small boy): 'Glide means to move gently, Compare it.'"

"Other small boy: 'Glide, glode, glidden.'"

"At that point, the teacher glode up to the boy and reached for his ear, but the youth had glidden from his place and left the door open as he went out."

It was just a little over 100 years ago that batteries were first being used for telegraph work and other such things, and back in 1877 our local paper had this item: "A guileless boy was deluded the other day into picking up the handle of a galvanic battery. He yelled lustily until they shut off the current. In describing the sensation, the boy said he could taste green persimmons all over himself!"

You can imagine how pleased I was when a friend invited me to take a ride in his private helicopter. As much as I have flown all over the world in all kinds of air-
(Continued on page 19)



Mary's Memories

(A Christmas Devotional)

by
Ruth Gerhardt

(Mary is the main character in this devotional. She should wear a long, flowing dress and have a sheer, graceful shawl draped over her head. Mary should know the part well enough to be able to *talk* it, not read it. The Scriptures, except for that which is a direct quote for Mary, may be read by a reader or readers. Soft, taped music can be played in the background concluding with "Joy to the World".)

Mary: Good morning. My name is Mary. I live in Nazareth. I am now a widow and my children are all grown and gone. I thank you for inviting me today, and if you will allow me, I would like to tell you about the most fantastic event in my life. It was full of surprise, joy, happiness, agony and pain.

I was only fourteen when I met and fell in love with Joseph, a gentle man several years older than I. We became betrothed which in Nazareth is a serious commitment. We were never alone when together, being well chaperoned. I was so happy and so proud to be Joseph's betrothed. I was doubly happy because my cousin Elizabeth, who was very old, was pregnant. She and Zechariah (her husband) had prayed for years that they might have a child. One day in the temple the angel Gabriel appeared to Zechariah and said to him:

Reader: Luke 1:13-17.

Mary: Zechariah was struck dumb so he could not speak due to his doubt that he and Elizabeth could conceive a child, but they did, as God promised. For five months, Elizabeth hid in her home. In her sixth month, the most frightening, unusual, but tremendous, thing happened TO ME—the angel Gabriel appeared before me.

Reader: Luke 1:30-36.

Mary: Now, without any questions, seeing the joy of Elizabeth and hearing her greeting, I knelt at her feet and said . . . (Mary now reads Luke 1:46-56.)

I stayed with Elizabeth for three months until time for her to deliver, then I returned to my home. Elizabeth gave birth to a healthy, husky, noisy and extremely active boy they named John. (Later to be known as John the Baptist.) Zechariah's voice returned upon John's circumcision in the temple.

Upon my return home, I had to face telling my parents and my Joseph of my

own pregnancy. Joseph was unbelieving that I was still a virgin! But again God helped us through a crisis.

Reader: Matthew 1:19-25.

Mary: From that time on, we were very happy, looking forward to the birth of God's son. We had our problems—people did not understand and talked—but Joseph stood by me lovingly. As time drew near for me to deliver, we made plans. Joseph, being a carpenter, made a lovely cradle in which to lay our baby. But suddenly our schedules were all changed.

Reader: Luke 2:1-5.

Mary: I will never forget the trip to Bethlehem. Joseph insisted on walking while I rode the little donkey. I was so big—at least I felt huge—it was difficult to ride comfortably. The desert nights were cool and trying to sleep on the hard ground was difficult. Then we were in Bethlehem, the streets were so crowded with families, animals, men selling their wares, babies crying and older children running and screaming all about. Joseph looked everywhere for a room, but there was none. Finally, one of the innkeepers offered us his stable. Joseph made a soft bed for me in a pile of straw and the blanket from the donkey's back. The cave was warm and friendly with all the animals nearby softly mooing, bleating, and munching their food. Suddenly, a sharp pain hit me, then another and another. I knew tonight my baby would be born.

Reader: Luke 2:6-7.

Mary: I had brought soft cloths in which to wrap my son and, at last, I was holding this beautiful child close to my heart. Suddenly, a chill of fear and dread of the future flowed through me, but my joy and happiness grew stronger as Joseph and I marvelled over this miracle. Looking up, we saw the opening of the cave bathed in a light making it brighter than day. Joseph stepped outside and said a brilliant star was directly overhead. I felt like God was saying, "Mary, well done."

We named the baby Jesus as we had been instructed, and laid him in one of the mangers to sleep, then I rested and finally slept. Later in the night, we heard movements and murmuring at the cave entrance. Joseph investigated, then returned to say some shepherds had seen

the star and came to see the baby the angels had told them about.

Reader: 2:10-14.

Mary: The baby woke and smiled like an angel at these humble men. They knelt by the manger, touched the little hands, murmuring among themselves, then bowed as in worship before returning to their fields.

How little we knew of what the future would bring, or how long it would be before we could return to our home in Nazareth. But, at this time of year, in my memories I remember all the wonderful things that happened at the time of my firstborn's birth.

Now I must return home. I wish for you the same joy in your celebration of His birth, that I, His mother, had in being near Him for over 30 years. Goodbye.

Conclusion: All sing "Joy to the World".

CHRISTMAS TIME

Christmas time is very old,

And yet it seems so new.

But the song is still the same,

That the angels sing.

Peace, good will to men on earth,

Joy in every heart,

That was the song they sang the night,

When Jesus Christ was born.

And still we sing it every year,

And every year we feel

All the hope and love and joy,

The angels knew that night.

—Annette Lingelbach

SEE—HEAR—FEEL CHRISTMAS

We see Christmas—with sparkling reds and greens, scented pines, gaily wrapped packages, winking lights on the Christmas tree, dream-filled stockings, and glowing faces all around us. We see the snowflakes dancing downward, coming to a smooth landing on the already-crusted snow hiding the browned earth.

We hear Christmas—the church bells chiming throughout the land, the secret "sh-h-h-h" as love packages go under the Christmas tree. We hear the blended voices of warmly wrapped, wandering carolers as they lift their voices in heart-warming harmony of "Silent Night". We hear the friendly greetings from well-wishers and the beautiful laughter of a child's anticipation of Christmas excitement.

We feel Christmas—the tingling cold air, the closeness of fellow humans, the generosity and outward expressions of love for one another. Most of all, we feel God's everlasting love and His rich blessings upon us. We feel like saying: "Rejoice, greatly, O my people! Shout with joy! For look, your King is coming."

—Susan M. Walter

MARY BETH REPORTS



Dear Friends:

With the approach of the Christmas season, I can peer into the weeks ahead and tell you sketchily of our plans. Katharine will be here from her Bethesda home for a short time. Once again I am hoping that she will not attempt driving, but the nagging memory of the tragic plane crash into the Potomac River last year on the very day she would have been flying into Washington serves to remind me that my will isn't always best served.

Adrienne will have some days off from the bank, Don has several days of vacation waiting to be used before the calendar turns over, and Paul, whose work schedule at the meat-packing plant has never been heavier, will have one day off and he will relish every second of it. It seems that in these hard times people are eating more thrifty cuts of meat and few things are cheaper than hamburger.

It is a strange, crazy phenomena to observe the decline or demise of major companies in the Milwaukee area and at the same time see others which are experiencing unexpected growth. For example, I recently had occasion to meet with Mrs. Hay, a woman who is skilled in the art of making miniature dolls and doll house accessories. Her reproductions are bringing more, in most cases, than full-sized models.

Among my mother's effects, was a six-inch tall porcelain figure of a Victorian woman whose garments have entirely rotted away. There are remnants of her dress to give a clue as to how to redress her, but she is almost entirely bare. She has beautiful thick hair done in a deep pompadour over her forehead and pulled into a handsome knot at the back of her head. Mrs. Hay was enchanted with her diminutive beauty and was willing to undertake the restoration job, but she could not promise to start the repair until February! She is *swamped* with orders from all over the United States for exact miniature replicas of baby carriages which she makes by hand. She attends and sets up her wares when the Miniature's Dealers gathers for their exhibition shows. As a result, her beautifully woven buggies are gaining renown as are her handmade, kiln-fired china dolls which she lovingly creates to accompany her tiny masterpieces.

Here is a story to remind you that this is a very small world in which we live, proving again why it is a good practice to lead an exemplary life. Due to the expansion of the company where Paul works, they have had to build and move into a new grinding plant. Jim Crouse, a fine, young man near Paul's age, came here



Mary Beth Driftmier and Morris, the cat, enjoy the sunshine on the new deck in the yard of their home.

from Nebraska to serve in the administration of this new plant. He invited several of the men to his house one Saturday last summer and, during the course of the afternoon, Paul learned that Jim's family included *Kitchen-Klatter* readers who knew a thing or two more about him than he had expected. He came home with the story in utter disbelief. I reminded Paul that coming from Nebraska, he should not have been surprised if Jim's family might not know his Aunties better than he did.

As the end of the year approaches, I want to share a few observations I have made as I step away from myself for a moment.

The hole in my life created by the death of my mother has not and should not have been expected to yet be smoothed over. I read a little book about handling grief and I am certain that the author is correct—a time comes when it is inappropriate to allow a sorrow to be all-consuming.

What I discovered almost as devastating to my life was the fact that I was really very alone in this little city of Delafield. As any working woman will tell you, there is precious little time to develop woman-type friendships when one works full-time outside of her home. This is precisely where I found myself suddenly last summer. I could occupy myself as industriously as a beaver inside the house, but eventually, I found myself desperately lonely. Fortunately, I am blessed with one of the nicest neighbors one could hope to have. During her working days, she was a nurse and her depth of compassion and understanding is limitless. We were visiting across our side yard hedges, and I blurted out that I felt like a newcomer to town and kind of a middle-aged one, at that.

This woman's enthusiasm for life and

her real joy in people immediately spread out to include me and before I knew it, she was introducing me to some women in her Woman's Club who were *truly* new to the city. I was invited to substitute in a bridge club and shortly after this, another friend phoned to invite me to play cards once each month during the winter. Since then, opportunities have unfolded one by one, some of which are the result of my taking myself firmly in hand and accepting some volunteer jobs which needed filling in the DAR and the local historical society. I now find the silence of the house punctuated with phone calls for me!

When I accepted the vacated Chairmanship of the DAR's Historian-Librarian's position, I found myself meeting some fine area people in my search of the DAR History Teacher of the Year. I met many very nice school principals as I distributed the information sheets to the 600 students participating in the Essay Contest.

Another avenue opened up in town when I was asked by an officer of Hawk's Inn to serve as publicity chairman. Hawk's Inn is the restored stagecoach inn where Adrienne served as a guide before and during her high school years. Most now recognize me when I tell them that I am Adrienne's mother. Once a month I have a good reason to dress up because, in addition to serving as a committee chairman, I am allowed into the inner sanctum of the Board of Directors as a member of this group, too. So there is "life after teaching", but I had to take two steps to find it: I had to be willing to serve when asked, and I had to be candid enough with my neighbor to give her the opportunity to do me a kindness.

Benjamin Franklin applied this maxim to his personal life: "He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged." Ben applied this theory to a vocal gentleman who was opposed to his election to a position of Clerk formerly held by a Quaker. Not wishing this gentleman to continue against him, Franklin asked to borrow a valuable book from the gentleman's library. The gentleman quickly sent it, and, within the week, Franklin returned it with a generous thank-you note. When they next met, the gentleman spoke with him most civilly for the first time and they remained friendly forever.

In addition to concentrating on recapturing my cooking skills, I have undertaken the day-to-day and month-to-month finances of the family. I was as unaware as a man returning from space to discover how our bills have leaped forward with inflation. Having been raised by a frugal German father and a thrifty Scotch-Irish mother, it was in my bones to be challenged to see where expenses

(Continued on page 17)



KATHARINE DRIFTMIER WRITES TO US THIS MONTH

Dear Friends:

Brrrr!! What a day this has been! All day long, as I worked at my lab bench, I watched the winter-grey sky outside my windows for signs of snow. An icy wind blew through the trees near the parking lot and pulled with it the browned, withered remnants of our glorious golden autumn. But, true to Washington, D.C., tradition, the cold damp wind drove only rain and sleet against my raised hood as I trudged to my car this evening.

