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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

Leanna Field Driftmier, Founder
Lucile Driftmier Verness, Publisher

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is the one season of the year when it seems overwhelmingly urgent to be in touch with old, old friends, as well as the new friends who have been so wonderfully kind to write letters assuring me that they DO understand how it is when the spirit is willing . . . but the flesh is weak.

To all of these friends I wish to say "Thank You" from the bottom of my heart. I shall always cherish the feeling of concern that you have expressed.

In the December issue of our *Kitchen-Klatter* Magazine in years gone by, I have always shared with you the details of our family holidays, and believe me, there were such crowded hours, so much coming and going and festive meals that it was a question of paring it all down for the printed page in this magazine. I do not have any such complications at the present time.

In view of this harsh fact, I have concluded that perhaps you'd like to read a few extracts from a little journal that I came across during the past year when I tackled big old cartons of papers hauled down from a storeroom where they have been mouldering for decades. These papers and notebooks were things that I could rummage through during the endless days and nights that I was forced to stay in bed.

Most of the stuff could be ditched, of course, but this one little notebook survived because it called up a period in our country that seems like notes from a time that is totally unreal compared to the world that we live in today.

As a brief statement of this notebook's background, I would like to say that in early December, 1939 (two years before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor) Russell and I joined two friends who had an old car and felt that the four of us

could split expenses to head west where we had heard there were jobs of some kind to be had. To start out on such a trip you had to be young, in good health, completely trusting in your friends, with nothing to lose and the burning hope that there will be a miracle at the end of the road.

My rough notes jotted down in pencil are simply impressions of things we saw or ate or overheard as we ground along.

Stopped at Restmore Tourist Cabin after crossing Oklahoma line. Coal-fired stove. \$1.50 per couple.

Sign in front of Tulsa post office: "That men shall live to enjoy life is the reason for safety."—Tulsa Chamber of Commerce

Stopped at Turpin's Cafe and man next to me at counter said to proprietor: "Had a letter from Bill today and he said that he was going to get a check and hit the road and not to sell the place or anything."

Had breakfast at Mingo. Ham, 2 eggs, big plate of toast, all coffee we could drink. 25¢.

No chance to write in this even once. Just ground along until tonight when we got to El Paso, Texas, and are settled at Glenwood Court—\$1.25 per couple. On the way in we saw a fairy-like Christmas tree with many silver bells covering it and beautiful carols coming from the Methodist church across the way.

Had a wonderful dinner to celebrate Christmas. Shrimp cocktail, roast turkey, stuffing, creamed peas, hot rolls, fruit salad, pecan pie. \$1.25

Have noticed many signs all across this section of Texas advertising HELPY SELFY LAUNDRY—5¢ per tub.

Sign outside cafe near Bisbee, Arizona. "Come in before we both starve to death."

Notice above counter in Bisbee cafe: Our silverware isn't like Doc's medicine that you take after every meal.

Had cheapest tourist cabin we've run into yet at Douglas, Arizona. \$1.00 per couple but we almost froze to death.

Passed a junk yard that had a big sign: Dead Cars.

Good breakfast at 7:00 A.M. Pancakes, bacon, coffee. 25¢

Car broke down so we didn't make it to Tucson. Lucky to find a cabin for \$1.00 and didn't freeze to death. Went through Tombstone today—a mournful place. Saw a sign in front of a beat-up cafe: Credit has put me in this shape.

Sign in front of Dixie's Cafe: Don't ask any questions. If we knew the answer we wouldn't be here.

These sketchy notes sound almost like covered wagon days, don't they? Well,

that's the way it was and I hope that people who lived through those times will find them entertaining.

If you have made plans to be together with family members coming from out-of-town for the Christmas holiday, I do hope that everything works out fine. I think that one of the most satisfying high points of the season is to cook the extra-special things that people associate with Christmas, so may all of your sessions in the kitchen produce wonderfully successful results.

Always your old friend . . .

Lucile

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

Christmas is a blessed time,
A time of love and joy.
A time to share with others
The blessings you enjoy.

A time for family and friends,
But greet the stranger, too.
Wish him a Merry Christmas,
Share the happiness giv'n to you.

A time to sing the carols,
A time to visit a friend,
A time to go to church and pray
For peace on earth, good will to men.

And at this blessed Christmas time,
The old saying, still, holds true.
"The more you give to others,
The more God gives to you!"

—Wilma E. Harthan



HANGING STOCKINGS

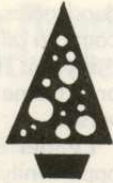
It is not known just how the custom of hanging the stocking at Christmas time got started, but it is certain it came to us from the people of Holland. Their legend of the stocking has it that St. Nicholas, a kindly, benevolent bishop of the fourth century who had helped many in his lifetime, especially the poor and needy, would fill the children's stockings with goodies if they would hang them on the fireplace at Christmas time.

The custom varies in different places. Sometimes the stockings are placed by the fireplace, sometimes they are hung to the back of a chair, sometimes fastened to the front door. Shoes are used in some countries instead of stockings.

My father's people came from Germany where they "set their caps" for St. Nicholas to fill; in later years in Virginia, their descendants still "set their caps" instead of hanging their stockings. Later we children followed the custom of "setting our caps" in Iowa.

—Mabel Nair Brown

JULIANA'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

It is still fairly early in the morning and I am taking this time to write to you while I wait for a cake to come out of the oven. This cake is a totally new experiment for me. It is a "Friendship Cake." I have a feeling that this particular cake has probably made the rounds in the Midwest. It got to Albuquerque in the last month. The cake is made with a starter that reminds me of a sourdough starter. At any rate, a friend gave a cup of the starter to me two weeks ago. I have been fussing with it for the last two weeks and today is the moment of truth! I do hope that it is a truly spectacular cake. I would hate to think that I have been nurturing a dud.

If this cake is as good as it is supposed to be, I would love to share the recipe with you. The only problem is that I have no idea what is in the starter. I have asked several people and no one knows what the magic ingredient is. Can anyone solve this mystery for me?

Every once in a while a series of events happens that almost makes me believe in the ability of people to change the future to their own advantage. I am not speaking in a religious sense. What I am saying is that I think my family must have **WILLED** the cable television people in Albuquerque to put the cable into our area at the one perfect time for the Loweyes.

To back up a bit and explain . . . Not long ago some good friends got a video cassette recorder. We spent a very enjoyable evening with these friends. We watched a rented movie. We also saw a sports event that we had missed at the regular time. The friends had taped the event and there it was just as if it were happening right then and there. Jed, James and Katharine were very impressed.

However, there were two major stumbling blocks to our getting such a device. First and foremost, the expense. These electronic gadgets are expensive. Jed said that we might manage it if there happened to be a super half-price sale. The second stumbling block was the fact that we did not have cable television in our area. We are in the country and I have maintained that the houses were too far apart to ever make it worthwhile for the cable television company to install all the cable for a few customers. We all agreed that it would be ridiculous to get a video recorder unless we had the cable television system.

About a week after this discussion, lo and behold, a huge advertisement appeared in our morning paper. One of

our local discount department stores was going out of business. All of their electronic products were going on sale at tremendous reductions in price. Among the items listed in this sale were video cassette recorders. Now comes the spooky part. As we were sitting at the breakfast table discussing this sale, what should pull up in the driveway but the cable television truck. You guessed it. Cable television was coming to our neighborhood.

The upshot of all of this is that we now have the whole works—cable television and a recorder to tape whatever appeals to us. This is our family Christmas present. No goodies under the tree, just a little black box under the TV set.

It is hard to believe that Christmas is coming up in such short order. When the poinsettia plants start showing up in the supermarket, I know the season is truly here. Some stores brought out Christmas decorations and displays before Halloween. To my way of thinking, that is **REALLY** rushing things.

I do hope that we shall have some snow this year in December. Last year we didn't get a single flake. I have many fond memories of Christmas spent in Iowa years ago and all of these memories include snow.

Christmas celebrations for the Driftmier clan in Shenandoah followed a very set pattern. For the children, the beginning of the countdown for Christmas Eve began at Central School. This school is still standing and in use. It is a two-story, brick building. On the last day of school before Christmas vacation, the school piano was hauled to the middle of the first-floor hall. All of the students sat on the steps going up to the second floor. We sang carols until the pianist's fingers gave out or the bell rang. The last carol we sang was always "Silent Night."

Christmas Eve at last! All of the family members in or near Shenandoah gathered at Granny and Grandpa Driftmier's in the early evening. Uncle Howard Driftmier was always last to arrive and he **ALWAYS** saw Santa Claus right before he came through the front door. We children were just never fortunate enough to be outside the door at the right time.

After coffee and Granny's handmade and decorated cookies, one or two children would take the place of Santa's elves and would distribute the gifts from under the tree. For years everyone exchanged gifts with everyone else. As the family grew, it was finally decided to draw names. The catalyst for this decision was the tremendous mountain of wrapping paper which threatened to engulf the living room and actually did engulf Cousin Clark Driftmier in his baby walker.

Many of the churches in Shenandoah



Juliana Verness Lowey.

had a midnight Christmas service. Family members went from Granny and Grandpa's house to church. My parents and I always attended the joyous Christmas mass at St. John's Episcopal Church. My idea of perfection was the brilliantly decorated church—evergreen boughs, red poinsettias and candles. A light dusting of snow completed the picture.

Christmas Day! Each family had their own Christmas morning traditions. Around the middle of the morning the women all headed for Granny's house to finish the preparations for the huge turkey dinner that was served promptly at one in the afternoon. The children were all sent to the second story to play. It was during this time that the cousins put together that year's version of the Christmas pageant. The littlest child was the baby Jesus and the other roles were swapped from year to year.

My! What wonderful, warm memories I have of Christmas! Our Driftmier clan is so spread out now that my children and my cousin's children won't have these kind of memories. Instead we have formed our own traditions. James and Katharine have grown up associating fish chowder and our New Mexican *luminaria* decorations with Christmas Eve. Ravioli making and eating also fit into our Christmas Day activities. Sharing all of these things with dear friends makes Christmas a wonderful celebration.

I do send my warmest holiday greetings to you all.

Sincerely,

Juliana

The most precious gifts are not wrapped in ribboned packages. They are the gifts wrapped by thought, by glance, by word, and presented from one heart to another.



Christmas Is Joy!

A Worship Service

by
Mabel Nair Brown

Setting: Near or above the altar hang a large "JOY!" banner. Use a red background material for the banner. At the top place a large gold star with rays pointing down to very large white letters and exclamation point, the word J-O-Y! On the altar place three tall white tapers with a few small sprays of evergreen tucked in around the candleholders. In front of each candleholder, place a large gold letter to spell out the word J-O-Y. The candles are lighted just before the service begins.

Call to Worship:

Each year we find our warmth in the golden light
That floods the years from an ancient Judean street;
Each year thousands of joyful choirs repeat
The song those shining hosts composed that night
To sweep away the shepherd's awful fright,
And send them forth to bow at an Infant's feet!

Why do we yearn to hear the angelic sound?

Why do we seek to visualize the sight?
Is it because all light, all hope, all joy stem
From that Holy Night in Bethlehem?

—Adapted from an unknown author

Hymn: "Angels From the Realms of Glory"

Scripture: Luke 2:1-14

Hymn: "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night", verses 1, 2 and 5.

Prayer: Heavenly Father, open our minds and hearts in this hour that we may come to a better understanding of the true spirit of Christmas and to realize the great joy which can be ours when we let Thy love motivate every part of our celebration of the Christ Child's birthday. For Thy guidance, Thy care and Thy love, we thank Thee. Amen.

Leader: Christmas will soon be here, that time when frowns are turned into smiles, hard hearts are softened. For a time, we forget the daily grind of GETTING for a brief time of GIVING. It

is a time of gaily colored lights, festive parties, family reunions, heart-stirring music, laughter, singing, a tinsel tree and beribboned packages. As the popular song goes, "It's a wonderful time of the year."

Christmas is much, much more than this. If we become so involved with our gift-giving, with our family and friends, with the mechanics of producing the best cantata ever, or winning the prize for the best home holiday display, that we forget the One whose birthday we celebrate, then the true gifts of Christmas are lost.

Someone once wrote that "Christmas is polishing the four corners of the heart to let the spirit of love, joy, peace and truth shine from us into the world." I like that. What do you hope for Christmas? Are you looking for Christmas?

Reading (by a helper):

LOOKING FOR CHRISTMAS

Have you been looking for Christmas?
I have and I want you to know
That I didn't find it in the cash register's ring.

Within me, I found the glow.
Have you been looking for Christmas?
I have. I really started to search
But I didn't find it at a party or in a gift;
It came in a quiet time at my church.
Have you been looking for Christmas?
I have. I didn't find it at the decorated plaza;

I found it in the nursing home
When I shared my Christmas baking
With shut-ins, the sick, the lone.
Have you looked for Christmas?
I did. I looked near and far,
Then I found it in a small child's eyes, the wonder

Reflecting Bethlehem's Star.
What can I give Him for a birthday gift?
Why, to Him I'll humbly bring
My heart filled with love and compassion for others,

Then I, too, may hear the angels sing!

—Adapted from unknown author

Voice (off stage): Behold I bring you

good news of a great JOY which will come to all people . . .

Hymn: "Go Tell It on the Mountain" or "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear", first verse.

Leader: Every Christmas is another opportunity for each of us to decide whether to allow Christ to be born in us, transforming us into first-class spiritual citizens. The opportunities are before you this Christmas—how will you use them?

Second Helper: What is this feeling deep down in my heart, this ringing and singing that sets it apart from all other feelings of the year? I believe, and I feel, that Christmas is near because of a feeling of love, a kindness of soul, acknowledging blessings as Christmas bells toll. There's that special sensation of JOY that brings peace of mind; there are friendships renewed, family ties strengthened. It is easy to find joy all around me, inspiration to give my best to those I meet. My eyes see compassion in the still radiant Star that says through the ages, "There's hope where you are."

Love is a gift more precious than gold. Love is a gift that never grows old. Love is a gift given free that says I expect nothing from you—just GIVING, that's LIVING Christmas! Love is compassion, a kind word or a smile when everyone is too busy or too ill to return it. Christmas began with love: *For God so loved the world that He gave His only Son . . .*

Leader: PEACE, HOPE, LOVE—this is what brings the real JOY of Christmas. Can this be possible in our troubled world today? Indeed, the Bible says so. After all, Jesus was born into a very troubled world almost twenty centuries ago. Just as the Christ Child's birth brought such great JOY then, so it can today if we let Him be born in our hearts so that we, too, may spread JOY in our world. This is the message of Christmas.

When the carols have faded and the tinsel and ribbons are packed away, resolve in your heart that come what may the love of Christmas has come in your heart to stay. Problems will come as problems will, but you can feel the JOY of Christmas still by letting the Christmas spirit continue to shine through, letting others see and feel God's love living in you. This is the JOY of Christmas.

Voice: Behold I bring you good news of great JOY which will come to all people . . .

Hymn: "Joy to the World"

Closing: Let all join hands and sing the chorus of "Go Tell It on the Mountain."





Thelma Grasz with some of her restored dolls that are ready for distribution to needy children at Christmas time.

RESTORATION OF DOLLS

by
Norma Tisher

Fixing dolls is a very important part of Mrs. (Wm.) Thelma Grasz's life in Crete, Nebraska. Thelma has been repairing dolls for about 40 years. Now Thelma has become an expert at repairing and sewing for dolls in her upstairs workroom. For the last 30 years, she's been repairing dolls for needy children at Christmas time. Fifty dolls each year is always her goal.

The first doll that Thelma repaired was out of necessity. A doll she had as a youngster was broken by her sister, and it was a case of fix it or play with a broken doll. In those years, new dolls were costly and rare. When they broke, you fixed them; when the dolls needed new clothes, you sewed them.

One of the first questions asked is, "Where does she get so many dolls that need repair?" A local Community Action Agency, friends, neighbors, and former co-workers give her old dolls which children have outgrown and that are very dilapidated. She cleans and repairs them, makes them a whole set of clothes, including underclothes, day clothes, night clothes, shoes, socks, coat and hat. For dolls whose arms won't bend, she makes a cape instead a coat. The tiny dresses even boast pockets and bows. Some shoes are ordered from a standard doll company and some are made by Thelma from felt. She works with cloth and plastic dolls.

Thelma's workroom had the famous Raggedy Ann and Andy all decked out in new outfits. She has every size doll imaginable—from the tiny baby doll that cries to dolls the size of a two-year-old child. Thelma uses very few doll clothes patterns because she has to redo the whole pattern anyway. She has learned a few tricks over the years. For example, she makes clothes for larger dolls first. "Sometimes the clothes might come out too small because of the way the dolls are

made. I make the big dolls' clothes first. Should the clothes come out too small, there is always a smaller doll that will fit into them," relates Thelma.

You see, Thelma worked in a lingerie factory for 27 years, which qualifies her for being an avid sewer and the liking for sewing. Thelma uses several sewing machines for her hobby. One machine has only the buttonholer attachment; the others have different colors of thread. She doesn't want to change the thread all the time.

One of the biggest and messiest jobs is to unstuff the dolls, especially the paper-stuffed ones. Thelma restuffs with polyester stuffing. She buys it in remnant pieces from a jacket-shirt garment industry in a nearby city at a very reasonable price. One way she keeps down expenses for material is to watch for sales on the clothes made from the type of materials she likes to use.

The little doll faces have to be cleaned. Mrs. Grasz relies on cleaning agents and fingernail polish remover to help clean them. Removing ball point pen stains on the faces is a tough job. She depends on Mother Sun. The dolls must be in the sunshine for almost two months to bleach out the ink stains.

Thelma comments, "The hair of each doll is washed with plain shampoo, and conditioned just like my own." New style hair will dry much softer than older dolls' hair which is brittle. The doll hair is now ready for a combing using a metal dog brush for sometimes up to two hours. "If after all the combing, the hair is still brittle and ragged, I just make the doll a new head of hair. I'll cut all the old hair down to a short stubble. Then I'll cut out and shape a piece of fake fur, or use yarn hair, or an old wig and glue that to the doll's head," mentioned Thelma.

Out of men's old undershirts, she makes stretch socks and dyes them any color. She makes doll clothes that are very easy for little children to dress and undress. She uses lots of elastic for waistlines and necklines. It would take extremely close examination to tell the restored dolls from new ones.

Thelma presents many programs to women's organizations about her restoration of dolls for the poor and disadvantaged children. Even though she has been doing it for a long time, it is still a careful labor of love. "No doll leaves here," she said, "unless it looks brand-new." Each doll is treated like an individual and each doll is a new creation. No two dolls are ever dressed alike. Every doll is extra special to Thelma. She talks to them just as if they were her children.

Mrs. Grasz has received several awards in the past for her work. The two most recent are: Nebraska Citizenship Award, and in 1983, the Crete Sertoma Club's Service to Mankind Award.

Soon 50 dolls will be waiting for Santa Claus to deliver to some child's home so they can continue to be loved.

Letters are sent to low-income families before Christmas by the Community Action Agency. Then the parents come on a specific day and select a package for their little girl. "All the boxed dolls are wrapped with leftover Christmas paper and there is no choice," said Thelma. This is done in order to be fair to the recipients. Thelma misses the satisfaction of seeing one of her packages opened under a tree. When Christmas is over, Thelma just starts all over again. She has holiday spirit at work all year. Thelma remarked, "My motto is: The poor and disadvantaged kids deserve nice things too."

It takes a lot of scrubbing to clean the dolls but there is dignity in hard work. Sometimes it is a chore to find a new arm or a head in Thelma's box of used doll parts. As far as Thelma is concerned, restoring dolls and sewing clothes for them is fun and an enjoyable hobby. Thelma's volunteer project has really grown over the years. For 30 years, Thelma Grasz has donated her time and talent to help countless others know the joy of giving their child a doll for Christmas.

WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS

What does Christmas mean to me?
Not just a decorated tree;
One with branches thickly sprayed,
With bright ornaments arrayed.
What does Christmas mean to me?
More than presents 'neath the tree,
Gayly wrapped and ribbon tied—
Things to cherish long inside.
What does Christmas mean to me?
Happiness with family;
Giving gifts to those in need,
Bringing rich reward indeed.
Christmas is a Day of Joy—
Centered 'round a Baby Boy
Born on earth so long ago
That a whole lost world might know
Peace and Joy eternally—
All this Christmas means to me!

—Roy J. Wilkins

COVER PICTURE

The Brase family of Torrington, Wyo., is busy getting ready for the holidays.

When Kristin and Art bought another house, son, Aaron, was delighted with the large fireplace in the new home. He was very anxious to hang up the Christmas stockings for his baby sister, Elizabeth, and brothers, Andy and Julian. This will be Elizabeth's first Christmas and the first Christmas for the Brases in their new home.

Kristin is the daughter of Dorothy (Driftmier) and Frank Johnson of Lucas, Iowa.



DOROTHY WRITES FROM THE FARM

Dear Friends:

It thundered all night long and rained hard off and on; in fact, we wouldn't have been a bit surprised to see the creek out this morning. Fortunately it wasn't, but a stream that comes down from the timber behind the house was running hard for the first time since last spring. This rain really made the leaves fall to the ground. Because of the dry summer and fall, we didn't expect the trees to have much color and were happily surprised when they turned out to be really spectacular. I took a lot of pictures to send to Kristin and if we printed our *Kitchen-Klatter* magazine in color, I could share them with you.

The wild turkey season is over and in a few days the pheasant season will start, followed by the deer season. Some of our friends came from Kanawha to hunt turkeys. They saw a large number of turkeys but these birds are so smart and spooky it was hard to get a shot at them. One of the boys saw a big coyote eating on a hen turkey, and you will remember that our conservation friends told us that the predators take more turkeys than the hunters do.

Our friends saw a lot of deer, too, but when deer season opens, they won't see a one. This is the way it goes. On two different occasions while I was driving to town, I have come close to hitting a deer, and had to slam on the brakes and skid around a little. Hitting a deer can almost demolish a car; at the least, it can cost several hundred dollars to have the car repaired.

Frank's sister, Bernie, and I had a delightful trip to Torrington, Wyo., to visit our daughter, Kristin, and her family. It was a short trip, but we did so many things and had such a good time. During the school year, when Kristin is teaching, there isn't much point in staying longer so we just made it a long weekend while she was home on Saturday and Sunday. I wanted to drive this time so I could take the family a bushel of apples and other things too hard to take on the bus.

We had asked Lucille Narber, a mutual friend who has a son, daughter-in-law, and grandchildren in Grand Island, to go with us that far. I picked up Lucille and Bernie at 5:30 on a Friday morning. We stopped in Creston for breakfast and didn't stop again until we got to Bosselman's, just off Interstate 80 a few miles from Grand Island, where Lucille's son, Jim, arrived at about the same time. We all ate lunch together.

Bernie and I took another turn off the Interstate at Lexington, Nebr., and



Dorothy Driftmier Johnson and her daughter, Kristin Brase, are standing in front of the large blue spruce in the back yard of the Brases' new home.

looked up a couple of Bernie's good friends, Allen and Marge Headley. Allen had worked with Bernie's husband, Wade Stark, many years ago and the three of them had many good times together. The Headleys didn't know we were coming, and since Allen travels, we were very lucky to catch him at home.

At Ogallala we left the Interstate and took Highway 26, a diagonal road to Scottsbluff. We had to detour to Highway 92 and were happy about this because it took us on the other side of beautiful Lake McConaughy. We drove for miles right beside the lake. On the other road you get only a glimpse of the lake. Highway 92 is an excellent road so I think from now on I will always go this way.

It was raining when we arrived at Kristin's house at 7:30. Elizabeth didn't know what to make of these two funny-looking people with peculiar rain hats on their heads, and wouldn't come to us at all. Art and Julian carried in all the stuff from the car while we had a snack and coffee. Aaron was in Riverton for the state band contest. Andy, who is in college in Casper, wasn't able to come home for the weekend because of something he had to do on Saturday night so we didn't get to see him.

Art and Kristin have bought a larger house in Torrington and had been working hard painting, laying new carpet, etc., trying to get it into liveable condition. A week or two after we were there, Andy had a school break for a couple of days and he came home to help with the moving. They will have much more room and more storage space and the whole family loves the house. The house is on two lots with a huge back yard completely fenced with a good

chain link fence. The yard has many beautiful big trees and it will be a wonderful place in the summer for Elizabeth to play. The house was built in the early fifties and needed a lot of repair work both inside and out. This is what Kristin and Art like to do, fix up old homes, so have been enjoying their new project.