The temperate winter season here affords us only an occasional snowfall. The temperatures do drop and the skies do darken threateningly, but in misery we suffer mostly rain and wind. Last winter's disastrous January snowstorm that caused such tragedy at Washington's National Airport was an exceptional blizzard that we will all long remember. Most of my memories of drifts of white are from my winters in Wisconsin; Wisconsin's bitter cold dwarfs these sharp winds by comparison.

Here in my room at home, I am warmed through and through; I'm warm inside and out, physically and psychologically. Perhaps it is because I feel snug here, wrapped in thick blankets on my bed under the eaves. My room is a garret room. It is quite a shallow space with a low, sloping ceiling and windows filling the three outside walls. It reminds me of the sun porch in Granny Driftmier's house and it was for this reason I took it as my own. With pretty flowered curtains, a thick carpet and all my girlish treasures filling it wall-to-wall, this austere annex has become a cozy den. Now, as that chill wind continues to drive the winter rain against the thin walls and roof, I am comfortable and snug. It is very much like being in a tent—only warmer and drier. I am very close to the outside elements, hearing each burst of wind as it rattles at the eaves, but I am warm.

Even as I write, a kettle of vegetable soup simmers downstairs. Making soup is the most delightful activity I know for a cold, blustery evening. As soon as I came home tonight, I began the peeling, the chopping, the slicing and dicing that I had outlined in my mind as I'd driven home in the rain. This is my Grandma Schneider's recipe for good old vegetable soup, and its many variations are my staple all winter.

Grandma had established the tradition of serving us a steamy pot of soup whenever we would arrive to visit her.



Katharine Driftmier.

After the long trip to her house, this vegetable soup became, in my mind, synonymous with the comfort and love that welcomed us as we entered her home.

I love soup. I love orchestrating a giant pot of soup as much as I love tasting a bowlful when it is finished. Somehow, after searching many well-known cookbooks for their delicious recipes, I still find Grandma's soup is my favorite. Tonight, in my large black enamel pot, simmer meat and vegetables and gallons of warm loving memories to carry me through the week.

There's another reason for my toasty feeling inside tonight. All day I've enjoyed the warm thoughts of a wonderful friend, my oldest and dearest. Last weekend, we had our first visit since we parted company five years ago. Though we've corresponded by letter and more frequently by phone, my friend, Julie, in Houston and I have not been able to sit down and share a real conversation since I left Houston on graduation from college in 1978. But this weekend she came to Washington and stayed at my house. What a delight it was for me to find that we were more alike than we'd ever been! The five years, for me, have been very important years of moving, major change and growth. I've grown into my new callings of career and church and being a young city woman. She also has grown. She's an experienced wife and mother of two young children now, with home and family duties that have broadened her notable generosity to beautiful extremes.

I had been afraid that the years would have separated us. But, in spite of these important five years and in spite of our divergent situations, I was touched, amazed and delighted to find that the common love we had for each other has a stronger base than ever. Julie is more Julie today than ever. And I am more of myself. It reminded me that it is not necessarily the quantity of time that is spent at anything that makes it what it is. In friendship, as in all things, it is the

quality of the time and effort that are invested that makes the difference. Quality, not quantity.

Christmas is upon us! I can't believe that this wonderful season, to which we look with such delight and anticipation will be here in just a short time. I'll be flying home for Christmas. My arrangements were made many months in advance so that all the time my work will allow me to spend away from Washington will be spent in the snowy retreat of my family home in Wisconsin. With family together once again in the warmth of our home, we will bring out the traditions and memories and, once again enjoy being with each other. There will be music. Fires will heat the hearth. Adrienne will bake dozens of Christmas cookies and Mother will have prepared a savory fruitcake. Our cats always go crazy with all the excitement. Maybe we all go a little crazy. And why not? It's Christmas!

This must be the real reason I feel so full right now of the love and warmth I keep mentioning. In spite of the grey, rainy cold beyond my room, my heart is filled with the Spirit of our dear Savior's birth. It has been Christmas all year for me and now is the time to celebrate most loudly. I hope that you all feel the same warmth of the season I've been experiencing and have the opportunity to share it with family and friends.

From my heart to your homes:
MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Sincerely,
Katharine Driftmier



GIFT IDEAS FOR SENIOR CITIZENS

- Personalized fancy name stickers.
- Large-print books or magazines.
- Box of assorted greeting cards with postage stamps.
- Reliable ballpoint pens.
- Magnifying glass with easy-holding handle.
- A pictorial frame with family photos.
- A sack of birdseed and a window bird feeder.
- Gift certificate for a haircut or permanent.
- Subscription to a favorite magazine or newspaper.

—Norma Tisher

COVER PICTURE

Nothing could make me realize how rapidly my two grandchildren are growing up than the portrait on this month's cover. The Jed Lowey family posed in front of their patio near a lovely silver lace vine. Jed and Juliana (Verness) and their two children, Katharine (a seventh grader) and James (a high school freshman), live in Albuquerque, N. Mex.

—Lucile

BETTER THAN ANTICIPATED

by
Evelyn Birkby

The bright, fall colors have faded and the look of the coming winter is reaching across the landscape. From our home at Honey Hill in Sidney, Iowa, we can look out across the very tiptop of the bluffs which line the Missouri River. It is an area which presents a panorama of the wonder of the changing seasons, one we would greatly miss if circumstances ever decreed our living someplace else.

Robert and I much enjoyed this autumn, for the greens and golds and reds seemed so warm and vibrant and lingered longer than usual. It was rewarding to find this same lush growth—no doubt from all the unusual quantity of rain which the Midwest enjoyed—all across Nebraska when we had the exciting opportunity, near the end of October, to drive out to Colorado to see our youngest son, Craig.

When Craig first told us he would be spending this year in Denver, our first thought was, "Good! That's a fine place for a visit." Now, the mountains were not the reason Craig was so pleased to be chosen for a first-year residency program at the St. Lukes and Presbyterian Hospitals there, but it didn't lessen his enjoyment to know he would be near such a beautiful area.

So, we hoped and anticipated and planned and saved with the idea of going to see Craig when he had time to be with us.

The ride across Nebraska was simple, uncomplicated and pleasant. I drove the early-morning hours as far as Lincoln, then climbed into the back seat and promptly went to sleep while Robert took over the driving chores. A picnic lunch was enjoyed someplace along Interstate 80 at one of the fine rest stop-picnic areas. Since they all look alike, the exact location is not remembered.

5:30 found us in the Denver area absolutely engulfed in traffic. It is best not to dwell on how frantically we tried to get off at the proper exit only to find we had turned north instead of south and were headed toward Cheyenne, Wyo., with 480,000 lanes of traffic (Craig's figure) speeding along on either side!

Yes, we found another exit, got turned around and headed south as we should have done in the first place. That frightening experience ended our driving in Denver traffic. From the moment we gratefully drove into his apartment complex on the southeast edge of the city, Craig took over as chauffeur-guide.

It is always interesting to see where one's children live, and Craig's apartment was gleamingly ready for company. He had an excellent supper ready. One of his friends had helped with the prep-

arations and even had a red carnation bouquet on the table to welcome us.

Several days later, we had a delightful dinner out on Craig's porch with a mountain view and the setting sun giving a background to the sense of joy of being together for such a pleasant evening meal. The very next day, Craig moved. Since it was just across the street to a similar apartment in the same complex, it was not difficult or time-consuming. Robert and I enjoyed being there to help. Now Craig's little porch and living room window look out toward Longs Peak and a cute little brown squirrel comes by each day to keep him company.

For three wonderful days, we roamed the mountains west of Denver. It was Craig's one free week of the year, so he enjoyed the change of pace as much as we. Dillon was our base location and we stayed in a fine motel owned by one of Craig's fellow doctors.

Hikes were part of our itinerary, naturally. I went on one short hike on a relatively easy trail. The view across Dillon Lake to the Continental Divide with its many snowcapped peaks was spectacular. At that high elevation we were in a pine tree forest; the golden aspen had been left far below.

Robert and Craig went on one, long, ten-mile hike. At their suggestion, I spent the time in Breckenridge "doing" the antique stores and craft shops and eating lunch on the Terrace. It was a gorgeous sunny day, and the Terrace is located on the roof some three stories above the street. The view of the mountains and the nearby slopes was worth the climb; the delightful lunch seemed just an added bonus.

After I picked up Robert and Craig at

the trail head, we drove up to Vail and Copper Park. The tremendous amount of building being done around the ski areas is unbelievable. One ski run was open and it was fun to watch the sports minded trying their luck at this exciting activity.

Traveling back down to Denver was done in the most scenic manner Craig could muster. Before returning to his apartment, Craig showed us Georgetown, Idaho Springs, Central City and Golden. Enough of the aspen were still in their fall plumage to make us feel we had been traveling through an area sprinkled with gold.

Any city has much to offer and we enjoyed visiting as many places in Denver as we could cram into the remaining days: the United States Mint, the Art Museum, the Museum of Natural History, the Planetarium and the Botanic Gardens. Besides, I enjoyed two new shopping malls and the old downtown shopping area, newly restored.

And food—oh, how we did enjoy the variety of places to eat and the selection available from the menus. Trout at the Buffalo Room in Dillon, stew in a bread bowl at Central City, the aforementioned lunch at the Terrace of fruit cup, omelet with vegetables, croissants, imported black cherry jam and a strawberry cheesecake.

The final evening of our vacation, we picked up Craig's friend and drove to the Buckhorn, an old, old restaurant in an old part of Denver. Started in 1893 in this same small, narrow building, the restaurant is noted for its collections of wildlife and Indian artifacts. What did we order? Robert and I had mountain trout, Craig

(Continued on page 19)



—Photo Courtesy of Shenandoah Evening Sentinel
Most photographs of the Birkby family are not this formal, but they posed long enough for the cameraman to snap this picture of the happy group. Standing behind their parents, Robert and Evelyn, are (from left to right) Jeff, Bob and Craig.



An Air Force Wife Writes

Dear Friends:

If I could give a Christmas gift to every child in the world, it would be the gift of grandparents. Surely I don't have to elaborate on the value of grandparents; much has been written on the tremendous contributions they make to our lives with their special kind of love and wisdom. Most of you are familiar with my Driftmier grandparents, Martin and Leanna. It was a great privilege to grow up knowing them. I feel I can almost touch them in the family stories that fill old issues of *Kitchen-Klatter*. What a treasure it is to have this magazine to hand down to my own children.

My husband, Vin, children, Isabel, Christopher and Cassie, and I went back east this summer to have our children get reacquainted with their grandparents. We had a wonderful time doing just that! And it was with great pleasure that we introduced Cassie to my Crandall grandparents, Julian and Mary—known as Grampa and Nana. Cassie is their seventeenth great-grandchild (and two more great-grands are on the way). The Crandall clan is a large one, but Nana and Grampa have always found ways to appreciate the uniqueness of each of us.

If I had to assign one attribute to Nana and Grampa in their relationship to family, it would be generosity. In earlier days, they were generous with their home—what a wonderful place that was for family gatherings. Over the years, many pictures have appeared in *Kitchen-Klatter* that were taken on their large terrace. The spacious lawn it overlooked now has playing fields for the whole town, a gift from Nana and Grampa. They were also generous with opportunities. We met such interesting people through Nana and Grampa, often friends they had acquired in their worldwide travels.

In recent years Grampa especially has been generous with ideas. When I was away at school, I would often get little notes from him enclosing a reprint of an interesting article he had read. All my cousins would get one, too. He was just as eager to hear our feelings on the subject.