Kristin took us over to see the house on Saturday morning and Bernie and I could see why Kristin was so thrilled with it. We both liked everything about the house but I told Kristin I would be happy with just one of the large closets that are in every bedroom because every closet is completely cedar-lined—my idea of luxury.

Kristin had asked a few of her friends, women I had met when I visited there before, to come over to the house for coffee and cookies in the afternoon. I enjoyed seeing them again. There were also a few I hadn't met before. I was glad to meet Erma who comes every day to stay with Art's mother and take care of Elizabeth. When Erma came through the door, Elizabeth's face lit up. Elizabeth was delighted to see Erma.

A weary Aaron got home about midnight. Their band received first place for 3A schools, and second place over all the schools. Andy longed to see Aaron so much that when the bus carrying the band members went through Casper, he got on it and went to the band contest with them. Aaron was happy he got to see as much of Andy as he did. You young mothers with children that fight with each other all the time, please take heart. No two boys ever fought with each other more than Andy and Aaron when they were little. I thought it was a hopeless case. Now, no two boys could be closer or more devoted to each other.

We went out to dinner on Sunday but the rest of the afternoon we spent just enjoying each others' company. In the evening Kristin and I went to call on her boss, Janet Rojahn. I poured down rain all night and was still raining when we got up at 5:00. We left at 6:00 and drove in rain all the way to Ogallala. Lucille Narber was waiting for us at Bosselman's and we drove home without incident, stopping for coffee a couple of times.

The day after we arrived home Frank's sister, Ruth, came to spend most of the week. We wanted her to go to Wyoming with us but she couldn't get away at that time. Ruth left on Friday and I came to Shenandoah for the KMA Cookie Festival and our own open house at Kitchen-Klatter. We were pleased to see so many of our good friends. Over 700 toured our Kitchen-Klatter plant.

The next week Bernie entertained our Birthday Club at her home. We had a potluck dinner at noon and instead of playing bingo in the afternoon, we had all brought family albums to look at so we

(Continued on page 19)



It was during recess; the secret had raced wildly across the Forest Park playground and my cousin and friends were to share a secret with me in the cloakroom before going to class. I ran ahead of the excited pack of schoolmates to wait in the assigned spot. Puddles of melted snow collected on the polished wooden floor as I carefully hung up my parka.

My cousin squeezed my hand tightly and looked at me with surprising seriousness with her enormous brown laughing eyes.

"Robin," she said, "you're not going to believe this, but Diane Durfee says that there isn't a Santa Claus!" How silly, I thought. My cousin squeezed my hand even more tightly. Her apprehension was real as she clung to my hand a little too long even after the teacher disapprovingly reminded us that we should already have been seated.

That Friday evening I was to spend the night with Juliana; she would know about Santa Claus. I barely tasted the delicious meal that her mother, Lucile, prepared for us. I had to be alone with Juliana to ask her about the Santa controversy.

Upstairs, in Juliana's bedroom, I approached the subject.

"Yes," was her response, "the cards said Santa Claus, but my parents bought my presents for me last year." Juliana and I had been friends as long as I could remember; we always talked things over and agreed on things. How could she be so certain about something I was sure was wrong?

"You'd better watch out. You better not shout.

You'd better not cry; I'm tell'n you why.

He's mak'n a list and check'n it twice
Gonna find out who's naughty or nice.

Santa Claus is com'n to town.

He knows when you've been bad or good

So be good for goodness sake.

Oh"

Juliana always did what her parents wanted her to do; we both tried to be good. Surely Santa wasn't leaving coal and switches and stones in her

Christmas stocking. Oh, this just didn't make any sense.

"It had to happen sooner or later," I heard my mother say as she handed my father his morning orange juice that next Sunday morning. I could see the undeniable stab of realization and pain in my father as Mother spoke.

After that morning, my mother talked to me about the spirit of Santa Claus in all of us and my father reluctantly gave up our Christmas chatter about what to fix for the midnight snack for Santa and what reindeer were eating this year. (You see, he was certain, as a little boy, that he saw Santa standing at the foot of his bed one Christmas Eve.)

So there it was, my first seepage of innocence. Others inevitably followed. I learned that my mother couldn't bring my cocker spaniel, Teddy, back to life after being hit by a car. I learned that evil people didn't live in the dark, spooky basement of our house. Eventually, though it took a long time, the night came when I was no longer terrified by the darkness and the hall light would not need to be left on.

It began with Santa Claus. When I finally accepted the truth, I was, of course, elated with my discovery. I, too, could be part of the club, but from my parents' vantage point, they were sad. Not only that I was growing up, but that our family had come to our first irrevocable gap in our sense of continuity. After all, Santa Claus is a huge part of most children's short lives. From now on I could count on mere mortals to provide that same continuity.

And provide it we did. Traditionally in our family, Christmas presents were delivered by horse-drawn sleigh over the snow-packed streets in Shenandoah, Iowa. My great-grandfather's Swedish sleigh bells still break the silence in the air on a winter day or early night as I think of that little red sleigh and the horses, Peggy and Easter, and the fun we had as a family re-creating Christmas past.

My father's family had always gathered at his grandfather's house to spend the night and celebrate the holiday. It was determined when I was young that our house would be the place for both sides of our family (my mother's family and my father's family) to gather . . . grandparents, cousins, aunts, uncles, dogs and, later, newly married husbands and wives.

On Christmas Eve after church services, everyone would arrive for carols around the piano, food, and treasure hunts and then we'd sing "Silent Night" and my mother would read the Christmas story from the Bible.

When the morning came, impatient, excited children were obliged to wait for every person to be ready to descend the stairs to the tree and presents below. My aunt would slip downstairs to the piano

to play carols and our procession took form. I can still see my father's father, wool plaid robe and slippers, leading our family group with his strong off-key voice proclaiming . . . "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord . . ."

A wonderful breakfast with our neighbor's coffeecake and my mother's famous scrambled eggs followed, then a traditional Christmas dinner, a sleepy afternoon, and, for the grownups, a Christmas ball that night.

Each year our halls were decked, our presents made or purchased, a fire was lit, the kitchen table was filled with desserts, the dining room was prepared with our finest, and we celebrated the birth of Christ.

So we clung to Christmas a little harder each year, determined that something in our lives would remain the same. For one brief season, predictability reigned, and I, for one, wallowed in it.

To this day, I know for a historical fact, that my father will oversee the decorating of the Christmas tree to be certain that each piece of tinsel hangs independently straight from its separate branch. I know that we will select a perfect tree that will stand straight and tall in the lot and lean mysteriously in the living room, but that each year we all proclaim that "this" year the tree is more beautiful than it has ever been. I also know the strings of lights will work perfectly on the living room floor and inexplicably go out as soon as they are strung through the branches.

I know that I will be wrapping presents where I always do. I'll hide under the dining table—late on Christmas because I will have been so excited by the Christmas festivities that I haven't taken time to wrap my carefully selected gifts.

I know that regardless of how many Christmas supplies are purchased we will run out of Scotch tape, and no one will ever find the scissors.

Friends will drop by, friends will call. We will try to see those we've missed all year.

For one day, for one season the time capsule of Christmas will enfold us in familial continuity and, shedding the uncertainties that loom again the next morning, we'll all eat too much, give too much, and receive too much.

By the day's end, there will be a family of children regardless of age, overdosed on anticipation and excitement, and whoever decides to be the mother (regardless of age) will wonder where the strength will come from to clean up the kitchen. And everyone will have overfed the dog.

It will be a wonderful Christmas, made more special because of our determination to make it so—with or without Santa Claus.



FREDERICK'S LETTER



Dear Friends:

Betty and I have had a lovely visit with Jack and Jane Colbert from Danbury, Iowa, and their friend, Ceen Mishler, from Portland, Oregon. They were here to attend a wedding a North Scituate, Rhode Island, and they were good enough to come over to see us. They have been *Kitchen-Klatter* readers for years. Just a few days later, Andy and Freida Mogler from Lester, Iowa, and their friends, Russell and Karoline Wuthrich from Bloomfield, Iowa, stopped by to see us. Many of our friends, from out your way, have been by in the last week or so, and what good visits Betty and I have had with all of them.

As I write this letter, a friend from Portland, Oregon, is here in the room with me. He is my dear and old friend, Richard Kirk Washburn, the poet and literary critic, who comes to visit us each year. Whenever we are out in Oregon, we drop by to pay him a call. Since he has been here, we have been having some fabulous restaurant dining. Mr. Washburn is a connoisseur of fine food, and whenever he is here, he insists on taking us out to dine at the very best restaurants in this part of New England. We try to plan our menus so that we shall not be dieting at the time of his annual visits.

While dining with Mr. Washburn, I had for the very first time some chicken teriyaki. I simply could not believe how good it was! Without a shadow of a doubt, it was the most tasty chicken dish I have ever eaten. I am sure that you know it is a Japanese dish, but when we were in Japan a few years ago, I never saw chicken teriyaki on the menu. I am going to learn how to cook it, and when I do, I shall share the recipe with you.

Yesterday, Betty and I had a trip we shall not soon forget. I was scheduled to give the keynote address for the beginning of the centennial year of the Springfield, Massachusetts, Women's Club. Springfield is a two-hour drive from here, and we got off to a late start. To make matters worse, we had to travel through a driving rainstorm. I drove terribly fast all the way, splashing through the rain puddles, and fighting the rush-hour traffic. Betty must have been terrified for she sat so very still and hardly said a word! How relieved we were to arrive exactly on time. It was a different story coming home, for the rain had stopped, there was a bright sun and a brilliant, blue sky.

At the Women's Club meeting, Betty and I saw dozens and dozens of dear



Frederick Driftmier (center) is pictured with recent visitors: Karoline Wuthrich, Freida Mogler, Russell Wuthrich and Andy Mogler.

friends, most of whom we had not seen since our retirement in 1979. So many former parishioners were at the meeting that it was almost like a family reunion with hugs and kisses galore. The ladies seemed to like my speech, and for that I was most grateful. I worked on the speech for nearly two months, going back through the club's history for almost the entire one hundred years of its existence.

Following the meeting, there was a high tea with some of the loveliest sandwiches, cookies and cakes. When we had to say our farewells and start back, the ladies presented Betty with two blown glass vases crafted to look like graceful swans, and to me they gave the most beautiful, large stuffed toy swan with a young baby swan (cygnet) nestled under the mother's wing. Because of our lectures on swans, all of our friends are giving us swans these days!

A couple of years ago, a Springfield friend came to call, bringing with him a bigger-than-life swan crafted from white styrofoam. Through all of that summer, the swan sat out on the front deck, and you would have been amused to see the way people, driving by in cars, stopped to look at it. At first glance, the people going by thought it was a real, live swan.

The swans knew better. One day, I took the styrofoam swan down to the water when I went to feed the swans. I expected big, old Clyde to start a fight with the dummy swan, but he did not. For a moment or two, he showed some curiosity, but then he paid no attention to it. When I tried to get him interested, he looked at me as though to ask: "Think you can fool me? If you do, you are a dope!"

"Our swans," Bonnie and Clyde and their seven children, are still here. After being such a gentle and protective father ever since the babies were born in the first week of last June, Clyde is now starting to get rough and tough with them. Only last month he was letting them take

food from his mouth, and this week he is striking them if they get within striking range. How sad it is. The babies do not understand why he is angry at them. Good old Clyde is just doing what comes naturally. The 30-pound babies are able to fly, and their father is getting ready to drive them away from home. The baby swans outgrew the nest when they were one month old but the parents continue to care for them and to keep them together as a family until they are able to care for themselves.

After Christmas, our river will probably freeze over, and if the babies are not gone by then, their parents will drive them away with the threat of death! They must leave! Mother and father must start making preparations for a new family to be born in May or early June of 1984. But oh, it is so sad to watch. The babies cry so pitifully when their parents turn against them.

The three hundred wild ducks that I am now feeding twice a day will be glad to see the swans leave. The ducks think that it will mean more cracked corn for them, and they are probably right. "My ducks" are mallards, pintails and wood ducks. They want to be fed on our front lawn, but I am insisting that they eat down by the road, and only when the snow gets deep, will I let the ducks have their way.