When Grampa finally fully retired—and that was not too many years ago—he wanted to distill his ideas and experiences into some form to pass on to his grandchildren. The result is a book called *The Tapestry of My Happy Life*. I am grateful to know that the organization of the book is based on a poem I wrote in college. The tapestry concept is that relationships we have add colors and textures to the fabric of our lives. The book is full of warm memories, recorded



These six Crandall great-grandchildren sat still just long enough to get this delightful photograph. They had gathered at a family picnic. From left to right: Mollie Preston, Kristin Crandall, Isabel Palo, Julian Crandall, Christopher Palo and Crandall Deery.

achievements, dreams and advice. Generations of Crandalls to come will be able to picture the richness of the life that produced all these thoughts.

Grampa has prepared other books for us as well, including one—*A Crandall Heritage and Legacy*. This year Nana has been writing down some of her early memories. This was done at the request of my cousin, Christopher Preston, for his daughter, Mollie, but we will all receive a copy. How fortunate we are to have all this grandparent love and wisdom in print. If you are a grandparent and wondering what to give your family for Christmas, why not give them a bit of your life in writing.

Nana and Grampa live in a condominium in Florida which has been their winter home for many years. In the summer, they live with my parents (Frederick and Betty Driftmier) in Connecticut and lead busy lives keeping up with the many visits of family and friends. While we were back there, Nana and Grampa were honored guests at a picnic given by my cousin, Steve Crandall. They had a special evening with five of their grandchildren and seven of their great-grandchildren. It was no secret how proud they were of us, and in what esteem we all held them—a wonderful evening to remember, a gentle touch of love across the generations.

We miss having grandparents near us here in the Midwest (though friends and aunts and uncles help lessen the loss). After our summer's trip, the older children have more particular memories to keep alive their ties with their grandparents. I feel regret that I don't do more on a daily basis to keep the grandparents up-to-date on my children's development. Perhaps I will be forgiven when I plead lack of time. (Don't we ALL make that plea!)

I am finding that parenting becomes more challenging as children get older. Cassie's care takes a lot of my time, but her needs are basic and easily satisfied. It

takes more patience and resourcefulness to guide Isabel in developing a system of values and acquiring confidence in her learning ability. It requires a conscious effort on my part to create special times with her since she is at school all day and has many friends close by. This is a happy year for Chris. He loves being a "big kid" in kindergarten and is a full member of the neighborhood gang, but we still have companionable mornings together.

The presence of Cassie in our lives is like a breath of fresh air. Her responses to the world around her are so direct and imaginative, her personality so alert and affectionate. We laugh at her adventures many times a day. She unites us in a bond of wonder.

Vin continues to take courses and studies a lot, though he still manages good times with the children. My particular interest remains music. In addition to singing with the Offuttaires, I am taking piano lessons. When I took lessons as a child, I had little enthusiasm. Now I am digging out old skills that had lain dormant more than twenty years. I have tremendous respect for my first teacher, Mrs. Dorothy Guion. The technique she taught me so long ago is still with me, and allows me to explore musical horizons in many directions. I feel good about finally putting all her efforts on my behalf to constructive use. I think she would be glad to see that, too.

In Grampa Crandall's eyes, we each have a responsibility to make the best possible use of our talents to serve others and better the world. That thought inspires me as I struggle with the demands of each day. A thought that comforts me is that my grandparents love me whether I stumble or succeed.

May this Christmas be a blessed time for your whole family. In the words of a song the Offuttaires are singing, "Spread joy . . . bring love . . . reach out . . ."

Sincerely,

Mary Lea Palo



Holiday Pretties

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Christmas Mobile: Cut the top of the mobile from a gallon-size plastic container. Use the top of the container, cut down the sides, to form deep points around the cap (width depends on how many you want). Cut an even number of the "petal" points. Curl every other petal up and over the edge of a broad knife. Make a hole in the end of each petal and in the center of the cap. Paint the mobile top red. Use nylon fish line to suspend the mobile and the figures hung upon it. To hang the mobile, tie a button to a length of string and run through the cap from the bottom.

Make little pipe cleaner figures and dress as elves, using small foam ball heads and red and green felt to make capes and little peaked caps. For snowmen, glue two small foam balls together for head and body. Add a tall black paper hat, a red scarf (from a scrap of fabric or crepe paper) and black paper "buttons" on the body front. Mark facial features with marking pens. Suspend figures by various lengths of the fish line, one hung from each petal point.

Add sparkle to the strings by making glitter circles to thread on the strings before tying on the figures. Cut dime- to quarter-size circles from cardboard, spread with glue and sprinkle with glitter on each side. When dry, make a hole in center and string two or three on each fish line before tying the figure on the end. These mobiles are attractive suspended over a buffet table or over a corner occasional table. They are a fine Cub, Brownie or Scout project or a decoration a church school class could make for shut-ins.

Floating Candle Boats: Open English walnuts so that the two halves of the shell remain intact. Remove nutmeats. Leave the shell "boats" in their natural color or paint them a bright or metallic color. Pour a small amount of melted wax into the bottom of each shell and stick a small birthday candle in the wax while it is still warm but firm enough to hold candle erect. Float the lighted candle boats in a shallow dish of water for a pretty holiday or birthday centerpiece.

Door Decorations: Start with two toy brooms. If handles of brooms aren't already painted red, paint them. For Mr.

Christmas, slide a large foam ball down over the handle of the toy broom for the head, letting it rest on the broom part. Divide the broom straw in half and tie each section about two inches from the bottom to form legs. Cut a large circle of red felt, fringe around the edge and cut a hole in the center so circle can slip over broom handle. Glue to top of foam ball to form hat, adding a sprig of holly in the middle. Tie a bow of red ribbon at the neck. Glue on facial features of colored felt.

For Mrs. Christmas, slide a foam ball on the handle for the head. Use a ring of holly for her hat. Make her a cape of red felt, fringing it at the neckline and tying it on with a green ribbon. Tie a pretty bow at center front. Add felt features to the ball for the face. The broom straw forms the skirt.

A Christmas Favor: Use empty thread spools. Paint red, green, gold or silver. Glue a strip of contrasting felt around the middle part of each spool. Cut small gold letters to spell out N-O-E-L and glue to the felt of each spool. Insert a white birthday candle in the top of each holder. A tiny ribbon bow and a sprig of greenery may be tied at the base of each candle. These are something children can make as individual favors for the Christmas dinner. The initials of each guest's name can be glued on the spool instead of using the word Noel. Spools can also be decorated without letters, using instead tinsel, glitter, pictures cut from old greeting cards, etc.

Napkin Holders can be easily made in a variety of ways and add color to the holiday table: 1. Cut strips of red and green construction paper or felt approximately 1½ by 5½ inches. Glue short ends together to make a circle. Decorate with a felt or ribbon poinsettia, a felt holly leaf with sequin trim, a Santa face made of felt, a felt Christmas angel, or glue on a small red or green ribbon bow and one of the miniature Christmas ball ornaments. 2. Cut 6-inch squares of net. Use net in a Christmas color or white. Bring two opposite corners together and tack in place with needle and thread. Cover the joining corners with a pretty decoration similar to those mentioned above. Fold a

Christmas napkin in a triangle shape and slip into the holder. 3. Cut large poinsettia shapes from red felt. Glue two petals together to make the holder shape. Glue on circles of yellow felt, or bits of yellow yarn for the center of the poinsettia. Roll napkin and slip in the holder.

POPCORN DECORATIONS

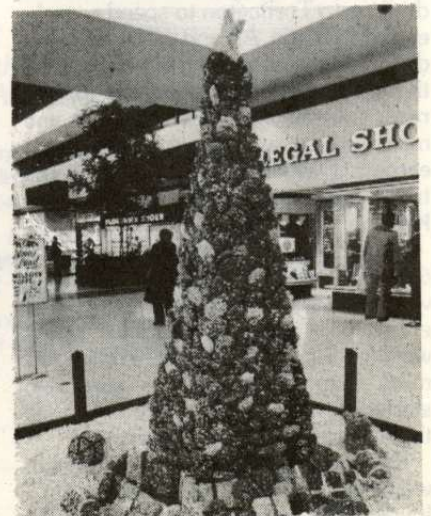
by
Dianne L. Beetler

Every year during the holiday season, a Popcorn Christmas Land greets shoppers at Southpark Mall in Moline, Ill. The Christmas Land is a scene made entirely of popcorn by employees at the "Karmelkorn Shoppe".

A tall, green Christmas tree covered with decorations stands in the mall aisle. At the foot of the tree, packages and toys, such as a football, are scattered. The tree is guarded by small snowmen. Everything is formed with popcorn. Employees at the "Karmelkorn Shoppe" spend almost fifty hours every year constructing the scene. The display uses 67 pounds of popcorn and 104 pounds of sugar.

Chicken wire is used to make a form for the Christmas tree. Popcorn balls colored with food coloring are attached to popsicle sticks which are then woven into the wire. Most of the balls are green, but some are decorated to represent Christmas ornaments. The gifts beneath the tree are made by pressing popcorn into rectangles. Frosting is used to form ribbon and bows on the packages under the tree.

You can create your own small Christmas Land at home. Use your favorite recipe for popcorn balls and add food coloring to dye the popcorn the appropriate colors. Mold the popcorn into the shape of a tree, a snowman, a bell or other seasonal symbol, and decorate it with frosting. Place it on a table, on top of the piano, wherever you wish.



Christmas display good enough to eat.



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

This has been a beautiful fall day. The yard is still so green it doesn't seem possible that winter will soon be upon us, and we are all hoping the many predictions about the severity of it will be wrong. Our timber this year wasn't as spectacular with color as it has been in the past. We don't know why, but on my last trip to Shenandoah the farther west and south I went, the prettier the trees were.

Last year we didn't have any walnuts at all on our trees, but Bernie's trees were loaded with nuts. This year all the walnuts were on our place. Frank picked up several bushels and has spent his extra moments hulling them. He finally got the nuts all washed and spread out to dry. Some people had a lot of nuts but most of them weren't any good. So far, the ones we have cracked have been lovely, but not dry enough yet to use. I always wonder what happens to cause these discrepancies virtually in the same neighborhood.

When the calendar turned to November, I wondered what in the world had happened to October. But when I stopped and thought of all the places I had been and the things I had done the past month, I decided it had to have been the longest month of the year or I could not have gotten all of it done.

The first part of the month our brother-in-law, Raymond Halls, was here visiting from Roswell, N.Mex. Frank's sister, Ruth, came from Kansas City so she could have a visit with Raymond. During this period, I had several family dinners.

About this time, I made the suggestion to the rest of the family: if they could get away for four days, I would drive us to Torrington to spend a weekend with Kristin, Art and the boys. Frank didn't feel up to that long of a trip, but he thought it would be wonderful for the rest of us—Raymond, Bernie, Ruth and me to go—so, we began making plans in earnest. I was really excited about the trip, but the one who was happiest was Kristin.

Everyone was picked up in Lucas at 6:00 A.M. and we were on our way. I would like to be able to say we drove the entire 653 miles in beautiful sunny weather, but actually we were only a few miles from Lucas when a hard rain started. It rained from heavy to light all the way to the Missouri River.

Ruth kept saying, "Just wait, the sun will be out by the time we get to Lincoln." It was, but it just didn't stay out long. By the time we got to Grand Island for our



Andy Brase and his new drum set.

lunch stop, it was raining again. At Lincoln the temperature was 76 degrees and the air conditioner felt good. When we got out for coffee at Ogallala, the wind was very strong and the temperature had dropped at least 30 degrees. The sky looked so ominous we decided we had better start listening to some weather forecasts: snow in the Nebraska panhandle and in Wyoming—just what we needed. Some light snow fell between Kimball and Scottsbluff, but nothing to amount to anything.

We arrived in Torrington about 7:30 P.M. and Kristin had a good hot dinner ready for us. We called Frank and reported on our safe arrival and told him all about the trip from Iowa to Wyoming.

Saturday was a miserable day outdoors. There was a strong cold wind, plus a mixture of snow and rain all day. Aaron had been excited about the day we were going to be there because his football team was playing Wheatland in Torrington and he was counting on Grandma Johnson getting to see him play. Although he told me he wasn't going to hold me to my promise of going to the game because he didn't want me to take cold, Kristin had gotten out a lot of her warm clothing for me, and I was dressed and ready to go. Art said he was going to take me in the car and we could drive right up to the fence to watch and I wouldn't have to get out of the car. However, we were home again in five minutes—the game had been cancelled. We were all going to go to a girls' volleyball game at the college that night because Andy plays in the pep band, but that also was cancelled.

In spite of the weather, we did go out in the car in the afternoon and took Bernie, Ruth and Raymond for a drive around town so they could see the college, the

new hospital, the big Wheeler farm store where Andy worked all summer and where he continues to work in the afternoons and Saturdays. We also saw the Holly Sugar Company and other points of interest. Kristin fixed a good supper and we all spent the evening playing games around the kitchen table.

The next morning, I heard Kristin out in the kitchen very early and got up to see what was going on. She already had cinnamon rolls rising and two loaves of bread ready to pop into the oven when the rest of the family got up for breakfast. She was making dressing for a turkey that was going into the oven when the rolls and bread came out.

After eating the big turkey dinner, we adults got ready and went to the college for the dedication of the new Fine Art Building. Andy sang in the chorus that was a part of the program. After the program, we toured the building, then went to another building where refreshments were served.

The weather Sunday was a big improvement over Saturday, so we did take another long ride around town to see more of the residential section, the schools the boys attend and the office where Kristin works.

When we got back to the house, the boys had arranged a little program for us in the basement. This is a lovely big room Art fixed up for Andy and Aaron. He put paneling on the walls and carpeting on the floor. Beside their beds and dressers, there is still room for Andy's beautiful new drum set he saved his money for this past summer. Aaron plays the trumpet very well and they had been practicing some special numbers to play for us.

Kristin suggested we might want to go down the street to the corner to listen,

(Continued on page 19)

AN OVEN ARTIST

by Mae Dragoo

IDA

Some artists scratch with charcoal
And others daub with oil,
Some work with watercolors,
And beauty comes from toil.

But until now we'd never met
An oven artist who
Could bake a string of beauty,
As Ida's hands can do.

Poinsettias almost come to life
Strawberries, pear-with-blush,
A boy, a girl, a cane, some shoes,
Come out with fragrant rush.

Not satisfied with perfect house,
With everything just right,
She creates beauty by the pound
And all the world makes bright.

The above poem was written by D.A. Hoover, a friend of Ida Roth (who gave us permission to use her poem). The description of Ida's artistic creations with dough, marzipan, icing and food coloring does not exaggerate. She is a creative master whose medium is edible.

Ida was born eighth in a family of ten children in Seward County, Nebr. Her great love was caring for the home and she was trained early to be a good housekeeper. Her mother also taught her to bake. Soon it was evident that Ida had inherited a "white thumb" for she loved to cook and make her food interesting and artistic in appearance.

After her parents died, Ida moved to Iowa where she helped in the homes of her brothers and sisters caring for their

families, especially as new babies came along.

For over 22 years, she worked as housekeeper-homemaker for the Dr. W. M. Fowler family of Iowa City. This motherless home included two teen-age sons. With Ida's years of training in her own brother's and sister's homes, she came to this employment with a wealth of experience.

For a Christmas open house for the department of Internal Medicine at the University of Iowa Hospital, of which Dr. Fowler was the head, Ida created a centerpiece, a colorful merry-go-round made of Christmas cookies and candy. It created so many compliments that this kitchen artist immediately began planning a centerpiece for the following year.

Through the years, Ida developed so many of her own recipes, techniques for baking, frosting, decorating and putting together unusual designs and goodies for buffet tables, that she became widely known for her productions. Subsequent years saw holiday tables centered with edible creations: a train complete with track and signal, a gingerbread house, a castle, a lamb and lion, a compote with fruit and candle, a miniature replica of the Fowler two-story house and yard, a Christmas town and a lacy cookie tree, plus platters of elegant and delicious candies and cookies.

Now the Fowler boys are grown and in their own homes (still including Miss Roth in their lives) and Dr. Fowler is no longer living. Ida keeps busy with her Mennonite church work and is manager of an apartment house complex in Iowa City, Iowa.

Ida still likes to cook and every year finds her with ruler, cardboard patterns, cookie cutters and other pieces of equipment making up tasty treats for friends. She has generously passed some of her treasured recipes along to be used in this holiday issue of *Kitchen-Klatter* on page 14, plus some of her own suggestions.

IDA'S HELPFUL HINTS

When working with dough that needs to be handled, rub some shortening over hands, around fingernails and under nails. Keeps dough from sticking to skin and nails and it is much easier to wash hands when done.

Life-Like cookie dough is great for flowers, figures, animals, etc. Can even be molded into figures and baked for decorations where patterns are not available. When using with cookie cutters, roll dough out quite thin. Cut out with cutter. Lift and then press dough into cutter with thumbs. Shake out onto cookie sheet. This makes a clearer imprint on the dough.

Dough may be colored and/or painted. For example, poinsettias can be made with red-colored dough, then painted with additional color using a slightly beaten egg white with a little water added to

make it spread easier plus the color desired—use a fine paintbrush. For the center of poinsettias, make tiny dots of green frosting and then put on tinier yellow candies using tweezers.

Cookies can be glazed with thinned white corn syrup. This makes a good base for sprinkle candies, colored sugars and/or crushed peppermint candies. Especially nice when making candy cane-shaped cookies.

Scalloped cookie cutters make nice flower shapes. Use a serrated knife to press along to make the marks for petals. Decorate the center with cut gumdrops.

Always use cloth-covered board and rolling pin when making Life-Like cookies. When working with a small amount, use a child's rolling pin.

Turn oven off the last five minutes of baking time—saves heat and keeps cookies from overbaking. Remember, every time the oven is opened the heat turns on and it becomes hotter so peek as little as possible. Colors of cookies keep brighter when baked at a lower temperature.

Green square cookies can be decorated to look like a Christmas card.

Bar cookies can be marked off into squares in a pan, then decorated like a great big Christmas card and served together on a pretty tray.

For Royal Icing use, first decide on a pattern. Place this pattern under waxed paper and outline the design on the paper with icing pressed through a decorator tube. Let it harden. Fasten together using

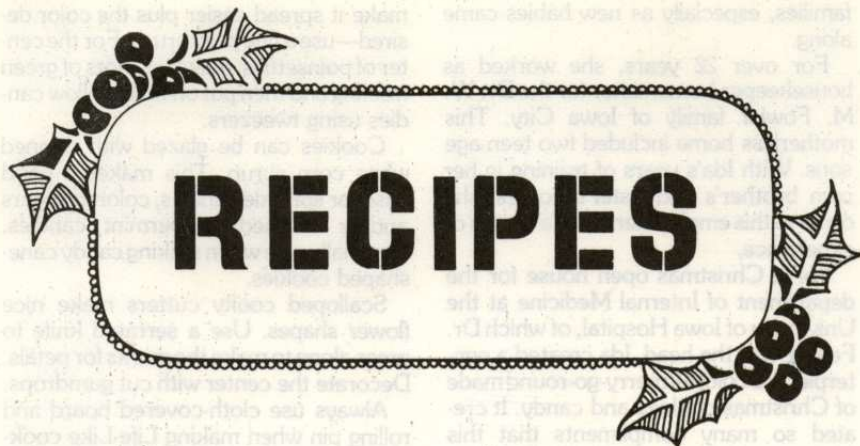
(Continued on page 18)



Ida Roth places her handmade, all-edible items in place as she builds her Royal Icing Christmas tree.



The completed Royal Icing tree holds many items made from the Life-Like cookie dough, marzipan and Ida's mint recipes.

**PEANUT BRITTLE***(Microwave oven recipe)*

2 cups sugar
1 cup light corn syrup
1/3 cup water
1 16-oz. pkg. salted Spanish peanuts
1 Tbls. butter or margarine
1 Tbls. soda
Grease two 12- by 15½-inch baking sheets. Keep warm.

Place sugar, corn syrup and water in 3-quart casserole. Microwave on high for 8 to 10 minutes, or until soft-ball stage is reached. Stir occasionally during cooking time. Stir in peanuts. Cook in microwave oven on roast or slow cook for 10 to 13 minutes, or until hard-crack stage is reached. Stir in butter or margarine and soda. Pour half of candy onto each sheet, spreading to 1/4 inch thick. Cool. Break into pieces. —Hallie

NUT GOODIE BARS

1 12-oz. pkg. milk chocolate chips
1 12-oz. pkg. butterscotch chips
2 cups peanut butter (creamy or chunky)
1 cup butter or margarine
1/2 cup evaporated milk
1/4 cup dry vanilla pudding mix (do not use the instant kind)
2 lbs. powdered sugar
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
2 cups salted peanuts

Melt the chocolate chips, butterscotch chips and peanut butter in double boiler. Put half in buttered 10- by 15-inch jelly roll pan. Freeze.

Combine butter or margarine, milk and dry pudding mix in saucepan. Boil 1 minute. Place the powdered sugar in a large bowl and pour pudding mixture over. Beat until smooth. Add flavoring. Spread over hardened chocolate layer. Freeze. Reheat remaining chocolate mixture and add the peanuts. Spread over powdered sugar layer. Freeze. Let thaw for 15 to 20 minutes before cutting and serving. Be sure to keep frozen or in refrigerator until time to serve.

—Verlene

FANCY CHOCOLATE BARS

1/2 cup butter or margarine
3/4 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
3/4 cup unsifted all-purpose flour
2 Tbls. cocoa
1/4 tsp. baking powder
1/2 cup chopped nuts
2 1/2 cups miniature marshmallows

Cream the butter or margarine and sugar until fluffy. Add the eggs and flavorings and beat well. Combine the flour, cocoa and baking powder. Add to the creamed mixture along with the nuts. Spread in well-greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 to 18 minutes. Immediately after taking out of oven, scatter the marshmallows over top. Return to oven for just a minute to melt marshmallows. Cool. Meanwhile, prepare the following topping:

1 6-oz. pkg. semisweet chocolate chips
1 cup chunky peanut butter
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1 1/2 to 2 cups crisp rice cereal

Place the chocolate chips, peanut butter and flavoring in a heavy saucepan. Place over low heat and stir constantly until melted and blended. Add the cereal. Carefully spread over the cooled bars. Cool. —Lucile

PARTY CHEESE BALL

1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
1 cup finely shredded sharp Cheddar cheese
2 Tbls. milk
1 Tbls. finely chopped onion
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp. liquid smoke
Finely chopped pecans

Combine the cheeses. Add the milk, onion, Worcestershire sauce and liquid smoke. Blend well. Shape into ball. Roll in the chopped pecans and chill. Ball can be prepared ahead and then frozen. Serve with an assortment of crackers.

—Robin

MINCE-CRANBERRY RELISH

2 cups fresh or frozen cranberries
1/2 cup sugar
2 cups prepared mincemeat
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring

Combine all ingredients in saucepan. Boil slowly for 10 minutes. When cranberries are tender, remove from fire. Store in refrigerator in covered jar. An excellent addition to a company meal or a buffet dinner. —Evelyn

ANGIE'S BIRTHDAY CLUB CHICKEN

2 cups uncooked long-grain rice
1 can cream of celery soup, undiluted
1 can cream of mushroom soup, undiluted
1 can cream of chicken soup, undiluted
1 cup water
1 cup chicken broth
Raw chicken pieces (I used legs and thighs.)