I am so very, very happy the old French clock is ticking away here in my study. Until just a few weeks ago, that clock had not been running for well over two years. It is an antique clock that was made in Paris about 150 years ago. It was a family heirloom that was given to Betty and me 26 years ago. During most of the 26 years, it has not kept time. But it does now! It is chiming the hours right on the second because of the kindness of a dear friend of ours, Mr. Ernest Davignon, a goldsmith and jeweler who lives in Holyoke, Massachusetts.

Ernie Davignon and his gracious wife,
(Continued on page 17)



For Holiday Laughs

by
Mabel Nair Brown

These games are good to use for a Christmas party at a senior citizens' meeting as well as for club and church groups.

Cut Up Christmas: Divide guests into groups of three (or more according to how many people are present). Give each group one or more old magazines and a pair of scissors, paste, and a long strip of white shelf paper. Do not give a November or December issue of a magazine as that will make the game too easy!

Using single and combined letters found in the articles and advertisements in the magazines, each group cuts out and pastes on the shelf paper as many words connected to Christmas as they can find in an allotted amount of time—words such as toy, turkey, candle, etc. Whole words may be used if found.

Toy Shop Serenade: Give each man a slip of paper with the name of a toy upon it. Give duplicate slips to the women. At leader's signal all of the men begin imitating the sounds of their toys (doll goes "Mama", horn will toot, trains go "choo-choo", etc.). Be sure toys selected have a definite sound (some might be pantomimed—as baseball glove). Each continues with his imitation until the woman having a slip matching his toy finds him. This might be used to find partners for another game.

Filling Santa's Pack: Choose up sides for two teams. Each team is given two paper sacks. One sack contains ten similar gift items—ball, doll, cologne, etc. At leader's signal the first person on each side takes one item at a time from the sack and transfers it to the other sack. When all items have been transferred, the sack is passed to the next in line who repeats the process. The team finishing first wins the game.

Tie and Recipe Contest: To the men, pass out recipe cards with the name of a Christmas food written at the top. The man is to write out the recipe for that food.

Meanwhile, half of the ladies have been given a man's necktie. They must knot the tie in a four-in-hand around the neck of one of the ladies who does not have a tie. Or, the ladies might be given a recipe card and told to write down detailed directions for such so-called men's tasks as lubricating a tractor, changing a tire,

shaving, etc.

Have each recipe read aloud to the group.

Jingle Bell Bounce: Divide players into two groups. The first person on each side is given a pie pan and a small rubber ball. The second player in line on each side is given another pie tin. The teams compete with each other by bouncing the ball from one pie tin to the other tin in line without dropping the ball to the floor. When the first player has successfully bounced the ball in the second tin, he rushes to hand his tin to the third player in line. The second player then bounces his ball to third player's tin and so on down the line. The ball must be kept moving but it may be bounced more than one time by the person holding it on his tin, until the player next in line gets a tin and is able to receive it. If hands touch the ball, or it falls to the floor, it must be started over again at the head of the line.

Living Christmas Tree: Divide players into several groups. Provide each group with a sack containing several tree decorations, including strings of tinsel, popcorn or garlands of rope and some pins. Each group is to decorate one person in their group as a Christmas tree. Vote for the prettiest tree.



CHRISTMAS TREAT FOR THE BIRDS

Bird lovers who find much enjoyment in feeding and watching birds during the winter might like to prepare a special Christmas treat for their feathered friends. Why not make up some extra bird treats to give as gifts to friends who are bird lovers?

Boil 2 cups rolled oats until thick. Stir in 3½ cups additional rolled oats, 3½ cups farina, 3½ cups cornmeal, 1 pound lard and 1½ cups peanut butter. This will be a very thick mixture. Form into large balls and refrigerate until time to put out for the birds. For gift-giving, wrap each ball in plastic wrap, tie with a red ribbon and label it "Snowball Bird Treat." A picture of a favorite bird might be glued to the label.

—Virginia Thomas

CHOOSING A TREE

by
Norma Larson

Children should participate in Christmas preparations. We shall long remember the year that our family of four grade-school daughters, my husband and I packed up our noon lunch, camera, hand saw, plenty of rope and headed west in the car for Halsey State Park. Permits were given to choose and cut down our very own natural-grown Austrian pine tree for our Christmas tree.

First was a stop at the headquarters for the permit and a map for designated cutting. It was a cold Sunday December afternoon and we were well dressed for our trek in the woods.

Have you ever turned a pre-schooler lose in a candy store? That is the same feeling we felt as we gazed upon unlimited resources of natural-grown trees from which to choose.

Enthusiasm warmed our hearts and our bodies as we and a few other hearty families ran from one tree to another. "This one is just right." And then farther from the parking lot, "This one has a better top." Unfortunately upon further examination "this one" had a crooked trunk. "How about this one; it is much greener?" "This is the perfect one." "No, this is bushier." "Perhaps this side could be put to the wall." Six enthusiastic, eager, discriminating persons picked just the right evergreen to adorn the place of honor in the living room of the Larson household.

A tall, dark green, evenly shaped evergreen, in our eyes, received the unanimous approval. Each girl took her turn helping Dad saw it down. Turns were also shared to drag it back to the car.

"Are we going the right way?" "It just was not this far!" "My arm hurts." "No more pictures, Mom." "My legs are tired." "I am so cold."

Eventually other voices are heard at the time everyone thinks he cannot drag the tree one more foot. The parking lot is sighted! Strong arms are needed to lift our cargo to the top of the car. Dad is in charge of anchoring the tall tree to the car with the strong rope. "My! it's bigger here than when we cut it down."

A stop at headquarters and then on homeward with the tree we cut ourselves! Toes and fingers soon warmed up and the 150 miles on the return trip were added to the odometer slowly to avoid damage to our very own tree.

Yes, we did get it home and into the house in acceptable condition. More sawing was necessary to help our masterpiece be contained within our 9½-foot ceilings. To others it was just another run-of-the-mill Christmas tree but to us, it was very special.

THANKS

by
Evelyn Birkby

The telephone company, mail people and, more recently, the airlines, have received so many complaints I'd like to offer them a heartfelt "Thanks" for their services.

As the mother of a far-flung family, this attitude need not come as a surprise. Without the opportunity to talk on the phone, send and receive letters and, once in awhile, fly off for a visit to one or the other of our three sons, how on earth would we keep in touch?

In the not too distant past, when covered wagons were lumbering westward, a mother might wave goodbye to a beloved child and never, ever, hear from that son or daughter again.

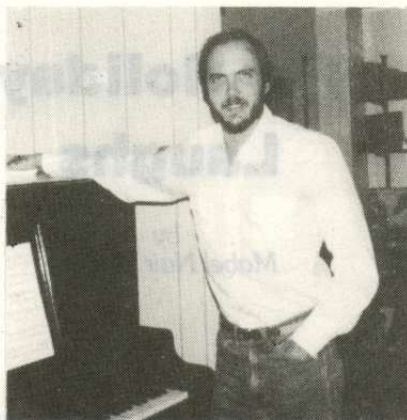
One story comes to mind—Marcus Whitman went out in 1836 to a place near the present site of Walla Walla, Wash. He was accompanied by his wife, reportedly the first white woman to travel over the mountains and into the Oregon Territory. It was over a year before someone came by who could carry a letter back to Mrs. Whitman's parents telling them that she had arrived safely. Now a letter goes from one coast to the other in just a few days.

A telephone call, dialed direct, takes only a minute or so to complete—if the person is home, that is. The other evening we decided to talk to Craig. We called his home in Iowa City; no answer. Later, just before our bedtime, we called again; same story. Early the next morning we tried; nobody home! Finally, I dialed the hospital dermatology department at the time I thought he would be completing his morning rounds; he was right beside the phone.

"I've been very, very busy," Craig explained. He had been in the emergency room in an Independence, Iowa, hospital all weekend and had returned to Iowa City to be called to the hospital there to check in a patient. It was after midnight when he got home. The next morning he had left about 6:30 to start a busy morning with the many patients under his care. But he seemed delighted that we finally reached him and he invited us to come see him as soon as possible.

Craig bought himself a house in Iowa City in August. It is a small place in a quiet neighborhood which suited his needs. The large yard was probably as much a part of the decision to buy this home as the house itself, for Craig had begun to feel cooped up in the dormitory and apartment living which has been his lot for the past nine years.

Painting, refinishing floors, replacing linoleum and generally doing the work a householder does, took up much of Craig's spare time this fall. Is it any wonder Robert and I want go see his



Jeff Birkby is quite an accomplished pianist, enjoying primarily the type of music composed by Gershwin and Joplin. He recently purchased this piano and moved it into his home in Helena, Montana.

great and wonderful "new" home?

Our more recent contacts with Bob have been through his letters. Mainly he has been busy writing. His Boy Scout *Backpacking Merit Badge Pamphlet* has sold out three times since it came off the press, and it wasn't even listed in last spring's catalogs! I was just this week able to get a copy in the local Shenandoah Boy Scout outlet.

Bob had an article in the October issue of *Cross Country Skier* describing a winter four-day skiing trip he took around the circumference of Crater Lake in Oregon. Since over 50 feet of snow falls in that area, it gives a spectacular and crystalline appearance to the view.

The second periodical in which Bob's writing appeared this fall was *The Mother Earth News Almanac of Family Play*, No. 8. It is a reprint of an article on making and flying shingle rockets which was first published in *Mother Earth* magazine in 1980. This *Family Play* issue has many family-oriented games, recipes and interesting projects for many ages, so Bob was proud his shingle rockets rated such attention.

The article Bob had published in the September/October issue of the *Palimpsest* (published by the Iowa State Historical Department) probably aroused the most local interest. Its title is "Henry-Himself", and is about Henry Field, Leanna Field Driftmier's brother. Bob and a fellow researcher-writer, Dr. Janice Nahra Friedel, co-authored the article. It tells in a most interesting manner many of the fascinating experiences of this early seed man, radio pioneer, politician and friend of the multitudes.

Bob's major work still continues to be the editing of the *Boy Scout Field Book*. Publication date has still not been announced so it may be some time before it is ready to go to press.

Late in the fall, Robert and I flew to Montana for a week's visit with Jeff. We arrived in Helena just as the aspen leaves

were turning their special golden hue. The mountains and valleys, the rivers and creeks, and crisp late-fall weather, revived our spirits and gave us a renewed appreciation of the beauties of the West.

Jeff was a delightful host. He and Robert roamed the hills and usually ended up in a hot spring-fed pond or in a resort which featured hot water bathing for an end-of-the-day soak. During their adventures, I spent a happy time hand-stitching curtains for Jeff's living room, dining room and kitchen. (It just happened that Jeff had found fabric for new curtains a few days before we arrived.)

For three days, Jeff took us with him as he went on his appointed rounds for the Montana Department of Natural Resources. We stayed two days in Livingston where Jeff was preparing for an energy financing meeting. We even got to visit the Wind Farm about which I wrote in the September issue of *Kitchen-Klatter*, and went to some amazingly hot geothermal springs which are being used for everything from warming a greenhouse to heating a school.

Our most glamorous evening was spent at a program and reception held at the State Historical Museum in Helena. A new wing with exhibits of F. Jay Haynes, pioneer photographer of the West, was being opened. Also, the book, *Northern Pacific Views; The Railroad Photography of F. Jay Haynes, 1876 to 1905* (written by Ed Nolan and published by the Montana Historical Society) was shown for the first time. Dignitaries, a band, an elegant buffet and book autographing by Ed Nolan, made it a very special event.

When Jeff took us to our plane to return to Iowa, the sky was overcast and rain was drizzling down. Jeff reported that by the time he arrived back at his house in Helena, snow was falling, and by the time we reached our Sidney, Iowa, home, four inches of snow had fallen in his yard and over seven feet by morning. Winter had arrived.

I experienced this year's first snow in Ottumwa. Billie Oakley had gone over to make a personal appearance at a "Food Expo" as a special guest of radio station KBIZ. Billie gave a food demonstration, several talks and a radio interview. I presided over the book sales of the *KMA Festival Cookie Book* and Billie's *Everybody's an Expert Cookbook*. When we left the auditorium, we discovered it was snowing—great, huge, soft flakes which we both love!

So now it's almost time for Christmas. Plans are tentative so far, but one way or another we hope our family will all get home. Via phone or mail they'll let us know; by plane or car they will arrive. I'm thankful for these lines of communication and travel; our lives are enriched by their services.