1 envelope dry onion soup mix

Combine all ingredients except for the last two. Spoon into greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan (or two 8-inch square pans). Lay the chicken pieces on top. Sprinkle the dry soup mix over all. Cover tightly with foil. Bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees; then reduce heat to 300 degrees and bake for 1 1/2 hours. Important: do not peek under the foil while baking. —Dorothy

KUGLEHOFF*(A sweet bread)*

1/4 cup butter
1/2 cup sugar
2 eggs
1/2 cup milk, scalded and cooled to lukewarm
1 pkg. dry yeast, dissolved in 1/4 cup warm water
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
2 1/2 cups sifted flour
1 tsp. salt
1/2 cup golden seedless raisins
1 tsp. dry grated lemon peel
1 Tbls. melted butter
3 Tbls. very fine cornflake crumbs
Blanched whole almonds

In a large bowl, cream the butter and sugar. Add eggs and beat well. Add the milk, yeast mixture and lemon flavoring. Sift the flour and salt together and add to mixture. Beat very well. Stir in raisins and lemon peel. Cover with dry towel and let rise until double. Grease a 1½-cup Turk's-head mold with the 1 Tbls. melted butter. Sprinkle with the cornflake crumbs and put whole almonds in bottom of mold. Punch the dough down. (Dough will be sticky.) Place dough in prepared mold and let rise again. Bake in 350-degree oven for 25 to 30 minutes. Cool for 10 minutes in mold, then remove. —Juliana

PEANUT BUTTER GOODIES

1 cup margarine or butter
3 or 4 drops Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring

1 1/4 cups peanut butter
2 cups fine graham cracker crumbs
2 1/2 cups powdered sugar, sifted
1 12-oz. pkg. milk chocolate chips

Place the margarine or butter and butter flavoring in heavy pan over low heat. When margarine or butter is melted, add the peanut butter. Heat enough to allow ingredients to become well blended. Place crumbs and powdered sugar in bowl and mix together. Pour the melted mixture in bowl. Mix with hands. Pat into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Melt the chocolate chips and spread over first layer. Chill until firm. Cut into small pieces. —Lucile

CRANBERRY HAM

1 cup seasoned bread stuffing
1/2 cup canned whole cranberry sauce
1/4 cup finely chopped celery
5 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1/2 tsp. salt
2 precooked ham steaks, cut 1/2-inch thick

In a small mixing bowl, combine bread stuffing with cranberry sauce, celery, 3 tsp. of the Worcestershire sauce and salt; mix well. Brush both sides of the ham steaks with the remaining 2 tsp. of Worcestershire sauce. Place one ham steak in a greased baking dish. Spread the stuffing evenly over ham steak and top with the second ham steak. Bake, uncovered, in a preheated moderate oven (350 degrees) for 1 hour or until lightly browned. Serves six. —Verlene

MICROWAVE CARAMEL CORN

7 quarts popped corn
1/2 cup butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring

1 cup brown sugar
1/4 cup corn syrup
1 tsp. vinegar
1/2 tsp. soda

Prepare the corn. Combine the butter or margarine, flavoring, brown sugar, corn syrup and vinegar in a 2-quart container. Microwave on full power for 1 1/2 to 2 minutes until syrup comes to a boil. Allow to boil for 2 minutes. Remove from oven and stir in the soda.

Place the popcorn in a clean, large brown paper bag. Pour the syrup over the corn. Close the sack loosely and shake. Microwave at full power for 1 1/2 minutes, shake bag, microwave another 1 1/2 minutes, shake bag and microwave again for 1 1/2 minutes. Pour corn out of paper bag onto waxed paper or large sheets. Spread out to cool. Stir occasionally while cooling. When cool, store in containers with tight-fitting lids. —Hallie

**PEANUT BUTTER-JELLY BARS**

3 cups unsifted flour
1 cup sugar
1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
1 cup vegetable shortening
2 eggs, beaten
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar
flavoring
1 cup jelly or preserves (your choice)
2 cups peanut butter chips

Sift the flour, sugar and baking powder together. Cut in shortening until like coarse crumbs. Stir in eggs and flavorings. Measure out 1/2 cup of the mixture and set aside. Press remaining mixture into greased 9- by 13-inch baking pan. Spread on the jelly or preserves. Sprinkle 1 cup of the chips over all. Put on the reserved 1/2 cup of mixture. Bake at 375 degrees for 35 to 40 minutes, or until edges are light brown. Remove from oven and immediately sprinkle on the remaining 1 cup of chips. Press chips down lightly. Cool and cut into squares.

For variation, 1 cup chocolate chips and 1 cup peanut butter chips could be used. —Dorothy

CRANBERRY PUDDIN'-CAKE

1 1/3 cups water
1 1/2 cups cranberries
1 cup sugar
2 tsp. cornstarch
1 Tbls. butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter
flavoring
2 Tbls. butter or margarine
1/2 cup sugar
1 cup flour
1/4 tsp. salt
2 tsp. baking powder
1 cup milk
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
flavoring
1/4 cup chopped nuts

Combine water and cranberries and cook until berries begin to burst. Add 1 cup sugar mixed with the cornstarch. Simmer for 5 minutes, stirring often. Add the 1 Tbls. butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Pour into a casserole or baking dish.

Blend 2 Tbls. butter or margarine and 1/2 cup sugar. Stir in sifted dry ingredients. Add milk and vanilla flavoring and stir until smooth. Spoon this batter over cranberry mixture. Sprinkle nuts over top. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30 minutes, or until batter is cooked. Delicious served with whipped cream, whipped topping or ice cream. —Evelyn

JELLIED CRANBERRY SALAD

1 3-oz. pkg. strawberry gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter strawberry
flavoring
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange
flavoring
1 9-oz. can (1 cup) pineapple tidbits,
drained (reserve liquid)
3/4 cup drained liquid
1 10-oz. pkg. frozen cranberry relish,
thawed
1/3 cup diced celery
Chopped nuts (optional)

Dissolve gelatin in the boiling water. Add flavorings and the 3/4 cup drained liquid (add water if necessary to make the 3/4 cup). Add the cranberry relish. Chill until partially set. Stir in remaining ingredients and pour into one-quart mold. Chill until firm. —Dorothy

EGGNOG

6 eggs, separated
Dash of salt
3/4 cup granulated sugar
2 1/2 cups milk
2 cups heavy cream, whipped
2 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla
flavoring

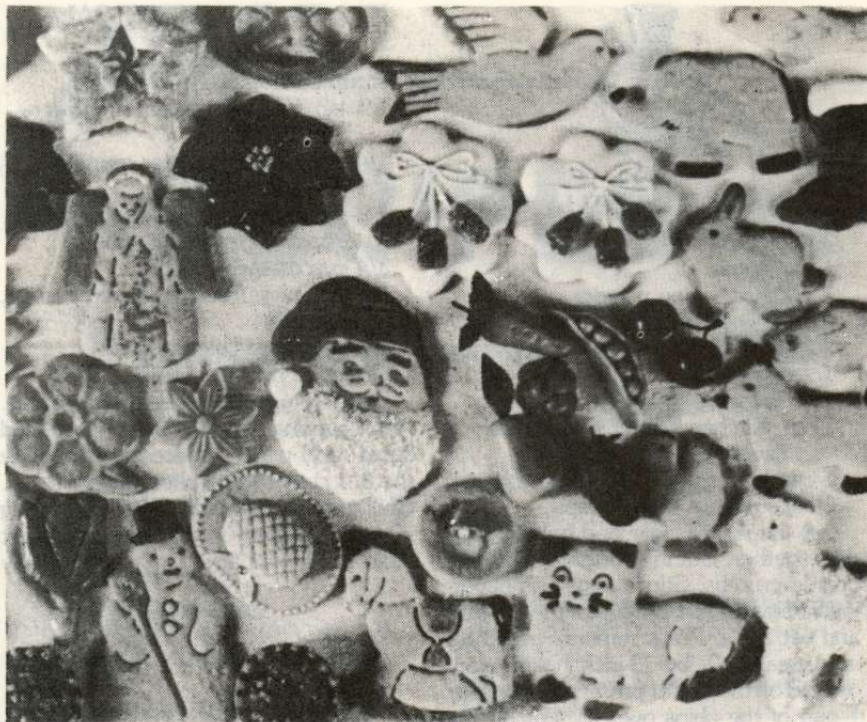
Dash of nutmeg

Beat the egg whites until stiff, but not dry. Add the sugar gradually while beating. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Fold the yolks into egg white mixture. Slowly add the milk. Fold in the whipped cream, flavoring and nutmeg. Serve immediately. —Robin

JULIANA'S CANDIED FRUIT COOKIES

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 1/2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1/4 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. soda
1/2 lb. mixed candied fruit, chopped
1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts
1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut
flavoring
1/2 cup buttermilk

Melt chocolate over hot, but not boiling, water. Cool. Sift the flour together with the salt and soda. Set aside. Lightly toss together the mixed candied fruit and walnuts with 1 Tbls. of the flour mixture. Set aside. In large mixer bowl at medium speed, beat the butter or margarine, brown sugar, egg and flavorings. Add the melted chocolate and blend well. Stir in the buttermilk, then the flour mixture. Fold in the fruit-nut mixture. Cover and refrigerate for at least one hour. Drop by rounded teaspoon onto lightly greased baking sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes, or until light brown.



These cookies are the creative work of Ida Roth who is truly an artist in the kitchen.

IDA'S MINTS

- 1/3 cup vegetable shortening
- 1/3 cup white corn syrup
- 1/3 tsp. salt
- 3/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter mint flavoring (or flavoring of your choice)
- 2 Tbls. cornstarch
- 1 lb. powdered sugar
- 2 tsp. water (more or less)
- Food coloring as desired

Use a 4-quart bowl. Spread vegetable shortening over inside (this keeps mixture from sticking to the bowl—a good trick for pie crust, cake and cookie mixing as well). Add corn syrup, salt and flavoring of your choice. Gradually stir in cornstarch and powdered sugar. A little water may need to be added according to atmospheric conditions (a warm, muggy day needs less moisture in the mixture than on a dry day). Knead by hand.

Take a small portion of the dough and color as desired. A little yellow coloring in white gives a buttery look which is more appetizing than a stark white. Remember that color deepens as it sets. Keep any part with which you are not working covered to keep moist. Use enough for a 4- or 5-inch circle and roll out with child's rolling pin or small length of dowel. Cut with tiny cutters. Or, press into individual mint molds, tap mold on cloth-covered board or press out gently with thumb and fingers to unmold.

Decorate with small camel's-hair paintbrush using food coloring diluted with water or press tiny flowers, hearts, etc., into mints. (The blade of a table knife pressed over tiny candies will help push them into mints.)

IDA'S LIFE-LIKE COOKY DOUGH

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups flour

Cream shortening and sugar together. (Butter is best, but homogenized shortening or margarine will do, also.) Add salt and egg and mix with spoon just enough to mix. Dissolve soda in milk and blend in along with the flavoring. Stir in flour. Chill dough. Roll out on cloth-covered breadboard lightly dusted with flour. Use cloth-covered rolling pin. (Too much flour toughens the cookies.) Roll to thickness desired and cut. Trim if desired. Place on lightly greased cookie sheet. Preheat oven to 375 degrees to start cookies baking. Turn down to 350 to finish. Total baking time is about 10 minutes, but it does depend on thickness and size of cookies. Remove to clean towel or rack immediately to cool.

Diluted food coloring applied with a camel's-hair artist brush before baking gives nice details. Let cutout cookies dry about 10 minutes before "painting". Candy trims can be pressed gently into the cookies before baking, also—tiny candies for eyes, larger for buttons, etc.

NOTE: If plastic cutters with designs are used, roll dough slightly thinner than for regular cut cookies. Cut cookie, flip cutter over and press dough onto design evenly with thumbs. Release onto cookie sheet.

IDA'S ROYAL ICING

- 2 egg whites
- 1 lb. powdered sugar
- Juice of 1/2 lemon

Beat together the egg whites and half the powdered sugar. Mix in the lemon juice. Gradually add the remaining powdered sugar. Beat with the electric mixer until icing is so thick and stiff it hangs down from a spoon in a long point. A little more sugar and/or lemon juice can be added to make just the right consistency. Coloring may be added if desired.

This icing is good to use in making sugar filigree by placing waxed paper over traced designs. Then, using a cake decorator, follow the lines. When firm, the parts of the filigree can be fastened together with moist Royal Icing. This is also good "glue" when assembling cookie or candy houses, boxes, etc.

PEANUT BUTTER CUPCAKES

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
- 2 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter maple flavoring
- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 3/4 cup milk

Resift the flour with the baking powder and salt; set aside. Cream the shortening with the brown sugar and flavorings until fluffy. Add the peanut butter and eggs; beat well. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk, beating well after each addition. Spoon into greased cupcake pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes. Delicious plain or frosted with a caramel icing. —Juliana

CLARE'S GUMDROP-OATMEAL COOKIES

- 1 cup margarine or butter
- 1 cup dark brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 2 cups shredded coconut
- 2 cups rolled oats
- 1 cup finely cut gumdrops

Cream the margarine or butter with the sugars. Add the eggs and flavoring and beat until fluffy. Resift the flour with the salt, soda and baking powder. Stir into the creamed mixture. Add the coconut, rolled oats and gumdrops. Drop by small teaspoonfuls onto greased baking sheet. Bake at 325 degrees for 12 to 15 minutes. Remove cookies from baking sheet while still warm. —Frederick

FROG EYE SALAD

- 1 16-oz. box spezzis macaroni (ring macaroni)
- 1 20-oz. can pineapple tidbits or crushed pineapple, drained (save liquid)
- 2 11-oz. cans Mandarin oranges, drained and chopped
- 2 cups drained pineapple juice (add some of the drained Mandarin orange liquid to make the 2 cups if necessary)
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 egg yolks
- 3 Tbs. flour
- 1 Tbs. lemon juice
- 3/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries (optional)
- 1 pkg. miniature marshmallows
- 1 9-oz. carton whipped topping, thawed

Cook macaroni according to package directions. (Do not overcook.) Drain and set aside.

Combine the 2 cups drained fruit liquid with the sugar, egg yolks, flour and lemon juice. Cook over low heat until thickened. Combine with the macaroni and refrigerate overnight or at least 8 hours.

Stir in the fruits, marshmallows and topping. Refrigerate before serving. Makes about one gallon. —Hallie

SEVEN PINES PUMPKIN TORTE

- 1 2/3 cups graham cracker crumbs
 - 1/3 cup sugar
 - 1/2 cup margarine
 - 2 eggs, beaten
 - 3/4 cup sugar
 - 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, softened
 - 1 regular-size pkg. butterscotch pudding mix (not instant)
 - 1/4 cup brown sugar
 - 1/4 tsp. salt
 - 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
 - 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
 - 1/4 tsp. ginger
 - 1/8 tsp. cloves
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 2 cups canned pumpkin
 - 2 cups milk
 - 3 eggs, slightly beaten
 - 1 envelope unflavored gelatin
 - Whipped topping
- Combine the graham cracker crumbs, 1/3 cup sugar and margarine. Press in a 9- by 13-inch pan.

Mix the 2 eggs, 3/4 cup sugar and cream cheese together. Spread over crust and bake for 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Cool.

Combine the remaining ingredients, except the topping. Cook until thick. Cool. Pour over cooled crust. Spread whipped topping over top and refrigerate until set. —Verlene



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A CHRISTMAS SEASON TRADITION

by
Linda C. Zimmerman

The "Swedish Capitol of Iowa," "Home of the World's Largest Coffee Pot," and the "Little White City" all refer to the small southwest Iowa community of Stanton, which is located eight miles east of Red Oak, Iowa, and just south of Highway 34. Stanton was founded by Swedish colonists whose influence is still seen today. The people of Stanton are proud of their Swedish heritage and show it in many ways.

A visible display of the Swedish heritage is Stanton's coffee pot, which serves as the town's water tower. Nearly 125 feet above the ground is a giant coffee pot, which could hold 640,000 cups of coffee (40,000 gallons), painted with flowers on its sides and a flame on the bottom. The structure is complete with a side handle, lid, and pouring spout. Residents joke that their sink faucets give coffee rather than water. According to the people of Stanton, coffee is a symbol of the attitude of hospitality they want to convey to visitors.

Another heritage to which Stanton clings originated in the 1920s. Conductors on railroad trains dubbed Stanton the "Little White City" because it was al-



Stanton's unusual water tower.

ways clean and crisp-looking. The town projects this image because, since its founding, every house has been painted white. Even today, no one has a house of any other color.

One of the most anticipated Swedish traditions of Stanton occurs during the Christmas season on the Saturday nearest December 13. Called the "Santa Lucia Festival," or "Festival of Lights," it officially marks the Christmas season for the residents of Stanton. Up until the festival, no one turns on any Christmas lights; on the night of the festival, however, the town is illuminated with the decorative outdoor Christmas lights.

The Santa Lucia Festival originated in Sweden when its people heard of the death of the fourth century maiden, Lucia, who had her eyes removed because a heathen nobleman had been drawn to their beauty. Lucia turned down the man, was tortured and eventually executed with a sword. Lucia, who is said to have carried food to the poor, was martyred for her faith.

Luciadagen, as Santa Lucia's Day is called in Sweden, honors the patroness of harvest and light. On December 13, harvesting, threshing, spinning, and weaving are completed.

Celebrated by many Swedish people and Americans of Swedish descent, the Santa Lucia Festival is adapted somewhat in each community. The basic celebration includes the selection of a Lucia representative, or "Lucia Bride," who reenacts the role by offering coffee and cakes to people in the community. Each year the people of Stanton anticipate their own traditional celebration.

The main event of Stanton's festival is the selection of the Lucia Bride, or "Queen of Lights." Girls who meet the established requirements sign a list and give a picture of themselves to be displayed in downtown Stanton and viewed

by the community. To be eligible, a girl must be a junior or senior at Stanton High School and be the oldest unmarried daughter living at home.

On the Saturday of the festival, the townspeople vote for the girl they want to represent Santa Lucia. Each candidate is required to serve her family a breakfast in bed that consists of coffee and the X-shaped *Lussekatter*, or "Lucia Buns." Then by 8:00 a.m., the candidates' mothers phone in to confirm that this breakfast was served.

At 5:00 Saturday evening, the candidates meet at a church where they are served dinner. From that time until the chosen Lucia is crowned, the girls may have no contact with anyone else.

After their dinner, the girls are escorted to the high school gymnasium where the celebration is held. Although a program including speeches and comical skits is performed immediately preceding the announcement of the winner, the candidates do not watch the show, because they are still isolated from outside contact.

Finally, the climax of the night arrives, and the awaited announcements begin. The first girls named are those who do not receive Lucia's crown of lights or a place in her court of six. Dressed in white robes with crimson sashes to symbolize blood shed by Lucia, these girls, along with freshman and sophomore girls, form a candlelit pathway for Lucia in the now-darkened gymnasium.

As the audience's anticipation mounts, four elementary school students who represent goodness and health lead the procession. Two boys carrying lanterns to light the way for two girls who carry trays with sugar, cream, and coffee come next. Following the children is Santa Lucia's court of six girls who were elected by the community. Finally, the Santa Lucia representative is announced and crowned with a halo of candles.

The Queen of Light begins her reign from the time she is crowned. Lucia presides over Christmas activities in Stanton and delivers the Christmas Spirit to the people who cannot attend the festivities.

The Santa Lucia Festival, along with the other Swedish traditions of Stanton, help to make the southwest Iowa community a unique and interesting one. It's obvious that the people of Stanton are indeed proud of their town and heritage.



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CHRISTMAS AT GREYSTONE

by
Harold R. Smith

"Christmas is in the air," my neighbor called gaily from the opening in the evergreen windbreak recently. I was busy picking up twigs, branches and bits of bark that had fallen during a recent heavy wind. I glanced up toward the sky to see if there were bits of greenery, pieces of tinsel and Christmas ornaments flying by. Alas, only the blue sky and a copper-colored sun reclining toward the western horizon could be seen. My neighbor is habitually optimistic about most things and if she saw Christmas in the air, so it must be.

My mind has been wandering to the tasks that must be done prior to Christmas and only the effort required seemed to lodge in my mind. We should not connect drudgery with the season or we really won't enjoy the holidays. Like my neighbor, I should be more optimistic about December.

I usually shop for Christmas gifts the year around but this year a flagging spirit overcame me. I did, however, purchase boxes of Christmas cards after the end of December last year. So, very early, I wrote my messages, purchased the postage stamps at the village postoffice, and sent them on their way.

Buying gifts this year was harder since I started so late. Shopping malls and stores were filled to capacity. We had made lists, but still often wondered whether the gifts were suitable or not. Our older friends have had households for many years and they have virtually all the bric-a-brac, linens, kitchen items and necessities of life. For these we usually choose gifts of food, magazine subscriptions (we find the *Kitchen-Klatter Magazine* an excellent gift), a favorite houseplant, boxed cards for all occasions and stamps. Young relatives and friends, in contrast, appreciate almost anything. Records and books are fine gifts and the variety today is endless for all ages.

One of our friends had an old photograph recopied of her grandmother for a gift to her grandchild. It was handsomely framed and will become a cherished gift as the grandchild grows older for she was named after this great-grandmother. Jars of preserves, English mustard, chutney or pickles, and loaves of homemade bread are gifts we give to friends whose tight schedules don't permit such canning and baking activities.

The old chest upstairs holds ribbons and paper and we add to our stock from time to time. With a supply of transparent tape, scissors and trim, the task goes smoothly. We found some foil bags one year and stashed away a supply of them. These are convenient to hold jars of preserves or strangely shaped items.



This lovely cedar tree was cut by Frank and Dorothy Johnson from the timber on their farm.

A dear friend keeps us supplied with name tags which are made from old Christmas cards, cut with pinking shears and held together with a piece of ribbon. We feel she's found a wonderful way to recycle old cards and the activity keeps her busy supplying friends with tags.

Our ornaments are stored in a large cardboard box that is shored up with masking tape for the contents are heavy. Each year we add one new ornament besides those added by friends and relatives. Each year, as we trim the tree, we repeat the story of each ornament. For example: the jeweler's brass ornament engraved with our names, a small beaded ornament with a candle in a miniature wreath, a clear lucite ornament with a charming boy hanging up his stocking by the fireplace. One ornament was purchased one balmy April day in a Christmas shop in Gatlinburg, Tenn. It came from India and has many sides with minute mirrors embedded in the surface.

From the antique glass-beaded roping, to the great white dove we call our "Dove of Peace" that perches on the top branch, we love and cherish all our ornaments. Putting up the tree is time-consuming, for the ornaments number several hundred, but when the tree is finished and we turn on the sparkling lights, the effort expended is worthwhile.

The menu each Christmas Day seldom varies, but we did start serving ham rather than the traditional turkey last year. With uncertain weather and road conditions, we find that a ham is easier to prepare and keep than the turkey menu. The usual vegetables,

salads and desserts are included and our guests have yet to complain!

Silver is polished ahead, the heavy household chores are done over a period of time. The table is always set the night before and anything that can be prepared and refrigerated is done ahead. We enjoy sharing the food with close friends and any relatives who can come.

On Christmas night, after our guests leave, Frances (my mother) and I usually listen to soft carols on the stereo, sip hot coffee or tea, and discuss the day's events. We usually agree that we're both tired, the day has been long and eventful, and certainly worthwhile.

As I take Checquers, the cat, to the basement where he sleeps, I pause to look into the sky dusted with stars. They gleam against the infinite background of black and my thoughts turn to the Savior whose birthday we celebrate—a simple man, whose life continues to touch us over the years. His truths still apply to us today just as they did when first spoken.