A Letter From Mary Beth

Dear Friends:

It was with considerable determination that I pulled my puffy, tired body out of the cozy, down-surrounded warm depths of my bed this morning. George Burns may entreat us not to "fall in love with your bed," but there are mornings when that appears to be the safest harbor in sight! My several coy approaches toward a major furniture-moving session proved successful several weeks ago—it must have been raining and the Packers must *not* have been performing—and as a result this oversized bed and its accompanying pieces of bedroom paraphernalia were all repositioned to allow for the winter temperatures and the locations of the hot air registers and cold air returns. The need to change things came when it finally dawned upon me that the bed's location, directly under the super-colossal big windows, were allowing winter's first cold drafts to attack my poor near-bare head.

Now it becomes clear to me why all of the picture reproductions of our early colonial ancestors found them in bedtime scenes with a nightcap securely tied to their heads. The men were undoubtedly cursed with the loss of their hair as our men are today, and perhaps the women had thinning hair, also. For those of us who have suffered the sudden or even gradual loss of our hair, this is not a funny subject. I have taken to wearing a warm, woolly skullcap in the house since the furnace has come on and this dear little appendage goes right into bed with me. I could wish for something a little more feminine, like a Martha Washington model with ruffles around the face.

I don't wear my wig to bed, obviously, it is much too fine and delicate for bed pillows, face cream, glasses for TV viewing and the punishment it would take under the down blanket. You must use your imagination to guess how much heat was lost off the top of my head when I removed my wig. Well, the problem is solved! The bed is now completely across the room opposite the walls of glass, backed solidly against a warm wall. Suddenly there before my eyes is spread the most beautiful picture in all of Delafield—my back yard. The picture window provides me with a breathtaking view, as much as my eyes can take in without the aid of binoculars.

I have watched the trees turn yellow and red and then watched the waltz-like falling of their beautiful leaves as they

have made their way down from the branches. There is an inexpensive plastic Fresnel mirror on the window which gives me the ability of seeing up to and around the corners of the house. The back yard is large enough and filled with sufficient evergreens that it is almost never necessary to pull the drapes across this magnificent scene, so can you understand why it was a chore for me to get out of bed this morning? Only to write to you, my dear friends, would I have made it today.

Typing has become my escape and I welcome the diversion. There are weeks when I do not leave the house save to carefully drive to the grocery for milk and an evening paper. (Yes, we do have home delivery of the newspaper but the paperboy and I had a falling-out over whether I would accept the paper when he left it in an oversized puddle and now I drive cautiously to the grocery and buy a dry one.)

It became abundantly clear to me that I had no business driving on the streets when I was undergoing the weeks of chemotherapy. The latest lesson was driven home to me very graphically when I found myself slightly delayed returning from St. Luke's Hospital and as a result the intravenous dynamite was thoroughly through my system. As I was leaving one of those huge million-car parking lots, just one second of mind-wandering, and I found myself driving up and over the concrete dividing island heading straight for the front section of a safely parked Mercades which some unsuspecting soul thought he or she had tucked away in a protected corner. By sheer strength I was able to jerk the wheels of my car away from this disaster and fortunately avoided this car.

The point was not, however, lost upon me. I was operating literally "under the influence" of drugs which surely do affect my mind. These drugs affect my eyes and make me feel as if I am facing into a strong desert wind, so it also affects my ability to drive safely. I've been staying very close to home and typing has thus far not proved hazardous to my health, or anyone else's for that matter.

Last evening I finished typing Chapter Four for my very good friend, Maxine, the lovely lady for whom Don and I tried so hard to salvage the position she had held in the neighboring school system. We didn't succeed and she has since been employed by a school system east of us. A year ago I began typing her doctoral dissertation but due to unexpected requirements from the advisors with whom she works at the university, she is still writing. She had expected to be through in August but as many best laid plans do, this one went awry, too. This wonderful machine of mine finished up 85 pages of just one chapter last night. That was another reason it was

necessary to pull firmly at my bootstraps this morning to get free of my bed.

Probably the toughest part of getting my body out of bed on these mornings when the drugs have left me puffy and unnaturally plump is the realization of the fact that I have to squeeze this bigger self into my artificial leg which has not, needless to say, grown to accommodate the extra me! But Nature, bless her heart, has taken care of the problem. Mother Nature's solution to the problem has been to create a crack in the willow, the wood from which artificial legs are carved, and as the days wear on, the crack "gives" a little and my degree of comfort increases as the wood expands. If it appears that this "allowance factor" is getting out of hand, I'll wind on several rounds of strapping tape to keep the entire prosthesis from breaking apart, but for the time being we're all living together symbiotically.

Have a blessed holiday with your loved ones.

Sincerely,
Mary Beth

TO YOU

May the Giver of Gifts give unto you that which is good, that which is true; the will to help, the courage to do; a heart that can sing the whole day through, whether the skies are gray, or blue . . . may the Giver of Gifts give these to you.



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CRANBERRY PUNCH

- 4 cups cranberry juice cocktail, chilled
- 1 cup orange juice, chilled
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
- 1 10-oz. bottle 7-Up, chilled
- 1 pint raspberry sherbet, slightly softened

Mix the cranberry juice, orange juice and orange flavoring. Just before serving, add the 7-Up. Pour mixture into individual serving glasses and top with a dollop of sherbet. Makes twelve 4-oz. servings. —Verlene

VEGETABLE BOWL

- 1 medium head cauliflower
- 2 cups Brussels sprouts
- 2 cups carrots, chunked
- 1/4 cup Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing

Cook the vegetables until tender. Place in a 9- by 13-inch casserole dish. Heat the dressing and pour over the vegetables and serve. Serves 8.

LUCILE'S FLY-OFF-THE-PLATE ROLLS

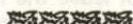
- 2 pkgs. dry yeast
 - 1/2 cup warm water
 - 2 cups hot water
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 3 Tbls. butter (don't substitute)
 - 3 tsp. salt
 - 6 to 6 1/2 cups flour (approximately)
- Dissolve yeast in the 1/2 cup warm water. Set aside.

Heat the 2 cups water and pour over the sugar and butter which have been placed in a bowl. Add 2 cups flour, a little at a time, beating as hard as possible after each addition. When mixture is warm, NOT HOT, add to the dissolved yeast.

Add balance of flour to which you have added the salt. Knead well and then place in greased bowl and let rise until double in bowl. Shape into rolls or buns, let rise again until double, and then bake at 375 degrees for 18 to 20 minutes.

NOTE: Part wheat flour could be used for a more nutritious roll.

*Cranberry Punch
Turkey or Ham Loaf
Wild Rice Stuffing
Orange Sweet Potatoes
Vegetable Bowl
White Fruit Salad
Fly-off-the-Plate Rolls
Apple-Cranberry Pie
Coffee and Tea*



WHITE FRUIT SALAD

- 1 large can chunk pineapple, drained and cut in smaller pieces (reserve liquid)
- 1 cup seeded white grapes
- 1 cup seeded red grapes
- 1/4 cup diced maraschino cherries (optional)
- 2 cups cut marshmallows or miniature ones
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 Tbls. flour
- 2 Tbls. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
- 1 cup liquid (drained pineapple juice and water)
- 1 cup cream, whipped
- 2 or 3 bananas, sliced

Combine fruits and marshmallows. Combine beaten egg, flour, sugar, flavoring and the 1 cup liquid. Cook until thickened. Cool. Whip cream and mix with cooled dressing. Fold into fruits. Cover and chill. Add bananas just before serving. —Hallie

ORANGE SWEET POTATOES

- 4 to 6 medium sweet potatoes
 - 1 Tbls. grated orange rind
 - 1/2 cup orange juice
 - 1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar
 - 1 Tbls. granulated sugar
 - 1 Tbls. cornstarch
 - 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 - 1/2 tsp. salt
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 - 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 - Orange slices
 - Crushed pecans
- Cook sweet potatoes. Cool, peel and slice in half-inch rings. Arrange in baking dish.

Combine all the remaining ingredients except for the orange slices and pecans. Mix well and heat. Pour over sweet potatoes. Garnish with orange slices and crushed pecans. Bake 30 to 45 minutes in a 350-degree oven. —Hallie

WILD RICE STUFFING

- 3 cups cooked wild rice
- 1 cup fresh bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup raisins (optional)
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Combine all the ingredients. Place the stuffing into the turkey or Cornish hens, or bake in a covered casserole in a preheated 325-degree oven for about 90 minutes.

NOTE: This makes about 5 cups of stuffing. Will stuff a 10-lb. turkey or 6 Cornish hens. —Verlene

APPLE-CRANBERRY PIE

- Pastry for a 9-inch, 2-crust pie
- 6 cups sliced apples
- 1 cup cranberries, cut in half
- 1 1/4 cups sugar
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring

- 1/2 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/4 tsp. salt

- 2 Tbls. margarine

Prepare pastry. Line 9-inch pie pan.

Combine apples, cranberries, sugar, flour, flavoring, cinnamon, salt; toss lightly. Spoon mixture into pie shell. Dot with margarine. Top with second pie crust. Bake at 425 degrees for 40 to 45 minutes or until apples are tender.

CRAB MEAT BALL

- 1 8-oz. can crab, drained and flaked
- 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1/2 tsp. dry mustard
- 1/2 tsp. dehydrated onion
- Dash of salt and pepper
- 1 Tbls. lemon juice

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Shape into ball. Serve with crackers.

HALLIE'S HAM LOAF

- 2 lbs. ground beef
- 2 lbs. ground cooked cured ham
- 2 lbs. ground pork
- 4 beaten eggs
- 4 cups crushed graham crackers
- 2 1/2 cups milk

Combine the above ingredients. Shape into three loaves. Put in large baking pan. Bake at 325 degrees for about one hour. Remove from oven and poke holes in top of loaves. Pour sauce (recipe follows) over top. Return to oven and bake about one hour longer or until done. Baste occasionally.

Sauce

- 1 can tomato soup
- 1/3 cup vinegar
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 tsp. dry mustard

Combine all ingredients and pour over ham loaves as directed above.

ORANGE CHUTNEY

1 12-oz. jar orange marmalade
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
 1/4 cup raisins
 1 tsp. curry powder
 2 Tbls. red wine vinegar

Combine all ingredients. Place over low heat and cook for about 10 minutes until raisins are plump and tender. Stir frequently. Serve with ham or a pork roast. —Robin

DOROTHEA'S PEANUT BUTTER BALLS

1/2 cup margarine or butter
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 1 1-lb. box powdered sugar
 1 18-oz. jar chunky peanut butter
 1/2 cup chopped English walnuts or peanuts
 5 cups crisp rice cereal

Almond bark, melted (white, chocolate or butterscotch)

Melt the margarine or butter. Stir in the flavorings. Combine with the powdered sugar, peanut butter, nuts and cereal. Shape into balls about the size of a black walnut. Place on a sheet and freeze. When frozen, dip in the melted almond bark. Place the dipped balls on waxed paper and let set until firm. Can be refrozen for later use. (Note: the balls are easier to dip if frozen first.) —Dorothy

DRIED-FRUIT CAKE

1 8-oz. pkg. pitted dates
 2 cups quartered dried apricots
 1 cup golden raisins
 1 1/2 cups whole blanched almonds
 1 1/2 cups walnuts
 3/4 cup all-purpose flour
 3/4 cup granulated sugar
 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 3 eggs
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Butter a 5- by 9-inch loaf pan. Line the pan with waxed paper and butter the paper. (It is important to do this.)