MY GIFT

My gift is not found in the market place
Nor tied with tinsel and bow;
My gift is not made by machines nor man
Nor displayed in the candle's glow.
But silently through the Christmas time
air

Comes the gift no season will end.
I send you for Christmas and forever
The lasting love of a friend.

—Merle Price

MARY BETH'S LETTER —Concluded
could be trimmed. To implement the tools for trimming, I enrolled in a course entitled "Money, Money, Money" offered by the major bank in downtown Milwaukee—the Marine Bank, but more on that in another issue.

Have a merry, merry Christmas!

Mary Beth

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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
 Eva M. Schroeder

A potted amaryllis is a spectacular and welcome sight during the holiday season and luckily now is the prime forcing period for these beauties although they will bloom at other times. Forcing amaryllis is so easy that even a child can do it. Start with a pre-potted bulb with flower buds in the embryonic form. If the flower bud is not present, no amount of care will give good results. Sometimes leaves appear before the flowers but the leaves must be encouraged to grow after the flowers have faded so as to ensure the bulb blooming again. This is true of other winter-forced bulbs such as narcissus and hyacinths.

To pot your own, select a container with about an inch of space between the bulb and the pot rim. A five-inch pot will do for an average-size bulb but the giant-flowering Dutch hybrids may require a six-inch pot. It is important for the bulb to have sharp drainage or it may rot. I use chips of broken pots in the bottom of the container with a layer of coarse gravel over these. A good soil mixture for amaryllis consists of equal parts loam, leaf mold or peat moss and sand. Mix in a sprinkling of balanced fertilizer and a little bone meal—a tablespoonful for each pot. Place the bulb on soil in the container so that about one-third of it protrudes above the rim of the pot. This is important for good growth. Moisten the soil thoroughly with tepid water and then do not water again until you see signs of growth—either the flower stalk pushing up or leaf tips starting to emerge. Set the plant in a bright location and rotate daily to keep the stem straight.

After the flowers are gone, encourage the production of the strong strap-like leaves by watering and feeding a soluble balanced plant food regularly. By fall, the foliage may voluntarily start to yellow but if not, reduce the water and force the bulb into dormancy. Nutrients from the ripening leaves will go down into the bulb to help develop next year's flowers. This is the secret of getting your amaryllis to bloom again and again.

Place the dormant bulb in a dim basement room and water infrequently—just enough to prevent total dryness. When you are ready to restart the bulb, bring it up to the light and warmth of living quarters and remove as much soil as you can around the bulb. Replace it with a fresh soil mixture and resume the watering and feeding ritual. A first good soaking with tepid water and then a waiting period until new growth shows.

After the third blooming, the bulb should be removed from its pot and replanted in fresh soil.



DANGER: DO NOT DISCONNECT YOUR DRYER VENT

by Monica Brandies

A few energy conscious Americans, figuring the value of warmth and moisture to a home in cold weather, have made it a practice to disconnect their dryer vent in autumn and turn it indoors. It seems like a good idea, BUT . . .

George Day, head of the service department at Iowa-Illinois Gas and Electric Company, and Bill Kopp, local serviceman, state: "There is a good reason why dryers are vented outdoors."

If you have a gas dryer, you are putting not only warmth and moisture but also the exhaust of the burning into your house. The first load may only produce carbon dioxide, but as you burn the oxygen out of your air, it can turn to carbon monoxide and be very dangerous. In other words, you are circulating flue products indoors and the danger can far outweigh the benefits.

Even if your dryer is electric and you put an old nylon stocking over the pipe, the dryer puts a good deal of lint into the air. Kopp pointed out the tiny opening of the air shutter on a furnace—and every gas or oil furnace, stove, water heater, or dryer has one—and how little lint it would take to clog it.

"Even if your dryer is in the kitchen and your furnace is in the basement, it can put enough lint in the air to present a danger," said Kopp.

Both the clogging and the burning out of oxygen cause the dryer to burn less efficiently and turn longer, thus wasting rather than saving fuel.

One former disconnecter admitted that loose paint peeled off her walls and window frames. "And there was a good

deal of extra lint even though I changed stockings frequently." She also had to rearrange her washing schedule in the winter to do only a few loads everyday instead of many twice a week.

The smaller the laundry room, the tighter and newer the house, and the more flame appliances involved, the greater the danger. Weigh it before you try too hard to save energy. Nothing is more valuable than the safety and purity of the air you breathe in your own home.

AN OVEN ARTIST — Concluded

the icing like glue. Trees, churches and other buildings, edging for angel wings, cages for animals, etc., can be formed with Royal Icing.

Mints can be molded by hand, in molds or with tiny cutters. Always decorate in some way—baby shoes with tiny buttons or bows on the toes made of candies and drops of icing. Baskets of flowers and fruit are fun to put together. Use aspic cutters or scalloped pop bottle caps for cutters, then decorate these mints with teeny candy flowers with green stems painted on.

Marzipan is made by using Ida's mint recipe plus 1/2 lb. almond paste or your own *grated* (not ground) blanched almonds. Color, then roll and roll and work—it improves with kneading. Use only a small amount at a time and cover the rest to keep moist. Shape by hand or in mold. Tiny aspic cutters are good with this, also. Press little decorations, leaves, etc., into the shapes.

To store cookies and mints, place in single layers in shallow boxes which have been lined with a double supply of plastic wrap. Cover cookies with a double layer. Put on lid and tie. Freeze. Take out just as many as needed at a time to thaw—keep remainder frozen.



Kristin Brase and her Uncle Raymond Halls.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded
joking about how much noise it made in the basement, so we were prepared for the noise. Andy played a drum solo at my request, and we were all impressed. Julian had his turn to play the drums for us, as did Aaron. It was lots of fun.

When we left at 6:00 A.M. the next morning, we all thought we had had a perfect weekend. We had a beautiful cloudless day to drive home. Frank was glad to see me drive in at 8:30 P.M.—safe again under the home roof.

When we talked to Kristin the following week, she said we should have come that weekend because the weather was beautiful and they just wore sweaters to the football game and were comfortable in the bleachers. We plan to go again next year and maybe we'll pick nicer weather for that trip.

I gave two talks this month. The first one was for the opening meeting of the Corydon Woman's Club at Corydon, Iowa. They had a lovely tea table following the meeting with all kinds of good cookies, punch and coffee. I enjoyed seeing some of the old friends I had met several years ago, plus meeting many new ones. Dorothea Polser went with me.

Dorothea also went with me when I journeyed to Murray, Iowa, to talk to the United Methodist Women's guest day. They served a potluck luncheon at noon, and their guests were women from the other churches in town, plus a couple from outlying small towns. I have never seen so much good food as they served. There were three long tables full of delicious casseroles, meat dishes, salads of every descriptions, and all kinds of desserts. We have many devoted Kitchen-Klatter friends in and around Murray; it was a joy to be among them.

Until next month,
Dorothy

BETTER THAN ANTICIPATED —

Concluded

had rabbit and buffalo and Craig's friend had quail. ("They look just like little birds," she said when the quail arrived, but they were tender and delicious.) It was a delightful place to spend our final evening in Denver, with interesting companions, unusual food and a unique, historical atmosphere. Everything, we remarked, was better than anticipated.

Most of the shopping we enjoyed was for Christmas gifts. The number of Christmas shops in Colorado is overwhelming but make for interesting browsing. Now that we have returned home, it is evident how rapidly the holiday season is approaching.

At this writing we are not certain if all three boys will be in Sidney on Christmas Day or not. Bob and Jeff phoned last evening to report their arrival back to their respective homes after two enjoyable weeks together in Hawaii. They will, they assured us, try to get flights back to the Midwest for the holidays. Craig called briefly this morning to say he is trying to get his schedule cleared for at least a day or two so he can be here when his brothers come. Only time will tell.

Meanwhile, we all wish you dear friends a happy, happy holiday season.

RECIPE FOR CHRISTMAS

Use one crisp, cold December eve topped by sparkling stars,

Add a pinch of frost and a layer of crunchy snow.

Prepare a crackling hot fireplace, Sprinkle in some holly and a dash of fir, Mix gently with a preparation of family and friends.

Season with a few smiles and a bushel of love.

Set before an evergreen tree topped with a star of hope.

Serve to the strains of a Christmas carol. Feel the goodness of living.

The yield is one Merry Christmas!

—Anonymous

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

crafts, I never had flown in a helicopter until I received this kind invitation of a friend who had had his pilot fly him to our local airport for a visit with us. Unfortunately, Betty was not free to go up that day. It was a great experience. My friend instructed his pilot to take me wherever I wanted to go, so out we flew over all of the water where I normally sail.

There was just one disappointment. Even though we flew circles around our house and almost set the helicopter down on our fireplace chimney, no one in the house came out to wave to me. Later, Betty said she heard the helicopter but she thought it was one of the many Coast Guard helicopters that normally flies over several times a day. She had momentarily forgotten that I was going to be flying that day. I can forgive her for, believe it or not, with a wonderful opportunity like that, I forgot to take my camera with me!

As Christmas nears, I am thinking of some of the letters I have had from you telling me of the sorrows you experienced this year and how hard it is going to be for you to make Christmas a happy time. Betty and I have had our sorrows too, and we know what you mean. As a matter of fact, during the many years that I was active in the ministry, I always reminded my parishioners that Christmas was both a time of laughter and a time of tears. I cannot look at the lights on a Christmas tree without some mistiness in my eyes, for every Christmas tree reminds me of loved ones with whom in other years I have had my happiest Christmases.

Wishing you all a blessed Christmas,
Frederick

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As beauty is in the eyes of the beholder, so then is truth in the ears of the listener.

Both require critical taste and mature evaluation.



From Our Family Album

When Juliana was a little girl, we always had a creche in our home during the holiday season. Getting the scene assembled and in place was a big event. This glimpse of the tiny figures includes Juliana with her cousin, Martin Strom (just about one year old), when Martin came to "help" set it up.

—Lucile

BETTER CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PROGRAMS

by

Evelyn Witter

Each year in our church, we strive to make our Christmas program more effective, more inspirational. The teachers and parents confer and ask each other where improvement can be made.

This year we do not have to ask each other, for last year we observed the reactions of the children who watched, as well as those who participated. They told by their responses where improvements were needed.

To our surprise, the weaknesses were in the little things. For example, a third-grade girl, rather small for her age, carried the illuminated Star of Bethlehem. She walked proudly down the center aisle of the church, but when she came to the stairs and tried to mount the platform, the long stick was unwieldy. She almost fell in her attempt to steady the wavering star. The children laughed. The beauty of the scene was spoiled. This year, the stick has been shortened and a slightly taller child has been chosen to carry the Star of Bethlehem.

Another weakness we discovered was during the scene when the wise men came to the manger to see the Christ Child. During that scene, one little girl remarked in a subdued but disappointed wail, "Why, that isn't a baby doll in the manger! It's a . . . it's a lady doll!" This

year a baby doll, appropriately dressed in swaddling clothes, will repose in the manger to help make the scene live for the very young.

Then, too, when the shepherds walked to the platform, their friends giggled. By listening to the remarks the boys made, we learned that the cause of the hilarity was the various colors of bathrobes the shepherds were wearing. One bathrobe had grotesque modernistic geometrics in its pattern; another had the famous brands of Western ranches. This year, the teachers have made shepherd's robes that are simple and more in keeping with what the Palestinian shepherds actually wore.

With these changes, and by giving careful attention to the many little details well in advance of the day, we know this year's Christmas program will be better than ever. We have learned that the so-called little things matter a great deal.

BEAUTIFUL FAITH

Christmas is a beautiful sentiment.

It is a beautiful faith.

It is the trusting, strong faith of a child.

It is the never-failing belief of humanity in the truly miraculous.

But it is even more.