In a large bowl, combine the dried fruits and nuts. Combine the flour, sugar and baking powder. Toss with the fruit-nut combination until fruits are well coated. Beat eggs with the flavorings and blend into first mixture. Spoon into prepared pan. Spread the batter evenly in pan being sure to fill corners. Bake at 300 degrees for 2 hours. Cool in pan for 10 minutes. Turn out and pull off waxed paper. Finish cooling cake, then wrap in foil. Chill for two days before serving. Keeps for about 2 months. —Robin

CHRISTMAS EVE SALAD

1 cup cooked diced beets, well drained
 1 cup diced, unpeeled tart apples
 1 cup diced orange sections
 1 cup sliced bananas
 1 cup diced pineapple (fresh or canned)
 2 Tbls. white vinegar
 1 1/2 tsp. sugar
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/3 cup salad oil
 Juice of 1 lime
 Shredded lettuce
 1/2 cup chopped peanuts
 Seeds from 1 pomegranate

Combine the beets, apple, orange sections, banana and pineapple. Set aside. In another container, combine vinegar, sugar and salt. Add the oil and mix well. Stir the lime juice into the vinegar-oil mixture. Pour over the fruit mixture and toss. In a salad bowl, make a bed of the shredded lettuce. Spoon in the mixture. Sprinkle the nuts and seeds on top and serve. —Robin

PEAR PUREE SALAD

1 16-oz. can pears, drained and mashed
 1 cup liquid
 1 3-oz. pkg. lime gelatin
 2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese, softened
 1 8-oz. carton whipped topping
 1/3 cup chopped pecans
 1/2 cup red maraschino cherries, drained and chopped
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring

Drain the liquid from pears into a measuring cup. If necessary, add water to make 1 cup liquid. Bring liquid to boiling, remove from heat and add gelatin. Stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add the mashed pears and cream cheese to gelatin while it is still warm. Using a blender or electric mixer, whip the gelatin mixture until smooth. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in the remaining ingredients. Spread in an 8-inch square pan or a mold and chill until firm. —Dorothy

DOROTHY'S 'SMORES

1 1/2 lbs. white almond bark
 1 cup peanut butter
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
 2 cups miniature marshmallows
 3 cups crisp rice cereal

Melt almond bark in double boiler. Stir in the rest of the ingredients. Drop by spoonfuls onto waxed paper. Chill or let set until firm.

BROCCOLI SOUFFLE

1 10-oz. pkg. frozen broccoli spears (or 1 lb. fresh broccoli before cleaning and removing large stems)
 4 eggs, separated
 2 Tbls. margarine
 2 Tbls. flour
 1 cup milk
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Grease a 6-cup souffle dish.

Remove florets from broccoli and set aside. Chop stems very fine. (Use food processor if available.)

Separate eggs into two mixing bowls. Beat whites until peaks form. Set aside. Beat egg yolks and set aside.

Melt margarine over low heat. Whisk in the flour. Cook for 2 minutes while stirring. Gradually add milk, salt and butter flavoring. Cook until slightly thickened. Stir 1/2 cup of the hot mixture into beaten egg yolks. Stir until well mixed. Pour all of the egg yolk mixture into remaining hot mixture in saucepan. Stir to mix well.

Add chopped broccoli and florets to egg yolk mixture and blend well. Pour slowly over egg whites while folding in gently. Spoon into prepared souffle dish. Bake 15 minutes; reduce temperature to 350 degrees and bake 25 to 30 minutes longer, or until puffed, dry and light brown. Serve immediately. —Juliana



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PEANUT BUTTER FRUIT DROPS

- 1/2 cup creamy peanut butter
- 1/4 cup softened butter or margarine
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup honey
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 cups (12 ozs.) diced mixed candied fruits and peels
- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. soda
- 1/2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. ground nutmeg

In bowl beat together peanut butter and softened butter or margarine. Stir in eggs, honey, milk and flavorings until very well blended. Beat vigorously. Gradually add the candied fruits and peels.

In separate bowl, put all the dry ingredients together and mix very thoroughly. (Can be sifted all together if you wish, but can be combined very well without using flour sifter.)

Gradually add flour mixture to the first mixture. Drop dough by teaspoonfuls 2 inches apart on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes, or until golden brown. Remove to wire rack and cool.

If desired, press a little candied fruit or a nut into top of each cookie. Makes 4 dozen. —Lucile and Dorothy

DATE-NUT BREAD

- 1 cup chopped dates
 - 1 1/2 cups boiling water
 - 2 tsp. soda
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 2 1/2 cups flour
 - 1 tsp. salt
 - 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
 - 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut flavoring
 - 1 Tbls. shortening
 - 1 egg, beaten
 - 1 1/2 cups (more or less) chopped nuts
- Mix the dates, boiling water and soda together. Let set for half an hour. Then add the remaining ingredients and mix well. Pour into greased and floured loaf pan or pans. Bake for about 1 hour at 350 degrees. (Baking time may vary for different sizes of baking pans.)

This is a good recipe to bake in small cans or pans. Wrap bread and use as gifts. —Hallie

SPINACH DIP

- 1 cup commercial sour cream
 - 1 cup mayonnaise
 - 1 10-oz. pkg. frozen chopped spinach, thawed and squeezed dry
 - 1 envelope (any flavor) dry vegetable soup mix
 - 2 or 3 green onions
 - 1 cup finely chopped water chestnuts
- Combine all the ingredients. Chill. Use as a dip or spread for crackers, chips, etc. —Dorothy

SALTIMBOCCA

- 12 thin slices veal (about 1 1/2 lbs.)
 - Scant 1/2 cup olive oil
 - 4 Tbls. butter
 - Salt and pepper
 - 3/4 lb. fresh tomatoes, peeled and chopped (approximately 1 1/2 cups)
 - Freshly ground black pepper
 - 2 or 3 sprigs fresh parsley, finely chopped
 - 1 tsp. finely chopped fresh oregano
 - 12 paper-thin slices ham (I used Danish prosciutto.)
 - 12 thin slices mozzarella cheese
 - 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- Flatten out slices of veal. Remove any skin or sinews. Heat 5 Tbls. of the olive oil and all of the butter. Fry veal lightly on both sides. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Keep hot.

Heat remaining oil in another pan. Add tomatoes, freshly ground pepper to taste, parsley and oregano. Cook 10 minutes.

Meanwhile, lay a slice of ham and a slice of mozzarella cheese on each veal slice. On each, spread a tablespoon of the tomato sauce on top of the mozzarella cheese and top with a sprinkling of the Parmesan cheese. Arrange slices in a shallow baking dish. Bake at 425 degrees until cheese has melted—5 to 10 minutes. —Juliana

BISCOCHITOS

(Mexican Christmas Cooky)

- 1 cup lard or vegetable shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. crushed anise seed
- 1 egg, beaten
- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter lemon flavoring
- Cinnamon sugar

Cream lard or shortening and sugar. Add anise seed and beaten egg. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Add the flour mixture alternately to the first mixture with the lemon juice and flavoring. Knead until well mixed. Roll 1/4-inch thick. Cut with cookie cutter into fancy shapes. Sprinkle with cinnamon sugar. Bake at 350 degrees for 8 to 10 minutes until lightly browned. Makes about 6 dozen.

This is a good cookie to freeze. I always double this recipe and have lots on hand in the freezer for seasonal cookie exchanges. —Mary Lea

JUMBLE BARS

- 2 cups packed brown sugar
- 1 cup margarine, softened
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 2 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 3 cups quick-cooking or regular rolled oats
- 1 12-oz. pkg. semisweet chocolate morsels
- 1 14-oz. can sweetened condensed milk
- 2 Tbls. margarine
- 1 cup chopped nuts (optional)
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1/2 tsp. salt

Mix the brown sugar, 1 cup margarine, eggs, burnt sugar flavoring and 1/2 tsp. vanilla flavoring in a large bowl. Stir in flour, baking soda, and 1/2 tsp. salt; stir in oats. Reserve one-third of oat mixture. Press remaining oat mixture in a greased jelly roll pan (10 1/2 by 15 1/2 inch).

Heat chocolate morsels, condensed milk, and 2 Tbls. margarine in a saucepan over low heat, stirring constantly, until chocolate morsels are melted. Remove from heat; stir in nuts (optional), 1 tsp. vanilla flavoring and 1/2 tsp. salt. Spread over oat mixture in pan. Drop reserved oat mixture by rounded teaspoonfuls onto chocolate layer. Bake at 350 degrees until golden brown, about 25 to 30 minutes.

This is a large recipe which makes a lot of bars. —Mary Lea



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OATMEAL-GUMDROP COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup white sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. soda
- 3 cups rolled oats
- 1 6-oz. pkg. chocolate chips
- 2 Tbls. candied orange peel
- 1 cup cut-up dates
- 1/2 cup pecans
- 1 cup cut-up gumdrops
- 1 cup raisins

Cream shortening and sugars. Add eggs and flavoring and mix well. Combine flour, salt and soda and add to batter. Add the remaining ingredients and mix well. Drop by spoonfuls on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350 degrees until slightly brown.

—Donna Nenneman

KATHY'S CHERRY COFFEE BARS

- 1 cup margarine, softened
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter vanilla flavoring
- 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter black walnut or almond flavoring

- 3 eggs
- 3 cups flour
- 2 Tbls. milk
- 1 can cherry pie filling
- Thin powdered sugar frosting

Combine the margarine, sugar, baking powder, flavorings and eggs; mix well. Add the flour and milk; mix well. Spread in a greased cookie sheet. Spread the cherry pie filling on top. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes or until bars test done. Drizzle with the thin powdered sugar frosting.

—Verlene

GREEN BEAN & CHEESE CASSEROLE

- 3 Tbls. butter
- 3 Tbls. flour
- 8 ozs. sour cream
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 1/2 tsp. minced dried onion
- 1 8-oz. can water chestnuts, sliced
- 2 15-oz. cans French-style green beans, drained
- 1 4-oz. can mushroom stems and pieces, drained
- 1 3-oz. can French-fried onion rings
- 8 ozs. grated Cheddar cheese

Melt butter; stir in flour and heat until bubbly. Add the sour cream, sugar, salt and dried onion. Turn off heat. Stir in the water chestnuts, green beans and mushrooms. Place in a greased casserole. Put onion rings on top and cover with the cheese. Bake about 30 minutes at 350 degrees.

—Dorothy

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USE IMAGINATION WITH CANDLES

by
Virginia Thomas

There is nothing which adds sparkle to holiday settings or sets the happy mood for seasonal celebrations like the glow and glamour of candles.

Do not limit your use of candles to a candleholder with a tall taper placed on either side of the table centerpiece. Be creative and let your imagination take over. So gather up your collection of candleholders and start from there.

Group candlesticks of various heights and shapes for light and effect, keeping together candlesticks made of the same material and candles of one color. Often a large mirror can be utilized to reflect the candle glow from the wall, or used under a table arrangement. A few greens and sparkling tree ornaments look lovely tucked in among the holders. You needn't stick to Christmas colors for the candles. Often a beautiful effect can be achieved by matching candles to a color in your dinnerware, or linen, or to the floral centerpiece.



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Jack Walstad reads a favorite Christmas poem to his granddaughter, Lily Walstad. Lily is the three-year-old daughter of Mike and Alison (Driftmier) Walstad.

Remember, too, that candle arrangements do not have to be used in the center of the table. Sometimes try a cluster of candles in one corner or at the back side of the buffet table. If you are having a Christmas buffet, place the punch bowl on a sideboard or on a small side table with greens around it and candles on either side, or a candelabra behind the punch bowl. If you have card tables set up for the diners to use, try using unusual items for holders for added interest—an old-fashioned tin cup, a glass telephone pole insulator, an individual salad mold, a large pine cone, a small attractive pitcher, or a seashell, an apple, an acorn squash or an orange makes a pretty holder, too.

For the mantel, for a corner table, or for a table arrangement, use a grouping of short, fat candles. Arrange them on a piece of foil or place each in a saucer to protect surface and tablecloth. Tuck greens among the candles and add such decorations as small bows of red or green velvet ribbon, pine cones, nuts, small toys (a ball, a top, alphabet blocks, etc.), miniature toy musical instruments, or fresh fruits.

If you lack holders or are just wanting something different, try using pretty goblets, sherbets, compote dishes, decorated tin boxes, a small skillet, salad molds, antique spoon holders, sugar bowls and creamers or bottles of unusual shapes and pretty colors.

Do you happen to have an old wooden box or crate? Fill it with sand and then place in it an assortment of candles with greenery. Set the box on a window seat, or place on a low stool or set it in a corner on the floor. An old coal scuttle can be used in the same manner. One of my favorites is a large, fat, red candle set in an evergreen wreath and placed on top of my old brown stoneware churn.

Another favorite arrangement is to use a collection of goblets, sherbet dishes, Mother's cut-glass bowl and sauce dishes, crystal candy dishes, etc., on a very large crystal plate (tray). Candles are placed in most of them but in the bowl and sauce dishes I put ball tree ornaments. The candlelight and the sparkle of the ornaments reflected in all of the glass is so lovely. Sometimes I place the arrangement on a large mirror for extra sparkle.

Some Candle Tips: To attach candles to hand-made holders, use glue, tacks, or anchor them by melting wax from their base and then holding them in place until the wax sets. Aluminum foil can also be molded into a ball or cup to hold candles in place. Or, slice off a piece of one side of a large potato so it will stand firmly on the table, then make a hole in the top of the potato to hold the candle. Conceal the holders with greens.

Keep scented candles away from food because the food often picks up the scent.

To remove candlewax from washable fabrics, scrape off excess wax, then run boiling water through the material.

To make candles last longer and to keep them from smoking or dripping, coat the entire candle, except for the wick, with soapsuds. Let dry in holders before lighting.

Rub cooking oil in the hole in the candleholder before putting in the candle. When candle is burned down and the candleholder is ready to wash, the wax comes right off.

Have some crooked candles? Use hair dryer to blow hot air on candles to soften wax. Reshape and straighten them by rolling on a flat surface or cutting board. Another method is to soak candles in hot water for a few minutes, then roll.

DOLLS' CHRISTMAS PARTY

by
Erma Reynolds

While I was making plans for entertaining at Christmas, my eight-year-old daughter announced she wanted to invite her friends and their dolls to a doll Christmas party. I agreed to her idea, and helped with party plans. (If you have a little girl whose birthday falls near Christmas, these ideas could be used for a birthday party.)

First we made the invitations. These were printed on notepaper cut in the shape of a paper doll. Each invited friend was asked to bring her favorite doll to a dolls' Christmas party to be held at a certain date and time. The invitation was signed by the doll who was to be hostess, with her "mother's" name following.

For decoration a special Christmas tree was set up for the dolls. This was a miniature tree, trimmed with tiny ornaments. Wrapped gifts for the invited dolls were piled at the base of the tree.

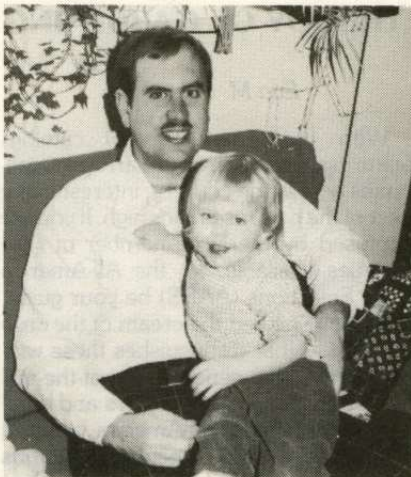
Hidden Dolls: On the party day, as each child arrived with her doll, I collected it and hid it in a room adjoining the party room. When all the guests were present, they were instructed to hunt for their doll. They were also told that when they discovered a doll not their own, they were to keep its hiding place a secret. The first child to find her own doll was the winner of this event.

Doll Scramble: Before the start of this game, paper dolls were scattered over the floor, far and wide. Players formed a circle and marched around while I played a lively record, out of sight, so the players couldn't see my actions. When the music suddenly stopped, everyone scrambled to pick up dolls. When the music started again, the march resumed. This action continued until all the dolls were collected. Player with the most was the winner.

Doll Tear-Out: Each player was given a piece of paper measuring about 8"x11". They held the papers behind their backs and tore out a doll. When everyone was finished, the dolls were placed on display, with a vote taken to determine the best result, which made its "tearer" the winner of this event.

Make-a-Doll: A table had been prepared holding a collection of colored crepe paper, scissors, paste, sticky tape, pins, crayons, and felt-tip pens in varied colors. Each girl was given a clothespin. They were allowed ten minutes to transform their clothespin into a doll, using the supplies on the table.

Doll Grab: A player was chosen to be IT. IT stood at one end of the room with her back to the other players who lined up at the opposite side of the room. On the floor in front of IT was a pile of unbreakable dolls. At the signal the players



Vincent Palo's favorite part of the day is right after work when he can come home and catch up on the day's events. Two-year-old Cassie is telling Daddy all about her activities.

tried to sneak up on IT and snatch a doll without being caught. IT could peek over her shoulders but could not turn all the way around to watch the approaching players. If she spotted a player moving, that player had to go back to the starting line. First one who was able to snatch a doll became the next IT. This game continued as long as the players were having fun.

At the finish of the game session, the guests and their dolls were invited to the dining room where they were seated at separate tables. The dolls sat at a miniature table set with doll dishes, and their "mothers" at the regular-size dining table.

A favor at each guest's place was a lollipop doll, made by placing some candy and a lollipop in the center of a colorful paper napkin. The four corners of the napkin were brought up and tied with ribbon around the lollipop stick, just below its round candy part. Facial features, cut from construction paper, were pasted on the lollipop and strips of yellow crepe paper, curled over the blunt side of a knife, glued on for hair.

Refreshments were sandwiches, cookies, ice cream and fruit punch.

As a finish to the dolls' Christmas party, the guests returned to the living room where each doll was presented with a gift from beneath their mini-Christmas tree.



BEWARE: FLOWERS & BERRIES

The popular Christmas flower, the poinsettia, is full of acrid, burning juice, so lethal that a child who consumes one leaf of the plant can die.

Also, beware of mistletoe berries. They are poisonous too. Both children and adults have died from eating them.

FREDERICK'S LETTER — Concluded

Angie, are frequent guests in our home, and the last time they were down, Ernie noticed the gorgeous clock was not running. He wrapped the clock in blankets, put it in the trunk of his car and took it home with him. He not only took the French clock, he also took our banjo clock that had stopped keeping time six months ago. Both clocks have been returned in perfect condition. How do you thank a good friend for doing such a great kindness? How good it is to have such generous, kindly friends.

At the breakfast table, Betty and I often speak of all the good friends we have all over the world. It is such a nice way to start the day, remembering friends. I guess that is why I continue to write to you month after month, and year after year.

I shall not be writing to you again before Christmas, and so I shall take this opportunity to wish you all a happy and joyous Christmas season. God bless you for being the good friends that you are.

Sincerely,

Frederick

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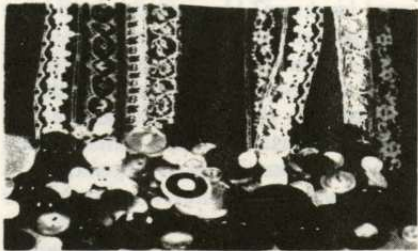
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THE JOY OF GARDENING

by
Eva M. Schroeder

With rose, and nursery catalogs featuring roses, starting to arrive in mail-boxes across the country, interest in the best of the new roses runs high. If you are confused by the large number of rose varieties available, let the All-America Rose Selections (AARS) be your guide. They have picked the cream of the crop for 1984. What distinguishes these winners from the general run-of-the-mill offered in the garden centers and catalogs is that these All-America varieties are among the 5% of new rose hybrids tested all over the United States. They were so outstanding in all respects that they were honored with All-America Awards.

The gaining of an AARS Award is to a rose like the winning of an Olympic Gold Medal is to an athlete. In each case it was won through the process of intense competition and represents attainment of the highest degree of perfection. Only three roses received this award for 1984.

A 1984 AARS Award winner is named the Official Rose of the 1984 U.S. Olympics. The rose is "Olympiad," a rich crimson hybrid tea. In addition to its Olympic honors, "Olympiad" is the first red hybrid tea to win an AARS Award in nineteen years.

"Olympiad" is a strong, clear crimson that holds its color perfectly, contrary to the tendency of most red roses to become unsightly as they age. The flower is four to five inches in diameter, the plant is bushy and well-branched with long, strong stems and thick, green foliage.

Two floribundas won AARS Awards in 1984. They are "Intrigue" and "Impatient." "Intrigue" is a free-blooming plant with small clusters of large flowers that open from blackish-purple globular buds to three-inch, rich, deep plum-colored flowers. The blooms have a very attractive and distinctive old rose fragrance. Glossy, distinctly mildew resistant, clean foliage provides an excellent background for its striking flowers.

"Impatient" is a brilliantly colored, large-flowered, mildly fragrant, shapely floribunda. The masses of orange-red blooms age pleasantly to create a vivid picture that is repeated again and again as the plant continues its reblooming cycles throughout the summer. Besides its AARS Award, this floribunda has already received a bronze medal in Japan in 1981.

Keep all three in mind when you add more roses to your garden or plant roses for the first time.



A "special" Christmas tree located in Crete, Nebraska.

A SPECIAL TREE

by Norma Tisher

The crude little metal sign nailed to the big rock in front of the tree doesn't tell the complete story of this Christmas tree.

This tree has a three-valued legend behind it; the records indicate this is the third such tree to be planted east of the Crete City Library on 13th Street in Crete, Nebraska.

The plaque declares it to be the site of "America's First Living Christmas Tree." The idea was conceived by Mrs. B. G. Miller. The original tree was planted with the aid of three hundred Children of the American Revolution (CAR) on April 23, 1923. This tree died and was replaced by a blue spruce in 1956. Then, in 1970, vandals cut the tree down. The present tree was then planted as an Arbor Day event, with the statement that this tree is to be used as a community Christmas tree.

When a similar tree was planted near the White House, historical facts were researched which revealed that Mrs. Miller, who was also the designer of the Nebraska State Flag, was the first person to register a living Christmas tree with the government. President Calvin Coolidge officially proclaimed the Crete tree as the first living Christmas tree in 1923. The Nebraska legislature adopted a resolution recognizing the living Christmas tree on April 7, 1939.

There could be some debate about which was the first living Christmas tree, but the idea still has the same meaning. It was Mrs. B. G. Miller's idea that each year people should not discard their trees but let them live longer and grow taller, from Christmas to Christmas. This practice continues to thrive in the United States and in many countries throughout the world.



Elizabeth Brase, daughter of Kristin and Art Brase, of Torrington, Wyo.

DOROTHY'S LETTER — Concluded could get better acquainted with everyone's children and grandchildren.

One day this past month the Birthday Club enjoyed dinner at Derby with the O.D.O. Club of Milo. The last few years we have had a get-together with them either for picnics or dinner at Derby. It is now sort of a tradition.

Margery and Oliver Strom came to spend a few days with us. They missed the weekend to see the most gorgeous trees, but they thought the timber still looked beautiful and enjoyed getting out and taking long walks.

As I write this it is too early to make Christmas plans, but I do know the Brase family will have more excitement this year with Elizabeth. I wish I could see her face when they light up the Christmas tree. Frank and I hope you have a wonderful Christmas at your house, and we will all be praying for peace in the world.

Sincerely,

Dorothy

CHRISTMAS GIVING

This Christmas give something like—

- a friendly hello to a neighbor,
- praise to a helpful clerk or waiter,
- a smile to a child,
- patience with someone who is not as bright as you,
- a visit to a sick friend,
- politeness to all,
- superior work in whatever you do,
- a "thank you" for every little favor,
- a helping hand to a blind person,
- appreciation to parents, employers, neighbors, friends—people who strive all year to help you.

These are the gifts that are parts of you—these are the gifts cash will not buy—these are the gifts worth giving.

Give them throughout the year.

HINTS FROM THE MAIL

If you don't have small bread pans, don't despair. Just grease and flour soup cans and fill with your sweet bread dough—like banana bread. Bake in oven. Be sure the bread is done in the center. The loaves can be given as small gifts or cut nicely into rounds for a tea table.

—V.L.B., Burt, Iowa

If dressing baked in a pan seems too dry, pour a little Kitchen-Klatter Italian salad dressing over it to moisten. Adds good flavor.

—Mrs. M.J., Albuquerque, N.Mex.

An easy way to handle raisins is to buy several pounds at one time. Run them through a food chopper, measure into ½-cup portions, wrap and freeze for future use.

—L.M., Leigh, Nebr.

Here is how I display our Christmas cards. I buy several yards of green baby ribbon and cut it just long enough to hang from the top of the window curtain to the lower sash of the window. I paper clip the cards (about four to a ribbon) to the hanging ribbons which I have pinned at the top to the curtain.

—Mrs. A.K., Newton, Iowa

As a diabetic, I cannot use sugar, but do enjoy the boiled-type custard. I make it with 2 egg yolks to 1 cup milk. After cooking, I sweeten to taste with Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener and flavor with Kitchen-Klatter flavorings. I especially like lemon and vanilla together with a little nutmeg sprinkled on top. Vanilla and almond flavorings are good too.