It is a force against which the most powerful evils cannot stand for long, nor the most wicked of men can overpower.

Christmas has altered the world.

STORING & DISPLAYING ANTIQUE CLOTHING

My sister and I recently got out our mother's wedding dress. When we lifted it from the box, we saw that the material had split at all the places where it had been folded. How we wished that hadn't happened!

If you are concerned about your treasured family clothing, help in a museum, or if you are planning to use old-time clothing in a pageant or program, it is good to know how to take care of it. My daughter, who is a home economist, looked up some of the latest research about proper care for such clothing.

Proper storage isn't difficult. Find a place where the temperature and humidity are as constant as possible. The usual attic or basement storage space is far from ideal. An extra dresser, a drawer or two in a dresser, or a large box are good places for storing old, treasured clothing. Line the drawer or box with an old sheet or some old cotton cloth, preferably material that has been washed quite a few times but not bleached. (Do not use plastic, it can hold in moisture if any is present.) Fold each article of clothing loosely and as few times as possible. Pad the folds with tissue paper or pieces of an old sheet. Fold the clothing in different places each time you put it away to avoid weakening the fabric at the folds.

If you hang the clothing on hangers, use cotton-covered, padded or plastic hangers. Check that the hangers are not too wide for the shoulders of the garment; otherwise, there will be stress on the seams or on the material itself.

If a garment seems dusty, don't think you must wash it or have it dry cleaned. Both are hard on old materials. Airing the garment is often enough. Avoid direct sunlight and also be careful to keep the clothes away from strong artificial light for it can damage material also.

If you are going to display costumes on dress forms, be sure the form is smaller than the garment. The same is true if someone is going to wear the outfit. Even if the person modeling the garment is the right size for it, there will be some stress on the garment simply from putting the garment on and taking it off. Body oil, perspiration, deodorants, and make-up are hard on fabrics, also. Sometimes you may opt to simply have the costumes carried across the stage on padded hangers or have them displayed around a room.

Replicas of the clothing you want to use can be made and are often just as satisfactory. You can copy actual dresses, suits, etc., or purchase old-fashioned patterns from the major pattern companies.

With care and consideration, clothing from long ago can last far into the next century.

—by Ruth Townsend



Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

Christmas mail is an important part of the holiday season. You are probably beginning to write Christmas cards and notes to special friends. A book about one of the nicest things two people could ever share . . . a friendship, is called *You Are Always My Friend*. Edited by Susan Polis Schutz, the book is a collection of poems, thoughts and reflections, written from friend to friend. The words say what we feel but cannot easily put into writing. Qualities and feelings found in friendships are highlighted in the poems, such as comfort, happiness and understanding. Sharing some of these thoughts is a good way of expressing feelings to special people.

Friends are the leaves of the tree of life.

—George Meredith

What is a friend? I will tell you. It is a person with whom you dare to be yourself.

—C. Raymond Beran

You are probably well aware of the artistic books published by the Blue Mountain Press. *You Are Always My Friend* is another to add to that fine collection. (Blue Mountain Press, P.O. Box 4549, Boulder, CO. 80306, \$8.95.)

Since my grandfather's name was Jacobsen and Denmark was his homeland before coming to the United States, a paperback called *Delectably Danish* really caught my eye while shopping at the bookstore. Containing recipes and reflections, the book is written by Julie Jensen McDonald of Davenport, Iowa. The book contains savory Danish recipes for main dishes, breads, appetizers including *smorrebrod* (open-faced sandwiches), pastries and desserts. The author describes each type of food with appropriate words, which add to the pleasant feeling the reader gets from *Delectably Danish*.

"Danish cookery is about as far from fast foods and instant everything as you can get," she writes, "but the rewards are great. How sweet it is to hear, 'Tak for mad!' ('Thanks for the food!') and answer, 'Velbekomme!' ('May it become you well!')"

Her description of a Danish Christmas is charming: "A sheaf of corn for the birds is hung in a tree or on a balcony, and front doors are decorated with pine cones. The traditional dinner begins with a rice pudding containing a single almond. The finder wins the prize . . . and can expect good luck in the coming year. Some Danes still put a dish of porridge in the attic for the *nisse*, an elf-like bearded creature out of the pagan past. The *nisse* was known as a household spirit controlling domestic fortunes, and it paid

to stay on the good side of him."

Much more of interest is found in *Delectably Danish*, including the story of the spectacular Danish settlement at Solvang, Calif., as well as the famous operating Danish mill at Elk Horn, Iowa, and Dana College, Blair, Nebr.

If you cannot find *Delectably Danish* in your bookstore, write Penfield, Press, 215 Brown St., Iowa City, Iowa 52240. \$5.75.

A Walk on a Snowy Night (Harper Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St. New York, NY., \$8.95, ages 4-8) by Judy Delton recalls a special relationship as a little girl and her father bundle up and step out into a snowy night. The familiar streets look and sound different. Blanketed with snow, the little girl's schoolhouse becomes a stoop-shouldered old man. The snow falling in the street light's arch-shaped glow looks special—like a sparkling crystal necklace. The lights in the window look like Christmas card houses, and three snow-covered evergreens seem to be sisters, bowing with their long skirts. The book is based on the walks Judy Delton used to take with her own father. Ruth Rosner's cozy pictures add to the young girl-father bond in this warmly written book.

Any child who loves to read will enjoy *The Problem With Pulcifer* (Lippincott Jr. Books, 10 E. 53rd St., New York, NY. 10022, ages 8-11, \$8.95) by Florence Parry Heide and pictures by Judy Glasser. You see, *Pulcifer* knows he is supposed to be watching television. So what is he doing reading? The librarian has warned him that books could become a bad habit. *Pulcifer*'s parents are worried because he is "different." He prefers reading to watching television! His mother and father try to set a good example by having color, remote control and even TV dinners. Nobody can understand it. Special classes didn't help. The psychiatrist said the boy needed motivation. His parents finally gave up, and *Pulcifer* went back to his comfortable chair and his new stack of library books. This is a delightful turnabout satire for young tube watchers. The author, Florence Parry Heide, lives in Kenosha, Wisc.

The late Gladys Taber, in her book, *The Stillmeadow Road*, had this to say about Christmas: "In this season it is well to reassert that the hope of mankind rests in faith. As a man thinketh, so he is. Nothing much happens unless you believe in it and believing there is hope for the world is a way to move toward it. 'And suddenly there was with the angels a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' As we light the candles on Christmas Eve, these are staunch words to live by."



CHRISTMAS

Christmas is just as much for adults as it is for children. It is a time when families get together for an annual visit, to reminisce, meet new babies and in-laws, and discover each other again. It is a time when old wounds are healed, as the love and joy of the season makes people friends again, and causes them to forget their old grievances and anger.

Christmas brings us short messages in greeting cards to tell us bits of news about our friends and their activities during the past year. It gives us a chance to give money and gifts to friends and relations, items they really want but can't afford to buy, especially to those who will only accept such gifts of love on their birthdays and at Christmas time. We can also share our good fortune with those who are in need.

Christmas is a special warm feeling which comes only once a year. But when it does, it puts stars in our eyes, love on our lips, joy in our hearts and peace in our lives, no matter what age we happen to be.

—Annette Lingelbach

CHRISTMAS WISH

Wherever there is sickness,
May God bring health;
Wherever one is weeping,
May tears to smiles give way;
Wherever sadness hovers,
May joy come Christmas Day.
To every heart that's aching,
May peace and comfort come,
And may an outlook rosy
Supplant each outlook glum;
May friends now separated
Reunited be to stay,
And everyone find gladness
Upon this Christmas Day.

—Unknown

CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Little prayer
Go far and wide—
Bless all our friends
This Christmastide.

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JULIANA'S LETTER — Concluded
go through the Petrified Forest, and caught a glimpse of the Painted Desert—both places deserve more time—two more good reasons to return to Arizona. The next time, we'll take James and Katharine with us for we saw many things they'll enjoy.

Christmas seems to have done its usual trick of sneaking up on me. I have several needlework projects started which may not get done by the holidays. My family is not ready to let needlework interfere with my traditional cookie making, especially the ultimate traditional treat—the cut-out, frosted and decorated cookie. Granny Driftmier made those cookies as far back as anyone can remember. My mother taught me to make them when I was very small and my daughter, Katharine, is presently carrying on the tradition.

Any weekend now I'll be getting a call from my friend, Nina Adkins, telling me it is time to make raviolis. This is another tradition that has been added to the list. Nina's parents always had an open house



Julian Brase, grandson of Frank and Dorothy (Driftmier) Johnson.

party on Christmas Day. In preparation for the party, everyone pitched in and made hundreds (literally) of raviolis. Nina's parents have both passed away, but the tradition continues. I feel privileged to be included in this activity.

The family Christmas tradition of our own invention is our Christmas Eve fish chowder feast. The chowder recipe is one that Jed's mother always made. About ten years ago, Jed suggested that I make fish chowder on Christmas Eve, invite a few close friends to eat with us and then go out to tour the area and view the Christmas lights. That is exactly what we did . . . and continue to do each year.

The sun is still shining. I do hope that the weather holds so that Mother can get out and enjoy it a bit. She has not felt well enough to do any sightseeing, but perhaps this afternoon we might be able to get out for a spin.

I wish everyone a wonderful Christmas blessed with family and friends.
Merry Christmas,

Juliana

CURRIER AND IVES

by
Virginia Thomas

Did you ever get a greeting card or other item which featured a Currier and Ives print? Currier and Ives scenes are used to decorate calendars, trays, tiles and sets of china. These prints have delighted millions of Americans for over a century.

The rural scenes the Currier and Ives lithographs depict are enduring ones of the way it was in America a century ago, showing the manners, customs and the way of life in pastoral America from the

1850s until the turn of the century.

No one has ever claimed that the firm turned out great art, but there was something about the simple, homey scenes that moved the hearts of people who viewed them. It is said that as settlers moved westward in America, they carried along these pictures to remind them of the places they had left behind. Immigrants to America would send the lithographs back to relatives in Europe to show them what life was like here in America.

Nathaniel Currier opened a print shop in New York City in 1835. It was not until 1852 that Currier hired James Ives as bookkeeper in the shop. They became good friends with great respect for each other's particular talents and in 1857 became partners in the business.

These men first worked from artists' drawings in the days before photography. Their artists would make up drawings of important or unusual events of the day—great fires, the sinking of a large ship, a famous prizefight, deathbed scenes of notable people of the day, large political debates and rallies, a popular scene at the theater. These were then made into lithographic prints to be sold to newspapers, used on postcards or sold from pushcarts on the streets of New York City. Not only were their prints sold in the cities, but soon became popular items sold through the big mail-order catalogues.

Postcards were a big business in that era. Currier and Ives soon found that the public liked designs with color and action. Thus, their artists would draw scenes showing trains belching steam, horses galloping across a pasture, skaters gliding gracefully over a frozen pond or a pretty maiden with full skirts swirled by the wind.

The partners of the firm hired some of the most gifted artists to do their drawings. It was James Ives job to oversee the work, suggesting the use of bright colors, interesting details and exciting action. Ives and his partner learned early in the business that patriotic scenes, humor, dramatic scenes and themes of home and rural life had mass appeal and so they emphasized these ideas in their business.

Currier retired in 1888 and Ives died in 1895 but their sons carried on with the business until 1907 at which time it was estimated that the Currier and Ives firm had sold over a million prints on some 8,000 subjects! Theirs is truly a fine example of the great American success story.



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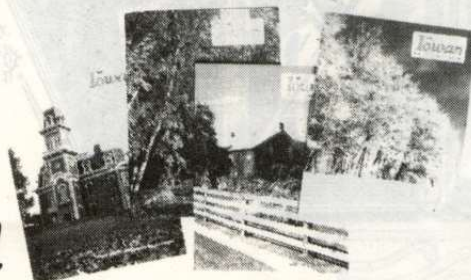
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