—W.M., Sedalia, Mo.



THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

'Twas right after Christmas—
Almost the New Year,
As I stepped on the scales
When no one was near.
The numbers on the dial
Were whirling so fast
I scarcely could read them
'Til they slowed down at last.
The number it stopped on
I couldn't believe—
My weight at Thanksgiving
Would be hard to retrieve.
But now that the holidays
Were over and past,
I would diet today,
And stay with it at last!
The sound of my phone ringing
Halted my plan—
A friend giving a party
Wanted me to be on hand.
I accepted with pleasure—
My voice hinted no sorrow—
I could start on my diet
Just as easily tomorrow!

—Louise Simms



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START A CHRISTMAS TRADITION THIS YEAR

by
Irene Hawley Hurtado

If you are fortunate enough to share Christmas with children, it is an exciting occasion. Children add joy, vitality, and an air of anticipation that cannot be experienced otherwise. Make Christmas at your house especially memorable for the children by starting a family tradition this year.

Our family always went to our grandparents' house. We knew that we would have oyster stew, followed by lots of candy, the singing of Christmas carols around the piano, and a visit from Santa Claus. It was a family tradition.

My grandparents are gone, and Christmas isn't quite the same any more. We have discontinued our tradition and have failed to replace it. Our family gets together, but there isn't a piano, oyster stew, or a visit from Santa. What will the children in our family remember? I'm sure they enjoy coming to our home, eating lots of food, and opening presents. But there should be something special, something that they can look back on in years to come.

That's why I'm starting a family tradition this year. I'm borrowing the Mexican custom of breaking a *pinata*. A *pinata* is a papier-mache figure which is filled with candy. Each child takes his turn at being blindfolded and trying to break the *pinata* with a stick. To make breaking it more difficult, a string is tied to the *pinata* and someone pulls the string so that the child has a moving target. When the *pinata* breaks, the children scramble for the candy. Of course, the candy can be redistributed so each child gets his share.

What will the children in your family remember about Christmas at your house? Traditions are nice—start one today.

NEW YEAR CARDS

by
Evelyn Witter

Some people buy their New Year and thank you cards when selecting their Christmas cards. There are those people too, who received cards at Christmas only to discover that their senders were overlooked. The New Year card is a convenient way to make up that situation.

Principal motifs of the New Year designs are grandfather clocks, steeples with clocks, hourglasses, bells, winter scenes, lighted doorways, crowds of horn-blowing and confetti-throwing merrymakers, and floral designs. Always there are cards with pictures of Father Time and Baby New Year.

An old-fashioned, but still popular sentiment reads:

"Just a little message
Brimming with good cheer
To wish you lots of good things
Through a very happy year."

THROUGH THE EYES OF A CHILD

by
Lillian M. Keahey

One of the long-time employees at the employment office where I worked turned to our boss during a brief quiet time. "Couldn't we have a real little Christmas tree this year?" she asked.

Our boss, affluent but tight with money when it wasn't something she wanted, said, "No, go get that artificial tree and set it up. I notice all the neighboring businesses have already decorated."

It was not an attractive, or realistic-looking tree when new, and although the employee did the best she could with the decrepit tree, it looked the "worse for wear." We decided to take up a collection and buy a lot of candy canes to brighten it.

Shortly after the tree was decorated, a pretty but frustrated-looking young woman came to the office, seeking employment as a domestic. With her was her young son, a boy of around four. His jeans were patched and his shoes well-worn but he was clean and bright-eyed. The counselor, who would interview the boy's mother, said to the youngster, "Come over by the tree. I'm going to put a chair for you right by it and give you a candy cane to eat while I'm talking to your mother."

As the boy sat there, eating his candy cane, he gazed at the tree. In his eyes was all the beauty, wonder and magic of Christmas. We were touched by the scene, having been permitted to see Christmas through the eyes of a child.

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Come Read With Me

by
Armada Swanson

Are you already into the hustle and bustle of activities that seem to go along with the Christmas holiday? May I recommend a book that will give you the true spirit of Christmas—*Christmas in Iowa*. The time from 1842 to the present is described beautifully by Iowa authors and artists. Edited by Clarence Andrews, a confirmed lover of the state, *Christmas in Iowa* (Midwest Heritage Publishing Co., 108 Pearl St., Iowa City, Iowa 52240, \$7.95) is a collection of stories bound to warm your heart. Included is "Suzanne's Own Night" from *Song of Years*, written back in 1939 by Bess Streeter Aldrich. Mrs. Aldrich wrote of heroine Suzanne's feelings—

If you listened above the din of the talking you could hear the wind in the chimney turn into music. Christmas Eve was a night of song that wrapped itself about you like a shawl. But it warmed more than your body. It warmed your heart . . . filled it, too, with melody that would last forever. Even though you grew up and found you could never quite bring back the magic feeling of this night, the melody would stay in your heart always—a song for all the years.

Clarence Andrews, as editor of the book, reminds us that Iowans have celebrated Christmas in many ways.

In this book, we will attend church with Iowans on Christmas Eve, visit a farm family and watch a boy's new electric train speed around its tracks, journey home from New York to a small Iowa town for Christmas, spend a 1913 Christmas in a Fort Dodge parsonage with the family of one of Iowa's most famous preachers, hear the voices of Iowa soldiers on a battlefield at Christmas, share the delights of a Christmas season in Storm Lake with one of Iowa's most famous authors, and share the unexpected Christmas gift which came to an Iowa woman of sixty, spending her first Christmas Eve alone.

Artists add to the special look of *Christmas in Iowa*, be it Grant Wood's "December Afternoon" or John Page's "Schoolhouse in the Snow." Writers such as Hamlin Garland, Phil Stong, Julie McDonald, and Marjorie Holmes lend their talents to making *Christmas in Iowa* a literary treat.

Russell Baker's book *Growing Up* (Congdon & Weed, Publishers, New York, hardcover, \$15; paperback, \$5.95) has been on the best seller list for months. After reading it, I can see why. In 1954 Russell Baker joined the staff of the *New York Times*, for which he covered the White House, Congress, and

national politics. He has written his "Observer" column for the *Times* since 1962. His columns were recently collected in *So This Is Depravity*.

Russell was born in a tiny village in the mountains of Virginia. His father died when he was five, and his mother was left with three children to raise during the Depression years. She determined that Russell should "make something" of himself and she made sure she wasn't raising a good-for-nothing. Living with strong women is a theme that runs through the book. The reader will become acquainted with many characters from matriarch Ida Rebecca and her twelve sons to Doris, Baker's gallant little sister, who had the boldness of a lion. *Growing Up* tells of everyday heroes of Depression days, and how they made do.

If a young acquaintance of yours is particularly interested in science, *Rain and Hail* will probably please. Another Let's-Read-and-Find-Out Science Book, *Rain and Hail* (Crowell Jr. Books, 10 East 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, \$9.95) by Franklyn M. Branley answers a question all small children ask: What makes rain and hail? Using examples children will easily understand—water evaporating from wet clothes, animal's breath visible on a cold night—Franklyn Branley explains how clouds form rain, and then,

how they sometimes make hail. Harriett Barton's cheerful drawings show two children demonstrating the principles behind the rain and hail-making processes and avoiding the elements in a cozy country setting. For ages 4-8, this is another book planned for the child who is eager to learn, brief enough for a young child to cope with, and long enough to challenge him.

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Gifts of Appreciation

by
Gertrude Perlis Kagan

It may be a gift for someone who helped you in an emergency, who was there when you needed her, or who lifted your spirits or did you a favor; not necessarily someone you make a practice of exchanging gifts with but someone warm and personable you wish to remember at Christmas.

To make Christmas merrier, give a gift that will be used, not tucked away and forgotten. It doesn't have to be an expensive gift. It can be a practical, usable, gift, nominally priced.

Jellies in a variety of assorted flavors in miniature jars, or assorted cheeses on a cutting board are festive, and especially welcomed during the holidays. A do-it-yourself basket with dainty crackers, olives, pickles, caviar or marinated herring, a cheese log with grated nuts, a beef roll says thank you to a special person.

A box of homemade cookies or a fruitcake would be pleasing as an "anytime snack." Coffee mugs or a coffee tree are always welcome gifts. Grapefruit spoons or corn-on-the-cob holders are handy to have.

A plant will lend warmth in any room. If you are at all creative, you can do wonders with a colored candle by placing it in a candleholder and arranging artificial

flowers decoratively around the candle. A box of incense and incense holder lend a mysterious atmosphere.

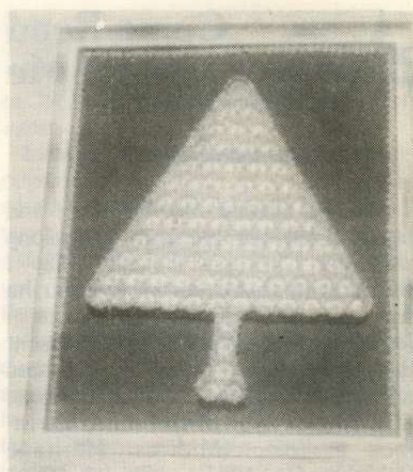
A holder for that extra roll of bathroom tissue, or a holder for hair spray will add interest to a bathroom. A box or jar of guest-size soap is a welcome addition; guest towels or decorative paper towels are always in demand.

A dozen scratch pads, a handful of ball-point pens, a few packages of plain white envelopes, several rolls of transparent tape or a handful of vari-colored rubber bands, or several boxes of paper clips may not sound imaginative, but are practical.

Magnetic clips are useful for posting messages on the refrigerator, above the sink, in the bathroom or wherever. If you feel like going all out, invest in a bulletin board. A pencil holder filled with pencils is handy in the kitchen, study or bedroom. A telephone directory cover or alphabetized book for telephone numbers will be warmly received. A wall pencil sharpener is a boon to the housewife.

Several packages of small napkins, dinner napkins or a napkin holder are everyday useful gifts. Plastic sandwich holders will keep sandwiches fresh if prepared in advance and refrigerated. A book of cartoons or jokes will relieve the dullness of household routine.

You don't have to give lavish gifts to let the receivers know they're extra special in your book, but you'll make their Christmas merrier by showing your appreciation. It's a heart-warming gift rather than a monetary gift that shows you care and want to remember.



THIS CHRISTMAS TREE IS TOPS!

If you want to make a conversation piece for Christmas and salvage some throwaways at the same time, here is what you will need:

- 1 piece of 3/16" plywood, 20"x24"
- 1 piece of red velvet 24"x28"
- Picture frame 19 1/2"x23 1/2" or the amount of window trim to build one
- Picture frame wire
- 2 small screw eyes
- 83 small-size spray can tops
- 198 gold beads 1/4" in diameter
- White craft glue

Cover plywood with red velvet, secure into place and glue using craft glue mixed with a small amount of water. Press out smoothly, turn edges and glue securely on back side of board. Let dry overnight.

Place frame around velvet-covered board and fasten securely with staples or small nails. Place screw eyes on back side of frame in proper position for hanging, attach picture frame wire needed.

On narrow side of velvet-covered board, mark center and measure up 2 1/2 inches. Glue (with full-strength glue) two spray can tops, open end out, one on each side of mark. Above, and slightly between the two spray can tops already glued, add three more tops, measuring directly up on the velvet. This forms the base of the tree. Beginning at the top of the base of the tree, add 6 spray can tops each direction in a straight line, gluing securely in place. Now, placing a spray can top slightly between the other spray can tops on the preceding row, continue building a pyramid until only one spray can top remains at the top of the tree.

Center a drop of glue down inside each spray can top and secure a gold bead onto it. Now, where three spray can tops come together making a small triangle, smear glue and secure a gold bead. Finally outline the tree in gold braid, gluing securely. On velvet around edge of frame also glue gold braid in place. It is best to let each step completely dry before beginning the next.

—Evelyn Lyon



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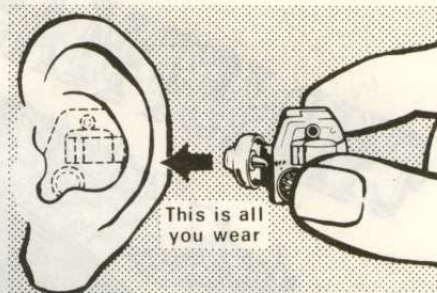
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